

Tales From Thailand, 2018; The Prologue

Greetings, dear readers. Thanks for joining me on this journey. Some of you are new readers, and some may remember my last Tales From Thailand, 2014. But very few folks know the context of this return to Thailand, four winters later:

Four years ago, I asked my spiritual teacher and guide, Anna Cox, a question, while showing her the photo here at right:

*“What is going on with this child?
I love so many children at the
orphanage, but she seems to have
stolen my heart in a unique way.*



Anna got very excited and responded:

*This child has been a very important teacher in former lives.
You are definitely supposed to bring her here to America
and let her co-manage Wattle Hollow with you.*

Dear readers, I am generally thrilled to be child-free and am somewhat of a hermit, deep in my soul. But I also chose to honor my teacher's suggestion by asking a Thai friend who lived near the orphanage in Kanchanaburi to contact the little girl, whose name is Coy.

About a month later, my friend wrote me back and responded:

Maechee (the nun who runs Dhammanurak orphanage) Jutipak says that Coy was not actually an orphan. Her mother took her away this year."

So I wasn't exactly sorry to "close the books" on this adventure. Coy was about nine or ten years old back then.

Meanwhile, during that same interview long ago, Anna reported that:

Ohhhh, you won't be returning to your very comfortable niche in Thailand.

I'd been traveling there to volunteer every winter for twelve years, so this came as a surprise, too. She continued,

I see a large boned dark-skinned angel carrying you through a circle of rainbow light, to Africa and many other countries....Be alert to invitations.

Long story short:

My "invitation" led me to a sanctuary in a small village in Tanzania, working with beautiful children of albinism. They are endangered in that rural region, since witch-doctors contract for their body parts to add to potions.

Business was particularly brisk that year, because politicians and corporate executives are good customers during an election year.

I slept in a tent outside the center, since there were over thirty kids plus several staff in the six-room house.

There wasn't quite enough food to eat or water for washing which we hauled from the well outside. But Sister Helena



kept the center going, on her deep faith. It was a life-changing experience for me.

Adventures in other countries ensued the next couple winters, with dear Anna as my astral tour-guide.

Alas, my beloved teacher is now in a failing state of health, and our visits became less frequent. Last year we met a few times however. On the first one, she emphatically stated

Okay, Joy...no more missions. There's actually no Joy and no Anna, no past and no future.

And she repeated it again, in response to my slightly pouty expression. I replied,
Oh, I know that. But the adventures were so amazing, I'm sad.

And Anna's response once more, as she firmly closed the Book of Illusion:

There's no Joy and no Anna, no past and no future.

I sighed and accepted her verdict, having little choice. And we went on to discuss my visits with prisoners in Forrest City and her health. As we were walking to the door at the end of my visit, Anna stopped and asked

What ever happened to that child in the orphanage?

I explained the situation, that she wasn't actually an orphan and her mother had taken her somewhere. Anna's response was

Oh! You'd better go find her.

We both laughed, understanding that the assignment mode was switched "on" again, suddenly.

A week later, my best friend from Thailand, named Younger sister Joy/Nawng Joy wrote me:

We all here in the community miss you too much here. You have to come back now.

I wrote back and agreed. Nawng Joy is MC Sansanee's personal assistant. They travel the nation and the world together, spreading peace/feminism/Buddhist principles.

So, dear readers....now we begin my final (perhaps) mission under Anna's guidance. You are welcome aboard, and to share this with anyone or de-subscribe or send me more names for the Tales From Thailand listing.

Sawadhi kha, dears. I'm on my way this morning.

