

Newsletter February 2010

Hello:

I hope that this February newsletter finds you in Good health and happy spirits. January was a good month for the Nokado School of Self defense we had 5 excellent exams , we now have 3 brand new Black belts in the Dojo, we have three new Ni Dans, one third Dan, one Forth Dan and a New Shihan level. I congratulate everyone that tested and was promoted and look forward to more tests in the near future.

Calendar

February 6...Jr. Black belt test ...Commack Dojo 10 AM
February 13...Jr. Black belt test ...Northport Dojo 10 AM
February 15...Presidents Day ...Dojo closed
February 20...Children's test ...Commack Dojo
February 25...Black Belt test6:30 PM...Dojo to be determined
March 11...Black Belt test...6:30 PM....Commack Dojo
March 13...Jr. Ni Dan Test....10AM...Dojo to be determined
April 2,3,4,5 ...Easter Dojo Closed
April 29....Ni Dan San, Dan test....Kings Park Dojo 6:30 PM
All dates are tentative

A letter to Sensei Jeff Sullivan

My family was so impressed with your warmth and "gentle spirit"we know better. I appreciate your little vote of confidence regarding my test on Thursday. Your inspiration is invaluable to me. Whenever it is that I go for my Black belt.....you are my motivator unless there is a more important role.

Thank you for all you do for me and my boys



RED MARBLES

I was at the corner grocery store buying some early potatoes. I noticed a small boy, delicate of bone and feature, ragged but clean, hungrily appraising a basket of freshly picked green peas.

I paid for my potatoes but was also drawn to the display of fresh green peas. I am a pushover for creamed peas and new potatoes.

Pondering the peas, I couldn't help overhearing the conversation between Mr. Miller (the store

owner) and the ragged boy next to me.

'Hello Barry, how are you today?'

'H'lo, Mr. Miller. Fine, thank ya. Jus' admirin' them peas.. They sure look good.' They are good, Barry. How's your Ma?'

'Fine. Gittin' stronger alla' time.' Good. Anything I can help you with?'

'No, Sir. Jus' admirin' them peas.' Would you like to take some home?' asked Mr. Miller.

'No, Sir. Got nuthin' to pay for 'em with.' Well, what have you to trade me for some of those peas?'

'All I got's my prize marble here'Is that right? Let me see it' said Miller..

'Here 'tis. She's a dandy.'

'I can see that. Hmmmmm, only thing is this one is blue and I sort of go for red. Do you have a red one like this at home?' the store owner asked..

'Not zackley but almost..'

'Tell you what. Take this sack of peas home with you and next trip this way let me look at that red marble'.. Mr.. Miller told the boy.

'Sure will. Thanks Mr. Miller.'

Mrs. Miller, who had been standing nearby, came over to help me. With a smile she said, 'There are two other boys like him in our community, all three are in very poor circumstances. Jim just loves to bargain with them for peas, apples, tomatoes, or whatever. When they come back with their red marbles, and they always do, he decides he doesn't like red after all and he sends them home with a bag of produce for a green marble or an orange one, when they come on their next trip to the store.'

I left the store smiling to myself, impressed with this man. A short time later I moved to Colorado , but I never forgot the story of this man, the boys, and their bartering for marbles.

Several years went by, each more rapid than the previous one. Just recently I had occasion to visit some old friends in that Idaho community and while I was there learned that Mr.. Miller had died...

They were having his visitation that evening and knowing my friends wanted to go, I agreed to accompany them. Upon arrival at the mortuary we fell into line to meet the relatives of the deceased and to offer whatever words of comfort we could..Ahead of us in line were three young men. One was in an army uniform and the other two wore nice haircuts, dark suits and white shirts...all very professional looking. They approached Mrs. Miller, standing composed and smiling by her husband's casket.. Each of the young men hugged her, kissed her on the cheek, spoke briefly with her, and moved on to the casket. Her misty light blue eyes followed them as, one by one; each young man stopped briefly and placed his own warm hand over the cold pale hand in the casket. Each left the mortuary awkwardly, wiping his eyes.

Our turn came to meet Mrs. Miller. I told her who I was and reminded her of the story from those many years ago and what she had told me about her husband's bartering for marbles. With her eyes glistening, she took my hand and led me to the casket.

'Those three young men who just left were the boys I told you about.. They just told me how they appreciated the things Jim 'traded' them. Now, at last, when Jim could not change his mind about color or size.....they came to pay their debt.'

'We've never had a great deal of the wealth of this world,' she confided, 'but right now,

Jim would consider himself the richest man in Idaho.'

With loving gentleness she lifted the lifeless fingers of her deceased husband. Resting underneath were three exquisitely shined red marbles.

The Moral: We will not be remembered by our words, but by our kind deeds. Life is not measured by the breaths we take, but by the moments that take our breath.....

Today I wish you a day of ordinary miracles ~ A fresh pot of coffee you didn't make yourself...An unexpected phone call from an old friend...Green stoplights on your way to work...The fastest line at the grocery store...A good sing-along song on the radio...Your keys found right where you left them.

IT'S NOT WHAT YOU GATHER, BUT WHAT YOU SCATTER THAT TELLS
WHAT KIND OF LIFE YOU HAVE LIVED

Black belt

Just the beginning, never the end.

Achieving a Black belt in the Martial Arts of Jiu Jitsu is just the beginning, now the real learning, the practice of your skills begins. Becoming a Black belt is a huge accomplishment, maintaining those life skills take practice. The more time you take off the more the skills deteriorate. You can't stop training and say you are a Black belt...you attained a Black belt but unless you are using those skills, living by the code of Bushido, are you really a Black belt . A Black belt represent years of hard work and training ...never lose your desire or skill...you have worked do hard to get to that elevated place in your life ...Think about it

Training is Endless

From the
Wisdom Teachings of the Dalai Lama

“Unless our minds are stable and calm, no matter how comfortable our physical condition may be, they will give no pleasure. Therefore, the key to a happy life, now and in the future, is to develop a happy mind”

Hada

The Center...always be in good balance. Move from the center of your being. Your Hara, (pronounced Hada) is in the center of your body from side to side and 3 inches below your navel.

When performing Jiu Jitsu techniques, playing sports, working , driving your car, or riding a bike always center yourself over your hara .Power comes from turning your is, a frequently asked question in the dojo and in the center of your hips slightly lower is your hara.

Think of the center of Hara as a blue light, on each inhale of breath that light glows brighter and gets slightly larger. As you practice your Ki breathing this ene4gy will grow and flow thru out your entire being.

Have a great month
Always in the spirit
God bless

Soke O.