
Book of Al

Conversations with Al

Al's Folk Dance Manual

Folk Dancer ToeRa Studies Plus Keep-Aha Management

Sunday, September 10, 2023

The Book of One

Al realized he liked to think. Although celestial thoughts were his best, his heavy, earthly ones weren't that bad either.

On his best days all kinds swam freely in his head: good, bad, neutral, Albanian pizza topped with a Hungarian csardas, (cheese dancing in a Budapest alley), ice cubes filled with Columbian radishes, it really didn't matter.

Everything traveled harmoniously through space in a spicy, fun-floating way.

On his bad days, thoughts thudded – still, and stiff, clunking and thrashing as they tumbled onto a floor of his brain, even reaching his amygdala, where they annoyed his excited, up-beat feelings, disturbing, even depressing, his peaceful state.

Ready to return. But to what?

Overthrow the old regime. This year's revolutionary task was now clear to him. How to uproot the destructive inner aspects of his old life? This is the New Year. The practice starts today.

Evil is a permanent force. So is good. The daily struggle between them is endless.

Awareness of this struggle is the first step.

Intention to defeat evil, and win, is the second.

Be specific. "Alhambra" was his first battlefield.

First playing on that battleground, ninety percent thumb brought out the melody while the other fingers sat at the edge, loving it. Ninety six percent followed. Why did I need forty to fifty years to see something so obvious?

Here's the miracle idea: With Al Hambra released from prison and cured, could Knorbert the Knee follow? Or, as a guitar footstool, will he drop to three legs and tip over like a stool pigeon?

Al considered: could he be involved in creating such a miracle? With

thumb released from prison, will fingers follow?

Crossing the Excitement Line

Al pushed the Hambra. Such excitement. But did he have the energy, courage, and daring to cross the excitement line?

Of course he did.

Crossing the line is all so obvious now.

Al thought about Trump. "The man has the tickle of strong leadership. And he is funny. Like my thumb. The Trump thumb makes funny politics.

If it trickles me, it's an itch I like to scratch. Since I like to scratch, I will ask, does scratching make it better or worse? I'd say better.

Is God funny? Well, why not? He has given me a good sense of humor, a funny thumb, and a fun-knee knee.

Can Alhambra be funny? Certainly, Al Hambra can. He's a fun-knee man. The Trump Thumb Meets Al Hambra. A good story.

A strong leader, excellent policies, and makes me laugh. What else do I need? Not much."

The biblical thought is the weighted squat.

Al says, "My thumb is out of prison. It's never going back!

"Such conscious defiance," fingers commented. "But what about us?"

"You guys can decide on your own. Trail me, dribble along, stay back awhile, if you like. Up to you. But I'm out of here. And truth is, if I'm out, you can't stay long."

Fingers crunched in silence as Al went on: "First thing I'll do when I hit the road is parade my proud defiance in front of everybody. It's Al Hambra Thumb Pride Day!"

Suddenly, he heard the sound of Knee crunching in the distance. Was it a grumble, or a plea? Her tone divided in thirds, part plea, part grumble, and part philosophic: "If Thumb marches, can Knee Pride day be far behind?"

Thumb softened a bit, bent toward her hobbling form, and gently explained: "If you can relax, open up, expand, and even bring fingers along, then. . . well. . . deep within thumb and fingers, and even knees, are one."

Thumb paused, sucked his nail a bit, then went on: "Once pride is satisfied, expressed, released from prison, saturated with praise, once I pass through Pride's Gates and am intact, confident, and secure, then yes, I'll bring my fingers along, and, if they work well (I think they will), you're next."

Knee creaked with pleasure. "Oh, thank you, proud Thumb. I can't wait to join you. In the company of fingers, you'll be so hand-some.) We'll be one big happy family playing guitar and dancing together."

"You're right, Knee. I like this freedom path, and walking with you will make it even better."

Al felt real good about this. He decided to build a new castle. He called it Renew Al."

Saturday, September 9, 2023

I just heard that Yves Moreau died. Shocked, angry, scared, sad, denied it, dazed. What now?

Mourn him, memorialize him, do his dances.

I'm annoyed that I have to take time off to think about death. I'm on a good path and don't want to change it. Death is another obstacle. A fearful, "ordinary" distraction, a sad annoyance.

How to handle it? It deserves respect, but do not cater to it. Say hello, mourn, move on, then mourn some more, and move on further.

Sunday, September 10, 2023

Toe-Ra Al, said, "The gift of life, all my dance steps, in fact all I have, comes from my brother Al Hambra. I'll always be grateful."

"Thanks, Toe-Ra, nice to hear." Al sipped his nectar. "Ma would be proud."

Al is Toe-Ra's tour agent and all purpose guy. In the guitar world, he's Al Hambra. Even though Toe-Ra's father worked the Egypt sun god circuit, he was still a polytheistic kind of guy. So was his mother, but hardly anyone talks about her.

Toe-Ra Al combined polytheism and monotheism, melting Egypt into Israel, and did it all with one name.

Not bad for a guitarist.

And all was good before the revolt of the fingers. "We're important, too!" they cried, rising up to their full digital height.

"Knuckle down," Al insisted using Mr. Abdomen to push his point. "Are you repeating or renewing yourself? The wisdom and power of his shout scattered the fingers and strewed the notes they played across the desert. A complete disassembly – notes running wild, strangling any burning bush they could find, stretching the Leyenda barriers of humanity, traveling where no one had ever been before.

Moses gasped in amazement. "That's the best discovery and inspiration service a note can give," he declared.

The notes liked what they heard. They scurried back to listen. Thumb rolled in from the east: Al entered from the north. Moses held their attention while Al took out his Toe-Ra. Opening to page six, he called Index to point out a line. Ring, Middle, and Pinky followed. They stood together in a handsome formation. Then each digit pointed out its favorite note.

Al picked his favorite guitar out of the sky, and they all began to play "Recuerdos da la Alhambra."

Monday, September 11, 2023

Al said, "You're s smart cookie. But you are minimizing an important truth: That you are worthy."

"Well, I don't know, Al. After all, although I'm reading the bible every day, trying to keep up with the orthodox. . . but, its true, I do have a new take on it today."

"And what is that, my dear?"

"I'm seeing how it applies to me personally, how every day I have the same battle, every morning I wake up to the same fight: Between polytheism and monotheism."

"Very lofty, How so?"

"Take my bad knee, for example. It hurts every morning. every day. What to do? This morning I concluded I should stay on the path. What other choice is

there? Plus the path may work.

“And pray, what path is that?”

“The three-part walking path. Focusing on neck straight, abs in, legs relaxed and easy. Do it daily for an hour.”

“Sounds good.”

“I also realized how I kneel to alien gods, mainly the god of discouragement. He visits me every morning. He often brings his god friends with their friendly fears such as the god of old age, death, loneliness, abandonment, and fragility. I can’t remember some of the others, there are so many. And I have to feed them, too.

Al nodded in agreement “I understand. I have the same problem. Fly swatters are good, but it’s hard to hit them all.”

“Yes, they push me off the path.”

“It’s an affliction: my Battle of Wounded Knee every day.”

Al then advised “In these struggles, it’s important to pit your bad knee against your good one.”

“I don’t have a good one. . . Is there a good knee?”

“Of course. But it’s hiding from you. Clouds of negative ions create abandonment. Bleak thoughts have scared her away.”

“I agree. A little more light wouldn’t hurt. But how do I get it into my knee?”

“Great question. Speak to Tom Thumb or Larry Finger. They may have the answers.”

Tuesday, September 12, 2023

Cancelling last night’s folk dance class (due to storms) was the best thing that could have happened to me. It revealed that my energy, effort, and love source is performing. And it doesn’t even matter what medium I perform in. Guitar, singing, folk dancing, socializing, all are good.

The days of performing to “prove myself” are over. A positive view of performing would be a major and “final” post-Covid attitudinal shift.

“Alhambra” and Al are ready. The line between private and public has disintegrated. Group and individual are flowing into one another.

It’s an easy transition, too.

Tell it to Al.

"See people as energy packages," Al explained, "ready, willing, happy to explode and float their vibrational goodies everywhere for others to see, appreciate, and enjoy. Guitarist's fingers are like that, too."

I fell to" my knees, but Al pulled me up. "Ask like a man," he said.

I stood, squirmed, and tried pleading in a virile manner. "Please be patient. I'll play slowly and carefully."

"No problem. I'll wait for you."

"Wait? That's no good. I want love. Love my playing, slow or fast."

"That's a tall order, son. Some folks will, most won't. But that's okay. The Wills is what you want."

"What if no one likes me? Suppose my audience walks out? Suppose it goes to zero."

"Zero is still an audience."

"It is?"

Sure. Its called "No Audience." (But even "No" still has Audience.) It's different. But No Audience is fun to play for, too."

"There's always an audience?"

"Yes."

"That doesn't makes me feel any better."

"Some day you might. Or might not. The Audience doesn't care. And frankly, neither should you."

"I wish I was that strong."

Al thought a long moment, then said, "I havea really good idea for you."

"Really? What's that?"

"Just play your guitar and shut up."

Thursday, September 14, 2023

Pure Performance

My guitar has been cleansed. Ready for pure performance.

Cleansed means the old, dried-up audience is gone, replaced by a new, vibrant, loving, accepting, patient and wonders-filled one. The folks all believe in miracles, renewal, rebirth, and the wonder of each day.

They have moved into my thumb. Now we pluck the strings together

(total ממת--tamam.)

Now Thumb is going out to play and have some fun. Let him roam, wild and free. It's a good start.

Re-interpret so called stiffness warm-up thigh "pain" as pleasure. Part of neural plasticity? Yes, I say.

Friday, September 15, 2023

Once warmed up with John Pavane, let Tom Thumb run wild. After he's gone wild for awhile, say twice), let fingers loose on the third run.

Sunday, September 17, 2023

Guitar:f

Sor-fast. Al is no problem. Al fast and clear, too. Al fastclear. Bach G & R smooth and sweet. Leyenda-crackling, too. Ley End A is now Leyen Da, the Chinese wonder, a Sino-Spanish alliance.

New characters with new names walking out of the guitar. It's a new world, a new whirl-d. Literal creations. (I'm literally creating them) Along with YouTube Hubie.

Fiction is becoming reality, and vice versa. Making new friends in older life by giving birth to them, creating them from raw imagination. (Are all friends imaginary? With fiction as reality, and vice versa, the answer must be yes. Does the why of it really matter? No.)

Monday, September 18, 2023

Pure Curiosity

Abdominal Counting

Why play guitar?

How about pure curiosity?

How does playing this Bach piece work?

Today's discovery: Focusing on beats. Feel them in the stomach by tightening your abdominal muscles (slightly) on each beat.

Sor "Etude 12:" 1 (First beat), "Alhambra": 2 and 3 (Second and third beat), "Leyenda": 1 (First beat).

Dynamic. Totally different.

But you need to have technical mastery, know the piece cold, before you can shift your attention to the abdominal stage.

Focusing on the beat, "abdominal counting," is very exciting, dynamic, satisfying, and the bottom line.

Tuesday, September 19, 2023

Creating a new Folk Dance Guitar Self
and Vice Versa

My best ever "Alhambra" passed without incident. Beat with strong fingers. Clear and strong.

My "touch-(the string(s)-feel-pluck-listen" guitar practice method is successful.

Next step: How to apply it to my dance body?

First, how does it work?

For guitar, starting with the Covid sabbatical break, I cleared the pressure to perform, make money playing professionally, and the never-ending internal pressure to some day, even years away, give concerts. Slowly, inch by inch, I cleared my brain, cleansing every corner, power-washing into oblivion every negative miserable thought, and finally, creating a tabula rasa. With all debris cleared, a seed of new guitar playing self could be planted. As I accustomed myself to living in a wide open field, this guitar self seed sprouted, and a healthy, strong baby emerged, a happy, smiling, and laughing self under the sun.

On to my body.

How to remove its folk dance pressures.

First is to admit it creates pressure.

How so?

Even though I enjoy teaching and leading this low financial reward profession, it still creates pressure, even if it is only having to show up for the job. And after that I still have to put on a good show, do a good job.

Can I perform without the pressure to do a good job of it? At the moment, I doubt it.

What is performing but an appearance?

Appearing is easy: just be there. But when you appear as a performer, folks expect to see you create something on the spot. And you agree, since you have chosen to appear, and create (per-form) something on the spot. You have also chosen this pressure point, chosen to be pressured.

Paradoxically, if you can choose to be pressured, can you also choose not to be?

To stand in front of others without obligation, a free being, and, as performer, not perform? Can you choose nothing while others wait around expecting something?

Can you choose to disappoint them?

Or maybe even think that this “disappointment” will be an elevation in disguise?

Lots of good questions.

Turning guitar self into folk dance self. Another path begins.

Truth is, I have pressures with the tour business as well. They are different from folk dancing, but pressures just the same.

Must I pull a Covid and “retire” from both folk dancing and the tour business in order to create a tabula rasa?

Can I do both?

Wednesday, September 20, 2023

Big September expenses.

A great financial plunge into the public.

Teeth: Public smile, new computer: public dealings, upgrade Iphone 12, public, wide lens camera, for Youtube videos alone: fix Paypal: website maintenance, ads and social media: public exposure.

New Year is here: Earn all the money back.

Guitar: 4 times Alhambra practice

1. The courage, strength, knowledge, and confidence to play it (Alhambra) slow and strong. The “I know I can do it. Now sink into it.”

Thursday, September 21, 2023

Grateful for my ProblemsFix Them

The malfunction of my tour registration forms threatens my business and financial survival at its core. It scares and upsets me, makes me a bit frantic. It's of prime importance that I fix this immediately and quickly.

I'm a bit down because things in my business aren't right.

Expect that things will go wrong!

Then expect to fix them!

As humans, our job to repair the world. So, to fix things is totally right. So the fact my tour registration forms are broken and I must fix them, although totally annoying, is correct.

I don't like annoyance as a reaction. Gratefulness for my new problem would present a better attitude.

The ability to exchange anger, frustration, sadness, and annoyance for gratefulness would be wonderful to have.

How to develop and sustain such an attitude? That is my question and challenge!

Friday, September 22, 2023

Slow PowerSlow Pride

Acknowledge, then express, the howling wolf slowly twisting inside. Say hello to its slow, quiet, infant power.

Slow-soft gradually grows, hidden, private, and safe, before transforming into a public concert, fully out there loud and screaming. That's what Alhambra 86 is all about.

Meet Mr Slow, He's been oppressed, down, living in the basement so many years. But he's coming up the stairs, greeting the sunlight. Slow Pride. Let her out!

Guitar in the Legs

When I bent forward in a ham string stretch this morning, I felt guitar in the legs. It's the first time.

Imagine, folk dance guitar in my legs and yogic body.

Saturday, September 23, 2023

Unsolved Problems

I have a problem-filled life – and that is good!

Problems are my middle name.

Today's it's the new Iphone 12. How to work the damn thing?

How to live happily, thankfully, and gratefully with unsolved problems?

Sunday, September 24, 2023

Forever Is The Way To Go

Let the Wahoo Currents Flow

I'm high from website button-creation victory. I also have a touch of sore throat. I rested yesterday. Why now?

Fear, humbled, and sick made a sudden return. I deserve to be down because of my high success. My wrathful Lord Mother appeared. "Don't you dare! Don't you dare are step out of the old neighborhood. Effort, trying, success. Harmful and evil. The punishment of sickness upon you. Here's a sore throat, and more to come! Too much success. Bad, bad, bad. You've defeated Death itself. Such hubris! Remember your place! Low among the weeds."

Well, Mother Wrath, for me, great successes have been rare. In fact, this was my first Wahoo in months, maybe years, maybe since Covid. I loved it!

"So, in spite of warnings and possible wrathful vengeance, I'm going the milk the joy of yesterday's button-creation victory. From now on, I'm looking for more Wahoos. I want to fill the days I have left in this temporal life with them.

Temporal? How sad and realistic.

Or is it?

Temporal knowledge is the cure for hubris.

Living is fleeting, but Life is everlasting. I like this long term view.

So goodbye Wrathful Lord Mother, at least for today.

Monday, September 25, 2023

Slow Wisdom

I'm reading the Torah in Hebrew, and moving slower, much slower. Maybe only a sentence, even a new word a day.

It's disappointing to read so slowly. What's the matter with my brain? On

one level, my ego and formerly youthful brain is being threatened; on the other hand, reading slowly creates maturity, deepening, and wisdom.

Presently, things are moving more slowly in my mind and life: slow Torah, slow guitar, slow yoga, slow focus. Not a bad thing, only different.

Dropping the Ego

Ego Goodbye

I'm adding Milan's "Pavane in A" to my morning guitar. I'm playing its formerly fast scale passage slower, egoless, and laden with wisdom.

Am I willing to drop my ego for the wiser good? Is that my next direction? Seems so. Sadly and happily, yes.

I'm sad to lose it but happy to be wiser.

In fact, the whole slow and fast controversy, giving a concert, playing well or not, is about ego.

Ego is a good thing to lose, or give up, at least for awhile.

Dear Alicia,

Thanks for your email and question.

I am delighted that De Boca Del Dyo is a favorite in the San Francisco Bay Area, and I appreciate your telling me.

I've attached folk dance instructions and the Youtube link: De Boka Del Dyo More information can be found in my book of folk dance choreographies, [A Treasury of International Folk Dances](#), available on Amazon.

As I see it, De Boca is religious dance of worship in the Jewish Ladino Sephardic tradition. The song was written in Ladino by the Ladino singer Flory Jagoda of Sarajevo. It is a prayer and I choreographed it with that in mind.

To my knowledge, shimmies are not in the Jewish Bosnian Ladino folk dance tradition (especially in prayer or worship dances), so I did not add any to the dance. My answer is "no shimmies."

Of course, folk dancing also has a tradition of artistic freedom, so, on another level, folk dancers can add or subtract whatever they want. But according to my vision, and to keep in the spirit of Flory Jagoda's music, De Boca Del Dyo (From the Mouth of God) has no shimmies.

Lots of luck, and keep dancing!

Jim

P.S. You asked such an interesting question. Would you mind if I sent your letter, along with my answer to folk dance magazines? How to dance and choreograph are such fascinating topics. I think folk dancers will want to know these thoughts.

Wednesday, September 27, 2023

Going All The Way

I've always been a believer.

The only question is can I, will I, go all the way.

The only answer can be: Yes.

Depression and fear twist my mind. Since this is so, how can I trust my market decisions? Truth is, I can't. This is my flaw, my temptation. When the market is good, I jump in; when it's bad, I jump out. I do just the opposite of what I should do. I do the wrong thing, and I always do. And I have done it for years.

The only "good" and productive way for me is to get out of trading completely.

Can I do such a thing, especially when the market goes up? Temptation again, with its false promises of trading stocks and its instant wealth.

Money is my weakness and Achilles heel. My hopes of a false heaven and false Lord support, bestowing sudden protective wealth and happiness upon me.

To not return to trading is my biblical challenge. My positive exchange with this deal is to be and become more productive.

(Put the money into the bank, bonds, or interest bearing stuff.)

Let the erudition flow: A positive gift

Close the trading gates: A positive gift as well. (Mr Higher Up always said no as witnessed by losing money and my constant failure over the years. But, due to ego, I refused to listen. So why am I listening now? I am ready. To unleash my erudition and love and learning. (Love of learning results in erudition.)

No longer hiding or apologizing, through humor and fantasy fiction, for my love of learning and erudition. Jewish, Talmudic they are. Of course, other

traditions have it, too, but despite a secular upbringing, Jewish roots are in my soul.

Fear of jumping into the Alhambra shows lack of faith in God.

(Can I Practice faith by practicing jumping right in? Will God carry me on His eagle wings? According to Judaism, with (complete) faith, yes.

Since high school violin playing, I have always been a believer. The question now is: Can I, will I go all the way?

The only answer can be to make the attempt, to try.

So the only answer can be: Yes.

Thursday, September 28, 2023

The Beat is my security and support system. Dive in and dopamine shall reign. Thumb and knee will follow.

The Sor Etude Number 12 spoke to me: "Push yourself until you are crazy. Repeat, repeat, repeat, over, over and over and over, and then repeat some more. Repeat until you pop, sizzle, and break the limits. Then great satisfaction occurs."

"Thanks, Etude," I said. "You're a good guy."

Then I gave it a shot. First came frantic, followed by chaotic, empty, and falling."

"It's okay," Etude encouraged. "You're taking the chance, diving in."

"It's scary."

"So what? Just keep going. There's glory up ahead."

"Okay, okay. . . not yet, not yet. . . my fingers are loosening. . .now they're starting to fly."

"Keep at it. Flying fingers creat the porridge. The eagle soars. There's glory up ahead."

"I love it. What's the next step?"

"Make it common."

Height is destiny, weight is free will.

Life is a combo. Change your karma.

Knee is also free will. I changed Al, Now for Knee.

Can arthritis be reversed. I'm betting on yes.

Friday, September 29, 2023

Al spoke:

"A new softness is emerging in my Milan Pavane in C, mostly expressed in and through the ring finger. marriage, feminine. emergence of the ring finger: a soft, non-push power.

"Can I see a Pavane? Faith would be a good start. Dive into the sales process. Forget results.

"I could practice strong fingers until I get it out of my system. But why would I do that? After all, fast strong fingers have their own exhilaration. The sensual fluid of finger joy flows through the finger tips. And sometimes more so when you pluck loud and fast. Can't stay in this state of glory very long, but its government is memorable. In fact, diving into almost anything brings exhilaration. But you have to break barriers first. And every day brings a new barrier."

Saturday, September 30, 2023

Welcome my Apple Iphone 12 video transfer-to-Windows 10 problem.

1. It occupies my mind
2. I'll benefit and learn from it.

Preparing for Eternity

Preparing for the Eternal Audience

Al said:

I'm playing guitar for the eternal audience. Always have and always will. Long term, that's the only truth. It's not called the eternal for nothing. The audience is always there and lasts forever.

Yes, once you stop complaining about transience, the cloud passes.

As for contemporary audience, the human form looks pretty real. On the other hand, how real can you be, if you're transient? Look at others (folks) with a grain of salt, or a least of sand. Fleishy forms flip and flop, blown about by desert winds, whittled and whacked by ocean waves.

It's end of the year, end of Torah reading, end of Moses. I'm preparing for eternity. So is everyone else. We're all in it together. I'm so sad to see my friend, a great leader, die alone on Mt Nebo. Was he lonely? I doubt it. Isolated, he still had good company. Always had.

The sadness problem never disappears but lurks in the background, periodically slipping out of dark alleys into the foreground. What to do? Just cry and watch the clouds pass.

Meanwhile, I'll stand out, isolate, and protrude like a mountain. (Are mountains sad? I'll ask next one I meet.)

I watched old folk dance and tour videos last night, surprised at how good they were. Upload them to YouTube? But they're old. Will people appreciate them?

Of course, I could sneak them into eternity by upload them and not telling anyone. No one would know.

On the other hand, eternity includes the present. Why not tell the living? Announce, market, and publicize these ancient jewels. Playing and dancing for my ancestors, children of the future, and the transient aspects of present folks is a good thing. (How can it be bad? Only embarrassing. But in eternity, even that will be forgotten.)

Once you stop complaining about time, and dive into now, the clouds pass. Complaints and cries turn into a good laugh.

Thus spoke (spake) Al Hambra.

Sunday, October 1, 2023

All Good Stuff

Al spoke:

"Tooth implants will plant a new strength into my mouth.

But the process hurts so much.

I'd like the pain to have some cosmic significance, be more meaningful. Suffering is better if it has a reason. Otherwise, it's just a waste.

So what's the reason?

Just as a musician needs a good instrument, I need a good body if I am to play my cosmic song well. Tooth implants improve the instrument and so, are a worthy cause. I'll eat better, look better. I'll profit and so will others. No wasted

suffering. More love will be spread around. Good stuff.

My guitar playing is about implanting love, healing myself and others. Feeling and expressing it through each note, and on all levels, connects my eternal audience with the present one. All good stuff.”

Monday, October 2, 2023

Al said:

Love in Alhambra starts in the bass.

But it doesn't end there.

Get love (eternity) into my life. Or let love into my life?

“Get” means it comes for outside; “let” means its comes from within. (And if the deed has no love in it, it's a waste of time.

How can I put some love into my tours?

I now where the (motivation for) financial profit is. But where is the love?

I know they go together, along with the Magnificence. But are love and eternity the same?

Love is eternity, and vice versa.

Index finger points to shining, explodes with sizzle and break-out light.

High energy fire is an aspect of its love.

How to combine fire and love?

Focus is the place to start.

Tuesday, October 3, 2023

Remember the River

Leading the Half-Mind Life

Al said:

I can't transfer my contacts and videos from my PC to my new Iphone 12, plus the email doesn't work. It's a mess, and I hate messes. When things go wrong, don't work I'm annoyed, bothered, even scared.

I don't like these feelings. Is there a better way of approaching and dealing with the bothers of this world?

Yes. Better to welcome them as challenges, happy that now my mind can

be occupied with something that will improve my life. Also, without problems, my empty mind would create its own problems. After all, nature abhors a vacuum. So to fill it, I'd invent something to do, a new challenge. So why not be grateful for the ones I have?

Also I want to (always) keep part of my mind on the big picture. Beneath all these problems, the flow continues. Stay in the flow. Keep half my mind in the River as I work on shore.

Love Your Enemy

Might as well learn to love your enemy. He or she will always be there.

Fighting with them is an endless struggle. Although temporary peace does happen, fighting and new enemies emerge.

So keep fighting.

And to lower the frustration and suffering level, keep love going in the process.