

Moriya explains - Soul Beings -

Everything that we notice is meant for us. It is like someone sending us a letter that we are intended to open and read. If we miss out on the message or misunderstand it, we might not get another opportunity in this lifetime - **Moriya**

JAPANESE BUDDHIST HYMN, 8TH CENTURY A.D.

BLIND, BLIND ARE ALL SENTIENT CREATURES

YET KNOW THEY NOT THEIR BLINDNESS.

AGAIN, AGAIN THEY ARE REBORN

TO DARKNESS AND TO SADNESS

AGAIN, AGAIN THEY PASS AND DIE.

“Do you remember, C.C.,” Moriya asked, “how many times I have told you that as our true self, as Soul, we already *know* everything we need to know in order to be realized? I have already told you that we don't need to learn anything more besides opening our heart to let our heart-chakra energy flow, one interaction at a time. *Pashoot meod.*”

It seems that what we define as learning is simply finding ways to remember from the ancient wisdom that, along with our karma, has been passed on to us through our *recycled* soul - bless her. 😊

One day, Moriya reminded me that my car was the symbol of my inner self. When I come across *conflict energy* on the road, such as the rumbling of trucks or the clattering of a train on the overpass, a traffic jam, a driver who pushes in dangerously close to my bumper - together and separately - each event symbolizes an aspect of my inner state.

Flip side: when the traffic is fluid and a string of green lights waits for me to go through before turning orange; when a driver hangs back to let me slip in the lane I need to move to, that, too, reflects my inner state such as it is at that moment. It presents me with the encouraging message that I am doing well and flowing.

“You see,” Moriya explains, “**EVERYTHING** is always right there in front of our eyes and everything is surrounded by magnetic field, including us.

You already know that like attracts like. When we are blocked, we attract to us similar persons, conflicts and frustrations that *pashoot* reflect our inner state. And when we are flowing and don't lean on too many crutches, it reflects energetically and things flow better. How could it be otherwise?

People completely accept matters of energy when it comes to the TV, radio or their computer, but they have problems in accepting it when it concerns themselves. Let's not forget that all these inventions are but symbolic images of our capabilities.

“C.C., you have to pay attention and learn to identify the symbols,” Moriya adds.

“Observe. It is time to understand that the outside world is your stage. Why complain? You have free access to a big production on a huge stage and wonder of wonders is that you are the leading actress, the producer and the director. What more could you ask for? So observe and enjoy.”



A few days ago, I had a dream, one of these early morning dreams that are said to come straight from the soul.

I looked out of a window and I saw that my car, a red jeep-like 4-wheel drive appeared a lot bigger than expected.

The soft-top that protects the cabin had been removed and the support frame appeared to have been torn off. Bits of metal protruded unevenly from the rest of the body.

Pashoot = simply

The damage to the car is clearly irreparable and further along the dream, I learn that it was a friend of mine who did this as a joke.

Calmly, I try repositioning the soft-top cover again, but it is not something that I can do on my own.

So I wait patiently for the arrival of a friend; the one who turns up is the one who admits to the deed done to my car.

She gets on her phone and begins chatting with someone else while watching me wrestle with the problem.

So I tell her that I don't get the joke and that maybe she could help me fix the mess she created.

Reluctantly, she joins me in my efforts. Together we try to climb on the roof structure, bits of which have just reappeared but we still can't do much.

Finally some young men arrive. They climb on the roof and they attach the soft-top to it. Visibly, they have the strength to push and pull things into place that we didn't have.

Deconstruction:

car = higher self

i look out of a window and I see that my car ... much bigger than in real life = inner expansion, increased awareness

the soft-top that protects the cabin had been removed = my disguise – how my persona presents itself to the world – exposing the self as one does through teaching and writing

torn off as bits of metal protruded unevenly = all kinds of thoughts and emotional clutter that were covered up are now exposed

a friend of mine = protection, support

who did this as a joke = take things easy like a game - not take myself so seriously

calmly, I try repositioning the soft-top cover again = patience and good control over emotions and thoughts

it is not something that I can do on my own = still unable to evolve on my own – in need of help

so I wait patiently until the arrival of the friend = protection and a connection to soul

the woman gets on her phone and chats = inner communication with higher self

so I say that I don't get the joke and that maybe she could help me fix the situation she created = I still need help on The Path

together we try to climb on the roof structure that has just reappeared but we still can't do much = still unable to climb high enough

some young men arrive. They climb on the ... they have the strength to push and pull things back into place = help has arrived. I have all the assistance that I need in order to expand and evolve on The Path, and the feminist that I am need not be bothered that it is through male help that I was able to get things done. The nice young men in my dream represent my Yang – my male side.



Back on the topic of symbols in the material world, Moriya has this to say:

“Everything humans have ever built expresses the longing for their inner connection. Look at the vast palaces, the gothic spires and huge temples of old. Look at the modern-day skyscrapers and huge theme parks, the multiplex theatres. Look at the always bigger stadiums and also look at the latest technological inventions created by the persona. All of them are the product of a human brain that has reached the maximum of what can be achieved, at least for now.

But even if the force of gravity can be conquered up to a point, there are always limits, a point beyond which no human can go. You need to ask yourself why create a new ‘world’s highest’ observatory needle from which to see humanity below as pin pricks?”

Super Sizing, in every field, has got to be the label for our culture. And thousands of people are already dreaming up the next world’s tallest tower while the current record holder is not yet finished.

In fact, each feat of gravity defiance and thrust towards the heavens leads to the rhetorical question of why is marine exploration so little developed?

In reference to the colossal greediness, envy, jealousy, anxiety and despair that brand us, as human beings, along with a generally aggressive nature, J.

Krishnamurti wrote, that though *“There has been outward progress from the bullock cart to the jet plane, psychologically the individual has not changed at all.”* [1]

Freedom from the known was first published in 1969, and if the reference to the *jet plane* feels a tad dated, simply substitute Virgin Galactic’s Space Shuttle II to revive the quote’s currency.

Anyone with \$200,000 to spare will soon be able to enjoy lounging in zero gravity for 2.5 hours in the comfort of their own personal space suits. How good is that, huh?



[2]

Our love affair with height, not depth, started with the first tree that was tall enough to climb.

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1. J. Krishnamurti, *Freedom from the Known*, (1983) Victor Gollanz LTD, London, p.13
 2. <http://www.etcusa.com/corp/pressreleases/NR120507.htm>



From the dawn of time [3]



Circa 1400



1889



1930

What I say is, that though we constantly build bigger and higher, we, as a species, have not grown all that much over the centuries and it could be argued that our extravagant acts of expansion outward and upward are simply the material expression of the western world's *Little* Man Complex.



1962



2008 Q1 – the tallest residential building in the world [for now] Gold Coast, Australia

3. http://veronikanagy.files.wordpress.com/2008/02/tree_climbing.jpg



“Soul is inseparable from the whole cosmos,” continued Moriya, “and she cannot but see things as big and vast and wide that contain everything, not like persona’s limited perspective. *Aval* people don’t understand the real meaning of their big houses and even bigger mansions, big cars, big theatres, big stadiums, big skyscrapers and bigger everything. They want them for status, for fame, until they have so much that is so big that they lose themselves in this enormous *kish-kushim* and find relief only in sleeping pills, anti-anxiety pills, drugs, alcohol, which cannot protect them from dreadful illnesses, loneliness and suicide.”



“You see, the human brain can invent only so many crutches on which to lean, in order to climb as if on a ladder, and with credit cards, money is no object. Ambition is no object either.

Why think small when you can think beyond limits? That’s true, but in order to really go beyond the highest point of anything man-made, we need nothing except to unveil ourselves and go naked the way we were born, pure souls free of the ego.



“All man-made creations are symbols that reflect our inability to let go and stand free of crutches. C.C., remember that when symbols are idolized, whether it’s the emblem of a football team or the players themselves, or a high profile Rock star or that sex symbol or anyone someone would die to meet, or the bronze statue of the Priestess I gave you, the worship of each and all amounts to idolatry. You are soul, C.C., but a statue is only a statue.”

Indeed. From soccer stars to royalty, every high profile person is only a person, small and vulnerable, who relies on chemical cocktails of one sort or another, on emotional crutches and stimulation that are substitutes for love. They clutch their status symbols, as we hold on to what we have. They hide under the glitz, the fracas, the pomp and ceremony - just to keep going, just to get by. Just like the rest of us, little Indians.

“The minute you put someone on a pedestal, you do separation. You create the ‘us’ that stands opposite ‘them’. In doing so, you invest these logos, these people with a power they do not have. All the people behind such objects and their personal fame,

Aval = but **Kish-kushim** = rubbish

without exception, feed off the so-called little people without whom they are absolutely nothing. C.C., you need to learn to see beyond what your eyes do not yet perceive.



“The matter of incarnation is as straightforward as the information that comes in on a SIMS card once you have acquired a new cell phone number,” Moriya explained, “except that *your* SIMS is a very old card that has travelled *to you* through eternity. Your soul has been on its way to you – and will live beyond you – ever eternally.



“Through each of her incarnations, your soul has accumulated more and more data that you can now access once you free yourself of your ego.

Most traditional books on dream interpretations separate the symbols from the dream's story, which is not helpful.

The point to keep in mind is that the content of our dreams is made up of messages sent to us by our soul. *Ze lo tov* interpreting such messages as if they were intended for the ego-persona, who can only understand things literally while dreaming events that are of a higher order.

“For instance, the traditional interpretation of a snake is ‘deceit’ because of the serpent’s involvement with Adam and Eve but, *be-emet*, in times even more ancient, the snake was already considered the symbol of wisdom and of kundalini. This is the reason why snake imagery all over the world became the symbol of healers and, even to this day, the symbol of doctors represented by the caduceus.”

[4]



“C.C., *ze lo tov* transferring to animals negative aspects of our ego-personas such as deceit or cowardice. They are our brothers and sisters. They deserve better from us and what they really symbolize is our ability, as humans, to evolve.”

4. Psycho Chic

<http://psychochic.com/index.php?page=shop&shop=psychochic&item=psychochic/303718king>

Ze lo tov = it’s not good **Be-emet** = really

Most of us would agree that, as humans, we should see ourselves as custodians of all creations more clearly.

Moriya, who looks after various parrots on her rooftop terrace, told me one day that a very large bag of organic seeds had just been delivered to her front door. When I queried why 'organic' seeds for the birds, she replied in her usual matter-of-fact way that she would not separate herself from the parrots - and her two rabbits.

If she eats strictly organic food and only vegetables and fruit, because it is the healthier alternative, how could she feed anything she would not want for herself to the birds and animals in her care?

Ah, but wait! There's more.

Besides the fact that they are grown organically, the corn cobs that Moriya buys are still attached to their husks, which the two pet rabbits, Bonnie and Dolly along with the birds, enjoy very much.

Because these husks are free of pesticide, Moriya always finds "in every stalk a big green worm sleeping at the edge, so I cut the edge and I think that it's that worm's fair share of the corn. For without her no corn would have grown, *ken?* You do know that worms are essential to the soil."

And so Moriya puts the green worm out in a verandah pot along with its little piece of husk or lettuce and there it will live out its days in peace - provided a bird doesn't pick it too soon as a tasty treat.



Back to the business of our dreams.

"C.C., to make my point clearer, let's look at another example: the traditional interpretation of a lion in our dreams.

Books usually say that the lion symbolizes great strength, aggression and physical power which is interpreted as overcoming our emotions as well as our challenges. This interpretation exists simply because, in the modern world, the lion is seen as the king of the jungle. Centuries back, the lion also represented royalty, leadership, pride and dominance.

"When a lion comes to me in a dream, for me it won't mean that I'm about to take over a situation and impose my will on another being.

It won't mean that I have to exercise restraint in my own personal and social life.

What it will mean is a reminder for me to not regress into indulging any of my lower desires, the ones triggered by the base and the sacral chakras.

Look, here is a how a lion came to me in a dream:

I am walking alongside a woman through a very big hall. We arrive at the top floor where a lion is asleep in the hallway. I say to the woman: "What will happen when the lion awakes? Ze lo beseder that a lion should be lying like this in the middle of the hallway."

Inside the large hall that we finally reach, there are many people. Suddenly the lion rushes down the stairs, jumps toward the entrance and starts to struggle with another lion. Then, the lion returns and approaches me. I just sense that I have powers to block him. So I point a finger at the lion and say forcefully: "Lo! No!"

The lion retreats but returns again. I extend a finger and again, while looking directly into his eyes, I say: "Lo! Lo! No!"

The lion retreats one more time. Then, suddenly again, he jumps towards me, but stops at my feet and lies down. As I look down, all that there is at my feet is a big white dog with very long hair.

So I look at this dog in wonderment until his minder comes out of somewhere and stands by me. This man holds a strap that he ties to the dog's neck.

He smiles at me and takes the dog with him. While they walk away I see that the dog has become once again a lion.

And now, CC, let's look at the interpretation of the various symbols present in that dream:

Lion = animalism - lower desires from our base chakra and fed by our ego-persona

Big hall = our ego-persona/ourselves. The more we are developed, the greater is this symbolic hall

A lot of people = our reflected inner being. They symbolize the various *I*s that we are inside our persona and, for sure, they are numerous. If we see people doing their tasks without conflicts, this symbolizes our inner harmony. When we can master all our various little egos and keep them on a leash, they are under control and ze beseder gamoor.

Ze lo beseder = it's not right **Lo** = no **Ze beseder gamoor** = this is very good

Dog = unconditional love, faith

White = enlightenment

“C.C., it can be added that the lion’s minder symbolizes my ability to control my lower desires and my ability to turn them into positive ones – from lion to dog.

In short, this dream has nothing to do with power and dominance or about being a violent carnivore, but what it tells *me* is that when I control my ego- persona, I tame ‘the beast within’, as the expression goes.

These lowly materialistic urges vanish and I remain enlightened.

The lion that changes into a dog and then changes back, is the reminder that these aspects of ourselves always exist, no matter what. They are always lurking. It is good to remember that they can, and do, take over in turns, depending on how we feed – or starve – them in our day-to-day dealings with others and ourselves.”



Moriya explains - While the lion is awake, we slumber -

This year, to celebrate the Chinese year of the Rat with friends, one of whom is a



Chinese Malay, we went to a restaurant in our local China town. I am not sure how much money the owners of the Enjoy Inn had donated to the Chinese Lion Association of Brisbane, but I am ready to bet that every Chinese dancing lion in Brisbane dropped in for a prance around the tables.

The noise of many drums reverberating through the restaurant was deafening.

[5]

I gave Moriya an account of the lions' leaps and dances around our table and explained how their ears, eyelids and tails are manipulated by the dancers inside the lion cloth-frame and here is her

deconstruction of that moment:

Restaurant = where you eat what others prepare for you and your friends, i.e. messages, tests, experiences. In restaurant, we have to pay for our food, which symbolizes having to pay close attention to messages around you; otherwise a price will be have to be paid for ignoring them

The noise of many drums = it is meant for *you* to be aware and awake!

Dancing lions = flowing. "The lion, as Leo, is your sign, C.C.," Moriya said, "But generally a dance symbolizes the natural movement of life: wind, waves, energy. All in Nature is a continuous dance, like Tai Chi"

They move their eyelids = the need to observe, be aware

Their ears, too = listen to messages. Don't be hypnotized by your ego-persona or anyone else's

Manipulated by the dancers inside the lion = ego-personas pretending to be lions "Why would people pretend to hide behind the mask of a lion?" I asked. "Because the lion symbolizes our lower desires. Having a leaping lion's head in the background of your dinner gathering, C.C., is a good reminder for you, Myarh, and

5. http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lion_dance

all who were present to be mindful of the erratic nature of your lower mechanical impulses. Anyway, no creature is ever one-sided. They are all two-sided, exactly like our soul IS us, just as we are her incarnation – the ego-persona in the body she has in this lifetime.

“C.C., while on the topic of impulses and thoughts of a lower order, do you know that irritating flies and mosquitoes are but symbols of what annoys you and of the emotions that eat you from the inside? Once you become aware of this and keep observing yourself, you will identify your thoughts and you will understand how these thoughts bite you worse than any mosquito can ever do. Once you understand this deep, deep down, you won’t have to deal with flies or mosquitoes anymore. They will simply fly off to bother someone else.”

Most gardens, here, in Brisbane, harbour colonies of midges, commonly known as sandflies. They come out in the afternoons and although the flies themselves are pinprick tiny, their bites swell up, itch and linger for days, because I have an allergic reaction to them. Yesterday, a midge bit me on the toe while I was padding around barefoot on the patio. Wearing closed shoes today, a school day, was an irritating experience to say the least. Tomorrow won’t be any better.

If there is a lone mosquito anywhere, no matter how many people are present, it will always find me. Myarh jokes that when I am around, she doesn’t need to apply any insect repellent. Though I am glad to be of help, I can’t wait to test out Moriya’s theory that once I can truly be in the moment and identify the pesky thought patterns that make me react mechanically, I will no longer be picked as a preferred landing pad by these diminutive blood suckers because I will have understood the lesson and moved beyond.

“Having said that, there are of course places like swamps and marshes that attract mosquitoes. But, *ahoti*, as like attracts like and as Karma does its work perfectly, there’s not a chance for someone to be in the wrong place at the wrong time.

Ahoti = my sister

Of course, the ego will ask: what would happen if ... but in reality there are no ifs. Ifs are never real. They are only fears we create in our mind. Some people get a clearer message from animals and insects than from people, so that's their fate to be bitten until they realize the symbolism of that and act on it.

“Look how symbolic it is that the flies and mosquitoes cause maladies like malaria and Ross River fever in your country. People fall into a state of deep sleep and hallucinations. So, this malady reflects the state of ‘consciousness’ of these people, showing how sleepily they are in their lives, like the saying that says ‘asleep at the wheel’ and if they won't do something when they awake from that bout of illness, their soul will attract another event to them, a worse one again.

Ma la-asot, ahoti? Ze ma yesh!

“You see, it is all *kish-kush-bala-bush* to interpret dreams as horoscopes do in the newspapers or on the net. Our soul never thinks in such basic linear ways. She is love, and faith, and truth and when she sends you an image of a lion, she simply wants you to see your potential to become a queen or a king, which symbolizes the soul.

You can choose to aim for that by understanding the symbolism and by obeying the call or maybe you can lose your focus and revert to obeying your animalistic ego-persona, the one that just wants to be indulged and satisfied and entertained like a child, while being spiritually asleep – at your own risk.

Your mistake is to think that you need to SEARCH and find a symbol here and a symbol there, like a forensic scientist looks for clues. If you want to see the true meaning of symbols, you need to climb on top of a mountain and observe from high above – a bird's view.

“C.C., the symbols are all around. They are bobbing around like little corks, just waiting for you to look and SEE them. OK, for now, if a mountain top is too high a climb, you can at least try standing on a ladder, yes?” Moriya chides again. Then, cryptically, she adds, “No need to search far for interpretations because you need only to look into the mirror and see everything reflected back at you.

“Messages are reminders like little flags. Minute after minute, moment after moment, they come in quick succession. Symbols, messengers, messages – the

Ma la-asot, ahoti? Ze ma yesh! = what can I say, my sister? This is how it is. **kish-kush-bala-bush** = load of rubbish

show is right before your eyes. It is a live performance and it is very interesting, never boring. And if you should forget to observe and fall asleep in the middle of the show, a fresh messenger will come to awake you with a blow on the head. And see, you don't even need tickets for this long, long show. It is set up just for you and it is all free.”



One day, Moriya told me about another of her dreams:

“I had such a strange but beautiful dream and I will tell you about it.

I was preparing a sandwich made out of a magazine. I took out all the staples, as there were a lot of them holding the pages together. Finally the color pages were ready so I pasted *honey* on them. Then, I folded the magazine in two and offered it to the people who were nearby and everyone enjoyed eating it very much.

You see, when I awoke I remembered the prophet Ezekiel [Ezekiel 3:3] to whom God gave a scroll to eat. *“Then I ate it; and it was in my mouth as sweet as honey,”* he said.

“All I can say,” Moriya added, “is that I hope my teachings are as sweet as honey for those who would like to be awakened from their slumber to gain self-realization. But nothing can change for anyone who cannot open their heart to give unconditional heart-chakra LOVE.”

When I replied, “Yes, OK, but making a sandwich out of a magazine is a weird dream,” Moriya was quick to reply, “*Lama*, weird? Look around and see how often people ‘swallow’ words from newspapers, magazines, books, TV, movies, radio and also from each other’s mouths, huh? At least I had honey inside *my* word sandwich.”



Lama = why?

Moriya explains – Any messages for me?

All your tests and messages are intended to keep you awake, to make you aware of yourself, to observe, to notice your physical automatic reactions, your automatic emotional reaction, your automatic What-ifs – all of which amounts to yourself being on automatic pilot.

For every one of us, these messages and tests are only catalysts intended to keep us sane.

They are intended so we can find meaning in everything, as opposed to seeing none.

The more we can see for ourselves, the more our real Self grows and we feel less and less desire to identify with and respond to our false persona.

Less and less we desire to give her more fuel.

Less and less we agree passively to let her nag us like a greedy child. Less and less we allow her to trick us into being her slave.

In the Talmud there's a saying: *"From all my teachers I have learnt something,"* but, C.C., only truly enlightened persons can teach you *everything* you need to know in this lifetime. However, regular personas can deliver to you a few messages at a time and, this, they do.

So welcome them, my Little Sister, and learn to understand their language

- **Moriya**

“Let's take for example the symbol of pain, *toiv?*” asks Moriya. “Pain is a great messenger. When there's pain in the body, it means something is wrong. Pain is like an alarm intended to drag our attention to a problem that would otherwise remain unnoticed, ken? Now, if you don't take care of the problem, but take painkillers, the problem won't go away. Instead, it will eventually lead to a chronic illness.

Tov? = yes? OK?

Now, let's look at this from a spiritual perspective, *tov*?

When there's pain of the sort people feel when they are unhappy about their jobs, their family, friends or whatever, instead of opening their heart and practising a heart-chakra connection towards that person, they take painkillers in the form of drugs, alcohol, sex, shopping therapy, travelling, entertainment and all other kinds of avoidance *kish-kushim* in order to pretend for a few hours that the situation - and their pain - do not exist - which, of course, results in imbalance; which then triggers such states as depression, addiction or a chronic illness that is both mental and physical.

“So, you see, all symbols operate on the same level and get us back to the same meaning which is, understanding that the only absolute truth is that Soul IS love, just as it is *faith* and *happiness*.

When people are unhappy, it simply means they are not operating from their soul, but only through their limited ego-persona, the one that has a very limited range of responses, each of them of being of an egocentric nature.”

“People are so used to looking at the world through the little peephole owned by their ego-persona, that they delude themselves into thinking that, whatever they get up to and however they think, is the only way and is the normal way. Then they associate with people who happen to think the same things in the same way and they call them friends and *good people* - no matter what they get up to – provided they remain within the established values of that particular group.

“Now, imagine a person who has fallen down and has dislocated a knee, *tov*?

This problem forces her/him to limp. Over a period of time, slowly, that body adapts to the limp and other parts of the body adjust themselves accordingly.

It doesn't matter that much because the person still can walk and go on with their life. That is, until the person's spine is permanently bent the wrong way and she has to walk with the help of a stick; physical symbol of all the emotional crutches on which this person has depended all her life. In due course, the person might sigh

kish-kushim = nonsense

about it, but basically all they think is *ze ma-yesh* and the people around this person think, too, that *it's just the way things are.*"

Status quo – nothing changes and, worse, no one even thinks anything is *really* wrong until the doctor one day announces that major surgery – to be followed by weeks of rehab - is needed.

"The solution is, of course, to see, to understand, to stop and to reverse these happenings in order to return the body to its normal state.

The same thing applies to our mechanical reactions to actions and lack of understanding of the real world, the spiritual world around us."



A few days ago, in a bid to be **in the moment**, prioritizing home jobs according to urgency, not according to which I wanted to do most and which I wanted to do last or not at all, I dragged myself to the front yard to mow the lawn. Between you and me, this activity is always way at the bottom of priorities when it's my turn to get it done, but I had promised Myarh I would mow that lawn three weeks ago already and in the meantime, the blades of grass had shot up beyond ignoring, even by me. So off I went, although I could tell that the late afternoon sun still packed a lot of heat.

The front yard is slanted towards the street and while I was struggling with the mower on the uphill part, I reminded myself that if cutting one's hair is symbolic of trimming down old thoughts to make room for fresh new ones, mowing the lawn might symbolize the same thing. Not surprisingly, this thought gave me a boost of energy and so off I went pushing and pulling the big mower.

When I had almost finished what of the yard is adjacent to the neighbour's half-wall, I became aware of a presence behind me. I turned around, thinking Myarh had brought me a glass of water but, to my surprise, it was the neighbour.

Although we have been neighbours for more than ten years, the only interaction we have with each other is the occasional wave of the hand from a distance.

And so, unsure as to what he wanted, I looked at him quizzically over the din of the engine.

Ze ma-yesh = that's how it is

Yes, yes, when caught off guard, I am one of these people whose first expression is a frown. Still 😞

I noted his bare chest and the wide-brimmed hat on his head and the three others he had in the hand he extended towards me.

The neighbour spoke. I lowered the revs on the mower to hear him better. He spoke again, "You've been mowing for quite a while already, in the sun, without a hat, and I thought you might need one. I wouldn't want you to feel faint or anything."

Oh, I was so touched by his concern that I smiled. I thanked him for his thoughtfulness, adding that, truthfully, I was just about all done for the day.

When I recounted the story to Moriya, the first thing she replied, as I knew she would, was, "*Ve-ma, ahoti haketana, omeret about symbols? Stam kloom? Yo-fi, be-emet,*" which roughly translates as "And what about it, my little sister? No thoughts of your own regarding the symbols? Just a coincidence?"

"*Tov,*" she added, "*you did tov meod comparing the grass to thoughts and the need to cut them down. Ze tov, aval ma odd?*"

This is such a good message and I think you missed it altogether, just like you might go to a movie and not get the ending.

Look, you were cutting the grass, i.e. thoughts, yes? Now, you did it while the sun was hot, yes?

Sun = soul which gave you her good energy.

The neighbour is a messenger for your soul, because he came to offer you some protection. I mean, look at the picture, *ahoti*: on the one hand you remembered to trim down your thoughts to make them more manageable and consequently your head was exposed, which means *fewer thoughts* which in turn allows more *light and more warmth inside your mind*.

The man with bare chest showed you the escape from the need of the flesh.

As the Kabbalah says it, we need to take away all of our disguises, our masks, and unveil ourselves. *Overall, this message is about you being protected by your soul.*

So, you need to learn to accept all your messengers and whatever your messengers come to offer you, no matter what it will be, good or bad, sweet or sour because always it is a message for you to understand and heed.

Ze tov, aval ma odd = that's good, but what about the rest? **ahoti** = my sister

Always pay heed to strangers in the supermarket or at your place of work or wherever you go, because they will be trying to deliver you something and you must TAKE IT.”



A few days ago, Myarh went shopping for a new laptop and while there, she experienced a *moment* laden with messages of the sort we are discussing here. I am including this incident here because Moriya found it to be particularly symbolic – as they all are.

Unlike me, she always does a lot of background homework before buying electronic equipment. It is something she enjoys doing. She finds it a nice escape from her work. OK, to each her own.

So Myarh eventually settled on a laptop which came with a few hundred dollars' worth of extra bits and pieces, extra RAM, and two years' worth of free anti-virus software.

The store from which she made the purchase was in a very large mall in which she had never shopped before. On the way back to the car, she couldn't find it where she thought she had left it in the underground parking. The likelihood of it having been stolen was slim, and so she walked and walked through this multi-level carpark until she was totally disoriented. Finally, she called me for emotional support.

Myahr is a sailor and she has a very accurate sense of direction, which is why we were both perplexed by this incident. What else to suggest to my darling besides that she sit herself in the nearest coffee shop and order herself a *cafe au lait*, her favourite. I also encouraged her to calm her thoughts enough to let the facade of whichever shop she had first noticed upon entering the area float up to her consciousness.

shopping for a new laptop = new approach/attitude/consciousness.
In Israel, we call them mobile computers so, as all computers, a laptop symbolizes the persona

homework research = preparing herself for the change

free anti-virus software for 2 years and free extra RAM = ongoing protection

she just couldn't find it where she thought it was = cannot find herself, i.e. her spiritual real self

she walked and walked through this multi-level carpark = underground parking - lower level of the persona. Of course, following where our persona takes us will only lead us into a loop

she called me for emotional support = she needs your help to evolve and find her true self. You are good guidance for her

let the first shop she would have noticed upon entering the shopping area float up to her consciousness = help her connect with her source , her soul

she enjoys a very accurate sense of direction = CC, it's a different kind of sense of direction that is needed when all arrows points inward and not outward.

“See how symbolical this incident is? Nothing ever happens in a vacuum. Everything has meaning and purpose. How could it be otherwise when evolution starts from ABOVE and filters slowly down to our consciousness?

The major problem is that messages, unfortunately, become distorted on the way down. Our channel needs cleaning. Water doesn't flow well through a corroded pipe.”

Even our plasma TVs need to be tuned before they can transmit an image.



A while back, at low tide, while looking for bits of shells to use as lugs to slip into my stretched earlobes, I came across that of a turquoise blue snail. My first thought was *Wow!* because in all the times I had fossicked among the black boulders of Burleigh Heads, I had never come across any shell of such an unusual color. Most of my finds come in various shades of beige, white or black.

I picked up the shell, turned it upside down, peered inside to make sure it was vacant and then put it in my pocket. I thought I might send it to Moriya for whom shells symbolize the optimal emptiness we should seek

to establish inside our minds. The other interesting fact about all shells is that it is the *empty space* inside the shell that defines its shape. [6]



6. <http://www.laputanlogic.com/images/2005/04/14-10CYRBNWP00.jpeg>

I agree that this makes the humblest of shells very special. Besides, isn't it a shell that, in spite of its *emptiness*, gave Leonardo da Vinci the blueprint for the spiral?

Back to my story: a few minutes later, when I took the turquoise snail out of my pocket to look at it again, I just about dropped it in surprise.

Two thin claws were protruding from the opening.

The shell was inhabited after all and its owner was definitely alive.

Mumbling a little apology, I carefully placed the shell back on the sand and watched it drag its heavy shell towards the closest rivulet of sea water a few centimetres ahead.

Once again I asked Moriya for a deconstruction because no matter how many entries I have included in the glossary currently posted on *C.C. on Destiny*, daily awareness always throws up more unknowns. This time, though, I attempted a little deconstruction on my own typed below in bold black.

Low tide = exposed = ken, not flowing

Black = absorbs everything = ken, ego

Black rocks = absorbed back habits, hardness – mechanicals = ken. But they're high so they have potential for evolution

Coloured pebbles = pretty and small but always kiskushim or distractions = ken.

Shell = life experiences? = ken.

Seeking emptiness? = our ego = Astral shell - a need to break out of our shell without being hypnotized by its outer beauty

Blue = throat chakra? sky? pure color? = blue is the mystic color that symbolizes soul

in pocket = locked up = prison = attachment

It was alive = kamoovan, as whatever that blue snail symbolizes cannot be dead.



The empty shell symbolizes a state of self-awareness where there's no ego. You see, you were hypnotized by the outer appearance and felt the attachment to claim it as your own, but then there's *someone* inside, *ken*?

“Question: Who is this little **I**, this little persona, that is hidden inside this beautiful shell?

Answer: the persona that is hidden inside our beautiful soul.”

“And?” I asked.

Moriya: And nothing, C.C. Just be in the moment. No plans. Don't touch. Just flow. Keep in mind that you don't need to do anything that is not needed right in this moment. Everything that is not needed right at this moment is unnecessary and will only burden you with more *kish-kushim*.

“Look, let's assume you are flowing and in the moment while writing this file. As soon as you're done, you'll want to send your work to your proof reader so she can find all your typing mistakes.

The confirmation of whether you *were really in the moment* is whether your file will get to her easily and whether she will be free at the moment you need her.

If you write because you **want** to finish this file, because your persona wants to see it added to your Destiny index or because you want to move on to the next topic, that would be wrong.

You won't be the moment.

Your thoughts won't flow as nicely as they should.

You'll miss making great connections.

Your analysis will be rushed – too long/too short/unclear, and although you'll be free to move on sooner, you'll find that you can't send off the file; that you've made a mistake saving your final draft. Or that your proof reader is not free to do the work for you.

Then you become anxious and you want to push and **touch**, trying to fix the problem; to shorten the delay by getting someone else to do the work, and you

Ken = yes **Kamoovan** = of course

create even more blockages for yourself. Although your file will be good, it won't be the best it could have been because you yield to the urges of your persona.

Don't you know already that whatever you push here, in the one spot, rises there, in another spot? Just BE IN THE MOMENT, will you?

Considering what did truly happen to my original file on Symbols, a saga I will share with you on the next page, I wonder if Moriya does not have the gift of prophesy, a subject not yet broached between us.

“Here's a true story to illustrate the point,” Moriya adds, to explain why manipulating **What-Is** is not a good idea. “There was a rabbi in Jerusalem who had many health problems. One day he made an appointment to see a specialist. For some reason this rabbi changed his mind a few days later and cancelled. Then another rabbi, a Kabbahlist, organized an energy healing by gathering ten old people to create a strong circle of healing energy to transmit to the sick rabbi. That seemed to work for a short time, as the rabbi looked and felt better. Unfortunately for him, he had a relapse and, *sof sof*, he made another appointment to see the specialist, *AVAL* by then, this doctor was no longer available. See, C.C., *when you postpone or touch something you move EVERYTHING with it because pieces of the puzzle are inseparable.*

This brings to my mind Picasa, the free-share photo software you might be familiar with. When viewing any of my digital albums, should I want to move a photo elsewhere within the album or across to another folder, all I have to do is drag and drop the picture wherever I want to be. As if set on a floating layer, the pictures all around move to accommodate the newcomer and settle back in lovely orderly rows. The main difference is that in the material world, tampering with the spontaneous arrangement of What-Is, upsetting natural synchronicity, never yields a neat little outcome.

And now, as a case in point, I will say something about the synchronicity - or lack of - that I will always associate with the writing of the original file on Symbols, of which this one has become the third and final instalment.

I am normally a quick writer. I wrote and published seven novels in five years. I also wrote each of the files already on the Destiny index over six separate end-of-term holidays – one file per holiday – each under 15 days while doing a lot of other things with Myarh, like long walks on the beach, catching up with friends and tending to all the home jobs that holidays absorb so well.

Once proofread by Joy, the dear friend who does this for me from the kindness of her heart, I had each file uploaded on Destiny a couple of weeks later. Yet, although I began writing **Spirituality in real time** back in April 2008 and today is 4 November, it is not yet finished.

Moriya is right: Soul Time does not work according to anyone's clock, needs and wants. Nor does it worry about the passing of days and months. Soul Time's tick-tocks may appear whimsical, but I am learning to accept that it is only as whimsical as the state of our emotions and the vibrancy of our energy field. It can flow as smoothly as sand through my fingers just as it can move as ponderously slow as gravel through an hour glass.

This is what I tried to convey back in August 2008, in a forum reply to Gntltong, a fan of my novels who, with a couple of other readers, was waiting expectantly for the release of that file on Symbols. She enquired about the uncharacteristic delay:

The big difference between how I used to do things, and now, is that now I understand there is a difference between what I *want* and what I *need*.

Because I now believe I have a soul and I have heard enough and read enough and discussed enough to believe in dynamic karma-shaping, I understand why **less is more**.

Doing less, controlling less, fighting less to make square pegs fit into round holes is always more than what is needed, if you know what I mean.

Accepting what *IS* while refusing to play my brain's game of What-Ifs – is a very active process.

For example, I no longer spend hours daily being my own

publisher and agent, trying to connect dots around my novels in a bid to have them become a Pink-household name.

Indeed, what *shall* be will be.

I have written these novels, they are my children.

I have done my best to make them fly and soar but although I was driven to do all that over a period of five years, I now understand that it is up to a much greater power than mine, karmic synchronicity, to make them spin - or not.

Driven is a great word that speaks for itself - more than fixate or obsess, being driven is ... passive.

Something - be it ego/fear/greed/lack of unconditional love, whatever it is - drives us.

Something holds the reins firmly in hand and that *something* cracks the whip very near our ears.

Truth is, I have no way of knowing whether a sustained wave of interest in my writing, though great for my ego-persona, would be great for ME - long term.

I have no idea whether a major breakthrough would bring true contentment to my life - or the opposite - however directly or indirectly.

You are right, Gntltong, when you say that in 12 weeks or so, I would normally have finished the entire draft of a novel.

But, back in the days when I wrote novels, I was *driven* which means that, except for what I needed to do to be ready for my professional day, everything else, including time with my darling, had to fall around the various demands of *my writing*.

The hours I no longer spend writing and/or finding ways to break down doors, I now spend reading, researching, studying

all that is relevant to a dynamic - non-religious - approach to spirituality. This, Gntlong, is what now absorbs my *free time* - after I have processed what needs to be processed in the correct order.

Doing all of this now seems more important than stamping the ground, like a bull at a gate, to meet imaginary deadlines. Having said that, it looks like, tonight, I actually have a window of opportunity to return to *that* particular file for a few hours - and maybe again tomorrow. That is as much advance planning as I care to do for now.

But you know what, Gntlong?

I thought the glossary and the first 40 pages would be the sum total of what I had to say on the topic. I thought all I needed was to find time to tidy up the draft, rush it off to the proof reader and be done with it.

We-ell, in between a series of *contre-temps*, a real saga, between my lack of spare time, my computer meltdowns [yes, plural] and my proof reader's temporary unavailability, I have realized that I should go back to page 1 and work my way down, slowly, gently, peacefully to see where that took me, in the fullness of time.

Let's see how *the* file reads after it get its upgrade. Let's see if my thoughts *pour on to the screen through the keyboard like choc topping on a donut*, as I wrote yesterday in another thread.

Thank you for having asked the question, Gntlong. Keep yourself well. And keep watching this space :)



Interestingly, *the* file in its initial format was 25 pages long plus a glossary. In the meantime, though I felt I had not had enough spare time to do much with it, it has morphed into something large enough to be called a chapter subdivided in three sections, roughly total 160 pages – this section being the third and last one. How did that happen?

The only answer I can think of is that, though over the past six months my opportunities to write have been few and far between, when there have been little windows of opportunity, I was able to write in my usual way - writing a lot in little time.

And ... isn't that what flowing is about?

A Buddhist saying has it that when a person is evolved, s/he can do things as if s/he had ten hands – certainly something to aspire to that would make multi-tasking more efficient, but should that ever happen to *me*, to accommodate another ninety fingers, I would need to invest in a much wider keyboard 😊



If I had had it *my* way, back in April, I would have uploaded the original 25 pages and happily moved on to the next file which will focus entirely on the deconstruction of dreams: some of Moriya's, some of mine, some of Myarh's and those of a few friends who have asked for an interpretation. Having said that, this is only what C.C. persona has in mind to do. I wouldn't be surprised if my soul had another agenda running parallel to mine, silent and invisible, already poised to deviate it.

Now, it could be argued that in this chapter on symbols, some of my mind-meanders and some of Moriya's explanations could have been edited for speed. Yes, of course, but seeing as it is not a book that I am writing but a sort of stream-of-consciousness journal of my journey, it suits me well to not write for speed.

It suits my purpose to let my thoughts reach a natural conclusion on any ... thought.

Anyway, the chunking-out of the entire content of *the* file in what appears to be spontaneous subfiles of roughly 40 pages each is, at this stage, purely arbitrary, but as I am typing these words, I am thinking that in terms of [spiritual] numerology # 4

symbolizes balance. Think of it that way: 4 wheels under your car offer more stability than the 2 wheels on your bike or 3 wheels under each of your inline skates :)



An anecdote concerning Moriya:

One afternoon, Moriya walked to the bank to get her new credit card.

On the way there, she noticed a white chalk message scribbled on the pavement. She stopped to read it. "Go to the man with no head," it said in Hebrew characters. An arrow pointed straight ahead, but she continued towards the bank. Once there, she gave the teller her old credit card, but the woman also wanted a photo ID that Moriya did not have on her person.

The teller insisted, saying that she could not give anyone their new credit card before sighting their ID card but, after another teller confirmed that Moriya was a known customer, the woman relented and allowed Moriya to sign for her new credit card.

The symbolism of this anecdote is simply that Moriya was able to be identified although she had *no head* to show i.e. no picture ID.

For Moriya, the graffitied reference to a *man without the head*, symbolized her loss of ego-persona as her ID includes a picture of her head-and-shoulder.

For her, the message was obvious. It confirmed her separation from emotional attachments and thought-clutter.

For the one who understands that *less is more*, going the way of the ***headless*** is definitely a great message.

The following week Moriya, again on her way to the bank, decided to deviate a little to follow the direction of the chalk arrow still clearly visible on the pavement. Much to her surprise, only thirty metres ahead, there was another message in the same white chalk: **You are on the right Path.**



Scanning ahead,
she saw it - a rock
sculpture of The
Man without a
Head.

In truth, this man
does have a head.

← **Head**

He is holding it on
his lap, not unlike
Hamlet held Yorick
the Jester's skull
and, just as

Hamlet's monologue is about the physical impermanence of life, it can be said that for Moriya, the statue symbolizes the spiritual death of the ego-persona.

