



Who Loves



Me??



*Peace Pace*

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No one loves me  
Unless I know  
Love...

Once I know what love  
Is  
I love myself...

Once I love myself... I  
Love the world as I  
Love myself

Love is God  
And  
God is love



Who loves me?

Who is asking who?

Am I asking myself?

Do I need someone to love me? Do I love myself?

Do I know what love is?

Do I need love?

Who am I?

Just by knowing this I... I go beyond these questions... I go beyond the mind who is asking these questions...

Once I know myself... I become what I know... In this knowing is love.. is live... is laughter... life is a joke... is a short trip... strip out of this trap and hop in...

In is our only inn...

Who love me?

Who is this who?

My boyfriend? My girlfriend? My husband? My son and daughter? My parents? my... my...

Do I own them? Are they a commodity?

Do I need any other to use my?

Or do you need to be used by me?

Are we using each others?

Who is this other?

Look at all the others and they are skeletons...

Walking corpses... not buried yet...

Yes! They are a VIP... very ignorant persons... or VVVIP.. a persona...

Please let me share with you my wounds or wings or hurts... whatever we call it... or waste...

I met many men in my life... by love and law and lie... but none of them was a man.. I am not a woman either... never ever...



Womb + man equal woman

Man is not born perfect... he is born man and woman... the other... but what is a personality? A VIP?

Personality is nothing but an envelope... persona means mask... sona means sounds... per means through the mask... we can't see the real face.. we only hear the voice... persona... personality...

Look at yourself... in the bathroom, you are a totally different person.. you put your mask aside... you sit on the shit seat and you are the boss... the real boss of this shit... you sing and you humm... no body is watching you and you are free to see your funny faces... but what if someone is watching you?... Again become serious and back in the envelope..

Which type of personality you chose?

T personality is the toxic... Negative way... sad and depressing and looks great and perfect and all others are wrong... they create values and moralities and attitudes... they are the poisons of the world..

Teachers.. Saints... Priests... Politicians and more...

The N personality.. is the nourishing one.. Looks on the good side of the world... Trusting and loving and sharing their arts... Poets, Painters, musicians and so on... and real saints too... a real father and mother...

Just be what you love... relax and enjoy, accept and problems will disappear...

So which role you want to play?

Every game has it's rules, if you know the rules you can play the game...

Life is a game.. with whom you want to play?

What is your choice?



Who is the other? Who loves me?

Luigi's wife has just died and as the funeral party is leaving the graveyard, Luigi is making a terrible scene...

What am I gonna do? He cried... My son, says father and Garibaldi, I know you have suffered a terrible loss, but you will get over it in time...

But what am I gonna do?

Just try to control yourself Luigi. Time will pass, you will get over your grief and may be in a year or two you will meet a woman and get married again and will be fine...

Si, father, I know that... but what am I gonna do tonight?

Now, tonight, who is going to love me?

Is this what I am here for?

Begging love? Can love be begged?

Can we buy it? Is it an object?

We spoke so much about love but are we in love? Love is God and our love is dog...

Real love is born out of meditation but our love is out of mind... we don't know what love is unless we love ourselves...

All nature is in love... only me is not in love... the dog loves... the ant.. the leaf and all what I see is in love but do I know myself?

Do I love myself?

Do I know what love is?

How can I beg what I ignore?

Unless I love myself I am not alive...

How to love? This is a dead question... just watch...

Be a watcher right now-here...

Who is breathing?

Who is writing?

Who is reading?



Am I a body? Is there a being in this body?  
Look at the mirror?

Is this me?

Where is the one that does not die? All what I see and what I  
have dies...

If all dies, why I am holding it??

I want to love that which is eternal...

Who does not die?

I want to know it... I want to be it... I want to live it...

Life is not an experiment in the lab but an experience in my life  
and now-here or nowhere else...

I trust myself... I trust life... I trust trust...

I trust nature..., no wars... no killing... no hate... but a total  
dance... a unity... a harmony with all the seasons...

The ant and the lion... the dew drop and the ocean... the star  
and the sun... all is one...

Why not me?

Is my hand united with my foot?

Is my body dancing with itself?

Is there such unity?

A mosquito just came and dancing for me... is she going to bite  
me?

Why do I have this idea?

Do I want to kill her?

Why do I have this fear?

She is doing what she knows?

What do I know?

Thank you my friend for your dance and your song and your  
bite too...

Thank you my hand for rubbing and scratching my face...

I touched my face... a loving bite from such loving fly is a  
healing punch and touch...

Thank you for being yourself... the scorpion does his work...



 Who Loves Me??

What is my work?  
What am I here for?  
Do I know myself?

Loving is the only way to knowing... Love my body... this is the  
cup... this is the home... this is where I live...  
How am I nurturing this body?  
Great!!!

The best whole and holy food... the best simple and loving and  
living life... be simple so that every body can simply live...  
Love is a spontaneous way of life... It is our innocence... our  
birth right... when hungry eat... when sleepy sleep... when tired  
rest...  
So why not be a childlike... not childish... but back to our  
innocence... our nature... our dance with mother earth.. our  
trust with life...

Take a deep breath... it is free and flowing and rivering forever  
and ever...  
Am I happy now?  
No?  
Why?  
I love fear...  
Face your fear...  
What is fear?  
False  
Evidence  
Appearing as  
Real  
Life is now-here... face life in you... see your real being... your  
real beauty... your role in this moment... enjoy its joy...  
See your real being not the shadow of it.  
I am not my shadow





The fox came out of his hole... the sun was just rising and he saw his shadow... very long shadow...

How do you know yourself?? By your shadows... animals do not use mirrors... but it's the same we use other people's eyes as mirrors... how do they see us?

That is how I create my identity... the fox saw his very long shadow in the early morning sun... and of course he thought my God, as I am this big... It seems I will need if not an elephant, at least a camel for the breakfast.

And looking at shadow it was perfectly right... And he went in search to see if he can find a camel or an elephant for the breakfast, but poor fox he could not find any elephant or any camel...

It was twelve o'clock and he was feeling very hungry, no breakfast... And it is getting closer to lunch time and not even breakfast yet... He looked again at his shadow, he was very much surprised:

"What has happened? Of course without any breakfast this is going to happen."

The shadow was small, just underneath him that he thought...

"My God, I am very close to death it seems... if I don't find something immediately... I am going to die... and now there is no need for any elephant or camel, even if I can find a big ant that will do at least for the breakfast..."

My shadow changes... my body is my shadow... who am I?

Every race has its own shadow, its own history, mind, past and now... and future...

These differences are only on the circumstances... the form is different but the essence is the same... different flowers make the garden more beautiful...



The varieties are the waves and only on the surface, but the ocean is the same source and the spirit is one...  
We are the ocean... we are one with existence... one with Allah...  
with God...

So what is love?

Who loves me?

There is no such question from me?

It is from the mind... and the mind is an object... a car for myself...

Does the car ask who loves me?

Love is the result of what I do to my body...

What I do to my mind...

What I do to myself and soul and spirit...

So who am I?

By knowing myself... this amness... nothing else is needed...

So how to know it?

Just the same story again and again... the same key in my hand  
and the door is closed... open it...

The key is meditation... just now-here open it up... go... in...

Just watch what your mind is asking...

I want to go to the bathroom...

I want to go to the fridge...

I want to go shopping...

I want to make a phone call...

I want... I want...

Do you really need this want? Or you greed this desire?

Why? Are you bored? Are you lost... Are you in lust?

Do you want sex?

Do you want a hug or a kiss?

Just face your need... face your fear...

Yes I have fear...

Okay, let us see what is fear...



False  
Evidence  
Appearing as  
Real..... Repeat it and respect it.

False face of fear...  
Just be in this now-here...  
Take a deep breath...  
How blessed I am...  
I breathe...  
I see...  
I walk...  
I shit...  
I talk... I hear... I have to eat when I am hungry...  
Just for once... at least for once

Let us feel the real hunger... not from the eyes... or the  
smell...or the mind... or the senses... just from all my body mind  
and being...  
Let us do it once in our life...  
Am I hungry? No...  
Do not eat!!  
Am I thirsty? No...  
Do not drink!!

Listen to the big I... not to the mind...  
Fasting is the only feast...  
All the enlightened masters fasted... what is the secret of  
fasting...  
When you fast you are eating your own meat... this is how you  
lose weight... fasting is a non-vegetarian meal... I am eating  
myself...

In Sanskrit, the word fast has a beauty of it's own and also in  
Arabic... It means... being close to God... to Allah... it has



nothing to do with food... it means... cleaning my body... my home... from all junk and poisoned food... and eat only when you are hungry and the best natural nurture from our mother... from earth... and this connection is the communion with God... the whole holy food from mother earth and our body goes back to be eaten by our mother earth... from dust to dust is our fast and feast...

Jesus gave us his body... it is a symbolic... eat bread... eat mother earth... this is our body... drink this holy water... it is our eternal vow to be one with our only one... with God...

This is our only nourishment... we are eating the holy energy... the light of God...

Eat then best food for your body

Wear the best clothes for your body

When the shoes fits you... you walk and you are free and you are light and in joy and you know your way... just know your choice... what fits you??? Your size... your color... your form... your desire... desire your needs... Desire God... Love... compassion...

Live on this earth but you are not from this earth... where are you from? Know yourself... by yourself...

When you are full of God... you may not feel the need to eat;... Look at the children when they are playing... no hunger... only the play... life is a game... is a play of peace... Fasting is not being with any dead... only with God....

Tale a deep breath... this is birth and a new birth... a new virginity... a new nowness... now is the only time and only place and space for ever lasting peace...

Who tempted us to fast?

You? The other? No...



It is our mind... no devil... no evil... only live...but our ignorance is our only enemy... the other is me... is my mirror...

God loves us and love is God... so how come compassion wants to hurt us?

Eat the last food when you are hungry... when hunger wants to eat...

Look at the animals... who is telling them to fast? Do they have a priest? It is an inner feeling... we are outer feeling...

Animals are still in contact with the earth... they feel what we don't feel... they know if any earthquake is coming... or any change in the weather...

If we feel any pain... any disease... fast... the energy will cure us... just feel your body and give it what it needs... move with nature outward and inward and dance with this harmony...

When nature wants you to fast, fast, when nature wants you to eat... eat...

Rather than fasting many days... just for one day or two days... not more... yes you can for ninety days... but what happens to your body?

Listen to your body... eat less... don't put dead foods in your stomach... do not weaken your body... keep it strong... this is your vehicle...

We have to use it in a very loving way... I can't live and love and laugh without my body... so let us have the best nourishment... The best bread...

Once a rich man decided to build a temple to Vishnu, so that devotees of Vishnu could worship their saint...

But only a few came to the temple..



So he decided to put the picture of Christ instead of Vishnu...  
Now only few Christians came... and he changed it to the  
Muslims... Now only few Moslems came and no one else...  
He wasted all his money and for what? Temple... mosque and  
church... and he pleases no body...  
They are still fighting and killing each other...  
Finally the man decided that he would have nothing to do with  
any house of worship... Instead he built a tennis court and a  
health club and many people came from all sects of religions...

Serving everyone is the religion of God... work for everyone and  
worship the ONE in us and every where else... This is the only  
sacred food and the only sacred fast and this is that lives and  
lasts...

Food for the body mind and soul... this is the feast for our  
being forever...

Who loves me?

Only love?

Who is love?

Love is God?

Who is God?

God is me and me is we and we are one and this one is the  
existence and I am an atom of this existence... a drop of water  
from the eternal ocean... and on and on but the truth is not in  
saying it but in being it...

I am love and love is I. This I is in the ocean and in the drop  
and in God and show me where there is no God!!!

God is not a name. Not a noun but a verb... Godliness in us...

When I know the drop, I know the ocean.

When I know the grain of sand I know the desert..



So unless I love myself I love no one... once I live love I live the  
Godliness in us...

No one loves me unless I love myself...

Once I love myself... I expect no love and no life from anyone...

The other is my mirror...

The other is my soul brother and soul sister...

Why be a beggar?

I am an emperor

The small i and the big I are one with the oneness...

What is this oneness??

The nature of day and night is one

And war and peace are one... desire and desirelessness are  
one...

Peace is war-inactive

War is peace-active...

The nature of man and woman is one...

Woman is inactive, passive man

Man is active woman...

That is why they attract each other, because if you take them  
in themselves they are halves...

If they become one then the whole is created... both meet and  
become one... that oneness is the search...

Let us see the two eyes... this is a great secret in us...

These two eyes are not only the visible eyes... they represent  
the male and the female in us...

When the male and female energy in us meet this is heaven...

Jesus is saying... when your two eyes become one there will be  
light

This is the ultimate orgasmic experience

It is a glimpse, a glimpse of the meeting of the man and the  
woman...



The polarity, the positive and negative in us... the day and night... this meeting is the explosion of light...  
This is the flight of the alone to the alone...  
That one is the great one... in the Sufis it is Allahu Akbar... God is greater... greater than any seeing...

When we are one with our inner and outer one... we are aware of who we are and what are we here for and how to be... just find out your first step of the trip...

Is there a problem??

A king wanted to appoint a prime minister... four great thinkers of the country were called... they were put into a room and they were told that the door was going to be locked and the lock was not an ordinary lock it was a mathematical puzzle... "Unless you solve the puzzle you will not be able to open it and if you solve the puzzle you will be able to solve the lock and open it and come out..."

The one who comes out first will be the prime minister... He went out and closed the door... three persons out of the four started immediately working... they had brought papers and they had brought a few guide books and they started working hard...

There were a few numbers written on the lock... they watched the numbers and started working out the problems... The fourth simply sat in the corner... the three others thought that he is mad... he was sitting there with closed eyes and after few minutes, went to the door, pushed it and went out...

The others were so busy, they did not even see what had happened...  
He came back with the king and he became the prime minister...





The basic step was to find out if the door is closed or open... and it was not locked...

Yes that was the trick... the door was not locked...

How to be aware is any situation and ask the right question...

Where does the right question come from?

From our thirst...the thirst will guide us to the river, to the well... let your thirst be your first step to your trip...

### *What is thirst?*

It is the foundation of the truth... it is a question of life and death... see a man lost in the desert and no water and so thirsty... it is not an intellectual question for him, it is his life and death...

His whole being is thirsty not only the mind or the stomach... each cell is calling for water...

When truth is enquired after with such tremendous energy, with such intense passion, with such heat, it is not far away... that very heat burns the barrier between us and reality... that very passion proves to be a fire... in the fire the ego is reduced to ashes... and the moment the ego disappears, God, truth is... from passion to compassion... this is witnessing...



## *The Painter and the Prince*

There was a painter who was asked by a prince to do a painting of Jesus knocking on the door of the human heart... The painter worked two years on the painting. He wanted it to be his master piece, when he was finished he brought it to the court and place it in front of the prince, the prince looked at it...

At first his face lit up, he was beaming and the painter was pleased... But gradually his expression changed as he looked more closely at one part of the painting.

He frowned... his lips quivered...

The painter grew worried... finally the prince spoke...

"It would be truly and wonderful painting, but you have made a terrible mistake, look at the human heart, and body...

You left off the door handle, the painting is ruined... where is the hand of Christ? Why not knocking at the door? Why not opening the door?"

The painter smiled and said...

"Oh... your highness... Jesus is always at your door... but the hand of the door is in your hand... is inside the door... you open to him and he comes in... he does not force himself at your home... it is up to us to chose... do you want Christ to come is?.. so... open your door... he is always at the heart gate..."

*But how to open the door?*

Just by trust?

Trust myself...

Trust life...

Trust existence...

Trust in trust...

This is the first step of our trip... trust in life... let us share this gift...



Let us live this choice... what a grace to live our trust... are you  
thirsty? Are you ready?  
Let us trust...



## *Trust in Life*

There was a very famous Sufi mystic, Shaiq was his name... an Arabic name... it means... brother... Shaiq trusted God so deeply, so tremendously, that he lived only out of that trust...

Jesus says to his disciples "Look at those lilies in the field... they don't work yet they are so beautiful and so alive that not even Solomon was so beautiful in all his glory"

Shaiq lived the life of the lily... few people lived this way... The trust is so infinite... so absolute that there is no need to do anything... God keeps doing things for us... He is writing these words... He is reading them too...

I think that I am doing this work but this is not true... God is our parent... our life... our nurture and our power... so why worry??

Trust Allah...

Yes! Trust God and do your work... work from your heart... do what you love and money will come...

This is what trust is... Trust in life then you cannot lose anything...

### *How can we have this total trust?*

Trust does not come by order... by doctrination, by education, preaching, reading, studying, thinking... it come only by experiencing life in all it's opposites... in all it's contradictions... in all it's paradoxes...

This trust is the balance in our being...



This is the meaning of the cross... the point of the balance... let thy will be done...

Trust is a perfume of balance...

If I really want to attain trust, I have to drop all my beliefs...

I don't believe in believing... how can I believe in water? I drink it... I experience it...

A believing mind is a stupid mind... a trusting mind has pure intelligence in it...

A believing mind is a mediocre mind... trusting is going into perfections... trust makes us perfect... whole and holy... be yourself... trust yourself...

My beloved me...

I am here to love myself...

Unless I love myself I love no one...

If I love myself, myself starts opening it's doors to me...

If I love, mysteries are revealed to me, secrets lives in me...

If I love my body, I will become aware of the being in my body... of this secret that does not die... that is eternal...

If I love mother earth, I see the real farmer... the real father of this treasure... the real creator is in every treasure... I see His signature in every seed and seen...

*Oh love, how can I trust this love?*

First step is... let your trust be total... then love and trust are one icon... the you experience your own God... the Godliness in you not the God of Christ...

Yes! God is one but each one of us will experience this mystery in a different way...

The paths are many but the truth is one... remember, it is not only you who are seeking truth, truth is the only one who is seeking you...



The ocean comes to the wave and to the drop of water...  
First trust yourself and then trust others, out of the self-  
trust, trust arises...

### *How can I trust myself?*

No God can help you to trust yourself...  
Jesus... Buddha... Mohammed and all who knew what trust is...  
they meditated...  
Meditation is the only key...  
Now-here I am a meditator... every breath with awareness...  
with witnessing... is a meditative step...

Who is writing? Who is reading? Who is breathing? What is a  
breath? Where does it come from? Why I am sad? Why I am  
bored? Why and why and who and who... keep peeling the onion...  
this is my only trip... layer after layer I become a seer and a  
knower...

Once I know one seed... I plant it in my soil and soul...  
One seed turn the whole earth green and I trust my tree...  
This is my experience... my living life... my knowing the  
unknowable... the more I know the more I know how much I  
don't know...

I don't seek the truth.. the truth is seeking me too... I lost my  
mother and I am looking for her... she is looking for me too and  
she knows me more than my knowing to myself and to my  
mother...

The ocean knows the waves and the drops... but do I know the  
drop? I am only a drop of water... the drop of water is part of  
the wave and the wave is part of the ocean and we are not  
apart...



This is the way to experience myself not to believe in other... I don't follow any belief... it will disturb my... I want to wear what fits my size... what dances with me... this harmony is my way to my own experience... I want to feel thirst and be what I feel and drink what I desire and what I need and greed...

Who am I is the only knowing...

This is the way of trust...

Trust your thirst...

Trust your quest...

Out of self-trust, trust arises...

Do I trust myself? Why no? Why yes? Am I right or wrong?

Do I love myself? Can love and trust dance together?

Can two doors see together?

Let us go in to ourselves and see if love or trust will put us in the center... just cross in from any door... come in to the center of the circle...

First, who are you? Who is the other? Who am I? who are these people who cannot trust themselves?

Something has gone wrong somewhere...

Our first step...

Do I have a very very very good self-image?

I will share with you my own experience...

I had a very very very bad self-image until I started looking inward... why I am in pain? Why I am sad? Who am I?

It took me years in searching and seeking until I faced the cancer...

Cancer is the answer... where to go? Where is the healer? I want to live... why cancer is growing? What is dis-ease? What is the cause? Where is the cure???



When you are ready, the answer is ready...  
When you are thirsty the water is in the cup and wake up...  
The book of macrobiotics came to my hands and to my heart  
and here I am sharing with myself and my trust all my thirst  
and my hunger to know more and more of our inner treasure...

We are the mystery of God... we are the truth that is seeking  
us... the hand of God is so near to our hand... just one touch...  
Just one trust and you are no more in lust or lost...

*Oh my beloved God...*

*I need to trust but how can I start this step?*

Self-trust is the only trip and hop... trust what Jesus is telling  
you... what every master is whispering in your heart...

No one of us is less than the creator... the creativity is alive in  
us... it is eternity and divinity... just be who you are...

The Godliness is within each one of us... when you say Oh God...  
of you call God... what does it mean?

Yes! That's it...

God is so near in us... in the core of our being... so near... why go  
far???

My mother loves me... I love her too...

Nature nurtures me... me too...

This is the law of love...

Giving is receiving...

The mother and the nature is only a door to existence... once I  
see what I see... I trust what I see and I will be what I feel...  
and this is the way to the spring and the flower keeps on  
flowering and flowing and dancing with every other...

Yes my friend... if the first step is beautiful, I trust all the  
trip...





Trust is light, doubt is darkness... if we have doubt, then we will decide for trust... the greater the doubt, the greater the need to trust...

Do not fight against anything... you become fanatics... you create a false trust... if someone says... I love you very much... I love you very strongly... I trust in you from the bottom of my heart... I miss you very much...

Something is wrong...

Love is enough... trust is enough  
Love is God... Trust is God... It is not a quantity

This is emotion and not compassion...  
I love you very very much... this is a trade... a quantity...  
I trust very very much in you... Something is wrong in this saying...  
You cannot love more or less... trust more or less...

When I say much... behind this much there is hate... there is anger... there is jealousy... to hide it, you have to show your over-enthusiasm... this is emotion...

This is false love... false trust... false compassion...  
If I love myself... I love every self... one who loves Christ... loves every one and every tree...

So let us be clear and face our feelings... face our doubt... face our fear... face our love...  
Do not repress any feelings but face it and analyze it... watch every layer and you will wake up and full of trust and love and compassion...



This is our birthright... this is our being... this is who we are...  
God is in us... this Godliness is all over and in the core of my  
heart...

Watch all the children... unless we are a childlike we are not in  
love and in trust...  
Trust mother.. trust nature... trust myself... trust life... trust in  
trust...

Trust in something we are born with... so is love... so is  
compassion... so is truth...  
So why lie? Why doubt?  
Every child trusts but as we grow, doubt arises... doubt is  
learned from parents... society and schools and all others...

Many of us believe in God, but deep down is doubt... and the  
trust is fake because it is on the periphery and the doubt has  
reached almost at the core of our being...

When doubt is not there... only trust is... when hate is not there  
only love is... when emotion is not there only compassion... when  
false is not there only truth...  
let us be who we are...

yes... we are a star... and not two stars are the same... not two  
nows are the same... not two breaths are the same... not two  
steps are the same...

But trust is the same...  
Trust flows from our inner treasure...  
It is not of the body... not of the mind...  
But of the being...



The being has no identity... it is a divinity... it is a divinity... it is in tune with the truth... our being agrees with it... we are one with the ONE... the only truth there is...

This is truth... if something is wrong, it falls from my being... it does not belong to our truth... it does not fit...  
Yes my friends...

Where am I now?

I am in the flight going home...

Do I trust this now?

I am in a box flying in the air and going from land to land...

Where is my home? In the plane? On the planet?

What is my plan?

Are we tourists?

Are we travelers?

What am I doing?

What kind of being am I?

Who am I makes a difference... yes... we are a light... why light?

We are on this planet which is a plane too but we have a mission and what is our vision?

My vision is to plant peace... one peaceful world is my only dream and my only vision...

But do not be serious in any planting, just play... be a child... do what you love... I will not lie from any reason.

A woman asked the priest sitting beside her on an air flight...

- Father, may I ask you a favor?

- Of course... what can I do for you?

- Well, I bought a very expensive electronic hair dryer for my Mom's birthday... the dryer is unopened and the customs will confiscate it... is there any way you could carry it through customs for me? Under your robes perhaps?



- I would love to help you, dear, but I must warn you: I will not lie...
- With your honest face, father, no one will question you...

When they reached the customs area, she let the priest go ahead of her, the official asked:

"Father, do you have anything to declare?"

"From top of head down to my waist, I have nothing to declare!"

The official thought this answer strange, so he asked, "And what do you have to declare from your waist to the floor?"

"I have a marvelous instrument designed to be used on a woman, but which is, to date, unused..."

Roaring with laughter, the official said...

"Go ahead, father..." Next!

This is a great smart way to say the truth for both sides... How can we lie in light??

Love does not lie

Truth does not lie...

Trust does not lie...

Kids don't lie but lives what they love... so why not be a childlike? Why not trust our birthright??

I have a lover... he is my master... He is in me... put any name...

Christ... Mohammad... Buddha... or any lover who lives within and without... Now-here... just relax and surrender... total trust...

What do you do when you swim?

Yes! You trust the water... you become one with the water... you don't grab the water... if we are stiff and tense we will be drowned... if we relax, the river will river us... will take care of us... so can we trust God?

Can we die now... unless we die we are not alive...



Yes! This is the miracle of the cross...

Let thy will be done... and this is the resurrection... total  
truest... look at the dead body... it floats on the water...

The alive person died and was drowned by the river... why?  
Because he was fighting... the river was the enemy... he was  
afraid, he could not trust...

The dead person is totally relaxed... just like a child...

Surrender means you don't think of life as an enemy but as a  
lover... life lives me... dive and swim in life... no one lives me  
unless I love myself and relax in this self and trust in this  
truth...

Life is a river... a living lover...

How do you want to love the lover? The living river?

Either you can fight or you can float...

Either you can push the river and try to go against the current  
or you can float with the river and go wherever the river toes...

The river know the way... don't put any goal or any aim... It is a  
way of life... simply surrender... relax... trust... don't fight...  
accept... do not believe in any God...

Belief is a wish... a desire... do you believe in the sun? Why No?  
Because you know it... you see it... so is the tree and the star  
and all what we see and touch...

A seeker asked a master

- Do you believe in God?

- No...

- I came all the way to see you... I thought that you know him...

- Yes I know him... but I don't believe in him...

Once you know!! What is the point of belief? Belief is in  
ignorance... it is a mind stuff... I don't believe in believing  
I know the unknowable...



The word belief is ugly... It does not show trust, it does not show faith... it is the opposite of faith...

Trust knows no doubt, belief is repressing doubt, it is a desire... it is fear and ignorance... Once you know yourself, you trust existence... You trust life... you trust trust...

Oh beloved lover...  
How can I meet you?  
You are the only one who loves me...  
How can I live with you?  
How can I love you?  
Where are you?

Yes you are my master... my lover but how to see you? Do you love me? Do you trust me?  
Oh... I feel so lonely... I need someone to love me... who loves me? Where are you?

Listen! Just be still and know that God is not in the mind... not in the head... not in asking and begging... just be still and know God is in the heart...

Do I have the thirst and the desire to be??  
Just be... now be... do not think... do not ask... do not feel... just be still and know who I am?

The master knows perfectly well when somebody comes with an urge from the heart, with an urge that urge that he can shake his whole life for but he will not turn back...  
Only those few people attain the fulfillment...

The door of heaven is very narrow... one by one go in... only the chosen few... Osho came for the chosen so is every Christ and



every prophet and every master... when I am thirsty I see the water...

Every one of us has the thirst, the potential, but the right time, the right place, the right experience makes all the difference...

No pain no gain... our misery is our mystery... cancer is the answer...

What is my feeling now? What is my hope? Why not hop in the ocean and live the risk of life and death?? Life is an adventure... I don't have the potential to jump in the ocean but is it the right time?

The more intense is our urge, the smaller is the distance... if my thirst is total then I see the water... no need to go to God, God comes to us...



## *Keep Swimming*

Last summer, on an extremely hot day, there were two frogs out in the back field, they were very thirsty... Suddenly they noticed a large bucket full of white liquid... It is milk and frogs love milk... So they hopped into the bucket of milk and began to drink... it was heaven... they drank down a whole lot of milk... After a while the bigger frog, the more anxious and pessimistic of the two said... "Hey, wait a minute... we are in trouble... how are we going to get out of here? There is no way to jump out... We are down low and the walls are sheer... we are going to drown..."

The little frog being optimistic said... "We will figure it out, just keep swimming."

So they continued to swim... soon the bigger frog said in a panicky voice... "Look buddy, there is no way out of here, we are doomed, why even try?"

The little frog answered calmly... "Come on, we will think of something keep swimming..."

Finally the bigger frog said, "I can't stand it any longer, nothing is happening... I am giving up..." And he stopped swimming and sure enough he went glub, glub, glub... right down to the bottom of the bucket...

The little frog just kept swimming round and round in a circle, sure that things would get better...

And as he swam and swam he noticed that it became more and more difficult to move his legs... He was facing more and more resistance... the milk got thicker until it turned into butter and he perched his little feet on the butter and hopped out of the bucket...





This is deep trust... not in the milk or the bucket but in the frog with existence... keep swimming...  
Life is by living... we are here to experience our mystery not in the lab but in our heart...  
Let us live who we are...  
Let us love who we are...  
If I don't love myself who is going to love me... but if I only love myself what for I am alive??...

What is a deep love?  
A deep trust?

A great mystic, Milarepa, went to his master in Tibet... he was so humble, so pure, so authentic, that other disciples became jealous of him. It was certain that he would be the successor...

And of course there was politics, so they tried to kill him... One day they said to him, "If you really believe in the master, can you jump from the hill? If the trust is there, no harm is going to happen."

And he jumped without any hesitation... They rushed down to the valley and he was sitting very happy... he opened his eyes and said... "You are right, trust saves"... They tested his trust again...

When the house was on fire, they told him, "If you love your master, you can go in."

He went in and saved the woman and the child who were left inside...

He became more and more radiant...

One day, while crossing a river, they told him... "You can walk, why be in the boat... you have great love... great trust... walk on the river."



And he walked...

The master saw him walking on the water... "What are you doing? It is impossible?"

"Not impossible at all!!! I am doing it by your power, sir"

Now the master thought, "If my name and my power can do this to this ignorant, stupid man... I have never tried it myself" So he tried... He drowned... nothing has been heard about him after that...

Even a fake master, with deep trust, can change your life... it is my trust in my trust... in existence...

And even a Christ may not be of any help... It depends on you... on me... on our awareness... on our trust...

Trust is born out of love, and if you find that you cannot trust, then you have to work hard... This is what I am doing all the time... my past is very heavy... a great burden... I am carrying a great cross... I have to clean and clear all the darkness..

I need to feed my soul... love is the food of my soul... food is the need for my body... the daily bread but the breath and the trust...

Trust is prayfulness... very subtle... I feel it when I am with my beloved... I have no fear... no anger... no hate... no worry... but a great adventure... a great treasure...

Trust is the bridge between me and existence... me and my beloved... the presence of my beloved is the womb and it is my new eternal birth...

Yes... trust in Christ... let him kill my past and my future and live this new now... new birth... a new resurrection...



Trust is the only way to my way... If I trust life, then there is guarantee...

In my trust is my only life...

My only guarantee...

Trust can arise out of love not out of fear...

I trust you because you are like me or I trust you because I trust trust?

I will share my fear with me and you... I live alone.. no one with me... but as a body I am alone but not lonely... I have Osho in my being... but as a person... as a mind... as a body... I feel free... who is going to take care of me?

I have all what I need for now and for one month... do I know if I live an hour after this moment? No...

So why fear?

But it is here... in me... this fear is here because my trust is not total...

Is not whole and holy...

I need a soul friend... a silence of a being near by...

I have few of such souls but no one near...

I am waiting for a collage to be done for me in a village where I have a soul sister... I am waiting...

This waiting is my dream... my vision... let us wait...

While waiting what am I doing?

I am who I am... not doing... but being in my cottage... my inner sage... I am not alone... alone as a body but not lonely...

I have all what I need to keep living my desire and my greed...

Yes! I desire to be myself... yes I greed the best seed in my soul... one seed turns the whole earth green...

Whenever I look I see my lover... but the desire and the greed to be with a free being... a free rebel... next door... not far



from my desire... Jesus sent two of his disciples not one and not three...

Two of us... we interdepend on each others... no dependence and no independence... but dance together and gather and wonder and wander...

Hold my hand and use my wand and let us wand for ever and ever...

Yes! This is our thirst and our quest and quench...

Let us trust trust

Let us do our best and expect the worst... if good come r bad comes... be yourself... keep walking... yesterday is a history

Now-here is the only space and grace...

Now-here or nowhere else...

If our trust arises out of fear... you are far and never here... never near and no one to listen and hear...

I have heard...

Mulla Nasrudin climbed into a barber's chair and asked...

"Where is the barber who used to work on the next chair?"

"Oh, that was a sad case." The barber said "He became so nervous and hopeless over poor business, that one day when a customer said he did not want a massage, he went out of his mind and cut the customer's throat with a razor... He is now in the mental hospital... by the way, would you like a massage, Sir?"

"Absolutely!" Said Mulla Nasrudin.

Out of fear we can say "Absolutely" but that will not be trust... Trust is born out of love... and if we find that we cannot trust then we have to work hard...



Yes! I have a very loaded past, wrongly loaded... I have to clean it... I have to clear it...

This is the meaning of holding and carrying my cross and follow myself not any other... not any Christ...

Be yourself... be myself... who am I makes a difference?

If I don't love myself... I love no one... love the other and yourself...

The other is my mirror... we are one with the ONE...



## *The Keys to Trust*

*The* keys to heave... The keys to love and live...

In the beginning there was God...

He was love... light... laughter... peace... compassion... bliss and name it all...

One day He created creation and as part of it He created human beings in his own image, that is out of his own substance...

There was only one problem... these beings were able to merge back into him...

And again God would create human and human and human would merge back into God, everything would be perfect again and God would be bored...

What can God do?

Watch movie? Play internet? Go shopping? Watch news?

God called a conference of all the angels he had created to help him manage things...

"We have a problem" God began... "These humans are so smart that they merge right back into me as fast as I create them... I want to watch them grow on their own pace... what can we do?"

One angel had an idea... "Let us hide the keys of heaven, then the humans won't be able to merge back"

"Good idea but where to hide them?" asked God...

"Let us hide the keys at the top of the highest mountain, humans will never get there" Said another angel...

"No" Said God. "It won't work. I see Hillary at the top of Mt. Everest."

Another angel spoke up... "Let us hide the keys at the bottom of the deepest ocean."

No, No said God, I see Jacques Cousteau and a little robot submarines with TV cameras... it won't work either...



Another angel said... "Let us hide the keys on the moon"  
"No, No... I see high tech and route nine eleven... These humans are so smart..." Said God...

All the angels started to get panicky, as middle management tend to do when the boss is not happy, they started to come up with more smart suggestions... what did they say?

Let us hide the keys in a pint of Chocolate ice cream... or in drugs... in alcohol, in shopping, in travel... in power... in beauty... in sex... in money... in politics... in education... in relationship... in marriage... in and in....

"Stop it..." Said God... "Not in any of these games... they will tear each other apart... I have got an idea... we will hide the keys of heaven in the last place these humans will think to look."

Where...? Where? Asked the angels...

And God continued: "They will be searching all over outside themselves. We will hide them in their own hearts..."

It will be the last place they will think to look..."

And since then... we are running around the earth looking for happiness... when am I going to go in??

Go in...

In is our only inn

When are we going to go home?

Where is my home?

Where is the one that does not die and ready to welcome me?

Why do I go to the grave?

Why don't I go to the grace?

What is my choice?

Shopping? Social gathering? Watching TV? Working for money? What am I doing?



Let us stop reading now...  
Sit down... close your eyes... Take a deeeeep breath... be  
grateful you are still breathing...  
Take off your mind... go inside...  
Be still and know that you are with God... the Godliness of  
existence...

My beloved us...  
We are one in breath... one in death... one in trust... one in love...  
one in birth... one with eternity and infinity.  
From death to deathlessness...  
We are never born... we never die... we are visiting this planet  
earth... We are writing and reading this word...  
This wordless word...  
This stillness word...  
This stillness... this silence,,, this nothingness...

Oh... yes... just trust and take a deeeeep breath...  
You breathe in, then you exhale, are you afraid of breathing  
our?  
You trust... you trust it will come back...  
This is what trust is...  
If you exhale, you trust in life...  
Trust is a very innocent phenomenon...  
Belief is of the head... trust is of the heart...  
We trust life because we are out of life... out of light... out of  
love...  
We live in life... we go back to life... life is our source... more  
and more life... the river is rivering  
Life in living...

So why be afraid?  
Why cling to the breath?  
Jesus said... don't cling to me... you simply live your life and  
share it... giving is receiving...





What is a belief?

Beliefs are man-made...

Trust is God-made...

Beliefs are philosophical... trust has nothing to do with philosophy... once you trust... you relax... you surrender...

Clinging shows that you don't trust life...

Every evening, Mohammed used to distribute whatever he had collected in the day... All! Not even a single penny would he save for the morrow because he said that the same source that had given today, would give him tomorrow... why save? Total trust to God...

But when he was dying and he was very ill, his wife became worried... so she save five Dinars, may be we need a doctor... or a medicine...

Near about midnight, Muhammad opened his eyes and he said... "I feel a certain distrust around me. It seems something has been saved."

"Oh, excuse me, but thinking that something may be needed at night, I have saved just five Dinars" Said his wife...

"You go out and give it to somebody" said the prophet... She said, "In the middle of the night, who is going to be there?"

"You just listen and let me die peacefully, otherwise I feel guilty, guilty against my God... And if he asks me, I will feel ashamed that at the last moment I died in deep distrust... you go out" Said Mohammed...

The wife went out, unbelieving of course, but a beggar was standing there...

She gave him the money and asked forgiveness...



When she came back, Mohammed said, "Look, He manages well, and we need something, then a donor will be standing outside the door, don't be worried!"

The he pulled up his blanket and left his body, relaxed totally clinging to anything, shows distrust...

If we really love, love is enough... no law... no money... no others... no clinging...

Total trust in trust...

Why do we go to the court to get married?

Yes! It means we don't trust in love...

We trust more in the law, in the police... in the society... in the tomorrow... This is our doubt...

Even when I think in love and live it... doubt is in me...

Doubt is clinging... is holding... is fear...

Trust is total surrender... to whom?

To the source from where we came and to where we go...

We are the wave and the ocean and in the ocean... the wave trusts the ocean... what can a wave do except that?

Non... trusting is anxiety... if we trust, we flower... we bloom... we celebrate... life is a celebration...



## *The Deer*

The musk deer is a small animal inhabiting central and eastern Asia... Near the naval of the male, there is a special gland which produces a delightful odorous secretion known as a musk, used in perfumes...

This secretion is designed primarily to attract the female deer. The male himself is so intoxicated by it's aroma but he can't figure out where it is coming from...

When he was a baby deer, he assumed that this aroma is coming from his mother, then as a youngster running through the meadows, he catches the aroma of the divine essence from time to time and he thought it is through the wind from all the plants...

As an adolescent, he watched his father posturing on a beautiful hill and once again thought that this smell is coming from power and status...

While munching flowers or sipping sweet water he catches the odor of the musk and concludes that it is also connected with food and drink...

As he matures he finds intoxication in the company of the female deer and when he spends his days in all kinds of activities he thought that the good smell comes from the wind... His desires become more and more scattered and lost...

One moment he is chasing after food and the next is sex, power, recreation, this way that way, until finally he collapsed and hid head hangs down until his nose is at the naval...  
And what happened?



Just when he least expected it, he experiences the most beautiful aroma that he has ever had...

How knew that what he has been seeking all his life it has been coming from his own being all along...

The pearl is always inside the shell...

How to go inside the shell? How to go inside the wall? Where is my will? Where is my way?

The wall is not outside, the wall is inside me... wherever I go, I carry my wall... when I am alert I feel it when I am not alert I don't feel it...

But the wall is inside me... the wall is my ego... it protects me by putting me in a prison...

What is the protection?

Who is my enemy?

Yes! Ignorance is my only enemy... in-me is my enemy...

When I close my door... no friends and no enemies are in... I am dead all by myself... by my ignorance...

Life is an adventure... life is risky... the more you are alive, the more problems there are... this is how we grow and glow...

The ego is our wall, it does not allow anybody to come in, but this security is deathlike... it is the security of the plant inside the seed... the plant is afraid to sprout... who knows what happens...

Let us trust existence... let us be who we are... we are the light and the love and the laughter...

Take life as a beautiful joke and we are in the middle of it...



## *Life is Only a Joke*

One man was suspicious that his friend was with his wife...  
he asked him...  
Did you sleep with my wife last night?  
Not a wink... I do sleep with my wife, but with your wife I stay  
awake and aware and how can I sleep with such beauty??

\*\*\*\*\*

One man came home and he was trembling so much, so drunk,  
he could not manage to open the lock...  
Finally the policeman saw him and came to help... can I help you  
sir? The drunk said: "Yes! Just hold the house steady, there  
seems to be such a great earthquake..."

Yes my dear friends... let us remember... you don't stop  
laughing because you grow old...  
You grow old because you stop laughing...  
Let us grow up... not grow old...  
Let us wake up... not make up...  
We are not a person... not a mask... but a being... let us face our  
original face...

Who am I? Why I am here? Who loves me?  
What is love? What is lust? What is trust? What is truth?  
The answer is in the question... in the quest... in the thirst... let  
us trust our thirst and go to the river... go to our inner  
treasure...

I am sharing this gift only to us... my smart friends...  
If I said I figured it out, I'll not be telling the truth, I had to  
look at the answer...



See if you can figure out what these words have in common...

Banana  
Dresser  
Grammar  
Potato  
Revive  
Uneven  
Assess

Let us look at each word carefully... yes... it is sooo cool  
Answer: No, it is not that they all have at least 2 double  
letter...

Answer: In all the words listed, if you take the first letter,  
place it at the end of the word, and then spell the word  
backward, it will be the same word...

Yes... share a banana... ananab and a potato... otatop... what is  
the wisdom?

We empower our intuition... the left and the right side of our  
brain and we face the unity in our being...

Find your words and worlds... life is a play... we are here to  
play...

Let us play with Moses... yes we can play with any friend...



## *How Moses Got the Ten Commandments*

God went to the Arabs and said:

"I have commandments for you that will make your lives better."

The Arabs asked, "What are commandments?" And the lord said, "They are rules for living."

"Can you give us an example?"

"Thou shall not lie."

"Not lie? We are not interested."

So he went to the blacks and said:

"I have commandments."

"Give us an example."

"Honor thy father and Mother"

"Father? We don't know who our fathers are. We are not interested."

The He went to the Mexicans and said,

"I have commandments."

"Give us an example."

"Thou shall not steal"

"Not steal? We are not interested."

Then He went to the French and said:

"I have commandments."

"Give us an example."

"Thou shall not commit adultery."

"Not commit adultery? We are not interested...."

Finally, He went to the Jews and they asked

"How much it costs?"

"They are free"

"We will take ten"



Life is not an order... not a commandment... not by force... but by choice and this is the grace of our original face...

We came out of our mother's womb to be alive in this great dome... and this is our daily home but not the eternal one...

When I was in the womb... it was very comfortable... the ultimate in comfort...

No anxiety, no problem, no need to work... sheeeeer existence... The mother breathes for the child... the mother eats for the child... but life is always in the wild...

Life is now-here... outside the womb... to stand out and live the pain... no pain no gain...

When we move into the unknown world... it is ecstasy...

When the bird breaks the egg and flies into the sky, it is ecstasy...

The ego is our egg... get out of all protections... shells and walls... then we will attain the wider world, the vast, the infinite... Only then we live... and we live abundantly...

To be or not to be...

Yes to be is our only being... breakthrough all the doors and all the walls...

When there is a will, there is a way...

Find your own way and fly high... trust your wings... trust trust... trust in life... life is adventure... life is exploration...

Yes my beloved reader... I am reading my feelings... I am writing my flowing... we are one... no one is alone... we are alone and together... our aloneness is our ecstasy...

Ecstasy is our very nature...

Yes! I am alone but note lonely...

No beginning to us and no end... from one peak to another peak... it is an eternal trip not trap...





Life is a mystery and the mystery never ends, it cannot be end... it cannot even be known... and this is the secret and the joy of life...

Yes! There is an end to my body, but not to my being, not to my real me...

All what we see is pure... there is no impurity anywhere... all is Allah... go beyond the confusion of the mind... go beyond the shadow and see the original face not the masks...

Claim your birthright right now... nobody else is responsible except you... claim it! It is yours...

Let us ask for our true nature...

Ecstasy is our very nature... not to be happy is nature... It needs great effort to be sad... to be miserable...

We are going upstream... that is what misery is... bliss is flowing with the river... we are the river... just trust and float... the river takes you to the ocean... the river is already going to the ocean...

Life is a river... don't push it and you will not be miserable... go with the flow... now... at this moment... say and see...

We are one with this river at-one-ment with the one...

Do not wait any more... just trust and jump in the ocean...

Life is with people

We are not alone... to be with others is our challenge... this is the school of life...

There is a story about a monk who went into a cave for many years to pray and attain forgiveness...

After several years of deep prayers, he sent word to the people in the town that he had attained the state of peace...

The people gathered around and the monk came to give and talk... In the crowd a woman stood and questioned him.



"Excuse me brother, but do you mean that you are beyond all your emotions?"

"Yes my sister" said the monk...

"Really, you never experience feeling upset or angry?" said the woman...

"No my friend, I am in perfect peace..." said the monk...

"But really, I mean it is hard for me to believe you never feel angry." Said the woman...

"How do you dare to challenge my word? Who do you think you are?" Screamed the monk...

In that moment he realized that relation-ship is a teacher... it is how to relate with myself and with every self...

Do I love myself? Do I love this now in me? Do I feel the life in my feeling?

Am I in ecstasy now?

Every child is born ecstatic but later made miserable... why?

Joy is natural... it is for all of us not only to great sages... but to all ages...

Where is our love?

Where is our joy?

Where is our ecstasy?

Why the society is against it?

The civilization is against it too!!!

Why?

Why society depends on misery... pain... sickness... why using us for wars... where is peace???

Society or humanity?

Who is more important?

Who is serving who?

Now we exist to serve the church... the politicians... the wars... the culture...



Joy is dangerous... a happy man does not go to war... does not kill... we can control only miserable man... an ecstatic man is bound to be free... ecstasy is freedom...

Let us be a rebel... let us be free... let us live our feelings... let us be who we are...

A rebel is one who wants no rule in the world... love is beyond any law and any rule...

A rebel is one who trusts nature, not man made structures, who trusts that is nature is left alone, everything will be beautiful...

Nature has no government... no rules... no rulers... we are supporting the enemies... yes... all the rules are our own enemies... we are choosing our own prisons... this group or that group... this party or that party and we live apart from life... apart from freedom... we are slaves...

Why we are interested in becoming powerful over people?  
Deep down we are powerless and we are afraid from the others so we attack them... this is our protection... so why not kill the other before they kill us??

Once you know what freedom is, you will never become part of any society... any church... any sect... any club... any party... your being shall become a door to freedom...

We are all victims to ignorance... let us be a victor... it is time to wake up and be who we are... forgive the past and be in the now... this moment is the seed for the future... this seed is the tree...

One seed turns the whole earth green...

Every seed is a tree... what a mystery...



## *Where is the Power?*

A man decided that in order to show the world he is brave fighter, he would have a picture of a roaring lion tattoos on his shoulder...

The tattoo man started to prick on his skin but he yelled in pain and asked...

- Where did you start? What part of the lion?
- The tail
- Skip the tail

Then the tattooist turned to the lion's ears... again the man screamed of pain and said "The ears are not necessary, skip them... then he began working on the lion's belly... do we have to show his belly... this is not necessary too... skip it..."

At that, the tattoo man put down his needles and sent the man away...

Why? You know why...

The seeker must be patient with the teachings no matter how painful they are and you will reach to the source of strength that is beyond the mind...

We are all a dual... double divided... good and bad... front and back... no animal can laugh and be ecstatic only man... even the rosebush with so many beautiful flowers is not ecstatic like Jesus...

Nature is a fact... no rejoicing like the enlightened being...

All what we see is light from the source of light... existence is light but the soul is in us... we are the family of God... only man knows what freedom is... what love is... what trust is... what joy is... what life is... this isness is the existence in us... we cry and we smile... we have the freedom of choice... good and bad... this is our dignity...



Let us live our choice...

Let us be our choice...

Let us be the grace and the bliss... why war? Why killing? Why pain? Why misery and poverty?

We are not beggars... we are emperors... we are a royal family... the family of God...

We live in hell and in heaven... in the valley and on the mountain... we share pain and pleasure... we keep moving between these two infinities like a pendulum...

Yes! Let thy will be done... but our will with the will of God...

We are connected... and once we are full and no more greed... we go beyond our mind and we desire the truth... the godliness in us... the Christ consciousness in us... the real being... we are beyond words...

I am who I am plus God in me... with me...



## *Plus God*

A lady was going to build a school... a meditation place... she was a poor woman but very loving and serving... The whole town gathered and she talked ecstatically... "A great Church... a great home... a great mosque... a great place for peace and oneness has to be built here on this spot... it is place for all the orphans to come and live... whoever does not know God is an orphan..."

The people said... "Good, your dreams are good, but from where is the money to come?"

The serving lady pulled two small coins from her bag and said... "Don't be afraid, money I have got"...

She had just two small coins, so the people laughed and said: "Mother, we always knew that you are a little too innocent, with these two small coins you cannot purchase even a brick and you are thinking to build a great place for peace?"

The mother laughed and said... "Yes, my hands are small, my coins are small, but you don't see God is with me... Two small coins plus God everything is possible..."

And on that spot stands a great place for peace... one of the most beautiful on this planet... she has the trust in God...

Where is God?

Yes in our heart... but do I live what I say? Do I see what I say? Do I trust this truth? Why I am not aware of who I am? Why I am begging love from others? Why so much pain from others? Do I deserve such people? Where are the good ones? Why I am a victim?

Let us remember this story in us...



## *Bits and Pieces*

People... people important to you, people unimportant to you cross your life, touch it with love and hate and move one...

There are people who leave you and you are so glad that they left...

There are people who leave you and you wonder why they had to go away and leave you alone...

Children leave parents...

Friends leave friends...

People change, change homes, people grow apart...

Enemies ate and move on... you think on the many who have moved into your hazy memory... you look and you wonder and keep on walking and wandering...

I believe in God's master plan in life... He moves people in and out of each others lives and each leaves his mark on the other...

What is this lesson?

We find that we are made of bits and pieces of all of us...

All who have touched our life and we are more...

Yes! You are more because of such touch... you would be less if they had not touched you...

The good ad the bad are my wings... the day and night... the ups and downs...

This is the creativity in us... the creator is creating us in every breath... in and out... life and death... born again now-here and in every now is a great

VOW AND WOW...

Pray to God and be grateful that we accept the bits and pieces... in humility and wonder and never question and never regret... but accept...

Yes my friends...



To be happy is dangerous...  
To be yourself is dangerous...  
Go and dance and sing on the streets and see what will happen...  
The police will come... to be ecstatic is dangerous... to be a child  
is dangerous... to be a child like you don't go to any Church or  
temple... you are a jewel not a pebble... you are an emperor not a  
beggar...

All the politicians have a great investment in our misery... if you  
are miserable they are happy...  
A happy person feels God everywhere... but the blind one keeps  
asking "Where is God? Please show me..."  
Where is the real religion? Not in any book and it is in any  
look... look and throw the book...  
Look and be what you see...  
See and feel and live what you feel...  
Life is an experience in the being not an experiment in the lab...  
just be your being and this is who we are...  
Pure religion will arise in the world when people are happy... look  
at our children... let us be a childlike not a childish...

All what we see in every religion is only a pill... an opium pill...  
they console us... tomorrow in heaven you will be happy...

Now-here or nowhere else... take a deeeeeeeep breath and go  
beyond any religion... go in... in is our only inn... this is our only  
book... our only being to be...

Yes and yes!

There is a conspiracy between the priests and the politicians...  
they are two sides of the same coin... they help each others  
and they are all interested in you remaining miserable  
So they can exploit us... go to war... kill... be a martyr... in the  
name of freedom... Jesus... Islam...





In the name of this and that you are already dead...  
Only miserable people go to war, because death is better than  
their life...  
Who wants to live with a Hitler..?  
With a Bush? With such Arabs?  
When we are miserable, death is our only freedom...  
But who is responsible? Yes, me... I am the one who is after all  
this misery...  
Listen to your heart... to your being...  
We have to understand why we are here... why war exists?  
How can I drop this idea out of my mind right now?  
Hold it, watch it, and drop it... we are conditioned to be who we  
are now... erase the past and the future... go in... meditate... who  
am I?...

Peel all the layers of the mind... join the meditation group...  
read any book you love... just be yourself... no religion... no  
sect... no law... no country...  
But exist in the existence... Love yourself and all what you see...  
dance and sing and work what you love and live what you work...  
Let your life be a reality not a hope... now is my life in this  
breath... do not listen to any one, only to your being... be  
yourself... know yourself... just be your birthright... your  
childlike... your innocence and your grace...

Today is all that we have... now is all our wow... if you want to  
live, it is now or never...  
We are born with all what we need to be happy... to be alive...  
but society made us slaves... be yourself... be free...

Happiness is our nature not our achievement...  
Animals are happy without any money... they have no political  
power... trees are still blooming... the spring still sings and  
dances and showers us with flowers and fragrances... they pray  
and worship without any church or books...



God comes to them in the wind, in the rain, in the sun, in the night... in the dawn and in everyone...  
Nature is happy... why not me???

Only man is unhappy, because man lives in ambition and not in reality...

Ambition is a trick... a trick to distract us from life... to be what society wants us to be...

Money, power, fame and much more are symbols not realities... are human projections not human objects... just dreams projected by a miserable mind...

If you want to be happy you will have to drop out of the symbolic... to be free of the society... to be the courage itself... to enter the real kingdom... do what you love... trust life...

Only the real is real... the symbolic is not real... How did Jesus live? How did every prophet and every Khalifa live? Why not us? Why not me?

Yes... me too... do what you love... money will follow...

Our daily bread and breath is alive forever and ever...

The rain is raining... the river is rivering and we are an eternal pilgrims for life...

Let us be who we are... existence is the only key for our home... and the journey is endless, the door itself becomes the universe... becomes the cosmos... no beginnings and ends... an eternal journey...

Yes... let us read any page... any book that our heart loves... I read only Osho... this is my only addiction... one page... one sentence... one seed... and jump into inner treasure... inner meditation... an effort to jump into the unconscious... go in... in is my only inn...



Meditation flows, and goes on flowing and flowering forever and ever...

Now is the time for this jump... take the risk and jump in the ocean of death... until you die to the past and the future you do not live this now-here... do not wait... do not postpone the truth...

Feel any object you see it now... a rose flower... feel it, be still and know that God created it... weep... cry... laugh... dance... this is you too... all what I see is me... we are one with every one...

Remain with the rose... see it, feel it, smell it, touch it, close your eyes and let the rose touch your face, your heart, be silent, be still and know that God is touching you... Children can do it and be it... be what you see...

If you love someone, you forget the world and only see the lover... this is what love is...

Love is God... Love is meditation... Love is beyond words... Osho is my only object... my only love... my only freedom... Osho is no more a body... no more a book... but any look... I love to forget the whole world and myself and see and feel and be my only lover as the only power... the only light and life and laughter... and after this step... will come the no object... the no feeling... the absolute vacuum of nothing remains... the nothingness...

This is our nature... our pure being... our godliness...

We need objects... we need sticks but not to be a sticker... just be... this being is beyond mind... beyond any level... any Christ... any prophet... any God... but the godliness... the existence... the Samadhi... Alrahmah...

Yes... compassion is the highest peak of God... the godliness in us... this is Nirvana... the total aloneness... alone but not lonely...



We are one with the ONE... the experience of Brahman... B-Rahman...

Truth is one is different cups... let us wake up now... it is so easy yet so difficult... when we say

LA ILAHA ILLALLAHU

There is no god but God...

It is the only truth... we witness it... we way what we see and who we are... but is it from my lips? A lip service! Or from being??

This saying is the art of removing the hindrance between me and me... between the self and the self... between the part and the whole...

I am one with the creator... with the creativity... with the divine unity... divine trinity...

Self... soul and spirit...

Yes my soul friends...

Truth is simple and easy... it is a joke... a laughter... just let go... let God be in our being... let us see this ecstasy... let us live this forgotten language...

Jack was home form collage for the holidays... one day he asked his uneducated mother if he could tell her a narrative... His mother, not being used to such big words, asked him the meaning of "narrative"...

A narrative is a tale... jack said...

That night, when going to bed, Jack asks his mother if he might extinguish the light... she asked him what is extinguish...

To put out... Jack said...

A few days later Jack's mother was giving a party at home, the cat came in, mother said to Jack... "Jack, take the cat by the narrative and extinguish him."



A tale of Jack is a tail to his mom... so watch our what we are saying and what cups we are using and enjoy it any way all the way... life is a joke...

Let us live simple so that every body can simply live...

Stalin was giving Moo Zedong instructions in practical communism...

"Comrade" He said, "How would you make a cat eat chili pepper?"

"There are two ways" said Moo, "I could force it down him or I could stuff a fish with the pepper and give the fish to the cat."

"Wrong" replied Stalin, "It is not compatible with our ideology... the first method is coercion, the second deception. You know we never coerce or deceive the people."

"Then how would you do it?" asked Moo...

"I would rub the pepper on the cat's tail... When this started to smart and pain... the cat would turn around and lick it's tail, thus eating the pepper voluntarily."

Who does this to the people?

Yes my smart friends... politicians of all kinds... they are so kind with us and we are the tails...

So let us be who we are... we are the tale of existence... listen to our inner story... inner mystery...

Not our misery... let us celebrate our life and dance our choice... I said celebrate not celibate... don't miss it... one letter has it's own power... it's own treasure... let us be who we are...

Who I am?



## *The Bee and the Elephant*

Once there was a bee who was young and strong and full of the hot blood of youth...

One day he was flying blissfully from flower to flower sucking nectar, he kept going farther from home forgetting the time... He had just flew into Lotus flower... and the time of sunset the lotus closed, the bee was trapped... he had a sharp stinger and could easily have pierced through the petals and flew away, but he was lost in his intoxication. He thought, "I will spend the night here drinking nectar and in the morning when the lotus opens, I will fly home... I will get my wife and my neighbors and my friends and bring them here to drink nectar... they will be so pleased, they will be so grateful.

Soon it was midnight, the young elephant came and started tearing down trees and plants and stuffing them into his mouth... sure he came to the lake where the bee was still in the lotus drinking nectar and dreaming about his future and the young elephant began to snatch the lotuses and a loud crunch "Alas, I am dying... I am dying... I am dead" and the bee is no more dreaming about his great honey factory...

All the bee's plans remained in the lake...

All his friends remained in their homes... his wife was still waiting and the bee was inside the mouth of the elephant...

Like that bee we are going farther and farther in this world, imagining that we are making greater and greater progress, not realizing that we are leaving our source behind...

Every day the elephant of death comes closed, but we never notice his foot steps...

What am I doing now?



I am sharing my love with any one who wants to play with me... I have no expectations with any one... only myself... and very very few friends... the book is my best friend and whoever is on the same path, we are fellow travelers not followers to any religion or any group... or any party... but friends with our inner treasures...

We are so blessed if if if we have a book that we love... and a soul friend near by...

My only wish and dream to have you near by... to be in a commune of love and trust and joy and name it... to be alone but not lonely... to do what I love and every work is worship... to plant peace not war... to be who I am... and who I am makes a difference... thank you for reading... one day we become the word...

Once I know the word... I go beyond it... it came from silence... from stillness... from existence...

Silence is the mother of all languages... but the silence if the grace not the silence of the grave...

The silence of God... the God in us... the godliness in every place... the only religion... the religiousness of our being... our birthright... we all came from the same ocean... the drop and the wave we dance... we play and we go back to meet and merge with the ocean...

We are one royal family... we have all what we need... why are we lost in greed???



## *God's Religion*

King Akbar asked his prime minister "Who is greater, me or God?"

Without hesitation he said: "You are."

"How can that be?" the flattered king asked...

"Oh your majesty... if you do not wish to accept someone, you can banish him from your kingdom very easily... But how can God banish any one from his kingdom? Where can he send him?"

Most religious people are like Akbar, they accept only those who belong to their religion and banish everyone else, but if a religion excludes anyone then it is not the religion of God... of Allah...

Allah is all-pervasive... so whom can he reject??

God accepts everyone and every religion belongs to Him...

"I am the worshiper of the ONE who is in everyone and in everything"... this is the only saying and the seeing and the being of every enlightened...

The weakness is in me... my ignorance... I am lost in lust not in love and not in trust...

Now-here... I accept the one who hates me and I accept the one I hate... why put walls in between... why not be like a child and keep playing in our toys and trust Allah??? Trust in us... in existence...





## *Love for Prayer*

One day a man went for a ride in the forest... when it was time for prayer, he spread his mat on the side of the road and began to pray...

While he was praying a woman passed by... who is this woman? Earlier that day the woman's husband had gone into the forest and did not return yet and she was very anxious about him... She went out to search for him and was walking very fast, preoccupied by her concern... As she hurried along she happened to stop on the man's mat, he was furious, but could not say anything until he finished his prayer...

He looked at her and she was hugging her husband and hand in hand started to walk home and soon they reached the place where the man was shaking out his mat...

When he saw them coming towards him, the fire of anger came up again and he shouted at the woman. "What kind of person are you? Don't you have any shame?"

The woman was astonished... she did not know what she had done wrong... she was not even aware that she had stepped on his mat... "Will you please tell me what happened?" She said... And he yelled "Don't you remember I was trying to absorb myself in the love of Allah... but you come along and stepped on my mat!"

"Sir, I am terribly sorry, I was rushing to find my husband and I was so absorbed in thought of him... That I was not even aware that you or your prayer mat were in front of me... but one thing puzzles me... you were praying to God... Who is so much greater than a mere husband... How is it that you were not more absorbed than me? How is it that you noticed me?"



The prayer does not change God... the prayer changes us...  
prayer is a healing power... prayer is losing yourself in your  
lover...

Yes my friends...

What are we doing now?

This is our prayer... if we flow from the heart we heal our  
ignorance... if we flow from the head we support our ignorance...

From heart to heart is our healing power... is our everlasting  
prayer... prayer has nothing to say... it is of silence... no begging  
and not asking... it is giving our being to God... losing ourselves  
in the divine... is listening to the godliness in us...

Prayer is absolute silence... no desire no mind....prayer comes  
after meditation... when you have done all what you can do...  
"Now what can I do..? Please help me!"

When you are in a meditative state the fragrance of prayer  
come flowing by it's nature, on it's own accord... it simply  
happens... it is happening... a **missing word** of love and trust...

Oh my friends...

The end of the papers... or the book is at the door... But we are  
not a paper neither a book nor any means but a great mine of  
jewels... If joys and jokes...

Have you seen any child born with a long face? Every child is  
born with a smile... a laughter... with a great joy which is ready  
to explode...

We destroy our joy... why can't we see Christ laughing? Why  
only on the cross? Why not playing guitars and dancing and  
being a human being like us?? We are all brothers and sisters  
in the same Christ consciousness... let us live our joy and  
rejoice it not renounce...



"Hary" asks the wife "If we have a four minute nuclear warning, what would you do?"

"Make love to you" answered Hary

"Yes" said the wife... "But what about the other three minutes?"

\*\*\*\*\*

A surgeon, an architect and a politician were arguing about which of their professions was the oldest...

Mine is, it began when God removed Adam's rib to make eve, said the surgeon...

My prof is older said the architect... it began when God created the world out of chaos... yes said the politician... but who created the chaos??

\*\*\*\*\*

What is the difference between communism and capitalism?

In capitalism man exploits man.

In communism Vise Versa

\*\*\*\*\*

Who is your father? A school boy was asked by Bush when he was in charge of America and beyond... and still is...

- Bush is my father
- And who is your mother?
- America and your political party
- Very good boy... Now tell me, what would you like to be when you grow up?
- An orphan...

\*\*\*\*\*



Let us be orphans now... let all the mafias of our soul be dead...  
let us wake up...

Why be slaves to any one? Do what you love... not for the salary  
or any slavery... but save yourself from such misery and salary...

Do what you love... money will follow... it comes to the stupid  
and to the smart too... but how do we use it? It is a mean and a  
mine... it is up to me how to play with the game and it's rules...

You are so right light... the last 29 days of the month are the  
toughest...

Waiting and waiting and we borrow and borrow for the  
tomorrow and the tomorrow is so slow... for getting and so fast  
for giving... yes... we can be free of such slavery...

A man who had been bitten by a dog ignored the wound for  
weeks, but when it did not heal, finally consulted a doctor...  
The physician took a look at the wound and knew that they dog  
has rabies... as it was too late to give the patient a serum, the  
doctor felt he had to prepare his patient for the worst...

The poor man sat down at the doctor's desk and began to  
write... the doctor said... "No need to make out your will right  
now" ...

"That is not what I am doing... I am writing out a list of people  
I am going to bite"

Yes my beloved readers... are we ready to bite? Are we ready  
to be? To ban? To band?

Take off your mind...

Let go off your worry....

And let us take a deep breath and sing any sound... yahooooo....

Yes... we are so blessed we are alive...



Let us bite the best piece of a chocolates... the best taste of what is at home... now in my room...

Let us dance and no one is watching and sing and no one is hearing and work and no one is paying and write and no one is reading...

No one is here only me... me with we... mewe... the other is my mirror...

All what I see is illusion... what is that which is... that which does not die?

Yes! It is in us... it is the power of love... not the love of power... it is in between the words... between the breath... that gap of silence of stillness in our existence... is our infinity and our divinity...

How blessed we are...

More words to come...

More jokes to smile...

And more stories to live...

The more is in our inner river... the river is rivering...

Thank you all for supporting this flow... this glow and this grow... no words to thank you...

On Sunday school the teacher asked little Jony.. "Tell me one of the ten commandments."

Jony said..."Don't omit adultery"

So let us commit as much as we can... we are adults... what else can we be???

The little Jony comes back from his first day at school... his mom asks him... "Well! Did you learn anything today at school?"

"Yes... I learned that my name is not don't"



Let us be who we are... let us do what we are...  
Let us keep playing together and gather and wonder and  
wander forever and ever....

Thank us  
Peace Pace....

