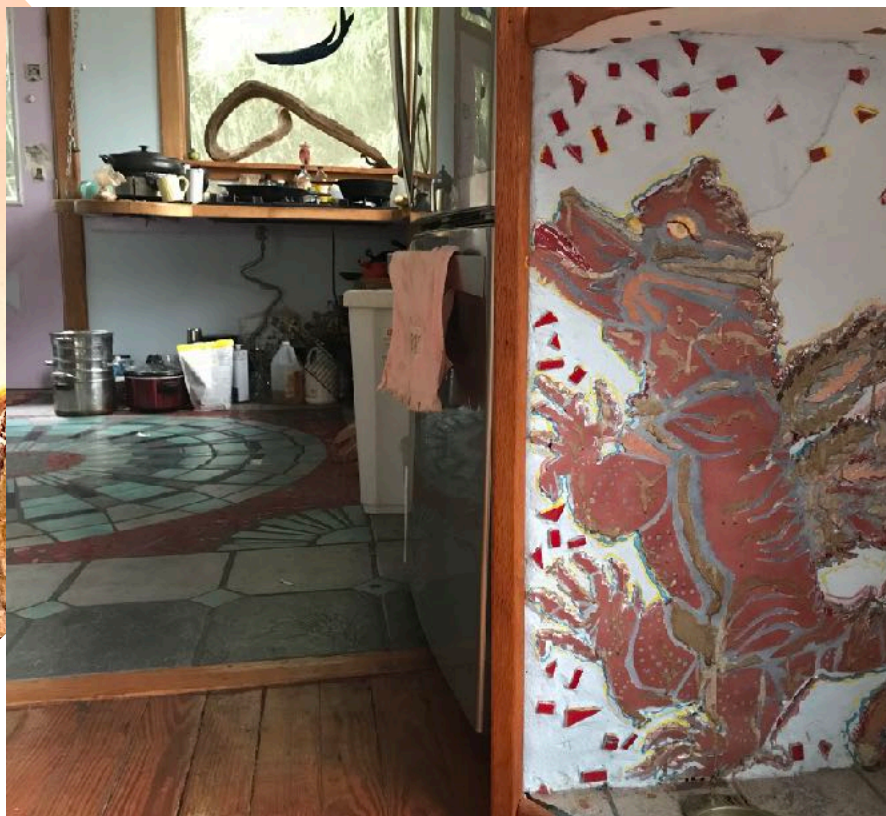


Tales From Thailand, 2019

a prologue

Greeting, dear readers.

I would love to introduce you to one of my oldest companions: the Sugar Monster. He travels with me everywhere, anytime. This tile depiction is situated right around the corner from my refrigerator, in Fayetteville. Sugar Monster is eternally trying to get back into my kitchen. So time is on his



side.

Just when I think I have the upper hand: sufficient maturity, comprehension and determination..

BAM!

Sugar Monster grabs the wheel, albeit only for short episodes. Well, mostly. And why do I reveal this rather ignoble and embarrassing fact?

Because I need a fair witness....as I head off to Asia. My health was not as good as it could have been last winter.

Aw everyone else is eating this...I deserve this... the excuses roll on and on. Refined sugar and flour are extremely addictive substances for me, and do not contribute to my well-being. Throw in some stressors, and they trump logic.

I was raised in an era, post-war America, when Love translated as plenty of sugar (Sugar Pops for breakfast, with Tang on the side....for lunch, wonder bread and baloney/Velveeta with tons of mayo, perhaps a token piece of limp lettuce crammed in.....Hostess cupcake for dessert. By fourth grade I'd come home from school, and make a bit pot of Rice Krispy marshmallow treats and eat it all, carefully disposing of the evidence behind me.

My mother started hiding the boxes of cookies. At night, my father would send me to search the house for them.. We'd split the booty and cackle together. And yes, I was sick most of the time, with lung and ear infections.

Now I never buy baked goods or make them, except an occasional non-gluten muffin for my retreatants. But if you offer me one....

Thailand is FULL of sweets, and kind people offering them. We are seeing the first generation of obese Thai children and beautiful young women with skin problems. Diabetes is on the rise. Even the monks are having a weight problem!

I suspect that some of the anger, racism and depression currently so prevalent in America can be traced back to this diet.

I wrote that preamble back in Fayetteville.

Currently, I'm on an airplane, enroute to Seoul. I do believe that my willpower has been fortified by knowing that this confession would soon be published... At least thus far, I have temporarily discarded the old rule:

It's okay to eat anything if you're 30,000 feet up in the air.

Am I confident? No...more like wary.

Now, back to the Tales...



I met with my teacher, Anna Cox, in early November. Her health seems to be improving, though it's still quite fragile.

She's been suggesting, for over a year, that I spend more time deep in "the ocean of consciousness", and expend far less time being Joy Fox and trying to THINK my way through anything..

Anna noted that there is still a very strong arc of energy between me and little Coy. But there is nothing to "do" about that. No manipulations are necessary,

except to witness how it unfolds.

Right-brain nods. Left-brain says: *Huh?*

So it's a bit more complex to respond, when my friends ask me what my intentions are, for this winter. English is better suited describing action scenarios than states of being. I am looking to disengage/disconnect from the vast energy I invest in

How am I doing? How do I look?

Is this okay? This is fun/not fun . Am I doing enough?

Perhaps I can say that I'd like to demote the lifelong project of grooming, comparing, protecting, projecting, and promoting moi. Is it scary to write this?

Yes.

I'm here in Thailand now.

I feel welcome and at home. And I can feel that everyone here in this S.D.S. community, especially the dozens of nuns, staff and hundreds of retreatants, are on a similar journey.

The first Tales From Thailand will be arriving soon, friends.



