

## **Warriors, We Are** – 2020 series of mind-meanders

### **Introduction to my current preferred style of writing**

Random questions and thoughts drift in and out of my awareness.

They stem from an attitude to life that, to the best of my ability, I have embraced throughout a ten-year practice under Yudit CS, my Jewish/Israeli mentor.

The rigorous pace of her daily teachings came to an abrupt end when, unexpectedly, she passed away, early one morning in 2016.

Since then, it is through the lens of the belief system Yudit passed on to me that I have cultivated reflections on the slowly adaptive mindsets that, through flurries of reactive impulses, have propelled humanity onwards since the dawn of time.



Thoughts never occur in isolation.

They don't pop up one at a time.

They don't sit in our mind in tidy rows.

Nor do they form clear patterns like flowers in a well-tended garden bed.

Instead, our thoughts infiltrate our mind as seeds dropped by passing birds.

If thoughts have what it takes to blossom into the flowers in our garden beds, they are at times weeds that need to be pulled out, preferably while still tender, to allow wholesome alternatives to thrive in their place.



Through the behaviour of others, mostly those we find confronting, the universe a.k.a. the energy field tends to show us something akin to the CT scan of our own mindset. It does so with the best of intentions. What we resent in others is equally toxic within us.



When, from deep down, we feel prompted to make a difference in our selves, in our workplace and family's dynamics, in our streets and in our communities, we allow ourselves a change of heart.

A change of heart leads to a change of mind – literally.

So, up to us to not fertilise the emotions and the thoughts that push us into actions/inactions that do not fit the overall heartfelt intentions of our true self.

Heads up: Our true self is the one who 'cares' – and cares deeply.  
She is the one whose constant impulse we occasionally feel prompting us into equanimity, compassion and kindness.



Back to my preferred style of writing, the paragraphs aligned on each page are the garden beds populated by 'seeds' caught in the flow of an intuitive interpretation of matters of the heart and soul.

And in truth, it takes that proverbial village, brimming with ideas both ancient and modern, spiritual, literary and scientific to sustain the seed-carrying stream of consciousness that is providing me with a hobby that I find immensely fulfilling.



Stimulation abounds for any writer who is open to observing and questioning What-Is and the purpose behind our human presence on Earth, here and now.

Indeed, the ever-widening and spiralling consciousness that has ensued from my early years on the path of awakening is constantly stimulated by new issues at the personal, social and global levels.

All par-for-the-course of being alive here and now on planet Earth.



Never in my thirty-odd years of enjoying writing have I ever sat at the keyboard to make 'writing' happen.

From romance novels to spirituality-oriented books and to these more recent mind-meanders, random ideas, concepts, words and phrases always come to me in the middle of mundane day-to-day activities.

Some appear and disappear too quickly, as does smoke from a candle.

Some linger long enough to be inserted in a semi-impulsive manner in the middle of a paragraph or another – or to begin a new section altogether.



Here is how I sense the process: once randomly guided into my consciousness by my higher self, keywords, phrases, thoughts from friends and strangers alike, headlines, quips, quotes heard, read or remembered, they all get assembled in short bursts.

I help them take root organically in a style which sometimes defies, not only many of the established rules of gardening – but also those of cohesive, linear writing – or so I'm told.

What I say is, *Long live the privilege of enjoying whatever creativity stirs us into action!*

*Up to each to indulge freely by feeling it, thinking it, drawing it, writing it, viewing it, sewing it – or cooking it.*



Hopefully, for you, dear Reader, whether you come across these garden beds of mind-meandering thoughts in 2020 or in 2040, they will read as colourful proliferations of mind-based challenges at the heart and the soul of our culture - grown nearby and from far away.



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