



Let Go and Let???



By Peace Pace



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Beloved mewe,

This is another game.. yes.. for the same aim.. we are changing
the cup for the wake up... a sip of wine.. oh.. I am drunk
already.. a sip of a sacred wine...

Let us sip and ship.. where to?

Let us go... where to?

To a new place.. a place where there is nobody...

Do you know the story of the nobody?...

A man met the king... an ordinary poor man... and he told him...

"don't look at my external look... not at my appearance.. but at
me and listen to me... I am greater than any king..."

"Only God is greater than the king." Said the King...

"I am greater than God..." Said the poor man..

"I am the nobody..." Said the nobody...

The silence... the stillness... was touched in the heart of the
king and followed the fakir... the Darwish.. the living nobody...

Where did they live?

In the grave yards.. in this grace... king Akbar lived...

Here no name... no title.. no work... here you let go and you let
God to be in our being...

Let us let go...

Let go of what...?

Right now?

Why have fear of the future?

Let us face our fear... what is the future?

We are always thinking in terms of future... how can I shop this
hop?... why do go there? Why I don't live here?

Is this the way of the mind? Yes! That is the way of the mind
to live... to prolong... to get nourished.

The future is the food of the mind...



The moment I become decisive about the present, the mind has started dying... it is the beginning of the end..

The end of the mind and the end of the mind is ... what?

Is the beginning of my real... existence...my real life... my real now-here..

Let me share with you my now-here...

I have all what I need a greed and desire...

I breathe... I eat... I walk... I hear... I have no debts... I have my daily bread and breath...

I have the book I love..

A great master in my life.. and the toys I enjoy.. as pens and papers...

What else do I need...?

And a TV Show where I can share my day and a web and a center for planting peace... Oh... how rich I am... who I am makes a difference...

My body is 74 years up not old and since 50 years I don't know what a pill or a doctor... I face some pains with fasting and eating heal meals and empower my faith and my trust in life...

I have very few friends... soul friends and no family and no soul life... my home is the poorest and the nicest... nothing to steel but to read and water the plants... thank you God for such a grace and it is my choice...

Let us live our choices... so why fear of the future?

Yes the mind plays the games and who winds?? Who is the master??

Past and future are one coin... one icon... tow aspects of the same problem... the past creates the future..

How is your now? Happy? So you want to live it after now... how is your now? Sad? You carry it on...

Let go of any now and live a new now... new you and new wow no matter how it is... it does not mind... go beyond..

Do not repeat the memory... my yesterday is deciding my tomorrow... is this my history? Is this my misery? History is the theory of man... his theory... why project the history? Why



live in a wheel? Where is my will? Am I a parrot? Why repetition?

Repetition creates a mechanical life... it reduces you to a robot...

The future has not to be thought about... it has not yet come.. we can only wail... we cannot project, we cannot demand.. we cannot ask how it should be... we can only wail..

We can be expectant... but without any expectations..

Barbara is about to undergo a minor operation.. she has been prepared and wheeled along the corridor to the doors of the operating room, where the nurse leaves her to check if the surgery staff are ready....

The nurse has just left, when a young man in a white coat comes and up to the trolley... lifting the sheet, he begins to examine her naked body very carefully... then he nods reflectively and walks away.

Then second man in a white coat comes along, lifts the sheet and examines her too.. but when the third man also dressed in white and does the same, Barbara becomes un-patient..

"It is all very well examining me, but when are they going to start the operation?" she said.

"I have no idea" replied the man. "We are just painting the corridor."

Keep waiting for the doctor..

She enjoyed the new touch but not the repetition... where is the new moment? The new feeling? The now-here!!!

That is how we go in the circle. If we like it we want it again and again and if not we carry it's sadness. Let us be watchful...

"Whatever is going to happen. I am going to be alert and aware and alive in it's totality."



That makes me a free being... this is what love is and what bliss is... the consciousness which is free from the past and the future becomes very simple and spontaneous..

A childlike innocence..

&

A grown up wisdom

So this moment will be tremendously intense and total, because this is the only time so your whole energy pours into it.. Now-here or nowhere else...

When I have a long past, my energy is spread all over it... any projected by the past is a long future.. my energy is spread all over it... no more energy is left to live this moment..

This at-one-ment with God... so let go of the past and the future and nurture yourself in this now...

What a beautiful breath!!! What a stillness music!!! We are so blessed... count few of your blessings...

It is far better to live a single moment of totality than to live for a thousands of years dragging, pretending, just hoping that something will turn up tomorrow.. but tomorrow never comes.. only now-here...

Now is the only present and now is the only meeting with God... his timing is Godly not earthly.. now is the only time to share our joy.. to be who we are.. to let go of our greed and be giving and enjoying our togetherness.

The angel of death finds Cohen and delivers him to heaven.. saint Peter looking at his files, asked him "Cohen, have you done any good in the world?"..

"Well, one time I gave a dollar to a poor man."

"I see, anything else Mr. Cohen?"

"Yes. Once I gave fifty cents to a blind man."

"Were there any other virtuous acts in your life?"

"No, that is all."

"Okay" says St. Peter, turning to the angel "Give this guy his dollar fifty back and tell him to go to hell.."

Let us let go.. but to where?? Let go of what??

Let go of any thing that dies... let us be in the eternal timing...

In Arabic and in Sanskrit we have the same word for both time and death.. this is a great insight...

Our earthly time is death.. the Godly time is beyond time... is Samad... is Abad... infinity.. it is an experience beyond time...

To live in time means to live in death... the moment time disappears, death disappears and eternity appears..

We are never born and never die.. we are crossing a bridge to another bridge.. a pilgrimage..

Just be still... be in silence and no thoughts in your mind.. time is no more.. place is no more.. no near and no far.. in one moment you are with existence..

At-one-ment

We live in the world of timeless..

The eternal world
The world of the absolute..

Jesus is asked by a seeker.. what will be the most significant thing in your kingdom of God?

And answer is amazing... Jesus says: There shall be no time.. there will be no past, no future, there will be only the present...

And the same is in the Qoran and in the wisdom of Mohammed and many others..



The present is not in time.. it belongs to eternity.. to madad...
in Arabic.. the beyond, the transcendental...

Now in part of eternity...

If we live in earthly ordinary time.. death is happening.. the
moment a child is born he starts dying..

It takes seventy or more years to die but he is dead any way.. a
slow death.. he had been dying and today the process is
complete...

So what is your time?

What does it mean to you?

If we meditate, we will leave the mind time behind.. the mind is
the source of time and death...

Though meditation, through watching the mind.. we can leave
death behind...

I am not the body...

I am not the mind..

Then who am I?

Eliminate all the non-essential... all that dies.. what is left?.. you
are right...

Life is the only living so why war? Why killing?

If we cannot give life to people what right we have to take
their life?

Life is the only joy and the only joke. If you are happy you
don't go to war.. you don't hurt others.. you share yourself..
you let go..

Sara is fed up with her husband that she is almost suicidal. The
next day she gets a letter says...



Hello there! This letter was started by a woman like yourself, in the hope of bringing relief to unhappy wives..

Unlike most chain letters, this one does not cost anything... just send a copy of this letter to five of your friends who are equally fed up....

Then bundle up you husband and send him to the woman at the top of the first woman and add your name to the bottom of the list..

When your name comes to the top of the list, you will get 16.500 men....

And some of them are bound to be a hell of a lot better than the idiot you already have...

Do not break the chain.. have faith! One woman broke the chain and got her own son-of-a-bitch back...

At the date of writing this letter, another friend of mine received 183 men.. they buried her yesterday.. but it took 3 undertakers and 36 hours to get the smile of her face...

Yes you are right... let go and let the joke and the joy and the laughter...

Laughter is the best medicine

And

The door to the divine...

A fool

I am one of the fools.. join the club and share your jokes.. The secret of the joke is... you can laugh only the first time because the whole art, the secret of a joke is the unexpected ending.. that is the whole secret... The unexpected turn...

The joke first moves in a certain line, and then takes such an unexpected turn that logically you are shocked for a moment...



You were moving along the joke expecting certain things to happen, and the what happens is not the logical thing...
Something illogical happens... and this what makes you laugh...

Logic is not fun.. it is serious.. let go the logic mind.. be a child.. go mad and fool and let the energy explode into laughter...

It is a certain tension and the jokes releases it..

Like is a joke.. a new joke.. a new laughter... the river is rivering not a repetition... this is the punch-line of the laughter... this is the trick... a new joke... a shake of no expectation... a moment of awakening..

Sometimes a joke can wake you up more easily than a serious verse because listening to a serious lecture you fall deeper into sleep... it is so serious that you can't be awakened by it...

Every king had a jester.. a joker.. we need a light joke... you don't want to miss it.. you listen to it attentively...

Be aware of mean and wicked jokes... and what the master does in between light jokes... yes! Goes on dropping a few dangerous things into the head and heart... Just small bombs, between the jokes!! This is the secret of the laughter...

Look at the churches, mosques and temples.. who goes there? Why? Why only old people.. dead and rotten... where are the young people? Why into night clubs and drugs?

This is why I go to centers where the master has jokes and verses... opens the head and the heart.. heals the whole holy being.. this is the sacred contract... this is how you like in kingdom of God...



Let go of your long face and be a childlike... an innocent being who dance and laugh and listens to the wisdoms of the sands and wisdom of the sages...

Let us live back our childhood... no hoods on our heads any more.. let us tell jokes and live it's wisdom.. life is our only dome... our only home.. each cell of our body laughs and each fiber of our being pulsates with joy.. and it brings a great relaxation...

Laughter is one of the best activity.. singing, dancing are also of the quickest... The most natural and spontaneous phenomena.. it is free kiss... keep in smiling sweet heart...

Yes... let us go.. where toooooo?

Miss Feelgood goes to see doctor Bones for an examination..
Get undressed says Bones..

Please doctor turn out the lights.

Come on now, I am a doctor miss Feelgood.. and he turns out the lights.. ans she says...

Doctor, where shall I put my clothes?

Over here, says Bones, on top of mine...

Salvador goes to see his doctor because his wife keeps on having children... doctor Fig gives him a condom and tells him to follow the instructions and his wife will have no more children...

A month later, Salvador is back.. My wife is pregnant again...

Did you follow the instructions like I said?

Sure, doc... it says stretch it over the organ before the intercourse, well we no got organ, so I stretched it over my violin...



This is the violation of all the repression that cause by the ignorance of the priests and the politicians and all of us...
We are victims of victims.. be a victor.. be a rebel... be a jewel...
be yourself... and enjoy your organ and your violin.. sex and songs and salute to all of us who are saving our joy and laughter...

Yes my friends... laughter is a grace...
What happens when you laugh totally? The laughter disappears in the total laugh... when you disappear.. God appears.. no ego.. no doer.. and the laughter is going on.. it is a great witnessing a great awareness... like a cloud of light surrounds you... you are no more the doer.. no more the dancer.. no more the singer or the reader or the writer... it is happening on it's own...

God has taken possession of you

Oh thou..
Iyyak.. in Arabic

It means.. I am no more.. you are the only life and light and love and laughter.. I m only a vehicle...a hollow flute...
A total laughter is not hysterical.. it is historical...

When you really laugh.. for those few moments you are in deep meditative state... thinking stops... it is impossible to laugh and think at the same time... they are diametrically opposites.. either you can laugh or you can think...

If you really laugh, thinking stops.. If you are still thinking, laughter will be just so-so.. lagging behind.. it will be a crippled laughter..
We are the only creature who laughs.. it is the highest peak of growth... what a grace!!



Laugh your way to God.. not pray your way to God.. if you laugh you love and you live and you relax... Total surrender to existence...

Laugh and the whole world laughs with you..
Weep and you weep alone.. and you sleep alone and you snore alone...

"Baby, which do you prefer?" whispers Funk to his girlfriend Claudia "beautiful men of intelligent men?"

"Neither, darling" say Moneymia "you know I love only you"

Hamish goes fishing and at the end of a long day he catches a tiny fish, not even big enough for one mouthful... Hamish is just about to kill the fish when it speaks to him.

Hamish! I am a magical fish and if you save my life I will give three wished...

"That is great dear fish"

But, continues the fish, "Because you are such a mean man, remember, everything you ask for, your town people will get the double.."

"Okay" agrees Hamish.. "I would like to have a fortune in gold."
Done! Gurgles the fish and so all your town people get the double..

And continues Hamish.. "I would like a dozen beautiful women for my pleasure..."

Agreed, gurgles the fish and two dozens for every man in the town..

"Okay" says Hamish grinning... and my last wish is for you to painlessly remove one of my balls?" ...

So let us let go of our brains.. we don't use it any way...

Laughter is an energy that cleans and clears our center and our circumference.. from inside out ripples start spreading.. just as



we through a rock into a silent lake and ripples arise and they start moving towards the source, in the same way real laughter arise from our inner core and moves towards our body.. just like an earthquake...

Each single cell of our body, each fiber dances in tune with bodymind and being and existence..

Life is full of laughter, full of ridiculousness...

Full of absurdities.. but if we are serious we will miss it all.. if we miss it all we miss joy.. happiness and like.. I said .. hapenis ... not a penis...

Let go.. and let God... the Godliness in up or in us?

Let us wake up and be who I am... let us go of all our "ifs" and "buts" never get hooked by this trap... make life simple.. live simply so that everybody can simply live... why so much complications?

If and but... creates great complexity.. why? Because we create our life through thinking.. if you say "If", then there will be an "il" ..

We are projecting hesitations.. we are creating our own world by thinking about it continuously..

Just now.. what am I feeling? Stop writing.. stop reading.. face your feeling..

Fear?.. anger?.. lost? Whatever it is face it... face it with awareness.. with why? And be still and feel the answer.. you know the why... you are a yes and a no and a stillness...

Be still and know

I am God

Let go of fear and guilt and ignorance. Let go of all the history of misery and be the mystery of

Now-here



Be here and hear your silence... the silence of the grace.. not
the silence of the grave... be brave and save your life
Now-here of nowhere else...

Now is the time to be born again.. be free and fly...

Ah... how can I be free?

By knowing that I am in cage.. open the door and fly... so
simple.. know yourself now.. where I am... I am free even in the
cage.. I still sing and fly...

I am not free even in the cage.. even in this big palace.. it is a
prison and all what I do is to please my boss.. or my mind.. or
my lust and I am lost...

List my heart!! Open the door of the cage and set the bird
free.. if it comes back.. he loves.. if she does not come back,
even in the cage it does not come to you... and does not love you
and does not sing for you..

So is the nature.. so is your friend and husband and wife and
every other.. no one loves me unless I love myself.. then..

Love the other as yourself.. the other is my mirror...
whatever I see is me.. this is the freedom, this is the love..
God is not love..

Love is God...

This is the freedom that lives in our inner dome... this is the
home that we lost and we have houses and building and palaces
and towers and so much high rise floooooors but no flowers...
Where are we going? Where I am now? Not my body but my
being?

The body is a cup but where id the water rivering?



Am I free to live my freedom? Do I know what is freedom?

Let us listen to our innermost core... what is freedom?

Do I need the other?

Do I need you because I love you or do I love you because I need you?

Unless I know myself I remain in need of the other.. and when I am with the other I want to be alone... what is this paradox??

Life is a paradox...

When you are alone you feel lonely.. bored.. oh I need the other.. as if I am only half.. where is my other half? So called a lover or a husband.. so I go to the other and soon a new problem arises.. why? Because the other gives me pain.. takes my space.. making conditions.. starts demanding and nagging.. oh.. he starts destroying my freedom... it hurts a lot.. let go...

What happens after the honey moon.. is it a moon or a moment?

Yes it is not a moon but a crescent.. and then more intelligent you are.. the shorter the honey crescent.. the other is destroying your freedom...

And suddenly you become aware that you need your freedom and you decide never to bother with the other.. and what we do?

A lady walked up to the policeman and said: "officer, that man on the corner is annoying my.."

"I had been watching up the whole time, and that man on the corner was not even looking at you" said the officer..

"Well... is... is not that annoying?" said the women...



Being alone is annoying and also being with the other too...
We decide never to bother with the other.. but again and again
we feel same pain.. I am alone but something is missing.. why?
Because my aloneness is not true aloneness.. it is loneliness.. it
is a negative state... I am free.. I am alone but love is not in me
and neither the freedom... I am looking for any touch from
outside... any feeling from the other...

Dr. Bebos is doing his monthly turn at the infant clinic. A
woman with a baby is next in line.. he examines the baby and
then asks the woman... is he breast fed or bottle fed?
Breast fed doctor..

"Strip down to the waist" orders the doctor.. she does and he
examined her.. he presses each breast, increasing and
decreasing pressures.. he squeezes and pulls each nipple..
suddenly he remarks: "No wonder this baby is so thin, you
don't have any milk."

"Naturally doctor, I am his aunt, but I am glad I came." She
said...

The baby needs the touch... go to any monastery and look at
the faces of the monks and the nuns, their life is ugly and
stinks and no fragrance and no light.. no dance, no joy and no
song.. their energies are stuck, they are no longer flowing... for
the flow the other is needed, without the other there is no
flow...

The majority of humanity are slaves and we use each others as
a commodity and of course we hate slavery and we resist it and
we fight for it...

The real light is deep down.. we are asking for freedom.. we
cannot say it clearly because we are all victims of such
ignorance... our freedom is destroyed...



Adam is the boss and Eve is living the cross... but what is inside?

Old Daizy Smith dies and shows up at the pearly gates.. she is let in by Saint Peter who told her: "You can just settle down anywhere you want."

"Well, I would like to be with my husband who has been dead for many years." She said

"Okay, what is his name?"

"John Smith"

"We have hundreds of such names.. is there anything about him that would set him apart?"

Daizy thinks for a while and then says "yes, there is.. he told me before he died that is I was ever unfaithful to him, he would turn in his grave."

"A-Ha" says Peter "I know him... he is the one we call Whirling Smith..."

In spite of all the loves and the lies we need the other... can we fly with one wing? Love and freedom are needed.. love is the food for the soul and also freedom is needed for the soul... and we have not accepted this fact yet.. the two wings are in love with each others, no antagonism between them.. this is the seed of the new humanity give the person total love and freedom.. do not sell your wings... whatever the society has done has to be undone... then you will be able to see the beauty of love and freedom together...

They are two aspects of the same icon.. men and God are coin... When there is freedom, love responds tremendously..

Love is God.. love comes rushing towards you... freedom is the foundation of life and freedom is the ultimate goal too...

freedom is the source and the goal... use freedom to become freedom itself... freedom from the self.. no mind... no me, only

freedom is me.. it is a paradox of life... I am the dance not the dancer... so freedom is God..

Anything makes us a slave is not true religion and it has nothing to do with God..

The moment you know "I am neither the body nor the mind".. you have become free.. once you live your love and your freedom, you are in the kingdom of God..

Unless we live our freedom we don't know who we are... we don't love the other as myself.. we don't do goods.. no freedom.. no love and no life...

Freedom is the courage to be yourself in spite of all the religions.. the only key to our freedom is Meditation.. be and

Missing line

Then you can discover yourself... meditation is the only key to our kingdom... do not ask "how to?".. now you are in it.. just be aware of this moment.. am I happy? Yes! This is it.. no? watch why... face your fear.. face your original face your fear... take off your masks... peel and heal all your wounds just by accepting yourself as you are now...

Now I am upset and angry and sad because of so and so... if now death came do I need to take my feelings with me? No.. so why holding to such junk...

Let go.....

And be grateful to this slipping... let all my pain go now and no pain no gain... but I face it and evoke it...

Barbara Bigbag has been to the market and is walking home carrying a duck...

A drunk comes staggering along in the other direction, stops and said: "Hey, what are you doing with that pit?"



Barbara looks at him coldly and replies.. "this is not a pig.. it is a duck!"

"I know" says the drunk, " I was talking to the duck"

Let us keep talking to our inner lock and luck... let us open all our doors and go beyond any bound.. any road and bored.. now is a great grace.. take a deep breath.. how many can breath like me? What a gift!! It is still free... yes polluted but we can clean it by our awareness.. thank you mother earth...

Yes my friends.. it hurts us when other insults us... gossips about us.. but what is the good side of this? It means I am still alive... someone loves me and remembers me... and I don't care if any one is with or against... do the best and expect the worst...

Do what you love and all what I do is for me... mewe is the only one.. so plant the seed that you need and you greed... gossip all what come to your lips.. all is lip service...watch and laugh and be aware of who you are and what do you want to share... a word is a seed.. use the seeds that we need.. the spring will come and the grass grows by itself...

Since Adam and Eve e are in the kingdom of talks... how can we walk our talk? And how can we chose the best words?

What is Christ talking?

What am I doing with his words?

Do we talk from heart to heart or from heat to head? Or from pocket to pocket? Why we are holding words and not living it's meanings?

Where is the real word? It is in us right now... not in the past and not in the future... watch what is going on all over the world...



The reality fades away and words take it's place... the word God is more important that the reality of God... the word love and the word peace... and we are killing each others for words... is this love? Is this freedom? Is this compassion? What are we doing? Is the word "Water" can heal your thirst?? The word water is not going to help... words are a utility for our reality... love is by living it not by saying it.. show me love... let me feel it and live it...

Now you are a new wine do not use old cups... have the best cup of the now, drink the best wine and water and throw the cup...

Words are only cups... when are we going to make up and let go of all the olds... let us grow up now... this is our birth right... born again with every breath... with every word that flows from our silence and stillness... yes you are right...

The really significant things in life can never be said through words... only through silence... silence of existence... silence of grace not silence of grave... love cannot be said... gratitude cannot be spoken of, prayers is bound to be a deep silence inside us...

Look at the words mother nature... do we understand it's prayers.. it's love??

What are we doing to mother earth? What are we doing to each other? Words are swords.. in the name of love and peace we are killing each others and this global bloodshed is only a question of words...

Truth cannot be said, the moment we say it we have already falsified it... truth is bigger that any word and any letter... it is so vast, vaster than the sky, and word are so tiny...



This is what real religion is.. beyond words and worlds.. the mind consists of words, the heart consists of silence, virgin silence.. unbroken stillness...

Look at the Bible.. it begins with a very strange statement... in the beginning was the word and God was with the word and God was the word...

This beginning of the Bible has led the whole western mind in a wrong direction.. what was before the word?

What was in the baby before he spoke? What is this silence? Who transformed the sound into words? The word can never be the beginning...

Yes.. the mind is the power who changed the sound into words.. the sound of the running water is not a word... the sound of the wind passing through the pine trees is not a word... word came much later.. this is why when Mohammed became enlightened he had no words to say...

The mind told him to read what he is seeing and being.. his silence became beyond words that he knows and sure enough he was supported by the mystery of silence and said OH thou.. not you.. or us.. or who are you.. but the unknown to me... the great secret.. so word came with man.. existence is silent.. words gives meaning to the sound.. words are our creation.. this is why we keep on fighting for the words... we see only the cup but not the water...

Existence is stillness no sounds... but silence.. and soundless sound... can you clap in one hand? Yes we do but no sound.. so in us we have silence and sound... we contain the beginning and the end the seed and the flower.. so what to do? Stop talking.. only short and sharp...



The moment we drop the words the mind becomes useless because it's whole function is to interpret sound into words, to create words out of sounds... hence there are so many languages in the world and this is the chaos... so many religions... so many sects.. the same water but in different cups and we look only at the cup not the wine...
Be drunk with the wine not with the cup... this is why we are the sound...

Yes my friends... the death of the mind is the beginning of meditation... then we fall in the sound first... and deeper than sound is the silence and deeper is the silence of existence..

No words.. no mind and no interpretation.. and this is the beginning of the end, this is the silence of the Zero... the center and the circle.. birth and death.. drop and ocean..
Why master and prophets never wrote books?... the spoken word has an alive quality to it... the written word is dead.. it is a corpse.. but if you read from your heart and see the truth in between the lines and words then you are not reading but being with the silence and the energy of the living sounds of every letter in us.. in our inner presence.. in our inner treasure.. we are the sacred book.. we are the direct contact with our consciousness and our awareness...

So let us find a living master.. his or her presence is overpowering.. before the word reaches you, the master has already reached.. he is already overflowing and overflowing in you.. words from Christ is not Christian but light that lits your lamp.. your heart beats with Mohammed... there is communion with the sage and the master and the Christ.. words come from his innermost core.. from heart to heart...

When you pass through a garden, even though you have not touched a single flower, when you reach home you can still feel



the fragrance of the garden.. your clothes have caught it, your hair, it has become part of you..

This is what mother earth gives us.. go to mountain and just sit still.. and watch your mind and you come back with different clarity and more peaceful.. this is the communion between us and the words...

So each one will feel and understand the sound as the mind wants... so better is to be in communion from the heart and not the head..

Oh! Time for a joke...

One day a Jew finds himself traveling in a train with the monk, mother Angelica and a beautiful young orphan girl...

Suddenly the train enters a tunnel with pitch darkness.. Then everyone hears the sound of a kiss followed by a slap across the face.. when the train leaved the tunnel, everyone looks at each other in stony silence.. mother Angelica thinks to herself.. "One of these fatty guys kissed my orphan, but she, being a good girl slapped him...

The girl thinks to herself.. "One of these guys tried to kiss me, but in the dark kissed the Mother instead and she of course slapped him..

The Monk thinks.. "That Jewish jerk kissed the girl and she slapped me instead.. what a bitch!"

And the Jew thinks to himself.. "I hope there is another tunnel soon so I can kiss my hand and slap that monk again..."

So everyone of us has different interpretation.. so is with all of us.. this is why nature does not speak any meaning... joy is joy.. water is water.. bliss is bliss.. kids are playing without any meaning.. laughter has no meaning.. truth is beyond meanings.. just let us live and laugh and love...



Once you start looking for meaning you become a calculator.. you become a mind.. you lose your being.. when you lose your being.. for example.. why did God create the world? What is the meaning?

Even if some fool can supply you the answer.. and there are many such fools.. listen to your heart and keep playing your life..

When fools ask, foolosophers answer...
Enjoy the word as you feel it..

An American goes to Japan on a business trip and meets a lovely young Japanese lady.. she cannot speak English and he has not known Japanese...

After dinner they go back to her apartment and he starts to make passionate love to her and all the time she was yelling..

"Tihi gochi.. ah tihi gochi"

He thought that she must never have had such a great love as himself...

The next day and a Japanese business men are playing Golf... half the game the Japanese hits a hole in one... not knowing any Japanese but delighted for his friend.. the American wants to show his excitement and cries out "Ah.. tihi gochi".. the Japanese spins around and looking amazed asked.. what do you mean by wrong hole?

So if you don't know the meaning it is still a joke to others too...

Kids say words and they enjoy it without any meanings... meanings destroy the joy.. the only meaning is our life.. why we are alive? Are we aware of our being? Meaning has disappeared from man's life.. now we stand very shallow and nothing seems to make sense anymore...



What is the cure of this world crisis? Either we die.. global war and new orientation.. a new life style.. with new contest.. a new meaning for our being..

Let go the bad and
Let come of the good...

New birth for a new future.. new seed for a new earth.. and now is the time to change... the old meaning is dead and the new is not born yet.. we need a real civilization.. we are in the gap.. this is a trap and clap...

Let us be a rebel.. a free being.. let us give a new meaning to our life, a new way to discover purpose.. all the old religions are dead.. new meaning to the religiousness in us... God is in us.. in our heart.. not in the sky.. let us move forward.. we are beyond the earth and also beyond the angels and let us listen to Christ not to Christians, to Mohammad and not to the followers and this is our path to know who we are... and why we are here...

In the last three hundred years from Galileo to Delgado, all meaning, all dignity, all purpose of man has disappeared.. all scientists say we should not ask the question..

What is man?

We should only ask what we want to make of him.. Man is a machine... we can make anything out of him.. What did Christ say?

What did Mohammed say?

What did Buddha say?

Why don't we listen to the beloveds of God? Why not watch mother nature? Look at the ant and the spider and the drop of water.. man cannot live by bread alone.. the science alone



either.. Man needs religion.. a new religion.. we can learn from the past and live a new light for the now.. A new kind of religion and a new kind of consciousness.. to live the religion of oneness with the one... to listen to the prophets.. not to priests and politicians.. to listen to our hearts not to our minds...

Man has the seed from God.. has the seed of infinity.. meditation is the only key to this truth.. this is the womb of the new humanity.. meditators.. a great meditative energy is needed.. it will be based on our existential experience..

Let us explore the meaning of our life...

Who I am make a difference.. this is the significance of our life.. of our grace and our choice.. let us face our original face.. let us dive deep in our divinity.. it is in us...

Let us go in.. in is our only inn...

Out is the journey of science, in is the journey of religion... and man has both...

The outer should be in the service of the inner.. then meaning arises.. when the inner is in the service of the outer, meaning disappears.. science is the door to the city of the soul... go in, be yourself and go out and share your joy...

There was to be a Christian party for the new baby... but before the ceremony, the priest took the new father aside and said:

"Are you prepared for the this event?"

"I think so" replied the father. "I have got, cheese rolls and cakes."

"No, no" interrupted the priest.. "I mean spiritually, are you prepared?"...

"Well, I don't know." Said the man thoughtfully.. "Do you thing two cases of whisky are enough?"



Each one has a different mind and meanings... who is asking?
The mind or the heart? The mind knows counting and the heart
feels the consciousness.. the intuition...

In the garden of Eden,, Eve was nagging Adam as usual.. "I saw
you playing around with another woman under the tree of
knowledge last night..." she screamed...

"But Eve! You know there is only you and me in this garden of
Eden" said the poor Adam...

"Don't lie to me.. I always know when you lie." Said Eve...

"Okay.. Okay.. then if you don't believe me just count my ribs"
said Adam...

Nowadays... no ribs.. no Libs... and no lips either.. all plastic and
all politics... we all use each others as an utility.. no unity and no
divinity.. only power of control for the sake of money...

Counting comes from the mind.. you can prove it.. but the
beauty of the rose is not from the mind so you cannot prove it..
it is a feeling.. a totally different dimension... the dimension of
significance...

Mind cannot create poetry.. cannot create love.. for that a
center exists in us.. the core of the heart.. when the heart
light opens up.. the whole existence of life is significant in us...
This is why man is the temple of God... the living Godliness on
earth and beyond.. beyond words.. beyond meanings...

Every now a new being is born.. take a deep breath and be
aware of who you are and this awareness is beyond words and
meanings...

Life is not by what do you do.. but by being who you are..
A being not a doing...



But now it is your work that gives you the meaning and the significance... what do you do? How do you do? You are a doing machine...

A workaholic.. what is your work? Are you here to work? Is our work is worship? Am I doing what my being live to be? What is the aim of my work? Is it my aim? Is it only for money?

I do love money but what for? Money is good too but do I know how to use it? For what? Am I here only to shop until I drop? Am I here to support the supermarkets and the malls? So what I am working? For my salary or my soul? What is work?

Work is not work.. And without work I am dead.. what will I do to be alive? How can I use my energy to the maximum potential? Am I a heat worker? A hard worker? Jesus is saying.. "If you have, more will be given to you... If you don't have, even that which you have will be taken away from you."

If I work hard I will get more energy.. hard means from my heart.. with love.. with awareness.. with care and this is meditation.. our work is our prayer... our worship just like breathing.. do it for money but it is not all.. let us get more pleasures... I love to write and this is how I show my love.. to whom? To myself first.. then to you.. and you are me.. me is we.. we share who we are.. we plant our seed and it will grow and glow.. let our work be our meditation...

I write, you read... I speak, you listen and together we empower each other with what we love and who we are and what we have...

How do you do?



It is a very ugly feeling mainly in the west.. we are a machine.. in primitive villages, work is taken to be almost a play, a game... a prayer.. a song from every hut..

At dawn you hear the call to wake up and go to your temple.. to your mother earth.. the work is joined with music, play and prayer.. and when we come back, tired.. we dance again and tell jokes and then fall asleep under the trees...

This is not a work but a joy.. a breathing life.. we don't look at the watch.. we watch ourselves... let our work be our life.. our challenge to change ourselves..

Right now-here.. I am pouring my heart to you my beloved reader and my neighbor is so noisy and bad smell from her kitchen and her high heel hammering on my head... what can I do?

Let this noise be a meditation.. just accept this challenge.. test your skill.. take it as a play.. take it as a situation in which your energy is put to test... and your whole skill is to be judged...

Just try and see what happens... be a victor not a victim.. everything is a challenge.. every time I win, I put a gold medal in my heart...

Oh.. the noise and the smell is annoying me... let me go down to my neighbor and see what can I do and be?

I told her how I am feeling and if there is anything I can help her.. we disturb each others and we help each other.. then we hugged and the better you are the bitter will come and this is how we grow and glow...

Do your best and expect the worst... if better comes back.. thank you.. If bitter come back.. thank you...

Life is a lesson.. life is our school... and everlasting test, a challenge... a way of growth..



This earth is a challenge.. accept the test... encounter life.. don't escape but respect and accept... the work is our zikr.. our self-remembering... Who am I? Why I am here? How am I doing or being my work?

Yes my beloved us... we are one... we are sharing our silence by words... we care about each other... If you are not here to hear me.. I am dead.. I am boned... so let us keep dancing and this nowhere is our holy day...

When you are in love... love will be in you... you are love... When you love something, there is no holiday... all your days are holydays... each day to me is Sunday... Ahad in Arabic... One with the one... it is full of holiness...

So am I writing? Am I working? No... it is happening... it is a flow from existence... the sun is shining for many and for none... so is the fragrance of the rose... so if there is nobody near by.. I keep watching myself and listening to this oneself...

We al all from one light and we are the light... why light? Why not looking at each others eyes? You are me... I am you... look at the pupil of my eyes... what do you see? Yes ... you see your face... I am only a mirror to you!!

We mirror each others... we help and heal each others... and we laugh together.

A man went on a safari with his wife and his mother in law.. one day he was lying in the tent when he heard a cry from his wife.. He jumped out and saw mama in law shaking her fist at a huge lion who was standing five feet from her and ready to move... "Do something to my mother" pleaded the wife in alarm "Why should I? That lion get himself into this mess... let him get himself out of it" said the husband...



He is right in what he wants to... this is his work... she is your mother but my mother in law... sorry in law... but not in love... no love any more only low bow and low blow... why bow to any one or anything? We are a free royal being... God is my mother and father.. in spirit not in body... in all what you see and feel and beyond... so why be a slave to any utility when you know your reality?

Each one of us is a divine divinity... just open up your heart and live the love...

Life is not a problem to be solved, but a mystery to be lived...

It is up to me to
LIVE
Or
EVIL

Live your choice... what do you want to be?

Prince Abdullah, a wealthy Arab oil ball, is being entertained at the white house by Ronald and Nancy Reagan... After he has been shown to his room, the prince calls Ronald on the phone and says "Hey, Ronnie, send me up a whore!"

Nancy heard this and is shocked and she demands that Ronald throw his out of the house... but Ronnie is afraid, so Nancy screams.. "Then I will throw the bastard out!"

In a few moments Ronnie hears the sound of furniture breaking and screams and curses... Finally the Prince walks into Ronnie's office... his face is scratched and his shirt torn... "Wow" says the prince. "That was some tough old bitch you sent me, but I screwed her any way!"



Enjoy it all the way no matter what is service or the work or the play... life is a play... so let go all the rules and the laws and the duties and let every work be a worship... not warship...

Can you believe it...

The shit is richer than the shitter... I just got a bill to pay for the municipality.. a thousand dollars for the sewage...

What if I am constipated? Then another bill for the water.. shit and pee and pay for it...

Why not live in the woods as before?? The shit was food to earth, now poison for the body and earth... so we eat more poison and we give what we have to our earth... and then the whole body goes to mother earth...

Let us rain again on this paper.. no rain no gain...

Let us shift and hit some seeds of wisdom, may be one day we read sift is happening... don't work hard to shit it out.. it will come out by it's own will... so if we have the will we have the way...

Oh my beloved us.. I want to share myself with us... we help each other and we grow together.. yes we evolve from innocence to Luminous... we are part of the whole but we are not apart...

Let us share our truth.. yes! Truth is not news, lies are news... Truth you can write on a post card and can only be said in parables...

One man went to a sage and asked.. just in short give me the very essence of religion, I am not a learned man, don't make it very complicated and don't give me many commandments... because I will get confused... you simply say one thing to me just a key word..

The sage said, then that word is LOVE..

You love and don't be bothered by anything else...



Let love be your goal... let love be your only commandment...
Let us love and forget all talks about love... lovers are needed
to create the peace that was meant to be.. If we love
everything falls in step of it's own accord... love is God and God
is love...

This is the message of Christ... Love others as you love
yourself... when you love... you live and you are alive and aware
and you forgive and there is no sin and no good and no bad and
no judgment.. Just be a witness...

Be aware of who you are. Who am I? unless this question is
answered... nothing is answered...

Yes my beloved we...

Why ware? Why not worship?

Yes we know the answer but we are afraid of knowing.. once I
know it.. I am the cause and the cure and the answer and the
responsible...

Why war? Why killing? Why more power and more money?
Money is good but am I using it for good reasons? For life??
You cannot live if you are trying to be richer... you will be
richer if you live.. richer is words not in swords.. just one word
is the world...

One word to live and it will be a great tree... yes myself.. just
listen to my inner silence.. we are all part of this existence.. we
are all one with the one.. are with the creator forever..

This is the joy of life.. to be alive with eternity...

The king and his friend were discussing life and the friend
asked.. "Sir, if you conquer Rome what will you do next?"
"Sicily is nearby and will be easy to take..."



"And what will you do after Sicily?"

"Then we will pass over to Africa and take Cartage.."

"And after Cartage?"

"Greece"

"And what do you expect as a reward from all those victories?"

"Then we can sit down and enjoy ourselves..."

"Can we not enjoy ourselves now?"

Instead of wasting time in making a living let us live the time now...

Life is not to conquer but to encounter...

We are to worship.. every act we do is a prayer.. is a meditation.. this is why we are here..

Allah gives all what we need.. why greed?? Why not see the source of our richness? Of our beauty??

Yes... we are creators too.. we can create a garden.. we can paint.. we are reading and writing .. we sing and play music and dance... to be creative is the only real prayer.. all other prayers are just empty rituals...

The only way to live with the creator is to create too.. to be a participant in life.. in his work... in his being.. this is the real life... we live day to day, moment to moment with the unity as all...

Whatever we do is our worship.. cleaning the floor.. cooking the food... farming.. any act is a prayer... is a quality... is an attitude.. is an awareness... so how to worship? Who will teach me how?

Only a living master.. a living Christ.. worshipping a dead master comes out of guilt.. a living master is a danger to our dead life.. he will destroy our ego.. we will be free and follow no one...



Christ is no Christian.. he follows no one.. why should I? so let us know who we are.. we condemned him as a criminal and now we worship him as a God... why are we doing this drama again and again?

Worship comes out of guilt.. wake up and be free.. truth is inside us.. just go in.. meditation is the key...

Worship comes out of joy not out of guilt... worship is away to avoid the master.. being with a Christ do you need to worship.. you just lit your candle and you are another Christ...

Being close to a master you become a master too and no more ego.. so let go of your ego...

Let go of your ego and you become another go...

Yes my beloved self.. be another go and go...

How to go? First step!!!

Face your ego...

What is the ego...

A child is born.. a child is like a balloon.. what can carry? Right now there is no air and then, by and by we inflate the balloon.. we already started when he was in the womb... by our thoughts...

From the first year to the seventh year we can keep him egolessly.. He exists in tune with existence.. he has no separation.. no clear-cut boundaries.. he does not know who he is...

Who are you baby?

Wonder and wander...



He does not know and does not compare... he does not fight ..
this is why his eyes are so innocent.. no tension floats there, no
anguish has arisen.. no fear...

Anguish came after we know... this is mine.. this is yours... with
the boundaries we are separate.. we are dead and we are in
anger and in danger..

"I am myself and no one else... I am the only one.. the only
body"

This is a false idea.. this is dead life.. false life..
I am part of the whole.. I am a drop from the ocean.. I am a
grain of sand in the desert...

You are not an island.. so how can there be death?..
From death to deathlessness...
This is why a child is deathless.. he can go and play with a
snake.. He has no concept of death.. he is so utterly innocent...

From when this courage comes? It comes because there is no
division...

A life of unity, uni-son.. that is why later on we go on thinking
with nostalgia how beautiful those days, those few years,
were..

Yes they are the golden age... but where am I now? In the
golden cage! In the palace.. in the house and in the office.. in
my dead mind ego...

Where are those days? The poetry...? The dance...? The joy?
The celebration...? always hovering around me from my
memories... my history.. my past.. As if the best happens first
and the shit later and for ever... and still falling and falling and
falling...



Where are the seasons? Where is Spring? The summer.. the
Fall and the winter?? No rain no gain...
From one to seven the child remains a balloon... iiiiif he has
real parents..

Let go and let...

As children bring their broken toys with tears for us to mend...
I brought my broken dreams to God because he is my friend.
But, then instead of leaving him in peace to work alone... I hung
around, tried to help with ways that were my own...
At last I snatched them back and cried...
How can you be so slow?
"Oh my guest" he said, "What could I do, you never did let
go?..."

Let us let go... go in.. only in is our inn...
Nowhere else now-here... hear yourself.. your silence... your
stillness...

Why I am here?
Who am I?

If I don't know this I...
If I don't see this I...
I am dead and blind waiting my funeral... the funeral of the
corps..
No corps.. no hops and no hopes. Just dead stinking meat..
Meet yourself now and ask yourself.. am I happy now? Is this
happiness? Is this happening? Is it pleasure or treasure???

You have a choice.. do you want to be a beggar or an emperor?...
Am I born to live?



Let us listen and imagine about a prenatal baby sitting cozy beneath his mother's loving heart.. suppose someone came to his unborn baby and said..

"You cannot stay here long.. In a few months you will be born or as you may think of it.. Die out of your present state.."

The baby might stubbornly say...

"I don't want to leave here.. I am warm, loved and happy, I don't want to be happy in the unknown world... I am happy here.. I don't want to be what you call born or what I call die out of this place.. I am happy here in a round shape egg and a beautiful voice and the outside voices are sometimes horrible.."

"But if you stay here it is only for a limit time or you will die"

"You mean there is no other way?"

"No, unless you die.. you don't go to loving arms beneath him.. and once again look up into a strong beautiful face, more lovely even than that first face he saw long ago?

Won't he soon be exclaiming Oh!! This is wonderful...

Here I want to remain forever... the way to heaven starts from NOW-HERE.

Ask your heart how to go to heaven.. and how to be in it now and forever and ever...

This is our next step... from seventh to fourteenth... this is the adolescent rays of light.. that is why this age is difficult, always ready to say NO... and always ready to fight and always ready to rebel...

Down the ages it has been so, it is nothing new in this age... sown the ages adolescence has been the age of problems... the ego has started functioning..

"I would like my own way, I want to do my thing!! Right or wrong is not the question.. my thing I want to do."



We create it.. we repress it... we start with our parents but they repress it.. here are we going to live and practice our ego?? Our parents are the closest to support..

"Go and compete and be a warrior out there but not with us!!"

So when the father says "don't smoke!" he smokes and no to Mom and Dad ... to all of the others too..

He goes to his room... plays with the toys but why not with the parents? Why not in school? Why not with his friends? Hence he becomes very anxious, uncertain of himself...

The ego is growing.. the balloon starts taking shape.. oh.. my name.. my signature.. my individuality.. my uniqueness.. my charter appears... my future is forming... oh.. I want to be number one musician.. number one in prestige and power and money..

Adolescence is the age when you can judge.. when the balloon is growing.. when the shapes is becoming more and more into the market mark..

From the fourteenth to the twenty-eight year is the third stage of the balloon or the ego...

Youth inflated to the full... with the fourteenth year is the ego of sex.. sexually mature.. nothing gives more air to the ego than sex.. without sex maturity you remain lacking something.. with full sexual maturity ego comes to it's full balloon and now where to?

Personality arises clear and loud.. In adolescence you could have seen it but still a rebel.. but now with youth there is a revolution.. he is ready to destroy anything... He becomes destructive, because it is only through destruction that he can show that..

"I am somebody!"



He is against all rules.. all traditions.. no to anyone and anything and to God too.. no to any book and mainly the sacred books...
"I am me and nobody else.."

Ego is at it's full peak.. in his blood and bones and ready to fight and to explode...

Aggression, violence, competition, ambition, revolution, all enters into his blood and bones..

The fourth stage is from 28 to 56.. the middle age.. the balloon is full.. it is beyond the limits.. these are the most difficult days... hypertension in blood pressure and heart attacks... here everything seems to go wrong..

You have money, power, sex, prestige but you are disappearing in it.. you are losing your being, your peace, your rest... Here you are physically and mentally ill... Anxiety arises, anguish arises, all kinds of neuroses... why??

The fifth stage is from 56-112.. the ultimate expansion.. death will come and save me of all this burden..

Then the sixth stage:

The balloon explodes

Out of the sixth there are two possibilities.. the eastern and the western.. the western way, you die and you are born again as an un-inflated balloon in some womb.

Death is the seventh possibility... and you start the same circle, the same repetition, the same rut... those who are intelligent, they become alert, they meditate... why this wheel of birth and death?



The eastern possibility... either you die and you are born.. or you don't die... seeing the whole absurdity of the ego, you relax, you puncture the balloon... you are free... a child again...

This is the second childhood... born again here now... out of the wheel... no womb is needed any more... die now before you die.. die to the past and to the future... this is freedom... this is heaven..

This is the birth of a new life... a new consciousness.. a new soul in the same body... a new being... a new dweller... this is transformation... the enemy is the ego, and unless the ego disappears, life remains a hell..

Who is who

One day a sage and king Alexander went out of town for morning walk... they came across a cemetery and the sage started looking at the skulls and the bones and there was a big heap.. what a pile!! The king was disgusted and said.. "what are you doing?"

"I'm looking for your father's skull.. He was such a great king.. come please, because I cannot recognize which one is your father's skull.. you may be able to recognize him.. and don't feel so disgusted because sooner or later we will be on this heap also and nobody will be able to recognize!!"

Remember Alexander.. nobody will even be able to recognize who was also...

Let us be who we are now... let us listen to our heart not to the mind... not to the ego... I am my own master and I am responsible for myself... and I have the choice... so let me live my choice...

I am not a victim



Hasan once decided that he would never touch any alcoholic thing again in his life, any intoxicant.. and he was a drunkard... so just to test his own pull power he walked on the path where the pub was..

Just in front of the pub, he looked at the pub in a very proud way and said to himself..

"I have decided, nothing can attract, e and nothing can force me to go astray..."

And he walked a hundred feet away.. then he patted his own back and said..

"Hasan, you are great, now I will treat you, come to the pub..."
And on that day, he drunk twice...

Why do I play game on myself?

We know what is the best for us.. go for it no matter what it is .. just be aware.. just be a victor not a victim...

Don't feel guilty.. guilt means gold... you pay for it to others..

let go of guilt.. there is no sin.. sin is the only sin... out of our ignorance came the fear.. face your fear and watch the ego...

Let go of the ego... then you know where is God.. or what is this Godliness.. this rivering mystery in us.. this eternal life.. this infinity or divinity.. just put any pull and any push...

Our only enemy is in us..

Mr. Ego...

And unless the ego disappears life remains a hell... the ego creates darkness, the ego creates blindness.. the ego becomes a rock and it does not allow your life to flow...

The ego creates a separation from existence and the separation breeds all kinds of miseries... It is like uprooting a tree from the earth... the moment the tree is separate from the earth it starts dying...



No roots no fruits.. this is what the ego does to us.. it separates us from our mother earth and from the soul of God... be aware of this enemy...

It creates a thin layer, very thin and transparent, so unless one is very alert one will not be able to feel it... this layer you see it in the dates... the earth is my mother and the palm tree is my aunt... my father side and it has all the layers of the self and the soul and the spirit...

It looks like a pure glass.. you can see through it, it does not obstruct your vision in a sense... but if you want to get out then you will know that you are against a wall... a transparent wall and we are moving with this glass-like shell continuously.. we are in a golden cage... we are dead in a palace.. we are not allowed to love and live and not to communicate.. it is a wall, a barrier.. and this is the enemy... God is the friend, ego is the enemy...

Yea my friend.. the ego is very subtle.. it is like the shadow, it has no existence.. the more you run from the shadow, the shadow will run with you.. the faster you run, the faster the shadow will follow us...

What to do? Stop running.. sit under a tree and meditate.. no shadow.. no run... go in...

Move under the shadow of a big tree and sit there and look around.. the shadow is no more there...

The big tree is in us... it's name is Meditation...

Come under the shelter of meditation and the ego will go...

Our ego is the barrier... the wall of our prison.. me too, I face my fence every now... not easy.. it is a big challenge.. but we support each other and face the other mirror...

Where is the wall of my ego?

A lion was captured and placed in a large yard surrounded by a high fence... He soon became acquainted with the social life of the other lions who had been there a long time... the lions had divided themselves into several clubs...

Political, religious and power and others... each with it's own activities.. Philosophies, dogmas, scriptures and ideologies... One group met regularly to hate and slander the captors... that was their whole activity, as if by hating and slandering the captors something was going to happen...

Another group met to sing sentimentally about a future jungle having no fences they must have been utopian, imaginary people who live in fantasy... they decided a future jungle with no fences, in beautiful colors and they sang about it as beautiful poetry as possible... they must have been very romantic, utopian, imaginary people....

The third group met the secretly plan violence against the other group those were the conspirators, they were not so much against the captors as they were against other group of lions...

Such club tries to pressure the new comer lion into joining, but something held him back.. this hesitation was caused by observing one particular lion who was alone... he had some quality of magnetism..

The new lion came to the solitary lion and requested to know why he is alone and have a power and a glow around him... not like the ones who live with the crowd..

This loner lion looked like a king.. but why you are alone?

"I am doing what is essential... so one day I will be out of here.. you are welcome to join me" said the loner lion..

"But what is the necessary thing that you are doing"

"Listen carefully.. I am studying the nature of the fence... that is the only essential thing to do in life.. to understand the

To restore our health.. if we can.. we lose our money...
We live as if we are never going to die.. and we die as if we
never lived...

Are you alive now?

Are you dead waiting for the funeral day?

Just feel your feelings and answer your heart not your fear
and nor your mind....

Yes my friend...

Yes myself....

Can you share with me what is life and what is death...

Yes I know they are one coin... one icon... one breath in and
out... The moment I was born I started dying... this moment is
my death and birth.. but what am I doing??

Who am I? Why I am here?

Do I love myself? Am I alive?

Ah... easy to say it...

Live and love...

But what is life?

There is no other God than life... So allow yourself to be
possessed by life in all it's forms, colors, dimensions... the
whole rainbow, all the notes of the music...

If we can manage this simple thing... this simple let-goooooo..
the life is just a river rivering with no pushing...

The river will take us to the ocean... it is already on the way...
just listen to our heart... here in this place Allah is alive... just
feel this divinity and this mystery... no need to any one to tell
us what to do or where to o... Take a deeeeep breath now and
this is life... this is love to my body and my being... thank you
God...

Just relax to be spiritual... do not create any division between
matter and spirit... just now Jesus is saying to us... take this
bread and eat it.. it is my body... my sacred body.. and drink my



blood.. it is the only wine... the only spirit... the only holy and whole secret for this new birth... we are one with the only one there is...

The only truth... the only life... existence is one.. take the risk and be a gambler and do not calculate and put your life at a risk... don't be a business man.. don't use your mind to make more numbers... you are a member.. remember who you are...

Who am I? Who I am?

What is this amness?

This is the thrill of the gambler, he stakes every thing and waits ... what is going to happen now?

In that very moment a window can open... that very moment can become a transformation of the inner treasure...

Be drunk my beloved mewe.. let us drink life.. it is the wine of existence... don't remain sober.. the sober person remains dead...

Drink the wine of life... this cup of wine is our poetry.. is our love.. is our life... is our path.. thank you Christ... thank you for reminding me that I am another Christ... another mirror for our creator.. Let us be the creativity of this divinity...

We can be the source of life... the source of love any now.. Just give a call to the Spring and let the sun and the wind and the rain enter into you...

Yes... we are born and we will die... we are dying now...

But!!!

Something in us is alive for ever and ever...

It was before we are born and will remain after we die...

This something is LIFE...

Life is eternal... Enjoy it now.. no one can improve it... just enjoy it... we are here to worship this life... not to warship... just live life and you cannot kill it.. but live it...



Let us enjoy our life...

Do not waste time in improving it... there is no need to improve, there is no way to improve... Just play.. be a child.. be innocent.. a rose is a rose... how can you improve it.. just accept now as it is.. this now-here is a great mystery from God... just be in this divine divinity and live the infinity...

Life is a joke... a joy.. a laughter.. dance and enjoy this moment... life is a wandering journey... we have no home.. it is our eternal pilgrimage.. from one bridge to another bridge... not a stopping-place...

The bridge will bridge us to God... when life becomes a bridge to God it is divine... but if we don't use it as a bridge towards God it remains mundane... it remains illusory, imaginary and fictions...

Life is an adventure... a constant search... life is not a belief... but find the truth in you... life has no limitation... life is a living ecstasy... a living choice..

Only for us.. only for man... we have the choice.. we have to decide what we want.. to fall below the animals or to rise above the angels?

It is my choice... a fake dead pilgrimage or a real living pilgrimage?

It is up to me to live life and cross the shore and move to the other shore...

Moving towards the other shore is a great risk... A small boat trusting the mercy of the storm and the ocean... Trusting that if this shore exists, the other must exist... Why?

Because one shore cannot exist alone... life and death are one... Trust God and move to the eternal life... and real life is eternal life... and real life is religious life... real life is our real freedom...



No need to anyone to help me or guide me... God is in me.. in the core of my heart... Just one word... one key and it will open our heart and face to face with our original face...

Just now... meditate in every breath and every thought... yes and yes...

A thought is our destiny.. we are what we think... right now stop reading.. close your eyes and face your fear... Face your feelings and see... Watch and witness..

Yes my beloved mewe... we are so blessed.. live this bliss and be who you are...

Yes... all darkness will disappear.. no veil of ignorance any more... The golden veil will reveal itself... and such a golden gate.. a golden light.. this is just the door of the home.. penetrate this light to reach the very center of reality...

Oh my beloveds.. we are so blessed... Keep walking with awareness and keep watching the light of life...

Yes my soul friends... we all can break through the light and face the flame.. face the sun and be one with every sun and beyond any seen and any thought and any breath and any death... You are the only life and love and light from eternity to eternity...

What Kabir said is:

"The moment I penetrated into my innermost core I found it was as if suddenly millions of suns had arisen"...

The light of Allah is beyond words... beyond light and darkness.. beyond duality... it is in the unity of any seen and any seed... this is the mystery of light...



Can you look at the sun? You will become almost blind... just an atom of light will heal us all... this is who we are...

We are a soul of light... so is the existence... but it is our choice to use this light for fight or for love??? Why kill? Why war? Why not live, love and light all the darkness in and out???...

Yes my friends... light has it's music.. it's sounds and it's colors too... we are the rainbow.. we are the bells... we are the voice of our silence and our stillness.. just be still and hear the music of your inner core... the music from God into our heart... it heals us.. it relaxes us.. just listen to your heart.. listen to your body.. listen to your mind.. just listen...

This is what obedience us... listen without conclusion... just be here... now and here and hear the sound that surrounds you... thank you!!!

That pregnant silence becomes the door to God... the door to the mystery within us...

Listen.. be aware.. be watchful.. be a witness...

Be a mediator now and for ever... every act is worship... every act is a prayer.. is our eternal treasure... this is what life and love is...

Only I Can Love You

One day Jesus was walking and he come across a big garden and he rested under a tree...

The garden was for Mary Magdalene, she looked from her window and she came out of the house and invited him to come in... she fell in love with him...

He told her.. next time I come, now I have to go...

"Please come in, I am very famous and rich and look at me... I will be yours.. I offer you my heart and my love.."

Jesus said: "You are in my heart and this is the only place for love and I love you..."

She looked at him and she knew what love is...

She followed her heart and fell in love and with love... from sex to super consciousness is the only love, light and birth... eternal birth... from death to deathlessness...

Love your love and let your loving eye lit the world just in your presence... we are the light and the love of existence.. Why war? Why hate? Why anger? Why so much danger? Let anger be the answer and our inner treasure...

Missing line

Our feelings and let us peel our feelings and let us hear our wounds and go beyond guilt and beyond bounds and blames... blame is only a mind game... I am responsible... I-m-possible... Do you have the will? Then walk your way...

Thank you all the way no matter what you face or what you risk... life is an adventure.. is a risk.. is a task...

God is holding our hand...

God will never ever let us down, but always up and always dawn...



Let us dawn upon our own amness, our own isness.. who am I??
why I am here? Let us be who we are, now-here or nowhere
else...

Entertainment Or Enlightenment

A man was traveling through the wilderness when he came across some animals having a speech contest... the judge was a lion who invited the man to become part of the audience.. the man accepted...

A fox stood up and gave a smooth and clever speech.. at one point he declared "The moon is larger than the sun..."

The next speaker was the elephant.. whose voice boomed out with power and authority... His speech included the sentence "Summer is cooler than winter..."

Then came the tiger whose eloquence impressed every one... At one point he said "The river run uphill..."

The observing man remarked to the lion... "They are superb orators, however I am puzzled, all of them made statements which were obviously untrue, not only that, but the audience either did not notice or did not care.. Why do your speakers make false statements?"

"Than is unworthy habit, alright admitted the lion, "But the audience is more interested in entertainment than in enlightenment... and if you don't mind sir, I would like to tell you that we have picked up this bad habit from you human beings."

Yes my friend.. we lie and we trust our lies... live and lie, and lay lies...

Yes my mirrors.. let us live of love and let us live our light and let us share our sounds and stillness and be who we are and this is the point of great crescendo...



The white light and the white sound.. All the secrets of the moon and the sun are in us.. all the mystery of Allah is in us.. just be yourself...

And no more poison in you.. only

The potion of life...

The nectar of God...

Throw out all the fear and you are born again a being... An eternal beam of light...

Let us live our love and let us share our light in spite of all the world challenges and this is the test...

Truth is danger but truth is the only winner... the only dweller in all of us... how blessed we are!!!

Give me the Coat

A tramp knocked at a cottage door and when it was opened he said to the housewife...

Beg your pardon Mam... But I wonder if you would not sew a button on a coat for me!!!

Why not! Yes my friend, come in...

The poor man entered and gave the woman a button...

Very well, now where is the coat?

Ah... Mam... I got nothing but the button, I was thinking may be you would sew the coat on...

But people who start searching for God don't even have the button.. only

buttox...
buts and ifs...

when are we going to let go...

let go of our ignorance and see the button and the coat in our innocence...??!!

God is ready to supply the coat but at least bring the button...

At least little thirst of my own, my own heart's beating, a readiness to risk, a readiness to devote something, to dedicate, to sacrifice...

Just now-here... What can I give you? Yes this book is for me and we...

Me? Without a book I am not alive... the book is my best friend...

Aaaaaand if I have a friend.. a living friendliness... I will be in heaven and I have more than one.. and one day we will have a small commune here in Lebanon for the chosen few.. for the mad lover of the only lover there is...

No name.. no form.. but a living loving laughing existence...



A living light and darkness... a luminous darkness.. I was a seed in the womb and now a seed in the soil... In darkness there is no distinction... Now we want to know if the body is a girl or a boy?

What a shame!!!

Why so much ignorance?

Why hurting this innocence?

Darkness is a state of distinction.. this is why Kaaba is a back secret... a great depth.. the oldest home.. the oldest womb...

Even the sun is going to die one day.. it went many times because it's fuel is being used every day...

Twenty four hours a day.. one day it is going to be exhausted...

Many suns have died before... just like a candle.. a light is momentary but from darkness came eternal life and light.. darkness needs no fuel, no petrol no oil...

Darkness has some symbolic meaning which comes very close to the existence of God...

God is beyond any word... any science and any seeing.. be still and know who I am!!!

Darkness has depth and a tremendous power to nourish.. The day tires us, the night rejuvenates us... we have to go through the dark night of the soul to reach to the dawn... death and then life... until you die you are not alive... until we don't let go we don't know God...

I am the Living Worshiper

A sage man was staying in a temple. In the night it was too cold and the temple had three wooden statue of Christ...

So he took the biggest statue and made a fire... the priest was awakened by the fire and was mad and said: "What are you doing? You have burned my Christ..."

The sage took a small piece of wood and started looking and searching in the ashes. The statue was almost gone...

The priest asked: "What are you looking for?"

For the bone of Christ

You must be totally mad... how a wooden statue can have bones?

Then the long night is still here and is shivering, you bring the other tow more statues and let us worm up...

Out, but deep in his heart he knew that this man is showing him something...

In the morning, the priest opened the door of the temple and saw the old man standing and bowing and saying words, "You are the only one.. you are in everyone and everywhere.. you are the lover and the forgiver..."

What are you doing? Said the priest..

I am praying, it is my prayer time.. I need not bother about a temple.. I need not bother about a statue... the whole universe is the only temple there is and every land is God's land...

Missing line

And he is the immortal..."

If you know then everything is sacred and if you don't know then nothing is sacred not even the sacred scriptures...



If you know, you see and if you see it is your deep awareness, your deep witnessing and there is nothing else to say...

Mohammad saw.. we can see too... This is our inner seeing... our insight... this is the goal of our seeing and being... Every now is whole and holy and every breath is birth and death.. let us rest in our self and this is what death and resurrection is...

Every work is worship then there is no holy day... every day is a holy day.. every moment has it's color of meditation...

Take a deep breath and enjoy this day... No two breath are the same... no two moments are the same... the river is rivering... this is the river of life... keep swimming.. life is a verb.. an action not a name and not a noun...

Row row row your boat and keep on swimming with your being in the ocean of life.. in the rivering river...

In the depth of the ocean and the peaks of the mountain and in this now-here whatever you are doing now it is your being flowing in writing and reading and flowing in the feeling of life and love and nothingness...

The whole existence is a river to every lover... it is no more a matter but a sacred treasure... This is our vision of life.. life is in living and the river is in rivering...

Nowadays... the modern man lives with dead roads, cement concrete buildings.. these are nouns, not verbs...

The sky-scrapers don't go on growing... The roads remains the same whether it is night or day... whether it is a full-moon night or a dark night full of stars or.. it does not matter to the asphalt road.. it does not matter to the cement concrete building...



We have created a world of nouns and we are encaged in our own prisons.. and where is the world of the trees? The rivers? Mountains and stars? What are we doing to our mother earth? Oh my self... our only self... God is not a thing.. God is a process of living.. of flowing...

My beloved being...

We are not a robot... we are His creativity.. His divinity.. what are we being?

Why war? Why killing? Why destroying our mother and our nurture?

When are we going to wake up and see the cause and heal it and cure it???

What is the Cause?

One day a teacher came into his assembly of students... it must have been a beautiful now like this now... His students were sitting and waiting for him...

They were puzzled because this was the first time he came with something in his hand, a handkerchief. They all looked at it... what was the matter? There must be something special.. Let us see...

He sat on the platform and rather than starting speaking to the assembly he looked at the handkerchief, started tying a few knots in it, five knots in all...

The whole assembly watched what is going on! And then he asked them "Can anybody tell me, is this handkerchief the same as it was before knot, were tied?"

A student said "This is a tricky question... in a way it is the same because nothing has change.. In a way it is not the same because nothing has changed only the five knots have appeared which were not before... the inner nature is the same but the form is no more the same... The same substance in a different form...."

The teacher said: "Now I want to open these knots". And he started stretching both ends of the handkerchief farther away from each other and he asked the student... "What do you think by stretching farther will I be able to open the knots?" "No" said the student "You will be making knots even more difficult to open, because they will become smaller and more tighter."

Then the teacher said... "Right, then I want to ask the last question... What should I do to unite the knots?"



The student said.. "I would like to see how the knots are tied... unless I know how they have been tied, it is difficult for me to say any solution..."

You are right and blessed, it is how you got into it rather than trying to get our of it... observe the cause, and the problem is solved." Said the teacher...

Mind is the root cause of the problem. Problems grow on mind like leaves on trees... you can go on pruning the leaves, that is not going to destroy the tree.. on the contrary it will help the foliage to become thicker, more and more leaves will be coming... Every gardener knows this...

Mind does not solve the problem... That's why philosophy has failed and thousand of intelligent people have wasted their whole brilliance in solving the leaf and not the roots...

The mind is the only cure... we create our own problems and we enjoy this game.. the creator must be changed... let go of your mind... be your own master...problem is a created thing...

Situations are there... problems are not there... Problems are our interpretations of situations.. The same situation is a pain to me and a gain to you... How do we look at it.. just observe and see and be... you will have a good laugh...

When you are with a light you don't see any darkness but if your lamp is not lit and you are alone, you will be with all the problems...

So you have to learn how to lit your own life... Be your own light... If you stay with Christ you are in his light and you see no darkness.. But once you are alone.. you are in fear and in problems... The light is gone.. so be your own light.. Rise in your



own consciousness... be aware of who you are.. Be yourself.. you
are the love and the light of God... so why not live your life???

The Mind and the Heart

Two monks were walking across India, they were doing their exercise... They came to a place where the road was flooded... On the far side stood a beautiful Indian woman in a long flowing sari... She was in distress...

How was she going to cross the flooded road? Without hesitation the older monk walked through the water picked her up, put her on his back, carried her across the flooded road, put her down and then continued on his way...

The younger monk, who had not moved during all this new step and new test... his mind was going crazy for two hours, he was obsessed by the chatter in his mind...

Finally he blurted out...

"My brother, what have you done? We are not supposed to even look at a woman and you, you touched her, you picked her up, how could you do that?"

The senior monk interrupted his walk just long enough to reply...

"My brother, I put her down two hours ago.. are you still carrying her?"

Oh my beloved heart... Help me to let go of my feelings.. The feelings that burdens me down... Let me understand that what I see in others is what I am carrying in myself... my judgments are actually reflections of what is repressed or rejected with myself...

Let go all what is in our mind... let us have our divine mind... It is absence of our mind... Our mind is a memory of the past... it is a history.. let us live in this now... That's what

Meditation



is all about... we live the nothingness.. the emptiness.. the mind of the whole.. of the cosmic mind.. The Ziker in Islam... The remembering of who we are.. Our mind is the drop and the divine mind is the ocean... Meet and melt and merge in the ocean..

I am not, only God is...

The divine mind is absolute freedom... Let go our memory mind.. our history and our future... and trust life.. Trust the divine
Mindfulness...

Oh my beloved readers...

My beloved us...

Al always.. the end of the bridge is coming... but our trip is in the first step and in the endless trip... we keep in touch with our silence.. our stories and our jokes...

Life, love and laughter is our treasure and this is the only gift to share... our next bridge is

Who Loves Me?

Oh! Who loves me?

Let us count them?

The romantic young man turned to the beautiful you girl in his bed and asked. "Am I the first man you make love to?"
She thought for a moment and then said: "You could be, I have a terrible memory for faces."

A young woman said to an old man, "You must have missed a great deal by not marrying!"
"Only the ceremony" replied the old man...

You are so right light... marriage is the cage for a dead love and dead life... yes, on our next bridge we play it... We gamble and take the risk of this poison... Marriage for life...

When you go home kiss the hand of your wife and if you are not married kiss your hand front and back and be thankful and grateful to be free and out of this cage... Marriage is the grave of love...

The doctor comes out of Rizotto's bedroom and says: "Frankly Mrs. Rizotto, I don't like the way your husband looks at all."
"Nor do I" she replies "But he is nice to the kids."

Good excuses gives us a kind of good satisfaction.. Life is a joke and a laughter.. why not enjoy it.. real reasoning arises only when pseudo reasoning has been dropped. What is real reason?

Real reason is openness.. clarity.. unity.. it is the ultimate flowering of wisdom.

But be aware of the fake reasoning.. Because of the pseudo... the pseudo always creates a filter and the real always becomes



a door... The real is always a bridge and the pseudo is always a block...

Let us laugh and live and end up in a new cage and sage...

Big Mrs. Baloni gets into a taxi one night in down town.. After riding a while, she suddenly realizes that she has no money to pay the fare.. The meter needs ten dollars when she cries...

"Hey, mista driver, you better stop.. I can no pay you."

"Oh, that is all right".. says the driver, "I will just pull into this little street, just get in the back seat with you and take off your panties."

"Wait" interrupts Mrs. Baloni "Mista, you gonna get bad deal.. my panties only cost a forty nine cents"

This is a funny reason that blocked his luck this FU...

What is next??

What is an Enemy?

Once in a far off wintry country lived a rebellious young sparrow... When the end of autumn was coming and other birds were getting ready to fly south to the sun, the young sparrow decided not to go with them...

Sooner or later the changes of weather at the door and winter came and the bird got colder and colder. Finally he decided to fly south...

Knowing he would freeze to death staying where he was...

It was so cold, ice formed on his wings as he flew and he fell to the earth and landed in a farm yard...

A cow passing through the yard did a big dirt all over the little bird who thought he would die but instead he was wormed up and back to life... thus warm, happy, and able to breath, the young bird began to sing...

A passing cat, hearing the joyful singing, cleared away the cow dirt. Saw the happy bird and ate him...

What is the moral of this story?

It is our story...

Any one who dumps dirt on you is not necessarily your enemy..

Any one who gets you out of the dirt is not necessarily your friend...

It is up to us to find our the way our the dirt and be alert of the cats.. So don't sing.. Keep your mouth shut...

Every end is a new beginning...

Let us keep in touch with ourselves...



No one loves me unless I love myself...
One I know what love is, then you are me.. mewe...
Love has no name...
We cannot define it... We cannot say what it is...
You can be in it...
You can experience it..
You can share it...
Love gives us the first insight into eternity...
Love is the only experience that transcends time...
When I love myself, I take the first step towards real love...
Love the others as yourself...
Love is the only way to God...
Love has no beginning and no end...