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Dedicated to those Souls I Love

I've come to realize that it's not so much fear but anxiety that I've experienced as a recent refugee, living within the safety and comfort of the United States. The warzone was a transformative experience for me. I knew things could have gone wrong when I decided to go, in fact had many signs about that, but I didn't let that stop me.

I just went for it, to the borders of warzone Lenabib (and back to Israel).

This trip was transformative again because of the people I met. Despite the bombing and heavy-duty Kalashnikov guns, I found being there felt like the ultimate safe place. There was nothing more humbling than wanting to be somewhere else. I wanted to be with the people, knowing it was normal for me to be present in such situations, both then and now.

In my mind, there was a significant shift. I realized that remaining human is not hard; the harder part is judging and taking sides. Which one only causes anxiety, panic attacks, and sense of power leak—the very opposite of what people want when facing such life episodes.

I had no camera to capture stills, just my eyes, heart and a simple iPhone one. It's all about what I see and feel. These difficult feelings.

Война - опыт человека.

(Translation: war- an experience of a man).

I remember seeing a Russian-named store in Yokneam near Haifa. Ukrainian ladies worked there, and I heard they also owned it. Walking alone on the streets felt increasingly scary due to the heightened hate. I would take my friends for walks to get groceries there. On the third day of the war, a Ukrainian woman at the store had to say goodbye to her husband, who was going to fight. She called another lady to take over at the register, her face hidden behind aviator sunglasses. I'll never forget her skipping me to say goodbye, the other elderly woman walking out of the store saying,

'This is a good time to learn to pray'

I walked out with my heart pounding, wide open, grateful to be alive, praying for peace.

Grateful for those who breathe
in between war and peace.



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October 20, 2023 at 12:07 PM

I dive into your honesty

I dive into your eyes

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Confession

I understand now when I was in Israel, the other day, in sirael

When bombs were evident how do I actually feel about this war. Simon said it was bc if I could I knew.

I had a strong pull to be out of there since my innate feelings of pride were kicking in and I would have proceeded with my defense system as supporting one side or another with complications hence forgetting the value of why am I here.

And those are the values of remarkable Human. What is it like to be one? How to proceed from the stigmas to understanding peace and quality of freedom.

The answer is to be developing out vision, out insser seses and grasp onto that. when I left Israel this month on October, after seeing a bomb live, I felt like nothing was more valuabe in this trip that that. I had a total change of values, there was no turning point

#warzone #processing



There is enough tension.

Let's fly above; into light (-ness)

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Every moment before this happened and even after, I realize that this is an absolute come to the middle. when we went to the border and I touched those stones. "A Military zone," it said on the border with Lebanon. So right there yet relaxed to the max, all ever since we were by the Mediterranean, the sea that is desired.

I would look at my old friend and feel her there, she stood for me and her eyes resembled the waves. I knew my friend would be here for me until I was. That's how I remembered our past lived in unison. Some days in the past.

I am looking at my hands and see how they connect our lives. It's a gemstone and as is the Mediterranean Sea whispers old felt stories. Or even fairytales, I confess to reconsidering and becoming an Angel Today from demands, protests, and protection. It would change something towards harmony tunes. A History, Paths could change.



Appearing in Israel when the war conflict happened felt more than an experience. I am for the first time not speaking war from the outside, it's no longer a bullshit talk. Real bombs and stuff.

IT IS REAL.

That's why I am even posting about that is a lot different energy from the recent infamous conflict in my mother land. I realize - this is life, as it is right here now and deeply I ought to this experience. Americans pay for this as far as taxes, which are much needed here in Israel? I see it.

What am I to share is also, a story of a micro life and life-time affection by the Jerusalem people. Their spirituality and resilience they have. Still my heart goes to those who sacrificed lives, seeking to reveal their winds; to shelter in the ignorance of religious beliefs of Gronzoz.

Ahoi MA hei ¹

To my second to last interaction in Israel which happened with a Russian-Israeli cab driver as he drives me through the uncertainty of the road towards the airport to leave warzone. He mentions something about these rules. One human refined life rules, apparently as cab driver tells to many like me. He went proposing them as his golden ratio for moving overseas. I was tired.

He asks: 'wanna know what those rules are?'

I said 'Sure' watching into the Mediterranean Sea landscapes. Then, he goes, "there are these three rules
-- First You need to fall in love with a place
-- Secondly, never complain about

1 Ancient rest in peace language prayer.

I will be praying for my friends, even if no one hears me. My prayer isn't from the books but unknowingly requests for canceling the genocide of any kind. In its hands to come and take my free, and say; universe, you are me and I am you. Please find my request and cancel the genocide, I let you do it for me.

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The war is illusionary. I activate in spite
the spirit of all the higher selves
to manifest the beauty of becoming
note, there is a beauty in overcoming
I like how sunlight hits the grounds
and here I am a Human
there is nothing else to prove
but be the One until it's All.

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you can still be in love with a place
because you imagine the real people in it
with unimaginable Strengths and Beauty
(and some of us do even know it.)

not to agree with them manipulated
begins with how to feel where am I here.

and who are being held manipulated
by some forces none of us
imagines here

we'll keep on strengthening our Visions
Humanity is all we have

ip



These moments pass, but memories stay bothering until they purify. Then they become instead of answers to an absolute knowledge. When senses and emotions purify, all that is left a moment, a sense of focus. I stay in deep watchman clarity;

A fresh air, finally, in the war polluted dunes. One fearless man who came here on a planet to be a brave messenger. The love of a creator is in man's intention. I look for my beginnings - for in those places, the deserts, the dunes—I am knowing of what winds rush to clear. I love you, losing melodies. I look at you, accepting memories. Sunlight is otherworldly. What am I doing here? Am I really working within a timeframe to see you?

I lived in Israbel during one of my lifetimes. I loved what it felt like to be an experimenter. I went for the deepest experiences for now.

Then came the booming, and the climax—finding love, of a Peter Parker face in you.

Oh, him. I told him to be careful when visiting, as these were the early stages of war.

Then came the night and day, the departure, and the phenomenon of a regular life outside the imagined. Now it a reflection of the light you left.

Let me tell you, good night dunes of the sea desert.