

TEA WAYFARER

Each month we introduce one of the Global Tea Hut members to you in these newsletters. We hope that this helps us all get to know each other better. It's also to pay homage to the many manifestations that all this wonderful spirit and tea are becoming, as the tea is drunk and becomes human. The energy of the tea fuels some great work in this world, and we are so honored to show you some glimpses of such beautiful people and their tea. This month we thought you should meet the talented, sparkly and incredibly positive beam of light we call Season Cole.

This is a love story that defies convention and stretches the well hydrated and aromatically steeped threads of imagination. A magical tale of 'Tea meets Girl'. A debriefing of the nurturing friendship that has blossomed between a wise old beverage and a picaro change-ling. Let's begin at the latest conveniently designated beginning...

Ave Global Tea Brethren and Sister-Kin! Meet Season (which is I), a poet and performance artist, devotee of synchronicity, boogie dervish, and mixtress of mystical pixie sauce. Two years ago I began a daily recitation of a mantra that was, in essence, an invitation for Divine sanctuary to be delivered to me as well as a declaration of my body and all that I do as deliverances of such. Two weeks later... Enter: The Way of the Tea.

Upon my first tasting with Taylor and Colin at their Tea temple in Venice Beach, California, I was guided by Colin to connect with the tree from which the leaves came and the land on which that tree grew. Cue: Major Epiphany! I was immediately transported through time and space to a foreign landscape. I could tangibly feel the plant's roots reaching spindly appendages deep into the earth below and the nutritive pulsations of Nature corraling upward through its trunk. I was tickled by gentle breezes in Her branches and serenaded by the subtle song of soft rustling and the delicate applause of leaves. I was welcomed into the globoid embrace of exotic atmosphere, the convex curvature of mildly complexioned skies above an especially salient feature, with the stable presence of bulbous hills overlooking the scene from a polite distance in the backdrop... and this was all just within the first ten minutes of the first date! I quickly made ample room for Tea in my life and in return, Tea has ever since been Teaching and talking to me, taking me to transcendent astral parties and imperial other worlds on Her coiling sTeamy coat-tails.

Each day I meet with many facets of this dynamic spirit, from Her serene awakenings in mornings as we drift in a crisp waning daze through the ebbing tides of dreamland and in the afternoons surfing alpha waves, to Her more playful and adventurous incarnations which love to bibulously conspire on art projects and wax philosophical under full moons. Tea is now the trustee accomplice and co-conspirator of all that I write. She mingles with my mind in metaphor and lacquers my tongue with

Her clarifying liquor as I rap and rhyme. I've become a bit of a Mad-Hattered-Italian-mother with Tea, officiously providing a bottomless bowl for all who visit.

Tea creates an energetic quality standard and is a barometer of purity in my life, where ever She goes must be up to her preferences par and is instantly designated sacred space. She is the soothing guru shrub, so generously aiding and abetting many meditative and conscious explorations. She has transformed the way I relate with my food and drink and the way I commune with the vegetal realms.

I feel right at home wherever I go where there is Tea; she is my trustee travel companion and faithful co-inhabitant. I just recently moved to Portland Oregon from Southern California, and am cozied up in an underground forest adjacent faery alcove, sitting with innumerable bowls of Tea's kind brew each day, watching small parades of deer graze and raid the fruit trees in the yard. If any of you Tea-familia find yourselves in the rainy City of Roses, you're invited...

Until then, farewell for now fellow wayfarers!
Bowl bottoms up! Cha Dao Cheers and out!

