

~ A Sugar Skull Xmas en Mexico ~

An Awakening Elements Play

4th Edition

A Creating



“¡Hola y bienvenidos! I was created with the name Joel, but my friends call me José, with an accent for sharpening shiny claws particularly useful for opening a presence.”

One wintry morning, José awoke and, ever so sheepishly, sharpened his claws while architecting the mantel he rested upon, writhing a bit as he clutched the warmth of a blanket. He enjoyed a churro or two, staring softly at a bristling arc of sunlight kissing his face. While admiring the awakening lofty trees and chirping birds, a new vision caught his mind's eye and tilted into a magically surreal, ponderous thought! “Hmm,” he hummed quietly to himself. “Who am I? Am I just another sugar skull painting?”

“¡Nací creado por la pluma de un loco! The fragility of living only when you imagine me. The rest of the time, maybe un poquito, well, maybe just a little less than... un poquito,” José meowed to himself.

This somber thought overwhelmed him, and then he remembered: “Noel, to be born, that's what my friend Twinkle whispered, with a sparkle in her eyes.”

She likes books and once described words lilting off the pages like glittering fairies, conjoining mid-flight into thoughts.”

José thought, “Noel visions,” and, surprised, exclaimed, “No way, José!” After all, his name is José. Then, upon the demise of choking on a churro (saying that too quickly), the “v” in “vision” speared itself into “Noel” in fiery sparks. Stunned, he sat up woozily, envisioning novel forms of being, timelessly creating, and perceiving anew.

José recalled the time El Pachuco said, “No visions! They make you dream too much!” José paid no mind to that scolding and swiped a bone into his sack.

The day found José entertained by thoughts of novel ways of being. The distant, glimmering, colorful lights of the village, cast upon the setting sun's hues, inspired him to meander along hilly, twisty dirt roads and maybe say hello to a sugar skull buddy or two during Navidad festivities.

An Awakening Elements Gift



“¡Hola, José!” said Twinkle as she moseyed alongside Quetzal, a Toltec shaman, her stardust wafting into an ephemeral breeze.

“¡Buenos días, señorita!” bellowed José.

“¡Hola, fellow traveler! Whence art thou? The roosters wake you up?” asked Quetzal.

José reminisced, “No, señor, only a gentle and sublime gleam of sunlight kissing the landscape, and the dawn silhouettes of a burro or two braying afar.”

“You have a gift from the universe this morning,” Quetzal said while offering a fiery ring.

A step forward betrayed Quetzal’s curious groovy bell-bottoms, and José smiled.

Just then, hues on the ring spoke, “Greetings! I am Youare. What be thy name?”

“Joel, but my friends call me José,” said José.

"May I call you Iam?" queried Youare.

“Sure, what are those fiery thingies?” asked José.

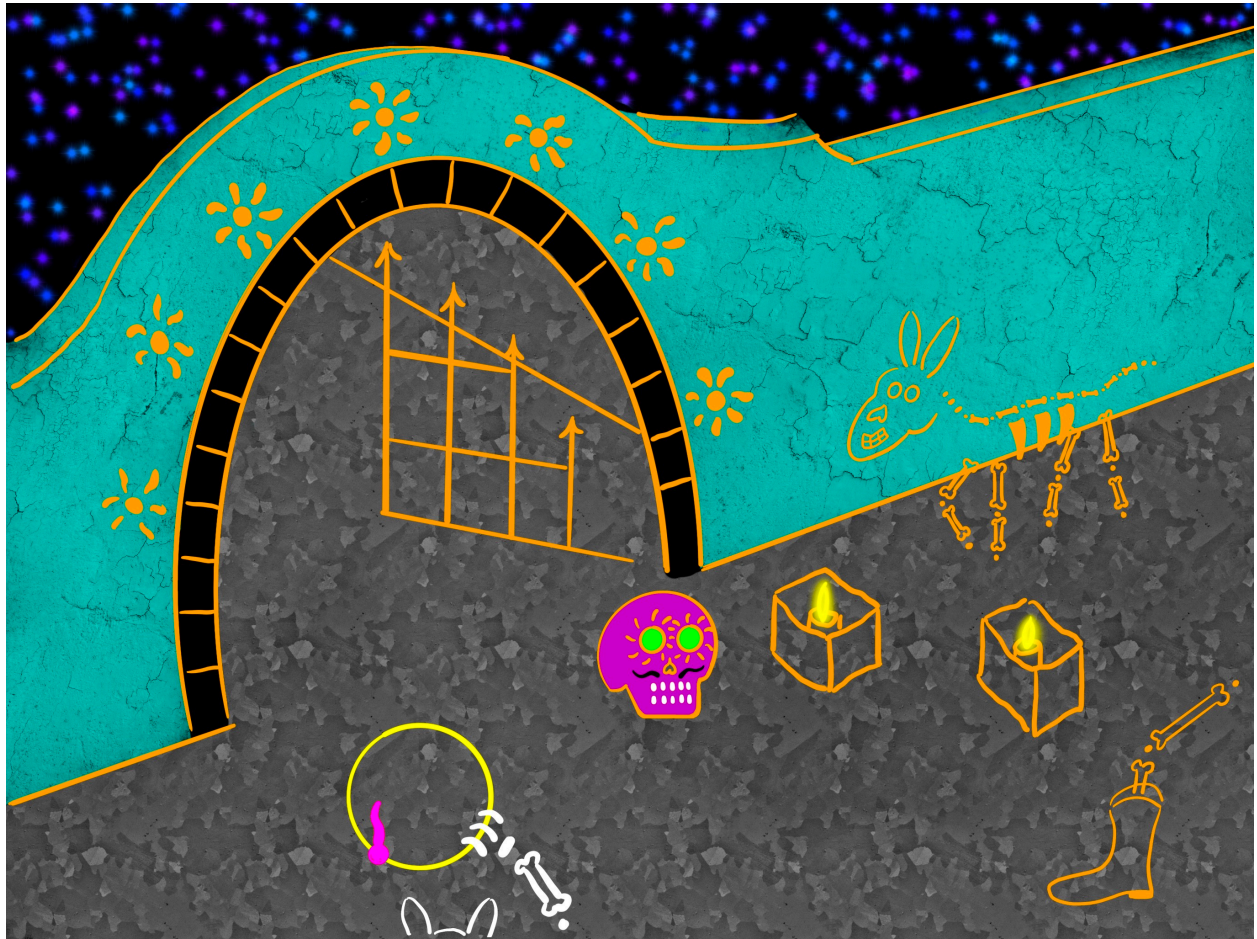
“They are Awakening Elements that play and hurt in scintillating hues to Self-Truthing, Opening, Forgiving, Compassing, Letting Be, Trusting, and Believing while living a storyline,” Youare crooned.

"Why so many i-n-g's?" queried José.

Youare said, “The purest gift is being present.”

Saying “Thank you!” José whisked away the Awakening Elements Ring and bade farewell.

A Self-Truthing



Entering the village, José encountered Pedro at the foot of a flowery arched passageway.

“¡Hola, Pedro!” greeted José.

Pedro, sporting a rakish mustache, lay sprawled on a flagstone and, with his eyes askew, said, “Hola, José, ¿cómo estás?”

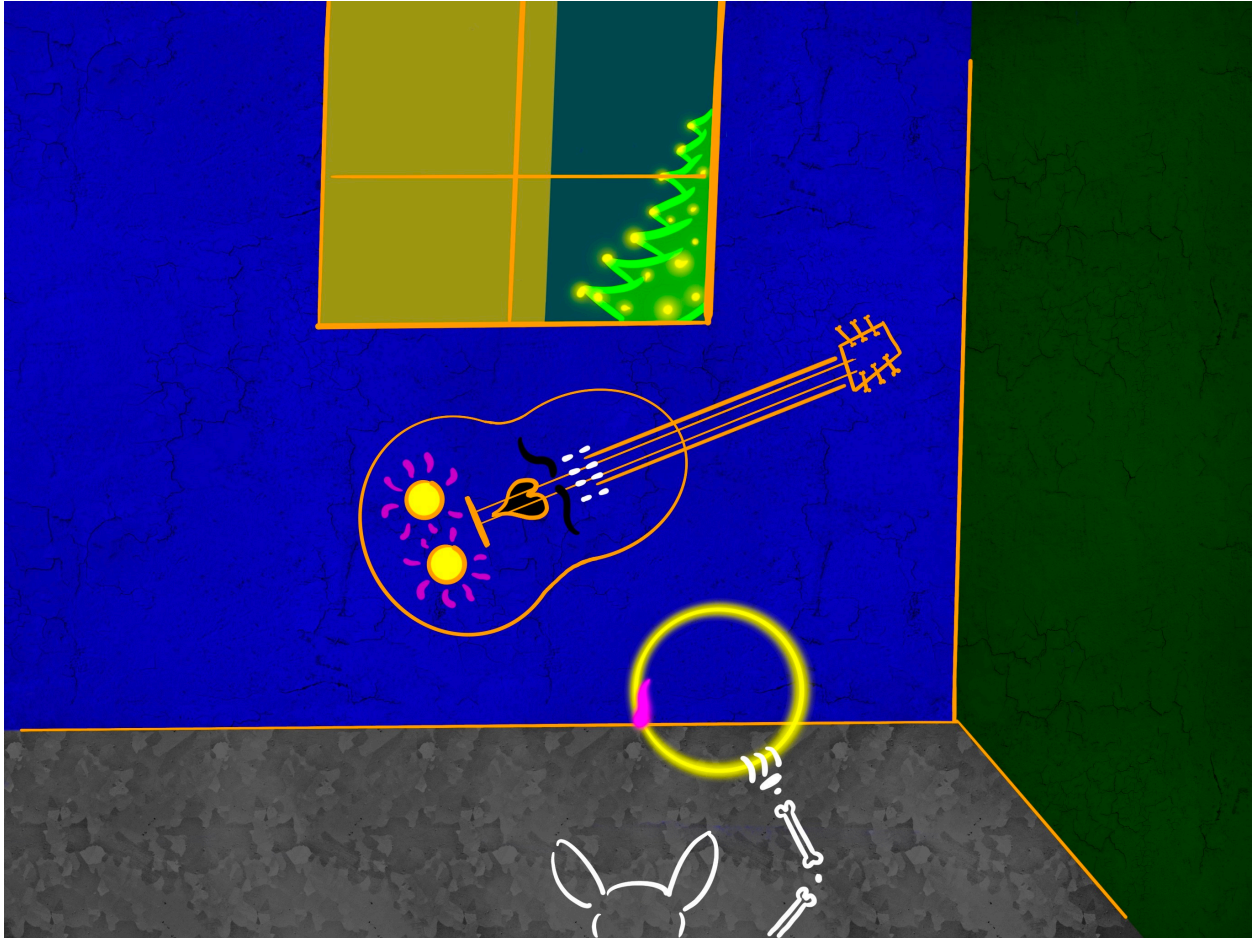
“Sauntering about! How are zapatos and hooves treating you?” queried José.

“Boots and sandals have been kind to me,” Pedro bemoaned. The Self-Truthing Awakening Element sparkled red, and Pedro could tell José saw that he was hurting.

“Bueno, yesterday I had an un poquito ceramic head role. It hurt my feelings more than my bones, and eventually, children came to play and kindly returned me,” Pedro mused.

From the Self-Truthing Awakening Element gleaming a rainbow of hues from orange to violet, José could see that Pedro was healing un poquito más and bade him a Merry Christmas.

An Opening



José admired the light-hued decorations as he headed to the town square. Then he turned a corner and found Pepe.

“¡Hola, amigo!” Pepe greeted while playing a tune.

“¡Hola! Delightful to hear the sonorous melody of your silent thoughts!” José exclaimed.

The Opening Awakening Element glowed yellow, and José could tell that Pepe would rather play an endearing song.

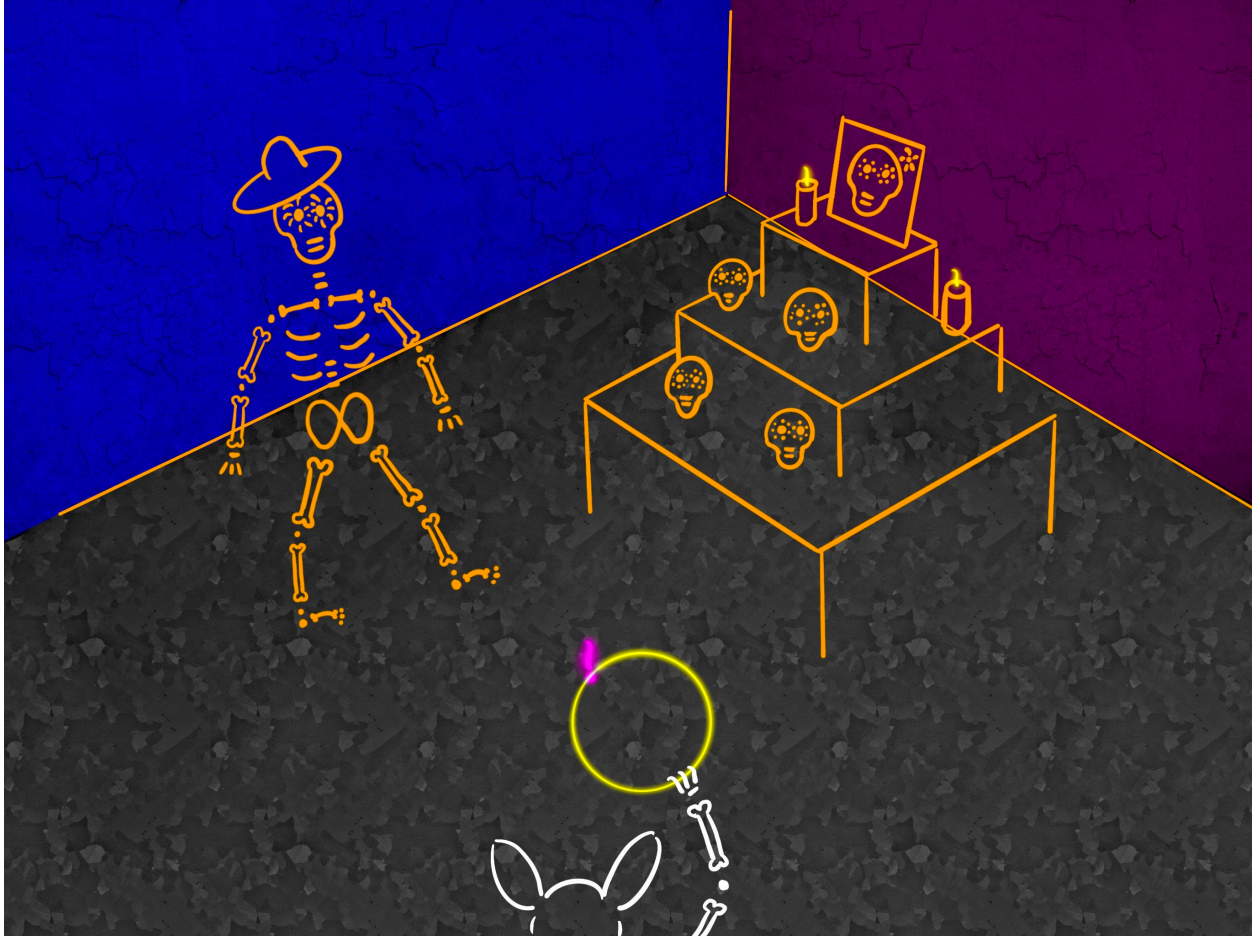
“Old friend, maybe un poquito Feliz Navidad?” José nudged.

In a heartbeat, and with a twinkle of joy in his eyes, Pepe's tiny sugar skull music notes ascended, twirling into the ephemeral breeze.

“Thank you, old friend,” Pepe said softly. “¿Con churritos o sin churritos, mi amor?” sang Pepe sonorously.

José saw that upon the Opening Awakening Element radiating indigo, Pepe was healing, and he bade him farewell before sauntering onto the brick road.

A Forgiving



Three skips and a hop along the brick road brought him to his friend Pablo, who was sitting quietly at a terrace ofrenda.

“¡Hola, amigo!” Pablo said excitedly, though sorrowfully.

“¡Hola, Pablo! ¿Cómo estas?” José whispered, almost as if to say, "I am a listening friend."

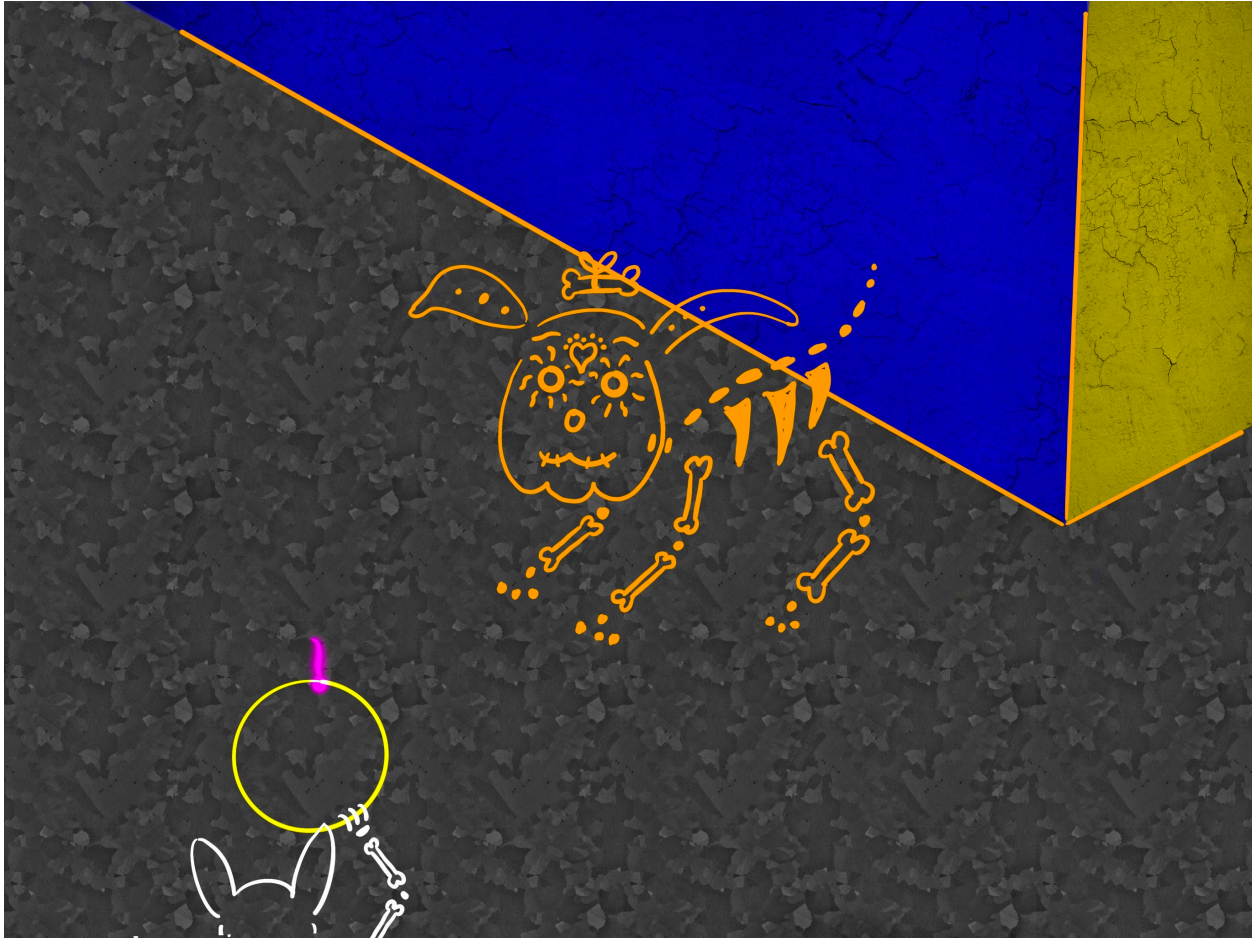
“Mi tía, she loved baking green chili tamales on Christmas.” Pablo reminisced. “On a rickety stove, she burned one buñuelo after another, and I became angry.” “Now, her kind spirit is at peace,” Pablo lamented.

José saw an enlightening rainbow of reflecting hues within the Forgiving Awakening Element, shimmering from orange to indigo.

Pablo, seeing José puzzled, added, “Yes, I’m still angry with myself for being mean to Tía,” he said with a tear in his eye, and quietly mused, “Maybe one day I will forgive myself.”

José saw that Pablo was healing and bade him farewell on the brick road.

A Compassing



Only a few steps later, José was jolted to a halt by the Spanglish barking of “Guau guau, woof woof!” and whipped his claws in a quick mid-air swipe at the startling bark. Instantly, the Compassing Awakening Element burst forth with scintillating quantum particles.

Daisy, quickly soothing the jarring greeting, snarled, “Whoa, whoa! Hold on there, partner.”

With wide grins, José and Daisy broke into laughter.

“Hola, compadre! Long time no bark!” Daisy growled.

“Swipe your twinkling eye, you ol' dog!” José admonished.

“You know, I was never a cat dog till your bones came along!” Daisy said endearingly.

The Compassing Awakening Element quickly glinted into a soft, warm violet.

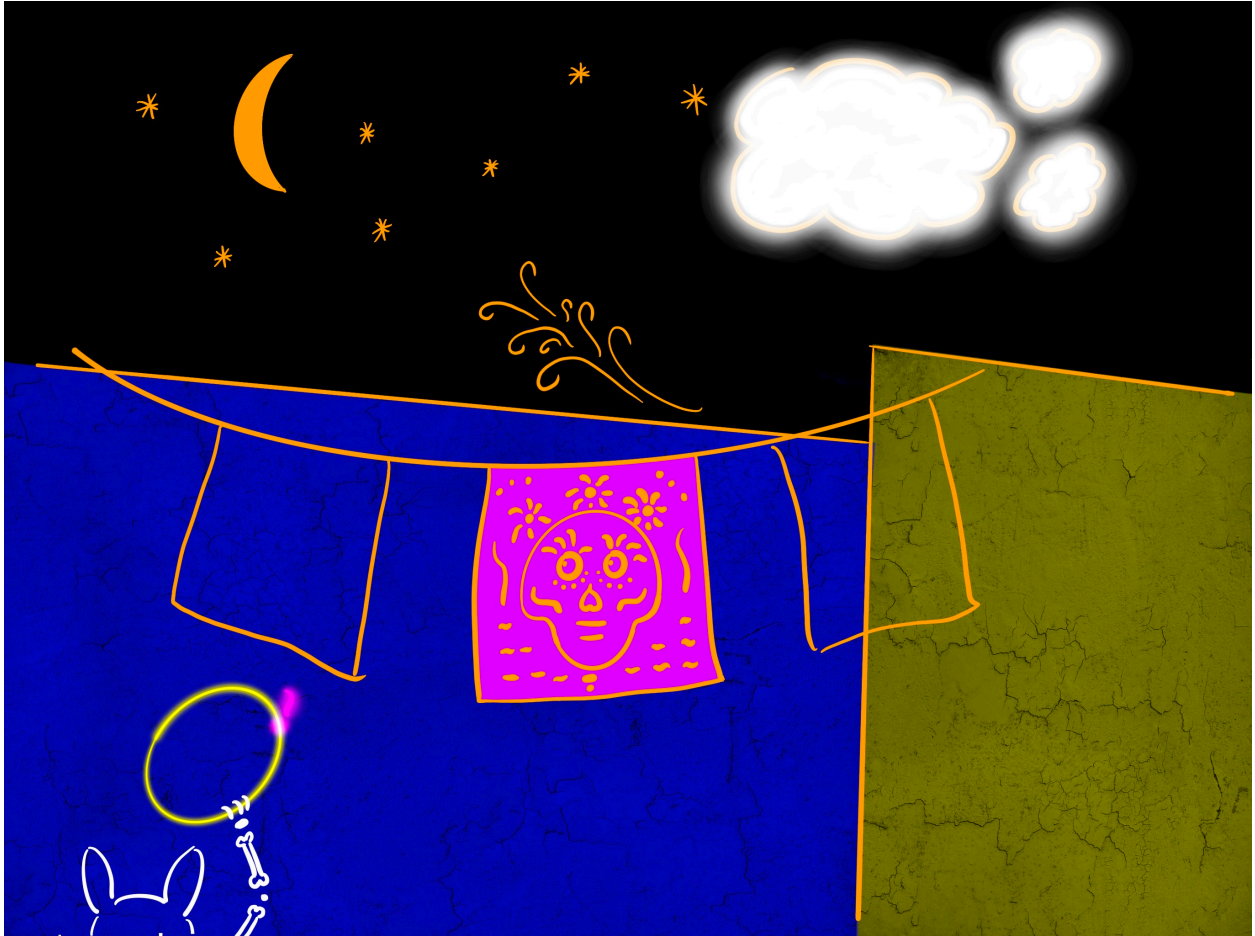
“Good to see you, old friend. Never know when you need an extra bone,” said José as he pulled the bone out of his bag. “Good to see you old friend, never know when you need an extra bone.” said José as he pulled the bone out of his bag.

A red ribbon fluttered in the carefree breeze, weaving its way to his paw. José tied a nifty bow around the bone.

“Thank you! What a lovely bowtie to wear now and munch on later this evening,” Daisy said while curtsying.

With a wiggle and a twirl, the dog and cat with a bag of bones, moseyed away as quickly as they had met.

A Letting Be



José, taken by surprise, detoured onto the brick road alongside quaint, brightly painted homes. A distant, delightful glee echoed from the papel picados hung on strings between village homes and rustled in the night breeze.

“Hola long lost compañero! How fares your earthing venture this evening?” Estrella greeted.

So strange, these earthing creatures, she thought, “He wears no shoes.”

José meowed and purred un poquito before looking up and saying, “Lovely to see you glamering among the nebulae, galaxies, quasars, and pulsars!” He then added, “So many celestial bodies to gaze upon!”

As if in a cosmic gesture in kind return, José felt the tingling touch of a raindrop, a kiss from a puffy cloud. As if in a gesture of a return in kind, José felt the tender touch of a raindrop kissing from the evening’s puffy cloud.

“¡Vaya! The corner of my dress got tangled in the earthly realm, and maybe a little tug will...” Estrella mused.

José noticed the Letting Be Awakening Element illuminating with a soft yellow glow.

“Yes!” Estrella exclaimed. “I can play among the puffy clouds and the shiny crescent moon!”

As he saw the Letting Be Awakening Element twinkling green-blue and her spirit wafting on a caressing breeze toward the celestial wisdom of the starry night, José bid her farewell.

A Trusting



Upon passing a terrace, siblings Elia and Anglica caught sight of José.

Elia shouted, “¡Feliz Navidad!”

Anglica chimed in, “¡Amigo perdido hace mucho tiempo!”

José turned around, delighted to see his friends, and said, “Oh dear, greetings, children!”

Elia and Anglica gently placed a mystical ornament on a branch of the Christmas tree, its shiny, floral crystal facets sparkling.

José's eyes widened joyfully upon seeing that the ornament was his friend Frida, and he could hear her softly musing if the moseying kitty was her friend José.

“¡Sí, es mi amigo José!” Frida joyfully proclaimed to the children, with her wings embracing the sky, “¡Tengo alas para volar!”

“¡Hola, señorita Frida!” José exclaimed with delight.

“¡Qué milagro, ven aquí, polvoriento saco de huesos!” Frida scolded.

“Maybe I am un poquito dusty,” José said shyly.

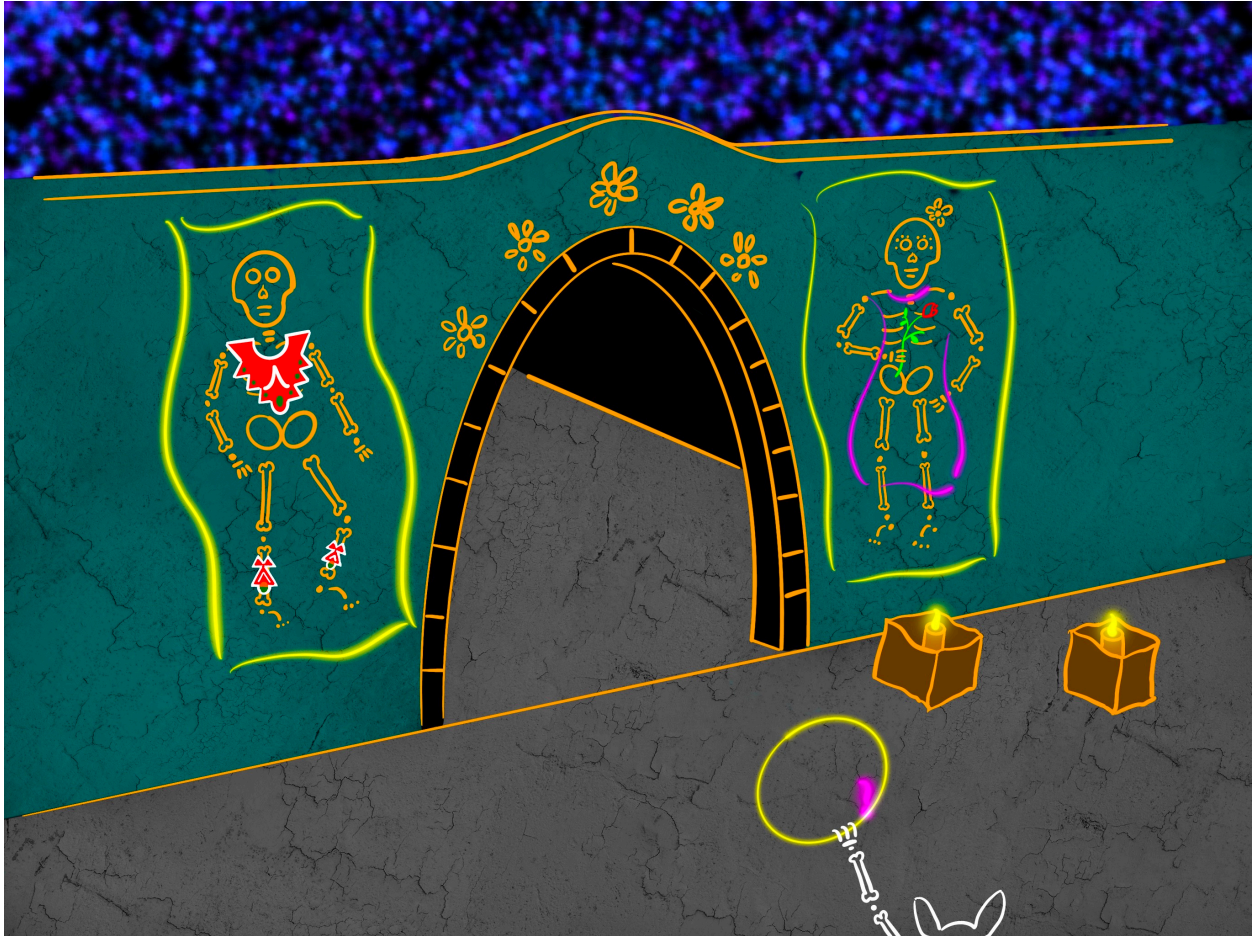
In a tearful sentiment, she said, “See the gentle way these dear children hold me in place.”

José sensed the careful way she spoke, and the Trusting Awakening Element glimmered softly yellow.

Seeing this, Frida lamented, “Oh mi hijito, if I fall to pieces one day, these playful wings will sail me unto ethereal dreams.”

The Trusting Awakening Element began to heal, glistening a blue glow, as José bid farewell.

A Believing



José saw the drapes of Popocatépetl and Iztaccíhuatl wafting in the whispering night breeze, frozen in eternity, destined to awaken to the trembling heart of a pure, wandering love. As he neared the mosaic archway, José's heart twitched un poquito when Popoca and Mixtli, as he knew them, stirred from their deep slumber.

“¡Hola, amigos lost in solemnity!” José called out as he heard the cadence of their rattling bones, casting ghostly dust that whispered into the breeze.

“Ahh,” Mixtli murmured affectionately, “¡mi gatito favorito!”

José saw the Believing Awakening Element glistening in a sunburnt orange hue, reflecting, like a painted sunset, the sorrow of a love lost over time.

“Ha sido un tiempo inmemorial, to say hello to one such as you!” Mixtli delighted.

“Likewise, dear amigos!” José said.

“And oh,” José recalled as he reached into his sack, “this morning's flowerbed rose is for you.”

Glitter lilted from the sack as José handed the rose to Popoca, who, in a heartbeat, whispered, “To my love,” his bones trembling as he extended the rose to Mixtli.

Gently cradling the flowers in a tender embrace, Mixtli smiled warmly. The Believing Awakening Element flickered in a symphony of multiflorous hues, shifting to violet.

Looking at José, Popoca said, “Oh dear, thank you, amigo.”

In the embrace of loving healing, José bade farewell. Popoca and Mixtli se congelaron en tiempos inmemoriales. Three yawns and a stretch later, José began to retire for the evening, sauntering sheepishly to a nearby cantina.

An Endearing Sentience

“Hmm, a rickety, squeaky wooden table—a playground for these sharp claws,” José thought while moseying through the village square.

He sat under an elegantly arched terrace, its walls gracefully adorned a withering decay of cracks and peeling paint, unveiling untold tales.

Transfixing upon a cup of Ponche, a plate of buñuelos, and churros on a passing table, a few words escaped his sharp teeth: "Sí, on the Awakening Elements Ring, hues glistening this way feel tingly," he said, drawing a circle in the air, "and the other way, an owie."

In his mind's eye, the evening's novel journey crystallized into a transcendent divine thought,

“To be enlightening within a storyline whilst in the throes of a dying love is to endear sentience.”

A Transcending



In the gentle rustle of this unique thought, a crisp breeze kissed José's left cheek. “¡Ay! What is this novel, sparkling tingle!?” he wondered, standing spellbound as his entire being began transmuting into two Awakening Element Rings of fire.

Seeing José frozen in dazed bewilderment, Youare explained, “The Inner Awakening Element Ring, forged in time, is for manifesting stories we tell ourselves. The Outer Awakening Element Ring is for manifesting stories we play in the world, being present, and can be as turbulent as a

falling leaf or as calm as a puddle. Oh, and, as if voicing the unspoken, only you can see your Inner Awakening Elements Ring.”

In the serendipity of a wafting breeze, the spirit of a celestial Ubuntu voice whispered, “I am because you are,” and, surprised, José jumped to attention, exclaiming, “Ooh, that’s me. I am iam and you are Youare!”

José suddenly froze and said, “Hmm, yes, I see now. Your authenticity invites me to be my truest self,” then wryly asked Youare, “Why do you manifest as one ring?”

Youare quietly explained, “In the purest form, the Inner and Outer Awakening Element Rings appear as one, since the stories you tell yourself are the same stories you play in the world. You can then be at one with the universe.”

His inner being began transmuting into an Awakening Element’s ring alongside Youare to the serendipity of a celestial Ubuntu whispering,

“I am because you are...”

In a quintessence of novelty, a lightness of being overcame José—his entire being manifested into an imaginative awakening. Entrancing storylines of yore arose to a cadence of om chanting and singing bowls, with carols of hues playing on his Inner Awakening Element Ring.

Around the village square, José beheld a burro, a Christmas cactus, a dangling piñata, and a wispy grandma whittling away the evening on a stroll, all transmuting into pairs of Inner and Outer Awakening Element Rings. His awakening eyes could see unfolding storylines through intertwined voices, manifesting as glistening hues playing on the Awakening Element Rings.

Lying on foliage in a dreamy embrace, as sugar skull kitties do, José, gazing at the stars, hummed a peaceful “om” into the crisp, wintry evening air.

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