

Calendar 2014

turtle child's diary I



*Pictures and stories about
creativity, friendships, and
meditation. For the child,
and for the adult, in me.
For the child and the adult
in everybody.*



January

*1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15
16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25
26 27 28 29 30 31*

The Heartmaster: Ueesh, with the child I am, surrounded by many cosy animal-toys.



Mal Angst, mal Wut, mal Trauer, mal Mut. Hauptsache: Ich bin.

Who am I?

*An errand-boy, a cleaner and a handy-man, very reliable, with a big nose which is a tool.
An angry authority - a real artist, very diligent, did what he can.
A film-maker, without success, in love with portwine, what a mess.*

Who am I?

A meditator. Or a playboy, arrogant. A gentleman, manager, chairman, puffed up like an elephant. A warrior and martial artist.

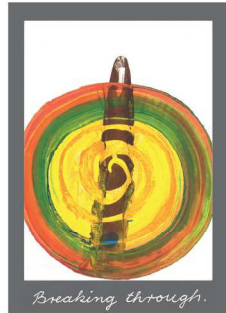


*Holding my belly, holding my heart.
Feeling them. Healing them. Protecting them.
And doing it now, and again and again.*

February
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15
16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24
25 26 27 28



*Being a child again. Breathing deeply.
Feeling Yes and No in the belly. No fear.
Feeling the pain, even if it is uncomfortable.
Feeling the happy moments...*



Breaking through.

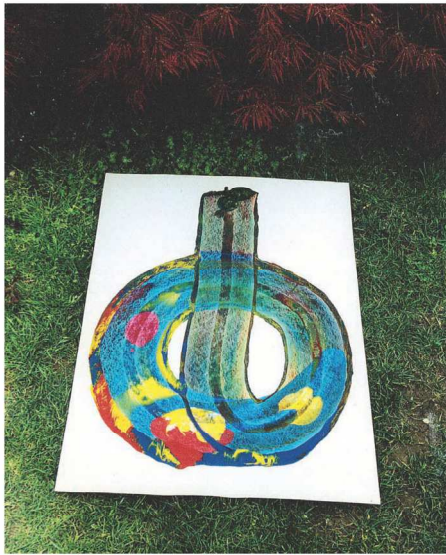


March
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15
16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24
25 26 27 28 29 30 31

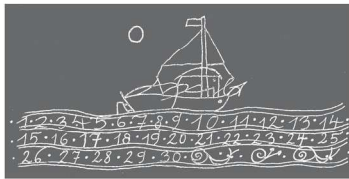
*I love it to stay centered, holding
my belly, carefully, lovingly, patiently:
when people are confusing me, ~~~~~
creating conflicts in me, burdening
me, or when my mind is torturing me.*

*While making a sound, everything
becomes round. And, even in the ~~~~~
wintertime, inside of me, ~~~~~
grass is growing, flowers are flowing.*

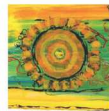




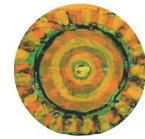
Giving good words to the body.



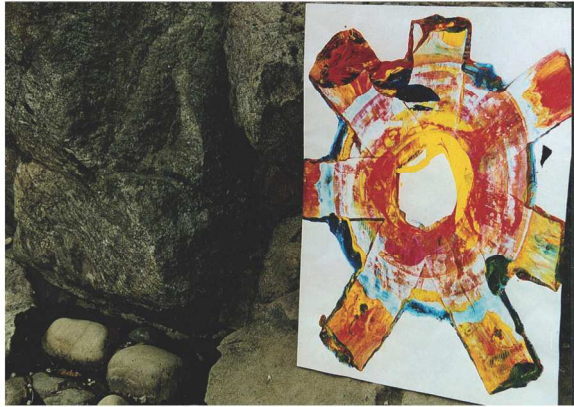
Brave lion. Green snake.



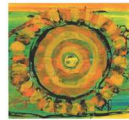
Friendship with Markus. A man with a warm heart, his stationery-shop is a place of friendliness and communication. A colourful, warming place. An oasis.



My tree bed.
A few small flowers can change the face of a speedway.



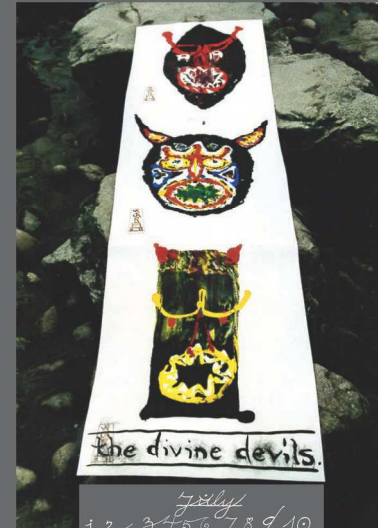
Flowering twins.



Handwritten numbers 1 through 30 with various symbols and decorative flourishes.



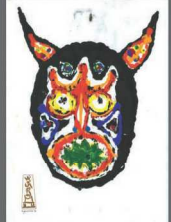
In love with Karate. In love with Tee-Bo. A yes to me, and my brothers. To violence a No. "The holy No!" Letting go and flow.



Handwritten numbers 1 through 30 with various symbols and decorative flourishes, similar to the one on the left page.



*The "authority":
you must!
you should!
Blah blah blah...!*



the divine devils.



*Shut up!
Fuck yourself!
Says the crocodile
with a nice smile.*

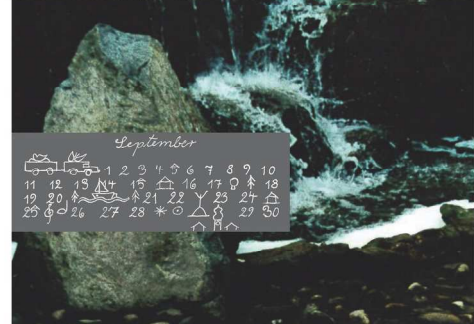
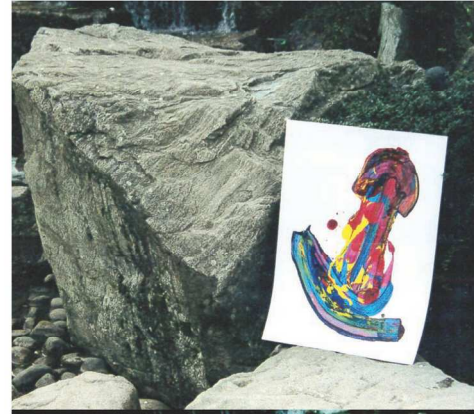


Yes August

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	
26	27	28	29	30	31							



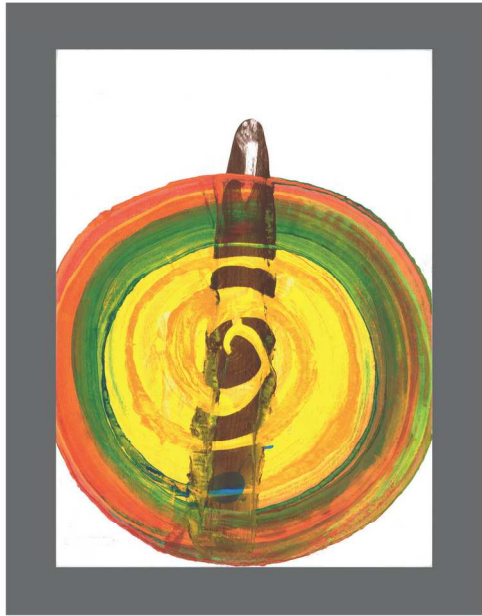
*The child I am
with my best friend:
the small courageous
crocodile.*



** Butterfly, bounded, grounded. * Dancing mushroom. **

September

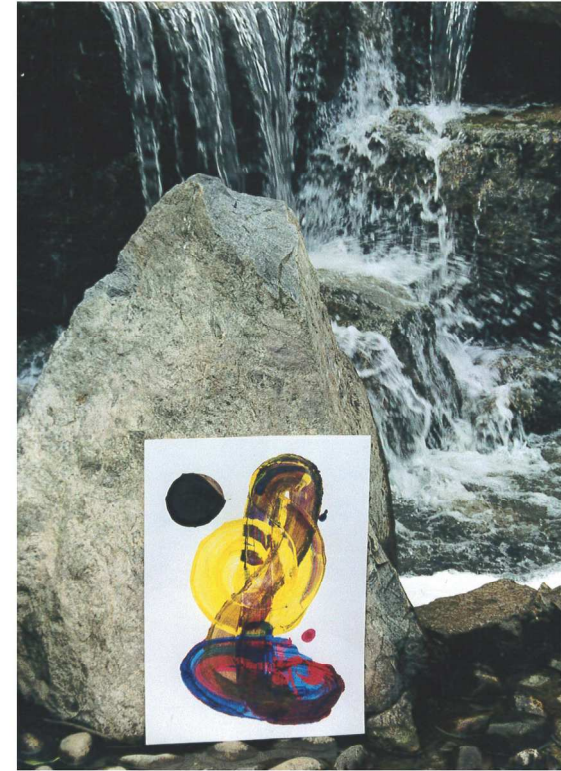
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30



© November 2

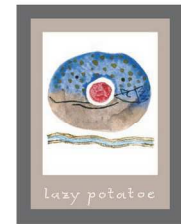
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20		
21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29		




The turtle dance * ♪ with romance.
 ~ ◇ ○ : 30 31 ✕ ✕ ✕



December and Between-the-ages.

Relaxing belly.
 my village with
 trees and mountains,
 animals, kids,
 a car, a little church,
 a meadow, and
 a small lake



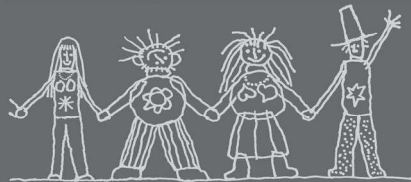
Turtle Child's Diary.
 The child I am is sad and full of fear.
 The dog I am caring for likes to
 take baths in old thinned cow - shit,
 looks very satisfied about it.
 The child I am likes to write slow -
 motion, in turtle - child - style. 
 Loves to eat potatoes, rice and spaghetti,
 cooked, fried, with a lot of sauce. Loves
 to drink portwine. Loves to walk 
 straight. Loves to lie in bed. Loves
 books and movies, specially those from
 the heart, thriller, and about meditation.
 The child I am loves children's movies.
 The boy I am is afraid of this out-side-
 world with its lies, feeling not at home
 and safe in it, not trusting his own
 truth, his own power, his own strength,
 his own healing force. Stop! Healing 
 begins, when the adult I am is softly
 taking "me" by his hand, guiding and
 leading "me" carefully, respectful, in a
 calm, clear, understandable, non-
 violent way. ["Me" means: the child I am]
 And so, in this way, slowly, slowly, step
 by step, the child in me, begins to gain
 self - confidence and trust in life. And
 this is just the beginning of a new journey.



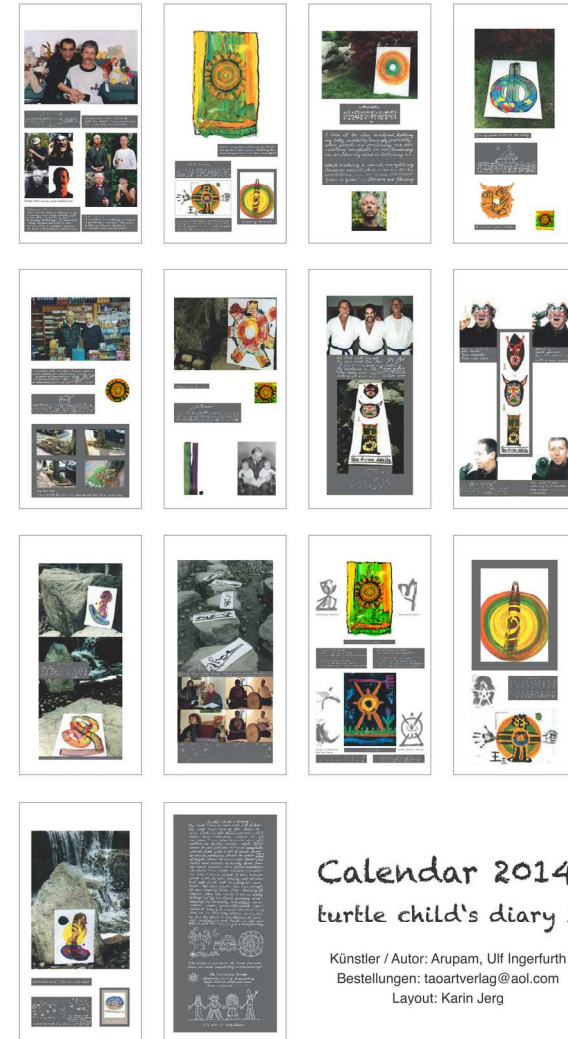
The child in me loves to have friends,
 loves to create supporting surroundings:



The Friendship Bridge.
 Sharing. Caring. Supporting.
 Mail: tao.friends@aol.com
 Very welcome!



We do it together.



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