

Come on now, who do you, who do you, who do you, who do you think you are,  
Ha ha ha bless your soul  
You really think you're in control

Well, I think you're crazy  
I think you're crazy  
I think you're crazy  
Just like me - **Crazy** [lyrics] - Gnarls Barkley [1]

**Brisbane, 20.12.07**

## **Karma Is!**

The present moves like a brook, a stream or the sea. We cannot hold on to any part of it, not for more than a few seconds. But, then again, the present is also eternal because it is ALWAYS there.



If we could dredge deep down into the ego, we would bring out all the forgotten clutter from time immemorial. Everything past still exists there. Everything past creates and recreates ceaselessly our response to each present moment, which is the root of our struggle. Again and again, just as waves form and break, again and again our reactions to situations, our actions to reactions remain unchanged and so does the magnetic duality of all we do.



We can only breathe in real time. Just as we cannot breathe under water, we cannot breathe in the past any more than we can breathe in the future. Truly, the present-moment is all we have and it is unlimited for the time we are on this earth.



Interestingly, when we run into a spot of \*good luck\*, it might be a break we have earned but again maybe not. It might simply be a positive windfall from

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[1] Gnarls Barkley, first single, "Crazy", (2006), CD *St.Elsewhere*.

general good karma that has latched on to us in a nicely synchronistic way. “Never look a gift horse in the mouth,” they say.



These days of climate change are making it graphically easy to see first-hand how inter-connected all of us we really are.

Not only do we have to trust that, at a time of drought and water restrictions in a city like Brisbane where I live, everyone – including the neighbors I never see - are doing the right thing. However, beyond trusting Australia’s politicians to put in place the best eco-strategies possible, we need to trust that the citizens of all countries will also do the right thing.



On the topic of group or societal karma, it is interesting to ponder why, globally, the western world is such an avid consumer of books – fiction and non-fiction, films and TV series that rely on violence.

Most of the seemingly innocuous family-viewing TV shows feed us violence, mental disorder and death, even as we try to enjoy our dinner.

Mainstream horror films like **Psycho**, the **Saw** series, forensics and even clever police/detective films like **The Bone Collector**, \*thoughtful\* films like **A History Of Violence**, action films like **A Man Apart** and \*thrillers\* like **Panic Room** must surely add up to 90% of all that is consumed for *entertainment* and escapism.

They all hinge on the violent, often vile or, at the very least, unstable aspects of the human mind.

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**Serious question:** why don’t we all, or at least 70% of us, demand *different* great books and *different* memorable films, ones that do not deal with violence, by boycotting 80% of what has been flooding the entertainment market?

**Another serious question:** on a continuum, where might the karmic responsibility of those involved in all aspects of these industries be placed? Absorbing too much violence works out the same as eating too much of the same food - eventually the body rebels.

Whether the food in question is too much violence, too much salt or too much chocolate - the body brings it back up.

Again, Karma is inseparable from the whole.



Karma is thought of as being mostly bad and static, not usually good.

Since karma is energy, it is OK to compare it to the sea and its ebb & flow in the sense that it is never either good or bad – it just is.

Is the sea \*bad\* because a foolish swimmer strayed away from the patrolled area and almost drowned [or drowned].



Karma could also be compared to the sun that is neither responsible for the fools' melanomas nor for the scorched earth of drought-stricken lands nor for the fire that, in October 2007, spread along the Californian coastline, destroying much of the grand real estate, partly because 50 percent of the new housing development had been built in a severe fire-zone.

*Fire just is.*

*The sea just is.*

*The sun just is.*

*Karma just is.*



Yes, we can separate the peas on our plate from the broccoli and the pumpkin, but how can we separate the sunlight from dusk and the wind from the sky or from the trees? How would crops grow without sun or rain? Which is more important?

How would they get to our stores if the farmers and the truck drivers did not work together to put them there?

How would we get rid of our smelly rubbish if it were not for the garbage men and all those who work in the refuse industry?

How would we keep our cars on the road without mechanics?

How would we experience a fine holiday without the staff or the locals at the other end? After all, they do make our beds, feed us and entertain us. And if we happen to be there at a time of karmic payback, they do mend us the best way they can.

Because we often receive without thinking, we need to practice an awareness of the symbolic acts of giving and taking.

Though this thinking is best done without expecting anything in return – otherwise it only amounts to manipulation - in return we sometime get a smile, a little more care, an extra L for love added to our alphabet soup.



The \*bad\* bits - the present-moments we notice, motifs woven into our life, the small corner of the huge tapestry that spans our soul's life - are simply challenges we must overcome without getting bitter and twisted, on our way to growing and evolving spiritually. How else can we do it, if not by dealing appropriately with the events of our lives?



Good intentions do matter, but because they are \*forced\* intentions, I really do not think that they can do much for any of us, when it comes to karma editing, not any more than mantras, holy water, joss sticks, crystals, offerings, flagellation, praying and absolution, because they are often mechanical and exterior to our selves. It would all be too simple.



Karmically, all the decisions we make under the influence of our \*instinct\* or while asleep at the wheel, even the so-called unimportant ones, weave us inside the tapestry that becomes our lives.



Here is a story written by Simons Roof who spent some time in a monastery in Bengal. I have edited it for style, but only slightly. On the one hand, I couldn't help myself but, on the other, I did restrain myself from doing more with it 😊

*There was a happy young monk who possessed only a water jug and the threadbare garments he wore on his back. One day, as was his habit, he penetrated deep inside a forest to meditate. There he stayed for a few days.*

*All went well except that at night mice came to gnaw at his robe. So, to protect his clothing, the young monk went to a nearby village and brought back a cat.*

*All went well for a while except that the cat was accustomed to milk and howled every time it had to drink water instead. So the young monk arranged to have a cow.*

*All went well for a while except that the cow wanted fresh grass to chew. So the monk bartered with a farmhand to clear a pasture and to care for his cow.*

*All went well for a while except that the farmhand eventually got lonely and brought his family from over the hills to live with him. And so the monk and the farmhand constructed a suitable farmhouse to house the newcomers and the farm.*

*With all that and the monk playing his part, the farm prospered.*

*All went well for a while except that farm and household affairs became too time-consuming to manage for only two men. So the monk invited a distant cousin, a young woman who was said to have a good head for matters of commerce, to come to help them.*

*All went well for a while except that the girl soon thought that, since she and the monk shared the same house, perhaps it would be better for them to get married.*

*One day the former monk, now white-haired, was approached by one of his grandsons, a boy who was about to become a monk and wanted advice on how to lead a good and simple life. And the old man, musing over the question, suddenly remembered how his life had come to be such as it was. He sat bolt upright: "Child, whatever you do," he said fervently, "do not ever get a cat!" [2]*



This story reminds me of the need to be in the moment and aware of what I am doing and why I am doing it. What may seem easy, logical and practical in the short –term may have me blind and hog-tied in the long-term, which is no way to evolve and amend karma.



Admittedly, though calibrated exactly to provide us with the challenge we need to grow beyond the trenches of our comfort zones, not all situations that come

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[ 2] S. Roof (1960), *Journeys on the Razor-Edged Path*, Hodder & Stoughton, London, p. 111.

our way are karmically induced as a result of anything we have done, either in this life or in previous ones. There is no way of telling what stems from which, nor should it matter.

What is ... is and needs to be addressed in as much a spiritual manner as possible.



Using humour and parables, as she does to help separate emotions from objective thinking, Moriya sent me the following humorous piece in one of her teaching emails.

*“There was a young woman who married a rich old man. Once she understood how boring a marriage she was into, she decided to take a lover. Whenever her husband went about his businesses, she would invite the lover to her house.*

*One day, while she was making love with him, the husband returned unexpectedly and the woman helped her lover make a narrow escape out of the bedroom.*

*Seeing her lying on the bed in her best lace undergarment, the husband was quick to interpret the situation.*

*He shouted, "Where is he?"*

*The woman feigned innocence and watched as her husband roamed from room to room, opening closets and searching inside cupboards. When he couldn't find any trace of a lover, he ran to the garden.*

*In front of the house he saw an open-top sports car. A young man was sitting at the wheel, using the rear-view mirror to adjust his tie.*

*"Ha!" cried the husband finally satisfied. "Here's the one who cuckolded me! Bastard, I'll show you!"*

*As it turns out, by the gate was an old wooden chest ready to be taken away to the rubbish dump. High on adrenaline, the old man heaved the chest above his head and hurled it at the car with all his might.*

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**Now, the scene is in Heaven.**

*An old man approaches the gate and the angel asks, "And so what brings you here, old man?"*

*"Well," said the old man, "I returned home unexpectedly one day and found my wife in a compromising situation. I found her lover in his car ready to drive away. I was so angry that I picked up the old chest by the gate and threw it at him. Alas, the chest was much heavier than expected. My heart gave up and so here I am."*

*Then came a young man to the gate, and the angel asked, "What brings you here, young man?"*

*The young man shrugged. "All I know is that I was parked in the street, minding my own business, waiting to take my mother for a ride in my new car when suddenly a huge chest came crashing me from above, and here I am." And then came a naked young man and the angel asked him, "So, what brought you here, young man?"*

*The newcomer replied, "All I know is that I was hiding from an irate husband inside an old chest and ... here I am."*



At first glance, it might seem that the common factor in the demise of all three men is the old chest. But a chest is a chest is a chest.

On its own it is quite unable to create any drama.

So whose karmic energy was the catalyst for the culminating event that lead to the three deaths?

As in all good thrillers, *Cherchez la femme*.

The woman, in this joke, provided purpose, time and place for all participants to come together, while the old chest is a mere instrument.



There are four major points to remember about Karma.

1. It is not exclusively the bringer of disappointments, pain or death.

Though it operates in a way that our intellect cannot comprehend fully, karma is neutral. It is even-handed.

It is only our societal bias that gives it a color.

Karma is why some win at the lottery. It is why others fall in love. It is why we get the promotion that we've worked hard to get or the \*lucky break\* that, from a near-sighted perspective, we think will solve many of our problems.

2. Once two persons meet, their energy feeds off each other and as long as neither acts as a circuit breaker by reacting *non-mechanically*, their karmic destiny will be played out.
3. The culminating moment of any karmic situation is orchestrated according to the law of attraction and repulsion, as is encoded in our magnetic field, in our energy field, which works exactly as the magnetic poles of one, two, or a multitude of magnets all brought together for one karmic intervention, scheduled at a designated place, at a specific time and driven by one participant's energy.
4. There is no such thing as any one having ever been in the wrong place at the wrong time.

The string of anodyne little moments that placed the sports car driver in front of the old man's house were set in motion by the cosmic plan, not by Lady luck or coincidence.



Whether they are ours, our friends' or strangers', from an individual's perspective, life's events, taken in isolation, appear as moments that can be reduced to stories by ourselves, by our friends or by the media.

All we have to ask is, "What's happened?" and we have all the facts neatly arranged in chronological order.

If we are addicted to watching other people's karmic events in full graphic color, news programs that run 24/7/365 give us the fixes that answer our craving. If not for this addiction, why would we watch strangers' glory moments and, mostly it seems, their moments of sheer agony and despair?



This is how karma works: someone's loss is our gain. A heavenly moment for us may mean that, for someone else, they go through hell.



Regardless of the number of participants in a karmic culminating moment, known or unknown to us or to each other - the karma of each participant being different from ours - they will be affected in varying degrees.



This is illustrated in the following humorous tale. *“There was once a man who was having a guided tour of heaven. Everything appeared as he had expected until he noticed a man, a very old one with a long white beard. The visitor found it odd that there should be a beautiful young woman seated on the old man’s lap.*

*So the visitor asked the angel, “What’s the meaning of this?” And the angel answered, “For the old man? It’s paradise. For the woman – it’s pure hell.”*



Admittedly, though calibrated exactly to provide us with the challenge we need to grow beyond the trenches of our comfort zones, not all situations that come our way are karmically induced as a result of anything we have done, either in this life or in previous ones. There is no way of telling what events stem from which, nor should it matter.

What is ... is, and needs to be addressed in as much a spiritual manner as possible.



I have come to realize that doing life, driven only by our intellect, is as helpful to us as driving at night in a car that without headlights.



Unlike the fly's eyes that are six times more sensitive than ours and can detect ultraviolet frequencies in the light spectrum that is invisible to us, our eyes are a function of the limitations of our human body and our largely untapped intellect. They enable us only to perceive what is directly in our line of vision. Like the most basic Gen 1 Sci-Fi robots, we can see only a few meters ahead. However, unlike robots, we don't usually scan and observe all that is there. Most of the time, unless we are involved in a research, creating

something that requires our undivided attention or we are in love, we merely glance at what is directly in front of us.



We lack omniscience. We cannot see one minute ahead of where we are. As such, we can but have a limited understanding of the metaphysical laws that govern the cosmos.



We are saddened by the news that it was a baby's fate to die from cot-death or that of a toddler to be mowed down by a drunk driver who ploughed through the fence of the garden where this child was playing. Beyond a humane emotional response, and for practical reasons, we need to accept that such tragedies happen for a reason, however nebulous to us. The reason is that of karma needing amendment.



We can be as sentimental as we wish for as long as we wish, but we must not forget that a child's soul is, in fact, quite an ancient soul which has a purpose to fulfil in this lifetime. If this means being incarnated in a particular baby with a preordained short life, so be it.

As callous as it may seem, I am coming to accept that such a child's karmic purpose in this lifetime is to give the ones who are grieving the pre-destined wake-up they need in order to tend their spiritual selves. Which is not necessarily the response generated by a personal loss of this magnitude. Often, in fact, deep grief drives us further into our mechanical selves and makes us even more dependent on emotional crutches.

What? Lesson not learned? Like at school, we will be given another opportunity to learn what we must learn, either in this lifetime or in the next or in the ones after that.



Once our karmic rendez-vous is locked into our energy field and our nemesis is set on course, not unlike a \*sleeper\* spy, nothing can prevent our destiny from happening - neither how \*good\* we may have been, nor any

geographical distance, however great. Though we know such things happen all of the time, here is a sample confirmation of what I am talking about.

### **Crash bus had been overtaking**

The tour bus that crashed in Egypt killing six Australians overtook a second bus just before it rolled, the operator of the tour said today.

Witnesses have stated that the driver had not been speeding, that he had been driving well up to that fateful moment and that there was no explanation for his decision to overtake at that specific moment. The bus driver survived, but he has to process his role in this tragedy. Here again the bus is only the instrument.



## **Lawyer shot down aiding woman**

**A GOOD Samaritan shot dead after going to help a woman in distress in Melbourne this morning was a 43-year-old solicitor.**

The unnamed lawyer was one of two men who went to the aid of the woman who was struggling with a man near a taxi on the corner of Flinders Lane and William Street, in Melbourne's CBD, about 8.15am (AEST).

In all, three people were shot before the gunman fled.

**The solicitor was shot in the chest at point-blank range and died at the scene an hour later, despite the efforts of paramedics.**

**The other man who attempted to intervene, a 30-year-old, is in a critical condition in hospital after surgery.**

The woman, 24, is in a serious but stable condition in the intensive care ward of Royal Melbourne Hospital.

Police said this afternoon they had identified a person of interest believed to be the gunman.

This sad story appeared on the front page of my local newspaper, *The Courier-Mail*, on the 18<sup>th</sup> of June, 2007.

Like that of most, upon hearing the news that such a nice man had been blasted in the chest at point blank range in such particular circumstances, my first thought was *how unfair*.

Moriya, however, was quick to point out that this death, like all other deaths, particularly violent ones, happen so that the survivors have a chance to redirect/amend their lives by looking inward. Their karmic mission is to refrain from knee-jerk responses intended to pacify their ego-persona, whether by seeking \*vengeance\* as opposed to justice through the Courts or revenge beyond the Courts; whether by indulging in endless grief; or by becoming agora-phobic or bitter or nuts or whatever - further starving their soul and adding more negative entries to their energy field. If this happens then, truly, it can be said that that person's death will have been in vain.



If we remember that our souls are ancient and that they have not always been incarnated in such wholesome and honest ego-personae as ourselves, then a swift death, here and now, can be attributed to amended karma. After all, one of our past incarnations might have been strung up on a medieval torture rack and pulled apart until death ensued. Or in more modern times, s/he might have died a slow painful death in a hospital bed or left bleeding to death in a back lane. In this lifetime, however, as in the case of the Good Samaritan in Melbourne, it was estimated that a quick, painless death was the just reward for something beyond our understanding.



Spiritualists say that the world, as we know it, is only a manifestation of what is organised in the cosmos. They say that the real world is the cosmic world because it is from there that come, magnetised to us, all the impulses - the minute ones and the massive ones, the good ones and painful ones - that shape the daily lives of every one in our global communities and have done so since the Big Bang.



*“All the world's a stage,” Shakespeare wrote in As You Like It.  
“And all the men and women merely players:  
They have their exits and their entrances;  
And one man in his time plays many parts ...”*



What if, in a previous lifetime, the lawyer shot in the Melbourne incident, had killed someone with a sword, with a gun, with an anvil? Why not accept the possibility that this \*someone\*, in the current time- warp mirror-reality, turned out to be the gunman towards whom he was inexorably magnetised, through the catalytic energy of the woman in distress on that Melbourne street corner? A role reversal if you will.

A tragedy played out according to the Cosmic plan, but from a cosmic perspective who is the real hero? Who is the real villain? It is not for us to know. From a spiritual perspective, any judgement passed by anyone in our world is purely arbitrary.

All we need to accept is that through the events interwoven in the huge tapestry that is our soul's life, karma is the unerring Great Adjustor. What we sow is what we reap. That is the certainty. What is totally uncertain is *when* and *how often* and *how*, in the millennia, our soul's incarnation will reap \*our\* harvest.

"Pashoot meod," says Moriya in Hebrew. Very simple.



Moriya said to me one day that the world that, according to the Christian calendar, is a couple of thousand years old is in fact nothing more than a perpetual masked ball where everybody's true identity is hidden by their ego-personae, our ego-personae. And although there have always been councils and tribunals set up to punish wrongdoers and criminals, when these miscreants reincarnate under a different mask, they can no longer be identified as such and they pass as innocent and pure entities. Having said that, we can, here and now, identify evil-doers in two ways. Either they are seen to repeat their evil deeds in a robotic way or they sacrifice their lives for the benefit of others.



If our world is only a mirror and we are only reflections of the real images, we need to turn the mirror around to look at events in reverse.



There are three more points I would like to make most respectfully, as I continue the deconstruction of the karma of The Good Samaritan in the news item.

1. Because it is a karmic impulse that cost the lawyer his life, not the gun, and not his encounter with the killer, the energetic baggage he will bring into his next incarnation will have been amended most positively. This man died while aiding someone, in this case the woman who, incidentally was the karmically appointed catalyst. If it hadn't been for her presence on that pinpoint-specific space on the street corner, this particular drama, with these specific participants would never have happened.

2. The impulse to be at the appointed time, at the appointed place to participate in one specific event, even if only as an eyewitness, is hardwired in our aura. It cannot be resisted.

When destiny summons us, we go where we need to go.

With the precision of homing pigeons, all four participants in the shoot-out came from wherever they were, moments before, following their own impulse to come together, on a couple of square meters, right at the corner of Flinders Lane and William Street, while everyone else of the 3,850,000 people in Melbourne were off-stage.

3. "The other man who attempted to intervene," shot three times in the upper body, was revealed later as a Dutch backpacker who just happened to be there, in downtown Melbourne. He survived.

In all likelihood, only a few persons, not necessarily the ones closest to both these men \*knew\* them as they really were in \*this\* lifetime at that particular point in time, and probably no one has a clue as to what these men were like in their previous lifetimes - as is usually the case for each one of us.

Thus, the theory is that when in the *eye of the storm*, the more spiritually evolved the victim – *we do not mean, here, do-gooders or religious zealots* - the lesser the energy invested in the incident/accident, which explains why some people stare death in the face but walk away against seemingly impossible odds.



Moriya explained, “C.C., let’s say, it is your karma to one day get lost in the desert, OK? So, it’s not going to be a nice experience. Maybe you suffer from dehydration. Maybe you come across reptiles and maybe you even get bitten. You get sunburnt. Maybe you also come across thieves. Interestingly, they only want your camera and your wallet. Sure, you’re unhappy and sure you’re frightened, but when it’s all over, you agree that the experience could have been much worse at every turn. So, although you got lost in the desert, you got rescued. You didn’t die there and actually whatever has happened to you will become an anecdote to share with friends or to write about in a book. Look, put plainly,” she adds patiently, “a karmic situation that turns out to be less serious than otherwise expected is like slipping in a mud puddle and falling on your buttocks instead of cracking your head open on the pavement.” and emotional grazes or whether we die on the spot, no one knows what is in store for us ... further up the track ... in the next moment.



To revisit some of the main points made earlier in this file, Moriya sent me another humorous piece to deconstruct from a karmic perspective – a part of my homework on that particular day.

*“A young man who had to go away on international business wrote his girlfriend love letters every day. He wanted to do it the romantic way, via the post, not email. After the 200th letter, his girlfriend got engaged to the mailman.”*

**Deconstruction:** The culminating moment is set in motion when the mailman became mediator between the girl and her boyfriend. Then the boyfriend, through his letters, becomes the mediator between his girlfriend and the mailman. The boyfriend and the mailman have swapped roles, but the three participants are the same. Karma changed their position.



In one of her emails from Jerusalem, Moriya, who translates her thoughts directly from Hebrew, gave me an analogy to illustrate the concept that karmic events are indeed \*God sent\* opportunities for us to move on.

*“C.C., let’s imagine that our life is a very long road with many refilling opportunities along the way,” she wrote. “Tov [O.K./good, in Hebrew], you have a car and your car will work only when you put fuel into her, right? Now, suppose you just fill the tank and drive a long distance until you run out of fuel. You wouldn’t say: Wait, wait, I need to find the same gas station where I last filled the tank, would you? What you would do is be thankful for the first station along your way, fill up and drive on. Our ability to get energy from any gas station along the way is very liberating and is essential to our survival, yes? The first station symbolizes our starting point in life. From there the sky is the only limit. However, people forget how to use their spiritual wings -- or maybe that they have wings at all - they settle in the state of chrysalis without ever evolving into a butterfly.*

*You see, people function in the same way as the car and its fuel. We eat and our body changes our food into energy. We also absorb energy from plants, from the air (prana), from other people and also from objects. Of course, we also have some karma to edit and some karma to live out. All this is energy. It’s very freeing and very functional that we can and, in fact, are expected to refuel along the way, again and again.*

*C.C., there comes a time when people who have worked or lived together run out of fuel. They are meant to separate. They seldom do so voluntarily, preferring to return to what is energetically familiar over and over again regardless of whether or not this energy is healthy for them and regardless of how much travelling they could have done, if free to move.*

*What I’m saying is that there comes a time when we need to be separated, otherwise we live under the same regime of repetitions as older students being made to do again and again the same lessons that they were doing in early years. When, energetically, we refuse to budge, we are made to separate and move on by a karmic event, an incident our ego-persona interprets as a nuisance, a setback, or even a tragedy.*

*It is a very good opportunity to evolve and progress without being linked to the familiar gas station forever. But although people know all that and know that all of us will die one day, most live in denial and cling to emotional crutches*

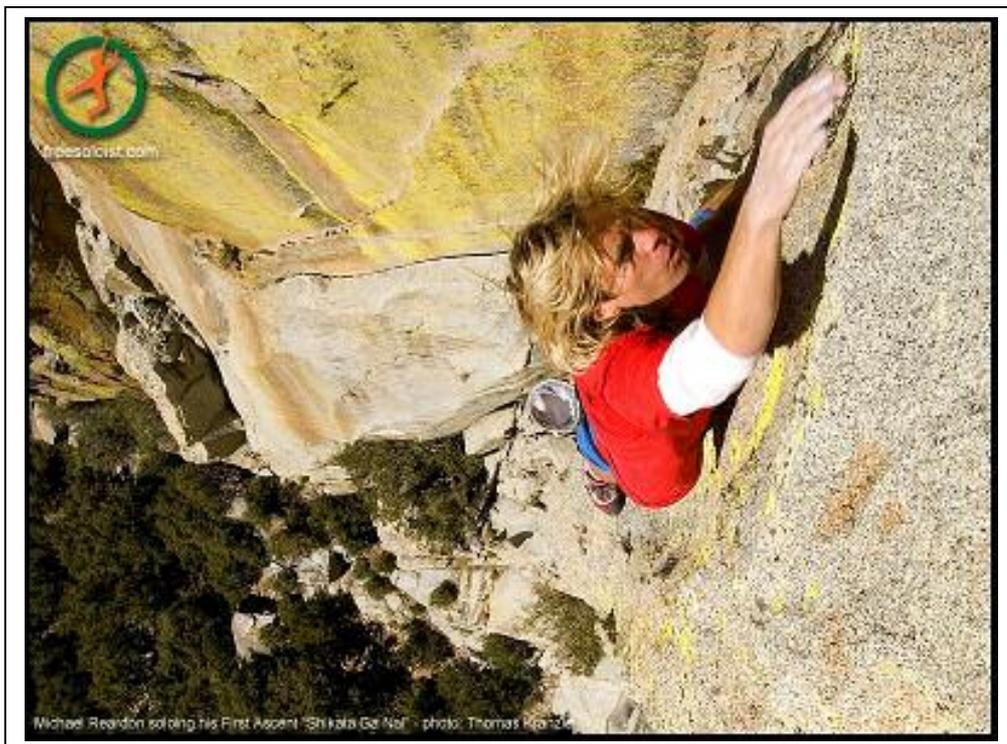
*and physical crutches and are too afraid to even look for a new gas station up ahead. After all, isn't there always another station up the road?"*



Karmically, whether we survive a mishap unscathed or with only slight bumps and emotional grazes or whether we die on the spot, no one knows what is in store for us ... further up the track ... in the next moment.



Michael Reardon was one of the world's leading free solo climbers, a rare and highly dangerous extreme sport sport that entails climbing sheer cliffs, some 900 feet high, with only the gripping power of finger tips and rubber-tipped soft shoes - without any saftey equipment whatsoever.

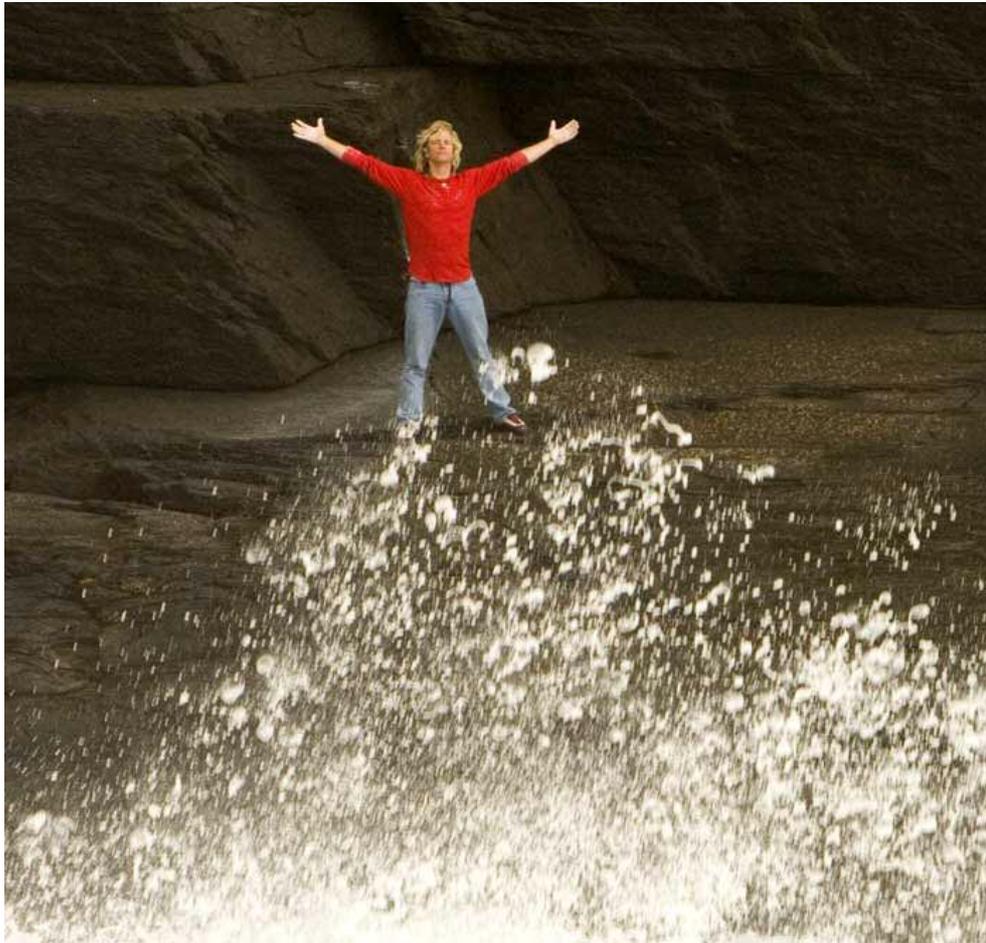


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[3] <http://www.freesoloist.com/>

“On July 13, 20007, Michael was standing below a climb he had just completed. The photographer, Damon Corso, was about 30ft away taking pictures of him. He was about 10ft [5 meters] above the sea and he and had his hands out, celebrating, to say



This picture is the last one of Michael alive. [4]

he had completed the climb of his life. But then a *rogue* wave just came in. The wave hit him on the knees and he lost his balance and slipped on the algae. He was shouting for help but there was nothing Damon could do.” [5]

Interestingly, Michael’s personal saying was: “*Climbing may be hard but it's easier than growing up.*”

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[4] Thanks to Bren at MountainTraining for sharing this with TGU by email and passing on permission.

[5] The Adventurist, <http://thehendricksreport.wordpress.com>, posted on July 16, 2007 by Jason A. Hendricks.

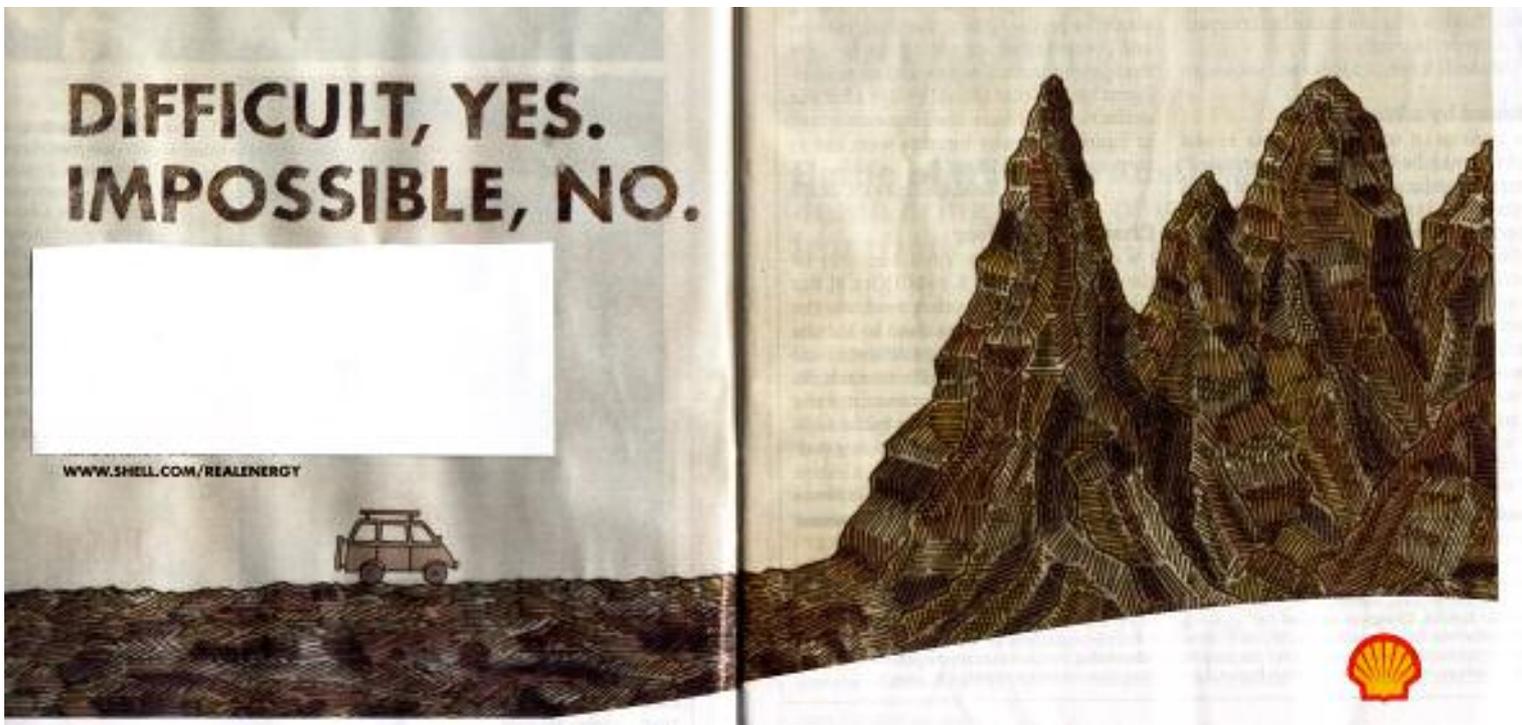


When a karmic incident comes crashing down on us, it is very appropriate to ask *Why is this happening to me?* or *Why is this happening to us, as a community* or even *as a country*.

**Spoiler:** It is appropriate, provided the tone is firm and inquisitive for, indeed, it is essential to try and get as close as possible to a spiritual answer.



This humoristic image from the Shell campaign for Real Energy Solution [6] illustrates how I perceive this business of amending karma while we still can, and the caption brings it home.



Every mainstream religion reminds us about the consequences of our actions. Ultimately, though celebrated with different words and through different rites, I do believe that, once pared down and free of fanaticism, each of the mainstream religions share common spiritual beliefs.

In spite of this, I will risk saying that the greatest catalysts of wars of religions, past and present, aside from masking fear and greed, have been waged because of semantics.

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6. *Time magazine* October 22, 2007 p.4



On paper, all this makes a lot of sense. However, internalizing \*all this\* until it becomes a part of my core understanding of the meaning of life and death does not come without effort. And so, as I learn more, I practice a shift of perceived values, slowly, slowly, one present-moment at a time. Daily I *practice* the acceptance of everyone, without exception. No matter how hard and against the grain.



The good news is that I do not have to deal with anyone's opinions or religious views and, in fact, I do not have to DO much at all, least of all talk. All I need to do is simply accept them. But like anything related to this topic, acceptance has got to be genuine – from the heart, not merely from the head, not from the lips.



Giving of self IS what unconditional love and universal love are about. It is not about sending feel-good vibes to whoever we are naturally attracted to or comfortable with at the time of our choosing. It is not about being kind to the ones we like and love and being indifferent to others. That would be way too easy and hardly the stuff of spiritual evolution.



It is only the skin that seals us up along with a cultural perception of the individual that give us the illusion of our uniqueness which, in turn, creates and maintains separation and isolation.

Basically, I'm getting to think that we are about as unique as any cookie can be unique on its baking tray, once the cookie-cutter has done its thing. And this introduces another key concept, that of **separation** or rather, that of **Non-Separation**.

