

Message 156

Paris Dec. 25, 2008 Merry Christmas

JOY (Anand)

William Blake wrote:

“He who kisses the joy as it flies, lives in Eternity's Sunrise”. But we try to bend our joys by entangling them with thought, holding them in memory with the expectation that they will retain their magic-spell upon retrieval and make future joys more joyous! And this does not happen, because the mind and the ego (the separation from life) get involved and degenerate the joy into pleasure. For experiencing of life to occur, experience of mind must be set aside. Joy belongs to life and is existential, whereas pleasure is of the mind and its structure of experience with all its bondages and burdens. Every act of joyful perception reveals the miracle of the New. Benediction then visits quietly, so gently that one is not even aware of it. One is of it, not as an observer. “I” is totally banished in this bliss. It is extremely tender and peaceful, enfolding one in an energy that is beyond all fault and reason. It is wordless ecstasy.

Shibendu was privileged to be in the autonomous Monks' Island Republic of Holy Mt Athos and Holy Forest in Greece, thanks to Bulgarian devotees of Kriya Energy – Intelligence. Entry is strictly regulated by holy bureaucracy and restricted to Christians only (90% must belong to Orthodox Christianity and 10% other Christians). Permission to Shibendu was almost miraculous as it was not expected at all. Perhaps aloneness is all-one-ness, nothingness is everythingness inclusive of Christianity.

Monasteries are gigantic, marvelous, elegant and prosperous. Food and facilities were excellent. We (Shibendu and four Bulgarian devotees) stayed in four Monasteries overnight and paid visits to two more. Precious wines were served in abundance everywhere. Unfortunately, Shibendu was not able to avail of this exciting hospitality due to his 'no-wine' conditioning. But his 'no-mind' is freedom from conditioning.

In one Monastery; a monk became suspicious about Shibendu's Christianity. He asked Shibendu to show cross in the body. Shibendu showed the “Thokar-kriya-way” with fingers. The monk was surprised, but Shibendu assured him that this is a much deeper Cross known only to a limited group. Next early morning, the monk came to our room and chanted melodiously hymns from Bible. Shibendu reciprocated by Vedantic chanting: “Shrinwantu Vishwe...” The monk was overwhelmed and he wondered which could be the text with such intensity!

Another person who became suspicious, advised my companion Bulgarian-devotees to take care of their 'souls' and not go to ruins by running into yoga!

Only in one Monastery, Shibendu met an elderly wise Greek monk who spoke English fluently. It was indeed a joy to know from him that the trinity in Orthodox Christianity is: Illumination – Purification – Deification. This is exactly like: Swadhyay – Tapas –

Iswhwar Pranidhan of Kriya Yoga or like: Saankhya – Yoga – Vedanta of antiquity.

Although the monks were soft-spoken, but there lurked condemnation nourished by their convictions and beliefs. They were suppressed and hard. The pleasure of their exclusive knowledge was obvious in their gesture and in the tilt of their head. Shibendu was not allowed to participate in the ceremony of the Ukrainian Monastery. They seemed to be gratified by their spiritual worth. They have the pleasure of hunting for what they call God. Obstinacy of purpose and absence of pliability were shown in their robes and in the way they held their bodies. There always lurked the fear of sensuality and no woman is allowed entry in this Holy Island of Aton (the highest mountain) of the white sea. First time in his seventy years, Shibendu spent several days without seeing the kind faces of women, but saw only men's faces with 'holy' forests of beard. But the pictures of the sweet face of Mother Mary and of innocent child (Jesus) were everywhere all over the island in thousands, as this picture is the popular Orthodox Icon ---- some of the big pictures were called miraculous icons with many stories about them. These were all studded with most expensive and glamorous diamonds, jewels and gems, perhaps symbolising mind's infatuation with greed, gratification, glorification and grandisement. Cows (being feminine) are not allowed in the Holy Island, but thank God, packaged milk is available in plenty in the markets of the Island. Monks resist women, but a woman (Mary) has conquered them. Revelation of Intelligence (Chaitanya) is neither in resistance nor in relaxation, but in Sakshi-awareness.

We can not get rid of our God & belief-systems, because we can not get rid of our "me". Riddance from "me" is also the riddance from "God". And in this supreme riddance is the resurrection of the Immeasurable, Unknowable. Fragmentary contents of our consciousness and the fragmentary process inside it must come to an end for the flash of Divinity.

To see every fact, not with words and conclusions, to see without thought, without distortion, brings about that energy which enables us to be available to every movement of life. Otherwise, the energy is dissipated in the movements of "me".

It is supremely still and very cold night in this suburb of Paris without the madness of merry Christmas gatherings of the Metropolis. A strange Otherness is **now here** with its immensity filling the room and everywhere around. There is the **Bliss of the Flame**.

JAI JOY