

What Do We See

When we look around, we are able to identify people, objects, familiar surroundings and so on, because these items exist within our memory bank that contains all that we have learned and experienced as well as the habits we have accumulated and desires we harbor - all things that we know. Therefore, the world around us appears in our thoughts as it was. It is in this format that it has been saved and stored in our mind. Similarly, when we observe stars, what we do see is merely the reflected light as it had been - sent by them from the past - one light year ago, ten light years or maybe a million light years ago. Thus our senses limit our perception of the world through the past.

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Because life can only be experienced in each real-time moment, and it is in that moment alone that exists the new, the eternal and the infinite, our observation of the world is like peeping through a screen that will never allow the whole clear picture but only a distorted silhouette of it.

What doesn't exist within our memory no longer exists in real-time for us. Every time we find ourselves in front of a stranger or faced with a situation never experienced before, we pop them into pre-labelled little jars. That way, they immediately become familiar to us, and we feel we know exactly how to respond to these *new* experiences. Alas, the only tool we have to achieve this is Thought, and the image Thought produces is always a distorted one - never the thing itself, always a facsimile. In fact, we go about living the moment like the person who is intent on playing a hand of cards, the same way today as yesterday, as last year, while ignoring the reality of the other players' cards at any one moment of the game in progress.

In a bustling street full of people and vehicles, we are able to truly see but a few items. The parade of people passing by us is that of faceless and unreal silhouettes. We notice our circumstances, events and people, according to whichever thoughts have monopolized our brain. For example, if we are running late, any person stepping in our path, any red light - any delay – is immediately perceived as playing its part to prevent us from arriving at our destination on time.

Then we react negatively, sometimes even aggressively, to clear our path of these nuisances. We might brusquely shove someone aside or honk at the driver of the car ahead of us or be rude to the pedestrian whose right to cross safely we have just disregarded. Reality is that when the inner flow is blocked, it will find a release in the form of further delays and various nuisances and in the inability to make things flow without being stuck or breaking down. We might be pulled up by the police, we might ignore the dashboard signals and run out of petrol rather than stop. We might drop our keys in a drain as we lock the car. While we are totally unable to make anything move any faster, the list of potential complications created within a mind seized by a flurry of random and erratic priorities are as familiar to us and it is endless.

Every nuisance, disturbance or new situation is destined to wake us from the sleeping condition that afflicts us and change its symptomatic ignorant blindness into observation and awareness. Any attempt to push the nuisance aside - a symptom of a central problem - would cause its temporary delay, but not its solution.

Our inability to see the whole picture is derived from an excessive identification with the persona and thus with our outer world. We fail to understand that what we see all around is but a reflection of our inner world.

When we try to make sense of the world by Thought only, we are not open to seeing anything that is not already trapped in our memory. If it weren't so, we wouldn't be able to notice, let alone identify any real-time event. Since 'thinking' is a mechanical process that analyzes fresh circumstances according to the models already in place, 'thinking' can only create a permanent conflict between the signals as they appear from the past and this current moment which is also new and eternal.

Our dependence on mechanical thought causes us to be attracted to people and experiences linked to the same source. As the saying goes, "like attracts like". We are connected to one another through the aura – the magnetic fields that surround each one of us. What we attract through our aura is one hundred per cent ours, regardless of whether we like it or we don't. Since everything is neutral in itself, the value we give anything and anyone is purely subjective. Everything springs from primeval matter – the Original source of life – and therefore all that is of our world can only be of the highest nature.

Separating people, interactions and circumstances according to the ones we welcome and those we want to reject because they seem unpleasant, difficult or frustrating, creates inner confusion and a lack of inner harmony.

Any friction, conflict or pain means that things have slipped out of an harmonious wholeness and have become splintered. Amendment cannot be achieved by rejecting what is perceived as a challenge to our comfort zones but by accepting it with an open heart, thus returning the moment to its natural wholeness in the harmonious formation of life, because within all things is imprinted a will to return to their source.

Looking at the world through our persona's limited sight causes us to make wrong choices according to the measure of pleasure we expect to derive from them - not according to the amendment that needs to

be achieved. When it comes to our magnetic field, we need to accept that there could never be a case of mistaken identity whereby any 'thing' at all intended for someone else will, by a twist of fate, fall into our lap. Of course, the reverse is equally true: not a single 'thing' karmically intended for each one of us, be it a lucky break or a setback, can possibly end up with someone else.

Take, for example, thieves who steal valuable items. These people are unable to hold on to their 'gain' because these valuables, belonging to a rightful owner, are not energetically encoded to *them*. Thus, they find it impossible to profit wholly from these items or their proceeds, if sold or passed on to others. On the other hand, we recognize characteristic strokes on an artist's canvas and we recognize a characteristic turn of phrase in a writer's work and it is thus possible to identify them as the rightful owners of these works of art. The uniqueness of our energy fields is made visible and concrete by the whorls of our fingerprints, and no two people in the world have identical fingerprints. That is, every one of us has a unique energetic code that belongs to us alone. This code is stamped on each of our deeds and thoughts as clearly as a barcode on a can of soup.

An honest look at ourselves would reveal that we don't really know how the things we do are actually performed by us. We don't truly know how we move our hands and feet, or how we speak, or why we choose to utter a certain thing at a certain time, or why we are attracted to certain things and certain types of persons while we are turned off by others. The multitude of things we experience daily moves on a different level altogether. Clearly, we cannot say that we are *this* body. We refer to the content of all that is us as 'my body', 'my foot' and 'my head'. In the same way, we refer to what is intangible such as 'my thought'. However, we do not say, 'I am body', nor do we say, 'I am head' or 'I am foot/hand' or 'I am thought'.

Who, then, is that 'I' who has *this* body and *this* head? To whom does this foot/hand belong?

On a practical physical level, the 'I' is but a thought which separates itself from its surroundings by partitioning off the person who experiences and the experience itself, thus creating an illusion that the outside world is separated on its own. Because of this limited perception, we identify around us a world that is little, limited and narrow, which consists of old and familiar items and, therefore, each person perceives a different world, although we are clearly looking at the same things, because processed action and projection are different according to thought.

The eye absorbs vibrations of a certain frequency which the brain translates into a picture that is thrown up and absorbed by the eye in the form of shapes and colors. The ear absorbs vibrations of another frequency which are translated into sounds. The nose absorbs vibrations that are translated into smells, and so with our other senses. Absorbing the world around us through limited senses, while at the same time translating and separating it by mechanical thinking into multitudinous items, causes our sight to distort reality because of the inability to see the connection between the items and their meaning, as if each person creates a movie of her/his own when the connection between the movies is only partial or doesn't exist at all. That is, we live in a cocoon, within an illusion, as a reflection, and not as a real image.

Observing the way we think would reveal that our thoughts consist of a multitude of particles that are connected together into a kind of complete puzzle created by one word, one concept, one event at a time. By themselves, the particles have no real essence. We could compare our disconnected thinking to a series of pictures imprinted on the film that are static and two-dimensional. Once viewed through

a movie projector, they would create the illusion of moving three-dimensional images that look absolutely real.

Every action and every thought that is repeated becomes a habit. We can drive a car while talking or while being absorbed by our own thoughts and, at the same time, we can react to signposts and to the traffic on the road. Thoughts are our automatic pilot. Our actions are utterly mechanical and we act/react without being aware of ourselves.

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Our thoughts enable us to move backward in time, back to our earliest childhood memories, to feel old experiences with a maximum identification with what happened back then, just as if it had just happened, and switch back to the present time without missing a beat. This ability is destined to give us the apparent impression that we are the same person that we were a minute ago – the same person we were many years ago.

Though ill-advised persons interfere with the natural ways of the bodies by straining their hearts with inappropriate breathing exercises, yoga asanas that can damage the brain and strain the body or by encouraging delusional thinking by practicing the so-called power of positive thinking, the automatic functions the body performs on its own, like breathing and digesting, are intended to prevent us from interfering with physical mechanics we do not truly understand. In fact, what these automated functions do is reveal the essence of our limited persona whose intended sole function is to serve the higher 'I', soul, and to act as a connecting channel between her and the body.

The persona consists of particles of factual information: a name, an address, family, friends, work, pleasures, time off etc. – the picture of

our life. This picture is like a puzzle in which every piece, in the original configuration, is exactly at the right place. If we migrated to another country and changed our name, our address, our work, our friends and our way of life – nothing would be changed within our picture formation. Our capabilities would remain as they are and the only change would be in the location of the items within the whole picture. The backdrop might be different but the essence of us would remain unchanged.

When we force a change out of selfish will, we increase our physical gross matter because everything is energy that behaves according to Earth's Law of Attraction. Therefore when we move things around to control and shape them according to our needs, we alter the entire puzzle and the pieces no longer fit comfortably together.

For example, migrating to another country could, perhaps, allow us to achieve personal/financial success, but our heart would remain forever in our homeland, which is the source of our energy. There are very few great thinkers who have migrated to other countries but those who did, like Halil Gibran, have expressed their longing for their homeland in the body of their work. Such a longing expresses their yearning for a union with their soul.

When we accept the picture of our life, such as it is, we will be in harmony with our surroundings and with ourselves. Any attempt to manipulate the picture by removing what bits we don't like, creates a void that cannot be filled by any substitute. This is because the persona tends to ignore items she perceives as difficult and painful, and to be attached to items that create pleasure, and thus she leaves unsolved interests which return again and again to mention their existence and the need to find their solution.

An example is that of parents interfering with their children's lives, imposing their perception, claiming they know exactly what needs to be done to 'succeed' in their life. They want to spare their children the pain and suffering they have been experiencing, and they push their children, even when they have become adults with a right to self-determination, into pathways that *they* deem appropriate. Such meddling might, eventually, bring on some sort of physical or material success within our societal cocoon, but it prevents true spiritual development and precludes any move *beyond* the limitations of the ego. Every intervention causes things to move from their pre-ordained location in our life picture. The reality is that no one can prevent anyone from the need to amend because, as mentioned, our fate is imprinted in our aura and only an opening of the heart to unconditional love can alter it.

The persona is an excellent servant suited to perform essential tasks, like looking after the physical body and performing menial tasks such as cooking, cleaning, shopping, going to work etc. But should we ask the persona questions such as – *What is the meaning of life? What is our destiny, here, in this lifetime? Why are we never satisfied with what we have, no matter how much we do have? What is this inner conflict that does not let us rest even though we are supposed to be relaxed and peaceful?* – she is unable to give us helpful answers.

As the limited mechanical system that it is, the persona gets her energy via the magnetic field, the aura, of those around. Potentially, the aura is the spirit of life, God's image. All our life's details are imprinted on the aura, and the brain adapts the data and transmits them to us.

In order to stay awake, the persona needs constant stimulation, and the life around us is the catalyst that rouses us into activity by connecting us with people, objects and circumstances. When encounters with the outer world are abrasive and accompanied by

friction, it is a sure sign that Soul's message has not been absorbed and that we need a painful trial to set us back on the path from which we have deviated.

Looking through persona's eyes reveals a narrow and limited world that causes a feeling of suffocation – the boredom that is so widespread in modern society – while we are controlled by the mechanical patterns that repeat themselves and become abhorrent, because we are not progressing in a spiritual direction. We are mistaken in thinking that the source of institutionalized boredom is an uninteresting book/movie/lecture/person/life. Actually, the problem is within us, in our mechanical interpretation of things that does not go beyond known and limited boundaries, that traps us again and again, while Soul is trying to draw beyond the known and into limitless possibilities where everything exists and is present now, in this very moment, and is given to us unconditionally.

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The persona can give us only what is within the boundaries of her capabilities: conditional love, well-worn and opinionated ideas, isolation and petty concerns within constricting boundaries, with constant fear as companion because of the unheeded need to throw away our crutches and stand firmly, liberated from the limits and the mechanical chains.

In the material world, all that we 'need' is provided for us to use, move and *let go* – not to hoard. The more we use 'things', the more comfortable and plentiful they will be next time, because all things need to be kept in a state of constant flow. The minute we try to grab and control people and things, by making them our exclusive property, we render them static and then things are no longer flowing and pleasant.

Seeing the world as if it consists of a multitude of separated items creates the illusion that accumulating more and more will induce a feeling of emotional security. This distorted notion unleashes a compulsion to hoard unnecessary things. We collect material 'junk' just as we collect negative thoughts, be they about ourselves or about others. We are so hypnotized by the great mountains of 'junk' daily thrown at us in the form of harsh words, accusations and insults that we forget that our aim in life is to bring up rare pearls within their shells from the depths of the ocean.

Instead of carefully cataloguing all the nice words that have been spoken to us here and there – however few they might be – we prefer to focus on collecting each bit of negativity that has been thrown our way. Because of the already tremendous mass of that 'junk' hoarded, we cannot see that collecting more junk keeps us from purifying our inner channel. The real things in life are unique and exclusive and an effort is needed in order to reveal them as the little gems that they are. Expressions of love, compassion, giving and accepting are such gems. Instead of carefully digging up these small pearls from the depths of the sea of junk that surrounds us, we tend to pass them off as unreal just because they are few and far between. But hoarded junk, as large as it might be, only causes us to suffocate from the stench and decay it excretes. The origin of all confused relationships lies in the distorted emphasis on 'more' while ignoring 'less', by favoring 'quantitative' over 'qualitative'. In short, we collect what others vomit and we lap it up as truth.

We fail to understand that the persona reflects our inner anxieties as well as our dependence on physical/emotional crutches, and when negative comments are thrown at us, these actually reflect our inability to give love. Because of her limitations, the persona cannot show unconditional love, and every expression of love, meager as it

may be, is therefore a gold mine that needs to be seen as such, and nurtured.

Excessive consumption of anything causes a similar result spiritually as it does on the physical plane. Throwing up equals being forced, by circumstances, to give up, to lose things involuntarily while giving of ourselves; sharing what we own, willingly, opens our heart to love and helps us to thrive as well as to expand our inner sight, thus enabling us to give more. The more we give, the easier to climb another step on the ladder that leads to the connection with our real self, the place where Soul is waiting with a mirror in her hands in which to reflect our real face.

Therefore, questions worth asking are *Why are we not happy? Why are there so few genuinely happy people around us? Why are so many people ill, aggressive and restless?*

All these questions have only one answer: we are all starved for love. The more aggressive and crazy the behavior, the deeper the inner hunger.

The persona causes us to see things upside down, and they appear threatening and false. As souls in disguise, our aim is to reveal love, beauty, truth, faith and acceptance, even if in small quantities. The beauty of real pearls, just like that of tiny flowers, is in our ability to recognize them at a glance and to absorb them into ourselves. The task is harder with whatever is considered big as, then, we can see only part of the picture.

The way towards self-revelation is unveiling the surrounding shells around us, like removing peels of an onion. Every step upwards on the ladder demands unveiling another layer, for the higher we ascend, the greater the need to be weightless. We won't be able to

drag upward the bulk of our old thoughts and conditionings. They need to be jettisoned and we need to arrive empty-handed. Soul does not need anything from this material world. Any extra weight drags us back downwards and each attempt at re-climb gets harder than the previous one.

As the mechanical system that we are, we tend to believe that what repeats itself regularly is to be taken as true. Love is a direct message from Soul and, drop by drop, it arrives too seldom and, after a while, it disappears altogether for a long time.

While observing the clear sky on a quiet night, we can glimpse a falling star or a new star blinking at us. In that second, we are as happy as if we had discovered a genuine pearl. But come morning, when our daily routine overtakes any sign of the night before, we begin to think that the blinking star had been nothing more than the faraway beam of a plane high above, and that maybe the falling star had been only a figment of our creative imagination.

Experiencing the moment fully causes all things to merge into one wholeness; while repetitive observation, through the old mechanical thought patterns, camouflages the experience as if it hadn't happened.

Because of the persona's limitations, we need the constant repetition of things in order to believe in their existence. Therefore, we demand to hear our lovers/parents/children/friends confirm, time and again, that they love us, that they appreciate us, for we are afraid that having heard it only once is not enough because of all the other times in which we have been told that we were not loved. And then we start to tabulate the number of times we have heard expressions of love, and tick that off against the number of times we have heard negative comments – which we often believe to be more frequent –

and we don't understand that the tiniest words of love are the real pearls that we need to dig out from the sea of junk. That junk will remain junk, even as it repeats itself time and again, thousands of times – that real miracles never happen in large quantities but singly, in small doses – is invisible to all but a few.

As souls, love is our real essence and love surrounds us on every side; in every dust particle, in every rain drop, in each green leaf and especially in the eyes of a baby – a brand new incarnation.

As in the case of love, we can see only a reflection of the beauty in the constantly changing world and, therefore, we subjectively place it on a continuum that goes from beautiful and highly desirable to ugly, as if it could be separated into one thing or another, as if one aspect of anything could be separated from its wholeness. Actually it comes down to an experience of being an inseparable part of these attributes – beauty itself, love, truth and faith.

Our reactions to our life's events can be described like this: suppose we are sitting peacefully on our balcony and suddenly, out of the blue, there appears a big wasp, buzzing and circling about our face. The first impulse is to swat away the nuisance, but we know well that any sudden movement will lead to a painful sting and so it is best to sit still so that the wasp can fly away. Thus, every attempt to remove a nuisance out of our way results in pain, because things cannot disappear from our life until they have reached their full solution. By ignoring them or trying to 'swat' them away, we postpone their finality while allowing them to inflate into unnatural proportions.

The only way to deal with words and deeds is to pay attention to them in order to understand the meaning of their existence here and now. Any attempt to alter the situation causes the attachment of the problem, as when an unsolved problem disturbs us with obsessive

thoughts. As long as we refuse to deal with the message contained in the moment, we nourish the 'nuisance' with the negative energy we feed into it, and it can but return to sting us like the wasp, again and again. It is only when the message has been understood and dealt with appropriately that the energy can flow in another direction, allowing the 'nuisance' to finally disappear.

All things work on magnetic fields and, therefore, they happen at the right time and when conditions are right for us to grapple with them. When we postpone dealing with them to another time, circumstances will be absolutely different and even less comfortable than the first time around. In addition, they would end up being tacked on to other things, as the flow doesn't just stop the moment we decide we don't want to solve a problem. Then we end up, for example, complaining about mountains of work, impossible deadlines and our inability to finish things on time.

While the persona grows by collecting, our soul grows by sharing and participating. Hands spread wide, the proud landowner contemplates his sprawling estate. "All this is mine!" he says proudly. That is, the persona sees itself chained to the physicality of gross matter and is encumbered by its vastness. From above, Soul looks at the landowner and sees him as a tiny dot within the infinite space.

The reality is that no one can spare us the task of personally amend our karma because, as mentioned, our fate is imprinted in our aura and only an opening of the heart to unconditional love can alter it. When, the moment we are asked, we give willingly of our time and of ourselves due credit is ours and the act of giving is karma-amending. But should we refuse, we will be forced to pay under duress and we will not reap any karmic points. Time and time again, the debt we have incurred – the one that is imprinted in our aura – will come back

to nudge us with incremental insistence of the need to pay up with an open heart.

For example, when our fate has destined us to give money to someone for whatever reason, we cannot refuse to give it because the moment it has been decreed we have to pay, that money is already no longer ours, and we won't be able to hold on to it no matter how hard we try.

And should we promise money to someone and then renege on that promise – that sum of money is sure to be lost to us in one way or another in the form of a fine to pay, a credit card lost, an unplanned expense or whatever.

Why are the higher messages from Soul becoming so distorted?

The persona is destined to be used as a channel to transmit love, compassion and all of Soul's altruistic aspects, but instead she brings everything back to satisfaction of the senses – from the taste buds through to selfish desires, passions and secret wishes and, from there on, for many, the road to crime is very short.

Let's take, for instance, a drug mule who is one day tempted to taste the drugs in his care if only to understand why people are so eager to buy them. And then he is no longer able to refrain from stealing what was his duty to deliver.

Permanent struggles between the persona, limited by borders that cannot be crossed, and the soul who pulls us beyond the rainbow, combine to create constant conflict resulting in restlessness and a constant need for movement in order to release stress. The identification with the persona causes seclusion within her limitations and any attempt to make her cross the boundaries are for the persona tantamount to losing control. Therefore, we are permanently in an inner revolt that is very difficult to overcome.

Maybe we use giant light bulbs in a bid to light the obscure areas in our life, but weakness of their light fails to enable us to understand the obvious: that in order to control things and to bring them into actualization, we need to let them flow on their own natural course.

Our life consists of strings of continuous events intended to enlighten us into understanding our real essence as pure souls. In moments of daring imaginings, we live out the innermost desires that are never fully actualized in our lifetime because the capability to reach beyond the limits of the matter has been placed in Soul's hands, and she alone holds the secret code – LOVE – the eternal and infinite power within us that is attracted towards self-realization and union with creation.

Being liberated from the bondage of the body is like being the eagle spreading his wings and soaring high above the clouds, in total faith pinning his hopes on the air and the wind to carry him to his destination. From the height of his flight, he identifies his food on the ground and, according to necessity, free from the extra weight that might pull him downward into gross matter, he carries it off to feed his young ones, leaving enough for the hyenas and reptiles to feed on.

Looking through Soul's eyes, life is the joyful experience of being like children in a meadow, enjoying multicolored flowers and the soft caress of the breeze on our face while we breathe in pranas that fill our lungs with lights that widen our vision into indescribable dimensions of beauty. Above all – we feel LOVE that brings tears to our eyes because of its unimaginable beauty, and we feel our heart is about to explode while more and more love is being poured in – and out – at the same time.

At times like this we feel, *Yes, oh yes! This is our real home; this is where we belong*, although our body is still standing on the same old physical ground. It's just love.

If we used our wings, we could fly wherever we wished, and be wherever we need to be without moving at all. This is the miracle of things. We are an inseparable part of the whole and we move with the wind; we move with the waves of the ocean; with the petals of the flower as they turn upward to accept the sun, and with the branches of the tree that greet the gentle morning dew. All this is happening on the INSIDE while, outwardly, all is as quiet as if nothing moved because the illusion is gone and there is no more spray from the rushing waves – only the great silence coming from the depths of the huge ocean that embraces us and fills our being with love and harmony.

