



Actually we already started

Description

It has been a long time since I last wrote here. And actually a lot happened. Sometimes when a lot is going on, it's hard to find the time to stop for a moment. I can find time to be within the moment, a lot of times, and I am grateful for it. But I just cannot seem to find the time for writing. The book is stuck. The blog is not moving. Facebook statuses were the maximum I did during the last month, I think. Oh, wait, and is WhatsApp considered writing?? Well, never mind, as long as we're here now.

So from here to there, we told our parents and families. They all accepted it quite well. My mother tried to say that it is very dirty there, in the east, and then gave up. When we were children, our mother always said to us "Pay attention". Whenever we went on a trip, or travelled to a distant place. "Pay attention". I have always been wondering what is this thing that needed to be paid attention to? And today I find myself saying the same thing to my children. This morning they went to a school camp, the whole school in a camp for two days, and again I told them when I hugged them before they left "pay attention". I wonder if they also think to themselves, why mom? Why pay attention? I'll ask them sometime.

And so we bought tickets. Thailand, where we want to begin the journey and where The One wanted to do his Dive Master. So we thought it made sense to do it first and then move on from there, probably to India. And then it turned out that only one day after ticketing a military regime was declared in Thailand. A revolt. Chief of Staff became the boss. We in Israel know that it is not always a good idea that the Chief of Staff is becoming the boss. But maybe in Thailand, they are not yet up to it, still experimenting. My mother always told me that one doesn't have to experiment everything, there are some pits on the way that it is not so necessary to fall into them in person. How would you explain it in Thai? Someone wrote to me on Facebook to find out who is in power in Thailand as our time to leave approaches. I told her "honey, I'm surprised at you, it is clear from the moment I get to Thailand I am in power. Isn't it? I am steering the Tuk Tuk of my life."

Here is our inventory count "we told the families, we bought tickets. Small stuff. I have much more to complete."

The One announced about it in his workplace. They are still trying to recover and when they do, we will check if there are things he can continue doing from distance, even a few hours a week. It's accurate and it's good and I believe it will happen. If it does not happen, I realize that it is probably not accurate and not good for us, and we need to let it go. We probably could sustain at least one year in a state The One does not work, and still be fine.

The house is for rent. I published an ad in the internet. I've it shared on Facebook. People started calling and coming. Everyone told me that I will find it hard to find tenants for the end of October because everyone wants to move in August. I published October 15 in the ad. The right and nice people will come by the middle of October, and get our lovely house furnished exactly as we want to leave it. These people are on the way. I'm sure of it. I made my request precise and I remind myself every day "the right people to rent the partly furnished house we let are really on the way to us. And when they come and meet us it will be a great joy, for them and for us. That's how it will be.

Today I spoke with Keren Zohar. She is a doula who traveled with her husband and three children, they came back two months ago. When I told her I ordered the right people at the right and precise time, she said to me, do not listen to anyone who tells you that it is impossible, that everyone wants to rent in August and that it will not work out. Just do not listen. She told me they let their house in April, partially furnished, exactly when that suited them. Precise timing brings the exact result. A conversation of two doulas, what else would you expect? But that's what is going to happen, exactly. For The One it is sometimes difficult to hold that thought so I placed my phone number in the leasing ad. I do not get cold feet when people call and are put off the date. It's okay. The people of the right time and place will arrive eventually. They are underway. Sometimes there are traffic jams.

Speaking of traffic jams. Last week was the first time in my life I was a phone doula. The parents, who I significantly supported through the entire pregnancy, were stuck in traffic on the way to the birth-center where their birth was planned to take place in. I was in the same jam, ten minutes behind. The baby was born in the car, where there is no road margin to stop safely, so it was done while traveling. I was with them on the line and so was our doctor. It was powerful and amazing and oh so true. It always thrills me, especially to see again and again that the mother know, just knows the important things "in this case, when the mother consulted with me over the phone when was the right time to leave home to the birth center, she said, wondering "I don't know. Is this it? Is it not yet? And what if in an hour there will be a baby out??" And I told her I wish it will be that way. The baby was born just an hour from the moment she said it. Sweet and charming hero. Like his parents.

This year many things have happened to me the first time. That's because the journey has already begun. We are already on the way.

In the picture: Beach. Here. Now. Road.



Category

1. The Red Pill

Date Created

June 2, 2014

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