

# “U-Who!”

The Game & Outrageous Hosting Playbook  
That Enlightens Parties and Transforms Lives

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## DEDICATION

This party game playbook is for all who seek a personal spirituality and the responsibility of living it. It is for those who love their friends and family enough to call them to their authentic best. It is especially dedicated to my SoulArts clients, readers, friends and supporters, for your courage to seek and to realize your soul's call and the honor of our sacred work together.

And importantly, this particular book is for those who see the spark of genius and truth that arises within paradox, irreverent reverence, and playful humor, when it is given to/from LOVE Itself. \*

Whatever in the world got you to pick up this little book and start reading... Good luck. (I mean, have fun!)

~ ronda larue

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\* CLIENT/FRIENDS: Now when someone asks you what a SoulArts mentoring retreat with me is like, and there are no suitable words: you can send them this book ☺ \*\*

\*\* **DISCLOSURE:** Please all realize I am (mostly) “tongue in cheek joking” about how to handle party guests, and that this is NOT AT ALL how a spiritual retreat with me works. (Well some of it is, right SoulArts client/friends!)



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# FOREWORD

This all started out so sweet; so thoughtful, so filled with love and gratitude.

But then... Something unanticipated emerged during an early morning reverie as I reflected on the miracle of those of you with whom I have had the great blessing to mentor and guide in awakening to the language of your soul's own self-healing genius...

In a sentence: I WENT ROGUE ALL OVER MYSELF!

Not Rogue as in: [*“one who behaves in a dishonest or criminal way”*] way. More in the: [*“a dangerous wild [spiritual mentor] who starts behaving in a way that is not normal or expected, especially by its group”*] defining kind of way. ...If this helps you feel any better.

“Forewarned is forearmed”

Latin proverb: praemunitus

Meaning: if you know about something before it happens, you can be prepared for it.

Used in a sentence: “Well, (your name here), I think it only fair to tell you that you may have (fill in the blank) with the party game to come.

“Sometimes, they say, it is wiser to remain in ignorance; at other times forewarned is forearmed”

Feel comforted here, dear reader, that you have just been forewarned -- and in such a way that I sustain your ignorance regarding what is really to come. (That's the kind of loving guru-gal I am!)

I realize now by saying this, I may never hear from nor see you again. I realize some may go HUH?” And others (I hope and pray) will be delighted by the surprising twists and turns of conscious awareness embedded into an impish new voice that is emerging in me at this time. I blame our current culture. And mom.

I offer you this Holiday Hosting Playbook as a Party Favor ...with a lightly-driven SoulArts teaching as it runs through a (much) more playful channel.

With Playful Love & In Service to Soul,

*nom de plume* Tricksy Dominique  
(OK: Ronda LaRue)

November 11, 2018 ~ Ojai, California

Foreword over. You've been forewarned.

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\* To try and recover: “*Ronda LaRue is a spiritual teacher of our times on par with Eckhart Tolle...*” testimonials – or for those who prefer the deep consciousness stuff in erudite Ronda fashion, please refer to <https://www.rondalarue.com/home-study>

## PART ONE:

### Following the Threads



# 1

## “It never rains in Southern California”

Really, I was merely minding my own business as I innocently lay in bed in that pre-coffee dreamy state reflecting on the day ahead – and by association – all of you with whom I have been blessed to know through SoulArts private retreats with me, and others as readers and subscribers who send emails and posts ...and the occasional great bottle of French wine (thank you). \*

I suddenly wanted to reach out and tell you just how much you each mean to our world. How much your daring dive and inward soul-searching gives to others - whether you realize it or not!

I’ve been in awe with the soul’s creative healing wisdom in those of you with whom I’ve had the pleasure to know and mentor – and, by extension, in awe with most of humanity’s collective yearning for authentic sharing, loving and living together amidst so much upheaval, divisiveness and violence.

Then the cultural upheaval thread of thought got me thinking about the “P” word: The one that starts with *Pola* and ends with *Ticks*. (Let’s agree to disagree on spelling here. Change the world two letters at a time!)

Where was I? Oh. And that got me thinking about the midterms. And that got me thinking about “that word” again. And that got me thinking about not thinking anymore, but rather breathing and finding the joy in simple beauty. And *THAT* got me thinking about the Fall-colored leaves mom sends me in the post from New York each year (where they actually have Fall) ...and that got me thinking about the Holidays that are upon us \*\*

Fall, and the Winter Holidays in Southern California are spectacular! Disbelieving? Well inside my home, they rock and rule.

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\* Send your bottle of French wine directly to Ronda LaRue, Center for SoulArts. For cases or a private wine locker, or wine tour de-France, call me – please – right now.

\*\* Remember I told you so (those who have read my books or mentored with me). Told you that every mind goes *on and on* in its OCD spin (illuminated awareness – or NOT). Now you have the proof needed to stop being so attached to your overthinking problems. (That’s what your spiritual teacher is here for.)

We SoCal'ers can't rely on any slight break in weather to sense Fall in the air. We don't put on jackets, walk outdoors into the brisk air, pull up our hoodies and get a skip to our step as we catch that whiff of drying leaves doing *the crab-crawl scatter dance* across the street. (Why did the leaf cross the road? I'll leaf that to your reflection).

We have to rely on other measures for our seasonal sensibilities. Notably: our pharmacy. Not for the flu shot or the nighttime cold remedies. But for the Christmas blinkys, and kitsch plastic angels that the stores put up *BEFORE* Halloween! I am not kidding. (We still wear white shoes (flip flops actually) *after* Labor Day here too... gasp!) All wrong. I know it. You know it.

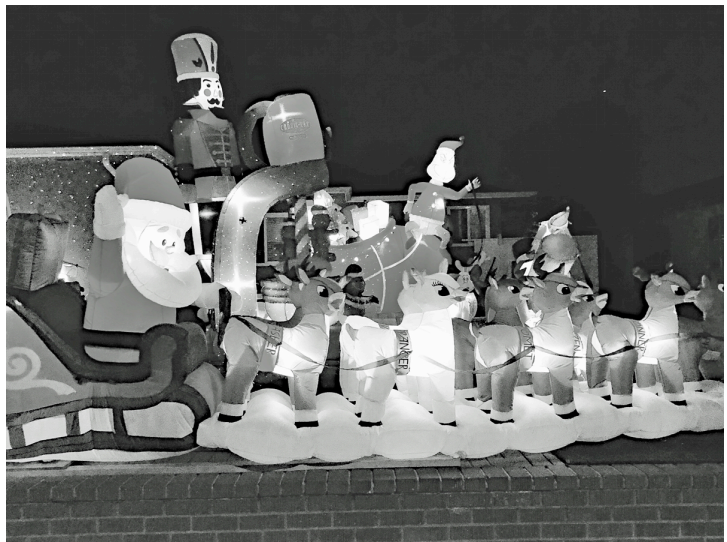
But here, Hell: It's often a bone dry, full sun, 80 degree bit of business *as usual*, in this *seasonally-challenged deficit* we Californian's must brace and face all year round. Weep if you will. We manage as best we can.

And since you are now worried and wondering: Yes. We do buy pumpkins. They're flown in from Illinois and placed on the 8 bales of hay that were trucked in from Kansas – all artfully placed in whatever way they fell off the truck; thus creating a tiny maze for a our teacup Dachshund service dogs to help search, rescue and restore sunglasses to our faces.

In the style only those who reside in the Hollywood entertainment capital of the world can claim for real, we also put up curated yard art.

This consists of a 2-story Blow-up Frosty the Snowman doll, surrounded by (at minimum) a life size puffed up Santa, with all 12 reindeer (splattered with white fleck spray paint to emulate SNOW) neatly arranged on our pea gravel "grass" and set under the barren drought-dried old oak.

As I said: We Californians, we manage. The rest of you – you NorEasterner's in particular: You've got nothing on us with your authentic pine and hand quilted ornaments. *We got style.*



November, 2018 (LaRue) Yes, this is approximately 20% of what is blown up on this neighbors front yard. I can't wait to check back day 9...

And YESSS, our yard art is even animated! Not like the old Marshal Field's downtown window displays in Chicago. We in California are dedicated to a more natural organic method with our plastic blowups. It's called full sun. Every. Day. Can you claim that this winter, Windy City?

I’m sure you can start to imagine this (although why anyone would want to is suspect to me):

In California, our Christmas yard art begins to animate for real, at about day 3 after it’s initial installation – and continuing to morph in naturally occurring unpredictable ways throughout “The Season” – until, by January 2, it is no more than a puddle of plastic-colored ground cover. *et Voila! Finis!*

The real notable start of the yard art animation series begins when Santa starts to get weak in the knees, and Frosty begins flagging around like a car sales call-to-action wind tunnel.

Just for effect, picture this common California sighting: a purple haired yoga-lady in a rainbow cross-fit bra top, black see through tights and neon flip flops, is meditatively walking with her doG (“*because I mean, oooooohh, like that so spells God backwards*”). After a long string of up-dog-down-dogs stretches God-doG and her human approach their favorite *Revetahw café juice bar* (you might check that one out backwards too). As they turn the final corner, they come face to face with a Holiday-arted home around day 9 of its installation progression. Here, the woman shrieks and God-doG covers her eyes as the two are brusquely confronted by a large blow-up Santa, hunching over a deer (...and not in a good way). Poor Rudolph turning all red-nosed, not because of any brisk cold in the air, but by the whole embarrassing affair. All I can say here is #MeToo Rudolph.

Shall I go on? ...I think not.

Here in my home, things are different. I turn on the cooler, pull out my Ugg boots and sweater, light a fire in the fireplace, and begin to write you this Holiday message of peace, love and understanding.

No wait. That was last year.

This year – *Oh-Ho-Ho!* This year I became truly inspired as I lay in my bed reminiscing and feeling all warm and fuzzy about my beautiful SoulArts lifework, and those with whom I have had the blessing to meet on the deepest levels of Being,

...And that made me think about Thanksgiving. And Thanksgiving of course made me think about turkey, and dressing, and cranberry sauce, and a good French red ...and – eventually about gratitude. And gratitude made me think about creating a gift for all my SoulArts friends and subscriber (those known and those yet to meet). And that made me think of this Winter Holiday Dinner Party Hosting Playbook. Not making the connection? That’s OK. Life is short, and the rambling pathways of OCD overdrive, overrated (for the most part).

When you really think about it, you can blame gratitude for this book.



## 2

Yes well, when will we get to the Game Hosting Directions?

Um, I really don't know.

My keyboard has the control.

In other words (as only those who have worked with me may fully understand, having been in a private session together as someone or something painful, shadow-like, or otherwise unwanted shows up and I suddenly jump from my meditation chair and exclaim with all sorts of gestures)

*“GREAT! Your “Worthy Teacher” has just come to your retreat! – Now we follow and find the gift in the grief.*

I'm afraid that I must do the same here: I must *walk the talk; practice what I preach; follow the threads* of my “Worthy Teacher”: [KEYBOARD]

In SoulArts lingo:

*“I don't know why but ...for now I am the scribe who is honoring [keyboard's] truth and following the thread...” \**

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\* If you have no idea what I'm saying here, that's OK too. You probably get the gist: This chapter is not going to give you the details of the “U-Who!” Game Hosting Playbook. That's all you need to know right now.



### 3

## Introverts & the new politics of (dinner) party

When the Winter Holidays arrive with a flurry of dinner parties and family gatherings, my initial good Holiday spirit can suddenly tank into a torrent of dread.

It's not that I don't love my friends and family. Rather, that most Holiday parties seem so predictably – uh – predictable, which translates for me as B O R I N G idle chit-chat consisting of some latest reality show *one-liner*, clinking of glasses, and moving on to the next party-person: Same *one-liner*, new glasses clinking, moving one square over on the Bored (2 letters at a time remember?) sip and repeat.

I'm told that this etiquette is called *working the party* in some posh circles. In my circle I call it GETTING ANOTHER DRINK to maintain basic sanity and survival.

This is not mere cheap alcoholism I'm espousing here. There's nothing cheap about a good French wine. (See asterisk, Chapter 1 – pretty-please). And anyway, everybody knows too much alcohol kills brain cells, silly!

I'm talking about *Calculated Neurochemical Party Adjustment* (CNPA for you *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders* paranoid pleasure readers). I'm talking about strategic slurping as needed in order to:

- A. *Lay to rest* (metaphorically speaking) specifically-targeted brain cells (“the BS vigilantes”);
- B. At certain specified functions (Holiday dinner parties); and
- C. For a specified timeframe (the party – well, an hour or so before never hurts).

This is called lube wiring the networks.\*

And here's the brilliance of this tactical Holiday survival strategy.\*\*

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\* I'm lying. I made that up. Just to be cute and likably clever. (See how simple that is to admit governing politicians?)

\*\* OK, I know. You chose “U-Who!” *The Playbook*, for Hosting a Dinner Party Game. Please rest assured: We *ARE* going to get there. And you *ARE* going to receive the Party Game, along with far more than you ever expected, hoped ...or may even know that you want! But right now? This is *MY KEYBOARD honoring SoulArts depth process* at play, OK? So don't get all bent up just yet. I am getting myself all worked up so as to bring you the extra bonus tipsy tips that may well save your party hosting; maybe even your marriage. Who knows? (You see? Here's a dash of spiritual pink sea salt already ...and we're still only in Chapter 3!)

As I was saying:

Here's the thing about Calculated Neurochemical Adjustment during times of great duress – such as Holiday dinner parties, or Holidays in general, or days in general – Well, life in general I guess.

- IF you do your brain chemistry calculations *correctly*, you will regress to just the right amount of brain-fuzz. You will know you've reached this sweet spot when you start to feel – and then believe – that those *one-liners* are actually genius in motion, and that the woman in the drop dead gorgeous black silk dress who is clinking your glass while eying your lover and now spilling her iced martini down your new Holiday blouse, is one of the most charming people you've ever met. Let this be a sign unto you: (Not the woman dropping a glass of alcohol-saturated ice down your front and ogling your mate, but the fact that you really love her for it in this moment.) When this moment occurs, know that you've achieved the *Brain Deficit Entertainment Terrain*; the *Zombie Zone*; the *Truly False Holiday Spirit Club*. In short, you are now part of the *parTay*!

...Of course IF you get the brain chemistry calculation *wrong*...

- Well then, you'll likely do something like picking up the entire apricot almond brie wrapped pastry with your bare hands (sans cracker and petit napkin) and plop the whole gloppy creaming crunchy fat-filled delicacy straight into your mouth. On it's own (and alone) this would of course be fine. But as the party progresses and you find your chin suddenly on your dinner plate beside the mashed potatoes rather than your napkin pulled sweetly up to dab the corners of your lips, that which suits fine at home may not be as welcomed here. (I agree with you: dinner party etiquette gets so confusing.) And while that slight mishap might pass quite quaintly by with a knowing nod, when you thereafter step eagerly up and onto the dance floor – the one the other guests still think is a dinner table with dessert taking place (*shilly peobbles*) ...then you may have over-calculated your risk-benefit cost ratio a tad.

The good news about this advanced level of over-calculation, is this:

- A) You'll be having a ball; splitting a gut (*hardee har-har*) with the best of them (even if the best of them is only you);
- B) You won't remember a thing (trust me); and
- C) You won't get invited next year. BINGO! Your *First World problem* is now solved!

...On the other hand, if you UNDER-calculate the tactical neurochemical balancing act – or worse: fail to mess with it whatsoever for some odd reason-less reason – well then,

I just can't help you at all.

- You're on your own in such uncharted territory. Over my head. Under my suspicion. In the middle of Holiday Party H E L L in my book. (And, well, this *IS* my book.)

So there, I said it. Came clean. Said what the under-recognized, disenfranchised next minority union (#Introverts4stayinghome) are all thinking and feeling, but can't say aloud in a group. Because. We. Are. Introverts. Dammit.

... oooops. Too far?

Are you still with me? ...Can we still be friends?

Will I “please stop ranting” and get on with helping you create the BEST EVER HOLIDAY DINNER PARTY GAME? Yes. Ok. Let's DO IT.

*(“Bad OCD! Sit. Stay. No barking”)*

Here it is then:

## THE BEST HOLIDAY DINNER PARTY GAME EVER

...And HOW TO HOST IT TO WIN FRIENDS AND INFLUENCE PEOPLE  
(for the betterment of HUMANITY)

The Game Book of Enlightenment for the Party Pooped Holiday Host

### INSERT INFOMERCIAL:

Friends: Do you suffer from P-P-P-H-H Syndrome (pronounced “ppphh”) – or Post Party Pooped Holiday Host syndrome? Well then, this little playbook will help you turn the tide on that tired tude!

In “*U-Who!*” *The Game & Outrageous Hosting Playbook That Enlightens Parties and Transforms Lives (Holiday Version)* you will be learning how to seize and size the seismic potential hidden behind super silly smiles (not to mention disarming and dismantling the talk- to-the-hand safety zone wall, consisting of politically correct: “how are you?” “Gee I’ve not seen you in ages” “What are you up to these days” “Great dress” “excuse me for some wine”.

After reading this Playbook you will flounder no more as Party Master or Mistress, be it with your beloved friends, nerdy business associates – even your angry teenage daughter and old Aunt Martha.

After this Grinch handler technique, you will march into your group, pick up that Holiday Grunge called Grinch by it’s hairy little green neck, and *ohhh so sweetly* demonstrate before all those popping party eyes ears and pens, *just what it feels like* to hold hands in a circle and teach the world sing in perfect harmony (with or without a Coca Cola – because, after all, we have wine and martinis).

And as the party crescendo’s in a hand-holding special Cindy Loo-Who moment, you may strut with your new Superhero party powers, as your peeps give you a peck on the cheek and head home with big wonder-filled hearts – hearts that “grew ten-thousand fold that day! All thanks to the worthy teachings of Grinch.

### END INFOMERCIAL.

Even if dinner sucks, gets burned, pizza delivery kid never arrives... you will host an evening of hope, goodwill, insight, delighted self-disclosure, and meaningful rich sharing of the heart.

...Or, you may experience a mutiny.

In which case: Party Over! And again, Bingo! Your *First World problem* solved. See how this goes? With this Party Game Book you can't lose!

...And you thought this was a mere game to get you through a tough dinner party.

This is Renaissance Baby!

[And no: Sadly, I have not been drinking. It's not even noon silly. ...It wouldn't be right considering it would over-flog your caffeine-sugary circuits (also known as Starbucks Grande 3 shot caramel latte dessert – YES! With whipped cream and sprinkles). And that would make a big borderline personality mess of you before we even got you to the party planning threshold where your peers are all anxiously staring you down as you announce the “*sing for your dinner*” game you have in mind before serving din-din. ...But I get ahead of myself.

Come to ^*Think on These Things*, drinking while writing would most likely put a sizable dent on this writing project too as I might go into the *Zombie Zone* and start feeling – and then believing – that this is just the most brilliant book ever – and this computer desk, an absolutely amazing disco dance floor. And I'm just flat done with John Travolta.

...You don't really want me to do that, do you [Keyboard]?

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^[\*Think on These Things\*](#); J Krishnamurti (Book) *An Aside: This was the KEY book I read summer of 17 (of me not “of our lord”) and which started me down this path (of spiritual inquiry, not creating games; I was born doing that). We serve no wise-wisdom before its time.*



## 4

### When keyboards type naughty

Those over the age of 60 know this fact: The day after the 4<sup>th</sup> of July on the *Google Wise Elder’s Calendar*— is in fact, December 12. Now I know that some of you less mature still live by the *Google Watchtower Calendar* where you have all sorts of hot august nights, weekends at Cabo san Lucas (or at least at Hooters), Halloween, and generally lots more time on your hands before December comes around.

Good for you. But we at 60 plus have only one day between July 4<sup>th</sup> and December 12. Look it up. Or wait and see. (You’ll be there soon enough!)

Anyway, day after the 4<sup>th</sup>, I was awakened (not in the spiritual way) by my *Google Wise Elder’s Calendar* alarm as it intersected with my dream landscape in a most annoying way.

It’s one thing to get old and give up all that time between July and December. It’s quite another to be taken from a romantic sex fantasy – they’re so rare, and God only knows, no one over 60 has sex anymore ...no matter what they report in the Johnson & Johnson surveys:

“7-9 times a week” [ ✓ ]

Here’s what transpired: I was (once again) innocently sleeping in my big fluffy bed, dreaming my morning dream.

In that dream,

*I am sweetly (more or less) seated on a settee in the gold gilded parlor, and ringing for tea service (yeah right), when the soft tinkling bell turns into a church bell announcing that it’s Christmas Eve day. Heralded by such soft beckoning chimes thus, I am filled, all a-swirl, with Holiday anticipation as I become awash with peace, love, and a sensual appreciation for all things bright and beautiful. But suddenly, the church bells changes again. It becomes an emergency broadcast of trumpets. They are forewarning the arrival of the infidels – my sworn arch-enemy is coming into my very courtyards!*

**TRUMPET BLAST:** I blinked, turning half awake, to stare at my iPhone sitting on the night table as it beeps a text message from *Google Wise Elder’s Calendar*. It read: TODAY: December 12<sup>th</sup>: Hosting First Holiday Dinner Party of the Season. 18 guests, starts at 6 pm

Head back under pillow I thought (and in truth, may have said aloud in my half awake politically incorrect stupor)

*“Well Friggn F)#k. I’m Hosting the First Holiday Party of the Season – TONIGHT!”*

Then I just had to close my eyes a few minutes more... and muse: ***“The Season.”*** *That sounds so, so: Harlequin Romance.* ...And I was off again.

*...The trumpets had now morphed into a doorbell. And in HE strode.*

*“What arrogance! What daring to walk in on me like this, she thought! I swore I would never see HIM again. Why did HE have to come striding in after all this time – all long-legged hardness – smoky from a long ride, dust sticking to his 15 minute shadow beard, and that iron steel jaw set as he stared down at me with those too blue grey eyes burrowing deeply into mine... and then dropping lower...”*

Buzzzz. I slide my glassy eyes out from under the pillow to see Elder-Google Avatar herself, jumping up and down on my iPhone, clearly far more impatient than I remember agreeing with at setup; my hot spell reverie taking another assault.

...Yet I drifted...

*...she felt suddenly betrayed by the waves of heat coming from deep within her belly as she took in HIS dark hooded eyes. Ashamed as her body responded by the look of those sensual...*

(Oh cripes KEYBOARD!)

And Hey! I may have a new vocation: Trash Novels. What do you think? ...Bet you didn't figure on getting a little Harlequin from me before hosting a life-changing dinner party now, did you?

What I'm trying to say here is: I was hit between the eyes with the revelation that I had a dinner party to throw – in 11 hours – and I'd not planned a thing ...being as yesterday, it was July 4.

In my very best ^*Be Here Now*, good little guru stance, I reluctantly let drift away my Harlequin stud man and instead instituted (Yoga class, workshop leader, overused article method) stress relief platitude: ^*“Just Breathe”* Yeah, OK:

*In... Out... In ...Out ...In*

(*ut-Oh!..*) Darn You Dream!

What's a guru-girl to do? At the climax of this precise moment of awakening, I allowed ^*spontaneous right action* to take over, that's what...

^ *Be Here Now*; Ram Das (Book)

^ *Just Breathe*; (SONG, BOOKS and WAY overused PLATITUDE, in my opinion.. So I'm linking you to the Romance Novel, which I cannot vouch for, because I of course only read spiritual books ☺)

^*Spontaneous right action*; Deepak Chopra (Concept in his teachings) \*

\* And yes, I'm absolutely fine putting Deepak astride Harlequin. Deepak's a sexy guy.

So if this ever happens to you, here’s what your fearless guide did (only here to help):

I tugged my wayward mind out of the Harlequin gutter, and pussy-whipped my floozy awareness back into THE. PRESENT. MOMENT. (In a spiritual way, of course.)

It’s been said no one can claim when – or where – inspiration will strike. This lust-conquering spiritual muscle, bestowed me with a gift: a revelation: I would carry Eros into a fiery alchemical formulation at dinner this evening.

I would create a dinner party game to seduce the soul, turn on the dreamer, give foreplay to the visionary, until my dinner guests reached ( ) ...nirvana!

Some people (maybe even you right now) thought spiritual enlightenment had no sex appeal!

Sheesh...

^*Get Over It.*

(...You’ll be glad you did.)

---

^[\*Get Over It;\*](#) Don Henley, Eagles (SONG – Guitar Tab) for you musicians.



## 5

### A party game with legs

...*Tap Tap Tap!* (Index finger hitting my desk.)

It's now 6 hours before the actual dinner guests start arriving – and I still have to figure out what's for dinner, make it, vacuum the floor, and set up. Showering and makeup are now officially pre-empted with a strike through.

...*Tap Tap*

*“An enlightening party game huh? What faculties facilitates, inspires, and illuminates the soul of a party, and the people therein gathered?” (Who thinks like this! ...Apparently my little tyrant OCD thinker, that's who.)*

What I clearly needed was a game that seduced, beckoned – required (even better) something deeply personal and genuine be drawn forth from the pens and lips of each (as yet unsuspecting Holiday lab-rat – I mean) party guest, of course.

I wanted a game that provoked: something (ANYTHING!) that would take my gang beyond the standard party fix. And for that, I needed to create a challenge.

*Apples-to-Apples, Pictionary, Charades*, or (what's that nasty one?) *“Crimes Against Humanity”* were not even remotely in the running. [Of the latter, a short rant: We already have enough of that in the real. Why add leisure pursuits to create more for God's sake?]

My inner introvert (is that redundant?) was itching for something far more – well more far-reaching – in a party game. Something to stand up and take notice: *“Hey there Party Game, you're sexy-smart. How's about we spend the evening together ...and then later maybe...”* I wanted that kind of party game. (In a spiritual way of course.)

And SNAP! OCD came back online – with a pleasing little touch of extra sensory perception (for which I credit Harlequin here).

I'd just found a hot new goal; a challenge; a *raison d'être* (which I'm pretty sure means *“raisins of the head soufflé* in french – that's what my 3 years of language study got me.)

And thus I set out to craft a party game that could lure each dinner guest to disclose and share ones unique character, humor, passion, playfulness, questions, and vulnerable tenderness into the open air – before even realizing it, until – *Woosh*, too late! ...and they find themselves stepping into stepping right out of the old party box.

Now *THIS* had legs...

For the next 5 hours and fifteen *minuit* until my guests' arrived,

*Bruhahaha!* was my ^*Rebel Yell*.

Some thrive on last minute pressure. Most don't. But since I'm all spiritual and therefore have learned to love my inner OCD, it rewards me when a creative challenge strikes. This is quite simply because: the challenge WILL NOT LEAVE ME ALONE Until. It. Is Realized.

And for that mental-illity: You, my reader, are the beneficiary. (You're welcome.)\*

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^ [\*Rebel Yell\*](#); Billy Idol (Song) For those of you who just can't give up Chapter 3

\* Love you, [\*Furiously Happy\*](#); Jenny Lawson (BOOK)

## 6

### “How the Grinch Stole Christmas”

Crafting meaningful party games has become a hobby. I have 6 or so to date. The one I am going to share with you here – I SWEAR I AM! -- is the game I crafted for a “First of The Season” Holiday dinner party for 18 people. (But then, you already know that. I just needed a first line).

I kept the meal simple since my entire day had been overtaken by my Inner Game-Boy- Obsession. I may (or may not) append my menu to this Playbook (because that’s the kind of guru gal I am -- including if I don’t). But if I do, it’s so that you too can obsess over executing the game rather than everything else you have to do for this party. Then I’ll feel less alone in the world (so I probably will). But that’s a selfish reason (so I probably won’t).

At a glance (in case this is as far as I get): picture for yourself a hearty stew/soup with rustic breads, cheeses, smoked trout (thanks Trader Joes), French wines (thanks France --and all of you who will be sending me bottles after you successfully host the “U-Who!” Party Game). \* ← (don’t miss it)

There were fires blazing, classical guitar music playing in the background, candles lit – AND “**THE GAME**” sitting auspiciously on the sideboard with each person’s name (*Bruhahaha!*)

I told my invited guests “no one need bring a thing to dinner”. This was not entirely (at all) out of hostess generosity; I had bigger plans for them, and having earned an advanced degree in statistics, I keenly realized this required a bit of Holiday guilt to increase my probabilities of success.

And so I crafted “U-Who!”- a creative self-expression game concept drawing from Dr. Seuss’ “*How the Grinch Stole Christmas*” fabulous cartoon video. I don’t know why Grinch per se. Just felt right... Probably another clever subliminal pressure to make sure no one got called out as Grinch and everyone participated (clever, scary me).

- *Oh You’re a mean one Mr. Grinch!*” You stole something precious from those Who’s down in Whoville.
- And haven’t these status quo cocktail and dinner parties stolen something precious from us? (Or we from ourselves... Or you from Whoville?)

As it turns out: That night - and that game - and that dinner party was such an eye opening big success, that I had many calls and requests to please do it again with several other groupings of friends – and even family members.

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\* Friendly reminder: See asterisk, Chapter 1, if you still haven’t mailed out your package.

I know you’re thinking it, so let’s just go there right now. (Far be it from me to shy away from the things that stop us in our tracks and from our true success.)

Let's talk family.

(To go a little “un-PC” on you all here): Even the *apodictically apathetic* teens, *the know it already* college kids, the *I'm SO beyond this* Millennials, the *lawyer-esque* loudmouths (you guys can take this heat, I'm merely assisting in your success), the *quiet intellectual* introverts, and the *Par-TAY animal* socialites became enchanted – and enchanting for ways they participated and expressed their uniqueness so transparently within the group. \*

Point is: I watched all of these very different people become intriguingly engaged in spite of their stereo-stances, stigmas and stations, ...that is, once I held out the encouraging secret ingredient: (also known as) withholding dinner until everyone friggn did it! ...*A man's (gender equality) gotta do what need be done in times of threatened party takeover*). No backing down. No retreat. ^*No Surrender*.

All playful provocation (momentarily) aside, this Game (just like the private spiritual retreat intensives many of you have experienced with me) offers far more than is initially apparent. \*\*

If you long for a more meaningful relationship with friends, colleagues and family (possibly dropping one of those 3 from your list -- that's OK) then this party game holds the potential to really surprise and delight you with what it can add – not only to your party – but to your relationships and to the lives of those you hold dear.

In truth, this simple game is really a “*personal depth process*” that I'm sneaking in under the designation “party game”. It is a process of creative self-introspection and group sharing that helps heal our lives, our relationships, and so too the world (just to get gushy on you for a moment).

I am inviting you (yes you, right here, reading this right now) to put on your playful party pants and let's create a truly enriching and charmed evening for you, your family, and friends! One that will provide not just memorable and personalized entertainment, but just may spark a new level of soul-searching, creative expression, and willingness to be authentic with friends and family.

If you too need a little shove, well then: I DARE YOU. I double dare. (...Cherry on top?)

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\* Come now, we DO know people with these traits (including ourselves) ...even if we're *supposed to be all OMy* and not say so aloud (or in writing). Give it some air here. ...I won't tell a soul.

^ [\*No Surrender\*](#); Bruce Springsteen (SONG)

\*\* Shameless plug.

## PART TWO:

### At Long Last, The “*U-Who!*” The Game-Hosting Playbook



Yes, ‘twas my party hosting outfit for the debut of “U-Who!” \*

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\* For any who would like wardrobe consulting or help supplying you with the perfect “U-Who!” Holiday party hosting outfit and/or crazy awesome party hats for the BIG READ moment, I am happily willing to oblige, because real deal spiritual teachers don’t get to just sit in silence all the do-da-day long. They provide tireless transformational service. And what better transformation than stylizing your special event for maximal awakening potency. Ommmmmm



## 7

### Supplies & Early Anxiety Testing

Ah, we’ve finally arrived at the *Beat & Tomatoes* of this Hosting Playbook.

*Thank you chapters 1-6 for fatiguing our readers’ minds from Grinch-like overthinking to a mere –slightly disturbed – anticipation. You did an outstanding job, Chapters!*

**Now let’s bring out the Heavy Lifting:**

**Getting the Party up and running like a well lubed SoulArts Retreat. \***

~ A REMINDER for those who have retreated with me in the past (or who *are* possibly retreating *from me* right now): You remember (don’t you?) not to jump to conclusions, take it personally and be all insulted here when I say that I’ve made this Supplies Part so painlessly brainlessly simple that you may put away and save for later (where you’ll be needing it) all that significant gray matter of yours.

And if I’ve now gone and done it: Got that fabulous overthinking mind of yours tuned in, cranked up, and turned back on, all tyrant-like and doing it’s job of seek and defend, please: for your sake (and mine) Put It Away For Now.

...We’ll bring ‘er out to wreak havoc (I mean): to glorify in your dinner party magnificence, later – when your heart and spirit have absorbed the guts of this Game Book and you are feeling all “*I Got This*” gutsy like.

Whoever remains here, and still reading, get ready to discover the beautiful purpose of this Party Host Playbook because:

- A) You just sailed through the SoulArts tyranny of the mind tester; and
- B) You deserve to know what you’ve really gotten into here.

OK. No more dalliance. Let’s get right to it then!

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\* Seems a good spot to begin escalating sales pitches, self promo and bigger and getter things to buy from me to assure your success. CenterforSoulArts.com [Retreats](#).” There. That’s one.

Here are the basic supplies you will need to pull off this caper – I mean, transformational dinner party.

Besides having a home (well I guess a park, or subway, or Skype dinner could work); someone to clean the house, cook the dinner and clean up afterward (except those who just took on the party by Skype in the park plan) and a few friends, family (or willing homeless stray cats and dogs) to come to your dinner party, the only other things you will need are these normal supplies found in any average home:

### **U-WHO! PARTY SUPPLIES LIST**

**1 chair that can be moved to the center of the party room**

**1 chair side lamp or flashlight**

**2 Humorous hats \***

**As many working pens and Game Packets as there are Party Guests \*\***

**1 timer (or mobile phone)**

**That's It!** (Sorry anxiety-ridden brain. I promise! I'll give you more to chew and stew on soon enough...)

**ABOUT THE SUPPLIES:** Hats, Chair, Light: These items are WAY WAY more important than they may at first seem. (You’ll see!). I dare say that these basic supplies may even be the MOST important tools for the success of your party.

For Reference: I used a tall director’s chair in the middle of the living room with a flashlight and, when their special time to read came, gave each sorry subject (err, joyful guest), the option of putting on either:

- A. The Court Jester’s hat; or
- B. The “You Chicken You!” hat.
- C. \*\* There was NO option to refrain from wearing one or the other. (You’ll read more about that value added later.)

**ABOUT GAME PLAY SHEETS:** All you need do is copy as many sets of the 2-page Play Sheet as you have guests invited; (See Appendix A) \*\* add at least one additional blank sheet of writing paper, and then staple, bind, or place in folders (Folders are a nice touch because now it’s formal and harder to turn away all your hard work. Plus you can add a pen, a few extra papers ...and/or some other party trinket of playful encouragement or blackmail.)

That was easy! Now you’re ready for your advanced party host training: “*How to sneak up on your guests and get them to do things for their own good that they think they’d rather not.*” Which happens to be the title of the next chapter, for the sake of pleasing emphasis.

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\* Unique hats can be easily found at Party Shops, Thrift Stores, Amazon.com of course – or by special emergency consultation with Ronda. (See Part II heading asterisk.)

\*\* “U-Who!” Play Sheets also at [www.rondalarue.com/u-who](http://www.rondalarue.com/u-who) website -- once posted there.

Here is a perfectly good, all but blank page, to start planning your party – or at least your next location to live after your party has come and gone and you are seeking new friends to entertain...

## 8

“How to sneak up on your guests and get them to do things for their own good that they think they’d rather not.”

Now we’re getting to the fun part - if you’re a bit trigger happy, like [KEYBOARD]

Check out the definition of “archetype” below. And then I encourage you to start musing about the various stereotypical caricatures and <sup>^</sup>games people play (mostly subconsciously) that create their (oh, their) endearing (an not always so endearing, but predictable) responses, one-liners, and “tudes”. Like think of someone you know you’re going to have at your Holiday party and imagine his/her (predictable) reaction to your Party Game...

**archetypical** (,ɑ:kɪˈtɪpɪkəl) adjective

perfect or typical as a specimen of something; a stereotype  
psychoanalysis of or relating to Jungian archetypes \*

\*Carl Jung understood archetypes as universal, archaic patterns and images that derive from the collective unconscious. They are autonomous and hidden forms which are transformed once they enter consciousness and are given particular expression by individuals and their cultures.

On the archetype *cheat sheet* that follows, is a short list of some of our most familiar and favorite “inner-stage actors” (archetypes) with which we engage life (much of the time without realizing it).

You may find a bit of yourself in each of them. Don’t worry. You’re not going to go all Sibyl on us. You have inside of you (like we each do) a <sup>^</sup>Society of Mind, if that makes you feel any more comfortable. Doesn’t me really. But then, I live it every day (...in a spiritual way of course).

SOULARTS RETREAT CLIENTS: Remember your retreat, and my Psychology 101 Satsang-rant about early survival and our genius for acquiring helpful adaptive ways of being OK in the world... and how these adaptive strategies later become hardened masks with diminishing returns that work at cross-purposes to ones maturing desire for self-love, shared intimacy and living authentically?

- If yes, you may skip right straight to THE ARCHETYPE TEST
- If no, you’d better get back here for a retreat straight away!\*

...Let’s just assume you are all star SoulArts retreat-veteran’s who are enthusiastically nodding “Yes, I Do remember that Ronda, and Yes, I AM ready to Host my very own “U-Who!” Party Game!”

<sup>^</sup> [Games People Play](#); Eric Berne; (eBook)

<sup>^</sup> [Society of Mind](#); Marvin Minsky; (Book)

Take a good look at these archetypes on the following list because your Party Game Hosting success may depend upon it.

As you're reading, please note the one you recognize in yourself from time to time (truth be told). If you're not sure, ask your husband/wife/partner/kid/fellow employee. As a last resort, call me.\*

A Note on Gender Flow: I invite you to show how contemporary, enlightened and hip you are here, by feeling free to select from the archetype list, one that does not necessarily match your currently-declared gender identity (then seek professional guidance.) \*\*

*"NO [KEYBOARD] – Bad!"*

...You don't need professional help. You need this game!

\* \* \*

- Party Host Trainer Extra Credit: Which archetype on the following list, do you think will be the hardest to sell on the party game -- i.e., which one will be hardest to:

*take the bait,  
Cooperate,  
Close his mouth  
and participate.*

(Looks we've got us a rap song here.)

- Extra credit: Why?
- Guaranteed Party A+: How do you turn that to your good purpose?

---

\* Don't

\*\* C'mon y'all, give me some playful lightness over all the growing gender preferences and expanding list of letters GL-BLT-XYZ, will ya? I still love and accept you ...even if you won't chuckle ...just a little?)

## YOUR PARTY-HOSTING ARCHETYPE CHEAT SHEET \*

**Suzie Cupcake** – Suzie’s sweet as (well) a cupcake; soft spoken until she wants something when she really knows how to turn on the sugary charm; she’s cute as a button; has a little turned up nose and is emotionally difficult to turn down.

**Coach Dan** – The Coach shouts even when he’s whispering or making love; wears Izod shirts (are they still around?); belongs to the club; he is demanding as he pushes you to succeed; he will make you feel bad about yourself if you let him down and will shout “down and 1000 squats” if you do.

**Poindexter** – wears big round glasses, he’s introverted and serious; quiet until and unless you ask a question like “do you like the clam dip?” To which he will tell you all about the skeletal mucus of the green lipped muscle). Expect to spend the entire evening learning all about it. (You might avoid the dip at this point.)

**Tricksy Dominique** - seductive (in a dominatrix kind of way); clever; mysterious; tricky – and my personal “fav” - if truth be known.

**Shrinking Violet** – appears shyly fearful, a bit phobic perhaps, and not up to the task. But in truth, she is quite sweetly accomplished at finding ways out of things while still making you apologize for even asking.

**Unwilling Willy** – critical, contrarian, fond of saying “yeah but”; he’s never been seen without his arms crossed and his brow stubbornly furrowed (Sweet talk and Botox do not a thing); he’s too smart for his own good -- and it shows.

**Sam the Sales Guy** – Sam is all smiles when pissed off, shakes your hand when he’d rather wring your neck, says whatever will get him ahead regardless of the consequence because “that’s winning”. (Think: any politician who comes to mind at this moment.)

**Shanti Moon Gazer** – Rob and/or Roberta has taken a spiritual name; hugs trees; shops at health food stores; won’t touch a hamburger (when anyone’s looking); wears tie-dye PJ’s to bed (or at least a rainbow knit hat); says “*Just Breathe*” A LOT; and stares into your eyes far too long when introduced, so that you will recognize her superior spiritual depth; seeks to get off the karmic wheel ASAP (but of course will not, due to the above aforementioned).

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\*For heaven’s sake, don’t go getting your nose all bent up and crinkled as to whether these names and descriptions are politically correct (*they’re not*); or if you select an archetype description that you hate ...and secretly wonder if that says something about you (*it does*); or if you worry that I may be psychoanalyzing you and the situation right now (*I am*); or if you suddenly feel a great love for the meaningless repetitive drink-in-hand party chatter of yesteryear and so declare this game not for you. (Re-read “Unwilling Willy” and get thee to SoulArts for a private or refresher retreat!)



Party Host Training FREE Bonus: You've hit the jackpot! You're home free.

You no longer need seek transformation, awakening, enlightenment, meditation, presence. (And I'm out of a job.)

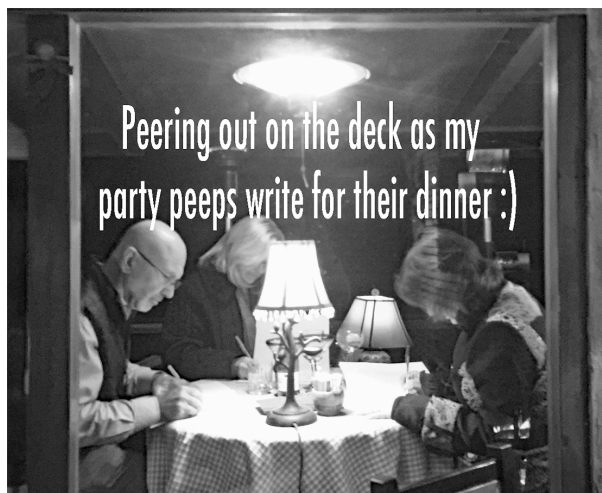


All you need do to win this FREE Bonus, is play your selected archetype style for all (s)he's worth when your party guests' arrive. It's really quite simple when you think about it:

Instead of trying to be something you feel you should, you're instead going to find celebrity and power in getting things done that you want done, in the way you want them done. You're going to let that near and dear archetype out to play in all its best manipulative power. You are hereby given permission to totally be and accept that part of you. \*

And now, to move forward and help you set that *hesitant inner critic* aside (unless of course, the *hesitant inner critic* IS your party hosting archetype – it is time to reveal to you:

LIFE, TIMING & THE MASTER PLAN...



...And I've never heard nor seen any of them since...

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\* See how great this is going to be: self-love, acceptance, and peace included for free!

## 9

### Life, Timing & The Master Plan

Good news: If you’ve made it this far (in life as in this Playbook) you’re ready to receive “The Master Plan”! Prepare to be awakened to the spirit of “*U-Who!*”

#### THE OVERALL LANDSCAPE FOR HOSTING

##### THE “*U-WHO!*” PARTY

**INVITING YOUR PARTY GUESTS:** Invite whomever you wish (or must) to your Holiday party: close friends, business acquaintances, family members (loved and not so); neighbor’s (known and not so) – whatever tickles your Holiday fancy (or peer pressure requirements).

Groups between 6 and 18 are ideal, and ages 8 and above.

My suggestion, if you want to experience the snide pride of exhilarating “*U-Who!*” party game success: **DO NOT say a word about any kind of game ahead of time to your guests!** (Trust me, I’ll let you know how, why and when.

**PARTY ARRIVAL & START:** As your guests begin arriving, get them started on a regular run of the mill feeling festive party: a cocktail, a bit of brie (with crackers available to find out who you’ve got here).\*

Make everything feel party-normal. “*Same ole same ole*” is what you’re going for – at first.

And then...

**THE SURPRISE!** As soon as all guests are assembled and feel confident in their normal Holiday party stupor (err, I mean cheer), hold up your glass as if to make a welcoming toast: glass in one hand, guest party sheets held up heart level in the other. And immediately channel your chosen archetype.\*\*

“S U R P R I S E ! *Have I GOT A FUN GAME FOR US TONIGHT!*”

\* Refer to Chapter 3 for how you too can be a neurochemical calculating party guest.

\*\* See Chapter 8 if you’ve failed to remember your chosen archetypal style – or don’t bother as it’ll come to you automatically and from your very own subconscious the moment you start to feel the burn of performance anxiety. Nice to know you don’t have to worry about worrying – yet.

**SPIRITUAL CRISIS ALERT:** During your party hosting moments introducing “U-Who!” The Game, should you suddenly go all tongue-tied and cross-eyed as a bright blue light streams in from the beyond and strikes you between the eyes: Don’t panic – yet.

This is probably “THE SIGN” of classic ego-death & concomitant spiritual awakening that always seeks a most inopportune moment to arrive.

Just know this: Your third eye has expanded beyond the cosmos, thus blowing your mind (like 10,000 to the 100<sup>th</sup> power breaths added to an already way too tight balloon). And thus have you been thrust through the *doorway of perception* and slammed straight into enlightenment. Sorry about that. I mean I’d say congratulations, but you see, there’s no “you” left to congratulate once an awakening has struck. (Ask the non-dualists’)... So I’ll stand with I’m (mostly) sorry.

## UNLESS!

...Do you by chance have blue blinking Holiday lights on your front door? Yes? Oh good, then you merely blacked out and smacked your skull. Carry on.

**HOWEVER:** If you’re the kind of spiritual seeker who is butt-tight determined to reach enlightenment – and you never met a non-dualist much less one who explained to you the consequences, then let’s escort you through this spiritual crisis.

All you need do now, is accept the tongue tied, cross-eyes facial expression as your new look and your new channel for speaking in tongues, seeing like a prophet, and writing best sellers about the truth of liberation, freedom and awakening. \*

And frankly, as I said earlier, there’s no longer any “you” to accept or not accept this new cosmic position. But this was never explained to you, so I’m giving *the new non-you* a moment here to adjust...

Moment up.

Now carry on with the game ...otherwise you might end up falling on your face and then sitting on a park bench for 10 years, all cosmic with the pigeons, and trying to find your reality legs like Eckhart Tolle – and I’m sure you don’t want that.

(My pleasure to assist.) \*\*

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\* ^ [The End of Your World: Uncensored Straight Talk on the Nature of Enlightenment;](#)

Adyashanti; (BOOK); I adore this man, monk, teacher and colleague. His work is clean, clear and *the real deal*, amidst a lot that is less so.

\*\* Oooo, I see here another opp. to fit in a second self-promote. But that’d be tacky, putting *ANOTHER* link for [why SoulArts private Retreats changes everything.](#) (So, YES! I will DO IT!) That’s two.

**PARTY GAME HAND OUTS:** As you are handing out the Play Sheets to your guests, may I make a wee suggestion? (...as if “no” would make a diff). I suggest letting your guests know one *crucial* tidbit of information (one that is understood in all languages and archetypes,) Here’s a Suggested Script:

*“We’re going to play a very short creative game that will become really important to your life – even more important to your evening (dramatic pause) ...if you want dinner to be served.”* (Feel free to adlib on this theme.)

Next, tell your suddenly attentive (if not leering) guests that they’re merely being asked to give 5 minutes of precious party time before dinner will be served, to take up their special game sheets and follow the party game instructions. (You’ll find these sheets for duplication in Appendix A.)

IMMEDIATELY set a timer so they know you’re damn serious, and say in your selected best-est most powerful-est archetypal atti-dude voice: “Now GO!”

...Are you starting to surmise how deviously entertaining this is going to be – for you? \*

**PARTY GAME PROCTORING:** Now we come to a place where any of you with classroom experience (or for that matter any type of people herding experience) will shine: *Overcoming Resistance*.

If, as you get things started, you hear, see or sniff any Grinch types trying to steal your “U-WHO!” party out from under u-who, remember this:

You are now a trained “U-Who!” Party Host! You have done your own psychological archetypal dig. You have survived this playbook (so far). You are astute, self-aware, and ready to show it. So SHOW IT.

All you need do now is make a quick assessment of which Game Playing Archetype your hesitant guest is playing *on you*. (Refer back to the Archetype Cheat Sheet and you’ll be astonished by how easily you will recognize what you’ve always secretly known.) ...And then, crafty like a fox, you will simply – and with superb energetically-transmitted dexterity, use their own persona *against them* ...Or in this case, of course, you’ll be using it “*for them*”. \*

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\* Aw now, don’t feel all guilty about manipulating your friends. You will be *helping them step out of their own way* in order to find the gold of Authentic Self which is neatly hidden in the game itself – once they frigg’n stop being such a Grinch-case and JUST DO IT for God’s sake!. (Just like I do in our retreat work together. (disclosure) \*\*

\*\*Speaking of disclosure, this is probably a good time to refresh my dear readers with the disclosure in the DEDICATION of this book too.

**THE ART OF THE GAME:** What will make this game really rewarding is if you encourage people to select ONE PROMPT and to write as quickly as they can for the entire 5 -minutes responding and expanding upon that one question, in any way they want to, and without stopping to get all “ego-bound”.

Be a good cheerleader (or Coach Dan) and encourage them to play by writing as *crazy fast*, and by going off in any direction they’d like with the ONE PROMPT they select. Let them know that if they find what they are writing a surprise, then they’ve got the GAME MASTERED! If you can get this across to your guests, you’re going to have some spectacular moments of shared insight, creative genius, and very enlivened people in your party later in the evening.

**BETWEEN YOU AND ME:** Between you and me, you won’t necessarily stick to 5 minutes. You’ll “read the energy”, watch the pens, and make believe that 7 or 8 minutes is really only 5. There is no real time in enlightened space anyway, so you’re cool. Still it’s better to ere on the shorter clock while your guests are still actively engaged in their writing rather than planning together your demise.

While they are still writing, give them a 30-second warning and wrap it up.

**NOTE FOR HANDLING ADVANCED PARTY POOPERS:** Often there is one person in your “U-Who!” circle of friends and family that may exhibit a more advanced case of *Grinch-ism*. For this hardcore Grinch-attached persona, I suggest this tact (called the Pancake Flip).\*

While secretly (energetically) aiming this message to the Grinch in your group (and without making any direct eye contact!), kindly remind your guests as a whole that there are only 3-minutes left and that dinner can’t be served until all papers (with their names) are placed (and pick your spot near the dinner table).

It’s often helpful as well, to walk by your Grinch at this moment with a waft of dinner – possibly licking your fingers after sampling a tasty bite (and flashing the tiniest eye daring glance at your Grinch).

This will generate a cacophony of archetypal peer pressure, which will overwhelm your hold out.

Et Voila! **Dinner is Served!...**

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\* Of course it’s not. It’s called the waffle squeeze.

## 10

### “The Cook, The Guest, The Table, The Game”

*Ah, le diner est arrive!*

You’re now in easy seat. You may simply relax and carry on with dinner “*as if*” this is simply another normal Holiday dinner party. Of course you’re still the host so you’ll have to behave in host-like good fashion, but this will be a snap after the 5-(8)minute Surprise you just pulled on your (former) friends, colleagues and family.

Now, even as you hustle to and fro serving plates, pouring drinks and shuffling chairs, you want to ease your frayed friends away from the trauma of having written something spontaneous, likely personal, and quite possibly revealing – with no idea why or how it is to be used. You want to lure (I mean soothe) your dinner guests back into the normal *working the party* sense of easy chit-chat and a comforting sense of Holiday *status quo*.\*

A NOTE FOR THE ADVANCED HOST: ^ *Practice ReMembering Who You Really Are* at the dinner table. You are Awakened Presence: You are the seer seeing the seen (dinner). OM. You are the eater, eating the eats. OM. You are Presence remaining present to the presents you will be giving to each of your guests after dinner. OM. You are (well you get it). (*Just breathe.*) (...Or have glass of wine.) And sit back with that slight Cheshire Cat grin. No one is suspecting a thing... (*Bruhaha!*)

Once dinner-chat is all a-jolly and ramping up to a level where you fear losing control (or when you’ve run out of food – whichever comes first), casually but firmly invite your guests to a comfy place (perhaps the living room) for an after dinner drink or finger dessert. Remain cool calm and collected as you lead your guests into their nemesis (I mean into their awaiting treasure trove of Creative Self-Expression and Authentic Being).

With the Master Plan in the palm of your hand (symbolically speaking. Master Plan never stays long in one place much less in a palm), disclose nothing, and simply move ahead, feeling as smug as you like in your inner knowing. OM.

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\*This can easily be accomplished with the Idle Chit Chat Hovering Status Quo Conversation: “*what have you been up to?*” “*we must get together more often*”; spilling drinks down blouses, and dancing on the table if/as necessary or desired.

^ Such a clever way to plug my first book: the one that resulted in people asking to work with me and declaring Ronda LaRue is “on par with Eckhart Tolle as a spiritual teacher of our time”: [\*Remembering Who You Really Are, Ronda LaRue \(Book\)\*](#) There. Plugged. (I do prefer teaching in animal hats from home rather than at park benches, or stadiums, truth be told. Thankfully this is not a problem.)

Excellent page to start menu planning, journaling your worst fears, affirming your LOA affirmations, burning your negative thoughts, practicing your party face, etc.

# 11

## The Show ...and “Do Tell!”

Yeah Baby! This is where you secretly give up the *status quo* of Christmas Past by pulling the *U-Who!* Surprise, and cranking it up to your Christmas Present. \*

Here is where you execute the fine art of using *fear*, *dread*, and *resistance* to facilitate a dawning self-realization, engaged heart-full listening, and a direct experience with Authenticity. Here is where you shine as Mastermind-Host of “U-Who!”

*Yes you can.*

*Yes you are.*

*Yes you will!...*

Here’s what you do...

After dinner, and as you lead your lambs to their slaughter (I mean to their transformational awakening), you remain the ever-cool and faultless party host – all breezy and natural like. We’re going to be implementing the: “*Ole Wool Over The Eyes Slight-of-Hand Master Awakening Technique* (or *Owotesohmat*: pronounced *Oh-wa-TES-oh-mat*. I know this for certain, because I just made it up.)

But before we charge head-strong right into the brick wall blocking your party transformational moment, here are a couple further Master lessons to help you out.

\* PREVIOUS SOULARTS RETREAT WARRIORS (And those of you who may have (until now) been planning to apply for a private retreat with me): I am particularly happy about this moment in the game planning. And I’ll tell you why:

Remember back to when you came to work with me (for those of you who have had that [fill in the blank here] experience)? And remember feeling fear, dread and resistance? Uh Huh. Well since I couldn’t say it then, I’ll say it now: PUT YOUR SELF IN MY SHOES back in that moment! Now it’s your turn in those shoes. And while you may think this an unfair punishment for what you put me through, that’s merely old silly fear, dread and resistance rising up again, We’re so past that! ... And anyway I’ve just turned the tables. Wasn’t this clever? I’m so excited for you! Now you get to be the Master of transforming *jolly-lolly* party splatter into a rich moment of self-reflection, eye-opening compassion and joy shared through the surprising gift of being vulnerably authentic together.

### transference [trans-fer'ens]

In psychiatry, the unconscious tendency of a patient [party guest] to assign to others in the present environment [e.g. PARTY HOST] feelings and attitudes associated with significant persons in one's earlier life; especially, the patient's [PARTY GUEST] transfer to the therapist [PARTY HOST] of feelings and attitudes associated with a parent or similar person from childhood. The feelings may be affectionate (positive transference), hostile (negative transference), or ambivalent. Sometimes the transference can be interpreted to help the patient understand childhood attitudes.

## NOTES ON TRANSFERENCE AND THE MASTER PLAN

Catch that fancy psychological term for when we mess up our relationships by throwing our old shit onto those around us now? This is especially true of our most precious intimate relationships: our spouses and children.\*

(Bet you didn't count on material from which to create a new life calling as well as creating clearer cleaner relationships with your loved ones.)

*"All I am sayingggggg, is Give Peace a Chance... All that I'm sayingggg..."* No that's not all I am saying. That's a song. But it's a poignant addition here, so why not.

What I really meant to say here, is this: WATCH YOURSELF closely to see that you don't *transfer YOUR ANXIETY* about getting your party guests' to participate in this game onto your

### Countertransference [kown'ter-trans-fer'ens]

reaction of a psychoanalyst or other psychotherapist [PARTY HOST] to a patient [DINNER GUEST]; that is, an emotional reaction that is generally a reflection of the therapist's own inner needs and conflicts but also may be a reaction to the client's behavior

guests.

This is known as falling into the well of Countertransference (well it is in my book). If you do so, all mayhem will likely breakout, and you'll become *Victoria Victim* of a big bad party *coup*.\*\*

Mastery: Game Hosting is yours to seize. Be the Samurai. Dare go where few friends have gone before you. Take ^The Road Less Traveled. Walk right into that room, standing straight in front of everyone, and do *whatever it takes* to get them to stop whatever they're all bubbly about and **"Listen Up!"**

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\* I can't even joke here these are so truly life changing for those ready to dive deeply. [SoulArts Private Couples Marriage Retreat Intensives](#) – for radical marriage healing breakthrough and

shared personal growth that is soul centered.

\*\* For a good dysfunctional working definition of *coup* (I think we all know where to look).

^ [The Road Less Traveled](#); M. Scott Peck (Book)

After dinner, and once seated in your comfy spot, one way to gain the attention of your crowd is by pulling your first SUPPLY item – a chair – into a central (lone) place in the room. Simply stand there with all the papers that your guests fretted over for 5-long minutes before din-din, and start handing them out to each person by name.

This should get all eyes on you (deer in headlight style). Stand calmly in front of your crowd (which may now seem more like a mob looking toward the door) and breezily announce:

*“We’re each going to share what we wrote!” \**

Expect (and personally, I’m not satisfied until I get them): groans, moans, and attempts to take you off your game. And then:

Do Not Go Off Your Game - No. Matter. What.

**BIG BIG NOTE #1:** At all costs: DO NOT GO FOR

*“Thanks but we’ll just sit in our seats and do it from here.”*

There is something hugely lost in this one seemingly minor obtrusive compromise that sells the whole deeper meaning behind the game short – and right down the river. Crumble now, and all is lost. Remember your *Rebel Yell*: ***Bruhaha!***

Instead of yielding to mediocre; to taking the easy way out, do this:

Bring up your *skill*! (i.e., the one person you brought in on the game’s Master Plan who will get things started by agreeably going first.)

**Shill:** noun. a person who poses as a customer in order to decoy others into participating, as at a gambling house, auction, confidence game, etc

Oh: you didn’t set up a shill? Well then, if your Mastery as of yet does not gain you one willing first person, you set the stage by offering to go first and showing off how easy it really is.

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\* This is where any of you with teaching experience lecturing those wayward kids and manipulative husbands/wives can put your skills to good use.

\*\* Suzie Cupcake archetype works well at Christmas time, but really, they each have their power points so speak freely from your archetype. Personally, I go for Trickys Dominique. (But I suspect you knew that.)

**BIG BIG NOTE #2:** This is as essential to the game as is Big Big Note #1 (previous).

I truly mean it. This, my party hosting genius, is where SUPPLY: 2 - Humorous Hats will pay off in dividends.

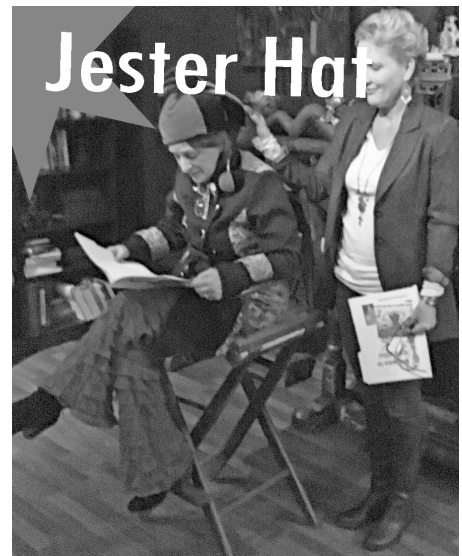
As each person comes in turn to plop down on the 1 lone central chair up front of everyone to read aloud his/her 5-minute exposé written before dinner, you give a choice of preferred hat to wear during the reading. NO RETREAT. NO SURRENDER!

It may seem counter intuitive, I know, but putting a silly hat on at this juncture, when one is pressed up against being very openly transparent (like sharing an unedited unprepared writing) in front of friends and family, has a powerful surprising way of dispelling anxiety.

Ironically, many people are truly afraid of the very thing they have searched and longed for their entire lives: being self-accepting and fully engaged authentically with life. Many people spend many more thousands of dollars on hundreds of workshops, teachings and meditations, hoping to heal early childhood wounds, life traumas, and dysfunctional coping mechanisms that no longer serve them. \*

I know: Many in our world today totally *poo-poo* a mystic's direct experience with and understanding of spiritual awakening. Many doubt the existence of the Soul's genius and one's True Nature. But here's a question for you, Dear Master “U-Who!” Host: What identity – what mechanism – is doing the *poo-pooing*?

...Yep! ☺ Exactly: The ego-archetypal persona they chose at an early age and still subconsciously identify with. The mind can never know or understand this level of perceptual breakthrough and the true genius of soul perception.\*\*



(See why I love my life work so much? It's the greatest challenge from love there is!)

---

\* See what an awakening self-realization you've already provided your family and friends just by hosting a Holiday dinner party? See how good you really are?

\*If anything best reflects my teachings and guided private retreat experiences, it is this! [See Ronda's free home study portal at rondalarue.com](http://rondalarue.com)

### **EMPOWERING SELF-SHARING:**

The moment one of your friends or family members come up to read what (s)he has written, you have set the potential stage for a breakthrough to an expression of True Self. And this, *my little sparkler of play*, is the genius of the Game.

The hats are very *very* helpful to this process. They help free and bridge the person over.

...Plus they offer great comic relief to your beautiful gathering. It's actually fun meaningful delight and play at its best.

### **GROOVE'N IN THE GAME:**

By the time 2 or 3 of your party guests have gone (that is, shared their reading, not stormed out of your home), and by the time a few more are *hemming and hawing* (thus clearly showing the early signs of actually getting off their seats and doing it anyway), I invite you to take an inner pause to “*listen into* the energy of the room” (...Those of you who have worked with me in retreat will understand what I'm underscoring here. And any who stop and listen from the heart will too!)

As you take note of the subtlety in the room, you'll start to notice a gentle glowing sense of intrigue; an open curiosity for such powerful and vulnerably strong sharing together; and a deepening appreciation for each person's unique story, style, and what that reveals about the person, about an open-attentive listening from a group of people – and by extension, about humanity itself.

- I wasn't kidding when I said “U-Who!” is masquerading as a simple party game while actually expanding a rich appreciation for individual differences, self-expression, and the courage to be vulnerably authentic with those closest to us.
- OH: I didn't say that before? Well now I did. Welcome to the second surprise in the surprise!

By the end of the party, you’ll notice a palpable warmth, connectivity, open acceptance, and sense of self-satisfaction with those in your lovely gathering of friends.

And likely, the next day and days later, you’ll start to receive thank you messages from friends and family expressing how fun and meaningful your evening was – maybe even several who will say to you:

***“That was the best Holiday dinner party ever!”***

...And this brings me to...



## 12

### “The After Party”

Um. Ok. I admit: I do not (yet) know what the After Party is. It simply felt right to add it here. More accurately “After Party” demanded being placed here.\*

Stand by and we shall all find out what and why this section is here...

...Still waiting...

Yes. Ok. The After Party (*het-hem*). The After Party is (of course) where you will soak in the vibe you created; where you will saturate (like a Moroccan mint green tea bag) in something you can't quite put your fingers on, but which has the feeling of mysterious new openings.

I recommend you take some moments after your guests have left, to Glow; To Gloat; to Cheshire Smile yourself all around town.

Pat yourself on the back for preparing and inspiring; for cajoling and playfully convincing (where necessary) your dearest friends, business associates, and family to step up and step into this creative self-reflective Game.

Take a moment to really appreciate what it took – and what it gave to your guests by hosting a Holiday party game designed to bring each person to his/her own freedom of spontaneous writing and sharing: *including the superficial, the humorous, the deeply painful, the philosophic, the illegible, the crazy touching stories* each individual wrote uncensored, and then marshaled inside themselves what it takes to sit up in front of their group of friends, peers and family --- and share it aloud.

That's masterful work. That's soul arts in action.\*\*

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\* My “infamous teaching” using “*I don't know why but...*” applies here in living example of [The SoulArts Mindful Awareness Practice](#) (Soul MAP) in real life action. It's truly the most powerful process for healing breakthrough I've discovered in a lifetime of study.

\*\* The Master Game Host: Does what (s)he can to charm friends, associates and family away from automatic *status quo reaction*, and to stretch toward something richly mindful and playfully-connected with love and the spirit of Holiday, shared as community. And this I see, is where and why I was inclined to “[How the Grinch Stole Christmas](#)” as cover image.

### ONE MORE REALLY IMPORTANT REALIZATION:

During your personal After Party, I invite you to reflect back and *find/notice* **the moment** when the energy in the room shifted.

See if you can recall a moment where there were perhaps tears (of laughter or of pain) at another’s vulnerable sharing. And dare to realize something really important: You just helped inspire, widen and deepen each person’s life, and their willingness to live it more authentically!

The energy changed in the room because people innately recognize, and heartwarmingly respond to authenticity when they see and feel it in their surroundings.

You were not only a fabulous party game host but (drummm rollylll) – a *Creative Catalyst* who stood for helping others at the chasm of self-exposing fear, to LEAP, and potentially find something much more freeing, fearless, and real coming from their heart and soul.

And then you offered them the *love-space* to share themselves in such an unconditional way with friends gathering to celebrate the Holy-days together.

That’s what changes the world...

...And you thought it was merely an interesting game.

FINAL WORDS: (I think.)

...Right [KEYBOARD]?

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## Thank You!

Thank you for stepping into the Game of Life – and for playing it with humor, love, courage, dedication, vulnerability, and the strength to demonstrate these qualities in front of your family and friends while, at the same time, giving them the very same gift of self-empowering realization.

Take a good bow to Life you Creative Catalyst “U-Who!”

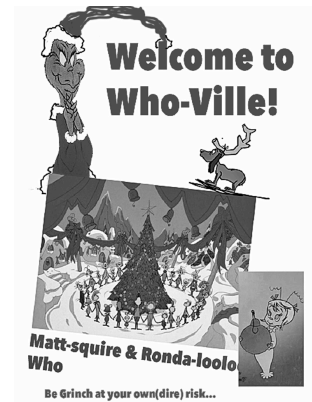
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\* [How The Grinch Stole Christmas; Dr. Suess, \(Movie DVD\)](#)

## APPENDED:

### A. THE “U-Who!” GAME PLAY SHEETS

\* These Play Sheets may be duplicated to make as many copies as the number of guests attending your party. (You may also download the Party Play Sheets on my [www.rondalarue.com/u-who](http://www.rondalarue.com/u-who) website page once I get it posted there.)



### B. ALTERNATIVE PROMPTS - (for additional or alternative play)

### C. MENU MENTIONS - Don't forget the apricot almond Brie Pastry

D. ABOUT RONDA – Including Ronda's much more serious (though still impish at times) depth study teachings and apprenticeships in holistic consciousness through her writings, audio & video guided meditations, interviews, and private retreats with individuals and couples.

### E. ABOUT [KEYBOARD]

Great page to start...



## **"U-Who!" The Game** (Winter Holiday Version)

**Main Appetizer This Eve Is:** This Simple 5-Minute Game of Curious Self-Reflection & Furiously Fast, Brain-Freed Writing. (You can do that!)

(Please No GRINCH-ing Out! It's Intriguing Once You Start)

Here's how to play:

- 1) Below are 4 "prompts" as starting sentences.
- 2) Choose ONLY ONE Prompt (whichever ONE just quickly gets your attention).
- 3) Your Host is going to set a timer for about 5-minutes of writing.
- 4) Please put your name on your paper. (You'll need your paper back later).
- 5) At the start of the timer, start writing as furiously fast, and as spontaneously freely as you can without pausing, thinking, editing! WRITE whatever is going on in your head. Be FREE. Put it to pen and paper and let it RIP until you hear: STOP
- 6) Make sure you have at least 1 additional sheet of blank writing paper.**

YOUR NAME: (you'll need your paper back later) \_\_\_\_\_

YOUR NAME: (you'll need your paper back later) \_\_\_\_\_

### FREE-FORM WRITING TO A PROMPT BELOW

The aim is to keep constantly writing on one selected prompt without pause for the entire 5-minutes to keep fleshing out more thoughts and reactions in your uncensored writing. \*(You may of course respond to more than one prompt or to all 4 if you wish. Or go rogue and let a prompt take you where it leads.

- 1) If I could be anybody and do anything I'd...
- 2) If I could give one gift to those I love this Holiday Season it would be...
- 3) What still frightens me (or can still give me the *heebee geebees* is...)
- 4) If I were a musical instrument I would...

## PLAY PROMPTS

(for additional or alternative play)\*

\*Not intended for distribution but for future party game hosting ideas

Feel free to “shake it up” by having all guests respond to the same one question prompt and then perhaps doing a second round, or by writing your own prompts ☺

Here are just a few to draw from:

- 1) Sometimes I really worry about...
- 2) The best thing about my life is...
- 3) The main trouble with our world right now is...
- 4) To me the ultimate success in life is...
- 5) It's hard for me to...
- 6) What I'd most not want to say right now is...
- 7) What I most value in close relationships is...
- 8) One of the hardest things I ever had to do in life is...
- 9) Something I really want to learn is...
- 10) If I won the lottery I'd...
- 11) When my time comes, I'd like to remember for/as...
- 12) The craziest thing I ever did was...

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\* Of course this game can be played any time or for any season “where two or more are gathered”... I simply wanted to create it as a winter Holiday gift this year. \*\*

\*\* And of course too, you can skip my entire Playbook Training Chapters and just go right to the game, making it up on the fly. (But then you'd have missed all that impish OCD cleverness?) With LOVE! Game Book: <https://www.amazon.com/author/rondalarue>



## MENU MENTIONS

Well I had to at least get this one in here if no others.

**Apricot Almond Brie Pastry** – better known as: “That gloppy creaming crunchy fat-filled delicacy”\*

One large slab of Brie Cheese

A Jar of Apricot (or other Jam)

Roasted Slivered Almonds

Puff Pastry Sheets

Butter

(Opt'l) Grand Marnier or other Liquor (if desired)

Y'all have probably seen this a dozen times at Holiday gatherings, but because of it's significance to this booklet, I include it herein.

Place Brie on several sheets of lightly buttered Puff Pastry; top with Apricot Jam and Roasted Almonds; neatly wrap the whole gosh darn thing in the Pastry (using some egg white and/or butter if/as needed to close the Pastry. Bake at 350 for 20 minutes or until golden brown. Top with a little more jam, and a scattering of almonds (and splash of liquor atop if desired). This way when a party guest picks up the whole thing in her/his bare hands, you'll have the pleasure of the full effect as prophesized in Chapter 3.

A collection of SoulArts meals still in the works. But for this party, I'd just say this: Keep the meal real simple because you're going to want/need your energy for the TRANSFORMATION OF CONSCIOUSNESS at hand. (...It's not easy being a Master “Game of Life” Host.)

Just thinking out load (because I'm getting hungry after all this writing):

- Hearty Winter Stews/Soups
- Grilled Veggies with Goat Cheese
- Raw Shaved Brussels Sprouts Salad (Olive Oil, Grated Parmesan, Roasted Slivered Almonds)
- Rustic Breads and Cheeses
- Grilled Sausage, Italian Pasta, Parsley, Garlic, Olive Oil and a sprinkle: Pine Nuts and/or Olives, Bits of Fresh Tomato, chili flakes
- Or heck, Simple meat/cheese sandwich make your own platter, or delivery pizza for that matter

I'm sure you have a host of ideas! Have fun.

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\* Refer to Chapter 3 for key targets and insights.



## ABOUT RONDA

**Ronda L. LaRue, M.S. - Ojai California 2018**

Founder:

**The Center for SoulArts - Ojai, California**

***SoulArts Meditative Awareness Practice*** (Soul-MAP)

***Soul Counsel for Couples Communication*** TM



Author:

[\*The Art of Living Your Destiny: A Guidebook for Awakening and Living From Soul\*](#)

[\*Remembering Who You Really Are: Awakening from Dark Night of the Soul\*](#) \*  
and many contemplative articles.

- "...For me, Ronda LaRue is **on par with author Eckhart Tolle**. Both are incredible spiritual teachers for our time. By the way, the whole book is wonderful, but chapter 9 is really the crown jewel." - Amazon review: *Remembering Who You Really Are: Awakening from Dark Night of the Soul*)

Ronda LaRue, M.S., has an unusually diverse and rich background blending a life time study of research science, the expressive arts, social-psychology, and the sacred wisdom traditions (east and west) into a deeply transformational playground of inquiry, inner self healing arts, and awakened self-realization.

Ronda LaRue's work as a spiritual teacher and mentoring guide has gained growing global visibility over past decades, with **individuals and couples** traveling from all over the world to work, one-on-one, with Ronda at her artisan home spa for the soul in the cultural arts community of **Ojai, California** - about **75 miles north of Los Angeles**, and 8-miles inland from the seaside town of Ventura.

*"Awakening, meditation, inner peace, life purpose:  
These are not positions attained;  
They are a quantum leap of perceptual seeing & Self-Realization"*

- ronda larue

I hope this book was as fun for you to read as it was for me to write!

While clients describe me as – well as lots of things, I think of myself as: an *irreverently reverent* spiritual guide and mentor, where paradox and honoring creative symbolic dialogue reveal the deep universal truths through the landscape of duality (the great trickster) in its dance with non-dual self-realization. \*

I feel deeply and humbly Called by my unique Gift. And it is my greatest blessing **to show you to yours.**

With Love,

*Ronda LaRue*

I look forward to connecting with you online, and in-person when the time is right.\*\*



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\*Enjoy **Chapter 2 excerpt** from Remembering Who You Really Are: “[The Great & Godly Game of Hide and Seek](http://www.rondalarue.com)” at [www.rondalarue.com](http://www.rondalarue.com) under writings.

\*\* **Upcoming Programs** at [www.CenterForSoulArts.com](http://www.CenterForSoulArts.com) : Women’s Healing Retreats; Private Solo and Private Couples Marriage Intensives, and a host of free online Writings, Audio Meditations, Video Interviews and Client Direct Experiences. \*\*\*

\*\*\* **A SPECIAL REQUEST:** Please spread word of this unique and *real world home practice* for integrating spiritual self healing, soulful connection, and the art of following one’s unique path of purpose in everyday real life.

The SoulArts Process I’ve been teaching and guiding for twenty years now, is the most powerful holistic understanding of a personal and daily life-engaged spirituality that I know of after 40+ years of deep study ...and some of the best schools of hard knocks. By sharing this SoulArts process, you may be saving a life. And that’s one great gift given with far reaching ripple effects into a world of humanity that can seem pretty dark these days.

## ABOUT [KEYBOARD]

In Ronda's SoulArts Process and Practice, people are taught and guided through a creative and engaging form of active meditation with their truth in the moment as the pathway to healing self awareness.



Her unique process utilizes symbolic and creative “dialogue” with spontaneous expressive arts to meet subconscious barriers and openings; discern and overcome mental fixation; learn to recognize, honor and trust the language of soul, and to follow the threads as they lead the way to self-healing and a fundamental shift in consciousness.

The guided personal retreats and depth process give people a direct experience of that which the mystics' of all paths and religions have pointed toward: An awakening breakthrough into open self-awareness and true presence. Some call this enlightenment, or spiritual awakening, or “*The Power of Now*” or “*Who You'd be Without Your Story*”, or Self-Realization. Ronda calls it ReMembering Who You Really Are.

Ronda followed her own practice and process while writing this book. She let go and allowed something new and unplanned to arise from within each moment of typing. This she calls “Following the Thread”. And so I, as [KEYBOARD] became her muse, her dialogue with the unknown, and her faith in allowing a radically new voice to emerge in her lifework. (“*I don't know why but*” is a very powerful level of life understanding wisdom when grounded within the soul's mystery.)

I hope this Playbook was as much fun for you to read as it was to write!

If you enjoyed and realized some of its embedded teachings, please (for the sake of others) head out to the streets sharing it on curb-sides... Instagraming and Pintresting your Party Pix. Twittering from bed at 3am (we need the counterbalance). \*

- An enthusiastically playful review on AMAZON is perhaps the most immediate way you can make a positive impact. (And if you hated the book, rather than a smear, you've my hearty suggestion to go right ahead and use it as TP ...so along as you Instagram that.)

OOOOhh, THIS SUDDEN TIP IN FROM THE THREAD (for you Impish Archetypes): Take this book as your “Hostess' Gift” to a friend having a party! Ha, clever one! Now you simply sit back, wait and watch, as your friend *has to* (I mean: *feels deeply honored to*): A) read and then B) host this life and party transformer. You're off, Scott Free! (What's Scott got to do with Free anyway? A next party game book, I feel...)

Blessings on your path unwinding with Love, shared.



## CENTER FOR SOULARTS

Ojai, California

### Working with Ronda:

- ❖ COUPLES PRIVATE HEALING RETREAT INTENSIVES
- ❖ INDIVIDUAL (SOLO) RETREATS
- ❖ WOMEN’S HEALING RETREAT SPECIAL
- ❖ SOULFUL ENTRAPREURAL MENTORING
- ❖ HOME STUDY PORTAL
- ❖ APPRENTICESHIP PROGRAMS

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