

Poetry, Inspiration & Contemplations

Oriah Mountain Dreamer, Indian Elder

“It doesn’t interest me what you do for a living. I want to know what you ache for,
and if you dare to dream of meeting your heart’s longing.

It doesn’t interest me how old you are. I want to know if you risk looking
like a fool for love, for your dreams, for the adventure of being you.

It doesn’t interest me what planets are squaring your moon. I want to know if
you have touched the center of your sorrow, if you have been opened by life’s
betrayals or have become shriveled and closed from fear of further pain.

I want to know if you can sit with pain, mine or your own,
without moving to hide it, or fade it, or fix it.

I want to know if you can be with joy, mine or your own; if you can dance with wildness
and let the ecstasy fill you to the tips of your fingers and toes
without cautioning us to be careful, be realistic, or to
remember the limitations of being human.

It doesn’t interest me if the story you’re telling me is true. I want to know if you can
disappoint another to be true to yourself; if you can bear the accusation of betrayal
and not betray your own soul. I want to know if you can be faithful and
therefore be trustworthy. I want to know if you can see beauty
even when it is not pretty every day, and if you can source
your life from its presence. I want to know if you can
live with failure, yours and mine, and still
stand on the edge of a lake and shout
to the silver of the full moon,
‘YES!’

It doesn’t interest me to know where you live or how much money
you have. I want to know if you can get up after the night
of grief and despair, weary and bruised to the bone,
and do what needs to be done for the children.

It doesn’t interest me who you are, how you came to be here. I want to know if you
will stand in the center of the fire with me and not shrink back.

It doesn’t interest me where or what or with whom you have studied. I want to know
what sustains you from the inside when all else falls away.
I want to know if you can be alone with yourself,
and if you truly like the company you keep
in empty moments.”

Conversation with my 4 year old daughter driving home from preschool

“Melanie, you’re beautiful.”

“I know daddy.”

Startled by her reply I ask,
“Is it because mommy’s beautiful?”

There’s no reply so I dive in deeper.
“Is it because mommy and daddy are beautiful
and you come from us?”

“No daddy! All people are beautiful!”

Norton Juster

You may
not see it
now, but whatever
you do affects every-
thing and everyone else,
if even in the tiniest way.
Why, when a housefly flaps its
wings, a breeze goes round the world;
when a speck of dust falls to the ground,
the entire planet weighs a little bit more; and
when you stamp your foot, the earth moves slightly
off its course. Whenever you laugh, gladness
spreads like the ripples in a pond; and
whenever you’re sad, no one anywhere
can be really happy. And it’s
much the same thing with
knowledge, for whenever
you learn something
new, the whole
world becomes
that much
richer.

Timothy

Just as the slow, fuzzy, ground-confined caterpillar conceals
the free, colorful, fast, airborne butterfly,
our human body conceals
our own butterfly—our inner consciousness, our Self.

Just as the caterpillar must go within its cocoon to find
the butterfly it truly is, we must go
within ourselves to
discover our greatness and achieve our full human potential.

St. Francis de Sales

Be patient with everyone, but above all with yourself. I mean do not be disheartened
by your imperfections, but always rise up with fresh courage. How are we to be
patient in dealing with our neighbor's faults if we are impatient in
dealing with our own? He who is fretted by his own
failings will not correct them. All profitable
correction comes from a calm and
peaceful mind.

Timothy

I have seen through the fabric of the world,

Weaved by the illusion of time,
with threads of thoughts and the
dualistic stitches of good and evil.

Seen through the fabric of the world to behold
the Face of God.

The Face of You and Me.

French Physicist Jean Charon

Matter broken down is energy and energy examined is transparent light.
Spirit is within the field of physics now.

Timothy

Spirals of Love, Spirals of Chi,
Spirals of Universal Energy.

Creating the light that we see.
Creating the air that we breathe.

Spirals of Love, Spirals of Chi,
Spirals of Universal Energy.

Flowing as sap through the trees.
Flowing as blood through you and me.

Spirals of Love, Spirals of Chi,
Spirals of Universal Energy.

The Source of all life, regardless of form.
The Source of all life, whether on land, in air, or in sea.

Spirals of Love, Spirals of Chi,
Spirals of Universal Energy.

Creating our bodies with which we express.
Creating the urge for us to take that first breath.

Spirals of Love, Spirals of Chi,
Spirals of Universal Energy.

Renewing our bodies with free-flowing blood.
Revitalizing our blood with the oxygen we breathe.
That same precious oxygen plants and leaves release as waste.
That same precious oxygen they created from our own carbon dioxide waste.

Spirals of Love, Spirals of Chi,
Spirals of Universal Energy.

The circle of life continues until we merge into the
flame of our human heart and realize

we are

Spirals of Love, Spirals of Chi,

Spirals of Light, Spirals of Ki,

Spirals of Life, Spirals of Shakti, Spirals of God's
Universal Energy.

Thick What Hank

The miracle is not to walk on water.
The miracle is to walk on the green earth in the present moment,
to appreciate the peace and beauty that are available now . . .
It is not a matter of faith.
It is a matter of practice.

Dag Hammardkjold

I don't know who or what put the question.
I don't know when it was put. I don't even remember answering.
But at some moment I did answer to someone or something. And from that hour
I was certain that existence is meaningful and that, therefore,
my life in self-surrender had a goal.

Timothy

I wonder why the sun, moon, stars, and planets are round.

Could it be to show mankind on a grand scale
that everything and everyone is
whole—
a complete circle—
and the qualities one puts out at one point
on the circle must ultimately return to them in greater measure?

Timothy

Sometimes it is so amusing to watch my animal brothers and sisters be so content
in everything they do, while my human brothers and sisters
worry about everything they have done or will do,
said or will say, and even things
they will never do or say.

I wonder when my human brothers and sisters will realize that they have to control
their minds and the countless number of thoughts
that originate therein before they can
experience endless joy?

Timothy

I was afraid of creating until I realized
I Am Creation!

Until I realized many souls would still be in bondage if people like
Abe Lincoln, Martin Luther King, and others
had been afraid to Create!

The potential for EVERYTHING that can make life even more grand than most
of us experience exists TODAY, just waiting for the next
Einstein, Edison, or Bell to
unravel its mystery.

Dare to be YOURSELF!
To plunge into your depths—no matter who you “think” you are or
what you “think” you are capable of!

Timothy

Touch a rose . . .
The fragrance attaches momentarily,
but the memory lingers forever.

Touch a flame . . .
The pain shoots temporarily,
but the memory lingers forever.

Touch love within your soul . . .
Fragrances and pain enter momentarily,
but the love lasts forever, as a way of life.

Life is love.

Timothy

Your face is the present you present to the world each day.

Carl Jung

Unless one assents to the power of the inner voice,
the personality cannot evolve.

Timothy

Afraid to show my masculine strength for fear of harming, I spun within the subconscious storehouse of memories locked securely within the corridors of my mind.

Afraid to reveal my feminine softness for fear of being hurt, I spun on a wheel of conscious confusion, searching for success already sabotaged by a subconscious sand trap sunk deep within the fairways of my mind.

Afraid to show my playful child for fear its fun wouldn't be allowed, I spun within a world of workaholics, hoping this drudgery called life would soon end.

Afraid to show my needy child for fear its needs wouldn't be met, I spun a web of false confidence around a heart that ached for love.

Afraid to speak my truth for fear it would harm or boomerang back as a barrage of criticism or insults, I spun away all my self-esteem, silently sulking in the depths of despair.

Afraid to BE for fear it wasn't really ME, I spun on and on. On and on.

The record of my life had grooves I'd never seen until the needle of T'ai Chi, stuck on each one, grinding the same screechy noise over and over. Over and over, until I found the courage to move it one more time. And one more time. And one more time. And one more time.
The courage to face another screechy noise!

Screechy noises that will eventually fade away, leaving only the melody of ME.

A melody lying behind the strata of subconscious screeches.

A melody the likes of which no symphony can stage.

A melody of inner peace and perfection.

A melody I haven't heard for eons.

A melody I can . . .

see without eyes,

feel without skin,

hear without ears,

taste without tasting,

smell without nostrils.

A melody of eternal Serenity.

A melody of ME!

A melody created through the JOY of T'AI CHI!

Timothy

Standing 'neath the shower's waterfall, steam spiraling into my lungs as
crystal pure streams carry the carnage of wasted cells
from my body, I feel the SUNRISE
from within my heart.

Golden-yellow rays silently slice through invisible channels,
bathing each and every cell with love and life.

Like bubbles in a bath, the lather of love and life forms
puffy white clouds that float through my mind.

Softened by the light, my mind relaxes, releasing
muscles once tense and taut.

Tears of gratitude trickle from eyes delighted by the inner radiance—
a radiance that intensifies as the shower's pulsations
soothe deeper and deeper.

Remnants of darkness and delusion crowd into passageways offering a
quick exit from the brilliance coursing through every cell.

My body shakes as the appreciation in my heart compresses
the rising Sun into a column of Light.

Extending down into the Earth of my Root Chakra and
high into the Heaven of my Crown Chakra,
a launching pad is born.

A brilliant, scintillating blue light rockets skyward,
exploding against the dome of my Crown.

Stars burst within the peaceful solitude.
Darkness is shattered forever.

All that is without is within.

My face softens and glows, reflecting
the inner transformation.

To whom do I offer my salutations?
In which direction can I bow?
Where can I go where you are not?

Oh, Lord of Love,
With your infinite patience and compassion,
I offer You My salutations,
My body, mind, heart, and soul
In whatever form You dance before Me.

The SUNRISE of My Heart knows no dusk!

With Your Touch, it rose from the depths of My own being.
With Your Grace, it will never set!

Oh, My Gurumayi,
I remember the morning you entered Me in all Your radiant glory.

Oh, My Baba,
I remember the night You claimed Me with Your bolt of blue Shakti.

Oh, My Bade Baba,
I remember the afternoon you lit the flame of My Heart.

Oh, My Lord Jesus,
I remember the sunset you baptized and crucified Me.

Oh, My Mother Mary,
I remember the morning you lifted Me and held Me,
as well as the day you entered Me with all Your Compassion.

Oh, My Master Yogananda,
I remember the times You filled My eyes with sweet tears of recognition.

Oh, My Masters of T'ai Chi and Reiki,
I remember the many times You melted the barriers,
giving Me an experience of the truth and clearing My vision
to see what I needed to heal Myself.

Oh, My Lord, in all Your miraculous forms,
I remember and I thank you
with My Life.

And to YOU, My Friend, reflection of My very Self,
I thank You for being part of My life
and giving Me the
encouragement
to be
Me!

Conversation with my 4 year old daughter as we get out of the car at a rest stop.

As Melanie squats down and starts to scrape up some stuff stuck to the pavement with her fingers, I, seeing the dirt and not knowing really what she's about to get into, say "Come on Melanie, don't pick that up!"

Looking straight up into my eyes, Melanie replies
"Daddy, how do you expect me to learn what things are if I can't touch them? I'll wash my hands in the bathroom when I'm done."

Anonymous Octogenarian

Once, when I was feeling
That life was harsh and mean,
I cured myself by peeling a
T-A-N-G-E-R-I-N-E!

Timothy

Those who celebrate birthdays only once a year have missed the celebration of birth
that lies in each and every
breath!

Timothy

Just as raindrops from the skies above cleanse the air,
springing forth new growth in the foliage below,

Let your tears wash away the soot accumulated from untended fires—
creating a clear channel for your growth.

Timothy

With each precious tear you shed,
the petals of your heart-flower
open a little wider.

Timothy

The "B" in Birthday stands for just that—BE!

Timothy

They taught me how to read, write, do arithmetic, cook, drive a car, earn a living, etc.

They didn't teach me about relationships, setbacks, arguments, illness, pain, etc. How to handle children, bills, deadlines, foreclosures, traffic, divorces, etc.

They didn't teach me about the inner workings of my mind, that I was responsible for my own happiness, that there is more to life than what my five senses detect, etc.

They didn't teach me that there was more to this world than the particular circumstances of my particular life. That the concepts and beliefs I was exposed to were just that—concepts and beliefs!

I did learn that it wasn't safe to express myself and that being a "good boy" was the only way to "get by—to survive". I did learn not to trust—first others, then myself.
I did learn to criticize!

They didn't tell me I could look out my eyes and see everything—EVERYTHING—superimposed on a silken screen of crystalline light. That this vision would become my "normal" way of seeing.

They didn't tell me I could find a stillness beyond silence—that I could actually hear the "sounds of silence"—within my own being. They didn't tell me that it was possible to experience such stillness smack dab in the midst of daily activities.

They didn't tell me I could always relate to the world with the wonder of a child—seeing a freshness, a newness in all people, plants, animals, events . . .

They didn't tell me I could feel the Universal Energy that supports ALL life constantly pulsating in my body—bathing every cell in a golden warmth words do not describe.

They didn't teach me about Love. Life. How to Live.

They didn't teach me that I could experience all of life as a part of Me!

They didn't teach me about the exquisite beauty of every person.

Oh, my friends, life is such a "thrilling" experience when we let go of what we "think" life is about!

Timothy

Believing in oneself is having the courage to continue on when it appears
that there is nowhere else to go,
that roadblocks have been constructed at every turn.

As one continues on, however, they do come to a street where there are
no detours and no roadblocks.
There is what you might call “clear sailing”.

Many tests are put before us just to see if we will hold true to our inner convictions—
our inner knowing.

When it appears that there is no where else to go, it is the next step
which sometimes creates freedom. Or the next.

But it always comes.
It arrives when you believe in yourself in spite of all “seeming” obstacles.
For there really are no obstacles in the world.
There are simply tests we’ve put before ourselves to test ourselves.

Funny, how we do that, huh?
How we allow the winds of change to blow self-doubt into our minds.

How does one live doubting themselves all the time?
Did I do that right? Did they like me?
Will this work?

Really, who cares!
Why not just do what one likes
and
what is good for all
and
let it go at that?

Analysis is for the birds!

Timothy

If you treated everyone with the tenderness and softness
that you lay your head into your pillow each night,
then the peace you experience in sleep
would be your eternal
awakened companion.

Timothy

Regardless of race, sex, age, occupation, physical condition, etc.,
everyones full potential is LOVE.

Everything else is just the circumstances we've been given—the hand we've been dealt—
to realize that potential—LOVE.

It's not something we are GIVEN!
It's not something we GET!
It's not something we DO!

LOVE—it's something we LIVE!

Love is a flame that burns in every human heart. A flame we can brighten by turning into
and following our hearts. Opening our hearts to ourselves and others.

Risking!
Being out there and
trusting that the little children we once were
and that still live inside us will no longer be denied or abused. That we are now
their loving, nurturing, protective parent.

With each step we take in understanding and living in our true essence—
LOVE—
we come closer to what is termed ENLIGHTENMENT.

Enlightenment is a state we EXPERIENCE
in our very own body.

That's what our body was designed for—
transmitting the golden radiance
of our heart out to
each and every
cell.

Out to each and every person we meet.

Experiencing the flow of love in our bodies the way one might imagine
a "live" wire experiences the flow of electricity.

Enlightenment is an ever-expanding experience of
our own Heart Flame—
our own Perfection!

The Radiance of our own Soul!

Timothy

What a chore you say! Juggling . . .
kids, work, bills, errands,
household duties,
etc.

Would it still be a chore, if you saw . . .

The kids as divine rays of light warming the inner recesses of your heart?

Work as something you love that allowed you to feed, clothe, and shelter you and
your family?

The bills as a multitude of roses?

The errands as sparkling diamonds from the treasure chest of your heart?

The household duties as rainbows brightening your environment?

Hey, your existence is what you make it!

Timothy

I once watched a young cousin Grizzly plunge into a stream and thrash about
for a salmon, ultimately going home hungry.

I could not help but remember the fishing lesson Grandpa gave me—standing
patiently in the stream, waiting for the salmon to come
to me, and then striking swiftly with
no regrets if I missed.

Patience, it seems, has rewards far beyond what the
senses can sometimes comprehend.

Timothy

Flowers enchant the senses of sight and smell,
but music enters the ear diffusing throughout the nervous system . . .

Opening all senses to the images molded by the melodies.

Timothy

As the wind blows
the eternal sands of time
against the mountains
you once thought you were,

You too will become grains of sand—
to etch the mountains
against which you
may be blown.

Timothy

Headlights, the eyes of the night, approach and your gaze turns elsewhere
so as not to be blinded by the light;
resting comfortably in the knowledge that a being,
behind those eyes, guides the auto.

People, the eyes of the day, approach and your gaze turns elsewhere,
blinding you to the being that lies behind
those eyes; the being that
guides the body.

Release your fear!
Go beyond the exterior features and peer into your
fellow man's eyes.

There is no blinding light!
There is simply another being, just like yourself,
nervously peering out of those eyes
into yours.

Timothy

Just as the steady current of the waterfall smoothes the jagged edges
of the rocks over which it cascades,

Let the constant flow of God's love and light bathe your soul,
smoothing any rough edges to which you cling.

Timothy

The ship sets sail on the ocean of life for destinations unknown, knowing that there are
bridges of rainbows to pass beneath and storms to weather.

Yet, content in the knowledge that the ship
itself is indestructible.

Tattered sails and worn decks attest to its life—they have seen the
awe-inspiring beauty of the world.

New sails and shiny decks—
Some ships never venture out of the harbor.
Some ships rust under gleaming coats of brass and paint.

Timothy

The life-supporting, silken web weaved by the spider is a death bed for other insects.

One person's dreams are another person's nightmares.

Listen to your own truth!

Timothy

Successfully riding a wave requires the surfer and the surfboard to become
ONE with the wave.

Neither can make the wave nor control its rolling fury.

They can only direct the course they take on the wave and, thus,
the success of the ride.

How do you surf the tides of life?

Do you become one with the tides—rising and advancing as opportunity curls
about you and waiting patiently as the next thrust builds?

Or, do you
try
to manufacture the waves—getting swept uncontrollably
backward and forward,
like the surfboard,
without its rider?

Timothy

There are people who . . .

show the tall, proud, monumental exterior of a volcano peak to the outside world,
while the lava of a thousand hurts boils inside,
ready to erupt and destroy some
portion of the volcano and
its surroundings.

There are people who . . .

reveal the currents of their cascading stream to all who care to observe—
getting wet, never caught or impeded, constantly
rising and falling, dodging, rushing, standing

In total harmony with the Universe about.

Timothy

Rooted securely in Mother Earth, bamboo bends and sways to the howling wind.

How do you weather the windstorms of your life?

Are you rooted in material possessions and relationships, allowing the windstorms
to blow you away as they carry the possessions and relationships
back to Mother Earth, where everything seemingly
concrete must ultimately return?

Or, are you rooted in your inner Self, bending and swaying with each storm,
regardless of what the storm brings with it
or carries away?

Be bamboo!

Timothy

It saddens me to watch as . . .

You constantly pull the weeds in your outer gardens,

While the weeds in your inner gardens grow unattended—

Choking your minds, your spontaneity, your laughter, your love.

Timothy

Oh man, you have a tool at your disposal that can . . .

cut like a knife or sting like a bee;

be as
soft as a feather,
hot as fire,
cool as mountain spring water,
explosive as dynamite;

create feelings of love or feelings of bitterness.

A tool you cannot see or touch.

A tool over which you have sole control and discretion over how it will be wielded.

That tool—WORDS!

Use them wisely and sparingly.

Use them to spread LOVE.

Timothy

We seem to have labels for just about everything.

Religions are Christian, Jewish, Catholic, etc;
countries are foreign, sympathetic, good, or bad;
we're black, white, red, brown, etc.

The list goes on and on.

I wonder whether the God within man created those labels
or if it is man's blindness to the
Oneness of all
Creation.

Timothy

We are all babies in the cradle of life.

Timothy

The North-South Civil War,
North Viet Nam-South Viet Nam,
North Korea-South Korea,
East Germany-West Germany
Hindu-Muslim.

Why does man operate at the polarities instead of the center?

The HEART!

Timothy

As you go through your day, wear . . .

The twinkle of a star in each eye.

The glow of the sun in your heart.

The smile of children playing on your lips.

The constant flow of water as your inner peace.

The touch of a lover as your protective coat of armor.

Then, you will no longer just “go through life”.

Life will rush to you.

Timothy

The rays of the sun beckon and Mother Nature unfolds
the beauty once tightly compressed within the
rose bud.

A complete and understanding love appears and
the beauty of myself unfolds,
no longer hidden from
the Universe.

Timothy

Touch fire and you become conscious in its presence.
Fall off a ladder and your next climb is much more careful.

Cut yourself and you handle a sharp knife with delicate precision.
Trip down a step and your gaze is subsequently focused downward to the task at hand.

Physical pains arise and you become
acutely aware of their cause so as not to incur that pain again.

You do not like pain!

Do you?

Then why do you constantly torture yourself by recalling and reliving past
“emotional hurts”?

They have NO beneficial impact on the here and now.

Tend to your mental pains with the same care as your physical pains!

Timothy

Just like a hundred paths lead to the same stream from which
all animals in the forest drink the water of life,

Honor your own unique life path and that of everyone else, for each path is
leading home to the same inner being and awareness.

The rose bush and fruit tree do not writhe in pain as they are pruned,

For they know that pruning allows them to spew forth
their magnificent flowers and
fruit more abundantly.

TAKE NOTE: The laws of nature are manifest in man.

Do not squirm and squeal as your branches are
pruned and your dead leaves
fall away, for they
only hide your
True Self.

Timothy

I give to you,
You give to me.

I learn from you,
You learn from me.

I take from you and give back me,
You take from me and give back you.

We unfold as . . .
the petals of a velvet rose, the lily on the stem
the majestic tail of a peacock,
the fan of life.

Timothy

Have you ever seen a dog or cat acting depressed?
They simply play, stretch, eat, and rest.

Granted, we're more advanced on an intellectual level than our furry friends,
but that is not a blessing if we forget how to . . .

play,
stretch,
eat,
relax.

Our whiskered friends constantly express the delight of smelling nature's wonder
compressed within flowers that my feelings hold for
you and your journey in life.

Conversation with my 5 year old daughter

"Daddy, do you miss me when I'm at mommy's?"

"Yes, Melanie. Why do you ask?"

"I don't know."

"Melanie, do you miss me when you're not staying with me?"

"No, daddy. How can I miss you? I love you!"

Timothy

Eagles glide fearlessly through the skies,
While people tread through their lives
Searching for the eagle
Within.

Let's search and soar through the skies together—
Whether they be filled with . . .

Glistening sunshine,
Darkness,
Shimmering stars,
Billowy or stormy clouds . . .

For the rainbow of sharing is eternal.

Timothy

I delight in your individuality.

You cannot be me and I cannot be you.

Face two mirrors toward one another and there is only empty space.

Face two being together and the opportunity for learning and growth has arisen.

It is from each others strengths and weaknesses that we breathe.

Timothy

Just as the crescent moon is but a sliver of the full moon,

The body is merely a sliver of the Self that dwells within.

Remove the shadows and let the fullness of that shining Self beam from within.

Timothy

Leafless trees, glimmering with diamonds of frost pressed from midnight's chill,
stand monumental against the blue sky of dawn.

Snow lies freshly fallen neath my feet.

My ears detect only the brook beneath, the whisper of the wind.

The scent of pine tinges my nostrils.

Peace, serenity in the world about.

Peace, serenity blossoming within.

Timothy

Butterflies float freely,
spreading their splashy colors as they dart through the air.

Butterflies are the outward expression
of the beauty hidden within the ground-confined caterpillar.

Butterflies are as silent as the looks between two lovers.

Yet, the colors of each are bold, the souls of each, free.

Timothy

Laughter, smiles, tears, warmth, separation from the senses, passion—music.

Birds chirping to the dawn of a new day—music.

The ocean's ending journey, the wave—music.

Leaves set free by the wind—music.

Cats purring—music.

A hello—music.

I love you—

MUSIC.

Timothy

Walking in a thunderstorm—
an experience as refreshing as a sip from a cool mountain spring.

The storm gives life to the spring.

The spring provides a living environment for countless plants, animals, and organisms.

Each sparkle of life smaller than the storm from which they are nourished.

Like the spring, the lily pad, the fish . . .

Outward acts of love are small . . .

Small compared to the ocean of love from which they flow.

Timothy

How do flights into space feed the hungry, shelter the homeless, or end wars?

Timothy

Stop!

Look!

Listen!

Every Day your children are teaching you about yourself at a very deep level.

Go beyond the rules, regulations, and chores.

Enter the blissful world of love that your children dwell within.

Timothy

If Jesus could wash the feet of his disciples,
why do we find it so hard to be kind to our fellow man,
our friends of the animal kingdom, and the environment in which we live?

Everyone and everything are only reflections and aspects of yourself!

Timothy

Nourish . . .

The body with food. The soul with love.

Bathe . . .

The body with water. The soul with light.

Listen . . .

To the voice with attentiveness. To the soul with understanding.

Speak . . .

To the individual softly. To the soul with truth.

Touch . . .

The skin with tenderness. The soul with your heart.

See . . .

The individuality of your child through your eyes.
Their soul through your soul.

Taste . . .

The ecstasy of your child for eternity.

Timothy

Nature is so good to me . . .

Fresh water,

Fresh fruits,

Fresh honey,

Fresh pollen,

Fresh vegetables,

Fresh leafy greens,

Fresh nuts and seeds.

It also seems a lot less confusing than a supermarket!

Timothy

What kind of self-image would your child develop if they went to sleep each night with a gentle back massage and words like these . . .

Close your eyes and see the light, take four breaths of bright white light.

The light of God is your light.

Inhale this light through your nose. Follow the light as it flows—
from the top of your head to the tips of your toes.

You are that light—the soul of God.
Inside you is where God dwells.

You are love; you are light;
you are the sun, the moon,
the stars so bright.

You have the speed of the wind,
the power of the ocean,
the rhythm of music.

You are love, you are light, you are God's divine child.

Good night my love.

Timothy

To see negative qualities in others one must possess those qualities themselves.

Seeing only the positive, God-aspect in everyone leads oneself to God.

Timothy

Is the blind person the one who cannot see the light of day or
the one who cannot
see the light and love of God everywhere,
feel compassion, or
hear the cries of weaker brothers and sisters?

Timothy

Oh man, you drill holes in my core to remove oil, coal, and other natural resources.

And, in return, explode your atomic toys beneath my surface,
house your projectiles of death in my bosom,
and carelessly bury your waste.

You hoe my ground to plant your crops, cut my trees for the paper
on which you communicate, and build homes
on me for protection.

And, in return, level my forests and mountains in the name of progress,
subject the animals that walk my soil to horrendous
cruelties in the name of science and
to death for your food.

You swim, surf, and travel my oceans.

And, in return, dump your waste products, relentlessly polluting the sea life
that once flourished in my womb; exploit my fish and mammal
population, from chasing my whales in the interest of
“observation” to killing my sea creatures,
small and large for, again,
your food.

You breathe my air and travel my skies.

And, in return, your factories, autos, and planes pollute my air,
choke my trees and plants, and hide me and you
from the glorious rays of the sun.

And you wonder why I, Mother Earth, get upset now and then and return to you . . .

Earthquakes,
Volcanic Eruptions,
Tornadoes,
Hurricanes,
Heavy rains and snow,
Drought,
High waves.

Oh man, I'm tired of seeing my earth crack and explode, my trees and plants
blown from their homes, my animals thirst for water,
my soil washed to sea,
your tears fall.

You see, I know that “all” life is one and interrelated but I don’t
possess the power to stop my natural upheavals. I only
react to the vibrations you put out.

It is you who must change; who must calm my turbulence.
Please know that I’m very much
like you.

I give little indications of my upset condition hoping someone will pay attention.

But, like you, if I don’t get the proper attention, I will
eventually crack and unleash all of the
emotions and trauma I’ve
held in for
centuries.

And you think your atomic weapons are powerful!

Oh man, awake!

Timothy

Scientists taught us how to unleash the destructive power of the atom and in less
than 40 years we accumulated enough of this power to erase
civilization (which doesn’t act very civil).

Jesus, Buddha, Krishna, Muktananda, and other Saints taught and continue to teach
us how to unleash the power of God that lies within all
human beings and in over 4,000 years we
have not fully imbibed
their message.

Oh, my dear friends, why do we follow scientists and politicians like blind men
racing for a cliff, when the light of God as experienced
and taught by the Saints, prophets, and poets
dwells within us?

Timothy

Have you ever searched and searched for your eyeglasses
only to find them on your head?

Who would ever think that God hid himself within himself?

Timothy

Something puzzles me!

It's illegal to kill someone with a gun or knife (unless we justify it with the label of war)
but acceptable to kill them with alcohol, tobacco, and other drugs.

I guess it's the rate at which people are killed that is the determining factor
or could it be the corporate profits?

Timothy

Just as the crescent moon is but a sliver of the full moon,

The body is merely a sliver of the Self that dwells within.

Remove the shadows and let the fullness of that shining Self beam from within.

Timothy

Billowy clouds floating before your eyes,
Rainbows arc across the skies,
Trees swaying in the breeze,
Waves rolling to shore,
A rose blooming,
A bird flying.

One people, one nation—scattered across the sphere we call Earth,
spinning through space to who knows where.

DO YOU SEE?

A red skin;
Wars raging;
A black child;
City's decaying;
A starving infant;
Disease spreading;
A crippled woman;
Fat, thin, tall, short;
A tongue laced with hate;
A Mexican, a Pole, a Russian, an Englishman;

OR ARE YOU BLIND?

Timothy

Spirituality is not necessarily found in a church!

It is found in the heart by constantly remembering that aspect of the One God
That you resonate with wherever you are and in whatever you do!

Anonymous Octogenarian

Man has made such a mess
Of the planet call Earth,
Now he's out into Space
To find a new birth.

But if he should find one
Much, much worse,
Perhaps he'll come back
And clean up his curse.

Timothy

Life is a tunnel.

At one end is the light of God from which we came and,
at the other end,
is the light of God to which we all march.

Oh my friends, let's remove the coverings our egos have
erected as our tunnels and let the light of God
fill our hours on Earth.

Timothy

As the night falls,
the stars above become visible to all who gaze upward.

Meditate
and the daylight skies,
filled with more electricity and
bursting blue stars than the midnight extravaganza,
open their curtain for a spectacular show that will never close.

Anonymous Octogenarian

Since he crawled from his cave,
Man has traveled afar.
Now out into space
For a tryst with a star.

But mixed with his plans
While he's trying to make it,
There's Strontium Nine
And he finds he can't fake it.

So alas and alack,
If his life he would save,
How ironic . . .
Again, he must find him a cave.

Timothy

FACT: There are people in prison who experience more tranquility and peace of mind than people living in mansions overlooking mountains, trees, and lakes.

The benefits of meditation know no social boundaries.

Anonymous Octogenarian

You're sub on a subway
And by on a byway.
You're in air on an airway
And on rails on a railway.

But are you free on a freeway?

Or is it a squeezeway, freezeway, or a teaseway?

This road's been to college,
So you'll need the right knowledge
To find it the easeway
That surely was planned.

Timothy

Think about this!

You like to think, don't you?

Well, you are what you think!

Your thoughts have created the life you are experiencing.

As such, you can be whatever you want to be and experience whatever
you want to experience by thinking about it.

Trouble arises because most people think about the material things
of the fleeting world and, accordingly, experience unhappiness,
discontent, and all the turmoil of the outside world.

Why not think of god, your own divinity, constantly?

Why not use this power then to manifest what you need to survive and serve others?

Though you cannot see the object of your contemplation,
it will manifest for you.

And, besides . . .

You've tried every alternative the outside world has to offer.

Have the things you can see, touch, feel, taste, and
hear brought you lasting happiness
in your everyday life?

Don't you at least owe it to yourself to contemplate that which for
eons has been touted as
The Creator?

Timothy

There is only one light to walk within in this world.

It is not the sun light,
for the light of day gives way to the light of night.

It is not the light of the shimmering stars and moon,
for they yield to the sun.

And the sun, stars, and moon
all yield to clouds which may intercept and hide their light.

It is not the light of a candle or torch,
for they ultimately turn to ash.

Nor is it the illuminating power of electricity
which feeds off a dwindling supply.

Walk within the light of your soul,
for it burns brightly for eternity . . .

With no limits to its brilliance!

Timothy

Thunderstorms seem to appear suddenly from nowhere,
unleashing their fury on all those below.

Suddenly, seemingly from nowhere, a personal storm
rolls into your mind or your life.

Just as thunderstorms conceal and neutralize the awesome power of the sun
which constantly sits above the storm,

Your personal storms conceal and neutralize the power of the
Self that lies within your being.

But thunderstorms usually don't appear suddenly from nowhere.
weather experts, safe and dry in protective shelters,
monitor their approach across the skies.

Similarly, personal storms don't appear suddenly from nowhere.
Your inner Self independently observes the storm
as it approaches, unfolds, and dissipates—
totally unaffected by the storm itself.

Yet, unlike the sun, which must patiently wait for storms to pass before its rays
can once again shine on the Earth below,
your stilled mind,
more powerful than a thousand suns, can
burn away the storm clouds hovering over you forever.

Forever releasing the radiance of your inner Self.

Timothy

Throughout my life I have had glimpses of Me.

Some lasted for a few fleeting seconds and some for a few days,
as I immersed in contemplation of . . .

“Who am I?”

“Am I?”

Yet, the glimpses always faded, with Me fading just as quickly.

Lost once more!

Again, “Who am I?”

This time I must know!
The game of glimpses must end!
But how?

Through one more glimpse—

A glimpse magically transformed into a Reflection.

A Reflection of My Self mirrored by Baba Muktananda.

A Reflection not found in any mirror!

Baba, a pure Reflection,
A constant image of My Self,

Transforming—

No, exploding—

The stream of glimpses

and creating

an Ocean of Bliss!

Timothy

To the left . . .

A full moon rises ominously slow and large,
cooling the traffic that rushes by.

To the right . . .

A soft orange sun sets swiftly.

First, as a large beach ball balancing on the ocean;
then as a dome containing the warmth of an Indian Summer; and
finally as a disappearing dot, leaving its glow of reds, yellows, and oranges
on the horizon, cooled by the endless rush of the surf.

The simultaneous full moon and sunset . . .
night shadows and light.
the crashing waves.

And . . .

I'm in a tunnel running between these two seemingly contrasting worlds.

At the end of the tunnel stands an endless Universe of Love, Baba.

A Universe of Love that is bringing me into oneness with . . .

The Moon.

The Traffic.

The Sunset.

The Waves.

There is no labor in my breath, no pain in my legs—I am not the body jogging.

I AM FREE.

I AM!

Timothy

God, I have run sometimes fast, sometimes slow, through all variations of your Creation:

The contrasting arena of New York City—
from the majestic business district to the garbage-
heaped alleys to the concentrated greenness of Central Park.

The eerie docks and musky lakefront of Chicago to a
wilderness preserve on its outskirts where tall, old trees hid me
from the light above as my feet softly pounded over an accumulation
of fallen leaves that had made way for the new growth of the branches above.

The awesome splendor of this Nation's Capitol
with its monuments so graciously revealing the nature
of man and Self, while simultaneously housing those who talk of war.

The back country of Florida amongst
tall pines, swamps, bees, snakes, and alligators—
lost in the artful dance of a butterfly floating above me.

The inner city of Atlanta,
constantly glancing about in fear,
to its outskirts where rolling hills and thick pines
sheltered my fears of the day before, while catching the rising sun
as its morning rays filtered through the multicolored leaves of a statuesque old tree.

The barren flats of Dallas
with only the concrete and glass erections
of a fast-paced society to break the eye's line of sight.

The serenity of a nature trail
tucked serenely away within Salt Lake City,
bundled against the 4° chill of winter, ice hanging from
my moustache as I gaze upon the snow-flaked flora and my feet lay
tracks next to those of a bunny. The diamond-studded branches of the trees and
bushes pressed from the evening freeze reflect the sun's rays in a prism of color splashed
against the dawn's bright baby blue sky.

The barren splendor
of Arizona's deserts as the sun's
intense heat pulled raindrops of sweat out
through the wide-open pores of my sweltering body.

The old town structures
of New Orleans' French Quarter, as a myriad of
outer manifestations of the One Inner Self passed before my eyes.

The river trails and beach paths
of Huntington Beach, sweating profusely at times,
but calmed by the graceful swoops of pelicans and gulls, the
thunder of waves, and the beauty manifested in piers, people, and popsicles.

The hustling cities of
Las Vegas and Reno aglitter with
lights bright enough to tan your skin and
eyes searching for that everlasting high or big pay day.

The crisp, pine-scented air of Tahoe
with its sapphire blue waters peeking out from behind tall
redwood stands which are dwarfed by the snow-capped peaks cradling the lake.

The unique blend of Hawaii
where faces of the world gaze upon
palm-lined beaches; barren lands of volcanic ash;
billowy clouds suspended from heavenly blue skies;
high-rise buildings hiding the tin shacks of an ancient, yet recent, past; and
rainbow-filled valleys.

Washington state
where clouds, sky, trees,
ferns, flowers, berries, mountains,
oceans, lakes, fresh air, and butterflies
come together in a magnificent blend of nature's graciousness.

Some of these runs brought inner peace
strictly from the beauty of the outer setting, while
others were encased in fear, also arising from the outer setting.

Now, all runs,
regardless of the environment,
are overflowing with inner peace; for
each day that I lace on the jogging shoes, I now
know they have been securely tied with the love and grace of
Baba—my constant jogging companion.

Timothy

Masters of all traditions have revealed
the secrets of Creation and the keys to blissful living
in their own words, according to the times in which they lived.
Some of these secrets and keys have been recorded in the various holy books.

The Thousands
in the *Dhammapada*,
or The Path of Virtue,
is a collection of verses that
outlines the Buddhist moral system

Better than a thousand hollow words
is one word that brings peace.

Better than a thousand hollow verses
is one verse that brings peace.

Better than a hundred hollow lines
is one line of the law, bringing peace.

It is better to conquer yourself
than to win a thousand battles.

Then the victory is yours.

It cannot be taken from you,
not by angels or by demons,
Heaven or Hell.

Better than a hundred years of worship,
better than a thousand offerings,
better than giving up a thousand worldly ways
in order to win merit,
better even than tending in the forest
a sacred flame for a hundred years—

Is one moment's reverence
for the man who has conquered himself.

To revere such a man,
a master old in virtue and holiness,
is to have victory over life itself,
and beauty, strength and happiness.

Mohammed Takir Ghani,
17th Century Sufi poet from Persia

As a bird flies from its cage,
never turning to look at the grain it is leaving
behind, nor at the jeweled fingers that fed it, discarding
them, because, though beautiful, they were the cause of its bondage.

Leaving the music
which was daily played before it,
flying higher and higher, never looking back at the grain—
so must the soul of man fly into the sky of love of God and the Guru.

Li Po,
8th Century mystical poet of the Chinese T'ang Dynasty

I love Master Ming.
He is free like the wind,
known by all below heaven.

When young, with rosy cheeks
he threw away comfort and rank;
now, with white hair
he lies peacefully under pines and cloud.

Drunken under the moonlight
his presence strikes all who come near.
Carefree among the flowers
he depends on no one.

How can I scale
such a high mountain peak?
By staying here, below,
bowing to his sweet perfume.

An anonymous irish poet

Be thou my vision, beloved Lord:
none other is aught but the King of the seven heavens.

Be thou my meditation by day and night;
may it be thou that I behold for ever in my sleep.

Be thou my speech, be thou my
understanding; be thou for me; may I be for thee.

Be thou my father;
may I be thy son; mayest thou be mine; may I be thine.

Be thou my battle-shield, be thou
my sword; be thou my honour, be thou my delight.

Be thou my shelter, be thou my stronghold;
mayest thou raise me up to the company of the angels.

Be thou every good to my body and soul;
be thou my kingdom in heaven and earth.

Be thou alone my heart's special love;
let there be none other save the
High-king of heaven . . .

Thy love in my soul and in my heart—grant this to me,
O King of the seven heavens.

Grant this to me,
O King of the seven heavens,
Thy love in my soul and in my heart.

Beloved Christ,
whate'er befall me,
O Ruler of all, be thou my vision.

Rabi'a al Adawiya,
"mother of the dervishes"
8th Century mystic of Islam

I have two ways of loving You:
a selfish one
and another way that is worthy of You.

In my selfish love,
I remember You and You alone.

In that other love,
You lift the veil and let me
feast my eyes on Your Living Face.

That I remember You always,
or that I see You face-to-face—

No credit to me in either:

The credit is to You in both.

Kabir,
15th Century North Indian Saint,
a simple weaver revered by Hindus and Muslims, alike

You will get your Beloved, my dear;
open the folds of your veil.

The Lord lives in every heart,
do not speak bitter words!

Do not be proud of wealth and youth; his
splendid show is but for a few days.

Light the lamp in the void of the palace,
and don't change in your seat.

With yoga and knowledge you will meet the priceless Beloved,
In the chamber of your soul.

Mirabai,
**16th Century poet-saint and
Rajasthani princess of India**

The One I longed for has come home, the raging fire of separation is quenched;
now I rejoice with Him, I sing in bliss.

The peacocks at the cloud's roar dance with unbound joy; I rejoice
in ecstasy at the sight of my Beloved.

I am absorbed in His love; my misery of wandering
in the world has ended.

The lily bursts into bloom at the sight of the full moon;
seeing Him my heart blossoms joy.

Peace permeates this body of mine, his arrival has filled my home with bliss.

That very Lord has become my own, who is ever the redeemer of His devotees. Mira's
heart, scorched by the blaze of Separation, has become cool and refreshed;
the pain of duality has vanished.

Walt Whitman,
American Poet (1819-1892)

I believe a leaf of grass
is no less than the journey-work of the stars,

And the pismire is equally perfect,
and a grain of sand, and the egg of the wren,

And the tree-toad
is a chef-d'oeuvre for the highest,

And the running blackberry
would adorn the parlors of heaven,

And the narrowest hinge in
my hand puts to scorn all machinery,

And the cow crunching with
depress'd head surpasses any statue,

And a mouse is miracle
enough to stagger sextillions of infidels.

Ortha nan Gaidheal.

A Druid, an ancient Celtic order of priests

I am the wind that breathes on the sea,
I am the wave of the ocean,
I am the murmur of the waves,
I am the ox of seven combats,
I am the eagle on the rocks,
I am the beam of the sun,
I am the fairness of plants,
I am the valor of the wild boar,
I am the salmon leaping,
I am the stillness of the lake,
I am the word of science,
I am the lance-point of battle,
I am the divinity who created in the head the fire.

Who is it who throws light on the meeting in the mountains?

Who tells the ages of the moon?

Who teaches where sets the sun?

Who, if not I?

D. H. Lawrence.

English novelist (1885-1930)

All that matters
is to be at one with the living God,
to be a creature in the house of the God of Life.

Like a cat asleep
on a chair at peace, in peace
and at one with the master of the house,
with the mistress, at home, at home in the house
of the living, sleeping on the hearth, and yawning before the fire.

Sleeping on the hearth of the living world;
yawning at home before the fire of life; feeling the presence
of the living God, like a great reassurance, a deep calm in the heart, a presence
as of the master sitting at the board in his own and greater being, in the house of life.

Hellen Keller
(1880-1968)

The word of God came unto me,
Sitting alone among the multitudes;
And my blind eyes were touched with light.
And there was laid upon my lips a flame of fire.

I laugh and shout for life is good,
Though my feet are set in silent ways.

In merry mood
I leave the crowd to walk in my garden.

Ever as I walk
I gather fruits and flowers in my hands.
And with joyful heart I bless the sun that kindles all the place with radiant light.

I run with playful winds
that blow the scent of rose and jessamine in eddying whirls.

At last
I come where tall lilies grow,
Lifting their faces like white saints to God.

While the lilies pray,
I kneel upon the ground;
I have strayed into the holy temple of the Lord.

Baba Muktananda
Head of the Siddha Yoga Lineage till his transition in 1981

Honor your Self,

Worship your Self,

Kneel to your Self.

Your God dwells within you as you.

Bade Baba Nityananda
Head of the Siddha Yoga Lineage prior to Baba

The heart is the hub of all sacred places. Go there and roam.

Baba Kuli of Shiraz
11th Century Sufi hermit.

In the market, in the cloister—only God I saw.

In the valley and on the mountain—only God I saw.

Him I have seen beside me
oft in tribulation; in favour and in fortune—only God I saw.

In prayer and fasting,
in praise and contemplation,
in the religion of the Prophet—only God I saw.

Neither soul nor body,
accident nor substance,
qualities nor causes—only God I saw.

I oped mine eyes and
by the light of His face around
me in all the eye discovered—only God I saw.

Like a candle
I was melting in His fire;
amidst the flames outflashing—only God I saw.

Myself with mine own eyes I saw most clearly.

But when I looked with God's eyes—only God I saw.

I passed away into nothingness, I vanished.

And lo, I was the All-living—

Only God I saw.

19th Psalm, The Bible

The heavens declare God's glory
and the magnificence of what made them.

Each new dawn is a miracle;
each new sky fills with beauty.

Their testimony speaks to the
whole world and reaches to the ends of the earth.

In them is a path for the sun,
who steps forth handsome as a
bridegroom and rejoices like an athlete as he runs.

He starts at one end of the
heavens and circles to the other
end, and nothing can hide from his heat.

God's universe
is perfect, awing the mind.

God's truth
is subtle, baffling the intellect.

God's law
is complete, quickening the breath.

God's compassion
is fathomless, refreshing the soul.

God's justice
is absolute, lighting up the eyes.

God's love
is radiant, rejoicing the heart,
more precious than the finest gold,
sweeter than honey from the comb.

Help me be aware of my selfishness,
but without undue shame or self-judgment.

Let me
always feel you
present in every atom of my life.

Let me
keep surrendering my self
until I am utterly transparent.

Let my words
be rooted in honesty and
my thoughts be lost in your light,

Unnameable God,
my essence, my origin, my life-blood, my home.

Yung-chia

Chinese Zen Master (665-713)

The Inner Light is beyond
both praise and blame, yet it is right
here with us ever retaining its serenity and fullness.

It is only when
you seek it that you lose it.

You cannot take hold
of it nor can you get rid of it;
while you can do neither, it goes on its own way.

You remain silent
and it speaks, you speak and it is silent.

The Gate of Heaven
is wide open with no obstruction whatever before it.

*The Iroquois
Thanksgiving Prayer*

We return thanks to our mother, the earth, which sustains us.

We return thanks to the rivers and streams, which supply us with water.

We return thanks to all herbs, which furnish medicines for the cure of our diseases.

We return thanks to the corn, and to her sisters, the beans and squashes,
which give us life.

We return thanks to the bushes and trees, which provide us with fruit.

We return thanks to the wind, which, moving the air, has banished diseases.

We return thanks to the moon and stars, which have given to us their light when
the sun was gone.

We return thanks to our grandfather He'-no, that he has protected his grandchildren from
witches and reptiles, and has given to us his rain.

We return thanks to the sun, that he has looked upon the earth with a beneficent eye.

Lastly, we return thanks to the Great Spirit,
in whom is embodied all goodness,
and who directs all things
for the good of his
children.

From the Corpus Hermeticum
Sacred Wisdom of the Ancient Egyptians

If you
do not make
yourself equal to
God you cannot apprehend
God; for like is known by like.

Leap clear of
all that is corporeal, and
make yourself grow to a like
expanse with that greatness which is
beyond all measure; rise above all time and
become eternal; then you will apprehend God.

Think
that for you
too nothing is
impossible; deem
that you too are immortal,
and that you are able to grasp all
things in your thought, to know every
craft and every science; find your home in
the haunts of every living creature; make yourself
higher than all heights, and lower than all depths; bring
together in yourself all opposites of quality, heat and cold,
dryness and fluidity; think that you are everywhere at once, on
land, at sea, in heaven; think that you are not yet begotten, that you are
in the womb, that you are young, that you are old, that you have died, that you
are in the world beyond the grave; grasp in your thought all this at once, all times and
places, all substances and qualities and magnitude together; then you can apprehend God.

Timothy

Can you unlock the secrets contained in these words of Jesus found in The Bible?

“I and my Father are one.”

(St. John 10.30)

“Verily, verily, I say unto you,
he that believeth on me, the works that I do
shall he do also; and greater works than these shall
he do; because I go unto my Father.”

(St. John 14.12)

“I in them, and thou in me, that they
may be made perfect in one; and that the world may
know that thou hast sent me, and hast loved them, as thou hast loved me.”

(St. John 17.23)

“Verily, verily,
I say unto you, except a corn
of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone;
but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit. He that loveth his life shall
lose it; and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal.

(St. John 12.24,25)

“In my Father’s house are many mansions;
if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.”

(St. John 14.2)

“This is my commandment, That ye love one another, as I have loved you.”

(St. John 15.12)

Could the secret be that God
does dwell within your very own
being as you? Jesus, along with all those Masters
of various traditions who came before Him and after Him,
was here to show and tell the world that you and He are One. That
you and the Father are One. That you and your fellow humanity are One.

As soon as we
cast away our doubts and pride
and learn to see God within ourselves and
in each other, we will realize that “Thou Art That,
That Thou Art” or as God told Moses, “I Am That I Am”,
and we will share eternal life with our Creator and as Christ said,
“the works that I do shall he (we) do also; and greater works than these shall he (we) do;”

Are you ready to solve
the greatest mystery of all time?
Are you ready to discover who you really are?
Here's another hint about your True Nature, the True
Nature that all our programs and services are designed to reveal!

“The Lord possessed me
in the beginning of his way,
before his works of old. I was
set up from everlasting, from the
beginning, or ever the earth was. When
there were no depths, I was brought forth; when
there were no fountains abounding with water. Before
the mountains were settled, before the hills was I brought
forth; while as yet he had not made the earth, nor the fields, nor
the highest part of the dust of the world. When he prepared the heavens,
I was there; when he set a compass upon the face of the depth; when he
established the clouds above; when he strengthened the fountains
of the deep; when he gave to the sea his decree, that the
waters should not pass his commandment; when he
appointed the foundations of the earth; then I
was by him, as one brought up with him,
and I was daily his delight, rejoicing
always before him; rejoicing in the
habitable part of his earth; and
my delights were with the
sons of men.”
(Proverbs 8.22-31)

Let no man walking this Earth, including yourself,
tell you otherwise. You have been and always will be.
Expand your consciousness beyond the confines of the body
and the life circumstances You identify yourself with, realize that
YOU are HE, and share this love with the world in your own special, unique
WAY!

With wishes for your everlasting happiness and peace,

With prayers for peace on Earth, among all people,

And with great love and respect for your individual journey through life,

We Are One!

Baba Muktananda

Who, in Play of Consciousness, describes the majesty of his final realization

As I gazed at the tiny Blue Pearl,
I saw it expand, spreading its radiance in all
directions so that the whole sky and earth were illuminated by it.

It was now no longer
a Pearl but had become shining, blazing, infinite Light . . .

The Light pervaded
everywhere in the form of the universe.

I saw the earth
being born and expanding from the
Light of Consciousness, just as one can see smoke arising from a fire.
I could actually see the world
within this conscious Light, and the Light
within the world, like threads in a piece of cloth, and cloth in the threads.

Just as a seed becomes a tree,
with branches, leaves, flowers, and fruit,
so within Her own being Chiti becomes animals,
birds, germs, insects, gods, demons, men, and women.

I could see this
radiance of Consciousness,
resplendent and utterly beautiful,
silently pulsing as supreme ecstasy
within me, outside me, above me, below me.

*And may you, my friend,
see God
within you,
outside you,
above you,
below you!*