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# Introduction

What's so great about a tree? Read on to find out how meditation at the foot of this tree changed my life!





January, 2005

OM

Date: Saturday, January 15, 2005 - 3:41:00 PM

Subject: Turning-book: the novel that sparks a pivotal change in your life.

Today I finished my turning-book of the year.

Perhaps only of the month, but hopefully of the decade. Too much change too often makes you feel thin, like a sheet of paper.

Every so often, you read a book (or see something on the street, or overhear some bit of a conversation - but those are for another story) and a realization rolls over you. Something profound yet subtle; sly - but not wicked. And it keeps you up at night. It has you looking for a safe place where you can shut all the doors and be alone. Where you can take it out, examine it from all sides, and feel the deep stab it made once again, to make sure it was real. But this time, on your own time, it's under your control. It's like poking yourself with a sharp stick in a safe place. Safe, like on your leg. You know you can make the pain, but it's the burning kind that wakes you up, not the cold and draining kind that a poke in, say, your side would be. So you stab, finding the spot. You pause and feel the wave reverberate. As it fades, you feel a jumble of things: pain, ache, relief, pleasure. It occurs to you you don't know what you're exactly feeling at any given moment. What if the pleasure comes first? What if the ache is last? Are you sure you know what happened? So you poke again. And you get lost in the moment, again. This time you realize you don't care what happened when - you just want to get lost in the jumble. It makes you . It makes you excited. Is it the control? Is it the new thing?

February, 2005

Date: Tuesday, February 01, 2005 - 3:42:00 PM  
 Subject: Drehenbuch

Jedes so häufig, lesen Sie ein Buch (oder sehen etwas auf der Straße oder zufällig hören irgendeine Spitze eines Gespraches - aber die sind fur eine andere Geschichte) und eine Realisierung Rollen ber Ihnen. Etwas profund dennoch subtil; schlau - aber nicht gemein. Und sie halt Sie oben nachts. Sie hat Sie, nach einem sicheren Platz zu suchen, in dem Sie alle Turen schlieen und allein sein konnen. Wo Sie sie herausnehmen, sie von allen Seiten berprufen, und dem tiefen Stab glauben konnen, den sie noch einmal bildete, war sicherzustellen es real. Aber dieses mal, auf Ihrer eigenen Zeit, ist es unter Ihrer Steuerung. Es ist wie das Stoen mit einem scharfen Stock in einem sicheren Platz. Safe, wie auf Ihrem Bein. Sie wissen, da Sie die Schmerz bilden konnen, aber es die brennende Art ist, die Spuren Sie oben, nicht die Kalte und die Trockenlegung Art, da ein Poke in sagen wir Ihrer Seite sein wurde. So erstechen Sie und finden den Punkt. Sie pausieren und glauben der Welle nachzuhalten. Wahrend sie verblat, glauben Sie einem Durcheinander von Sachen: Schmerz, Schmerz, Entlastung, Vergngen. Es tritt zu Ihnen auf, die Sie nicht wissen, was Sie genau an jedem moglichem gegebenen Moment fuhlen. Was, wenn er Vergngen zuerst kommt? Was, wenn der Schmerz letzt ist? Sind Sie Sie wissen sicher, was geschah? So stoen Sie wieder. Und Sie erhalten im Moment, wieder verloren. Dieses Mal verwirklichen Sie, da Sie sich nicht interessieren, was als geschah - Sie mochten gerade im Durcheinander verloren erhalten. Es bildet Sie. Es bildet Sie aufgeregt. Ist es die Steuerung? Ist es die neue Sache?

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Date: Tuesday, February 01, 2005 - 3:42:00 PM  
 Subject: Does it matter?

February, 2005

Whether you know that the book coincided with the turn or not, you are irrevocably changed. You begin to examine your past, or evaluate your current path, or project your future. Maybe all three at once. Your mind flitters here and there. If you are lucky, you are examining something exciting and new and . If you are not so lucky, you are counting your mistakes, or your lack of direction, or your future demise.

# Epilogue

Thanks to mom, dad and all my peeps!

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No situation would be beneath him; or what did Sir Thomas think of Woolwich? or how could a boy be sent out to the East? The letter was not unproductive. It re-established peace and kindness. Sir Thomas sent friendly advice and professions, Lady Bertram dispatched money and baby-linen, and Mrs. Norris wrote the letters. Such were its immediate effects, and within a twelvemonth a more important advantage to Mrs. Price resulted from it. Mrs. Norris was often observing to the others that she could not get her poor sister and her family out of her head, and that, much as they had all done for her, she seemed to be wanting to do more; and at length she could not but own it to be her wish that poor Mrs. Price should be relieved from the charge and expense of one child entirely out of her great number.

