



NEWSLETTER

Life and Self

Welcome to Lihiyot.Be's newsletter

The mission of Lihiyot.Be newsletters is to foster and inspire a community of people, artists, free-spirits, creators, lovers, wanderers, and adventurers through touching upon specific themes and expressing them creatively through a variety of mediums.

We live in a world that doesn't slow down. That is reality. But life, life is our choice. Life happens and we get the incredible gift of interpretation. If we could internalize the power we have in our life, and accept and flow with what we are given, then our struggle would be turned into moments of joy, of appreciation, of understanding, of love. If we could just realize our power and how much we actually have to give, then the world would truly be a better place with each one of us, being completely ourselves.

Julien Lee, from Hong Kong, now living in Jerusalem

I am always very proud of my health, in which I haven't gotten sick for a couple of years.

But Today I get sick, even if it is just a slight discomfort from my constantly draining runny nose.

Surprisingly, I feel there is a release of tension from my body. The constant pain from my abdomen and stomach seem to release with the snots. Tears running down from my eyes like releasing the storage of unhappiness that has been held there for a few years because of the maintenance of an always-content self. I gaze into the reflection. The red nose and swollen eyes look so sincere and genuine. Nothing pretentious. And without the people pleasing smile, this face looks more beautiful and sincere than ever.

And most importantly I am legitimate to lie in bed as long as I want without feeling unproductive or guilty.

But soon the fear starts to arise. I feel an urge to get back to the race of life. Otherwise I will just be left behind. All the worries and fears seem to be magnified behind the silent background of my chaotic mind.

Some simple questions arise. Why don't I choose to be easy? What's the point of maintaining my ever-delightful profile? Do I really have to chase after my 'happiness' from outside? These few months, more intense than ever, I spent all my life's energy chasing after beautiful boys, money, acceptance, and excellent skills. Yet after all, it's the ease and peace that brings the joyous sensation that I want to feel from my body. Alright, getting sick brings me lucidity and insight. What will happen tomorrow? Would I just drown back into the shallow approach of life that I have been always living? Maybe I should just enjoy the discomfort of my body and the lucid yet chaotic state of mind that I have today.

Alright. Fuck that.

I WISH YOU COULD LOVE YOURSELF AS MUCH AS I LOVE YOU



The Creation of Myself

Sara Wong, Anchorage, Alaska

I only exist because people perceive me.

I am only worthy if people perceive me to be worthy.

I am only skilled if people perceive me to be skilled.

If people don't see me, and say they see me, I'll disappear.

I say that, and you and I both know it isn't true. So why does it feel so real? Even now I'm having trouble writing this piece because I'm convinced that it needs to look pretty and perfect for an audience, to be some miraculous introspective thinking that inspires its readers. Every word and sentence needs to flow effortlessly and perfectly. In short, I need it to bring me praise and attention. I need to be told that it is good and worth reading for me to feel like there was any point in writing it. What kind of motivation is that?

Now, I'll say something that I find hard to believe: There is worth in my writing the way it is. There is worth in *me* the way I am, no matter my test score or my chair placement in the symphony.

I have come to realize that the reason why it is so hard for me to create anything *now*, when I should be enjoying the cumulative efforts of my practice over the last eighteen years, is because I have slowly convinced myself that nothing is worth doing unless another person lays eyes on it and tells me how amazing it is. What happened to writing things for myself because I once reaped joy and fulfillment from putting words on the page? What happened to drawing things just because I loved to see images from my mind put down onto paper? What happened to playing cello because I loved the beauty of its sound?

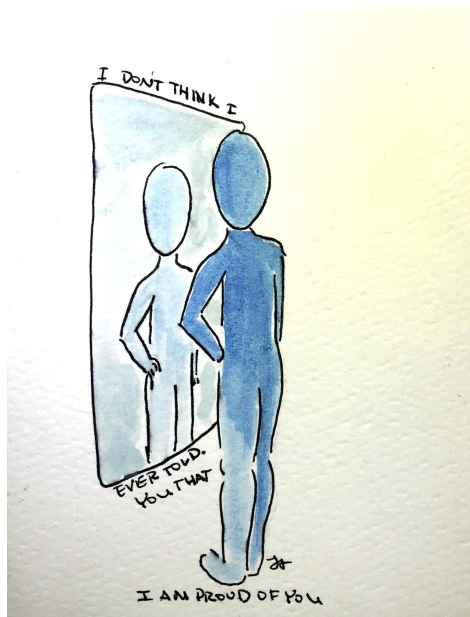
Looking back now, I see my younger self and feel an ache in my heart. She had a gift-- the gift to create things in joy and with childlike abandon, with no care for what anybody else said. She had something so valuable and so precious. I see so few people today who have that same love and appreciation for the process of

creation. Everybody is thinking about what their talents will get them: a college acceptance letter, money, awards, compliments, but never what their passions will do to enrich their souls and bring them personal freedom. Younger Sara was oblivious to it, but she was squandering that ability, slowly squeezing the life from it until she felt that all she could do was create for the sake of fetching praise. For years I commended my intensely critical inner voice as the one thing that drove me to push harder and faster for results and perfection. I credited it for bringing me to greater heights in my musical career, my artistic pursuits, and my writing and schoolwork. I look back on that now and I think: how could I have been so blind? How could I have twisted my perception so badly and embraced the pain and injury my thinking was causing me?

The reality is that over that time I have been slowly poisoning the well for myself-- the well that had once been plentiful and clear, unadulterated by doubt, glimmering with curiosity-- I see now drying up, thick and dark with fear, insecurity and self-hatred.

I realize, with slow horror, that when I create nowadays, all I can think of is how many likes it'll get on Instagram, how many hits and kudos it'll get on AO3, how many people will look at it and think I'm smart and brilliant. I search for my major motivations and realize that I have *none* that revolve around my personal satisfaction. It saddens me.

I consider myself fortunate for being able to realize that now, and I am trying my hardest to treat it as a long process of purifying that well, instead of boarding it and all of my creative endeavors up for the rest of time for fear that they'll never return the same way they used to be. In truth, I think that I will *never* experience that flow of passion and carefree expression the same way again. And maybe that's a good thing. And that'll be okay. And I'll be okay again, healed enough to finally dip back into the water, and relish the taste of something new-- borne of pain and loss, but sweet once again with clarity and self-love.





Noam Levenson, Bat Ayin
Who knows when why it happens.
That first moment.
When you realize that you hate a part of yourself,
The part of yourself that controls most of your life.

At first there is anger.
Who are you to control me?
Who are you to suck the joy from every moment
and leave me gasping and trapped?

At first there is only numbness
against the pain and sadness.
Tears aren't even allowed to come.
There can be no healing without tears.

Then we notice that the numbness
numbs it all.
We yearn for our hearts to open,
to feel the world with all its edges.

We begin to open what was for so long closed
The pain is searing at first.
Regret, shame, confusion.
Who am I? Where was I?

Then we begin to forgive.
I did the best I could, with the tools that I had.
Slowly, that which hid away from judgement
begins to peak its head.

A sensitive child, cut from a judgmental word.
A cry of loneliness never silenced.
A lifetime of walls we built.
We begin to cry for them all.

As we open, so too does our pain.
It now has permission.
We can now hold it.
And we scream while the tears fall.

What am I supposed to do with it? We ask.
It is too much.
But it is not too much. It is us.
And we're not supposed to do anything with it. But feel it.

Behind the pain is us.
Beyond the pain is Unspeakable joy.
Unbreakable hope.



Unfathomable love.

So we keep walking.
Through the darkness.
Past the darkness.

Once you've tasted life, death becomes unbearable.

Then, we realize that the pain is no longer ours.
It is part of the world's.

And our hearts grow and grow so large
that we begin to hold the world's pain too.

I can hold my pain in my heart.
I can hold the world's pain in my heart.

It will not break me.
It will not break me.
I am infinite.

How to Heal Fear

Sharon Birmaher, Afula

I think we make many mistakes when it comes to deal with our emotions. We love them so much when they are good that we turn them into addictions, and we dislike them when they are negative, so we shut them up and always try to numb the specific emotion that triggers us. Most people don't know that all of the answers they are looking for can only be found within their feelings. However we need to learn the language of emotion, and train ourselves to connect with our hearts and be able to understand what it says to us.

Fear is a very powerful feeling. I am a Tarot reader, a healer and an "Energy Interpreter" as I like to call it. Working in a field that is not really tangible brought me into a place of fear, since I couldn't understand much at the very beginning. This eventually started manifesting in the form of very strong anxiety attacks I would have often, almost on a daily basis. Sharing my feelings with other people wouldn't help, they gave me quick advice, thought I was exaggerating, and told me just "to chill". I understood then, that I couldn't depend on others to solve my situation; it was something that only I could face.

Those experiences taught me something very important: My emotions are talking to me, and I need to understand what they are saying. They were showing me how fear got me frozen, how my heart was tired of asking for what it needs but not receiving it. Fear is the opposite of love, it was showing me how much my life was lacking love, not only from people, but also from myself. It showed me that there were no actions I was doing with love. I was only acting out of stress and obligation. Even my anxiety was just a way for my body to show me that I had no healthy habits to take care of my body.

When I learnt how to interpret my own emotions, it felt as if life just trained me to help others do the same, and teach them how to connect with their own intuition. I had a very dear client once, who also suffered from anxiety, and needed to take medications for it. During the session I told him to listen to his anxiety, I explained

to him that his emotions were guiding him; they were showing him what was wrong and where he needed to focus. There was no point in taking pills to numb the feeling, because only knowing the root of the emotion can heal it.

A couple days after our session, he sent me a beautiful message:

“Hey Sharon! I just want to thank you again. I woke up to text messages that triggered my usual panic attack, trembling, wanting to throw up... But something that you told me clicked: Listen to your anxiety, what is it telling you? I was going to reach for my meds, but then I sprang into action. I faced it with a brave face but still with a compassionate heart.

I don't know... I just thought I'd thank you for that piece of advice. It means so much! Thank you!”

It was very heartwarming. When we learn to listen to our emotions, we even start to heal physical symptoms that present themselves due to the lack of attention we are giving ourselves. When fear becomes a heavy anchor in our lives, the only thing we need to do is love: do the things that we love doing, express love to our friends and family, give ourselves loving words.

Every action taken from a place of love and not fear will be extremely rewarded and blessed. Did you experience love today?

Find Sharon, A Tarot Reader and Spiritual Coach on Instagram @**TarotbySharon**



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