

I Am Bored

Peace Pace
مریم نور

To you...

Who is this you?

To whom is this book?

To the one who can look...

Who can look and see...

Who can look and see and

Beee...

Yes...



To you

Ya Lilly...

To all the field of love...

To all the flowers

Who shower...

To us in us..



Ya Lilly...

Yes you are

A...B...C...

Allah... Buddha.. Christ..

And all are one and Allah is one

And everyone is us in us...

Love is the only way to give and receive...

We are from A to Z

From one to Zero

And to the infinity of our

Divinity.



No thank you...

No me and no you..

Only the existence...

Only the aloneness

We are one

In the only

ONE...



*I am
Bored
By me
MEWEI
Who am I?*



*Yes
I am
More
Bored...
Is it natural...?
Can any color brush me?
Or Push me?*



*Oh my beloved Me
No one can brush or push you or change you Only you...
This is your choice and your bliss and your love for life and
light...
Let us change a better color for the eyes...*

*We can see better what is flowing from our in out...
The treasures of feelings comes from our inner lectures..In
the in... Come to the inner relation the inner revolution and
the inner evolution
Yes I join the board... Let us go.*



*Yes let us go.. not let go and let god
And let us go with the god...
Where is God now?
God is in us and in every us... it is us but we are not aware of
it or her or his... or any name or noun or verbs..
Let us jump in the ARK...
Let us call him...
NOWAA.. NOAH... NOOOOAH...
But I hear no voice... Only the echo of my voice...
But I am not a Noachian.. Not a follower of Noah... And
who is taking to me??...
I am your own Noah.. I am your inner Treasure... Your
emperor yourself and your mirror...*



So it is me to me?

*Me to we... Me is we... Everyone is Noah and the ARK and
all what you see and you don't see... I am we and we is the
existence...*

*So I am talking with my inner seeeer... The one who saw me
before I saw myself.. Or I saw the skin of myself... Even the
skin I don't know any layer of it... Not even any cell...*

OH my....????

- What do you want me to call you?

- Call me any name or any noun but I am a verb of Love...

*- I call you my lover... my inner river and liver... my
mirror... my power and my Treasure and this me and is not
mine but our mine of many diamonds.. So I call you now..*

My lover...



From

self

to

no self



*Let us talk on one page... We are age and one face and one
choice... We are so transparent to each other... Oh! Trans-
parents and we transcend together and we transform our
pain into pleasure and our death into birth and our
ignorance into innocence and our victims into victors.
OOOOh... let us start sailing in this arc or ARK or whatever
is the name of this game...*

*All the words in the big dictionary come from our own silent
stationary...*

So let us sail in our sea and see why I am bored??!

Feel like jumping in the ocean and die!!!...

Listen to me before you die...



From light

To

Light



Yes! You die... You are already dead but me not...

If I jump in the see.. I see myself... But if you jump you see nothing... Because you are bored... So you are blind... And all blind hearts and heads are dead...

Stop it now please.. Yes I feel your love and your life.. Yes be my lover and explain to me in simple way.. Simple sailing..

What is boredom.

Why I am bored and depressed... Not deep-rest and not any rest either...

Listen carefully...

It needs intelligence to feel boredom.. so very few feel it... like Christ and Buddha and many masters and prophets and now you.. so it is not a curse, it is a blessing.. it is a verse a not a virus...



*From here
to no here*



Out of pain we start looking at me gain... No pain... No brain, no gain too.. No grain no gain too...

*Lover... Do not preach or prose all the words of your mind
no me... Never mind... Just in simple words... Say it...
Out of boredom we search and look for the meaning life... Is
this what we are here for? Look at the news... It is the
history of yesterday in a new cup... Why so much wars and
Love for power and sex?? Is this the real meaning of life?
Nothing on the outside gives me an inner fulfillment... An
inner sense of life... Unless I face this boredom, I don't go
into my inner dome where I listen to the seeds of wisdom...
Yes... yes... I can feel some truth in it... but how to go in? I
am so bored out and I don't see any way to go anywhere...
Nowhere to go just now-here.. just a dash of flash and now
and here you will hear it.. just listen in your heart...
Jesus was so bored with his life and he found the real
meaning for his being here... but what are we doing for such
beams of Light? Why fight? Where does the fine comes
from? What is in our brain and in our mind that kills our
masters and our mirrors?
Why the boys of Adam and Eve kill each others? Who killed
who? And why?
So the one who ate meat killed the one who ate grain and
veges...*

*So our body is our book.. read your book.. it is so simple..
read only your 32 teeth.. twenty molars for grains.. eight
incisive for vegetables and fruits and beans and greens and
four for animal food.. this is the nutrition book to look...*

*So why kill to eat? How much dead food in our body..
In our temple.. in our home of life? Let us see what we are
doing to our senses..*

*To our mind and our brain and our self and beyond...
Oooh.. you are so right light my Lover but this is not easy
and not simple... you mean I am what I eat?*

*Yes! You are what you don't shit... see what is in your
body? In this holy cup... when are you going to wake up
without any dead make up...*

*This is the root cause of boredom.. this is a turning point in
our life..*

*If you want more peace.. more health.. more joy..
watch what you eat.. your food is your blood and your blood
and your brain and all your senses are in this body...*



*Sooo... there is food for thought... food for soul... food for
light and food for boredom...*

There is good and bad food... so simple... good food is for your body and being and the bad junk food for your desires and emotions and for the touch of the smell and the tongue... you are a whole holy being... not only a layer from your tongue... it is time to wake up and know yourself... Face your feelings... face your boredom.. and be the boredom now!!... There are two ways.. one is the western way... the logic mind.. the science and the reason and you will never find any meaning in life.. then boredom will be your dome and more and more acute and hurts you and will be a chronic disease...



*From
Words
to
Silence*



It will live in your whole life and existence.. and it will hurt each moment in your being... and it will never allow you to

*live at all...this is a great cross...a great burden of death and
suicide is the only side and the way to go away and yet!!
You will keep living it even after death.. Alter you leave your
body... you carry it with you because it is in you... this is the
left side of our brain... the science... the logic... mind...
power... sex and fear and it controls by law and by force and
by war..*

*Yes! But it is very scary... what can we do?
We listen to all our brain system.. Left is science and right is
wisdom and self it is in the east where all kinds of masters
and Buddhas and many more into spirituality..
But now the west goes to the East and the East to the West
and both are lost in the extremity of science and
spirituality... where is the middle point? Where is the cross
point?*

*Let us have both wings but fly in the middle of the straight
path...*



Science, spirits and soul...

*This is the path of every human being... a human becoming...
Let us open up our wings and fly high in our inner sky... our
body is from dust to dust but we are the living existence... the
living secret of this creativity...*

*Let us look at the deeper world of our kingdom... deeper than
the mind is our heart and our Love and deeper than science
is Art... deeper than mathematics is music... and this is how
the boredom starts disappearing and your being appears.
So boredom is a key to a blessing.. to a search towards God
and this is the meeting of the both wings.. so the real key to
this unity is Meditation...*

*Through discovering our innermost self, our ultimate eternal
being, which is never born and never dies.. this is who we
are..*



*Yes my friend.. we are here to use every pain and pleasure as
a mean to uncover our real treasure...*

*Let us use boredom as a jumping-board towards the ultimate
and then we feel so grateful to the experience what can the
wise being do with this misery or any anguish?*

*You can transform the pain into gain.. into joy and bliss and
we create a paradise in us... heaven is not up there in the
sky... God is in our heart... in the core of our Love...
The kingdom is already in us... I just have to take a one
hundred and eighty degree turn and start flying not in the
line but in the treasure of our divinity...
Therefore, boredom is the key to the kingdom.*

- Why do we feel bored?

*One feels bored because we are living in dead patterns given
to us by others...*



*From
love
to
Loving*



*Renounce all the patterns that are given to you by others...
start living on your own... listen to the religiousness of your
heart...*

We need no mediums.. no priests and no politicians and no teachers and no parents and no one at all... Listen to your silence and start your walk... Live your feeling.. listen to your voice and follow your intuition and do not fear any jump...

Just go for any adventure that flows from your inner Treasure...

I still remember that my feelings was not what I did.. I wanted to be who I am now.. a rebel.. a none.. not a nun as my mom wanted me to be..

So our parents decided our future and what to do and how to be and no one is what is here for... nobody is where he should be...

We have to risk for our life.. insecurity is our only security.. if we risk, boredom can disappear in a single moment, if we take the jump and then thinks... then we swim in the ocean of life and we don't sink or stink...



Thank you my beloved self for such gifts... you are showing me the way that I am looking for...

*Just look in... what you see out is our own reflection... just
accept it on Jesus said on the cross.*

Let thy will be done.

*All what I feel is because of me...! Planted this feeling in my
inner field.. in my inner soil and soul.. so no matter what we
do good or bad it comes back to us and if you do only good do
not expect good from others..*

No expectations

Only acceptations

*Accept and you are safe and you save your energy for your
inner growing and glowing...*

accept with great gratefulness...

*Thank you for loving me and choooosing me for this test..
and pass this test in your best way to wake up...*



From death

to

no death



*Yes my friend.. I am not awake yet.. not aware who I am yet..
but never mind and no matter... I am still and still-born and I
will keep walking my talk and keep looking forward by living
this moment knowing*

That I know nothing...

and nothingness is the isness of the existence...

How can the drop knows the Ocean?

I can't.. but the ocean knows the waves and the drops...

*I surrender myself.. my ignorant self to the only knower.. the
only power... to the only ONE in my heart..*

*But I do what I can because I am a can not a cant... and in
this*



*Can I hear the voice of the canary and I see the light of the
candle and together we cross the canyon and face the ONE..
OH Thou The SUSTAINOUR and this is our real mirror...
our real treasure...*

*Oh my beloved boredom!! Because of you I feel our wisdom
and live in our kingdom.*

*Yes my beloved friend... you are bored with yourself because
you have not been sincere with yourself, you have not been
honest with yourself... you have not been respectful to your
own being...*

*- Please... please... help me to be honest and to be
respectful...?*

*- No one can help you but you... I cannot teach it unless you
catch it... I am your mirror...*



*We are what we see... and change is a constant law of Love...
Look at the seasons... a change in life and in beauty and all
are connected... the spring is not better than the fall... and
so love is not better than Fear...*

*Let us live all the seasons without any reasons... just live and
be aware and be a witness and this is our birthright... this is
who we are... we are eternal light for love and hate... for
peace and war... for this divinity of this infinity...
Just live your life with love and laughter...*

- AH... Let me bubble up this joke.. I can't hold it any more...

Today, the teacher was trying to teach us good manners, and she asked Jon.. “ If you were on a date having dinner with a nice young lady,



*From hate
To Heart*



How would you tell her that you have to go to the bathroom?

Jon Said. “ Just a minute I have to go pee.”

The teacher responded by saying “ that would be rude and impolite...”.

What about you David, how would you say it? ”

David said “ I am sorry, but I really need to go to the bathroom.. I'll be right back”.

That's better, but it's still not very nice to say to the word bathroom at the dinner table...

And you, little Oscar, can you use your brain for once and show us your good manners?!

I would say... Darling, may I please be excused for a moment? I have to shake hands with a very dear friend of mine, whom I hope to introduce to you after dinner...”.



*From life
to Living*



The teacher fainted. Yes.. she has all the rights to faint because we are painted by shame.. sex is a sin... the penis and the vagina are zizi and wiwi and don't touch and don't look and don't say...

The first day Jon went to school.. his Mom asked him...

- What did you learn today?

- I learned that my name is not don't... my name is Jon.

We are all victims of victims from Adam and Eve until now... and the cause is the leaf of the fig.. who can say Fig? it is a sin too...

- Me me me... I have the word and I can say it... listen...



From river

To rivering



A Chinese family of 5 named

Chu, Bu, Hu, Su and Fu

decided to go to America...

in order to get a visa, they had to adopt their names to

American Standards so they adopted such names

Chu became Chuck, Bu became Buck, Hu became Huck. Fu

and Su decides to stay in China.. what a shame to go out

from fame.. stay home...

- You are so right light... when bored do not go abroad but in

bored and in boared and inbroad too.

- Please.. please do not read all the dictionary... I mean the

pocket dictionary... I like dick very much.. he is my friend...

- Yes.. yes.. let us see how beautiful is the laughter and how it

helps us not to be serious too.. just be an innocent childlike

and a wise granma and granpa too... both wings are rays of

life... innocence and wisdom.. are one.



From us

To us



Remind me of your last question to me?

- Oh.. I can't go back in my mind but now I have a feeling that I don't love myself or I am not honest either.. it is a feeling of fear and run away from facing my original face or the Truth or... no words to say what I feel... I wish you can be me and feel me and warm my wounds and heal me... I can't even cry...

- Why can't you cry? If you feel it let you eyes river all the sweet salty water from the highest mountains to the deepest ocean unto your face and my eyes and we wash our wounds and our clouds... yes... Jesus cried and still crying...

When I was a young boy... my parents told me not to cry... only girls cry... so I kept my feelings and repressed my life and I still... carry this fear...

boys don't cry... now I am a boy and a girl...

- Me too my love... you are my feeling and my mirror... let us be who we are now.. no crowd is here... no one only us... and I see tears or dew drops or pearls are running from our inner spring to our eyes and our cheeks... it is a flow from inside... from a place beyond my body... a strange feeling of release and I am more at ease... what is the sign? what is a cry? We are beyond our body...

- Thank you for this warm feeling and this flow of love.. crying and laughing are deeply related.. when we are overwhelmed by something either we cry or we laugh... crying is not necessarily sad.. are we sad now? No! and laughter is not necessarily joyous... and sometimes crying is a joy and laughter is ugly.. just a device to hide our sadness.. Let us remember that only us.. human beings can cry and laugh.. no other animal can do it... do you know why?



From me

to

we



- Yes! because we walk on two feet and we talk and we go to school... and..

- No... No.. because no other animal is conscious enough to feel overwhelmed.. only man has that much consciousness.. we either cry or laugh and both of them are needed energy to feel us..

Crying will help us to relieve our tensions... laughter will help us to dance, to sing and both are connected and interlinked crying prepares the way for laughter and tears will cleanse our heart and then laughter will arise to raise up our energy... This will crystallize our heart and we become whole and holy...

- But I want to cry when I am alone.. I feel ashamed if other kids or grownups they see me crying..

- Crying is a feeling of love and life.. Jesus cries too and when we live this compassion we are no more a boy or a girl... we are a humanity... we are a divine unity... mother earth cries.. when ice is broken, it becomes water.. some ice has broken inside me, I feel sad and I cry like a child...



*The cry is my first song that he shares when he comes out of
the womb.. we all enter the world crying...*

*So if we can really cry deeply, it can become a rebirth... enjoy
it.. it has a great beauty in it...*

*Crying can touch the very center of our heart more than
laughing.. why? it is unlearned.. it is our nature since our
first step of our trip... but laughter comes later...*

*Yes, crying disturbs us because it is deep and we are thought
not to cry mainly the man because crying is a womanish act..*

*So do not repress any feeling and if you feel like crying go
ahead and cry...*

*So when you feel alive and you will feel a volcanic eruption
within you and want to cry.. it is a blessing.. go for it..
unburden your whole rubbish of your mind and rest and be
free.. and more childlike...*

*If you really know how to cry you know how to live and love
and laugh... laughter that has no tears is very superficial,
imposed, painted..*

Live your feelings.. it is beautiful and blissful...



Oh where are you my little i?

- I am crying in your heart... where else can I cry? you are my big I... and my small eye... Look at the word eye... we can read it forward and backward and still is an eye and still can see in both sides and all sides... and also the small i and the big I.. both are me but as we too... we are one big eye I...

- You are so right... The baby in the womb is one with the mother and so the mother is one with mother earth.. and the mother earth is one with all the other planets and on and on..

So measure a small i is the big I and keep on this unity and the community of one peaceful world... existence is one secret... just use your eyes and go deep into your insight and you will see all the secrets of our beings...

- Oh my beloved secrets and beings... I am no more into this.. I have a laughter.. a joke to share and you the big eye I will tell me later what is a being... all what i see is my body... I don't even know what is my body... any way let us go away and listen to a joke... Life is a joke.. what is your joke little eye i??



From me

to

no me



- The village priest approaches a group of small boys sitting in a circle around a dog... when he comes up to them, he asks.. “ What are you doing to the dog? ”

Little David answers, “ whoever tells the biggest lie, wins the dog ”.

“ Oh, dear ” exclaims the priest. “ I’m surprised at you boys.. when I was young like you, I never told a lie ”.

There is a silence for a while, until the little David shouts out, “ Okay, give him the dog! ”

We all lie! Don’t we? and why we lie?

- Oh my beloved me...we live in lies.. we talk about the truth but we live in lies.. in fact talking about the truth is just a camouflage to hide the lies of life... and we have become so accustomed to it, so skillful in it that we are not even aware of those lies.. we go on playing those games absolutely unconsciously.. it has become just our habit... our way of life... our salt and our sweetness... and if you are honest, sincere and authentic... you are alone and you have no friends..

Truth has no friends.



A truthful being has no friends...

- Then how can we live without lies? and I want to have friends and I want to be honest to myself...

- Then be your own friend and you will meet very few who are like you and love is not a quantity but a quality.. one friend is enough... my best friend is the book I love and is alive in my life... and very very few soul friends... but let us know why we lie and how to go beyond this bond...

Start watching when you are lying.. and stop it immediately!! you will be surprised to discover the whole day we are lying, sometimes for some motivations but more often without any motivation.. and for no reason at all... it has just become our habit and our natural way of life... watch yourself...

somebody comes and you smile... the smile is a lie... polite, formal, but still it is a lie...

we say something to you or any one and it is just etiquette but still a lie.. if I watch myself and really I love myself.. I drop all this rope and a great light comes in instead.



From hole

To holy



*A lie is a chain in my life.. why invest my energy in lies and
where is my truth? like living in darkness and not in light..
in hate and not in Love...*

*Let us both of us start watching our mind and be aware of its
energy.. we do search for the truth but in a cup of lies... A lie
will give me a unique power.. I have a special news and
information... Why?*

*Truth is universal... I am a universal being... a universal
existence... a universal consciousness...*

Truth is universal...

Lie is private...

What is my choice??

*Listen to news and gossips and see how much we invent lies
in order to be special... and we decorate our lies... and protect
it... see how much we spend a waste our money and life in*

lies... why do I have to befool others? am I wiser than them?

Who are they? who I am? why lie?

*This is an ego trip.. the ego is the greatest lie in the world...
the ego always feels good when it can feel special... and is the
other believing my lie? if he does then I win my power..*



From virus

To verse



*And when I create many believers in me it gives me power...
This is how we are slaves to the lies... to all the mafias of any
power... priests and politicians and medical money slaves and
teachers and all what we see and live with and for...*

Truth needs no believers...

*Let me live this vow now and forever... when I am lying to
you and to myself or anybody even to nature, if I become
aware, immediately, in the middle of it, I ask to be forgiven...*

Please forgive me... this was a lie... now me the writer of this book... I say to every reader... if not being a liver to Osho.. I have no words to say or write.. all what I am saying or seeing or writing is from his books and his love and his life to us... Osho and Kushi are my wings of life and light...I am a drop of water in their ocean of Truth... without them I am dead... They are my masters of freedom and they are one truth and one wine in different cups and this is the truth of uniqueness and of the individuality of each one of us... The more I share their love the more I glow in light...

Thank you all...



- Please please let me vomit this Joke. yes... to my father who always lies on us.. once I saw him putting a condom and I was five years up not old... so I said.. “ Hey, Dad, what are you doing?

He was in eae... uuuh... and said.. I am going out hunting rabbits... “ Really? ” I said and “ what are you going to do when you find them Dad? Fuck them? ”.. And you know”

*what he did... He fired me out of the room and I cried and I
laughed too.*

*- But he had to lie on you because he was shocked to see
you... shocked...*

*- But I was not shocked... Yes with a c... we have to see the
right word... but let us change the words... why not writing it
as we feel it or see it? Why write.. right.. rite... all is right
even the lie is not wrong if it hits the right point.*

- Little i go back and tell me a joke from your i.

*Once I was at the zoo with the class and the miss asked me.. “
What is the name of this animal who was grazing on some
grass? ”*



*Well... I think it is a... I guess it is a... and I did not know
what to say in a big peaceful animal...*

So she tried to help me and give me a hint by saying...

“ What does your mother call your father every morning? ”

*Oh, right, I know it... it is an asshole!! But it was a deer...
my dear I...*

- Let us go back to the lie... it is better to talk about our feelings and we keep on hammering our lies until no more fear and no more ignorance only love and innocence.. and a second step is: because aware when you are just preparing to tell a lie.. it is on the lips, just on the tongue... stop it then and there... Let it go in.. and put it in your heart and change it into truth... in this three steps of awareness, lying will disappear and truth arrives and truth is the only gift that Liberates us... and it is the jewel for the rare people... Yes my heart you are so right... Truth has always been for the rare people and what do we do with any Christ or any master?? What do we do with the killer? Why we trust a pope and a politician and not a saint or a child or mother nature??



*Why do we live in lies and in all kinds of lies?
what is the difference between a truth and a lie?
Truth is a lie which has been said many times and a lie is a new truth which will become a truth if somebody goes on propagating it...*

*This is what Hitler said and did and all the killer too and all
the mafias of the soul!...*

*We believe in hell because we are told about it.. people with
authority give us such lies and we believe them... these
people are the greatest layers.*

Truth is simple and clear and humble not powerful..

*Lies become very powerful, very competitive and who is the
biggest truth is the biggest lie... Look at the knowledge... it is
only lies collected from others... unless something is from my
own experience it is a lie..*

Truth has to be our own authentic experience...

OOOH my I and my Eyes... Please let me laugh not lie...

*After returning from church one Sunday, I told my parents,
just to surprise them, “ I think I might be a preacher when I
grow up”.*



*“ That’s fine ”, said my mother “ but what gave you that
idea? ”*

“ Well ” I said, “ if I have to go to church any way it would be more fun to stand up and yell than to sit still and listen...

“ But he was giving a sermon like Christ.. ” Said my mother...

“ All are lies not matter what he is shouting on showing or showering on us...” I said it from my heart...

- But the priest is a good guy... he does not lie.

- Then who lives? Listen to this... While lecturing the Sunday school children about hell and sin, father Murphy ask the little boy “ Do you know where little boys and girls go when they do bad thing?

Yes! I said “ They go in the bushes ”.

- That is great secret.. Let us go to our bushes and see who we are... All what we see out is the shadow of what we do not see... IN... Let us listen to this great and long longing story.. It is in us and for us... No at all.. you will not be bored... you will jump in onboard, you are the captain... you are the ARK... you are all what you see and the balance of the energy... the energy of grace.. the grace of gravity not only the grace of the grave...

- Please... do not say grave... I don't like death...

- Take a deep breath and you are alive.. breath is our everlasting path... breath.. death.. birth and this awareness is the eternity in our divinity... no death my beloved me... from death to deathlessness... no death... no sin... no guilt.. no good and bad... no god and no devil.. no hell and heaven.. all this is an illusion to see our inner outer vision... are you better?

- Yes! better in bitter... and let us taste the story... it will give me a wider window... go on... go out on in out..

- Great my friend... you are glowing and growing is much better treasure.. yes... bitter is the other side of sweet.. all tastes come from us to us.. Let us taste this one...



From us

to

no us



Once upon a now-here we sit and listen of who we are...

You do not have to do anything.. no books... no TV... no body... just let your being be a Listen.

There was a king who loves to hunt.. One day the Queen also went with him with her little boy... The young prince was kept under the care of the nurses and mom and dad went hunting..

In the night, the nurses and the guards had fallen asleep.. The boy had woken up, and not finding his mom lying next to him went out of the tent and deeper and deeper into the forest and was lost...

Where is the little prince? They looked all over the forest.. no trace.. no blood stains no sign... The king decided to send search groups in all the directions.. Months and years passed and no news ”.

The boy was only three or four years old when he wandered into the forest dressed only in his underwear.. A potter who lived on the farther side of the forest saw him crying and they had no children and here is the gift from god...



From Noun

To Verb



The boy grew up with his new family, help his foster father by collecting clay and to make pots and pans...

Twelve years passed and the teams of police were still searching for the prince... one search party was very thirsty so they stopped at a well where this boy was collecting.

Water to take home... They asked him for a drink... He gave them a cup of water and they were thankful...

What is your name?

My name is Jungle...

Who are your parents?

Our house is over there.. we make pots and my parents are at home...

That was all he could say.. he had forgotten all about his past...

They were very suspicious about his name.. Jungle...

So they went and asked the father..

Who is this boy?

He is our son!

Is he your son? When did you get him?

So the potter told the story to the police party...

“ About 12 years ago I was in the forest to find some clay and this boy was crying.. I brought him home and he is still with us...



He is not our son but we have brought him up with great love and care because we did not have a child of our own”...

So the policemen told them the story and asked the boy to come with them and they would take him to the king.

The foster father was crying out of fear: “ it is not our fault, it’s not our fault.. we have found the boy ”.

At that point a party of boys arrived to call Junglee for a game which they had left unfinished from the night before.. “ Come, Junglee. Come finish the game we did not finish last night ”.

This boy had only overheard what the police had said to his father. “ Do you know that he is the prince? ”... And he turned to his friends who were calling him to play and told them, “ Shut up! I’ll arrest you by my police! Keep quiet! ”..

He became the prince by simply overhearing what had been said... He never needs any book or never meditated... He simply overheard.



The truth of his situation from an authority and immediately he became the prince...

What the police said to his parents?

“Come with us and you will be rewarded. You have no reason to fear...”.

Once you hear from an authority that you are that.. it is enough to be who you are and how you are and why you are!!

You do not need anything more.. This is the truth.. But not all who hears the truth respond to it... watch what we do with our ego when we touch a word from our truth...

Some are very sharp swords and flame of light... They belong to a very superior quality of seekers.. once they touch the word of the master the ego is destroyed like camphor touching the flame...

This is like Imam Ali when the prophet told him the secret of his being... This is why he became the sword of the word and the flame of the eternal light... Once you know who you are.. You will face you ego and this is the test... Who you are and where you are...



others are like firewood... they will also be gradually consumed... They belong to a second type of person.. a middle quality.. like many of the sages and the saints... But a prophet and a living Christ consciousness are sharp and short and the flame of the word and the worlds... Another type also touches the fire and they take some time to burn and to become fire itself... Those are the ones who are postponing, taking time... we are busy deciding... we are like children who make sand castles on the beach and get lost in the play till the high tide comes... Some wise children see their mother is waiting and kick over what they have built and go to their mother with great pleasure..

Why waste time in high rise buildings and our mother earth is waiting for us with more eternal Treasures???. The other

*type which does not move... They are like stones... If we put
stone a stone in the fire nothing will happen.. The stone will
remain a stone... there will be no life and no soul.*



To which category I belong?

“ Yes.. we all need to be free

But how??

*Some have a burning desire of freedom.. I need a living
master to touch my heart... only once.. and here you are the
emperor not the began... A perfect teacher and a perfect
longing for freedom is all that we need..*

One glimpse of light is enough to give us the eternal life...

*A small window is enough to allow the rays of the sun to
come into the room.*

- But how to do it my beloved I?

*- Do not ask how! do not ask but see your inner door. Your
inner hole and expose your face to the sun.. loose all the
burdens that you have been holding and carrying since
millions of years.*

There is nothing to teach... nothing to clean.. nothing to do... just let go of all your mind burdens and enjoy this moment of nothingness



Remember yourself...

I am not the body..

I am not the mind.

I am not the senses

I am not all what I have..

I do not exist..

only the existence...

I am only a drop out of the ocean...

I don't have to do any practice. Any doings.. just be simple so that everybody can simply live... we are all gods and goodness's and we are all eternal divinity...

We are the existence itself...

The consciousness

The Bliss...

The religiousness not the religion..

Let us know now who we are and why we are...

Yes we are the Prince.



*- Oh my beloved... what to say! what to call you... The i is the
I... The self is the soul and the spirit and the All is the
silence of existence... The voiceless voice of this
nothingness..*

*Yes.. I need no books... no pens, no masters and no dogs and
no devils and no god and no whole and holy books... and no
breath and no life.. But that which is...*

*When the grain of salt dies in the ocean it becomes the
ocean... and so is the drop of water and the wave and all
what we see and we do not see.. no word for the Truth..*

*But let us keep playing and telling jokes and do our work as
our prayer and worship... Let us do what we love and love
what we do... Let us be here and we are not from here...*

*We do not belong to any longing and to any landing.. we are
beyond any verb and any noun and any isness...*



From here

*to
here*



The ultimate joke in existence is me... us... we...

We are all enlightened.. we are all Christs and Buddhas and prophets and pretending not to be and we don't want to be..

We don't want to listen to the truth..

We want to live in our problems and want to stay in the cage even though there is no door...

Yes.. it needs courage to live without misery and without point...it is like a suicide.. what shall I do if I have no problems?

Christ is here to take off our burdens but no we don't want.. I got used to my pain and its smell and its talks and gossips....

Every master comes to reminds us of who we are... but we don't look at the mirror....! don't want to remember who I am...

The real amness.. not what history told me about my identity...



What is my divinity.???

*No not all.. I am not divine only Christ is.. he is the only son
of God.. I am the sinner... the guilty sheep...*

*I have forgotten the language of my being... I listen to the
others... I need some lover to hammer on my head and open
my heart... my suffering is bogus.. ecstasy is my real nature
and nurture...*

*What is the dead sad god who wants to punish me? and judge
me?! why believe in such dead religions?? why not remember
myself?? why be a follower to followers? why not a brother
and a sister to every master??*

*Truth is one and we all came from the same ocean.. the ups
and different but the water is the same.. the same source...*



We are looking at the form not at the flame...

*We are all lights and each one of us is a unique ray of glow
and glory...*

Beloved MEWEI...

*I am not bored any more... I am not at any boarder or any
abroad by now-here and there is no back and no front
no yesterday and no tomorrow*

But

This New... this Wow.. this You... no words to say...

Silence will say it in a better way...

*Yes my beloved me and amness.. I am looking at you... at
your Christ consciousness... you are my death and my cross
and my resurrection..*

This is my only demand for your only Diamond...

Help me to disappear as a man or a woman



*and God will be born in mewe
only when I am not only
God is..*

*Yes my beloved and readers and riders.. Let us find a
dangerous master who is ready to throw us into flames...
Who is ready to destroy us utterly and who is not in any need
of us as a follower... only you my Master is my mirror and
my heater...*

Yes... the answer is in me.. you are only a guide to my inner God... I need your help.. you know the way and you are there and here... I am still stuck here... hold my hands.. clean my wings and I am ready to fly and go astray and be the unique ray towards my only way...



Yes! I am aware of how many pitfalls there are.. I am already in many of them and many wrong turns and false doors and true enemies and dead friends and so hard homework's to do... and I am sure even now the bliss can happen... it is a happening... and I am ready to wait forever and ever at your open gate... every moment is a gift of light and we are all at-one-ment with you... the only one there is...

Yes your door is always open.. there is no door any way and all the way... but do I have eyes to see?

I look at your eyes and I see how blind I am and how bright you are.. you have such a mystery beyond and history and any story... I look at your eyes and I have nothing to say.. I just look and I see how blind I am...



Oh my beloved master...

This now is a history and a mystery and I am lost in such a time but ready to be at your homeless home and ask you to warm my home... your warm touch is the look of light into my insight... I am so blessed to be at your feel...

My womb is ready to receive your gift and I know I do not deserve it but your compression is beyond any mission...

I pretend that I have all what I need to be in your hands but deep in my heart I see the touch of truth that I don't have the cup that deserves your wine... a I am waiting... help me to clean my mind.

And be in touch with love and awareness and compassion... help me to wait without any expectations and help me to work on myself to be in touch with my roots and my fruits...



Yes my beloved Truth..

Hold my hands and guide me to clean my wings and fly to my kingdom and be a fellow friends with many of your lover and your friends..! miss such family of communes.. of unique individuals who are alone and together... yes what a treasure...

*- Yes my beloved seeker and seer and this is our path of
eternal pilgrimage for peace.. listen to this truth..*

The little girl and her father were crossing a bridge...

*The father was kind of scared so he asked his little daughter,
“ Sweetheart, please hold my hand so that you don’t fall into
the river”.*

*The little girl said, “No, Dad. You hold my hand! What is the
difference?*

asked the puzzled father..

*There is a big difference, replied the little girl... if I hold
your hand and something happens to me, chances are that I
may let your hand go..*

*But if you hold my hand, I know for sure that no matter what
happens, you will never let my hand go”.*

*Yes my father.. who is holding this feather? who is the holy
power that is holding all of us in a rope of hope and faith??
This rope of compassion is our only mission... why war? why
not one whole holy family of Allah of this godliness in each
one of us? Why so much fear?*

Truth is S0000 near why go so faaaaaar????



- My beloved I are you still bored?

- I am dead... how can I be bored?

- Great step... do you know what is death?

- All what I know is that I am dumpy dummy... what can I say? I fell fear from unknown... lost... what to do?

where to run? I have few friends but I have less enemies in me but many outside me... but I can walk and talk and eat and hear and sleep and have enough money for a month and I don't know if I live that long or even if I wake up tomorrow or even now!!! I have no debts...

many rich people I cooked for them they did not pay me not even said thank you to me but I thanks them because I saw how poor they are... my heart wrote so many books from existence and my silence spoke many words from beyond words and served many people on death beds and traveled all around this planet and saw many signs which I cannot explain and planted many healing centers and opened many wells and built many homes for planting people for peace...

OOOH... Who used me to do such a work?? Who is this generous lover who is still rivering in me a through me such bliss and still I am in fear and in darkness?

Where is my gratefulness? Oh... Whoever and whatever is your name and power... forgive my ignorance and my weakness and my ungratefulness and my blindness... keep holding my cold hands and keep warming my dead heart and remind me of your love and your generosity... what a great breath!!

What a great moon!! and bright sun and stars and birds and greens and such a sacred place and mystic being in a beautiful temple and a body which is the best walking home...

Thank you God for such jewels.. for such treasures... for this pen and this paper and the words that you are writing so I can read who I am and what I need and what I greed.. yes.. you don't need my thank you... the ocean does not need the drop but I need your love and your compassion and let me feel your warm arms and your care to your dear daughter and your dear servant... help me to be at your service and serve all the ones who deserve your Love... Oh .. all the

*ones.. every one... all mother nature and every grain of dust..
why? because you are in all what I see and we don't see...*



Show me where you are not?

*So why fear? No devil and no divinity... no paradox but a
unity.. one icon of two energy... and this is what existence
is... You are the dance and not the dancer... the subject and
not the object... you are beyond any of us...*

*So no death but from death to deathlessness and from fear to
fearlessness. Nothing is ever born and nothing is ever dies...*

*We only move from visible to invisible.. and we rest in the
next step.. just to rejuvenate our self... death is a deeper sleep
just like night and day.. an new manifestation...*

*We come again in a new wave.. the same water in the same
ocean.. Simply allow life and go with it in deep trust... this is
what we call religiousness not religion.. it is not a belief but a
trust.. a knowing not a knowledge.. not a dogma and theories
and logics..*

*Help me ya Allah to trust existence.. we are not outsiders but
insiders.. we are in You... in the only ocean there is..*

This is our home and our source..

coming out is good a going in is good too..

All is good and all is God..

*Just to feel it I feel rejoicing... that is the meaning of trusting
in God...*

Yes.. help me to remember your blessings.

*The greatest mystery in life is death.. it is the top of life.. life
is a pilgrimage towards death.. from the moment of birth is
our death path.. and death is a great celebration of life and
not the end of life... it is the art of being total with existence..
if we live life we live death.. so when a living friend leaves we
celebrate the best good. Farewell...*

*Living and leaving peacefully... this is the life of the
commune...*

Few lovers are the communes...

*A man who is alert and aware, a man who is a man in a real
sense like a Christ or a prophet or a mansoor will laugh in
the face of death...*

*Mansoor laughed when he was being killed.. and the killer
asked him: “ Why are you laughing?” He said: “I am
laughing because you are killing somebody else. This body is
not Mansoor.. I am not it.. if you think I have committed a*

*crime by declaring myself god, then punish me, why
punishing my body? why are you cutting my legs and my
hands??*



*It is like punishing the house of a man who has committed a
crime.. this is sheer stupidity.. that is why I am laughing...”.
Mansoor was killed in a very inhuman way, he was cut into
pieces and he kept smiling and praying and singing.. no one
has been tortured like him in such a cruel way.. in spite of
this pain he looked at the sky and said.. “You cannot deceive
me..*

*Even if you come in the form of these butchers, I know you..
Let thy will be done.. This is your love and your compassion..
I know, I recognize you, I love you, I worship you, because
even in these hands who are cutting me and killing me it is
your energy and nobody else... you have come in beautiful
ways to me and now in a cruel way just to test me...*

*Yes, I know you.. I see you in everything.. all are saying
LAILAHAILLALLAHU there is nothing but God... you are*

*in every form and in the formless and I recognized you
forever”.*



*Oh my Beloved... Let me live my choice.. I ask you not to
torture me.. only your easy and simple life.. I am not that
strong... I am at your door and in your home... you know my
needs and erase my desires and my greed...*

My only wish is not to wish...

My only desire is not to desire

My only greed is not to greed

But my only NEED is

To Love myself

and this is what you said...

*How can I do it or Be it? you are my Lover and I am your
beloved..*

I he you and I listen to your sacred lesson...

*Please shower me with your treasures... baptize me with your
holy sacred water..*

I have no one to trust only

YOUUUU OH THOU



- My beloved soul...

*Yes... I hear you.. I am holding your hand and your heart
and we are walking together and when you are tired I carry
you... we have one foot prints... one soul hint...*

*Love is the nourishment of the soul.. just as food is for the
body..*

*So love is to your soul... mother earth has the food and you
have the wisdom of choice...*

*without the food the body dies and without love... yes! you
know it...*

*And no one wants you to have a strong body and being..
why?*

*Because if you are strong with spiritual energy you are a
rebel... you are a dangerous being..*



Love makes you revolutionary..

Love gives you wings and wine to soar high..

*Love gives us insight into things, so nobody can deceive us,
exploit us, oppress us...*

*Aaaaand the priests and the politicians survive only on our
blood... they live only on exploitation...*

they are parasites. All the priests and all the politicians.

*All the money heads... are dead and mafias for the soul... so
what they are doing??*

*To make us spiritually weak they have found a sure method,
one hundred percent sure... it is... don't Love yourself...*



Yes my beloveds...

*Id a man cannot love himself he cannot love anybody else
either.. the teaching is very Tricky... they say:*

Love others...

*If I don't love myself how can I love you? if I don't have
bread how can I give you bread?*

*Yes... be selfish... this is how you start knowing yourself...
this is the first step from me to we... from the small i to the
only I...*

*when you love yourself then you know what is the ego... with
love the ego will die high in our inner sky...*

no ego... it is an illusion..

Let go and let god... god is in us not up...

We me is one...

*By loving the others I love the ego... I become so powerful in
duty... love is not a law.. is not a duty..*

*Duty is a burden, a formality... like a family... we are not a
parents.. not a family... but soul makes... brothers and sisters
in joy and in sharing life...*

*Love is informal... it is a flowing light... a rivering river of a
sacred power and treasure...*

*The man of duty thinks he is higher in love and in spirituality
because he is serving me... But if I love myself I love every
self.. we are one..*

*But... love is compassion not emotion.. a great difference
between the two... like life and death...*



*When I love myself.. I know it.. it is no more a belief system..
it is a living mystery.. it is a loving life to all nature and
beyond.. I see the self in every seen and every unseen...*

*A single person is enough to fill the world with love...
Christ is doing it.. a child is doing it.. nature and all who are*



alive in love...

*Man has to know that he is godly... unless you know it you
are not yourself...*

- OH my God... it is too much joy.. too much light... Let my
darkness as you.. how can I be what you say and see?*
- Do not listen to any other but to yourself... no priests and
politicians and no parents and no one only you and your
inner voice.. you are not a sinner... you are a light...*

*There is no heaven and hell... it is all in our minds.. you are
not body mind... you are a soul... you are god... be who you
are... you are love... are light... you are life... you are
beyond any words...*

*If you see yourself as a sinner so is the other... this is how I
save my face.. you are like me too...*

We are all saints and beyond any saying...

A person who loves himself can easily become meditative,

Why?

Because meditation means being with yourself...

*If I hate myself.. I hate the world.. meditations is the only key
to go in and once you are in no need for the key... you are in
it.. you are in the ocean and you are the ocean..
The other is not needed because does not exist...*



*One is enough unto oneself..
One is bathed in one's own glory.. bathed in one's own
light...
One is simply joyous because
Ones is alive..
because one is..
OOOh.. thank you my beloved Oshooooo... you are beyond
any name and any letter and any form... but how can my
weak heart not say your name???
You are my only love.. I know no one.. you are my only
giving a living that which is..
I look at your I don't see a picture but a great treasure on the
wall and in my inner well...
because of you I am who I am..*



*To be is the greatest miracle, and meditation opens the doors
of this great miracle...*

*face you face.. go in a clean all the guilt and all dead and
wake up.. now is the time of death and birth... do not escape
from this trip...*

*- OOOh... so much light my beloved Love... my beloved
god... but I am weak and I need a company...*

*- No... no my beloved child... a child can play alone.. his dad
has a company... he can't be with himself.. he wants others...
watch what they do.. they sit hours in a movie house to watch
stupidity and this is the house and the TV is the boss... they
read the same news paper again and again.*



Now - here

or

Nowhere



And what is the gain??

Wake up this pain!! do not take pills and bills .!!

Wake up now and it is so easy..

Stop being engaged to anyone.. only to yourself...

*Take off all the rings... all the laws and the duty of such
stupidity...*

You are alone...

Alone we come..

Alone we live

Alone we leave...

Love yourself is the first step..

Know who you are.. why you are and how you are...

*And Fuckitall is the only pill to heal yourself and then love it
all is the everlasting pill to heal and hail...*



From here

To here



*Love yourself and watch... and this is what mohammad did
and said Ashhadooo..*

Ya hoooo.. No one but OH Thou..

*Wow.. we are that which is.. wheel your wheel and this is our
trip...*

*This is our pilgrimage for peace... we are a homeless guest...
crossing the bridge to another bridge..*

Why carry all the worry??

*Just walk your Silence and Live your existence and we are
the nobody and only the one being with the only Being...*



Love yourself and watch...

this is the witnessing...

witness and be who you are...

and see where you are...

- Is there any step before loving myself??

*- No steps and not trips.. this is mind traps... do not tramp..
do not play the Trampolina...just by knowing yourself...*

I know that I don't know.. then let me love myself... I start with a book about healing my body in a balanced way... so from this book you start knowing and then loving and then no limits and no words but wonder and wander and keep on the trip and it is in the first step...



You can start from any door...

from

Loving... from knowing... from seeing... but meditation is the key to many doors.. ninety nine doors and here you are... the door that has no number and no name.. but a secret mystery...

Love yourself... Love prepares the ground of all the doors... Love yourself and watch.. Now.. Today.. Tomorrow and always forever and ever...

This is the treasure...

Create loving energy around you...

Love you body and your mind...

Love your whole mechanism... Love your car.. yes!!!



Body mind is our house and our car.. you are the home

Home of Life...

Wow... yes.. this is our being and our choice to face with

bliss and grace...

Accept yourself as you are..

don't try to repress...

We repress only when we hate something...

We repress only when we are against something...

If I repress how am I going to watch it..

Watch and wash...

Be aware and alert and watch...

How I write.. how I eat.. how I walk.. how I shower... how the

water is touching me...

Just be in the Now-here..



No... no... no... it is so easy not difficult at all... just look

what you are writing and reading... it is coming from the

flow of our hearts and our heart is linked with the heart as

god in my heart.. so this is my best company...

I am not alone I have few friends.. and the best is the book...

it is a living look from my only Beloved...

Just watch and watch and then you watch your sleep.. your

death in every breath.. your birth...

This is the ultimate in watching.. we have it and soon we get

it.. it is us and in us...

Now.. it is the opposite but we can turn the watch... it is in

our hands... click and clock and open the lock and the luck

and look...



From being

to

becoming



- Now my body is awake, but I am asleep.

- Good to see it.. from sleep to asleep is our only trip.. wake up.. Let your body sleep and you will be awake and aware...

The body needs rest but our consciousness needs no sleep...

*Our consciousness is consciousness is awareness...
alertness.*

This is our nature... we are alive... never born never dies..

Just visiting this planet earth...

*As we become more watchful we start having wings then the
whole sky is ours.*



*Man is a bridge...
is a meeting of
the earth and the sky..
of body and soul...*

*Be who you are and all else is only a game...
Let us play the games but be aware of who you are...*

It is easy to be myself and then no self...

It is not difficult to find my way...

If there is a will there is a way.

- Ooh oh.. my beloved I have some smile in my way...

Two men are out just fishing quietly and drinking beer..

Almost silently and aware and watching the ocean.



So as not to scare the fish, Bob says...

“ I think I’m gonna divorce my wife.. she hasn’t spoken to me in over two months”..

Charles continues slowly sipping his beer then watchfully and with awareness says,

You better thing it over,

Body...

Women likes that are difficult to find”.

- You are so right light.. a laughter is needed so that we won’t be attached to seriousness but to consciousness... yes and yes...



A laughter is a door to the divine and a cup of wine will wing many women and men... Let us keep flying and the whole sky is our homes and every tree is our best rest to watch and keep on and in...

How blessed we are.

*- Ooh.. so true.. but how to discover it or invent it .? I mean
the truth...*

*- Neither this nor that. It is us and in us.. uncover the cover
of blindness.. of ignorance. of fear.. you are the truth...
nothing but the truth.. nothing is new under the sun.. we
rediscover the same living truth.. and we forget and use dot it
again and again.. it is BORING...*



*We are the
Eternal
Truth*



*Truth is eternal... when we forget it we again look at it in a
new cup... and use call it discovery...*

If truth is an invention then what about the lie?

*A lie is an invention, an illusion is an invention.. a dream is
an invention, a projection..*

*Truth is a rediscovery... and truth is not from the mind..
Science is mind facts... but truth is sacred eternal beings...
Only religious truths are real truths.. not facts..
Mind is the key of facts.. meditation is the key of the truth..
Look without the mind.
Look into things but don't think..
Just look
Witness.. Truth is one facts are many... mind factory...*



*Different ups
but the
water is the
same...
Truth is
One*



*Each one of us has the truth but we have different languages
and different statues.. Jesus is not Buddah... Buddah is not
Mohammad... each one has a different level of words and*

*language... this is why the Qoraan is for every Arab reader
and we have a door and the kingdom... it is science and
spirituality... and so is Christ and many enlightened masters
but it is up to me to be and see where to go and what to ask
for... searching for the light starts from our thirst and our
quest..*

We are the question mark..???.

*Love yourself and then go beyond the self and the soul and
the spirit and be in that mystery...*

*We are on this planet but we are not from this world... we
are only a tourist to watch and wander and wonder and
remember that I am not a number but a member...*



*No one can give me the truth
I cannot borrow it either... each one of us has to see it and
discover it on his own...
each one has a unique path... let us walk our talk.. let us
cross our cross...*

When I discover my treasure, my cup or my language is different... it will be my own finger print my own DNA.. my own signature...

That is why there are so maaaany religions but religiousness is the same... nothing new under the sun... history repeats itself in different wheels..

Wake up to your own cup...

don't be a follower but a fellow traveler... this is our unique treasure...



- Yes.. a habit is a destiny... how to break a habit?

- A thought is a destiny and it becomes a habit and a character and all what we do and who we are...

drop out of the vicious circle.. our pain leads to another... and so is the sadness... and the conflict... and the war and the illness and all... your whole being becomes trapped.

Chained... do not feed your fear or your anger... just watch it and let it go... like the clouds... they will pass away and they never touch the sky... I am the sky... so why worry.. let it pass

*away and keep flying high and high... come out of it by
looking at the opposite...*

Sooooo easy... How??



*If you have been sad... try to see the joy in it...
I eat.. I drink.. I walk.. I talk.. I hear.. create a new habit..
dance.. look at the mirror and see your real place of grace..
find the outlet and let it out.*

Don't get into the same old rut..

*Dancing with awareness will divert the sadness...
This is why we go to confess to a priest or a counselor or a
friend.. but you don't need these games.. this is mind game
and you fall again in a bigger trap..*

- Oh my beloved master.. I remember this story...

*Five men went to see and elephant and then they reported
back... One said " the elephant is like a pillar".. because he
touched the legs..*

Another said "He is like a very



*big fan” because he had touched the ear.. and so on.. then
the teacher said.. “What type of men were these?”*

One small boy said, “ Experts!”

*But all the men where blinds and so the experts and each one
of us is an expert and in anger and sadness and conflicts and
so on...*

*Just change the energy.. breakthrough not breakdown..
For example, if you are feeling angry, just take a few deep
breath...*

*Inhale deeply, exhale deeply.. just for two minutes... and then
see where your anger is..*

*Use your mind but don’t let him use you... it is a mean... a
car.. a home... puzzle your mind every time it tries to use
you...*

Be innovative.. be imaginative

Be Alive and live

You aliveness forever..



Who is riding who?

The horse or

The owner?

*Who is
the rider?*



- Who is talking to who? the i to the I

The self to the soul..

The soul to the spirit...

The spirit to the existence...

So who are we?

Just see how am I?...



*Truth has no words but we have to use a language but the
truth is beyond any age.. any cage and any sage...*

*But let us keep playing praylely with awareness and with
witnessing and watching from our inner power.. The power
of Love.. not the love of power..*

*Our life on this bridge is so short so why waste our energy to
ugly things..*

*Let us give life to beautiful things then use see beauty in
everything...*

Let us use the best

Tools to be creative..

Creativity is our own divinity..

*Anything we do out of lean or greed is bound to be wrong
because fear and greed are unconscious states...*

Out of lean we created hell...

Out of greed we dream about heaven..

*There is no such states.. this is our dreams and our
illusions...*

*When you are not dreaming at all, when the sleep is only for
the body.*

*And when we are awake and aware, there is only
liberation...*

*This is the freedom state... this is our birth rights... we are
born free not bored in cage...*

We are a living light...

We are a living life...

We are a living laughter...



*Every Now is a Now with laughter and all the treasures a...
let us smile...*

*A taxi passenger topped the driver on the shoulder to ask him
a question..*

*The driver screamed, lost control of the car, nearly hit a bus,
went up on the foot path and stopped centimeters from a
shop window...*

*For a second everything went quiet in the cab, then the driver
said,*

*Look mate, don't ever do that again, you scared the day lights
out of me".*

The passenger apologized said...

I didn't realize that a little tap would scare you so much".

The driver replied, Sorry, it is not really your fault...

*Today is my first day as a cab driver... I've been driving a
funeral van for the last 25 years..."*



Who am I?

Why I am here?



Yes my beloved us... we are a question and a quest and question mark... but whoever give the right answer will find the door to the inner treasure... ask and you shall receive..

and it is allow from our inner river...

Miss Good body says to her class..

Okay, children, the one who gives me the right answer to the next question may go home right away..”.

Immediately, little Albert throws his schoolbag out of the window...

Who did that? asks the teacher, angrily.

“ I did”.. says Albert “ see you tomorrow”.

This is short and sharp trip..

Let us go straight to the heart...

There is the main source of our energy... we use the mind to go to the mine.. the core of the heart...

and there we see the diamonds... and once we know that we are the jeweler than we know the difference between a jewel and a petiole..

*A the end of the Sunday school class, the teacher, turns to
the kids and says..*

*“ Now, how many of you children would like to go to
heaven?”*

Everybody shoots up their hand, except for one little girls.

*“ Comes on, Sally,” said the teacher.. “Don’t you want to go
to heaven?”.*

*“ Sure I want to go to heaven”... replies Sally looking
around “But not with theses guys!!”*

*We have the choice too... I want to be with my chosen
friends... and my chosen family... and my chosen self... I
chose my path and my life and my destiny...*



I love to wear this jewels...

*And share it again
again...*

Watch your thoughts...

they become words...

Watch your words...

they become actions...

Watch your actions..

they become habits..

Watch your habits...

they become characters...

Watch your characters...

they become your destiny..

Our destiny is our choice...

war or peace

Who I am makes a difference

*The quality of our life will be determined by the quality of
our thoughts...*



If

I do not

feel it

I do not see it



Little Lilly is taken to the dentist's office for a checkup...

“It is okay, Doc” says Lilly. “You can take off the mask, I have already recognized you”...

Let us take off our masks and see our original face... why we wear envelopes?? why be a persona?? what is a personality?

We are a being.. a human becoming... a living sacred humanity.. a goddess... not a toxic persona.. but ecstatic spirituality...

When we meditate.. all the layers will fall and you have no identity but a divine divinity..

And the chaos turns into cosmos and you are beyond all what you see and above it all and you are not lost in such lust...

And this is our original faces and our originality... becoming a child again... this is our birthright...



Let us look at the onion.

Let us peel it off: it is very hard to do it. Tears will come to our eyes and when we peel the onion of our own personality.. many tears will be there... this is the cross.. the death and birth... it is hard but it has to be done.. otherwise we live a false life.. and we live a sick life...

Let us peel our pain.. no pain.. no gain...

Thank you for reminding me...

*Life is always full of many broken places, but there are those
who become stronger at the cracks...*

*Yes... we are good in making a living but are we good in
living??*



*It is time to say good bye or bye and any by... but only to
this book.. to this pages and to this paper..*

*But no well. come and not welcome to the living income.. the
income of the inner dome..*

*This is the flow of the living wisdom and where does the flow
comes from?*

*Yes you know it.. Joe know the source.. and our source is our
only choice..*

Let us lives our choices and let us be with our source..



*No beginning
and*

No End



To realize who we are is to realize that we are not...

There is pure emptiness... Fanaa...in Arabic

*No I- but amness.. but
existence...*

There is realization but not self-realization...

It has never been there..

Only what all

The prophets said and lived. The nothingness..

The godliness...

The Allahoo... the

... لا اله الا الله

No god but God...

Thank thank you Love Light Love Peace

Yes thank

No... Yes, love us MEWE ONE Two Tree three Love US.



We are

*the
Eternal Book*



*This we is not us.. it is the existence...
all the planets and all the mystery
of every history is merging
and melting in the drops and the waves
and the ocean...*

*Let us be who we are and
Let us learn from our new mistakes every day and night and
all what we see is
Light from Light..
Thank you All..*



peace pace

مریم نور

