

NEWSLETTER

Vulnerability

Welcome to Lihiyot.Be's first 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.

What does it mean to open your heart? To love, to get hurt. To feel scared, to feel joy. To feel judged, to feel accepted? What does it mean to try while being terrified of failing?

Each step is scary. Terrifying. Hurtful, beautiful. Intense. Freeing. Each step you take weaves your heart and your soul and mind closer together. To learn, and truly feel that YOU ARE ENOUGH. Because you showed up, with your whole, naked self. And stood—exposed to the world. To passing glances. To words. And you took a little step closer to your true self. To your true, incredible being.

Vulnerability opens all the locked chests inside you that have been closed for so long. It allows a little light to peak into the darkness. A breath of fresh air. But it also releases whatever is locked inside. Sadness, fear, pain. But only if you let those out, can you fill them with something new.

Vulnerability is not just defined as finding love, a partner. It presents itself at every moment of every day. What we chose to wear in the morning. To say “hi” to someone on the street. To admit your faults instead of giving an excuse. To give a gift not sure if someone would like it. To say the truth even if it doesn't seem to fit. To ask for help. To admit you are not perfect. It is opening yourself up to the fear of judgement, though it goes deeper than that. Vulnerability allows for pure joy and love! It is showing up at every moment with your heart on your sleeve and your soul in your eyes, in front of the whole world to see, and saying “Here I am”.

Things We Say/Who We Are

Keshet Nafte, Jerusalem

Ask me how I know that this world favors
the vulnerable

And I'll tell you about my friend Tamara.
Six feet tall, knows how to break dance
Tamara can talk to anyone.

I'll tell you about Noss,
Eyes streaming over onions chopped
In the restaurant we worked in.

How I told him I was afraid of myself
And he listened.

I'd have to tell you about all the chances I've taken

All the bus rides in the rain
Outstretched hand

On the side of the road

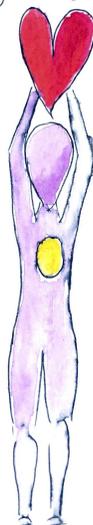
A stranger's bed for a troubled soul

And our bodies
Before we know how to use them
Offered up for the taking
and how brave we were
Every deep breath
Cold sweat
Every sore throat
From whispering to
A body in the dark
I swear it always feels like a new earth
When I wake up.

Vulnerable are the early morning commuters
Solitary movie-goers
And all the people in love.
The old man on the train
Saying "the war left me broken"
Who expects nothing in return.

I'm not looking for the answer
In any of them,
Only a sign that when it hurts
It was worth it
That when I offer myself up
And the world tears me right open
That I've done the right thing.
I think that when another person's eyes
Look to me and find
A place to rest
I know that I am doing the right thing.

Courageous Love





"Letter to my father and mother, as the dear friends of mine"

Julien Lee, from Hong Kong, living in Jerusalem

Dear Kwai & Annie,

Half a year ago, when I told you both that I am gay, your words put me in great pain. Time passes, I reconcile with you, as with myself. I see it as an honest, courageous act to be fearlessly being and accepting who I want to be in this world.

As a curse became a blessing, it is your rejection which gave me this flavourful inner journey of forgiveness and acceptance. And to truly understand the meaning of unconditional love.

Here I talk to you as a friend, as strange as it can be, often humans respect the boundaries of friends but not of their closest families. Knowing that you are still drowning in agony because of my sexuality, I feel empathetic of your pain. It seems to be my greatest obligation to ease your pain. Not by changing who I am, but to lead you to see the joy that I am living.

It is of your credit that I come into existence and experience the beauty of this great big world. My intentional journey of this lifetime started when I left home nine years ago. It is an odyssey, for the purpose of in search of the ultimate. Some goodness. Perhaps I was looking for the secret of living, or the alchemy. Some might say it is freedom and some say happiness. Is it the beauty that is hidden beneath the canopy of stars in the Himalayas? Or the sincerity inside the eyes of beloved friends in the community in the desert? Maybe it is inside the great epic of Dostoyevsky and Mahler, or the wild love affair in Paris. Can I only feel liberated after a ten days retreat or else could it just from observing the flowers on my balcony?

I love my life. I live my life.

I love you both as I love the world. We worth nothing less than a flower that God has created. Because of love, we exist in this world; and because of love, we choose to keep on living. Love gives us courage to accept and to transcend ideology and beliefs to see us as who we really are. It is of my greatest joy to have you both in my journey. And as this journey goes on, I will build my own family with a beloved man. Living in a big house with our lovely children. It is just what it is.

After all, I am happy.

May you both be happy as well.

Julien

What do I have to say about vulnerability?

Sara Wong, Alaska

Well, for starters, it's the subject of multitudes of TED Talks and probably hundreds of articles. It's mentioned in just about every self-help book out there: *vulnerability is the gateway to love! It inspires inner strength! To be vulnerable is a great virtue!* All I know is that it is supposed to bring me self confidence, joy, and an unabashed attitude towards the trials and tribulations of life.

Okay, great. Where can I find this superpower? Locked in a treasure chest deep inside a cave? On the shelf at Walmart? Because when I and a lot of others hear *vulnerability*, we think immediately of fear and pain, opening ourselves up to the cruel teeth of the rest of the world. I've had to be vulnerable in a lot of situations, as I'm sure many of us have, but I'll tell you about the most recent one.

Written by a beautiful soul in Jerusalem

If I am attentive to what life brings me, instead of trying to control it, I see it is giving me a gift and supporting me. I am learning that people are not permanent. They are dynamic beings who come, go, change, grow. I want to enjoy their wave when it comes to the shore, but let it go peacefully too. When I stop fighting with life, I realize that life is happening for me and not to me. It is all a gift.

I hope to have the peace and awareness to remember this often. When I look at life this way, I feel gratitude, instead of feeling frustrated or upset that life is not following the script that I have written for my life. G-d has better ideas anyway.

I bless each one of us to befriend life and learn from it. That we may be able to experience the growth and simplistic, peaceful happiness that comes with it.

Crazy thought – what if, right now, you are enough. That you didn't have to be different, thinner, fitter, more studious, more learned, more controlled, more productive, richer, more social, less talkative, more talkative, prettier. That you, reading this right now, was just perfectly imperfect. How would you live differently? Just imagine it. What would your life look like? What would you wear in the morning? How would you spend your days? How would you fill your mind?

When we show up, just being us, we are showing the world that we are enough because we are. We are just ourselves, nothing more, and nothing less. And when we understand that that is what everyone is doing in this world, the world becomes a kinder, more accepting place.

Be the person to provide for yourself love and affection and kindness. Don't live to hear compliments and affirmations. Show up with your heart burning, your face glowing, and eyes shining. Not waiting for others to realize your worth because when you show up and know it, they know it too.

One day I woke up and realized it



has all been enough ♡

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