

# Tales From Thailand, 2019, #6



Hello, dear readers.

I'm sorry to leave you hanging for so long, especially after suggesting that my health wasn't robust. (It is now) The photo above is from two weeks ago, at the new S.D.S. organic farm, far south of Bangkok.

The land was donated by Mei Oo, the woman on the right. She is also the leader of the Dhammachat Bambat/Nature Cure program, who will be fearlessly leading our expedition into rural Cambodia next week.

Soon after we arrived at the new farmland, this woman came to pay her respects to Venerable Maichee Sansanee. She told us that she'd attended a single weekend retreat at S.D.S. fourteen years



ago, and it changed her life completely. She realized, she said, that happiness comes from the inside, and that good things happen to happy people. This knowledge preserved her sanity after their farm was wiped out by flooding, and she had to beg from neighbors just to stay alive. Now that she's on her feet again and the S.D.S. farming operation is moving into her neighborhood, she wants to donate a portion of her crops and her labor to S.D.S., out of gratitude. This is the kind of "currency" that fuels our center.

Nattui, on the right, runs a farm-to-table operation

nearby, as well as a successful organic restaurant in Australia. She was on hand to offer suggestions and encouragement. She will be closing up her life in Australia soon and come be the new manager here.

We finished our excursion with a vegetarian lunch at Nattui's very popular nearby restaurant/organic farm.



Above, I am teaching Nattui my signature song in Thailand:  
*Happy birthday to you/Happy birthday to me/Every day we are born/Every day we are free!*

Before dawn the next day, I headed out to the airport to fly to Sakon Nakhon, a town in the north of Thailand. The staff met me, and we proceeded to Watkampramon, a.k.a. Cancer Village, in the rural Issan countryside.

I spent seven days there, exploring emotions and challenges that run the full gamut of human experience.



I was given a beautiful little lodge to live in, where I sometimes took refuge.

My friend, the founder and leader of Watkampramon is a very funny monk who healed himself of cancer decades ago...and now offers the same kind of nature cure to anyone free of charge.

Participants are asked to bring a support person with them. Aside from organic vegetables, herbal broth, saunas and mud baths... spiritual devotion and the community's mutually loving

support are considered major healing factors, whether it be healing into life or a peaceful death.

I spent a couple of days feeling chaotic, with no interpreter in sight. Laungta, the aforementioned lovable monk, was in a life or death struggle to manage his own blood pressure.

I felt useless and confused until I remembered Anna's instructions to me:

*Don't bother trying to make anything happen.*

Finally, my helper appeared on the second evening: Nattaya, a lovely young woman who had lived in Australia for periods of time and plans to rejoin her boyfriend there, as soon as her father's healing is complete.

Nattaya, a.k.a. Kat, loved my singing massages and was delighted to



accompany me every afternoon

We spent many blissful hours, as I shared simple massage techniques that family members could offer the patient, as a way to participate in a positive way and help the cancer patient feel less isolated.

Nattaya's dad was often the recipient as both she and her mother learned to offer him massage. He loved it!

Below, this mother and her 24-year old daughter with late-stage cancer had just arrived..and were feeling quite isolated, so I was happy to welcome them this way.



I've discovered a strange phenomenon the past few years:

even though I feel completely happy and relaxed while sharing these massages, sometimes the

bottom seems to fall out of my energy field, at some later point. So I limited my time to just doing three or four families a day this year. I know there are psychic healers among my readers and I'm happy to receive your perceptions around this...

I took a walk around the lake every day, sometimes went for bikerides, and took some saunas in their marvelous herbal-steamed closet



Herbal sauna: a small metal box with wooden chair and bench inside: fabulous!

Kat also helped me out with translations in the mornings, when I shared dance and qi gong with the family caregivers and those patients who were able to come and participate or at least watch the fun.



These folks are joining us in spirit.

The final night of my visit, I was whisked away from the group and taken to visit Laungta, who was mostly confined to bed. He asked me to give him a healing massage, and checked his blood

pressure right before we started. No pressure for me ..5555.

I did my best, and yes, I was relieved that his blood pressure registered twenty points lower when I was finished, an hour later.

There's so much more to tell, dear friends, but I think I'll send this out now...along with my appreciation for your loving comments and all the support that I feel coming from you.



Oh, but I have to print a retraction, sort of:

A friend wrote and asked me to check out urine therapy online, particularly since I was not feeling well.

It wasn't at all supportive of this therapy, so....I have stopped since that day.

Bottom line: mostly I cannot fathom the depths of the human body or its direct path to healing from inflammation. We each have to use our intuition and best instincts.

This dude in the photo, who surely looks like he just walked

away from the Burning Man Festival, is actually one of the former Buddhas in Asian lore.