

# Tales From Joy #3, 2024



Hola, dear readers.

No, this is not a Mexican kitty.. This is Tater Bug, seen here contemplating the sunset. She lives in Little Rock with my friend Becky

I've been thinking about aliens lately, and what that means...

For instance, when I go down to the bay every morning before

dawn, wearing my down jacket, a cap, leg warmers, an alpaca poncho and three layers of clothes beneath all that....and I encounter these people:

Which of us is the alien?



(Clue: I heard them speaking French.)



And I see that they have more freedom/ options than I, because they are not nursing an aversion to cold-ness.

But I may have more “freedom” than others, to enjoy the 97+ degree weather that I will soon encounter in Southeast Asia.

And that looms larger, as I see the calendar “distance”

narrowing my time here in the Baja.

Leaving places I love always feels like an approaching death. I become sentimental about my amigos the saguaro, the moonlight on the bay, my mountain, La Virgen. Forgive me. My maudlin withdrawal will flavor these final four days.

Silly me!

On the other hand, I discovered that my “love” for Bici was quite superficial. When she got a flat tire, and I took her back to the shop for repairs, they simply offered me another bike. Suddenly I had a lightweight vehicle with GEARS! And it moved like a dream, after lugging the adorable Bici around for a month. Goodbye dear Bici, forever. The wind’s ferocity no longer determines my daily itinerary.



Last week I took an art tour with my favorite street artist, Elti, and a Belgian woman who organizes these events... because most artists are famously unable to merchandise their own talent...

I learned that 90% of the exquisite murals here in La Paz are the result of some political/ecological response to Big Money entrepreneurs who are threatening the quality of this land and waters, in the name of profit. This has already happened to the south of us.



It is the challenge of our era, isn't it?



Here is a sample of Elt's half-finished mural, to the south of town, along the bike path. I've offered him a commission to create something for the upcoming cob cottage at Wattle Hollow. Perhaps an 8' circular piece painted on air-crete to live on one of the adobe walls?

After seeing photos of Wattle, Elti says he wants to come do it on-site. Like the building itself, this is currently a daydream. But then, so was all of Wattle Hollow, at some point.

I have actually accomplished my mission here in the Baja:

To be nobody, doing nothing much...AND to become much more physically resilient. At 76, I can no longer spend six months slacking, as I did last year, and expect to BOING back into shape in a day or two.

As I told our students at the end of the Being Where You Are\*\* weekend retreat in November:

*If I had spent as much time doing yoga as I did watching Stephen Colbert on YouTube, I would be a fabulous yogini today.*



\*\* My lack of strength and flexibility was a real wake-up call!

So, goodbye surreal light on the mountain-top. I hope we will have more affairs in the future.

A few days ago, when I awoke before dawn, I heard a kind voice saying:

*No more YouTube.*

So far, so good. But I know my own wiley addictive mind.  
So I'm praying a LOT these days!

And I'm wishing you your truest hearts' desires this upcoming year as well, dear readers.

Let me know if:  
You didn't receive Tales #2 or alternately, you'd like to unsubscribe from these Tales altogether.

*It's actually been a week  
Since I wrote the Tales  
#3, dear readers.  
And I arrived in Thailand  
early this morning..  
around 2 a.m.*



The three-day transition from the Baja to SE Asia is a true Buddhist Opportunity for this body...and I was grateful for my beloved friends Nawng Joy and Aey to greet me at the airport.

Now I find myself staggering around heaven here at my home in Bangkok:  
S.D.S....

Saying a groggy hello to the community, while I wait for my brain to find me.



My little house has been lovingly prepared, complete with fruit and flowers and every form of kindness my friends could think of.

I'll be sending the next Tales soon, dear readers





