

Letter from a Seattle-devotee.

Dearest beloved Guruji,

I present a poem below which indicates my state: ---

*The cunning ego, mind and thought are one,
Their efforts block the heavenly sun.
Lurking round every corner in wait,
Luring our existence with wicked bait.
The fog of thought blocks out all light,
That would make existence pure and right.
I allowed myself a brief glimpse of pain,
Suddenly I filled with clouds and rain.
Focus on experience leads to so much sorrow,
I lost myself in yesterday and tomorrow.
Yet a voice from somewhere deep inside,
Whispered to me the sounds of swadhyay.
In tapas I dove without expectation,
And found, again, my jubilation.
These tears of joy are gems indeed,
Reminding it's the Kriya that I need.
This Kriya removing fog, ice and rain,
Enabling life and love to enter again.
Now I see, now I see – oh glory, oh glory,
How lucky I am to share this story.
Paramguru, you've never misled or lied,
And no matter how many times I've cried.
I find my way back to my love, my life,
Thus dissolving all sorrow, all strife.
There's no place like home, there's no where to roam,
There's no place like home, there's no where to roam.*

Just the thought of being “home” again (e.g. Practicing Kriya, both Swadhyay and tapas), fills me full of life and understanding.

Yours, as ever,

Letter to a New York-devotee.

Dear,

If we do not know what living is, can we ever know what death is? You have only ideas about living through psychological investments in and identifications with property, name, family, failures or successes, with concepts and conjectures gathered from others, with all things you have been and you want to be. You are made up of all that you have been involved with; and without all this, you are not.

Life has no beginning, no end. It is never born, nor does it die. It is existential division-less divinity. Life is not interested in any 'after life'. It is the idea about life, it is the silly separation from life, it is the illusion 'I', with which you are so obsessed --- that bothers about what happens after death. Life, expressed in a limited being, comes to an end. An inhalation has to end in exhalation which is a part & parcel of inhalation. Inhalation, therefore, can not be against exhalation. Life thus has to end in death which is a part & parcel of life. Life, therefore, can not be against death. It is the stupid little 'I', that is against death and it goes on speculating about 'states' after death with high sounding phrases and holy concepts, with pious and beautiful lies. There is no way your 'I' can know the unlimited, the unknowable Life which is Divinity. You have the instrument to know only the limited, the knowable. The question and the questioner would have been dissolved, had you listened during the Initiation. Even now, this communication is useless. You are perhaps too stubborn to understand.

Much love. Jai Guru.

Guruji

Meditation is the uprooting of the known. There is no concentration and, therefore, there is no distraction whatsoever.

Meditation then is a delight. There is no centre, no beginning, no ending!

Knowledge prevents entry into this movement. Experiencing in meditation is essence of immaturity. Every form of experience is in the net of the past and is thus in the bondage of time.

Seeing in meditation dissolves space and time is totally consumed.

Meditation is life (no-mind). Mind and its mania (no-life) is death.

Jai life