

42

By Vara

*To you
Dear fellow human*

42 - introduction

42 is a big deal age.

42 is also the answer given by the biggest computer ever built, after billions of years of processing, when asked the question, “What is the meaning of life?” in Douglas Adams’ famous science fiction books.

If you Google 42, you will find a lot of interesting things about this number, including the Kabbalah’s belief that with 42 letters, God created the world.

Interestingly enough, in the fantastic universal course of events, the day I started to write this book, already with a strong notion of it's title, I was attending a TEDx Talks event in Boulder, CO that had opened with a challenge the host posed to an audience volunteer, “If you can guess correctly if the number that will appear on the screen will be odd or even, you will win \$1,000.”

The number was 42, and she won :-)

42 - chapter 1

Snow flakes are different from each other in their own uniqueness, but at the end of the day, they are all snow flakes :-)
It's a simple fact.

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September 22nd 2012, Boulder, Colorado

Dear sister, beloved brother,  
I woke up at 3 A.M. last night, and couldn't fall asleep again. Words and sentences are streaming through my mind and with them the realization that it wants to happen, and it wants to happen now, and through me.  
The book, I mean.  
The book that everybody is saying I should be writing, the book that I would have liked to have read, the book that I wished someone else would have written so I could get inspired.

Somehow today, of all days, another piece of the puzzle clicked in, and something in me realized that it's time to give it a fair chance, and in English.

Two things happened today that might have contributed to some sense of completion. The first one was having lunch with Amy, a gorgeous 46 year old woman, who told me I



should write a book. She also confirmed the sensation she and other close friends have shared with me – that life at its best starts after the age of 42, and that it should be spoken out loud.

The second happening was spending some time with a man I'd met a few weeks ago here in Boulder, whom I referred to in letters to my friends as a Shaman.

Going backwards a little bit; a year ago I started to feel longings for the Rocky Mountains, a longing to a place I'd never visited, at least not in this lifetime :-).

In my mind I associated it with the Native American culture, and I thought I needed to travel to the Rockies and go through a vision quest under the guidance of a Native American Shaman.

I then wrote to my soul friend Stephanie, who lives in Boulder. I had met her a few years earlier in an international leadership program in California. I expressed my wish, and asked her if she knew of such a Shaman. She didn't.

At that same time back in Israel, I heard of a powerful Shaman who was arriving from Mexico to lead a vision quest. I thought it might be just the thing I was longing for, but in a more convenient version, so I signed up for it. It was supposed to include four days and nights of solitude in nature, no food, no water, and no shelter, only going deep

inside and meditating.

But the closer I got to the due date, the more I realized that I was already going deep inside, meditating for months, and that putting myself under those extreme conditions was not going to deepen this process.

Back to a few weeks ago, I'm already here near the beloved Rockies, meeting this man whom I consider to be a Shaman, and only two days before I'm about to continue my journey to San Francisco.

He gave me his card and invited me to spend some time with him when and if I come back. It was one more sign for me that I'm supposed to come back to Boulder, and so I did.

So today I spent some time with him and I realized more and more that I had no pulling to meet him again. It was an old school, old world kind of meeting, meaning a role game of a teacher meeting and teaching a student, meaning hierarchy - supposedly there is one who knows better than the other.

At this point in my life this idea is alien to me. The whole idea of one person being more important than another person is derived from feeling separated from the 'others,' and thus wanting to be of value to 'them,' hence, creating all kinds of roles by which we hope to become irreplaceable for 'them,' and feel we are needed and belong.

Sitting in the 'student' seat, playing my role as someone with

a lesser understanding, I asked myself what kind of question would I want to pose to the 'Teacher,' and I discovered none.

I actually just wanted to share my awe of creation and to the beauty of life. No roles, no hierarchy, only two souls meeting in the present moment to remind together of the infinity.

Later on I told Stephanie that I realized I didn't need an external reminder any more.  
I remember and I know from the inside.

To complete the circle, her reply was that the whole Shaman story was probably just a means to bring me to Boulder.

Why?

Who knows.

But I'm so very happy to be here.

These mountains seem utterly familiar, and I feel at home :-)

How did it happen - I'm about to tell you.

So here I am, writing in English through the already rising morning. It's not my mother tongue, but it's the language of the world today. I could phrase much more beautifully in Hebrew, using a much bigger range of vocabulary, having much more freedom of expression, and I could then get it translated.

But one of the greatest truths that I've learned to appreciate is that limitations are forcing us to a greater simplicity, and thus more accuracy.

Furthermore, I want to write to humans, not to identities, and writing in a foreign language helps keep my writing clean from cultural biases.

So I'm about to share with you what happened to me in the last 3 years. None of what you are about to read is researched, checked or verified, including quotes, facts, conversations and my own experiences.

All that is shared here is relying solely on my memory and my own interpretations and understandings.

I did Google here and there, though :-)

It is true just as much as it makes sense to you, and makes you smile.

## 42- chapter 2

The worst thing that could happen to me is that I will think bad things about myself.

So if I'm now thinking bad things about myself, then this very moment is the worst moment of my life.

This is as bad as it gets.

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Recently my soul friend Joyce shared something with me that she heard from a reverend regarding the biblical story of Joseph. As you might recall, in that story Joseph was about to die in a hole in the ground into which his brothers had thrown him, when a caravan drove by, saved him, took him to Egypt. The rest, as they say, is history :-)

“You’ve got to understand,” said the reverend, “that in those days, in order to get to Joseph at that particular moment in time, this caravan had to leave its starting point four months earlier.”

So four months earlier, when Joseph was still minding his own regular business, or not - maybe he was already praying for a change or feeling that a change is coming - his caravan was already on its way.

So the caravan that took me to Boulder started its engine a year ago, when my cousin Bahr in New York City proposed to who is now his wife, Jill. They decided to get married in the Bahamas, in June 2012.

So a caravan in the form of a flight ticket from Israel to the United States started its motion when I had just turned 42.

42 is a big deal.

Not so many people know about it, so I'll share with you what I know.

I've learned about this age through my friend Dafna, who studies the writings of Rudolph Steiner known as Anthroposophy. Dafna is one of my best friends, and the one who has known me the longest. We met in seventh grade, and still to this day have the ability to make each other laugh and cry more than any other person.

At the age of 42, Steiner says, the soul has completed its journey into the human form, and from that point on, there is a sense of unification; physical and spiritual are felt as two sides of the same coin, and the seeming conflict between them disappears. They are one and the same.

It is fascinating to me, that spending 42 sun cycles on this planet is actually completing something that couldn't be achieved in any other way. And I've tried to do it in a lot of

other ways.

But there are things, as I discovered, that only age can do for you.

And they are good.

Very good.

I feel a need to write about it, because nobody told me, while growing up, how good it would be to get older. Mostly, I heard how wonderful it is to be young, and that I should enjoy every bit of my youth, because it will disappear fast, and then I won't feel as good any more.

Well.

I didn't feel good at all when I was young.

In fact I felt terrible most of my twenties and thirties.

Only after I turned 40 did I start to feel some relief, and that's when my friend Dafna told me that the black cloud that had been hanging permanently above my head had disappeared.

Meaning, it was not only my subjective experience.

You could easily see on my face that I had not been enjoying life.

So what I'm about to describe, is how I experienced my own 42 year old shift.

But, as I discovered, this shift is happening to everybody.

It will take a completely different form with different people, but that it is happening, is universal.

Part of being human.

And as I discovered in my own case, 42 is approximately the middle of a process that starts earlier.

Mine started one Saturday afternoon, when I suddenly arose from my weekend couch posture, went to my computer, opened a new document, and wrote these words:

My name is Vara, I'm 40 something years old, and I feel I'm running out of time.

I'm not having any sickness.

On the contrary - I'm as healthy as a horse.

I didn't wake up one day to find out that my life is not mine because I have three kids, a husband and a mortgage, and that I didn't have one minute for myself in the last decade.

On the contrary - I don't have any of these, and in the last decade I did only what I wanted.

And it's not that I mourn the changes in my body and wish I could get back in shape and into my old high school pair of jeans.

On the contrary - I'm in top shape, I've never looked better, and I'm convinced that I'm stunningly beautiful.

I feel that I'm running out of time because soon, the story I've been telling myself about who I am, will be told so many times, that it would become an unchangeable fact, and I will be doomed to tell the same story and bore myself with the same thoughts and emotions again and again until the day I die.

I feel that the window of opportunities in which I still have the clarity to see and to choose to set myself free, is about to close up, and that I'm holding it open against enormous forces: daily life, habits, society, ideas, beliefs, and most of all - so many moments

in which I just can't remember at all what it is that I want.

So I invented this document as a tool to tell a new story about who I am.

I will use this tool to describe the actions and the progress of a new entity that will take my place and continue from now on to use Vara's life, while describing her past, which is also my past, from her point of view.

The facts will of course be the same facts, but the story she will tell about them would be different from the story I've told.

In this way I hope to achieve my goal: to set myself free from the old story, and tell a new one.

If this document will ever have readers, please note - from now on the story telling entity is switching.

Vara, as I knew her so far, will no longer be present in this document. She will most likely continue to exist outside of this document, but if this trial will be successful, maybe not for very long.

That's the end of the introduction.

The story telling entity is switching as of NOW.

From that day on, and for the next eight months, I wrote in that document on a daily basis. It served three purposes for me.

The first one was to adopt an observer point of view for whatever I was going through, enabling me a little distance from my daily drama.

The second one was to heal my past wounds. I rewrote my past in a way that was no longer painful, and discovered, that in fact, this wiser version of me was present at all the major junctions of my life, and that it was she who made all the important choices, and that those were very good choices. Basically I realized that in every given moment I had done the best I could based on my ability and understanding at that particular moment, and so did the people around me—no need for regrets and resentments.

The third and unexpected purpose was to describe the future, where this new, wise and happy entity is free to live a very adventurous life. In the future is where I am free to reinvent myself, to be who I really long to be, and who I really am.

That was the gun shot that signified the beginning of my integration process.

It was the way I got acquainted with my soul. But it will take three more sun circles and much more digging until it will fully emerge and become present.

42 - chapter 3

Thoughts are just thoughts. They are not reality, they are merely an attempt to understand and describe reality.

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I am an extremely intelligent person.  
I have a very strong mind and I've used it excessively throughout my life.

As a toddler I was so eager to understand this world that my father, responding to my needs, taught me mathematics, three dimensional geometry, and chemistry.

I spent my childhood reading whatever I could find about astronomy, and a lot of science fiction.

I read Asimov in fifth grade.

I majored in high school in mathematics, physics and computers. I'm a certified lawyer, certified Chinese Medicine therapist, certified life coach, and for fifteen years I was teaching classes of 40 students, preparing them for the SAT exams. Of course I also scored big time on that exam myself. Honestly, I'm really smart :-)

And so it happened that my strong mind came to realize the limitation of its own capacity....

The human thought is designed perfectly to detect patterns in an attempt to figure out what is going on around us and cope

with what we encounter.

It's very good on the practical level.

But, it can be very deceiving in perceiving what it means to be human.

Steiner says that the last part of the journey of the soul entering the human being is conquering the physical aspect of our form; it takes about seven years and starts around the age of 35.

During those seven years I was a regular practitioner of Kung Fu and heard constantly from my instructor that my thoughts were slowing me down - that I would learn much faster if I didn't try to understand things first, and that my thoughts were narrowing the stream of information that was flowing towards me.

I understood it.

With my thoughts :-)

I didn't know what to do about it.

I knew without any doubt, that there was something bigger out there. Not only had I heard about it and searched for it my entire adult life, but I also had glimpses into it here and there.

Being as 'mindy' as I was, it was almost devastating not to be able to open myself up to it because of my thoughts.

And so, at around 41 years of age, I had reached the glass ceiling of my thoughts.

After many years of studying and analyzing the world as I knew it through formal and informal education, things stopped making sense, and my thoughts were no longer helpful in giving me answers to the questions of life.

In my new search, I found a partner in my quest for understanding. He showed up in the form of a man whose brain was a perfect counterpart to mine.

I met D shortly after starting to change my life's story. In my old story I was unable to create a satisfying loving relationship with a man. In my new story I met D and we immediately fell passionately in love. He is a gorgeous Brazilian and a brilliant photographer who had lived the last decade in Europe. He speaks four languages, and has a brain that not only could cope with my brain's speed, but often was faster, and enjoyed the race.

We felt at home together.  
Our brains synchronized.  
Together we doubted and questioned everything we had heard or had been taught, watched tons of documentaries, shared lots of ideas.

We were communicating in English, but each one of us was a master of words in our own native tongues - Portuguese and Hebrew, and had read the entire dictionary in that language.

Our biggest passion was to find and observe patterns.

And patterns were everywhere: behaviors, thoughts and emotions of individuals, including ourselves, of societies, and of nations.

We found the similar patterns between the Favelas in Rio and the occupied territories in Israel, between all the organized religions and all the modern institutions, between him and me, past and present, music, art, science, economy, you name it. Everywhere we looked, there was a pattern.

It was fascinating.  
And it was confining - because if everything is patterned, where is the freedom?  
Can there be a life outside of the patterned world?  
D thought it could be found only outside of human society, in Antarctica, or deep in the Amazon.

I believed that as long as we have a human brain, we carry all the patterns within us, and that we need to seek the answer inside.

Meanwhile, for the first time in my life, practical life was not easy. I wasn't enjoying as high an income as I was used to, applying for a visa for D was an exhausting process, and after the honeymoon was over, hardcore emotions surfaced.

And then, on top of it all, for the first time in my life, my brain didn't supply me with good solutions.  
I realized that understanding the pattern didn't give me the way out of it.

Being as smart as I am, gave me some advantage - I trusted that I didn't miss any piece of wisdom that might be strolling out there. I admitted to myself that I had reached the limit of what my thoughts could do for me, and that the answer had to arrive from another arena.

It was a very low point.

Life felt like a struggle to survive.

I was desperate, and I was 41 years and 7 months old.

I was desperate enough to agree to meet Ruthy - a spiritual coach.

Now it may sound like this was the first time I had sought out help. But on the contrary, my spiritual quest started in my early twenties and I submitted myself to any therapy and self-help method I encountered and found serious enough, including: psychotherapy, alternative medicine and therapies, spiritual gurus, communes, all sorts of meditation techniques, and silent retreats.

And so, because I knew everything that was out there, and knew that none of them had the answers for me at this point, I was reluctant to try yet another one.

So when I met Ruthy I was completely on my knees, asking her between my tears to connect me to The Thing.

The Spirit, God, whatever.

Ruthy sat there and laughed.

“You’re already connected,” she said, “you are just confused.”

## 42 - chapter 4

“That bad, ha?” Talia said, sitting next to me on my bed full of tissues.

“So here is what we're going to do; we are not going to try to stop the fall, but we're going to open a parachute.”

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The next year I experienced an ever growing sensation of spiritual vertigo.

Talia is my second earliest friend.

I met her in basic training of my army service at the age of 18. She was standing next to me in front of the sweets vending machine when I was asking myself out loud which of my favorite candy bars I should buy?

“What's the question,” she interrupted, “take them both.” I immediately knew she was a keeper, and we have been best friends ever since.

Her way of translating reality into metaphors is one of a kind, and she has one of the biggest hearts I've ever known.

On that particular day I was so lost, that I called her and asked for an emergency visit. When she knocked on my door I dragged myself from bed just to open the door and then I

crawled back into bed.

Being such a sensitive person, she knew immediately that analysis was the last thing I could hear, and that what I needed was her love and friendship presence.

At that point I already recognized that my thoughts and analysis were my shells, buffering me from my bodily sensations: they could be emotional, sexual sensations, and even workout sweat and heart beats.

For some reason I wasn't comfortable with feeling my body, and each time those sensations were too intense, I went into my thoughts and analyzed whatever was going on. By doing that, I was partly screening the intensity as a way of coping. When the relevancy of thoughts diminished, I was flushed and overwhelmed with bodily sensations.

Being hugged by a friend was very helpful in those moments.

I was seeing Ruthy on a weekly basis.
Little by little she was unweaving my confusions, meaning my whole perception of reality.

Steiner said that at 42, we switch from being the doer, to letting IT work through us.

I was a big-time doer.
I was producing nature parties of hundreds of people for three years; I renovated the apartment where I was living in the

center of Tel Aviv into a masterpiece; and bought, renovated and sold for a profit another apartment without prior experience and knowledge. I managed the construction center of the commune where I lived in Costa Rica, knowing very little Spanish. I moved by myself to New York City and then to Paris. I traveled all around the world and during that time I produced D's photography exhibitions.

In fact, I was such a great doer, that my Kung Fu mates asked me to teach them how to manifest goals. So for a couple of years I was assembling groups and guiding them on how to do it, creating a model that was derived from the latest findings in neuroplasticity, my coaching experience, and Kung Fu.

For a few years at this time in my life I was making a living by coaching people and guiding them to get what they wanted. My perception of reality was that we can work our way to achieve the goals we set.

Isn't that what we were taught?
Find what you want, have dreams, set goals, put down time lines, repeat your affirmations, work hard, develop will power, and never, never, never, never give up.

I know the whole drill by heart.
I was into it from head to toe, personally and professionally.

But the shift that wanted to happen was stronger than me - my conscious 'me' - and the whole drill collapsed.

I could no longer manifest anything.
In fact, I was very, very tired.
I didn't have any energy or enthusiasm to chase after my goals, and now they all seemed as burdens and not as dreams. My life had become one big To Do list.

The only fantasy I had at this point was to live in an opposite universe: to view my time as my own, to relax, read, enjoy, meet my friends, or just gaze at the clouds, and to have the To Do list as an option I could refer to when and if I felt like it.

I will elaborate later on about fantasies.

Now I want to tell you about Ruthy's teaching to me.

42 - chapter 5

We are infinite light.

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This is the first and basic understanding that Ruthy would always come back to in every meeting we had.

It's very amorphous.

So I can only tell you what it means to me, and how I worked with it.

Well, first of all, it's a scientific fact.

It is also a scientific fact that these light particles that we are all made of behave in accordance with the thoughts that are projected on them. Communication between them happens in a spontaneous manner, much quicker than it would take to move through space at the speed of light.

For me, it means that reality is limitless.

These light particles can create every reality I can imagine, and much more, beyond what I can imagine.

Well history proved that alright - didn't it?

It also means to me that every other description of myself will be a mistake, because it will be much too narrow.

In case you didn't notice, this is a huge understanding to

have. If I am infinite light, an unlimited phenomenon just like every other part of this reality, then saying something like: "I'm lazy," would be to disregard the infinite possibilities those light particles could form, and stay with a very narrow and limited perception of reality.

And it's painful.  
Every time I say something like this about myself, I immediately feel pain.  
Don't you?

We were told that it's very important to be realistic, and to know our 'weaknesses.'  
What I see today, is that you cannot go more wrong than that, because if in Reality we are infinite light, then how could it be realistic to define ourselves?

Soon I discovered that most of my pain was derived from defining myself, and criticizing myself, and that those were just confusions that I had.

Not even mistakes I've made, just confusions.  
Because if I've made a mistake it means that I was wrong, or broken, or disturbed, or any other painful definition, which couldn't be Reality, because in Reality I'm infinite light.

So I enjoy very much the word 'confused.'  
If I'm just confused, then it's just a temporary state, and clarity can be there in the next blink.  
Now I'm confused, and oops! Now I'm not!

I also learned to rely on my bodily sensations in detecting what is true and what is not.

If my body is contracted, my breathing is shallow, and I feel pain, it means I'm confused, and believe something that couldn't be true.

When it's true, I smile and feel happy and relaxed.

I dwelled a lot on the confusion called 'laziness,' since it was something I told myself a lot.

I guess I told myself that I'm lazy because I used to be told that at home.

I really don't know why.

Most probably it was an inherited notion passed down through generations.

That's another thing I've learned to realize - when you are criticized by someone else, it means that they criticize themselves for the same thing, meaning they too are confused.

And of course it cannot be who they really are, because they, too, are infinite light :-)

Back to laziness.

I inflicted pain on myself whenever I thought I was lazy, and naturally I tried to fight it by trying to prove to myself and to the world that I'm not.

Becoming a hard worker is a famous medicine.

Except that it doesn't work, as every workaholic could testify.

Why isn't hard work - the antidote for laziness - effective?  
Because they are both meaningless, definitions created in our  
minds and narrowing our perception of who we really are -  
infinite light.

So what does 'laziness' really mean?  
I was lazing on my sofa and thinking about it.  
Lazy means that you don't do what you don't feel like doing.  
Obviously even the laziest person on the planet would just do  
what they feel like doing :-)  
And what is wrong with that?  
Aha! "There are things that you should be doing even if you  
don't feel like doing, or else...."  
Or else, means that I will not have what I want, or worse - I  
will not even have what I need.  
And so I will become homeless, beg for money in the streets,  
and since in the western world even the homeless don't die of  
hunger, I will just be very miserable, hate myself, and maybe  
even force myself to do what I don't like to do.

Well, this pattern of thought showed me that there is no  
difference between present and future, and that whatever I'm  
afraid to experience in the future, I'm already experiencing  
now.

So if I wish to be happy, and do the things I like to do in the  
future, then I need to teach myself how to do it in the  
present.

“Impossible,” said the thought.

"You can not stop doing the things you don't like to do, because they are the only way to get what you want and need."

Is that right?

Taking a closer look at life, showed me that this perception was not what happens in reality. A person could do all ‘the right things,’ such as having a great résumé and sending it to all the right places, and still not get a job. Whereas another person would do all the ‘wrong things,’ sitting in cafes with his friends, having a good time, and getting the most amazing job offer at 3 A.M. from a fellow drinker or smoker.

Another person is working hard at the dating game and surfing all the dating sites, and still is single, whereas the other meets love at the grocery store.

Seriously, can we really know what the right action is? Can we really draw a direct line between what we do and what happens to us?

Back to laziness.

This definition I realized was meaningless.

In reality there are just things that we are happy to do, and things that we are not.

And even if you search the entire planet you won't find a



single person who likes to do everything or one who likes to do nothing. So to define someone as lazy or not, would always be a confused assumption, and a painful one.

But years of labeling and definitions, generation after generation, have created a thick layer of pain inside my DNA and cells, waking me up early in the morning or disturbing my dreams with an urgent call, “you must do...!!”

I was about to drill into it.

But now it's time to look at what happened in my love life....

## 42 - chapter 6

King Solomon, the wisest of all men, wrote in the Book of Proverbs that the only thing beyond his comprehension is the way of a man with a woman.

And he had at least 1000 chances to dig it :-)

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How do relationships get created, and why do they end?
Till this day I only have heard speculations that don't satisfy my mind.

What I see is that relationships have arcs.
Some arcs are life long, some are one night short.
Personally I don't understand why we should aim to stabilize and prolong them - they are like waves in the ocean, they come and go.

We have no control over it, and we can not 'work' on it, because a relationship is a conceptual entity.

In Reality, there are two souls made of infinite light, that for some unknown reason resonate with each other for an unknown arc period.

My relationship with D started like a Hollywood movie.

I was at a dance party, looking Amazing, when I got a new realization - none of the men around me were resonating with my energy. Thus it was pointless even to attempt eye contact or flirting, and I might as well just have the best time with my friends.

Soon after that happened I went outside to have a cigarette, and suddenly I saw D.

As much as the other party participants felt flat, like on a black and white screen, D was multicolored and in 3D. I couldn't keep my head from nodding to him and smiling. It was beyond me, big time.

Falling in love and his moving in with me was as quick as light particles.

The few months of honeymoon were so full of romance, that I felt I was not only compensated for all the years before, but also that I had enough reservoirs for the rest of my life. We were kissing and making out constantly, dancing to Brazilian music in the living room, getting high, sharing stories, staying up night after night, while D was taking pictures of me nude, dressed, and everything in between.

It was great.

And, we could read each other's mind.
It's really very simple when the other mind is so similar to yours. When I blinked towards the window he knew that I

wanted it closed, when he blinked towards the table I knew he wanted me to hand him the lighter.

We had the same notion of what the house should look like, of when to do the laundry or wash the dishes, we were synchronized to the max, and living together was effortless.

Chapter one was great.

Chapter two was different, naturally.

When I met D he was traveling the world, and Israel was on his route from Europe to India. Stopping for a few months was one thing, settling down was quite another.

We 'decided' to go for it.

Later on I understood that decisions are just another misconception.

In reality we only think we decide.

In reality we make tons of 'decisions' and 'resolutions,' but the majority of them stay in our heads (e.g. starting a diet).

In those few times when there is an alignment between our 'decision' and our actions, we say proudly, "I've made a decision."

Well, come on.

Get real :-)

In reality, greater forces than our conscious minds are at play, acting through us, and later on we tell magnificent stories of why we did such and such.

Even the Supreme Court judges don't really make decisions - in Law School it was a famous joke that the judges would shoot the arrow first, and then draw a target around it, writing hundreds of pages to 'explain' their rulings.

Well, I guess King Solomon was smarter than that when he ruled between the two women who fought for the same child - he simply let the truth reveal itself, and no further explanations were necessary :-)

So In reality D and I responded to what wanted to happen, and the next six months were really hard. It was the end of 2010, and I was already 41.

D had two citizenships: Brazilian and Dutch. For him to stay permanently in Israel, we had to apply for a visa from the Israeli ministry of interior, on the basis of being a couple. Till we could get that he had to stay in the country but couldn't work.

For six months we strolled in and out of the Ministry of Interior's offices, with waiting rooms that looked like the love boat on our good days, and like a refugee camp on others. We chased documents all around the world with the help of friends in Brazil and the Netherlands, and the kind workers of FedEx.

Reality tested our resilience, and until we were on our knees surrendering with despair, we experienced all kinds of bizarre

procrastinations, from a strike in the Israeli Embassies, to documents held by Customs in the airport. “But it has no value! It's just a piece of paper!” I was begging to the Customs Officer. “That's the procedure.” I was told. We got the visa in April 2011, and those six months weren't romantic at all.

A few years earlier D went through a similar process with his ex wife in the Netherlands, and the scars were still fresh. In fact every scar and every wound he had ever experienced surfaced and our dialogues became pain oriented.

I believed I could help him to heal himself with my love and strength.

It was time for me to discover that we can not help another human being.

42 - chapter 7

“With great power comes great responsibility,” said aunt May to Spiderman.

That's when the fun part of having this incredible new body ended, and the drama started.

What crap!

~~~~~

I met Joyce in 2008 in the same leadership program where I met Stephanie in California. It took one blink for one lioness to recognize another.

We share the sensation of being very competent and the instinct of protecting and helping everybody around us. At the same time we both never wished to become mothers of children of our own.

When we met recently again, we discovered that in the few years that had past since then, we both stretched our ability to help others to the max, and that it didn't help - that 'help' doesn't help.

How come?

I truly believed that I could help another human being. I also believed I'm supposed to help others; that I'm supposed to share my gifts, whether they are material, emotional or spiritual.

Basically, I believed that if someone else needed something I have, I'm supposed at least to consider giving it to them.

I loved D dearly and felt committed to him.  
He was miserable, and I wanted to make him happy.  
I believed that if I had what he felt he lacked, then I should give it to him, and then he would be happy.  
So I devoted every resource I had to it.

I failed grandiosely - he just kept feeling worse and worse.

How could that be?  
It took a long and miserable search to discover the reason.

In one of Carlos Castaneda's books, his teacher, the Nagual Don Juan, said that humans really like being told what to do, but they like even better not doing it, and hating the one who had told them to.

Our first instinct is to think that the other person's unfortunate circumstances, what we sometimes call 'problems,' are a result of their ignorance regarding the right actions they should have taken, what we sometimes call 'mistakes,' and thus we should give them better 'advice.'



But somehow, even when they agree with our wise ‘advice’ they seem reluctant to do something about it, and even when they try to act on it, it doesn't bring the results they were supposed to bring.

Why?

Because reality is not a result of our actions, but a reflection of our confused beliefs.

If we believe the world is a mean place, then that's what we are about to find ‘out there.’

As frustrating as it may sometimes be, we cannot change the ‘out there,’ for another human being, because they will continue to see only what they believe should be ‘out there,’ and ignore the rest.

D and I could witness the same situation, and have opposite experiences. I could see kindness where he saw cynicism, opportunities where he saw locked doors, and there was nothing I could do to convince him otherwise.

I had no access to his mind and his ability to be happy. All my attempts to knock harder on his soul's doors failed, and it took me a long while to understand that it's also none of my business; that my only business is to take care of my own heart and soul.

Meanwhile, it got worse.

Not only didn't he get happier, but his problems seemed to grow bigger.

Why?

More digging into what are 'problems.'

A 'problem,' I found out, is our definition to some argument we have with reality, when we believe 'it isn't suppose to be this way.' And we define as a 'mistake' - an action that supposedly led to the circumstances that we interpret as 'problems.'

In reality, however, there are no 'problems' and no 'mistakes.' There is just what there is. Some call it 'suchness.'

It is ignorant to argue with reality, and hilarious to hear politicians declaring with great pathos that they "will not accept such and such!" Well, reality doesn't really care what we accept and what we don't.

As long as I kept on believing there are real 'problems' over there in D's life, I continued to support this state of mind, and dragged myself willingly ever deeper into his drama.

And just as everything grows as much as we focus on it, the drama got bigger, and with it, the 'problems.'

But I was persistent and determined.

I also believed that the size of the pie was a given, and unchangeable.

That if I have 'it' – 'it' could be anything, from money to friends, to opportunities, to time and energy, and even health - then I could and should give it to him, because it won't come to him in any other way.

I would then ask Ruthy what to do, and each time she would say:

“Do what makes you happy.

Does it make you happy to give it?

Because if you are feeling you have to do it or you won't get some results, if you are not acting out of joy and fullness, then it's pointless.”

“In reality, every action that is a result of a scarcity state of mind will bring more scarcity.”

“You don't have to believe me,” she said, “check it for yourself.”

So I did.

I sacrificed everything I had in an attempt to 'help' D. My friends thought I was either crazy, noble, or naïve - or all of the above. Even he thought I was exaggerating.

As a result, I became more miserable giving what I really wasn't that happy to give, and more frustrated not seeing any

improvements.

He became more miserable because he believed even more in his 'problems,' and on top of it felt that he was disappointing me. Not to mention the moral debt that he felt he was accumulating and resented.

When we act out of morality, I discovered, we will definitely create moral dilemmas. Reality, though, will not change.

Spider-Man is a great example of that - the more he was trying to help, the messier things got :-)

When I looked closer at the 'problems' that other people and I believed we had, it always came down to some bad thing we thought about ourselves.

All the arguments we have with reality are just a cover up to some bottom line belief, "I'm not good enough, there is something wrong with me, and I need to fix myself."  
Or some other form of painful labeling.

Reality, by itself, is perfect just as it is.

Wherever we imagine there is an imperfection in reality, Ruthy taught me, we are invited to find what the bottom line of our argument is - what kind of bad thing do we believe in about ourselves.

This bad thing is of course a confusion, because in reality we are much more than that - we are infinite light! When we

remember that, again and again, all of a sudden we realize there is nothing wrong with Reality.

That it is 'suchness,' and there is really no need to change it. What a relief :-)

If we really want to help another human being, what we can do is to remember the truth. And the truth is always that we are infinite light, and since what we see outside of us reflects our confusions, it's an invitation for more clarity.

No action is needed. Just observation.  
Not even sharing with the other human about what we see.  
If they want to hear - wonderful and lots of fun.  
If they don't - makes no difference.  
Maybe less fun :-)

When clarity is present we relax, we are back to our bodies and to the present moment.  
The other human's heart will respond to that and relax too, feel their bodies too.

Then what we usually discover is that we are alive, we are breathing, and in most cases there is a roof over our heads and some food in the fridge.

When we are relaxed and clarity is present the light particles reflect that, and form new circumstances.

So the best thing we can do for another human is simply to

remember. “Not to do anything?” the mind screams,  
“That is completely irresponsible.”  
That goes completely against our nature.  
Or should I say - our second nature.

## 42 - chapter 8

The concept of 'responsibility' is a cosmic joke.  
Could we be more delusional thinking our small brains with  
their limited capacities can compute and control this vast and  
limitless creation?

That it's our 'responsibility' to make it right?  
We must be kidding.

~~~~~

Spring 2011.
I'm turning 42 soon, and my world collapses.
I start to emerge out of the world of stories.
All of them.

From early childhood we are taught the consequences of our
being 'wrong' or making 'mistakes' is what creates our
'problems.' That's how our personal myth of creation is
formed.

From now on we are responsible for our lives.

To be a responsible person is so highly valued, that it took me
much observation to see it from all its different angles, until I
finally discovered that this too is just another concept :-)

Being very rooted in the self growth and coaching world, I

learned that stories and narratives were everything.
Our lives are created by our thoughts and beliefs.
Our narratives define what we see outside of us.

So if we are not happy with our life circumstances, it's only because our belief system, our story, is reflected back to us. Assuming 'responsibility,' I learned, was switching from blaming the world for that, and understanding that it's in our own hands to adopt a new story and change our reality.

I can't count the number of times I've used and guided endless techniques that aimed at the adoption of a new story: some in dark and quiet rooms, some hanging from fifty foot tall trees, some in front of large crowds, some within the intimacy of one person, writing, shouting or whispering all kinds of affirmations and declarations.

I even invented some of my own.

But for some reason it never touched the core of my being. When I watched all the great and famous motivational speakers that promoted this idea, I got the feeling that it was a lot of effort - that maintaining the new story is a 24/7 job. None of those speakers gave me the sensation of good, simple and relaxed peace of mind.

Assuming 'responsibility,' so I found, was just another way of saying again that I'm wrong, and that I should be working harder; this time not in the outside world, but in the inside world. That I should work harder at building a better story.

Well, how about that!

Now, instead of inflicting pain on myself for not being able to change my reality, I inflict pain on myself for having a bad attitude, a wrong story. In both cases I'm wrong, or disturbed, or just stuck in the world with the wrong set of mind frames.

And this cannot be true, since we are all infinite light.

The truth that I found is that all narratives are untrue by definition. They are all a mere attempt to explain reality. The reason we adopt them is because a narrative, a story, is like a line that connects the dots of the chaotic happenings and gives us a sensation of knowing, understanding, controlling and even predicting the world around us.

We couldn't be more confused.

The events keep on surprising us, and we keep on thinking that we should have seen them coming, that the handwriting was on the wall.

We blame ourselves or others if we think the events are 'bad,' and we congratulate ourselves and think we got some reward from the universe for our good attitude and behavior - if they are 'good.'

We believe that if we find a good explanation for why things

are happening, we can predict the future and prepare for it.
And that this is being 'responsible.'

It's unbelievable how much time, money and effort we put
into analyzing the past and making conclusions.

'Conclusion,' is another funny word.
We actually believe that it is something helpful.
We actually think things are just repeating all the time, so if
we understand what happened, and have a 'conclusion,' we
can do something different and better next time.

We refuse to accept that reality is chaotic, so we hold on to
our stories. Can you see that it's all just an illusion?

Every time I mentioned the word 'responsibility' to Ruthy,
she would laugh.

"Why do you think you need to be 'responsible?'"
"So you can plan and secure your future?"
Tell that to all the responsible people who lost everything due
to war, hurricanes or 'just' a stock market collapse.

"So you could keep your promises?"
Some of them are definitely not worse keeping, as fifty
percent of married couples can testify.

'Responsibility,' so I've learned after long research, was just
another tricky way of telling ourselves that we are wrong and
need to change, that we should do something that we don't

feel like doing.

Even the spiritual search for freedom, the most private thing a human being can do, could easily be turned into a 'responsibility' we have towards our eternal soul, God, or humanity as a whole.

It all started to seem like one big madness of ideas, theories and stories, all burdening with commitments and efforts. It made no sense to me that I was put on this planet to work hard at their service. It couldn't be that I have so many responsibilities and commitments simply by being alive.

That's not to say that we don't have an effect on the world. On the contrary, we have a huge effect. When we love, there is much more love in the world, when we are peaceful, our whole surroundings calm down, and when we set ourselves free we impact the entire universe. But to say we have a responsibility to do it is an oxymoron.

Back to spring 2011.

I accepted that all narratives were equally untrue, mere confusions and narrowed perceptions of reality. It worked on me like a domino effect.

It meant that:
I know nothing about reality;
I know nothing about who I am;
I'm truly and deeply helpless.

At this point it was pointless to continue any activity that was goal oriented. It made no sense anymore.

When I was goal oriented I came from scarcity and the hope to have in the future what I still didn't have in the present. Understanding that coming from scarcity will create even more of that, and that I have no control over reality, pulled the rug out from under my feet.

Within a couple of months I dismissed myself from all the projects, partnerships and trainings I was involved in, including my Kung Fu practice.

It felt like a lifetime momentum was coming to a halt.

When I shared that with a friend, a college coach, she said I was very courageous to expose myself in this way. I didn't feel courageous. Courage was just another concept, an idea.

I felt I had no choice; that my mind couldn't buy into any story anymore.

42 - chapter 9

In Hebrew the word that means selfish - 'Anochi' - also means 'I Am' and is used in various places in the Bible when God refers to itself.

From the same root, derives the Hebrew word 'Anachi' which means 'vertical,' the connection between heaven and earth, if you will.

~~~~~

In the summer of 2011, I turned 42.

I spent that summer almost unable to communicate or do.

I celebrated my birthday with a turned off cell phone.  
The only thing I felt I could handle that day was going to the movies down the road, to watch the last chapter of Harry Potter in 3D.  
With some popcorn.

At times, it took me a few days to initiate a simple task like purchasing dental floss in the 24/7 store just under my building.

Beyond my control to resist it, the universe manifested for me my only remaining fantasy - my time was fully mine, and my

To Do list was optional.  
Ironically, I found out that somehow the To Do list shrank dramatically, and items that were sitting there for years, got their day of glory without planning at all. I even found myself on one very hot day scratching and painting the humidity stains on the ceiling. I couldn't believe it myself :-)

I lost my appetite.  
At any other time it would have made me really happy to lose so much weight, but at that point it felt simply like losing 'it.'  
What was 'it'?  
My sanity?

I looked into the meaning of sanity and discovered that that too is just a label, a definition that at its best shows me how far I am from the commonly held beliefs.

Yes, I was losing my mind, but the mind I was losing wasn't sane at all. It was full of drama, definitions, patterns and confusions.

A few of the people around me were loving and understanding. Others, including my life partner, freaked out or got very angry.

I was harshly accused of being selfish - my biggest nightmare. Words such as mean, cruel, and even inhuman, were also tossed in the air.

Again, I was called selfish since childhood.

Not only by my parents, but also by my friends.  
I guess I was an introverted child, not so much aware of the  
outside world.

Being selfish, I was told, was a very bad thing.

Naturally, in the course of self discovery and growth, I  
explored the nature of selfishness itself.  
One of my attempts was to try to become the opposite of  
what I thought selfish is, and giving everything I had to  
others.

But as I found out, not only didn't it benefit the recipient,  
but it also did not eliminate the sensation of my being selfish.

Same as with the case of lazy versus hard worker, becoming a  
giver didn't erase the selfish. I had to go deeper than that.

So I started a quest into what does selfish mean.  
Part of it was asking my closest and longest support system,  
Talia and Dafna, if they perceived me as selfish.  
“Yes and no” they said.

“You are selfish in a good way.  
In the past we resented you for being so honest and  
connected to yourself. Today we learn from you and  
appreciate you for it, because it makes you the most reliable  
person we know. We trust that when you say ‘Yes’ when we  
ask for your support, it's a real yes. Not a polite yes.”

“In fact” they said, “you are the most giving person we know, because when you say ‘Yes’ you are 100% there for us, with a full and unconditional heart.”

“Furthermore, when we are asked by others for support, we ask ourselves what would Vara do, and it gives us courage to be honest. And the best thing is that we feel free to say ‘No’ to you without feeling guilty, knowing that you would do the same without even blinking.”

So why did other people accuse me of being cruel and inhuman?

I discovered that it happened when I didn't participate in their stories, I didn't accept the ‘should’ and ‘shouldn't’ they were living by, the rules they set and obeyed. It was a big challenge to withstand their accusations and not succumb to their demands to do as they wished.

At home with D I faced the biggest opposition. Whenever I shared with him my pain of being accused by another as selfish, he joined in with them enthusiastically, pouring his own oil on the fire.

At that stage of our relationship arc, he felt I had abandoned him emotionally after he had fully opened his heart to me. That was true in the old sense of things, but also, it was a lot of confusion.

Yes, he opened himself fully to me, and so did I with him.



And yes, as I shifted away from buying into narratives - as I found all of them with no exception to be irrelevant - the merciful and empathic partner he once had was now gone.

I didn't love him less, but I didn't participate anymore in his story dance, and that he could perceive as inhuman.

His mind, his story telling mind, needed to create a better drama that would provoke some drama out of my mind, so we could again be in familiar territory.

If on a regular day his mind was at least as fast as mine, now it was about to give its best shot on the home stretch to the finish line.

See, we have the ability to implant our own thoughts in other people's minds, and convince them that they are theirs. Before we gain some level of consciousness, we do it subconsciously, and get frightened when we hear our most nightmarish thoughts spoken out loud from others around us, or melt when they speak our sweetest thoughts about us.

One dear friend of mine, for example, had a strong notion that her presence is unpleasant. For years I didn't initiate any meetings with her, and I didn't respond enthusiastically when she initiated them, although whenever we met it was great.

One day I saw it - her deep belief that people didn't like her presence. I saw it like a facade she put there between us. I started to laugh :-)

“That's it! You can't fool me with that anymore!  
You convinced me with your story till now, but not anymore.  
This is not reality!”

This is actually how we manipulate each other to react to the way we expect the world to be. The more convinced we are in our own perception of reality, the more we ignore Reality. “Please don't confuse me with the facts” my friend Talia used to say.

Magicians, mentalists and advertisers know a lot about this, and D, God bless his sweet and adventurous soul, learned from the best of them.

He is very good, and I am as naïve as a pillow.  
He would play with my mind like a cat plays with a bug.  
Sometimes he fooled me so easily he couldn't help himself but laugh and confess.

So he would think the worst thing about himself, and accuse me of thinking the same, which would become his ultimate proof that I was indeed cold, dishonest and cruel.

That was the best school ever in learning that all thoughts, no exceptions, are pure lies, even if they felt like ‘mine.’

I remember one specific episode where he would just read my mind, get ahead of my thoughts and wait for my mind to catch up to his, so he could tell me my next thought,

simultaneously as I was realizing it.

I felt like I was on a bad trip.

As if the world was turned upside down.

All I could hold on to was concentrating on my breathing, trying to relax my body, and reminding myself that if what he said made me criticize myself or him, and contract, it couldn't be true.

That the truth is, we are both infinite light.

On the other hand, in other moments he could be crystal clear and understand everything I was talking about. It went on and off like this for months.

It was very confusing, because we lived in two dimensions at the same time. One dimension was of the heart, the physical heart - the organ from which our energy field is generated, as scientists can show us today. In this dimension we are all interconnected, parts of the whole.

The other dimension is our stories, self image, definitions, and narratives. This is where we feel separated, afraid, needing to be on guard and check constantly, "Is this happening good or bad for 'me'?" - meaning my separated entity.

In this stage of our journey together D and I had one foot here and one foot there. Love was present every moment, bringing a lot of tenderness and caring, while the stories were

very present too, isolating us from one another.

At the same time, not understanding why, we still didn't want to depart. Life together was a nightmare, and we brought up the option of separating a few times, but for some reason, both of us in tears, neither of us wanted to.  
Not yet.

We still loved each other tremendously, and were completely devoted to each other, supporting one another as much as we could during our personal valley of shadows.

Life is indeed a mystery.

## 42 - chapter 10

Being human is challenging at times.

~~~~~

When I asked Ruthy for something to hold on to in this period of complete spiritual vertigo, she gave me a few guidelines:

Stop doing what you are not happy doing

Listen

Follow the signs

Look for synchronicities

Practice Yoga

The first and the last were not easy, but understood, synchronicities were ok, and I would follow the signs happily, had I known where the fuck they were.

But listen?

To what?

Having no access to it, I read the Alchemist again.

Still no clue.

I really didn't know how to approach this task.

I had heard these instructions, that are so commonly mentioned in the new age vocabulary, thousands of times

before, but when coming to focus all my being and intentions on them, suddenly they were just words.

But I did know, after years of practicing Kung Fu, how to focus my attention on my bodily sensations. Being unable to do anything else, that's what I did, day in, and day out.

It was like digging through archeological layers, each one of them surfacing loads of confused thoughts. The layer of anger was accompanied with thoughts that wanted to convince me that I was treated unjustly, and the layers of fear and pain produced thoughts of their own.

At this point I understood that the stories and thoughts were just a byproduct of my storytelling machine when I encountered a strong emotion - that in dwelling on them, I only enhanced those strong emotions, and instead of calming myself down, I created more heat.

I took on the task of being with those emotions and the sensations they provoked in me without believing my thoughts, whose constant message I've learned to recognize, "there is a 'problem' and you should 'think' how to solve it."

So I was angrily screaming like a lunatic, frightening D while apologizing that it was nothing personal. I was waking up to the sound of my heart beating in anxiety attacks, staying frozen in bed for hours, telling myself that it's just a sensation, and that there is no problem in my reality, although it seemed very real that 'problems' were abundantly 'there.'

I felt pain and loneliness that made me cry for hours.

While ignoring all the thoughts that were telling me that there were real and good reasons for all those emotions, that I did have a valid story to back them up with, I came to realize that those layers of emotions were just part of being human.

That every human is carrying those layers within themselves, and that I was no exception.

That I was not worse or better than any other human being, and that each and every one of us feels those emotions at some point in our lives.

Every one of us will lose a beloved one; every one of us will feel loneliness, despair, sorrow, fear and pain.
And I'm no different.

I'm not worse or better than any other human being.

Oh My God.

Oh My God !!!!!

That was the tipping point, and I knew it on the spot.

From that point forward my pain and my tears were universal. I cried the pain of humanity.
My personal pain was just a particle in it.

My soul had penetrated my heart and had opened it.

"So that's what it means to be human", I realized.

I was on my knees with awe.

Literally.

A sensation of genuine humbleness appeared within me.

Oh my God.

No shame and no self-pity are relevant anymore, as well as judgment or arrogance.

We all walk here, sharing the same thoughts and emotions, and none of those thoughts or emotions could be alienated or inhuman.

We all share the same structure, and even the worst of the serial killers or the best of the saints have the same thoughts and emotions as me.

Wow.

And none of these thoughts and emotions is real!!

An even bigger Wow!!!

And the best thing I could do for the world is to remember that, and remind others, if they want.

Well, that makes a lot of sense now.

When we finally surrender to the demand of the heart to stay

open, we have no choice but to let go of everything that separates us from the other humans and beings - letting go of all which is creating hierarchies.

Each time I judge myself, I go inside into my self pity and separate myself from the world around me.
Each time I judge another I go inside into my self importance and separate myself from the world around me.

Living with an open heart, as I perceive it today, means to love and accept everything without judgment.

That summer I experienced it strongly when I was sitting by myself - just gazing and meditating, as I couldn't do much more - in an outdoor cafe in Tel Aviv.

Suddenly a car stopped nearby, and five very angry people stepped out of it, screaming at each other, a few almost hitting each other while the rest of them were trying to prevent the violence.

While some of the cafe clients reacted, each with their own mind, interfering, calling the police, shouting, etc., I looked into my heart, and observed with compassion, that I too can sometimes get so angry, that I lose it, just as they did.

I didn't criticize them, or myself, for that.

42 - chapter 11

Hope is the biggest illusion ever created by the human mind.
It keeps our attention in the future, instead of in the present moment.

Despair, on the other hand, is a Gate to the Now.

~~~~~

In that summer of 2011 I renewed the apartment lease for another year. I knew already that the arc of this kind of life, living in the middle of Tel Aviv, was over for me, but I didn't have any idea what was next.

In fact, most components of my former life were released by then, and nothing else seemed to appear.  
No vision whatsoever.

Some call it depression - when you can't find anything to long for, to hope for.

I know a lot about depression - I've spent significant measures of my life in that land.  
I didn't feel depressed.  
I felt empty.

So I investigated the meaning of Hope.

In the state of Israel, where I grew up, the national anthem is called The Hope. It says something like this:

Our hope is not lost yet  
This hope is 2,000 years old  
To be a free people in our own land  
The land of Zion, Jerusalem

For the first time I noticed the ridiculousness of the words I had sung automatically since elementary school.

The state of Israel was founded in 1948.  
In only 63 years, the Israelis built a state of the art country: modern, prosperous, with an economy that withstood the 2008 crises better than most of the rest of the world, with famous high tech industry, leading agriculture, huge medical tourism, as well as gay tourism, and a very stable democracy. Not to forget, of course, world glorious Trance music and Trance DJs :-)

And we still have the hope of one day being a free people in our own land?  
What kind of bullshit is that?  
Could you get any freer than that?  
What exactly are you waiting and longing for?

Well, Bob Marley also contributed his share when he said:  
“Everything is gonna' be alright.”  
With God's will.  
One day....

(That's why I don't like Reggae... I love it!)

Hope, I realized, is putting me in the victim's seat, longing for tomorrow, the tomorrow that will never show up, because it will always stay 'tomorrow,' will never be now. Holding onto hopes is a habit that will always keep me unsatisfied. If I'm hoping now, it means I will always hope, and the 'good now' will never come.

So if I give up on hopes, what are the other options?

Letting go of tomorrow, and the rest of the enchanting promises of the future, and being with the now.

Giving up the false sensation of controlling the future, and giving in to helplessness.

Going in the opposite direction of anything I was ever told.

That felt like loosening the last finger hold, allowing the free fall, and accepting that all there will ever be for me is whatever exists now.

I gave up.

That was scary, but nevertheless, doable.

The 'now' at the beginning was only my heart beats and bodily sensations, most of them not comfortable at all.

But the more I got acquainted with the now, it expanded and

more things started to show up.

Information was one of them.

As I was sitting with another person, hearing them usually expressing concerns about the future or regrets about the past, I tapped back into the now, into my body sensations that were the gate I knew to the now, and felt the truth and clarity which was under the confusions - theirs, because they brought it up, mine, because if I see it outside, it means it must also be inside.

Every confusion that was delivered to me by another person was an invitation from the universe to observe my own confusion that was only reflected to me through them. Meetings with friends, as well as coaching sessions, turned into meditations.

I listen, I go into my body, into the now, and I find clarity.

When clarity is present, I speak truth, and the other human starts to relax and smile.

Somehow all humans recognize truth instantly :-)

## 42 - chapter 12

Fantasies are like bread crumbs we left for ourselves, so we will know how to recognize our own soul.

~~~~~

Then fantasies showed up.

As a coach, I learned to distinguish between dreams and fantasies.

Dreams were considered 'good,' and fantasies 'bad.'

Dreams were connected to reality, a goal you could work with and towards, step by step.

Dreams make sense.

Fantasies, on the other hand, were not 'real,' and the people who let themselves dwell on them lost connection with reality.

I was embarrassed to even have fantasies.

Let alone share them.

But I did.

With Ruthy.

And she encouraged me to cherish them.

There is no way, she said, that anything could exist only inside of you. If it's inside of you, it means it exists in the

world, because we don't come up with anything that doesn't already exist in the world.

Months later, my dear, dear friend Yaniv, who was doing his post doctorate in philosophy at Columbia University in NYC, told me that Plato said that we don't create nor learn anything new. We simply remember.

And these memories, in my experience today, are printed inside our bodies, our cells, our DNA. Learning new skills, or finding our path, is just allowing ourselves to tap into these memories.

Now I understand why my Kung Fu instructor suggested I shouldn't think it, but rather sense it. The information that was flowing wasn't coming from the outside, but from the inside!! What a great cosmic joke!!

During that period I was giving group coaching sessions once a month to two women, both of them exactly my age, 42. With their permission, I was facilitating and participating at the same time. And so, at that time, I came up with an exercise:

“If you were to go back to being 21 years old, but with all the experience, knowledge and wisdom you have today, what would you do?”

Full respect to fantasies.

My list looked like this:

I'm surfing
I'm doing air acrobatics on tissues
I'm fully in my body, super healthy, strong, fit,
flexible, skinny, and juicy
I'm traveling the world, meeting the people I'm
suppose to meet, and creating gatherings for
us in the most beautiful spots on earth
I'm innocent like a child, meeting whatever is coming
with the curiosity of a cat
I'm joyful and happy
I'm free

Well, almost.
Because I didn't let go yet of my last hope, to be happy again
with D.
We were not happy together in the present, but maybe we
could be happy in the future?

I already knew better than that - that there is no difference
between present and future, and that only what exists now
exists in the future, but I longed for a radical change.

So for a while I adopted D's dream; he wanted to learn, while
traveling, all there is about permaculture and ecological
building, and search for a place to build an ecological farm, in
which to settle down.

D believed this is the dream he gave up on when he
committed himself to our relationship, so I thought that

going for it together would be a good idea - a new beginning for us, a chance to be happy together again.

That meant letting go of the life in Israel and going for the unknown. We announced festively to our friends and family that we were about to leave in a few months.

By that time, the only thing that was still fixed in my calendar was my cousin's wedding at the end of June 2012. I'll first fly to the wedding, and then meet D somewhere in Europe where we will begin our journey.

That seemed like a plan.

Make plans, and God laughs.
Luckily, God has a great sense of humor :-)

The more I dove into planning and moving the plan into action, the more D was reluctant to make decisions, claiming that I didn't understand the consequences of giving up everything I 'got,' and that he can't be responsible for that.

It ended up by my slapping him across the cheek in the middle of a huge fight over it one bright morning in February 2012, and that was the beginning of the end of our arc.

He demanded an apology, and I couldn't apologize for expressing the truth. It felt so right, that a few minutes afterwards I felt something clicking in me, all the way down to my sex organs.

My soul was completing its journey into my human form.

It would only take a few more weeks of grief till we would be ready to say goodbye.

While still grieving our relationship, just a minute before I was to let go, I asked myself, “What, regardless of D, would I really want to do next?” The answer poured out of my body, “Go for your fantasy.”

And that's when I knew we were through.

Two weeks later I was in my car loaded with my belongings, saying goodbye to D, to my beautiful apartment, and to my life as I knew it so far.

Fantasies, I've learned, are the way our souls are whispering in our ears. All we have to 'do' is listen and enjoy the sensation they provoke in us.
Nothing more.

It is the sensation that exists right now that we are invited to tap into. If we can sense it now, we can sense it in the future. The rest is done by the universe, which has already launched the caravans that will take us with them to where we are supposed to be.

42 chapter 13

“Motek” (‘sweetheart’ in Hebrew), I asked the sexy red head man next to me, “how come we've watched this commercial so many times, and I still don't understand what it is that they are trying to advertise?”

“Do you know,” he replied, “how many things in this life I don't understand?”

~~~~~

I left my former life in the middle of May 2012. Until I would fly to the U.S. at the end of June, I intended to start the journey in Israel, visiting and staying with my friends all over the country (it's not that big to cover :-), spend some quality time with them, say goodbye, and rehearse for the big leap into the unknown.

My first stop was in Cesaria, where one of my dearest friends, Anat - the best and most successful transformational events producer in Israel - was sharing her life with Shlomo - a master wizard of body healing.

They lived in a beautiful villa they had turned into a retreat center, with detox retreats led by Shlomo and produced by Anat. Even though they had come to be together only a short while before that time, I met each one of them during the

same period of time in a commune in Costa Rica where I spent a year. That was around the age of 35, when the seven-year stage of the soul's journey into the physical aspect of my form began.

For me, part of this seven-year stage was going through detox with Shlomo that opened a new era of tuning my body. Basically since that point and during the years to follow, all the issues around food, weight and body image disappeared one after the other.

At that same time Anat arrived there, and attached herself to me on her very first day. She convinced me that she was too frightened to sleep alone in nature (years later I learned how very experienced in fact she was in camping). She nominated herself to be my assistant in the bakery where I was in charge of the bread making, and she followed me wherever I went. This juicy woman has the most sensitive nose for bullshit, and she sensed that there would be no bullshit between us. She is the one who years later introduced me to Ruthy.

When I was about to begin my journey in Israel, Anat asked me to join one of their detox retreats as an assistant.

I was heading there after saying my last goodbyes to D in my car that was overloaded with the remains of my former life.

The way from Tel Aviv to Cesaria took much longer than usual. Partially because there were items attached to the car's roof, forcing me to drive really slowly, but mainly because I

was having a sensation of dissolving into light particles, not sure where I ended and where the other cars began.

It felt fantastic, but also a bit dangerous.

“Not while driving please,” I told myself, “you can melt as much as you want when we get there” :-)

Shortly after I arrived, I met the man I would fall in love with within the next week.

Life is indeed full of unimaginable surprises.

Seriously, when reality is so much beyond our wildest imagination, why do we even bother to make plans?

My deepest intention for this retreat was to be a presence behind the scene. I can easily be the center of attention. I have a charisma that can make a hall full of people hold their breath. But at this point all I wished for was to put my identities behind me.

And so for five very intense days, with the detoxification of the body, I was praying to dare to be without knowing, innocent like a child, and egoless transparent. Part of what left me, was shame.

By the end of the retreat, I was supposed to continue on and sleep over at my friend Talia's. When I spoke to her that afternoon, I told her that there was a good chance I would not see her that night, and that I would spend the night with a man I was strongly into, although he didn't know anything about it, yet.

I couldn't say that that was what was going to happen for sure, but I saw it as a strong possibility. Ever since, I've learned to observe possibilities. They appear on my radar, I enjoy their beauty, and I know it's not my business to take care of their probability.

Reality is in such a rapid and constant change, that the probabilities of happenings are changing by the minute. Trying to control these strong energy movements is like trying to control the ocean - literally.

But this strong physical pull between this man and me was pretty constant and unusual. That same night, when we made love, I felt as if I were making love for the first time in my life, that I had found the thing I hadn't known that I was even missing.

In a complete contrast to any other human I had ever shared so much time with; in this man the analyzing level seemed non-existent. Bringing up complicated ideas, referring to books and movies, using analogies and metaphors, were useless.

Even my great expertise of playing with synonyms was pointless. Being unable to use my old skills, I realized we didn't really need them. And I was willing to experience life through the physical dimension.

And he was a master of the physical realm. He has mastery in a great number of sports fields, a few of them at a professional

level, and he manifests most of what he wants in reality, effortlessly.

When I met him he had just turned 50, and his life story was a combination of extraordinary and unplanned Forest Gump like events - a result of innocence and curiosity, and of Zorba like capacity to enjoy life to its fullest.

When he feels he wants something to happen, he simply waits for the path to open. In his perception, there is no possibility of it not happening, while at the same time, there is no clinging onto it. Life is already very happy and good.

After engaging for decades in intense physical activities, his body was a masterpiece of athleticism and he had almost infinite energy - when I was collapsing into afternoon naps, after long night sessions, he would go and play beach soccer.

And he thought me into paddling on a surf board for the first time in my life, getting me acquainted with the ocean, where, at his 42 years old transition, he started to experience the spiritual dimension of reality.

After spending the next month together until I left Israel, we felt we only had started to touch the tip of the potentiality between us, and when departing, we said to one another that longing is going to be enormous, and we are going to enjoy every bit of it.

## 42 - chapter 14

Happiness is zero friction with reality.

Drama is maximum friction with reality.

~~~~~

When I arrived in the U.S. at the end of June 2012, all I knew is that after the wedding in the Bahamas, I would spend a few weeks with my friends and family in NYC, and then fly to Boulder, Colorado resonating with my compelling longing for the Rocky Mountains.

While already in NYC, I received an invitation from my friend Joyce in San Francisco to come visit her, and the course of this journey unfolded a bit more.

When I landed in Denver one afternoon in mid July several significant events occurred: a person had just shot to death a few others in a local movie theater; Stephanie was just moving into her new place after leaving her husband of 23 years; and her mother, Ruth, was about to go under life risking open heart surgery.

Interesting circumstances, I thought.

In the two weeks I spent in Boulder I had the privilege of

assisting Stephanie in settling into a magical condo on the outskirts of South Boulder: decorating, carrying furniture, and assembling Ikea kits. I had the honor of escorting and witnessing Ruth, via meditation, going through her surgery, flat lining, and coming back to life.

Then, Stephanie took me into the Rocky Mountains. I felt I'm back home. The smells, the tastes, the sensation of the crisp air, the sights, the sounds, were all utterly familiar.

Good Lord, thank you.

As we hiked in the woods, my feet took me to a specific spot, and my body started performing all kinds of uncontrolled movements.

Inside me, faster than streaming light, realizations came one after another: you can heal the whole world, you are healing the whole world, that's it. Done.

Meanwhile, Stephanie told me later on, a humming bird, the creature with the largest ratio between heart and body weight, was circling around me.

When I took the 36 hour Amtrak train to San Francisco at the beginning of August, I knew I would be coming back soon.

On that train, totally spiritually elevated by the beauty and richness of the ride through the Rockies, admiring both

humans and nature around me, I wrote a journey journal, addressing it to my friend Yaniv in NYC.

Yaniv, who was working on his forth book after publishing two works of fiction and a professional book on philosophy, had been begging me for ages to write a book which would convey to a bigger audience at least a bit of what was happening in our meetings.

The last time we discussed this, was in July in NYC, and I told him that I'm waiting to find my voice. In the two days of the train ride, I wrote to Yaniv and tuned into the voice I had been looking for - the voice of two loving hearts and souls that reminded each other of the truth together.

Here is part of what I wrote to him:

Every once in a while my eyes are filled with tears out of love for the planet.

What kind of wired and exceptional planet is it, how did the miracle of spiritual entities dwelling inside biological earthling forms happen?

What and why is this phenomenon of spirit inside of matter happening?

When I think of fears, I find out that they lose their meaning when good and bad lose their meaning. If I don't hold on to any self image, good or bad, and I am accepting everything reality

brings to me with open arms, what is it that I have to be afraid of?

I keep going back to the understanding that the only thing that really frightens us is that we will think something bad about ourselves, that we won't like our self image, depicted inside of us, or reflected to us through the eyes of the other.

The beauty is, that the only thing in reality we really have access to, the only thing in reality we can change, is what we think about ourselves, and if we agree not to think anything about ourselves - nothing good that needs to be maintained, nothing bad to inflict pain on ourselves - then we are totally free.

The way to heaven is so simple, it's just one thought away from us.

I arrived in SF the first week of August.

I spent the next five weeks like a baby: sleeping, eating and pooping.

Most days I strolled between my bed, the kitchen, the sun bathing couch at Joyce and Alan's beautiful back yard, and the hot tub, taking breaks to have heart to heart conversations with them.

The few times I went outside of the house consumed a lot of energy. I disintegrated, and discharged stress accumulated over life times.

For Joyce and me it was a dream come true. A rare opportunity to spend limitless amounts of quality time together. We looked together into a lot of things; one of them was 'honesty.'

Our story telling machine can easily make us lie, even when we really try to be honest. So many times instead of sticking to the only truth we really have access to - what we feel in our body right now - we give a general statement that will bind us later on.

If a friend is inviting me over and I don't feel like it right now, that's really all I know.
That I don't feel like it right now.
Even if I turned her down for the fifth time in a row.

Making up a story in my mind that maybe we don't have anything in common anymore, or that I don't like her place, would be a general lie.

Tomorrow I might feel completely different.

But if we buy into our own stories, tomorrow, instead of tapping into what I genuinely feel at the moment, I will remember my own story and find a way to justify it.

That's how we build walls around our hearts.

We all have had those experiences.

We perceive honesty as something hard to do only because we make up general beliefs in our minds that are narrowing our perception of reality - I like this and I don't like that - and of the other humans.

And that hurts.

Anything that is less than infinite light hurts.

And this is not honesty.

This is just another story.

The only honest thing we can tap into and express is what we feel like in this very moment.

No conclusions, no general statements.

Like a child.

Simple.

On the way back to Boulder I wrote to Yaniv again:

I went on the train this morning.

Same train, only opposite direction.

And as you can't cross the same river twice, riding in the opposite direction is not like running a video backwards. Most of all since I'm not the same person I was five weeks ago.

This time, it's the desert that bent me on my knees with gratitude and tears in my eyes. So much desert, with small little bushes, and each and every one of them is the crown of creation, a

masterpiece of God, not less.

*I feel I want to stop and look at each one of them separately,
cherish, bless, pray.*

*Suddenly an enormous flat of sand that I want to hold, embrace,
and cry; a whole planet that each square meter of it is like
infinity.*

And I never even liked deserts before.

Suddenly it seems meaningless.

*It's like saying you don't like blonds - how can you not love
anything?*

*How would you know what you're going to feel when you'll meet
something?*

Brother, I feel that I'm forgetting who I am.

Does it make any sense?

I feel myself mostly being.

*Thoughts are passing through, but don't leave any special
emotional registration.*

*Time is flying on the one hand, and on the other hand every
moment is infinite, like a continuous meditation.*

*Sometimes tears are just streaming, out of the joy of being alive
and witnessing this wonder.*

*I'm going back to Boulder after five weeks of Californian
disintegration, and I have no clue who it is who is going back,
what are her characteristics, how she will act and behave, what*

does she like and prefer, what is she capable of and what is she supposed to do?

Nothing.

Nada.

Just an ever deepening body sensation.

I watched a video you took of me while visiting you in NYC, and I don't recognize that woman.

She is great, and I like her a lot, but I'm not her anymore, and I don't know what is replacing her.

I feel that many lifetimes have passed since that moment, and that I didn't choose it, it's happening by itself.

The choosing 'me' disappeared.

Today it brings a sensation of sadness, but sadness as well is experienced as it is - not good, nor bad, just a sensation.

I had a chat on that train with a 24 year old Chinese student, who received his Bachelors Degree at the University of Florida in Statistics, his Masters Degree in Washington DC, and was now going for a five-year Doctoral Program in Chicago - the train's final destination.

While sitting in the view car, looking out at the divine landscapes of Colorado, he sighed and said he could be perfectly happy just living a simple life in nature.

“Why wouldn't you?” I asked.

“Because I need to give back to the world - this is my spiritual belief.”

“And how do you see yourself doing it?”

“I'm going to use statistics in the service of medical research, and help a lot of sick people around the world.”

So I told him a story. It's a chapter in a book I read, a Lord of the Rings kind of fantasy, but based on terminology and wisdom from the Kabbalah, written by an Israeli Rabi.

In that chapter, the greatest warrior of the army of Light, was given a clear order from the Leader to go to a specific spot in the woods, and wait for him.

Hours, days and weeks passed, the Big War between light and dark is battling all over the kingdom, and he wasn't called to join yet.

His whole life has been one big preparation for the final battle, and now he is just sitting there, waiting, doing nothing, while the rest of his allies and friends are giving everything they have.

As he was going through frustration, anger, grief and despair, the landscape around him was fading out of color, becoming more and more gray, reflecting his inner state.

*At one point his eyes got locked on one blade of grass.
Nothing special.
Just a common blade of grass.*

*“What is the function of this grass in the world?” He asked
himself.*

*“It just stands there, does nothing, and lets the wind blow it from
one side to the other.”*

And then he was stricken by it.

Dear Lord of Transformations!

*It is doing exactly what it is supposed to do, as am I at this very
moment.*

*As he bent on his knees with awe, the Leader appeared in front of
him with eyes full of tears,*

*“Thank you so much!!
You've been such a major help to us!!”*

“But, why? How?”

*“When one sole heart is opened, it affects the rest of the universe
infinitely,” said the Leader.*

“You should write a book,” the student said, “and inspire

people.”

I guess I do, I realized.

I arrived back to Boulder on September 12.

Being back with Stephanie, her family, her dog, and the Rocky Mountains, felt like Home Sweet Home.

Shortly after my return here my body started craving for physical activities.

In the next few weeks, and all through the writing of this book, I hiked, biked, danced, swam, did Yoga and drummed Brazilian rhythms as if there were no tomorrow (a slang expression in Hebrew that means full power, with joy, regardless of consequences), feeling that the more I raise my heart pace, the more the words are pouring from my cells, through my fingers and into my iPad.

The body knows, and the body speaks.

I have no clue of what the future will look like.

I've just discovered that my next step is to fly to Costa Rica.

Maybe I'll learn to surf.

I have a ticket for Nov 6, the American Election Day :-)

Life is always a big unknown, and the most important thing I've learned and practice since life is in constant change, is to relax into the change and accept whatever is here and now.

So it's October 2012.

I just turned 43 in August, and it has been such an unbelievable journey so far, that I cannot imagine what awaits me towards the age of 49, when Steiner says we experience a new sensation of freedom.

All my 49 and over year-old friends confirm that :-)

42 - last words

Freedom is living without a story, without a myth.

~~~~~

This is a typical story of turning 42.

The basic structure is; all you ever fantasize about is a message from your soul printed in your DNA, all the information is there, and it takes 42 sun circles to align it all together.

Looking backwards, it's crystal clear.

All the experiences and skills I've gained up until now are exactly what I needed to have in order to manifest what my soul was asking me to do.

Easy.

The fact that I can write this book in less than a month in English, is a result of being in English speaking environments for long periods of time. Also, being a lawyer and a teacher, helped me develop the skills of putting big amorphous ideas into a few simple sentences - as well as the benefit of having read thousands of fiction and non-fiction books.

For each one of us it's a completely different story.

It would be insane to try and walk in someone else's footsteps, or rely on their insight of what is best for us.

It would be complete ignorance too, to assume we know something about another human's journey, or what is supposed to happen in the world.

Everything that is supposed to happen to the planet has been embodied for billions of years in the earth's cortex, stored in those magnificent quartz stones, the same way everything for each and every human's lifetime is embodied in our DNA.

We Listen, hence We Know, hence We Are.

When I talk to people over 42 and ask them what happened around this age, I get a wide range of responses:

“Don't even get me started,”

“Can't recall anything special. But you know what - this is when I started to have a sensation of something bigger than me.”

“That's when I fell in love with myself.”

“How did you know? That's when I switched to...”

“Got divorced....”

“Started a new....”

“Met my soul mate....”

The common myth that our peak of intelligence and creativity is in our twenties, and that if we don't come up with a great achievement by then, we are only going down hill, losing thousands of brain cells every single day, is totally overruled by updated research.

In fact, not only don't we lose brain cells at all, but our brain stays flexible for our entire life, the peak of our professional and creative careers is somewhere between 45 to 60(!) with individuals that don't stop even after their 100th birthdays.

Everything is changing all the time.

The thoughts don't like that so much, as they want to hold on to something.

My experience showed me that as challenging as it may be, when we experience life through our hearts, is when we feel alive.

When we don't hold to a specific self image, we are just humble. We don't know anything about ourselves, and we aspire to respond to whatever will come our way in the most enlightened and compassionate manner.

Furthermore, we are soft and forgiving towards ourselves and towards the world, because truly, how can we really know for sure what was supposed to happen, how we were supposed to

react, what is right and what is wrong?

So if you feel a bit confused, as if things stopped making the sense they used to make, you are invited to let this story inspire you.

No action items required :-)  
Only willingness to be inspired.

We all have the built-in capacity to learn from another human's story without further instructions.

So dear brothers and sisters, fellow humans,  
Have a great and free life,  
Love and be happy and healthy :-)

Yours,  
Vara

Dear reader

I'm so happy you resonate with this book :-)

The rights for those words are a mind made idea, and not reality - feel free to share them in any way you are inspired to.

If you feel like contacting me regarding the book or any other idea that comes to you, I'll be very happy to hear from you at:

[42byvara@gmail.com](mailto:42byvara@gmail.com)

Pura Vida and Love :-)

Vara