

Return

Friday, February 11, 2022

How to return to the world?

That is the question.

End of an Era

I have solved my guitar problem.

Do I need a new one?

I'd like another fear, a new challenge.

"Alhambra:" Play it very light as I fade into the new world. This feels like the last time I will even mention "Alhambra."

End of an era.

The emptiness of victory.

Thursday, February 10, 2022

The Corona Story

A Grand Voyage (Journey) of Mental Transformation

Nothing has changed except my priorities, attitude, and self-definition.

But perhaps, that is all that can ever change – and those changes are everything.

Unseen new seeds will sprout a new tree.

A new chapter is beginning. I even thought about finding others, training them to handle and help with the details, developing a JGI staff with a booker (quasi-sales person "secretary"), a designer, and folk tour dance guides.

And some possible names for a new JGI tour branch of Bulgaria tours led by George Vishegonov.

Golden Journeys

Sports Journeys

Corona (Virus) Tours

Outdoor (Sports) Adventure Journeys in Bulgaria
(Sports) Adventures in Bulgaria

God's plan is slowly being revealed, at His own pace. And I am the instrument.

How can I say such haughty, hubristic things?

But I do say them.

Maybe is a verbal way of dropping my old low self image.

Can I have the privilege of believing in eternity?

Am I even worthy?

Eternity is something to be grateful for.

Sunday, February 13, 2022

A Major Leap into the Void

Giving Up (Alhambra and Stock Trading)

Yotel and Vater mean "giving up," "it's over" in Hebrew. But shoresh-wise, root-and-etymologically-wise, they also mean increase. So by giving up, you can increase. That is the puzzling word and question for the day.

What does "over" mean to me?

There is materially over, meaning finished, through, done, on the earthly plane.
(But obviously, never ending on the astral plane.)

And here's a totally new thought, even a realization: I wonder if "Alhambra" and stock trading are things I am never supposed to get, never supposed to succeed in, in this life.

Instead of getting, succeeding, these half-lifetime challenges are things I am supposed to give up. Their walls are crested and given to me a way to learn how to give things up. Non-attachment. These blocks, curtains, lids over my energy are there to teach me how to drop them, give them up, release myself, learn non-attachment.

Maybe I was never supposed to get them, never supposed to succeed. They

divert my talents, push me down, prevent me from seeing and being my true self. They are the wrong path for me.

Proof is that for half my life (over forty years) no matter how much I practice and try to conquer them, I never do. They are challenges that never got away. I never got them.

Maybe there is a cosmic reason for this. A purpose. To learn to give them up and in the process, to learn how to unblock myself and release the true flow of true self into the world.

Note: During the two year Covid period (as a hopeful finale) I embraced the monastic life. I focused on playing guitar, which meant conquering “Alhambra,” and trading stocks. My mind was totally free—no business work at all—so I could give them all my attention. And I did.

Both have failed.

And this, not only during the two years of Covid but extending back over half my life. It has taken so long. When will I see and learn the true lesson?

Why do I spend too much time failing?

Well, it was my big challenge for so many years. But is it still? Do I still need to fill up my time beating a unmovable horse?

Has this horse been dead all along? And it's taken half a life time to realize it? Or am I being too harsh on myself?

I suppose the big question is: What will I do with my vacuum? With the rocks gone, how will I fill it?

On Failure

Maybe the purpose of failure on certain paths is to show these are the wrong roads, false directions.

Maybe failures need to last half a lifetime, or more, in order to teach their lessons.

Maybe knowing if and when to give up is the essence of judgement and wisdom.

A Stubbed Toe May Hurt. . .But Not For Long

I thrive on projects, improvement, and growth.

I also have an empty "failure" space.

Maybe instead of giving up my "Alhambra" failure, I should get better at failure, improve as a failure, grow as a failure.

It will cost nothing to continue failing at the "Alhambra." Trading stocks will cost something. Maybe I should even pay for failure, so I can improve at it!

What an interesting twist. And maybe by reversing track, I'll put myself back on the right one.

I could even fail my way to success.

And maybe, ultimately, success and failure are beside the point. After all, the trip there can be challenging, stimulating, and even create growth in opposite directions.

So why give up my failures? Why give up challenging, stimulating roads? Walking at the edge of a cliff can be exciting, even if you fall off once in a while.

So let's see some more up-beat failures in "Alhambra." Maybe I'll even want to add trading again.

Failing or success are simply rocks in the road.

A stubbed toe may hurt. . .but not for long.

Prelude to an Ending

I have a big empty space in my heart.

Part of it because we have lost Dick Wedeen, Janet is in hospice, and Hal is in the hospital.

And on top of this, I have lost my guitar practice and stock trading distractions. A vast emptiness lies before me. I have nothing to do, nothing important with which to

occupy myself.

Do I also sense spring in the air, with its accompanying down?

Or is this empty feeling, with its sad vacant space, a prelude to writing? After all, depression precedes creation.

And truth is, with the supposed downfall of trading and guitar performance, my path has been totally cleared. Every blocked creative wall has fallen. I am wise, old, and free. The empty space before me could be a beautiful horizon.

But it isn't. At least not yet.

Only sadness, sprinkled with a touch of fear, sits on the road ahead.

Further down the February road, everything is wide open.

Yes, empty. All the brush has been cleared.

Everything is wide open.

Baby robins falling from the sadness nest.

I'm sure they will fly.

How and where?

I'm falling into an abyss of poetry and the short sentence.

Poverty is making a come back.

My sadness is the loss of the old guitar and trading world.

I hope it's true; I hope they're gone.

But I hate being sad

And I fear the empty space

Though fear is fading quickly

In its place stands. . .

A wide open world of guitar with creation, invention, jazzy fountain spurts; poetry slithering and sliding, folk dance choreos rising. . . languages bursting, exercises

flourishing with dumb bells flying, running rising, stairs on the mend, and knees in focus.

Tuesday, February 15, 2022

Strange Dream

I fell out of bed this morning. To my knowledge and remembering, I've never done that in my life.

And I had a strange dream before I did.

I dreamed I was in Park Ewen in Riverdale, on the baseball field, and about seven or eight years old. Bumble bees (of confusion) were swirling in a strange kind of cellophane sack near, even next, to me. I kicked them away, kicked away the swirl of confusion, and as I did, I "kicked" myself out of bed. .

Why now?

I began my usual morning studying Hebrew. Then I opened my cell phone and found a new registration from Victoria in Canada for the Sweden tour. I got excited. Registrations were beginning, starting, even flowing again.

Two "new" fears suddenly emerged. First, falling out of bed fear. If I did it once, I could do it again and hurt myself.

Second, a registration fear. I might accidentally delete the registration and thus lose it.

These are two totally new fears. I've never had them in my life. Why did they come up? Why now?

What are the antidotes?

Perhaps I "wanted" them. Perhaps they had a positive reason to emerge. After all, they could be secret wake up and energizer calls.

No doubt I want and **don't** want them. Both. A perfect Gemini solution.

Then, as I played guitar, I had a vision. My I finger, the index finger equaled an

“n” finger, Hebrew nifal finger, and a bit of “mem” M, too. I don’t know why. With nifal, substantive, to be, and existence came to mind.

As I played, the connection between thumb and index suddenly seemed to clear. The two were clearly connected in an AIO moment. The confusion ended. They were one.

Was this connected to my bumble bee moment, where I kicked to sack of bees bumbling confusion locked in a cellophane bag away? In my dream, I separated myself from the confusion.

Then I reinterpreted my dream. I saw falling out of bed as a possible eureka moment, a cosmic wake up call (a knock on the head) which connected my thumb to the index.

Then I saw my miracle schedule events shifting to the astral plane, while my folk dance and tour business entered the material one. Thus the energizing, wake up call aspect of falling out of bed (with its concomitant fear of accidentally deleting my new email Sweden tour registration), and alerting me to the possibilities of expanding my tour business by hiring others to lead them and staying home to manage it all as president of my company.

Quite a dreamy morning.

Wednesday, February 16, 2022

Bad Habits

Perhaps depression, discouragement, and emptiness are just bad mental habits. Perhaps they can be eradicated through affirmations, meditative thinking beyond positive and negative, stepping into the observational, “neutral” world above.

Friday, February 18, 2022

Sloppy Road

The road to clarity is unclear.

The road to perfection is sloppy and imperfect.

The road to pure is sloppy.

The road to human perfection is the Sloppy Road.

Human perfection means connection with the divine.

Somehow, over the years, guitar playing perfection has come to mean Alhambra perfection, which is divine connection. No wonder I have so much trouble with it!

Personal Synthesis

February is about merging the inward, ethereal/astral, monastic current, with the outward, material, earthly, go public current.

Thus February is a stunning month. Both currents meet and are merging. The dialectical opposites are synthesizing.

Something and someone new will emerge.

But we don't know yet who he is or will be.

Also the idea of publishing my New Leaf Journals emerged.

Saturday, February 19, 2022

The Reckoning

Freedom Through Limitation

Stunned, but perhaps freed, by my medical situation.

The doctor suggested I avoid the stress of leading my tours. Not good for my heart.

Stents and arteries are speaking.

What a blow to my ego and self-image.

A final push into the "retirement" emptiness of the abyss.

A final reckoning with human limitations.

And strangely, an entrance into gratefulness at what I had, the accomplishments in my life, and what I've now got.

This medical situation edict also frees me to move on to the next life level, whatever it may be.

But today I'm facing the hard facts, cry for my damaged ego, mourning my loss and losses.

Nevertheless, shielded by the doctor's medical pronouncement, I can move past my cowardice, even admit it, and move on.

This reckoning is part of the February leave-the-monastery, return to earth, entering the material world, and dealing with going public reality.

It's about limitation and freedom.

Or better, its about freedom through limitation.

Sunday, February 20, 2022

Enjoy Business

Last night the strangest sound, in the form of a statement, popped into my head: "Enjoy business."

I've never said, or even considered, this before. Business, along with sales, was always something I had to do, forced to make a living so I could be "free" to be and become an artist (something I truly enjoyed.)

But the brand-new possibility of enjoying business, marketing, sales, along with all business bookkeeping details, rose easily and naturally in my mind.

Imagine! Where will this lead?

"Retirement"

Second day of stunned and shocked. But the shock waves are lessening. I've fallen off the cliff. The bottom has fallen out. It feels like the last time, the final round.

I'm facing the dreaded word "retirement."

And the new feelings and ideas that go with it.

Disappointing others comes first. Followed by sadness and mourning.

Disappointing others is an old one, but somehow it now feels strangely new. In the past, pre-retirement, I at least tried make my folk tour travelers, folk dancers, and concert audiences feel better. Now, by retiring, I'm abandoning them completely.

This feels like guilt.

But I don't believe in guilt. I only believe in fear.

So am I disguising fear by feeling guilty? Probably.

What am I afraid of?

Loss. I'll miss all the people, my customers, contacts, and friends; I'll miss dealing and playing with them. I'll miss their smiles, camaraderie, complaints, conversations, all the actions, play, and adventures we had together.

Yes, I feel loss, sadness, mourning, emptiness, falling off a cliff into the abyss of nothingness, purposelessness, and meaninglessness.

Sounds like fear to me.

That's because it is fear. Fear that I'll be forgotten, become nothing, turn into a cipher, a meaningless dot in the universe.

Does guilt also camouflage sadness?

Yes.

Nice to know.

This morning my wife said something so beautiful: "As the years go by, I love you more and more."

And vice versa.

Hmm. . . .Maybe retirement is liberation.

Monday, February 21, 2022

Learning to Love Business

I have to have meaning and purpose in life. Without it, I simply dry up,

desiccated, get depressed, go down, fall off a cliff, and more. Not a good route to go.

What gives meaning to my life?

Strangely, even miraculously, I came up with the idea of sales. Yes, believe it or not and after years of denial, I have to admit that selling something meaningful gives meaning to my life!

My creations are meaningful to me.

Thus, sell my creations.

And truth is, I do. Or did until Covid took away all sales. Well, now that Covid is slowing down, even coming to close, its time to return, or rather, go forward, to sell again.

Sales, business, and connecting to people all go together.

That's why I need sales. They connect me to people. And I need them.

So yes, I'm returning to sales, but with a new attitude.

What can I sell?

My tours, dances, folk dance classes, books, even performances. After all, what is a concert performance but a classy sales job.

I am physically so sick of screens.

In this computer/screen age, with so much on screens, including most communication, is such a repulsion of screens permitted?

The rebel goes slow, and is screen-less, as well. Hmmm.

Self-Care and the Care of Others

Meditation on the chakras.

Kundalini energy. Spread it around. Use it for self-care, self-healing, and others-healing.

It works, too.

Is this part of my February descent-and-return process?

I'm not giving up my old energies. I'm using them differently. Indeed, my so-called "tour loss" – giving up leading my tours – could turn eventually into a gain.

I'm not losing my tours, but diverted my energies.

It's all part of the self-care, heal, and united-self-and-world saga.

I'm even preparing my mind for today's stock market losses by finding strength somewhere else, namely in self and others.

As for tour leading, paradoxically maybe pulling back will propel me forward. And even help others.

An emptiness, a leadership space, could be a place where others could learn leadership.

Lead by leaving. Departing becomes an entrance.

Sure some folks, including myself, will find it uncomfortable and disappointing; they'll feel hurt and angry. But that is the nature of leading.

Plus, here's the biggie. It's true for life and death: I'm not really leaving. I'll always be present. . .but in a different form.

Wednesday, February 23, 2022

A Saga of Freedom: From Slavery to Freedom

Breaking the Tour Chains

Bulgaria Koprivshitsa Festival tour:

I would do it only for the money, and my reputation.

Come out in front with my medical situation. I'll feel free if I say it, tell my staff.

What's the worst that can happen?

The gains, of course, are obvious.

But these are among the biggest fears of my life.

Rejections means ostracism, which equals death, at least from a two-year-old perspective, which is mine.

What about humiliation? Am I humiliated by rejection?

I don't know.

But it destroys my sense of self, so I fear it.

I've already gone through the sadness and mourning period, dealing with all the place, things, friends, and experiences I will lose when I "retire" from leading tours. Now I'm up to the fears that folks will hate me, to rejection, and to humiliation (because I am weak, frail, incompetent, etc.)

Wrestling with this lion is sapping all my strength.

And then: 1. All my customers could cancel their tour. I'd lose present deposits and future money. That's not great, but somehow, it's okay.

2. Lee and Ventsi could say they can't or don't want to lead the tour in my place. Again, if that happened, I would lose money (that's okay), and perhaps be humiliated because they cancelled. But that's okay, too.

Are humiliation and rejections some of my worst fears? Yes.

But are they worse the death?

The Abyss

Is there a bottom to the abyss?

What happens when you lose everything – wife, home, family, all? You end up alone, destitute, and more?

Is there a bottom to the abyss?

Yes.

What happens when you hit bottom?

You die.

Or bounce back.

What would I chose?

Dying is "unacceptable."

Therefore, I would choose to bounce back. I'd need anger along with the "Never

give up!" attitude. The "I'll never give up no matter what" attitude. I may die, but I'll never give up" attitude. The "I'd rather die fighting than give up."

In fact, as I write this, I'm starting to get angry with myself for all this tour shit I'm going through.

So ends a New Leaf.