



On how Ramana and Robert Adams found me

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I remember a time, I was about 12 years old and reading an encyclopedia that day (I was a weird kid). Suddenly I have the impression that the world I was reading about and living on was not real but something created by my mind. It was not a thought, it was a deep feeling inside my body. I got scared and try to dismiss that insight, thinking that something was wrong with me. That feeling went away but my life change.

Years later, I was 18 and after a couple of years involved in politics, I felt very dissatisfied. I started looking for ways to understand, rather than try to change the world. I was living in Caracas at the time. A friend told me about a house, close to my school, where a youth group was starting. There were activities: theater, photography, serigraphy, etc. And most important for me at the time... beautiful young girls. This group called "Sintesis" had an older man that acted as a leader, rumors have it that he has been in India. He often talk about a saint call Ramana Maharshi. Several weeks later a book by Ramana got on my hands, I do not remember the name of the book, but on reading his rather complicated (at the time) prose I got the feeling that Ramana was talking to me about the insight that I have when I was 12.

Several months later I found out that the old man, the group leader, was having sex with some of the young girls as an initiation ritual. One of his prey was the young girl that I was platonically in love with. I got very angry, left the group, and dismiss everything I learn in those months as a hoax, including Ramana's teachings.

Many years went by, I was concentrating in learning my profession, I am a film maker and photographer, and starting my career. Lived in England, Sweden, Spain and ended in California. Married, later divorced, with two great kids and a very successful film production company that gave me abundance. But inside me that insight I have as a kid was starting to move and threatening to change my life again.

In 1992 I was dating a beautiful actress that was involved in a practice call the "Sedona Method". I got interested when I learn that the founder and creator of the "Sedona Method", Lester Levenson, based his teachings in Ramana's. Here we go again, Ramana is knocking at my door. I got involved in this group, went to seminars, retreats and all kind of activities hoping to meet this Lester Levenson, considered to be a realized person. I did not know what a "realized person" was, but I felt that meeting him was important. Lester's health was declining and he stayed in his house in Fenix and never came to Sedona so I never meet him, to my frustration.

In 1994 Lester died and was buried in a very humble and unmarked grave in the grounds of the Sedona institute. I was very frustrated, the Sedona method was working but I wanted more and felt

that meeting Lester was the key. Now he was gone, the only realized person, that I heard of, was gone and frustration was mounting on me. One day, I do not know how, found my self, driving my car towards Sedona, got on the Sedona Institute grounds and walk to Lester's grave, it was just a shallow mound in an unkempt patch of dirt. In a very angry voice I told him something like this "You got me into this quest and you are not leaving me, I demand you do something". Nothing happen so I got on my car and drove back to Los Angeles not in the best of moods.

Two weeks later I was in my office working and got a very strange call. A lady that I have met at the Sedona seminars, call me to ask for the address of my guru Robert Adams. I told her that I did not have a guru and did not know who Robert Adams was. She insisted that somebody has told her that Robert was my guru and wanted his address or telephone. I convince her that I have not idea who he was, I apologize to her and was about to finish the call when something came to me, I said – keep looking for him, and when you find him please call me, I want to meet him too-

Two or three days later she call again with the address of the place where Robert was giving satsang every Thursday and Sunday. Next Sunday I was there, not knowing what satsang was or what to expect. That is how Robert Adams found me. I never saw her at satsang.

As it happens the place where satsang was held was about 15 minutes from my house in Sherman Oaks. How convenient. When I got to the place and sat on the floor there were about 25 devotees listening to beautiful music (Robert love music I learn). Then Robert started to talk and I could not understand anything he said. I was very relax but no knowledge was been transmitted to me, but I was not disappointed at all. After about 20 minutes it was time for the devotees to ask questions that Robert answer but again I did not understand, there was laughing and enjoyment in everybody, then we share food that the devotees have brought. Everybody seem to know everyone and I was feeling accepted and I believed Robert look straight at me a couple of times. When satsang was officially over I stud up but stay in place, Robert came out of the bathroom and walk straight to me, look at me with his beautiful blue eyes for a long time (it seem to me), then he hug me and walk towards the door.

It was a very pleasant experience but nothing out of the ordinary happened, except maybe, that he notice me. I went about my life in a normal way for about two or three days. Then I was at my girlfriend's house watching a soccer world cup semifinal, when a wave of joy and love overcame me. I never felt such happiness and joy for no reason at all, it was coming from me and no given to me by any event or pleasure. Pure, unadulterated, unmotivated Bliss was overcoming me and it felt normal and natural.

I started going to satsang every Thursday and Sunday from then on, Robert's presence – his emanations, as Ed Muzica put it- will multiply the joy and bliss in my daily life. I was a little bit concerned about not understanding what Robert was telling everybody. At the end of a satsang I kneel in front of him and told him – Robert, I cannot understand anything you said- He looked at me smiling lovingly and said -goood- after that, my concern was gone, I just sat at his feet every satsang in silence until he left to Sedona in 1996.

I saw him last when he came to Los Angeles to have his teeth done. We have satsang at a different place, at the end he came to me touch my heart with his finger and said- I will never leave you- I knew I will never see his body again. The picture included is from that day, he was very proud of his new teeth.

