

*A*

*Being*

*Is*

*Born*

A chit-chat Book

By

*Be & See*

*With the Seers*

*I share my Love*

*And my fears*

*Thank you*

## **Beloved Ones**

This book is unique... just like you... it does not look like any other book... it is original...

Nothing like it... but you will like it... it is from you and to you...

It is not for the reader or the seeker but for the seer...

Look and see...this book has no table of contents, no acknowledgements, no big words and no knowledge either... not even forward words or rights to preserve.

It is a book that serves...

Serves your heart and your love...

Serves your laughter...

Serves your life...

And serves you...

You are the seer and the seen...

See it first and then let us have a look...

## **Warning**

I forgot to tell you that this book is not for the eye and not for the "I" either...

Yes... I am crazy and hazy and this is why I am warning you and I need you too...

This book has a good look for the heart and for the sacred eye...

It is for our being and for our seeing...

## **B & C...**

Let us be and see, then silence and witness will be our only language...

This book is not written by me...

“Eye did not rite it”

It is a born book by a bird...

Yes... a bird flew into my belly and gave birth to this book...

Do not look at me... meee too, I can't believe yet...

But weirdo things happen... can't you see the screens?!

What is a fiction today, is a fact tomorrow...

This book is not a fairy tale... but it is a fare tool for the wise and for the fool...

This weirdy-birdy book is not a his-tory or a theo-ry but a true Love-story

And love is full of mis-takes... and the bird does not know spelling but he spits few piths and it is up to us to see the seed & let it grow & let it glow.

And this is the grace of our choice...

Thank you for choosing this book.

Let us have a quick look...

## **Welcome onboard**

Relax...loosen up your belt... take off your shoes and take off your mind and ask for the best cookies and the best snacks and let us see what is going on...

Be ready... Ya Hooooo

Once upon a now...I was sitting on my butts burdened with lots of “its & buts” & lots of boredoms & pains and seeing only my pills and my blames and looking for the exit that never came. And suddenly...a bird flew in ....flew in through the wall ...Wow!

“How did you come in?”

And his song said:

“I came through the wall,

The only exit that you are looking for...

I came to remind you...

That a wall is a door,

Knock it down...

And look up,

And walk all your wall,

And bridge it with all

The gaps & you are

Always up & you’ll

Never be down...”

-“Birdy!!! You are flying in my heart...

You are opening up my buds of boredom & I am scared... I am tired...I am...”

-“I am here...I can hear you...listen to me...I came to remind you...that I am never sad & never bored & never tired & I am always on board... and you are the only creature who is blessed with boredom...”

-“Blessed?! You said?!”

-“Yes blessed?! It needs intelligence to feel bored... have you seen any animal bored? It is out of boredom that search starts... out of boredom the search for the meaning of life arises... wake up my friend & fly high in your inner sky & say welcome & goodbye...”

-“How can I fly & I don’t have wings & feathers?”

-“A feather does not wake you up any more... you need a hammer & you have it already... use it... look at it... read all the instructions & take the action & not the re-action...”

-“I understand what you are saying... I can see your song in my pains & in my sadness & in my break downs...”

-“Do not break down but break through, use your hammers & break all the walls & throw out all your pills & take your will & fly...”

-“I have no will and I can’t take a break out & I can’t follow you... I am used to be where I am. I can’t... I can’t...”

-“Listen to your heart... success comes with (cans) not with (can’ts)... yes you can... use your pains... use your fears... you can fly very far and very near... just be still and hear your heart...”

-“Do you help me?”

-“What I am here for? Can’t you see me? Open your heart and see... seeing is believing in the things we see...”

-“I am ready to fly... tell me what to do first?!”

-“Clean up your wings... so much honey on them... you can't fly with such glue glum...”

-“Oh my God... I was so dumb... I spent all my life collecting honey...”

-“Oh no... do not judge yourself... you did the best you can and what you did was great and this why we are here... it is meant to be... without the bees there is no honey... & without you there is no bees... For the now-here be who you are...”

-“I am ready to go on... & in”

-“Take a deep breath... take a U Turn... take a You Turn now-here. Now is the only time and here is the only place and space and you are the one who can make your choice... change your hell into heaven... you have the whole sky to fly... be your own astronaut... yes you can & you are. This is who you are... be your nature... be yourself... claim back your power... listen to your inner lecture... there is the treasure... go in... go in... in is your only inn...”

This is your home and this is your birthright... keep breathing in & out... up and up... high & high... relax and fly... let go and let God... let go off all you honey... shake up your wings and the whole sky is welcoming you... welcome on board and good bye any bored... keep breathing, every breath is a new birth...”

-“Oh my bird!! What is this trip?”

-“It is not a trip... it is only a breath... but you forgot what a breath is & how to breathe...”

-“Is breathing expensive?”

-“I love Jewish questions... in the heart way it is expensive & hard... but in the mind way it does not matter... it is still free of charge... just

like laughter... love... life... are free of charge if you remember how to charge it. In the cities... water is not free anymore, you buy it in bottles... but soon who knows about laughter & love... in a way it is very expensive & very luxurious... but why go so far??? be who you are... & now...”

-“You are right... teach me how to breathe right...”

-“Truth cannot be taught... it can be caught... I can't teach it but you can catch it”.



## **Less-on one**

Be is Breath.

-“Birdy? What is breath?”

-“Listen & breathe... take a deep breath & listen in your heart... & remember your first breath...”

-“My first breath?”

-“This is what they call primordial scream”.

-“Birdy? What is this wordy-wierdy scream? You stopped my breath!!”

-“Forget about it & do not ask me head questions.... can’t you see my head?”

-“You won’t believe it Birdy... so much heads are here & almost no hearts...”

-“I know you are in pain but do not nag again... no pain... no gain... let us go back to breath and take a deep breath & take a deep deep sleep breath.... and L-I-S-T-E-N...”

-“Oooooook ooayy...”

-“Breath is life.... breathe fully... if you are not breathing fully, you cannot live fully... once breathing is perfect everything else falls into line... breathing is life... but people ignore it... watch and see.... if you are breathing wrongly, shallow breathing, then your muscles become fixed... & shrunk... & blood flows no more.... just like you are not using your legs & one day you decided to walk... now much effort will be needed to bring those dead legs to life again...”

-“Birdy? Do you breathe better than us?”

-“Yes, I do breathe like a bird... but not like the ones in your cage.. and everybody breathes wrongly... I mean people... because the whole society is based on very wrong conditions, notions & attitudes... for example... when you were a child & your mom told you not weep & not to touch & not to play & not to cry... what did you do?”

-“I do not remember.... but even now I cry alone and I don't want anybody to see me or scold me...”

-“This is what you did when you were a kid & the misery goes on & on... you hold your breath and you cripple yourself... I still remember this story...

When Maya came home from school... it was her first day at school & Dad asked her...

-‘What did you learn today?’

-‘Dad! I learned that my name is not Don't...', ‘Don't be angry’... ‘Don't cry’... ‘Don't do this’... ‘Don't do that’... ‘Don't lie’... ‘Don't kill’... ‘Don't love’... ‘Don't live’.

Only eat-work... pay taxes & sleep... this is what a man is... a must man is a muscle man, is... a money machine man, is but not a being... be grateful and breathe deep... you are a being.

-“Oh yes... let us go back to breathing... what a gift to be able to breathe!!!”

-“And to breathe the right way all the way to health and whole and holiness...”

-“How can I shake off my honey? I want to fly high...”

-“Share your honey with all the many who needs it and by sharing it you shake it off and you take off... but unless you breathe right... your sharing is going to be wrong...”

-“Birdy!.. I feel angry when I think about sharing my honey with the many... I worked hard to get all my honey... is there a better way?”

-“Breath is the best way... watch your anger now... watch how you breathe when you are angry... it is shallow and shaky breath... because you are repressing fear and greed... and all this attitude comes from the first breath... the breath of DON’T... and you are cut off... you are cut off from your body senses... all societies that are life-repressive are bound to be a shallow-breathing society... look at primitive people... they have no taboos and no nonsense and their breathing is beautiful it is complete and whole... they breathe like animals, they breathe like children...”

-“Do they have sexy jokes?”

-“They do not need it... because they are not repressed sexually & they live all the ages according to their feelings... every age is a stage and every energy evolves by breathing... and by living it totally...”

-“Can we change fear into love by breathing?”

-“Every energy can be transformed if you can change your breathing system... so listen to your breathing... if you can listen to it, that means it is rough... when you can only feel it & you can’t hear it, then it is still and quiet... and that is the right way to be in tune with existence, to be in tune with yourself, to be in tune with reality & with existence as a whole...

And the quieter it is, the deeper you are & so is your breath... breathe deep and let it steep & sleep... it is through the breath that you are bridged... if you can watch your breath rising and falling slowly slowly, you will be able to see the body as separate from yourself and also the breath as separate from yourself... because the watcher cannot be the watched... the observer cannot be the observed... and suddenly one day you will see and you will realize that you are the witness of it

all... in that very moment freedom has happened to you... in that very moment you bridged the marketplace and the mystical kingdom...

This is self remembering... breathe... you are alive... breathe... breath is the master key... you need not carry many keys for each different lock... only one key opens all locks... breath is the master key... breathe & witness... breathe & watch... breathe & be aware... breathe & be awake... breath is your bridge to the beyond. Breath is the first step & breath is the last step... be grateful & breathe...you are alive”.

-“Birdy! I can’t breed any more. Let us move on to the next lesson... B is breath and what is C for?”

-“C is for body”.

-“C is body? How did you see this?”

-“I see your body & I want to sing its song... the body is our home & our temple & our grave & our grace...”

-“Don’t scare me... to me I see C in cakes and cookies & chocolates & cage... B is for cage but not birds... I love you Birdy but I feel food & fear... is this in the C also?”

-“Granny! you look hungry & angry so watch up your breath again... take a deep breath & let us see the beauty in our body... look at the mirror & see... your eyes & your mouth are horizontal... your nose & your ears are vertical... all your story is written in your eyes... your teeth are connected to your backbone... all your body is connected to each other & to the universal body... existence is a big body & you are a mini one. He is the ocean & you are a drop... & no man is an island... you are a continent...”

-“Are we, as humans, related to nature & to you?”

-“Yes we are... everyone & everything is one with the ONE... we all come from the same source in different form... & we are very beautiful & you are the most beautiful creature...”

-“Birdy! But I am an old woman & ugly...”

-“Grandma... you are never young & never old... you are the image of the Creator... & you are never born & never dies... you are only visiting this planet earth... & this is a truth... it never lies & it never dies...”

-“You are right... I feel this truth... but my father is a priest & as all priests & all politicians... I feel them as the mafia of the soul...”

-“Watch your blame game... he is only giving what you are asking & what you need... always remember that every other is only a mirror... and you are not a number or a consumer, you are a member of the cosmic family and the universal power...”

-“Wow!! Everyone is one with the ONE..?”

-“You said it... be it... and that’s it... be where your body is and listen... be still & see what I am telling you...”

-“And I am breathing watchfully and mindfully & gratefully and carefully &...”

-“Full stop!! see & be your body... listen... the whole existence is a big body and your body is minor or a mini existence... the Creator is the ocean & you are a drop... & the drop has the qualities of the ocean... but you can’t drink the whole ocean in order to know that it is salty... one drop is enough. Your body is a mini creature...”

-“You mean the seed is a condensed tree?”

-“You said it... but the courage is to sprout & to be it... & one seed turns the whole earth green... be your body & let your seed give birth to many trees...”

-“I know I have a body but I don’t know my body & most of the time I hate it...”

-“Hate it!! your body is God’s gift to you and what you make of it... is your gift to God... use it... enjoy it... love it... take care of it... don’t stuff it with junk food... don’t starve it... listen to its demands... this is your home... your temple & your instrument... whether you are asleep or awake, aware or unaware, it goes on functioning silently & lovingly... only by loving your body, you will come closer to God. By torturing your body you are torturing God himself... the leaf is part of the tree as the drop is part of the ocean...”

-“I love my body but I hate it because I want to change my nose...”

-“Change the cause & not your nose... does the elephant hate his nose? find out why do you hate? I love my body because the body is my nature... my nurture... & my mother... think about it... the body has its own wisdom... it knows how to dance... how to sing... how to pulsate with God... when the body starts vibrating with the Divine, suddenly you will see your soul is also vibrating with God... feel your Divinity and your unity... yes... be grateful to your body...”

-“Birdy...can I whisper a secret?”

-“Whisper loudly so I can hear you... I have no ears to hear with, but I am here and I can hear you... say what you see...”

-“Birdy... it is not only a seeing but also beyond being...”

-“Are you flying flies?”

-“No, no... I am flying truth... listen... once upon a yesterday... I was sitting & envying how a bird flies & how can I go very high & something weird happened to me & to my body... wait... do not interrupt me... & soon I was up & my body was sitting down & I saw a white silver cord from my belly & my body was ugly... I did not like it... but from now on I am going to... but just yesterday I saw this seen

& I was out of my body but I was not scarred & I was light & it was a light flight without any fight... I popped out & I don't know how & why & it was great, but I want to know about it & I am ready for anything more... more flights..."

-“Go more in... nowhere to go but in. What happened is real...your body is your home... your mind is your pilot & you are the passenger... you went out of your home & your mind... & this is a sign... a stepping stone... do not use it as a stopping stone... the more you go in, the higher is your flight & the deeper too... the deeper is the roots, the higher is the fruits & you too is like a tree... let your fragrance go higher & higher..."

-“But... Birdy... I want to fly again & not my fragrance... tell me the root of this flight..."

-“It is called out of body experience... the most important thing about your body is to know the power points... which is the most important part in your body?"

-“My head..."

-“No..."

-“My heart..."

-“No..."

-“My soul..."

-“Not now..."

-“I pass on... you tell me..."

-“You did not pass on, but I am not pissed off... the most important centre in your body is the navel..."

-“My God!!! One of my ex-husbands was in the navy & he was not powerful & he was not important to me and not even to any body..."

-“Grandma!!! are you hearing? I said navy or navel???”

-“I heard navy... may be because I miss my husband...”

-“Which one?”

-“The one who was good...”

-“Which one was good?”

-“My ex husband was better than the new one.... always ex husbands are better... I better stick to this one or I am going to see the same seen & repeat the same pattern or better fly out of any body... & be alone & lonely...”

Birdy...my heart wants to share a hurt... all men are the same... all my husbands treated me in the same way... even the new one... do you think I am repeating my class until I learn the lesson?? it feels to me that there is a meaning in this play... something in me has to be changed... why I am attracting this act?”

-“Never too late to learn.... be grateful to all your husbands and congratulation for the new lesson... the more you learn about yourself & your body, the less you need the others.... don't forget that the other is your mirror...”

-“Thank you for reminding me & I am ready to know about my body... it took me seven husbands to teach me about my body-bands. Go on Birdy...my body is ready”.

-“Listen & know that out of body experience is not healthy in the few run... do not do it often...”

-“Why?”

-“The body has lost much physical energy while you were out of it... there is a point beyond which you cannot be out of it, otherwise the body will be dead... being in your body gives it energy & life. What



happens when no one is at home? The home becomes a grave yard & not a family warm... try to understand the energy game of the body & the grace of the being in the body..."

-“You mean my body is my home & it is my first step on the seeker’s trip... & the most important centre is not head & heart but the navel...”

-“Yes... man’s soul is not connected neither to the mind nor to the heart but to his navel... this is the centre of his body & the centre of your life too... a child is born through it and his life ends through it & for the people who discover Truth, it is the navel which becomes the door... watch how children breathe... a belly breathing... if you suddenly become afraid, the first impact will be felt at the navel... because the navel is the centre of life...”

It is essential to give maximum attention to the navel centre... to shift the attention from the mind and from the heart to the navel... the navel is the seat of the will...

The centre of thinking is the mind and the centre of feeling is the heart...

Even scientists have come to the conclusion that although the heart may have stopped beating... the person may continue to live as long as the heart can be restarted within six minutes... when the heart dies, the life centre of the navel remains alive for six more minutes... if within those six minutes the heart can be restarted or a new heart be transplanted, the person can live & no need for him to die. But if life has gone from the navel centre, then nothing will be done for him to live...”

-“Birdy? the mind thinks... the heart loves & hates & feels... & the navel...?”

-“The navel is the centre of friendship... love binds... but friendship gives freedom...”

The electricity in the navel is universal power of light... it is a white silver cord... it is a code to the mystery...

Yes... love is very loving... it has its honey moon & it is not long... but the peak of love is friendliness not friendship not relationship... but the freedom of love...

When love starts giving freedom to the other... unconditional freedom... then it becomes friendliness & that is the highest human consciousness can reach... very few beings have known friendliness... if you really live the centres of your body, you can transform lust into love & love into friendliness... the moment you have reached to the state of friendliness, you have arrived home... you are free... use freedom to become freedom itself..."

-“Wow!! That is the flight of light”.

-“This is a beautiful expression... but freedom is an experience & not an expression or an experiment in the lab, but it is life itself... it is a purity of consciousness... you are lost in it... & do not be afraid... the whole existence is yours... float & melt in it... total trust... surrender... the existence is very friendly and there are immense mysteries waiting for you to be known, to be experienced...

Go with the flow & let go & let God be your love & your goal... this is your only pilgrimage... the road is in you... in your centre...”

-“Birdy... tell me more about my navel... my guts... my seat of will... I don't want to play any spiritual games anymore... I want to be my goal... remind me the way...”

-“As I told you that the life force of the mother activates the navel of the child... a kind of electricity continuously moves between the mother's navel and the child's navel... then throughout his life... the mother universe has the same dance with all the creatures... the sun... the moon...the trees... the seen and the unseen are connected through

the life cord. Even the science of today is showing us this truth... that we are connected with very far away sources of life-energy which we cannot see...

Life-energy is flowing from all directions but those whose navel centres are not open, will be deprived of that flow... keep breathing, watch out how the flow of your breath changes moment to moment according to the state of your mind. It costs nothing to breathe properly and you do not have to spend any extra time to breathe properly... sitting in the car or in the office or at home... if the process of breathing deeply & peacefully continues, then within a few days this process will become spontaneous... will not even be aware of it... the breath will move deeply and slowly by itself... & this will develop your navel centre”.

-“Birdy!?! is there a formula for this breath? Some kind of a pill?”

-“There is a will word... find your own sound like A.U.M... or Amen... or Ameen... these three sounds... opens up our three main centres, A for the head... U for the heart & M for the navel centre... it is a flow of life force which gives the energy to the womb... man and woman have wombs of life... this is where the woman knows and feels her pregnancy & also nine months before you die or you fly to a bigger womb, if you listen to the navel centre you will feel the pulsating sign of the next birth... from the body womb to the universal womb... many people feel their death before they die... it is another step on the life trip... keep breathing deep and slowly... breath is life...

The more activated the navel is, the more intense the will power becomes & the more you can be yourself & reach home...

But I remembered a point to share... have the right-diet for you & the right work for you & the right sleep for you... man has lost touch with this wisdom..."

-“Please...can you speak a little more about this point?”

-“Words do not make you awake... books are everywhere, but listen to your body... this is your best book to listen to & to look at...

After eating rightly, you should not feel heaviness and drowsiness... eat when you are hungry & eat human food... and sleep when you are sleepy and rest when you are tired...

Some people get sick of hunger and others get sick of overeating and few die of hunger, but the people dying of overeating has always been more than the people dying of hunger... our attitudes towards food and work and sleep are becoming very dangerous to us...

Eat peacefully and work prayerfully and sleep trustfully and every morning wake up and say ‘Good morning God, not Oh God!! morning again!!’

You should have a sense of gratefulness towards all life... I am alive again today... life has again been given to me... thank you God...

Yes... physical work has become a shameful act... right-work is also an essential part in the awakening of man’s consciousness & energy... work what you love or love what you work... let your work be your worship...

One morning, Abraham Lincoln was polishing his shoes in his house... one of his friends who was visiting him said... ‘Lincoln! What are you doing? You polish your own shoes?’

Lincoln said... ‘You surprise me... do you polish other people’s shoes? I am polishing my own shoes... do you polish other’s shoes?’

The friend said... ‘No, no, I get my shoes polished by others!...’

Lincoln said 'It is even worse to get your shoes polished by others than to polish other's shoes.'

Our direct contacts with life are those that come through work..."

-“Birdy? I feel scared & sleepy...”

-“That is the right time to sing about sleep...”

The power which has been harmed the most, is sleep... from the day man discovered artificial light, his sleep has become very troubled... every prophet spoke about the sacredness of sleep, but we listen to the secret of the profit and not to any prophet...We are after 'Work more and make more money & buy all the many and forget all about yourself & about the ONE...'. .

The person who cannot sleep rightly, can't live rightly... during sleep you accumulate life energy and your life is revitalized, the centre of your brain and heart calm down and your life functions from your navel centre and you become one with nature and with existence...

And each person should find out how many hours of sleep he needs and what is a healthy time for him to get up, because each individual's body temperature rises at a different pace... but normally it is alright to wake up with the rising sun, but again find the best diet and the best work and the best sleep time for you and let it be your rule”.

-“Is this the golden rule to fix the world with?”

-“The golden rule is 'there is no golden rule, a rule is for the crowd but you are not a crowd...'

Your body is part of the crowd and of the society, but your soul is not... your soul is deeply individual... its flavour is that of freedom and it cannot be put to any rule. In the marketplace or in serving the ruler... the society needs only your body... this is the golden rule...

only gold is needed... and it is very dangerous to the society if you start waking up as an individual... your freedom will weaken their interests... if you start moving inwards, that means you have become a drop out, you are not part of the game of power and money and prestige and war and peace... you are not a piece anymore... you are a human becoming... A whole & holy & healthy being and not a consumer...

The society prevents you from going inward and the best way is to give you a false idea that you are going inwards... 'If you want to go inward, you have go to the priest... to the temple... to the church'. But the church is as much outside as anything else, and the priest is an agent of the state and the society”.

-“Oh Birdy! What a burden... how can I live without all the rules?”

-“There is a rule... be Roman when you are in Rome... and just follow the rules... let your body mind be with the rule and let your soul be in your rule... you are a tiny individual... what can you do? there is no point in fighting... just fit and let it be it... if you fight against a brick wall, you will hurt your own head... give them your head and stay in your heart. And nobody is hurt and your soul is free and healed and high...

So, don't just condemn things... try to understand... there are many evils which are needed... they are necessary... the choice is not between right or wrong... the choice is between a bigger evil and a lesser evil... a bigger wrong and a lesser wrong... so live your choices...

The choice is of a lesser evil... listen to my heart... the society is rotten... the society is ill and there is no hope and no possibility of reforming the society... we can only change the decoration but it will be the same knot and disease... all social revolutions have failed...

Free yourself and be a human with humans not with humanity or society... go to a mystic... to a master and not to a priest or a teacher or a ruler... go to a being who is at home and helps you to be at your home... do not follow anybody... you are not a follower but a fellow traveller and you have your own path and your own ways... a mystic will help you to find your own freedom & to fly high in your own sky where you live without leaving any foot prints...

That is the whole purpose of being with a mystic... inward is the only Godward... & by changing yourself, you are changing the world... fix yourself & this is the only rule... you reminded me of this story...

Once upon a now... honey came home & saw his mom watching T.V. & his dad reading a newspaper... the kid wants to play & so he said... 'I want to play'... 'go & play' the two voices said..., 'but I want to play with you' said Honey..., 'let him play with you darling !' said the parents to each other... the kid looked at the scene & saw dad is looking at mom & he said 'dad... I want to play with you!', 'O.K. Honey... come closer & let us play...', but the dad wants to read the news & the mom wants to hear the news & the Honey wants to play with his news...

What the dad did?

Daddy saw the map of the universe in the news paper... 'that is our game Honey'... he took the map out... 'this is the world's map... tear it into pieces & fix it again... this is a map puzzle... go Honey & fix the world... the map of the world'...

Honey went with tons of pieces & daddy was back looking at the newspaper... within few minutes the kid came back saying & showing to dad... 'look... look... I fixed the map of the world !!'

'How did you fix the map with all these lines?'

‘It was very hard to fix the world... but I looked at the back of the pieces & I saw a face of a man... so I fixed the man’.

Yes... very hard & impossible to fix the map of the world... the child fixed the face of the man & this is how the map was fixed...

We are the people... we are the world & we start with me... upside up... we wake up... I am an individual & not a consumer... I am a member & not a number... society is only a word & a very dangerous sword... be aware of who you are & fix yourself first & last...

You are a soul & not a slave... dive deep within your own being & there you face your original face... face it with love & not with fear... you are free...

Freedom is my only rule & freedom is my only home...

Breathe in... be grateful... you are full of life... & life is God & God is life... breathe in life...”

-“Birdy ? who are you?”

-“I am you...”

-“Don’t be silly... you are a bird and I am a woman... you fly and I walk...”

-“But I walk my talk... do you?”

-“No, it is easy to talk, but not easy to walk my talk... anyway... tell me about you besides being a bird... do you have a name?”

-“I was born nameless & I live nameless & I fly nameless & I die nameless... but you named me Birdy... anyway a name is only a utility & not a reality...”

It is needed... otherwise how are we going to call each other?



Names & titles are labels & it is a must... in the past there was only silence, but now a voice... a sound... a name is needed & it became an icon & we are worshipping such icons..."

-“What do you mean by worshipping?”

-“A man became a person... a name... a title... a label... a number... a bank account... even his diseases. He is proud of all what he got & he forgot his real identity... his real being...

You cannot know yourself by looking in the mirrors or in the eyes of the others... you are not your name or your work or your house... you are not a public commodity or a super entity but a real reality... and unless you become conscious of your consciousness... & aware of your inner power, you go on living in illusions...

And if you watch deeply you will find all your thoughts are creating you & your life... they create your hell, they create your heaven... they create your misery, they create your joy... they create the negative & the positive... both are illusory...

The pleasure & the pain... and you are creating a magic world around yourself like a web & you are the spider & the creator of this illusion...

You are a great magician... & everybody is spinning & weaving a magic world & then is caught... the spider itself is caught in its own web...

Drop the drug trip... it is only a mind's trap & let us fly in our inner sky... in our inner treasure... no... you won't be lonely...

How can you be lonely when you are in love ?

In love with life, in love with yourself... in love with the inner journey...

Life is a dance... join the dance & say yes...

Life is a choice & not a chance... choose & loosen up & go inside & find out who is your lover ??

You are beyond anybody & any form & any name & any game & any blame...”

-“Oh yes... I hear you again & again... you are right... how can I be lonely when I know my freedom... my beyondness... beyond any word & any world...”

-“You are right... even God is not a word...”

God is not a ‘G-O-D’...

God is ‘that-which-is’...

God is not a person... & not a guy in the sky... but a light in every I...”

-“Birdy!!! let us come back to earth... to dearth... & bury your thoughts under the ground... do not speak about God !.. this is a sin... I can live alone but not in a prison!!! watch out!! this is forbidden!!!”

-“I am watching out grandma... but you watch in...”

-“Tell me... where did you study all this spirituality?”

-“I am spiritual not religious & I go to the U.U.”

-“What is this you you?”

-“You got it... the university of the universe... the university of you you...”

-“Do you read books?”

-“I only read looks! Have you ever seen a fish reading a book about swimming?”

Have you ever seen a river holding a map & looking how to go to the ocean?

Have you ever seen any lovers making love according to a law or logic?"

-“Yes...I know some...”

-“I said lovers & not husbands & wives... I have seen many couples making love by looking at books & by seeing screens... but couples are cops & not lovers...”

-“Oh Birdy... you touched my pain... I long for a lover...”

-“What about your new husband?”

-“He is a husband not a lover... & not easy to find love at my age & stage...”

-“Grandma... love is the only gift that you can find at any age & at any shift... just turn in & find your lover...”

-“I love you more that anybody I met in my life... my love to you is totally different...why?”

-“Love has no why... we are soul mates... & our love has no lust & lunch & no fear & no greed & no desires... we just want to be together & hear each other... I love you granny... yes I do fly & sing & eat & sleep & have a birdyman & many birds in the sky... but I never had a grandma in my whole flights... we do not keep on records... the moment we fly out, will be our last look at our moms... but we never fight & we never worry...

We leave our nest & we fly in the whole sky... in our best home... & there we rest... you are the only creatures on earth who have wars & worries & what for? For a short flight?!

Why all this fear & fuss & all this fight? All the lovers are singing to us ‘be the light unto yourself... this is your only life’.

Anyway... do you want to fly with me? I am going to fly to a high highway... come with me...”

-“But I am bigger than you... I mean heavier & I can’t ride on you & I can’t fly either... but I want to go with you & see the sky”.

-“I want you to come with me. Not your body & not your mind either... yourself is only a feather & this is how you fly higher & higher... you are very light & light... come... take a deep breath with me & open up your wings... leave all your weight & let go & let God...

You can be your will & your thought...

Come with me... hold unto your light cord & let go higher & higher & be a feather not a fear... go up & up & up & never give up...”

-“Wow??? What is this palace?”

-“This is not a palace... it is a place...be still & see & listen... don’t ask too many questions... be the thirst & the quest & the hunger & all the water & all the food & all the answers will come to you... all what you have to do is to just be and see and listen and zip the lip...”

-“Oh my God! How can a woman be still and listen?? Look Birdy! I can see a dining table and many good food and few people around it... they are sitting at the table and their hands are in the dishes but no one is eating... they look very hungry and very greedy and needy and also frustrated and their mouth is open but the hand is still in the dish...what is going on? Why can’t they put the food in their mouth...?”

-“Because their hands are stiff... they have no elbows and they are trying hard to feed themselves, but their hands are only a stick, that doesn’t bend. They see all what they need but they can’t eat it and they can’t get it... they only look at it...”

-“Oh my God... this is hell...”

-“How do you know it?”

-“Earth is full of such places... many people are stiff and want to be stuffed and they can't...”

-“Let us go to another place... look at this scene...”

-“Oh my God!! the same scene... but the people are eating and are enjoying... how come?”

-“Yes... their hands are the same and everything is the same... but they are not trying to feed themselves... they are feeding each other... everyone is feeding his neighbour at the table and so the last is feeding the first... and this is why they are in heaven...”

-“And this is why our planet earth is round... so we can feed each other and reach each other and hug our mother...”

-“Not only that... you can turn hell into heaven inside out... you will be the master of your life and not your mind... the mind is a servant and we allowed him to be our cruel master...”

-“Birdy? but what if the other is not good? why should I give her my food? ... let her go to hell...”

-“But the whole earth is our home... and by giving her you are giving yourself... you go beyond hate and beyond fear... and love is let go of fear...”

And who is perfect??? perfection is dead... look at real flower... it is not perfect... it is changing all the time... change is a constant law... a plastic flower does not change... it is perfect and it is dead...”

-“You are right... in the now I am not I was before...”

-“And this now is the only moment we have... let this moment be our own at-one-ment... no past and no future... only this moment is our present and our gift to hold at and to unfold...”

-“Birdy!!! Look! Look! who is this beautiful being coming to us?”

-“He is welcoming us... he is the king of this place... he is an emperor...”

-“Can I speak to him??”

-“Go and see!”

- “Oh man of light! I do not know who you are, but you touched my heart like a star... Who are you?”

-“I do not know who I am either, but according to the law of this place... I am the emperor and you are my guests... I welcome you to my heart... here no one is a beggar or a bigger... but we are the children of light and I brought you back the two gifts that you left here... here they are... one in your heart and one on your head... wear them and you are welcome and you are home...”.

-“What are they? do they have any name?”

-“Here we don't have names and nouns... but verbs... the river is rivering... love is loving... sight is seeing... and I gave you seeing and being... be & see... go back and be in the front of every face and I see you in my face... be & see who you are, and you are my star... Welcomebye and be the light in your life...”

The emperor disappeared and the bird appeared...

-“Birdy? where have you been? did you see what I saw?”

-“Yes I did... this is not my first flight to this earth and when the last star disappears, the sun appears... you too are a sun...”

-“Explain to me this seeing in a plain verb...”

-“How can I put the ocean in a cup?? Not easy to explain it grandma... be it and you will know it... be the being & see the seeing and no words to say... a drop from the ocean is enough...”

-“Oh yes... I beeee & I seeee... one sip on my lip is enough to tell me the story of the ocean...”

-“Grandma listen... we are only a beam of light that came from the light... we are in different forms... we are not factory features, we are His creatures and we are uniques... we came all the way to play His game and His will...”

Love is the way... name it any name or any noun or any verb... but walk your talk and be the light...we are only playing on the bridge of life and death... why we are building our homes on the bridge? We are only a tourist... why so much work and worry? why not enjoy the trip? look at the rivering and be at its banks and do not push the river... just enjoy being in the now and in the seeing... don't try to waste time in asking why! Just be and see and witness and wonder & wander”.

-“And worship....”

-“Bravo... this is the only ship that does not sink or stink...”

-“Birdy??! let us have some fun... after seeing the sun, I want some fun...”

-“Are you a nun?”

-“My father is a priest... but I am not a nun... I am a none...”

-“Your are nuts, Grandma... it is good to be serious and to be funny too... without a joke, there is no joy... and we are the only joke anyway... we think we are a great body and we are no-body...”

Listen to this fresh story... yesterday...the king had a meeting with his people... everybody came before time in order to be on time... right

before his majesty's coming out, a beggar came in from the back door carrying an old broken chair, and came all the way and sat in front of the king's chair... sure enough, the crown prince stood up and asked the beggar in a loud voice...

-‘Who are you?’

-‘I am greater than the king...’

-‘But I am the crown prince... only the king is greater than me... who are you?’

-‘I am greater than the king...’

-‘Greater than the king? only God is greater than the king... who are you?’

-‘I am greater than God...’

-‘Greater than God?! nobody is greater than God...’

-‘ I am the nobody...’

And the beggar left the crowd and went back to his aloneness... in his nobodiness. No one understood him-only a child and an old man... yes we are not our body and we are not what we do or what we say... or what we see...”

-“Birdy! you promised me to speak about jokes and laughters and funny things... let us fly to that place...”

-“Laughter is a door to the divine... what happens when you laugh? the mind stops... the same when you meditate and when you cry and when you are silence... every energy is a door... is a mean to wake you up... and sometimes a joke can wake you up more easily than a serious prayer, because listening to a serious verse, you tend to fall deeper into sleep... but a joke is so light that you don't want to miss it... you listen attentively...”



No child is born with a long face; every child is born with a laughter, with a great joy which is ready to explode... we destroy his joy since breath one... and even before the breath... the moment he zooms in the womb... all wounds start in the womb... watch out what we are doing to our future... the seed of the now is either the joy of tomorrow or the sadness of our future..."

-“Thank you God... I am so glad being a Grandma and not a mama anymore...”

-“Who told you that? do not listen to your mind... a mother is a mother forever since your day one... motherhood is masterhood... motherhood is a blessing and it is God’s given opportunity for the unity of the many with the ONE...”

Grandma! Your being is needed for yourself and for every self... and every being is a hood in the heart of God... and by the way... have you been to a therapist?”

-“Many times and I did not like them... no one was good to me...”

-“Listen...a real therapist is a mother... if he/she is not... then he is a rapist... the-rapist... he is only a professional exploiting people because of their misery... but a real therapist is a mother. He becomes a womb for the patient... he is a midwife... he gives the patient a new birth... he starts the life of the patient from abc... he gives him clean sheet to write a new life again... yes a mother is a real therapist and everyone is a mother to everyother...”

-“Birdy?... are you a mother?”

-“Who is not?”

-“Are you a Budha?”

-“Who is not...”

-“Are you enlightened?...”

-“Who is not...”

-“Birdy... are you....”

-“Who is not...”

-“Then how come we have all these wars?!”

-“Because we are not aware of who we are...”

-“Birdy!! I am your buddy for ever. When I am with you, I am in heaven... and this is all what I want... to keep on flying and flying to nowhere...”

-“Grandma... you are your own being and your own buddy and I see who you are because my flight is higher than yours... but once you start your flight... you are the one who can go higher than any other creatures...

As I have told you...your flight is so simple... nowhere to go but in... in is your only inn... go in and find out your highest flight... meditation is your wing and it is the best action... it is not an act but an art... God’s given art to man... and only to man... many ways to meditate... an hour a day, keeps misery away...

Choose any way of meditation and let it be your way to God...”

-“Birdy! can you give me few hints which help me to fly... where to go? what to read...? what do I need?...”

-“You need thirst and hunger... not only for physical food but also for spiritual food too... go and be with the people who are not fanatics... not religious... not ‘My way is the best way’... find a friend who is spiritual in the real being and not only in words... a being who walks his talks... who loves every being without any conditions and judgements... who loves every religion’s rituals... be a friend with such friends and you will read different books and you will attend workshops and listen to heart talks... feel your feelings and listen to

every advice but follow your own advice... your own insight... sharing their experiences may give you great insight... but don't be a follower... be a fellow traveller... Jesus never said 'come and follow me, but come and follow yourself'.

You have your own eyes... use them... the real friend is the one who does not advise you, but helps you to become more alert, more aware, more conscious of life and helps you to go on your own voyage... gives you courage to experiment and to seek and to search and to commit many mistakes...

Commit as many mistakes as you can, but do not commit the same mistake twice...

What you need is not a fixed pattern of living... 'do this and don't do that', but a way of seeing... and this is the way of being up to date in every situation... commit to yourself and live your life by being and seeing...

Once, I was at a Sunday school and I heard the nun asking little Mary:

'Mary! tell me one of the ten commandments...'

Mary said 'Do not commit adultery...'

Who is an adult? the nun or the child?"

-“Birdy? can you whisper in my mind what is adultery?”

-“A man is a very complex being... today you may be in love with your wife or your husband... yes even with your wife -I know it is difficult- I know that... and it is very rare, but it happens... and then making love with her is a prayer and this communion can happen even with some other woman or man whom you are not married to and this is easier... if love is there, then it is not adultery... and if love is not there, then even with a woman you are married to whatsoever you are doing is adultery...”

-“I know what you mean... I had six husbands and a new one now and few other affairs and I feel what you are saying... and unless we start living in the present, we will not be able to be aware, awake and to forget and forgive all the past and all the future... this is what freedom is free-dome is our home”.

-“The whole sky is our dome, our temple and our play-yard... this is the only school for the wise and for the fool... and I love to be with the mad people... the people who are madly in love with existence... these are the same souls and they are very rare...

Look around and see... watch all the screens and see... is this planet a vast madhouse? sane people are very rare and the mad world is not aware of them, but God is... just watch a football match and match it with the White House match, and compare it with the mad game of the globe... who is the composer of this war?

What can we do?

I have a little bit of sugar and I can't sweeten the ocean... let us enjoy a cup of tea and share our tears and our laughters and together we discover our power... yes... one atom of light can take away all the darkness of life...”

-“Birdy!... one hug of love can take away all the bugs in life”

-“Oh yes... I feel like flying to my folks”

-“To flock with them... I mean feather together...”

-“I feel what you mean Granny... in the sky we fly very high and we do not hide our feelings...

We are what we feel...

Even when we live in a cage, we feel our needs and our age. And we do not care of other's eyes but my only I... and every one of us lives in his I... birds are birds, man is no more man...”

-“Birdy...are you tired or sad?”

-“Sadness is also good... every form is God’s norm... sadness gives us depth which no happiness can ever give.

God comes to us in all forms and all ways... and every form is a space... a beautiful space... it is an overflowing emotion and it is good... tears and laughters are needed to relax you and we are here to hear all His voices and all His choices...

Whatever happens to us... it is His gift to us... His choice to us...

Let us be who we are

And let us do what we are here for... and we may not have it all together, but together we have it all...”

-“Oh Birdy! You opened up my old wounds and I feel like crying...”

-“Feel your feelings Grandma and face all your wounds and all your fears...

Let your tears wash your wounds and let the sun and the wind clean up your mind... this is the cause of every wound... let it hurt and do not create a wall to protect it... keep your mind off...

Every hurt is engraved in our mind and if we do not heal it, we seal it... and we see it any time we want to blame and to ‘pity me’...

If we look at our mind... it is nothing but a box of wounds and wounds and we wax it and we fix it according to our way of healing and hurting... hence life becomes hell and we collect only chains and thorns...

Once you are your master then the mind is your best servant... then any wound is a good friend and is part of growth... let the wound open up completely so you can see it and you can expose it to the sun and to the ONE...

Let us learn the lesson of pain...

Let us welcome any wound in our womb...

Let us feel the hurt as a new birth...

Let us welcome every in-sult as a salt in our life...

Let us be seasoned in every season... there is no other way than the way of light... the way of love... law is a way towards law, and love is the way towards life... and it is up to us to choose which way...

It is time to wake up... let our wounds be our make-up, and let us grow up and not grow old, and let us forget all the told and all the old...

Now is the only time, here is the only time and here is the only place and you and me is the only we...

Let there be love on earth and let it begin with me...

## **A phone call**

-“Birdy! do you mind if I call you Besee? this is not a name but a quality in you... you are your own being seeing... a being is the one who is a seer and a seer is a being and this is what I feel you... but I hate to leave you... I have a phone call and I have to go... I must run...”

-“Run? why run? enjoy your pace peacefully... chew your walk... and chewing is a wing by itself... chew well all your senses and you will feel an energy of flight... and light... and by the way... who is this fone? Call him in...”

-“Oh no... a phone is a machine not a man... we call each other with a phone”.

-“But I see many phony men and they look like robots... like machines... they are Zombies...”

-“Zombies...? do you this word?”

-“No... the word I do not know it... but I have seen many Zombeees in the world...”

-“How do they look like? do not look at me!!”

-“No... you are not a Zombie... you are another bee... but a Zombie is a person who is like a vegetable... he is a number waiting inline... in queue, for his funeral day... he is dead but so much is going on at the grave yard that he has to wait for his turn...”

-“Besee... a phone is a sign of our civilization... and so is the television and so is going to the moon and the inter-net... and so many other discoveries... we are civilized people... don't you agree?”

-“Yes I do... I mean... I like civilization... it is beautiful... I have seen it in the sky, but not yet on earth... someone ought to start it... but what you call civilization is nothing but a mad affair... can't you see

the whole earth has become a big mad house? people have lost their souls, people are no more people... they have lost their self... they have lost their personality... they have lost their original face and they have lost their real identity... they are killers wearing false faces.

I am all for civilization but this is not it... real civilization cannot be forced from the outside... it can come only from the within... and meditation is the only key for the real civilization...

It is a very slow motion... it will take hundreds of years for the earth to be civilized but we should start... there is no other way..."

-“Bese... I am going out for two hours and I will be back in a minute... wait...don’t go...”

-“You are going out for two hours and you will back in minute... what type of time is this? is this a new discovery? a new date?”

-“I mean I won’t be late... a white lie... sing any song and I hear you in my heart... I am only going to a mall. I do some shopping and then visiting with some old friends and I go to a movie and then to a restaurant to rest and eat and I won’t be late... please wait... feel at home and sing whatever and do whatever... and I will come sooon...”

-“Don’t forget your keys... your credit cards... your check book... your make up kit and your money and your phone and your mind and your list and yourself...”

-“Gooooood bye”

-“Gooooood buy”

-“I am sorry to leave you alone but you are at home...”

-“Grandma went out and I am in... am I alone?... am I lonely?... am I home?... where am I?... who am I?”



Why so many questions? be still and sing... be still and see... be still and be... be still and listen... listen to your inner song... your inner silence... this is our only language... our only lecture... our only power... our only treasure..

Let us listen...

Are we alone?

It is beautiful to be alone, it is also beautiful to be with people. And both are needed and enjoy them both... when you can have both, why have one?

Enjoy people because they are gifts from God and when you start feeling fed up, there is no need to be British... be authentic and don't impose politeness on you face...

We are born alone, we die alone. Between these two realities we create many illusions of being together... yes we ARE alone... the best way is to rejoice it all together...

The people who are aware and awake... are alone but not lonely...

Celebrate aloneness, celebrate your pure space and great song will arise in your heart...

This is the song of meditation... rejoicing in your own aloneness is what meditation is all about... the meditator is one who dives deep into one's aloneness.

Knowing that we are born alone, we will be dying alone and deep down we are living alone... when you are in love... when you are in pain... when you are in fear, how can you share this experience with the other?

Even your lover won't get it...

So why not experience what this aloneness is?

It is our very nature... our very being and this is our only pilgrimage in life... to be alone but not lonely... I am alone in a crowd and I am alone in my silence...

This is the science of existence...

This is the science of silence...

This is the science of aloneness...

Celebrate this science and let it be your dance...

Yes my friends, we may not have it all together, but together we have it all...

Let us all together celebrate our aloneness and our dance...

And let awareness be our home...

And let awareness be our witness...

Let us witness and see... are we home?

Where is our home?

Everybody has a deep longing for the home but it has nothing to do with the physical home... our body is not our home... our stone home is not either... our grave is not at all what we are looking for... these are all consolations... in fact we do not have any home on this earth... they are prisons... you can be in a palace and you can be free if you know where your home is... otherwise you are a prisoner in your own palace... the home is somewhere inwards.

Our home is in the centre of our being, but to go there is a dangerous journey... only courageous people can risk it all in order to go in... be it all...

Enjoy the outside home... it is a house... a shelter... make it as comfortable as possible, make it as beautiful as possible... but this is only a shelter... this is only a station...

But the home is not outside... the kingdom of God is within...

We are a Tourist... a wanderer... and we are homeless... we are here for few moments... Mr. Death is at the door... and we are dying every time we are breathing...

To make a home in time, is to make a house on the sands or to make a signature in water-you go on making it, it goes on disappearing... the real home is where we came from...

Yes...I came from there and I am here and I am on my way back to there... but 'there' is in the Now-here...

Once I saw an old man writing,

God is nowhere

And then I saw his small grandchild writing small words...

God is now-here...

By dividing the big word 'nowhere' into two small words, it changed my world... he bridged the past and the future in the now...

And now is the only moment...

And now is the only present...

And this present is our only present...

A dash of innocence changed my ignorance and a flash of light is needed to flush the darkness away...

To be now is my only vow... to be here is all what I want to hear and this is what I am here for...

When I say I... I mean the amness and not the ego... any word is only a mean... only a utility and not a reality...

I am a drop and God is the ocean...

I am a wave and God is the ocean...

I am a grain of sand and God is the desert...

But without the waves... the ocean still exists...

The I exists only when you do not look inward... inward is the only way to Godward...

The moment you go in, the I disappears...

It is just like when you bring light in a dark room, darkness disappears...

Our I is nothing but a condensed darkness...

Your look inward is a light... is a flame... is the awareness and the only awakening...

The only lie is the i...

Surrender this lie... drop it... let the drop meet the ocean... let the drop merge and melt in the ocean...

Let the I die and then what is left, is simply a pure am-ness...

You are... one is... but one is not separate from the ONE...

I saw a statue of Christ without hands and a saying is read... 'Christ has no other hands than ours to use...'

This saying is from the heart... and the heart knows only the Truth... and the heart is saying over and over 'Paths are many but the Truth is one'... pick any path... walk any road... drink with any cup but the water is always the same..."

## **Grandma is back**

-“I am home... where are you Bese?”

-“I am home too... where have you been?”

-“You won’t believe it... I did not miss you a second... I was home just like now-here... I was listening to my friends and hearing you at the same time... everything was the same but I was not the same...”

-“What do you mean?”

-“I met my friends as usual and went shopping... I did not buy anything because I did not feel like it and I don’t need it either... then went to a restaurant and I ate what my body needs... and even my gossip was not as usual... I was more silent and more loving... it is bizarre... I could not believe it... all the time I was with you and I also enjoyed what I did and what I said and how I felt... it is like I am more a listener to myself than to others... I don’t know how to say it”.

-“Did any of your friends notice any difference in your behaviour?”

-“No... no one said anything... they are the same... busy in buying and eating and nagging and doing their stuff... who has time to listen to others? I was like them and now I know myself more than any other time...”

-“What did you talk about?”

-“Gossiping about husbands and children and grandchildren and pains and pills and pets and psychiatrists and bills and bulls and breasts and sadness and sex and smoking and...”

-“All the alphabet of words!!!”

-“The whole world is only words... but in different alpha and beta and gamma...”

It is only a form... a tree is a word and so is the star and the man... every creature is a word from God... I am His word and His world... any form you look at is a book to look at... it is written in light... all what we see is nothing but energy of light...

God is the light of heavens and earth..."

-“It looks like you are a preacher or a teacher... or a priest”.

-“Oh no... help me not to be any of these... me a priest? my father is a good example in my life... they say the most ancient profession in the world is that of the prostitution... but I don't agree...

The most ancient profession is that of the preachers and the priests, because without them who will create the prostitution? how will the prostitute come into existence? it is through the priest. He condemns and judges... the priest is the source of all kinds of ugly institutions... I feel it more and more that priests and politicians are the mafia of the soul and we are responsible for co-creating such ugly professions... life should be multidimensional, then it is rich... a priest is monotonous... just one tone and just one note...

Life should be of many colours... rainbow-like... all colours should be there...

One can face God only when one has become like a rainbow... with all the colours absorbed... nothing sacrificed, nothing excluded, everything included... this is what I want to be..."

-“Then... I will name you Rainbow... and your name is a reminder of who you are... be what you love and live what you love... rain-bow is beautiful noun and verb of light..."

-“And also you name Be & See... why can't we change our names?"

-“You can... but you did not ask for it... claim back your rights and ask for all what you need and what you desire. Life is a movement... it

is a river... you have to adjust yourself according to the situations, otherwise you remain fixed and life goes on changing all around... and you create a gap between you and your life and that gap creates misery and sorrow...”

-“Yes my friend... I always miss the train... either too early, I am too late... and never at the exact time... never in the now...”

-“Let us always remember & remind each other that we are a being who witness & see... we are just like a rainbow... showering all God’s given colors to all the creatures... without any claim & without any blame...

We are one with any other & every other...

I am a liar & I am a lover... I am a beggar & I am an emperor... I am a saint & I am a sinner... I am a nun & I am a none...

We are all one with the ALL...

A reminder is a power... when I feel low, I remind myself & I open up my wings & I go high with the winds...”

-“Me too... when I feel all the fears & I see all the tears... I remind my heart of all the colors that I have & what a gift to face such a grace???”

-“But rainbow? even when I am flying very very high, I still look at other birds & see them low... I see my judgement... I remind my mind not to judge, only to see & be... but a habit is a little bit hard...”

-“Please do not be hard on yourself... me too I judge... I was just doing it to my friends, ‘I am better than you’ & I don’t see it unless I do it... but I am learning... the more I understand what judgement is, the less I judge...”

-“It is not a matter of understanding it... it is a matter of seeing it... I still remember the voice of my master when she said ‘There is no

need to stop or drop judging people, you have to see why you judge and how you judge. You can judge only the behaviour only the behaviour is available. You cannot judge the person because the person is hiding behind the act... you can judge the act but not the being...

Sometimes you see a smile and deep inside there is sadness... maybe he is smiling because his heart is crying... how can you judge? the inside is a mystery and is not available to anybody... so everybody feels that all judgements are unjust... what to do? 'Judge ye not'

From the outside is always wrong... so why judge a lie? just watch. Whenever you judge, it is as if you are reading a page from a novel and you judge the novel by it...

Your judgement will show something more about you than about the man or the book... the other is mirroring your mind... your interpretation will be something about you... seeing this, judging disappears'.."

-“Then what about the Judgement Day?”

-“Listen to this joke...

A priest came to do his business... he met the first customer and asked him:

-‘Are you Christian?’

-‘Nope... Christian is next door!’

-‘I mean do you love Christ...?’

-‘You can ask him... he knows more than me...’

-‘Then are you ready for the Judgement Day?’

-‘What do you mean?’



-‘A day when Jesus comes to judge...’

-‘When is he coming?’

-‘Any day?’

-‘Please do not tell my wife about his coming... she will go for all the days...’

Don’t worry about it... you will be busy shaking hands with all your friends and there is no time for such a day... and such judgement... love does not judge...

God needed you, that is why he created you...

The day God decided to create the world, that was the Judgement Day... He judged that it was better to create than not to create...”

-“Birdy? you reminded me of the past pains... I was married to a judge... he was my second husband”.

-“Where did you meet a judge? don’t tell me at a court!!!”

-“You won’t believe it... it was a strange coincidence... I love Fudges and I was at a Fudge shop and he was there... a very good looking handsome man... looks very Fudgy man and I told him that and he said ‘I am a Fudge Judge’ and we laughed and we chit-chat and he divorced me free from my first husband and he sat instead... he moved in and it was a bitter Fudgy Judge story... he was an excellent judge even in bed... this is why it was a bad marriage and a quick divorce... his office was in his head all the time even at night and in bed”.

-“What a case?!”

-“Yes... I was married to cases... but you know! now I love him even more than all my ex-husbands and sure more than the one I am married to... and You know why?”

-“Why?”

-“Because Mr. Judge is married to my sister-in-law with whom I do not speak... she is not good to me and she deserves such a ‘good’ Judge...”

-“Rainbow! let this feeling be our homework and our heart work, because me too have a case like this... I have a grudge feeling with few birds and with a man who kept me in a cage... so we need to be fair and to look to our feelings and see the beauty in every pain... there is a lesson... as we know it...”

-“You are right... now I can see what I did and why? you know! while divorcing the judge... I fell in love with another judge... and I said no to my mind... but what I did!! I married a lawyer. And now I see it very clearly... out of fear... out of insecurity... I was attracted to a law... to a power... to an outside power to protect me... instead of using my legs, I was using crutches... and the lawyer was a constant liar. I was married to the whole court and all the cases... the whole catastrophe, but this marriage was ended not through a court or a judge or a lawyer... I walked out of it and that was it... he ended it up and since then no judge and no lies in my life...”

-“You mean you stopped lie-ing...?”

-“I am ... right now... but I am more aware of it... a lie is a lesson... less-on.”

-“What a marriages? Every movie moves us in and out... up and down... this chapter is our book of life...”

-“Yes my friend... a marriage is a divorce since day one... a wedlock is a deadlock since night one... a honey moon is a moment... unless we work it out day and night, we are not married... it is a constant flight and light... we are married to life and death... we are married to our self before meeting any other...”

Tonight I am going to look at my husband as a new man in my mirror... I want to uncover a new face in him... I want to peel a new mask..."

-“You are right Rainbow... the other is my master... the other is my mirror... this is the best way to grow and glow...”

-“Birdy? if we don’t have each other how are we going to learn? your being is a great help in my seeing...”

Be and See...is the only way to witness... to be aware of what is going on and in and out in our life... so we need to be out of our ego and meet friends who are ahead of us... and learn from them not only from books... a living book is better than any dead book... better to see a light and not preach about light...

Spiritual friends are everywhere... since Adam and Eve are here, but we are not here to hear them anymore”.

-“Yes we are... and this is who we are... we are here to hear the river... we are here to hear the rain... we are here to see the sun... we are here to face our destination and not to stop at any station...”

All what we need is to change the trip... change the first step... the first step is the whole trip... go inward... make a U-turn... don’t change cars anymore... don’t go far... nowhere to go but in... in is the holy place if you make the choice... in is your holy inn... fly in your inner sky...”

-“And every sky has a rainbow...”.

-“You are right Rainbow...jump in and fly”.

-“You are right... every sky has a rainbow... but we need the eye to see it in every sky and in every i...”

Oh my friend! I feel safe to rewind my heart and to remind myself about the oily land... it is oily and holy... this is the place where we face all our needs and all our greeds...

This is a real Holy land... the land of many Prophets and the land of many profits... what a gift to be in a kingdom where you can see the real king and the real Dome...

It is out of choice that you choose your place once you are in a whole-holy space...

Yes my friend... one is holy if he is whole...

One who lives a life of totality is holy...

It has nothing to do with virtue or sin, but by living each moment in totality...

Whatsoever is doing, he is doing totally. If he is eating he is eating in a holy way... if he is sleeping he is sleeping in a holy way... and so when he talks and when he works and when he walks and when he gives and when he spends.

He is passionately present in his actions... in his silence... in his being and in his seeing... in the nowness... and only now... a holy being can be very rich and very poor... can buy the many and can buy the none... but in both cases your heart is with the only ONE...

Yes my friend... it is not the land... it is you who is whole and holy if we only can wake up and understand...

We are His land and we are His hand...

Wherever we stand is a holy land...

We are His word and we are His world... and we are His silence & His Sword...

Let us cut off all the dry ends and let us cut off all the dead leaves and let the tree grow up and let the seeds sprout in the spring and let the seeds fall in every fall and the deeper the roots the higher the fruits... let our seed sprout and one seed turns the whole earth green...”

-“Oh Rainbow... take my seed and hold it in your heart and when the spring comes... the grass grows by itself... let my seed grow... it is only a seed story... open your... heart and hear...

A blind fakir was begging in a town and came to a mosque... he spread out his hands in front of the door of the mosque and asked...

‘Can I get something to eat? I am hungry...’

The people passing by said... ‘Idiot, this is not a house where you can get something to eat. This is a mosque, nobody lives here. Go somewhere else’.

The fakir laughed. He said ‘if I do not get anything from the house of God, then from what other house can I get anything? this is the last house I have come to, and by mistake this last house is a temple... How can I move away from a mosque? if I move, where will I go? there is no house after the house of Allah...

So now I will stay here and I will only move when I get something...’

The people started laughing at him. They said ‘Idiot! nobody lives here... who will give anything to you... we come and we go home and nobody lives here...’

He replied.. ‘That is not the question. If I have to leave the house of God with empty hands, then where will my hands be filled? now that I have stumbled upon this door, I will leave only when my hands are full’.

And the fakir stayed there... for one year his hands remained spread out in the same way, and his being went on longing in the same way... the same direction... the same destination... the same determination...

The people of the town started saying he was mad... yes he was... he was someone unique... he remained sitting and sitting and sitting...

After a year passed by, the people of the town saw that perhaps the fakir had attained something...

The aura around his face has changed... there was a kind of peaceful face of light around him. Before he had tears in his eyes but now there is a smile on his face... he had been almost dead and now he is dancing in the light...

People asked him... 'Have you attained something?'

He said, 'It would have been impossible not to gain something, because I had decided that I would either gain something or I would die. I have attained more than I desired... I desired only food for my body and I have gained food for my soul also... I wanted only to fulfil the hunger of my body, but now the hunger of my soul has also been fulfilled'.

They started asking 'How did you attain this? how did you gain this?'

He said ' I did nothing, but I put all my power behind my thirst... I said to myself that if there is a thirst, then along with it there should also be a determination... my total determination was behind my thirst, and now my thirst has been quenched... I have reached to the place where that water is available, and after drinking it my thirst has gone...'

Oh my friend... this is my last seed for you before I fly back into my last sky... if you do not have this determination, then nothing can happen through anybody else's words...

If something could happen through words then peace would be all over the planet... there have been many people in the world who have said beautiful words... there have been many prophets in the world who have said & did beautiful acts, but neither the word nor the act could do anything to you unless you yourself are ready to do it... the mountain does not come to you... you have to go to the mountain...

On the spiritual journey... on our pilgrimage... on our Hajj, where there is no container of determination, no fulfilment or contentment can never be attained...

Yes my beloved ones... heal the ulcer in your centre & face that power... you are not a container... you are a content... you are not the horse but the rider... know who you are & be the star & not the scar...

Now more than ever you are needed as you are...

Be who you are...

See who you are...

You are that which is...

Love & light”

The end