

Moriya explains - Armed not alarmed

I find it amazing that humans have forgotten altogether that they live in a symbolic world of pictures and symbols. Instead they choose to experience a substitute -- interpretations as digested by their leaders, be they political leaders, media spinners, social group leaders or the people they herd with, and even TV sitcoms. No wonder the world is so full of blind people who sleepwalk through their days.

Look at the state of the Western world: millions and millions of people are addicted to medications, drugs by any other name. All these prescribed drugs have side effects that, at the very least, pollute their brains and make them walking zombies.

And then they watch TV on a screen that keeps getting bigger and bigger as their ability to think for themselves shrinks more and more.

They act as if they believe actors in sitcoms are real, that their lives are real; and they discuss what is happening in these characters' lives as if they were their best friends distraught, in love, cheated, sick and dying, for real.

They are brainwashed by all kinds of *kish-kushim* that only makes them more ignorant and slaves to their greed, fears and desires.

No matter how much noise they make in the process, most people are so brainwashed that they choose to vote for that boyish grin or the winning smile or the clothes elegance, and for the one who they think is most like them because of something in that person's life that the media have hyped up.

They will also choose as leader the one they think will deliver extra money to their pocket or give them that right they want most of all, believing any of this will change their lives.

It is unbelievable to see how the ego-persona - whose function it is to serve the soul - turns the table around to become, through the human body, a ruler strong enough to enslave the soul by trapping her in such a way that she cannot protect the human body from itself.

In this lies the irony of the human condition: our soul - infinite and of the finest refined energy imaginable - while 'incarcerated' in her incarnation is unable to 'shine through' as long as the ego-persona is all clogged up by our needs and emotions.

To use a modern-day analogy, it is no different than trying to install the latest software in a computer that has become superseded.

This is why Karma was born – dixit Moriya

Here is one of my personal symbolic anecdotes:

Ironically, the state of our car symbolizes the state of our inner self, and a few weeks ago, I had to leave my car at the mechanic's for a few days as it was booked in for a new engine *transplant*.

On my second car-less day, a friend dropped me off in front of the house. I waved her off and rummaged inside my bag for the keys to the front door. Within a matter of seconds I realized, much to my dismay, that I had left them on the kitchen counter. Earlier that day, Myahr had dropped me off at work and because I would not be driving myself home, not thinking *in the moment*, I let my mind make the wrong connection - even if I did not need my *car* keys, I still needed the house keys and the *alarm remote* attached to the keychain.

With a sigh of relief, I remembered where we kept a spare key hidden in the garden. But then, I also remembered that I only had a 30 second delay once the front door was opened to rush upstairs and key in the code before the alarm began its ear-splitting whirs.

Yikes! ***The code!*** We had had the alarm for some ten years but, relying on our remote fobs, we never actually had to punch in the code. What was the code?

Hoping that Myahr could confirm the code for me, I called her at work, forgetting she would be in a meeting away from her office. Clearly this *event* was mine to crack solo.

Slowly, a string of digits floated upwards in my consciousness. They were a combination of our ages at the time we had the alarm installed and of our respective birth dates, but in what order?

Heart beating too fast, I opened the front door to run upstairs and disarm the alarm. No sooner had I hit the last digit than the dreaded shrill whir filled my brain just as it filled the air all around. I punched in the code again plus the **Off** key, but the alarm

kept on shrieking. I punched in the code, or was it a different one, plus the # key and the alarm kept shrieking.

Hardly able to think, and very much aware of the painful vibrations against my eardrums, I tried different combinations of the same numbers, to no avail. Even the spare alarm remote fob found in the bedroom was ineffective. The alarm had gone on a tamper-proof lockdown and the noise inside the house was absolutely maddening.

Eventually, the whirring softened by a couple of decibels and seemed to slow down, as if the alarm had finally exhausted itself. My mood picked up. The ordeal was finally over. The alarm whimpered a few minutes longer and stopped. The beast was silenced. Yay! If there are instances when silence is golden, this was truly one of them!!

By then, desperate for a glass of water and a quiet sit down on the patio, I walked into the kitchen, and - WHIR, WHIR! - a sensor had picked up my movement and the alarm had re-alarmed itself.

Besides the piercing sounds ricocheting inside my brain, I was concerned for the neighbours who also had to endure the high-pitched warble. I also imagined that someone would, by now, have rung the police to report a break-in.

When I got down by the front door, I smiled as John-from-across-the-street, visibly undecided about whether to call the police or not, was checking the front door.

Over the drilling racket, I shouted an explanation for the situation and thanked him for his concern. The alarm went on blaring until it exhausted itself for the second and last time, minutes and minutes later.

Here is how Moriya interpreted the event:

Friend = you need her to get home = you need help in order to reach your true self

No keys = no key with which to reach your soul on the physical level. This is why we need to clean our channel to reach Soul. It'll never work to try controlling the unlimited by the limited

Remote control to disarm alarm before entering = the ability to control the ego enables you to enter your true home. *Remote control* means that it works in the same way as what controls your TV channels which symbolizes your inner sight

Spare key hidden in the garden = the hidden key on the spiritual level

Key found = the key to your heart, the only code you need

Calling Myarh = your helper

House = your soul

Inside the house = controlling the ego with the remote attached to the keys - that possibility is inside yourself

- (1) you control the ego
- (2) you get the key
- (3) you enter the house

Front door = opens to your higher self

Code = in order to enter your spiritual house you need a code, i.e. you have to let the system identify you as the real *you* – not as a false ego-persona who, spiritually speaking, is an impostor

Loud house alarm = to **awaken** you so you can be **awake** and **aware**.

Doesn't it remind you of the 'deafening' noise of the drums during the lion dance you wrote me about? See? You have all the messages you need in order to flow, to be in balance, to open your heart and *control* your lower persona's desire to stray from what needs to be done - being in the moment

Code not recognized/alarm comes on = you need to practise in order to learn the *real* code to your soul.

Clearly, the system is warning you that you are not ready.

CC, the house symbolizes our soul, yes? Soul is LOVE, yes?

So how could anyone who is unable to give unconditional love enter the house/soul?

Kitchen = where you prepare the spiritual food and where you were not recognized

Neighbours = protection, help

“C.C., the overall message is that you still don't know how to use the secret code, which simply is the energy of unconditional love. You need to open your heart because this is the only place you will ever find the code you need in this lifetime. You already know good intentions are not enough.”

Isn't there a rock song about the road to hell being paved with good intentions?

"Being a 'good' person is not enough. The opening up of your heart has to be energetic. Still, this incident with your alarm is funny because, *really*, C.C., you wanted to achieve something that is for now beyond your reach."

Well, I am glad one of us found this funny because I did not - certainly not at the time.



"C.C., look at it this way: if you had controlled your thoughts enough to BE in the moment, the logical thing would have been to go straight to your own key chain where it was in the kitchen and use the familiar remote to silence the alarm, *lo?* *Ma*, too simple?

Instead, you reacted, like a robot," Moriya continued. "You were lead by the nose and you played the role without being aware about it. This is because Karma is engraved in your aura, and each role you play was written a long time ago in the script of your life. It is waiting for you to get the meaning.

Ve-at yo-da-at what's funny? That you were so hypnotized by the loud noise of the alarm that you forgot that it was YOUR show.

If you had been AWARE - you would be able to THINK correctly and do the right thing.

Look, C.C., it all comes together to you as a great message which can be summed up like this: you want to enter your true house, i.e. your true Self, Soul. You have no key because the forgotten key was attached to a remote, and you cannot enter the house until you gain control over your persona, ken?

"So, you use a spare key, which is only a substitute for the spiritual key that you don't have.

You forgot the code, i.e. your password, i.e. your true self.

The alarm blaring symbolizes your need to awaken from sleep, from your hypnotized state, because in this state you'll never be able to remember the right code, i.e. your connection to your soul and unconditional love.

Lo? = no **Be-met** = really **Ve-at yo-da-at** = and you know what? **Yafe meod** = very nice

Pashoot meod = very simple

Your neighbor symbolizes faith, protection and help to show you that you are protected and that people will assist you on the Path whenever help is needed. BUT you are on a quest to find The Code although it is already inside your heart in pink colour. The code you need, along with everyone else alive today, is called LOVE – unconditional love. *Pashoot meod.*

“I really don’t understand why you keep forgetting that you ARE your Soul, CC. I mean literally, not as a metaphor. *You have the code but you are afraid to use it.*



Talking about blind faith

At the moment, Myarh and I are back in Burleigh Heads, the beach-side resort where, last April, I began writing the file on Symbols, of which this is but a part. We have rented the same apartment overlooking the esplanade and the sea.

The sky has been having severe mood swings. It releases sparkling sunshine as easily as it does a windy greyness that cloaks the sea and colours all around.

Although we have been here three days already, no little black and white butcher bird has so far stopped for a call off the balcony railing. Perhaps she knows that I did understand the symbolic meaning of her call the first time.

Every morning, as per our holiday habit, we go for long [exercise] walks on the beach which stretches for kilometres all the way to Surfers’ Paradise - a ghost ship in the hazy distance.

In between the flagged areas patrolled by Surf Lifesavers decked out in orange T shirts and red shorts, the beach is relatively deserted.

This morning, as I was walking in my usual brisk pace ahead of Myarh, but mindful of the awesome serenity of the seascape, I had the quirky idea to close my eyes and walk blind for as long as I could trust my soul’s guidance.

The result of this exercise in *blind faith* was quite pathetic: although, clearly, there were no obstacles ahead on the deserted stretch of sand, I could keep my eyes shut only for a handful of seconds at a time. The irrational urge to rely on my eyes to confirm again what my mind already knew was quite unnerving.



Yet, eyes closed, soft sand underfoot, the sound of the sea in my ears, I persisted until I could walk, hoping my soul was awake and monitoring *me*, for some fifty metres at a time. Still pathetic 😞

Even in spite of the poor performance, it was an exhilarating little game, and I repeated the process on the way back, thrashing ankle-deep in the ebb and flow.

Next, I tried to push myself a little more by resisting the pull of my eyes to open too quickly after I had noted a lone person walking towards me or a child who, I felt, might cross my path on her dash to the sea.

I knew I would ask myself what Moriya would make of the experiment, but my conclusion was that testing luck in this way had absolutely nothing to do with practising surrendering; that surrendering into the safekeeping of my soul had to be a far greater event than a little girl's game on the beach. As she often does, Moriya surprised me.

“CC, this was a very good exercise. I do that from time to time by focusing on the inner light within my head. It's a good exercise when done with awareness – not as a game of dare. Not in response to a bet. When in that honest mode, no one will run into you. No jellyfish in your Australian waters will bite you and no broken glass in the sand will cut your foot. In that state of trust you **are** under the protection of your soul. *Ma*, don't you know that already?”

The way I understand it, the fact that I got this idea out-of-the-blue means it came from my soul, particularly because it was about a surrender that the ego-persona never accepts voluntarily - which is why it was so difficult to walk more than a few metres although I knew the beach was danger-free and that the closest person coming towards me was estimated to be more than ten minute-walk away.



“Life is simple, C.C., and you are too serious too much of the time. If you only played with the symbols and understood the small messages all around you, it would all become quite simple.

Why take every occurrence so seriously and make a *balagan gadol* like a person who is suddenly blindfolded and panicked?

Here's a joke to cheer you up.

An old couple returned home after celebrating with family and friends. As they approached their front door, the key suddenly fell on the ground and the light went out. Both of them bent down at the same time and started to grope in the dark in search of the key.

Balagan gadol = big mess

Ken, Mora = yes, Teacher

Kadima – onward!

Suddenly the wife's hand found her husband's bald head and she cried: "*Ma ze? Did you tear your pants again?*"

"Kadima, C.C.! You decode this for homework, yes?"

Oooh, I just know Moriya secretly enjoys putting me on the spot like that, well aware as she is that my first reaction to her calls for decoding homework is to grumble and wince. And every time, she reminds me that, as a teacher myself, I should appreciate the relevance of homework done well. And after I am done grumbling to myself, I invariably end up replying, "*Ken, Mora*".

So here is my homework deconstruction as well as Moriya's feedback:

Their front door = opening to higher self?

*** *Ken*

The key = tool to open?

*** *Ken. Keep in mind that in fact the code is inside the key, agreed?*

Fell on the ground and the light went out = not yet ready for enlightenment. Work needs to be done. They are in the dark?

*** *Ken. Meaning not balanced*

"Ma ze, did you tear your pants again?" = when one is not enlightened, there is no difference between the head and the bum?

*** *That is exactly right. This is very much like what happened to you while you were outside your front door, groping for a solution, with your mind in the dark.*

Your homework is to interpret events from a spiritual perspective, yes?

Question: *why is the punch line quite a spiritual one when we see these two people seeking a key in the dark instead of seeking the LIGHT?*

Answer: *Because it shows how, by staying in darkness, the symbol of ignorance and blindness, people make a lot of mistakes and, yes, symbolically, they do mistake such things as heads for bums more often than not."*



Decipher it, why don't you

An eagle was sitting on a tree, resting. A small rabbit saw the eagle and asked him, "Can I also sit like you and do nothing?"

The eagle answered: "Sure, why not."

So, the rabbit sat on the ground below the eagle and rested.

All of a sudden, a fox appeared, jumped on the rabbit and ate it.

Moral of the story: To be sitting and doing nothing, you must be sitting very, very high up – **tale passed on to me by Moriya**

Just between you and me, dear reader, until recently, when things went wrong, when they didn't happen according to *my* plan, I used to fall back on the popular saying, "Shit happens." Now, I know better.

A few weeks after I first connected with Moriya, I had to deal with two strange breakdowns a couple of months apart. Seeing as my car had been most reliable over many years, I asked Moriya for a deconstruction.

There I was driving through a suburban street on the way to the appointment I had with D - the genial psychiatrist/healer who, a couple of years prior, had started me on meditation as the best way to deal with my *mother problems* - when a loud thump came from underneath the car. My accelerator pedal stopped functioning. Yikes! In my book, this definitely qualifies as a "shit happens" moment if ever there was one.

The car quickly lost momentum but I was able to pull off to the side and call an RACQ garage. The mechanic's verdict was that the accelerator cable had snapped! A few weeks earlier, a similar event happened. That time, it was the clutch cable that snapped and the car had to be towed away. I reached the same nearest garage sitting high in the driver's cabin. Again, I had been on my way to D's.

Here is what Moriya had to say:

Accelerator snaps = *instead* of increasing the speed or intensity of your activities, these cables snapping are telling you to do things *shvo-ye, shvo-ye*, slowly

RACQ nearby = your symbolic protection is close at hand. Another proof that you are protected is that this event only amounted to an inconvenience, nothing more. It didn't happen in a busy street or on the highway. And it is pointless thinking, "What if it had?" because ... it didn't. And if it didn't, it's because it was meant to happen exactly as it happened

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Clutch = as a verb, it means to grasp or hold firmly = attachment

The symbolism of the clutch cable being snapped is for you to let go, to trust in your soul, to surrender

Call for road-side assistance = asking help from soul

45 mins later, my little car got nicely *elevated* on the back of a tow truck = when you surrender, your ego-persona – symbolized by the car – is able to be elevated

I got nicely elevated, too, as a passenger in the truck's cabin - high off the road = See? Both you and your ego-persona - in fact one and the same - were being elevated as a result of the snapping clutch, i.e. by the symbolic experience of letting go. *pashoot meod, lo?*

What can I say? Moriya's deciphering works for me. 😊



What I also understood that day, all on my own, was that there comes a time when the energy that brings people together for a specific purpose simply fades away when the use-by-date has rolled up. I understood that, through a long succession of monthly ministrations, D had prepared me for Moriya but that my time with D was up. Seamless and priceless, don't you think?



"Look, when we experience life only through the senses, everything is reduced to the limitations of the physical world," Moriya explained. "It's as if you were living inside a slow motion picture. Cosmic Time is much faster than that of the material world.

"What we experience as *things* happening one after the other in an endless linear

Pashoot meod, lo? = very simple, no?

succession of repetitive events – often as frustrating for our Soul as they are for us – are, in reality, happening in the blink of an eye - so fast that each moment loses its separatedness to form one whole experience, like thousands of pixels make a picture.

“The cumulative intensity of understanding events *as a whole* instead of only being aware of small separate *kish-kush* moments here and little *kish-kush* pleasures there, is powerful enough to edit our karma once we become aware of the symbolism of such moments.” Moriya added, “C.C., draw a line from one event in your life to the next and you'll see clearly how one has lead to the other and how without each previous moment you could never have been who you are today.”

Yes, I do know that young and old, women and men, rich and poor, happy or sad, sick or healthy, at any checkpoint-moment, we contain the sum total of our experiences past. We do stitch our life's tapestry one stitch-moment at a time, whether we are aware of it or not. Like it or not.

“Keep in mind that the more unpleasant the moment, the more it is important to decipher it correctly and to handle the situation spiritually - not by falling back on a fatalistic “shit happens”, as you like to say.”

Not by grasping the nearest emotional crutch like a woman drowning grasps a piece of drifting wood.



Ironically, every object and thought that impact on us are always there for us to *see* through and beyond them. However, for the most part, we seeing people are mostly blind.



Here is the snip of dream I managed to snatch around 4 AM one morning, before it vaporized beyond my consciousness. Though the beginning and the end had already faded, I still had enough of the middle section to run the dream past Moriya.

As a mechanic in blue clothes, I am standing by the car I am working on, but I take ---

Kish-kush = idiotic, simplistic

*off on a walk through the streets. I stroll with no particular goal in mind.
I see a cat chasing a bird and this cat is shaped like a feather, flat and thin.
He glides after the bird in graceful slow motion but he does not catch it.*

*I am in a bustling part of town and I walk through numerous paths and streets.
Tall buildings everywhere.
I realize it's getting late and that I must return to the garage.
The thought makes me very anxious.
I no longer know how to return to the garage. I don't know the address.
I don't know where I am, but I know that I need to find the garage within ten minutes.
There is a public phone nearby. I could make a phone call. I have coins in my hand,
but I don't have the phone number.
So I try to retrace my steps.
I peer at buildings and street names until, finally, I recognize a little street that winds
downwards.
At the end of that street, there is the garage.
I walk in and the owner's wife greets me. She guides me up narrow dark stairs to a
small room where I wait all alone.*

Here is Moriya's deconstruction:

As a mechanic in blue clothes = blue is the mystic colour of spirituality.
Being a mechanic symbolizes the ability to repair your car - yourself.

I am standing by a car I was working on, but I take off on a walk through the streets = preparing yourself for your spiritual journey

so I walk through the streets with no particular goal in mind = your mind
distracted - not being in the moment.

I see a cat chasing a bird = the cat is the ego. This symbolizes chasing after your
true self. Rushing after anything means not being in the moment. It also symbolizes
attachment to desires of the ego and reliance on emotional crutches.

this cat is shaped like a feather = feathers always symbolize an element of
spirituality - the need to follow your soul slowly, slowly.
Cat + feather = evolution.

he is also flat like a feather = this is about illusions that we make real in our mind
although they should never become more than flag posts and symbols.

he does not catch the bird = inability to reach soul.

tall buildings everywhere = a lot of blockages but also the desire to reach Soul, as buildings, unlike us, stretch to reach the sky.

then I realize it's getting late. I must return to the garage on time = enough time wasted on kish-kushim. The real work is on the INSIDE.

I become very anxious about that. I don't have the address. I don't know where I am. I need to find the garage within ten minutes = inner communication lost. You are revolving in a circle.

I think I could make a phone call = trying to restore inner communication with soul.

I have coins in my hand = you have all the capabilities to communicate with your soul provided you find *the code*. It's the same as the missing code you needed for your alarm, C.C.

a public phone nearby = you are limited by thinking that you need to use your persona to reach your soul. Although it is like a wide open door in front of you, you chose to struggle using a side entrance.

but I don't have the phone number = again, inability to communicate with your soul.

So I walk and I try to retrace my steps = trying to remember how to reach your soul = trying to remember who you really are.

So I try to recognize buildings and streets = wandering through a lot of blockages – clutter.

finally I recognise a little street that goes down = this little street is the symbol of the nose bridge that leads to the right side of the brain which is the creative, spiritual side.

at the end of that street I recognize the garage = the abode of soul

So I walk in and the owner's wife greets me. She guides me up narrow dark stairs to a small room where I wait = the heart.

This woman is your soul, of course.

She guides you up the narrow dark stairs to your little heart. You are made to sit there all alone until you learn to open your heart. Only then will you make the narrow dark stairs wider and widen the little heart/room, as well as bring beautiful light into it. In summary, C.C., this dream is also symbolic in that you cannot remember the end of the dream. It's like you put the screen door in front of your face in order to ignore the message to open your heart. The heart is the only organ that can illuminate and light your way. Why is it that you have to sit in the dark little room and wait?

“C.C., it is an absolute must for anyone on the Path to learn to decipher symbols. Although human beings have tried from time immemorial to understand symbols, they have always failed to relate them to daily living. They have failed to see symbols as a natural language full of messages from our soul. They did not experience *their own lives* as a vehicle for **their** soul.”



Whenever people attempted to decipher symbols, be they ancient priests or modern-day laypersons, they usually did so for a gain of one sort or another - for their **king and country,** mostly for themselves in one way or another.

These days, astrological symbols and the endless stream of interpretive scenarios are difficult to avoid. We can put our faith in a spread of tarot, just as easily as we can find someone to peer on our behalf into a crystal ball, coffee grounds or tea leaves. Again, knowing that there are no such things as accidents and coincidences; knowing that nothing happens without a karmic reason, we still fail to link our search for fulfilment and daily mundane experiences back to **soulful** opportunities to observe our ego-persona doing its thing.



Since this file, as all others, is about tracking my challenges on the Path, one of these challenges is my persisting inability to decipher my real-time moments correctly.

A couple of days ago, the widescreen monitor bought only a few months ago began to flicker softly. I groaned inwardly but tried to ignore the flicker, hoping it would eventually go away.

Yesterday, the screen remained mostly black, only allowing an intermittent image until it gave up the battle altogether and remained black.

Once I realized that this was one of the **messages** that Moriya talk about, I took heart. It was a good message.

I understood it to mean that I had moved enough along the Path to have acquired a new-styled view of life – a new **vision** that required a symbolic upgrade in the form of a new monitor. Hey, maybe it was time to buy myself an even wider one. I typed my interpretation for Moriya who replied: *the meaning is that you are not yet able to manage this symbolic new wide screen of yours. Wide vision makes a person who*

is not yet ready for it, see blurry pictures, which then leads them to missing out on more subtle messages. They are then unable to see the whole picture clearly and in one glance.

Downer! That was not really what I was hoping to hear, so I had to ask, “How to know for sure that your interpretation is the correct one and that mine is wrong?”

“Because if all was OK with your spiritual sight, you wouldn't have to replace your monitor. If yours has stopped working, it means that there is a problem.

Flickering means that you are only *open* intermittently – that you see only on occasions. While you only have glimpses of What-is, you cannot have a clear vision of your reality, *ahoti*.

Flickering means that although your insight is more open than it used to be, it's also closed too often = unreliable.

Look, it's no different than when you want to see a picture and the light is flickering, so you cannot see but one fraction of it here and there.

You might also know that it is quite difficult to read by the flickering light of a candle because of the moving light and shadow effect it creates before it finally dies.

So, what else is new, *ahoti*?

The message that came to you through the symbolic break down of your monitor shows that you need a new approach to access the code, the heart energy you need before you can be truly ready for a wide-*vision* upgrade.”



“Anyone who experiences life through the limited ego of their persona can only end up with a very limited picture.

Oh, I know it's not easy to understand because once upon a time I, too, lived like that. The major difference is that I have always struggled to understand what lay beyond the obvious, way beyond what I could see with the limited power of my eyes. C.C., once you understand that you ARE A SOUL IN DISGUISE and that whatever you see, your soul sees it, too, and sends you messages back, you won't be able to go on living like a snail in a shell, peering outside and then hiding back inside, afraid to expose yourself, afraid to have faith.

Ahoti = my sister

When we see how people are affected by their dreams, even those they cannot understand, you see clearly that our sleep is indeed the real point of contact with our soul.”



As human beings, our essential problem is that we have received the gift of Thought – it has been given to us without a manual. Visibly, not even Adam and Eve had one.

For all our incessant and highly valued *thinking*, we are amazingly emotionally primitive and lumbering in our thinking.

You see, I am sure that any ole cave man already knew how to multi-process. While he separated the sinews from the flesh on his freshly slain mammoth, I don't doubt that he was also able to problem-solve how to carry the meat back to camp; as well as anticipate which bones would make the best tools and utensils; what to make out of the hide; as well as how he would share his bounty all around; as well as plan a swift retaliation against the other clan man who had been creeping up too close to the females on his corner of the hearth.

Question: how differently are we using our *enhanced* brain and our refined sensibilities?



If *thinking* were the efficient process that our civilization has made it out to be, though we might still not all be *Einsteins*, we would, at least, have our emotional problems stitched up.

Reality check: “The mind is the great slayer of reality,” says Moriya, quoting H.P. Blavatsky from “The Voice of the Silence”, a book first published in 1889. [1]

All the innumerable signs and messages that come to us daily are meant to remind us to observe; to be aware; to remember **who** we really are.

Take this series of common shrug-off statements commonly used by the media, politicians and ourselves:

1. H.P. Blavatsky, The Voice of the Silence, The Theosophical Publishing House, Wheaton, Ill, USA, 1992, p. 1

from unknown causes - couldn't help her/himself - an unexpected turn of events - a freak accident - unforeseen circumstances - circumstances beyond our control - as luck would have it - out of the blue etc.

Moriya just doesn't get how people who spend so much time thinking, such intelligent people as ourselves, can be content with an incomprehension of the myriad of events that come to us devoid of a *logical* explanation:

"Life is so meaningless when it is not understood. So empty, so narrow," she laments.

Serious question: How can we not *see* the proverbial writing on the wall, as it is being etched deeper and deeper, but always one faint stroke at a time?

How can we be blind to markings, as they harden and set, until we *hit the wall* - our nose squashed hard against it?

How can we, then, wail, "Oh my God! What have I done to deserve THIS?"

Moriya adds, "Last night I dreamt that I had three large cages with very big birds inside each. The birds were unbelievably full of dust, so I took a wet sponge and started to clean the dust off their feathers - one by one. Then I cleaned the cages, too. When I woke up, I had the confirmation that my only mission in this lifetime was to be a clean and clear mirror for my soul but nothing more. This, I can do only by understanding, accepting and obeying her messages with absolute faith."



Moriya compares the awareness with which we need to approach our real-time moments to an outing to an art gallery.

The artwork on the wall may look nice, but not one painting will yield personal meaning until we peer at it carefully and find abstract symbols that link back to our thoughts and emotions.

We may never know what the artist intended, but most of us will be able to respond with an interpretation of our own. Our understanding of the painting will be triggered by a recognition of archetypal *symbols* blended together by the artist.



When we are moved by a sunset, humbled by the silent majesty of a forest, the incongruous tenderness of a female elephant towards a young one in distress or when we are fascinated by an object of beauty, by a charismatic person in our midst, we remain unaware of the *understanding* that resonates in our core.

We might exclaim an exalted, "Oh, that's so beautiful!" but we would completely miss the reality that such *beauties* are direct messages our soul has put in front of our face to awaken us to the same beauty that IS within us.

"The beauty exterior to us, the one that has us so enthralled, is only its reflection," concludes Moriya.

Yesterday, my darling and I went sailing on her yacht with two other women.

In the course of the afternoon, one of them, let's call her B, someone we had only met once before - struck me as a kind and gentle person whose easy smile was reflected in her eyes and I thought *awhhh, isn't she lovely!*

Interestingly, now that the point made above is in my consciousness, I know that B was innocently mirroring an aspect of *my* self.

Yes, I too have been known to be kind and gentle. I, too, have a smile that my eyes can mirror. Moreover, I have the potential to make kindness and gentleness second nature to *me*.

Reality check: When in our awake state, a.k.a our *thinking state*, all we seem to do is chew our cud with a vacant stare, content to be a part of the Great Herd, blind little mice that we are.



"C.C., when you really understand that all you see is a reflection, you KNOW.

When you KNOW, you ARE ONE WITH THE KNOWLEDGE. When you are one with the knowledge, then you SEE your reality.

You understand who you truly are.

Look at it this way: at night you sleep and see dream images. Let's say that your dream is a movie in which you are the main character.

You identify so much with this character that the dream often affects you well after you've woken up, ken?

However, when you are awake, you see the picture of what **is** in front of you. It's large and it's in full colour. *But* because your *waking* movie is played out while you walk, eat, work, talk and go here and there, you can no longer access any of your higher abilities. You are no longer aware of what you perceive when you are within the realm of your soul. It's like you become amnesic the moment you awaken." Personally, I now think we become dumb-witted the moment we wake up.

J. Krishnamurti has his own way of explaining the same concept: *"You are never alone because you are full of all the memories, all the conditioning, all the mutterings of yesterday; your mind is never clear of all the rubbish it has accumulated. [...] To abandon all that totally is to be alone, and the mind that is alone is not only innocent but young – not in time or age, but young, innocent, alive at whatever age. [...] In this solitude you will begin to understand the necessity of living with yourself as you are, not as you think you should be or as you have been. See if you can look at yourself without any tremor, any false modesty, any fear, any justification or condemnation – just live with yourself as you actually are."* [2]



Reality check: Asleep as awake, it is the same movie being played out in front of us, albeit in a different version and a different format. The only difference is that the *dream* movie is played out under the influence of our soul, while the *awake* version is controlled by our persona. Like an ignoramus at the art gallery - unable to identify any aspects of the painting on the wall – we can only shrug an “I like/don't like” response. And when things do go pear-shaped, as they inevitably do, what we mostly perceive are random, jarring flashes of angst that crash through our torpor. And the freaked-out ego-persona cries, “Oh, how did *this* happen? What have I done to deserve *this*? *Why* do these things always happen to me?”



We see symbols as 2D objects, like when we cross a street and walk past buildings, walls, sidewalks and people without seeing them. We walk on automatic pilot. We

2. J. Krishnamurti, Freedom from the Known, Victor Gollancz LTD, London, England, 1983, p. 69

pay more attention to the wallpaper on our desktop than to the symbols that need decoding inside each of our wakeful and asleep moments.

So, we walk around like zombies, not truly believing in anyone or in anything. Then comes a crisis, however small or huge. All of a sudden our blissful insouciance is ripped open as easily as a silk purse. Our familiar world becomes a hostile environment the minute something does not go according to our plans.



And then, the little blind mice that we are ask, in total earnest, *“Why is God doing this to me?”* as if we had spent a lot of time listening to God before that!

Serious question: when was the last time we stopped long enough to ask God - or our Soul - what they thought about buying that new car or upgrading to a bigger plasma TV or booking a holiday during which our sole objective is to let our hair down and chill in a carefree indulgence of the persona?



As a people, we wake up in the morning and go on with our daily activities like sleepwalkers or sleeper agents in spy films, unaware that we will be *woken up* to participate in an *unanticipated* karmic event whether ready, willing - or not.

Here are two karmic events that occurred in Australia within two weeks of each other, as the time I was writing this file. Both involve cars. Both involve men.

The result of each event is shocking, but for very different reasons.

Ferrari in pole position

Doug Robertson and Callie Watson

October 28, 2008 11:00pm

TWO men who "turned the streets into a racetrack" escaped serious injury yesterday when their \$250,000 Ferrari wrapped itself round a power pole.

The driver, in his 30s, and his passenger walked away from the wreckage and were treated in Royal Adelaide Hospital for minor injuries after the crash in Walkerville, north Adelaide. They left the five-year-old Ferrari Modena split in two by the pole.

Neighbours said the supercar crashed minutes after it went "zinging" past their homes. "I was outside my house talking It sounded just like 'zing, zing' as it went past.and we heard something fly up and it was this black Ferrari," Vlado Blazeka said.

"The pole split the car in two and it's basically where the gear stick should be."

Lana Errey rushed to help the two men after the accident happened 200m from her art gallery.

"It's like they turned the streets into a racetrack," she said.

Police investigating the accident have yet to interview the men. [3]

3. <http://www.news.com.au/couriermail/story/0,,24567820-953,00.html>

Here is the Ferrari



[4]

When a person *cheats* death in such an amazing manner, it can only mean that s/he still has serious karmic debts to amend in *this* lifetime and such an *accident* is but a serious warning.

Unless the person connects with his higher self [symbolized as we know by the car] and works on himself to overcome his ego persona [the car split into two] the next *blow to the head* will not be such a walk in the park.

Though some might beg to differ, given the choice, a quick death behind the wheel of a Ferrari seems more appealing than surviving as a quadriplegic. That, in turn, would symbolize the person's inability to shake off their ego-persona.

Imagine being as physically a prisoner inside your own ego-persona, as strapped inside a straight-jacket? Now, *that* is Kafkaesque!

4. <http://www.news.com.au/couriermail/story/0,,24567820-953,00.html>

Man crushed by falling car

October 14, 2008

A 47 year old man died yesterday after being crushed under a vehicle when it slipped off a jack at a wrecker's yard south of Brisbane.

The Brisbane man was working at Moss Street Motor Wreckers at Slacks Creek about 11.30am when the accident occurred, police said. He died at the scene.

A spokesman for the Minister for Employment and Industrial Relations, John Mickel, said early investigations indicated the man had only been employed there for a short period of time. "It looks like he was taking the springs out of a four-wheel drive using a scissor jack which is thought to have slipped off the axle," he said.

Workplace Health and Safety and police are investigating. [5]

Severe head injuries = this ego-persona was extensively damaged.

"If a car symbolizes the self, then the wreckers' yard symbolizes a greatly damaged person, i.e. one who was beyond spiritual repair.

This *accident* clearly shows that the persona had not been able to amend his karmic debt, so his soul gave up on him, her current incarnation. "*Dai*, enough", she would have said and on to another incarnation she will go – but only in the fullness of time."

Moriya added brusquely, "Because people can but identify with their own ego-persona, many would say how tragic it is that this worker should have died so young. And if it had been written that he was a father of two, or maybe a newlywed, then a greater flood of hypnotized sympathy would have poured out for this stranger. Age is immaterial, C.C.. Soul is eternal."

5. <http://www.brisbanetimes.com.au/articles/2008/10/13/1223749920047.html>

Again, in a bid to illustrate Moriya's thoughts in a different manner, I will insert here words from *Freedom from the Known*, the book I am currently reading.

J. Krishnamurti wrote, *"I am tempted to repeat a story about a great disciple going to God and demanding to be taught truth. This poor God says, "My friend, it is such a hot day today, please get me a glass of water." So the disciple goes out and knocks on the door of the first house he comes to and a beautiful young lady opens the door. The disciple falls in love with her and they marry and have several children. Then one day it begins to rain, and keeps raining, raining, raining – the torrents are swollen, the streets are full, the houses are being washed away.*

The disciple holds on to his wife and carries his children on his shoulders and as he is being swept away, he calls out, "Lord, please, save me," and the Lord says, "Where is that glass of water I asked for?"

"It is a rather good story", explains Krishnamurti, "because most of us think in terms of time. Man lives by time. Inventing the future has been his favourite escape.

We think that change in ourselves can come about in time, that order in ourselves can be built up little by little, added to day by day. But time doesn't bring order or peace, so we must stop thinking in terms of gradualness. This means there is no tomorrow for us to be peaceful in. We have to be orderly in the instant. [...] When there is real danger, time disappears, doesn't it? There is immediate action. But we do not see the danger of many of our problems and therefore we invent time as a means to overcome them. Time is a deceiver as it doesn't do a thing to help us bring about a change in ourselves. Time is a movement

which man has divided into past, present and future, and as long as he divides it he will always be in conflict." [6]

Tongue-in-cheek, blame the ole feminist in me, I will add that I will go on assuming

6. J. Krishnamurti, *Freedom from the Known*, Victor Gollancz LTD, London, England, 1983, p. 73

that when Khrishnamurti wrote ‘man/he’, he definitely meant to include woman/she’ or even better, an all-encompassing ‘we’.



Back to the topic of being awake but not aware: The functional repetition of our activities is what keeps us from falling asleep during the day but often keeps us

awake at night. It includes the need to feed the body by catering to its impulsive cravings that go well beyond feeding it solids and liquids.

“You see, sleep is our natural condition, as it is the domain of our soul”, reiterates, Moriya. “The outer physical world is full of catalysts meant to awaken us to DO something. I’m not talking here about whether a person does right or wrong, but only about the push people get from the world around them to move and to act.

C.C., have a look at people when they are bored: immediately their eyes begin to close and in no time they are asleep, even in front of a loud television set. Or when a person is alone in the vast flatness of a desert and the eyes seek something to connect with - a rock, a bush - anything in order to focus and be awake. You see, the limited persona cannot contain much and her body’s energy gets consumed very quickly, which leaves the person in slumber – symbolically asleep at the wheel of her life. Only spiritual energy is unlimited, and when a person can channel it, she can do amazing things in a very short period of time which, to the uninitiated, can seem like a miracle.”



Contrary to popular beliefs of the material world, the more hyperactive, the more multi-tasking the person, the more asleep we really are because of the restricted - energy. And, from nine to ninety-nine years of age, we rely on our own version of sex, drugs and rock ‘n’ roll, no differently than the baby relies on her pacifier.

We also rely on other people’s energy. Healthy or not, we love to congregate in our herd to better suck it in.



“CC, EVERYTHING is indeed symbols, *at lo mevinah?* The problem is that instead of observing, understanding and letting go, you try to interpret it into words *ve-ze lo tov*. You want to understand with your persona's mind, *aval ze lo ze*. You need to flow

with soul. The symbols you need to see are wherever your eyes can see, near and far. You should see the symbols in people's names, in their occupations, in what they do, in the objects they hold and give you – in everything that comes within your line of vision and consciousness.

Look, don't you agree with Shakespeare when he said that the whole world is a huge stage where our play is being played out by actors who show up and *perform* for our benefit?

Everything is symbolic and the sum total of the symbols is all that is contained between awakening of your soul (sunrise) and death of the old false ego-persona (sunset).

Whatever we attract comes our way because of the magnetic fields around every one of us and every object. And because every magnetic field (aura) has a special code, there cannot be an error or the possibility of anything, be it an opportunity or a drama intended for one person, going to another one. There is no such thing as an 'opportunity missed'."

By the same token, there is also no possibility of fumbling our dues – no way we can say, "Sorry, count me out of this game," and pass the buck over to our neighbor.



One of the many things I understand better these days is that there is no such thing as a missed opportunity – no such thing as anyone ever robbing us of anything that was karmically intended for us - not a medal, not a job, not a lover, not a seat at a concert.

God won't do that.

Life can't do that.

There is no such thing as the 'early bird gets the worm' – early or not, this little bird can only get what worm is intended for her, not anyone else's.

Here is a lovely thought: no one can rob us of what is earmarked for us, be it a reward, a pleasure or a pain – be it physical or emotional.

At lo mevinah? = don't you understand? **Ve-ze lo tov** = and this is not good **Aval ze lo ze** = this is not how it goes

The little blind mice that we are might feel we have missed out and we should have done this and we should have done that but, truth is, what we don't get was not intended for us.

Everyone of us who is not on the Path, not practising flowing, not practising active acceptance and surrender, as well as, of course, not practising being in the moment i.e. anyone rolling through life, bouncing from pillar to post like a little pinball, will attract a horde of mishaps or ailments intended for them – intended to awaken them.



“People who react violently, like in wars,” says Moriya, “the ones who take what's not theirs to take, whether it is a life or a bounty, create Karma and they will have to pay for what they have done.

In fact, I like the image of travelling in time, where you cannot change anything and you walk by not touching and not meddling, as you are unable to tamper with what has already been. All you can do is be aware of the changes in the landscape and be aware of the symbols around you.”

Knowing that *nepenthe* is a plant that was used in ancient times used to dull pain, here is a lovely poem about observing and being aware.

Give me Nepenthe
With the lulling eyes
To shut away the world!
To sleep, to dream,
And in this clover-scented air
Slip through imprisoning Time
And find my Spirit free!
Alas, not thus
Shalt thou escape from Time.
Thou wilt return again
And yet again
Till thou hast paid
The uttermost farthing.
Didst thou not know
Time is a debtor's prison?
Whom dost thou owe?
Owe not Nepenthe –
E.C. Note

Coincidentally [dare I use the word?] a lovely drop of Australian wine comes from the Nepenthe vineyards of Adelaide Hills, in the state of Victoria. According to a quote on their homepage:

Nepenthe(Nuh-pen-thee): Described by poet, Homer as an ancient herbal drink so powerful that it eases grief and banishes sorrow from the mind.

So, here's a toast to being *awake and aware* even if some of us happen to appreciate a good drop ... from time-to-time. 😊



Here is one last thought to leave you with, dear Reader, until we meet again through the next file:

What do you think about when you take off your clothes before going to bed?

I didn't think anything about it until Moriya admonished, "What, you do that mechanically? Don't you SEE the symbolic meaning of this action as related to the need to unveil yourself? When you put your clothes on in the morning what, you do that mechanically too?"

Don't you SEE the symbolic meaning of both actions?

Don't you see how you disguise yourself when you go out into the world? How you put on all kinds of ornaments like pretty shoes and jewellery in order to confuse the onlookers so that they won't see your real face?

And then you add the makeup and then a bag, a lot of keys, a cell phone, a laptop, a briefcase, a car and a credit card and more things till you are finally so absorbed with the image you have composed of yourself that you forget it's not real. You identify with it, forgetting your self altogether.

And when your soul wants to awaken you and she sends you a free, but hard teacher in the form of a messenger - a boss, a partner, a child - you only see the deed and you only hear *the tone* and you forget right away all you have learned and become again like the little girl whose beloved doll has been snatched from her.

All I want to say, C.C., is that when you put on or take off your clothes, you have to add Love for **your** self and for others before you cover your body with disguises.

Don't you know that the only way we can recognize each other is through this L. O. V. E. energy?

Oh, I almost forgot to share this with you: tomorrow, 25th November, 2008, I will be on my way to Israel – final destination: Jerusalem.

Yup, finally, after two and a half years of daily correspondence with Moriya, we are going to meet face-to-face.



+++++

P.S.

Today is the 7th of February 2009, the day - all things flowing - this file is finally going to be uploaded.

My trip to Jerusalem, as well as my real-time moments with Moriya, are already a thing of the past.

For now, I will just say that she is the person of absolute integrity. I took her to be and that she does have that amazing connection with her soul.

Interestingly, I have also found her as expected in terms of the simplicity of her lifestyle and the casual manner in which she presents herself to the world as a short-haired, slight woman in her 60s, wearing basic cotton shirts, sweaters, jeans and runners.

No flowing gowns or exotic turbans.

No dramatic bouffant hairstyle or raven locks à la Morticia Addams.

No incense, no jewellery - cosmic or otherwise - no spiritual paraphernalia of any sort.



Moreover, I can confirm that she is totally grounded and practical in her dealings with daily affairs. Moriya is as generous and as ego-less face-to-face as she has been all this time as my virtual spiritual guide, but more on that, of course, in another file.

Do keep yourself well - in the moment and flowing - dear Reader.

An active, open-hearted, acceptance of What-is is the only way we can alter our reality.

On that, you can take my word.

C. C. 😊