

20 July '13

Patty cake! Hey sis, the last letter I posted on this blog site — dated on the 9th I think, kinda complained that no-one is leaving any messages for me to read — though I'm sure several people check to see my latest postings. A few days later on the 11th I think, I receive four notes from you 😊 which you posted a month ago on June 14? Let's see, the envelope these messages were mailed to me in is postdated ~~June~~ no, July 1st. — Yea, it's a lil slower process than snail-mail... but if it's easier for people to post a message on this site instead of sending a letter, I'm okay with that. Especially if and when you choose to leave me a message on one of my "pictures" pages. These particular pictures of my life-long transformations were never returned to me for some reason. Usually the pictures I send to be posted are returned to me — but this batch is MIA — so I'm real happy to see that they at least made it onto the site for all to see. Thanks.

About the Kabbalah study... no, not Muslim, but rather Hebrew — or what most people think as Jewish. I do have a funny story about threatening to join up for the Black Muslim group here awhile back when a few of them thought they could get away with leaching on a young white "convert", without me getting involved. But... such antics are nothing new with me, huh?

They, about the completed Houses of Healing course... I'm taking it again since I hardly scratched the surface the first time. This time I'm trying to get to the very core of everything... and I'm quite impressed at my most recent work — defining the Essence of who I am. And following that, I wrote a letter to young Billy boy — my younger self. I will post it separately as it is seven pages long. I'm pretty sure I nailed the events early in life which determined my future course, sis.

Tell me what you think. I don't intend to place "blame" on anyone in the least, but rather simply finding reason in how my character developed. Which I think I did. So what good does it serve, ya ask? I guess you can say that I'm solving the mysteries of Me, and in that Self-awareness, ignorance and fears no longer have the power to set me off as they once had. Better late than never, eh?

Regarding "Stress", baby sister. Yea, it pretty much is a choice of how you see things, isn't it? People out there have good reason to be apprehensive when they consider future uncertainties. But look, F.E.A.R. stands for False Evidence Appearing Real. Stress just happens to be misplaced faith — in the worst, ya see? So yea, look at any stressful situation as how it would Best be, and see the consequence of that faith in the positive potential! Somehow sweetie, when we 'make up our mind', our mind is convinced ... and believe it or not, our mind attracts whatever it is convinced about. Try it.

Here's another way to help change the habit of stinkin' thinkin'. Try meditation. Live in the Present Moment without burdening your mind with Past or Future imaginations running wild as they so often do. It's a real challenge to discipline your thought process even for five minutes. There are several methods, from concentrating on your breath, to reciting mantras, to holding Yoga postures, to ... whatever manages to keep your attention focused in the present. Trust me sis, the more time you spend in the present, that ~~per~~ perpetual gift of God, the more "positive" you'll be that the future-present will be God's gift as well. The real gift of meditation practice is in the peaceful state of mind you receive. But also, because you develop that "time-out" from everything else, it turns out that everything else becomes easier to put in proper perspective.

Yea, "Best Years" pictures... I still kick my ass for messing that up. And live so many un answered questions regarding the mess I left everyone in (you included) and how well everyone has recovered since then — and how everyone is doing now.

As you see in many of my reflective rants, our perception of events in our life influences our development and experiences. Hopefully everyone seen my mess-ups pretty much the same way they see other natural disaster and never took them personally. Nevertheless, I am terribly sorry for all the traumatic experiences which I'm responsible for.

Having no memory of growing up with me is hard to believe baby sister. In Long Beach, do ya remember the pervert in the car who I convinced never to return to our street? Do you recall Chico and Jan, and the shotgun barrel to my noggin when Sue ran away with Michelle? And before L.B., how about El Monte memories? Before El Monte, do you recall Vegas and the Virgin Valley? The cows, the dogs, the scorpion I booted? Before Vegas was Covina... and the dog food you liked chewing on? Snail poison broke you of that snack. Yea, I've unravelled my memories so many times over the years that they're pretty easy to find now — but then that's got a lot to do with not having much of a life left to live anymore. I think that I'd rather have your "stressful" life.

What's going on in your life anyway? You'll never really know exactly how proud I am of you for maintaining a family life — near 25 years now? Wow! What could possibly stress you out after all you've experienced during that period? Looking back now I bet you see events differently than you did at the moment, huh? Have faith Patty, that somehow everything turns out okay.

OK! Be blessed.