

'On the way' Integral Text

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On my way to the one I already was, listen what happened to me ...

(0) Patience, patience, plenty episodes, twenty more, are to come. Preventing disaster seems appropriate to me. Like the tarot I will start with that. Pleased with health, knapsack filled up, enchanted by himself, his own imaginary world, he does not listen to the little dog that barks: beware! At the end of his journey we will meet him again ... Travel along with me, but mind your step!

(1) Let me start at the end, with puzzling. Telling you why I don't like to excel in it, neither now nor later, while continuing with it anyway joyfully. No matter how I sat on my pillow, following my breath, my thinking did not end. Enlightenment was not for me. Thank goodness that sudokus failed, that I could not find so many words. Then I skimmed along, refreshed ... Puzzling, do not despise it.

(2) Before I started on my journey, I explored a lot. With the world, the other, as far as important to myself, as it goes on exploration. About Kants maxim 'do not use the other as a means, but always at the same time as a goal', I had not heard. In his time anyhow enlightenment was the reverse. You did not have to stop thinking, but just set to work ... Think for yourself!

(3) Thinking for myself I did, I thought. Taking anything for true just on someone's authority I did not like. As with faith, with lessons of which I did not see the point. Success I longed for: family, career, friends. Simultaneously and without delay. You could wait for it, the crisis in which I came. Everything turned out differently, myself included, from what I thought so far ... Crises, welcome them.

(4) You do walk through life but asleep, said who knew to me. Examining what was said, what done, longing for what had to come, I was hardly conscious of here now. I lacked attention, so much was clear. Slowing down, no other option I had. Following that device, I flourished unknown joy. Not for long. Stubborn I wanted too much too soon again, my joy was gone ... Slow down, again and again.

(5) I was reading far too much, inhabiting my head most of the time. Time for practice now, said the same who knew. Sit down on a pillow, quietly upright, and look inside. A chaotic panorama I found there, a procession of thoughts went through. As a witness just observe, zenmaster said. Then you will meet your silent core. If not, you nicely gave thoughts room ... Meditation, let your mind act out.

(6) Studying, the certificate had always been my goal, dreaming about what next. The same interfered my new way now. Silence, for a moment close, disappeared. Without an ego you could not live, but mine was far too big. As a self-image ego was a construct, fantasy, not worth to stand for. Freud saw it differently. His ego suppressed the es, even a super one he had ... Ego, a subtle dance.

(7) The market of well-being did flourish well at that time. Mental illness was caused by society, patients were wise, a famous psychiatrist, Foudraire, wrote. He himself took another way, went to Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh, dressed orange red. You could not become what you already was: perfect, Bhagwan said repeatedly. Though I could not believe, then no, his mantra encouraged me ... Courage by comfort.

(8) Although he taught it before, according to Bhagwan philosophy did not matter at all. His statement challenged me, drove me on that way, concluding he was right. Rather, the rascal commented on the world's mystics. Their verses pointed to ways you had to live, roads that you could choose from. They did not contradict, even though it seemed. Try out, he said, that big rascal ... Shopping, just do it.

(9) Exploring that magic world, one and the other out of it, sometimes more, too many at once did beat me again. I needed help, I gave up, well then almost. For gurus I had to be in the East, I knew that now. There are many, including one especially for you. Does he say it was not you who selected him, but he you, be on your guard. His demasqué will follow soon ... Avoid who calls himself guru.

(10) If you find one who does not call himself a guru, you can't go to him for therapy. What he says is beyond debate. You don't like? You are free to leave. Surrender, trust, that's what it's all about. Don't be ashamed if you are not able to. You are not the first to prefer heavenly upstairs instead of therapy. Trying out another guru doesn't help. It's your ego again, that is hurt ... Therapy comes first.

(11) It was me indeed who longed for surrender and trust, but wasn't able to. Except to my dearest one, my guru, she was close. My beloved however did not agree. 'Your guru is not your mother, neither your father, nor your husband or wife. The skill of surrender was brought you by birth. It's the joy of trust, acceptance of life, whatever life brings' ... Surrender, the joy of saying yes time and again.

(12) If you find one that suits you at first sight, all kinds of things slipstream with him: the lineage to which he belongs, the court around him, the deity he adores. Then the game starts again. Who is his favorite, who keeps you away from him? You are listening to his talks. He waits for your wake up. 'Tat tvam asi' he says: you yourself are the guru you were looking for. Truly, like Kant said too ... You are your own guru.

(13) I could have known, goes through your mind. Everything you think of someone else, reflects yourself ... Or does that only apply to what you judge as bad? Dear Friend, what is called projection in the West, is one side of the coin. You also are what you admire. If not you think, by worship you will be that soon, what is called tantra in the East, that's what the geshe said ... Admiration evokes own qualities.

(14) Projection transforms itself into mirroring, a key that fits anytime anywhere. On: I do as bad, would have done the same, at least like that. On: I like to do, in miniature, like that. Once used, I store that key, often forgetting where. A permanent place would be better: next to the door, at my belt, on the mala around my neck, I confess. I'm not ashamed, my reputation does not bother me as before ... Mirroring, go on, go on.

(15) But that is recently, therefore fragile. Who does not want a good reputation? Our genetic heritage gave that the power of a reflex, evolutionary psychology taught me that. Only those who shared, received support, free riders, giving nothing in return, did not survive. Reciprocity entered our genes, took reputation in its wake. Ego, an older history you can hardly find ... Reputation, a dead end.

(16) Reputation a dead end, I said. Rather than looking always for new challenges, I devote myself to what suits me. Easy going and joy are indications for that. Doing what corresponds your qualities, for others, society, is called svadharma in Indian philosophy. Sva stands for own, dharma for task. For me, following that device did take time indeed, challenge enough ... Svadharma, the work that suits you.

(17) Casts, male-female hierarchy, karma, family tradition, dictate everyone's svadharma. The room for own choice is getting bigger now. Even in India. We acquired that freedom before, with as a result loss of contact with our past. The interest in history, genealogy, family stories, that followed, brings the generations of the past close by again. I also explored their stories, examined my origin ... Embrace your roots.

(18) Grandfather was a lay-member of a St Francis community, father his friar for a while, mother wore everything via Mary to Jezus on, devotion came from them. So I prayed Hail Marys out of my youth again, took refuge to a guru whose mantras and bhajans I sung. Krishna, Shiva, Durga, Ganesha she adored, even without address her worships were. To that she brought me too ... Devotion, evocation by expression.

(19) With my story I granted a look into my soul, though I don't think such a thing as a soul inhabits me. Undivided one I am, the world included, not two. Partwhole, seadropsea. It was by grace I did get there. In spite of that, soul, I know no more beautiful word than that. Being judged as a man without a soul, I think the worst there is. Praise to the ones who were great souls ... Soul, a most beautiful metaphor.

(20) On the way for a long time now, my journey comes to an end. Did I play for guru? Think for yourself, you are your own guru, even twice I said! Enlightenment? I prefer when my puzzles fail. Whose thinking falters now, be glad, say thanks. If forgotten why, restart on the way. To start again and again, I am happy to say, that's the secret of on the way ... On the way is starting time and again.

(21) 'On the way' was written for the newsletters of Bookshop De Kraanvogel, in Culemborg. For privileged readers, privileged just like me. So, whoever misses the needs of the world is right. We are privileged indeed, at the same time ignorant, just because of that. With a full belly one does not know about starving. Compassion and solidarity is what remains, what is left ... A fool I was: whatever world, it's me, and you.

(PS) On a global scale suffering may be the main feature of existence, on a small scale we experience joy and gratitude. No matter what happens, ultimately we do. Fortunately appropriate. Compassion and solidarity derive their direction from them ... You lost grace, your joy, your gratefulness, reach out and they return. Existence has already accepted us, given everything for free as well. That's grace and more. You can't lose grace. Grace embraces all ... Only grace there is.