

Expanded Lovemaking Blog *December 16 to December 31, 2006*

Saturday, December 16, 2006

My trip to Niagara Falls

Last night started out on a pretty low note. I had a minor injury at the gym, and, quite frankly, I was feeling somewhat sorry for myself. I was not in the mood for fun, love, or pleasure. Okay - I was in a really good, deep, blue, good old-fashioned funk. A tailspin. My partner tried talking to me. I was kind enough to tell him empathy would go further than advice. He switched from talking to hugging, and that helped some.

Now I going to ask you to guess, what are the chances that we could have had any kind of a reasonable sensual connection? Here are your choices: "One in 10". "Could be anything". "I have no idea". Or "Excellent". Give this some thought.

The answer is "Excellent". The path of Expanded Lovemaking is a profound path. We train ourselves to live moment by moment, and to use each moment as fuel to inform and feed our lovemaking. The ups, and even the downs, are grist for the mill, and fire for our passions.

I knew that. But still, I had to get into that mindset.

On a night like last night, my needs for tenderness, loving, caring sensitivity, connection, and grounding touch were so strong that every kind of attention coming my way was certain to help me a change my present mindset channel into a far better scene.

Despite the prospects for perking up, part of me wanted to prolong my poor-me program. And this is where my "lover's training" really came through. (Yes, you really can train to be a good lover!) I simply made an arbitrary decision to choose pleasure over pain.

I chose pleasure. I began to visualize Niagara Falls, and then myself, riding down it, effortlessly, on a magical raft, as if I were carried away into a cascade of fresh, churning, healing emotional pleasure. I savored this pooling of bliss while allowing heartfelt nurturing to stream rapidly (and joyfully) into my body, mind, and spirit.

Once I had made this choice, well ... I leave it to your imagination to imagine what happened next!

Yours in ever expanding love,
Dr. Patti

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Tuesday, December 19, 2006

Advice to Love to Love You, Babe

Dear Dr. Patti,

I love my husband, and he loves me, but he's been working so hard lately that we never seem to have the chance to just unwind, and you know what that means. Unwinding leads to a yummy massage, which leads to even hotter action! I can't seem to get our frolicking love-fest started.

He's so focused on what happened during the day that when we get to bed all he wants to do is chill. How can we start our transition? Signed, Love to Love You, Babe

Dear Love to Love You, Babe,

I got the picture. Hubby is happy to hug, but can't switch off the Work Channel. Did someone else gain possession your remote? Well, fight fire with fire, by hiring him yourself, tonight! At dinner, pull out his appointment book and make an entry for nine o'clock this evening. Negotiate some duties. Make them really easy and fun ones, like slowly trickling his pinky in the crease of your elbow, or tracing his tongue around the sides of your ear lobe. Charge him like, fifteen dollars. (Depending on the guy, some guys might actually respond with greater glee if you actually make them pay *you* for the privilege of letting them do this to you.) You know your guy. If he's in the kind of a mood where he wants or needs a challenge instead, you can plan a session where he's to grace your gorgeous g-spot (once you're fully engorged, of course!) with at least three new creative ideas. Anyway, what have you got to lose? Everything glorious and good starts with a single pleasurable stroke!

Yours in ever expanding love,
Dr. Patti

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Sunday, December 24, 2006

The Sweetest Gift of All

'Tis the night before Christmas, and perhaps all your presents are already neatly wrapped beneath the tree, or bush, or candles. So here's the question for all of you that are still wondering, "Is there something extra-special that I can give to my beloved?"

You bet there is there is! Attention the sweetest gift of all.

The technical aspects of how you might give attention are easy. You'll get a scrap of your most sparkle-y gift-wrapping, and offer a specific amount of time, in writing, to your partner: 15 minutes, a half an hour, maybe even an hour. Roll your treasure into a scroll and bow it up. Give an amount of time for which you truly feel you can give your full, 100% attention. Quality of attention will trump quantity.

Almost certainly, the thing you would like to receive the most is not the thing your partner would like to receive the most.

You may long to have your partner gaze into your eyes silently for 15 minutes. Or, perhaps, you dream of the day when your partner will take you over the edge of an orgasm and prolong that edge, and not stop as you go over, but keep going, while you give him or her feedback, so as to prolong that orgasm, not the normal two or three minutes, but to experiment with keeping it going for a full 15 minutes, regardless of what happens. The exploration of what happens after the explosive over-the-edge part of lovemaking is what might be fun for him or her. (Note: I've gotten this one before, so take my word, this really can be a fun gift).

For your partner, attention might look like help with cleaning out the garage. Or could it turn into an exploration of languorous, loving oral sex on your new couch (after all, might not every piece of furniture in the house be christened?) or, perhaps, a probing, playful prostate massage with a new lube specially purchased for this purpose?

They say it's the thought that counts. I say, it's the attention that counts... and, in this case, often, what comes along with the attention!

Happy Expanded Holidays!

Yours in Ever-Expanded Love,
Dr. Patti

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Sunday, December 31, 2006

Happy New You!

Dear Expanded Lovemakers,

Have you heard the one where the Zen Monk goes to New York City and orders a hot dog from a vendor? He says, "Make me one with everything". The vendor makes him a hot dog and takes his money. The monk expects his money back and when he doesn't get it says, "Where's my change?" "Ah", says the vendor "Change comes from within."

This joke reveals how we much expect the right thing to happen at the right place and time. The same event becomes funny when it's the right thing at the wrong time.

Aren't we all just chock-full of thousands of judgments about what's right and wrong? What if we could just dump those judgments and enjoy every moment – especially during sex?

How cool would that be, since, when it comes to sex and pleasure, right and wrong events usually do not lead to harmless laughter, but often to more serious developments, like shutting down, embarrassment, trauma, hurt, and fear. Plus, we quit having fun with sex.

Have you got lots of judgments right this very nano-second about sexuality – yours, mine, and everyone else's? Are you wondering, "Wow. I'd love to drop my judgments about sex. But how?"

AH!!! Here's the true secret of enlightenment: It's as close as a subtle shift away. (In other words, enlightened sex is not to be found in with some guru in the Himalayas.... It's in a Hot Dog Vendor!) Okay... just kidding on this one.

Seriously, though. You don't need to go to the Himalayas.... It's all here, in your own, simple, amazing attitude about fun. Just keep asking yourself, would you rather be right, or have fun?

So the next time your lover slips on a banana peel – (say it's *your* greased clit or cock), and their hand flies, on a fumble, up your nose... well, did you know that the nose is full of erectile tissue? If your nose knows this isn't the place to be, solicit their slithering digits to slide slippery-slope down to your lips! Aha.... more erectile tissue! Now maybe lips are more to your liking (and licking)? Hmm, perhaps, now's the time to become one with everything... wink, wink....starting with that friendly finger fondling your galactic smile!

Happy New You! To all my Dear Readers,

In Expanded Laughter,
Dr. Patti

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