

Who 

Am 

I? 

Peace Pace



With every I,

I share my I.

With every amness,

I share my am

Thank you all...

Thank you Allah...

Who am I ?



Who am I?

To whom I am writing?

Who is reading now? Yes! The one who is writing is reading...

What is this puzzle?

So the one who reads it is the one who wrote it.

Yes and no... is the real answer...

Say the truth... don't confuse me... who is writing?

Now... the pen is writing... the hand is holding the pen... the mind knows English... the heart has some feelings... the blank notebook is the cup and I am pouring my senses in words and sentences... and I am the first reader... who am I? And who is the second reader? I am the first reader, you are the second reader. Who are you??



You are my soulmate...Where am i? I am in
Lebanon and right now in my bed and you are
here and there we never met in person but in
being on the net and in the heart ... You saw me
on TV and since then we are connected in the
vision... But... who am I? Do I know this I?
Am I the writer? The reader? The lover and the
liver?
Am I alive?
If I am alive, how come I die? I just want to
pour out of my mind... or self... or heart... or me...
I don't know who am I? May be i am vomiting... or
discharging any idea comes to my mind
can i know who am I?
Yes... you are right my mind... let us talk
together... me and my mind. My name is peace...



what is your name mindy?

My name is pace...

Let us dance together... peace loves to live
peacefully and the mind helps me to pace my
peacepeacefully... is that so? Mr. pace your wish
is peace but my wish is to pace my way not your
way... then let us talk together... yes! A dialogue...
So put a line... I start first...

Me... I am peace... and you are pace...

Stop... stop... I speak what I want to... not you...
put lines and start...

Thank you pace... let us start... I am peace... this
is my name... I love to live my name... to live in
peace... can you help me?

Yes I can but:

Look and see...



Beauty and ugliness...

Success and failure

Richness and poverty

Politics and religions

Power and weakness

All the ideas are flowing from the river of the mind and once you get it and it settles in you, you become a master in this game... you become very famous and very loving and very happy and every one bows to your power and you plant peace...

But first you have to listen to me... to the mind... and then my words are your swords and you will win all the wars and you kill all the terrorists and you own all the territory of this planet earth... so play my plan and obey me and you are the best employer for the universal power... it is Mind



over Matter... Me over You... until you win the whole earth and then I leave you... you will be the eternal power... but without me you are nothing... you can do nothing... I am the mind who guides you until you know the way and then you will be on your own way... I am only a stick but without it, you cannot walk...

Beloved Mind... I love what you are saying but I don't live it... you are only a thought... an idea... a head energy... that is not connected with existence... with the creator or the creativity... the mind is an energy of hypnosis... like drugs... not real but the shadow of the real... but my love is the real life... I am a human being... a human becoming... a drop in the wave and wave in the ocean and I am the ocean too...



but the mind is a bubble of foam and fame... just like a balloon of air... and a pebble of stone but the being is not a fame or a foam or a pebble but a jewel... and only the jeweler knows the difference between the pebble and the jewel... I love you my mind... my friend... but I am aware of whom you are and of who am I... pain and pleasures... birth and death... all is mind... once I see it... I go beyond it... I fly high in my inner sky... no boundaries... no lines... no death and no birth and no sin and no guilt and no religion and no devil and no divine and no yes just stillness of existence... just watch and be aware... there is no mind... only mindfulness... And once you see this... you are what you see...



and what you see is the truth... and truth
liberates us all...

I am a free being... I use the stick when I
decide... when I feel its needs... a stick is a stick
not a sticker... not a stinker... just a commodity
to be used not to be a boss and posses us...

My beloved Mind... 

Take it easy... listen to me or to my heart, you
are many layers of minds... I have only one
heart... just listen and feel and watch... later on
you know what is this I or who is it... but for the
now being... let me share with you yourself... the
mind power... you have multi-minds... they change
masks all the time.. every now and every
moment... your mind changes... one moment is full
of doubts... another now is full of belief...



and another moment doubt comes in again and again... watch it... now I am in fear... now I am strong... now I am hunger... now I am full... and all the time I rotate or this mind who thinks he or she or it is the boss rotates in me and becomes the master ,the owner of the freedom and the decision maker and soon we turn up-under-down... what a dance of smoke!!!

You as a mind is a smoke to the flame or to the fire... Oh my beloved mind... you reminded me of this beautiful see and one seed turns the whole earth green...

A thought is your destiny... 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
and the choice is in our inner grace... and the
mind is the servant of our choice not the
master... I am the master of myself and of my
mind... Wait... wait... the mind is the master...
without me you are not alive... without me you
don't know yourself... all what you have came
from me... your money... your prestige... your
power... your body... your family... all... when I say
all... I mean all... If you ignore me; you are no more
alive...

Yes my mind... you are our worst enemy and our
best friend... there is one great barrier... a great
wall that keeps us from knowing the self, and
that is the mind... the mind veils the inner self



and hides it from us... it is a certain... I am certainly certain of this... it makes us feel that God is far away and that happiness must be found outside... Yet the same mind plays the game in and out... yes and no... divides and unites... yes our friend... you are a mind that has the source of bondage and freedom... but who is the boss? Who can choose the best choice?... the mind always moves outside and as a result it has become very dull... look at a cup which is full of dirt... the source is the mind... that is why meditation came into existence... why? To quiet the mind, to make it free of thoughts... to be still and know that every one of us is God... or Godliness... or nothingness... or existence... Yes my beloved mind... I love you... I use you when



I need you... and I need you because I love you...

not I love you because I need you...

If someone loses his hand, he can still live... if he loses his leg or his eyes, he can still live... but if someone loses his mind, he is as good as dead... but smart minds are very much needed as smart loving hearts...

Jon gets a new job and on the first day, the boss walks up to him and says..."what is your name?"

Jon Smith... Jon replied... "Look here!" snaps the boss..."say sir when you speak to me"... "All right" says Jon..."Sir Jon Smith!"... This is how the mind loves to function... this is a smart loving child who loves his mind and for this reason, children are happier than most adults...



A restless mind is weak... just for a few moments
let us make our mind still, then we experience a
joy in a very joyful way... but not by controlling
the mind just by watching it or it will control us...
The mind is not my master... is not here to
control me... it is here to help me... to in salt me
not to insult me...

Let us salute each other... Hi my beloved mind...
you are my friend and you do what I need and I
love you... you are my best car... the most
expensive and beautiful and exclusive utility to
help our divine unity... But the heart is the
master... the love is the order and the
compassion is our only vision and peace is our only
stillness and witness... No one is the boss and no
one is the ass... I am the rider and you are the



horse and I know where I am going and I guide
you and I thank you... got it my mind?

Yes and I thank you too... but I am not the ass or
the horse... I know how to ride and guide...and...

And stop here... let me share with you this joy...
it is only a joke

Father Murphy wants to raise money for his
church and he has heard that there is a fortune
to be made in horse racing... however, he does
not have enough money to buy a horse, so he
decided to buy a donkey instead and enters him
into a race... To his surprise... the donkey comes
third... the headline on the sport page reads:
"Priest's Ass shows"...

Father Murphy enters it in another race and this
time it wins...



The headline reads: "Priest's Ass out front"...

The bishop is so upset by this kind of publicity that he orders Father Murphy not to race his donkey again... the headline reads: "Bishop Scratches Priest's Ass"... this is too much for the bishop... so he orders Father Murphy to get rid of the donkey... He gives it to sister Angelica and the headline reads: "Nun has best Ass in Town."

The bishop faints... he then informs sister Angelica that she must dispose of the donkey... she sells it to Dick for Ten Dollars. The next day the bishop is found dead on the dining room table with a newspaper clutched in his hand... the headline reads: "Nun sells her Ass for Ten Bucks"... So Dick gave the Bucks and who got the Fu... bucks?



Yes... yes... the best one is Me or is We...

No... Me We... one word... no is the mind is the shadow of my actions... of my emotions and my vision... you are a good and a loving servant... no two masters in the house... God is the only master... the only lover and liver... and God is not a name or a noun but a verb... a river rivering forever and ever... the godliness within and without... the everlasting lover and liver... this reality which is beyond words and beyond any boundaries... it is the silence of existence... the silence of stillness... the language of the grace not of the grave... listen to nature... she is our mother and our nurture... listen to no mind... to mindfulness... to the place where there is no words... no letters... no numbers...



let us be the oneness not the duality but the
amness...

The witness... let us hear this story again and
again...

Once there was a temple in a town and it was a
custom for each of the trustees of the temple
to put gold coin in the donation box every
month...

As one of the trustees watched this go on month
after month, his mind became a little twisted...
he kept thinking, just once, I will put a copper
coin... nobody will find out... so one month he put a
copper coin in the box. At the end of the month,
when they opened the box, they saw no gold
coins... only copper coins. Thoughts has immense
power... one person who always thinks good



thoughts can make a hundred people think good thoughts... However, if one person always think bad thoughts, he can make a thousand people think just like him... this is the power of the mind... one small candle can lit a big darkness... Yes yes you are right... it is a matter of balance... Yes, my beloved friend... the mind is a great grace of choice... let us live our choices... let us live the gift of balance in us... in our hearts, the heart is the mystery of the cross... it is the secret crossroad... where to go... Far East? Far west? In the middle? In nowhere? Or in the now-here... Now-here is the only time and the only place... let us be this dash of light...



a small flash of light and love can lit our inner
treasure... do you remember this?

A little girl saw these words on her dad's desk...

God is nowhere... so she wanted to write them on
her notebook... she wrote... God is Now-Here

Because Nowhere is a big word for her she
divided it into two words... and daddy came in and
saw this flash of love from his lover... she is
daddy's lover... she is the little goddess... and by
doing this game of grace... the light came into his
heart not into his mind and knew what he was
looking for... Truth is not in our mind... not in our
busy business... but in our amness... but in our
isness... our oneness...

A child like heart is not a childish heart... the
innocence heart not the ignorance head is our
isness and our amness...



so let us be who we are... this awareness is our birthright...

Oh... yes yes... I am aware of who I am and what the others are doing to me... yesterday I saw two old black ladies are about to get their picture taken... as the photographer pulls black cloth over his head and starts to adjust the lens... one lady asks the other... "What is he doing?" she answers; "He is going to focus..." the other lady looks at her friend in shock and says "Both of Us?"

That is a great gate to heaven... a laughter is a divine door to our heart... we listen to it and we will be still... be still and know that I am God... this universal I is the godliness in all of us... the oneness...



thank you for any joke that helps and heals...

Oh... just one word is slipping from my mind...

Three nuns are walking along the street and one is describing with her hands the tremendous grape fruits she has seen in Africa... then the second nun, also with her hands, describing the huge bananas she has seen in India... the third nun, a little deaf asked... "Father who?"

Yes... yes... Mr. Mind... you love the nuns and the monks... so much stories about them... the repression and the sin and the guilt... is a great politics to make us slaves to the mafias... priests and politicians are the mafias of the souls and they are victims of victims too... let us wake up and be a victor... why be a sheep or shepherd? Sheep and herd!! What a sharp word to hear!!



be here and now and wake up without any dead
make up from deadmind... be yourself and it is
soooooo easy... be a rebel... just now be a rebel...
born again a rebel... not born again Christian... but
a Christ consciousness... from sex to supper
consciousness... from sex to godliness... from
infinity to infinity is our only unity and our only
divinity... no need to any other... any teacher... any
master... any shepherd... only a loving master... a
loving helper who helps me to be a fellow
traveller not a follower... but a soul brother... a
soul sister... a soul friend... we walk together... we
hold hands...we inter-depend on each other... no
dependence and no independence but a dance...
Let us dance our choice together and let us
wonder and wander and gather our grace and



share our choice... and

Aaaaah my beloved lover of life... help me to be who I am... to play my play... not to be a mind but a master... I want to be who I am... and I want to ask for what I am... oh... listen...

A Frenchman, a Jew, and a Pollack are each sentenced too thirty years in prison, each man us given one request that will be honored by the jail warden... A woman, asked the Frenchman... a telephone, asked the Jew... a cigarett, says the Pollack... thirty years later... the Frenchman walks out with the woman and ten kids... the Jew comes out carrying a million dollar commission he has made during the time in prison...the Polack walks out and says... "Has any one got a match?" Yes... yes... Mr. Mind... it was true long ago...



but now the French is in love with adultery as many others... but with children? The best production is in the Arabs... they have the best productive pen. My pen-is big... sooo big that the whole planet is afraid of it... in few years the Muslims are going to be half of the population... and all other religions are against birth control... so let us see how are we going to survive this play... the power of number or the power of member... let us remember that we are not a numb and one seed turns the whole earth green... what is my seed? What is my atom? What is my thought? What I am planting now? Oh my beloved soul... I have this gift to share... a child was on his death bed and gave me this grace to be my choice...



Tell-A-VISION



If your vision is for one year plant wheat

If your vision is for ten years plant trees

If your vision is for life time plant people

Let us hold hands and hearts and plant our
choice...

Yes... my beloved reader and rider... we are one

with this existence... we are the rider not the

horse. Each one has its own plan and play. This

creativity creates us in every now a new one...

every breath is a new birth... no death... no sin...

no guilt... but alive with the Rivering River

forever and ever... no beginning and no end...

A great sage described the world as he saw it...

"there are no women, there are no men, there is

no sin, there is no illusion... what we see is



nothing but the supreme play of cosmic consciousness..." this is how we see it too... but we, as human beings... have a choice... good or bad... divine or devil... live or evil??..."

Live your choice... we are not the mind... we are not the self and the soul... we are a whole holy spirit... we are the drop and the wave and the ocean... live the dance and meet and merge and melt in the ocean... in the divinity of this unity... self, soul and spirit... the divinity of the trinity... the three sisters... Agnes, Theresa, and Margaret go out for a walk from convent... they enter the local Liquor Store and order a bottle of bourbon whiskey...

Sister, you should not be here... and not drinking hard liquor...



It is not for us... this is for the Mother Superior's Constipation... he sells them the whiskey and the nuns leave... later, as he closes the store and walks down the street... the owner finds the nuns sitting under a tree, gulping in turns from the bottle...

Sisters!! I am shocked, you told me that booze was for mother's constipation...

It is... says Sister Theresa... when she hears about this she will shit herself...

Life is a laughter and a joke... why are we soooo serious?? Listen to your heart not to your mind!!... smell yourself .. your best fragrance is in yourself...

Miss goodhead has been teaching for twenty years... so all the kids bring her presents...



they line up in front of her holding the gifts and she tries to guess what they are...

Little Ernie's father had a liquor store and she notices that his package is leaking so she tastes it. Did you bring me scotch whiskey? She asks...

No... replies Ernie...

She tastes it again and says... did you bring me gin? No replies Ernie... meanwhile she picks the roses and the candies and many other gifts and comes back to the package of little Ernie and tastes it and says...

Did you bring me rum?

No, I brought you a puppy...said the little Ernie... enjoy any puppy but do not be a puppet... do not be a robot... be yourself...

Be a bee but don't bite anyone only share your



honey and prick every stick and eat the best seeds of seductions... yes!! Enjoy life and share your joy and your toy and together we enjoy better... we may not have it all together but together we have it all... all is all... all is ALLAH

Few terrorists came to a convent and asked all the nuns to come and sit in one room... they all came and the big boss said... we are here and we want to rape you all... oh please not all... please not mother superior... and the mother superior said... an order is an order... all means all...

So let us all be who we are... or what I wish to be... who I am makes a difference.. watch your mind and be a watcher... one moment you decide never to smoke again, another moment you are pulling your cigarette packet and you are surprised...



just a moment ago you had decided and the decision seems so total, so trustable... and now it is all gone... gone down the drain... the rain is raining and the river is rivering... and you are smoking again and again and the mind is again torturing you... and you will repeat and you will feel guilty and more and more pain in this viscous circle...

Mind is a flux and not a fix... do you remember this treasure?

Little Lilly came to her dad...

Daddy I want to play with you... but daddy is reading the newspaper. This is the power of the mind... the blanket that wraps us and slips us in the trap... every now and then we slip and sleep and snore and few times we see this mind game any way... daddy is in the trap of the newspaper



and nothing is new... only the dates and the names... but what he did to his little girl??... He saw the map of the universe in the newspaper... he took the page out of the paper and said to Lilly... look Daddy... I will tear this map into pieces and you go and fix the puzzle... go and fix the map of the universe... the map of this planet earth...

Yes Daddy... thank you... said Lilly and took the pieces and went... the mind told Daddy... she will never come back... but in a few minutes she came back and the map was fixed... "Oh my God... how did you do it?" Daddy asked... "It was impossible to fix the map... all the lines in between the countries and cities and continents... but I turned one of the pieces and I saw a face of a man... so I fixed the man...



soo easy to fix the man Daddy and here is the map fixed" so how to fix myself... howto change myself???.No!! It is not impossible...

Impossible means

I-m-possible...

Change comes from within... from the self... to the soul... then the whole ocean comes to the wave... God comes to us... God is in us... this great mystery is not up in heaven but in... in is our only inn...

Why go far when I am so near... just a book and a soul friend... this is all what we need and we have it right now-here or nowhere else... just trust life, Trust existence and trust Trust... this is all what we need and love is the only way.. God is not love... Love is God...



do what you love and life will follow you and wraps you with soul mates... live this moment at-one-ment with the ONE... the heart is one... it is always one... the heart means the watching light in us... who is the watcher of the head? Just watch...

I feel sad... I feel angry... I feel fear... where is this feeling coming from? It comes and grows and goes and comes again... who is watching? Lovers come and go... misery comes and goes... everything comes and everything goes... who is watching?

The watcher remains... the watcher is witnessing... only one thing in us is constant and that is the watcher... Everything changes... change is a constant law...



but who is the one who abides in this abode?
Who am I? What is this amness? Yes... it is
beyond body mind... beyond any bound... any bind...
and go beyond...

A Long light story



The holy man and the prostitute. In a certain town lived a monk...He was very well respected, and among his disciples were many important people... this monk maintained very strict rules of purity... he never ate meat nor fish... he neither drank nor smoke... he prayed and chanted and lived all the rituals and the laws... In the opposite building lived a prostitute... Every day she lived her profession, she did all what she need to do... and although the monk was celibate and physically pure, he was obsessed with her...



he would watch her constantly... thinking... and seeing and watching and judging her... yes... that is the fifth fellow who has gone to her today... look how she is hugging him... All day long, he watched her... thinking how wicked and sinful she was... why does a pure being like me have to live across the street from a wretched prostitute? But when the prostitute had some spare time, she would look toward the feeling in her heart and be filled with remorse..." Oh what a sage... what a monk... what a father and what a saint... what a pure and a holy being he is... and look at me, what a bad state i am in... Alas, alas!! There is no hope for me"... Many years went by like this, and one day both of them died... the monk died surrounded by his disciples, and his funeral rites were performed with great honor...



precious materials were put on his body...
sandalwood and incense were burned... How did
the prostitute die? She died alone and nobody
knew of her death until the body started to
stink... Finally, the city officials came and
cleaned the house and buried the body without
any ceremony... the two souls went to the next
world to be examined at the office of
righteousness... their files were checked and
both of them were given slips of paper indicating
where to go... the prostitute to heaven and the
monk to hell... the monk was upset... and cried
loudly..."Is this justice?" "Yes it is"... said one of
the angels... "How do you send a wretched
prostitute to heaven and a pure person like me to
hell? How do you explain this?" said the monk...
the angel said..."Come this way"...



He pulled out the files and showed them to the monk... "It is true that you kept your body very pure, that you performed many sacred rites and rituals.... Your body was treated with the highest respect and buried with the greatest honors... But this is an earthly account... you are from dust to dust... from lust to lust... but what is the last step?? Day after day, your thoughts were about her... your greed and anger and jealousy and insults and judgments... this is what your heart is full of... and here in heaven, we look at the heart... from heart to heart is our rope and our hope"... Then the passport official pulled out the prostitute's file... "This is what she thought about and every day she said to herself... oh my beloved monk, you are so pure and loving... a holy man, save me... clean my body and my soul,



forgive me"... "Yes, her body lived what she wanted to and nobody respected her but because her thoughts were high and pure, she has been sent to heaven... you are not a body nor a mind... but a soul and self and spirit... we are what we think and what we do with our thoughts... a thought is a destiny... she is in heaven, and you are in hell"...like this monk too... we are our own enemy... it is out of ignorance we are where we are...

Let us be in light... just for few minutes and see no sin... no judgment... let us be positive, every thought is a seed... let us plant the best we can in our souls and the spring comes and the flowers will grow and we share the best fragrances all over the world... we are what we think... we are what we share...



the echo of the sound comes back to us... from
silence to sound is the circle of our self soul and
spirit... let us be still and know who we are....

Be yourself anyway



People are often unreasonable, illogical, and self-centered... Forgive them anyway...

If you are kind, people may accuse you of selfish and great ego... Be kind anyway...

If you are successful, you will win some false friends and some true enemies... succeed anyway...

If you are honest and frank... people may cheat you... be honest and frank anyway...

What you spent years building, someone could destroy overnight... build anyway...



If you find serenity and happiness, they may be jealous... be happy anyway...

The good you do today people will often forget tomorrow... do good anyway...

Give the world the best you have and it may never be between you and the world or any of the others or any of them... It is always between you and yourself... me and my self... me and we... giving is receiving and this is the way of living and leaving in love and peace all the way... this is the mystery of peace pace...

When one door of joy closes another opens, but often we look so long at the closed door that we don't see the one which has opened for us... just look up and see how many doors are waiting for us...



Who am I?

I don't know... but I feel sleepy... who is feeling sleepy? Who is talking and who is feeling? Let me talk or write what I think and feel and read...

When I fall asleep, where is my mind? The body continues without it... the body digests food...

there is no need to the mind... your brain can be taken out completely and your body will

continue... it will digest food, it will grow, it will throw dead things out of the body... Now

scientist says that the mind is just a luxury... the body is so wise by itself... no need for the mind...

we eat the food and we digest it without asking

the mind how to digest and how to transform the food into blood and all the process the body

does... it is a very complicated work but



thousands of cells are dancing and dying and living and no need for the mind... the body is connected with the atmosphere and knows what to get in and what to give out and the mind is part of this party but not very essential... without the mind animals are living and so is mother earth... but the mind is a great pretender... "I'm the boss... listen to me... I am your head... I'm your brain... your base... your foundations and your peak and your climax" and on and on...

Just watch your mind... and you will see... it is up to us to choose... is it my friend or my enemy? My boss or my servant? Who is serving who? Mind is the only false note within us...

I have heard about a politician, he had to take



his brain out to clean it, there was so much dust, so much garbage, and so the doctor took the brain to another room and left the Politician alone...

A man suddenly came in running and woke up the politician... "what are you doing here? You have been declared president of the country..."

He left out with his friend but the doctors called him... "Where are you going? Your brain is still in the lab..." "Don't worry," he said... "At least for four years I will not need my brain..." who is not a politician? Who is using me? Why we are using each others? Why we became a commodity?

Always ask this question... let your thirst and your quest be the question... who am I?

Where are we going? How are we living our lives? Once we begin to ask these questions we are on

the path of peace pace... of the real pilgrimage
of life... this is the journey of the inner life...
inner treasure... the fame is a foam of soap
bubbles... of empty balloons...be yourself...

Let us go in... beyond body mind with our steps of
self-soul spirits... this letter S the serpent
power... this is our servant... our only path to
peace... our only vision to plant people for one
peaceful world...

Thank you for the mind if we are aware of its
grace... of its dance with us... the mind helps us
to carry out our mundane functions... But, in the
realized state, its nature is different... it
functions as a divine entity... it helps us with all
the power of consciousness... it becomes still and
stable when we go beyond thoughts, we
experience supreme bliss... the mind is a part of
this divine mystery... it is up to us to use any gift

we chose... all is from the ONE... all is divine... and we are free to be alive or dead...

Oh! Let us stop and think... who is this i? this I...? this mind? That mind?...

Stop... stooop thinking... the mind is playing its game on me... we are not a slave to the mind but a friend and the being is the master, the owner of this responsibility... body mind is one step... one layer... the outside of the inner thoughts... but now we have the second layer of our being... it is not a matter... not a body... but a being...

A being is writing... a being is reading... and what is a being? The word being in all languages is beyond body... is a beam of light which grows and glows and all that grows and blooms and glows is God... and God is a verb not a noun... In reality, it is Godliness...

This great mystery is beyond words... we will share it in our silence and in words too... as for now... let us ask... when we are thirsty... who is thirsty? Yes... God is thirsty within us... when we drink water, it is God flowing within our being... It is God who will quench our thirst... the quenching is God... that water that quench is God... All is Allah... all is God... But now back to our being which is this power of growing and rivering in us... in and out... in existence and in our stillness... the trees grow, the birds grow, the rocks grow... all that grows is Godliness... Allahu Akbar... The truth of God is beyond languages and letters... it is in our inner treasures... In our inner experience and our inner existence... But we use words to go beyond words into our inner worlds... and here is where our being is...

To be or not to be is the secret of being... All
what we see and what it grows and what we feel
is God... and everything grows in its own pace...
We are peace... walking our pace from the grace
of our beings...

Let us remember the root of being... the word
being is from bhu... a Sanskrit and an Arabic
word... it means breath... that which grows... that
which has life... All what is in life... pain and
pleasure... birth and death... all is included... so in
order to be a being... you have not to be... why?
Only God is...

Choose non-being... then you are a being...yes it is
hard..

Is it hard? Thank you...

Truth is very simple... to be... just be your soul...
not your body, not your mind neither yourself...
just a step forward and keep walking...

Forgive me my beloved reader... it is a little bit hard... but keep feeling your feelings... we are the answer... we are the living book... whatever we name it, it does not mind, it doesn't matter...

A being... a God... godliness... creativity... existence... awareness... use any cup but the water is the same in different shapes... it is not the container but the content... so I am a being in a body...

Yes my beloved mind... Do you have a quest... what is your question? I just want to add a seed...

"Whatsoever is flowing out of good being is good"... this is a very beautiful touch.... Listen mind!!...

In the past it has been said all the time again and again to all mankind to be good... do good then you will be good... but I say just the opposite...

Be good and then whatsoever you do will be good... action comes out of being... being is primary, not action... Be good and then the result of your action will be good...

In the past... it was love your neighbor... and then your action is good... but now love yourself first and when you live the love... Love is God... all what you do comes out of your loving being... be in love and glow and grow out of your love...

Be and then act...

Action comes out of being... am I alive? Am I dead?... Jesus is saying let the deads bury the deads... Let us listen to this...

In the past you are what you do and this is hypocrisy... the being remains bad and acts good... he is a person... a persona... a mask on his original face... we respect such faces and some of them are saints, but if we look inside them... in the

heart... nothing is alive... but rotten beings... Such people are numbers for sale and business... they manage, they discipline themselves, they cultivate themselves with virtues and they do service and they do prayer and they do all kinds of doings... But all is doing from the money mind... It is the number of power... one plus one is two... but the heart number is one plus one member... one soul brother... one soul mirror... one within the oneness... one with the center and the center is the real power, the real treasure... unless we change the center... all changes are just superficial... just bubble words... decoration for a lecture...

Out of good beings good acts... and it is not an act but a flow and a dance of grace... a blessing... a shadow of our real being...

Be near a Christ and you feel the light and the love and the life of existence, innocence and the total trust to existence... to our motherhood in earth and heaven... Let us be near the Truth...

Where is it? It is in the core of our heart... in the center of our being... in us and we are the center of the only mystery there is... the center of the ocean...

We are in the drop and in the wave and in the ocean of this existence... Once a living master said: I was looking for God and then I started looking where there is no God? God is all over... in every cell and in every breath and in every isness and every amness...

Let us listen to our silence... to the silence of existence... and this silence is so blissful and so overflowing with love and compassion... this is

who we are... this is who is Godliness... we are one with the isness...

Let us be who we are... Stronger in our inner power... the power of compassion... the power of love... not the love of power...

Two old friends Fink and Funk are having a few drinks with some nuts... you know, says Fink, when I was thirty, i was so strong, I could not bend it at all, even with both of my hands...

Funk nods his head appreciatively... when I reached forty, continues Fink, I could bend it just a little bit, but only with a great deal of effort... At fifty, I could bend it a little more...

And now that I am sixty... I can easily bend it in half.

The two friends keep on sipping the drinks and eating few nuts... it is just amazing Funk,

continues Fink, I wonder how much stronger my hands are going to get...

This is how the mind matters the power... this is the situation of our head... such a small head and all the world's rubbish goes on moving in it... our head goes on spinning and weaving and for what? For whom? What kind of thought go on inside my mind?

Let us just sit.... Close our doors, and be alone... and watch my mind and write down for half an hour whatsoever is moving in my mind... and then read it... "Oh... what a cloud of darkness... how can I see the light with such a rubbish thought and words... how can I attain to spiritual touch... this cloud has to be dropped... has to be a pass away"... the cloud is not interested in us... have you seen any road holding a car? Who cares???

Yes my beloved mind... what are you looking for?

Do you have a question?

Not a question... but just to remind you that you are an unbeliever... an atheist... how can you say that God is in you?...

Yes my mind... God has never left my heart...

listen to this story...

In India lived a great Sufi named Yazid... when he was young, he went on a pilgrimage to Mecca... on his way he met a derwish, an ecstatic being...

"where are you going?" he asked

To Mecca... replied Yazid...

Why?

To see Allah...

How much money do you have?

Two hundred dinars

Give them to me...

He took the money and said to Yazid... "what will you do in Mecca? You will simply walk around the sacred rock seven times... and all what you see is sacred... all is created by Allah... But instead of doing that, walk around me seven times..." Yazid did as he was told... " Now you can leave" said the derwish... "But let me tell you something... since the day Mecca was built, God has never lived there... Bust since the heart was created, God has never left it... go home and meditate... and now take this money back and share it with people who are weaker than us..."

Whoever meets God has seen him within the heart... the heart is the only temple of God...
God is so near why go so far? Ask yourself why?
Face your fear...

Who told us that God is in heaven? And why?

So don't believe in believing... just see and experience in yourself and not in the lab... in your heart... in your being... Just look at nature and ask yourself why only us are changed? The earth has not changed... water has not changed... fire has not changes... air has not changed... metal has not changed...

The sun, the moon, the animals, the trees... all have not changed...

O man, how did you change? How did we change? Everyone of us has become a thing... a project... a title... a label... a man or woman... rich or poor... young... old... fat... thin... happy or sad... American or Arab... war maker or peace fakers... why we are who we are?

In reality the truth is one... the seed is one and that is God... We are simply playing different

roles for the same story... which is heaven on earth... one peaceful world...

Let us all go in and face our original face and see our divine divinity and once again we would all know that we are God... the living... Godliness... the compassion... the love... the stillness... the nothingness...

Yes... we have the freedom to become who we are... who am I?...

Why not be who I am now? Just be on the path... just live any choice you love...

Are you happy now?

No...

Great... so face this no... and why? get rid of it... let it go... just dance... sing ... all by yourself... do any meditation... dynamic jumps... clean the dust in your mind... let go and let God..

So simple...

Truth is simple...

But what are we doing?... instead of doing or talking let us be still... be silent and watch our thoughts... then!!

Stand up and dance and let go and let God... the love and life and laughter within you... dance and glow and grow...

Just now Mr. Death is here... what do you do?

How do you be? How do you go?...

Let go... and go... see God now... God is in every now... in every breath... in every death... in every birth...to be yourself, love yourself...

No one loves me only me... I love myself... then I see and feel that we are oneness... and one soul and one spirit... a whole holy spirit... let us hold hands... our hands are a string of light from our hearts...

Hold my hand... existence is holding our right hand... and my friend is holding my left hand... Thanks for this interdependence... inter dance... this is our choice and our grace... this is who we are... we are a great star... star of peace... one peaceful body being... we are a beam of light... let us face this rainbow and live this arrow and let it ray all the way beyond all the stars and all the skies and be still and know that I am God...

I am this godliness... this amness... this existence... this isness... which has no letters and no words... AH this...

How can I be myself?

Stop asking such questions from the mind... it is a trick and a trap to stay where you are... we are in a circle searching for the corner...this is what we are doing... eat and drink... and fight with others...

Yes... we make children and we increase the number of people just as animals continue to grow and they don't do wars... we are the only killers... why war?? If we don't know our own self, if we do not experience supreme bliss... then what is the use of living? Just for killing???

All the nature is living... but why we are unique? Because only us can know and be our divine being... we can experience the identity with God... this is why we are here... to discover who we are...

Who am I?

Why was I born?

Who created me?

What am I supposed to do?

If we have not seen our own self we are not a human being... let us be a human becoming and

once we are on the path then we are connected
with the everlasting life...

Yes... yes... my beloved mind...

I will share with you the value of the body... a
very rare temple... a priceless bliss... only after
passing through thousands of life forms do we
get this body... it is our home... our car... our
temple... our grave... our mother and father... it is
beyond words...

Once a disciple asked his master "what is the
value of a human being?"... the saint gave him a
diamond and told him..."take this to the market
and have it appraised... Do not sell it... just find
out its price..." the disciple took it to a fruit
seller..."how much will you give me for this?"..."I
will give you two oranges"...went to another fruit
seller and the price is the same... then he went
to a very ordinary jeweler and asked him to price

the diamond... "I will give you one hundred dollars..." he went to many jewelers and the same answer... little more and less money... finally he went to the best jeweler in town who said... "O brother, you cannot sell this diamond... it is priceless..." the disciple came back to the master and told him what happened...

"Now do you understand the value of a human being... a person can sell himself for two oranges or can make himself priceless... it all depends on his own vision.."

So our body is a diamond from God... do not ignore it... we will discover its value when we see our inner self... God lives in this temple in the form of the self soul and spirit...

Yes my soul friends... this physical body is like the clothes we wear... we are a being of consciousness in this body... to know this mystery

is the purpose of our lives... If everyone of us can live the inner truth...

If everyone of us can understand our real nature... there would be no war but peace and love...

For this reason, it is absolutely necessary to know our self... Only when I know myself, I know others... we are mirrors for the same grace... we are all the children of God and each one is a unique diamond... beyond any price... any grace ... any choice...

Thank you for this story...

Once a rich man visited India and saw many people were buying chilies... so he bought two kilos and sat down under a tree to eat them...

As he munched the first chili, his mouth began to burn and his eyes and nose began to water... he moaned and fanned his mouth, and he kept eating

another chili. Thinking that this one would test better He went on this way, eating chili after chili, suffering and hoping that each one would taste better than the last...

We are all like this man... maybe next taste is better... we keep offering the same chilies to each other that someday, somewhere, they will taste better...

But what happened to the rich man?

A man saw him and asked him...

What are you eating?

I saw many people buying this delicacy, so I also bought some and began to eat them.

Look, these are chilies. They are supposed to be eaten in a very small quantities... and now, that you know what they are, why don't you stop eating them?

Well, I bought them and I have to finish them,
I'm not eating chilies any longer, I am eating my
money!

This is how we are living our lives... we have
bought our problems and even though they are
hot but we have to eat the investment... this is
what we are doing... we keep searching for more
fun, more entertainment, more loving friends,
more wealth, more fame... But do any of these
things bring us real satisfactions? What are we
doing? Are we happy? I thought I was enjoying
sense pleasures. I didn't realize they were
enjoying me. I thought I was spending my time. I
didn't realize it was spending me.

Let us look at our now-here... let us open our
eyes... who is using who? Let us desire the
desire... but let us change the object. Let us
desire God...

All the joy of the outer world are temporary...
they can never last... without the joy of the self...
our mundane joys are zeros without the joy of
the ONE... only when we drink the wine of the
self then all our zeros grow and glow to a
treasure beyond any number and any power... the
joy of the world is like a dog's bone... as he chew
it, pieces of the bone get stuck in his gums and
blood begins to flow... the dog tastes the blood
and thinks this bone is delicious! The more he
chews on the bone, the more he feels its
sweetness... What is happening at such moments?
The joy that comes from outside is not
everlasting, it is only a shadow of the inner
bliss... to experience this bliss directly we must
turn within in meditation and look for happiness
where it really dwells.

The problem is that we do not want to look in... we enjoy the daily joys and at night we dream more about this joy. Why are we wasting our life? Let us go to our inner world... this is the real eternal life. Our body looks small but it is an image of the entire universe... in our body is a sun, one thousand times more brilliant than the outer sun, and not hot but is cooling with all the wonders of existence...

This secret is beyond words... only the experience will say it in its beauty and joy... this is the nectar of God...

Everything we look for in this world is within us... but we have to go deep inside to see this consciousness in us... a great Sufi saint said: "you can break a temple, you can break a mosque, you can break Kaab'a, you can break Kabala, but never

break a human heart, because in the heart
ALLAH lives..."

The heart is the home of God... it is the throne
of happiness and bliss. The abode of eternity...
the church of eternal love and divine divinity...
So easy to go in... be a childlike not a childish...
and from innocence to wisdom is our eternal
dome... Existence is the only home dome... why
build so many stones and God is in the heart... in
a living life?

Oh my beloved readers...

Sorry my beloved mewe...

Sorry again... my beloved mewe ... who is writing?

Who is reading? Who is me? We? Us?

Only mind games... and the mind loves stories... it
stops in order to listen for a joke in a story... let
us hear this one...

The bee and the elephant

Once there was a bee who was young and strong and full of the hot blood of youth... one day he was flying blissfully from flower to flower, sucking nectar. He kept going farther from home, forgetting that it would soon be evening and time to return...

He had just flown into a lotus flower when the sunset and the lotus closed... the bee was trapped... He had a sharp stinger and could easily have pierced through the petals and flown away, but he was lost in his intoxication... He thought, I will spend the night here drinking nectar, and in the morning, when the lotus opens, I will fly home. I'll get my wife and my friends and bring them here to drink nectar. They will be so pleased... they will be so graceful!!

Soon it was midnight... there was a young elephant roaming through the forest, and he was

also very intoxicated... He was tearing down trees and ripping up plants and eating them... When he came to the lake, he began eating the lotus and the bee was still drinking nectar and thinking about his wife and friends. Suddenly there was a loud crunch and alas!! The bee is no more a living being...

All the bee's plans remained in the lake... all his friends remained in their houses... his wife was still at home... and the bee was inside the elephant's mouth...

Like that be, we are going farther and farther in this world... imagining that we are making greater and greater progress, not realizing that we are leaving our source behind...

Every day, the elephant of death comes closer, but we never notice his footsteps... let us share this story more and more...

We are only a guest here... and traveler who comes and goes and we collect wealth and be pride of such papers... the power is not in the paper but in our inner treasure... show me one person took his money with him to the grave... we came naked and we go naked... we take our grace and our bliss... this is who we are... we came into this world with our fists closed and we go with open hands...

From dust to dust is our body and mind but where do I go? Who is this I? Who am I?

Without knowing this self... without meditation and spiritual life, the only thing I live is my death...

Jesus is saying this all the time... Let the deads bury the deads... are we alive? Are we dead?

What am I doing now-here? Who am I?... Thank you!!

No need to dig a well when my house is on fire...
Now is the time to clean my body mind... As long
as I can eat and walk... let me do something for
myself...any meditation... any awareness... any
stillness... Just close this book now and sit
silently and watch your thoughts... do not listen
to your mind... let it go... it is a cloud... let it
pass... after this you see the stars... let it go...
peel all the layers of the onion... where is the
onion? Where do I go? Now-here is the truth or
Nowhere else...

I am a living light

I am a living laughter

I am a living love

I am beyond any bond

I am beyond any being

I am beyond any becoming...

Who am I?

There is no answer... it is not in the words... not in the worlds... not in any seen or self or soul or spirit... but in no place and no time... in this nothingness... this emptiness...this existence... is the drop and the wave and the ocean... in the silence of the child and in the wisdom of the sage and beyond any life and any age...

Why wait?

Life is very short... it is only a breath... birth and death... why postpone the truth...

Are we born into this world just to eat and drink and die?

All animals are living as animals, they never ever do wars... why wars? What are we doing? Is this who we are?

Am I here to kill myself?

Am I here to heal myself?

Am I here to hear my silence?

What can I be now?

Yes!.. yes! Just be myself... be positive... yes to love in spite of all the hate... anger is danger... fight or light... let us lit a candle and the darkness is no more here...

What do I feel now?

Hungry? Thirsty?

Am I the hunger? Am I the thirst? Or the mind is pushing me to obey the devil power? Devil and evil is a divine negative gift from God... but who is my master? My mind? Myself?

Just watch and choooooose... I am the master... the mind is my servant and my friend... I listen to my feelings... not to the orders of the servant... a car is a servant... I use it... I don't let the machine uses me... I am not a commodity... not a utility... but a unity.

We are one... one with the only omnipotence...

omnipotent... omnipresent...

Beloved readers...

I am the first reader of these words and I say to us... I am not saying what is to be said... it is not in the letters... deep in us there is absolute silence not disturbed but what we say or see... in this stillness we are all alive forever...

We are here present and absent... nothing in us which says I... we use the words and we say I am only as a utility in words and worldly matters...

When I say I... it is me... the body mind... but if we look into me there is no I... no eye... nobody... all evaporates... the i or I or we or me is only for the outside world... look inwards and nothing is there... the nothingness... no birth and no death...

Just put a light in a dark room... where is the darkness? So is in us... no darkness only light...

only flame.... a torch of everlasting life... never
born... never dies... only visiting this planet... and
from a bridge to another bridge and noooooo
destinations...

We are a wonder and a wander forever and
ever...

Why worry? Why war? Let us grow up and the
body grow old and we wear a new one and the
being keeps on being and becoming... the river
keeps rivering... and just see this laughter...

We are getting wealthy as we get older... how?

Read

Silver in The Hair...

Gold in The Teeth...

Stones in The Kidneys...

Sugar in The Blood...

Lead in The Feet...

Iron in The Arteries...

And a great richness too... a great inexhaustible supply of Natural Gas...

The best smart farts and the best pill ever...

What a wealth... health is wealth.... So who am I?

It does not exist as a reality but yes as a utility... we can say am... this amness is a reality...

I is my invention... am-ness is isness... I is pseudo, is false... you can't see it... it is a lie just like death... so no I and no death... I is a great or the greatest lie... the only lie... no I no death... no birth no death... the corpse is not real... from dust to dust...

Trust life not dust or lust...

Sooner or later reality asserts itself and we will see it and we will know it...

Light knows light...

We cannot go on postponing the Truth...

Who is stronger.... The sun or the candle?

So let us wake up now and no more make up... no more masks... no more personas... let us face our original face...

We are a pure am-ness... a pure isness... a great mystery of oneness...

Now-here... whatever we see...we say I am one with this...

One with nature... one with every silence and noise... one with fight and light... one with live and evil... one with front and back... one with the one and the zero... one with ups and downs... one with God and dog...

As a human being... we are in this world and beyond... but it is a great challenge to be a small flame in a big storm... I need and I greed and I desire a commune...

It is not yet in the Arab world... it was at the time of Mohammad... but after he left his body... we are who we are now...

This planet is in needs for communes... but in the EastWest we have such places where you are not alone... alone but not lonely...

Here in Lebanon... we are very few members... fellow travelers... and soon the commune is coming into existence... few cottages where few of us can come and live in stillness and silence and simple life... I am seeing it... in our isness and our amness that 2011... we will have two doors for two homes to well.com more than us... at new year...

Every now is a new year and a new door which is always open to welcome any guest and any thirst... let us keep our thirst and guest and the river is rivering forever and ever...

Thank you or beloved yourself...

Smaller than the smallest, greater than the greatest... this self lives in our hearts forever and ever...

Let us desire to be who we are... to be the lovers of Allah... of the godliness in us... the awareness and the wisdom and the stillness...

We are beyond any word and any letter and any sound... let us turn in and see it in meditation...

this is the source of all our joy... where is the source of our joy? Nothing in the world is greater than the self, start by knowing the self...

Knowing the drop and then the wave and the ocean comes to us... so the drop and the wave and the ocean is one... it is the dance of existence...

All what we see and feel and know and not know is the play of the creativity the divinity of Allah...

This is the balance of grace... this is the icon of good and bad... evil and live. But the balance is a trust in our faith... this is the mystery of the cross...

The YingYang... male female... the energy that lives in us and only the human being has the choice of this atom... good or bad??? What is my choice???

The balance is more into war... what is my choice?... What is my vision? What I am here for? Let us say it again and again...

Tell- A - Vision...

If my vision is for one year plant wheat

If my vision is for ten years plant trees

If my vision is for lifetime plant people

I need this trust more and more...

It is engraved in my grave of grace... what I am here for?

Where is the root of my joy? The roots and the fruits are one... no roots no fruits... no fruits no fragrance.... What is my choice? Now-here is the time to be and live this being...

Let us listen to this story...

Kabir was one of the greatest sages... he had two wives, Maryam and Fatima. One day he called them both and told them... "I am giving up this household life and going into the forest to live as a derwish... a fakir... I have divided my wealth into two shares, and I am giving one share to each of you."

The older wife accepted her share, but the younger one asked... "Why are you giving up your wealth and going away?" said Fatima.

"Because the self cannot be satisfied with wealth." Said Kabir...

"Will this wealth give me immortality?" asked Fatima.

"No... your life will be like that of the rich... no one can possibly hope to attain immortality through wealth of money but through the inner treasure" said Kabir.

"Then I do not want it, I married you in your old age not for the sake of your outer wealth but for the sake of your wisdom and your inner treasure... I want to attain the self"... said Fatima...

Hearing this Kabir was very pleased... "Oh... you were always dear to me, but now more dear to Allah..." said Kabir and they gave all the outer wealth to Maryam and let us know ourselves... years later... Maryam joined them with more money and said..."It is not in poverty nor in richness... our joy is in how to use every utility

for our unity with the self and the soul and spirit..."

All creatures are great treasures... it is up to us... how to use the horse? You are the rider... you are your own master not the mind... know yourself... be yourself... once you know who you are, you will know everything that can be known... the self is the awareness of the I am... amness... the consciousness which has been within us ever since we came into this existence... the I is not a body... not a sex... not a male or female... no form, no color, I is the Absolute... the great Sufi Al-Hallaj said... "Anahlhaq... I am God..."

We killed him... we chopped him into pieces and he remained in joy and in peace...

The self is the seed and one seed turns the whole earth green... Look at the seed of the olive... one seed becomes a big tree... all the birds

they come and sit and sing and no one is better than the other... no one is white or black... east or west..

This is why all the sages are saying... know yourself... meditate on the self and love yourself on the self...

Through the will of the self, the breath moves in and out... through the will of the self, the mind moves to different objects... through the self, we speak... Because the self exists, we can understand the words... the power of the self makes the senses alive and conscious, enabling the eyes to see, the ears to hear, the hands to grasp...

Only because the self exists inside us do we love each other? We see the light in each other... the moment the self leaves the body, the body becomes a corpse...

Let us all face our true face and faith... let us know the pure I... the pure self... and by knowing myself... I am no more alone and lonely... but in this aloneness is the only holy and whole miracle... Without the knowing of the self, we are dead in spite of all the temples and all the rituals... God doesn't live outside... only in us... in the human being... let us know who we are... and once we see one star... this is the way to all the stars and the skies and all the worlds are in us... God is in us... The godliness as a verb... as a rivering forever and ever... the infinity in the divine unity... this is the absolute bliss... this is the nature of the self... the self exists all over... now-here and forever...

The bliss of the self must be experienced in meditation... this is the only way to the truth... the bliss is not a pleasure... the pleasure comes

out of our senses... but the bliss comes out of our consciousness...

Just by meditating peacefully, we can make the self manifest before us.... Then we know that every work we do is worship... not warship...

Once someone asked a great sage... what is the self? The sage replied... the self is the witness of the mind... in Islam it is ashhadoo... it means I am aware.... I witness... the self is seeing by the grace of God... this is the light of existence...

Within us there is a being who observes all the activities of our waking hours... at night, when we go to sleep, that being does not sleep but stays awake and in the morning reports to us on our dreams... who is that knower?

It is the self who watches all the time... day and night... Once we realize the glory of the self, we will know that there is nothing greater... when

you know yourself... you face your original grace...
once we face all the layers of the soul spirit... we
are the drop and the wave and the ocean... no
mind and nobody and no humanity... it is a divine
unity... Meet, melt and merge and this is the
sacred secret of death and resurrection
It is the step from death to deathlessness... no
death... every breath is a born again new self...
new soul... new spirit... the river of life keeps
rivering from infinity to infinity... the water that
is in the river and in your bowl and in your body
and your shower has the same supreme
treasure... How?

The individual soul... does not know the truth...
The supreme soul knows that she is the truth...
The reason for this ignorance, which is lack of
knowing the unknowable... we don't know the
self... when we know the self... we know the soul...

it is only a layer more... but we have to take the first step of the trip... the first step is the whole trip...

Once a master was sharing with his students..."God and the soul are one and the same... just as God exists within himself... he exists within all of us in the same measures..." One of his students got up and said..."O master... God is so great... He has so much power... infinite worlds exist within Him... How can we be God? How can the ocean be in the drop?"

The master said... "Take my water bowl to the river and fill it with water..."

The student went and came back with the water... but the master said..." I told you to get water from the river... this cannot be from the river... where is the fish? Where are the turtles

and the cows and the people who are bathing in the water... go and get the water as you see it." The student replied, "But this is a small amount of water... how could it contain all those things?" "What you say is true, now go back to the river and pour it back in the river" said the master... When the student came back... he said..."You are so right master... now the water has all the things in it..."

So our individual soul is like the water in the bowl... it is one with God... but it exist in a limited form, and therefore it exists but not as we see it... as God see it... when we put the water in the river... as when we go back to our home... we realize who we are... and we are also filled with all of God's powers. This is the power of the self and the soul... yes... we are all Allah... LA ILAH ILL ALLAH... means all what you see is God...

If I know myself... I know my soul and I know the oneness with all and with Allah... God exists in every pore of my body from head to toe... He she is my entire being...

A drop of water coming from this existence and falls as rain on the top of a mountain... many drops become a stream..., and the stream flows down the mountain and becomes a river... the river flows until it merges into the ocean...

When the river merges into the ocean... what is the original drop is going to call itself?? Is it going to call itself a drop of rain? Or is it going to call itself the ocean?

Jesus said... I am here a Christ and you too is another Christ... we are all brothers and sisters in Christ consciousness... We are a drop... a wave and the ocean... a body mind and self, soul and

sacred layers until we are in the emptiness of
existence...

God is the light in all what you see and don't see...

so we are enlightened but we are not aware of
who we are... you have already realized God...

However you are not aware of it...

Ignorance is our only enemy... that awareness is
what we have to attain... it is just as if I have ten
dollars in my pocket and I said no I don't have
any money...

Put your hand in your pocket... use your hands and
search for it... it was already there... you found
what you already had...

All the Christ and the prophets and the Buddhas
and the masters are here to remind us of our
true identity... let us wake up !!!

How can I look at God?

Do I know Him?

Are we looking for God according to our ideas, or
are we looking for God as he is??

How do I search for God?

Is it necessary to give up something to find God?

My cup is full of dirty water... how can I add
clean water to it?

I have to get rid of the full cup...

Yes... my ego... my ignorance... my mind which is
full of junk... what do I have that is mine?

Your life is not yours... your body too... all is from
God...

So what is from me?

Even my clothes are not mine... it belongs to
others too...

The truth is that God is not found through any
actions... no techniques... no paths... no prayers...
no rituals... God is found only through right
understanding... but we lack this... and we suffer...

we are here to understand and be aware of who we are...

What can I renounce?

All what I have is from God... my body and all what I wear and I see... but the Ego is from my ignorance and this is why i have pride...

Now let us use our ego and our pride and our ignorance for good use... let us see God in war and peace... in good and bad... and let us live the balance of this grace...

Instead of saying... I am a man, I am a woman... let us say... I am one with God...I am love... I am the truth... I am the light... and this I is not i or mine... but all of us... mewe... all what I say and see and be and become... this is a being inside us who knows everything... let us all try to understand Him Her...

Because He exists... I exist too... Before a picture can be painted, there must be a canvas...

God is the canvas on which my picture is painted...

Do you see this?

So... let us give up our ignorance... can we do it?

Sure we can... we are victors not victims... let us look for that which we already have...

I am the light... yes... but can a flashlight illumine the sun when it is the sun that lights everything?

So God is not an object of knowledge. He is the one who knows... techniques cannot reveal Him...

Knowing is a direct contact from God into the core of the faithful heart... it is beyond any science and any knowing...

What helps us to be who we are?

Meditation is the only key to our inner treasures...

Sit very quietly in your chair... then turn within and try to see who watches your thoughts from inside... if you keep watching, you will come to know the self... you are looking for what you have never lost...

How we can attain what we already have?

The self is already working inside us...

Through what action are we going to find it?

You will find the self when you understand the self. How?

Listen!!

As I keep contemplating the self, as I keep trying to understand the self, it will reveal itself to me...

So let us all turn in... in is our only inn...

Look for that inner knower... God is in our heart and He is the knower and He teaches us... I lost Him in my heart... no one I need and I greed only

God and is in me... very near why go very far??? I will find Him only in my heart and I know the way and I have the will...

Where is the inner power? The self is the inner power... if we truly want to deal with the problems of the mind, we must turn within and awaken our own inner power... then the mind will come easily under our control and we will experience the self... this is the inner knowing... not from the books but with the unity of us with God... this inner energy is known as the serpent power... and it lives within every human being and it is called Kundalini power... it has worldly energy and truth energy... this vital energy makes everything in the body works... all our senses are awake because of this chi or ki or nafess or many other names...

Once our Kundalini is awakened, our mind and senses turn inward , and we become aware of our true nature... then one acquires the strength of Kundalini... one is able to assimilate the entire universe into oneself... we are no more limited, bound creation... we achieve total union with God...

How can I wake up this inner energy? Many ways to be awaken... you choose your own way... every breath is a path to a new and fresh energy of light... just be aware in this moment... who am I? Why I am here? Take a deep breath and be grateful to this moment... you can fast from all the food that hurts your body... watch what are you eating...

If you eat healthy food... no doctor is needed... if you eat junk food no doctor can heal you... so you are responsible for your body... watch what all

the prophets ate... all the masters... listen to
your own body...

Choose your own friends... if you want to know
yourself join a spiritual group... a meditative
group... read books that you love... when the
energy moves in our spine it keeps on growing and
glowing to the endless infinity... this light energy
doesn't die... it is the life that comes from God in
all of us... this is the purification of our body
mind and soul...

This energy heals us from every pain in the body
and the self and the soul... once we feel this
grace we live the meditative state in every
breath... this is how we enhance our inner power...
our inner world is much greater than the outer
world...

We have millions of mystery points in our hearts
and under each hair in our head that connects us

with many other planets and much more worlds
that we know...

Let us listen to our inner silence and our inner
stillness... this is the mother language of every
sage...

When the heart center is opened, you begin
seeing things which will happen in the future and
you hear things which are far away... other super
normal powers may come to you quite naturally...

But none of these things have much importance,
and you should not be trapped in them... such
experiences are not the goal of our life, but they
are only a sign along the way... keep walking your
path and it is endless and no destination...

After purifying all the centers of the body, we
live the great bliss in every point of our body and
we experience the unity with the godliness in us...

Let us remember that we are all light energy...
from God and with God... all is light and this is
who we are... this is our own divine reality... this
joy is our birthright and will never leave us...
Once we know our self... we face our original face
not the masks anymore... not the personas... not
VIP... Very Ignorant Person... but a human
becoming... a being of light... a beam of light...
Once we know this secret... we start asking and
wondering... Why wars? Why such ignorance?
Why such greed? What can I do to be out of this
person?
And it is so easy... you have your wings... fly high
in your inner sky...
How?
Meditation is the only key... now-here is the only
time and place and space... God is Now-here or

Nowhere else... wakeup now... live yourself... no one loves you unless you love yourself first...

If I don't have a bread... how can I share it with you...? Let us be who we are and then share this star and let light be how we live the mystery of the self...

Yes my beloved mind... what is your question? Can the process of Kundalini or the awakened light energy be understood in a scientific terms?

It is very difficult to explain the internal energy by a mind methods... the inner subtle aspects cannot be detected by any instruments because it is a great secret and a transparent power of light and no machine can be used for such energy... we have to experience Love and Light... it is in us not in the Lab.... Who can get this energy? Then one who is thirsty will get the

water... seek and you shall get... the sun is giving its heat but are you ready for it?

Every one of us has the self within us and we can get this energy... from any Christ... any honest master... any healing touch by any light... it is my faith that heals me... and the energy flows within... from in to in...

Ah... a great story is glowing in my heart... it grows more by sharing it... there was a great master of archery who taught only princes... one day a poor boy came to him and asked for lessons in archery... the master refused... "I teach only royalty"...

The boy was not discouraged but looked at the master... thanked him and put him in his heart and went back to his hut and made a statue that looks like the master and began to worship him...

Every day he followed the same routine... he meditated on the image of the master and practiced with his bow and arrow...

After sometime all the master's knowledge of archery passed into him through the clay statue...

One day he saw a dog and shot an arrow between its teeth... the dog was not hurt and he was with the prince...

When the master saw this, he was astonished...

"I have never taught this secret to anyone, who did it?"

He called his royal students and asked them to go and find out the archer... and they saw the poor boy meditating in front of the clay statue of the master... and they asked him if he did it and he said yes...

Who taught you?

Your master?

The royal princes were angry and envy and insulted the master... then what the master did?

Of course he asked the boy...

From whom did you learn this secret?

You refused to teach me, so I went home and made a clay image of you, I meditated regularly before it, and I made myself aware of my identity with you... then, spontaneously, this secret revealed itself within me... said the boy.

So the master does not decide...

It is my thirst and Christ is in me... I am a unique Christ consciousness too...

Love and devotion has tremendous power...

through them we can get whatever we want from the master and from God... the godliness in us...

We can have this energy from reading one verse from any book or from any sacred books... or just

from looking at a star or be still and know that I am that which is...

This I is in all of us... the higher a person's attitude, the sooner he receives the power of peace... once you receive this grace... be aware of it... it is a trust from God... use it... but don't abuse it... and don't lose it...

Let us give an example... If you are hungry and you have no money and someone gave you a grace... a three dollar... you took them and you went shopping... you saw a toy that you don't need... and then a balloon and another object and you spent the three dollars on junks that you don't need and you are more hungry... you wasted your money and your grace on dead objects. Buy what you need, not what you greed. Talk less and speak the truth and work to earn your daily bread... this is how you sustain grace. This grace

will sharpen our mind and our ego and the devil will be a good friend too...Live your choice. You will see God in every creature and man is the only master and the only rebel for this inner rebellion...

So the first step is knowing myself... love myself... and then love every self because we are oneness. There is only one truth. One God for all of us and all nature and all what we see is from God to God...

We are one family of soul brothers and sisters... by helping you, I am helping myself... giving is receiving...

How can we increase our own power?

My beloved mind... it is not by increasing it but by revealing it. Just uncover the cover... it is already in us... just wake it up...Now... I am in a

restaurant... I asked for water... and they brought a glass of ice and cold bottle...

Is this what my body needs?

So... let us take care of our body and then the being will be better... if we eat wrong food... the body and the brain and the being will be bitter...

In such a bitter situation how can I face my original grace? My original face... my inner treasure and power?... so choose the best for your body...the best quality and quantity and hunger is the best taste... the best heal meal... whole grain... whole organic food for a whole being and body mind...

Jesus gives us the best whole bread and the sacred water... Any love touch will give life to any object... any thought is our destiny... so let us take the first step in our trip... let food be our own destiny!! Let the thought be our own destiny!!

Let the word be our own destiny...

So what is the first word that we choose? The word is the root of everything we do in this world... the Bible says... In the beginning was the word and the word was GOD...

If we repeat this word, it works in us with great force... A word is a sound that comes for my silence... If I call my mother, she comes and the same if I call God... the godliness in me wakes up... sound has enormous power... it vibrates and the echo comes back to us... when water flows, it makes a sound, the river is rivering... when wind blows through the trees, it makes a rustling sound... when we walk on the earth, our footsteps produce sounds... in Arabic is Ziker... in Hindu is Mantra...

This vibration pulsates in the universe and in us too... this is the power of the letters and the

numbers which give rise to all the inner and outer worlds...

Remember what you love and it lives in you... when letters and syllables come together, they form words... Both our spiritual life and our mundane life are possible only because of words... Without language we cannot carry out any of our activities... each word we use has its own power and produces its own reactions...

If I ask for an apple... I get an apple... if I call God... God hears me too... a Sufi master said:

"With the name of Allah on our lips, the bliss of liberation is right in our hands"

Most of the times we repeat the word of Allah not from the heart but lip service... the power is from heart to heart and this is the right connection... The sages and the scientists also saw the influence of the words in us... our

names... our mails... our passwords... what we read... all these has a power in us... good and bad... it is up to me what to chose...

Our thoughts are our feelings and it affects on the body... it makes us sick or help us to cure our pain...

A thought goes from mind to breath and from breath to bloodstream and then to the entire body... So is the name of Allah... it removes all the toxins from the blood, purifying the breath... freeing the mind from negative emotions and making joy arise in the heart... this is how the mind becomes clean and clear and divine... this is a divine inner earthquake in our consciousness...

At every moment... we are what we think... repeating the name of God is not a mere practice... it is the attainment... the at-one-ment with the ONE...

No mind can understand the power of letters and numbers... we can understand the meaning but we cannot know its potency...

Mantra is a living force of God... Allah is the seed of all what you see and what not you see and so is in every language and in every religion...

Devote few minutes a day and repeat the word that you love and your heart will be filled with joy and the self will open up and no need any more to say any words... you are in the stillness of the existence... you are home...

The word is the letter by which we reach the formless consciousness... from the lips to the heart and from the heart to the navel region...

This is the region of pure balance... the cross in us... the oneness... the entire universe is here with all its forms and uniforms...

Now-here are all the sounds, all the words, all the languages are alive from this level of pure consciousness...

Look at the peacock egg... it contains all the colors and all the life in the bird... and from this point our words creates the world of peace and love and oneness...

When Christ speaks... it is not a word but the world of love and light... each one of us is a Christ... let us be who we are...

Christ is not Christian...But love and light and life.. Mohammad is not a Mohammaden...

Buddha is not Buddhist...

We are a free self and this freedom is our super consciousness... we are not followers but fellow travelers...

"La Ilah Illa LLah"... is the seed of all the religions... you say it in your own language...

"There is no God but God"... " Only God exists...
nothing but this nothingness... this existence...
this love... this compassion... this wisdom...

Truth has no words... it is beyond words... but the
word is the door to the inner unity of our
divinity...

Every letter in any language has a power in our
body and in our being... the elements of fire,
earth, metals, water and air are connected with
our Ziker or Mantras or verses from our sacred
Books...

In every breath there is a new path. Breathe in
and out... this is a born again new self... it is a new
blood. A new body and a new being...

Let us die now-here... die to the past and to the
future and now is the only vow and wow...

Now is the only living mystery of life...

A word is a living force of grace. Let us live our choice... choose your words and let it flow from your words and let it flow from your being... and it covers you in love and light and eternity... this is the power of chanting the Qoran or any verse from your heart or any word you love and you live... this is the nectar that nourishes our inner being... just by chanting any names of Allah... the ninety nine names of nothingness will clean us from all the poisons and changes it to sacred potions of love and life... this is the mystery of the self... we don't need to go to any psychiatrists... just sit still and chant any word you love and it removes all the negativities from the heart... it purifies our heart and also purifies the atmosphere around us... and so the plants and the animals and the worlds... But be aware to say it from your heart not from your mind.

Allah lives in any place where His name is called...
God lives in the core of our hearts... so near to
us... don't go far... just go in and call Him... see
Him in every seen and our entire being will
become the Absolute...

What can I do to be myself?

Work is our only way to be who we are... we
cannot satisfy our appetite merely by reading
the menu...

When you are thirsty, water is the only answer...
no laws and no technique but doing what you need
is the only living desire... the only living power...

In Islam, the only Slogan is... every work is
worship... not warship....

So let us do what we love and let us love what we
do... do what you love and your daily bread will
come as your breath... just trust life... Live on the

cross and let thy will be done... be in the middle
and the jewel is in us...

A master was sitting under a tree... he heard two
musicians saying to each other... "Do not tighten
the strings of our instruments too much or they
will break... do not keep them too loose or they
will produce no sound at all... follow the middle
path..."

What is this wisdom? It hits the master's
heart... "This is the secret of meditation..."

Yes... this seed has been known by all the
saints... Mohammad said... "An hour of meditation
worth seventy years of worshipping..."

Everything in nature is in a meditative state...
this is not a strange way or path or technique but
it is our birthright... our nature... but what is our
object? What are we meditating for? Yes!!

Our jobs... our family... our homes... our outside world... let us go in!!!!....

If we simply turn within... we will be meditating on the self... It is as simple as that... let us go in... in is our only inn...

This is how we remove all the worries and tensions of the mind and washes away all the sins and the guilt and the fear...

Let us see the truth as it is now... then we become what we see... we are mirrors to each others... we are mirrors to God...this is our natural unity with each other and with the creator...

In meditation we move from level to level and this is how we see our inner jewel... once you become a jewel the pebble is no more the boss...

Who am I???What is my desire???

Let us change the object... let us desire the best of the best... let us reach the self... soul... and spirit... the divine unity of this divinity...

Desire the desire... nothing wrong in desire but change the object...

Desire peace, love, compassion... let us meditate with awareness .the knower who is always aware and witnessing of who we are... when the mind is no more the master, you become your own master and you witness yourself... this is what Christ did... from Jesus to Christ consciousness... each one of us is a Christ consciousness... an awakened living life... from the only divinity... no death and no sin... but light and love and laughter....

How to Sit?

Just be still... the body is still too... the spine is straight and so the mind and the heart... your 32 molar and four canines are connected with the

32 vertebrae and this is the 64 galaxies in us and beyond all the worlds... all is in us...

Just sit still and straight and watch your mind... let go all the clouds and then you see the stars and beyond any bond... it is eternal divine journey...

Keep breathing... watch your desire... your inner self...chant your word... and be comfortable and you are able to know the unknowable...

The Kundalini power... the serpent power will rise up and glow and grow in grace and in bliss... and when you reach the ultimate state which is beyond all experiences... let thy will be done and total surrender to the only truth there is... the drop dies in the oceans... melt and merge in this divinity...

This is the only journey... the inner pilgrimage for peace...

As we go deeper in meditation, we will pass from our physical body to the subtle body and we see many dreams and you cross all the seven bodies until you are out of them all... you will go from self to soul to spirit and experience great peace... this is called the state of Fanaa in Sufisim or state of void... of nothingness...

Yes... we go beyond the void... the blue light... the light that heals the universe... It is beyond words... we are the light of Allah... there is nothing but his light...

This is why we see blue sky and blue ocean... high and deep... in and out... this is the dance in the drop and the wave and the ocean...

Yes my soul friends...

We are in the body and beyond any body... nobody... ad no being... and no form... Yes...

meditation is the key and the only key but if we

do not use it, it is a piece of metal, unless we use
we lose it...

Open the door... unlock the lock... and go in and
face your original face... not your masks... not
your personas... but who you are... who I am
makes a difference....

If you are completely in this presence, God is
present too... When you see any vision... go beyond
this sign... keep driving...do not wonder and
wander... be still and say... God is greater than
any power and any sign... I am not different from
God nor God different from me. We are one with
the ONE...

Give up your expectations...

Just meditate and expect nothing...

Expectation is frustration... do not expect even
from yourself to yourself... just good actions will

never go to waste... just be good and this is the only feeling...

The state of God is beyond visions, it is the stillness in the experience ... God is beyond all what you see and all what you plan, beyond all forms and all colors...

It is beyond words... when salt falls in the ocean it merges and melts in the water and this is who we are when we surrender to God... this is the state of not being... not knowing... only God is... give up that this master is good or the other is bad... just be yourself and trust only your being... many false masters are all over the planet and it is a great market...

Why do false masters exists?... why do fake gurus are all over the planet mainly in the Arab world?

We are responsible... we don't know what is a true master... if you are with bad people then you know the difference between good and bad...

False disciples goes to false gurus... the stupid goes to the stupid... wakeup and know yourself and then you know where to go...

Unless you are a jeweler you don't know the difference between a jewel and a pebble... so meditate and sooner or later you will meet the right master... the one who helps you to be free and fly on your own without being follower to any sect or any religion...

A guru... is g u r u ... just be yourself... it is in us... just watch your breath and this is your path...

Jesus Christ is one of the best masters... why? Because he never told us to follow him...

"carry your cross and follow yourself..."

And we said... "I am here because each one of you is my brother and my sister and more than me too... the river is rivering... and don't listen to anyone not even to me... only yourself... there is no sin, no guilt and no repent and no death... we are light from light and we came from the same roots and the only truth there is... in us... go in and be who you are.."

He told us to love ourselves first unless I love how do I know how to love you?... Love yourself and then love others and love your friends and your enemies... ignorance is my only enemy... I don't listen to my intuition... to my heart... to the meaning of the words and in between the words... listen to this joke.

A young sailor is washed ashore on an island inhabited by cannibals... since the Tribe is fasting for one month, the chief announces that

the sailor's life will be saved if he can pass the three tent test.

In the first tent, says the chief, there is a jug full of strong Liquor, you must drink it all... in the second tent is a lion with a toothache, you must take out his sore tooth... in the third tent is a nymphomania she has already exhausted two husbands who were trying to fulfill her needs, you must satisfy her twice..."

The sailor shrugs and goes into the tent... after five minutes in the first tent he comes out and goes into the second tent... silence was in the first one and here are screams and moans and eventually, he crawls out covered with cuts and bruises...

Standing up, he looks around and asks... "Now, where is that girl with the sore tooth??..."

We don't here... we don't understand... we don't listen.... We don't do what we are told to do...

So why am I here?

What the universe is telling me to do? What my body needs and desires?

What my mind is ordering? Who is the master in me? My mind or myself???

What did I do until now?

Am I a part of peace or part of war?

The Indian president... the French president and the Saudi king are sitting alone together in a conference...

"I have a problem and I need your help... I have twenty personal body guards and I know for sure that one of them is a Chinese spy... but which one?" said the Indian president...

The French and the Saudi nod sympathetically and then the French says..."I have the similar

problem... I have twenty mistresses and I know for sure that one of them is unfaithful... but which one?"

"That is nothing" says the king of Saudi Arabia...

"I have twenty people in my cabinet... one of them I know is intelligent... but which one?"

Which one is the one who is listening to me? My mind? My ignorance? My greed? Which sense?

Do I have a living sense or all my senses are dead?

Do I see? Do I smell? Do I feel? Do I taste?

Do I hear? Do I love? Do I lust? For how long do I stay dead? Is there a way to wake up and be who I am? Am I happy now?

Do I know what joy is? What is happiness? What is pleasure? What is my inner and outer treasure? Do I want to know? Do I know anything about myself or even my name??

Jon gets a new job and on the first day, the boss walks up to him and says...

What is your name?

Jon Smith...

Look here... say sir when you speak to me...

All right Sir Jon Smith...

Yes let us hear it again and again... we hear what we want to be... I want to be the richest in town... and you? What do you greed...? What do you need???

How did Jesus live? How did Mohammad live?

How did Buddha live?

Who is alive, Hitler or Christ or me?

Am I alive? Or just a body living as a robot!!

Doing what the crowd is doing??... am I a number?

If you go to heaven, then you have nothing to worry about.... But if you go to hell, you will be

soooooo busy shaking hands with all your friends...
then you won't have the time to worry!!... so why
worry??? Just be happy now... just take a big hug
and hug and breathe deep breath... breathing is
still free of charging... the air is polluted but why
worry? What is not polluted? Pollution comes
from politics... and this politics is all over the
planets and in us and in everything... it is a great
disease...

Moishe is dozing in his chair in the funeral
home...

The phone rings and turns out that the
democratic Polio Political Party has booked an
entire hotel in town for their conference and
that in room 213 one of their delegates has
died...

Moishe throws a coffin in the back of the hearse
and drives down town...

Half an hour later, Moishe calls the manager's office to confirm that the Job is done and the occupant of room 312 has been removed... "You idiot!" shouts the manager... "I said room 213!! Was the man 312 dead also?"

"He said he wasn't" said Moishe calmly "but you know what liars these politicians are." So listen to the lie and laugh.. But let us listen to the light and then to the fight in us... let us be a watcher to both of these lovers... it is in us and it is our choice how to play the balance... this is the secret of the cross... let us be in the middle of the path... be a witness to all the seasons without any reason and love them all... see God in every letter and in every number and in every power...

Jesus and Judas are one... let us see the light in the luminous darkness...

Whatever is in this world is only God... only Allah... only light... only love... this is the grace of our choice... and whatever we see we say.... This will pass too...

Where is the eye that can see the self? It is the I... in side us... you can see it alone or you need a living master... a living look... any friend who is beyond the ordinary life... we learned how to talk and walk and work from parents and teachers... but to understand the self you must have someone who can show it to you...

It is very easy to know others but very difficult to know your own self. The world is full of scientists, psychologists, artists, dancers, teachers, priest and politicians and others with various skills and talents.... But how many of them they know themselves? To know myself, I have to

reach the true center of my being... and for this
look I need a living master... a living Christ...

Where is he or she?

If the student is ready... the teacher is ready...
your thirst will take you to the river...

Mohammad went to the mountain... the mountain
did not come to him.... Meditation is the only key
to our inner treasure...

Yes my friends... many fake gurus or masters... as
many fake mothers and fathers... you are
responsible for this ability... you are able to find
a jewel not a pebble... be aware and seek and
search and learn from your mistakes and from
mine's too... this is how we can grow up...

The real master doesn't make a person weak and
keeps him under his control... no magic and no
devil work.... He will save you not slave you...

He will set you free and not any dependency on you. Live your individuality and your uniqueness...

Be alert and aware when you choose a master...

Who made this master a master?

Is he doing a business? Is he helping me to be free from him and others?

Before you drink the water, strain it very well... never have blind faith... just keep in touch with your inner guide... God is in... go in...

To me the book i love is a living words... I read one sentence and it sentences me and guides me... I read any Osho page... any Kushi seed... any few others who are connected in my heart... I look at nature and it nurtures me... mother earth and father sky and this is how we fly high in and out.... The real master will show you the right path, and the disciple is the one who walks on the path...

Oh my beloved self...

Our life is an eternal path without any destination... keep walking and every step is a new trip and the trip is inside... from head to heart and from heart to the core of the being... from Jesus to Christ consciousness and from me to we...

The seed is the tree and the tree is the divinity of the trinity... body, mind and soul... how blessed we are to know I am alone but not lonely... our aloneness is our only miracle...

To see my faults and to learn from my mistakes and do new ones too until there is nothing but the truth...

No pain no gain... we learn from each other and we mirror each other... we are the shadow of God and the truth of God... it is a mystery beyond words... when I drink the water... it is beyond

words about water... be a drunkard and dance
your choice...

Francesco goes to the medical room to see the
doctor Azima...

Mama Mia... he says to Azima...

I came home last night and found my wife in bed
with my best friend... I was about to kill them
both when she said: come on Francesco, we are
all friends, let us have a cup of wine together, so
we all sat down and had a cup of wine...

The next day I find her in bed with a new one
and she said the same thing and we had wine
together and this happened everyday this week...

I see, says the doctor, but I am not a therapist,
I am a doctor, why you tell me all this?

Well, says Francesco, I am worried, will it be bad
for me, all this wine.

Oh my beloved readers... be drunk and throw the
worry out and fly in...

Yes is yes and no is no... it is up to me and you
what you feel and what you need and what you
greed...

A real master will help us in his or her silence....

Look at nature... but we are so dead that we need
a hammer to wakeup...

No one can attain the truth from lectures...

scriptures and books and lectures are like maps
which point the way to the truth...

The grace of the master is in us... Allah is in us...
it is up to me to see the moon or bite the finger
who is pointing to the moon...

What do we do when we meet a Christ, a
prophet, or a master? We are still killing,
crucifying, and stoning any truth... but who wins?
The darkness cannot put off the light...

A small candle will lit a great darkness... be your light and the fight will be off... oh my beloved us...

Let us meet and melt and merge in the vision of the ocean... The drop will drop in the wave and the wave into the ocean who comes running toward us...

We are one... God is the drop and the wave and the ocean... God is all over... show me where there is no God...

Let us keep weaving the only carpet there is... Every thread is connected with every breath and with every path and how can we ignore this truth!!!... Look and see how blessed we are when we say let thy will be done... we are one...

Let me ask myself...

Who am I? Why I am here? Can anybody hear me?

Anybody... nobody... somebody... everybody... All is a body... but we are a being in the body and in this being there is a beam of light that comes from the only light there is... so what am I doing with my light?

It is a trust... it is a light from God and I said yes my beloved Allah... I take this light to the darkness... where is the darkness?

Yes! in me... it is in us... let us go in this tunnel and see the pebble and clean it and clear it and let it shine... we are only light... but lust and dust and rust and why not rest???

All what we see belongs to Him... He has all the names and beyond names...Just relax and rest in your best zest..

Why He created all these religions and we fight with each other? It is us who are ignorant? Why we are ignorant?

We have chosen it... we are free to chose what we want to play with... devil... divine... good... bad... atom of peace or atom of war.... Let us live our choice... if you are strong you go to God... if you are weak you chose your dog... but if you have love you see the truth in every seen... God is in everything...

Let us listen to this story by a great Sufi master...

A Persian, a Turk, a Greek, and an Arab were on pilgrimage... someone gave them five dinars and told them to buy themselves some breakfast... the Persian said... I will buy augur and we can all eat some...

The Turk said... No, I like Uzun...

The Greek... I want stafylia...

The Arab... I want Inab...

The four travelers began to fight...

Finally, a wise person walked by and asked why they were fighting.... After they had told him their story, the wise man said... "Give me your money, and I will buy you all of those things..." He went to the market and brought back some grapes... "My angur! "Said the Persian... "My uzum! "Said the Turk... "My safilya! "said the Greek... "My Inab! "Said the Arab... this is what we are fighting for... over different causes but the root cause is one... we don't know who we are???

So instead of having a blind faith in one religion, we should wake up and see that God is the same wine in different cups...

The doors are many but the center is one... this is the mystery of Kaaba and Kabala and the top of the mountain... many path but the truth is one... many words from the same letters... many voices from the same silence... the same

stillness... why are we fighting over the roads!

Let us all walk or we never reach the temple...

Our ignorance is our only enemy...

Oh yes... let us remember King Akbar... once he asked his prime minister... who is greater me or God?

Birbal was very clever... without hesitation he answered... you are, your majesty...

The king was flattered but he asked.... How can that be?

Oh your majesty, if you do not wish to accept someone, you can banish him from your kingdom very easily. But how can Allah banish anyone from his kingdom? Where can He send him?"

Most religious people are like Akbar. They accept only those who belong to their religion and banish everyone else... but this is not the religion of God

but the religion of the Dollars and the religion of the atomic bombs and boobs...

I don't belong to any religion... I don't belong to any box and any prison and any sect and any book... I accept all the stars and all the sky and all the clouds and all what I see and I don't see... I bow down to the God within each one of us... in each seen and in every drop of water and all is Allah....

Allah never signed a contract with any religion founder saying... you are my exclusive sales man...

Islam means let thy will be done not my will...

Islam is a total surrender to existence... the mystery that is within us... this is the pilgrimage of the sage... from head to heart and our last way is from heart to heart...

Why the truth has not changed the world?

Because of our ignorance... we are against the truth... truth liberates us but the mafia wants us to remain slaves... sheep... crowds... numbers... followers...

Most of the so-called priests are lip service talks... they do not live what they say...

Jesus never said... hate your enemy or go and kill... he said the kingdom of God is within us... and all the masters said the same.

Truth is one, but who wants the truth? Who wants equality? When you know the oneness then there is no war, no temples, no prayers, no law, only light and love and laughter... why long faces?? A joke a day keeps the devil away..

One morning at the breakfast table, little Ernie says to his mother: "Mummy, yesterday when you were at work, daddy took the maid upstairs to the bedroom and.." His mother interrupts him

and says: "Ernie tonight at the dinnertime i want you tell this whole story when your father is here."

So at night, at dinner, his mother says: "Now dear Ernie, i want you to repeat what you told me this morning."

"Well Mum, when you were at work, daddy took the maid up to the bedroom and did the same thing you and the milkman did last week."

So let us listen to all the story before we judge the seer... listen to this...

There was a great seeker in India named Bullah.. For forty years, he studied many religions and read many books and met many masters but he was in more and more agony and sadness... his mind was full of books and doubts... one day he said to his friend... "O friend!... how can I share

my pain... i am carrying so much weight and I cannot get rid of it."

The friend said... "I know someone who can help you." And both of them went to a real master and told him...

"All right, leave your bundle of books somewhere else... and spend some time with me."

So Bullah stood few days and felt so light... All the weight has gone and he began to dwell in the inner self... when he returned home, he threw away all his books and began to tell everyone he met that peace and bliss which is within... not in the books, temples or mosques... go in and you will find God...

When the orthodox teachers heard what Bullah was saying they all turned against him... they called a great assembly and summoned him to come before it...

"Bullah, you have been speaking against religion, you have committed a great sin."

"If I have committed a great sin, then surely i should be feeling joy and all my agony has left me... if I have committed a sin what is my punishment.?" said Bullah...

"For your heresy, we are going to burn your body with a red-hot iron bar... there is no sin worse than heresy... said the priests."

"I will accept this punishment, but first let me ask you something... suppose that a religious teacher told an innocent person that if he followed a certain practice, he might attain something tomorrow, or in one year, or in ten years... and in this way forty years went by and the poor seeker did not attain anything from the teacher... what punishment would you prescribe for such a teacher?" Asked Bullah

"That would be a horrible sin if someone who has nothing to give makes others work for nothing, his body should be burned in twenty places." said the priests...

"So you all agree with that?"... asked Bullah...

"Yes we do."... said the priests

"All of you deceived me for forty years... you made me study various scriptures and you forced me to practice techniques and rituals, yet I did not receive anything... so all of your bodies should be burned instead of mine." Said Bullah...

This is how we became victims of victims... let us be a victor... be grateful to your past...to all your parents and priests and say thank you to all and start knowing yourself... Go in... the internet and the innerlight is our only inn.. Meditation is the only key and your being is the living book and the living temple...

Everyone is born from God...

Everyone is an incarnation of God... we all come out of the same light... we speak different languages but the truth is one and this is the beauty of unity...

Let us enjoy this story. Once a yogi, a priest and sheik Nasrudine were talking about God... at one point they asked each other...

What do you offer to God every month?

The yogi drew a circle on the ground and said...

"Everything I get I throw into the air... whatever falls inside the circle is for God, and whatever falls outside the circle is for me"...

The priest also drew a circle: "everything I get, I throw into the air... whatever falls inside the circle is for God and whatever falls outside is for me"... said the priest...

Nasrudine said: "Well I do not do either of those things... I throw everything into the air and say "O God, accept whatever you want"... then whatever falls on the ground is for me."...

Many religious people are like Nasrudine... they think that they are giving everything to Allah... but they are really keeping it all for themselves... What am I doing to me and to myself? Whatever I have or had is all for my beloved... yes I do love the truth that i am living... after being with Osho... Kushi... Muktananda and many more, I am one with all and all is Allah and my money goes all to this vision... I trust life and I have only now-here... Fresh breathe and bread...

I do not know if i live until the next breath, the book is my friend and very few soul mates and this is my only treasure...

What I am doing or being for the next day?

I am sharing many books in Arabic and English...
nothing new in any page but just to share what
my beloved masters did... and having a TV show
which is the only one until now on the Arab
medias, saying the truth which all the prophets
and all the masters and mother nature is
sharing...

Why war? Why not sharing peace? Why not one
peaceful world???

Truth is very simple and very dangerous too... but
I have no other choice... No more roles to play
only peace... once you know yourself... you live
what you know and you share your joy, this is how
we bring the light back to life.

We worship God as we feel and as he is... no
conditions and no rules just look at the children
and be a childlike...

Once a very religious priest was travelling somewhere by sea... and in the course of his journey he landed on an island... there, he came across three very simple beings that were bowing to the rocks, the trees, and the water and praying... "O Lord, you have become all these things... please accept our prayer... you are three... up and we are three here..."

When the priest heard them, he was shocked... and he said... "You idiots... you haven't learned to pray correctly, what is the point of bowing to water, to trees and to rocks?"

The men begged the priest's forgiveness...

"No one has ever come to teach us... Here we are three men and up in heaven... father, son and holy spirit and nature has... water, trees, and rocks... please be our master... our guru... teach us."

The priest taught them the art of praying, went back to his boat, and set for sail...

A little while later, he saw the three men rushing towards him on the water... when they reached the boat, they cried... "O priest, we forgot how to pray as you taught us... please give us another lesson..."

The priest was amazed and asked them... "How did you manage to walk on the water?"

"Before starting out... we prayed... O God, you are so powerful there up, please thicken the water so that we can walk on it, and the water became thicker" said the men...

When the priest saw the results of their simple devotion, he told them "It is you who know the real prayer... please teach me..."

To reach God, we have to be simple and innocent and trust in life... Look how the baby trusts his

mom and so the nature and so the ant and the grain of sand and the wind and why not us??

Yes... I face fear and I look at it and i ask Allah to help me see the cause and this is how i cross every cross...

I carry my cross and i follow myself... and i face my original face not my masks... it is my only love to myself... to my inner God... to my inner treasure... we are all emperors not beggars...

Oh my beloved readers and writers... my soul friends and my wings for the only religion there is... why we are building so many temples?? God is living in our body... this is his abode... why building all these huge buildings?... why so much waste of energy and money... why can't we see the true religion? God lives in the soul not in the stone... why can't we see the truth? When are we going to wake up??

Yes... yes forgive me..

Truth came to the chosen few... the sun is always here and shining but who is out to see it? Open the door and go beyond the frame and the foam... Go out and see the beauty of the creator and go in and be with this creativity... with this immortality with this infinity...

Oh my beloved divinity... we are a divine unity... let us dive in and keep being in this eternity... this is the real temple and the true religion...

Once a rich man built a temple to Krishna but very few came... he decided to replace the image of Krishna with one of Rama... Now the worshipers of Krishna stopped coming and some devotees of Rama came... but only very, few... then he changed it to Shiva... and again very, few came... So let us attract Christians and Muslims and the same results...

Finally, the man decided that he would have nothing to do with any house of worship... instead, he built a tennis court and a health club... then many people from all sects and religions came... this is the problem with religions and sects... None of them works for everyone... an outer religion is business... only the religion of the self is natural to everyone... because the self is one with the ONE... and it is in everyone... if we face the religion of our own self, we will be free of fear...

To have faith in the self within is the highest understanding and the true essence of all religions... Let us be aware that everything is made of one conscious energy is not only the highest science but also the highest religion... No matter what we do or who we are or what we accomplished in the world... if we are not aware

of who we are and why we are here we are dead.

All what we did will be a sword not a word...

If we do not achieve the awareness of equality and the mystery of our uniqueness, none of our money and power and fame will be of any use, it will support the war and not the peace...

Who I am makes a difference...

Be who you are...

If we meditate even for a minute... for an instant... with awareness that all what we see is from the same source and the creation of the same power and a reflection of the same glory, which is in us...

If we do not see and live this truth we are dead...

A great Sufi master is saying...

God is not only in our heart but in every flower and every bird and every cloud and in all what we see and what we do not see, whatever we see is

from Allah... My enemy and my friend, in the grave and in the cave, all what you are is a reflection of Allah. This awareness is the true religion. This is the religion of all religions...

La Ilaha Illa Llahu..

There is no God but God...

God is the seed of all religions... only God exists and nothing but God... not as a noun or a name but as a life... as a verb... as a rivering river... from eternity to eternity... this divinity is beyond any word and any silence and any stillness... it is in the experience of the core of our beings... this is the place where there is no birth and no death... we are only guests and visitors... from bridge to bridge beyond body and age... we are that which is... this isness is the mystery of existence... this is the state of Samadh... or Samadhi.... The everlasting union with the absolute...

Who am I?

The pure, unconditional self-awareness of absolute consciousness beyond all limiting attributes that dwells within all human beings...

No matter what we say about our isness and amness it is only an indication, a finger pointing to the moon, unless I know who I am i am lost in dust.

Knowing our identity is the only pilgrimage from head to heart,from infinity to infinity,the more we know the more we know how much we do not know. I do not know is the only true knowing. Life is only a joke...

Let us live and love and laugh...

Farmer Hay keeps the best bull in the neighborhood and makes money renting its services...

One-day farmer Hay and his son Ned, leaves the bull with the young Sam giving him the instructions to charge Ten dollars for every cow that comes to visit it...

Sam is sitting in the farmyard when a neighbor drives up and demands to see farmer Hay... "He is out sir and so is Ned, but I can help you," said Sam...

"No, you can't"... snaps the neighbor... "That Ned has gone and got my daughter pregnant..."

"You are right Sir, you will have to see farmer Hay... I don't know what he charges for Ned..." says Sam...



Every action has its seduction, what else can we do? Let us pay the price of our choice...

The woman was happily showing off her new mink coat to her friend. "It was nice of your husband to buy you that beautiful coat." Said the friend... "He had to..." replied the woman, "I caught him kissing the maid." "How terrible, said the friend... Did you fire her?" "Not yet, I still need a new hat."...said the coat lady.



A young woman went into a bank and asked the clerk for change of a one hundred dollar bill. She handed over the note, but the clerk took one look at it and said... "I am sorry miss!, but this one hundred dollar bill is a fake..." "Oh, my God!" cried the miss... "I have been raped..."



This is what we are doing to our self and to others...

Rape and trap and who is the clapper? Be the clever and be aware of what you are doing to yourself and to your others too, we are one self and one truth and one mirror...

Yes my mind...

Cleverness is only a beautiful name for cunningness... "Oh my God... my son is very clever..." what does it mean? People think that to be cunning is to be clever. It is not so. Only mediocre people are cunning, a really intelligent being need not to be cunning, be intelligent and that is more than enough, cunningness comes from the business mind, a plastic substitute for intelligence...

Watch the news, listen to the politicians, this is cunningness and hypocrite too, with two faces

and more than two, this is how we fit in society but a Christ does not fit. Socrates too does not fit in any crowd. The only fault was that he was a really intelligent person, utterly innocent, full of intelligence but with no cunningness...

Cunningness is cowardice, intelligence is courage and the greatest courage is to be yourself. the greatest cowardice in the world is to follow others, to imitate others, then you remain artificial. This is the trap and this is the trap...

Be free, be yourself and don't play cunningness, just be clear and this is the only grace that we choose. Clarity is a state of mind when there are no thoughts no clouds in our inner sky. God is known by clarity, by innocence... Jesus is saying, unless you are like small children, you will not enter into my kingdom of God. Just watch yourself and watch others, what are people

doing?? Why waste our time and our life in such gossips? And when we waste so much of our energy in such stupid activities, we cannot have any action in our life, we cannot be committed in any life force, what are we doing with our life? Our time? Our mind? Our intelligence and our clarity? Who am I?

What kind of seeds are we sowing? You can be cunning and for the moment it may be paying off but sooner or later you will have to pay for it...

You are sowing seeds which are wrong and you will have to crop the reap or reap the crop, be aware of any trap and who will pay the price???

A Russian housewife is the envy of all her neighbors, because she always comes home with so much fresh vegetables and fruits, but who is paying for all this...

One day, one of her friends asked her... "Tell me, Olga, how do you manage with all these supply?"... "It's very simple," explains Olga. "I have a parrot which I have trained to speak. Whenever I go to the market; the parrot sits on the handle of my shopping cart and i leave the cart in the middle of the market and when the parrot start shouting.. Long Live communism!!, everyone throws at it whatever they can get their hands on!!"



Yes my beloved us...

We are paying the price no matter what is it, we are a victim or a victor a pebble or a jewel, it is up to me to choose what I want to play for my freedom...

No matter what I say, truth remains without words but we share our joy in letters and numbers and we see in between the words in this

gap is the crop, but help me to drop the ego, this is a great challenge, a great change from chains to change. We are all in prisons, a palace or an office a mind or a mine, no one is free unless it comes from within...

When you are alone but not lonely this is the freedom. The majority of humanity are slaves to others. Who can fly with one wing? Love and freedom together are our wings but where are they? Love a person but don't possess him and the man who is full of love and freedom, is the most beautiful phenomenon in the world. When two beings of such beauty meet, their relationship is not a relationship at all, it is a relating.

It is a river like flow...

It is growing and glowing towards greater heights...

The ultimate height of love and freedom is the experience of God. In this mystery we live love and freedom. Yes to my friends. Yes to my now-here and yes my pen and paper and yes to the words that are flowing and to every eye who is free to read and see in between the words and the lines. I know nothing. I just want to draw lines and letters and feel that I am not alone... I am not lonely... I have you in me, you are here reading and hearing and feeling my fear and my ignorance... why? I don't know...

I have all the toys I need and I greed... the book that I love and live, the room, the pen and the papers and the connections with all of us, the food and my daily bread and my breath and what else do I need?... I greed and I desire to be in a small commune of lovers of love and freedom in order to be with true lovers of Osho and other

enlightened masters... Truth is one, but where are the ones that we trust? The seed of the commune is now ready here and in few months will be manifested, this is my rope of hope...

Whenever few hearts are open, they become flowers, a great fragrance is released this is the commune. When the egos are no more functioning like islands but have become one with each other...

Communication is between heads, communion is between hearts. Around Christ and Buddha and Mohammad, we lived the commune but only for the chosen souls, the loving hearts. Each one is a unique soul is an individual, yet one with the one and every work is worship and everybody is respected and loved, the soul grows in commune, when the soul is missing it is a crow. In a commune we pool our love and our

consciousnesses into one space and then each one affects the other then great energy is released, this is the oneness, a solo guitar player is one thing, an orchestra is totally different, it has many dimensions, many directions, this is what my vision is...

Just a small commune in Lebanon, just like the trees, the cedar tree. We pool our energies and we support our awareness and our awakenings. The commune is a space where peace can pace. A space where God can descend more and more, now the connection is broken but in such communes God will live in us and with us and hold us in his hands and hearts..... A small stream cannot reach the ocean, it will be lost somewhere, but if many small streams come together we become the great river who connects with the ocean. The universal man can

be born only out of such commune, the man who is a Christ and not a Christian... All boundaries dissolve in the commune...

Every being is a commune but alone is a small river and much better to join other rivers and then we remember the power of the ocean and the mystery of the one... Now-here, we are one in silence and in words and in writing and in reading and sharing and relating...

Even though your body is far... I am alone in my room but you are in my heart which is beyond any walls and any barriers.... How blessed we are to be with a light. With a Christ or a prophet or a sage and such communion is the meeting of the amness. I-amness of love, it has nothing to do with words, but with the stillness of the godliness in us and the white light that connects us from infinity to infinity... Such masters are

alive and our love to this truth unites us with the
only truth there is...

Oh my beloved us...

Few pages are left... and what to say?

Is it in saying or in seeing? What can I share?

What do I want? What do I need?...

Yes my beloved master of love... Because of you I
am alive... I was dead and one day I met you in
your book and my heart was healed and since
then you are my living being...

Yes I am not alone, few of us are here and there
but out of my weakness in the mind I feel fear
of being alone and I miss a commune...

It is in me and soon in mewe...

I know it is not out, not in the books, not in
anything I see... nothing that dies is alive and in
the true sense of life love does not die, no death

and no birth only eternal life of love, this is who we are...

Why fear and why go far??

Before the sleep comes... let me count some of my blessings..

I see... I think... I write... I read... I walk... I talk...

I eat... I laugh... I cry...I have all what I need...

Thank you God... please tell us a joke...

A Texan in England enters a crowded railway carriage... He finds that the only empty seat is occupied by a mean looking dog owned by a fat red-faced woman...

He asks politely if the dog can sit on the floor instead on the seat... "You leave my dog alone"... she shouts... the Texan searches the whole train and no empty seat... so he came back and throws the dog out of the window... the woman freaks

out..."Are you all going to sit here and allow an American to treat an English lady like this?"...

One man said...

"The Americans are all crazy Madam... they hold their fork in the wrong hand... they drive on the wrong side of the road and now this idiot has gone and thrown the wrong bitch out of the window..."



A jock is a joy and all what we see too. Just now an earthquake in many places, the earth is dancing, it wants to shake itself too in a dynamic meditation to get rid from some junks mainly from us... who else is hurting her? She is our mother and what are we doing to her? To our self? What am I doing? How I am treating my body? What did I do today or now? Do I love this now?

This Now-here is all what I have or nothing else...

Nowhere else... just a dash of light ... a flash of
bright awareness...

Do I know myself?

Do I love myself?

Do I love my body?

Am I alive now or a slave to this now?

Who is going to save me?

If not me who else??

Save myself from my ignorance, this is my enemy,
it is in me... enemy in me....

Who are you my beloved friend? This is my first
step towards wisdom, is to know myself and then
to know you too. To realize that I am not wise, to
realize that no trick and no trap of hiding
anything and no one is going to help me but me, is
the wisdom. One who realizes that he is

ignorant... is already on the path of life, this is
the kingdom of God, this the real treasure...

Now it is dawntime...

Now I am alone as all the time... now I am
confused as most of the time...

Now am i a slave or am i alive?

Salve to fear or alive with life and its risks??

Life is an adventure, and this now is the only time
and the only voice which is telling me how
ignorant I am...

I know nothing...

Who am I...?

I am not my body... not my mind... but a cosmic
self... a universal consciousness... never born
and never dies... why fear? Why go far? The sun
is rising... the pen is writing... the eyes are
reading and the heart is pulsing and the nose is
breathing and what else do I need?...

Thank you existence...

You are my only friend... you are the only one to trust... no one is with me only you...

Yes... I am ignorant...

Out of this gift I see the ray of the sun coming to my room... sharing with me what I need... how blessed I am... why fear? Let me live this now-here... as it is ... this isness is all what it is...

every now is my only here to hear you... Eat this bread, it is my body ,drink this wine, it is my blood... This is the first and the last divine supper with every Christ... Help me to realize my ignorance... my poverty... my blindness... my deafness... I don't want to hide it will grow more in darkness... help me to open my wounds to the sun and the sky because it cannot live in light... ignorance is like the roots of the truth if I bring them out, they will die but if i live it with love it

grows with no death but with resurrection, born again a being not a body... yes myself... yes my friend... conscious ignorance is not ignorance... is the ultimate state of consciousness... yes... no knowledge but knowing.... Clarity... transparency... this is our birth right, this is our birth right, this is who we are... like each child love and light and bright innocence and let us live a total trust in life .

Oh God you are my real mother who gave me the mindbody ... And the immortal of the being with your infinity... why fear when you are so near?

Who am I? I am a self... I am a soul... I am a spirit... a truth beyond words and time and space and form... we are a knowing... knowledge is always of the past,... a book is always of the mind... oh what a trap... what a clap... wake up now... knowing

is in the now... in this present... what a present!!

what a gift!!...

Thank you God for this grace and this choice...

Take a deep breath and a new birth...

Who am I? I do not know...

This is conscious ignorance...

Who am I?

A body? A being? A self? A light? A life?...

I do not know...

Now-here...

This moment knows itself but I do not know... I

trust life... let thy will be done... I carry my cross

and I keep breathing and follow myself... now-

here I am alone playing with words but I am not

lonely...

This alones is my only ignorance... forgive me...

For-give me by giving me your time to share this

book with you... thank you my mirror... the mirror

reflects if something comes before it, but when it passes the mirror is empty again... this is our conscious ignorance...

Who are we?

We do not know... my master is consciously ignorant... I am not... I am simply ignorant... this ignorance is luminous... full of light... not full of knowledge... but full of light, love, and laughter...

AH... ALLELUIA...

Thank you Jesus... this is the state of innocence... of joy... of nothingness... this is the benediction... this is what I am searching for...

"Eat my body and drink my being and live my bliss now-here forever"

Thank you every master and every child and every nature... this is our bliss... this is our nurture and our mother...

Bliss is the only wine... the only wings... the only awareness and the only fully intoxicated with the divinity of the eternity...

This is the mystery of who am I? Blissfulness is our birthright... we just have to claim it... and meditation is the key... is our only claim...

The tree blooms only when it has so much juice in it... so much life and colors and songs and dance... this is our only share when we are full with blissful...

This is our choice... let us dance our choice...

Miss Fun goes into the police station and tells the officer that her boyfriend is missing... the cop starts to fill out a report and asks Fun if she can give a description of the missing man...

"Sure" says Fun, "He is thirty five... six foot tall, blond hair, blue eyes, very handsome and well

mannered and he plays the guitar and his father is very rich and generous"

A friend of hers whispers in her ear "Hey, Fun, what are you talking about? Your husband is short, fat, and hairy and not a boyfriend..."

"I know," snaps Fun, "But who wants him back?"



Every now is a new Wow... a new bliss and a new kiss...

Kiss is... keep it short stupid...

Today... in few time... we will finish this book...

Is it in the book? In the look? Where is the truth? Who am I?

A great sign came to me... a report to inform a secret... I got it but now I forget it... all what we are... God is greater... the secret is in us... we project what we forgot... once we see it... we keep walking... this is our pilgrimage without destination... without expectation... there is

nothing up or down... there is nothing in any book
or in any temple...

This nothingness is in us... it will be revealed and
we laugh more... why are we so much blind and
deaf and dead? Let us wakeup now and know that
we are ignorant and we know nothing...

I don't know who am I???

Do I want to know? I don't know? What am I
doing now? If I am so much ignorant, why am I
sharing my ignorance? This is my joy... let us play
in our toy...

The knower is in us and we are the player of who
we are... in few pages... we will jump to another
joy...

Let go...

This is the name of the second game... we read
the instructions... we feel the seduction... and we
keep on chewing the seeds of such a secret and

the spring will come and the ass... sorry the grass will grow by itself.

Itself... my-self... your-self... is the true self and the true seed..

Yes we are a seed that turns the whole earth green. Am I a farmer? Who are you? Yes we are the best farmers..

Once a farmer asked a Prophet, "why don't you do something? I cultivate the land... I create something; you simply sit under the tree with closed eyes, doing nothing. I have been watching you... people come to you, you talk to them or they sit silently by your side....why don't you do something? "The poor farmer was naturally curious... he had been watching the Christ... the Buddha... the Sage... the child...and no visible work is happening...

Allah created us not for work but for worship...

what a grace!!!

Where is our choice? To be a farmer? What kind of seeds we have? What did the sage says?

"Can't you see that I am also a farmer? Can't you recognize me? Although my farm is of a different quality... on a different plane? I grow the crop of bliss... I saw the seeds of bliss... the people who come around and sit silently, or to whom I sometimes talk... they are my work... I am sowing seeds in them... short and sharp... seeds in people's consciousness... seeds of bliss and in the right season they will bloom...

Look into my eyes, I have bloomed, I have cultivated my inner soil... I went up into the mountain and meditated and the seed sprouted and Allah spoke to me and since then we are one...

Now it is full of flowers and fragrance..."

And what happened to the farmer?

Yes! He recognized the truth... it is in us... the other is our mirror... Tell me who is your friend...

I know who you are...

Who is my friend?

The book is my first companion and then few soulfriend in a commune... this is the place of the bliss and the grace... this is the only temple and the only jewel... this is the only throne for God and Allah and Christ and us...

No other needs... no other greeds... no other desire is greater than this eternal word... God or Allah or La Ilaha Illa LLahooo...

There is no God but God...

Let us see this bliss in every seed and in every seen... in every silence and in every choice and in

every voice... this is our only grace and our only choice...

Yes my Lord, I have been wasting my life unnecessarily... you are the true farmer... I am the false one... yes!... let us be with a Christ and wish God... not wish a fish but be a fisherman who fish people who wants to be aware of who they are... each one of us is a Christ consciousness... is a Khalifa... is a living eternal light... But why we are so blind and so deaf and so dead??

Why can't I see... what is seeing?

Very few people are capable of seeing that which is... the mind doesn't allow us to see and be who we are... this is the ego... this is the wall... the mind plays many tricks to prevent the truth... watch it and you will see... almost 98% of reality is out of us... only that which fits with the mind

is allowed... why? You know only that which
strengthen the mind and the ego is allowed... and
then to the mind colors it... it gives it artificial
flavors... it makes it adjust totally to itself...

Hence, we are the accumulation of the mind... not
a revelation of the soul...

Each moment is a revelation of the soul... each
now we are at-one-ment with the ONE. We are
here to be who we are

with the seed and the soil and the soul and the
farmer...

And at each moment... each now the reality is
available in its totality.... But am I available to
reality? Am I able to this jewel? Who is the
barrier to my inner treasure?

All concepts, all philosophies... all religions,
theologies, ideologies... are barriers... are walls...

And even the mind has to pass through so many
sieves to keep you a slave and not save you...

Do you want to stay a victim or be a victor?

Be a rebel! Be a jewel and not a pebble any
more... you are free... live your choice...

Find a master... a Christ... a sage who can clear
and clean your eyes... who will help you to be
yourself and not to follow any religion or any
book or any master... be a fellow traveler... a
pilgrim for peace...

A Peace Pace...

Be nude and naked... be free and born again as
you are... only then you are a human becoming...
become yourself... the greatest love affair that
can happen on earth happens between us... we and
God... the godliness in us... this is the only truth...
it is in our core... so near... why go so far?

Be yourself... not your ego... the ego is a substitute self... because we are not aware of the true self... we create the ego...

Because we cannot live without the center, we have to invent a false center... only two choices... either know the true center or create a false center because the false person can easily be dominated and seeks to be a slave and not knowing the feeling of "I am"

When I fulfill somebody's order, I feel I have some worth...

I have no meaning... somebody else has to give meaning to me... The society, the parents, the schools, the priests, and all the others...

Who am I?

Yes! and Yes! knowing is in us... just one key... meditation... one now-here... stop and watch your mind and be yourself... not your ego... not your

mind... use all what you have but be the master of
any utility... the body and the book and all which
dies... leave the lie and fly high in your inner sky...
no clouds... no stars... nothing is there only the
stillness of existence and all what you see and
feel... remember your only desire... who am I?
The desire to be with the creativity with this
divinity and this eternity...

Yes my friends... no more papers and no more
words...

We are only playing to feel the truth in between
the lines and the words and the sounds...

Yes... What is next? No next... Let go in our river.

Our river which is rivering in us...

Let go and let God...

And this is our only being...

Be or not to be!!!

What is my choice??

Let us be it...

Live it is being it...

Let us be who we are

Let us make a difference.

Thank you all

Thank you us

Thank you Allah...

No Tanks any more but Thanks...

No Warship but Worship...

Let us sail our ships and live our
worships...

Peace Pace

