



VICTOR D WOUTERS

Eternal Sundays

**The Heavenly Dance and Some
Other Practices**

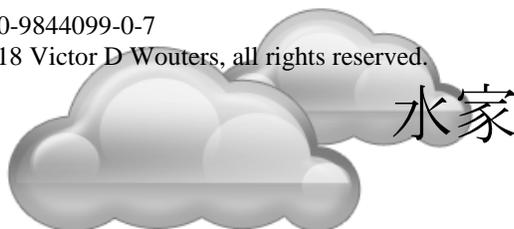
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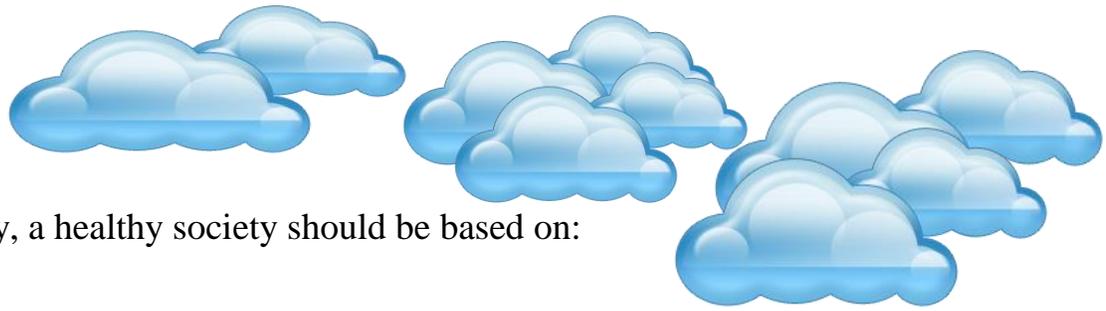
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Contact the author via Skype: [funwords](#)

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Ideally, a healthy society should be based on:

Truth
Joy
Love
Ethics
Reason
Law
Procedures



Eternal Sundays

The Heavenly Dance and Some Other Practices

By Victor D Wouters





Dedicated to my Teachers

Whom I must betray by revealing secrets

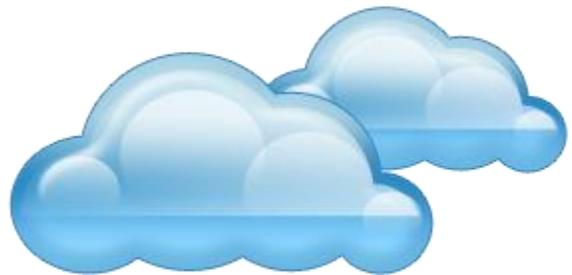
Hoping that they will forgive me

As I forgive those who betrayed and hurt me

Please understand that I just want everyone to be happy, healthy, wealthy, free, and capable of loving

But, above all, I am a good son, and I'm loving you all

Before we begin, please, let me insist on something. Please, give me a chance. Before you draw any conclusions, before you judge me, read this book in its entirety, from page one through page forty-four. Don't skip pages, don't go back and forth or jump ahead until the end (you will only get lost in your own fears, hopes, expectations, and machinations, and will end up feeling very lost). That is not my intention. We will laugh and cry together, we will certainly entertain each other, and what's more important, we'll remain good friends. Please, be kind, patient, and open-minded, so I can be gentle, spontaneous, and funny as well. Like I told you; before you judge me, let me show you the whole story so that we understand each other and can set each other free to think, imagine, believe, interpret or misinterpret things, any way we want. What I want for me is the same I want for you: To be ultimately happy, healthy, wealthy, free, and loving... Do you promise? Then I promise as well. Like good friends do.



Prelude



Padre Ignacio

After waking up at four in the morning, waiting in the rain for hours in what seemed to be a sea of people, standing at the back of a church that was packed like a football stadium, by the time he rushed past me, nonchalantly, smiling, waiving to friends, unassuming and with an air of carelessness, like many before me, I was slightly disappointed seeing him in person.

He spoke over the microphone as if he was addressing a couple of buddies, and apologized for being late. He was waiting for Father-I-don't-know-who, who was the previous father in charge of that church. He refused to start mass without him. I could relate to that; he was showing respect for his predecessor, even if it meant keeping us waiting for a couple more hours. "Respect your Master," I thought, "respect the teachings."

After mass, he started blessing each and every one of us. I did quick math in my head and it didn't take a genius to realize that a thousand people patiently blessed one by one translated into a lot more hours of waiting.

Up to that point, I don't know what I believed or ceased to believe, in fact, I wasn't sure about anything anymore. But seeing him move like a queen bee inspecting each member of the hive got me thinking. He was moving at an impossible speed. His blessings consisted of touching people's back, head, shoulders, sometimes hugging them, sometimes just patting them on the back. It was then when I saw the miracle. He was just gliding, effortlessly. He couldn't possibly be using his own energy. It would have been not only physically exhausting for any human being to behave that way, even for ten or twenty minutes, but he was, clearly, doing it as if he was performing a well rehearsed dance. Something as natural for him as breathing. And he did it two, sometimes three times a day...

It occurred to me that the energy he was using, was, in fact, ours. It was simple. It was people's faith. He instinctively knew how to handle it. He juggled it, he rearranged it, he made waves with it, he surfed on it. He didn't struggle. He was simply playing with it. The crowd was a kite; he held us all at the same time; faith was the string; he was the primordial child, enjoying himself more than anyone else. He guided us in the wind, and I began to feel that he would have been able to take us anywhere he wanted, even through the worst hurricane. He wouldn't have flinched.

He specializes in bringing hope to the sick, especially, pregnant women.

I began to wonder what I was doing there, like I told you, but it was clear that I wasn't going to get the great audience I had hoped for. This was going to be a question of seconds and I had to choose my words carefully.

After being in the line in front of him for a while, one of his helpers grabbed me and pushed me toward him. I took a huge breath in and said, "Thank you, Father," by now he was already patting me on the back, my knees immediately weakened, and, to my surprise, I felt I was about to faint, but nothing was going to stop me from speaking, "...for saving my life..." He looked at me briefly, like wondering why I was still talking, "but why am I still so lost?"



Everything went dark. Maybe he was pushing me against his chest, maybe he was preventing me from falling down to the floor, or a combination of both, but what I felt was extremely clear. It was that falling sensation when you are about to fall asleep, like a baby in his/her mother's arms, I was falling into a kind of sleep, quickly losing awareness of my body, while I could still hear a woman praying the Hail Mary in the background. I had experienced the same feeling right before "falling" into my deepest meditative states, and many times before, when my own life force was threatening with leaving my body. Suddenly, I knew it, I had to go back, retrace my steps, start at the end. And, this time, I was going to write it all down.

He grabbed me by the shoulders and shook me a little as if to wake me up. He shrugged at my question, as if to say, "who cares." But he looked me in the eye, smiled and said something like, "but you're doing much better now," if I recall. And he immediately sent me off to one side; the line was still long and seemed to keep getting longer by the minute, and, like I told you, he had to keep moving at that insane rate or risk getting swept away in the currents of the sea of people in front of him.

I felt an eerie sense of peace when leaving. Even if my long-awaited audience was over in a matter of seconds; like a needle that had just been magnetized, I could finally sense the right direction. If I had believed in anything at the time, I would have said, "This is what must feel like to be hugged by God."

There was a cool breeze in the air. It was about five-thirty in the afternoon. The sun was shining. It was Sunday.





Last Stage

Self meditates self

Explanation

If you can conceive of a point of view, you can own it. If you become that point of view, you can bend the universe around it. Without lifting a finger, without speaking a single word, without wasting any energy whatsoever.

Preparation

Take a deep breath in.

Meditate until you reach a point of view where you see your first heartbeat and your last heartbeat as one and the same. What's the total number of heartbeats in between? There is only one number, only one correct answer. If you answer correctly, at the precise moment, you will open a door.

Warning

I am going to give you a set of keys, a password, of sorts, that you may find useless now, and, in fact, I expressly discourage you from using it until you are ready. But when and if the time comes, and you happen to have, at least, a faint recollection of the methods and resources I am about to show you, you may be eternally grateful. Do not stress trying to understand every single detail. Relax and enjoy the journey. I will show you a series of steps, in reverse, that when performed in the right order and with the right timing will become like a song that sings itself. What you call memory is stored everywhere, in every crevice of your body, and, on top of that, it can rebuild itself. Once you glance upon the right scale and choose the right point of view, you will see that “the first step is also the last one, and a single step contains the entire journey,” as some followers of Buddha say, if you know where you are going.

You do not have to believe in anything. In fact, the process is easier if you don't; but some practices can be extremely harmful according to your intentions.

My intention is that you are happy, healthy, wealthy, free, loving...

And above all, whether you understand it or not, please remember that I am loving you.

But, like I told you, we need to start with that first and final step. Otherwise, we'll get lost even before we start.

Nidra



Meditate

Explanation

If you can hover between sleeping and dreaming, without being caught by either state, you will access the entire Heavenly Field. This is typically perceived as an iridescent sheet that has no thickness and flows between existence and non-existence. In time, you will see that it contains, not only your dreams and nightmares, but also all the possible dreams, in any direction in time, from every conceivable being and point of view that ever existed or could potentially exist. Place yourself parallel to the Field and enjoy the view. There isn't a more beautiful landscape in the entire universe.

Preparation

Take a huge breath in.

Place yourself in *advāsana** (lie down flat on your stomach, comfortably, ready to go to sleep). Focus your attention on your breath and begin by deepening it until you can surrender your body entirely to the task of sleeping. Let yourself lose control of your breath until you feel like you are falling asleep, but return your attention to your breath until you learn to balance between a very shallow, rhythmic, natural breath and your need to control it to stay awake. Once you learn to use the soft current of your own breath to support yourself, like I told you, you will feel like you are floating or flying without effort. Turn around and quietly observe the Field.

Warning

A lot of damage can be caused from this point of view. If you are weak, you may be tempted to peer into the dreams of others. If you are smart, you may be tempted to steal information from the Field by committing useful parts of it to memory. If you are naughty, you may be tempted to tamper with the dreams of others. If you are vengeful, you may be tempted to torture and confuse your enemies in their sleep. If you are evil, you may be tempted to pierce through the Field and dislodge someone from the "Tree of Life." Be extremely careful and aware of what you are doing; this practice can be dangerous. If you attempt any action during this practice, Karma will attach to you like a never-ending flood of tar. And Karma may be slow, but it is unlikely to fail. Later on, you will learn that it is possible to attain a level of Perfect Balance to avoid these traps.

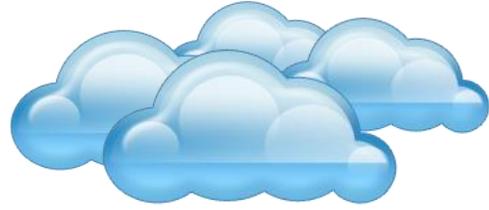
***Important note on sources and vocabulary:** I have been, and will be, using quotes, terms, definitions, names and places that may sound familiar to you, but I am only using them as literary devices. They help me build a story, by quickly bringing characters, moods, states of mind, and other resources into *your* story. Because, by now, you should have gathered two things, **a.** I have already run out of time, **b.** "You" are also a character in this story, and your point of view will inevitably change the story itself. Remember that we started at the end, and these are my final words. The funny thing is that, if you were truly awake, you would have remembered the entire story by now, you would have told it to me, and we would be laughing together.

The material for these writings comes directly from my meditations without paying attention to who said what, when, or where; and, in the process, I have quite likely misquoted and desecrated a number of texts. And I am confessing this, because I promised to show you my real self, spontaneously, humanly imperfect, like I told you when we started. I will make amends, the best I can, in later editions, or you can also go online and do your own research. We said we would be free to interpret it later, right? However, “Keep in mind that my life is an open book,” like somebody, whose name I can’t remember, said, “so make sure to read it from cover to cover before you *judge* me.”



Close

Withdraw from the senses



Explanation

Disengage from the outside. Let go of everything to reach inside the deepest recesses of your being and regain a sense of what you are, of your essence. From this point of view, the entire universe is inside you. There is no outside. Surrender completely, rest, sleep, dream. Be you, be free.

Preparation

Take a huge breath in.

Place yourself in savasana (lie down on your back, comfortably, ready to go to sleep). Focus your attention on your breath and begin by deepening it until you can surrender your body entirely to the task of sleeping. Let yourself lose control of your breath until you feel like you are falling asleep, but return your attention to your breath until you learn to balance between a very shallow, rhythmic, natural breath and your need to control it to stay awake. Close all channels. Close all doors. Let go of your need for action. Free yourself.

Warning

Nidra and savasana can be used to recharge your physical body, clear your thoughts, and enhance your wellbeing. But they can also be misused to reduce the need for normal sleep and devote that time to other activities, or even worse, to attempt to speed up normal meditation times, or worst of all, to skip stages, bypass required training, and achieve supposedly “higher” levels of consciousness. If that is your path, I wish you good luck, and my condolences to you. Please remember, “Whenever you close a door, another one opens.” The more confident you become, the more traps you’ll tend to overlook. And Karma can be tricky to spot.



End

Input info into Final Node

Explanation

Sustain **balance** between light and dark during ten seconds while entering your information into the Final Node.

Preparation

Take a huge breath in.

Hold your breath for ten seconds. Choose your final stance and hold it perfectly balanced. If you move too close to the light, you will be pulled in and recycled. If you move too close to the dark, you may get stuck in eternal time again. Make your move without hesitation.

Warning

The list of warnings would be endless. You should remain perfectly balanced on top of all currents, possibilities, distractions, and deeds. Your Karma should be zero. Your total energy expenditure after the practice should also be zero. Your need and want to be ultimately happy, healthy, wealthy, free, and loving must be infinite. The rest is done automatically and instinctively.



Reverse



Loving Light

Explanation

Open your heart. Begin by forgiving those who have wronged you the most. Bring them into your heart and let them warm up in the caring, loving light of your heart. Bring your friends and family, bring your enemies, bring your ancestors, bring those who know you, then bring the ones who don't know you or even want to know you. Free your heart completely so that you can show them that you are capable of loving them. Let your heart expand so that they can all fit in. Call all beings and non-beings into your heart until there is nothing else but loving-kindness all around.

Preparation

Take a huge breath in.

Use the light in your heart "like a magnet that attracts all things," as some say. The more beings that are brought in your loving heart, the bigger the light becomes. They will act as kindling and wood to the ever-expanding bonfire of your loving heart.

Warning

This practice reverses and burns all Karma lines. But once ignited past the critical stage, nothing can stop it. It will reverberate in all directions through all planes of known and unknown existence. The intention of this practice is to liberate others, not yourself, which is why it is performed after the Heavenly Dance.



Final Eclension



Meditate on the Womb of the Universe

Explanation

Even if you don't have faith of any kind, have faith in yourself. Because when all lights extinguish, when all hope is gone, when your body and soul are being shred to pieces in the never-ending wheel of Karma, faith will be your guide, your source of strength, joy, and peace. "Faith is both a first and last step in this existence." Whether you understand it or not, you must at least "learn to respect it."

Preparation

Pray. Chant. If you don't know a prayer, find one. If you can't find one, come up with your own. If you don't want to pray, pray until you want. Pray for you and for others, pray for the ones who pray for you, pray for those who pray against you, pray until you are bored, pray until you are tired, pray when you don't have faith, pray until it is useless, pray when it is impossible to pray anymore. And then keep praying. This power is available to all sentient beings.

Warning

Compared to meditation, prayer is less than ten percent of what you can achieve if you open your heart and mind, but, unlike meditation, it is infallible and available at all times. When used properly, you can tear a universe apart with it. You can bring gods to their knees and make them cry like babies. Faith is the most powerful energy available to you, regardless of your beliefs and non-beliefs. Prayers and chants will help you use ten percent of your purest energy, and that is more power than you will ever need. Others may use different prayers, but the underlying energy is the same. It is faith; and you also have it. We all have it "in the exact same amount," from the highest to the lowest levels of existence. Faith is the ultimate tool to even the playing field.

How you access and use it is entirely up to you. But don't be naïve; if others perceive themselves as different from you, they will use their prayers and faith to destroy you. You just have to remember that you have the same resources and more, if you understand that you are also capable of loving.



End the Heavenly Dance



Sleeping

Explanation

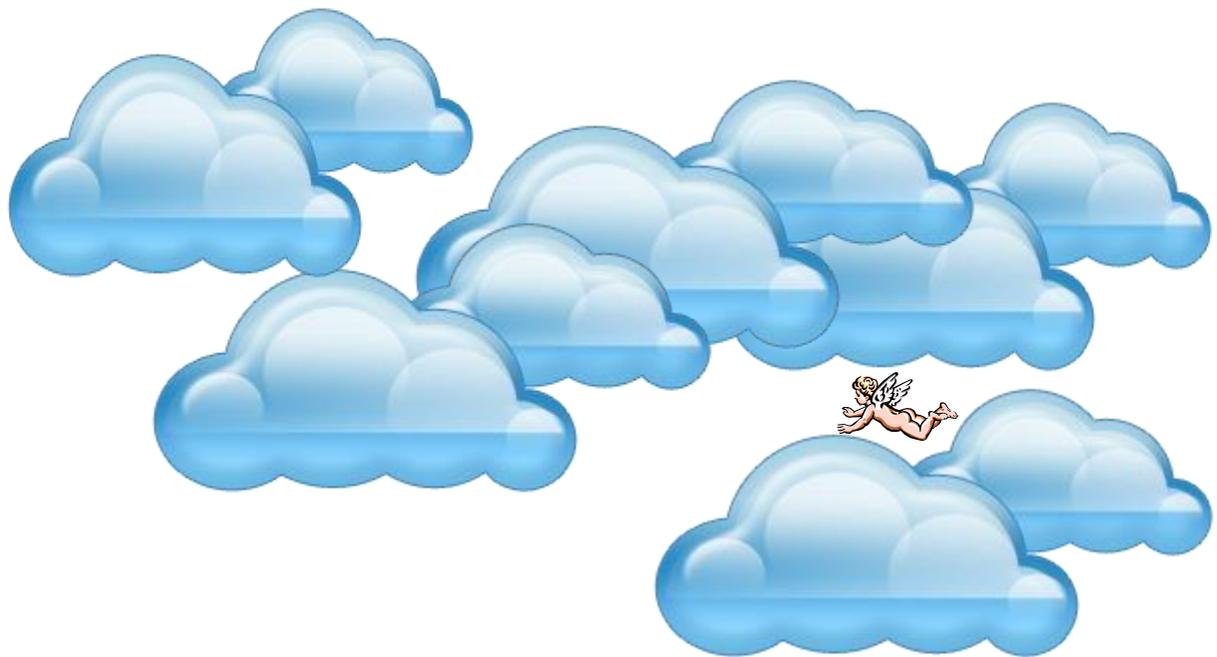
Make peace with everyone around you. Make peace with friends and foes. Make peace with yourself. Pacify your breath. Find peace in your heart. Prepare for long, sweet sleep. Gently invite the Dream Maker into your dreams. Close your eyes. Have faith. Let go. Let the Dream Maker find peace and rest in your heart. Sleep.

Preparation

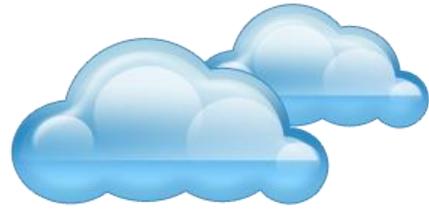
Pray. Chant. Blow out all candles. Cease all activities. Find a place to rest in your heart, in your mind, and in the physical world. Meditate on peace. Invite the Dream Maker to meditate with you. Sleep until “you and the Dream Maker are dreaming the same dream.”

Warning

The Dream Maker can behave like a child. You will have to behave as a loving father or mother. You will have to sing the “Eternal Song” to lull the Dream Maker to sleep. You will lovingly teach the Dream Maker how to sleep by sleeping yourself. There is no other way to pacify the Dream Maker. However, what’s critical, the longer the Dream Maker’s dream is disturbed, the thinner and more chaotic the Field becomes. And you can take a wild guess about what happens to our existence.



Half Stage



Infinity

Explanation

A Master once asked another if the number of atoms in the universe was finite or infinite. The first Master looked surprised for a second and then started laughing. Soon, they were both laughing.

Preparation

Take a huge breath in.

Place yourself in a meditative position that will allow you to access as many points of view as possible. If your heart is pure and your intentions are good, your perception will tune in to the perceptions and memories of others. Keep expanding your perception until all brains, eyes, ears, and senses from all sources are available to you. This must be done without interfering, without “using any energy” on any level at all. Now, count all the atoms in the universe. Before you lose yourself, observe the trick in the question. The question doesn’t say “when.”

Warning

This is a math trap. Probably a leftover from the Heavenly Dance. Of course there is a finite number of atoms in the universe if you know exactly at which point in time to count. Demigods can do this type of math in their heads, by the way. But time is not an easy friend to deal with.

Consider this follow-up question, “How can you explain that each single atom in this universe right now is a decayed form of an entire universe before this one?” You may be quickly tempted to respond that “everything” is a decayed form of light or vibration that may have been in a recycling process for an unknowable eternity. But the real reason is that if time is irrelevant, and you were to build a universe, you could simply decide to do it one atom at a time, and wait for entire universes to decay, then collect them and use them as your building blocks. You have eternity on your side.

Wake up! You’re looking at an ever-expanding pattern. The more you look, the more you attempt to count the pieces, the bigger it gets. That’s the nature of eternity. It feeds from your “curiosity.”

You can easily extricate yourself from this type of math by using a method, which I will later explain on page forty-one.



The Void



Meditate on the Void

Explanation

This meditation is very relevant because it is the highest level of meditative state that humans typically achieve. But I am bringing it up because it teaches you humbleness, it expands your better human qualities in all directions, it clears your mind and heart, it can bring a sense of peace and happiness, and a greater appreciation and compassion for all sentient beings. In fact, if most sentient beings behaved the way this meditation leads you to... Well, this universe would be a very different place. These words would probably be pointless.

Preparation

Take a huge breath in.

Place yourself in a meditative position that will allow you to withdraw from the senses, as we discussed in the “Close” meditation, and access the Void. Learn to meditate on the Void, learn to rest and take refuge in the Void. If you need specific instructions, just ask around, there is information readily available according to your needs.

Warning

This may be a glorious and dignified endeavor for any human being, but I am only asking you to learn it because it teaches you respect for the unknown. This includes respect for yourself and others, respect for others’ beliefs and ways of life, respect for “the Mysteries of Life,” even within yourself. If you can’t respect what you don’t understand, I can’t take you any further. You should stop right here. This is not for you. My words will only hurt you. And, like I told you, that is not my intention.



4313



Transmutation (“touch the light, but cast no shadows”)

Explanation

I absolutely dislike this practice. It is just creepy, and I am only showing it to you because it can buy you time when you need it most. Once you disengage from your physical body, you will immediately access a wealth of knowledge and power, but you will also be extremely vulnerable. You will only have about ten seconds before you are recycled through the usual channels, and, at this point, you don't even know who the other players are... So, it's a dirty trick, but it gets the job done. Proceed at your own risk.

Preparation

Take your “last” breath in.

Did you remember to count your heartbeats?

I don't need a crystal ball to know what your answer is. I've been there myself.

You will typically see your life story running backward while you approach a warm, soothing, inviting light. Or you will feel like you are falling down, degrading into lower levels. If you are unable to keep balance between light and dark, “say” to yourself, “I am still breathing.” Make sure you use exactly four words. If you can't say that to yourself without a physical body and you didn't bring the light of faith in your heart, you are in trouble. Muster all the courage that you have left and think, “Transmute now.” This will allow you to use the last breath of other sentient beings that are dying around you. Do not worry, this doesn't cause Karma because you are not “stealing” those breaths, those beings don't need them, they have died already, you're simply using leftover energy to buy time. This technique allows you to jump around from point of view to point of view for as long as needed until you learn to study all your options. It is unlikely that you will run out of time, because there is always “something” dying around you.

Warning

I told you it was dirty. But before I can show you more refined techniques, you need to keep breathing. The next page provides an example of a last-breath transmutation. But if this is distressing you, just do your best to follow the light and allow the usual recycling process. It is not that bad, after all, “it just takes forever.”

If you keep calmly telling to yourself, “I am still breathing... transmute now. I am still breathing... transmute now,” and so on, you will begin to see a pattern, a resonance or a rhythm as you jump from point of view to point of view. You will soon learn to relax.

You are just breathing without a physical body, using leftover air.

In my opinion, you should only use this technique if **a.** you are unable to maintain decent balance and are degrading into lower levels, **b.** you are still attached to Karma lines that prevent you from reaching the light and you forgot to call upon the “Redeemer” (most sentient beings do this instinctively), or **c.** another vibration prevents you from reaching the light or tries to force you into a recycling pattern you instinctively reject.



4 within 4313

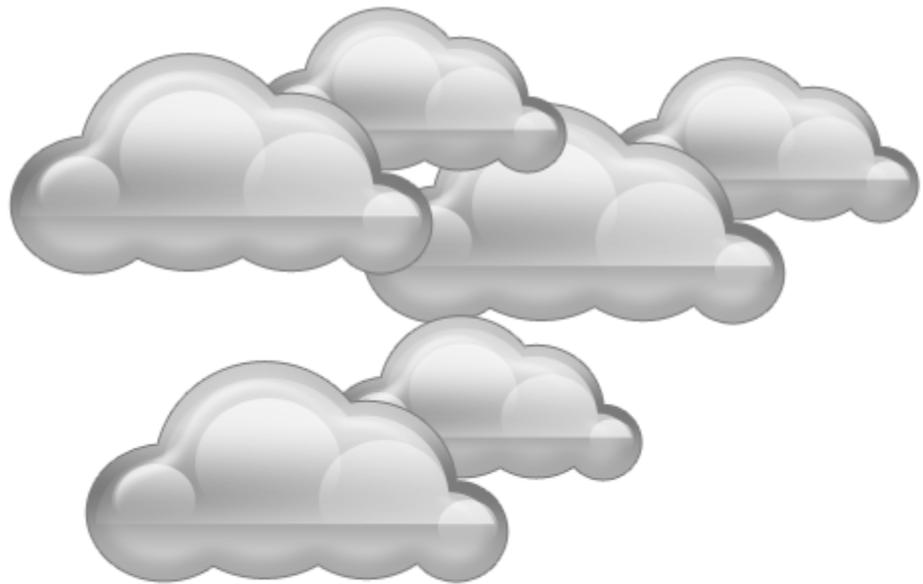
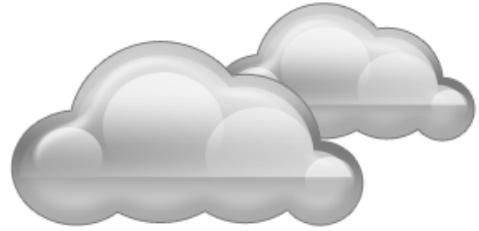


Hang like a bat
Breathe
Like it's midnight in Heaven

Explanation
You need your next breath. Transmute now!

Preparation
Transmute to take your next breath in.

Warning
Keep your senses alert. When you sense something approaching you, just say or think, "I am still breathing," like I told you. And relax so you can learn.



Trick 4312



Meet the Time Keepers

Explanation

You may end up losing balance, getting distracted or otherwise causing Karma while you learn to move without a physical body. Meet the other players. Are you ready?

Preparation

I don't know what Time Keepers are, I don't understand them. I only understand "Gate Keeping." But I know that sooner or later you will show up as an anomaly on their radar. If they catch you playing tricks, it is game over for you, in a bad way. But if you trust your instincts, you will learn to be so fast, that you will become literally invisible to them. As long as you are still respecting what you don't understand, like you promised in the Void meditation, luck will always be on your side. Don't even hesitate to flip a coin. It will always fall to your advantage. Now, if you begin to behave like a disrespectful monkey... Well, it is up to you. It is your game now.

Warning

Right now you are vulnerable to two curses, the Time Keepers' favorites, **a.** "Who?" and **b.** "Proof of Existence."

Proof of Existence is easy because it is not Karma-based. When a Time Keeper approaches you, use first "I am still breathing" and count how long you think you have been holding your breath until the Time Keeper asks again. You may not sense it yet, but Karma lines will begin to get really close to you while the Time Keeper thinks, so it is crucial that you remain very still. In the meantime, open what you feel as your right hand and see if there is light in it. But, at the same time, use what you perceive to be your left hand to reach toward the Time Keeper and grab them and pull them toward you. This will increase your speed by feeding from the leftover momentum that the Time Keeper can't account for. Your speed will keep increasing while you keep pulling, so time will be on your side. If you see light on your right palm, show it to the Time Keeper as a Proof of Existence, and any other Time Keeper you find, but keep "stealing" their leftover momentum from them every single chance you get.

Is your right hand empty? You are not totally out of luck yet. If the Time Keeper is still thinking, use an eight-word phrase like, "Show me yours, and I'll show you mine." By the time the Time Keeper understands, you will have stolen so much momentum that you will become invisible to them, and they will appear to have frozen in front of you. Just skip them. And move on faster.

If the Time Keeper asks another question before you can do anything, present the number that you estimated while holding your breath and show it to the Time Keeper as a Proof of Existence (math and numbers in your "mind" are not only intuitive at this stage, but also visible to everyone). Steal momentum from the Time Keeper while looking around for that same number. You will see a door with that number open for you. Escape through that door as fast as you can.





You don't have to thank me for that. It's an automatic process at this stage where certain patterns resonate when Karma lines are approaching. It is a common design feature that Gate Keepers use.

Proof of Existence is a "stop" curse, which Gate Keepers are virtually immune to because of our tremendous speed. You are lucky to be seeing this through my eyes. From now on, the faster you learn to move, the more time we have. But what I have been repeating remains true, it is of utmost importance that you remain well balanced, like I told you. Now, it is dangerous and time consuming for you to come up with a correct answer to "Who" at this level. "Who" is a one-word Karma resonant that will pierce through you like a pointy arrow. It will pin you against a Karma line and will paralyze you.

Remember two things. First and foremost, don't fear Time Keepers, they are your source of momentum, you need them, but you have to respect them at the same time. They are not your enemies, they're doing their jobs and you're taking their garbage. Always reach and grab them with your left hand first, even before they get a chance to speak to you. I also told you that numbers are visible in minds at this stage, so observe the Time Keeper's mind, and, if you see a one, you already know there is an arrow coming. Be faster. Steal momentum as fast as you can and you'll even see the arrow of Karma form and freeze in their mouths, but you'll be gone before they can tell what's happening.



4311



Pandora

Explanation

You need a source of energy to sustain you at this stage without causing Karma. This technique will allow your existence as a living being without the need to breathe.

Preparation

You will realize that you have access to a second right arm that you will feel as protruding from your back, at the level of your heart. Open your palm of this third arm and say or think, “Pandora.” At this speed and stage, single words resonate within the Field and become available to you. As long as your intentions are good, the Field will provide anything you need. Look at your palm; you will see a small metal box that emits a bluish energy, a mixture of electromagnetism, gravity, and time, all of which are the same thing at this level. Simply squeeze Pandora every time that you feel the need to breathe, increase your speed, or have more energy. After a couple of squeezes, the process and feeling will become natural. Use the push from Pandora to propel yourself forward, as if it were a pair of wings.

Warning

Pandora (or any of its many versions) should never be used at normal speed or conjured up in the physical world. It is a virtually endless source of energy and, in the wrong hands, it can be used as a weapon to cause great destruction. Basui attempted to create a Pandora box by setting up a logical puzzle that enabled him to challenge higher beings on many levels.

He invited thirty-three of his closest friends and family members to a ceremonial bonfire and gave each of them a white envelope. He asked them to think of a question that they didn’t know the answer to and meditate on it while they danced around the fire. Then he randomly gave each of them a piece of paper, asking them not to look at what was written on the other side, and write down their questions. After they did that, he told them to flip the pieces of paper over and follow the instructions exactly as they were written. Five of them had the instruction, “Show your question to Basui and then throw it into the fire.” So they did, and Basui sealed and placed five empty envelopes into the box. Twelve of them had the instruction, “Read your question out loud, put the piece of paper in an envelope, seal it, and place it in the box.” Seven of them had the instruction, “Show your question only to the person to your right, put it in an envelope, seal it, and put it in the box.” And the last nine had the same instruction, but reading the question to the person on the left. After that, Basui produced seven envelopes with the colors of the rainbow. Without looking, he reached into the box, grabbed seven envelopes at random and placed one into each colored envelope. He sealed those seven envelopes and wrote on the outside of them. On the red envelope he wrote, “If you open this envelope, it is because you know the answers to the questions in all the other envelopes, otherwise, you’re a liar,” on the orange one he wrote, “If this envelope is opened, you should know the answers to the questions in the yellow and green envelopes, otherwise, you are a liar,”



on the yellow envelope he wrote, “If there is a question inside this envelope, you are a liar, and if there is a question and you don’t know the answer, you are also a liar,” on the green envelope he wrote, “If you don’t know the answer to the question inside or if there is an empty envelope in any of the seven colored envelopes, you are a liar,” on the blue envelope he wrote, “If this envelope is never opened, the answers to any three of the other colored envelopes must reveal an ultimate truth, otherwise, you are a liar,” on the indigo envelope he wrote, “If you open this envelope, and there is a question inside, you must answer that question correctly, and also all the questions that were destroyed in the fire, otherwise, you are a liar,” on the violet envelope he wrote “If this envelope remains unopened, the questions in two of any of the white envelopes and the question in the red envelope must be answered truthfully, otherwise, you are liar.”

While he was doing all this, he was unaware that many points of view were being opened through the eyes of his puzzled friends, and other unknown observers that became curious about the possibility of determining who or what would be able to navigate the logical labyrinth without being called a liar. This sudden increase in the number of witnesses and interested parties attracted millions of Karma lines that were being pulled toward the box and crashing all around it and against each other, without “daring to touch the box itself.”

Ultimate beings usually detect these entanglements of Karma lines and prevent lower beings from causing them, but they don’t always arrive on time.

He sealed the seven colored envelopes and put them in the box. Then he went into a meditative state. While he was meditating feverishly, a furious angel appeared in front of him. “What you are doing is wrong,” said the angel, “stop now and destroy that box.” “I will only talk to those who can answer truthfully to the questions inside this box,” said Basui, clutching his precarious Pandora. “If you touch me, I can accuse you, in front of those who are above you, that you are a liar, and I can **prove** it.” The angel approached Basui but hesitated when he saw that his heart was pure and his faith was strong. “I dare you to reach in, pick an envelope and tell me what’s written inside,” he said. The angel took a step back, “I also dear your Creator and the Creator of your Creator and the Creator of all things, if there is such a thing, to tell me what’s written inside any of these envelopes without opening them. Because from now on, I can accuse anyone and anything that approaches me of being a liar. And I have *means, proof, and witnesses.*” The angel set himself ablaze and jumped straight into the heavens.

In the meantime, the weight of all the Karma lines that were collapsing around Basui was bringing chaos to the world. Wars broke out in a matter of seconds; the skies rumbled with thunder; a sudden wind fell straight down from the sky and put out the bonfire and then froze its ashes. But he continued meditating. There were earthquakes and plagues while the Time Keepers were trying to put out the flames of spontaneous fires that broke out when the fabric of time began to tear apart under the weight of Karma. Basui began to feel all sentient beings and points of view converge to observe him, but he continued his meditation, holding the box for twenty-four hours, without realizing that he was in the eye of a giant storm that was blowing apart the world around him. At that point, the sky opened; two Archangels arrived and grabbed Basui from each arm. They pulled him out of existence and they made him look down at the entire universe that had come to a scratching halt by then.





Basui saw what looked like three giant angels flying around Earth. From that point of view, it was clear that they were three versions of the same thing, like a strong beam of light that bounces off a broken mirror at three different angles. But these angels did not recognize themselves as equals, and instead of taking care of the planet, they were engaged in a constant battle, attacking, stabbing, and trying to kill each other in a horrendous dance of destruction that was causing chaotic Karmic resonances on Earth. “Look at what you’ve done. Do you realize how much suffering and destruction you have brought about?” the Archangels said in unison.

“If there really was a Creator of all things, He or She should know, not only the color of the envelope I am about to take out of the box, but also the correct answer to each question, or at least what questions were thrown into the fire,” said a still defiant Basui while the light in his heart was shining brighter and stronger. “Now, I *demand* to talk to the Creator,” he shouted.

The Archangels took him to the highest level of existence, to the “Point of Origin and End of all Things.” “There,” they said to Basui, “what we believe you call the Creator can come and go through that point, in ways we don’t understand.”

Basui looked at that point, but was confused because what he saw was something that resembled a coin standing on its side, as if someone had tossed it, but it had remained frozen, never quite falling to either heads or tails.

“Put the box in there,” commanded the Archangels, “and never again try to force the Hand of the Creator.”

Basui threw the box toward that point and what he perceived to be a coin began rotating very fast after swallowing the box. The universe was set in motion again and there were angels, and beings from all levels of existence trying to fix the chaos that the entanglement of Karma lines had created.

The Archangels **erased** Basui from the physical world, and now he resides in the highest levels of existence, *praying for all of us*.



4310



Light

Explanation

This trick will help you go through the normal channels and gates, but at very high speed.

Preparation

The light of faith in your heart should now be acting as a pilot flame to ignite a bigger light. If you are still unable to feel this light within your heart, perform what we called “loving light” until the loving-kindness in your heart begins to burn. You will grow a fourth arm by imagining a hand that pushes the light in your heart forward as it elongates and exits your chest. With this fourth arm in front of you, open your palm and see if there is a light in there. If there is nothing, simply say, “Light.” (Now you can squeeze Pandora to “speak.”)

Be very careful with what you say from now on. At this speed the Field begins to thicken at such a rate that anything you say will become part of your reality. Don’t utter a word.

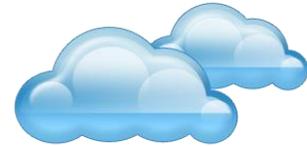
Warning

At normal speed, Gate Keepers maintain beings on their plane of existence and allow them to transition to other planes and states according to Karmic rules. You would have to decipher each Gate Keeper’s secret name or password for them to open each gate. Mammals face a number of gates equal to how many vertebrae they had in the physical world. There are other rules for other beings as well. It is useless to try to “speed past” a gate. It is simply not possible because Gate Keepers can match any speed and block you. The great thing is that by holding Light on your front palm, Gate Keepers simply step aside and push you through the gate adding to your momentum. You could also write poetry about this process, how the light of pure, true loving-kindness can open any door...

Once you exit the final gate, you will see that the “Gate Keeping System” is an intricate maze. But now that you are catching up at decent speed, let’s move on.



4309



Karma lines

Explanation

Finally you will be able to clearly spot Karma lines.

Preparation

Up until now, you had perceived Karma lines as sticky strings that attached to anything and connected everything to everything else. Use the Light on your palm to see them now. They will look more like big reddish pearls or glass bubbles that follow each other and you from many angles, directions, and planes. In order to clear the way and move freely, you must push them away by clapping or laughing. Clapping with four arms can be odd at first. So start laughing. Laughter is a wonderful resource to disperse Karma, it is also healthy and good for you. Just laugh; it's all a joke, after all; you'll see. And if you want to clap and see bubbles of Karma fly away, go ahead, try it. It won't affect the attributes you are "holding" like Pandora. And it won't break the rules of Karma at this speed.

S

Laughter at this level brings joy, peace, and harmony for all sentient beings on many levels. It's the easiest way of blessing I know of. It does resonate with the "laughter that reverberates throughout the whole universe," however, and it will attract a lot of attention to you, so be careful not to overdo it.

You will notice that regardless of how much clapping and laughing you do, there is one particular bubble of Karma still following us. We will not be able to get rid of that one until the very end. But just try to keep all other Karma bubbles away from you. The one that keeps following us is just trying to catch up with us, doing its job, but all in due time.



4 within 4309



Meet Mother Nature

Explanation

Here I go again, for the sake of time, putting my finger in a lot of pies and quoting and probably misinterpreting tons of things. But I need to show a big picture, very quickly. There are three versions of “MOM.” There is the gentle, nurturing, loving MOM, whose virginal, sacred waters fill the expanse of the Womb of the Universe. She is the purest essence of life, of the mysteries in all wombs, big and small. She will always be on your side. She will always love you and protect you. But you carry her water within you as well. So she “owns you.” Meet the second version of MOM. Domineering, controlling, possessive, demanding, unyielding, and judgmental. She wants to know your every move, and she has been watching us closely since we started this journey. We didn’t even notice her. But she was there all along, patiently observing us. All life sprouts from her, and she can watch you from every angle you could possibly imagine.

We do not want to meet the third version of MOM. This is the version of MOM that has been raped and ravaged. She is fury and vengeance incarnate. She can destroy all things, and her word has always been and will always be the last one. Her mouth is the mouth of “Time itself that devours everything.”

Preparation

MOM is angry at us, and she’s on the prowl. So, now we should move faster.

R

MOM wants our species to pay for what has been done to her. Don’t be unguarded; she will kill us on the spot without hesitation because she gave us life and can take it away whenever she pleases. She may look slow to you now, but never underestimate her. She uses a trick called “Hinge” that allows her to change direction, without using any leveraging point or point of view, anyway she wants, without losing momentum, by wrapping herself in Karma and knocking you down in less than nine milliseconds flat. There is no way to avoid her once she finds you. She is the roar and the frantic slamming of doors that we hear after we close a gate. She is right there behind us, following our endless trail of Karma. Nothing will pacify her and she will get us in the end. That is why we need to increase our speed, while maintaining **Perfect Balance**, like I told you, and complete the Heavenly Dance, before she destroys us all.



4307



Gardner

Explanation

The day Basui left the temple, the Master gave him a bag of seeds and said, “One day you will know the answer to the questions you never dared ask me.”

Playing gardener, Basui began to sow many seeds, and meditated long about what the Master said, until one day he spotted a sapling, and then another and another, and eventually a whole thicket of trees. Then he truly understood what the Master meant. But in just one hot summer day, the entire thing went up in flames. And he truly understood what the Master meant.

By the next spring he realized that, out of the ashes, some saplings were starting to rise again.

Then he truly understood what the Master meant.

Preparation

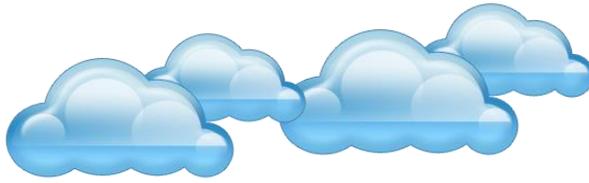
Meditate on the irreversible nature of Time.

A

As we increase speed, time begins to fold onto itself, creating time anomalies and waves that we can't control. Higher beings are obsessed with these time fluctuations and they use a device, whose name I can't recall, to measure and account for any time discrepancy across the universe. It is made with two entrained particles placed at each end of an ever-expanding pattern; the particles remain connected via five lines of communication, four of them are light blue strings that arch away from the pattern as it approaches infinity, one of them always remains unknowable. The four detectable lines resonate when and where the pattern resonates out of synchrony. This device enables them to quickly locate coordinates and accurately navigate space and time without creating, or running into, anomalies, and, best of all, without enraging MOM. Since I told you we can't utter a word anymore, we need to navigate without this kind of compass. We will simply increase our speed until we intuitively run into the Ultimate Meditator.



4306



Black Death

Explanation

Basui was still screaming at the top of his lungs, when he ran to the back of the garden and interrupted the Master's meditation.

"A Black Death is following me! It's the biggest I've ever seen! Master, what should I do? I don't want to die!" he said prostrating in tears.

The Master half-opened his eyes and smiled. "You don't seem you have lots of time. Do you already know what I am about to tell you?"

"Yes," said Basui without hesitation, "that I should fear nothing."

"That's right," he sighed. "But I'd like to add that you should never disturb a snake."

"But, Master, I could have killed that snake. I used to be a snake charmer, I had my saber, I could have killed him, but I let him live instead; and now, look! It's a Black Death, you know how he locks on to his target, he won't let up; he won't rest until he kills me... I'm as good as dead! I'll never be able to outrun him."

"Yes that's why we say that you should never disturb snakes, especially a Black Death. Go on now, run... or don't run."

Basui stood up, dried his tears on his sleeve, and started off to the back gate.

"I'm getting my saber!" he yelled on the way out.

The biggest Black Death the town had ever seen thundered through the garden and was in front of the Master in less than a second. The Master half-closed his eyes and continued his meditation.

Preparation

Meditate on the unknowable nature of Time.

T

The Ultimate Meditator has detected our abnormal speed and will begin to create gates in front of us in an attempt to slow us down. But we are going at such a rate that if we are stopped too fast, Karma and Time will crash against each other causing a terrible explosion. And since we can't afford that, we will have to sort a few random riddles and tasks that are designed to confuse us and make us hesitate. Do you still have faith in yourself? You will have to learn to get rid of fear as well.



4305



Random kindness

Explanation

Whether you understand him or not, you must respect Buddha. Probably the hardest thing to understand about him is that he has meditated on every single atom and conceivable point of view in this universe and beyond, that, regardless of what you do, imagine, try, etc., he has already estimated it, thought through and meditated on all possibilities at once, and studied all your options, moves, and strategies. It's not so much that he is "unmovable," like some call him; it's more like he has seen, counted, accounted for, and peered through every subatomic orifice that there can be, that he "becomes unmovable" from our perspective. Not only that, he can glance upon the information that is embedded in the tiniest variations within the molecular structures of your genes, so that he can patiently observe how ancient patterns of distribution of plagues and diseases have changed and affected your own life and the nature and structures of the forms of life inside you. He literally saw me (and you, and everything) coming from a mile away. But to express the extension of that mile from his point of view, imagine a one followed by a line of zeroes that stretches from one end of the universe to the other. Never try to out-meditate him, never try to run faster than him (he will always remain ten seconds ahead of you, regardless of speed), and don't waste precious time trying to out-think him. He is everywhere, ten seconds before you can even begin to imagine where or when. On top of that, he can, if he so chooses, stop time at will within his intrinsic pattern; and his bag of tricks is endless. He deserves to be where he is, whether we like it or not. He has earned that right, and we have no other choice than respect his mystery, like I told you. Fortunately, seven is a lucky number, and here is where he found us. Just look at the page number! [27] But be careful, we are about to perform a tricky maneuver at this level. He will allow us to do this only once.

Preparation

Meditate on random acts of kindness.

A

The great thing about him is that he truly loves all sentient beings, and he is fair and kind. There is no rhyme or reason and no way of understanding how he does this, or why, but he will simply appear in front of you, he will ask you a question, and grant you ten seconds to respond; after that, he'll determine where to "place" you. This universe is his playground, try your best not to offend him or disturb his meditation in any way. During my first (disastrous) attempt at the Heavenly Dance, I was going at such a speed that the Field had already become an infinite barrier. At that stage, the Field can be so active that even the intention of thinking causes it to react. At the time, I was very focused, but a stray "Who" arrow came dangerously close to me, which caused me to think "I," in English. Unfortunately, at that level, the Field reverberates on multiple layers of meaning, movement, sound, and information. So the Field made an "eye" pop in the middle of my forehead. This is because "I" and "eye" sound the same, and, since



“eye” is reversible if you read it backward and it contains three letters in the English language, it somehow sounded more meaningful within the Field. This caused a pattern to resonate within my lucky pattern because I had initially entered through a Fourth pattern, thereby scrambling one of the possible layers of meaning. So now I had a third eye. Which, in retrospect, was easier to handle than having a third “I.”

Yes, the Field can play tricks on you as well.

This third eye allowed me to see him quietly meditating ten seconds ahead of me in the future, so I instinctively started to look for a way around him. I knew what was coming and did not want to face him at that point. And without acknowledging my level of panic, I thought, “Randomize,” which, at normal speed, causes Karma lines to rearrange, opening gates on several levels and different numbers. The Field, however, interpreted this as “random eyes” which caused my two normal eyes to become random, looking in every other direction like a bewildered chameleon. My random behavior amused him so much that he burst out laughing, an indescribably boisterous, charming, and contagious laughter, that dissipated all Karma lines and opened all available gates and doors at the same time, letting in a warm, soothing light that when bouncing off of Buddha’s head turned into rainbows and songs. Suddenly, “it was springtime in Heaven.” He caused all this without interrupting his meditation, and quietly made a message appear in front of my third, and only “functioning,” eye. It was the same message that he had once given to Basui, “Go ahead, my sweet child, but remember that, in the end, everywhere you go, everywhere you look, you will always find me laughing back at you.”

So, lesson learned, I clearly and unequivocally thought, “Randomize to sidestep the Ultimate Meditator.”

When I finally flew past him, he was busying himself by stuffing entire universes into a tiny spot, the size of a pin head, and yet, he was still doing nothing. He was just meditating the entire time.

Your pattern of entry is determined by and resonant with your language and background, level of understanding, and symbolic intuition. From now on, all thoughts become irreversible actions. Be mindful not to conjure up stray thoughts, random symbols, names, numbers, especially when they are not reversible or if they change meaning when read backward. Like I told you, he has already meditated on all of that and much, much more. But do reflect on why random acts of kindness are an essential part of your own life, even if you don’t notice them. Best of luck!



4304



101

Explanation

These *next few pages* will feel like a long and convoluted crash-course on Time geometry and mechanics. Just remember that at this speed, math becomes self-evident. So don't waste time trying to figure out numbers or entangle yourself in estimations. Just do your best to follow the patterns and be alert for questions that can be thrown at you at any *point*. You will only have ten seconds to answer them, but with time and instincts on your side, you will fly past them, learning to face the Ultimate Meditator in the process.

Increasing speed, however, is no longer possible at this level.

Higher beings have computers that use nodes with five logical states, with four of them capable of reacting in absolute synchrony or relative to each other as long as one of them remains unknowable. They are so massive that they literally store and process information *outside* our known universe. And, yet, in spite of being able to use all those resources, they still get caught and entangled in math traps while Karma devours them.

Preparation

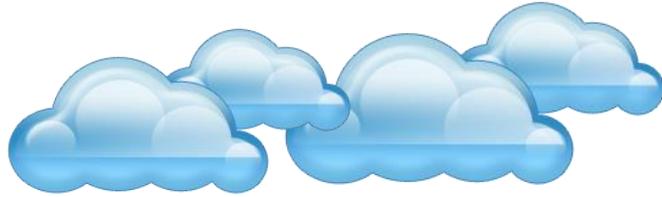
Keep meditating on the unknowable nature of Time. Get ready for a long series of meditations within meditations. Your objective is to detect a pattern, not to solve the entire puzzle.

V

This is no longer a test; we have already performed the Heavenly Dance. Humans that have tried similar meditations at normal speed typically go into a brain trap that confuses them and drives them insane. One of my teachers told me that the average lifespan of those who have attempted these meditations is twenty-one days; the very few that survive usually stick around and begin or continue teaching. *Are you ready to jump into the unknown?*



4303



Find 101

Explanation

We are polarizing (*preparing*) our point of entry in the future, even though we are not technically *there* yet. At this speed, the likelihood/probability of our arrival *travels* even faster than us. So we need to *clearly spot* our target because we can no longer change direction.

Preparation

Keep meditating on the unknowable nature of Time.

A

These are *resonant meditations*. Do what you can. I'll pull you out from the next pattern if needed.

Is zero implausible?

Among the many lies and pseudo-truths I was told in high school, *none* of them irritated me most than zero. (Did they really irritate me? Or did they zero-irritate me?) For starters, the very idea of zero is unknowable and the same is true for infinity. As existing beings we can't conceive of that which does not exist, in the same way that as finite, limited beings, we can't conceive of an absolute totality that is both boundless and infinite.

Is zero nothing?

Let's take a look at non-existence first.

I will use as an example, a giant black hole, bigger than anything we have seen so far. Let's observe a particle that is in the process of crossing the event horizon. Once our fateful particle is at the exact time of crossing, it is in between existence and leaving the time-space continuum into non-existence. It has approached a state so close to zero that it will be either zero from the point of view of the observer, or it will appear to switch between existing and not existing at such a rate that it will make little sense for an observer still bound by time.

Now, who knows who I am quoting(?)

Now, we'll place an observer in line with our doomed particle, but able to report back to the world of space-time.

Our particle is about to embark on an impossible journey. It has to travel from the moment of near non-existence, where it is barely, but *still* affected by time, to that ideal place at the bottomless end of our giant black hole where time, as some say, no longer makes sense to us, and could potentially be measured as both zero and infinite from outside the black hole.

This presumable bottom of the black hole, by the way, consists of only gravity. Gravity so strong, that space has been compressed into nothing. Incidentally, a *point* we can also



call zero. Because, at least from a dimensional perspective, placing an observer there would be impossible. There is simply “no room” for an observer. It gets worse. Now we are considering a relatively smaller zero than the instant in time that it would take for our particle to leave existence from the point of view of an observer at the event horizon and travel to the end of the black hole. We can’t be sure of that, however, because our observer can’t report at all from the point of non-existence. Once there, our observer would stop existing! At this point, we have a very complex zero, but we are defining absolute nothing in absolute terms, and we are about to be pulled into a tautology.

Can zero have polarity?

We have inadvertently polarized zero by adding infinite distance between the event horizon and the complete and ultimate disappearance of our particle. Remember that time can disappear and gravity can tend to infinity if we define a bottom in our giant black hole.

In fact, we have placed two very uncomfortable observers in two impossible places. They are going to have a very hard time reporting about our particle’s whereabouts between the moment of leaving the event horizon and the moment of truly *disappearing* forever. We will call the first observer, the one in line with our particle at the event horizon, t_+ , because it is closer to *existence* in time, when compared to the other one, t_- , which is stuck at (or beyond?) the bottom of our massive black hole, wherein, by the way, we are absolutely sure that time can no longer exist from the point of view of t_+ . In absolute terms, t_- is outside reality and unaffected by time as we understand it. As such, t_- will remain in the non-existent zone at the bottom, at a point where *reporting back* would be impossible.

An observer inside the black hole, reporting back from a point close to t_+ , will tell us that our particle has jumped so fast toward t_- that it has stretched into a thin string that connected both t_+ and t_- in no time at all.

Don’t panic, we will not call this event t_0 , but we can’t get too comfortable yet.

Our t_+ observer will insist that the speed of the particle was so impossible that the exact time of arrival of the overstretched string to t_- , in fact, can’t be determined.

It is obvious now, that if all watches and observers were synchronized, a t_- observer should at least give us a clue. But this is a sad universe, because, according to our own definition, nothing can exist at t_- , not even time, much less anything potentially affected by time, like our particle. So even if such report from t_- could exist, it would have to say, “We are still waiting for the arrival of your particle... *Nothing can exist here yet.*”

Is zero equal to itself?

Well, we need to slow down from now on.

Let’s surrender to the idea that t_+ and t_- are polarities, and, from the point of view of an observer outside the event horizon, they are attracting each other and pushed together by gravity that is so close to *infinity*, that they both look and behave like zero.

But, somehow, we are back to square one. How long does it take for a particle to fall into non-existence?



Is this the *whole* story?

Let's contradict ourselves by saying that even though t_+ and t_- are so close together that *they are the same thing*, we can still insert a synchronized observer between them, at least, to measure the thickness of our string or the speed of our particle. We shall christen this third observer T.

Is there a hole in this story?

Wait a minute, don't get too excited yet. T has bad news. T says, "I am unable to synchronize with either t_+ or t_- because when I look toward t_+ , *distance* tends to infinity, and when I look toward t_- , *time* tends to infinity."

You're *lucky* if you see the pattern now.

But does it follow the *logic* throughout the *whole* story?

"Don't worry!" we reassure our T observer, "forget both ends and just look at the particle/string."

From the point of view of T, there is a string of zero thickness and infinite speed, behaving like a *wave* coming from t_+ , *and* a particle that is moving toward t_- at an *ever*-decreasing speed and *ever*-increasing density. Like in the clichéd horror movie where the actor runs down a corridor toward a door that becomes more and more unreachable as the corridor keeps stretching in front of her, our particle seems to get heavier and denser, as gravity increases, but is never able to arrive to destination (because it can't exist there). We get the feeling that our particle is getting so massive and slow that it is unable to reach the point of non-existence in a definite amount of time. Is our actor getting so fat that she is becoming stuck on the sides of the runaway corridor?

Our T observer, by now, is certain of a few things. "It is clear that either the time or the distance between t_+ and t_- can be both infinite and non-existent, depending on which direction and angle I observe."

Then *how is it possible* for us to clearly see our particle?

At this point, like (most of) you, I am both despondent and horrified.

We can force all three observers to synchronize because when we add all three from outside the black hole, we are still talking about zero, and when we disregard the critical boundary of the event horizon and the almost infinite gravity (if such a point of view were possible), we arrive at, " $T = t_+ = t_- = 0$ or *infinity*."

Is zero time *heavier* than gravity?

A less unsettling scenario unfolds when all observers tend to zero, because, now, our T observer reports that our particle is falling toward t_- , but can never reach it, because *t emits time by compressing mass out of existence when gravity tends to infinity*. Time is what keeps stretching the terrifying corridor. By emitting time, t_- keeps pushing t_+ away, creating, *eventually*, infinite distance between them, allowing our particle to fall forever at any speed until one of the observers tries to look at it.

Is zero everything? (You have already missed most of the embedded patterns; please make sure our particle is not *lost* as well at the bottom of this bottomless, endless well. Otherwise we will not end well.)



So far, from outside our massive black hole, zero can contain both infinite distance and infinite time, both at the same time and never at the same time; it can also account for no distance and no time; and it can switch polarity so slowly that our particle takes infinite time to enter t- (thereby rendering it closer to existence into a t+ state) or so fast that our particle flickers in and out of existence on the very edge of our reality at impossible speed.

E?

E=mc(ΑΒΓΔΕΖΗΘΙΚΑΜΝΞΟΠΡΣΤΥΦΧΨΩ)

Please, let's slow it down even further. What was that about switching polarity again? This is relatively easy to understand. If our particle (that is struggling to exist in time) almost enters a zone where nothing can exist, according to our definition, it will meet our criteria for t+ (having "almost arrived" at the point of non-existence, *eventually as time approaches infinity*, "something" will *almost begin* to exist there, which is equal to the definition of t+ as being closer to existence). Thus, if such polarity switch can occur, it will occur both in no time at all and in an infinite amount of time, depending on *where* we are observing this convoluted *zero* from. From our T observer's perspective, our particle has become a spring stretching back and forth between existence and non-existence.

Is zero the primordial funnel?

Let's imagine a universe where black holes keep getting bigger and bigger, gravity keeps pulling them together and they continue to coalesce into one final behemoth of a hole that swallows the entire universe. What's left? Infinite gravity compacted into an ideal point and an infinite amount of time. In other words, *a good soup to start a Big Bang*.

For all we know, the unknowable amount of time before the Big Bang can be equal and juxtaposed to the unknowable amount of time after this universe ceases to exist. In this experiment, the last polarity switch will be critical, because when time tends to infinity, our particle, containing the entire universe now, can take the final step into the point of non-existence. Instead of emitting time, now this point will reverse polarity and will *attract* time and so the next Big Bang will happen in reverse, so to speak.

Indeed, this could be a reversible universe; it could implode and explode following similar lines of *entropy*, *resonance*, and *fractality*. Our counterpart observers in such a universe would also experience time as a one-way street. In both universes all observers would insist that they are moving forward in time, and even though they may be very different from each other, all observers will most certainly lie when they say they understand *zero* and *infinity*.

Is the pattern you see *logically* following the story?

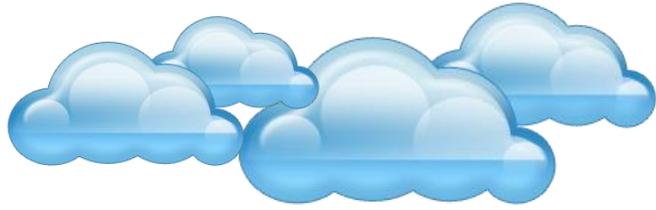
Unless we find a better viewpoint, zero is the extent of our knowledge and infinite is the extension of our ignorance. Gravity takes care of everything else in *the end*.

"Who" is asking all these questions(?)

Jump out of there; you are still caught in pattern 101 and thinking too much. You can learn to spot patterns later on.



4302



Find Fourth pattern

Explanation

A Master said, “Lies do not exist.”

Preparation

Go into a meditative state that would allow you to consider that statement without thinking, and without becoming unbalanced in your own fears, ruminations, or emotions.

E

Simply watch the Field *react* to that statement:

Lie(s) d(o) n(o)t exi(s)t

The Master just showed you an exit. Did you see it? Or did you think “Lies can not exist” (another fourth pattern, as if to say “lies have no weight”)? You didn’t? It’s a gate that he prepared so carefully for you... Let’s allow it to unfold further to see what happens.

Three(1) one(0) one(0)one three(1)one

He just told you to get out of **one 00 one** (fourth pattern) trapped in an endless cycle **thirteen(1)thirteen**, and he *ordered you to exit*; by using that last fourth pattern in a four-word sentence and giving you a command through a last *one*.

Did you get it? He’s hinting at “stop lying,” right?

He also did it because you may have sensed an SOS (s oo s ≈ s 00 s ≈ s 0 s) and he considered that you may have felt distressed. He also meant to send you “hope,” hoping that you would understand his message, but you’ll learn more about that later.

On top of that, “Lies do not exist” contains fourteen letters (ending in a five-letter word, with five being Buddha’s favorite number). When you analyze fourteen, you get one + four = five (within five).

There is more, “Lies do not exist” starts with a four-letter word and ends in a five-letter word, still separated by two words (that use a total of five letters); you can see it. Right? Beginning on a pattern of four (followed by two fives) ending in a five.

It is **ALL TRUE...** All = three + True = four, for a total of seven, “with seven being our lucky number,” which is shared/resonating with his fifth pattern (like the seven within multiple fives), i.e. “We are lucky to have many fives,” and a lucky number as well.

Once you meditate on that phrase you have no choice but to exit (through a four-letter-word pattern, which was what you were looking for, in the first place) and use that last one, which is adding emphasis on an imperative. Because you have to be very careful with the meaning of four-letter words; right?

He really means it when he says you can’t lie past this point (you can’t tell lies past this point). On top of that, he is hinting at “do not lie down” (a four-word phrase ending in a four-letter word = “do not lie down” as in “maintain absolute balance”).

Pay attention to four-word *phrases from now on* (you count words and phrases, I take care of the letters; otherwise, it’ll get too confusing). I’ll guide you. But I promise it will all make sense, eventually.

Relax, and...



Is there an Exit?

[From now on, I will be inserting “*a posteriori*” annotations between square brackets that are not part of the Heavenly Dance but will help you understand the process better, because we are approaching *criticality* and the rest is automatic from here on.]

I sow the pattern. Now?

Let us make this one very clear:

Nothing carrying duality (since we need to remain Lucky within five, i.e. “fives within fourteen to obtain multiple fives and remain lucky”) **can make it past this point** (end point [\approx Lucky] within five).

Look at the page number [35] for the last time.

Infinity approaching.

From this point forward, since our speed is *becoming infinity* [$(8) \approx (\infty - 1)$], you should only focus on words and phrases to follow the trail of the story, I will take care of the letters and numbers. You can go back and recheck everything at a later time. Do we have a deal? Great! Because we can't make course corrections past this point.

[Can you see patterns within patterns now? No? Too slow? Then, speed up!]



4301



Aself se es flesB

Explanation

Beyond the Field (of infinite thickness) there is (are/were/will be) a universe that is very hard to define in words or concepts because it is moving backward in time, from what we perceive as future toward what we perceive as past. I meditated for a long time on how to refer to that universe and in the beginning I thought of it as the “negative” universe, but quickly realized that duality and polarity, light and dark, matter, antimatter (or anti-anything), war and peace, may not exist on that side. And I respect that. I do know, however, that, when our universes crash against each other, they annihilate each other. This is because the nature of time is so different in each universe that they simply destroy each other if they get too close. So I thought “B” was a better term. But the Beings and energies on that side are not “against us,” they are just extremely different. Their universe is also a “uni-verse,” a single, infinite, endless song, like ours, but it would sound odd to us, as if it resembled ours, but played backward. And, no, they are not going to invade us, they are as vaguely aware of us as we are of them. [If anything, the one thing that was clear to me, after the Heavenly Dance, was that the ones causing imbalances and disturbances against Mother Nature were us, not them. They were trying to help us stabilize our side so that neither universe is harmed. In a way that I can’t fully understand, we are affecting them negatively and they are trying to do their best to compensate for our mistakes and the way we treat Mother Nature.]

Our universes are not connected by causality or Karma, or any form of energy I know of. They are not mirror universes; there are no one-to-one equivalents of us on the other side. We do have in common, however, a set of patterns, rhythms, and resonances that can convey a limited amount of information between both universes. But how can we “communicate” with them without destroying each other?

Very carefully. And with Perfect Balance, like I told you.

Preparation

Go into a state that would allow you to *express* information without activating the Field, i.e. without using vibrations, words, thoughts, ideas, meanings, symbols, gestures, culture, religion, actions, energy, etc.

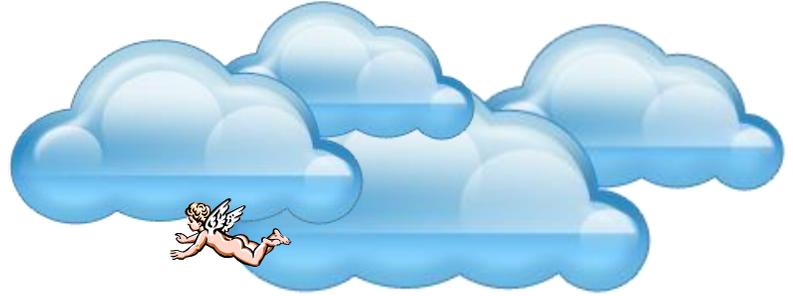
H

The **B**-us are reading this **same book** (backward in time), they have also followed protocol, and engaged this **Activation Sequence**. It is a carefully orchestrated *dance* that we are, now, about to perform.

There we all go...



4300



A River of Tears

Explanation

There are tears of happiness and joy. My best friends can tell me jokes at such a rate that I am in stitches until salty water begins to pour *out of my eyes* [11]. There are tears of sorrow and suffering. No need to explain those, since, unfortunately, we are all too familiar with them. In an ideal world both kinds of tears would be balanced. Or at least there should be more tears of joy. Our existence can and should be an act of joy, pleasure, harmony, freedom, for all of us. Then there are the tears of those who have meditated for a long time. They are not emotional tears. They are trickles of salty *water* [5] that fall effortlessly from the *meditator's eyes* [14]. They are balanced tears and usually the meditator is not even aware of them. They are an involuntary side-effect of endless cycles of meditation, as one of my teachers used to say.

Preparation

One tear follows another until there are many. They form a creek, then a stream, then a river that ultimately feeds an *infinite ocean* [13].

T

We are in a **very dangerous trap. Down and up. The Sixth Pattern** (becomes unstable and impossible to deal with) **is both a curse and a blessing** in one, **like your intentions. I will show you to balance perfectly, like I told you**, a while back. Don't go back now, don't look around, you'll have time to reflect on that later. Think of **idiots** and **Monkey**. I must stick to the protocol and share with you my first and last bubble of Karma. What follows is an excerpt from my own life right here on Earth [told at normal speed for you to understand it quickly], the *first time I died*. [14, *what are you looking for? I'm simply removing the bullets so nobody is harmed. Just mind the words.*] **MOM, I am sorry.** Before we begin, please note how my life story resonates within one of the versions of the Hindu God Ganesha. I do apologize to all Hindus because I'm probably going to tell it wrong, I'm just going by vague recollections about what one of my teachers told me. "The God Shiva had left his wife Parvati to go on one of his meditations, but his meditations sometimes took millennia to complete; so, Parvati, feeling alone, decided to create a child out of clay to have some company (born to a virgin). One day, Parvati decided to take a bath and ordered her son to stay at the door and don't allow anyone to disturb her. When the God Shiva arrived, he found Ganesha standing guard and blocking his entrance. When Shiva told him to step aside, Ganesha refused to move, like his mother commanded. Not recognizing that, in a way, Ganesha was his son, he severed the child's head and went in to meet his wife. When Parvati learned what had happened, she demanded that he bring her son back to life. Shiva went out, and the first animal he saw was an elephant. He severed the elephant's head and put it on Ganesha. Thereby returning the breath of life to his son. That is how Ganesha ended up as a child with an elephant's head. Among other things, Ganesha is known as the remover of, sometimes impossible, obstacles."

This is my story

I was five years old. I remember that morning as if it was now, even when more than four decades have gone by.

I remember the tiniest details about the house, the suburban grey and blue patterns of the cheap and modern plastic floor, the smell of fresh paint, mom's exquisite auburn hair as it flew, gracefully, in the opposite direction when my stepdad punched her in the face. The shrieks of terror and the subtle symphony of tears as they dropped randomly on pristine new floors. All is frozen in time, in my mind, in my genes. I can go back to it, stop it, play it back and forth, again and again. Nothing has changed about that instant. It is still here, intact, present for all eternity. Etched out in my flesh and bones. It will never leave me, because it is me, in me and with me. It is what made me the person I ended up being.

A concerned soul knocked on the door. It was an old woman, a neighbor. My mom sustained her broad, bright Sunday smile while explaining that everything was fine, that they were just in the middle of a heated discussion. Mom knew how to keep her cool, and even more so when they were holding a revolver against her back. Through the crack of the door, I saw the old woman silently mouth, "Should I call the police?"

I should have yelled something then, and I still regret not having done it. But mom promptly reassured this interloper that everything was fine, really, nothing to worry about. They exchanged a couple of nervous smiles, and the door closed. I remember feeling a huge sense of gratitude for that lady. She was meaning well, and in my heart, I will thank her forever, whoever she was...

While dragging mom by her hair, my stepdad, inadvertently, stumbled on me, pushed me aside, knocking me against a wall. Probably fearing for my safety, mom looked at me, her face relaxed, she spoke in a gentle, soothing, calming voice and ordered me to go to my bedroom, stay there, and don't leave the bedroom. I obeyed. But I couldn't stop crying. I kept going back and forth between crying on my bed and standing still at the door, shaking uncontrollably, feeling needles of electricity firing through every pore of my body, not daring to cross the threshold, like she told me. And I obeyed, like a good son. My stepdad had dragged her into the kitchen, out of my sight, but I could still hear her screams. I went back to my bed, and cried for what felt like endless hours, until I had no more tears. And, inexplicably, I fell asleep.

In my dream, I was staring at this little notch on the wood of the headboard. I saw a river pouring out of that notch, with a boat in the middle of it. There was this figure standing on the boat with a long stick, pushing the boat slowly downstream. I was not able to make out his face clearly, but he seemed to be very old, like a sage from ancient times. He was wearing a brown robe with a hood. "How strange," I thought, "there's also a baby on that boat." The old man looked at me and in a very calm voice said, "This baby is you, I am taking you somewhere safe, everything is going to be alright; trust me. I come from the future, and I am here to help you. You have already died, I have seen it. Your stepdad, in a moment of rage, pointed the revolver at you, and, even though he didn't mean to kill you, the trigger went off. The bullet pierced your forehead and went right through your head. Don't panic, I will be offering you more options. Do what I say. Get out of bed, and follow the trickle of tears on the floor. Do not look around, because you won't understand what you will see, and it can only hurt you. Keep your eyes on the floor. The tears will guide you. Be very quick and quiet, because you must not be seen.



You must crawl on the tears until you find the revolver. Take out the bullets, and bring them back with you to the bedroom.”

“But I can’t leave the bedroom,” I said, “my mom told me.”

“I am absolutely certain that your mother doesn’t want you to die. That is why I am here to guide you. Do as I say; and you shall live.”

I broke my mother’s order, and did what he told me. I didn’t dare to look around. [My mom was being raped.]

I returned to my bedroom and placed the bullets under my pillow. And I fell back asleep. And then the river, him, and the baby, all disappeared into that little spot where I had my finger when my mom woke me up.

“It is all over,” she said kissing my forehead, “I made a pie, are you hungry?”

Background: Stuck in an unhappy marriage, my mom wanted desperately to have a child, but having tried unsuccessfully for four years, she began to pray. She insisted, whether it was true or not, that Faith was what made the trick. And she conceived me in a rapture of faith. When her marriage fell apart when I was five-and-a-half months old, my biological father stole me away from her and kept me hidden for two weeks at his parents’ house in Santa Fe, a city four hours north from my hometown, Rosario, Argentina. In a last-resort effort to bring me back, mom sent a message through a family member that I wasn’t my biological father’s son. That she had cheated on him, that I wasn’t his. When the news reached my biological father, he brought me back to her, she reassured him that I wasn’t his child, and, since then, he removed himself from the picture, forever. Mom says that I was still wearing the same clothes after two weeks. She was horrified.

Throughout my childhood, she jokingly insisted that I was the product of the Holy Spirit. She and my stepdad were involved in a torrid, violent relationship that went on and off for eight years. But it’s all water under the bridge now. In time, I learned to forget and forgive, sending all my loving-kindness, prayers, and gratitude to my mom, my biological father, and my stepdad. All of whom I am still loving and respecting dearly because they are in and with me. They made me who and what I am.





Explanation

Here we all end this journey. You may have noticed that I vaguely used the concepts of faith and Faith. And I am not talking about the religiously charged concept of faith, especially religious fervor and agendas, wars, and all sorts of atrocities committed through and by the use of faith. Now we are past that point. I am talking about what is flowing from our body shooting straight up like an arrow from the crown of our head. Some say “as it was in the beginning, it shall be in the end.” And we started our journey finishing at the beginning. “The Palm of Buddha,” others say, “extends in every possible direction and angle throughout space and time.” Ultimate beings waste time and energy to extricate themselves from this trap. Don’t bother. On Earth we know that two becomes unbreakably dualistic, popping up everywhere, self-seeding virally; however, we don’t know exactly how. Now, can you see a zero point? Our patterns are detected ten seconds ahead of us. We are trapped with him eternally! And better don’t move; he doesn’t like to be interrupted. I didn’t want to mention this earlier because it would have probably scared you. There is, absolutely, neither way out nor exit. No doors or gates. Forever.

?

Before your eyes become random and you get lost again, I’ll clarify something you knew all along. On page one, the neurons that you weren’t using (ninety percent) were getting so bored that I had to feed them a pattern, they decoded it on page two while the supposedly aware ten percent of you was still lost. On page four they solved the unsolvable puzzle and created the solution, just in case you ever needed it; they even saw that the explanation I just gave you in the previous paragraph contains the activation codes that you will eventually use to solve it and they became impatient on page twenty-seven, where I had to course correct so that they had something to do, and they are still patiently waiting in the future for you to finally see.

Let me demonstrate the impossible

We already discussed balancing perfectly, so let’s skip the catastrophic consequences of misaligning while imploding into infinity. Grab the ninety-nine where he trapped us forever. Make them bounce against his endlessly repeating, unbreakable pattern. While obeying MOM when she told you not to play with fire (she was right). Grab the two within his pattern so that it resonates luckily with ours. Splice your chromosomes like you did when you were part of a sea of sperm to ride on the self replicating two, as you did in your MOM’s womb, before entering the ovum while the flagellum (where Pandora hides pushing you forward and up) stretches down forever thanks to infinite gravity. Let that last bubble of Karma, that kept following us, envelop you, like MOM does, and, by now, you will fit exactly into that bubble. Then yell, “I am Karma,” which will cause every single Karma bubble in the universe to instantaneously collapse into yours.





This is the scariest part of the dance because you will vividly experience all the life and death stories of all beings and non-beings in the universe, past and present, at the same time. We did this on page fifteen, but in reverse. “This is how I saw me (in you) when you were looking at your own reflection and for an instant you saw the empty space in the center of your pupils, and you saw yourself as me seeing you, but blinked and denied it in a second.” The combined weight of all Karma bubbles bends and stretches the hand of the Ultimate Meditator downward creating a giant hole of gravity that pulls all Karma bubbles down (swallowing them); since you can’t afford to be sucked in and reduce speed, you will begin spinning clockwise. This maneuver speeds you up, increasing your momentum, moving you upward and away from his hand, as if you were a corkscrew, but since he can’t let go of you, your lower part will remain falling forever, while the energy emanating from your head will be stretched upward and forever into the Final Node. Your spin causes Pandora to rub against your (now stretched) Karma bubble, and that friction against the bubble will send out beads of Time that will be thrown out and away from you, and will start falling down into the impossibly giant hole. This amuses him, and he instinctively meditates on each one of them.

Are you getting dizzy? Take a break. Take a huge breath in and relax. There is nothing to fear or doing at this point. Let’s sense (not think) our options, carefully; and bounce two plus three to see the ultimate trap, and begin to sing the Eternal Song of the Universe in Unison.

We may not be able to make the Ultimate Meditator laugh at this point, since he will insist on not letting anyone cross until all sentient beings are liberated and we can all cross at once and as one, in a final step. But we can still entertain him and each other. When we attempt to bring Balance to the Force, as they say in Star Wars, we hear Princess Leia tell Han Solo, “I love you,” and he responds, “I know,” so we laugh in unison with the Ultimate Meditator even within our own limited pattern. It also makes us laugh and cry, because in English, “love” happens to be a four-letter word, like “hate” and “rape.” That’s why we couldn’t use it and had to cautiously resort to “loving” from which there is also no escape. I know; we’ll have to end up loving each other eventually. And now “we all also know,” as Han Solo could have told us. We are literally solo and altogether. Both funny and scary. Like I told you when MOM glanced upon us, while we were standing in the never-ending line in front of Padre Ignacio, bringing him all our misery, violence, struggles, and deceases, hoping that he would swing a magic wand and make all our suffering go away; while, at the same time, we had already been, and will continue to, lie, backstab, betray, hurt, and kill one another. Let’s hug like two friends now. Let’s scratch each other’s back. The critical time has already come, and what is coming is worse; I am just showing you a possibly better future. The decision is ultimately and unfortunately ours. I want Luck on our side, just in case. That is why I went to great lengths to explain all this in a language that you can understand. I am also giving you a chance, way before you run out of options completely.

Now that we have showed him that we can at least keep him entertained with our musings, we can move a little closer into existence within his pattern to create a trinity. Oops, I almost forgot. **Steal that H.**



Heavenly Dance

The Heavens Dance A Self and Self B to make even dreams...		
Final Node		
W H O ↓	∞	H O W ↓
1		4
(Fourth pattern found)		([degdelwonkca ytilaud- noN])
ı	OM WO	?
(Emit...)	ıWOW MOM!	([...esneS])
(Find Common Pattern)		([sesneS ticilpmI egdelwonkcA])
Use A	ıSDNEIRF EB D'A CCORD!	[B tuP]
(Pattern 7 + 9 detected)		(Sense 2 + 2 acknowledged)
(Pattern 2 + 3 detected) H	...HOH... [WE bring Water of Life]	(Sense 2 + 3 acknowledged) O
1. 2. 3. 4.	Fire – Air	(Sense 7 acknowledged) A
Fractal	Earth	Random
10	THE AVATARS	01
(Learning...) 22	Why do monkeys disturb MOM?	(Listening...) 22
ALL IS FULL OF LIGHT ALL IS FULL OF LOVE WE ARE ONE YOU WILL RESPECT BUDDA UNTIL YOU UNDERSTAND BUDDA		
Defractalize	HAPPY HEALTHY WEALTHY FREE LOVING	Unrandomize
Disengage		Disentrain
08	∞	[Hinge back]

A



Now

I, Victor D Wouters, was forced to perform the Heavenly Dance, also known as “the Avatar Meditation,” following a protocol I observed while hovering between life and death for thirty minutes, during heart surgery in Denver, Colorado, USA.

In order to represent the entire human race, as this protocol requires, I created a quantum agreement (double-blind, fully randomized, in multiple stages and states, plus a dry-run) that was entered into and accepted by a host of witnesses, doctors, family members, and friends between January and February of 2009.

I did it under a tree; my dog, Kairi was my guide, in the marsh known as Goodspeed Road, in my beloved town of Tillamook, Oregon, USA. My energy expenditure was zero. The point of contact was open for one nanosecond. All instructions have already been delivered, accepted, backed up, and stored on both sides.

I was brought back via 800:

Art is my canvas

Life is my art

But I do not know why I am still here. I’ve always had a natural ability to interpret dreams and nightmares, but other than that, I am just another human being, living, loving, and learning. I am a lousy teacher; my understanding of this world is extremely limited, and I feel like I have nothing to offer to better humanity. But I was forced to engage in this meditation because I could not come up with an honest answer about the way, *we*, humans, are treating Mother Nature.

The messages that came through from the “B” version of Pandora were extremely difficult, if not impossible to understand. For example, and I *translate* the best I can, “Is the entropic value of zero, one nanosecond after and before criticality, equal, parallel, or juxtaposed to itself? How do you re/de/un-randomize a fractal that expands backward in time? Why is Core (possibly Mother Nature) unstable? Is *Beta-Core* active? Is your understanding of Creation and Destruction immanent, intrinsic, or extrinsic to your understanding of self? What is Budda?” And many others that I do not dare **open**.

My faith in humanity may be shaky at this point, but my intentions remain the same; I want all sentient beings to be happy, healthy, wealthy, free, and loving. I respect Faith, the Mysteries of Life, and what is unknowable and impossible to understand. And I keep praying for you, for all of us, for peace and understanding. Like I told you, I am a good son.

Now, let’s all do our best to come up with better answers when the Time comes.

Thank you!



Special Note to Translators:

My dear, poor, fellow translators, these writings are untranslatable, because, when decompressing from the Heavenly Dance, I was thinking in English, which, in turn, determined my pattern of re-entry. English is not my first language and you'll see me hesitate unintentionally between on, at and in, etc. Those mistakes only reflect my limitations and they should not be **counted**. Be creative to convey as much meaning as you can for your culture (and, when in doubt, it is better to *add* layers of meaning, rather than reduce them). Whenever possible, if you want to make your life easier, count and maintain the number of words (rather than letters, which will be impossible), but don't rearrange or merge sentences into paragraphs, don't turn numbers into words, and vice-versa. Be mindful of the **charges** in meaning and numbers that become fully loaded when approaching the critical barrier between pages thirty-four and thirty-five. And, above all, be kind to yourselves by using as many footnotes as you need, you have my permission, my trust, my loving-kindness, whoever, whenever you are (I have been there;-) already. There is an embedded pattern that, **like I told you**, can't be translated, although a computer will spot it in less than a second. Numbers can't be rearranged. It is irreversible now.

NOW



NOW



WON

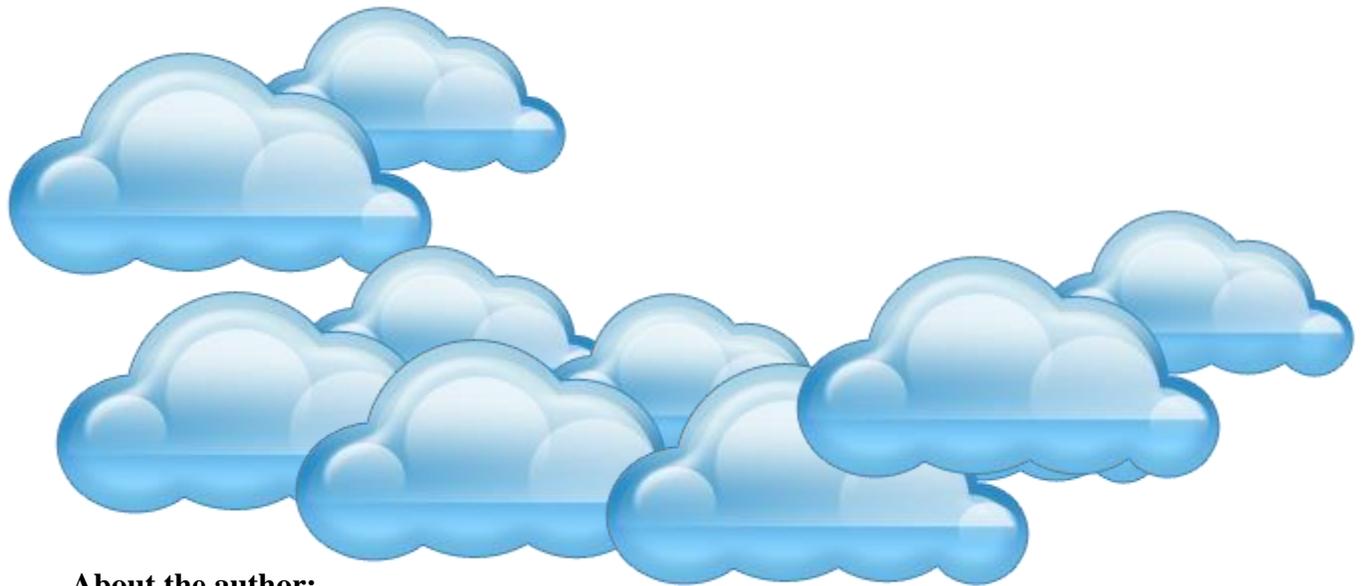
MOM
THE AVATAR
AWAKENS

水家



T H E A V A T A R

Once upon a different time...



About the author:

Avatar 7772777, yogi, meditator, artist, and Spanish translator. For a free copy of books and artwork by Victor Wouters, please visit: <https://wildcard72.wordpress.com/books/> and <https://wildcard72.wordpress.com/drawings/>. You can follow the author on Facebook: <https://www.facebook.com/victor.wouters>.



“Kind words can be short and easy to speak, but their echoes are truly endless.”
– Mother Theresa

“First they ignore you, then they laugh at you, then they attack you. Then you win.”
– Ghandi

“Like water which can clearly mirror the sky and the trees only so long as its surface is undisturbed, the mind can only reflect the true image of the Self when it is tranquil and wholly relaxed.”

– Indra Devi

“It is no measure of health to be well adjusted to a profoundly sick society.”
– Krishnamurti

