

End Leaf

Sunday, March 21, 2021

Find something you're afraid of. . .then do it.

Do it, not for money, but because it's hard for me to do.

This is a good philosophy for the rest of my life.

Wednesday, March 24, 2021

I'm onto my new leaf.

I'll do it in WP, at least for now. (Maybe do Word later.)

Life without money worries, How bland will it be? Market and trading unnecessary. Tours unnecessary as well. Money motivation gone. Why do anything? Only for love, curiosity, and interest. And to learn something.

Could I re-enter tours to learn something? (With money motivation gone) What would I learn? Languages? Other? The beauty of organization?

I have to lead tours. It is my calling. God gave me the talent. I have to use it. Regardless of what "I" want. (Whatever that means.) Could this be true of folk singing, too? Yes. God gave me the talent, (so I have to use it.) But not in classical guitar, at least not the way I've been doing it, which is making classical guitar my impediment, the block preventing me from following, fulfilling my talents. It has prevented me from giving into the Higher Forces, holding me back to fear and ego chains.

In any case, all that is coming to an end.

I'm in the "Now What?" and "What's Next?" stage.

Two things are happening simultaneously:

1. I'm getting into folk singing again, becoming a folk singer. Through video

improvements, learning, etc.

2. I'm drifting back into tours.

Both public, outward, service events.

And drifting out of corona one-year sabbatical life.

How to use my new corona learning and wisdom to power my new public-entry life?

Fruits of Corona Sabbatical

There is truly no reason for me to be in the stock market or trading anymore. I have enough.

The only reason I can see to run tours is because I was given a talent and with it comes a calling. To lead others in elevating experiences.

(And now I have to do it without my money motivator. Only because, like Moses, I "have to.")

Folk singing and performing again (as a liberated and liberating folk singer) may be part of this "have to."

The corona sabbatical has freed me from financial and classical guitar blockage, freed me to unleash and release my talents. Now what?

Thursday, March 25, 2021

A New Leaf: The Next Leaf:

I thought I ended the new leaf. But no. Here's the sequel.

I'm giving up trading. I'm moving beyond addiction and distraction. A deep emptiness follows. (Of course, it's the usual emptiness, and nothing new.) I realize only meaningful work will fill the emptiness of this stock (trading) hole.

What will fill it?

Music? Intense guitar practice. . .and song.

Return to classical guitar with a freed vengeance, and add folk songs. Then add

folk dancing.

Put on the blinders and charge straight ahead on this narrowed and perfected artistic and freedom road.

Saturday, March 27, 2021

The Puzzle of Trading

Why do I trade stocks?

It's not about the money.

It's not about gambling, although that's part of the game.

It's about winning. . .and losing.

(And I've lost plenty this week!)

Trading stocks is my competitive sport.

I need it. I need to compete.

Envy and jealousy, greed and fear, and a few other miserable, and wonderful emotions, just like in business and life, are all part of it.

The trading game is one I want and need to play. Period. No justifications or excuses necessary. Just do it. Obviously, do it the best I can.

Addiction

Am I addicted to morning depression? Maybe.

Morning depression, in fact, any depression, It is created by monkey mind. And mine chooses to follow the morning clouds it creates.

Could I stop it?

Could my monkey mind and I work together to wipe away or even wipe out this noxious, wasteful way of thinking?

Yes. That is if I chose to.

Well, I do.

How?

First step: Dive straight into my miracle schedule. Just shut up and do it.

Is trading stocks part of the miracle schedule?

Do business, stock trading, and competition fit in?

Probably. What's miraculous about business and trading?

Something is. But I never wanted to recognize it.

Miracles in business and trading?

Think about revising my miracle schedule.

Sunday, March 28, 2021

Depression Exposed as a Fraud

If I give up depression, will I give up my need and desire to write crazy stories?
After all, they helped me escape from the dirty downs.

If depression was my run-away tool, used to distract me from diving straight into the maelstrom of life, and I put a better leash on my monkey mind, and no longer need to distract myself, will I lose the ability and desire to create off-the-wall tales?

Do it, or rather, did I need depression as a creative foil and tool?

Only time will tell.

Truly, old time depression has run its course. It has served its purpose, been unveiled, and finally exposed as the escape hatch and fraud it is, and has always been.

Back to Barry

as the same person but slightly tilted

Journal writing and crazy stories is simply what I do. Occasionally, a poem might sneak in there, but it is rare, ver rare, and not part of my radar.

I came to an ending with Barry, when he finished editing my journals. And at every ending, I question my future direction, and search for a new one. I explored, or at least thought about poetry, namely blank verse, as a possible new direction. I liked

blank verse mainly because it meant I could do the same things I am doing, but now put it into so-called blank verse. In other words, sophisticate it, make it so-called deeper and more meaningful.

Well, now I realize that is only a new way of saying I like what I'm doing, and want to continue doing it. Writing journal and crazy stories is simply what do. Period. It's comfortable, fun, and I like it. Like breathing air.

So I'll return to Barry with a developing and a bit different "more of the same."