

Tales from Thailand, a Prologue, 2020



Hello, dears.

I suspect that at least some of you are thinking:

Hmmm, they have saguaro cactus in Thailand?

The answer is: No.

I spent twelve days at the tip of the Baja peninsula in Mexico, before heading out to SE Asia.

Last winter, I spontaneously made a reservation at an airbnb in Cabo San Jose, on the un-touristed side of town (I hoped). Never been there, don't know anyone there...

I'm going to re-print parts of a letter that I just sent to a few friends, because it seems to encapsulate the journey that I have been on this year:

My darlings, beginning with my mysteriously frozen neck this summer, I have felt and seen the synchronicities and miracles of healing....just POURING DOWN ON ME, non-stop.

Chapter 1: Great Mother says **STOP HERE NOW**, and be with physical immobility (like, I couldn't get out of bed). I got a lot of help from friends.

Chapter 2: Anna, my teacher and a medical intuitive, tells me, in the autumn, that only now is she being allowed to see my infant trauma: an attack that occurred when I was two years old, that affected my energy field. I have no memory.

Chapter 3: Daily and nightly healing/sweeping meditations since then, watching the child start to shift into a safer place (from which she has been able to also co-witness others with similar infant trauma). Neck slowly healing, but I am greatly weakened from the setback. Ego ouchie!

Chapter 4: I arrive in a heavenly sanctuary, Sunshine Baja, with not-subtle healing messages tucked everywhere,



(this is on the wall of my airbnb living room, for example)

The first night, I literally stumble into a three-hour dance workshop with exquisitely intentioned millenials...all learning to relax and flow, via contact improvisation and movement. They immediately and wordlessly make space for me..

Chapter 5: my studio-mate here at the Airbnb (a woman from Idaho) arrived the next day. She happened to be a psychic medium, who immediately nailed me, with NO clues from me! and this continued for a week, (“hmmmb, something’s going on with your neck,” “Mother Mary is pouring love on you constantly, and lots of roses”, “she says that your neck will completely heal within 2 years, if you work hard to stop judging anyone at all, including yourself.”...“they say that you are ancient, and so very loved” with many spontaneous readings from my allies in the astral dimension (Mother Mary, Merlin, on and on). She also discussed many of her own past lives, and described the contracts she’d made...with villains, siblings, etc.



Chapter 6: My lovely niece Karen (in above photo) got to co-experience these impossible synchronicities for a few days and have amazing experiences herself.

Chapter 7: I take 2 wonderful yoga classes a day (didn't even know this was a yoga studio til long after I'd booked the room) and explicitly focus on loving myself when I can't keep up, which was every time).

Chapter 8: I take many long walks into the delta. The light and the land itself touch me deeply. I see the golden and silver specks of rainbow crystallinity everywhere. All the rocks are composed of it! and the water. Like in Joshua Tree...



I've often felt embraced by the Mothers, but never more so than right now. Their choreography has been so precise, so humbling and impossible..

So, dear readers... I know this is an unusual prologue to my “Tales From Thailand”, and that it may be a cultural stretch for some of you to attempt to digest it.

It might even be indigestible. That's okay.

All I want for Christmas and my birthday, every year, is:

The benefit of the doubt.

I'm writing this from Bangkok now, where I was given a royal greeting by my extended family, the S.D.S. community, a few days ago. I'll write again soon, I hope. I'm installed back in my amazing kuti.



May your new year bring you gifts of every flavor, beckoned and unreckoned. May you unwrap them with grace and faith. We get whatever we need.

