

These pages are excerpted with permission from the eBook, Real Enlightenment and the Energy Body: Kundalini Kindling in OKC/ Zen in Dallas/ Tao in Texas/ Advaita California Style/ The Gnani Robert Adams by Kym Chaffin, a student who corresponded with Robert Adams and met with him in the early 1990's.

The book outlines Kym Chaffin's life, spiritual quest and experiences with different teachers and teachings.

These chapters comprise Kym's memories of Robert and the effects of their relationship on his spiritual understanding.

The full book is currently available for about \$1 USD at this URL:

<https://www.amazon.ca/Real-Enlightenment-Energy-Body-California-ebook/dp/B07QZDT8QS#customerReviews>

## The Lion's Mouth

While I was at Joshua Tree, walking with a friend I'd made there, I wished out loud we could find someone like Ramana Maharshi.

He stopped and said, "There is someone like that. He's a direct disciple of Ramana who they say is a jnani himself. He's an American who lives in L.A. but doesn't want publicity. He only accepts people who come to him by word of mouth. He has Parkinson's disease but sits by the phone all day taking calls from anyone who wants to talk to him. He never charges money but may take donations. I have his phone number if you want it."

Little did I know, I was about to finally meet a real enlightened being with all that goes with that. This was no poser or partially-enlightened member of the intelligentsia. This was the *Real Thing*.

I'd been swimming so long that I'd finally managed to paddle myself into the deep end of the pool, I just didn't know it yet.

Ramana Maharshi once said, after you get involved with a real Jnani, there's no escape, you are destined for enlightenment. "Your head," he said, "is in the lion's mouth."

Little did I dream the lion was silently approaching.

"Here's the phone number," the guy said handing me a tiny slip of white paper. "His name is Robert Adams."

On such chance meetings does our destiny change in ways beyond all comprehension.

## Ramana Maharshi's Backstory

So, I left Ramesh Balsekar's retreat with the phone number of a direct disciple of Ramana Maharshi's named Robert Adams tucked into my billfold.

I only knew he was said to be enlightened, didn't charge money, had Parkinson's disease and spent each day sitting by the phone taking calls from all over the world from anyone who called.

To understand Robert Adams, you have to understand his teacher, Ramana Maharshi. (This is brief.)

The boy who later became known as Ramana Maharshi was born in 1880. A normal school boy, he was home one day at age sixteen when he was suddenly gripped by an overwhelming fear of death.

Lying down on the floor, he pretended to die.

When he did this, his consciousness retracted from his senses into his "spiritual heart" and he saw that he was not body or mind, but in reality, the consciousness that lies beneath the entire universe.

The universe itself, he realized, is not ultimately real but only exists because of this substratum of consciousness. And that baseline awareness existed independently before the universe came into being and would still exist, unharmed, after its demise.

After that, he no longer identified with his body or mind and that proved to be permanent. From then on, going to school and leading a normal life proved intolerable.

As these stories often go, it gets stranger.

For some reason, he always had the notion that there was a heavenly realm beyond the material world called Arunachala. Then, one day, he was shocked to learn there really was a place called Arunachala, but it wasn't a heavenly realm after all, but a place in the real world. It was a hill in South India said to be a kind of holy place where Shiva (the god) resides.

In India there are places that are powerful energy centers and Arunachala is one of them.

The boy immediately left home and set out for Arunachala.

His enlightenment seems baffling and mysterious but years later, I read something relevant. Even before his enlightenment, Ramana apparently had the natural ability to go into the twilight (hypnagogic) state between waking and sleeping and hang-out there for hours.

This sounds surprisingly like a modern-day practice called "Yoga Nidra".

It's a method for learning to sleep consciously. And, while the practice of Yoga Nidra was codified, structured, and named in the 20<sup>th</sup> century by a yogi named Swami Satyananda, yogis have been experimenting with conscious sleep for hundreds of years. Based on what we know of Ramana's youth, Yoga Nidra sounds promising.

I also thought the following bit of conversation with Ramana Maharshi worth sharing.

Questioner: "Such consciousness [Ramana's enlightenment] could be found by seeking the consciousness as it was in sleep? Should I remain as if in sleep and be watchful at the same time?"

Ramana: "Yes. Watchfulness is the waking state. Therefore, the state will not [really] be one of sleep. [But] If you go the way of your thoughts, you will be carried away by them and you will find yourself in an endless maze."

So, it seems he's saying to sleep consciously.

Even stranger, as a boy Ramana slept so soundly that, as a prank, other school boys could pick him up, carry him somewhere, put him down, and he not would wake up till later, bewildered to find himself in a strange place.

Another interesting thing was Ramana's description of the "Spiritual Heart."

He said at night, during sleep, the mind submerges into the heart and you become unconscious. The following morning, when you wake up, the mind emerges from the heart and goes back up into the brain and you become aware of the outer world.

He said that when, in deep sleep, your mind is in the heart and you are unconscious, *you are also one with the highest reality*. But its unconscious. The highest reality is not far away, we go into it every night, but with only a trace of awareness.

Enlightenment, he said, is when the mind sinks into the heart *without losing consciousness* and you re-identify with your true Self--the consciousness that lies beneath everything.

### Spiritual Heart is not the Heart Chakra?

Oddly, he didn't identify this "spiritual heart" with the "heart chakra." He said the true spiritual heart lies a few inches to the right of the physical heart.

On the internet, someone speculated that his insistence that the real spiritual heart lay on the right side of the chest may indicate he had a brain anomaly.

Obviously, I don't know but that's interesting.

Someone else claimed he said it was on the right side of the chest so people wouldn't concentrate on the physical heart because it might interfere with its functioning.

I never read or heard Robert Adams say anything like that.

Anyway, after enlightenment, Ramana traveled to Arunachala and lived there under a cliff wearing only a loin cloth and eating whatever nearby villagers brought him. At the same time, he emitted a powerful force, (probably some version of prana-chi), that profoundly affected all who came close. Soon, a group had gathered around him. They began having glimpses of enlightenment just from proximity to Ramana. People who use someone like Ramana to facilitate their own enlightenment are called, "devotees."

In that era, while Ramana was still living in the open air under a cliff, a British army officer hiked up there to see what the fuss was about and sat near him for a few hours. When he climbed back down, he said, "All I can tell you is he's not his body. His body is just an appendage and the power of God flows through him."

This had been communicated in total silence. Ramana said his real teachings were the silent force he exuded. He only gave spoken teachings to those who couldn't grasp the silent ones.

## Self-Enquiry (Sanskrit—Atma Vichara).

His primary spoken teaching was called, “Self-Enquiry.” (“Atma Vichara” in Sanskrit). Like the Buddhist idea of no-self, Self-Enquiry or Atma Vichara directs you to constantly search for this solid entity you assume yourself to be.

“I don’t get what he means by that?”

Turn your awareness inside and try to find the person who doesn’t get it.

When you turn inside, you find thoughts coming and going but, as you watch, they slow down, maybe even stop. If they do stop, rest in that and cognize who it is that’s watching.

Who is it that thinks this practice is going pretty well or not?

This tends to break down the notion that you’re a solid entity, a notion put together through time, thought and memory. Atma Vichara delivers you back into a state of just being. It may not last long--to just be--but they say it’s a place from where real enlightenment, (or awakening), can happen.

It’s understandable that you would assume yourself to be a solid, permanent identity.

After all, Mom, Dad, school teachers, and everyone else treated you as a static, unchanging entity and demanded that “you” be responsible for yourself. It’s only much later that you began to long for freedom and wanted to untie all the knots. Maybe Ramesh was right and evolution evolves a few people who must search for ultimate truth, like prospectors panning for gold.

I think, in our culture, it’s also absolutely necessary to understand that this is not some kind of perfect atheism, they’re not saying you’re just nothing and that, after your body is dead, nothing in your mind or body continues. That is definitely *not* what they’re saying. Anybody who tells you that has completely misunderstood. You are not nothing. You’re a kind of something, but a something that exists in a category of one and can’t be compared to anything else.

Because what you really are was here before the Universe and will be here after the Universe is over, there’s nothing outside to compare to you.

## The Paradox of Now

Have you ever considered that--if time exists infinitely into the past without end, and time also exists infinitely into the future without end—then *the odds against us being alive Just Now are astronomically insurmountable?*

But here we are.

Look, the likelihood that we would be alive Just Now, at this particular moment—instead of at literally an infinite number of other possible moments—is preposterously small...but here we are, smack in middle of Just Now.

How can this be?

If the odds are so against us being here, now, as to make it insurmountably unlikely, how can it be that we *are* here now?

*Could it be that part of us is always here now?*

And maybe that's the part of us that can't accept death as real. Well, death isn't real. But the funny part is, Robert Adams told me neither was birth.

Traditional Advaita says, "You weren't born. You just think you were. You were always here and at some point-in-time a body appeared in front of you and you identified with it. Later it will go away, but you'll still be here."

But I'm getting ahead of myself.

If you want to read more about the life of Ramana Maharshi there are a number of good books available, one by David Godman, "Be as You Are: The Teachings of Ramana Maharshi." I would also recommend a DVD called, "Arunachala Shiva" available, as of this writing, on a website called "arunachalashiva.org".

### Robert Adams Early Life

Robert Adams' life was as unusual as Ramana's.

He was born on January 21, 1928, in the Bronx, New York. His mother was Jewish and his father Catholic. Later he paraphrased comedian Bill Maher and joked that, being half Jewish but raised Catholic, he always took a lawyer to Catholic confession.

Apparently, even as a youth, he questioned authority.

He watched his mother kill chickens one Sunday for dinner and was horrified by the process. As a result, he quit eating meat but was still deeply troubled by the cruelty and brutality of the world.

Then, when he was eleven, it occurred to him that the world wasn't real but an illusion. This was a forefeeling of his enlightenment which was only three years away.

At about the same age, he developed a siddhi—a beyond ordinary human ability that yogic theory theorizes is the result of intense spiritual disciplines done in a previous life. The power he developed was that if there was anything he needed or wanted, all he had to do was say the name "God" three times and, within a few hours, it would come to him.

Once it occurred to him that it would be fun to take violin lessons but he had no violin, so he said, "God, God, God," and within a few hours his uncle brought him a violin.

Robert said he felt as if the entire world was his.

(Ironically, the famous Yogananda also developed a siddhi at this age; he could have anyone put their hand, palm-flat, against a wall and he would concentrate on it. Then they would be unable to take their hand down until he willed it. It's ironic because Robert later crossed paths with Yogananda). [The story of Yogananda's siddhi is from, "Paramahansa Yogananda: Life Portrait and Reminiscences by Sri Sailendra Bejoy Dasgupta."]

### Robert Adams was Born with a Siddhi

Robert's siddhi, saying "God, God, God," worked on tests, too.

Supposedly, there are psychics, like Edgar Cayce who can sleep with their text books under their pillow and, the next day, know everything in the book.

For Robert, it was even easier. While taking a test at school, all he had to do was think, "God, God, God" and the answer would appear in his mind.

Then, one afternoon during an algebra test, something totally unexpected happened.

He dutifully read the test question, then thought: "God, God, God."

But, instead of receiving the answer, his consciousness began expanding, beyond his body, beyond the classroom, beyond the school building, the neighborhood, North America, planet earth, the solar system, the galaxy, the Universe... beyond it all.

He experienced complete enlightenment revealing life, death, what was completely real and how much of it was totally illusion.

When he regained normal awareness, the classroom was empty, the test was over, and his teacher was gently shaking him back to bodily consciousness.

This happened in 1942.

After that, he withdrew, no longer involved with school or friends. He didn't want to eat, either. Alarmed, his mother sent him to a psychiatrist who said it was a phase he would outgrow.

## Robert Adams' Early Connections

Robert had no cultural context to explain what had happened to him. But somehow, he intuitively knew that Eastern spirituality held the key, so he began exploring.

The first really helpful person he found was early twentieth century spiritual teacher, Joel Goldsmith. He began riding the bus into New York City to see Goldsmith. At some point, he got to tell him about his experience. Goldsmith knew Yogananda, so he suggested that's where Robert should go.

During this same period, at the public library, he found two important books: "Autobiography of a Yogi" by Swami Yogananda. And, more importantly, "A Search in Secret India," by Paul Brunton.

Paul Brunton was the pen name of a British journalist named Raphael Hurst who went to India seeking enlightenment. The culmination of his search was finding Ramana Maharshi and staying in his ashram on Arunachala. Finding that book was important because Ramana Maharshi later played a huge role in the life of Robert Adams.

Initially, though, Yogananda had a huge advantage over Ramana because he was actually in the United States. So, at age sixteen, Robert set out for California to find him.

I read once that a young American came to Yogananda who had a siddhi. Yogananda told him, "You already have a conscious connection to God."

Now, I believe that was Robert Adams. How many young guys like that can there be? (Although, I admit, it's an amazing world.)

Robert stayed with Yogananda long enough to be initiated as a Swami. At the ceremony, Yogananda whispered to him, "Will you always love me no matter what I do?"

Robert's response was thoroughly American. Instantly, he thought, "What is this guy planning to do?" But his outward response was, "Of course!"

## Yankee Iconoclast

Robert's Yankee iconoclasm was strengthened by his enlightenment. He was disturbed that he knew much of what Yogananda taught-- mantras, affirmations, visualizations--couldn't lead to enlightenment. So, he questioned their value.

As an inherently honest person, he naively marched forward asking questions he assumed Yogananda found helpful.

It made Yogananda angry.

In 1993, I asked Robert what Yogananda was like and he said, "He was loud when I knew him."

I was surprised. His public image was totally different.

Robert added, "Well, he was a middle-aged man trying to run this big organization with young boys, so he yelled a lot."

Robert told me, "When Yogananda was in India, he went to see Ramana. He was told that if he would give up traveling around and starting all these organizations and just stay there, he could experience real awakening. But he wouldn't do it."

"Maybe he was too invested in what he'd already done," I said.

"There are people who get into this third-eye business and literally waste centuries," Robert added.

Yogananda would not allow Robert Adams to stay with him.

"I was a trouble-maker" Robert laughed. "I asked too many questions."

I thought, and still believe, it's important for Westerners to question these ancient traditions deeply. Too much blind reverence for the past results in truth being handed down along with a lot of cultural stuff we don't need.

Robert laughed and added, "Yogananda couldn't wait to get rid of me!"

Years later, a close disciple of Robert's, Ed Muzika, just laughed and said, "I think Yogananda's reaction to Robert was, 'I've done pretty well with this, I don't need your input.'"

I'm in no way denigrating Yogananda. He was an interesting and important person in Twentieth Century spirituality in North America. If two people don't hit it off, it doesn't have to mean something bad about either one, it's just the way life is.

### A Projection of the Mind

Once Robert said, “Awakening is like the cartoon where the light bulb goes on above your head. Suddenly, you see the truth and you wonder why it took so long.”

Another time he said, “First came the realization that the body was just a projection of the mind.”

Advaita says the body is in you, you aren't in the body.

Maybe, if he was identified with the subtlest level of consciousness, then like the army officer who spent an afternoon with Ramana, he no longer felt he was the body but experienced it as an appendage.

But that was just the beginning.

He continued, “Next came the realization that the whole universe was like the body--just a projection of the mind. Then bondage began to seriously break up.”

Your perception of the world is through the bodily senses--the body which really is in you—but you are independent of body and world. You were here before the body-world, and you'll be here after.

Yogananda knew Robert's enlightenment was real.

He told him there was someone else who'd experienced spontaneous awakening as a boy and that was who he should go to. His name was Ramana Maharshi.

## Early Visions

Robert already knew about Ramana.

In fact, once when he was a baby, he'd had a visionary experience of Ramana. He'd seen him as a homunculus--a perfectly proportioned tiny person--(there's actually a Sanskrit word for this weird phenomenon, but I couldn't locate it.)

Later, in the New York City library, when he saw Ramana's picture in Paul Brunton's book, he felt a frisson of awe climb up the back of his neck. Instantly, he recognized Ramana from his childhood visions.

But somehow, it never occurred to him to go to Ramana in India.

I can understand that.

America is a vast place and, if you're from here, you're certain you can find anything between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. It must be here somewhere. Leaving the country, especially in the 1940's, seemed like a wildly out-of-the-box thing to do. Also, in those days, flying to India cost a fortune.

## Meeting Ramana

So, apparently Yogananda's advice was the push he needed. In the meantime, he experienced a tragedy. His mother died but left him enough money for the trip. Everything fell into place. A door closed, a door opened. The universe extended an airline ticket and a destination.

So, off he went.

In those days, planes were slow, propeller-driven snails. It took forever to get to India. Finally arriving, he took a train to the town of Tiruvannamalai, very near Arunachala and Ramana's ashram. From the train station, he hired a bullock cart.

He was almost there.

By then, he was in the grip of powerful devotion. Approaching the ashram, he saw Ramana walking towards him so he took off all of his clothes and prostrated on the ground in a symbolic gesture of leaving it all behind. Ramana reached down and helped him up.

Ramana asked some questions, for example: are the buildings in New York City as tall as they say?

Robert was physically and mentally drained from the trip.

Later, in a talk to some devotees, he said at that first meeting Ramana took him by the hand and led him to a room where he could stay. In the room, he almost fainted from exhaustion. Many hours later, he awakened to a gentle tapping at the door. It was Ramana himself bringing him a meal on a banana leaf in the traditional manner. Ramana then sat down, like a good dad, and made sure he ate it all.

That's understandable, Robert was barely twenty years old.

He stayed in Ramana Maharshi's ashram for slightly over three years, even remaining on for another year after Ramana died from cancer.

During cancer treatments, Ramana seemed somewhat impervious to pain. He had skin cancer and they cut pieces of his arm away without anesthetic and all he said was, "I feel some pulling."

When it became clear he was going to die and all the devotees were crying, Ramana said, "Some people put too much importance on having or not having a physical body."

### Getting Robert Adams on the Phone

I knew none of this the first time I dialed Robert's phone number.

I'd just returned from Joshua Tree, California with the piece of paper my friend had given me. I dialed the number and waited.

A voice answered.

He was from New York City and then about sixty. He sounded a little like Marlon Brando in the movie, "The Godfather."

Of course, he wasn't Marlon Brando. He was really a fully-enlightened Jnani who wanted nothing from this world but to have loving relationships with the people who came to him. Why would an enlightened person want that?

If you'll allow me to repeat, it's because love is built into the ground floor of the universe. It's the way the Divine relates to itself.

That's why everybody wants it.

Even people stuck in primitive mind-states, who still want adulation and admiration, really want love, they just aren't mature enough to know it. It's fundamental to who we are. That's why everyone from Buddha and Jesus Christ to Neem Karoli Baba talks about it. Whether you call it devotion, friendship or just hero-worship, love is the coin of the realm.

I told Robert who I was, that I was calling from Dallas.

But he had Parkinson's disease and kept dropping the phone. Later, I learned he could take medicine that would briefly make his symptoms disappear. How much control he had over his body depended on when he'd taken the medicine.

I had a question for him, something that really bothered me.

Recently, an oral surgeon had taken out my wisdom teeth. For the operation, they knocked me out and, between the anesthetic and waking up, there was nothing.

They said: "Kym, count backwards starting at one hundred."

I said: "One hundred, ninety-nine, ninety-eight--"

They said: "Kym, wake up!"

Anesthetic, Ka-pow, wake up.

In between, I didn't exist!

How can any part of me be eternal if a syringe of medicine can erase me?

Robert listened to this and said, "Yes, but my question back to you is who was there to witness the fact of no-time?"

Huh?

Duh?

Say what?

"I dunno'," I said.

"Write me a letter and tell me all about it," he said.

We hung up.

Was this the brush off? Or was he just aware that his Parkinson's was too much right then? I didn't know but--and this was unusual for me back then--I wasn't annoyed.

Then it happened. A weird feeling crept over me. “He’s real,” I thought. “He’s the real thing.”

I knew it.

I knew it with total certainty.

It was no big deal, no wave of bliss or anything, just knowing.

I wrote him a letter and he sent me back a pre-printed page explaining how to practice “Atma Vichara.” In English that means, “Self-Enquiry.” A better description might be, “Searching for a Self.”

Strangely, the lack of personal attention didn’t disenchant me. I knew he was an enlightened person, a “Jnani,” but I had things to do.

“There is no teaching higher than silence.”  
Robert Adams

A year came and went: sun, rain, wind, snow.

My wife and I moved back to Oklahoma for another promotion and she began managing a local office. We wanted a child.

All this moving made sense logically, it’s what people do in North America, but this last transfer began the loneliest period of my life. There was really nothing in Oklahoma for me. And my wife was always gone, absorbed in work.

I planned to write paperback books, so-called pot-boilers.

Really completely alone now, I was on my own resources. I wasn’t a happy person. I tried to adjust to what there was to adjust to, which was nothing.

However, talking to Robert Adams had given me an uncanny feeling.

Remember that old conundrum, “If a tree falls in the forest and no one is there to hear it, does it make a sound?”

Only, in this case, it would be--if Robert Adams is alone in a room is there any individual there? He felt like he was ninety-nine per cent silence, and that the silence only manifested a “person” when needed.

*There is no teaching higher than silence.*

It’s as if when you talk to someone, you unconsciously send out a sonar ping that bounces back to you reassuringly; ping-pong, ping-pong.

Only with Robert Adams my sonar ping didn’t bounce back, just disappeared into infinity: piiiinnnnng-- Then silence. No pong.

I was intrigued but baffled.

We rented a house in an extremely conservative university town, a house I swear to God had no insulation. Insulation is something you take for granted until you don’t have it, like shoes that fit.

The owner was a retired NFL player, a big, hulking bear that, years later, I was shocked to learn was a year *younger* than me—he looked at least ten years *older*. People then didn’t realize what American football does to the players.

That winter, when the heat clicked off, I could feel four walls of cold instantly press back in from all sides. All winter our cat-- a striped tabby named Burt--huddled with me under a blanket.

Finally, spring arrived in Oklahoma as it always does, like the SWAT team battering down your door.

Life meandered onward like a winding river.

## Living Simply

First thing every morning, I did Mantak Chia's energy practices, including Iron Shirt Chi Gong, followed by the Calm Abiding meditation I learned from Tenzin Wangyal, Rinpoche.

Months earlier, I'd attended a retreat with him at a place called Katy Ranch, Texas. I mentioned how doing zazen, I evolved into anchoring my vision to a spot on the floor. Tenzin Wangyal gave me a fantastic refinement.

He handed out little round pieces of paper with a target right in the center.

You put the target on a wooden stick a few inches from your nose, sit on a cushion and stare at it, drill a hole through it with your gaze.

Start off with five-minute intervals, he said, then gradually work up to three hours. This seemed like the new, improved Zen 2.0

It took the staring strategy and gave something great to stare at.

Tenzin Wangyal said using this, you could actually defeat the mind and be free from unwanted thoughts. In a few weeks, I was up to an hour and a half.

I did this practice all through the period with Robert Adams.

Tenzin Wangyal mentioned something else relevant—he said there are energy channels, (“wisdom channels” he called them), that connect the eyes to the heart.

The heart again.

The heart.

4-24

### Feeling Fantastique

Energy channels open, mind focused, I felt not just good but the best I'd ever felt in my adult life. It's a by-product of the Taoist energy practices, (at least Chia's), that you feel fantastique. I continued trying to write thrillers.

### Meanwhile, A Year Later

One relaxed afternoon, puttering around, I thought, “I wonder what the enlightened guy is doing today?” I decided to give him a call.

He answered right away.

I reminded him who I was and that I’d called him a year earlier.

“You called me?” he asked. No dropping the phone today. He didn’t sound like he had Parkinson’s any more than I did.

“Yeah, then I wrote you,” I said.

He seemed surprised. “Why didn’t you call me back?”

This time he seemed genuinely interested in me. I assumed my persistence snagged his attention.

So, why hadn’t I called him back?

“I suppose cause I’m so far away,” I said. “I’m in Oklahoma.”

“It won’t make any difference,” he said, “the guru’s grace transcends space and time.”

He then told me I should write his secretary and, for some unbelievably minimal fee, once a month I’d receive transcripts of his talks. His “secretary”, a volunteer, was a sweet little old lady who could play “granny” in any movie. I got to know all these people over the next few years, though not well, since I lived in Oklahoma and they were in LA.

Various students transcribed his talks, as I remember, and simple photocopies were mailed out. Usually, they’d send several a month.

During that phone call, he told me something important. “Listen,” he said, “to become a doctor or lawyer there are certain things you must do. Becoming a gnani is no different, there are certain things you must do.”

I don’t know if you’re familiar with, “neo-advaita,” the idea that if you get it straight intellectually, you’re already there—that any attempts at self-discipline, or to practice anything, will strengthen the ego, (like Ramesh Balsekar and his “nothing you can do” schtick).

Robert Adams wasn’t teaching that.

I think neo-advaita is just a well-meaning but useless modern aberration. The problem with neo-advaita is it’s just conceptual and gives rise to a kind of enlightenment that is also just conceptual, (“I can imagine being enlightened, therefore, I must be”).

Real enlightenment has a strong bodily component. It affects your energy body.

For example, in the book “No Mind, I Am the Self” by David Godman, one of Ramana Maharshi’s disciples, Sri Lakshmana Swamy, describes his enlightenment. He mentions that the day after it happened, his legs were still shaking and he had trouble getting around. [Published by Sri Lakshmana Ashram, 1986].

Similarly, the person I know of who became enlightened through Robert Adams, Ed Muzika, said it stressed his body.

## Robert Adams Shunned Publicity

Robert taught in the style of Ramana Maharshi, the central teaching being “Self-enquiry,” which persistently directs you back to search for this solid entity you take yourself to be.

Who is reading these words? Look and find that person.

His talks had a quality of mellowness and being filled with light. Sometimes he took questions and he seemed authoritative but also possessed a clearly discernible sense of...well...fun...a sense of humor.

Once he asked if there were any questions. Someone finally raised their hand and he said, “Good...I was worried there for a second. I could be home watching, “Tales from the Crypt.” (An exceedingly melodramatic horror TV show from the early nineties.)

But clearly, he was on a different wave-length than us. Once he mentioned his family was away for the weekend so he sat down in front of a picture of Ramana and lit a stick of incense. The next time he looked at his watch, several hours had passed.

Apparently, his consciousness was constantly trying to dial outward into omnipresence.

I heard stories from people near him about his behavior. He would spend hours staring out a window into his backyard, barely blinking.

His children were grown, as he told me when I was with him. He and his wife owned a small dog they loved. Every day he would take the dog to a nearby park and walk it. Afterwards, he would sit on a park bench. Sitting there, he became acquainted with a guy who was fascinated by his life story. Robert had spent 16 years in India, all told, sometimes living in caves and being fed by villagers in the traditional manner.

The guy he met on the park bench was a “producer” from a nationwide talk show done in LA. He wanted Robert to come on the air, a prospect most spiritual leaders would jump at.

Robert said, “Why would I want to do that?”

“To spread your teaching. You could reach millions of people.”

“Millions of people aren’t ready for this, only a few are.”

He rejected all publicity. He wasn’t trying to reach the masses. There definitely were people who followed him. He always referred to them as “devotees,” a traditional Indian notion.

Why am I telling this when I said we shouldn’t have gurus in the West? I said we should have teachers, not gurus. By gurus, I specifically mean the notion that any human being is infallible in all they say and do, that they should be given carte blanche.

One helpful thing, I later heard from the Tibetan tradition, was that even after enlightenment, the “relative mind” stays intact and keeps functioning. In other words, even after the understanding has dawned, you are still just a person and fallible.

Robert Adams, and his teacher Ramana Maharshi, were unique in being so sweet-natured. Many others aren’t. Robert Adams knew Nisargadatta, “Maharaj,” whom he considered authentic. But he would admit that Nisargadatta was “extremely rude” as a person. If you are a grump who attains awakening, you will likely be an enlightened grump.

As you will see, someone who’s had that kind of breakthrough can be hugely helpful, but they have to know who you are. You must have a real relationship with them. They must hold you in their mind at least occasionally.



### He Didn't Act Like a Guru

I sometimes speak out against gurus because, while Robert functioned as one, he didn't act like one—he didn't tell me what to do, what to wear, lay down rigid rules.

I'm not against teachers at all—they can help. I'm against the concept of "Guru" and all it entails for the West. No teacher in the West should ever be considered infallible or expect you to grovel at their feet or require total devotion.

If someone begins trying to degrade you, becomes ridiculously unreasonable, if they think they have the right to punish you, demand sex, or do anything you wouldn't tolerate from a friend, then leave and don't look back. You now know how to cultivate your energy. You know how to meditate and unify your mind. All these people really do is help remove obstacles to realizing what you already are. Since you already are that, there's no need to degrade yourself or let anyone else degrade you. It's already there! *You couldn't lose your basic indestructability if you wanted to!*

So, just move on if need be.

It's already in the bank.

If all else fails, practice Soto Zen. At least you'll have tranquility.

“It Keeps Me Human.”

The usual way you get connected with one of these evolved people is through love. Robert Adams told Ed Muzika, a close disciple of his, that he liked to have loving relationships with devotees because, “It keeps me human.” Apparently, after enlightenment, you can seriously start drifting away from your human identity.

But how can I “love” a stranger? It needn’t start in such a sappy way. What I always felt toward these guys (or ladies) was admiration. When I was in the fourth-grade I carried a baseball bat around and idolized Mickey Mantle (a famous baseball player from Oklahoma). When I was a man, I felt that way about some spiritually developed people.

In their view of things, that kind of admiration is devotion, pure and simple. You say, “I really admire what you’ve done with your life.”

They say, “I love you back.” It’s all the same thing.

## A Gentle Fog of Knowingness

I got involved slowly.

First, I talked to him on the phone and a strange feeling crept over me, like a summer fog. I knew he was real. Then I began receiving and reading the talks he gave at “Satsang,” a Sanskrit word for a gathering that means “association with truth.”

Life continued.

As I said, we’d moved to northern Oklahoma, a place I found crushingly boring and lonely. I received his talks and read them. A year passed.

After reading Robert’s talks for a year, something strange happened. It began with a visit from my only living uncle, whom I barely knew. He didn’t come to my house but to the home of my brother, who lived two hours away.

My wife and I were driving there to see him and, for the first time, I noticed something odd—a feeling right in the middle of my chest like a pressure, an aching, a feeling of fullness. And though it ached, it was blissful.

With that blissful ache came the strange knowledge that this odd physical sensation had something to do with Robert Adams.

I didn’t mention it to my wife as we drove.

My uncle was the last surviving brother of my deceased dad. Often these stories of spiritual matters are completely weird and this is one of them. Weird because this uncle, whom I’d never met as an adult, lived in Canoga Park, California, only ten minutes from the front door of Robert Adams!

We arrived and the whole event went kaput because my mother arrived uninvited and, as it turned out, my Uncle was extremely angry with her for something she did, (get this), forty-four years earlier, in 1948, (it was now 1992). He was still angry forty years later. Ah, yes, only in my family.

And it was all because of something my mother swore was merely a misunderstanding, a misperception...from forty-four years earlier. America forgave Japan for Pearl Harbor since then but my uncle couldn’t forgive this.

(Later, when I did go to Canoga Park and hung out with Robert, I told him about this and he found it hilarious.)

As I said, my mother assured me the whole thing wasn’t even real but was just a misperception on my uncle’s part, which added the final little touch of the ridiculous to the proceedings. Consider, though, this is what the human mind can be like if not tended carefully--clinging, easily wounded and angry.

The whole human condition is either sad or funny, depending on how hard you squint when you look at it.

My interpretation of this weird coincidence--having my long-lost uncle show up out of the blue who was Robert’s neighbor--was that the universe was trying to give me a place to stay when I went to see him.

That night, back home, reading one of his talks, someone actually brought up these intense crimping feelings in the chest, the blissful aching and chi pressure I had first noticed that very day.

The questioner said she was having them "...and sometimes," she said, "it just aches."

There's a technical explanation for this but the short answer is, it's caused by "the guru's grace." You'll remember Robert told me, "The guru's grace transcends space and time."

Little did I dream, it was a semi-physical force that reaches out to the receptive.

The more technical explanation for this phenomenon is this.

As already mentioned, Ramana Maharshi said the highest truth, which in Advaita Vedanta is called, "The Self," resides in the heart. At night, in dreamless sleep, your consciousness sinks into the heart where it experiences maximum happiness. Only later, when you're awake, you don't really remember it.

The following morning, your personal consciousness, which Sri Ramana called the "I-thought," comes out of the heart and rises into the brain where it peers out through the senses and sees the world.

The "Guru's grace" starts to pull the "I-thought" back into the heart while you are awake, hence the aching in the heart. Eventually, the culmination of this process is when the I-thought sinks into the heart--while you're awake-- and enlightenment takes place.

You finally realize what you really are--not a body, not a mind, but the awareness that transcends all.

Once Robert Adams asked Ramana Maharshi, "What is the best way, the easiest way, to practice Self-Inquiry?"

Ramana told him, "To always be aware consciously, in all situations, of the I-Am. *No matter where you are or what you're doing—be aware of the I-Am in your heart.*"

Yes, be aware of the I-Am feeling-- the feeling of pure existence--in your heart.

I had stumbled into a relationship with this lineage and they were showing me, first-hand, the feeling of I-Am.

This is the function of a "Guru" in this tradition.

Then why did I say we can't have gurus in the West?

Robert Adams acted more like a friend to me than even a teacher.

He never wanted to be a guru. My understanding is that wherever he lived throughout his life, people spontaneously gravitated into his orbit and the whole scene that often surrounds someone who is a "Great Soul" would start-up.

He had no ego.

If you meet someone like that, who basically asks nothing inappropriate of you, has no ego, and can help you, then of course you should take the help that's offered. You'd be a fool not to.

My problem with the whole myth around the Eastern idea of a guru is that they are infallible, that they always know everything about everything, that you should worship them uncritically and they should never be questioned.

Even someone as great as Robert Adams, (and if you keep reading this, you'll see how mind-bendingly great he was), was not infallible. He once said that he thought people studied things like nutrition and health-care too much, that you could just go open the fridge and your intuition would tell you what to put in your body.

I didn't buy that at all.

So even though, in my lifetime, meeting him was the greatest single event, I didn't accept everything he said uncritically. And if the teacher is real, they won't care.

Unfortunately, most gurus are fake. And, IMHO, all who practice “crazy wisdom” are frauds. That’s just my opinion and naturally, you are free to make your own mistakes.

I remember Cameron Eastman who told me so long ago, with that southern twang, “You can’t get so high that you can’t fall.”

### Tantric Buddhism and the Spiritual Heart

The notion that your mind recedes into your heart has an interesting tie-in with something already discussed. Remember the Tibetan “POWHA” in Albuquerque taught by a Lama named Ole Nydahl?

The energy channel we opened connected the heart and the top of the head.

Tantric Buddhists say when you die, your mind recedes into your heart, stays there a while, then exits through one of the energy channels of the body. So, they open the path from the heart to head because they believe, if you exit that way, you’ll stay more aware and have less confusion.

So, they, too, say the mind recedes into the heart--whether they believe it does that every night when you sleep, I don’t know.

## Testing the Taoist Formulas

Life went on.

My wife got pregnant.

I wanted a child for the simple reason that my mother told me to do it. “A child will give you more real happiness than anything else could,” she said.

So, here I was, back in Oklahoma, a place I never dreamed of ending up. I thought I’d made a horrible mistake by returning. Robert Adams was the one thing in my life that seemed right. Is misery good for spiritual practice? Maybe.

Time passed.

We were pregnant. The baby grew inside my wife.

At one point, her job sent her back to Dallas for five days and she invited me to tag along and stay with her in the hotel. Returning to Dallas, a place I loved more than any other, was bitter-sweet. Like Moses, I could see the Promised Land but could not enter.

Our first night there, I drove North to see the Rudra teacher.

No one was in class that night but the teacher, his wife and me. Afterwards, he mentioned he needed help building a small roof on their sprawling property.

“Sure, I’ll come,” I said. I always admired him and knowing him was an asset. Besides, he was funny, which made him easy to hang-out with.

I showed up the following morning.

It turned out he was an expert carpenter. He laid the lumber out on their parking lot then tutored me on how to use a nail gun, which was a mind-boggling improvement over a hammer. We worked on the roof for two or three days. My reward was four full Rudra classes with only me and him, eye-to-eye.

I got an elephant-sized dose of prana-chi.

During one session, the world fell away and we floated in a blue void. Afterwards, he said, “That’s the first time you and I got cosmic together.”

After the final class, I drove back to my wife in the hotel room.

After all that one-on-one Rudra, I had more heat coursing through my body than ever before. As an experiment, I sat down and did Mantak Chia’s “Lesser Kan and Li” meditation—a “formula,” where you mix two different kinds of energy in the “cauldron” and, theoretically, a third kind of chi emerges.

“Kan and Li” is classified as a “water” practice, so the new energy should be noticeably different than the fire-energy I was feeling when I sat down.

My thought was if all prana-chi is truly the same—as some say—the new energy should all feel the same, homogenous, uniform. And though Lesser Kan and Li is a “water” practice, more heat should come from the cauldron.

But, if there really is some validity to saying one type of chi is “Water” and another is “Fire,” then what comes out should feel clearly different.

To my genuine surprise, what came from the cauldron was an undeniably different energy which, for lack of a better comparison, felt like lotion.

So, maybe the Taoist idea of mixing different energies together inside the body using, “formulas” is valid. Based on one subjective experience, I can’t be certain, but when I tried this, it surprised me.

Wait, wait, you say, I seem to be practicing a lot of different pathways, simultaneously.

Yes, I was syncretic. I was eclectic.

I believe in the traditional Chinese approach of using whatever works for spiritual growth. I’m stuck out in the middle of the endless North American prairie and I use what I have, regardless of conceptual boundaries, or demarcation lines dreamed up by people a world away.

I don’t color between the lines.

This is called religious syncretism.

I call this eclectic spirituality.

And if you have a problem with that, come live out here and live for a while in the vacuous sky-dome of the spiritual badlands with me.

Lamaze Class

It didn't take me long to realize child-birth was going to be a medical emergency. A baby is huge and it's gotta' come out.

I began dreading the event.

One evening, during that time, we went to a Lamaze class in the basement of the local hospital to watch a film on childbirth with other first-time parents.

I don't know if you're familiar with the Hollywood heartthrob Warren Beatty. When he was young, I'm told, he was incredibly good looking and a notorious ladies' man in the movie business. Singer-songwriter Carly Simon wrote the song, "You're so Vain" about him.

Before the childbirth film started, a middle-aged female nurse got up and said, "Two weeks ago, in Los Angeles the actor Warren Beatty saw this movie and fainted. We certainly hope that doesn't happen here tonight." She mispronounced his name, "Beety."

I don't know if it's true, but that's what she said.

The movie rolled.

It showed, not just one child being born, but several, in unflinching graphic detail, up-close, blood gushing, babies squeezing out, mucous flipping off little heads as they popped free.

Watching it made me realize that all the millions of references to romance, all of the emphasis in our society on physical beauty, it's all nature's little confidence trick to get us to undertake this horrendous responsibility of having children and to lure us into the valley of the shadow of biological realities we would gladly avoid.

I didn't faint, but I never looked at sex the same way again. I could see why Warren Beatty, the Great Lover, might feel the sheet had been yanked down a little too soon and he'd seen something on the gurney he'd rather not know, (like the complete pointlessness of recreational sex, for example).

## Wringing Out the Heart Muscle

That tiny baby inside my wife kept getting bigger.

Ultra-sound technology is commonplace today but back then, I'd never heard of it. One day, we drove to a medical building where my wife laid down on a table. They smoothed gel onto her bare, pregnant stomach and took something like a computer mouse attached to a screen and scrolled it around on her. A ghostly form appeared on the screen amidst a blizzard of electronic snow—a shadowy baby faded into view.

The technician said, "It's a girl."

So far, the only thing I'd felt about this baby was dread, dread of the danger it posed to my sweet wife, dread because soon after childbirth, she'd return to work and I would assume its care.

I'd barely cared for myself much less a baby. So, here I was, living in a place I hated, feeling as alone as a man marooned in the Pacific, poised to shoulder the crushing weight of newborn baby-care.

I prayed for the strength to lift this additional weight.

After the ultra-sound, we went to a nearby theater for a matinee performance of "Annie," a play about a small depression-era orphan. A girl no more than eight, with a head of curly hair that encircled her head like a halo, played Annie.

At one point, in an angelic voice, she sang the most famous song from the play, "The sun will come out tomorrow, so you've got to hang on till tomorrow--"

Suddenly, I became aware of a most unexpected feeling-- a sensation like my heart was being wrung like a wet dish rag, squeezing out self-sacrificing love. It was the deepest love I'd ever felt. Suddenly, I knew finding strength to care for this baby would not be a problem. It had been there all along, hidden in a secret cave in my heart.

Thus, was I introduced to parental love.

The Only Two Things *Really* Worth Doing

That was literally the first time I'd ever felt it.

I don't think women are as clueless about this as men. I've talked to other guys-- my cousin Kurt, for one--who were genuinely shocked by the emotion having a child arouses. It's like your soul makes an agreement with their soul, a major emotional awakening. Abraham Lincoln, for example, (as I understand), was just kind of a cold, computer-like genius until he had a child. Only after parenthood did he deepen into the poignant poet of the Republic we remember.

Later, I told my wife, "Seeing that little girl I had these feelings I've never felt before--"

"Me, too," she agreed.

Now I tell people—there are only two things in life really worth doing, one is having a child and the other is traveling the spiritual pathway.

If you don't do one, you definitely want to do the other.

Ideally, you could do both.

## Life Initiations

In life, there are many different initiations.

Some are formal, like being zapped by the Sixteenth Karmapa.

Some informal, imbedded in the fabric of life. Often the informal ones are the most powerful.

For example, there's the initiation into the practice of energy yoga, which is what we're doing in this little book. That's a formal one.

Having a child and becoming a parent is a gargantuan informal one. Unless you're a real insensitive clod, becoming a parent makes you a deeper, more understanding, more compassionate person.

Becoming a parent, you see birth up-close. Every human you've ever known, or even heard of, came into the world a little lump of squalling humanity, knowing nothing, expected to learn enough in six short years to start school.

We can talk glibly of past lives, but even if those are real, they are at best impressions stored deep in your subconscious mind to which you have little access. Past lives aren't much good when your math teacher is standing over you waiting for an answer and every eye in the classroom is on you.

The human life is a hard life, which I'm sure you know very well if you've read this far.

First, you see your children born then, in a few years, you see your parents die.

After that, you've seen the whole show--birth and death—the beginning and the end--both of which are exceedingly hard—up close and personal, as we say in the USA.

## Just Don't Do A Warren Beatty

Having a baby in the 1990's was vastly different than when I was born in the early 1950's. Back then, the man waited in the "waiting room" until a nurse came and told him if it was a boy or a girl. Then he passed out cigars.

By the time our two children were born in the 1990's, I was actually in the delivery room wearing a cap and gown like a doctor. Our first child was born by Caesarian section.

So, there I was at the birth of our first child, in medical gear.

They slit my wife open and laid the flap of skin aside.

I wouldn't let myself look at the opening lest I pull a Warren Beatty, faint, do a header onto the floor, and require medical attention myself. (That would have been really helpful.)

They lifted the baby out.

What struck me first was that it was a *specific baby*.

Until then, it was abstract, a generalized baby. This was a specific child. They gently laid her on a table. In my cap and gown, I went over and carefully placed my giant finger in her tiny palm. Her eyes, I noticed, were looking in two different directions. Not much seemingly going on there yet--she wasn't seeing anything.

Three short years later this same child crawled up into my lap and asked me, "Before I was born, where was I?" At that moment, I was dumbstruck with awe. This tiny child had just asked me life's most important question.

That was in the future, though.

It appeared she was born without much self-awareness.

Maybe classical Advaita Vedanta was right and the whole thing hadn't really started yet. Maybe only later does consciousness identify with a body, which suddenly seems to appear in front of it.

### Trapped with Seven Pounds of Tiny Human

Six weeks after having the baby, my wife returned to work.

In those days, in North America, there was no guaranteed maternal leave granted by law. In our situation, how much time she could take for childbirth depended on how much “leave” she’d saved. And in the USA, if something isn’t guaranteed by law, it’s not going to happen. Ever.

We thought it would be better for our baby to be cared for by kin and I was elected through attrition.

In other words, there was no one else.

As I said, after leaving Dallas, I was extremely lonely and thrown totally onto my own emotional resources.

It might not have been such a bad thing for me spiritually.

As lonely and depressed as I often was, it removed outer distractions and I began a distance relationship with Robert Adams, a direct disciple of legendary Indian holy man, Ramana Maharshi, which proved to be the luckiest connection of my life.

He’d originally told me that the “Guru’s Grace” transcends space and time and after about a year with him, I began clearly feeling it--an energetic pressure in the center of my chest that was blissfully poignant. It was a force that knew no distance. It found you from within.

Becoming involved with Robert Adams was like meeting Neem Karoli Baba, the legendary holy man written about in the book, “Be Here Now.” Robert came across as the most unassuming of guys. To talk to him on the phone, to read his lectures, you would never dream he possessed the yogic powers called siddhis.

Even some of the people with him geographically may not have known, (I don’t know). Possibly, I was more the recipient of these abilities because I was so far away. Many years after he’d “died” his wife Nicole called me on the phone.

I told her, “You know, I think he had siddhis.”

She said, “Oh, he did!”

I’m getting ahead of the story.

“In Dzogchen it is considered that one of the best states in which to have important experiences is in the exhaustion of something... At the end of any experience there’s a place of recognition if the individual has the ability. We call it the place of exhaustion... In those moments of exhaustion, there can be powerful experiences.”

Tenzin Wangyal, Rinpoche  
Teachings on the A-Khrid

I began caring for our wee small baby girl.

Right away, I noticed something totally unexpected--when I was with her, I wasn’t lonely anymore. It genuinely surprised me. If you look into the eyes of a baby, no matter how tiny, there’s definitely someone there looking back.

My daughter’s eyes were twin pools of watchful intelligence. A baby laughs and you laugh. It’s another person.

I’d found a friend.

After a few more weeks, she developed colic. If you have kids, you are now nodding. If you don’t have kids, you have no clue.

Colic is something some babies get that makes their stomach hurt, so they cry all the time, day and night. If they’re not sleeping, they’re crying. I always took care of the baby till my wife got home from work, at which point I would exercise, jog, do something to relieve stress.

Only, at the time of the baby’s colic, an unbelievably bad piece of luck came our way.

My wife had to go into the hospital for four days, leaving me alone with a colicky baby! As a guy, I wasn’t equipped for this. Neither of the two grandmothers could come and the only baby sitter we ever used went back to Indonesia.

So, it was me, alone, twenty-four/seven!

The crying went on around the clock until I could somehow get her to sleep. When she slept, I slept.

I was hard-pressed for things to distract her. Of course, she was also upset cause her mommy was gone. If I could keep her engaged, she would sometimes quit crying. So, one afternoon, I took her to Wal-Mart, put her in a shopping cart and we had a fine time, wandering all over the store. I bought her a See-and-Say toy then bought myself some old TV shows to watch when, God willing, she fell asleep.

A see-and-say toy is a brightly colored plastic toy with an arrow like the hands of a clock and pictures of animals encircling it, like the numbers of the clock. You point the arrow at an animal, then pull down the handle and a recording says, “I’m a rooster” followed by the sound of a rooster crowing. The only problem was, in those days, the handle was too hard for a baby to pull down. In fact, it was years before she could do it.

Interestingly, five years later, we had a boy.

One day, hanging out with him when he was nine months old, he saw that very same See-and-Say toy lying nearby. Wearing only his diaper, he crawled over, got it upright, then pulled the handle down with one powerful, Herculean motion, “I’m a rooster...cock-a-doodle-doo.”

I was in awe of how much stronger boys are than girls. He was tougher, too. Once, barely a year old, he tore full-speed up the hallway, tripped and fell right on his face. I braced for the nerve-piercing scream of pain but...nothing. He just got up as if nothing had happened, dusted himself off.

“Did that hurt?” I asked him.

“Yes,” he said matter-of-factly, in a baby baritone.

I’m way ahead of my story.

Sorry. I’m telling this story for a reason.

Back to the week my wife was in the hospital leaving me alone with our colicky baby. I’d taken my daughter to Walmart to distract us from our problems.

What a huge mistake! It stimulated her and I had to drive her in the car for hours that night until the vibrations of the road finally lulled her to sleep. Back home, I lifted her out of her car-seat ever-so-carefully, then gently lowered her into her baby bed, like the little bundle of nitroglycerin she was

She kept snoozing.

An ocean of relief washed over me.

I totally let go.

My mind slowed, stopped briefly.

The idea is, within your consciousness are its contents—thoughts, feelings, memories etc. The usual comparison is to a pool of water. In the pool floats sediment from the bottom, representing thoughts, feelings, the contents of consciousness. The goal is to get the sediment to settle, leaving the water clear.

Then, you can experience pure awareness, without all the stuff that normally clouds it. In other words, try to rest in pure awareness unclouded by the contents of the mind.

According to the ancient tradition, one of the best times to accomplish this is when exhausted, with thoughts and feelings spent, so you can just be.

And in my state, totally wiped-out, I was there.

Just being.

Resting in that effortless state, exhausted.

Later, I heard a Tibetan master say this state of exhaustion, where you can effortlessly rest your mind and just be there, was the state to be sought, the golden time for which we wait. If you can train your mind to rest like that, it’s a place from where real enlightenment can happen.

So, finally, the baby was asleep and my life was my own.

I remember thinking, “This makes those Zen retreats look like a vacation.”

At some point, I noticed thoughts drifting through my mind, like: “*When you’re totally exhausted, you’re more likely to experience the pure nature of mind.*”

I wasn’t sure where those thoughts came from. I’d really never heard that before—that exhaustion could be an entry point to a profound experience of your own mind, unimpeded by all the busyness that normally blocks us.

Another thought I remember was, “When you’re tired and the thoughts slow down, and there’s a little silent place between thoughts, rest in that as long as you can.”

There were others as well.

Right before this, I'd been to that Katy Ranch retreat with Tenzin Wangyal, Rinpoche, the Tibetan who gave me the great concentration practice with the little target, but he didn't say any of this there.

I didn't encounter these thoughts again till years later at a teaching he gave in a formal Dzogchen retreat called A-Khrid. I couldn't believe it. When I looked back, it was almost like, in my extreme distress, I was pulling these thoughts from that Bon Dzogchen lineage.

And that's exactly what I think happened. And that's what one of these ancient lineages can do for you, you can sort of tune-in during moments of great need.

## It's All a Doorway

Anyway, I was home caring for our colicky baby, whom I'd just gotten to sleep after a beyond-exhausting day.

She was asleep and I finally had a few moments of freedom. What a delicious feeling, to just be alive with a bit of time of my own, the weight lifted off me. I'd bought some old TV shows that afternoon so I slid them into the player. They started. I luxuriated in a rare sense of complete ease and freedom.

"That's funny," I said out loud. "If I didn't know better, I'd swear it sounded like someone just pulled into our driveway. But that's impossible because we don't even know anyone in town." Then I heard footsteps, big, heavy, stupid footsteps clomping up the sidewalk to our front door. And then, unbelievably, the doorbell rang!

The baby started crying!

"Noooooo!" I screamed.

It was a pizza delivery guy coming to the wrong house! "I'll kill you!" I raved through the closed door. The footsteps beat a hasty retreat.

Now I was three-times screwed! The baby was awake again!

I got her into the baby harness I used for toting her around and we plopped down together in the rocking chair and I rocked...and rocked...and rocked. Never even once had I been able to rock her to sleep. In fact, the only one who could do that was my mother, who used some mysterious grandmother mojo to which I had no access.

Now I must rock her to sleep, somehow.

Normally, I'm an excruciatingly light sleeper. Everything keeps me awake. But this time, miraculously, we both fell asleep sitting up in the rocking chair! That's how exhausted I was.

As I drifted away, I heard a voice from long ago, Cameron Eastman, telling me, "*Anyone can do anything...if they're willing to pay the price.*"

I did it, I got us both to sleep, in the rocker, but it was a price I wouldn't care to pay again.

Even the most difficult, darkest moments in our lives can be turned into the spiritual path. They can actually be opportune moments to work with. Exhausting moments can be turned into an ally, a chance to experience the mind without its distracting contents.

As Tenzin Wangyal, Rinpoche told me years later, "Even the darkest times can be a doorway."

Also, for the record, nothing impacted on my parenting more than getting baked in the kiln of Zen for three years. I recently read where someone said Zen meditation was as interesting as watching paint dry. I don't disagree, but it gave me patience as a super-power when I needed it. Rightly or wrongly, I always gave small children the space to wind-down. I didn't get angry, I could out-wait them.

My attention span was elongated.

## Robert Adams Shows Me the Spiritual Heart

My relationship with Robert Adams grew.

Our baby was three months old. It was a year since I'd first felt the energetic pressure in my chest, "the guru's grace." Intuitively, I knew next I should find a way to get closer to him.

Sometimes an idea comes winging in from the ether.

I decided to write him a letter. I could type, I was a writer of sorts, (I'd sold some magazine articles), I had no shortage of envelopes and stamps to mail out "query" letters. My connection with him was there but what if it got stronger?

I knew there were people who called him on the phone regularly but, honestly, I didn't trust my social skills. So, I decided to write him a short, one-page letter every month. I always included a ten-dollar bill for a couple of reasons. First, I was grateful. I knew I was onto something the likes of which I never dreamed.

Secondly, I wanted to add something concrete to his earthly existence. I explained in the letter, "Ten bucks may seem like a wimpy contribution but it would buy a meal for one at a Denny's or coffee for two." Probably not true now but twenty-plus years ago, it was more money.

I made it clear he needn't write me back but this way we could have a small, personal connection.

I mailed the letter on Tuesday.

The following Saturday night, sitting in my house in Oklahoma, I was watching an old sci-fi movie in the same chair I'd used to rock the baby." Suddenly, the nerve that is generally referred to as, "the heart center," dialed all the way open and a steady river of energy began gushing forth.

I was amazed. Was this temporary?

No, it kept going.

I went to bed and slept eight hours. When I woke up, it was still going. That was Sunday. Sunday evening around seven o'clock, I told my wife, "You're not going to believe this but the man in California has done something to me."

And, boy, was it was a good thing. Holy crap.

The energy from my heart center kept pouring for five days.

“Indeed, the water I give them will become in them a spring of water welling up to eternal life.” Jesus Christ, John 4:14

4-41

### Robert’s Letters

Our daughter was only a few months old. She would only nap by if I slid her into a baby harness, which held her against my chest, then trudged around the neighborhood until she dozed off.

Then, I’d bring her back home and carefully lower her into bed.

Only now the harness held her right in the river of energy gushing from my chest. It was affecting her, too. She was quieter, more aware, less fussy, more mellow.

I was beyond mellow.

I was ecstatic.

It was Spring. One day, baby in harness, I strolled around the green grass neighborhood till she fell asleep, then ambled back home. My sweet little daughter was sleeping against my chest. The river of energy was going, going, going. When we got to the house the garage door was up and a single folding chair waited just inside it. I gently lowered us into the chair and rested.

The river of energy in my chest was at full flow. The warmth of the baby pressed against me as she breathed peacefully.

Across the street a giant tree, beautiful and dark green with new Spring leaves, stood shifting in the breeze. It was a Silver Maple with leaves that were silver on one side, green on the other, so when the wind rippled across it, the whole tree changed colors, green to silver, then back again.

I sat and watched it, feeling as much joy as humanly possible.

It was the happiest moment of my life.

The energy from my heart kept flowing day after day.

It finally ended the next time I had sex.

What started it? I assumed my letter pleased Robert Adams, pure and simple. Did I run tell him about it? No, I assumed he knew. I didn’t tell anyone but my wife and I didn’t make it a big thing to her.

I received a letter from him shortly thereafter saying, sure, write me once a month, good idea.

And that’s what I did. I wrote him a one-page letter, (I didn’t want to become a pain; he had Parkinson’s, remember).

This went on for years.

I saved twenty of the letters he wrote me, (there were more but they were chewed up by the crazed dog of Time). Many years later, I transcribed them into emails and sent them to another student of his, Arunachala Goldsmith. As of now, they are available on his website as a zipped file.

These are Robert Adams’ letters to me. They’re not anything I wrote. All of them were written by him.

Here is a direct URL link to the pdf of Robert's collected letters.

<http://www.robert-adams.info/Robert%20Adams%20-%20Kym%20Chaffin%20letters%20-%201992-1996.pdf><http://www.robert-adams.info/Robert%20Adams%20-%20Kym%20Chaffin%20letters%20-%201992-1996.pdf>

Here is a link to the Robert Adams information web site.

<http://www.robert-adams.info/>

Or, if you're like me, stuck in the simple-minded approach, baffled by any technology more complicated than a potato peeler, google: "Robert Adams Dear Kym" (this is the only reason I used my real name on this book, by the way. I'm not seeking attention or money, which is why I'm selling it for ninety-nine cents. I would have given it away, but I was afraid if it cost nothing, people would think it was worth nothing).

I see skies of blue and clouds of white  
The bright blessed day, the dark sacred night  
And I think to myself  
What a wonderful world

[“What a Wonderful World”  
By Bob Thiele and George David Weiss,  
Robert Adams’ favorite song.]

Twenty or more years is a long time to remember back, so some of my chronology may be wrong. I’ve never managed to keep a journal, so I only have memory.

At some point in the early nineties, I experienced a series of unfortunate events and became profoundly depressed, disappointed. Putting it mildly, I felt under-appreciated by the world, living in a place I hated, no friends. To paraphrase Kathryn Hepburn from a movie, “If appreciation were syrup, I’d be a mighty dry waffle.”

Have you ever had the feeling that your human life is an endless series of crushing disappointments?

Oh, yes, I was feeling sorry for myself, (not an attractive quality, I realize). I thought-- I should just end it. I considered how to do it. First, I’d drive my car outside town so no one I cared about would find my body.

Next, I’d leave a note with a map taped to my steering wheel showing where to find my body.

I’d walk away from the road, lie down on a blanket, then cap myself with the revolver my late father had left.

I would spare the interior of the car so the family could still use it.

Was I serious?

Only half-serious. Maybe not even half, just angry. With all the spiritual good fortune I’d experienced, how could I feel so hopeless? I can’t explain it.

Depression, (IMHO), involves a loss of perspective. If I could talk to the 1992 version of me, I’d tell myself--go to the burn unit of your local hospital and look at the hideous suffering there, then go gaze at your reflection in the nearest mirror- and your good situation should shine out at you.

The actor Kirk Douglas, (yes, Spartacus), said after his stroke, he tried to put a gun in his mouth but bumped the barrel against his front teeth. The sudden pain made him realize the stupidity of what he was doing. He put the gun away.

He regained his perspective.

Lama Ole Nydahl, (as psychic a human being as you’d ever want to meet), said after people kill themselves, they always regret it, “Because they had a nice warm body to hang out in and now all they have is space.”

When you get involved with someone light years more evolved than you, it’s easy to forget that your thoughts are not as private as they feel.

That night, after all these thoughts, I went to bed and fell asleep.

Around two a.m. I was having a dream. In the dream, a friend and I were running up a staircase in a Swiss chalet. Somewhere nearby a phone began ringing.

I had the vague feeling, "That's funny, I didn't order a phone call----"

I found the ringing phone on the front desk of the hotel/chalet and answered it. "Hello?" I said curiously.

There was only one voice that sounded like that, Robert Adams. "Kym, this is Robert. I have something very important to tell you. All is well. All is exceedingly well. There are no mistakes and none are being made. Everything is happening exactly the way it's supposed to. All... is... well."

Not only did I wake up, I bolted upright in bed! It was like being electrocuted. THAT WAS REAL! I thought. He had just contacted me in a freaking dream, I had no doubt!

What did I feel?

Well, shame.

I was ashamed I couldn't manage myself better than that. That I couldn't be a better self-soothing baby than that. That this person who was light years more evolved than me had to take time out of his life to contact me because I couldn't tend to myself better than that.

It snapped me right out of it.

And he was right, of course.

The universe, and the life in it, are headed in the right direction even if it's hard to remember that when we pass through the shadowy valleys. We don't know the purpose for which our lives have evolved.

Some people in Advaita Vedanta say there is no purpose for all this, but they don't know that.

Why not trust that the universe knows what it's doing? Even if Jesus gets nailed to a cross, Socrates is forced to drink poison and Robert Adams dies of liver cancer, the universe will arrive at its own glorious ends in due time and we will all be there to share in it.

You are contributing to the whole in a way as important as any other person, whether the mundane world appreciates you or treats you like a total failure. Ultimately, all parts, no matter how seemingly unimportant, are as necessary as all other parts.

That's likely what Jesus Christ meant by saying God cared about the death of every bird.

It's all happening the way it's supposed to.

In closing, I'd like to say to anyone thinking about suicide, that your ultimate problem is the same problem as that of every other human being--you don't know what you are. Human beings are eternal, spiritual beings with a huge potential. But what good is it if you have no knowledge of how to actualize it.

It's like having ten million bucks in a bank account with no way to draw any of it out. What good is it?

The best way to start actualizing it is what we're discussing in this book, developing your energy-body. It's a long process, but even one step in the right direction will create more hope than money, sex, ego expansion or anything else taught in our still-primitive culture.

My life continued sans self-pity

## We Are All on a Continuum

Then, six months later, I had another dream contact from Robert, only this one was extremely positive, as if to balance the scales.

In this one Robert and I were floating in a blue space—meaning the background was royal blue.

Our faces were close together. He said, “I want you to know something, I will never judge you because where I end and you begin, no one can say. So why would I judge myself?”

Then our foreheads melted together and I experienced the most extreme love I’d ever felt.

The truth is, I think Cameron Eastman visited me in a dream way back in the 1970’s. I was living in OKC by then and was asleep in my apartment. It was right before one of those retreats where he dusted me off with peacock feathers.

Suddenly, he flew into my dream and did some energy thing to me. I excitedly babbled some nonsense at him. He said *nothing*, just flew away. I never told anybody about it because, at that time, it seemed so far-fetched. I didn’t know how possible this was then. When they show up unexpectedly, do what they came to do, then leave, it’s a clue that it’s real, in my humble opinion.

Another time I heard Cameron telling a middle-aged guy, “I came to you in a dream the other night and tried to get your attention. Man, I couldn’t wake you up for nothin’.”

A swami told me once that conscious (lucid) dreams overlap with the lowest part of the astral plane (Cameron’s “Second Physical). Is that true. I don’t know but it would explain some strange events.)

## Meeting Robert Adams in LA

A year later, in 1993, I decided the time had come-- I put my natural shyness in a safe deposit box downtown and flew to LA to spend some time with Robert Adams.

Jet plane out of OKC, (Oklahoma City), followed by the LA airport, then a rental car. My years in Dallas helped because I found I was not intimidated by LA traffic and located the Best Western in Canoga Park.

That night, I called Robert and he told me to meet him at a sidewalk café at eleven the next morning.

I was there on time and, boom, there he was! He was wearing black slacks and a black tee shirt. He hugged me. I'm tall, six-three, and so was he, (and so was Ramana Maharshi, or so I've read).

Of course, he had Parkinson's disease but he must have taken his medicine because there was no trace of the disease and I instantly forgot about it. He had lived for years in caves in India and he looked a little beat-up around the edges. He had a beard that was iron gray, (I also had a beard but, in those days, it was black). I've wondered more than once if enlightenment--real enlightenment--is hard on the body. Or, maybe if you know you're not the body, you don't work hard to care for it. I still wonder about that.

Robert always emphasized enlightenment doesn't mean losing anything.

It's an expansion of consciousness so you only gain.

Another student was with him, a guy my age. I was exactly forty years old as I calculate now, (twenty-two years later).

We sat down at a table at the sidewalk café. I bought breakfast for them. I felt an overwhelming need to repay him for all he had done.

I said, "It's so great to see you, I've been feeling your vibes for so long."

Years later his wife, Nicole, a kind person, called me. She mentioned he could make whoever was in front of him feel like they were his best friend. And, so it was that day. His caring was palpable. He started asking me all about myself.

He seemed curious about me. Who was this person who'd managed to find him and forge a bond from half a continent away? "Do you have any brothers or sisters?" he asked.

This was literally the first time in my life anybody asked me that.

"I have an older brother," I said, "but we're nothing alike. He's a lawyer who doesn't know any of this exists."

"I have an older brother, too," he said, "he owns a hardware store."

We both started laughing.

I thought: The Buddha's brother owns a hardware store. Only in America.

He added, "The last time I called him he said, "Are you still good for nothing?"

I was appalled. "I'm sure he has no clue," I said.

I meant it. How could his brother have a clue? The brother he thought was good for nothing was so spiritually evolved he effortlessly attained complete enlightenment.

I said, "But an enlightened person is the highest thing any culture can produce." It's the summit of human evolution, I have no doubt of that.

I asked him about his childhood. He told me when he was tiny, his mother, out of necessity, left him alone all day in their apartment in New York City to go to work.

Now, it was his other student who was appalled. “You mean your mother just left you there?” “She had to go to work or we’d starve,” he said.

I wondered if that early isolation set up a relationship with silence that resulted in his enlightenment. I’d already noticed the energy in the heart center became strong and blissful when I was *not* doing, or even being, anything.

If I just dropped all human, adult stuff, got down on the floor with the baby and hung out with her, appreciating a wedge of sunlight on the carpet, then the energy in the heart ached. “Meditation” seemed a little too pre-canned, too effortful. But if I could just drop all my compulsive crap and just be, just abide, the energy in the heart really throbbed. I pictured Robert as a baby, or little kid, sitting on the floor of his apartment ...simply being.

But there must be more involved than that or more enlightened people would exist.

One of the things I’d heard about Robert was that he never slept. And on the rare occasion he did nod off, he never dreamed. If dreams are your mind doing mental house-cleaning, his mind apparently had no house-cleaning to do. They said he would lie down for about three hours a night but was never, “out.”

I said, “They say you never sleep, how can that be?”

He said, “That’s just the way it is with me now.”

I was young and concerned about what I should and shouldn’t be doing. I asked him about the Indian notion of rejecting sex completely, was that necessary.

He said, “I do everything you do.”

I laughed and said, “Well, maybe not *everything*.”

At one point, I asked him point blank, “Why you?” Meaning-- why did this just happen to him?

He said, “I have no idea.”

He in turn wondered why I would be so interested in this that I could beam in on him, like a bat in the dark, clear from Oklahoma.

I told him about some weird things that happened in my childhood, (not that I’m comparing myself with him, which would be ridiculous), but maybe they meant something.

One day, when I was five, I was playing on scraps of broken sidewalk in our front yard, jumping from one fragment of cement to another. The memory is so vivid, I remember my Mom was baking a chocolate cake and the smell floated out through the screen door.

Suddenly, an odd thought popped into my mind: What is it that makes me speak and think? What is behind my thoughts? “Is it God?” I said out loud, “Did God just make me say that?”

I tried to ferret out the origin of doer-ship.

Then a second question popped up, related to the first.

If I could magically cut pieces off of myself—first arms, legs, torso, neck-- then cut pieces away from my disembodied head--at what point would I arrive at the critical part that was “Me”?

Where am “I” inside this body?

Of course, at the age of five, I didn’t know this was a Buddhist meditation which I only read about decades later in a book titled, “Buddhahood Without Meditation.” [By Dudjom Lingpa, Padma Publishing, 2002].

Then, when I was thirteen, something even stranger happened.

I told Robert, “I was getting into a car with my father and brother when all time ended.”

Robert nodded yes at me, as if to say, “I know what you’re talking about.”

I said, “It wasn’t a thought. It was an event, as if the sky turned inside-out. I saw that there was only Now, and there never *could* have been anything but Now.” Years later I read the phrase, “The Eternal Now” and instantly realized it was a very clever description of that event. So, I thought, other people know it, too.

You’re never the only one.

If you’ve read this far, you’ve probably had strange experiences like this yourself.

Robert said, “I think you’ve worked on this before.”

“Past lives?” I said, remembering Ramesh Balsekar, the arch-debunker, “I thought we didn’t believe in past lives.” I thought Advaita rejected past lives. I found out later that was only “neo-advaita.”

“That’s just the only reason I can imagine anything like that happening,” he said.

Years ago, I wrote some of this on an internet site and was set-upon by people identifying themselves as Robert’s “old devotees” who claimed I was acting above myself, (Robert had passed away by then), and that I was trying to set myself up as his successor.

Let me say something very clearly—I’m not enlightened.

Robert did have a student who became enlightened, a guy slightly older than me named Ed Muzika. I’m going to talk about that in a bit. I have no ties to Ed Muzika other than good will. I’ve never met him. I was only Robert’s student-at-a-distance. This one weekend was the only time I spent with him on the physical level of putting our bodies in close proximity. Ed Muzika was a close disciple who spent countless hours with him.

Continuing the story, I told Robert that even though this end-of-time event didn’t result in enlightenment, it did show me there could be such a thing as an enlightened person. He smiled at me and nodded again.

Then I asked him about his time in India. My understanding is that he made two or three separate trips and remained there for a total of sixteen years. He met everyone. He met Ramesh Balsekar’s teacher, Nisargadatta Maharaj.

He met Neem Karoli Baba.

I asked him about Neem Karoli and he looked deep into my eyes and said strongly, “They’re guys! They’re all just guys. That’s all they are!” He didn’t want me to wander too far down the road of guru worship. That’s an important fact to remember at all times on your journey. No matter who they are or how enlightened, they are still bounded by their humanness to some extent. There are no supermen or women. They’re all just guys, or girls.

Then he said, “Let’s go over to my place.”

We went to his apartment and watched a video about Ramana Maharshi. At some point that weekend we went and walked his little dog at the park across the street from his apartment building.

I reminded him of my uncle who lived very near.

I said I thought the universe was trying to give me a place to stay when I came here. And I still believe that.

Privately, I had doubts about my uncle. I’d heard from family that he was a part-time fundamentalist preacher. That worried me. I couldn’t relate to that at all. If he was some sort of Shi’ite Baptist, this would never work.

The nearest my father ever came to church was knocking down a pint of Jack Daniels and then getting laid-back and dreamy.

Also, I remembered my uncle behaved strangely when he was in Oklahoma, throwing a kind of conniption fit about something my mother did in 1948.

Outwardly, though, I told Robert I'd go see him to find out for certain. Then I added, "You're my real uncle."

He laughed.

"Go see your uncle," he said.

## Battling Hobos of the Great Depression

That night, after telephoning I was coming, I went to see my aunt and uncle. Driving over, I mentally replayed the last time we'd met, at my grandma's wake fourteen years earlier, in Modesto, California.

My uncle and I didn't really talk then, because my dad and my other uncle were there. My dad and his second brother, Melvin, were only a year apart in age, so growing up they were The Team.

Willard, the uncle I was now visiting, was several years younger and didn't have to do the things the Dust Bowl forced on my dad and Melvin.

My dad's family were fun to hang out with.

They were from a place called Okemah, Oklahoma, and knew folksinger Woody Guthrie when they were all boys. Then came the depression, and in Oklahoma the "Dust Bowl," a gut punch that forced them--and thousands of others--to follow migrating farm jobs to keep from starving. It was exactly like "The Grapes of Wrath", the novel by John Steinbeck about the Joad family.

I once asked my dad if they were as poor as the Joads.

He said, "Hell, they had a truck."

The two brothers, plus their dad and uncle Shorty, spent the depression "riding the rails", which means climbing into empty freight train boxcars without buying a ticket. It was a cruel era and sometimes, when they managed to crawl into a train car, as many as sixty people were already there in the dark. Not just men, but whole families.

The problem with this was the railroads had teams of thuggish guards patrolling the train yards just to keep people from riding for free.

Imagine, climbing into a dark boxcar with dozens of strangers on a freezing night, rain plastering against the outside walls.

One boxcar was so full my dad and another guy crawled into the big tool box on the outside of the car. When the train finally hit full speed, it drove right into freezing rain and they almost froze to death.

At my grandmother's wake, they entertained me for two days with stories of Dust Bowl life.

Once the police rounded them up with 80 other guys. Always deeply suspicious of cops, they all bunched tightly together for protection. Assuming they were about to be arrested and body-searched, they divested themselves of their contraband.

So, when the police led them away from the spot where they'd huddled, an awesome arsenal of weaponry lay on the ground: brass knuckles, knives, pistols, pipes, chains. But to their collective amazement, the cops didn't take them to jail, but to the Salvation Army for a hot meal and a warm place to sleep.

That was the exception.

Every other confrontation with the club-wielding guards ignited a massive gang fight. Sitting at my grandma's wake, I was totally transported by these stories. Over and over, one name jumped out--Shorty, their extremely combative and feisty uncle.

My uncle Melvin told me that once he, my dad, my grandpa and the irrepressible Shorty were slipping into a railroad yard when up popped five huge guards bristling with clubs.

“What are you doing here?!” a huge guard demanded.

Before anyone could answer, the inimitable Shorty snarled, “What the hell business is it of yours?”

My uncle looked at me, shook his head wearily and laughed, “I thought to myself, you stupid son of a bitch, can’t we just *once* try and *talk* our way out of one of these?”

Apparently, the answer was no, because the fight instantly started. The giant railroad guard had my grandpa--a little guy-- literally by the back of the collar, like you’d hold a puppy by the scruff of the neck, and grandpa was swinging wide, arcing, roundhouse punches that couldn’t reach the guard who simply held him at bay.

My dad and uncle laid down in hysterics remembering this--but my uncle Willard, who was too young for any of this, sat neutrally nearby smoking menthol cigarettes.

I wanted to meet this family legend, Shorty, my great uncle, who started and finished every fight, the terror of railroad guards throughout the depression-era South.

Finally, he appeared, a sweet, little old man of at least ninety, pushing a walker--a tiny person: step, push-the-walker, step, push-the-walker, step, push-the-walker.

He stopped and absolutely beamed love at us, “Hi, boys!” he said to my brother and me.

I replayed all this in my mind as I drove over to see my last living uncle.

## Dearest Uncle and Auntie

The uncle I came to see on this night in 1993 was, unfortunately for me, a fundamentalist minister. You know how they are. To Christian fundamentalists every spiritual reality unknown to them is straight from Satan.

My dad dwelled in a religion-free zone.

(My dogged search for truth obviously wasn't because of any early religious indoctrination.)

My uncle and aunt lived in a typical LA suburban house.

The garage-house arrangement was L-shaped, the garage the short part of the L, the house the long.

They seemed genuinely glad to see me and I them. I assumed any problem they had with my mother didn't apply to me, and I was right. We had a nice visit. I love them and all my relatives.

The universe tried to give me a place to stay, but this would never do. Talking to him, I saw the same fiery, angry temperament my dad had but without the open-mindedness. I ended up telling them I was just here to see an old college pal. He'd choke if he knew the truth.

He told me more about the old days.

During the depression the family had to pick cotton. Only, they never called it picking cotton. It was called, "Pulling bolls." (Like the old Leadbelly song, "When those cotton bolls get rotten, you can't pick very much cotton.)

As I left my uncle looked into my eyes and said, "Always remember, once your daddy pulled a thousand pounds of bolls in a single day."

It was considered a beyond-human feat.

That was my dad.

Bored with picking cotton, he decided to pull more bolls than humanly possible.

During my Zen years, more than once I thought, if he ever got interested in Zen, he'd probably be enlightened in a few years. He'd be like Buddha—sit here and either die or become enlightened.

No wonder he did so well later in life.

I bid them farewell but abandoned any notion of staying there.

I could tell they were glad our relationship didn't end on a sour note. That was the last time I ever saw them.

## Satsang

The next day, Sunday, I drove to Robert's apartment. He was there with an Indian lady who drove us to Satsang, (the meeting where Robert would speak). I sat in the backseat with her young son and got him to laugh.

Robert gave an excellent talk, interspersing it with music he played on a portable player. In hindsight, the music may have simply given him a chance to rest, though he didn't seem tired. As on the day before, I totally forgot he had Parkinson's disease.

I'd read transcripts from so many talks that it felt normal to be there.

I saw Mary, the sweet little old lady who was my contact. She said a famous actress recently dropped by, then added, "She'll be back; new-age people don't have anything, you know."

I agreed.

Afterwards, I talked to a guy my age who explained some people in LA made five or six such events in a Sunday, seeking an energy high. I thought that might be frustrating for Robert, who was the real thing. Not that I believed anything could really frustrate him. He seemed blown-out by his enlightenment, like someone who took nothing personally or seriously. Those are just my impressions.

The same lady who brought us to Satsang drove us back. I thought, is this authentic enough? Indians are facilitating it.

Sitting in the back seat, driving back to Robert's place, as usual I felt my social skills were inadequate. I wondered what to say when we parted.

We passed a post office and he turned to me and said, "That's where I pick up your letters."

I decided to tell him, "Thanks for everything," and meant it from the heart.

We got out. I walked behind him up to his door. He spun around and hugged me, really hugged me, (I felt the stubble of his cheek). "Thanks for everything, Kym" he said to *me*. Then added, "Listen—always remember, no matter what happens, there is something inside of you that knows the way."

The true implication of that sailed right over my head.

"I'll write you!" I said.

That was it.

I never saw him in person again but our relationship was far from over.

### What the Heart Energy Becomes

The next day, I flew home and resumed ordinary life. I continued writing him once a month and he wrote me back. I knew the exact minute he picked up the letter because the energetic throbbing in my chest tripled its aching.

Was it like the river of energy?

No, just a compressed, crimping sensation. I told my wife, “It feels like I’ve been shot in the heart with a nail gun and the place around the nail is leaking bliss.” It was more a seep than a flow.

Did everyone with him feel this? No, but many did.

I should emphasize that I was still doing energy practices every day, not Kriya but the things I’d learned from Mantak Chia. Also, the concentration practice I’d acquired from Tenzin Wangyal--the target on a stick.

Here’s something you should know. If you develop your energy-body in the ways we’ve discussed, in time you will come to experience things most people know nothing about.

For example, the heart energy feelings I had when Robert received my letters elaborated through time.

Later, it got so that if anybody, anywhere, known or unknown to me, felt love or affection for me, I felt glowing energy in the chest. Possibly hard to believe, but true. Rather than dismiss it, I challenge you to practice as I did and prove it to yourself. I’m certainly far from being the only person who’s experienced this. All you need is patience and enough perseverance to continue practicing through the tough and boring patches and, in time, you’ll see that I’ve told you God’s own truth with no exaggeration.

And when you begin to have these perceptions, if you are ever with someone who’s highly developed, you’ll feel their energy.

And someday, you’ll get a real surprise—you’ll be visited by energetic presences that have no physical body but will be as apparent to you as when you’re standing next to another person.

And some of those presences will share their energy with you. After this happens enough times to remove any doubt, it will show you that the end of the body is definitely not the end of the mind.

You will even begin to suspect that the hard, material part of the universe may just be the crust on the pie, that most life in the universe is possibly of the non-physical variety. This will be known to you personally, if you just keep practicing, marching forward, putting one foot stubbornly in front of the other.

Of course, when you actually feel love coming to you from faraway, the real question is what is it that joins us all together, what makes it possible to feel other people’s reactions at a distance?

In Advaita Vedanta they call it, “The Self” because it’s the Self of all.

In Tibetan Mahamudra they call it “the space-nature of mind,” because awareness and space are joined together and that’s what connects us all.

The point is, it’s real and you can have your own proof, but you must keep working.

“If you want a mantra there’s one that’s sometimes given in this lineage: when you breathe in say, “I” and when you breathe out say, “Am.””

Robert Adams

Later, I learned that after my visit, Robert’s Parkinson’s worsened and he had more trouble speaking. He became a bit like the physicist Stephen Hawking, a close student had to listen, then translate what he said.

At some point, he moved to Sedona, Arizona and I lost contact with him. According to Ed Muzika in his book, “Self-Realization and Other Awakenings,” Robert’s wife Nicole later said she believed Robert knew something was wrong with his body besides the Parkinson’s and moving to Arizona was an attempt to cope with it.

It turned out to be liver cancer.

The crux of Advaita Vedanta, as I understand it, is as follows.

You are awareness.

You are not the objects that appear in awareness.

Thoughts and feelings are both objects that appear in awareness.

Try not to get involved with them, try not to get carried away by them.

But the body is also an object that appears in awareness.

You are not in the body; the body is actually in you.

You think you were born and began when the body began but according to the sages who founded Advaita, that’s not really what happened. That’s just a story you were told. What really happened is that you were awareness and at some point, the body appeared in you. As time went on, you got so involved with the body and its thoughts that you completely forgot what you really were and began believing you were the body, its thoughts, its feelings.

Meditation is remembering you are awareness and not getting lost in thoughts and feelings.

Meditation is discriminating between awareness, which is you, and the thoughts and feelings that appear in awareness.

Formal meditation would just be a way to slow down the thoughts and feelings so that the discrimination could become easier.

This is very much like the two highest methods in Tibetan Buddhism, Dzogchen and Mahamudra. They say you must have “The View” (correct psychological orientation), only instead of calling it discrimination between awareness and thoughts, they sometimes call it, “Separating Samsara from Nirvana.” Nirvana would mean pure awareness and samsara the thoughts and feelings appearing in awareness.

“It became a Buddhist heresy to maintain that an enlightened person would cease to exist after death.”

“Buddha” by Karen Armstrong

Thorndike Press, Large Print Biography Series p. 152 (quoting “The Buddha” by Hermann Oldenberg p.279-282)

4-50

### Robert’s Devotee, Ed Muzika, Experiences Enlightenment

After some time in Sedona, Robert Adams passed away surrounded by family and students. His dying words were, “I love you All.” (Self Realization and Other Awakenings, by Ed Muzika).

I remember the time I had lunch with him. He ordered hot tea but only drank the hot water. “Aren’t you gonna’ have the tea?” I asked.  
“Caffeine? No.”

He lived an ascetic lifestyle. Later, Mary his close and trusted devotee, told me he instructed her at the end, “No matter how much pain I’m in, don’t let them give me heavy pain killers.”

Obviously, he wanted clarity at the end.

I thought of Jesus Christ who refused to drink the pain-deadening drug the Romans offered him. Or Muktananda’s teacher, Nityananda, who had all of his teeth pulled but refused any pain medication.

Almost all of what I know about Robert’s last days in Sedona, I learned from his close disciple Ed Muzika. Ed has a web site called, “We Are Sentience.” If you go there and scroll down you will find a copy of his book, “Self-Realization and Other Awakenings.” It contains the story of his years with Robert until his death. It also contains the major awakenings Ed had through associating with Robert.

As I said, Robert mainly taught “Self-inquiry” in Sanskrit, “Atma Vichara.” You simply try to cognize who it is behind your eyes doing the knowing.

Practicing Atma Vichara reminds me of something I once read.

In 1946, a physicist at Los Alamos in New Mexico, (the place where they developed the A-bomb), was in the habit of playfully manipulating two “live spheres” (two substances which, if brought together just-so, could ignite the first steps in a fission reaction—a nuclear explosion).

The physicist, Louis Stotin, was engaged in a kind of scientific Russian roulette and, eventually, the laws of probability would likely catch up and he wouldn’t be able to pull the two halves apart in time. According to the book “The Glory and the Dream” by William Manchester, “It [finally] happened one day, a screwdriver, (which was separating the two halves), slipped.”

For a few seconds the lab lit up with a blinding blue glare.

Louis Stotin was rushed to the hospital with a lethal dose of radiation. On the way, he calmly observed that he was a dead man. (“The Glory and the Dream” Manchester. Rosetta books, 2013)

This could be a metaphor for Atma Vichara.

Self-inquiry will eventually work. It has to. The laws of probability will catch up. You'll perform Atma Vichara for the millionth time and, instead of a flash of blinding blue light, a flash of expanded consciousness will illuminate your mind. But instead of saying, "I'm dead," you'll simply lose the illusion of an "I" or a permanent entity behind your eyes that's running your life.

By enquiring "Who Am I?", we're pushing the two hemispheres together and eventually the flash will occur.

As Robert once said, "It has to."

Consider the experience of Ed Muzika, Robert's friend and disciple.

In his book, he said one morning he returned from a walk, got in the shower and, standing in the warm spray, performed Atma Vichara for the umpteenth time, only this time, "I looked within, into the inner emptiness of consciousness, trying to see if I could find 'who' it was that experienced the water's touch— "

Only this time something happened, the flash, "the reality of 'no-one-there' sank in!"

At first, he was afraid, realizing there was no one to hold the many threads of his life together, but then he relaxed.

This ignited a process of awakening with many physical manifestations. All the things within him that depended on belief in an "I" started cranking to a stop.

A whole series of realizations began--like dominoes falling--one after the other.

The idea of 'I' died.

Robert Adams once said his enlightenment began with the realization that his body and, by extension the universe, were both emanations of his mind. Now Ed Muzika's began with the realization there is no 'I.'

Ed's body developed various physical tics, as if Realization was stressing it. He went and told Robert all about them.

Robert, who could be quite funny, responded, "Maybe your body is rejecting you!"

Ed realized that he was not real-- and therefore neither was the world real. A kind of depression settled over him. Again, he called Robert and said he was depressed because, "Nothing is real, I'm not real."

Robert yelled at him over the phone, "Of course you're real! You're on the phone with me!"

A few days later, it resolved itself when it occurred to him that the feeling of unreality was also not real--like an eraser that erases itself.

He began to have strange experiences-- he would see things out of the corner of his eye and only part of the object would be there, like half of a car.

Again, he asked Robert if this was part of the awakening, or only insanity.

Once more, Robert joked, "They go hand-in-hand."

Ed asked Robert if seeing the world as a dream was a temporary state.

Robert responded, "It's always like this." He waved his hand around to include everything. Then he added, "In the end, fundamentally nothing has ever existed, nothing has ever happened." (Self-Realization and Other Awakenings, Ed Muzika, p. 28. Available on his web site: We are sentience).

Finally, Ed's enlightenment climaxed.

You may remember how Ramana Maharshi talked a lot about the deep sleep state. One morning, Ed awakened and knew something great had happened.

"I discovered in one instant who I was--"

It was all clear. Final enlightenment.

He was beyond everything.

He was not touched either by the waking world or the dreaming world. They were just states added onto him.

“Even the nothingness of deep sleep was a superimposition on me-” (Muzika, p.45). (So, Ed Muzika finally answered my age-old question: where was I when the oral surgeon knocked me out—the unconsciousness was only a super-imposition on me.)

Later, he described this development to Robert Adams.

Robert responded, “Congratulations, you are Self-Realized.”

## So That's the Way it is, Was, and Shall Be

So, there you have it, so far as I know, at least one person was enlightened through Robert Adams, the great unknown Sage of the twentieth century. There may be others.

I've talked before about how wary I am of westerners as gurus. How can I say that after knowing this? I do believe the fastest way to real enlightenment is friendship with someone already there.

My problem is the exaggerations attached to the guru tradition, the infallibility and the tendency of Asian culture to exaggerate. Add to that the number of westerners all too willing to coronate themselves either out of self-delusion, ignorance or ego-aggrandizement, then we wind up with the things that have happened here in the West.

The human urge for spiritual growth may be instinctual which makes taking advantage of it easy. "Seekers" are nice, trusting, want to believe. They long for something great and beautiful in their lives. They don't realize they are that great and beautiful thing for which they long.

It's a gift to have people who function as a guru if they don't take on the trappings, at least not in the West. Robert Adams was a sweet, unassuming soul who would never dream of taking advantage of anyone. He was a reluctant guru.

It's just too bad for me he died.

Or did he?

## Do Enlightened People Really Die? Does Anyone?

Robert Adams always said that if you have a guru and he dies, he will still function as a guru. I didn't know what to make of that.

It was like, "The Self resides in the heart." I didn't understand that, either, until he showed me what it meant. Robert died in 1997 in Sedona, Arizona of liver cancer. I was sad for about nine months but I got on with my life. I practiced, I saw various teachers. None manifested what he did.

Now what the hell do I do? I wondered.

*Always remember, there is something inside you that knows the way.*

I continued doing energy practices, as I'd always done, mainly the ones I'd learned from Mantak Chia and his certified teachers. Not that I never did Kriya. I would do it if I had no time for anything else because, as I've said ad nauseum, you must keep the main energy channel open.

Years later, exploring the internet, I discovered a web site devoted to the memory of Robert Adams run by a student of his named Arunachala Goldsmith.

I'd bound the transcripts of Robert Adams' teaching into three-ring binders. Inside those were also twenty letters he wrote me over the years. I contacted Arunachala Goldsmith by email and offered to send him copies of Robert's letters, each one as an individual email, and he could post them on his web site if he liked.

None of what I offered Arunachala Goldsmith was anything I'd written, only stuff written by Robert Adams.

Surprisingly, he seemed to really like the idea. So, I began transcribing one letter a day and emailing it to him. I continued without interruption until about two-thirds of the way through, when I drifted a little.

He quickly fired off an email asking me what happened.

Ah, nothing, my mind just drifted--I wandered into a cotton patch, so to speak (my dad once told me a funny story about a relative who got overheated picking cotton and wandered senselessly into a nearby cotton patch).

Quickly, I started up again.

Three weeks later, it was finished.

That night, I received an email from Arunachala saying Robert's letters had been posted on his web site in a zipped file.

*Little did I suspect I was about to receive the biggest surprise of my entire life.*

No more than ten minutes after Arunachala contacted me, something so surprising happened that--if it hadn't happened to me--I might not believe it myself. However, it did happen and just this way with no exaggeration or imagination added.

While sitting in my living room, an energetic presence, (for lack of a better term, an energy-being), not only approached me but entered me, merged with me, entered my body. Obviously, I was utterly dumbfounded with amazement.

Intense energy waves flowed through me.

After many minutes of this, I decided to go sit by my wife in a back bedroom, tell her nothing, and see if she could feel it. How could she *not* feel it? It was overpowering!

She was sitting in the back of the house, in a small room, where she would go to read. She was reclining on a daybed that was pushed against a wall, a pillow behind her back.

I sat down and pressed against her to increase the likelihood she would feel this overpowering energy radiating through me.

“What are you doing?” she asked, amused.

“I’m meditating,” I said, not giving anything away. Well, if I wasn’t meditating, I was definitely having a spiritual experience!

“You’re...meditating?” she asked, clearly entertained by my sudden weirdness.

“Yes.”

She couldn’t feel it!

As you become more developed, this is the most frustrating thing of all. You have developed your energy-body, a completely new organ of perception, but other people have no idea what you’re talking about. It’s no different than being the only one with eyes. Not only can they not see, they don’t really believe you can.

I suppose you can’t blame them.

I’d been doing energy practices devotedly for thirty-five years.

[If you’re reading this and suddenly think, “I’m already old. I don’t have thirty-five years to practice. I can’t do this.” I want to tell you something really important. It says in the tradition that even if you just open the Microcosmic Orbit or the Shushumna, it gives you a “vibration” (energy activation) that will definitely help you after you die. So, don’t be pessimistic. You can still do yourself a world of good even if you only practice intensely for a little while.]

This vibratory presence lasted at least twenty minutes then departed as suddenly as it arrived. How could I tell? Well, how do you know someone has left when they wave by-by and walk away? He left!

It was Mr. Robert Adams, in person, I had no doubt of that.

Lest you think this is some kind of psychotic delusion, about four years after this happened, I heard that a close disciple of Rudi’s (Swami Rudrananda who has already been mentioned), said that after Rudi died, he came and “entered” him. So, I’m not the only person who has experienced this overwhelming phenomenon. I think it is part of the tradition, though one possibly known to only a tiny percentage people.

(You’re never the only one.)

In the book, “Holy Hell, a memoir of faith devotion and pure madness by Gail Tredwell” she describes how she visited Ramana Maharshi’s ashram at Arunachala. She asked how she could learn to meditate. They told her to go into the meditation room and sit and Sri Ramana would instruct her. She said that he was dead

and was informed it didn’t matter, he was there and would instruct her if she just went in and sat quietly.

In the book, “When a Goddess Dies: Worshipping Ma Anandamayi After Her Death,” the author, Orienne Aymard, notes that modern Indians report they believe they are having encounters with the living presence of Anandamayi Ma even though she died in 1982.

I also remembered how important the tombs of the saints were in Sufism and wondered if I now knew why.

What better way to show someone that it’s you, beyond any doubt, and establish a bond that can’t be broken?

Dear unknown reader, you are a product of modern industrial culture. So, it's hard to believe death isn't the end. Our culture of science tells us that, our deepest fears and sense of bereavement at the loss of a loved one tell us that, even half-baked spiritual teachers, like Ramesh Balsekar, tell us that.

But it turns out to be completely wrong.

Sometime, when it's convenient, I want you to do a small mind-exercise for me. Go up onto a tall building, or tower, higher than trees and buildings. Then turn slowly around a full 360 degrees, looking.

Notice you can actually see the roundness of the earth.

Why do I want you to do that? To demonstrate, in a concrete way, that this is a tiny planet. You, an even tinier being, can actually see it's a ball.

Human-kind evolved on this planet and have slowly, over unimaginable time, pulled themselves up from an animal-like existence to where we are now. Human beings are proud of that and they should be. They've come so far.

Now imagine all known human knowledge--that which has been approved by cultural authorities and so is considered mainstream--imagine it all in one library.

Now listen--if something hasn't yet been discovered by human beings and vetted in such a way that is acceptable to the majority of current cultural authorities—it doesn't get into that library called, "all human knowledge."

But there are still gargantuan, Grand Canyon-like unknowns in the universe that are not yet in that library. This is absolutely the truth. I promise you this.

What human beings don't yet know, or even suspect, about the universe, and about themselves, is truly mind-boggling.

Consider the very real possibility that the hard, material-world-environment is only one realm in a universe that has vast areas not yet detected by science.

Also, realize that personal knowledge tends to be limited by the shortness of human life. It took me thirty-five years of energy practice to discover what I now know, so the shortness of the human lifespan works against this knowledge becoming widespread.

The best chance for this knowledge to become commonplace is for more people to start practicing--beginning with Kriya pranayama. That's why I've publicly given this method.

I ask you this—what's more important, that the human race become more evolved or that some sect retain their power? You tell me.

If life beyond death seems too good to be true, I'm here to tell you, death will not end you.

It's a horrendous amount of change, I know, but it is not extinction.

I'm in no hurry to go myself. Like you, I like it well enough here, everyone does. But we are all going.

It's the next step for everyone.

This visit from Mr. Adams wasn't the culmination of anything but the beginning. Years earlier, I'd talked to some students of his who believed he was visiting them. And also, one of Ed Muzika's students, a very spiritual lady who works with hospice patients, who never knew Robert in the flesh, also said She'd been visited by him.

Now it was my turn.

My working hypothesis now is this--how clearly you feel his presence may rely on how much you've developed your energy-body.

In the early 1990's, I suspected that how clearly you felt the "crunch" in the chest, the guru's grace, depended on having enough surplus prana-chi in the energy channels that could be pulled into your chest under his influence.

Now, this "Energy Being" began visiting me regularly.

In the beginning, many times close together, as if I'd slipped his mind, (I'd been geographically distant, in Oklahoma), and now he was making up for it. Sometimes he'd really juice me! After one such visit, I felt wonderful for days, not unlike the time Cameron Eastman did the snoring breath for me.

I was massively grateful.

But eventually something else strange began happening.

Let me preface this by mentioning an excellent book I read by a Tibetan doctor about the Tibetan Buddhist version of Tantric sex called, "Karmamudra: The Yoga of Bliss." He says when two people do this practice together, they are really growing their energy together. Then, at some point, even when they are physically far away from each other, they can feel each other's emotional reactions. "So, that's why sometimes, even if you're far apart from each other, if the other person is thinking of you...you can feel each other..." [Karmamudra: The Yoga of Bliss by Dr. Nida Chenagtsang, Sky Press, 2018

p. 54]

(I bring this up because, as I already mentioned, after so many years developing my energy, (and with the help of some great people), when anyone, anywhere, known to me or unknown to me feels love or friendliness towards me, I can feel it in my energy-body. I know that's hard to believe if you've never experienced it, but it's true.)

Then something even more otherworldly began happening,

I began to be visited by ordinary people I knew who'd just died.

I could clearly feel their presence, their energy, with me. It was always a complete surprise. I don't want to talk in detail about those things because it's so private for the people involved. If I've managed to be of service to those people in their time of greatest need, I only hope someone will do the same for me.

What does a newly dead person feel like?

Like a thick cloud of prana-chi.

To borrow an expression that's been used before, I think of the cloud as "a Surround." The Surround becomes weaker over time—the longer they're out--and harder to detect. I have felt the presence of individuals quite some time later, but it's harder to detect.

Is it possible I'm mistaking some electro-magnetic field from a known source, like a generator, at these times?

No, it's alive and can't be mistaken for anything else, at least not by me. It's as easily discernible as a summer rain falling on you. I should also mention my belief that we are all visited by the newly dead, but I can feel them and, therefore, be of some service to them.

On the other hand, as already mentioned, it's possible to be visited by very evolved spiritual people who are being of service to you, for the purpose of sharing their energy.

They are more over-powering. But I don't want to get off-topic.

I'm talking about clearly feeling the presence of the newly-dead by being able to feel their energy-body.

The Tibetans call the body you live in after you die the "Bardo Body" and say that after you die, you will be aware of the thoughts of others-- so when someone thinks of you, you know it. (Which is why it's a good idea to practice some form of meditation before you die, to get some

control over your mind, so when it's your turn, you won't get taken on a roller coaster ride by your own mind).

You think of them with emotion, they feel it and come to you. Only with me, they know I'm aware of their presence so they stay longer.

Unfortunately, I'm no Great Soul, so while I do feel their presence, I can't perceive their thoughts. I just encourage them to stay calm. I assume they are in a state of fear and panic, which is understandable, especially in a culture that tells you there is no life after death or, alternatively, that it's the wholly owned subsidiary of one religion or another.

There is life after death but IMHO, it's an extension of nature, not owned by any group or religion.

It may be hard to believe that human beings can be aware of huge realities that aren't perceived by the finest scientific instruments. Developing the energy-body is like having a completely different instrument of perception. Scientific instruments were developed by people who didn't have that instrument of perception.

I'm only asking people to develop themselves.

I'm not putting myself forward as anything but a source of valid information about the energy-body and how to develop it. Please note I'm not trying to make any money from this at all. I offer it for 99 cents because, people being as they are, I was concerned that if it was free, people would treat it as garbage. So, I thought it best to charge something--hopefully 99 cents is a price anyone can afford.

Cameron Eastman, Thich Tri Hien, Neem Karoli Baba, Jesus Christ, Buddha, Robert Adams, Ramana Maharshi—none of these people cared about money. And I'm not trying to make money. Spiritual things should be offered freely or as close to free as possible. There are too many people in spirituality who want to be paid like doctors and lawyers. Spirituality belongs to a different realm.

*You can't get so high that you can't fall.*

What I know for certain is death doesn't end you. You'll go on.

Understand, I'm absolutely not asking you to take my word for this. The whole purpose of sharing these things is to try and get people to do the energy work themselves and acquire their own first-hand knowledge.

The ultimate irony of this is, it doesn't matter if no one believes in life beyond physical death, because everyone finds out when they die. I just think it would be better for life here on the earth if more people learned the truth while here.

So, practice.

It won't be any quick fix, but even if it takes a while, you're going to still be in existence, (one way or another), years from now; wouldn't it be better to be here with a highly developed spiritual life than to just go through life with the vibration of a speed bump?

Of course, it would.

And you can.

*Remember, something within you knows the way.*

If you're thinking that maybe all this happened because I have some rare natural talent, I don't agree.

A talent would be something you are born with whereas I came into this quite slowly. And, so can you. I didn't expect any of the surprises coming my way, I just kept practicing out of some spiritual compulsion. So, can you.

In closing, not long ago I heard a talk online by an American Buddhist teacher who was also a “therapist” who spoke against all energy practices. “Too dangerous,” he said. And besides, he added, even if you could generate ecstasy, you’re just enjoying it with “your ego.”

Besides the fact that “the ego” is just a set of ideas built out of memory with no real existence, I wanted to ask him, if these things are not important, then why do highly developed spiritual beings who return share their energy with us? Why would they do that if it’s not important?

They wouldn’t.

It is important.

Overpowering energy experiences help you transcend your ego.

Don’t be afraid to develop your energy-body, you won’t regret it.

And now, dear unknown reader, if you’ve read this far, I thank you from deep in my heart for sharing the journey. I wish you only happiness as you explore your spiritual nature. In closing, I’d like to quote from the greatest speech I’ve heard in my adult life, given by the Reverend Jesse Jackson at the Democratic Convention in 1984. Though the eloquence is unmistakably his, it expresses my feelings better than I can.

Ahem, Reverend Jackson:

“If, in my high moments, I have done some good, offered some service, shed some light, healed some wounds, rekindled some hope, or stirred someone from apathy and indifference, or in any way along the way helped somebody, then this campaign has not been in vain.

“If, in my low moments, in word, deed or attitude, through some error of temper, taste, or tone, if I have caused anyone discomfort, created pain, or revived someone’s fears, that was not my truest self... Please forgive me. Charge it to my head and not my heart. My head—so limited in its finitude, my heart, boundless in its love for the human family--”

Lastly, I’d be remiss if I closed with anything other than the words of Robert Adams himself, the greatest person I met on my trip through life. These are his words, not mine:

“There is really nothing to say. Words are superfluous. I only use words so you can detect the silence in the words.

Silence is truth.

You cannot explain truth in words.

The words become meaningless, redundant.

The truth comes to you of its own free will when you prepare yourself, through deep surrender, through giving up all attachment, giving up your body, your mind and everything that’s important to you, surrendering it all to the Self. As long as you’re holding onto anything, the reality will evade you.

“The reality only comes when you give up yourself, when you give up your ego, when you give up your needs, your wants, give up trying to make something happen, give up desires, when you give up trying to become self-realized, when you just give up. Then something wonderful happens. You begin to expand.”

“Not your body, but the consciousness which you are.”

“You become all-pervading, absolute reality.”

“It happens by itself.”

*There is no teaching higher than silence.*

-Robert Adams