

Mystery and Silence



As the story goes and whether if its true or not is beside the point. Teaching stories are always given to us for the intrinsic value, for the essence, for the life seed codes. Where ever the fertile soil of the heart is receptive the winds will come, sun will shine and the birds of love and life will offer the magical and necessary starts for flowering and fruit.

Long long ago in the late part of the eight century, In a very remote village in India by chance (if you can believe in that) a certain Swami Nasrudin, a local tea shop restaurant and food distribution tent owner had attracted the attention of a number of wandering sages, a sadhu, a monk and even one guru. Rarely did this place receive the visitors from outside. Now all of a sudden there were plenty of guests of impeccable character and fortitude. Perhaps it was the (777) Seven Seven Seven Gateway, who knows, who cares, this is fiction, or is it! So this gentleman decided after offering some food and tea to these beings that some sort of a gathering might be appropriate for the enlightening of the locals and also for the honoring of these radiant but simple and humble beings.



It was still only in the eight century so a little news of the Buddha would be whispered but most clung to the beliefs of the Hindu Gods such as Vishnu, Brahma and Shiva. Shankara had not yet appeared on the scene, the great reformer of spiritual culture and of Vedanta. But even the Gods names changed from time to time. There were no statues of the Deities or the Divine mother but just earth and sky as far as the eye could see. The people were simple and sweet without arms and armies and took the best care of one another. Not having much there was nothing to protect. The children were taught to respect the elders so all adults were looked upon as aunts and uncles. Songs were sung. Work was done. All was as one might imagine, evolving and moving in the Way and returning to the One.



Occasionally some one would bring one of Confucius quotes (by most traditional accounts, Confucius around 484 BCE spent the remainder of his life teaching, putting in order the Book of Songs, the Book of Documents, the I Ching and other ancient classics). It was not totally foreign at a meeting to hear quotes such as “ ability will never catch up with the demand for it”. Or “chose a job that you love and you will never have to work a day in your life”. And of course the one every one knew, “ life and death have a set of predetermined appointments, what comes in the middle is up to you”. And of course there was the quote “ the superior man is ALL embracing and not partial, the inferior man is partial and not ALL embracing”.

The locals had their own wisdom too and even at the tent where shoes were made and repaired a sign reads “ Real shoes and No imitations”. And of course there was this saying ” when you don’t know what you ain’t got, so what”. Signs of simple wisdom were found all around. But more attention was on the shovels and the mules. One humorous sign said “ if your barn is on fire the best way out is the closest door or window”. And of course in the summer you would see signs by the river like” Don’t swim up stream, it is hard on your system and their are really cool people down river”.



Padmasambhava had not yet been born (considered to be the second Buddha) and had not entered into the hearts and minds of the Indian or Tibetan people with his light, wisdom, or with his declarations that “ Awareness is key” and that the ultimate sphere of reality is beyond the senses” and that “ non-duality is the home and destiny of all sentient Beings”.



The saying that “The Tao that could be told was not the Eternal Tao”

“The name that could be named is not the Eternal name”.

“The nameless is the beginning of heaven and Earth”. And the Tao Te Ching was not available at a local book store, because there were none. And Lao Tsu had never been heard of even though he was considered a contemporary of Confucius. Today however and or still the Tao Te Ching by Lao Tsu has been printed more than any other book with the exception to the bible. Thank God for that! And it shows you how little exposure these simple people really had. No Tao No how!



Christ had come and gone and left his sign and seal upon the etheric of the planet but few knew where the ladders and labyrinths of light were accessible. Forgiveness and Love sounds a lot like Empathy and Compassion so all good peoples kept an open heart and mind knowing that the simple but necessary activities of farming and cultivation was so central to the way of life that schools of learning would come when they would come as simple as that, later.



The great mystic poet Mevlana Jalaluddin Rumi was still five hundred years in everyone’ s future. We would all have to wait for the all his poems, quotes and

inspiration. Like “ Love rests on no foundation, it is an endless ocean without beginning or end.



Rumi said “I cant stop pointing to the beauty. Every moment and place says, put this design in your carpet”.

And “If you are irritated with every rub, how will your mirror be polished”?

And “ The minute I heard my first love story I started looking for you, not knowing how blind I was. Lovers don't finally meet somewhere. They are in each other all along”.

And although Jesus had told those who had ears to hear to, to ask, to seek and to knock, Rumi had a way with words like the wind had whispers for things.

He said and we quote” Knock and he will open the door. Vanish and he will make you shine like the Sun. Fall, and he will raise you to the heavens. Become nothing, and he will turn you into everything.



So you could possibly imagine that the guy who was insightful enough to recognize these people in his tent, to see their light, to feel their emanations, to hear the peace and joy which accompanied their speaking was probably an early incarnation of one of the ones who organized the Harmonic Convergence, perhaps the first Live Aid concert.

I mean the guy was savvy, had a lot of animals, the biggest tent in the area, a beautiful wife with great beautiful eyes and his beard was not even that long. His sandals looked like an early version of Birkenstocks and it appeared that he was wearing some kind of designer jeans, otherwise humble without a sign of tie dyed or hippie attire. You remember this is late eighth century, and rural. Lots of stars....No Starbucks.

Nasrudin, was also called the Swami because he was a source for things and when a person needs credit you always warm up to those who are extending it! He was really only lucky that when he was born he was the only male child with lots of females for years, interesting luck some might call it.

So Nasrudin put the word out that some unusual circumstances had come about and that an special evening of discussion, debate and discourses would be going on as his guests would be extending themselves to the community for Satsang...or something.

The first guest, a Buddhist monk began to speak most eloquently about Buddhism and why it was the most important development for the liberation of the mind, for the opening of the heart and for the liberation of the Soul. Every once in a while he would sing the mantra Om Mani Padme Hum which was so so beautiful.....

Having decided that he had made a great contribution and in fact saved many souls and directed those on the *Only True Path to Enlightenment* he humbly bowed down and then sat down on the floor.

Next the Hindu Brahmin priest began to speak of the ability of the Adept to give through grace the experience of enlightenment to any individual who was sincere. This would be as such a momentary look into the nature of the Self and God and the universe. Having had this experience one then would be taught the Sanatana Dharma or teachings of the Hindus and the Vedas and the Upanishads and be brought eventually into the fullness of self realization. He concluded with a bow and a promise that this Path was the *Only True Path to Total Enlightenment*.

Next a monk from a Christian monastery began to speak about the Good news of Jesus and the coming of the kingdom of God. He said that Jesus was the only son of God and the *Only Way to Heaven was through being washed and bathed in the forgiveness of sins and the power of the Holy Spirit and the Resurrection. He too felt very confident that he had come to finally get these folks on the right track to redemption and salvation.*

The Buddhist monk looked at the Hindu priest and said, " it is the 4 fold noble path that is right and solid.

The Hindu priest said it is the deepening and experience of the Atman, of Pure Consciousness, of awareness without an object. This is a must for spiritual enlightenment.

The Buddhist monk said no no no it is the 8 fold noble path that purifies the individual for the removal of the samskaras, the illusions, the crap and the karma for liberation.

The Christian monk sat in disbelief thinking didn't they hear a word of the word. Like JC is the light of the world and the only way to God. They had better listen or the hell fire is going to cook their bodies.

Sat Chit Ananda the Hindu monk kept repeating and repeating: Truth, Consciousness Bliss.

Sat Chit Ananda the Hindu monk kept repeating and repeating: Truth, Consciousness Bliss.

Sat Chit Ananda the Hindu monk kept repeating and repeating: Truth, Consciousness Bliss.

The Buddhist monk now was standing now and shouting out “ it is the 4 noble truths and the 8 fold path. “ it is the 4 noble truths and the 8 fold path”, “ it is the 4 noble truths and the 8 fold path”,

Sat Chit Ananda the Hindu monk kept repeating and repeating: Truth, Consciousness Bliss.

Sat Chit Ananda the Hindu monk kept repeating and repeating: Truth, Consciousness Bliss.

Finally one of the guests picked up a large mallet and swung it with tremendous power and hitting a gong that reverberated through out the tent. I mean it was loud, really loud.

A deep and wonderful silence feel upon the crowd.

A really deep and really wonderful silence feel upon all members of the crowd.

The gong master then stared over at a man of tremendous radiance and peace. He said dear stranger are you a monk, are you a priest, are you guru, are you a shaman, are you a visionary, are you a mystic, are you some kind of a prophet, or just what are you?

And what do you have to say about these here debaters, satsangers, discourses, about taking refuge in the Buddha, or JC is the Only Way, or the 4 plus 8 equals the 12 steps to Nirvana. What, what, what do you think.....

The man was simply alive with joy, with love, with compassion, with vision, his simply standing in the room was a light show of golden and silver light. Waves of energy were radiantly emanating out of his eyes, out of his heart, out of his aura.

He lifted his hands in a gesture of opening, of gentleness and of peace and power and said “ dear ones I agree with every thing that every one has said here tonight”.

Then he repeated himself saying that he believed every thing that every one has said here tonight as his eyes scanned the room making deep contact with the monks, the people and the priest.

A peace fell and descended into the room, a glow precipitated itself. The gong seemed to start to vibrate on it's own. Tears fell, hearts sang, minds opened.

How can you believe that all you have heard is correct he was asked?
The questioner scratched his head. How does it make sense?

Each one is allowed his freedom, and the freedom of ones own beliefs. Is this not right? Can you interfere in this? In what a man thinks ? I think not! No. Is a man not Free to think? And thoughts are just that, thoughts.

He said, “ we are all only always all ways on the perfect path in the One, from the One and to the One, to liberation, to freedom. Unity is simply always the case.

We are all only always all ways on the perfect path in the One, to the One, from the One, to liberation, to freedom. Unity is simply always the case. Continuity is the ground. Light is the substance.

When crossing a lake he said, use a boat. When crossing a mountain use a mule. When you are tired lie down and sleep. When you are hungry eat. When you are thirsty drink. When preparing for winter chop wood. When meditating go deep into the heart of the Silence. Then words will be words. Thoughts will be thoughts. Mantras will be Mantras, and the Silence that joins all living things will be the silence that joins all living things.

Unity is all ways already the case. Listen, and hear what the silence will tell you!

The only True path there is to take is the one we are all already on.

The only True path there is to take is the one we are all already on.

Brian T Roberts
1/3/12

