

Brisbane - July 17 - 2008

“CC, don't you see the messages in all that is around you?” Moriya is persistent and my selective blindness when it comes to symbols does not deter her, quite the contrary. “You have to learn how to look, and you will only progress further on the Path once you stop relying only on your physical eye-brain connection and switch to your eye/soul connection.” She urges, “Only then you will see and understand your messages. Soul only speaks to us in whispers and through symbols. What can I say, C.C.? *Ze ma-yesh.*”

The fact is that we are already reacting all the time to symbols, but we only interpret them from our persona's eyes and our eyes are connected to a brain that has long ago forgotten how interpret life beyond its linear way of thinking.

That's because the brain cannot see a whole picture but only pieces which it try to connect together - unsuccessfully.



The ability to interpret symbols correctly is one of the signs of spiritual evolution, as it affords us an overview understanding of the greater scheme of things.



When I used to tell Moriya that, beyond the obvious, I saw nothing and perceived nothing, she would reply wryly, “When you want to see true meaning you need a bird's eye view. You need to stand above the mountain. If you cannot get that high on your own, what can I say? At least find yourself a ladder.”



“Here's one of the first moments I experienced with deconstructing symbols intuitively,” Moriya wrote one day. “It happened one afternoon when I went with to the bank with my mother. It was a long time ago, but I remember how my mother went inside and, as usual, I waited outside, leaning back on a railing and watching people go by.

Ze ma-yesh = this is how it is

There came a man with a bicycle. He tied it to the railing near me. Immediately I thought of balance.

Then an old woman with a walking stick exited the bank. Over her shoulders, she had a large white shawl. She passed me by only a few steps and then stopped. And I just KNEW she wanted to pull the shawl on her head.

The old woman turned around, looked at me and stood in front of me and without a word between us, I raised the shawl from her shoulders to drape it gently over her head.

The old woman said, "God bless you!" and she walked on.

Moriya explained further, "This was very symbolic because the old woman leaning on her walking stick symbolized the ego-persona, while the white shawl I pulled over her head represents the white light of when we are enlightened and blessed – the light from the Crown chakra.

"In regards to every wakeful moment as in dream interpretation, CC, you know I believe in *accepting*, in *surrendering*, in *having total faith* in our soul in the connection we have with her.

Kamoovan, I also completely believe in being her servant. Unless I am willing to do that, everything else is just words and theory and more words and more theory. No different from the people who pass the theory part of their driving test but simply cannot pass the driving test in real streets."



It is only recently that I have learned to accept that it is only an illusion that we are in control of our lives. Like the one who is learning to drive, we are in control as long as nothing unexpected pops up in front of us. We are in control as long as the road is dry and we are not distracted by anything. Having said that, the moment we are caught in the rain, have to go around a tight corner or brake unexpectedly, we lose control. We misjudge; we mishandle; we overcompensate; we brake too hard – we break down.

Kamoovan = of course



Looking at it objectively, we have to agree that from the cold that makes us feel miserable to the loss of partner or job or money to the mere suspicion that a night time intruder is in our garden, all manners of happenings from the tiniest to the disastrous have the potential to unnerve, unhinge and flatten our spirit for an undetermined period of time.

When we suffer or have anything else that makes us miserable it means we strays away from our soul. Hey, it's just like little kittens who are protected and happy around their mother, *but* afraid and unprotected away from her. So, as long as we stay close to our soul things flow and we are protected, aval the moment we are tempted to seek away from her – we are vulnerable and exposed to dangers. It's all our making.



Going back to the connection we need to have in our soul, it can only be established through a practice of unconditional acceptance of the other, *of all others* – including and particularly the *others* we don't understand, don't like and resent. There is no glory at all, no spirituality, in liking or loving only the few individuals on the planet with whom we get along, the ones who only push our nice buttons.



Men are born and remain free - equal *in* rights - as stated in the Declaration of the Rights of Man. Admittedly, it is left to us, women, to infer that we are included in this doctrine written in 1789.



Beyond physical equality, anyone who is asserting that they are on the spiritual Path has to accept that beyond the physical boundaries of our bodies – the same gross matter for one and all - we are also all equal energetic bodies – the same energetic matter for one and all.

And it is because of this energetic sameness that we need to grow beyond the illusion that we are

quantitatively/qualitatively different, deserving, worthy and separable from one and all.

[1]

indeed because of this sameness we can contact each other and understand at all the meaning of what we see and hear.

The spiritual reality is that we cannot be separated one from the other, not anymore than the rays of the sun can be fractioned and splintered off. Not anymore than the water contained in a wave can be separated in drops.

The most illustrious example is the ocean's waves. Their rushing and foaming and going and coming are our most delusive vision, because we are hypnotized by their outer appearance and cannot see that the real being is underneath, not moving, not reacting.

Having said that, it seems to me that the religious leaders of all established religions who preach about unconditional love actually practice **active separation** and **active conditional acceptance**.



I am quite sure that each of the mainstream religions has dictates equivalent to these found in the Bible:

Leviticus 19:18 Thou shalt not avenge, nor bear any grudge against the children of thy people, but thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself: I am the LORD.

Leviticus 19:34 But the stranger that dwelleth with you shall be unto you as one born among you, and thou shalt love him as thyself; for ye were strangers in the land of Egypt: I am the LORD your God.

[1] http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Declaration_of_the_Rights_of_Man_and_of_the_Citizen

However, when women are not allowed to rise to an echelon higher than that of nuns; when it seems clear no one is going to look for the soul of next Dalai Lama in the incarnate body of a infant girl; when homosexuals along with heterosexual divorcees are excommunicated; when enough Jews, once known as God's Chosen Children, agree that it is a good idea to build a wall that is 703 kilometres long and 8 metres high around the west Bank [of which 58% has already been completed]; when domestic abuses and sexual scandals seep up from the bowels of most fundamentalist of religious groups, when imans fight to kill other imans and their devotees, I conclude that if there is any truth in what Moriya says about the need for unconditional acceptance, all of these religious people, starting with their leaders, keep failing the practice part of their spiritual driving test.



Shame, or so methinks, on anyone who thinks that attempting to physically **remote control** anyone is a wholesome spiritual practice particularly when the controlling is done through exclusion, ostracism or emotional or financial blackmail, deprivation of privileges - regardless of whether it is done by a parent, a government, an educator or a religious leader - to a child, an employee, a congregation or against the *others* who happened to have been placed by karma on a different side of the fence.



“So, what I repeat again and again, *ahoti haketana*, is that the only way to gain access your inner temple is to have faith in your soul, to observe yourself in the moment, and to really SEE the mechanical reactions of your ego-persona moment after moment, day after day, without ever regressing to what is easy and simple because, if it is easy and simple, it is mechanical and contains no spirituality. Just because billions of people have unhealthy eating habits, it doesn't mean they are good for you. CC, gradually you'll awaken more and more and one day you will see as clearly as I can. And by then you won't need your little ladder anymore to see rise above the material obvious.”



Through an acquaintance of mine who occasionally sends me list-email, I received this amazing picture of a tiny deer. As I looked at this little animal, all I could think of was how

amazingly vulnerable and frightened it looked. I sent the picture to Moriya asking her to, please, deconstruct it for me.

“C.C., you’re asking me about this picture of the little deer because all you see through your persona's eyes is a baby deer that looks vulnerable and scared.

Ma? Can you not find the more important symbolic interpretation by yourself?”

I answered the way I had answered the same question many times before.

“No, not yet, Moriya, I need more of your *savlanut*.”

“*Savlanut*, I have plenty,” she chided back. “But don’t forget to trust your soul and to do your own homework, *ahoti haketana*,”

“Yeah, yeah, I know. I have to do my own homework,” I grumbled resignedly.



Responding to Moriya’s emails is homework - long homework and hard homework. Keeping up with the pace she has *imposed* however nicely - and for the best of reasons requires a lot more self-discipline than I thought I had. But, as she says, the real homework needs to be done *out there*, in the physical world, away from my keyboard.

ahoti haketana = my little sister

Not only does such homework need to be done daily, it has to be done constantly, mindfully, moment by moment – in a state of Sati – the Buddhist term for being awake. And, yes, like Moriya, you, dear Reader, might already have guessed that the daily reading and the thinking and the writing come to me a lot more easily than execution on the terrain.

Unfortunately for me, Moriya is lot more interested in the quality of my daily homework than she is in my writing original material inspired by her teachings. *Ze ma yesh.*



Giving of myself - of my time, of my money - deprioritizing my persona's priorities in preference to addressing matters, items, activities in the order in which they present themselves and in the matter of their true priority – not according to which I am in the mood for - or which I think I can get out of the way the fastest. Awareness through each moment is the practice of being in the moment.

Before I say more about the flow of messages that are brought to us in our wakeful moments as well as our sleep, I need to explain that the channel through which we can interpret them correctly is blocked by the emotional clutter, the attachments, the fears, the clinging, the grasping, the craving, the wanting and various other limitations generated by our persona.

So, before we go any further, it is essential to take time to understand and *accept* one essential concept – one that, admittedly, I am still struggling with - that our persona is but the channel between soul and body. Nothing more. Nothing less.

You see, our soul knows all of *her* past incarnations, while all we know is *this life* seen through in keyhole mode through the interpretation of our brain that keeps churning up old patterns while living in fear of an elusive future.

Our soul sends us messages endlessly, relentlessly – while we are asleep in our bed or sleep-walking through our daily tasks.

Ma = what? **Savlanut** = patience **ahoti haketana** = my little sister

The thing to remember is that our soul - bright and pure energy - is always awake, forever trying to shake us awake to the reality “that all things are impermanent; and that the self is not personal, not permanent, not static; and consequently that the individual does not exist as a permanent and identifiable entity,” wrote Jane Hamilton-Merritt in her book on Theravada meditation. [2]

So, as Moriya has explained it to me, our soul tries to establish a contact through our dreams. “She use dreams as her most important tool to deliver the messages, and you have only to see how many people have nightmares or bad dreams because they are too mechanical or too sleepy, in order to see how hard our soul is trying her best.”

Which is why before trying to latch on to bits of dreams, it is essential to clear the channel through which these messages are delivered and the channel is the persona - US.

Before We Can Hope To Receive We Need To Emit

This is a good place to share with you a poem, **Your Thought And Mine**, by Khalil Gibran, as it illustrates beautifully the duality between our persona and our soul.

**Your thought is a tree rooted deep in the soil of tradition
and whose branches grow in the power of continuity.**

**My thought is a cloud moving in the space. It turns into drops
which, as they fall, form a brook that sings its way into the
sea. Then it rises as vapour into the sky.**

**Your thought is a fortress that neither gale nor the
lightening can shake.**

**My thought is a tender leaf that sways in every direction and
finds pleasure in its swaying.**

**Your thought is an ancient dogma that cannot change you nor
can you change it.**

2. J. Hamilton-Merritt (1976), A Meditator's Journey, souvenir Press, London, England, p. 25

My thought is new, and it tests me and I test it morn and eve.

You have your thought and I have mine.

Your thought allows you to believe in the unequal contest of the strong against the weak, and in the tricking of the simple by the subtle ones.

My thought creates in me the desire to till the earth with my hoe, and harvest the crops with my sickle, and build my home with stones and mortar, and weave my raiment with woollen and linen threads.

Your thought urges you to marry wealth and notability.

Mine commands self-reliance.

Your thought advocate fame and show.

Mine counsels me and implores me to cast aside notoriety and treat it like a grain of sand cast upon the shore of Eternity.

Your thought instils in your heart arrogance and superiority.

Mine plants within me love for peace and the desire for independence.

Your thought begets dreams of palaces with furniture of sandalwood studded with jewels, and beds made of twisted silk threads.

My thoughts speaks softly in my ears, "Be clean in body and spirit even if you have nowhere to lay your head".

Your thought makes you aspire to titles and office.

Mine exhorts me to humble service.

You have your thought and I have mine.

Your thought is social science, a religious and political dictionary.

Mine is a simple axiom.

Your thought speaks of the beautiful woman, the ugly, the virtuous, the prostitute, the intelligent, and the stupid.

Mine sees in every woman a mother, a sister, or a daughter of every man.

The subjects of your thought are thieves, criminals, and assassins.

Mine declares that thieves are the creatures of monopoly, criminals are the offspring of tyrants, and assassins are akin to the slain.

Your thought describes laws, courts, judges, punishments.

Mine explains that when man makes a law, he either violates it or obeys it. If there is a basic law, we are all one before it. He who disdains the mean is himself mean. He who vaunts his scorn of the sinful vaunts his disdain of all humanity.

Your thought concerns the skilled, the artist, the intellectual, the philosopher, the priest.

Mine speaks of the loving and the affectionate, the sincere, the honest, the forthright, the kindly, and the martyr.

Your thought advocates Judaism, Brahmanism, Buddhism, Christianity, and Islam.

In my thought there is only one universal religion whose varied paths are but the fingers of the loving hand of the Supreme Being.

In your thought there are the rich, the poor, and the beggared.

My thought holds that there are no riches but life; that we all beggars, and no benefactor exists save life herself.

You have your thought and I have mine.

According to your thought, the greatness of nations lies in their politics, their parties, their conferences, their alliances and treaties.

But mine proclaims that the importance of nations lies in work - work in the field, work in the vineyards, work with the loom, work in the tannery, work in the quarry, work in the lumberyard, work in the office and in the press.

Your thought holds that the glory of the nations is in their heroes. It sings the praises of Rameses, Alexander, Caesar, Hannibal, and Napoleon.

But mine claims that the real heroes are Confucius, Lao-Tse, Socrates, Plato, Abi Taleb, El Gazali, Jalal Ed-din-el Roumy, Copernicus, and Pasteur.

Your thought sees power in armies, cannons, battleships, submarines, aeroplanes, and poison gas.

But mine asserts that power lies in reason, resolution, and truth. No matter how long the tyrant endures, he will be the loser at the end.

Your thought differentiates between pragmatist and idealist, between the part and the whole, between the mystic and materialist.

Mine realizes that Life is one and its weights, measures and tables do not coincide with your weights, measures and tables. He whom you suppose an idealist may be a practical man.

You have your thought and I have mine.

Your thought is interested in ruins and museums, mummies and petrified objects.

But mine hovers in the ever-renewed haze and clouds.

Your thought is enthroned on skulls. Since you take pride in it, you glorify it too.

My thought wanders in the obscure and distant valleys.

Your thought trumpets while you dance.

Mine prefers the anguish of death to your music and dancing. Your thought is the thought of gossip and false pleasure.

Mine is the thought of him who is lost in his own country, of the alien in his own nation, of the solitary among his kinfolk and friends.

You have your thought and I have mine. [3]



The only way to morph our thoughts into something closer to Khalil Gibran's is by doing daily *clearing* homework and, to mine, I have recently added the practice of *non-separation* and *unconditional acceptance* of **What Is** as opposed to letting my mind drag me into its favourite game of **What-Ifs**. So let us unpack this a little before returning to the topic of messages.



What better place to practice *non-separation* and *unconditional acceptance* of **What Is** than with the teenage students of the inner city high school where I teach?

The challenge of non-separating between students on the grounds of intellect and behavior is a major one any educator *on the Path* needs to overcome. This is partly because the choice we have made to become educators - though a free choice on the surface, like all other choices we apparently make freely, this one was not as free a choice as we would think.



The *spiritual* reality of the matter is that our soul *manipulates* us in one direction or another according to what we are meant to learn, amend - or give back – in this lifetime.



It is true that most of us, educators worldwide, tend to *process* our students. We dispense separatist, often stagnant knowledge, mostly on fossilized topics, in a bid to prepare a generation for a lifestyle in flux and for jobs that, for the most part, do not yet exist.

We do this in a climate of separation – the labels of *good* and *bad* students being the most obvious, along with those of *good* colleague and *bad* colleague; *good* parent and *bad* parent.

We hand out forms, tasks, instructions, pats on the back as well penalties along with assessments of our students' character and intellect on the *strength* [or should I say *weakness*] of what we observe within the hermetic and subjective environment that are our learning institutions.

Serious question #1: Good intentions notwithstanding, as educators, how active is our **heart** chakra, as we go about our daily business? How accepting are we? How inclusive are we?

3. K. Gibran (1974), *Spiritual Sayings*, Heinemann, London, pp. 79-83.

Basically, how energetically **pink** are we?

Reality check: If we haven't tried to engage our heart chakra even before we got out of bed this morning, chances are it is flat- line.

Accepting the validity of this fact would go a long way towards explaining why education, world-wide, is as uninviting as Dr Seuss's "Green Ham and Eggs" - or soggy cereal.



A flat-line heart chakra does not mean that we are uncaring, unpleasant human beings.

Not at all. It simply means that we go about our work in the mechanical ways that are inherent to the material culture in which we live - efficient at times, inefficient at other times.

Nothing more. Nothing less.

Last month, Bill Gates was again on the cover of Time Magazine. The Headline line was: **How to help those left behind** [*how capitalism can make the world a better place*].

"When I talk to executives from pharmaceutical companies," said Bill Gates, "they tell me that they want to do more for neglected diseases [like malaria, tuberculosis and HIV that decimate sections of the population in emerging countries] but *they at least need to get credit for it.* [4]

How open is the heart chakra of this powerful group of individuals who have it in their power to save millions of lives and dispense relief from pain to people who cannot dream of one day ever being able to afford it themselves?

Doing anything, however useful and commendable on the surface is not what heart-chakra love and non-separation are about.

4. How to Fix Capitalism by Bill Gates, Time Magazine p..30, August 11, 2008

Doing a good deeds, like Tibetan villagers do, believing that cumulatively, each act of kindness buys us a better after life may be called thoughtful or religious, but it is not spiritual.



The truth of the matter is that each one of us - in whichever occupation we happen to be in – paid or not – we are in it for the same purpose: that of doing what we are doing through an open heart chakra.

Aren't doctors in the perfect arena to dispense unconditional love to their patients instead

of simply repairing bodies wrapped up in consent forms?

Why has their profession worldwide been under such strong criticisms?

Why do doctors need to secure such hefty insurance plans against malpractice that many can hardly make a living out what remains of their salary?

Isn't the writing on the wall for doctors the same as for teachers as for nurses?

The same as for lawyers who, like mercenaries, process their clients, guilty or not, for a fee by dancing deftly through loopholes and around technicalities?

The same as psychiatrists who could do much worse than lower their fees, throw their desk clock into the trash can but open their heart to their clients instead.

Homemakers, retail and trades people are not exempt.



When it comes to us, educators, most of us can claim that we have been instrument in helping a handful of students over the years; that if it hadn't been for our support, understanding and selflessness at a particular moment in their lives, these students would have been chewed up and spit out by the system.

This is lovely indeed, but the point I am trying to make here is that relating more particularly to a few students here and there and *reacting* to their situation according to our needs and mood is a practice of active *separation*.

Besides, how truly altruistic are such rescue missions?

Do we not get congratulated for them?

Do they not trigger this "Gee, am I good or am I great" feeling?

Even in the absence of gratitude, do we not feel righteous and proud of our success?



Isn't the writing on the wall for parents the same as for educators?



Far too many generations of parents have confused the material *well-being* of their children with accepting love and spiritual integrity.

I am not a parent for I chose not to be, but I can still ask *how unconditional is parental love?*



Why are there so many children in child care?

Oh, as a feminist from way back, I know that women have to access the same freedom of choice, the same buying power as men, but the question is why do we, women and men, pay into the societal focus of aiming to accumulate money and more money to pay for more and more services as well as an ever-growing dependence on ephemeral pleasures and disposal goods that have been spawned - by money makers - for our *entertainment* as well as that of our children?



If it is true that money allows the rich to walk away from their mistakes – a line spoken in a film my darling and I watched last night - it never allows them to walk away from their karma and the ever growing tail of *unfinished business* they drag behind them as they *live the life* .

Tail →



I don't know about you, but when I read that Mark G Parker, the CEO of Nike, has earned a total of US\$8.8m in total compensation during fiscal year 2008, which includes his salary of \$1.377m, stock awards, option awards and a non-equity incentive plan compensation of \$2.683m, I am glad that I have not contributed a penny to his little nest-egg.



Still, I can't help feeling a little queasy because clearly this possibly very nice man is not the only billionaire of our time.

Having said that, I also can't help but wonder about the state of his Mark G Parker's health and the stated of his emotional life – and it might be best to not think about the state of his spiritual life just at the moment. Bless his soul 😊



The financial and emotional fall-out of children raised in care is commensurate to the inability of moms and dads to better control their priorities.

Another side effect – or simply an excuse – is that putting their child in care prevents parents from practicing heart-chakra love with their infant or toddler – if they happened to be that way inclined.

Similarly, shouldn't the role of the childcare worker, as that of the aged-care worker, to deliver their ministrations from the heart, not just with their hands?

CC, ze tov meod. At yo-da-at, I see, for example, Tikva, who works with little children, while HER children stays with other women/mothers. And the sad thing is that those women take care of those children better than they do with their own children, especially when they come home tired and have no more savlanut for them. So, here's crazy society that on one hand encourage women to have big family and protect them and take care of them as their first priority, and on the other hand encourage women to work outside or have a career by neglecting their children and taking care of other children. This separation ze lo tov.



If physical comfort is not the same as emotional comfort which is different again from spiritual comfort, the question to ask is which are we giving to those we love?



Non-separation and **unconditional acceptance** mean not favoring one individual over another - not even in the privacy of our own thoughts – not even a child over her siblings.

That's it. That's all it means.



Serious question #2: what if, en masse, all of us, educators, had been drawn to the profession to practice one of the most essential skills not many in our culture can claim as their own - genuine real heart energy and compassion?



The good thing about practicing *non*-separation and acceptance is the same as practicing unconditional love [as discussed in preceding files].

It is not about *doing* anything physical.

It is not about doing *more* on the material level.

It is not about giving up more of our time or donating money.

It is not about hugging anyone or condoning anything that should not be condoned.

It is not about turning a blind eye.

It is not about accepting What Is, our daily reality in a *resigned* manner.



It is about opening our heart-chakra and letting our soul energy spread outward from within.

The good news for someone like me is that there is nothing tangible to see or do.

No one needs to know. How cool is that, huh?

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Though I did say earlier that I was practicing *unconditional acceptance* and *non-separation*,

I have come to realize, as I am type these words, that what I am mostly doing is practicing *doing nothing*, which means *not* spiking energetically, not *touching* energetically.

I am practicing remaining neutral, even in the face of adversity at work and in the classroom.

OK, granted: it is seriously not for the faint-hearted. but if it were. it would not be karma amending. It would not be soul to persona channel-clearing either, would it?



Being angry or at the very least being annoyed is the sure sign that we are not accepting

What Is.



Anger, resentment, annoyance occur because we would like to wave a magic wand to alter the reality facing us.

We cannot alter it and yet we seldom accept it = we become agitated, anxious – sick. Wanting to change any particle of **What Is** is a non-spiritual approach to problem-solving.

We cannot change anyone who is not biddable – or *bribable* - enough to be jollied along:

not a student, not a child, not a parent, not an employer, not a neighbour, not even our cat.



Reality check: Accepting **What Is** is an extremely active endeavor that has absolutely nothing to do with ‘not caring’ or ‘giving up’ or ‘can’t be bothered’ the ‘victim syndrome’ or the fashionable ‘whatever’ shrug.

There is a type of person – often envied by others - because of their ability to cruise through life, shrugging off any complication and moving on - literally losing no sleep over it - but as much as a careless or a cavalier attitude to life might reduce the risk of stress-related illnesses in the physical world, it does not place the person any further up the Path.



It is the realization that “constant decaying and changing is common to all things. You, the moon, this desk, all things are changing constantly. Happiness does not come from liking or not liking things which are impermanent.” [5]

If it is true that **non**-attachment to all that is impermanent – the Buddhist concept of *anicca* - is fundamental to spiritual evolution, it is equally true that nothing changes when the person is not awake - not aware - of why the situation has occurred.

There can be no karmic amendment, no personal evolution without intent – for the greater good of all and the greater good of self.



There is nothing passive about practicing an acceptance of **What Is**.

2. J. Hamilton-Merritt (1976), *A Meditator’s Journey*, souvenir Press, London, England, p. 25

What Is, at any given, moment is truly our special, private testing ground.

It is the test we should cram for because it is the test that, in this particular moment in our life, we finally have to pass – no matter the struggle – because we have failed this particular test way too often already. 😞

“Shame,” as my students would say.



Another way I am practicing *not touching* and accepting What Is while being in the moment, is that of not planning events such as outings and holidays too far ahead of time – not even holidays to Europe, which from here, in Australia, do require a certain amount of advance planning – particularly because Australia being an island continent that can only be left by air - or by boat if one has a *lot* of time and money on their hands.



The idea is to imagine a loose framework but not get all tied up with early payments and advance bookings - not until *concrete* deadlines truly have to be met – not months ahead because I cannot contain my excitement; not because I am afraid someone will take **my** seat on the plane or **my** room in hotels and *to be sure, to be sure* I will beat them to it by booking early. As Moriya has been reminding me, “If you are intended to be on a particular seat on a particular airplane, no one will be allowed to sit in it but you. Have faith in the system.”

Grumble, grumble – but then again, what do i know, little blind mouse that I am, beyond what I WANT?

Ok, so let us say that I *want* to leave on such a date on such an airline and that I *want* to spend a specific amount of time in that specific place in a specific hotel or rented studio. I also *want* to return home on a specific date of my choosing.

Fine, nothing wrong with that except that, beyond knowing what I *want*, I cannot lock in the * hassle-free, great time* option at the moment of my bookings and I cannot anticipate what the reality of this trip will bring my way.



Since I do not have the gift of foresight, how can I possibly be know which flight will afford me the safest and most pleasant 29 hour journey to Europe on any particular day?

There is a lot more at stake than airplane safety and airport security.

I don't know about you, but I would rather not travel near a snorer or a baby that cries most of the time.

I would rather not be up there, if it means ploughing through a lighting storm and associated turbulences.

I would rather not have to report my luggage lost upon arrival.

All things equal, I would rather have a pleasant Customs Officer to deal with than one who will single me out for a cavity search because s/he has a thing about women who have wrist tattoos and heavy lugs in stretched earlobes.

Once in the hotel in which I so wanted to secure a room - maybe because we had such pleasant moments the last time we stayed there - I would rather not have on my floor a couple on their honeymoon, the Brady Bunch or a party-girls on the trip of a lifetime or a team of footballers. And I would rather a bed with a firm mattress than a soft one. OK, you get my drift.

So, sure I can want and I can demand and I can be upset when my demands do not change *What is* and I can complain to partner and we can blame each other for not having made the booking earlier and I can spread my bad mood energy all around.

I can do that but I can also start out with a *soft* focus on the framework. I can start out in easy gear and not be too attached to specifics, knowing that since I am on the path and I am practicing **active** acceptance, all will be for the better.

Reality check: even if in spite of my acceptance of What Is, things on the terrain do not go according to plan, I will still not know how much worse they would have been ... if.

CC, I'm smiling, because be-emet things are going EXACTLY according to plan. Ma at yo-da-at? Kloom! What YOU see as a plan is not what your soul see as a wholesome plan including hidden aspects you have no idea about. And suppose you'll get a mattress that won't let you sleep tov, ma ze omer? Ze omer that you have TO BE AWAKE AND AWARE! Pashoot, lo? Ma, don't you already know that our soul speak with symbols? She's not the persona who knows only words, words, words.



It is by practicing all of the above and more - daily - that we clear the channel and open our heart to our soul's whisper and our mind to the symbols and messages that are set in our path and move beyond a mechanical response to live, blind little mice that we are, trapped in the huge maze of live that is really a lot larger than we think.

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Posted on Jan 21, 2013

"C.C., you do remember that we are looking at things through our soul's eyes, ken? Yes?" Moriya asked without pausing. "Then, although these things are here – now, right in front of us, the notion of *eternity* means that everything has existed from time immemorial.

What happens is that when the moment is karmically ripe, we become suddenly aware of the existence of certain things, of certain thoughts and of certain symbols. Some call that a 'ha-ha' or a eureka moment, but really, it is not as if these symbolic things have only just now popped up out of nowhere. They have been there, right under our nose, from the moment of our birth."

Burleigh Heads – April 5 – 2008

The hoop pines on the esplanade, branches turned up like fingers towards the darkened afternoon sky, sway slowly through the sea wind.

The sounds I hear through the open windows of this rented beachfront apartment are those of the rain pelting down; those of the sea roaring in her pewter grey, pre-storm mode and those made by the sluicing of car tyres seven floors below. A butcher bird, feet gripped around the railing of the balcony, is all fluffed up. Beak lifted to the sky, she calls out a vehement and repetitive two-tone high-pitched warble. What is this bird saying? To whom is she calling out?

I do know that because of the black and white of her feathers, this bird is a messenger intended to remind me that, for what remains of this day and beyond – while my darling and I are holidaying in this beach resort – I need to make balance a priority. Beyond this, I will never get to know what else this little butcher bird was calling out.

Well, actually, this is not quite true.

Seven floors above the esplanade = the elevated position of the 7th Chakra – looking from soul's eyes

A butcher bird = butcher = a person who sells meat – to kill = the need to curb my/our lower *animalistic* desires of the flesh

What is this bird saying? = “overcome your base instincts.”

To whom is she calling out? = to me, of course, as spiritual messages are always intended for the one who perceives them. This message, like all others, will be repeated, albeit differently, more loudly, more painfully until I find a way to act on it.

The bottom line is that while I enjoy our long walks on the beach, a glass of chilled *pinot gris* at our favorite beach cafe and contemplate the pattern of waves rolling in,

I must also remember the priorities of one on The Path.

Not long ago, I wrote something to Moriya about a sunflower on our patio and how beautiful it was with its large open face fringed by bright yellow petals.

“So much more interesting to me than a rose all curled up on herself, even if her enduring glam status dates back to millions of years B.C.”

“C.C., you have to be aware every minute of every day. Yes, the sunflower is beautiful,” Moriya replied by return mail, “but you forget the symbolism of this flower.

A sunflower is the motif of the sun shining large and round within our mind. It is the symbol of turning to follow the Light. It symbolizes our crown chakra.

You must remember to be aware that *all* you are attracted to – or repelled by – is a message brought to you by your soul.

Keep observing to catch each of her messages. Don't fall back into sleep-walking mode. Take your diary with you on the vacation and write your thoughts, your emotions and experiences.

Bring back all that you notice and we will have a look at it together. Be awake.”

v

The big deal is that all the messages, signs or symbols we do not see, little blind mice that we are, amount to so many arrows pointing to the “Yellow Brick Road” we need to be on.

They are the emergency light pinpoints that line the central aisle of an airplane, the ones intended to guide us in the advent of a catastrophe.

The spiritual signs of the sort we are going to explore in this file are as recognizable as the Nazca lines scarred into the Pampa Colorada of Peru. Assumed to be at least 1500 years old, they remain an enigma that can only be deconstructed from the air, which is symbolic of the *elevated* spiritual position our soul aspires for us to reach ... one day.

v

When we are blind to the world of messages around us, we talk about coincidences, good luck or bad luck, good days and bad days and we scratch our head wondering why and how we have ended up in any one particular situation. Maybe we cry, maybe we shrug, maybe laugh but, as sure as the moon never sets, we eventually move on *and further* into something akin to tunnel vision or selective blindness.

v

We do not see for looking.

We do not SEE the many flags waved at us and, sure enough, we soon get another opportunity to say, “What the ...” for it is only by looking through our soul’s eyes – from an elevated position – that we can create meaning out of our life’s landscape.

v

If the choice is between getting some sort of understanding as to why things *happen* to us as they do – even in the absence of total proof – or relying on holy water, crystals and tumble stones, Feng Shui water fountains, reciting of mantras while driving to work or having faith in our favorite talisman, pet rock, neighbourhood healer, hermit or quack – I have made my choice.

v

Messages – in the form of signs and symbols, names and thousands of words and images – swirl around each and every one of us, all of the time, in our wakeful moments and in our sleep.

Because these signs are not dramatic signs such as apparitions or strange manifestations; because we, as a civilization, have lost the ability to recognize them, they remain unnoticed.

v

Our brain recognizes spectacular, hi-glam, hi-visibility meaningful moments, but our brain simply does not interpret the mundane and the minute signs embedded in the *continuous* string of moments that make up our days and our nights – year after year after year – from birth to death. Yet, like rain drops hanging precariously off our clothes line side by side, they are connected to each other; they are tangible and they carry meaning.

v

It is unhelpful to imagine a separation between work and play; between night and day; between our private life and our public life; between the many hats that we wear.

As Moriya says, “While we are standing with our physical body on stable ground in the physical world, our thoughts/feelings exist in Astral realm, and at the same time our higher spiritual attributes, specifically unconditional love, exist in much higher realms, from which comes down all the messages.

“We live at the same time in many worlds and the ability to switch between them in order to make good decisions, good deeds, good feelings, good Karma depends on our state of evolution.”

When we are limited to seeing life through physical eyes, we can see only *gross matter*. Thus, the range of our interactions with our fellow human beings generally includes a degree of exploitation, competition, envy and greed. Even our *loved ones* we love mechanically for we seldom accept them – dynamically – as they are. The tender-loving care we give them is often conditional on their *good* behaviour. And even if we do *keep loving the unlovable* because we care or because we do not dare sever the link, we make that our cross to bear in this lifetime.

The compensation for our apparent selflessness is the warm display of sympathy and public kudos we get in return from our friends and social services who *understand* our plight – the next best thing after love.

v

We are unable to see others, *them*, as brothers and sisters, which is why inevitably we end up in the familiar game of Us vs Them while *Me, I, Mine* all come in at number 1.

v

We are unable to see strangers or even acquaintances as worthy of the same *good life* as we are – of being a part of our world. That is because we are indeed separate beings, held separate from each other by our skin, while on the higher realms, energetically, we are inseparable – just like the sun’s rays are inseparable, or the gusts and the breeze are inseparable from the air. Just like the waves are not separate. Just like there are no big drops and no little drops to be found inside the sea because *there are no drops* – all there is, is the sea.

v

Every moment, pleasant or not, is simply another stitch in the tapestry of our lives. Even when the thread gets knotted up, it's only another stitch. And it, too, shall find its place in the weave of the tapestry.

v

It is also unhelpful to think that we live in a concrete world where all that matters is material; that all that is abstract is obscure; that all that is invisible to us does not exist.

v

Our human brain has been trained to derive meaning from all that comes within our awareness.

Grey clouds in the sky warn us of incoming rain.

A flag stands as pride of a country. At half-mast, it stands for mourning.

Barbed wire symbolizes loss of freedom, while a dove symbolizes love and freedom. We understand the tools represented by each of the icons on our desktop.

We know what a thumbs-up means, just as we understand the symbolism of a fist raised in defiance, which is different from a fist pumping the air in exhilaration.

A baby symbolizes life and softness as well as unconditional love and so does a puppy dog.

Strangely, diamonds evoke enduring love.

Feathers make us think of Native American Indians and the flight of our soul. Typically, a policeperson symbolizes protection.

A yellow rose symbolizes friendship. Interestingly, although a red rose has come to signify true love, red being the color of our lowest chakra – the one from which stem our primitive instincts and our knee-jerks – it is no wonder that true love tends to wither quickly.

The color green represents nature and wellbeing, as well as jealousy, while the little green person inside the traffic light tells us when it is safe for us, pedestrians, to cross the street.

v

In reality, everything and everyone who comes directly within our line of vision to connect with us, *personally*, is a message-carrier that, as clearly as any other semiotic code, has a meaning that is intended for us – *personally*. Whatever comes to our awareness wants us to be aware of it. If we are not aware, we are asleep at the wheel, and if we are asleep at the wheel, the question worth asking is *What, then, is driving us?*

v

Beyond guiding us towards our potential, symbolic signs and occurrences are sent to us to remind us, to encourage us, to confirm that, spiritually, we are on the right track. They are also sent to us to warn us when we are on the wrong track.

v

Before we begin looking specifically at dream deconstruction [intentionally set up as an appendix to this file and titled **How We Need To See**], it is important to get a general understanding of the symbols that appear in our mindful, wakeful moments. Until we do, we are no more evolved than the toddler roaming from room to room who only becomes aware of the dangers and traps, represented by the myriad of objects around her, once they have caused her pain.

The sooner she learns that the wiggling of her mother's index finger means, "No"; that the corners of the coffee table symbolize pain, along with buttons popped in her mouth; reaching for the iron cord, and exploring the content of the cabinet under the sink, the sooner she will experience less *avoidable* pain and more spontaneous rewards.

v

As a way to introduce the simple but pervasive nature of symbols in our day-to-day lives, I will recount a moment shared by Jayne, a cyber friend of mine.

Weeks and weeks earlier, I had recommended to this young woman that she find a copy of Elizabeth Haich's book, "Initiation". Unable to find a copy locally, she spotted the book's listing on Amazon.com and, as she said, she could have ordered the book there and then. Because she was in the process of moving and could not be sure of the delivery date, she didn't.

Then, many weeks later while out to meet with a real estate agent to view what would soon become her new house, Jayne arrived early and whiled the time away in a café. Opposite this café, she spotted an old second-hand bookstore, so she wandered across to have a look with, she said, "Elizabeth Haich's book specifically in mind".

As Jayne walked through the door, she found herself in a small room divided down the middle by a bookshelf. She looked at the books nearest her.

"Lo and behold, it was the spiritual section," she said, "and I scanned the shelves for the white spine of the cover I had seen on Amazon and BAM – literally in under one minute after I had entered the shop, I was pulling a copy of "Initiation" from the shelves." Perhaps tongue in cheek, Jayne added, "I took that as a sign that we had indeed found the right house in the right area etc."

This lovely story indicates how Karma works: nothing *timely* can move forward or be cracked open until we are ready to make a time and space for it. We can only do that by being aware of our small and deceptively innocuous moments. If we blank out a second too long, we've missed out.

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Posted on Jan 21, 2013

One evening on my way home, I was tested on my ability to unconditionally accept *what was* and I failed the test miserably. Since life is school and not a vacation club, as Moriya likes to remind me, I understood that I would be tested again and again

until I passed that particular one. The event I am about to recount happened over six months ago, and I am still being tested on the same topic; that of unconditional acceptance.

For the record, it is important to remember that unconditional love [which I now prefer to call *unconditional acceptance of What IS* since, in our culture, love often implies some sort of contact and giving of something material] does not require us to pat or cuddle anyone or to give money. Nor does it require us to do anything physical for anyone – in any shape or form.

v

Though we usually always drive into town, on that particular evening, my darling, Myahr, and I decided to go green and hop on a city train and so we found ourselves in a crowded compartment.

With *me* leading the way, we settled on the only two spare seats, not taking any notice of who was already seated directly across from us until *he* came into my line of vision.

The man seated by the window seemed to be in his 50s. He appeared tall and toothpick-thin with a mop of matted white, very white hair. His complexion was blotchy pale. His eyes, though pale blue, were blood shot and rimmed in red.

What initially struck me about this man were the dingy white shirt, the black suit and the pockets that bulged with crumpled paper tissues – *how weird*, I thought.

What struck me next was how the man facing me looked like a *fallen* gentleman in his dignified but stained clothes. Sitting placidly, he reminded me of a dishevelled bohemian aristocrat.

Very quickly, my nostrils picked up the sweet stench of stale urine. A couple of offended nose twitches later, I knew the smell emanated from the man.

As is typical of people seated facing each other in rush-hour train compartments, our knees touched and, wedged between the window and Myahr, I had no room to move.

I glanced at my partner. Seated placidly near the aisle, she was looking straight ahead, but I sensed she was deliberately not returning my look.

Glancing around, I noticed the various passengers who, lips tight, shook their heads in silent disapproval of the man – clearly empathising with my predicament.

I didn't curse that man. I did not wish him ill. But I certainly wanted to move away from him. I worried about lice and what weird rashes probably covered his unwashed body. I worried about what other germs we might be inhaling through such close proximity.

Fair enough, you might think, but the bottom line is that I did not feel anything near an unconditional acceptance of him. I tried to look past the man's finely chiselled face and the white stubble on his chin. The person next to him stood up with a mutter.

I tried to focus on what Moriya had told me earlier about 'soil garments'.

Such garments on anyone, in this material life, should be understood as a throw back to *my* soul's past incarnations for she – as that of anyone financially comfortable in this lifetime – would have been hosted at one time or other by incarnations who wore the soiled rags of the beggar, the stench of the destitute. Hence the need to accept the poor and the filthy with a heart that is truly accepting. There is no need to *embrace* – all that is required of us is an honest, non-judgemental, peaceful acceptance.

And so I tried to activate some heart chakra energy, but I simply could not get past the smell. Then again, how can one generate nice heart energy when one is in a state of stress?

As Oogway says in Kung Fu Panda, "There are no accidents."

As truly nothing happens gratuitously, instead of being hypnotized by this man's physicality, all I had to do was ask myself why I had been magnetized to that particular spot on the train.

All I had to do was observe this man as my teacher and accept the message he was giving me. Instead, I tried holding my breath for as long as I could.

After fifteen minutes of a thirty minute journey, I just could not take it any longer. I signalled Myahr and we went to stand by the doors. Someone muttered something about how homeless folks should not be allowed on trains and someone else added that such a thing should not be happening in *our* city. "Having to put up with this *here!* I mean really!"

v

Strange how this man's face and the sweet stench stayed with me for days!

I ended up relating the incident to Moriya who helped me deconstruct this very symbolic moment.

"Your life is your play, CC, and you have already written about that," Moriya began, "So what is the role of this homeless man in *your* play?"

This is the question and, once you admit the true answer, such situations will disappear from your stage. For this one scene, your stage was a train compartment and you already know that a train symbolizes the rise of kundalini energy, the energy of life. The man's appearance with a suit and a white shirt represents the trappings of the mechanical persona which society respects the most.

The man's homelessness symbolizes what spirituality is about – no emotional crutches, no attachment.

The stench is intended to attract your attention to something that is wrong, not in harmony.

Suppose this man was a regular person with no stench attached, you wouldn't pay so much attention to him? Of course not. And yes, you were magnetized to sit right

in front of him – not near the aisle like Myahr. With no room to move, the intention was to force you to see and to feel.

Truthfully, CC, this homeless person gave you a quality workshop experience that was free of charge. So what are you complaining about?”

Being homeless = symbolically means free from the material clutter that weighs us down. The more we possess, the more we want. If not, why aren't a modest but comfortable home, a ten year old car that runs well, and a job that covers our basic needs and a bit more, not considered worth crowing about if we're past the age of twenty? Why are so many of us, already comfortable as middle-classers are, aspiring to have more? Why do the rich keep wheeling-and-dealing to have more?

Why do those who do not own a diamond want one, however small? Why do those who already have one want another one, and those who already have a few want a few more? If your kitchen pantry is as cluttered as mine, I rest my case L

Reality check: how much we own is proportionate to our fear of losing it; the greater the cost to insure and the deeper the vault in which we store it, the less we get to enjoy it because of our fear of losing it.

“It's like for the Crown jewels, CC,” Moriya explained, “We parade fake ones, which in turn is symbolic of the fake love we give ourselves and each other. How can we not understand that unconditional love is the only wealth that we can flaunt and the only one that can never be stolen from us? It is also the only wealth that can keep us healthy.”

Being homeless, or even simply camping, symbolizes freedom from the compulsion to indulge in ‘thinking’ about all the what-ifs that create so much anxiety in our daily lives.

I truly believe that it is the myriad of what-ifs that drive our existence. It is what drives our anxiety and our neuroses.

The pockets that bulged with crumpled tissues = “CC, this symbolizes all the *kish-kushim* you carry inside you, like everyone, inside your mind. It's all useless and

soiled and it needs to be thrown out and yet you hold on to it as if it was precious to you.”

Yes, Teacher. Guilty as charged.

The symbol of the man’s pockets bulging with dirty tissues should have acted as a reminder for me to cleanse from within, to make a bigger dent in my physical and emotional clutter because, as Moriya added with her usual straightforwardness, “it will start to stink if you don’t. It will be just like the food left out in the heat.

Sooner or later, it will start to rot. When you don’t flow, when you are not in the moment, when your heart chakra is closed, your energy is blocked and starts to smell not nice. I mean on the energetic level, *kamoovan.*”

Of course, indeed!

“Really, when you clean with unclean object, the dirt won’t go away. Correct? So, it means that when you are afraid to open your heart and do things with pure intentions, you need lessons to teach you that you need to clean thoroughly before your kundalini can rise. Look at it this way,” Moriya added. “In the visible world you saw a man wearing a suit with a lot of dirty tissues in his pockets, *ken?* From the limited understanding of your persona, you interpret it as if this man is trying to look dignified in spite of his being homeless, *ken?* And you think it’s a pity to see a man like him in such a sad state. *But that’s all you feel.*

In the *invisible* world and in a previous life, this man would have been a rich and dignified person, and he showed his wealth to the world by wearing the best suits of his time. The dirty tissues and his smell also create another message.

It says: *look, I was a rich man once but I did dirty deeds. Now, I’ve lost my wealth, even my most basic possessions in order to amend in this lifetime and cleanse myself.* He now has to stand naked and at nature’s mercy, to amend and return a little of what his previous incarnation took ruthlessly. But, CC, as long as such a man stays ‘dirty’ on the inside, feeling sorry for himself, dreaming of revenge against the god that put him in this situation or of wealth that was not his to have in this lifetime,

relying on alcohol to get through, he will remain 'dirty' on the *outside* because things can only shift from the *inside out*.

v

“Karma does not dump us or push us into cold water so that we swallow a lot of salty water and suffocate,” Moriya explained further. “No, no! From Soul with Love, karma only sends us what we each need to grow and thrive – what we need to evolve – not necessarily what we want, or think we need, which is why our ego-persona, like a child used to getting her way, is not very fond of Master Karma – the absolute arbiter.”

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