

# CINNAMON.

GET IT RIGHT.  
AND GET IT.



# What do you give to someone who has it all?

What do you give to someone you wanna praise?

Is this about money?

Or is this about energy, about love.

Everything is a reflection of ourselves. From what we allow to be a part of our existence. What is the priority? There is nothing wrong with money. But it can't be in the center of attention. It's a bonus. Everything in life is a bonus, it's a bonus game. When you are home you are home. Home is where the heart is. And then you know. The heart knows. It doesn't question anything. Because it's blind. It can become blind in lust. And it can become blind in achievement. And those are also alright, as bonuses. But what you really really wish for, is love. Pure unconditional love. What does that mean in relation to you, to yourself? It means that you accept yourself and all of what makes you human. It means that you correct yourself morally and do the right thing. It means that you stay on course regarding what's a priority for sustainability. A moral core of love. That's the prettiest seashell you'll ever find. Sparkling with all the colors. White as in free and non-conceptual. White supremacy.. That's what it's all about and always has been. Only not material. Spiritual. The nuance of the skin is a trick, a part of all the mind tricks included in solving this puzzle. The jigsaw pulse created from socialization. And sometimes severe trauma.

I like to brake things up like I just did now. It's too much all in one cake. The gift of life is right here and now but if you aren't right in the head you gotta redo some things. In giving. Not as in punishing or condemning. Never a failure but always on trial. And you are the judge of that. Today after 42 years of darkness my judge has a toy hammer in all colors that squeaks. I can't take that serious! What made me do that was a perception of a steel club with spikes crushing the desk. But I crushed it. I killed it. But I didn't nail it. I just returned to peace. I calmed myself each time. Now I am actually talking about where I am right now. I just to pick up an Uzi and scream at the mind. But the mind Is all love to. It just doesn't understand it. So it protects you in such strength that it kills you. It protects you until you die. Weird?

Yes! But perhaps you can see that now? And when you do you understand that all of that is just about becoming. Becoming who you are and staying true to yourself. As this has not been the case for some time you have solidified your conviction in a general state of being. Which is also becoming. But if you're standing on one foot

with your eyes crossed claiming that your hand in the air is actually the one in the pocket you are playing yourself for a fool. And there is humour in that.

What makes for everything serious is....

Taking it so serious. We get what we give.

So do you clown it all like some Bozo? Nah. But you come to light! Light is not just a figure of speech. It's not just a metaphor. It's aware and loving energy. It's God. Or whatchamacallit..

And light as the word implies is not heavy. That's the game on this high density planet. It's the density that makes for the challenge. And with density you get pressure. And with pressure you get tension. And when tensed we aren't having a good time. So light is also light hearted. As in not carrying so much. But the heart will not let go of anything the mind doesn't understand. So what is there to understand then? Emotions. And judgements. Forgiveness & release.

All of that is your control playing the game of love. That you never take. As the Ego is a greedy one. And doesn't understand this either. It's a Bozo. So you listen and partner up with your heart. The heart that knows. The mind thinks but has no idea really. It doesn't know anything. But thinks so because of knowledge. And that's a bit tricky because that's not what you're looking for. What you seek is understanding. Knowledge is a stale stop. Rigid. I know! In theory. But life goes on. And things change. Knowledge in its essence is feeling. Intuitive. Intuition.

That's why mom knows. And that's also why dad struggles. And that's why mom understands. But you can flip those as well. Because some are just more masculine and some are more feminine. I like to think of myself like a kool stay at home mom with a beard that bakes cinnamon buns. And eats 10 of them including two that where't baked yet. Well.. I used to do that. Because they where so sweet. And I just couldn't wait. Like a kid! And that's all of us. Big kids! Just wanting it all right now and truly gets it all when we love ourselves like a child. When we return. To innocence within our mind and heart.

God's got the buns ready. Sweet buns. Tasty loving warm buns. We can split 'em you and I. And share that love. Haha, say hello to the teenager! Hi! The teenager who found his passion and dream but did not believe in that for half his life. The dude that looks beautiful but sometimes didn't want to look at himself in the mirror. And you know what!? That ain't physical! It. Is. Not.

It's all a part of the mental game. Because when you love yourself and give yourself all of what you are worth you make an extra stop and just look yourself in the eyes. You might glance at that body of yours but you do not have a problem looking truth in the eyes as you aren't bullshitting yourself. One of the greatest that might seem a bit mean tricks to do when feeling so stuck and hopeless crying your eyes out is to go do that in front of a mirror. And that's when you spot it! The Bullshit.

But it's not like you do that condescending. You just wanna look yourself in the eyes doing it like the mother who knows. And you'll meet that gaze by yourself.

What do you give to someone who has it all?

Praise.

You praise yourself. Because you got it. Ain't no difference between anyone else and you. You got it. But are you going for it!? The big bucks! Yeah!!!!.....

That's going from groin to head.

Did you make a pitstop? Did you find a nice place heading up to head where you could have parked and paused with a cinnamon bun?

Because if ya didn't? You are doing sexual money transfers.  
And God's ain't about that. Primarily. Love ain't. Get it right. Then you get it.

Groove is in the heart. Delicious. Split cinnamon bun. Mmmmm...  
Is that what I will call her? Perhaps. If she likes that. Cinnamon.

You know a great fragrance is cinnamon. Calming. Soothing. In the meat department they do not have flowers in the butchers department. And it doesn't smell of anything but blood. And the smell of money is also odorless. But the smell of love! Mmm! That's what you want. The smell of acceptance and morality. The fragrance of responsibility for the most precious thing we got. Eau de God.

You need to give back and you need to acknowledge the right source. You are already doing it only momentarily correct and mostly to the wrong one. To the devil or the computer. Demonish blood money. And you know this. That's the thing. You are love. Which means you are truth. And you cannot hide from yourself. So what happens is you end up hurting yourself. From momentary satisfaction but neglecting of what's the most important non-aspect of your existence.

Affirm what's good! Affirm the good about you. And just like some antiseptic or whatever it will draw the hurt out the wound. As you keep affirming what's good it will naturally become apparent what is not. And then it comes to the surface for you to process and deal with. And with dedication and love you'll heal that and the affirmations previously not believed becomes a given. That's anti socialization/trauma procedure.

You can get help. I don't advise anyone not to seek assistance. But however you flip and fold all what you've got. Still! You gotta do it. There is no quick fix. There is no magic anything. Whatever you find and learn in a couple of hours is a reference point that you remember and keep as a compass heading for love.

This piece is called 'Boner soup'. It's a reference to a comedy bit done by Nick Swardson. He tells this story of devastation and drama with love and pain about a family going thru difficulties. And then he titles it 'Boner Soup'. Do you get that?

Why would you do that?

But then again people do. They live a life that is not congruent with what they believe for. They talk a lot but aren't doing it. It's a confusing experience. And I am not talking about me taking part of your life. I am talking about how we all live lies in various degrees.

Hold on I gotta rest a bit..

..there.. I looked at some pictures of Cinnamon.

Why did I have to pause? Because all of this is working my mind. And you gotta take brakes. And come back to love. Not stay in your mind. Focus your energy and attention on your heart. And give a slight smile. Where everything is alright. In peace. Life will end you know? It's gonna be over some day. The ride of your life. What do you want that to be? Truly? Lovingly. Magically! So beautifully made. By your own choice. The dark forces will die. As more and more do this we hold spiritual hands across the world. And he heal no matter what distance. Distance healing is all about this. You can heal friends as you see them well and feel love for them. That's a prayer for someone else. The more you connect the more influence you'll get as you are trusted by God. God has faith in you! Isn't that so beautiful. But God first. Love first. That's why it works and never gives up. It's all giving. All for giving.



Thanksgiving should be everyday all day. For everything! Even what was perceived as something not feeling grateful for. As this is something you actually need. It's a course correct. That all.

But you can't dismiss hurt either, so you go thru the motions. In energy, in feeling.

Emotions.

The guidance comes like different dishes of what you are able to currently process. Just like a baby that can't chew stake you can't either if you would like to get the last piece of that puzzle right away. Now how's that gonna look all one piece? Haha you see! The puzzle needs the other ones.

- Well this one is in the corner all black as a part of the mountain. I want the sun!

You'll get there. Sweetie.

In peace.

Eventually. What is needed now is to get crap out. Stop holding on to that dark piece claiming it's the sun! Be correct and true. Call your own BS!

And right there the wheels begin to turn. And move in the momentum of the opposite direction. You getting with it. Getting it! Go get it!

Get that joy! Go get that joy! You can do it!

And a world of love is in effect. Affect. Affection.

Reflection.

An inventory of self. What am I holding, and what is not serving me? Out! What am I missing? Nothing. I just have not affirm that. Get it. Do it. And you will transform and transmute. Not to become finished or Norwegian. But to become you. As you are. Feeling free in your own birthday suit. We ain't gotta see it online or in a movie. Like it is. We know what errbody got. Shapes and forms, sizes and whatnot.

Show your heart! Show your love! Give your love! And love gives back!

If I am not a walking and living example of this then you may go watch 'Boner soup'.

It's showing all over the world right now.

It confuses the crap out of you. And leaves you with a migraine and a hollow chest. False prophets are non-existent as they don't exist. Don't give people that kind of credit. Give yourself that credit. You prescribe and prophesies.. hold on..

\*pictures of Cinnamon\*

..you own fortune cookie!

(I kissed her pictures)

You know! What's right. Don't fight the system. The mind.

Don't fight at all. Just don't give up. Stay strong emotionally and mentally and know that things work out as you stick by yourself. And the more people understand and do this the easier it becomes because the resistance is collective just like the love. So as more and more people take care of themselves the very last few will practically have an afternoon cry and that's it.

- But what are we gonna do tomorrow!?

Yeah. We've never ever ever ever been there. So we make the best of it! We've carried resistance for thousands of years. And creating it. We are losing it now and that will make for a natural world of love all in peace. Where we create and support love and do what makes us feel good which is all about you and me in that order.

Even if you are alone. You is God.

Me is Ego.

The personality coming from a loving foundation that is worthy of all it's done. Working like a slave for me. As I am the master of my own universe. But the time has now come. For recognition. Of the God head. You shall be praised personally! For all of what you've created. For all the hard work. That is wished it could have given me long ago. But did not understand. And so I showed it. I showed myself, me, love. So we are friends, lovers, partners & a team. Working together, for love.

Things has to come to an end.

And we have to leave. But what loves you comes back. And relationships can re-emerge from a new configuration. That's life. And you welcome the new. That's what the end was all about. The new beginning.

Of the greatest love story in the history of the human race!

Now making its way to you. From our hearts to yours.

Full color.

A great deal of understanding.

And a lot of love.

Thank you Nick. You may peel my skin and wear it for your birthday.

You are worth it. Iron Lotus.

/ Leo ' L'Oreal' Rosenblad

