

## Breakthrough

Monday, May 6, 2013

Is that why I'm getting interested in China? To relive some of my youth, and get a fresh look at communism and why I once loved it. So full of idealism, and lofty purpose. And the Chinese peasants were so dirt poor, uneducated and beaten down. As were many others.

It's only after communism won that I had problems with it. But the lofty ideals and purpose: Wow.

### Break-Throughs in Body and Mind

#### Three Big Ones

Rick may be right about the physical aspects of first my running ankle, then my first "folk dance" shoulder, cramps/muscle-tightness, then my "guitar playing" shoulder, cramps/tightness cramps.

But what about the spiritual or cosmic aspects? The "Why now?" question.

What was and is happening with my running, folk dancing, and guitar? What new growth and developments aspects am I dealing with?

Easy to say:

1. Running: I'm trying to build to a marathon, or at least a half-marathon.
2. Folk Dancing: I'm back to videoing my dances, and to improving and looking better in dance posture, position, etc.
3. Classic guitar: I'm playing beautifully. And I'm almost ready to perform again (whatever that will or may mean.)

The above 3 are BIG 3. Big events, big developments. With every big mental/spiritual development or leap comes a corresponding physical development or leap.

I'd ascribe my physical "break-throughs" to the above mental and spiritual break

throughs. I broke my body to break and thus open up my mind to new roads.

This answers the cosmic: Why now? question.

Wednesday, May 8, 2013

Thrills and Excitement: Where Should I Look?

A trembling terror entered my body yesterday. I shook, sweated, and felt like collapsing. My stomach churned with an incredible and unknown anxiety. Why and from what? I did not know.

Now I know.

This earthquake of terror took place while watching my stock market trading account. A vast emptiness filled my mind. I fell into a deep and endless pit. Trembling and terrified, not knowing why.

Now I know why.

The terror signaled not only the end of my day trading and general stock market trading days.

When I realized this last night, I cried. I cried for my "lost love." I cried for the end of an era, the end of thrills, excitements, hopes, and dreams. Of course, reality told me that I had only lost money with my trading, and this for years. Nevertheless, the hopes and dreams remains. Plus the fun and thrill of occasionally winning, coupled with the terror of a down market where I lost mucho. But up or down, hope and dreams and the thrill of the chase always remained.

But now it is over.

Last night I was in mourning.

This morning I am not mourning as much but still in somewhat of a shock.

On the one hand, I can see only good in this development. Not only will I make more money (by not losing so much), but my mind will be free to focus on other things. So much of my mental time went into the market. Now it is and will be freed of that burden, but also that entertainment and "thrill."

So the next question is: What will I do with my mind? And most important: Where will I now find my thrills? Will I find any that can match the ups and downs I once had? What can replace the market? Can anything? Or am I totally on to another realm?

And does it even matter? The day trading stock market chapter is over. Been there, done that. Now what?

One thought is that perhaps I can stay involved in the market but this time as a long term investor. That's what most people do; that's what Warren Buffet and most rich people do. They look for good companies and hold them several years.

Certainly, I will be some inner peace from long term investing. But do I want or need inner peace? Maybe.

What about thrills? Can I get any thrills from long term investing? Do I want or need thrills in such a way? Maybe not. Been there, done that.

Maybe I can get a sense of inner peace and stability. But do I want that? Maybe. In any case, that's where I am now.

Where should I look for thrills and excitement?

Perhaps somewhere else.

But where? Good question.

### Nausea, Anger, Shock

#### Freedom, Fresh Start, New Beginning, Happy Release

I feel nauseous. Partly because I'm embarrassed that I sent my email list the Albania itinerary instead of BMG.

Or I'm embarrassed by years of day trading and the stock market? Or both? Or neither?

Is it more the deep disappointment and emptiness I now feel from giving up my stock market drug? Yes, this seems more right.

BMG is the short term excuse for the long term change.

Or am I angry? Is the nausea covering up anger? Maybe.

I'm also mad because I'm giving up my habit. Mad at what and at whom? Myself? The market? Both? Or I don't know. But mixed in with the poison of nausea is a portion of anger.

Yes, I feel nausea, anger, and shock.

But then and beyond comes freedom, a fresh start, a new beginning, a happy release.

But I am mad at something. Yes, it's her hysterical reaction to what I do. Then she yells and criticizes me about it. Truly, it is none of her business. But nevertheless, she makes it her business. Like any liberal.

That's the reason for my nausea! I'm really angry at her. It's hysterical mother all over again. Trying to make me feel guilt and bad because of the pain ("I am causing her.")

But I am not causing it. The hysteria is her choice! Best is to have no part of it. I have my own worries, changes, and problems to deal with. They are my own and I will deal with them. But her hysteria is not one of them.

### Anger and Shoulder/Neck

Sarno revisited: Now I wonder if the shoulder and neck cramps I had after folk dancing last Wednesday, and when I woke up Monday have something to do with anger.

What was I angry about?

Secondly, Monday anger about guitar, folk singing, etc. "Pressure" to review and become a folk singer again, and what she said about my classical guitar playing. Okay, that's possible.

What about the folk dancing?

Maybe new pressure about having to make videos again? It's possible.

### Reasons for Hidden Anger

There's lots of hidden anger going around. Collapse and redeployment.

Giving in to my fears.

1. Folk dance anger: Maybe I'm being pushed, nay terrorized by my class into doing only slow and moderate dances.

2. Running and Exercise: I've also been terrorized, traumatized (by my "stress fracture ankle fear) into "giving up" my running and exercise in general.

Thursday, May 9, 2013

Guitar: If I am never going to play for anybody again, then I can play at whatever tempo I like, play whatever and whenever I want, and do it only for my health and happiness.

Friday, May 10, 2013

### The Joy Threat

#### Conquering Hysteria

Folk Dance Freedom and Playing Alhambra Birthday Presents

Back to Sarno. Or should I say, neck and shoulders to Sarno?

Why does it "suddenly" feel like my body and mind are falling apart? And this after such a wonderful 4-6 week post-Dr. Stone visit run? What happened? Where am I going?

It started when I hurt my left ankle after a long run. Fear of stress fracture returned with a vengeance. Two weeks later came a big muscle cramp in my neck, 5<sup>th</sup> cervical vertebrae region after folk dancing. Note I brought my video camera and this cramp occurred when I lifted the (very light) camera over my shoulder to carry it out! Fear of folk dance video. It brought back terrible memories of my former FD video days which included giving folk dance workshops in Raleigh, Playshop, etc. This sson

developed into shoulder, somewhat rotator cuff and upper back pains.

Left ankle, "left" part of the neck, "left" side of upper back and shoulders.

Ankle: Represents running and exercise in general. It brought back memories of stress fractures.

Neck: Represents folk dancing. It brought back memories of former video days with Raleigh, Playshop and more folk dance workshops and the terrific stress they created.

Shoulders (upper back): May represent guitar playing. But I think more so, an extension of folk dance workshop/DVD,CD memories and stress.

During the post-Dr Stone period, I had giant breakthroughs in all these areas.

1. Running and exercise: The "By 80 Goals" grown/developed.
2. Folk dancing: Returning to videos.
3. Guitar: Conquered Alhambra! And with it Leyenda & more.

Many victories. Including the conquest of hysteria, screaming and madness of my mother( 5-year-old period, running wild on the lawn and more,)

(I wonder about the relationship between conquest of hysteria with mother and the Alhambra victory. Hysteria, mother, Alhambra. I've been "holding it back" for years, fearing Alhambra running-wild-on-the-lawn victory. Why? Hysteria and screaming madness will rain down on me. And I'll be helpless, defenseless, and terrified, unable to do a thing about it. The greatest terror of the Gorgon, Medusa monster.

Have I conquered this terror? Maybe. Have I successfully dealt with the threat of joy? I think so.

Actually, I know so!

That's why I can "suddenly" play the Alhambra. That's why I can deal with the (woman/female) hysteria. I'm not afraid. And it only took 76 years.

My 76<sup>th</sup> birthday is coming up. To play Alhambra, to conquer hysteria: they are my birthday presents!

Well, now I know: Neck and back are part of FD/DVD/CD workshop period stress/fears memories.

Ankle is part of (folk dance) stress fracture memories. Note that folk dance is mentioned twice: For Neck and Ankle. (Ankle is not so much the running and exercise.)

Ankle and neck are related to the past with its stress memories. But they are not part of my present!

That's what's new. My present is clear. That's why Alhambra fell so easily into my lap, like a leaf falling off a tree. I was simply ready. My own inner hysteria and fear, as "expressed" through folk dance fears (performing anxiety) fell away. With it went my out hysteria fear; it also fell away.

I am (just about) hysteria free.

What a present!

### Stock Trading

What I have not been successful in so far is stock market trading. After up and down, I've been at a stand still. My account is exactly where it was a year ago. True, I have lost as much money as I did over the past years. Nevertheless, I am still not successful in this area.

And yet, I love the trading. Especially when I win! Yet, the only progress I have made over the years is: I have moved from a terrible trader to an inadequate one.

And yet, I still; love trading. (Especially when I win!) It's exciting, challenging, and even "relaxing" in its own special way.

Certainly, I would have more satisfaction if I was better at it.

So, next question: How can I improve?

Yesterday, I sold most of my trading stocks. I'm somehow "starting over."

What changes can and should I make?

1. Check out positions and expenses in Fidelity.com

Not in Fidelity Active Trader Pro.

### Hysteria

I still tremble before hysteria. Both inner and outer.

Learning about and deal with it is a tremendous challenge.

Start with inner hysteria.

If inner is conquered, outer will easily fall.

Memories: It's my mother falling apart in front of me all over again. Screaming, yelling, crying, sobbing, every guilt-creating antic you can find.

Why should I feel guilty?

Actually, rather than guilty, I feel threatened.

Threatened on two levels:

1. If she falls apart, I'll be abandoned. Who will take care of me.
2. If she falls apart, she will hit me, strike me, beat me, even kill me. And you can't protect yourself at 2-years old.

Of course, now I'm 76, Does this still hold true? Maybe. Nevertheless, it is a fear I must deal with.

How to deal with it? Awareness is the only answer.

That's why "staying on your toes" and "nervousness" is important. Follow your stomach and intuition. Let them guide you.

("Let them be your guides." Passive form. Which is better?)

In fact, I should be afraid of her if she is hysterical. It is totally reasonable to be afraid. She could me, hit, beat, strike, even kill me. Guilt is only secondary. It disguises fear.

### Dealing with Hysteria

#### Awareness Love



I don't like fearing hysteria.

What to do?

Can love conquer fear? Can it conquer hysteria?

Can love for my mother conquer fear of her hysteria?

I'd like to think so. I hate living in fear.

Why would I bother trying to love her when she is acting so miserably? For my own self-interest: To calm, and hopefully, even conquer my fear.

To love someone when they are screaming at you, threatening to hurt or even kill you, is really big challenge.

But it may be a way to calm yourself and rise above your fear. (Self-interest.)

But I don't mean Christian, turn-the-other-cheek love. I'll call mine awareness love.

It is something to think about, practice, and learn.

It's practiced "on your toes," with concern, worry, and a somewhat nervous stomach.

I use this kind of Awareness Love when I lead my tours. Even when I run my dance classes and perform. It relates well to performance anxiety. It could also work for my mother, and mother types.

Awareness Love is (could or may be) a form of Jewish love. After all, it's got the essential ingredients.

But how do you do it? How do you practice it?

Start by focusing really hard on the other person's heart. Like when I run a tour or folk dance class, using some kind of intuition power, I look into my entire class or group, "see" each person, am aware of them. Do this on an individual, personal, mother-hysteria basis.

In doing this, I step out of myself, out of my ego (very important), and "into the other person's shoes."

That's why it's work, and very hard, very difficult.

But possible to do! (After all, I do it when I run a tour or teach a class.)

Deflecting the issue technique is also important. It cools the mood. Deflecting while aware, deflecting in Awareness. Talk about something else, a non-explosive issue. Even dry, dull, banal, something minor that needs to be done.

Suzie's funds.

Saturday, May 11, 2013

Breaking Through the Wall of Hysteria

Everything Starting Over

Forget the past. Give it up.

Everything start over: A fresh start.

1. My guitar starts over. A fresh start.

A. On the Alhambra, I hit the trauma point in my right index finger. The hysteria point. I'm into it, dealing with it.

The hysteria point which has terrified me for life.

The life-threatening, terrifying, sudden, blast-out-of-nowhere, for-no-rational-reason, smash-down from this trauma/hysteria point has kept me "in place," hiding in protective cave mode for years.

I am now dealing with it, and coming out of my cave. Into the brilliant sunlight and running wild on the lawn. The long link of steps ended with my neck/shoulder pain. Shoulders: A place of burden, weight of responsibility, etc.

Somehow I am responsible for the hysteria, something I did, or must have done. The total guilt mode. But really fear mode. And I hid in my protective cave, violin chamber, then inner mental chamber. And this for years.

But it's over. I'm coming out! No more hiding from hysteria. And coming out is a beautiful thing!

A fresh start. The past is over, digested, dealt with, now cast aside and forgotten.

Moving onward in new, fresh, dynamci, free, running wild mode!

For this, I should thank her, my Zen teacher. By bouncing me against the wall, she (inadvertently, or through a cosmic plan?) teaches me to understand the wall. I learn to understand my (inner) wall. And thus move through and past it.

I'm not ready to say thank you yet. But I'm getting close.

I would never know all this unless we had these huge fights. They must be part of a cosmic plan, a cosmic teaching method which hits you over the head in order to learn about yourself. Why bother listening, learning, or changing, if you are not feeling the pain of being hit over the head? Pain makes you pay attention. Naturally, I don't want the pain. A good part of me would rather stay lethargic, sleepy, comfortable and dull. But do I even have a choice? Probably, deep down, I do. And paradoxically, strangely, I choose the pain. Because deep down, I do want to change and grow. And deep down, I "know" I need the hits on the head to wake me up and force further inner exploration and growth.

I may not consciously "want" it, but it comes anyway. The fights are part of the partnership. (In a cosmic sense, it's probably true in politics, too.) The world needs opposition in order to grow.

### Fresh Start

I have also changed. Thirteen and more years ago, I was still too weak to deal with this. I was plagued by debt, by even more plagued by self-doubt and lack of confidence.

Those states are over. I am now out of debt, have built up through my own efforts financial stability. Along with this I have soften self-doubt and have more self-confidence. I'm ready to cut the inner Gordion knot of hysteria fear.

I shall walk into my garden and stand up, not only for my self, but for all my selves!

That's why everywhere and in everything, I ready for a fresh start.

Sunday, May 12, 2013

I'm reading Bereshit newspaper very slowly, almost one Hebrew word or sentence at a time. It's almost like I'm starting from scratch, from the beginning. (Well, it is bereshit!) It's almost like I'm starting over.

Well, I am!

Everything is fresh and new. As I said yesterday, I'm ready for a fresh start. Today, I'm beyond ready. I'm entering; I'm doing it: I am starting over.

### The (Folk Dance) Simcha Solution: Dive in and Have Fun

In Hebrew, "simcha" means joy. Guitar: I have an interpretation to offer beyond the notes.

Dive in and have fun. It's the only solution.

But what a solution!

In Hebrew, "Simcha" means joy.

Thus we (in folk dancing) offer the Simcha Solution: Its formula is: Dive in and Have Fun. (It's the only solution.)

But what a solution!

One of the big questions in life, perhaps even the biggest, is: Do you dare have fun in public?

### Having Fun in Public: The Ultimate Act of Rebellion

Having fun is, after all, such a daring and rebellious act.

((So many) Critical voices from past and present scream: "No, No, No!" and "How dare you!" This shows that truly having fun in public is a most daring, courageous, and rebellious act. )

A yelp of joy (from hasapico or kolo) destroys worlds of worry immediately. Everything falls apart with a (bubbling giggle from a Croatian drmes jiggle) laugh.

And it all this fun happens in folk dance class!

Therefore, (what's the (simcha) solution?

come folk dancing!

Our next class is Monday night. Tomorrow night.

(Start practicing your simcha solution tomorrow night.)

Monday, May 13, 2013

Why do I push myself beyond my limits?

Is one reason to push down, keep down, repress the "beauty and contentment" feeling? The "Kabbalah gorgeous, overwhelmed by beauty, consumed and destroyed by joy" feeling?

#### Instinctive Protective Wisdom or Cowardice?

Wise philosophical quotable sayings often come up when I write in my journal, When I email these sayings to my dancers, I hide them behind made-up names. In doing so, am I being a coward? Or am I being smart?

Is does secret treasure chest of creativity with its instinctive wisdom know I should protect myself? Protect my source, protect my sources? Rather than a frontal direct attack, I am subtly attacking, reaching from behind the lines.

Thus is this source instinctively wisdom pushing me to be smart? Is it really the smart thing to do?

People may knock me.

Also quotes are more powerful. People will listen and pay more attention to quotes, rather than directly to me. Is that true? Or merely a rationalization for cowardice?

Fiction writing is hidden behind the third person. Even when written in first person, the author is still "hiding" behind his narrative.

The very nature of fiction is hidden truth. That's why it's called fiction.

Result post-talking to Barry: No quotes, no made up names.

Leave as statements. Take credit.

Wednesday, May 15, 2013

I should get back to yoga (and milk) after Monday night dancing. And quickly, too.

Friday, May 17, 2013

### Summer Sales Plan

From today through July:

Email and Facebook:

Whatever sales material I email out, I also put on Facebook.

1. Email language stuff, Macedonian/Bulgarian alphabet,
2. Email my Ladino folk dance youtube links
3. Email and Folk Tour ad

Also learn technology: "For itself." As a "good in itself."

1. Droid
2. Other: Pinnacle? Word? Other?

Saturday, May 18, 2013

### Repetition is an Illusion

#### The Beauty of Doing Things Again and Again

#### (The Beauty of Repetition)

What's new today? (Put it in Facebook)

I'm reviewing my new Hebrew words by rereading or "repeating" Bereshit.

Repetition is an illusion. There is no such thing as repetition, only deepening by doing things over, expanding vision and understanding by "repeating" or doing things

over again and again.

(Although the sun comes up every morning, it never repeats itself.)

The beauty of repetition is the deepening.

As the ancient Greek philosopher Herodotus said, "You can't out your feet in the same stream twice." The world is in constant flux; everything changes.

Thus, it is impossible to repeat anything. What we call "repetition" is really deepening. To repeat means to deepen your understanding of whatever it is you are doing again. Look at the etymology of repeat: *Re* means again, and "peat" comes from Latin *petere* meaning to seek, demand, or attack.

Repetition deepens your vision.

Thus the beauty of repetition (is the deepening of your vision.

Compete, petition, impetus, incompetence, perpetual,

(Latin: *peti-*, *pet-*, *-pit*: to aim at, aim for, go toward; to seek, seek out, ask, request; strive after)

Petition: Early 14c., "a supplication or prayer, especially to a deity," from Old French *peticion* "request, petition" (12c., Modern French *pétition*) and directly from Latin *petitionem* (nominative *petitio*) "a blow, thrust, attack, aim; a seeking, searching," in law "a claim, suit," noun of action from past participle stem of *petere* "to make for, go to; attack, assail; seek, strive after; ask for, beg, beseech, request; fetch; derive; demand, require," from PIE root *\*pet-*, also *\*pete-* "to rush; to fly" (cf. Sanskrit *patram* "wing, feather, leaf," *patara-* "flying, fleeting;" Hittite *pittar* "wing;" Greek *piptein* "to fall," *potamos* "rushing water," *pteryx* "wing;" Old English *feðer* "feather;" Latin *penna* "feather, wing;" Old Church Slavonic *pero* "feather;" Old Welsh *eterin* "bird"). Meaning "formal written request to a superior (earthly)" is attested from early 15c.

### Repetition: Stock Market, Hebrew, and Music

I wonder what this new look at repetition, deepening, vision, and understanding has to do with my "new" approach to the stock market. Instead of quick day trading,

I'm moving into long-term holding of a stock. Why? Because looking over my past results, I see that if I had held the stocks I day traded long-term, I would have ended up with more money (and less hassle and time wasted thinking about them, too.)

Evidently, they were good companies, good stocks to begin with. But most stocks go through their trading up and downs. It's the long-term trend you want to watch.

Guessing when and where the ups and downs come, takes mucho time and effort, plus you really never know for sure. In the long term, such guessing may be (is) a waste of time. Better to look at the fundamentals, think about future trends and possibilities, and hold. (The new courage may be to hold it during down periods, and even buy more!)

This may show how, through repetition and deepening, stocks are related to Hebrew study and music practice.

### Create my own Borders

There'll always be something pushing and pressuring my mind. New ideas, thoughts, and more keep invading my monkey mind.

What can I do or control?

I can create my own borders.

Fast and slow are two separate muscle worlds.

Sometimes they blend. But when and where?

Sunday, May 19, 2013

### Do the Basics in Depth: New Linguistic Direction

I'm relaunching Bulgarian.

My direction, in general, is depth and deepening.

Thus, in my return to Bulgarian, do the basics in depths.

It means doing. reading, studying what I already "know" but slowly and in



depth.

Be much more focused on the small Beginner Book areas of the languages and really learn to speak!

Do this in Bulgaria, Greek, (and even some Hebrew). This for the summer BMG trip. (Perhaps throw in Albanian.)

Monday, May 20, 2013

### Euphoria

Strange, I think my back hurts not because of jealousy over the wonderful Greek dancer I saw yesterday, but rather, an after effect of Friday's best-day (in-the-market) and its concomitant euphoria.

Yes, I was, and still am, somewhat in shock. Euphoria (a masked form of fear?) is not exactly clouding my judgement, but definitely making me uncomfortable, and hounding my judgement.

What wise thing did I just suggest: Euphoria is a masked form of fear. Now there's a statement worth exploring.

Euphoria is the opposite of despair. As extreme opposites, they are Janus-faced sisters, brothers, or two sides of the same coin.

What's the difference between euphoria and elation?

What's the difference between euphoria and joy?

Joy connects you immediately to God. Witness King David, dancing before the Lord, worshipping God b'simcha, in joy.

Euphoria, on the other hand, pushes you over the cliff. Even though you rise with trembling energy towards the stratosphere, you are aware of and see the deep valley below into which you may (will) soon plummet.

What's the difference between euphoria and elation?

Elation is a form of joy.

Joy creates union. Euphoria is fraught with opposites.

Joy is an instant shot of heaven. Euphoria is a subtle but constant reminder of hell.

### Good Timing and Luck

Specifically, the fear I have in this euphoria is: I can lose all my so-called marvelous, miraculous, shocking, amazing, unbelievable stock market gains in an instant. The luck of good timing has played such a major role.

I get no credit for luck.

Do I get credit for good timing? Maybe.

Can I learn to improve my timing?

If yes, I could take some credit for my market gains; I can also assert some control. I can also improve.

Indeed, timing is an art.

Can good timing be learned? Good question.

If yes, I don't have to be prey to euphoria any more. Instead, I have some control and can learn to improve.

Tuesday, May 21, 2013

### A Positive View of the Downside

#### The Downside Reinstates, Remakes and Recreates the Challenge

Total discouragement this morning after yesterday's NBG debacle. I called it "wrong." Well, not exactly. Intellectually, I "knew" my stock could go down. . .but not that much. Friday I was up 10G in one day. A record. Monday, I was down 8G, probably another record. Whipsawed a bit. Of course, I've been through this many times before. The only thing good I can say about it is that I'm slightly less miserable and discouraged as the last time.

Well, what have I learned from the NBG experience?

I am in a new place, a vaguely long-term holding place. I've stepped back a bit from day trading. I see, think, even know that in the long run, I'll make more money holding a stock than day trading it, or several days or weeks trading it. So this is my new approach.

Are there perhaps some variations in it that I missed? In other words, should I still trade in and out of a stock and hold some of it long term?

If this is a sophistication or variation of my long term approach, how would I do it? Perhaps I could even do an experiment. What does that mean?

#### New Approach

Perhaps two accounts: In my personal account I do some trading, in my individual account, I hold it. A small amount. Just to see which account works better.

Hmm, interesting. Really long term: Individual. Shorter term: Personal.

I've actually started this approach: I bought 2000 shares of NBG for my Individual account.

Perhaps I should also do it for a few other stocks.

Trading to Win also sights preparation for the next day as one of its tenets.

This makes me ask two questions:

1. What does preparation for the next day mean?
2. How seriously am I going to take this stock market hobby? How much time and effort am I going to put into this game? And ultimately, is it worth it?

Well. what does worthy or worth it mean? One level, of course, (the lowest, really) is: Will I make money this way? Actually and strangely, that is not even my most important question. Over the years, I've lost lots of money in the market. Yet I persevere and stay in it. What keeps me in it?

Hope. That some day I'll win. More important, that some day I'll have the satisfaction of "getting it right." Truth is, I probably (hopefully) never use or need the money for real life events. I've even put aside funds for this game. I can play it without

worry that if I lose everything in my trading or personal account, my life style will not be touched.

Therefore, I must be in the market for other reasons besides money. Yes, money is the ultimately marker in the market. It tells me whether I'm winning or losing, whether I got it right or wrong. But its loss or gain does not affect my daily life or life style. So it is a game, a game I evidently love, but a game, nevertheless.

It is gambling. And the root of gambling is jambol which means to play. I like to jambol; I like to play. It is both a fun and serious game.

Perhaps I hit on the word I'm looking for. That word is love. "A game I evidently love." That tells me the reason I am in the market. Period. End of report.

Evidently, I love it. It's ups are glorious; it's downs are devastating. The entire game is an up-down emotional roller coaster. A great challenge to remain calm, steady, collected, and equanimous in this raging sea of change.

And look at me: When there are no dramatic ups and downs, I simply get bored. Then I look for places where I can find ne up and down challenges.

Evidently, the opposite of (the gambling/jamboling) life in both the market and my JGI up/down tour and folk dance business, is boredom.

I don't want boredom. Therefore, I choose the market. And the market life.

I choose the roller coaster stock market/JGI life.

Evidently, a part of me, a good part, is deeply attracted to the up-down life.

And note, when it's only up, I start to be get bored. Too easy. Does this mean that part of me wants, even needs, the down side? The downside reinstates, remakes, and recreates the challenge.

Thursday, May 23, 2013

#### Effects of Fast

Start with a few minutes (5-10) of muscle warm-up:

Then, try fast.

It warms me up very quickly.

Fast guitar playing, fast dancing, fast running.

Fast loosens you up (loosens up the muscles) on a different level.

### Standing

Practice standing. How?

By practicing violin, gaida, and singing. When I practice them, I stand. Therefore, I practice standing.

Friday, May 24, 2013

### Positives of 76

Break Through at 76: Guitar and Fast

I've reached the playing point:

Speed loosens up the muscles and the brain.

Play fast: To loosen up the muscles and the brain.

Video my speedy guitar playing.

Is it legal to break through like this at 76?

Writing: I've rewritten and republished most of my books.

### Apocalypse Now

Has lightening struck? Has the apocalypse arrived? Is my miracle schedule, daily and finally, bearing miraculous fruits?

Or has simply another year gone by?

Answering this question is my choice.

One choice is humdrum, based on lack of confidence, hopelessness, darkness and depression.

Another choice is miraculous, based on confidence, hope, lightening and the apocalypse.

I prefer the latter choice. But the former is always tempting. It is the devil's temptation.

Sunday, May 26, 2013

Join a Jewish (Linguistic) scholarly group. For group study, pressure, and inspiration.

One very Jewish characteristic I have is: I love to study!

I'll call it a Jewish characteristic even though other religions may have it. (But do they?)

### Voice of the Devil

Thinking that I "know everything" is my new way of holding myself back, putting and pushing myself down, diminishing myself.

It is my negative, depressing, hopeless self talking in a new so-called "enlightened" form.

Behind this is the question: "Can I ever learn anything new?" In other words, "Can I ever improve?"

My intellectual answer is always yes. But deep within my heart, the devil whispers, "I doubt it. You really know everything already. Why bother learning something new? Why bother trying to improve when you know everything you need to know already?"

Thus, that inner self resisting openness, that inner voice whispering you "know everything" is really the disguised voice of the devil.

### Forty Years in the Desert

I've been working on Alhambra and arpeggios for forty years. After all this time, can I really improve it? Will I ever learn it? Will I ever be able to play arpeggios with ease? After forty years, isn't this lower place really where I belong? Can one have significant break through after forty years? Well, of course, Moses and the children of

Israel did.

Is this my forty years in the desert period? Am I now about to enter the Promised Land of sweet, flowing arpeggios and beautiful, fruit-filled Alhambras? And even copious, flowering and abundant Leyendas?

Indeed, the voice of "I know it all" is the voice of hopelessness. Depression comes when the door of learning closes and the walls of "know it all" close in on you. Openness (to learning) creates a pathway to the Higher Power.

### Grace

Actually, I've spent almost fifty years in the Alhambra/arpeggio desert. But who's counting?

Sure, I've worked hard, spent many years trying. But does that mean I "deserve" to enter the Promised Land? Do I "deserve" it for working so hard and making such a grand effort? Is it really up to me?

Well, it's half up to me. I also need grace. What is grace but the mysterious hand of God reaching down to help.

My contribution could be: Allowing myself to fall into the hands of God. Opening my heart and mind to Him. Pushing aside, dropping my ego (So hard to do!) and letting His Grace flow through me.

Letting the Alhambra and arpeggio Grace flow through me.

Tuesday, May 28, 2013

### Entering the Promised Land of Alhambra

### My Real 76 Seventy-Six Year Old Birthday Gift

Why do I feel nauseous this morning as I fly through the Alhambra?

Maybe it's because I've really, finally, and actually arrived in the Promised Land of Alhambra. And as the shock of arrival wears off, I look back over my shoulder to the

wild desert I just left, and begin to miss its Wilderness where I once lived. I miss the dynamism of my lost and searching years.

My past is disappearing. It makes me sad. Sure, part of me is happy. But part of me needs to mourn as well. As uncomfortable and miserable as life in the Alhambra Wilderness felt, nevertheless, that existence was part of my daily struggle and constant search for my guitar identity. Like an injured leg, I got used to walking with a limp. Even though I yearned to walk straight, nevertheless I got used to, and habituated myself to a limping Alhambra existence. Now that I've passed through the Golden Gate and memories of that haunting, melancholic, gut-wrenching existence fade, nevertheless, a part of me misses it.

Evidently, the past needs a proper funeral. I need to mourn before I can free myself from the iron habit of its identity grip. Then I can move on.

Therefore, as I ride through the Golden Gate into the Promised Land of Alhambra, I weep for the passing of the Wilderness. A good cry is in order.

Well, the Wilderness funeral consists of recognizing and writing about it. In doing so, I've created my mourning.

I'm ready to move on.

Next question: How will life be in the Promised Land of Alhambra? Can I stand it?

There is really no choice. That's where I am. I'm not unhappy about it. Just somewhat in shock.

This is my real 76 seventy-six year old birthday gift. If I "deserve" anything for my birthday, it is this.

It will take some getting used to.

I can call it both a monumental accomplishment and a gift.

For the personal accomplishment part, I take credit for my effort. The gift itself comes from God.

The celestial and personal, luck and glory blended together.



I feel that for “social” reasons, I should take some credit for this. But deep down, I believe all of the glory goes to God.

I feel blessed to enter the Promised Land of Alhambra

There is no going backwards. I am simply here. No denying it. It will take some getting used to.

I wonder it will affect other parts of my life.

Wednesday, May 29, 2013

### My Birthday and the Promised Land of Alhambra

My birthday. So what? I hate my birthday. I wonder why. All this attention over a pointless day. Sure it’s important that I was born. That indeed was an important day. But after that, so what?

Maybe I could “force” myself to make this day more important. How?

For this 76, one way would be to commemorate my guitar achievement: Remember that on this day (actually a few days before) I entered the Promised Land of Alhambra.

### Birth-Day of Entry

If I don’t give my birthday a personal meaning, other people will. And they’ll give me their version of congratulations on my special day. And I’ll be helpless to defend myself. It’s a social thing, a social pressure which, like the rising of the sun, will exist and take place whether I like it or not.

So I have a choice: I can seize the day by creating my own definition of birth-day, or I can concede the day and allow others to impose their definitions upon me.

Obviously, as a person who likes to stay in control as much as I can, I’ll choose the former.

So what then, what meaning shall I give, to my birth-day?

We'll deal with past birthdays some other time. And future birthdays, if and when they come.

For today, it is the birth-day of entry: I have passed through the gates and entered the Promised Land of Alhambra.

My new job is to remember this.

So when people congratulate me on my birthday, my job is to graciously accept it. As I do, my job is to remember why our accomplishment (my ego-plus being with the help of God), entry into the Promised Land of Alhambra, is so special.

It's a zichron affair.

Remnants: A bit of nausea and trying to injure my left hand.

### Playing Bach, Alard, Flamencan, and Anything

Entering the Promised Land of Alhambra also means I can play all Bach pieces! Bourree at full speed, and the Bach Suite in E minor, and more. Malats, Sor Study in A major, Alard, all flamenco and more. It means I can basically play everything I ever studied and bothered to memorize. It means I can basically play anything.

Friday, May 31, 2013

### Wow Realization

#### I Need Promotion and Sales to Stabilize Me

What are the psychological underpinnings of this ravishment? Reappearing stiffness in my left rhomboid area, and accompanied by slight dizziness.

It seems to have started when my boundaries fell off. Or so I hope. I'm dizzy and I feel like I'm falling off a cliff.

I hope this dizziness is a psychological ailment, not a physical one. I hope it is vaguely caused by hidden anger, rage even at the "sudden" loss of my boundaries, namely set by my directions. My direction was toward tour sales. Sales are over. I feel

somewhat lost again. Perhaps, much as I always resist it and even say I hate it, I need some form of promotion and sales to stabilize me. This means a concrete picture of money at the end of the line. (Could this be the “real” meaning of money to me?) Otherwise, I drift off the cliff, tumble into the valley of mystic fantasy or float upward into space.

Wow! If that is true – and I sense that it is – this is a Wow! realization!

What to do?

If our promotion and sales are over (well, are they really?), perhaps I should, at least for the summer (June-September), move into other kinds of promotion and sales: Perhaps book sales, folk dance choreo sales, or other.

Monday, June 3, 2013

### Limits and Goals

Basically, my focus is all over the place. I’m scattered, drifting, unhappy, and bordering on depression.

I need focus. And to create focus, I need limits, And within these limits, I need to create goals.

### New Goals

1. New classic guitar goals.

A bit scary, What will they be?

What is the next challenge, now that I can play?

Will it be simply to sit, enjoy and glow my own prowess? Or is there more?

On the one hand, just like writing a novel, I don’t feel it is complete until I publish it. (True, after publication, it just sits there, unsold. But somehow, just the fact of publication complete the process, or at least a process.)

Is this also true of my classical guitar? Is it really incomplete until I give a concert? I don’t know. Of course, I could also “publish” it by making a video of my

playing. Hmm. Is making a Youtube video of my playing a compromise answer? Or a copout? Or both?

A part of me feels like it is my duty to bring my art to the public, to go public. Why this is, I don't know. But it is true, nevertheless.

I'm now still waiting for an answer.

### Classical Gitar and the Art of Video

A video certainly makes it more "permanent" just like a published novel. A novel can be published and remain unread just like a record, CD, or DVD can be "published" and remain unseen. Yet it completes part one of the process. (Part two is the sales and promotion aspect, which is a whole other ball game.)

Maybe video is the compromise answer. And new direction/goal. It's easy, doable. And I can still play publically if the situation arises. Practically speaking, even if I did want to give a concert, I have to go to a lot of trouble just finding a (library or other) venue to accept me. And this even if the concert/show is for free.

Plus I'd be learning about and advancing a new art form: The art of video.

Definitely a good and doable thought.

### 2. Writing

Writing and Blogging

Infant Vision with picture. Could be publish both on blog and on Amazon.

Thursday, June 6, 2013

### Enthusiasm!

Prepare for BMG by studying Bulgarian, Greek, and practicing the gaida.

I must do this only to awaken my own enthusiasm. But that is a very big "only." If I am enthusiastic, my enthusiasm will be contagious, will spread and make a better tour for everyone.

In fact, my enthusiasm is the key not only to running a good tour, but to my entire business in general. Enthusiasm is the fuel for my business. It runs on

enthusiasm.

I have a “sound” personality. Love of sound, music, and language is a bottom line for my character.

The above the a new reason, actually the new reason to run tours and to study. In the beginning, I studied languages partly out of fear. I thought I needed them to survive in the countries we visited. Now I know I don't need them for survival. But I love them, nevertheless. Now I need them for love and, like constantly choreographing new dances to maintain my love and interest in folk dance teaching, I need to find my own personal reason to keep running tours. Love of sound and music is the reason: This is best expressed through study and love of language (and some gaida). Plus, of course, it is a fun and wonderful connection to people of the countries I visit. It heightens my interest, enthusiasm and challenge.

Why do it? The only reason is love.

The magic of folk dancing is that you can go from sad to happy in 10 seconds.

Sunday, June 9, 2013

### Tyranny of Fast Dies

The tyranny of fast just died in Alhambra.

It also means this tyranny has died in all my guitar pieces.

And everywhere else? We'll see.

Why now? Who knows?

But it is my greatest birthday present!

Slow, easy and gorgeous is my next motto.

Monday, June 10, 2013

Lift the tyranny of email and my business.

Thursday, June 13, 2013

Money and Non-Attachment

The real stock market lesson is non-attachment.

Learn not to be attached to your money.

Or at least, learn not to be so attached to your money.

Learning to live beyond fear and greed.

This lesson can be generalized to other cravings as well.

Sunday, June 16, 2013

Looking Ahead

Am I now going into, heading into the Bkg Three: Folk Dancing (videos, and even through videos, promotion of local folk dancing), writing (meaning book sales through Facebook, etc), and guitar playing (slow, easy, with feeling, my style, and again through youTube videos, etc.)

Am I drifting out of Tours, and Tours Sales. Or are they really “evening out?”  
We’ll see.

But the Big Three, along with sales through Youtube, Facebook and the Internet, feels like a new direction on the horizon. Or at least a new emphasis on the horizon.

Big Three:

1. Folk Dancing

a. YouTube, DVD sales, local FD class expansion etc

2. Guitar

a. YouTube, slow and feeling

3. Books

a. Facebook, (Youtube?), other

The Bounce Along

1. Tours

a. How would and could tours “bounce along?”

Well, moving along, starting with guitar:

What's new?

Slow and with feeling. A family affair.

Or maybe it's the year of Facebook, Youtube, promotion and publicity.

Or vice versa: Promotion, publicity through Facebook, YouTube etc.

Monday, June 17, 2013

Feel a bit disgusted this morning. A good sign.

### The Impossible Dream

Hoping to achieve the impossible.

The impossible dream is reborn.

I love the dream and I love to dream.

Dreaming inspires me

, wakes me up, pushed me forward.

It doesn't matter that it is an impossible dream.

Perhaps that's what makes it a constant source of inspiration, a never-ending push forward.

Wednesday, June 19, 2013

### A New Start: Tour Goal: 2013

Tour goal; Do it different this time.

What does "do it differently" mean?

A different attitude. Start with with BMG and Alb.

What kind of attitude do I want?

A fun, excited, enthusiastic, looking forward to it, attitude.

Prepare differently. Excitement, fun, and enthusiasm in the preparation.

Other.

Guitar

And since I'm doing a new start, how about a new start on guitar attitude as well.

I'm starting now. How? Alhambra is only the bass.

Thursday, June 20, 2013

Stock Market Trading, Addiction, and Stopping Cold Turkey

I am definitely not in the stock market to make money. By "in the stock market," I mean trading stocks.

Thus, I am definitely not trading stocks to make money.

Then why am I trading stocks?

To win. To prove to myself how smart I am, and that I can win. I can beat the market.

Winning, beating the market, showing, nay proving that I am smart, and that God is on my side, is the only reason I am in the market.

The money I win or make, but mostly lose, mean nothing in terms of use or my life style. It is used only for the great gamble that I may someday win, and perhaps prove forever that I am smart, good, worthy, chosen, etc.

The truth of the market is that I mostly loss, or at best, tread water. After years in the market, I have mostly losses and some treading water to show for it.

Thus, on one level, and perhaps more than one level, the market for me is a total waste of time and effort. I don't improve. (If I did, the proof would be I'd have more money.) But also, in truth, even if I had the money, I don't really need it. Except to play the market in larger amounts.

Financially, although I'm not rich, I must admit I have enough. I'm okay, comfortable, and good. It's always nice to have a bit more, but I really don't need it. If have enough for a few rainy days. Beyond that, we'll see.

But anyway, getting back to the market, since I totally recognize that I'm wasting



my time with it, will I therefore leave it? Since I said yesterday I'm ready and want to change my life, is this one of the changes? Or am I simply asking this question because I'm in a losing streak?

On one level, the worst thing for me is to win. Why? Because it encourages me to waste my effort and mental time in the market. Losing gets me out of the market and frees my time.

Thus, for me, winning wastes and uses up my time, losing frees my time and creates free time.

What to do? If anything.

ETFs?

Or am I hopelessly trapped, sucked into, this game?

"Hopelessly trapped." Wow, never used the word hopeless. And with trapped? Hopelessly trapped? I don't like to be in such a place.

Am I really addicted? Well, that is the definition of an addict.

But I do have control of myself. But I refuse to "take it." Well, that's another definition of an addict.

Yes, I'm addicted to running, playing guitar, etc. But those are, in my opinion, positive addictions.

The stock market, and especially trading, is, in my deepest opinion, a negative addiction. Especially at my level.

Hopelessly trapped. Wow, I'll have to think about this.

If its true, stopping cold turkey is the only way to go!

### Have I Really Outgrown the Market?

If I stopped, its only to save time and free my mind.

Free my mind to do what? Can I find such thrills and chills in other fields? Must I accept a "lesser life," one without the thrills, the intense highs and lows, of such an

addiction?

Once upon a time I was happy without the stock market. I merely put my money in the bank, left it there, and watched it grow slowly with satisfaction.

Then I got married, got scared, and pushed myself into a long-term financial fright. This fright has lasted until now.

But now, for the first time in my life, I have some financial stability. I don't have to be scared.

At this point, scared has become a habit, but an out-dated habit. Imagine, I don't have to be scared anymore. Sure, I should be "concerned," watch over my funds, but the terror and fright I've experienced all my married life, is no longer necessary. Times have changed.

Am I ready to accept the fact that times have changed? Am I ready to accept and deal with the fact that I no longer need to be afraid? One prime reason for the market and day trading is that it means, symbolizes that someday, if I win enough, I won't have to be afraid.

But I've reached this point anyway. I no longer need the market wishes and its dreams of safety through riches. It's out-dated. I've moved on.

In truth, I no longer need the market. I no longer need the hopes, tensions, desires, dreams, and wishes of great wealth, safety and security I imagine it will bring.

My business is successful. (Again, I can't believe I'm saying this.) It is bringing in money. And enough money. I know how to sustain and push it. Plus it has a good, nay excellent future. (I can't believe I'm saying this.) And this, especially because I am pushing it. I don't even mind pushing it. In fact, parts of me realize I like pushing it. (Again, I can't believe I'm saying this.)

### Satisfaction

New form of satisfaction: Putting money in a savings account and seeing (watching) it grow.

I remember this satisfaction during my St, Marks Street twenties. Carrying my money to the bank, depositing it in my savings account and watching it grow. How satisfying. I actually knew how much I had; I watched my strength rising.

Stocks fluctuate so much; its sinking and rising sands. I have no idea how much I make or even have. I can't measure my satisfaction.

Putting a steady stream of money into the bank: I can measure my satisfaction.

If I have outgrown the stock market, and if I have outgrown my financial terror, have I also outgrown my Alhambra terror's?

### The Emptiness of the Terror-Free Life

Wow, note the emptiness I just felt.

If I can't fill my life with terror, what will I fill it with?

Terror and fright have filled lots of empty space in my life. Without it, I feel a bit lost. Without terror to guide, drive, push and occupy me, what will motivate me?

An old question. But now I'm dealing with it.

Day trading and the stock market, and finances, provided me with lots of terror. Behind the terror was the hope of financial safety and security.

But do I really want safety and security? Great question.

If I no longer have finances to frighten me, what will?

Perhaps I need a new source of fright.

A milder word for source of fright is "challenge."

This again raises the "emptiness of success" question. The What will motivate me? if I succeed, make money, etc.?

Indeed, I need a new source of fright.

This is so funny, it's laughable. Most people (including me) are trying to conquer their fears, and I'm looking for a new source of fright.

But its really not that strange since it's a dual, schizophrenic, dialectical life.

But nevertheless, my next challenge is to find a new source of fear. How can I push myself to the edge of the cliff? And what cliff should I choose?

I need a new and frightful challenge.

The first thing that comes to mind is physical challenges.

Training for a marathon "at my age." Scary, hard work, and frightening. With it would go increased yoga and increased weight training.

Another physical challenge would be more music practice.

Monday, June 24, 2013

### New World

It's a New World, and I'm interested in entering a New World!

What will it consist of? That is the question.

1. Intense AI and Ley practice.
2. Technology
3. Mostly cash, ETFs and savings in the market.

Yes, I want a New World.

Why? One reason is I'm sick and tired of the old one!

I'm sick and tired of AI problems, money and market problems (called worries), tour problems (also called worries), and even physical, left knee problems.

I'm also sick and tired of life with my old attitudes of fear, worry, and "concern."

I want the free and beautiful life, one filled with passion enthusiasm and love.

And I'm old enough to get and to have it!

Tuesday, June 25, 2013

I wonder if both my left knee and ankle problems are cases of TMS.

A strange thing happened this morning. I awoke with the "usual" pain in my left ankle on the "something bone" the place where I felt and had the stress fracture.

However, my left knee pain is completely gone! It has been replaced by my ankle pain. And yet, yesterday, I hardly did anything. I ran slowly for about half an hour, I did mild gym exercises. But most important, I felt great!

Why? I dropped my stock market trading; I practiced good guitar for two hours, I did nice exercise routines, I fulfilled my business obligations. In other words, it was a great day and I felt free and great, free from the stock market, and great because of the good guitar practicing followed by good gaida playing, gym, etc.

I handled my left knee which had hobbled me for a few days.

And in its place, I awoke with left ankle pain. And this transfer happened for no apparent reason.

I awoke with the left ankle pain and my immediate and amazed thought was: this is TMS.

Which means that my left knee pains transfers, moves around, and hits my left ankle. And it if leaves my left ankle, who knows where it will go. TMS syndromes all around.

Indeed, this morning I “know” this is true. And yet part of me refuses to believe it; part of me retreats into doubt, the last refuge of the displacing mind.

Indeed, my ankle and knee as symptoms of TMS syndrome is an amazing thought and discovery. Ponder it.

#### Left Knee and Ankle are Symbols/Signs of TMS

Results: Left knee and ankle are symbols of TMS.

They (may) need light warm-ups, and that's it!

It means I've cracked the Alhambra code. And with it, the knee and ankle code as well.

Alhambra is even easy this way.

Part of me wants to think like an invalid (putting ice on my left hand and knee, etc.). It puts me closer to mother.

Mother and thinking like an invalid go together.

Wednesday, June 26, 2013

### Lame Excuses!

Injury to my left knee, ankle, or any other part of my body is a lame excuse for not exercising!

I have other parts of my body, other body parts I can work on, that I can exercise! And thus exercise increase my blood flow and bring up my heart rate.

Thus, if my legs or feet are injured, I can work on my upper body. If my arms or upper body are injured, I can work on my legs. If both and all are injured, find another part of myself I can exercise.

So, no more lame excuses! So, give up my lame excuses.

If everyday is a different day, where does that leave me in my quest? An interesting place.

### Edited for Facebook:

### No More Lame Excuses! Start Folk Dancing Today!

Hurting knees, back, shoulders, ankles, or any part of your body is a lame excuse for not dancing!

Pain itself is a lame excuse for not folk dancing!

You can always find a body part body that can dance!

Legs or knees hurt? Dance with your upper body.

Arms or neck hurts? Dance with your legs.

Everything hurts? Dance in your mind.

You can always find a dancing part somewhere.

(And if you can't just keep looking.)

Look for a bone, muscle, limb, any external or internal body part that can move to the music. Start dancing now! Increase your blood flow, up your heart rate. Start bring oxygen to your brain and joy to your soul!)

No more lame excuses!

"Folk Dancers can't be de-feeted!"

Start dancing today!

Foot of Roman statue in Caesarea, Israel.

Thursday, June 27, 2013

Bought a Samsung Galaxy Note tablet yesterday.

I'm rather discombobulated today.

Friday, June 28, 2013

My goal in stock trading is not even to make money, but rather to win defeat the market, and to win!

Can I ever do that? Is it worth the fun-and-downs of the effort? Am I quitting three-feet before victory? Do I even want to spend more time and effort in this pursuit? Am I wasting my time?

On the other hand, with the idea of this self-knowledge, that it is not money I am after, but winning, would trading stocks be worth my effort?

I would be approaching it with a totally new attitude. But even knowing this, is it worth my time? Presently, I doubt it. Presently, I don't know. The idea needs more time to cook.

Saturday, June 29, 2013

The Annoying Mature Truth of Life on Earth

In my mind of mind and heart of heart, if I really had all I wanted financially, would I really want to go back to being purely an artist? To the artistic life. Which means primarily playing guitar and writing. I'd also have some folk dancing "throw in" as a pleasant aspect of sociality and business.

This would mean either giving up the tour business, or cutting it back drastically to "manageable and pleasant" levels. I'm not sure such a level exists, but it's worthy thinking about, anyway. Or maybe a temporary compromise would be to both have others lead my tours, and myself to maybe one tour a year. Maximum two.

Would this eliminate my left knee and even ankle (folk dance ankle and more) discomfort?

What would take its place?

Well, as an experiment, I could spend next year learning how to sell and promote my books! And do it through social media and other methods. I might even add my DVDs and CDs.

And I'd start writing again. And practicing, too. And fully return to my miracle schedule.

Basically, what is bothering me? Well, my BMG tour (and beyond that, Albania tour) is coming up. Tour preparations are in order. And I'm going through the usual pre-tour concerns, worries, anxieties, responsibilities, etc.

Can some of these be changed with a different attitude? Somehow, I doubt it. The attitude I've used for the past thirty years has worked. It definitely makes me uncomfortable, but nevertheless, it's the only attitude I know, and I also think is the "right" attitude. This so-called worry and pre-tour anxiety prepares, energizes, and focuses my mind. Thus, for the purposes, it is the right attitude and good.

Only the discomforts created by these responsibilities, and their concomitant annoying psycho-physical, Sarnoian pains deter me.

Yes, I am no longer terrified by the responsibilities, burdens and duties. But I am



certainly annoyed.

But if I am to run tours, or even take responsibility for anything, such annoyances come with the territory. And I'm also good at this. Organizing and running these things is a God-give talent. Moses didn't want to lead his tour to the Promised Land. Yet, God insisted it was his duty. And he ended up reluctantly leading it. I may well be in the same position. And this for tour leading, folk dance teaching, and even selling my books. Perhaps, as long as I live and function in this world, I'll have to deal with and even accept the annoyances that go with it. This may well be the mature truth of life on earth.

Monday, July 1, 2013

Main Desire and Focus: Bring Joy to Others

I suppose I must consider this a transforming thought: The only thing I can think of to inspire me is helping others; my only desire is to make my travelers happy.

Well, beyond that, to bring them the experience of joy.

This desire has replaced the desire to learn about Bulgaria and, I believe, the other countries I visit and tour; it has replaced my old desire to learn all and everything I can about their history, language, folk dances, culture, etc.

Transformation: my main desire and focus: Bring joy to others.

Could this be true in other areas?

It may and even must be so.

Writing, folk dance teaching and choreo, guitar performing, concerts of guitar and readings, other.

Re-edited for Facebook:

Monday, July 1, 2013

Main Desire and Focus: Bring Joy to Others

Transforming (and inspirational) tour leader thought: My primary desire is to make travelers happy, to offer them possibility and experience of joy.

This desire has replaced the desire to learn about Bulgaria and, I believe, the other countries I visit and tour; it has replaced my old desire to learn all and everything I can about their history, language, folk dances, culture, etc.

Transformation: my main desire and focus: Bring joy to others.

Could this be true in other areas?

It may and even must be so.

Writing, folk dance teaching and choreo, guitar performing, concerts of guitar and readings, other.

Excellent and "Must Read" Books:

Dr. John Sarno: The Divided Mind and Healing Back Pain.

Dr. Marc Sopher: To Be or Not To Be Pain Free by

Napoleon Hill: Think and Grow Rich:

Isaac Mozeson: The Word (Etymology and the Hebrew language)

Bill Phillips: Body for Life

Romain Rolland: Jean-Christophe (Life of Beethoven)

All books by Henry Miller and Nikos Kazantsakis

Tuesday, July 2, 2013

How fast they forget; how fast I forget. My miracle schedule has disintegrated, been pushed aside, and forgotten. And consequently, an inherent unhappiness pursues me.

Yes, I am being buffeted by the winds of droiding, new upcoming tablet, learning Windows 8, and my upcoming BMG tour. My focus is scattered and drifting wildly from one thing to another.

Well, whatever. Truth is, I must somehow get back to my miracle schedule. Without following it's precepts, everything I do becomes colorless, lifeless, and meaningless.

So, how to get back to my miracle schedule?

How to pursue my computer upgrades, BMG tour preparation, and follow my miracle schedule?

Doing the trilogy, the tripartite, the triad and triumvirate, all three together. Somehow it must be done for the cause of happiness and fulfillment.

How to do them? Easy. Just do it! Start today!

FB:

Stay Focused. . .Keep Dancing!

What's the hardest thing in the world?

To stay focused on what you're doing.

Monkey mind jumps (forever) from tree to tree

Chain it (to your tree – of the single trunk) with your focus.

Keep dancing!

How to live forever?

Focus on what you're doing.

Eternity is the Present

Focus on eternity and you are there!

If your knees hurt, focus on them. Focus on sending hot healing blood (rich in oxygen) into them. Ignite them (burn away the injury) with the wholesome fire of luscious oxygen.

(What's the great(est) paradox?

Keep mind and body moving as it remains still.

Keep dancing!

(Here's a photo to practice on. Focus on it! (Try focusing on it.)

Dear Elena,

Thanks for this lovely email. So well written. And I so appreciate the phrase "wear your wisdom lightly."

Posting on Facebook is new for me. It's a business Facebook page which I started in the hope of increasing business. I'm lots responses. Very interesting. Who knows where this will lead.

In any case, I start every day by writing in my "New Leaf journal." In response to your lovely email, I thought I'd share today's writings with you. See them below.

Best of luck (iyi sanclar),

Jim

Wednesday, July 3, 2013

Supreme Desire:

Follow My Miracle Schedule

Eliminating Division Between Audience and Artist

Making All of Life One Miracle!

What is my focus? What is my desire?

Mine is a mop-up desire. I must get all the details in place before I can get started again, and return to my full miracle schedule.

And a full miracle schedule is where I want to be!

Thus my deepest desire is to follow a full miracle schedule,

What prevents me from doing this?

Actually, nothing.

Then let's review: What is my miracle schedule?

Miracle schedule is when and where I reach for, and often touch, heaven. It is not concerned with worldly things.

Five Pillars of my Miracle Schedule

Thus the five pillars are:

1. Writing
2. Guitar and music
3. Running, yoga, and gym
4. Study (language, history, philosophy, Torah, etc.)
5. Dance choreography

These are the five pillars of my miracle schedule. I must do them all, at some time and in some combination, in order to be happy and fulfilled.

Business

Then there is business. My earthly pursuit. Necessary to keep mind, body, and even soul together, but so chocked full of worldly detail, that it is often difficult, nay

“impossible” to see its heavenly connection. (Yet, the connections does exist!)

Business consists primarily of answering emails, organizing tours led by myself and others. (Also folk dancing teaching thrown in but somehow teaching folk dancing never feels like business. This is worth another whole essay and talk with myself on the subject.) These two activities are sewn together by sales and promotion. I can add, on the side, the sales and promotion of my auxiliary products, namely my DVDs, CDs, books, T-shirts, etc.

These activities constitute business, the earthly, worldly, material aspect of my existence.

Although I am a monotheism who believes in the One, for my earthly existence, it may indeed be wiser, easier, and even more practical to draw an artificial line between business and miracle schedule. If the two ever meet, let it be through accident and serendipity.

Based on this artificial division, the question arises: How to follow and fulfill this life plan? How to fit miracle schedule and business into my life?

This has always been a lifetime question, struggle and quest. As such, it is true today, right now.

Here are some new/old thoughts on the question:

1. Begin each day with 2-3 miracle schedule activities. For example, start with either one or a combination of study, writing, guitar practice, and running/yoga.

Then, once I have fed my soul, I “descend” to opening my email and beginning my earthly business day.

Thus my discipline is not opening my email.

Primary order: Miracle schedule first, business second.

### Seeing Miracles in Business and Email

What’s new?

Folk dance choreography has been added to my miracle schedule! Note: It is the

creative venture, not the rote repetition of old folk dances. Something about its creative nature makes is part of my miracle schedule. See the relationship between miracle schedule, miracles, and creation. The miracle of creation.

If I could ever see the miracle of creation in the (miracle of) creating my tour itineraries, programs, etc. that would be a major step in erasing the artificial line between heaven and earth, between celestial miracles and earthly pursuits.

If I could see the miracle of creation in answering my emails, that would be a major step.

I would be taking the “im” out of the “impossible.”

Well, if I just said it, then perhaps this union lies somewhere up ahead.

Wow, what a miracle that would be!

This would be eliminating the division between audience and artist, between performer and listeners.

Another lifetime pursuit and dream. Indeed, the elimination of this line, the erasing of this division has always been my desire and “impossible dream.”

Does age, wisdom, life experience, and self-knowledge, put me on the verge of fulfilling it? Am I deserving enough? Have I paid enough dues?

Wow, what a miracle that would be!

I would say eliminating this division is my supreme desire,

### Beyond “Get it over with”

Business (including emails): I’d like to, want to, need to move beyond the “Get it over with” phase.

“Get it over with” means get it over before I can get “beyond business and emails,” before I can get to the real essence of my life (which is following my miracle schedule.)

If I could somehow incorporate business and emails into Creation, into the miracle schedule aspect of my life, divisions would melt, and I would be a happy

person and at peace.

For a creative person, is being happy and at peace possible?

Is it a place I really want to be? Well, yes. Why not? Happiness and at peace is a good thing. And to be there while being creative, what could be better?

This “beyond division thinking” or rather, “all aspects of life are creative” is a new way of thinking. (Rather than new way of doing.)

Learning to think this way is a wonderful project for my upcoming BMG tour!

That’s why I feel so stressed, so pushed around by events: I’m not thinking right. My thinking is clouded in (by) division rather than unity.

I’ve divided the world into creative and uncreative, miraculous and worldly, celestial and material. Yes, on one level this division exists. But it is a lower level. On the higher level, where I want to dwell, All is One. I want to reach the All is One level. In order to do it, I have to give up, lose, divisive thinking. The separation of audience and artist, my artificial division between business, emails, and miracle schedule, all are examples of lower level thinking.

Thus, I’m not thinking right.

Right thinking, creative thinking is: All is Creation, All is Creative, All is One thinking.

Start thinking right. The road to happiness and fulfillment starts with right thinking.

Thursday, July 4, 2013

### The Art of Packing

An BMG cloud is over my head. It has pushed aside all goals and MS desires. I basically cringe and shutter in fear and trembling.

True, it’s like that before every tour. And I haven’t done it for nine months and I’m “out of practice.” Yet the could of F and T (fear and trembling) appears every time I



run a tour. It never goes away.

Perhaps F and T is part of the territory; perhaps it will never go away.

If this is right, and I think it is, what shall or can I do about it?

Maybe nothing. I hate the idea that I can't do anything.

Well, maybe I can do a little something: Live in and with the cloud until it(the BMG tour) passes.

And distract my mind doing light, familiar, and easy things. This may be the best and only thing I can do!

Maybe as a start focus on the "art of packing."

I like that. At least it's an art form.

The art of packing may be the first step toward unites heavenly MS and earthly business; a first step toward All is One.

I like it.

Friday, July 5, 2013

I'm very tense. Why? Upcoming BMG tour, opening night at Goldens Bridge, new computer/tablet to master, Those three, I think.

How to handle very tense? Bernice says, "Do easy things." Good advice. I like it. I rarely if ever think that way. Usually, I want to do hard things, challenge myself, and thus improve. And this path has its own ups and downs, thrills and valleys.

However, during the space of time between tensions I might well try this new approach, namely the "do easy things." It may well relax me.

Next question: What are easy, relaxing things?

This morning I discovered rereading old Bereshit newspapers.

Saturday, July 6, 2013

Total exhaustion and disgust this morning. Let me out from under this cloud!

But maybe this exhaustion is a transformation in disguise. My juice and inspiration from pursuing solitary miracle schedule activities is diminishing and being augmented by something totally new:

I can't believe what I shall now say: Maybe future pleasures and ups will come from my emails and contacts with my clients!

Maybe the business world has actually become part of my miracle schedule.

Maybe I have, as realized in New Leaf journal Wednesday, July 3, 2013, actually united the business world with the world of art, and, in so doing, united the material world with the celestial one!

Thus, answering email (is) will no longer be a problem and "pain in the ass necessity." Also all my travel clients, folk dancers, and other human contacts. All are united in a All-is- One dynamic.

Major shift and stuff here! An utterly amazing development!

Sunday, July 7, 2013

Thoughts About Death Can Also Sooth and Relax me

Starring at the Sun by Irving Yalom is about starring at death and the fear of death.

Strangely, as I read it, I find facing the idea of death and even the fear of death as strangely soothing. Next to death( which is eventually also upcoming), my upcoming tours to BMG and Albania, and frustrations over learning Windows 8 seem small, indeed.

Strangely, dwelling on death, relaxes and soothes me. It diminishes anxiety about upcoming tours and other reality events in this life.

Yes, I also think about what will happen if the plane crashes and I never come back. Also, that when I depart on tour, I'm leaving everything and all I love behind.

I try not to dwell on these thoughts but they remain in the background of my mind until I actually leave. Then, once I'm in the taxi, leaving the house, my mind focuses on the present, the twists, turns, and intricacies of departure, and the tour itself.

My former pre-tour (pre-performance) fears and concerns disappear as I focus on the present situation.

Thoughts about death make my tour as well as everything else I do, "less meaningful." As they drain the meaning out of life, eradicating all hopes and dreams, they also create a new, larger perspective which, on the other hand, soothes and relaxes me.

#### Death and Pre-Performance Anxiety

I wonder if thoughts about death will wash away my guitar performance anxiety. Believe it or not, as I play guitar and think about the audience and the fears playing and performing for them generates, thinking about death as a cure for pre-performance anxiety, may be a good approach and way to think!

When I'm playing and into the concert, just as once I'm and performing on into my tour, the fears disappear because I'm concentrating and focusing on the present task at hand.

But I also believe that once I die, I'll meet all my loved ones again, but in a (much more non-pressured) relaxed state.

Some psychotherapy here:

Terrors of Mom. No place to hide or escape. Seeking protection through invisibility. Hiding, escaping to my private violin practice room, keeping the door closed. So she (and others) could not enter.

I wonder if that terror is still located in my right index finger, and the classic guitar performing anxiety.

Monday, July 8, 2013

Facing Death and the Impossible Dream of Tour Terror Cure

I know this upcoming tour to BMG is, as usual for all my tours, terrifying me. I “know” it is causing the temporal anxiety about learning about my new computer, the Microsoft netbook and Windows 8. I also subtly realize it has something to do with the reoccurrence of left knee pain: My left knee has been so much better the past few months, even close to “perfect” a month ago. Why suddenly now does it start to hurt in “the old way?” Similar to its first creation over my folk dance workshops and new “Lee competition career,” which “created” my left knee problem in the first place, I “know,” it is now the upcoming BMG tour in particular (and tours in general) which puts the most pressure on me.

I distract my mind for tour terrors by creating a distracting pain in my left knee. And I throw in computer anxieties as an added attraction.

Part of me would love to think, to believe, that my tour terrors are really a form of fear of death. Somehow fear of death is strangely more relaxing than my tour terrors. But maybe I’m fooling myself here. I don’t know. In any case, it is definitely something to think about and explore.

No question, I feel my life is ending when I run a tour. I’m “leaving home,” my plane will crash, I’ll drown in the ocean, is a recurring theme I always try to forget. Once I arrive in the tour country and begin focus on the tour itself, the fears disappear. Of course, that’s when I start focusing on the present with its concrete tasks, and not the vague and unknown future with all its potentialities of growth and terror.

How about “growth through terror?” Well, no doubt it happens. But who wants or needs it? Well, it’s hardly a choice. Basically, it goes with the territory and is part of the game.

What to “do” about all this? Perhaps self-awareness is the only approach. The only answer and cure.

Cure? Can I ever be cured? Although it is the impossible dream, nevertheless, I

like the hope of this idea.

Interesting: When I got up from my writing seat and walked across the living room floor, my left knee stiffness/pain momentarily disappeared: It was gone!

Does facing death really work so quickly and well?

### Is There Anything Good About Running a Tour?

Here is a profound, profound sentence from Irving Yalom's book: "Death awareness may serve as an awakening experience, a profoundly useful catalyst for major life changes."

It's makes me wonder: Should I give up the tour business?

Why am I in it in the first place? Two reasons:

First, it was to make money.

Second was to learn about folk dancing and give me confidence in my folk dance improvisations, closet choreography, creativity, and leadership abilities.

Reason two I long ago accomplished, I know about folk dancing and have confidence in my teaching. I have also developed general confidence in tour leadership, and leadership in general.

Reason one: Making money. Important. But I think I now have enough money to move in other directions. Making money, although still important, is not as vital and life-threatening as it used to be. The terror of poverty has softened considerably.

Thus, I could consider giving up the tour business.

Why would I do such a thing? It would obviously eliminate many hassles and anxieties. I could focus on writing and even selling my books, and implementing more fully all aspects of my miracle schedule.

Is there anything positive in the tour business? Is there any growth experience, love, challenge, passion and enthusiasm left in running tours?

Can I find any reason, beyond money, to continue running them?

Is there anything I like about running tours?

At the moment, I can't think of a thing. Only fear and anxiety fill and cloud my mind.

Could my fear (of death) and travel anxiety be blinding me, preventing me from seeing any good, positive, fascinating, adventurous, and exciting side of leading tours?

Is there anything good about running a tour?

Again I say, at the moment, I can't think of a thing.

Are tours becoming more of an annoyance than a challenge?

And yet, I have built this beautiful edifice of a tour company. After all that work, time, and effort, and it's finally in place and starting to go, should I now simply drop it? On one level, it seems like a shame. On the other, I've perhaps run out of creative ideas.

Could I replace tours, and make money, by pushing and spending my sales/promotion/advertising energy with book sales?

Could I, during a transitional period, do both?

I have built up this thing of beauty, a beautiful tour company. It would now be a shame to drop it.

That's also what my mother said about my violin playing, and selling my violin. "It is so beautiful. It's a shame to drop it."

And yet I did. But there was no finance involved in violin.

Guitar career would be a better example. But of course, in my mind, I've never really given up my guitar career. I still keep practicing for that special day in the future when I'll finally "get it right" and be able to give a great concert in public.

On the other hand, maybe running tours is my way of dealing with death. Again strangely, I like this idea!

Seen in this way, running tours has a different meaning, one with great ontological significance.

Running/organizing, taking care of a tour has the same anxieties as given a concert used to have. Maybe the problem is not what I do, but my fear-anxiety-strained attitude in doing it.

Tuesday, July 9, 2013

### A New View of Customers

One thing I might do is begin to see my travelers, clients, customers not as money objects but as people. Interesting people that arouse my interest, curiosity and even love.

Yes, of course, as customers they help pay my bills. And my aides? Aides are those who work for me: Frank, both Barrys, Dee, Deborah, others, all come to mind. Aides help me through business and technical difficulties.

I could begin to see both customers and aides on two levels: One, as customers or aides. Two, as people, humans that arouse my interest, curiosity, and love.

Aides are easier than customers, so I'll focus on customers.

How to see customers as people, humans that arouse my interest, curiosity, and love: Well, now that I realize this realization and know it is a direction I want to go in, then just go in that direction. Just do it! Starting right now. Today.

This means, among other things, moving out of overwhelmed mode.

How do I move out of overwhelmed mode?

Wednesday, July 10, 2013

### Computer and Technology Study: A New Direction?

Strange, but my learning experiences with first my Droid (learning much and mostly from Danny), then my new Microsoft Asus netbook(learning much and mostly from Frank, and this, largely in attitude of non-frustrating exploration) are making me think that I can understand, handle, and even "master" (in the lowest of senses) the

computer.

After working in Frankian and even a bit of Dannian mode, I seem to, have the feeling that, I can “peer into the inner working” of the computer. Actually see and understand what’s going on.

This is leading to a strange new, never-felt-before computer confidence.

Understanding technology, knowing the computer, computer and technology study: Would this be leading to a new direction?

I’d like that.

I like new directions.

Or does it simply mean I’ve come to near the end of my computer learning road. I’ll absorb it and move on.

But move on to what? Language and guitar study have vanished under the hot, intense rays of this C and T (computer and technology) learning. And I’ve gotten somewhere!

As I say, I like new directions. They stimulate me greatly. And I like the idea of a new C and T direction.

This enthusiasm may also be an ending in disguise.

We’ll see where it leads.

But for now, I’ll grab it. Seize the moment. Dive in.

A new C and T direction is at hand.

### Shifts in Priorities: Instrument Expansion

1. Becoming a techie
  2. Morning study of tech; (language and guitar secondary.)
  3. Making my (dance) body and computer my instruments.
- An expansion: I’ve added two instruments to my repertoire.

Thursday, July 11, 2013



### Mystery and Sound

I used to love eschatology, origins, and endings. The study of ancient civilizations, Sumer, Akkadia, others, where did it all begin?

Well, endings not so much. But what is eschatology but endings? And big endings, too.

What I mostly like about eschatology is the sound of the word. This, coupled with the dream, the murky, misty distant past, is also the mystery of Sumer, Akkadia, and ancient civilizations. The mystic sound of their beauty drives me on.

Does that mean getting back to writing? Maybe.

What about sales of my books? A totally other story.

Also, I've completed the first leg of my computer journey. Technology, too. I'm both gloriously happy and a bit down. I glory in my technological victory; I "understand" my Asus and Droid. And for the first time in my life, I have some confidence that I can figure out technological problems.

But the down is wrapped in the realization that "success is the stale ending." The tensions, frustrations, ups and downs of the journey, make it the juice of life. No stale there.

So, what to do?

Don't dwell in my success too long. A brief hello, perhaps a drink of celebratory wine, the on to the next challenge.

What is my next challenge? That is my next question.

Find it, go for it, put it on my "To Do" list.

### On Selling and Promoting My Books

Why don't I sell my books? Why do I resist it so?

My books are and reveal my secret self, my secret, wild, imaginative, free-flowing, in my violin chamber self.

Part of me (most of me) does not want to share this with the public. Much of me wants to keep it secret and private. I resist revealing my true, deep inner self. I even get a secret pleasure for holding it back, not sharing it, and certainly not promoting and selling it.

Thus I have a secret love of keeping my secret self secret. Yes, I'm afraid Ma and the others will laugh at and criticize it. That's been a lifelong fear and has kept me safe and secure in my inner secret violin chamber. There I can freely run wild on my lawn. And that's what writing is and means to me: A place where I can run wild and free on my lawn. With no restrictions, no boundaries, I can go anywhere I want. No one will or can stop me.

Perhaps this is the core of my resistance to sales, to actively selling my book. I'd love people to read it and love it. Yet, if I promote it, that is "push" it on them, they'll merely read it as a favor to me, not because they love and appreciate the real me.

Only if they pick it up freely, "behind my back" as it were, without any urging from me, and read it "freely" and then love and appreciate me freely, will it give me enormous pleasure. The same pleasure I get from chuckling, marveling and reading my books myself. They'll appreciate the real inner secret me, just as I do.

But, as I say, this has to happen accidentally, through serendipity. I can't push it. If I do, it will ruin their (and my) appreciation.

Concretely, I know if I don't promote and push it, like I promoted and pushed my concerts, tours, folk dancing, weekends, etc. my books will remain in the basement or on Amazon.com and go nowhere.

But this may not be about concrete. Keeping my dream and dreams alive through my secret writing is a prime and wonderful source in my life. It brings humor, hope, love, and passion to my life along with secret chuckles and wonders.

If I push it, will I lose it? Another secret fear.

Yes, I still have the desire to play guitar, but no desire to promote concerts. Secretly, in my heart, I see myself "some day" giving a concert. But realistically, since

I've been through it, I know that if I don't push, promote, and sell it, nothing will happen.

My tours are succeeding. And I now spend all my business time pushing, promoting, and selling them.

I have "nothing left" to push and promote my books, or even my DVDs and CDs. I need to make, complete and publish them. But do not want to spend the timing promoting or selling them. The realistic, business reason: Not enough money in sales.

Yes, tours are now my business. And they can and do make money.

My books, along with my DVDs and CDs, remain on the side.

Perhaps I may have to face the "fact" that I will never promote or sell my books. And this for both business reasons, and secret self personal reasons. I get a secret "fuck you" pleasure out of resisting the entrance of others into the off-beat, humorous, philosophical, whimsical world of my secret self.

Perhaps, keeping it secret is part of my pleasure. Never being forced to promote it (for business necessity reasons) is part of my freedom and pleasure. Truly, I don't have to promote or sell it. I can keep in only for myself. No one is watching or even cares. It's a place I can be completely free.

Do I want to make efforts to change this, sell and promote it? I don't know.

It's true that completed books are, in once sense, over and dead. I can and could sell them, cold and easily, without remorse. (Writing the new ones, is another story.)

What to do? I don't know.

Friday, July 12, 2013

### Achieving Balance

(Responsibilities, Straight-Jacket, Left Knee Pain)

I have so many fears. And they're all located in my leg leg, my left knee, precisely. And they won't go way.

I used to have "folk dance ankle," pains in my ankle before folk dance class.

Strangely, I've forgot which ankle it was. Now my ankles are okay, but my knee is stiff, twisted, uncomfortable, unstable, not exactly in pain, but definitely annoying and bothering and eve concerning me.

Intellectually, I "know" it has something to do with my upcoming BMG tour and even tonight's folk dance class at Goldens Bridge. I also "know" I can work out the pain through warm-ups and exercises. I can reach to point of no pain, squats, and more. But later, after rest, I seem to return to square one, and this, especially when I wake up in the morning.

It's a good thing no one is reading the complaining journal. I don't want to be known as a knee-person complainer. It's bad for my image and business.

Is my knee a Sarnoian knee? I think it is. I can even say, I "know" it is. From March to June, I had almost no knee pain. These were quiet months, no tours in sight. Suddenly, tours and BMG wer upon me and rose in my mind. With them came knee stiffness. A rigid fear, stiff with leadership responsibilities. Yes, I am pinned down, locked into my tour straight-jacket. I can't walk or even move freely. No more running wild on the lawn. No wonder my knee hurts.

Ad to this computer woes, new programs, etc. and I'm a basket case. What is a basket but an open coffin, a place where I'm partially stuck, can't move freely. So many responsibilities. And I'm just a little Bronx boy. How can I handle them? Well, I know I can. But at such a price!

What happens if I don't handle my responsibilities, if I give up ono them and just roll along, go with the punches, run wild on the lawn?

I'll be crushed by my clientele; I'll lose all of them and go out of business. Then I'll have no money, no sources of income, no following, no self-image, no direction. Basically, I'll be dead.

I'm squeezing for a definition, for a deeper understanding of my knee, and the ultimate dissolution of its stiffness and discomfort.

Could my knee troubles be a subtle fear of death? Maybe. After all, if I dropped

all my responsibilities, my business, source of income, would disappear. I'd starve, lose my home, and basically die. Fear of death? Why not?

And yet, I hate living in fear. My deepest desire is to be free and run wild on the lawn. Why am I willingly giving it up just to stay in business, to stay "alive?"

Could I live without this business?

Or better, could I live with this business, but see it in a new way, with a new attitude. A running wild on the lawn attitude?

That, of course, would be amazing and wonderful: running wild on the lawn carrying the weight of responsibilities on my shoulder.

As an adult, running wild on the lawn while carrying my backpack of responsibilities.

Is it possible? Could I do it? It is, obviously, the both solution. To achieve such a state of mind: What a glorious goal that would be.

But is it possible? Well, I thought about it. It came to mind. Thus, it exists, at least mentally. "Whatever THE MIND OF MAN can CONCEIVE and believe, it can ACHIEVE." Napoleon Hill.

Dealing with my left knee pain is my key to higher self-knowledge.

(Got up from my writing chair at this moment, and my knee pain was gone! It only lasted a few moments, but, with my focus and knowledge of my true desires – to run wild on the lawn – it did happen!)

Robert Frost's phrase: "Moving easy in harness" is the same idea. Only I like "running wild on the lawn carrying a backpack" better.

The child runs wild on the lawn while the mother watches out safety and security. The adult runs wild on the lawn while carrying the backpack of responsibility. The backpack substitutes for mother watching.

The adult way is the way of both. The way of the internalized watching mother.

On this path, art and business unite. It consolidates the freedom-running wild on the law, artistic self, with the earthly security, safety. and material dealings of the

business self.

Both are needed for survival in this world and the next.

Saturday, July 13, 2013

Run Wild on the Lawn in Everything I Do!

I now have a general goal.

It is: run wild on the lawn in everything I do!

This means everything. No distinctions between art and business, email responses and folk dancing, learning Excel and playing guitar, and more.

It means never giving in to inner voices of depression, discouragement, meaninglessness, left knee pain, and more. In fact, running wild on the lawn (RWL) brings meaning, passion, imagination, and high jump energy to everything I do. This attitude feeds juice, joy, and uplift into daily life.

Well, I know all this. Time to do it.

When? Now. Aim high. Aim for every moment.

Leading a Folk Dance Session is Running Wild in Public

Up to now, teaching, leading, running a folk dance session is the closest thing I know to running wild on the lawn in public!

Note: I even call it "running" a folk dance class!

Where else and when else have I ever felt such a unifying, joyous, celebration feeling?

1. Leading group singing (sometimes, but usually)
2. Writing (but that is solitary. Thus it does not count, although it did come up.

Sunday, July 14, 2013

This morning I am sick of fear, sick of being afraid. And the nice developmental thing about this is that I'm starting to get mad! Mad at myself, mad at my state, mad at

being this way.

So now I'm on the path to overcoming my fears.

1. Fears of computers and technology.

a. An hour a day of pure computer/program and/or other technology study. This "replaces" languages, at least for awhile.

2, Fears of the physical (knees).

a. Knee (and other) anatomy study.

3, Other (but I can't think of others this morning. Plus, two such big fears to work on is enough.)

I'm applying etymology to both of the above..

I'm using the RWL (running wild on the lawn) method.

Specifically questions this morning:

1. Why is my password not working in FB?

2. How to put Russian Round into my Youtube account

### Guitar Only for me

#### Self-Motivating Figments of my Imagination?

Slow, easy, relaxed and beautiful: This is the only time I've played guitar only for myself. A half-hour of different. Plus a few seconds of singing. All with no future audience in mind.

Is this my next inward and wonderful guitar path? But "Only for me" feels a bit selfish and lonely. I wonder why? I certainly don't feel that way about running, yoga, and exercise. Or about languages. But I do feel that way about guitar, and writing, too.

I wonder why? What pressures are "forcing" me to make them public, have the public appreciate, like and buy them?

It's no longer even a money or business thing.

Is it an old habit that is taking years to die? Or denial of a so-called "calling?" If

it is a calling, who is calling? Ma? God? Other?

Or is this calling idea all based on a fiction I made up, a forward-driving and self-motivating figment of my imagination?

Monday, July 15, 2013

### Birthdays

I'd say celebrating, and even thinking about, my birthday makes me uncomfortable and diminished because I always have to share it with my sister. I become half of myself.

And, as for my own finiteness, the questions always emerges: What do I do while I'm here? How to live the few moments, minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, years, decades, whatever, that are left for me?

And beneath all this, what attitude should I bear?

I still think the best is finding my "running wild on the lawn" in everything I do. And remembering how finite is the moment even as it connects itself with the eternal.

Wednesday, July 17, 2013

### New Directions: Book Sales and Technology

Do I need a new direction, a new marketing challenge?

If yes, what would it be?

Could it be marketing, selling, promoting my books? And all this through my new understanding of social media, internet, computers, smart phones, and technology.

Actually, perhaps my new direction is technology and book sales are a part of it. Or vice versa.

I cannot "give up" my tour business. But maybe it has reached a plateau stage. Or I've done all I need to do for 2014. Perhaps most of it is in place for 2014 and I can "bounce it along." take care of whatever priorities it needs, and, simultaneously make a new creative 2013-2014 effort to sell and promote my books.



Do two things at once. Hmmmm.

Friday, July 19, 2013

### Discouragement and Rededication

I did have a vision: to learn technology and improve all my computer skills.

I was doing okay with my Droid and Asus netbook until the WAN miniport/no internet connection problem arose yesterday. I couldn't fix it; the expert technie at Staples couldn't fix it. Frank is on vacation and unreachable. So I am suddenly stuck. No one can fix it. I wanted to bring the Asus with me to Bulgaria but it turns out I may have to bring "Bernices's netbook" (which, of course, is really mine, but I've given ovr ownership to her. That's why I got the Asus.)

In any case, for the first time in awhile, I am discouraged. I'm stuck and dependent on other techies to fix my problem. I'm especially dependent on Frank, who is now unreachable.

But, bottom line, I'm discouraged about my technology direction. And when discouraged, what is my first reaction: to give up. And when I give up, I go down, down, down. When I hit bottom, I realize that giving up is the worst thing I can do. Much better to rededicate myself to the process. Attack it anew and afresh.

So there is no choice, no other choice: I shall think about rededication to the techie direction. . .and do it.

Saturday, July 20, 2013

Such pre-tour anxiety. I have it before each tour. Nothing changes. The heavy cloud of anxiety hangs over my head and never goes away. Until I finally depart.

What to do?

Distract myself until the moment of departure arrives.

Bring gaida to Bulgaria.

Maybe my project in BMG in learning the computer?

Maybe in the passionate all-is-one process, my guitar playing, body conditioning, not to mention my writing and language desires and skill, will all go down the drain for awhile.

Maybe learning computers, social media, and becoming a techie is my 2013-2014 project.

Maybe I'm moving back to science, physics, numbers, etc.

Sunday, July 21, 2013

### The Big Four (Big 4) of Happiness

Could I call my pre-tour, anxiety-created state of limbo land a bad habit? Why not? I" say yes.

Would it be helpful? I'll say yes.

Can I change my bad habit? I can try.

How?

By trying to lead a "normal, seamless life" during the pre-tour and tour periods.

I'd have to start off with the pre-tour period. Which is exactly today. Exactly right now!

What are the rules to my kind of normal, seamless life?

Following the old dictates of my miracle schedule, of course.

It means getting back to it. . . right now! And continuing it even as I'm waiting at the airport, on the plane, etc. But that is part of the future, I need to and mean to start right now!

It means playing guitar, writing, and running/exercising, and of course, study. Study now means computers and technology. But can I also include, throw in, some languages? Maybe. Even just an inch.

Thus starting today, I'm going "back" and forward to:

1. Guitar (and gaida)
2. Writing

3. Run/exercise
  4. Study: Languages, oomputer/technology
- These are the “big four” that make me happy.  
The Big 4 of happiness.

An interesting and good “commitment” for this tour is: Keeping my commitment to the Big 4. (Indeed, this would keep my life seamless and flowing.)

One day at a time. Start with today.

Monday, July 22, 2013

I feel such a thrill of goodness this morning because everything on my netbook computer and Droid works! I even connected to the internet after restarting. And Facebook uploads of videos has been solved. I’ll do it through the netbook, not the Droid.

Wednesday, July 24, 2013

#### BMG Tour Purpose

Somehow I don’t want to get back to writing. . .yet. I want to postpone it, let the pleasure build up. . . until after the BMG tour.

Somehow the Bulgaria, Macedonia, and Greece tour is about Droid and Netbook. Yes, I can touch and play a bit with Infant Vison writing, but not edit it until I return home.

Or maybe I should simply bring the MS, hold it, but not look at or touch it; just have it nearby at hand and see what happens. It’s no trouble bringing it. And it might be fun reading it. Or not. Maybe that’s the best approach: Bring it but with no commitment to look at, read it, or edit it. Put it in the closet of my valise.

My main purpose of and on this tour (if there is a “main purpose”) is to improve my skills in Droid, netbook, photos, videos, and distant uploads to Facebook.

Fiction writing and gaida, and even minors in Bulgarian and Greek, are “on the side.”

My tour dread is not so much about running the tour Basically, re leading a tour, I know what I’m doing and feel I can handle most situations as they come up.

So what then is my “real” tour dread? My “real” tour fear is even more visceral: I think it’s about leaving the safety and security of home, leaving my safe, secure routines.

Yes, my tour dread is about leaving home. I have the dread (maybe a bit less) even when I’m not leading a tour.

Does know this help or mean anything? Will it soften my fears? I don’t know. We’ll see.

What to do? If anything.

1. Bring transitional objects with me. This time it’s my Droid and netbook computer. Anything else?

Thursday, July 25, 2013

Not only do I not feel like reading, studying Bulgarian, but I’m thinking of not even bringing my Bulgarian (and Greek) language books!

The first thought, nay questions, that comes to mind is: Is this a subtle sign of confidence? Excessive confidence or understandable confidence? And/or that, as a traveler and leader, I’m in a totally new place?

I think the latter.

Totally new place, eh? Which place is that?

### Bulgaria, Greece, Macedonia 2013

Sunday, July 28, 2013

I’m in the Radisson. Study and practice Bulgarian for two weeks.

Creating and Enjoying the Terror Movie

Could it be that I interpret and create my pre-performance, pre-tour anxiety because part of me enjoys the terror.

The fear, fright, terror, and anxiety all serve to stimulate and motivate me. Could I even use the positive word “inspire” me?

If all this is true, and it probably is, then by giving the word “enjoy” a new shade of meaning, I could easily say that I enjoy the terror.

Thus, when someone asks me if I enjoy leading tours or enjoy my work, I can easily answer “Yes!” And with an exclamation point, too!

This afternoon, I lie in bed at the Radisson concerned about my upcoming tour. I wake feeling listless, energyless. I flirt with all these negative words as I remain frozen in terror.

Well, all these terror feelings are my creation.

I created them because they indeed motivate me.

Dare I say they inspire me?

Daring, inspiration: These are positive words.

Fear, anxiety, terror are negative words.

Stimulate and motivate are rather neutral words.

Inspire is a positive word.

Why not add it to my basket of emotions?

Okay, I will.

This trinity of fear/anxiety, motivation/stimulation, and inspiration all mix together as I prepare for my grand, daring adventure!

Enjoy them!

Balance, Limitations, and Freedom

I am voluntarily limiting my freedom by choosing to run and lead this tour.

Too much freedom push me off the Kabbalah cliff and drive me crazy. Thus there is safety and security in choosing self-imposed limitations. There is also, within this narrowed sector, opportunities for growth.

Too many limitations can stifle and strangle freedom.

To trot easy in harness is the easy balanced approach.

Creating the balance is the adventure.

Monday, July 29, 2013

What best can I offer my travelers? What best, for that matter, can I offer anyone?

My sheer presence.

I like that idea.

I also like the fact that I am waking up and feeling better!

Yes, I woke up feeling like shit, but forced myself out of bed, washed, dressed, read my death book (Staring at the Sun by Irvin Yalom), got the "sheer presence" idea from him, and am now waking up and feeling better. Even a subtle "Hallelujah" is creeping into my brain!

Yet the Hallelujah is a mere feeling. But what a difference a feeling makes!

Suddenly, death, sleep, and existential misery are forgotten and life springs into being! And for no particular reason than a new thought. Amazing and miraculous.

### Needed: A New Challenge

Later: I am resisting entry into this tour.

Could it be that I am bored? Bored with tours and running tours?

Oh, sure I can do them and I do. And it's hard work, consumes my mind and body. But something is missing.

Yes, it's a good living and a good business and I shall continue to do them.

I'm not desperate for the money anymore. I know the business well.

Perhaps I need a new challenge.

Something beyond and separate from tours. Something I do even while on tour, running tours, and organizing them.

What could it be?

Tuesday, July 30, 2013

### New Direction: Blogging

As I sat in my room yesterday, meditating and searching, I came up with the words (and directions): Art, painting, drawing, techie, social media, video, photo, and finally, blogging.

Start blogging.

The modern way to share my wisdom with other.

Put all of my New Leaf writing in a blog. From 2005 on? Or put all of my New Leaf writing, from the very beginning in 1995, into the blog.

Forget about my "reputation." Screw hesitations about personal revelations to the public. (The why-will-they-go-on- tours, buy-my-products, come-to-folk-dance-class, business- fears, etc.

Let others know the real me (whatever that is.) The me of trials and tribulations; the serious, fearful, jubilant, amazed, terrified, philosophical, metaphysical, repetitive, cyclic, searching, lost and found me.

My New Leaf Journal is the other side of me, the non-public, gone-searching side.

Why "hide" it any longer?

Yes, it's possible that folks may read about me, be bored, amazed, surprised, or who knows what? They may reject me and all of my business. By revealing myself, I could lose all my clients, be plunged into poverty, etc.

On the other hand, after I die, what will be left behind?

I want others to know about my struggles. Plus, deep in my heart, I believe my brave gone-public, self-revelations, may help others; it may even give them courage to know the ups and downs of my own journey.

Everyone struggles in their own way. I am not alone. Neither are they. We're all in this life-and-death thing together; we might as well know and remember it.

Monday, August 5, 2013

Woke up with big pain in my right knee. Get it? Right, not left, the "really bad (and naughty) knee.

Almost immediately I realized it had to do with "tour ending" desire, manifested immediately by the desire to stay our lakeside Bellevue hotel today. Take the day off. Instead, all my travelers still want to tour Ochrid. Although, all are tired, none want to give up the day of Ochrid exploration. A hearty group, and I admire them. They are indeed pushing me to a higher level.

On the one hand, I hate to be pushed. On the other, part of me (the better or higher part of me) realizes that I not only need it, but, in the end, it is "good for me."

Thus do resentment and admiration sit on the same bench together.

I'm also skipping breakfast this morning.

Wednesday, August 7, 2013

### The Plotless Book of Babble

Indeed, to spend and incorporate the a Plotless Book of Babble into my life.

Creating such a daily book would be right and good for me.

Where to put it?

Make it part of my journal? Separate? Other?

Is Infant Vison a potential Book of Babble in disguise? Have I inadvertently taken the first step?



Why do I want or even need a Book of Babble? Or is it too late, or besides the point to ask such a question?

### A Morning of Miracles

#### Tours as Part of my Expanded Miracle Schedule

Have I fulfilled myself, fulfilled my potential?

Where do tours fit in?

A question of balance. I need all aspects of my miracle schedule, which, now include the so-called “real” world of business, and connection to others.

What am I saying here?

I’ve blended folk dance teaching, leading, guitar teaching, performing, tour organizing and leading, with my miracle schedule!

Strangely, I’ve always felt there is nothing miraculous about “real world” and connecting activities. They are down to earth and practical. Nothing “miraculous” in that.

But perhaps I am wrong; perhaps there is something miraculous in business, teaching, and leading; perhaps there is something miraculous in business, teaching folk dancing (even guitar) and leading tours. I just have not seen it. Until now.

Perhaps that is the unseen purpose of this tour. Realizing this expanded truth.

The above paragraph is an amazing statement of development, growth, and expansion.

Let me repeat it: Business, teaching, leading tours, the human connection aspects, can be miracles in themselves. Thus they can be part of, join, my miracle schedule.

Specifically, and starting today, leading this tour can be, and is, a miracle. It is obviously a miracle that the tour hangs together, exists, and comes off. Only a miracle can bring all these separate and disparate pieces together as one.

If this tour is a miracle, then obviously organizing and leading it is miraculous. As is folk dancing teaching.

Perhaps even the stock market is a miracle. Again, it probably is. I just don't see it. . . yet.

Why do I need the miracles found within my miracle schedule? Because miracles connect me to God. They remind me of Him and cause me to remember Him. And this is obviously a very good thing.

#### Tours as Part of my Miracle Schedule!

But let's start with the miracle of tours and how tours now belong to my miracle schedule. First, just realizing this is, in itself, a miracle.

Where does babble writing fit into all of this? It opens the door, loosens me up, irrigates my mind, and helps feed more miracles into the mix. It helps balance both the equation and my brain.

Summary: Tours as part of my miracle schedule!

It also means that every person on the tour is part of the miracle. . . even the ones I don't like!

Miracle schedule is about the Divine spark present and presence in all things.

Thursday, August 22, 2013

Pretty disgusted today. Can't function without my main desktop computer.

I've got to be independent, which means, I want to learn how to function with only my Windows 8 netbook.

How to do it? What do I need to learn and do?

1. Learn to print from my netbook. How to connect to my main (and only) printer?
2. Outlook 2010 coordination: Coordinate my Outlook 2010 so I can email from it equally with my main desktop Outlook.
3. Fix internet connection on Windows 8
4. Fix download box sizing so I can download. (Unse pinnacle as an example.)
5. How to network computers?

6. How to upload and transfer my Windows Media program from Toshiba to Windows 8 netbook?

Friday, August 23, 2013

Love of History

What's happening?

Through my tours, or vice versa, I'm developing, or rather, unveiling, a love of history, a love of the Byzantine world, its names and places and events. And in English, too.

Is this what next year will be about? Deepening and extending my love and knowledge of history, and languages: with tours as its business base.

Wednesday, August 28, 2013

Guitar: Fast or slow doesn't matter. Why? Because the audience is gone. That's the big difference and the big deal:

The audience is gone!

Is this possible? Have I finally arrived?

Well, why not? It is a new year.

New attitude on guitar. . .and money. And computer, too.

This means I could: devote myself to guitar, and play just for the fun and luxuriate in joy of moving my fingers. No audience or other worries, thoughts or concerns.

Is that one of the things this year's direction will be about: Devoting myself to guitar.

Now what about legs and fd? Where is that going?

Perhaps too early to tell.

What of these strange new, post BGM tour "pains" in both knees? Signals a new

direction in fd.

Maybe towards more “beyond-the-audience” choreo. That’s because somehow, and in general, the audience, the old concept of an audience, is gone.

Perhaps I’m “tired” of the old way of teaching and leading. Perhaps like guitar, a new fd self is being born. A so-called “beyond the knees” self (whatever that means.)

But is has to with creativity which, in fd, means chore0graphy.

But my post-BGM knees hurt in a “new” way. What are they saying to me?  
What do they mean?

Perhaps because I feel “free” of the old financial worries, I no longer have to “dance” in the old ways. Without money worries, finance, and the audience calling, ever pressuring me, I am free to dance, and run tours, in my own way. . .whatever that is.

That’s what the upcoming 2013-2014 season is all about:

1. New computers
2. New guitar
3. New folk dancing
4. New finance
5. New tours

Thursday, July 25, 2013

Not only do I not feel like reading, studying Bulgarian, but I’m thinking of not even bringing my Bulgarian (and Greek) language books!

The first thought, nay questions, that comes to mind is: Is this a subtle sign of confidence? Excessive confidence or understandable confidence? And/or that, as a traveler and leader, I’m in a totally new place?

I think the latter.

Totally new place, eh? Which place is that?

Bulgaria, Greece, Macedonia 2013

Sunday, July 28, 2013

I'm in the Radisson. Study and practice Bulgarian for two weeks.

Creating and Enjoying the Terror Movie

Could it be that I interpret and create my pre-performance, pre-tour anxiety because part of me enjoys the terror.

The fear, fright, terror, and anxiety all serve to stimulate and motivate me.

Could I even use the positive word "inspire" me?

If all this is true, and it probably is, then by giving the word "enjoy" a new shade of meaning, I could easily say that I enjoy the terror.

Thus, when someone asks me if I enjoy leading tours or enjoy my work, I can easily answer "Yes!" And with an exclamation point, too!

This afternoon, I lie in bed at the Radisson concerned about my upcoming tour. I wake feeling listless, energyless. I flirt with all these negative words as I remain frozen in terror.

Well, all these terror feelings are my creation.

I created them because they indeed motivate me.

Dare I say they inspire me?

Daring, inspiration: These are positive words.

Fear, anxiety, terror are negative words.

Stimulate and motivate are rather neutral words.

Inspire is a positive word.

Why not add it to my basket of emotions?

Okay, I will.

This trinity of fear/anxiety, motivation/stimulation, and inspiration all mix together as I prepare for my grand, daring adventure!

Enjoy them!

### Balance, Limitations, and Freedom

I am voluntarily limiting my freedom by choosing to run and lead this tour.

Too much freedom push me off the Kabbalah cliff and drive me crazy. Thus there is safety and security in choosing self-imposed limitations. There is also, within this narrowed sector, opportunities for growth.

Too many limitations can stifle and strangle freedom.

To trot easy in harness is the easy balanced approach.

Creating the balance is the adventure.

Monday, July 29, 2013

What best can I offer my travelers? What best, for that matter, can I offer anyone?

My sheer presence.

I like that idea.

I also like the fact that I am waking up and feeling better!

Yes, I woke up feeling like shit, but forced myself out of bed, washed, dressed, read my death book (Staring at the Sun by Irvin Yalom), got the "sheer presence" idea from him, and am now waking up and feeling better. Even a subtle "Hallelujah" is creeping into my brain!

Yet the Hallelujah is a mere feeling. But what a difference a feeling makes!

Suddenly, death, sleep, and existential misery are forgotten and life springs into being! And for no particular reason than a new thought. Amazing and miraculous.

### Needed: A New Challenge

Later: I am resisting entry into this tour.

Could it be that I am bored? Bored with tours and running tours?

Oh, sure I can do them and I do. And it's hard work, consumes my mind and body. But something is missing.

Yes, it's a good living and a good business and I shall continue to do them.

I'm not desperate for the money anymore. I know the business well.

Perhaps I need a new challenge.

Something beyond and separate from tours. Something I do even while on tour, running tours, and organizing them.

What could it be?

Tuesday, July 30, 2013

### New Direction: Blogging

As I sat in my room yesterday, meditating and searching, I came up with the words (and directions): Art, painting, drawing, techie, social media, video, photo, and finally, blogging.

Start blogging.

The modern way to share my wisdom with others.

Put all of my New Leaf writing in a blog. From 2005 on? Or put all of my New Leaf writing, from the very beginning in 1995, into the blog.

Forget about my "reputation." Screw hesitations about personal revelations to the public. (The why-will-they-go-on- tours, buy-my-products, come-to-folk-dance-class, business- fears, etc.)

Let others know the real me (whatever that is.) The me of trials and tribulations; the serious, fearful, jubilant, amazed, terrified, philosophical, metaphysical, repetitive, cyclic, searching, lost and found me.

My New Leaf Journal is the other side of me, the non-public, gone-searching side.

Why "hide" it any longer?

Yes, it's possible that folks may read about me, be bored, amazed, surprised, or who knows what? They may reject me and all of my business. By revealing myself, I could loose all my clients, be plunged into poverty, etc.

On the other hand, after I die, what will be left behind?

I want others to know about my struggles. Plus, deep in my heart, I believe my brave gone-public, self-revelations, may help others; it may even give them courage to know the ups and downs of my own journey.

Everyone struggles in their own way. I am not alone. Neither are they. We're all in this life-and-death thing together; we might as well know and remember it.

Monday, August 5, 2013

Woke up with big pain in my right knee. Get it? Right, not left, the "really bad (and naughty) knee.

Almost immediately I realized it had to do with "tour ending" desire, manifested immediately by the desire to stay our lakeside Belleview hotel today. Take the day off. Instead, all my travelers still want to tour Ochrid. Although, all are tired, none want to give up the day of Ochrid exploration. A hearty group, and I admire them. They are indeed pushing me to a higher lever.

On the one hand, I hate to be pushed. On the other, part of me (the better or higher part of me) realizes that I not only need it, but, in the end, it is "good for me."

Thus do resentment and admiration sit on the same bench together.

I'm also skipping breakfast this morning.

Wednesday, August 7, 2013

### The Plotless Book of Babble

Indeed, to spend and incorporate the a Plotless Book of Babble into my life.

Creating such a daily book would be right and good for me.



Where to put it?

Make it part of my journal? Separate? Other?

Is Infant Vison a potential Book of Babble in disguise? Have I inadvertently taken the first step?

Why do I want or even need a Book of Babble? Or is it too late, or besides the point to ask such a question?

### A Morning of Miracles

#### Tours as Part of my Expanded Miracle Schedule

Have I fulfilled myself, fulfilled my potential?

Where do tours fit in?

A question of balance. I need all aspects of my miracle schedule, which, now include the so-called "real" world of business, and connection to others.

What am I saying here?

I've blended folk dance teaching, leading, guitar teaching, performing, tour organizing and leading, with my miracle schedule!

Strangely, I've always felt there is nothing miraculous about "real world" and connecting activities. They are down to earth and practical. Nothing "miraculous" in that.

But perhaps I am wrong; perhaps there is something miraculous in business, teaching, and leading; perhaps there is something miraculous in business, teaching folk dancing (even guitar) and leading tours. I just have not seen it. Until now.

Perhaps that is the unseen purpose of this tour. Realizing this expanded truth.

The above paragraph is an amazing statement of development, growth, and expansion.

Let me repeat it: Business, teaching, leading tours, the human connection aspects, can be miracles in themselves. Thus they can be part of, join, my miracle schedule.

Specifically, and starting today, leading this tour can be, and is, a miracle. It is

obviously a miracle that the tour hangs together, exists, and comes off. Only a miracle can bring all these separate and disparate pieces together as one.

If this tour is a miracle, then obviously organizing and leading it is miraculous. As is folk dancing teaching.

Perhaps even the stock market is a miracle. Again, it probably is. I just don't see it. . . yet.

Why do I need the miracles found within my miracle schedule? Because miracles connect me to God. They remind me of Him and cause me to remember Him. And this is obviously a very good thing.

#### Tours as Part of my Miracle Schedule!

But let's start with the miracle of tours and how tours now belong to my miracle schedule. First, just realizing this is, in itself, a miracle.

Where does babble writing fit into all of this? It opens the door, loosens me up, irrigates my mind, and helps feed more miracles into the mix. It helps balance both the equation and my brain.

Summary: Tours as part of my miracle schedule!

It also means that every person on the tour is part of the miracle. . . even the ones I don't like!

Miracle schedule is about the Divine spark present and presence in all things.

Thursday, August 22, 2013

Pretty disgusted today. Can't function without my main desktop computer.

I've got to be independent, which means, I want to learn how to function with only my Windows 8 netbook.

How to do it? What do I need to learn and do?

1. Learn to print from my netbook. How to connect to my main (and only) printer?

2. Outlook 2010 coordination: Coordinate my Outlook 2010 so I can email from it

equally with my main desktop Outlook.

3. Fix internet connection on Windows 8
4. Fix download box sizing so I can download. (Unse pinnacle as an example.)
5. How to network computers?
6. How to upload and transfer my Windows Media program from Toshiba to Windows 8 netbook?