

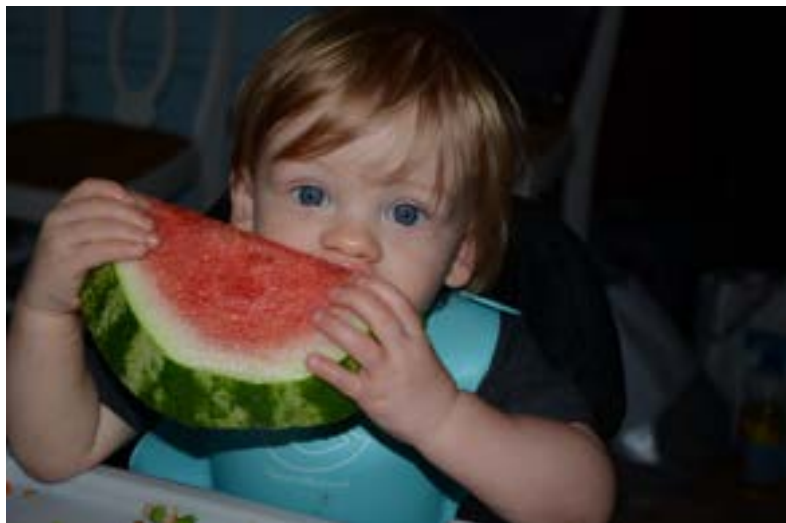
One smile for the lessons of yesterday, One smile for the gift that is today, One smile for the wishes and promise of tomorrow

"Where is the Life we have lost in Living?
Where is the Wisdom we have lost in
knowledge? Where is the Knowledge we
have lost in information?"
The Rock T.S. Eliot 1934

Wx Wishscription

The account-ability, response-ability, and liability for prescription writing (Rx) for the thousands of medicines that are "prescription-only" (not available over-the-counter) is licensed to a precious few members of our society. These medicines, when responsibly used-as-directed are intended (key word) with some expectation (dangerous word) to relieve, eradicate, control, subdue or in some magnificent ways alter what became normal, to some degree create a new normal, a return to normal perhaps an escape from normal to an essence that is, one might desire, an improved or enhanced normal to carry on whatever day to day may lay ahead.

How many people take Rx drugs? read on, page 3



This Time 'round:

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Considering: "I'll Be Around"

[https://www.youtube.com > watch](https://www.youtube.com/watch)

The Spinners, recent inductees to the Rock & Roll Hall of Fame

I've so frequently come to the time for choice, the moment to moment intersections when I'm on top of my game, investing my attentions, and I may be thinking I'm at the point of no return, a last chance, so I better choose 'right' cuz if I'm wrong, I'll surely be goin down the road feeling bad. Worse, when that choice is about holding on to connection, one misstep, one loss of a pinch of a grip or a slight foothold and I'm falling - "oh no", indeed.

And yet a fork in the road would seem to offer a choice, except when the choice is "you go your way and I'll go mine."

And so you've decided, somewhat one-sided, and the volley is in my court, or so it seems- and I'm supposed to be grace-filled about it? Isn't this where pride brings confusion? When I'm sensing a decidedly power-over relation, you hold the key to my next opportunity knocking, as long as I suck it up and choose when I didn't wish to be choosing in the first place? Who's driving this bus, ultimately? Who's truly holding the keys?

but, but, but, but just keep this in mind - I'm not tripping far away. In fact, I'm allowing that I'll stay right where I am, so as not to be lost, or worse, forgotten, no second guessing, I'm right where I've always been and will be, especially since I'm not holding the keys, I'm not empowered to move this vehicle forward, although you are purporting that it's all up to me. Stubbornly, I'll be in reach, stubbornly, I continue to search for the reasons that this was up to me, although I struggle to agree with that premise whatsoever.

Yes indeed, I talk, maybe a great deal, and I believe, very deeply I believe, in what my heart tells my head to spout out of my soup-slurper. I always know what to say, until, of course, I discover that my words fell on deaf ears and still, I'm thinking possibilities because it can't be, it just can't be - final. There's something smoldering, something requiring the slightest spark in memories, in consideration, in mutuality, that can come back alive, can rise up with the right breath of fresh air, the slightest ignition calling the blaze that was our union to fire up once again.

somehow, some way, you will always be quite aware that, even on my hands and knees, you sound the summons, and I'll be around.

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Wx from page 1

7 out of 10!!!!

I just renewed my DEA license, it cost me \$888 and allows me the rightful role to dole out these medicines as I see fit to alter your reality. A privilege indeed! One might think for the good, the betterment, the support of your return to wellness (your own, personal, balance in life)

Statistically, the overwhelming majority of my neighbors are clamoring for the scripts. Perhaps the perceived 'need' for prescription medicines is informed by the confusion between Dis-ease and Ill-ness. Diseases are defined by observable, diagnostic criteria, agreed upon and annotated by those in authority and experience to

confirm the traits. Illness, however, is an entirely personal, emotional perspective, devoid of diagnostic data, only affirmed through the experience of the patient. A person may be diagnosed, for example, with osteoarthritis of the right knee. However, if they are pain free or pain tolerant, maintain an active life of their preference, and emotionally 'partner' the diagnostic data with a positive attitude of acceptance and tolerance, well then, that person is not "Ill" with osteoarthritis.

yet more, page 10...

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-archy as archaic

Your wish for anarchy is understood, all of us come into this world believing that anarchy is our divine right. You think you're under the empowerment of an autarchy, sometimes that lone empowerment is your 'self', at other times you're accusing me. My wish is for you to recognize the eparchy - the empowerment that comes from above. The hierarchy you think has buried you as somehow of lower rank is absent of angels or saints. The matriarchy you accuse of over-ruling your plight was solely empowered with giving you life, not directing it. You plea for freedom from an oligarchy that has served, in your evaluation, to simply hold you down with abuse and misuse, misunderstanding and misrepresentation. Patriarchy may seem a plausible jailer, when misconstrued as a challenging path to follow and a struggle to belong. The squirearchy has not provided the support or guidance our community so desperately needs. While all we wish for is a synarchy that allows many voices, many choices, all along respecting the individual's rights to eminent domain informed by safety, warmth and shelter.

As archaic as these domains may seem, ONELOVE remains the oldest, most venerable way through and beyond.



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Shout!

Nature was shouting a "Hey You" hallelujah hail
 heard as the buttercup caught a drop of morning dew
 and balanced it,
 ever so delicately,
 lest it
 tumble
 to
 the soil.

Nici Repose

Shout!

Last night, I stepped outside along with my trusty sidekick intent on taking a look at my mind. It was a surprisingly mild early April evening, yet I heard Nature shouting as I came immediately to attention to a clear sky filled with brilliant stars spotlighted even more vividly by an almost full moon. Whoa. "I hear you," I said aloud to myself, as Delia was already out and about her business. Last week I answered the phone with some recognition of who might be on the other end. There had previously been a conversation when I mentioned that I had not previously or purposefully not taken their incoming call, I simply hadn't been around the phone when the call came in. I expressed that I was, in fact, happy to have been there when this call came in. I immediately inquired as to how the caller was feeling. I immediately received a shout of another type.

shout continues, PAGE 6 ...

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more shouting...

Not loud, not profane, and a shout all the same, as it was relayed to me that the caller was not pleased with current circumstances. Moreover, there was a way out of that circumstance that required my resources. When I was not forthcoming with the stated resources, the phone call was abruptly ended from the caller's side.



Yesterday, I came in on a conversation between two, where one was vocally in complaint about a mutual third party. I might even have called it a shout. And there was mention of consequences.

And I thought about Nature as our teacher.

shout some more, page 7

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And shouting. Some are shouts of exuberant celebration or exhortation; others are shouts of anger or demand. The Kwanzan Cherry tree in the front yard is shouting in exultation, I say. And the tornados down in Texas are shouting "Out of the way!" So what might it mean when Nature shouts, and most importantly, what does it serve?

And what does it mean when we shout out, at, for, or over one another?

The stars and the moon and the Cherry tree are shouting out the glory, the beauty, the celebratory.

The tornados are shouting much like the thunder and lightning of the summer yet to come, of imbalances in temperature and moisture and wind and land. Nature's extremes can be quickly linked to too much or too little of the precious resources that sometimes show up as balanced.

Can we even initiate an exchange from a mutual acceptance and understanding that all that we are and all that we do is a reflection of Nature's ways? If that is a stretch or challenge for you, it serves no purpose for us to search out a mutual understanding with Nature as guidance counselor. However, if we agree on an inseparable existence, Nature, and we then we have a reference and guide from this mutuality.

I was recently re-minded of the "eye for an eye, tooth for a tooth" philosophy of adjudication. Ages old and often practiced, this is a decidedly "human" attempt at correction of others, if seldom for the self. However, when and to who does that concept serve to create a win/win while at the same time improve the game? Moreover, is such a way sustainable? Will I thrive under this guideline? In Mark Nepo's book, The Book of Awakening (Conari Press, 2000) I've been offered another way to consider issues and moments when the tides have turned, the winds have changed, the balance has shifted from light to dark.

Listen for the shouting, PAGE 8...

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Nepo offers a shift from "eye for an eye" to the guidance of a "truth of being for a truth of being". I say that Nepo is pointing to Nature as my guide. For every shout I receive, and each one I hand out (or wish I had), Nature has a parallel to teach me the value in the shout, the brief moment that shout is highlighted in my space/time continuum, and the promise the next moment holds for infinite possibilities.

I certainly don't have anything to risk by trying on Nepo's admonition. Each time I have a demand that hasn't been heard, and I feel a shout is swirling close to up and out, I pause and wonder what that tornado will serve to whisk away and what ruin will be left in its path. If I'm going to shout through a painful deluge of tears, will something be washed clean or drowned in a flood without banks to hold the waters? Do I have a shout that is loud and beautiful and will bear fruit? I'll get plenty loud, then!

And, when I recognize that a shout takes the air out of me, in the next moment there will necessarily be a valuable pause, an instant when I must breathe in, to keep on going. It's in that instance, that space between, that Nature also gathers itself, before assuredly moving on. Perhaps that's the most powerful lesson Nature can teach me, the shout itself - regardless of it's instigation - lasts only in that moment, and then it is time to move along.

(both 'Shouts', incidentally, are re-prints from 2012, jus' need to do some mo' shoutin' tis all... dgd)

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“Doc, tell me a story.”
“Doc, tell me a ‘nudder one”

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Wx, from page 3

There's a delicate balance and a potentially slippery slope when we consider the interactions and crossover dangers, often lumped into the phrase 'side effects' which may preclude or prohibit the use of one medicine when taken in conjunction with another medicine or condition, and often a challenge of choice is presented to accept the potential for side effects, even catastrophic ones, when balanced with the chance or promise of benefit, or urgency for change from one normal state to another. Some eschew a prescription when it promises, for instance, balance in thought processes or anxiolysis because the side effects of idiopathic weight gain and impotence do not present a fair trade-off. While others lose hair, appetite, energy or bodily function control to chase the dragon cancer as thoroughly and as aggressively as may be the chance.

continue as directed, stay with the Wx..... p.11

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Our world has found itself in an epidemic of opioid abuse from drugs that never had the chance to eradicate the root cause of pain in the first place, only intended to buy some time for the mind to escape the awareness of pain, only to addict the mind into needing the drug to sustain a state that all too often was not sated, demanded more, with the unsavory and decidedly final outcome of death from overdose, all too often unintended (accidental?).

Meanwhile, the powers-that-be take draconian measures to inhibit the research and distribution of drugs that may have been in natural form as long as man has walked the planet, offering medicinal relief for the brain's mis directions and alterations of realities and reactions.

Wx keep on readin' on.....

Wx...

A 'Ball of Confusion' indeed, embroiled by abuse, mis-use, off label use and useless adjudications by authorities who haven't the educational background or licensure to prescribe in the first place!



So, let's keep it simple. All of us are empowered, in fact response-able to distribute for the benefit of all, with no potential of harmful side effects, no governmental regulations, no registration fee-for-licensure! - backed by a treasure trove of research, the power-filled dynamic of a Wish-scription. (Wx)
now you are encouraged to keep reading...

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(although beyond the scope of this article -please google the plethora of evidence for Mindbody Medicine, especially Larry Dossey's work, or perhaps even Your own personal relationship with the power of prayer)

A Wx must not be confused with Hope. Hope, unfortunately, can carry with it expectations. And expectations are understood by ancient wisdom traditions to result in the number one reason for unnecessary suffering of the human condition - the expectation that somehow life was supposed to turn out other than how it's showing up. The potential suffering in "holding out hope" can be devastating, leaving one fatigued, or worse, spiritually empty when in fact life turns out as life turns out, perhaps in the ugliest of process or the cruelest of outcomes. One must be careful, I declare, of hoping for the best, if there is unspoken or unacknowledged expectation that things will turn out as "hoped-for".

"Hoping" brings potential for insidious consequences from an understandably-intended-as-kind and compassionate expression. All too often the consequences often end up harbored by

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the prescriber of hope, the one who experiences suffering when their hope is unrequited. It is a slippery slope for all practitioners to life, even the medical practitioners, if the scripts we write are attached to an expectation that the medicine will always work.

A Wx, on the other hand, attaches no expectations whatsoever. In its purest, generic form, there is the clean simplicity of empathy, compassion and altruism wrapped into one compound of expression for the realization of wellness for the one receiving the script.

Just as a prescriber writes for medicine distribution, Wish-scripting writing form includes a specific directive, a strength and amount to be dispensed, directions for use, and advised refill frequency. A potent Wish-scripting demands specificity which requires forethought and reflection.

Just what is my wish for the other one? Is it my wish as I wish for life to be? That may be selfish, not exactly altruistic, eh? Is my wish coming from a place of understanding the deepest needs of the one I'm wish-scripting for? Is my heart opening to include their needs?

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It is unethical not to mention unlawful and not just a little bit dangerous to self-prescribe medicines for oneself. Practitioners too often fall prey to the medicines they dole out to their patients, making the account-abilities and response-abilities to hold our license a privileged, prestigious and precipitous stance simultaneously. There is safety, however, in self-prescribing a Wx. Yes, in fact, personalized Wx's can be very powerful indeed. Wishing self-empathy and self-compassion when acknowledging that this is a time for suffering, I deserve understanding and the space to explore my suffering, and the power to transcend my suffering into balanced personal wellness again, these self-LOVE potions are there for our reckoning; ethically, spiritually and legally safe and effective.

and now, an easily opened dispenser, on
p.16...

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I offer a Wx from our teacher, Jon Kabat Zinn, that I use as a form for Wx for my self and others, serving as a meditative, mindful potion for all who come under my care. May you freely peddle it, sprinkle it, and dose those you care for every chance you get. No insurance, no co-pay, no pharmacy or dispensary needed.

Wx : Loving Kindness

Dispense: May you be safe and protected

May you be free from inner and outer harm

May you be Happy and Content

May you be Healthy and Whole to the degree possible

May you experience the Ease of Wellbeing

Refills: Each and Every Moment

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Boost or Burden

If I think it's only my pain
it's really rather selfish
If I take on all the world's pain
It's really too much to bear
I can either be part of the support of the world
Or I can add to the weight

Nici Repose