

Murdo MacDonald-Bayne
Beyond the Himalayas:
with The Yoga of the Christ

**BEYOND THE
HIMALAYAS:
and THE YOGA OF
THE CHRIST**

By
MURDO MACDONALD-BAYNE
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THE YOGA OF THE CHRIST

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FOR the first time since “*Beyond the Himalayas*” and its sequel “*The Yoga of the Christ*” were published respectively in 1954, 1955 by L. N. Fowler & Co. Ltd and the two revised paperback editions by Mystica Publications Ltd in 2006, these two books are now published together for the first time in one volume.

This one volume special edition of these two publications, is now the definitive edition, now and into the future.

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**BEYOND
THE
HIMALAYAS**

By
MURDO MACDONALD-BAYNE
M.C, Ph.D., D.D.

PUBLISHERS PREFACE (2006)

THIS new revised edition of “Beyond the Himalayas” differs from the original edition as some words have been corrected to actual spellings and by the inclusion of additional material such as photographs and maps. Footnotes have been included to give further information to words and personages named in the text.

Where the author uses actual place-names for villages, monasteries etc., only those sighted on current topographical maps of Tibet appear on the maps designed for this edition.

FOREWORD

To you, the reader of this book, I want to say, this book is not written merely as a history of my travels in Tibet, neither is it meant to be a display of words to reveal the Truth, for the Truth cannot be revealed in words. Neither should it be read from an intellectual point of view so as to give pleasure to the mind; nor is it meant to give you a new religion or a new authority or belief.

It is meant to open up, to awaken the inner Being that is closed up, asleep, to become aware of the powers and possibilities of the Real Self, so that you are no longer the little personality with a limited life, but a centre of Universal action and in direct contact with Cosmic Forces. Then you will no longer be the unwilling plaything of fate but a conscious Master of Nature, liberated from the imprisoned smallness and sufferings of the gross human body.

It will take you beyond every mental idealistic culture of ideas and ideals belonging to the mind, which are only half-truths.

It shows you how to bring the supramental power of the Divine Consciousness into the ignorant mind, transforming the mind and body, thereby creating a Divine Life in matter.

To the critic I would say, do not criticise anything you know nothing about. If your beliefs prevent you from accepting what I say, you will know why by reading this book with an open mind.

To the dogmatist, this book can only help you when you understand what dogma is and how you have acquired it.

To the reviewer, do not review this book if you do not understand yourself—otherwise it will expose your lack of wisdom.

To the earnest seeker, I do not want you to accept what I say or it may become another belief.

A belief only hinders the revealing of the Truth. Believing or disbelieving, accepting or rejecting, will not give you understanding.

Cleanse your mind first by discerning impersonally all you have read or heard, and you will find a silence that is not of time in which the Truth will be revealed to you.

To the atheist, you think you are a disbeliever but you have just another belief which prevents you from understanding. Search your mind and see what formulations you have created there; then you will realise how ignorant you are of the Real Truth.

To those who are caught up in the various philosophies, religious organisations, etc., I would say, examine what these are first before you read this book or you will be merely reading your own conditioning into it. Free your mind from all fear, superstition and belief, and then there will be an immediate transformation, for the Truth is Eternal and Ever-present in the Now.

Immediately you get rid of your mental formulations, your imitations, by understanding what they are and how they have come about, the Truth will be revealed instantly. Truth is not a matter of time or becoming.

Becoming is always tomorrow—this is going away from Reality-Truth. Being now, is Truth. If Truth is not Now, it never will be tomorrow. Living in the Now, moment to moment, this is Truth.

There cannot be any memory, or right or wrong, past or future, when you live in the Now; there can only be Love and Affection which *is* Truth.

Being Now, is Real; Being Now, is loving and truly living: Being Now, is Eternal Life in which there is no death. All else is made up in your mind.

Your reactions will tell you how your mind is made up, because Truth is not made up, and has no reaction. It is the mind that reacts according to its conditioning; therefore watch your reactions and you will see how you are caught up.

Everyone reacts differently according to his or her mental make-up.

If you believe or if you disbelieve, if you reject or accept, if you feel that it is disturbing your pet ideas, your religious beliefs, if you are in any way mentally disturbed, it shows that you are not free. Your reactions may be automatic, which shows you are bound, hand and foot.

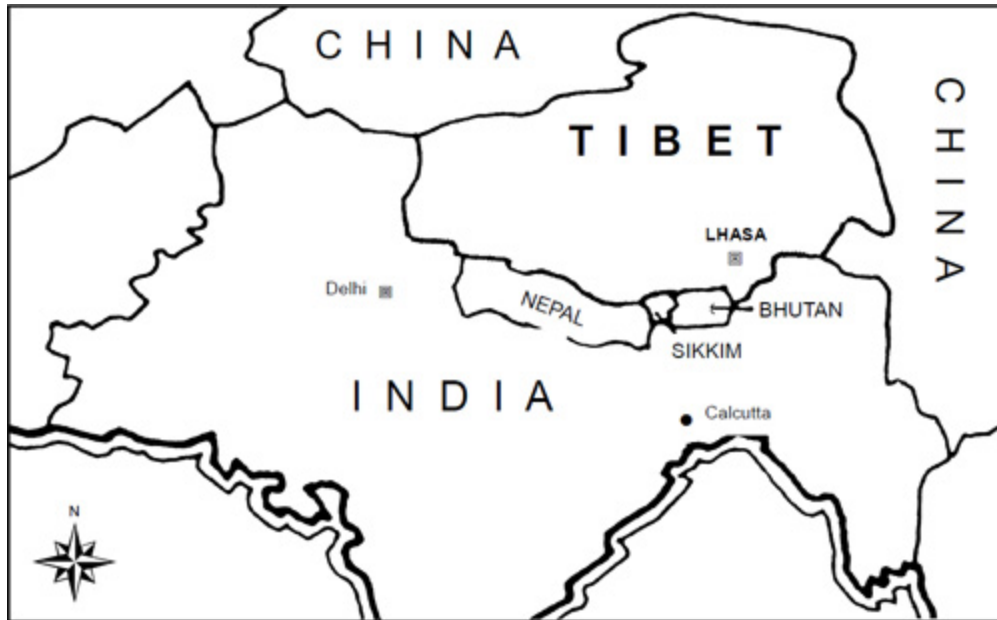
Note your reactions and you will understand the self with its bundle of theories, its formulations, its likes and dislikes, beliefs, ideas, its hates, its

jealousies, its antagonisms, its wants. Then you will know how far you are from the Truth.

Geshi Rimpoche, who is mentioned in this book, has passed from the physical and I have since spoken to him, proving that there is no separation except in the mind of man.

My friend is still in the flesh in Tibet, and though he has travelled in the astral many times since helping me in my work, his name is purposely not mentioned, at his own request, so that he may not be troubled by curiosity-seekers in and out of Asia.

THE AUTHOR



MAP 1. (INDIA, NEPAL, SIKKIM, BHUTAN AND TIBET)

INTRODUCTION

IN my introduction to my book *The Higher Power You Can Use*, I wrote the following words:

“I feel it a great honour to be the bearer of this message to the world; but I do not claim any special privilege, nor do I claim any spiritual quality that makes me any different from my fellow-men.

“For many years I have been an earnest worker and a student of the Inner Teachings, healing the sick and teaching what I knew of the Truth all over the world, and I have met with a very large measure of success. For this I alone was not wholly responsible—as I now know—having been spiritually helped and guided throughout all these years of probation.

“It was not until one night when a mysterious Visitor appeared to me that I knew what my real mission was. He spoke these words: ‘I have been with you a long time but you knew it not. But now the time has come for me to

make myself known to you. I will guide you to the Himalayas in Tibet, where you shall receive instructions for your real mission. Many are called but few are chosen; are you prepared to leave all and follow me? Fear not, for the world will rejoice—the message you will bear will take away the confusion from the minds of the people; and those who will hear you are my people. I will be by your side and your strength shall not fail, for whom God has chosen He shall sustain.’ Then he took his departure as silently as he had come.

“From that time on I was directed step by step to the great Himalayas in Tibet; and there in the hidden recesses of the majestic snow-clad mountains, where the atmosphere is so clear and the vibrations so pure that heaven opens on to the earth, in that glorious state where heaven and earth are as one, I was instructed what to do and where to go. During my sojourn there I witnessed spiritual manifestations so wonderful that words utterly fail to describe them. Later I will present to the world, in book form, details of these happenings—what I saw and heard, also my travels and experiences, with descriptions of the way to the most inaccessible parts of the Great Tibetan Himalayas. I shall also reveal the joys and ecstasy of meeting daily with the Masters, whose love, sympathy and simplicity is the secret of their mighty Power. For Love is God and God is Love. ‘For He so loved the world that He sent His only begotten Son, that they who hearken unto Him will find eternal immortality.’ When the Soul is ready the Master appears, and those who are ready will hear and know the Master’s voice proclaiming all nations one nation, all peoples one people, all life one Life; one Tree with many branches, but the same Life in all: One in all and all in One.

“I, myself, make no claim; I am just a voice in the wilderness calling to the sons and daughters of God to hearken unto the Truth. For this I was told I was born.”

I have since written nine other books,* the names of which appear on the front page. Now the time has come to write the book I promised in my introduction to *The Higher Power You Can Use*.

Firstly, I am going to tell you something about myself and how the desire for this great adventure first came into my life.

This is by no means an autobiography, for I would not like to write my own, I will leave that for someone else.

Many people have asked me why I went to Tibet. Well, behind it all there is a fascinating story and I will make it as clear and brief as possible.

In most people's lives there is a living force that is seldom realised, pushing them on to a goal of which they had no idea. That was the case in my life.

Now this book is neither a literary display of words nor a fairy tale; neither is it a book to reveal the Truth—no book can ever do that. I will write just as the thoughts and occurrences come into my mind.

If you read this book aloud it will benefit you even more; for the Spirit alone has voice.

* *The Higher Power You Can Use* (c.1945), *I Am the Life* (1946), *Heal Yourself* (1947), *Spiritual and Mental Healing* (1947), *What is Mine is Thine: Part I* (1948), *What is Mine is Thine: Part II* (1948), *How to Relax and Revitalise Yourself* (1952), *Divine Healing of Mind and Body* (1953), *Your Life Renewed Every Day* (1954).

CHAPTER 1

I WAS born and brought up in the Highlands of Scotland. As a boy I remember well the many psychic experiences which began for me at the early age of seven years.

The invisible world, from which only a veil separates us, was as clear to me as the physical, for I was born with this gift, if one could call it a gift, and I am sure that all have it, though they know it not.

I would relate some of these experiences to my parents, and what I knew, but they did not encourage me—I was too accurate for most people's liking!

When I was quite young and going to school, some books came into my possession, yet I do not know how. They were books of the ancient Yoga and you may think it strange, but I seemed to know and understand with a clarity that amazed my elders.

Yet there was something these books could not tell me. I could not explain what it was. But now, when I look back, I must have known what it was. The fact was, these books gave me only an idea, but an idea is not the thing itself, and I have since realised this fully.

The word "Life" or the idea of Life is not Life; neither is the word "God" God. Every preacher and teacher is trying to tell you what Life is, yet they can give you only an idea of It, and that is not Life. It is because we have so many different ideas that we have so much separation and strife in religion, groups and nationalities in the world today.

I was about seven years old when I saw the face of the Jesus. It was a living face animated with Life, not the reflection of a picture that my senses could have seen from a book or reproduction. It was alive and living just like you and me.

The effect on me was too much, and I was put to bed and lived on rum and milk with a beaten-up egg in it. This was my only food. The doctor said my heart had moved two inches out of its place.

This bed business was boring me to tears, when one morning I heard a voice saying, "Get up! Go outside, run and jump!" I did so and was well from that moment. This convinced me more than ever that there was no death, that others besides those in the physical were alive, and I was determined to find out more about it. What amazed the doctors was that I was one hundred per cent fit from that very moment.

It was after this that I found that I could jump from a great height and hold myself almost in mid-air and come down lightly on my toes. Although I could not yet understand the meaning of it all, I had read about it in the Yoga books which were my treasured possessions.

I read how the Yogi could levitate themselves, and I must have been doing something similar without a knowledge of the methods used.

The many things I did fearlessly caused my parents very many anxious moments. Although they knew I was different from the others, yet their anxiety about me still remained and I was very conscious of this fact.

The winter nights were a great pleasure to me. I used to sit in front of the huge log fire in our ancestral home, my right foot always on the railing in front of the fire and my jacket on the back of my chair. In my boyhood days I always wore Scotland's national dress, the comfortable kilt, up to the age of fifteen years, and often wore it at the Highland games in which I took part whenever the opportunity arose.

Above the mantelpiece hung the great claymore that my forefathers had fought with in many battles, including the battle of Culloden Moor.*

On both sides of the mantelpiece were swords and pistols that the Clan MacDonald had used in their raids on the Lowlands and over the English border.

I would listen intently to my father telling us of the many stories of adventure of the MacDonald clan, he would also relate some of his own adventures, for he had visited many foreign lands and we used to listen to these stories over and over again. I never tired of them and they fostered in me that wanderlust, coupled with my mind's desire for knowledge, that was to lead me away into so many parts of the world. As I grew older this passion grew stronger and stronger. I began to spread my wings to take flight to distant lands.

All Scots people are adamant that their children should have a good education, so I was sent to the university and though I studied medicine it had no appeal for me; it was like treating some dead thing, when I knew that Life was the only living power. Yet this background helped me later in my work of healing all over the world. Some of the miraculous results I will explain later in another book.

I made up my mind to go to India, and there I found the Yogi and gained a great deal of wisdom and knowledge, but I was not yet satisfied, even though it was leading me to the goal I desired. Although I had visited India several times I was still not satisfied.

I sailed up the Persian Gulf to Basra. From there I trekked up the Tigris River and crossed over the desert to the Euphrates. I lived with the Arabs and roamed the ancient city of Baghdad with all its picturesque mosques and minarets, explored the ancient ruins of Babylon, and searched ancient Persia and Palestine for relics of old Bible stories.

When the first World War came in 1914 I joined a Highland Regiment, became a commissioned officer and was awarded the Military Cross, also a foreign decoration for saving life under gun-fire and was wounded four times in doing so. After the war I again went to India, through China and Japan. I went to French Indo-China where I explored the ancient Cambodian ruins of a civilisation that seemed to have disappeared overnight and left behind magnificent relics as the only evidence of its existence.

I then crossed Canada from east to west and west to east, motored more than six thousand miles in the United States and visited Mexico and South America. I trekked through Africa and explored the ancient ruins of Zimbabwe in Rhodesia where, it is said, a civilisation existed four thousand years ago, and around which Rider Haggard¹ wrote his books *She* and *King Solomon's Mines*. Similar ruins have been found in Brazil and I think that the similarity of the ruins point to something in common. Some day our archaeologists may throw some light on the origin of this ancient civilisation.

I retraced the steps of Livingstone² and Stanley³ and explored the Zambezi River above the mighty Victoria Falls. I studied the ruins of ancient Egypt and visited most places in Europe, also travelled through

Australia and New Zealand and the South Pacific Islands. I travelled to the four corners of the earth and sailed the seven seas. I did healing and teaching all over the world and became well-known on the four continents, but the greatest adventure of my life had not yet been fulfilled—my journey into the forbidden land of mysterious Tibet, the roof of the world.

I had a unique experience. Already I had given up hope of ever reaching my goal and then a figure appeared to me telling me to go to Africa, from where I would again go to India. The figure gave me all details of the route I should take, telling me that I would be met by someone who would guide me in person beyond the Himalayas.

(This interesting and extraordinary incident comes back to mind, and I must relate it because it has a bearing on what followed. I had just come away from Tibet and was giving my first lecture in Montreal, Canada. It happened like this. I had been lecturing for about half-an-hour, everyone was seated, and the doors were closed. Mrs. Chisholm⁴ and the ushers were standing in the foyer outside, when the figure of a man appeared as from nowhere and said: “Tell him I am pleased he has done what I asked of him.” No sooner than the words were said the figure disappeared. This was seen by several people. I knew the answer, but they did not. Some are still talking about this experience; only the other day I had a letter from a lady in Montreal who was there when the incident took place and she referred to it in her letter.)

You can well imagine the excitement that set my heart beating as the ship *Inchanga* sailed up the Hoogli River into Calcutta (this ship I had boarded at Durban, South Africa).

The great moment was near, and though this was the fifth time I had been to India there was something new and fresh about it. To meet someone I had never seen in the flesh was a thrilling anticipation.

As the ship drew into the wharf the babbling voices of hundreds of coolies drowned my conversation with the people around me.

I lost no time in getting ashore, and I was soon surrounded by dozens of willing hands mostly looking for rupees and annas. But having been to India several times I had learned their ways and was able to speak in a language they understood.

I searched all round, looking for someone to recognise as no one appeared I was crestfallen. Was all this a hoax, I wondered? After most of the passengers had left I got my own luggage on its way and proceeded to the Grand Hotel situated in the Chowringee, opposite the Calcutta Domain.

I settled there for a few days and visited my old friends Swami Yogananda⁵ and Swami Ramana⁶, also a few more of the Yogi I knew. I discussed my problems with them and they advised me not to give up but to go on over the Himalayas and beyond if necessary, and I was sure to meet the one who spoke to me.

So in the afternoon I took a taxi to the railway station to arrange my train transport to Siliguri in northern Bengal, the furthest point to which the main railway goes towards the great Himalayas.

The taxi-driver, a Sikh with an angelic face, regarded me as a raw tourist and was taking me for a ride, for he proceeded in the opposite direction. I knew his game and decided to teach him a lesson. So when we finally reached the station he said, "Five rupees, Sahib!" I handed him two rupees, which was more than the normal fare, and I told him in his own language that he was lucky I did not report him for his was a serious offence. You should have seen his face! The angelic look disappeared, and without a murmur, disgusted with himself, he drove off.

In the evening I visited a Colonel friend of mine who was with me when I was attached to the Indian Army. He was a student of the deeper things of Life and we had enjoyed a close friendship till he passed from this earth into the higher Life. Since he passed he has no doubt satisfied his deep desire for greater wisdom and knowledge.

He put on mufti (civilian clothes) and we went down to the Bhodi Institute, a select Indian club, where the Hindu professors, doctors, Yogi and the like congregated.

My friend, Professor Shastri⁷, a professor in the Calcutta University, was giving an address on Ancient Sanskrit, on which he was considered the greatest authority in the world. Ancient Sanskrit is the writing of an Ancian Indian culture seemingly far in advance of any of our culture in the West, even today.

It was not long before I was recognised and after the address I was immediately invited to the platform and was asked to give an account of my

wanderings since I was last in their midst and what I was doing now. So I told them, and I must say that their interest was profound.

Some of the great Indian teachers were there, including Sri Aurobindo⁸ (of whom I wrote in my book *Spiritual and Mental Healing*), Swami Yogananda, Swami Ramana the great Indian scientist, Tagore⁹ India's national poet, and the great Gandhi¹⁰ himself, besides many more of India's leading lights.

My Colonel friend turned to me and said, "I abhor the inflated idea of superiority of some of our own people here in India which prevents them from understanding the higher things of Life, and when they leave they are even more inflated, but only with their own ignorance unfortunately, which goes to show the depraved state of their immature mentality. In the world it is the humble that are great, and we only become humble when we begin to get wisdom, and when we acquire wisdom we are humbler still. This germ of greatness must be born in the forth-coming generation or we are doomed to complete oblivion." I agreed with him and so do all right-thinking people.

Two days later I took my departure from Calcutta in the train bound for Siliguri. You have to keep your carriage doors locked on the inside, otherwise your compartment will be overrun with all kinds of people, notwithstanding the fact that you have your compartment reserved, and a notice to that effect displayed on the outside. This, however, makes no difference to the travelling mob, and it is a most difficult job to get them out once they get in.

When I reached Siliguri, the end of the main railway to northern Bengal, I saw the little mountain railway train that would take me further on towards the Himalayas. As I changed from one train to the other I sensed a nasty smell, and on looking round I saw a leper holding out what were at one time hands, now covered in dirty sacking. Lepers at that time were not allowed to come nearer than within three feet of you.

I took pity on the leper and handed him a rupee, when an Indian policeman came along and hit him with his cane. I remonstrated with him and said, "You are hitting yourself, do you know that?"

With an amazed look on his face, I left him wondering, and walked off, letting him think it out for himself.

Lepers today are mostly allowed their freedom; previously they were hounded down and placed in leper colonies. This sent many into hiding and they spread the disease. But now they are treated with injections of a combination of chaulmoogra oil and other new drugs which have been very successful in the termination of the disease.

The little mountain railway carriages were only up to my shoulder; the tiny engine was painted green, and all the carriages were painted red. I had to bend down to enter in, and while sitting, my head touched the roof. One could hardly credit that such a tiny engine had power enough to draw about a dozen carriages behind it up very steep grades. My thoughts turned to the steam that made it possible. This thought made me realise that it is the Life that makes it possible for us to do all the things we do; the body has no power of its own, just as the engine has no power of its own.

Thus I started off on a further stage of my journey. We crawled under viaducts making complete circles, looping the loop, crossing over the very viaduct that we crawled under about half-an-hour before, and still we crawled higher and higher up the mountainside. Zigzagging and looping the loop, we proceeded on our way till we reached about five thousand feet, where we stopped at a place called Gillikola, and here I got off.

The train goes as far as Darjeeling, which is the main town in Nepal, and it is situated at the foot of the great Himalayas.

On the platform were waiting a number of sturdy little mountain women not more than four feet in height, each with a strap over her head, hanging over her shoulders and down her back. They immediately came forward and put the hanging strap under the heavy boxes and lifted them as if they were so many matchboxes.

I was amazed to see their strength, but I found it was a knack; the drag was across the forehead and over the shoulders, the weight resting on the back. I was told that one of these women carried a piano all the way from Kalimpong to Darjeeling, a matter of thirty-odd miles.

I took the car I had ordered to meet me at Gillikola, and off we went, still climbing and zig-zagging up the mountain till we reached Kalimpong. This town in the Himalayas is the starting point of the trade route between India, Sikkim and Tibet. From here everything is taken over road and tracks which become very narrow, in some parts not more than a few feet wide.

In Kalimpong I found a motley crowd of people, Indians, Tibetans, people from Sikkim, people from Nepal, people from Bhutan, and quite a number of White people who were taking their holidays in the mountain air, away from the heat and the humidity of Calcutta.

The hill states of Nepal, Sikkim and Bhutan separate India from Tibet. So Kalimpong becomes even a more important town than Darjeeling, especially as the trade route starts there.

Here I gathered together my caravan, which included an interpreter, a personal bearer and bodyguard, a man who knew the ropes of all the brigands roaming the trade routes. I hired a Tibetan pony for myself, one for my interpreter, one for my bodyguard, and one for my Indian bearer, two mules as pack-animals, and three porters.

All goods coming from and going to Tibet are carried on the backs of donkeys, mules and porters. From Kalimpong they are transported by road and rail to Calcutta, thence to other destinations. The tea that comes from Darjeeling is conveyed by the mountain railway to Siliguri, then on the main railway to Calcutta, then shipped to all parts of the world.

In Kalimpong I met a namesake, a Mr. MacDonald who kept the Himalayan Hotel. He was half-Tibetan, the son of a Mr. MacDonald from Scotland, at one time British trade agent at Yatung in Tibet, and who had married a Tibetan woman.

Mr. MacDonald and I became friends. He could speak Tibetan, Hindustani and English perfectly, and I got down to learning as much of Tibetan as I could in the time I was with him. I could already speak Hindustani and this helped quite a lot.

I had to wait in Kalimpong until my permit to enter Tibet arrived, and during this period I gave much thought to the stranger whom I was to meet. I anticipated that I would have to go as far as Tibet to find him. He had met me neither in Calcutta nor in Kalimpong when I arrived, but I considered it would be foolish to turn back. I must go on. Something inside me said, "You must go on."

I had been there for three days when I was walking down towards the town from the house I was staying in. I saw a man dressed in a purple gown slightly more purple than the Lama cloak. I could not take my eyes off him, so much did he attract me.

He came straight up to me and said, “You have arrived, my son,” in perfect English. I was so taken aback that I could not speak at once, for I had no thought of being met at Kalimpong now, especially as I had not been met on my arrival.

He put his right hand on my left shoulder and I felt as if I was charged with electricity. Then he said, “I have been with you a long time, but you knew it not.” I knew those words, they had rung in my mind for a very long time.

Then he revealed what he knew about me, the things I did and the things I should have done, and perhaps the things I should not have done, which after all, he explained, did not matter very much.

I knew that he must have been with me for a very long time because my life to him was as an open book, and there was no use telling him where I had been. What I wanted most now was to try to let him know what I knew. So I began to discourse on philosophy and higher metaphysics. I went on for some time (I could not tell you how long, for time seemed to disappear) and he listened to me very quietly. I thought that I had made an impression, at least I would be worthy of his interest in me. Then he uttered these words:

“My son, it does not matter very much whether it is true or not, does it?”

If you had struck me with a sledgehammer I could not have been more stunned. Then I heard him say to me:

“I will see you tomorrow, my son, and all is being arranged for your journey. Everything is being taken care of.”

He then turned and went down the path, leaving me totally empty—that is what I was, empty!

I thought deeply about what he had said, in those few words and it completely changed me. I could see that all I had, was made up in my mind. I had missed the greatest in my life—the Living Present. What I had, were mere words, ideas, images. What a fool I had been all these years!

And how thankful I was for those few words! I knew that at last I would find that for which I was seeking.

The following day he came early, with a smile of satisfaction, and said:

“My son, I see that you have had your first lesson of the Truth that sets men free. You were bound, but now I see that you have begun to free

yourself.”

“But,” I said, “you did it!”

“Oh no,” he said, “my words could not have done it unless you were ready to receive.”

Then he said: “You will leave here a week today when your pass will arrive, I want you to go through the jungle, along by the Teesta River and up through Sikkim to Gangtok; I want you to have the experience of the jungle as well. From Gangtok you will cross the Natula Pass on into Yatung, the first town in Tibet. You will then have further instructions from me.”

That week in Kalimpong was one of great joy, a joy of anticipation. Only once did I see him before I left and I was determined to ask him one question.

I said to him, “Meditation to me has been a difficult problem and I have found it so with others. Could you suggest any way I should meditate?”

He said, “To know how to meditate is a very complex problem. To follow any system, whether it be East or West, is not meditation. If you follow a system you shape your mind according to a particular pattern and this is what you want to avoid.”

I said, “I know there is a lot of nonsense taught about meditation by those who know little or nothing about it.”

“Yes, my son,” he said, “that is true, only too true, and you are one of them who tried to teach this nonsense.”

I was not hurt by his remark, because I knew how true it was.

Then he said, “If you condition your mind you cannot be free; meditation must lead to freedom, for only the mind that is free can discover the truth. When you understand the process of your mind, which you will do as we proceed during these months ahead, you will find greater freedom.”

(Months ahead! I had no idea of months ahead! But as a fact it was months before I came away, and I could have stayed beyond the Himalayas many more months.)

While I was thinking he seemed to stop and listen to my inaudible thoughts, I at once realised that he knew them.

He smiled and then said, “There can be no freedom through the discipline of any system, for this would only make you more bound than you were before. Real meditation is to discover what is beyond the mind. A particular system prevents the mind from understanding, for it is merely self-hypnosis which is binding and destroying.”

Then he stopped while I began to rearrange my thoughts. I was the first to speak again, I said:

“Now I begin to see daylight.”

“Yes,” he went on, “in freedom alone is there true creativeness, and the mind must be clear of all beliefs, systems, and discipline, free of all conditioning of any kind. Then you can create through your own creativeness and not through the belief or idea of another, which only makes you an imitator. To be aware of the whole process of thinking, you will begin to know yourself and it is this which leads to freedom. If you merely have a belief or an idea then you can never know what is beyond it, but if you know what is a belief, what is an idea, then you can get beyond, and there you will find that which is Real, which is not an idea or a belief, but a Livingness that is Eternal and Ever-present.”

Yes, my mind was clearing. I was getting rid of my ideas, my beliefs, my philosophies. A cleansing was taking place and I knew it. How could I show my gratitude, that was my thought at that moment, when he uttered the words:

“Gratitude is the belief in separation, between yourself and Reality, but there is no separation. It is but the illusion of the mind that is caught up in separation, in beliefs, in ideas and the like.”

Then he said, “I have seen you sitting in a corner meditating, trying to focus your mind on an image or an idea to the exclusion of all else, but you were never successful in doing so. Is it not so that other thoughts rose up in your mind to cause a conflict? There can never be a quiet in the midst of conflict! The conflict must cease before there is quiet. Quiet never comes out of conflict. It is only when you understand conflict, that conflict ceases. Quiet is the natural state of the mind that is not in conflict!

“Is it not so,” he went on, “that you spent much of your time and energy in this wasteful battle of conflict and gained nothing in the end? You produced mental pictures, but that was an illusion, not the meditation that

leads to freedom and the discovery of that which is beyond the mind, which alone is creative.”

“Oh!” I thought; I drew a long breath, I felt the freedom I was looking for and his words rang in my mind, “It does not matter very much whether it is true or not.” I was trying to make an idea the Truth, to make Reality out of an idea, and it could not be done.

Then he said, “Reality is not made up in the mind. Reality is. You do not make It, It comes into Being when your mind is freed and not before. Then you will know that you are the Truth, that you are Life Itself.”

I now understood more than I had ever understood all the years of my life. I felt the joy of living in freedom. I could not put it into words—there was something Real that I could not define, but I knew that I was alive, that what I made up in my mind was not Reality.

The Creativeness was within and now I could let It express Itself, and the more free I was from beliefs, from systems, from ideas, the greater It would become, I could see this now! This was the joy, and I could not hold back. He saw it, for he said in his lovely voice:

“Son, that is all there is.”

“Yes,” I said, “my meditation was merely a form of self-isolation in which I carried my private memories, my private experiences which were not understood. I know now that my mind could never be free from that conditioning I until I understood it.”

“Yes,” he said, “may I put it this way, you were forcing your mind into a state of self-hypnosis by the constant repetition of words. But the mind that is forced into that state is dead. Real meditation is a true expression of Life. You only dulled your mind, and when the state ended your conditioning was more apparent, was it not?”

I knew this to be true. Why could I not have seen this before? I thought. Again I knew he was reading my very thoughts.

“Yes,” he continued, “you must know the ways of the self, your thoughts, by being impersonally aware of them, looking at yourself in your relationship to others and the things you talk about, just as you would observe someone else. There, in that state, is the echoing of your conditioning which can be observed without condemning, without fear, freed from such conditioning. In this way you will discover yourself, you

will see how you have conditioned yourself, through your fear, your condemning, your criticism, your resistance, for these are the ways of the self.

“In this freedom there is neither conflict nor illusion. In this process there is true meditation.”

Then I said, “I see that freedom which is Truth does not come into being through the search for It but through understanding the whole structure of the self, with all its desires, its prejudices, its conditioning, its cherished illusions, and when these are discerned and understood they dissolve away and what is left is Reality—the Real self.”

“Yes, that is true,” he answered. “Meditation is the discovery of the Real Self, not separated from other selves, but that which is Whole and complete, which is without conditioning of any kind. That experience is true meditation.

“When you see that your conditioned thought has a beginning and ending in the self, being the product of the mind in bondage, there is silence, not the silence that is willed or the result of hypnotisation but a silence that is not of time, a silence that is not created, but the silence in which the Eternal is revealed, this Silence being Eternity Itself.

“In this Silence there is the state of creation. This is the silence the Master knows and which you also will know. It is the Timeless that is Real, and is not conditioned by memories or experience and where conflict does not exist.

“So without understanding how you have conditioned yourself and merely forced your mind to meditate is a waste of time and energy which only creates more illusion. To know your thoughts and how they arise, and to understand your bondage, is the beginning of wisdom. If you do not understand yourself, meditation has no meaning, for, whatever you project, it is in accordance with your own conditioning and that is obviously not Reality.”

I was aware now, aware of the mightiness of Reality. I was aware of the mighty power he possessed and in that humility I knew that God could express Himself wholly. His presence conveyed to me that same feeling, but I could not describe it.

He rose up and blessed me. He felt my love go out towards him, for he said, “No one cometh unto me except through the Love of God.”

After he had gone I was speechless. It was as though some great mighty Power had come, and left with me a sense of It and I knew it would grow as I got more freedom.

I saw him again in the morning before I began my journey over the Himalayas, and he told me that he would meet me in Yatung. He specially asked me not to mention his name in my writings for reasons which you will understand later on.

* Place near Inverness, Scotland, site of the battle in which in 1746 the Duke of Cumberland defeated the force of the Young Pretender Charles Edward Stuart.

- [1.](#) Sir Henry Rider Haggard (1856-1925) English novelist, colonial administrator, and agriculturist.
- [2.](#) Sir Henry Morton Stanley (1841-1904) Anglo-American journalist and African explorer.
- [3.](#) Dr. David Livingstone (1813-1873) Scottish missionary and physician.
- [4.](#) Mrs. Chisholm: nee Flora MacDonald (Murdo's sister.) Flora accompanied Murdo to South Africa and on his travels throughout the world (c1935-1955). During Murdo's sojourn into Tibet for the seven months (1936-7) Flora waited in Kalimpong, on the border between India and Tibet.
- [5.](#) Paramahansa Yogananda (1893-1952), Indian mystic and founder of the Self-Realization Fellowship.
- [6.](#) Sri Ramana Venkatataramana Maharshi (1879-1950) Indian mystic.
- [7.](#) Prof. Pandit Harabhatta Shastri (1874-1951), Indian Sanskrit scholar, 'the celebrated scholar of Shaiva lore.'
- [8.](#) Sri Aurobindo Ghose (1872-1950) Indian nationalist, mystic & philosopher.
- [9.](#) Rabindranath Tagore (1861-1941) Indian poet. Philosopher, and poet laureate.
- [10.](#) Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi (1869-1948) Indian nationalist leader known as *Mahatma Gandhi* established his country's freedom through a non-violent revolution.



THE AUTHOR IN THE HEART OF TIBET



MAP 2. (KALIMPONG TO LINGMATANG)

CHAPTER 2

WHEN I had my caravan ready the contents seemed considerable, but in fact I had only bare necessities. In addition I took about fifty one-pound tins of Huntley & Palmer's biscuits, as these are a great delicacy to the Tibetans, especially for the lamas. I depended upon them to some extent for assistance, mostly from the head lama of the monasteries. This recognition would be of assistance, as I would be likely to be welcomed by the populace also.

I also took with me a number of silk scarves, which are the traditional ceremonial gifts in Tibet. I was informed of this courtesy previously. If you place the silk scarf around the neck of the person receiving the scarf, it is a sign that you consider him your equal. If the scarf is just handed to him he is considered beneath you.

On all occasions I remembered to place the scarf around the neck and it paid big dividends. The great lamas granted me many privileges which I accepted with open arms.

I left the small town of Kalimpong and went down into the valley of the Teesta River. This river is considered the fastest flowing river in the world. Its colour is bluish white, caused by the melting of the snow and ice coming from the great glaciers in the Himalayas, especially the great glaciers of the mighty Kanchenjunga¹, the most beautiful peak of the great range of the Himalayas and considered to be more difficult to climb than Mount Everest.

The valley became deeper and deeper and the road in parts a mere track. This track is forced to follow the roaring waters of the Teesta through the gorges which have been created through the thousands of years of the waters' continuous cascading. The atmosphere on the lower levels was suffocating, and a sort of humid smell came from the thick impenetrable jungle surrounding us on all sides.

This deep green thick foliage, which it is impossible to penetrate, is filled with elephant, rhino and the ferocious Bengal tiger, and there are hundreds

of other wild animals and reptiles, such as leopards, monkeys, snakes and pythons.



(MT. KANJENCHUNGA)

I was glad when I began to climb out of this deadly atmosphere. As we rose out of it, a clearing could be seen here and there, revealing majestic scenery such as the eye seldom sees. The blue sky looked like a canopy covering the green foliage, with colourful rhododendron trees on the sides of the mountains, while the treacherous Teesta River rushed over the jutting rocks with the roar of an express train. These scenes are still deeply printed in my memory, and I can well recall them as I write. I was fascinated by the wildness of it all; the mountains, the jungle, the river, the track, the trees and the patches of green mingling together in one beautiful yet awe-inspiring panorama.

To realise that just off the track, hidden there in the jungle, might be certain death was enough to make one think, and a slip off the track into that howling torrent of the Teesta would be a terrible fate.

As one clearing after another came into view I could see the peaks of the Himalayas in the distance covered with the eternal snows, and I knew that in a day or two I must cross the pass that separates these peaks.

I was exhilarated knowing that at last I was truly on my way to the great adventure of my life, and I looked forward with joy and anticipation to what was going to happen in the future.

I had no fear, because I was told that all would be well with me, and I was ready to face any danger with confidence.

I knew that secreted somewhere beyond these great Himalayan mountains was the mystery I was bound to solve.

The first day we travelled twelve miles, a good day's march. We pulled up at a small village on the side of the river. Around the huts which were built on poles several feet off the ground there was a fairly large clearing with stockades where the beasts are kept at night, safe from marauding tigers and leopards. There was an official hut on the way, but this was occupied for the night, so we chose the next best thing.

I chose a small hut on the hillside, above the village; this hut was made of grass canvas. My bearer said to me, "Sahib, do you think it is safe up there?"

"Well," I replied, "it is better than down among the cattle—and others must have slept there before me, I'm sure."

The hut was about two feet from the hillside which had been cut away so that it could fit in. My bearer got out my sleeping bag, and after a wash (a basin and a pail of water had been provided for me) I had supper. Then I turned in. I had a healthy tiredness and fell off to sleep almost immediately.

During the night I was awakened by the presence of an animal between the hillside and my flimsy hut; it was obviously smelling for something and it made a growling sort of noise. I knew it was a tiger or a leopard and I must frighten it away before it got any bolder. So I took the basin full of water that I had washed in and let it fly, followed by the pail, in the direction where I thought the animal was. All this made such a hell of a noise that the beast must have got a terrific fright, for it gave a fierce growl and bolted. Shortly afterwards I heard the yelling of a pig and I gathered that the beast got its meal after all—I was glad I was not the victim. In fact, though, I was not disturbed at all by this experience; I seemed rather to like it at first, but when I told my bearer the next morning he said, "Sahib, you had a very narrow escape."

I laughed it off, but at the same time I resolved to take good care to choose a more protected place the following night.

After shaving and cleaning up we had breakfast, which consisted of porridge with salt in it (porridge without salt tastes insipid to me). We had tinned cream, a piece of bacon with toast and tea. Truly I felt happy—I can almost realise that feeling as I am writing.

We started off in a very happy mood that morning, and my happiness seemed infectious, for even the animals seemed in a gay mood. We went higher and higher up the mountain track, which rose steeply for thousands of feet, and away down below I could hear the roar of the Teesta, though I could not see it. I knew that part of the glaciers hundreds of miles away was in that river making its way to the sea.

“What a tale that river could tell,” I said to my bearer.

“Yes,” he said, “and many a life has been lost in that river, Sahib.”

Part of the track had fallen away and there was barely room to pass. We clung precariously close to the inside. I was afraid that the load on the mules might touch the side and send them rolling down into the gorge a thousand feet below. Happily the muleteer was an experienced man and he led the mules past with great care. I did not chance riding my pony and walked gingerly past leading him behind me, but he also was an experienced beast—he had travelled that way many times before. Shortly after we passed I heard a rumbling noise, and there, coming down the mountainside, was a hail of boulders, some as big as the hut I had slept in on the previous night. We had just passed in time. What could have disturbed these boulders, I wondered; could it have been a mountain bear? for there were plenty around those parts, or it might have been a mountain goat.

During the rainy season, I was told, occasionally the track is impassable as the whole mountainside would fall headlong into the gorge below, and then several days would be needed to make a fresh track farther up the mountainside. Yes, it is a tricky business, climbing the Himalayas!

That night we got to the border of Sikkim, where we had comfortable accommodation in one of the well-constructed huts built by the Younghusband² expedition.

A company of Gurkhas was stationed there to prevent any unauthorised person entering Sikkim, which is the gateway to Tibet. I showed my pass, signed the book, and gave all details of my expedition. On my return seven months later I signed below my previous signature to prove that I was the same person who had passed that way before and that I had got back safe and sound.

Chickens, eggs and potatoes were easily bought, and that night we had roast chicken and baked potatoes, these tasted good, for we had done a two-day journey in one day.

The following morning we crossed the river into Sikkim and made our way towards Gangtok, the capital of Sikkim. Here the political officer of Tibet, a Mr. Gould,³ had his residence. I had an excellent dinner with him that evening. Next I paid my respects to the Maharaja of Sikkim and we had a pleasant evening all round. His wife was a beautiful Tibetan girl, member of a highly cultured family in Yatung. She was charming and spoke English with a fascinating accent, which added to her charm.

Next day we started our really strenuous part of the journey, climbing up towards the Natula Pass. The track here is not more than two feet wide in most places, zig-zagging up the steep mountainside, and the higher you get the deeper the precipices and ravines become.

We passed several trains of donkeys, sometimes more than a hundred donkeys in one train, and in some trains of yaks there are eight hundred or more, carrying everything on their backs as there is no wheeled traffic in Tibet, not even a wheelbarrow. (A number of donkeys or yaks is called a train.)

We met one train of donkeys on a very dangerous part, where the track is very narrow. The outsides of the tracks are worn away, the reason for this being that the animals instinctively know that if they keep near the mountainside their protruding loads might hit against the jutting rocks and this could send them headlong thousands of feet over the precipice to their death, with their loads and all.

We could hear bells tinkling, bells which the donkeys carry around their necks, and we stopped at a passing place till they went by.

You can imagine what my thoughts were on my first experience of this kind.

At a night resting-place, farther along the trade route, I examined the backs of some donkeys when their loads were taken off, and I found that most of their backs were covered with sores from the rubbing of the saddles on which the loads are carried. I was disgusted, to say the very least, to see how these poor little animals suffered and I remonstrated, through my interpreter, with the muleteers. They said they did not think that the donkeys felt any pain. They showed me their own feet cut by the razor-like edge of the ice that forms as the slush freezes on the track after sundown, and they did not think that the donkeys felt pain either.

When the sun is up, the snow melts on the track; but when the sun has set this slush becomes frozen with razor-like edges which crunch under your feet. Many of the Tibetans wear a sort of straw rope around their feet, and this offers some protection against the sharp edges of frozen slush.

I marvelled at the terrific loads these little donkeys with their little spindle legs carried; they struggle up the steep mountain track with a load almost equal to their own weight.

One morning, one of my mules started a kicking fit; he did not want to carry his load any farther and threw it off by kicking his heels up in the air every time we put it on. But this was soon remedied. The muleteer tied a rope round the mule's feet from the back foot to the corresponding front foot, and when the mule kicked again he fell flat on his nose; he did not kick any more and we continued on our journey. Apparently it was not the first time this trick had been tried.

Slowly we wound our way up the steep Himalayas and in two days we reached the top of the Natula Pass, covered with the eternal snows. This is about 2,000 feet above the wood line, about 16,000 feet above sea level—a sight I shall never forget. Away in the distance, as far as the eye could see, were the majestic peaks of the mighty Himalayas covered with snow. I looked away above and beyond, and away down towards the Chumbi Valley. Here was a strange land, strange that is to the outside world and to which the outside world was stranger. It was like a land of dreams, and my heart thrilled at the magnificent sight, knowing that down there, the valley would mean another step towards the fulfilment of my life-long desire.

As we reached lower down towards the Chumbi Valley the mountainside was covered with rhododendron trees in full bloom, some pink, some red,

some purple, some white, and the floor of the green valley, 11,000 feet above sea level, was coloured with wild flowers. Here and there you could see the red-topped Tibetan houses, surrounded by a patchwork of cultivated land, some patches green, some red, some brown, and through the centre flows the rushing Amo Chu River, the waters of which are turned into channels to irrigate the land. I stood enraptured, gazing upon a scene unparalleled anywhere in the world.

As I looked upon this emerald green valley coloured as it was with wild flowers and dotted here and there with the red roofs of the houses surrounded with a patchwork of cultivated land, threaded by a rushing river, and all this surrounded on all sides by towering snow-clad mountains, I saw wrapped in the mist, secluded in the mountainside a mysterious Tibetan monastery, a school of mystery, where knowledge of a forgotten age still existed. It looked for all the world like a crazy carpet that one could look upon for hours without being tired for the looking.

We rested for the night at a comfortable hut on the mountainside. The following day we would wend our way down into Yatung.

The Natula Pass we had just crossed separated us now from the outside world. We were now in the land of mystery, the forbidden land on the roof of the world.

It is true that one finds what one is seeking. Some seek pictures of the beautiful, the rugged, the dangerous. I was not seeking pictures; I was seeking something eternal and I knew I would find it.

A fire was made up in my hut and I sat before it, thinking deeply what the morrow would bring. I must have sat for a considerable time, for the fire was now low.

I put out the candlelight and went to bed. As the red glow of the fire grew dimmer I was startled out of my reverie. Close beside me a figure appeared at my bedside. I thought my bearer had returned for something and I said, "What do you want, bearer?"

There was no answer. I looked again and saw that it was a person robed like a lama. I felt a tingling through my body; I looked at the face and saw that it was a very fine Mongolian type, a high brow, with piercing eyes, his face lit up as if the sun was shining from it. His eyes were set well apart and the face was beautifully formed. I saw his lips move but could not hear

what he said; he smiled a smile as of one who knew, and gradually he disappeared from view.

I am not in the habit of having hallucinations, nor imagining things, for I have a very searching mind and do not accept things without due consideration. This indeed must have been a visitation of some kind and I knew that the morrow would give me the answer.

On reaching Yatung the following day I was met again by my friend. I call him "my friend," in fact he was more than a friend to me, now. I told him of my experience, but he said nothing about it.

He said, "You will rest here tonight and tomorrow I want you to meet someone who knows you."

I was puzzled at this remark, for I could hardly know anyone in this forbidden land.

When the next day arrived I was deeply interested in the person I was going to meet. We started out alone, just the two of us, and I asked, "How far have we to go to meet this person who knows me?"

He pointed up the valley and said, "There is Lingmatang. There is a master there whom I want you to meet, the one who knows you. He lives in the monastery, though he has long ago passed by their beliefs and dogmas and ritual, but it suits him to stay there. He is revered by all lamas, in fact throughout the whole of the land, as a great Master. Yet he will tell you, it is not a master you need for that which is greatest is within yourself, and there only, will you find the answer to what you seek."

After this he became silent and no further words were spoken until we reached the monastery.

The monastery was cunningly situated in the mountain-side and I did not see it until I was right there. A more inspiring sight is seldom seen. We came upon it all at once. I wondered how such a massive stone structure could have been built on the side of the mountain on which it stood.

I stood for a minute, wondering deeply what was in store for me. After climbing the huge rock steps we reached the massive door of the monastery, which must have been at least thirty feet high. The huge door swung open silently as if the hinges were on ball bearings. Apparently they must have seen us and were expecting us, for we were immediately attended by several lamas, who led us through several halls into a winding passage until

we reached a door panelled in gold. At the side hung a long piece of brocade to which was attached a golden tassel. When one of the lamas conducting us pulled it, I could hear a gong sounding in the inside.

Then the door opened and we entered, and there stood before me the great Geshi Rimpoche himself, the very face I saw two nights before in the hut. I could not take my eyes off him. This meeting had a tremendous effect on me and I realised that at that moment I was on the verge of a great mystery. He welcomed me as his brother, and a warm feeling immediately went through me. I knew that I had felt this influence before, yes, for a long time, it must have been for several years.

I felt extremely happy and we talked about my journey and the world I had come from, for he himself had travelled all over the world and could speak several languages.

Little more was said and we adjourned for some food which was already prepared for us. I was shown my comfortable quarters and told that I needed rest and tomorrow we would speak together again. Needless to say I slept as I had never slept before.

On the following morning my friend, Geshi Rimpoche and myself, the three of us, walked slowly among the wild flowers, until we came to a secluded spot beside a stream where the water gently slid over the polished rock, polished through the ages by the continuous flow of the silent stream of water.

The air was electric. Geshi Rimpoche spoke about his visit to me in the hut.



“...the monastery was cunningly situated in the mountain-side and I did not see it until I was right there....”

He said, “You know that astral projection is very easy in this atmosphere.”

“Yes,” I replied, “but that is not the first time you have visited me. The same influence I have sensed for many years. Now I understand.”

My words seemed to flow very easily, for I felt a sense of complete contentment, and I said, “What I want to know is why I have been singled out for this work.”

He answered, “My son, for this you were born,” and he continued in a voice that I could listen to forever: “To a great extent our desires are often the will of the Creator and all the forces of Heaven and earth are brought

into action to express that will. A higher power had the planning of your being here now.”

He was silent for a minute. Then he said, “Did you plan your coming on this earth?”

I replied, “It is believed by some that reincarnation is a truth, you know.”

“Ah,” he said, “now you have accepted what another has told you or what you read in books, but you do not know whether it is true or not, nor does it matter! There can only be ‘One’ Life and Life is not divided; the Life that is in you and me must be the same Life, there can be no separation in the Life that is ‘One.’ This Life in the body, you will find, is the same Life beyond the body, the totality of all Life cannot be separated in you or me.

“There can be no separation even in what you see and feel! Matter is a name you have given to the material world, but do you know what it is? When you try to find out what it is, it changes into something else, and when you try to find what that something else is, it changes into something else, and this goes on *ad infinitum*. There is no finality; there is no finality in Infinity. The mind can never know ‘Truth’ which is beyond the mind; the mind can only create an idea of Truth, an image of Truth, a belief in regard to Truth, but this is obviously not Truth Itself. Therefore you will never know what Truth is, but you will know that Truth *is*, and only within yourself can Truth be found.”

I said, “I know that very well now. There is a mass of books in circulation telling us what Truth is. Now I can see that those who wrote these books are, themselves, just searching for that which they do not know. All they have is but ideas, words, that create an endless stream of further ideas and words.”

“That is true, my son,” he said, “but they have their value. It shows that they have begun to think for themselves and their value to others is of a similar nature.”

“But your work,” he continued, “is to show what an idea is, what an image is; to show: that which is made up in the mind is not Truth. But you must have an idea first before you can understand what an idea is. You yourself were filled with ideas which you thought were the Truth. But that

which you made up in your mind is not Truth, because Truth is not made up, and you will hear that again and again.”

“Yes,” I said, “I know that now, and I would be the last one to condemn another for having ideas.”

“Yes,” he went on, “But there are those who will condemn you for not having an idea or image of the Truth, though you know very well that an idea or an image is not the Truth, for the Truth is neither an idea nor an image. These things are mental creations, but the Truth is not created. Truth is the creativeness behind all Creation. Yet that which is created is not Truth, only the Uncreated is creative, and that is the Truth. ‘I am the Truth, I am the Life,’ the Master Jesus said. It is the same for you and for us all, for there is but ‘One’ in all, and all in ‘One.’ ”

He had just finished when the *chonghas* (ceremonial trumpets) sounded calling the lamas to prayer.

I said, “Then do you condemn all this form and ritual?”

“No,” he replied, “if I condemned it I could not understand it, but now that I understand what it is I no longer take part in it. The Christian religion has form and ritual too. It may be slightly different but they are all similar.

“Ritual is mental, not spiritual; the ways of performing it may be different, but it is all of the mind and this is what you have to understand, otherwise you can never be free. If you refuse to understand it, you are still bound by it, whether you believe it or disbelieve it. Spirituality is the silent expression of Love, Wisdom and Power, not the repeating of ritual.

“Now we will go in and take part in the ceremony so that you can understand it, and also for the experience; then you will see that all religions are similar. The words may be different, the chanting may be different but the mind is following an idea, that is all. But it is not the Truth that sets you free. You can only be free when you understand what the mind is made up of, and how and from where it is made up.

“Why are some Buddhist, and others Christian, why are some Mohammedans, and others atheists? Are they not fundamentally all the same? They may be different religions, but they all follow an ideal, and so does the atheist. Believing and not believing is the same thing; it is all in the mind, is it not? It is but the conflict of ideas.”

The *chonghas* kept sounding with their long booming tones, like the boom of a giant gong.

“Now,” he said, “you have bells instead of *chonghas*, calling your people to prayer.”

We entered the great hall where all the lamas were now sitting lotus-fashion, chanting *Om Mani Padme Hum* which means, “Hail the jewel in the lotus flower!” When one section would end on the “*Hum*” the other section would begin with the “*Om*,” so there was a continuous sound which caused even the great pillars of the temple hall to vibrate. At intervals the great gongs would be sounded, their heavy booming tones vibrating and mingling with many little bells as the voices of the lamas grew louder and louder.

The effect it had on me was that I felt I was going into a deep trance as the sound vibrated through my brain.

I could understand now how some of the lamas became ascetics through the repeating of the words *Om Mani Padme Hum*; it was a matter of self-hypnosis.

After the service was over I said I was greatly affected by the power of the sound of the chanting, the gongs and the *chonghas*.

“Yes,” said my friend, “the lamas may know the power of sound, but if they knew the source of it, they could lead the world. The Spirit alone has voice, you know,” and he said no more.

These were the first words he uttered that day.

“Now, come and we will enjoy some music of the early masters and some of the latest too,” said Rimpoche.

I could see that Rimpoche wanted to relieve the tension, for this day was a very wonderful one for me, and I was still caught up with the many things I had seen and heard. The Master knew his pupil, as all great Masters do. So we adjourned into his inner sanctuary where he kept a magnificent gramophone with a perfect tone.

We partook of a light meal and listened to the music of the great masters, of Beethoven, Wagner, Grieg, Mozart, Bach, Mendelssohn, Chopin and others.

After this we retired each to his own quarters.

I started the outcropping of my mind, watching, observing what was rising to the surface impersonally. It was not long before I grasped, “That which the mind is made up of is not the Truth.”

Eventually there was a silence, not a silence that I was accustomed to, but a silence that came from a mind that was freed from conflicting ideas and images. And in that Silence I experienced a sense of Reality. In that “moment” was Eternity, and all the power and glory of Its expression was “*Now.*”

If I could only hold this tremendous source of wisdom, love and power! But then I started thinking and lost it.

I tried to recapture that moment but it was gone, it was now an experience, a memory, the moment that was past was no more. Yet I did not realise that in that moment was the Eternal, and to live from moment to moment was the Living Truth, the Oneness of all things was Now. There was no beginning and no ending. When I realised this I was no longer in separation, I was one with all, the Creator and His Creation became one with me.

Words cannot explain or reveal this state of Being, it was mine now and forever, and I was satisfied; the search was over, and now I could go further. I knew that nothing outside myself could reveal It, I had to realise It for myself.

I stayed in my own quarters for the remainder of the day, and in the evening I passed off into a peaceful sleep.

Next morning I felt light, as if a great burden had been taken from me. I lived in the moment of Eternity, I was no longer anxious, my craving ceased. I was free.

I went outside, the sky was clear, the stars were still gleaming and sparkling like thousands of diamonds set in a dark blue canopy lighting up the mountains and valley in relief. Gradually the sun began to creep up from behind the great mountains covered with snow, and the colour display was a panorama of beauty. The twinkling of the stars gave way to the rays of the rising sun, the dark blue canopy faded into a light blue reflecting all the shades of the dazzling colours of the rainbow—firstly, a dull red with streams of light bursting amid the edges, then the red and pink would come into view, intermingling with each other, spreading rays in all directions

reflected from the snow-clad mountains piercing the blue sky, while the shadows dissolved away in the valley below.

As the first rays of the sun came into view they lit up the portals of the monastery and I could hear the lamas chanting *Om Mani Padme Hum* which was echoing down the valley, with the incense wafting on the gentle breeze. My senses were forming an indelible picture that has withstood the millions of impressions gathered since. And as it comes into my mind I can see before me now that most exhilarating sight and feel the exhilarating atmosphere and hear the sounds of the rushing river and booming of the great gong, the sounding of the *chonghas*, the chanting of the lamas and the enchanting aroma of incense. Yes, it is unforgettable, to say the least.

I was gazing into space, I don't know for how long. As I turned I saw my friend just behind me, doing the same thing.

"I see you are enjoying the splendour, my son."

"Yes." I said, "I feel entirely different in this atmosphere."

"Yes," he said, "since every thought wave creates a different motion in the atoms and cells of the body the facial muscles reveal the expression of the thought waves and I see that you have become younger, my son. The beat of your heart and your breathing have already revealed a change in your functional organism. Cause and effect are one, my son."

I listened attentively to his words because I wanted to understand everything he said. This was important and I knew he could read my mind.

"Yes, my son, the Divine Creation is the transformation of the Eternal Ever-present Intelligent Energy into form, emanating from the Divine Mind and changing into greater splendour according to your capacity to receive. Vibration is the keynote of creation and the rhythmic organisation of atoms into the pattern we see before us."

"It will," he continued, "maintain health and strength in mind and body, and Its magnetic attraction and inherent intelligent action can be used for higher purposes and greater accomplishments that will yet stagger the imagination of man. Not only does this intelligent action manifest itself in the individual but it also rushes beyond the confines of the individual in ever-widening circles to envelop the whole earth's circumference, and according to the Divine Law of 'Love your neighbour as yourself' we will reflect the beauty of the Divine in our own souls and those who come after

us will manifest a greater expression of the Divine Nature that created us by the Word that was, in the beginning—the Christ of God behind and within all mankind.”

He stopped for a minute and there was a silence.

Then he said to me, in a subdued voice, “You know that Geshi Rimpoche is leaving his earthly body for good soon, that is why we desired you to see him in the flesh. He looks comparatively young, but he has passed through over two hundred years of constant work for the world at large, yet the world does not know him. Here he comes now,” and when I looked at him he did not seem to be more than fifty years of age. His very presence rejuvenated me.

He must have sensed what we were saying, for he said in no uncertain way, “Yes, the Intelligence that created all you see is ever-present, and, when man prepares himself for Its true expression, through man will come things that we can yet only dimly dream about. “Yes,” he went on, “the same Intelligence that is active throughout the whole Universe is active here and now. The only deterrent to Its expression is man himself, yet through man will come things that will stagger the imagination. Man is the focal point through which it can manifest, and how mighty is Its omnipotence, waiting to reveal Its Omnipresent Omniscience!

“Life does not end when we leave the body, there is no division or separation in the Life in the body and the totality of all Life in the Universe, *It is one*, and so-called death does not divide or separate It.” And there was a deep Silence which we all felt.

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1. Kanchenjunga (8848^m) means “five magnificent snow treasures.” The treasures represent the five repositories of God, which are gold, silver, gems, grain, and holy books. It is the third highest mountain in the world.
 2. Sir Francis Edward Younghusband (1863-1942) British army officer who explored Western China, Afghanistan and Tibet (1904 expedition).
 3. Sir Basil John Gould (1883-1956) British political officer to Sikkim and for Bhutan and Tibet 1935-1945. Stationed at the residency in Gangtok. Lead the 1936 Mission to Lhasa (stayed 7 months).

CHAPTER 3

ON looking down on the green plains of the Chumbi Valley I saw a large number of yaks grazing. They were grazing in the morning mist, for the grass is sweeter when the dew is on it. It seemed a familiar scene to me, though in a strange land. In the Highlands of Scotland in the early morning mists I used to watch the Highland cattle grazing, and sometimes there were wild deer which had come down in the early morning to graze in the green pastures. The first thing I used to look for when I got up was to see if there were any wild deer down from the hills. And here was a similar scene, for the yak is an animal with shaggy hair not unlike the Highland cattle, with the exception that the yak has a hump where the neck and shoulders meet.

I asked, "Whom do all these yaks belong to, I did not see them there last night?"

"Look over to the side of the river," replied Rimpoche, "and you will see a large pile of wool bales. That is a yak train of about four hundred, I would say, carrying Tibetan wool to India. It is quite a common event here. When they have had their morning feed the teamsters will gather them together and load them up for the next day's trek over the pass. Let us go down amongst them, it will be an experience for you."

So we walked down to the floor of the valley and sure enough there were about eight hundred bales of Tibetan wool. Each yak carries two bales, one on each side of its saddle. Tibetan wool is eagerly sought in India because of its fine texture.

"The history of the yak is a very interesting one," said Rimpoche, "for they supply all the needs of the Tibetans. The hair is woven into great tents in which the nomads live. The pelts are used to make boots and shoes, the flesh is eaten for food, and the butter and the milk supply is more than ample. A great deal of butter is used in lamps, especially in the monasteries, and some lamps are kept burning continuously. Yak dung is gathered and used to make fires, to cook the food and to heat the houses. The yaks are also used for ploughing the lands and they carry everything on their backs

that the Tibetan needs. So, you see, the yak is the most useful animal in Tibet and there are hundreds of them roaming wild in the plains.

“There are valleys in Tibet where no living person has ever been and there are also valleys in Tibet where people live and no one knows anything about them; neither do they know anything about what is outside. They live in a world of their own, hemmed in by the great mountains, and they have made little or no effort to know what is beyond.

“In my travels into these isolated parts, I came upon a monastery where the Bon-Bon¹ worship was still in operation, and on rare occasions human sacrifices are practised. The lamas have stamped most of this devil-worship out of Tibet and, though steeped in religion, dogmas and superstition themselves, they have at least done this one real service to the country.”

“Yes,” I said, “I would like to see more and hear more about the monasteries and lamas; they interest the outside world a lot, and weird tales have been circulated about them.”

“Yes,” said Rimpoche, “wherever you have dogma and superstition at its height you will find ignorance and poverty among the people. This is undoubtedly a great hindrance to progress. Wherever you find religious superstition, the people are poor, because they are prayed to, prayed for and preyed upon, and as long as they can be kept ignorant the better it is for those who rule through superstition and fear. But this is fast coming to an end. Even in Tibet, the most remote country in the world, there are those who are beginning to think things out for themselves.”

“Do you know,” he continued, “that there are over three thousand monasteries in Tibet—the largest being Drepung² which is situated near Lhasa and has over nine thousand lamas in it. These lamaseries are like cities; they are completely self-contained. The next largest is Sera,³ not far from Drepung with over eight thousand lamas.

“Ganden⁴ Monastery which is beyond Lhasa has about five thousand lamas. This is the great centre of learning in Tibet and here flock the ablest of the student lamas. I taught in this monastery for years.”

“That is interesting,” I remarked, “what do they teach there?”

“They teach philosophy, mysticism and magic, astrology and the study of ancient literature and metaphysics, healing, and other studies. There are

some very great Tibetan scholars and mystics there as well as those who work magic, and I intend that you shall meet some of them.”

The oldest monastery in Tibet is Samye.⁵ This monastery was founded by the wizard lama Padma-Samb-Hava⁶ some hundreds of years ago. The legend about this wizard lama is that he caused the spirits of the Malgro lake nearby to bring in a great quantity of gold and precious stones which were secreted in the vaults hewn out of the great rock upon which the monastery is built. These vast stores of gold and precious stones have been kept there intact for several hundred years.

“My own opinion,” said Rimpoche, “is that Padma-Samb-Hava made the lamas dig in the mountains for gold and search the lake nearby for precious stones, for this area is considered the richest in the whole of Tibet. Anyone finding gold and precious stones must bring them to the monastery; to keep them for themselves would be sacrilege. So you can see why the monasteries are so wealthy and the people so poor. People are told what to think and how to think and what to do, and only comparatively few are able to think for themselves and gain freedom.”

“It is much the same in the West,” I said.

“Yes,” he affirmed, “people are seeking the truth while living in the false, but the false will remain till they see the false, then the false will cease to be. The false can never contain the truth, ignorance does not contain understanding.”

I could see at once that Rimpoche had passed into a state of inspiration and I would not interrupt by asking any more questions. So we sat and listened to this ancient sage full of wisdom and truth, and I was filled with a longing to seek deeper into the Reality of things and as I listened I felt what he was saying had a transforming effect upon me.

“They cannot see the false,” he said, “because they are caught up in it. They are conditioned by their prejudices, by their beliefs, and what others tell them. They have failed to assert their creative faculty of discerning that which is not true. The only truth about the false is that it is false and they will still be caught up in it till they understand it, and how they have been caught up in it.”

Now he took on the role of the teacher. “I want you to see this clearly, my son,” he said, looking at me, “otherwise you will retain the false, hoping to

see the Truth. But it cannot be done.”

“Firstly,” he said, “you must see what makes you believe in anything, then you will see what makes you antagonistic to another belief, or idea, or people. If you came here conditioned by your own opinions, then you will see only through that conditioning, but if you are free from your own conditioning you can see us free from ours. Then you will see me as I see you, stripped of all form, all nationalities, all religions and creeds. Then we will know each other to be made in the image and likeness of our “Creator, made out of the same Substance, the same Life, and having the ‘One’ Consciousness within, for there cannot be any division, God being Infinite in nature, there can only be God, there can be nothing else and this is our Being.”

I breathed a sigh, for here was the secret of the brotherhood of man and the Fatherhood of God, and he put it in such a few words. I did not move, nor did I reply one way or another, I must not break the spell, I thought. His eyes were closed now, his face took on an angelic look as if a great angel messenger was speaking through him, and it could be so, through one who knew the inner secrets of Life. He continued in that beautiful mellow tone of his and every sentence stood clearly out by itself.

“You organise yourselves into separate groups of religions, of nationalities, of ideologies, each believing that what you stand for is the real thing. So you wrangle with one another and when wrangling cannot solve the problem you butcher one another. Now is there any Truth in that?”

I felt myself saying, “No,” but my tongue was tied. I felt a deep feeling within me and it was coming to the surface. Something was preventing me from uttering a single word.

“You are afraid because you do not understand. So you want a guide, you want a belief, so you are further caught up in the conflict, and because you are in conflict you are afraid. So you want an ideal so that you can look at your fear, but this only covers up your fear while you do not understand. When you understand your fear, you are freed from your fear, then your conflict will disappear.

“Your ideals and your fears are made up in your mind, and what is made up in your mind is unreal, so both your ideal and your fears have no foundation in Truth.

“Truth is not made up in the mind, Truth *is!* You do not make it up! What is made up, is not Truth!

“You can see the false as you discern your relationship with people, ideas and things. If there is antagonism, if there is fear, if there is craving, prejudice or conflict, there can be no relationship.

“As long as the mind is in conflict blaming, resisting, condemning, there can be no understanding, no relationship with one another. It is obvious you must not condemn if you want to understand.

“When you see the false you will know it, you will no longer be part of it, and then the True comes into being, because It always *Is*, It is Real and Eternal and ever-present, moment to moment, never changing. It is only your mind that changes from one idea to another. When you know what a belief is, what an idea is, then the mind will free itself, and in that freedom there is the Real.

“It is so important to understand that the mind is made dull through condemning, through blaming, through avoidance, through acceptance and through resistance. Only in your relationship, freed from all conditioning is there freedom, and in this freedom there is peace, and in peace there is Love.

“If you are filled with likes and dislikes you are merely projecting your own conditioning.”

I thought for a moment how true that is, for the other person is but a mirror in which we see ourselves.

“You will see some so-called pleasant and unpleasant things as you pass through Tibet,” he said, “but if the unpleasant upsets you, you are resisting, you are not free. When there is Love we observe the facts but they do not repel us. I know you have the capacity for this Love, otherwise you would not be here, my son.

“Some repeat words—mantrims, these things do not fill the heart. On the contrary they empty the heart of whatever it has. The heart can only be filled when the mind is not fabricating. When the mind is not caught up in opposites, in ideas, prejudice and the like, then only is the heart alive with Love.

“Then one knows what it is to have that warmth, the richness in holding the hand of another. Love being perfect in its own Eternity knows no

resistance, no opposition, neither will you fear any more, because you will be filled with Eternal Love, for God is Love, and He alone exists. That which hides Him is but a mental fabrication. Now I know that the false is falling away from you, my son. It is said in Isaiah 65; 17, ‘For behold, I create new heavens and a new earth: and the former shall not be remembered, nor come into mind.’ ”

With these last words he opened his eyes, in them there was a far-away look. I could see that soon he would dissolve his earthly body into the substance from which it arose, for he was truly in the mind of God, his Spirit was freed from all desires, all craving for both Spiritual and material had ceased, he knew he was Life, he had found “*Being*.”

He rose, gathered his robes about him and went away.

I was left to myself for the remainder of the day. Both Rimpoche and my friend purposely left me. I knew it was for the purpose of letting me work things out for myself. For on several occasions I would ask a question and all I would get would be a vacant look. I know now how stupid those questions were, but I did not think so at the time, for they were of great importance to me then. But now I have the same habit; when people ask me a lot of questions, it may seem rude not to answer but no rudeness is implied, only deep Love rules the heart, knowing that an answer would only mean another image.

Perhaps you are also grasping the fact, my dear reader; if an answer were given it would merely create another idea which would only hinder and not help to free the mind from its own formulations, beliefs, prejudices and fears.

Facts are facts, but a fact is not a belief nor is a belief a fact. When facts are seen as facts, not a belief in a fact, then there is understanding.

A scientific question can be answered, or, at least, the way of finding out facts can be taught. But the belief in a fact is not the fact itself, for a belief in a fact can never reveal the fact. When I saw this clearly I stopped asking questions.

I must have been sitting by myself for hours. My mind was emptying itself out; I could watch my thoughts as if they were pictures on a screen, quite impersonally. I was beginning to understand now what my mind was

made up of. I neither judged, praised nor condemned; it was as if I were observing the mind of another.

Then the deeper stratas of the mind were giving up its cherished ideas, things that I had held fast to were being loosened one after another. I could see clearly now how and from where my mind was made up. It was the result of hereditary tendencies, countless thousands of impressions, ideas, prejudices, most of them being received from the opinions and suggestions and statements of those who were caught up in their own conditioning, caught up in the false, which prevented them from seeing the Truth of the only "One" in which there was no division. I could also see how I accepted without question or examination; thus I was conditioned.

I could now see that I could live in the false without condemning and without being affected by it, because I knew how it all came about, and I resolved I would never again be caught up in it, even should I be surrounded by it on all sides.

I could see why I must be aware, wide-awake in questioning the opinion of others. I could now search their statements with the speed of lightning and realise that they were merely imitators, they were merely gramophones.

Yet I knew that was not enough; I must question my own thought-feeling-reaction to see where it was moving, what was moving it and why. What was the motive behind it?

I could now understand what was in my mind, and could see from where it arose, and by seeing this clearly I was freed from its binding effects. It did not matter very much now whether it was true or not. The words of my friend came to me so clearly and I understood now as I never understood before, "It does not matter very much whether it is true or not!"

I could see how the light was shown on the path which I must move along by myself, for no one else could reveal the Truth to me. I had to find It out alone, and I saw how important this was. It was my own now, not the idea of another, for the truth of another could never be my truth. If it did it would be merely an idea, a belief, and I would still be bound: How clearly I saw this now, that I must experience the Truth by myself. I understood the way I was being shown how to move along under my own guidance, that guidance of the Spirit that is Eternal and Ever-present within me "NOW."

I saw that this moment was Eternal. I could only “Be,” each moment. The moment just past became a memory, to try and recapture it would merely be a mental image. I must live each moment to be free from the past or the future. I could see that both the past and the future only existed in the mind and nowhere else. “*Now*” was the only Reality. I was the Life Eternal, I could be nothing else, anything else would merely be an idea, a self-created image.

I was becoming consciously free and I experienced a power that was beyond the mind. I was the focal point through which the All-ness of the Universal Power could manifest. My faith was no longer the opposite of fear. It was now a knowing, for I had experienced Reality. Although I do not know what It is I know that It is, and there is nothing else but It, therefore I am It too. “I and the Father are one.”

I could sense the power of the Master, “It was the Father who ever remained within me,” He was the operator, and there was nothing now to prevent this power from acting. I had only to be consciously aware, and through this awareness, only, could Reality be expressed.

I thought, how did I ever miss this wonderful thing, this knowing? It was so simple, and I could discern now how I had been caught up in separation, in belief. I was separated from my fellows by my ideas, my beliefs, my prejudices, my fears. I could see it all now. I knew that the Real Self within was the same in each and every one—and now I knew, really knew. It was no longer a platitude or a mere saying, what I did to another I did to myself, “Whatever you do unto one of these so you do unto Me,” did it unto Him who sent me, for I was in the Whole and the Whole was in me.

I could never go back now. I actually felt within myself that freedom, that wisdom and love, that is all power in heaven and on earth.

I knew now the healing power of the Master and I felt also at that moment that I could say, “Arise and walk,” and it became so, for throughout the world, ever since, I have healed thousands of people, some whom I have never seen. Age has disappeared from me and my youthful appearance mystifies everyone who knows my age.

It sounds like a great romance but it is greater than any romance ever known. Yet all have the same power, and the only thing that is preventing Its manifestation is, because It is covered up with the false, with separation,

not only between man and man but also between man and God through a belief in separation, yet we are “One” in Reality. It is this that the ignorant cannot see yet.

Good and evil, I saw, were relative, a fabrication of the mind, for there could be no evil in the Divine which alone was Real, Eternal and Ever-present. I could see the falseness of the preaching about evil, hell and the devil which exists today, how people are caught up in the evil and can see nothing else. What the mind sees, so must that mind be likewise, is true in fact.

Yes, the teachings of the Master Jesus are covered up with sanctimonious formalities by those who profess him, they mystify themselves and confuse the people.

I know now that this book could not have been written before. There is a time for everything, and the time has now come for this great story to be told.

I was brought out of my reverie, again, by the sound of the *chonghas*, the ceremonial trumpets calling the lamas to prayer. The sun was now setting behind the mountain into which the monastery was built. The magnificent colour display was something never to be forgotten; from pinks to dark reds with rays spreading in all directions, the monastery nestled in it as if in a great fire.

I made my way back to the monastery and my friend and Geshi Rimpoche came to meet me. I must have had a radiant look about me for my friend said, “You have regained your youth, my son.” It was true, for I felt it, felt as if the burdens of thousands of years of inherited conditioning had slipped away from me. I was free, with a freedom I cannot explain. Words have no meaning to describe the ecstasy of that freedom and the power that it gave me.

That evening we listened to more music of the classics. It was my medicine and I knew it.

The following day I wanted to tour the monastery. I now wanted to see the images in gold and silver, some studded with precious stones, about which I had heard so much.

I was conducted by one of the lamas called Tsong Sen who could speak English well; he was not more than twenty-five years old. He had been

educated at an English school in Darjeeling. Yet his desire to become a lama brought him back to Tibet.

“I am fortunate in being able to speak English, which gives me the honour of conducting you through our monastery,” he said.

“It is a great pleasure to have you,” I thanked him, for indeed it was a pleasure for me to have a guide who could speak English well.

We first went into a room where some of the head lamas were having tea and I was asked to partake tea with them. I considered it an honour because of the fact that their sanctum is very secluded, but when they heard that I was a pupil of Geshi Rimpoche they were delighted to have me. I knew beforehand what the tea would be like, though I had not really tasted it before.

Their tea comes from China in the form of a solid reddish brick, this is scraped into an urn, into which is put a piece of rancid butter and some salt. Then boiling water is poured on to it and allowed to simmer for hours. The taste to me was more like castor oil, which I disliked intensely, having been given castor oil once every week when I was a boy.

In the ordinary way lamas dwell over their tea talking on many subjects relative to the monastery, and they take sips of tea now and then; this goes on for hours. When I tasted it I nearly vomited, but I could not show my dislike of their wonderful tea, so I gulped it down quickly, trying not to taste the rancid butter and salt as it passed down my throat. I was very glad when that was over, but as soon as I put down my cup it was filled up again. I had not bargained for That. I now sipped it very, very slowly so that there was always some tea in the cup, knowing that this would prevent them from filling it up again. Yet after some time I grew to like their tea; it had a stimulating effect upon me and helped to keep out the cold. I took my departure from the abbot's sanctuary and was conducted by my guide who explained the many interesting things to me.

He said, “You will have noticed that the monastery is always built with its portals facing the rising sun. The face must be along the front edge of the rock and the back against the mountain itself, which protects it.”

“The site,” he continued, “is chosen by an astrologer and the day fixed for the laying of the foundation stone, and every year afterwards a ceremony is carried out to commemorate the foundation, no matter if

hundreds of years have passed and some monasteries are 1,000 years old. Charms, sacred books, gold and silver images of great value are also laid in the foundation.”

I said, “There will be a good haul some day for some one in the distant future when all this kind of business is done away with.”

He looked at me in astonishment and I could see that his English education had not changed his fixed ideas.

We came to the library. “Now,” he said, “this library is one of the most famous and ranks with Gaden for its rare and ancient manuscripts. The printing of these ancient manuscripts is done with large wooden type on a long piece of rough paper which takes up an immense amount of room.”

I could see hundreds of these shelves packed with this large bulky printed matter which was attended to by a number of lamas. Here and there scattered around the library were lamas busy reading, taking no heed of us. The room itself was as big as an average town hall.

In the entrance to the main hall were images about twelve feet high draped with gold brocade and silk scarves. These images, he said, were the protectors to prevent evil spirits from entering in.

“You don’t believe that would stop them, do you?” I asked.

No answer!

In the inner rooms or sanctuaries there were golden and silver images in glass cases, and hundreds of gold and silver butter lamps were burning in front of the altar. They were filled with yak butter and the wick stayed alight as long as the butter lasted, and in some cases those lamps were kept burning continually for hundreds of years.

He explained that their religion taught about the many different hells of torment. There seemed to be a hell for every type of person; even doctors who kill their patients had a hell of their own, where they were dissected again and again and then put together afterwards. Black lines are drawn over the body to guide the devil with his red hot saw. There is also a hell for busybodies, where their tongues are split into several parts from the root to the tip, then hot skewers are pierced through them. Those who grumble have hot molten lead poured down their throats.

In some of the hells there are icebergs; the victim is thrown into a great crevasse and left there to be crushed as the great ice walls pounded him to

dust.

“No wonder,” I said, “the poor Tibetan is afraid when you teach him all this sort of stuff. Surely you do not believe it, do you?”

“Not really,” he said in a sort of half-believing way, “but we are told to teach it to the people.”

“Surely,” I exclaimed, “you are all hypocrites. Why don’t you tell them the truth?”

“We would not have any power in the land,” he replied.

“Then,” I said, “there must be a hell for you too.” He took on a look of astonishment.

I added: “I suppose there is a hell for those who do not give to the monastery, so you can make them give through fear.”

“Yes, of course,” he said.

“Don’t you think it will backfire one day? Tibet will not always be the isolated country it is today. Surely the great scholar-lamas do not believe in all this rubbish?”

“No,” he said, “there are great mystics among the lamas, great scholars, healers and prophets, scientists, atomic scientists, who know more about the atom than you do in the West. When you go to Ganden you will meet some of these scholars; they will also amaze you with the knowledge they have of the outside world.”

“I have heard of them. You know I am a pupil of the great Geshe Rimpoche.”

“Yes,” he replied, “the name ‘Rimpoche’ means precious one. He is a master of masters.”

I said, “Why do you not ask him to teach you?”

“He is not taking any more pupils now, unfortunately; but I hope to be a pupil of Geshe Thudru. His name means Master of Wisdom. He was also a teacher in Ganden Monastery.”

“I am going to meet him soon,” I told my guide, adding: “Still, you know of the falseness of your teaching, and yet you keep on teaching it to hold your people bound by superstition.”

“Yes,” he said, “but you do the same thing in the West. Look at the massive buildings you have. Money spent on stone, mortar and regalia, and

other things that could help thousands of poor people.”

I pointed out: “But you have to educate people first. I saw that when certain people were given houses with baths they kept their coal in them.” I added: “Our people also believe in sacrifice, which is merely a form of exploitation. There is not much difference—you may be a little more crude but it is much the same after all.”

I could see that my softening-up process was having an effect.

“Yes,” he said, “unfortunately it is true. Most people are still caught up in superstition and fear.”

“But it is fast crumbling away,” I said.

We then came to the wheel of life, which depicted the endless birth, death and rebirth of man.

I said, “This is a Hindu philosophy is it not?”

He had it off pat and related how and why man is born again and again.

I said, “You go round the country teaching *this* to the people!”

I could see that he did not yet have the knowledge and understanding of the false, and he was a bit upset. So I did not talk to him any more about it. I could now see why Geshe Rimpoche did not take him as a pupil.

He told me the story of how he first went to Rimpoche and asked to become a chela. Rimpoche took him down to the river and asked him to kneel down and put his face on the surface of the water. Then Rimpoche pushed his head under the water and kept it there until he struggled violently to get up. When Rimpoche let him up he asked him what he wanted most when his head was under the water and he replied, “My breath.”

Then said Rimpoche, “When you want the Truth as much as you wanted your breath, come back to me.”

It was interesting to see the many hundreds of images, many of them of gigantic size, usually dressed in gold brocade of great value and draped with silken scarves.

When I got back I spoke to Rimpoche about all this, and he gave me a clear picture of the whole thing.

He said, “There are two distinct sects of lamas in Tibet, the red and the yellow. The yellow follow the mystic side, and it is what I studied. The

other follow the ritual and ceremony; they like the outside shows and parades. They do not display any mystic powers like those of the yellow. The Ganden Monastery is distinctly yellow and there I studied and taught for some years.

I said, "It would be just as difficult to speak to Tsong Sen, the lama who conducted me, about the Truth as it would be to speak to a bishop or a professor of theology."

He laughed loudly at this and said, "It is remarkable how quickly they throw off the yoke when it is put to them in the right way."

I told him I tried it with a professor of theology in the West but it did not work.

"Try again and you may now succeed," he said.

Then he added, "Tsong Sen's people are wealthy people and he is able to have a room of his own where his friends can come to see him."

"What about the poorer lamas?" I asked.

"Oh, they sleep together in one of the large dormitories."

"And he sleeps in a room by himself?" I asked.

"Yes," was the reply, "you see his people subscribe generously to the monastery. It is the way of the country. There are set divisions as you are already aware, and only time will change them."

Geshi Rimpoche told me that nearly every family sends one male member to be a lama. The word "lama" means superior one and strictly speaking it is applicable only to the abbots, but it has now become the general term for all those who come of age in the monastery.

"In the general way," he said, "a child enters the monastery at about the age of seven. A strict examination is made and any defects, physical or mental, will bar his entry."

And Geshi Rimpoche went on to tell me: "The child's horoscope is made out to see what he is suited for and to what department he should be sent. There are many departments of arts and crafts, and each is controlled by an abbot, and those suited to a particular work are sent to that department.

"The budding lama progresses step by step, steeped in all the mythology of their religion, or he may enter one of the colleges if he so desires.

“After many years of preparation, when he reaches the age of twenty-one he asks permission of the Abbot to take part in the services. He is then put through certain initiations, his head is shaved, only a tuft being left on the top. He then presents himself, clad in the garb of a beggar, before the assembled monks in the temple hall and intimates that he accepts the life of a lama freely and of his own choice.

“The abbot then cuts off the remaining tuft of hair and gives him a religious name by which he is henceforth known. His beggar’s garb is removed and he is now clothed with the robe of a lama, and a seat is pointed out to him which he afterwards keeps.

“If he chooses later on to follow the inner teachings he is attached to a lama versed in the occult. He must then master metaphysics and the more important subjects allied to the higher teaching.

“He may so advance until no more knowledge is available for him in the monastery and he asks for leave to go and find a master who can give him the knowledge he desires. Permission is never withheld for such a worthy desire, and he leaves the monastery with only sufficient food and raiment that he can take on his back.

“It is a tremendous task to weather the storm in the Himalayas with no shelter and little food. It is in this trial that he proves his worth. When he finds his teacher no time is lost in beginning his instruction.

“He is told to free his mind from all illusions and shadows of his former life. He is instructed to look into his mind and see what is there. He sees that his mind is filled with self-created images which have no power of their own except the power he gives them. He sees that human thought and reactions are largely made up of fear, worry, doubt and ignorance, and he must cast them all aside like he cast aside his beggar’s robe.

“He then finds that the Real Self is not composed of thoughts, images or ideas of mind and body and circumstances. He begins to see the falseness of human thinking and this is a vital point in his training.

“Through the cleansing of the mind he develops a one-pointedness in his concentration and direction not known to the outside world.

“He frees himself from all illusion and stands at the door which opens into that which is behind all things, and is no longer a slave to his thoughts, feelings and reactions.

“He is then shown how easy it is to control the functions of the body, the beat of the heart, and the circulation of his blood. His body becomes a keen instrument which responds to his direction, his mind is alert and clear, there is no longer any confusion in it, and it is ready to obey his slightest command. But this is just the beginning of the way, and he must find the rest of the way himself and by himself, for no one can show it to him.”

“It was at this stage where you were when you came here, my son,” said Geshi Rimpoche.

I thanked him for the clear view he had given me and I now understood. Then he said to me as he put his hand on my shoulder:

“You are worthy, my son, of the trust I have put in you, and I will be beside you, with your other august guides you have had all your life. Some you have already spoken to.”

I said, “Yes, and you know all about it.”

“Oh yes,” he affirmed “I know them all, there is no division between the invisible and the visible. Only man himself has created the division through his ignorance of the Truth of his Being.”

After supper we sat and listened to Geshi Rimpoche’s favourite pieces. The atmosphere was perfect for the soft flowing parts of Mendelssohn.

I needed the harmonising effects, and Geshi Rimpoche knew it. I had seen the conflict within myself dissolve away, yet I could still see conflict external to myself. There was still something left that I had not yet discerned, there was a certain amount of resentment left in me, but I was satisfied that that also would be revealed. I was now aware that my freedom was not yet as complete as I thought it was.

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1. Bön Bön—the indigenous shamanistic religion of Tibet prior to the introduction of Buddhism.
 2. Drepung Monastery. Was once the world’s largest monastery (with a pop. of around 10,000 monks). Founded in 1416 by Jamyang Chöje, charismatic monk of Tsongkhapa (founder of the Gelugpa order).
 3. Sera Monastery. Founded in 1419 by Sakya Yeshe, a disciple of Tsongkhapa.
 4. Ganden Monastery. The first Gelugpa monastery and has remained the centre of the order ever since. Founded by Tsongkhapa in 14th century.
 5. Samye Monastery. The most Ancient, being the first to be built in Tibet. Founded circa 765-780.
 6. Padma-Samb-Hava (Sanskrit for ‘born of the lotus flower’) c712-762. Semi legendary tantric Buddhist master and scholar of India. Credited with the introduction of Buddhism into Tibet.

CHAPTER 4

IT was early morning when I awoke, and the music of the night before was still part of me. The soft flowing parts of Mendelssohn which Geshi Rimpoche had chosen were still “living” with me, and there was a sense of deeper freedom now.

He also was up early. It was summer-time and he told me that he seldom missed seeing the sun rise in the morning. As yet it had not risen. It was just beginning to show a reflection from the tops of the mountains covered with the eternal snows.

We both sat down to watch the rays of colour changing from dark red into the brighter shades. Nowhere in the world can there be seen a more glorious sight than in Tibet when the sun is rising or when it is setting behind the snow-clad peaks of the mighty Himalayas.

As the sun rose, the rays were reflected from the snow that had become crisp and crystal-like through the below-zero atmosphere during the night. All the colours of the rainbow began to show themselves in the dark blue background of the sky, while the sun changed from dark shades of red into the lighter shades of orange; the sky lost its dark blue background, the twinkling stars faded, and the bright blue background of the sky appeared.

I was lost in thought at this wonderful sight. Then Geshi Rimpoche broke the spell.

He said, “You know, music has colours, and if only we could hear the sound of this harmony of colour it would make a perfect symphony—it would be like the music of the spheres.”

“Yes,” I replied, “the Creator created a reflection of Himself in the great masters of music.”

I wanted to draw him out on this subject, and I gave him the lead. He must have read my thoughts, for he said:

“My son, I would like to talk to you this morning about music. It is part of your study, you know. I do not mean just the composition of notes but the

creative and curative value of music.”

“There is nothing I would like better,” I assured him.

He closed his eyes, as he always did when speaking of the deeper things of Life, and in that beautiful mellow-toned voice, as if he had himself touched the very source of music, he began:

“Beautiful music is but the transposing of the music of the spheres, the expression of the great Divine Intelligence who creates all within Himself, for there cannot be anything outside Him, He being Infinite in nature, even the earth and all that is in it and on it. The soul of the earth reflects the creative expression in light, sound and colour, in rhythmic splendour,” and he went on:

“Music is the eternal rhythmic waves of the Infinite expressing Himself throughout His own creation, and mankind is the most perfected instrument for this purpose. Those rhythmic waves of light, sound and colour are always flowing in perfect harmony. Any discordant note does not come from the creative Source but through man’s inability to reflect the perfect rhythm.”

I felt at the moment that I was in tune with that perfect rhythm and could hear dimly, as if away in the distance, music that was not of this earth. I had touched the hem of the garment of the Master and could hear what he was hearing; indeed, he stopped as if he also was listening to that perfect blending of light, sound and colour that was beyond the mind, for man’s mind could reflect it only when in tune with it. Man’s mind could not produce it, for it was the Eternal speaking.

“Yes,” he continued, “the song of the birds, the trees in the forest, the rivers, the mountains, all have their own perfect harmonious rhythm. I have often lingered in that harmony and felt that same creative rhythm within myself. In this way I became one with the rhythm of the Universal Forces of Nature and learned to control them because they were part of myself.

“In this way, in the silence of these great mountains, I learned the magic of Nature’s Forces—things that few people know—and I could reveal to your scientists knowledge that would lead to greater discoveries of the Universal Forces operating through the atomic structure of which they know very little as yet.

“When I was in tune with this rhythm I could sing with the birds, the wild animals were no longer wild, even the mountains could speak to me, and I could play my favourite instrument, the violin, to keep hundreds spellbound, because I never resisted this flow, no matter what happened about me; it was as if the rhythm was part of me.”

Now, I thought to myself, this is news, for I did not know about his violin, and I must ask him to play for me. This I did later, and never had I heard such music. It was music that had not been written, and more perfect melody I had never heard before, or have heard since; it was his own composition.

He paused, He was sensitive to my thoughts; I knew that he knew them, and I smiled. Then he continued:

“Just as thinking comes before asking or acting, so does the music of the spheres come before feeling and playing, and it is this feeling that inspires the expression. The music of the spheres plays upon the soul that is tuned to it. The soul is the harp upon which the Spirit-God within expresses Himself, and according to the fullness of your heart so will His harmony be expressed in and through you. That is why you must learn to love everything, for God is everything. To love God with all your heart is to love your neighbour as yourself. Then He can speak in and through you, and there is nothing impossible unto you; anything you ask, the Universe will be quick to complete it. Above all, you will have harmony in your mind and body.”

“The more harmonious you are,” he said, “the more receptive you will be; so will your soul and body express Him who ever remains within you, for it is He alone that worketh perfection. Thus you will be strong in mind and body, even though many years have passed; the Ever-present is ever-present, the same always, for there is no ageing of the Spirit of God.”

At once I realised how he had kept so young, both in mind and body. He stopped again as if my thoughts were spoken aloud, though I had not uttered a word.

“Yes,” he said, “what the inner is, so the outer must be.”

Then he continued: “Rhythm and expression are the essential factors in music. Execution without rhythm has no colour-blending, but harmony and execution vitalised by rhythm are the perfect blending of all the colours,

like the colours of the spectrum intermingling one with another in perfect unison. It is this blending of the colours that affects the souls of those who are listening.”

Then he added, as if a thought was passing through his mind: “You will hear more about this later on.”

I was going to say something, but words would not come, and he continued: “The perfect rhythm is like the ebb and flow of the tide—nothing can withstand its smooth and regular power, For the Infinite Creativeness is within the perfect rhythm. The Creator and His creation are ‘one,’ not separate, and *we* are in no way separated from the rhythm of the Divine Intelligence expressing Itself.”

“This perfect rhythm,” he explained, “is flowing through and over the earth from north to south and is polarised by the sun and the moon, rising in the east and setting in the west.

“This force now becomes electro-magnetic; it keeps the earth on its axis and holds everything on it by the power of its magnetic attraction. Should this electro-magnetic force cease to be, other magnetic currents would draw the earth towards it at such a terrific speed that it would break up into the atomic dust out of which it arose. In this electro-magnetic force lies the secret of great discoveries.”

“The perfect rhythm,” he said, “is rejuvenation; it makes the mind alert, the body firm. That is why we use music in healing; the mind is then freed from distractions which cause tension, and Nature is given an opportunity to harmonise every cell in the body. Mind and body then become electro-magnetic, in perfect harmony.”

“The music of the spheres,” he continued, “can be said to be the rhythm of the Eternal Heart of God, moving outwards and returning like the bloodstream, circulating to every cell in the body and returning to the heart to be renewed continuously. So does the pulse of the one Life move through every living soul. According to our mental and emotional freedom so is the rhythm expressed.”

He added: “If the mechanism is in a state of confusion, so will the rhythm be confused. Your thoughts and feelings fly through the body cells and then out into the atmosphere and beyond.”

I thought again to myself, “just like a broadcasting station.”

“Yes,” he said, “the whole of the ether is magnetised with these electromagnetic waves enabling the whole world to hear and feel the Divine Broadcasting station all at the same time. East, west, north, south, up into the stratosphere and down into the bowels of the earth, there is nowhere where it is not.

“Here we are on the roof of the world, the hub as you may call it, and with our thought strongly impregnated with the Love of God we can help the world as we tune-in to the rhythm of the Universe which comes from the Heart of God.”

I said to myself, “Geshi Rimpoche is not only showing me what music is but also he is revealing to me deeper knowledge, all at the same time.”

He must have caught my thought again, for he said: “Practice is necessary so that you can control your instrument, but do not limit yourself to your instrument. I have heard music played badly on a good instrument and have heard beautiful expression from a very indifferent instrument, and this applies to individuals as well—the Love of God is Eternal and Ever-present and no one is separated from It.

“No two people play alike because of the many shades in feeling. While some see the notes on the score, others feel the music in their soul: There is one saving grace for bad music,” he said with a touch of humour, “and that is that it does not last. The predominating harmonious rhythm makes it fade away into nothingness whence it arose, because it is not Real. Like an error in a sum, where does it go when the sum is corrected? It fades into nothingness, simply because there is no law upon which it can rest. The law of mathematics, only, exists, likewise the law of harmony.”

“The blending of colour,” he explained, “is the secret of harmony. Have you ever seen an inharmonious blending of colour in Nature? No! There is no such thing. So is it with sound, for sound is colour and colour is sound, and Nature is expressing herself in light, colour and sound continuously.

“While practising, you should know what the sound should be. Do not force it; something inside you will tell you when it is right. Make your execution as perfect as possible, then gradually increase the tempo till you play with speed and accuracy, without strain. Remember, rhythm and expression must not be sacrificed for speed.”

“There is also such a thing as over-practice,” he pointed out, “the fresher you are the better your movements will be. The mind repeats what is done, and therefore a wrong habit is difficult to correct. A rest period is good because it gives the mind time to re-arrange the consciously-made movements. Accuracy is therefore essential. Actually you are learning to play when you are not playing, for the mind takes up the work when you give it the opportunity.

“You have found that after a rest you can play a piece easily, a piece you found difficult before. This is because the mind has been making the adjustments while you rested the mechanism. It is like a problem you try to solve, one which for a time eludes you. You go to sleep and when you awake you have the solution. The mind has worked it out when you gave it the opportunity.

“In making your movements you must hear and feel as well as lose yourself in the music.

“Self-consciousness confuses the mechanism. The mind can think of only one thing at a time. Thus when you are thinking of yourself, and then the music, you are moving backwards and forwards, from one to the other. The easiest way to overcome this habit is to lose yourself in the rhythm. You will soon find that the rhythm takes up the space between the two conscious mental activities, and then the inner mind begins to work with freedom, for it is from there that you really play. It is all within, and, as you practise, your movements, your music, your rhythm are all merged into one as you play. Be as calm as the depth of the ocean—then you will reflect God’s perfect harmony.”

“The Eternal looks out through humanity,” he went on, “and through humanity He spins the weave and web—the rhythm of Life. Never imitate anybody. You must express your own individuality; then you will have the originality that amounts to genius.

“The blending of the notes is very important. Emphasis should be made at the beginning of the phrase, a little more value should be given to the first note in the bar, and listen carefully to the overtones, blending them into a perfect phrase.

“In legato melodies do not cut off a note with a hard edge before the next one comes in; listen to the overtones, and let the timbre or quality sound

until such time as it reaches the point where the progression must go on. Then smoothly flow into the next note without a break, so that you cannot tell where one ends and the other begins. The perfect blending of the overtone carries the body of the music in harmonious rhythm.

“I thought to myself, here is something rare put into words; I almost felt the smooth flowing tones within myself. I have studied music for some years, first with the violin, then with the bagpipes. I must have been fairly good for I happened to win the championship at Stamfordbridge at the Coronation Highland Gathering in 1911, and I knew what Geshi Rimpoche said was true. As he spoke, his was like music; he might have been playing a piece of exquisite beauty.

Then he continued: “Watch the progression and shape phrase so that you can move naturally to the point of climax, and then fall back again into the next phrase, with ease and smoothness; this gives a sense of rhythm that you seldom hear, unless it is from a great artist.”

Here he opened his eyes and said, “Would you like me to go on?”

Until then I had not spoken and I at once replied: “Oh, yes, please; this is what I have been waiting for, ever since I began to study music.”

There had been a certain amount of tension in my concentration because I had not wanted to miss a word, and I think he knew it.

“All right,” he responded, “we will go on,” and he proceeded:

“The point of climax may be treated in different ways according to the inner feeling and interpretation.

“For instance, in an appassionata passage you may gradually accelerate tempo and strengthen tone, giving more stress to each succeeding emphasis up to the point of climax, or you may broaden successive chords, holding back the final accent for a breathless moment to increase intensity.

“A device used by Beethoven is to pile up a chord passage, strength upon strength, with increasing accent, but the expected crash on the final emphasis does not eventuate. Instead, we get a chord played suddenly pianissimo, surprising the ear with unexpected beauty and the realisation of a depth of inner mystery.

“Mozart, when asked what he thought the most effective device in music, said, ‘No music.’

“Used with artistry the complete silence of a pause in music, or the moment of poise at the height of a phrase, can be fraught with the greater sense of inner meaning and beauty.

“You may move your audience on the wings of a soaring phrase, then hold them suspended at the height, revealing in a moment of time the Eternity of Spirit, then drop back on the descent of the phrase to the light of common day.”

I drew a deep breath, for here was a treat that music lovers would deeply enjoy; even those who had risen to the peak of their artistry could benefit from it. By the time this thought passed through my mind Geshi Rimpoche was proceeding and I had to pull myself together so as not to miss a word. I am happily blessed with a sort of photographic mind for things that interest me, and these impressions seem to be indelible. I was fortunate, too, in having made a few notes to remind me of various points.

He paused and then resumed: “Or you may move through a legato melody and, with a slight hesitation, lingeringly delay the moment of beauty, increasing the anticipation so that when the sound strikes the ear it comes with exquisite relief, satisfying the longed-for fulfilment of beauty.”

“Again,” he said, “you may reach the point of climax and linger on it lovingly with a caressing touch, but this freedom must be obtained within the law—that is, the realisation of the rhythmic flow—the balance of one phrase with the other and the co-ordination of the whole into perfect unity. It is like the perfect union between two souls in the bliss of a perfect love, two souls that become one in that complete and final ecstasy.

“Chopin had a wonderful airy grace with which his fingers glided, almost flew, over the keyboard, producing a tone like velvet, a slightly veiled yet silvery sonorousness. Qualities which Chopin regarded as paramount were delicacy of touch, intelligence of conception, purity of feeling. To Chopin the worst sin was a dull mechanical dexterity.”

Geshi Rimpoche waited for a moment as if to let the last few words sink in, and then he continued: “Throughout the whole of his playing Chopin employed a certain rocking movement with a most enchanting effect, the undulation of the melody being like a skiff upon the bosom of tossing waves. This peculiar style of execution was his idiosyncrasy, his sign manual so to speak. It set the seal upon all his compositions in which it is

indicated by the term *tempo rubato*¹. This apparent disregard for time was with him a charming originality of manner, a flexible fluctuating languorous movement, a measured rhythm balance: and sway best comprehended by his own countrymen who, having an innate, intuitive understanding of his meaning, were able to follow the fluctuation of the aerial and spiritual blue which it represented.”

Stopping for a moment to think, Geshi Rimpoche said: “I am sure I read something like that about Chopin—I think it was Moscheles² who wrote it,” and he continued: “Purity of expression can result only when you are true to yourself, that is, when you express your own inner depth according to the clarity of your thought, interpretation and execution. So will your hearers receive the message and meaning which you wish to convey, and this message and meaning will correspond to the degree in which you open yourself to the flow of the Infinite Intelligence—the degree in which you realise that there is no separation in the one Life that binds us all together.”

I felt like saying, as Schumann said, “that in the playing of an instrument you must be one with it, and he who cannot play ‘with’ it cannot play at all.”

“The reason for many failures with those of great promise,” Geshi Rimpoche added, “is that they do not know that the Creator and His creation are one, not separate. It makes all the difference when this is understood, not merely as an idea, by experiencing the fact that Spirit alone has voice, that God expresses Himself through the voice, through harmony, through light, sound, colour and form. He is harmony, love, wisdom, power. In this lies the power of God in man, for God *is* man, ‘I and the Father are one.’ ‘The word was with God, and God was that word, and that word was made flesh,’ but the flesh had no say in the matter, so the word remains immortal. We are *not* born of the blood or the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God.”

He looked at me as if to see that I thoroughly understood what he had said which I was thankful to feel that I had done.

“Those who would express themselves in music,” he affirmed, “should remember that God made the perfect instrument for His own self-expression. ‘Be ye perfect as your Father in Heaven is perfect.’ The soul receives, and the mind and brain direct the mechanism. If in your mind you

have an idea that the mechanism is defective, that thought tends to express itself, and the more you try to get perfect expression the more active will be the reverse thought. This is what induces many failures. Remember it is continuous practice with rest periods for assimilation, with conscious awareness of the perfect rhythm, that makes a genius. One must practise slowly to master the execution of the composition. Do not slur over a difficult part; take it slowly at first and increase the tempo, but with accuracy. Know that you were born with dominion over all things.

“Understand the impersonal unity in all things, disregard personal separation, live in the conscious realisation of your oneness with the Creator of all mankind. Love your neighbour as yourself.

“Play and sing with your heart full of love, let it be a harp of exquisite melody and beauty—and those in Heaven above will rejoice as they feel your oneness with them.”

I was spellbound by his understanding, his wisdom, his knowledge of all the important things in Life. I sat there deep in thought, and then I heard his voice saying in a different tone, almost as if it were a command,

“Arise, my son, we must go now, for there is a lot for you to do in the time you are with us and you must be on your way.”

“Yes,” I said, “but I would like to remain with you a little longer.”

“That will be arranged later,” he replied. “In the meantime others are waiting to see you in the flesh. It is already known among the Tibetan Yogi and Masters in the Ok Valley that you are on your way, but I would like you first to go along the Ha Chu Valley as far as Ha Dzong. There are eight monasteries quite close together on the way.

“Here is a letter to Dar Tsang, head of the Yangtang Monastery; he will put you in touch with the others. He is a master of Tumo. I have made all arrangements for you to see and understand this Science.”

“Yes,” I said, “I have heard of this Science, the control of the elements, of heat and cold.”

“Yes, it is interesting, but after all it does not reveal Reality, though I would like you to see it done, and perhaps you will get a few lessons in it,” and he smiled.

“In the monastery of Gonsaka,” he continued, “you will learn of the art of travelling over vast spaces in a very short time. This is done by a form of

levitation in trance. You will also see, in the Takohu Monastery, the practice of mental telepathy. This subject is very interesting and I want you to pay particular attention to it because it will be of great value to you later on.” (This I did indeed find valuable, for, when I was in many different lands, although I could not speak the language, yet I could read the mind.)

“This will take you a month or more of your time.”

I inquired: “What about my friend, does he come with me?”

“No,” he replied, “he will be waiting for you in the Ok Valley when you arrive there.”

The following day I read all the instructions that were to help me on my way, and I duly set out after taking leave of Geshi Rimpoche and my friend. With me I took my bearer, my interpreter, my bodyguard, our ponies, and one mule, leaving the others at Lingmatang, as I would have to come back that way. I was now going in the opposite direction, away from the trade route to Lhasa. I was going now behind the Himalayas that separated Bhutan from Tibet. I was told that the track was merely a footpath, very dangerous in parts because of the many landslides.

Snow leopards also were in this district. These animals look like a cross between a tiger and a wolf. They prey on the mountain goats, and are very fleet and sure of foot. They have been known to attack travellers on the path at dangerous points. On the way we saw a couple of them but they were well out of our reach. The nomads—the people who live in the plains—keep a large number of mastiff dogs to protect their stock from marauders.

We crossed the fast-flowing river, the Amo Chu, at a place called Geling Market, a market place where the inhabitants exchange things. Very little money is used; the people barter goods and seem to do very well. The exchange seems to even itself out, I was told. We passed through the market place and made our way down to a place called Sharithang at the lower end of the Chumbi Valley.

Yatung is situated about the middle of the Chumbi Valley (of which I spoke in a previous chapter). To get to Lhasa you turn to the left, but we turned to the right. The Chumbi Valley at this time of the year, May and June, is prolific with wild flowers. The mountainsides right down to the edge of the valley were covered with rhododendron trees in full bloom. The different colours, red, pink, white and purple made a wonderful picture.

Where the rhododendron trees reached the valley floor there were large Chinese poppies, each at least five inches in diameter, and the stems were about five feet tall. The petals were a rich yellow shade with pink edges, really beautiful to look at.

I said to my interpreter: “In London these would be worth a fortune, and here they are growing prolifically and nobody wants them.”

The floor of the valley was covered with wild aconite, wild gentian and delphinium³.

Here was a plant which is used extensively in *materia medica*, especially for all types of inflammation, and it is considered the most useful drug in homeopathy—the famous aconitum. Gentian, a good tonic and an excellent stomachic, was also here. In this far inaccessible land these plants could be had by the cart load.

As we passed out of the valley we came upon the most rugged and dangerous path I had yet seen. It was not more than about two feet wide in some places, and ran along the edge of a steep precipice with a sheer drop of over a thousand feet into the Ha Chu River below. It made me dizzy to look down. In one place we passed under a rock jutting right over the path; it would be several thousand tons in weight. I walked under it, backward and forward, several times, just to experience the thrill of it.

I thought that a mountain-slide might happen, for the rock hung well over the precipice. But it held on to the mountain, and how it did so was a mystery to me. Perhaps one day it will hurl itself down a thousand feet into the river bed below; if so, it will make a roaring, crashing noise like thunder.

We climbed and climbed until we reached the top of the pass and could pick out, in the distance, the valley of Wong Chu. In the foreground we could see Ha Dzong, and dotted here and there on the side of the mountain were the monasteries.

It was a new experience for me to see so many large monasteries so near one another, perched on the mountain side.

Going down the pass was even more strenuous than ascending. The bottom of the pass opened into the valley of Wong Chu, through which the Ha Chu River flowed. There we were met by a number of Tibetans on shaggy ponies.

I said to my bodyguard: "These fellows look like bandits!"

"Yes," he said, "they are."

We were outnumbered by about five to one. They closed slowly around us expecting us to put up a fight, but I knew this would be suicidal, and within me I felt that there would be some means to overcome our difficulties.

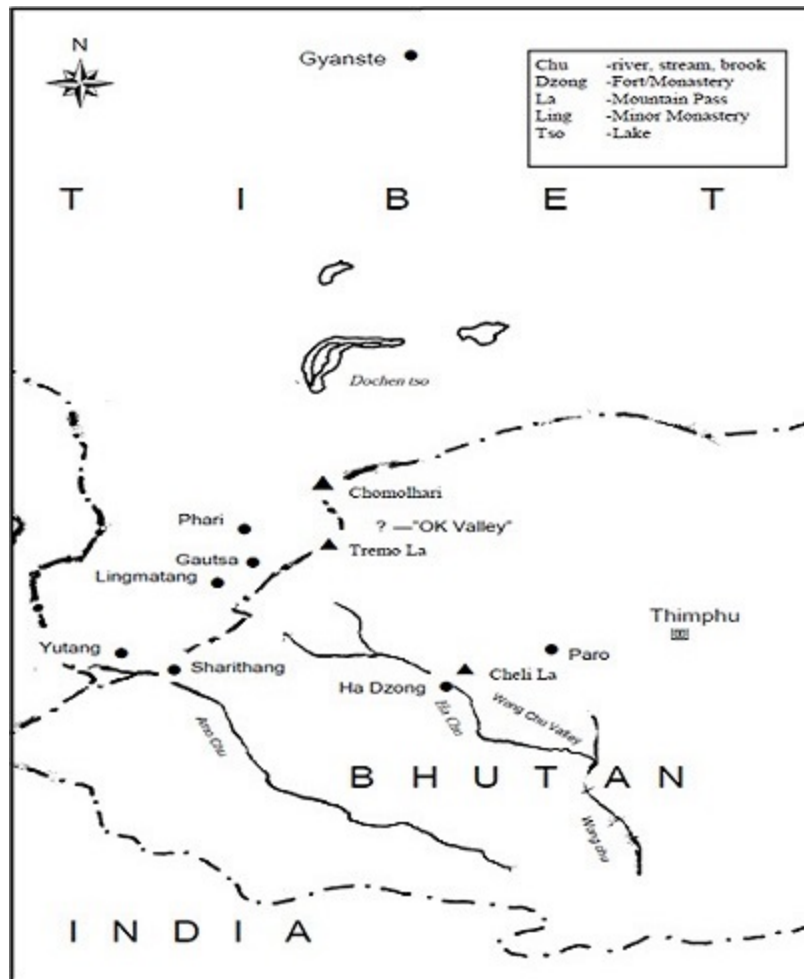
These brigands think that banditry is a gentleman's occupation, and they disdain any other kind of "work." They began to go through our possessions, and I could see that they meant to take all we had, including our ponies. All this would place us in a very awkward predicament, and I was almost at my wit's end what to do. Then suddenly I thought of my artificial eye? I knew that these fellows were very superstitious, and I had already learned something about their religion.

One of their most feared gods was a white god with only one eye, a god who brought havoc, even death, upon those who angered him. Therefore these fellows regularly propitiate him with gifts of all kinds to soothe his wrath. So, knowing this, I went straight in among them and made some weird noises calling in Tibetan for the seven hells to open up under them. I took out my artificial eye, showed it all round, and then put it back again. You should have seen their faces! Their eyes opened wide, and in fear and trembling they threw down our things, got on their ponies and fled—we could hardly see them for dust. We split our sides laughing when we realised what an artificial eye could do. They gave us a wide berth after this, and we never saw them again. But we happened to hear weird stories about the white god who had dropped over the mountain into the Wong Chu Valley. They had taken me to be the angry god whom they feared so much.

I never let the secret leak out, that an artificial eye did the trick. What added colour to the story of the mysterious visitor was that a young lad, about nineteen years old, had the misfortune to fall down the mountainside and dislocate his shoulder. I happened to come along and set it for him. The shoulder had been "out" for only half an hour and was easily put right. This incident meant additional fame for the "white god" and I heard all about it when I got back to Lingmatang, for Geshi Rimpoche greeted me with: "My son, your fame is greater than mine, and you have been in the country for only such a little while."

We laughed heartily, you may be sure, about it all.

- [1.](#) *Tempo rubato* means: robbed or stolen time; time occasionally slackened or hastened for the purposes of expression.
- [2.](#) Ignaz Moscheles (1794-1870) Bohemian pianist and composer.
- [3.](#) *Delphinium*. Common name for any of about 250 species of Buttercup family.



MAP 3. (LINGMATANG TO WONG CHU VALLEY & "OK VALLEY" IN BHUTAN)

CHAPTER 5

AFTER we crossed the Kyu La Pass, which is nearly 16,000 feet above sea level, and after all the excitement we had with our gentlemen friends, the bandits at the foot of the pass, it was rather late when we reached the rest hut at a place called Damtang, 11,000 feet above sea level.

The floor of Tibet averages between 10,000 to 12,000 feet above sea level, with towering snow-clad mountains on all sides, accessible only over passes 15,000 to 20,000 feet high, many of them impassable in winter. Tibet covers an area of over 600,000 square miles in which about two million people live. Some of these merely exist, but others are relatively wealthy. The contrast is very evident.

Although it was late in the evening it was still daylight. The sun was setting over the mountains behind Tenchen Monastery which lay hidden in the mountainside about five miles away. I decided that we would remain in the hut for the night and get to Yangtang about ten o'clock next morning; so my bearer got out the cooking utensils, lit a fire, and cooked a satisfying meal of roast chicken and roast potatoes. We had come a long way and eaten very little that day, and naturally I was hungry, and ate with relish; it seemed to me the best meal I ever had.

My bearer happened to be clever with his accordion and I got him to play some of his own songs. These sounded romantic and fitted in with the surroundings.

Where the hut was situated there was a deep gorge to the front and a mountain at the back. This produced a distinct echo, more distinct than I have heard anywhere in the world. It sounded as if two people were playing at the same time, one away in the distance. The chanting melodies seemed to dovetail into each other as if one was answering the other. It was well after 11 p.m. before we went to bed. I was tired and slept like a log.

In the morning when I awoke the sun was just rising. I never miss the rising of the sun or its setting if I can help it. On this occasion the sunrise seemed to do something to me. The wonderful panorama of colouring

awakened in me the inner mysterious feeling which Tibet held for me, for Tibet is shrouded in mystery: the most superstitious and the most sublime are side by side. Indeed, Tibet is a land of extremes, with the darkest ignorance and the greatest wisdom, where miracles seem as easy as breathing. There is the wildest of the wild—the rugged in Nature, and the most beautiful, the mountains and the valleys. There are the great and the small, the storms and the calm, the heat of the day and the cold of the night. These follow one another; as one moves in, the other moves out, almost at the same time. There is the filthiest and the most meticulous, the worst and the finest, in human character. It is truly a country of contrasts.

As these thoughts passed through my mind the sun's rays were striking the portals of the Tenchen monastery. I could hear, in the distance, the *chongha!* booming out their long deep tones and the booming of the great gongs while the lamas' deep voices chanted *Om Mani Padme Hum*.

As I looked down the valley the shadows of the mountains were disappearing. It was a strange feeling that I had, a feeling of sheer wonderment. The air was crisp with cold of the night and the wind was coming our way wafting the scent of the incense. This gave further enchantment to the scene—the sun rising over the mountains, the rushing river threading through the valley, the glittering spray reflecting colours like a rainbow, the weird music, the lamas' deep voices and the incense, these things alone were worth coming for.

Some monasteries have great incense jars which stand above the portals of the monastery facing the valley, in which incense is kept continually burning. As the sun rose, the whole atmosphere gave me that feeling which comes to one in anticipation of the revelation of some mysterious force hidden for thousands of years.

Three monasteries were within a few miles of each other, Tenchen, Gyamdu and Yangtang. I knew that Yangtang was the furthest of the three and was the monastery of the yellow sect which I had to contact first.

We moved down the path that led down the side of the rushing river and the spray was blown on our faces by the wind that was now forced up the valley, the mountains creating a funnel through which the wind blew forcibly, causing even the stones on the path to be flicked in our faces.

We came to a flimsy bridge held together by bamboo rope, and, as I stepped on it, it swayed from side to side. It was suspended from both sides of the river, where the water rushed between two great rocks, forming a deep gorge. One snap of the bamboo rope and I would be no more, for nothing could live in that great torrent of glacier water with its blue-white foam lashing against the sides of the rocks as it rushed through.

We got to the other side and made our way up a steep grade for about two miles to the monastery of Yangtang.

It must have been a strange sight to the lamas to see us coming up the steep steps that had been hewn out of the rock upon which the monastery stood, for nothing like it had happened before. I felt a little queer, for I did not have my friend with me to speak to me, and I had to introduce myself with the letter Geshi Rimpoche had given me.

When we reached the monastery my interpreter spoke for me. He told the lama who came to meet us that I had a letter from Geshi Rimpoche to Geshi Dar Tsang. I had already learned patience, as nothing moves quickly in this isolated land of mystery, and in the meantime I obtained permission to look round the monastery.

The conducting lama was an old man with a very intelligent face. I can well remember the look he gave me—it was one of deep wonderment. I could imagine what his thoughts were, such as “What do you want here?” “Where have you come from?” “What sort of a world do you live in?” “What is in that letter from Geshi Rimpoche?”

The walls of Yangtang Monastery were built of great boulders roughly hewn. The total weight of the massive building was impossible to estimate. The walls were about seven feet in thickness, and the great boulders were put together with great skill. How it all had been done was a mystery to me.

The roof was covered with slate about two inches thick, coloured yellow, this being one of the yellow sect monasteries.

The way the roof and walls are coloured, I was told, was by making great quantities of coloured wash, and pouring it over the roof; the walls were treated in the same way, but in a white wash.

I entered on the ground floor through a great central hall. Around on all sides were the storerooms. Around the sides above the storerooms were

small chapels used as shrines for the deities. In these shrines were many images of gold and silver, their value beyond estimation.

Above the main temple hall were the various rooms containing the monastic paraphernalia, and surrounding the great main building were other buildings, the living quarters of the lamas.

The main hall door was of immense size, like that of Lingmatang, draped on the sides with massive curtains of rich brocade tasselled with gold. Around the main hall were murals of exquisite beauty. These were the guardian deities and demons of the locality. On the left side was the wheel of Life, and on both sides were large prayer-wheels filled with countless numbers of prayers, mostly with the formula *Om Mani Padme Hum*. The prayer wheels were about eight to ten feet in height and about five to six feet in diameter.

They are turned with a crank handle and each time it revolves a bell rings. This is a sign that your sins have been forgiven. Around the walls of the temple were smaller prayer-wheels, and, as a lama passed one, he gave it a turn with his hand. This, by the way, is the means by which he builds up his virtue!

I saw numbers of images in gold, studded with precious jewels, probably worth thousands of pounds, and many silken banners, some of them priceless.

The temple had galleries all around, the ceiling was supported by mighty wooden pillars almost twice the thickness of my body, and long silken streamers of rare design hung around them. These are all worked by the lamas, depicting their Buddhas and saints as well as deities who guarded the monastery.

At the far end of the temple hall was the altar and at the foot were hundreds of butter lamps in gold and silver. These were burning and the lama present was refilling them with yak butter (they must be kept burning continuously). On the top of the throne of the altar, which is used only by the Dalai Lama, was suspended a beautiful silken brocade canopy. On the right side was a seat lower, this being the seat of the director of ceremonies, and on the left were similar ones where the abbots sat. The director of ceremonies directs the service and the abbots instruct the lamas.

In front of this were other seats for the high lamas, and then came many long rows of seats about six inches off the floor, all facing one way, up and down the hall (not across as we have them). Each lama sat in Buddha fashion behind one another. A service was in progress, and there were intervals during which tea was served by the tea distributors, each lama carrying his own teacup.

Tea is drunk at all hours, all day, I was told. The tea was brought from the black dingy kitchens where there were large iron pots, some about five feet high and four feet in diameter, into which are put a brick of Chinese tea, a large chunk of rancid butter and a quantity of salt. This is kept simmering day and night, and water and other ingredients are added when required.

I was told that several million pounds weight of tea are imported each year into Tibet. The average cups consumed each day by one person amounts to between twenty and thirty cups. Tea seemed to be served all the time the service was going on.

In the centre of the hall were the *chonghas* and gongs. The *chonghas* were about ten feet or more in length, and the large gongs were about five to six feet in diameter. The *chonghas* were supported on stands covered with gold plating, and the gongs were supported on two pillar stands similarly plated.

The *chonghas* were blown in such a way that one set of lamas would “take up” before the other set finished, with the result that a continuous booming note was heard, and at intervals the gongs were struck sounding a deep boom through the whole of the temple. This happened when the lamas reached the *Om* and the *Hum* of *Om Mani Padme Hum*. Intermingling with this were hundreds of tiny bells tinkling at intervals. All this seemed to be directed by the director of ceremonies.

My letter had at last reached Geshi Dar Tsang, for, during the time that I was so deeply interested in what was going on in the Temple Hall, a lama came to escort me to Geshi Dar Tsang’s private quarters.

I was surprised to see a very young-looking man. He spoke to me in Hindustani, which I knew well. His knowledge of Hindustani was extremely good and we got on excellently, and I was glad that I could speak without the use of an interpreter.

He was glad to see me; I took it that he was pleased with Geshe Rimpoche's letter. I did not know what Rimpoche said, not even today, for it was written in Tibetan, but it must have carried something very pleasing about me, otherwise I would have received the cold shoulder which is meted out to anyone who tries to visit the sanctum of the most high.

I asked him how he had learned Hindustani and he told me that the Yogi who taught him was an Indian Yogi. I was interested to hear this, for I had been with the Indian Yogi myself.

I said: "I see many much older lamas than you in the monastery; how is it that you, being so young, are at the head of this great monastery?"

He replied: "I am older than any of them, though I do not look it."

Then I asked: "With your knowledge and experience, you do not believe in all this deity and hell business, do you?"

"Oh no," he replied, "but all these people have been brought up to know nothing else. My students who have mastered the art of Tumo know that ritual and superstition are merely to impress the mind, but, as you know, I could not teach that to everyone—my life would not be worth living, In fact, I would not be allowed to live! That is what religion is like in this country. We are at present where the West was at the time of the Spanish Inquisition."

I was surprised that he knew about the brutality of the priesthood. I said: "Perhaps if it was not for the law we might still have persecution? A great many people now have far out-distanced the religious bigots we have even today; that is why our churches are mostly empty."

"Mankind," I went on, "is divided by religion, by nationality, by groups, by beliefs, by ideas, only because man will not see how false they all are. Once he sees how false these things are he will drop them; then, and then only, will he realise that we are all one. Then man will free himself through the Truth of the One Life in each being, which is the only Real and the only Truth that will set him free."

"You have put it into a nutshell," he said, and he continued: "Ideas are presented to the conscious mind and are received and passed on to the unconscious. Immediately they are accepted or rejected according to the ruling belief or idea held. This is not understanding it is ignorance, but few will see it, because a belief or an idea is a reality to them. They have not yet

come to know what an idea is, or how it is formed in the mind by environment, by imitation. So we have confusion and antagonism in the world which leads to war and misery.”

“I agree with you,” I said, “I have seen leaders, religious and otherwise, make statements which the unthinking masses accept. So they wave flags and shout. This is the ignorant mob, people who are not capable of examining what is said and it is happening everywhere. Leaders steeped in religious bigotry and extreme nationalism are the curse of our civilisation. It is these people that should be put out of harm’s way, for they are the cause of much suffering to unenlightened humanity.”

“That is very true,” he said, “but the worst of all is that people pray to a God of Love while they are steeped in hatred. Their prayers are idolatrous. Only when they understand how hatred has arisen will they know how to pray to a God of Love.

“Those who live in separation pray to a false god of their own making who hears them *not*. Is this not the teaching of the false prophets we have in our midst all over the world? Each separate religious group claims its religion to be the only true one, and blazons forth the dire penalties that will happen to those who do not accept; hence man is kept in ignorance and is confused and fearful through superstition.”

I had found another friend and we made good progress together.

“I think it would be advisable for you to wear the robe of a teacher while you are here,” he said, and he handed me a purple robe which I put on. “Geshi Rimpoche tells me in his letter that you are a master of *prana yama** and master of the healing arts.”

I said that I had done much healing all over the world and I had been more than successful, but I attributed that to a power that is beyond myself.

“Yes,” he concurred, “only when we know that we are nothing then does the Spirit, which is all, manifest in and through us.”

He took down a book with notes in his own handwriting in Tibetan, and he turned over the pages till he came to the words he had written there: “He who seeks to save his life will lose it, but he who gives up his life for My sake will retain it.”

“In this book,” he said, “I have all the sayings of great Masters, and these sayings I have found to be true.”

Then he suddenly changed the subject. “You have come here to know something about Tumo, the control of the elements, of heat and cold. You have allowed yourself a very short time for this. It is one of the more difficult occult Sciences, because the sense of feeling comes into it so much.”

“Yes,” I said, “I know my time is limited, but I do not want to be really master of the Science of Tumo as long as I can understand it, and by practice I may be able to become at least adaptable.”

“Then,” he said, “there is no time like the present, so let us begin.”

He took me into his inner sanctuary where we sat on very comfortable cushioned stools.

“Then,” he began in the tone of the master, “it is not merely an idea to you that Life alone lives, that the body does not live apart from Life. Life alone has consciousness, and the only consciousness the body has is the Life that permeates it by the means of the nervous and vaso systems.”

I was amazed at his thorough knowledge of the human frame and told him so. He replied: “The practice of Tumo demands this,” and he went on: “Every form arises out of invisible matter, which is the basis of all forms; there is no form separated from it. Now we know that invisible matter can be condensed into a solid mass by a change in consciousness in regard to it. So can solid matter be dissolved into invisible matter by the same process in reverse, but the trouble with most people is that their consciousness is not trained, and feeling interferes with its direction.”

I listened very carefully to what he said.

“You know well enough,” he continued, “in your healing work that feeling and fear hinder the healing process in the patient.”

I replied: “I know that only too well, and it requires a change in consciousness to get beyond it.”

“Right,” he said. “So when considering the cause and cure of any disease, whether it be of mind or body, we must bear in mind that matter is plastic to our thoughts and feelings and this is even more important to you in the practice of Tumo. By completely understanding the mental process you will be able to dissolve any condition that is the result of error.”

“That is so,” I said.

“Well,” he continued, “heat and cold do not exist in Reality; these ‘conditions’ exist only in the mind. Spirit, which is the basis of all things, is not affected by heat or cold. When you bring heat and cold together both disappear.”

“I understand that,” I said.

“Well,” he went on, “this is done by breathing exercises with the use of the sound vibrations of the ‘Aum’ so that it vibrates through the whole of your body. You pass into a subjective state wherein you control the elements; therefore the elements of heat and cold are controlled as well.”

I said: “I am beginning to see daylight now.”

“Yes, but that is not all. By the constant repetition of the sound of Creation ‘Aum,’ the subjective consciousness becomes aware of the power of both creation and disintegration because they are one, and not two separate principles. The sound ‘Aum’ can be heard in all creation and every form in mineral, vegetable, animal and human spheres. This is the basic sound; the only difference is the difference in vibration.”

“Now,” he added, “the ether wave and the sound wave mingle together because you sound the ‘Aum’ while you are aware that the creative force is in your consciousness; then your thought becomes electro-magnetic, which is the controlling factor in both invisible and visible matter. The sound wave is the wave of ponderable matter; therefore you can play with it up and down the scale, from the invisible to the visible—there is no division between them, it is only apparent. Creative thought being in the Consciousness is sending forth into the ether the invisible waves while the sound reduces them to the visible, and here you have what is called materialisation and the opposite is dematerialisation. You comprehend that, don’t you?”

“Yes,” I answered, “and I know also that those who chant rituals know little of what they are doing. I also know,” I said, “that the therapeutic power of sound in harmonious vibrations exercises an influence on the mind and body, for one is but the product of the other.”

“It is the colour of the sound that creates the effect,” he said. “Colour affects the ethereal and astral sheaths that penetrate the body, and if the ‘Aum’ is sounded with understanding and accuracy while the breath of Life

is performed it will harmonise all the cells of the body and keep you young. When this is generally known a great civilisation will arise.”

“It will be seen,” he said, “that the only power comes from the Spirit which is Whole and is everywhere and ever-present, and is the source of all things including man. For ‘Now’ is eternity; there is no such thing as *time* in the ever-present. The past and the future do not exist outside man’s mind.”

“Now,” he said, “breathe as I direct and sound the ‘Aum’ as you let the breath out. The sound must be your own tone, which is on the Key A.”

So I began to breathe as he directed. (This I cannot give here because of the danger to the uninitiated.) A semi-trance state was induced.

“Now, again sound the ‘Aum’ as you breathe out—the sound flowing from head to foot; and as you feel its vibrations send a current of Life, by being conscious of It, through your body, and you will feel that your body is on fire. The feeling of the heat helps you. Now, do you understand?”

“Yes, I do” I said, for I felt as if my body was on fire, and I added, “Now I can see that the basis is feeling.”

After several practices I was given the opportunity of doing the real thing.

One morning we started climbing the mountain, reaching the snow line at about 9 p.m. (we had climbed nearly all day). When the sun went down it began to freeze several points below zero. I sat between two of his pupils who were proficient in the Science of Tumo. I started the practice as I was instructed. The heat was terrific and the snow began to melt around me, running away in rivulets.

I asked if this was caused by my own efforts or by those on each side of me.

He said: “You did exceptionally well; I put the others on each side only to help you.”

I was quite pleased with the result, but I knew that it would take years of practice to be a master of Tumo.

I wanted to know how it was done, and I was satisfied. I continued the practice for another ten days till the usual great yearly ceremony at the monastery took place. Then I saw what could really be done with the elements of heat and cold.

Dar Tsang and two of his best pupils took out of a blazing fire white hot bars of iron and put them in their mouths. I could hear the sizzling that came from the moisture in their mouths. They bent these pieces of white hot iron into loops while still in their mouths. There was not a mark or a burn to be seen. I could not go near these bars of iron, so fierce was the heat.

Crowds of lamas from other monasteries, people from all the villages around, came to see the parades and the religious dances of the lamas.

Later, Geshi Dar Tsang took a thick piece of solid steel and turned it into a knot. He did this by means of dematerialization. The material became pliable in his hands, and like a piece of wire he turned it into a knot and tied it.

When I took this knotted steel in my hands, with all my strength I could not even move it.

Shortly afterwards Dar Tsang took it again and untied the knot and made the steel rod straight again. Yes, it was hard to believe.

I knew it took years to perform such feats; even after years of practice few succeed. But the fact that I saw it done with my own eyes convinced me that the seemingly impossible was possible.

Controlling the heat element was much the same as combating the cold, but it took much longer to master. The “state” was the main thing, one had to get a deep subjective state consciously, so that fear and feeling were completely overcome; thus control was obtained.

To the outside world these feats seem impossible, only because the outside world has never seen these things done. Yet the fact remains that these things are done. Those who deny that about which they know nothing expose their ignorance. Yet there are some people who will tell you that Jesus fed the multitude, walked upon the water, disappeared from among the crowd, turned water into wine, healed the sick, as easily as he breathed. They accept all this, but the next moment will deny that it is possible.

Jesus was a great Master and did things far greater than we know of. But the same power that existed then, exists now and will continue to exist because It is Eternal and Ever-present.

If we can only get rid of the idea of the solidity of matter and the idea of our own impotence, we could work wonders. Jesus knew this, otherwise he

would not have said: “These things I do, greater things shall you do if ye will but understand.” He also said faith would move mountains.

But your faith must not be like that of the person who had a knoll in front of her house which hid the view of the sea. When she read, “If ye have sufficient faith ye can say to this mountain, Be buried in the sea and it shall be done,” she went to her window, looked at the knoll and said, “Ye shall be buried in the sea.” When she got up the next morning she went to the window and saw that the knoll was still there. She exclaimed, “I knew it would be there all the time.”

Wonders have been done in healing all over the world through what we call “Faith.” Thousands of so-called incurable cases have been healed through the agency of Faith. The many miraculous cures attributed to me alone run into many hundreds, but this I know, “I of my own self am nothing, it is the Spirit of the Father within that does the work,” the same Life being in the healer and the one being healed.

This, however, must not be a mere platitude but a living experience at the moment, beyond time, beyond ideas, beyond mind. For what is in the mind is but an idea of It, or a belief in It, but that is not It. The word “God” is not God, what you make up in your mind about God is not God, and only when you see the falseness of words, ideas, beliefs, that are hiding the Real, will the Real manifest.

Then the Livingness that is not of time is renewed in your every moment of time.

To try to recapture the moment that is past is useless, because the moment that is past has become a memory which is not the “Living Now.” The “Now” is a Livingness that is Eternal and you cannot make an image of It because you do not know what It is—you only know that It is.

To imagine It will come again is like “tomorrow,” which never comes: it is always tomorrow. Trying to become is seeking something that is ever-present and therefore you can never realise It. Only by living It, can It be experienced.

Being It Now! Living moment to moment in the Ever-present, and experiencing It every moment through the expression of Love and Affection, which *is Reality*. At that moment there is no right or wrong, no past or future, only the Eternal “Now.”

“The Father and I are One.” Therefore the self that stands in the way must be dissolved before the Real comes into Being.

“I am the Life, and Life is Love and Love is Reality.”

To love your neighbour as yourself you must love your Real Self that is in your neighbour because there is no division in Reality.

* *Pranayama*—”Study of breath control”

CHAPTER 6

AT the festival of Yangtang Monastery I met Geshi Malapa of the Gonsaka Monastery and Geshi Tung La of the Takohu Monastery, both charming fellows and well versed in their respective sciences. They could also speak Hindustani, which seemed to be their second language. I was glad, because I could carry on a conversation necessary to understand their instructions to me on each of their respective sciences.

I persuaded Geshi Dar Tsang to come with me. He was pleased that I asked him, for he wanted to see the progress of both Geshi Malapa's and Geshi Tung La's chelas. There was a strong bond among the three of them, and they had a companionable contest to see whose chelas had made the most progress.

So the next day we made our way to Gonsaka. I was given one of the abbot's rooms. He was at Ganden Monastery, going through a revised course in medicine. This course, I was told, included physiology, physics, botany, and science of the mind. It is in no way comparable with our Western curriculum, being much more crude in some ways, yet much more advanced in others.

Geshi Malapa said that he took his name from the great saint Milarepa¹ who lived to a great age and composed over 100,000 verses revealing his secret knowledge. Milarepa was known as the great miracle worker. His best known feat was to fly to the summit of Mount Kailas² by means of levitation in order to demonstrate to the people there that the faith and knowledge he possessed were greater than that of the Bon priests who failed to accomplish such a feat. Hence schools and colleges were formed for the purpose of studying and developing these miraculous powers, and for many years lamas taught by him developed great powers and were credited with mighty miracles. Malapa said that the Gonsaka Monastery was once one of these colleges but was now turned into a monastery, "hence I took on the name Malapa, an abbreviation of Milarepa."

It was Milarepa's powers that sustained him when he was cut off by the deep snows and glaciers of Mount Everest during the winter.

"First of all," said Malapa, "my pupils must learn levitation through the practice of special breathing exercises. The body then becomes light; sometimes bodies become so light that they have to be weighed down to prevent their floating away."

I said that I had seen levitation in India but he laughed and declared that was child's play.

"First of all," he said, "I take a raw boy lama over fourteen years but under eighteen years, because the power of the lung-gompa is obtained only after a long course of probationary exercises. The breathing must be carefully regulated; the devotee must have perfect control of his mind and body. The body must be completely motionless, also there must be the ability to sink into a deep trance which enables him to use inner forces, thereby reversing the polarity at will.

I said: "I understand from Yoga that, as the free energy in the atmosphere is pumped into the body through certain breathing exercises, the body becomes light, so that at will it can be moved in any direction at speed, medium or slow, according to the desired effect required."

"Yes," he affirmed, "the flying lama, or what we call the lung-gompa, is an astounding person. He goes into a trance, and some people believe that the body is inhabited by a spirit, but that is not so.

"After a long period of exercises, gravitation is overcome because the air, being lighter, saturates the body and makes it buoyant, and then the polarity is reversed. By this means the lung-gompa moves at great speed over long distances, over mountains and valleys, without fatigue. Fatigue is brought about by the force of gravity when one has to make an effort to move the body because it is attracted to the earth.

"The lung-gompa takes a direct line to his destination, and the speed up the mountains and across the valleys is not altered. He goes up the mountains as fast as he goes along the plains, and more than one hundred miles can be covered in a day, and one lung-gompa whom I know can cover even a greater distance.

"The fact that there are few of us is borne out by the fact that it takes a long time to accomplish the art—many try but few succeed—because it is

perhaps the most difficult of all the occult Sciences.”

I remarked that it would be most interesting to witness this marvellous feat.

He said: “You are more than fortunate to witness it, and it is because Geshi Rimpoche, whom we reverence, asked that you should be given the opportunity.”

I said: “I have no intention of trying to master this Science, for I have not the time—you see, my work is healing, but the privilege that I may know how it is done, and am allowed to see it, will help me in my own work.”

“Then in the morning we will go to our practice ground, which is guarded while we exercise, and there you will be able to witness the lung-gompa.”

So the next morning we went down to the secluded valley which was behind another range of smaller mountains, where there was a long flat area. Geshi Malapa had only three chelas. He said that three were enough to teach in one life-time.

I watched the three chelas being instructed how to breathe. They had been practising for the last ten years, Malapa told me.

Three mounds of earth were built up into cones, and the chelas would sit cross-legged in Buddha fashion. Gradually they would rise off the ground, reach above the cone-shaped mound, and gradually come down upon the top. This was done several times, and then they stood on their feet—this was the most difficult part. Gradually they rose off the ground, one foot placed before the other; and by a series of rhythmic bounds, their eyes gazing into the distance, they moved as if their feet hardly touched the ground, and at a great pace they bounded about twenty feet in one step. It was a thrilling experience to witness this (few have seen the lung-gompa).

I was then given instruction and I felt as if my body was becoming light ...

As my time was getting limited I moved on to Takohu Monastery, accompanied by Geshi Dar Tsang, and we received a cordial welcome from Geshi Tung La. His science was the art of reading the mind, otherwise known as telepathy.

Telepathy interested me very much, for here was something that I could use with effect in my own healing work, and I lost no time in getting down

to real practice.

I developed an amazing power to read Geshi Tung La's mind, perhaps because we were very much in tune with each other, and I was so interested in the work that I fell into it naturally. While he spoke in Tibetan I spoke in Hindustani, to help to form our thoughts. I found it very simple—it came to me without effort.

Geshi Tung La's explanation to me was like this: Thoughts make waves in the ether similar to radio waves. It is common knowledge that there is a multiple number of radio waves in the ether at the same time, and not one interferes with the other. These invisible radio waves become audible when you have an instrument to receive them. They are modified and transformed back into sound.

“Now,” said Tung La, “man also has a broadcasting and a receiving set. The pituitary gland is the projecting organ, and the pineal gland is the receiving organ. Thought waves are sent out by one person to another person who, if he be in tune, will receive them. This must be done without effort. At the receiving end you must not try to interpret consciously; you must allow the feeling to come into the mind. This feeling is transformed into thought and you begin to know what is received.

“It is a sort of feeling, not really thinking, for thinking sets in motion the pituitary gland and this distorts the receiving mechanism of the pineal gland.”

I found that this was true. When I tried to think what he was saying in Tibetan I could not get it completely, but, when I did not try, the whole formation of his thoughts was received.”

Tung La said: “You are a natural born receiver. Because you are a medium you speak from inspiration; you just speak without thinking!”

I replied: “That is perfectly true. If I thought what I was going to say, I would find myself floundering; but when I just speak as I feel, and feel as I speak, the flow is perfect.”

“That is correct,” he told me. “You do not need any instruction in telepathy, as you are a born medium for it. There are many like you—but few have found it out.”

I was pleased to hear his confirmation that I was a natural medium; I was reading the minds of others all the time, though I did not know it.

As I have already mentioned, I have healed people all over the world, many of whom could not speak a word of my language, nor I of theirs. When they spoke I took no heed of what they were saying but I got a clear picture of their complaint. Intuition, call it what you like, the fact that I knew what was in their minds, proved I could read their thought-feelings. In point of fact, their thoughts and feelings were transferred to me, and I could feel what they felt, according to their thought-feelings.

I could tell if they were sincere or not, I would know if they liked me or not, I knew if they were doubtful or full of fear. All the shades of their thought-feelings were to me quite clear.

Anyway, I witnessed the pupils, over twenty in number, practising sending messages to one another. They were changed about, until he found the best pairs. The accuracy of their projecting and receiving was astounding.

Firstly, the projector would write a letter of the alphabet or a number on a board in front of him, and the other with his back to him would write it down.

Then a word would be written, then a sentence, then the projector would read silently out of a book while the receiver would repeat it, and a recorder standing by would write down as the receiver repeated the words. Very seldom did they make a mistake. I thought it was a wonderful demonstration. The distance between them was increased until a range of mountains separated them. It showed that there is no space, that we are not separated.

“Light and sound are carried by the ether waves,” said Geshi Tung La, “so is thought and feeling.”

I stayed here ten days and a grand friendship sprang up between us. He would speak in Tibetan, and I in Hindustani. We did this in general conversation also, to keep our practice up.

Several years later, in a séance in London, Geshi Tung La came through and spoke to me. He told me that he was still in his earthy body and was helping me in my work, as he had since learned astral travel from the hermit of Ling-Shi-La (of whom I will speak later).

“Yes,” I thought, “there are greater things in Heaven and on earth than man has yet dreamed of.”

The proof which I now had was conclusive, for nobody but myself knew that Tung La existed.

I often felt the telepathic influence of Geshi Tung La, just as I would feel the influence of other helpers whom I knew, including Geshi Rimpoche and my friend, but it never dawned upon me that Geshi Tung La could leave his body and work in the astral.

These thoughts came back to me from the words he spoke, before I left. He said: "Love is the greatest magnetic force in the world; it is more powerful than the strongest magnet used to magnetise steel. When a piece of steel is magnetised, all the particles arrange themselves into north and south poles, harmonising the whole of the atoms in that piece of steel, and the steel then becomes a magnet itself. So does Love magnetise the etherons and atoms of the soul and body, turning them into a magnet to attract the Cosmic Rays in great abundance, thereby giving expression to the Love of God."

I said to him: "Yes, Jesus said, 'I have come that you may have Life and even more abundant Life.'"

For some time he sat in silence, and then he said: "You speak of the Master Jesus? We have records of him here; he is still with us."

I sat up when he said this, for I knew that He was still the living Christ.

The deep impressions of Tung La's thoughts were made indelible to me; I can still feel the influence of the Love and affection he had for me.

And here let me tell you a truth. You can speak to each other without uttering a word when you are in tune. Try it sometime, and you will be amazed at the wonderful understanding you get. The result will be greater understanding of one another, a deeper feeling of love. It is said, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder." It is because the thoughts which you send out to one another are being received.

May I continue to say here a few more words to you of that which I know to be true?

The harmonising of the atoms is based on the fundamental law upon which the function of Life is based—Love. This is the law of the electro-magnetic principle underlying all creation. This principle is the basic power in creation throughout the Universe, not only on this planet but also in all the created Universe. Although it is not the Ultimate, this electro-magnetic

principle is the motion in the Universe, and motion is the force that transforms the atoms of invisible matter into various visible forms, and Nature's subtle conductor is the ether.

In ether the blue-print of creation is formed, and motion causes the transformation of, the etherons and atoms into form. This same ether remains the foundation of all forms throughout the whole of the electromagnetic activity. This same rule applies throughout the whole Universe, because there is but one Creator and one creation: both are one and not separate. The Creator and His creation are one.

Ether is the conductor of Creative Thought, which is the most powerful activity, for by It the Universe is built.

I understood this when I was trained to be master of *pranayama*. To control the *prana* is to control phenomena and the dynamic forces in mind and body. Therefore, he who loves wins the love of God, but he who hates reaps what he sows.

Before I left Takohu Monastery my friend Tung La presented me with a small Tibetan prayer-wheel which I still have. It has been with me now for seventeen years, and it is fifteen years since I said that I would write this book.

I have been busy ever since, healing all over the world. The last nine years were spent in South Africa and now, while I am on the ship en route to my old home in Scotland for a vacation, I am influenced to write this book, and another will follow soon.³

Those who feel that they are guided by a greater force than their own desires know well that all things come at the right moment and not before or after.

This is not fatalism as some may think, but co-operation, a knowing that the Wisdom, the Intelligence that builds and controls the Universe, that same Power, must be in man, for man is the living expression of the Consciousness and Intelligence of God who guides and manifests all things according to His will, God being Infinite in Nature. "Thy will be done, not mine, O Lord."

Now that I have said these few words to you, I will return to my story ...

As we were wending our way back, Dar Tsang left us when we came to Yangtang, and we kept on the same path, reaching the Chumbi Valley again,

exactly three weeks and three days from the time we left.

I went straight to Geshi Rimpoche and told him all that had happened. He asked: "How did you like Tung La?"

I replied: "He comes next to you and my friend in my heart."

Geshi Rimpoche then said: "I have word from him already; he tells me that you are an adept in telepathy, and his regard for you is very strong."

I said: "So is mine for him."

"I am glad," he assured me.

Then I asked: "But how did you hear so soon?"

"Ah," he answered, "messages pass very quickly in Tibet; what you do now is known a hundred miles away in a very short time."

"I have already found that out," I said.

We talked long into the night about what I did and what I had learned, and, when he was satisfied that the journey was not in vain he said: "I am glad indeed at your successful sojourn, but you know it is not the Real. It is right that you should know the occult Sciences, but you realise that Truth is greater than all these things."

I said: "Yes, I do know that and it becomes clearer each day to me," and then I asked: "What about the hermits in the mountains, have they found the Truth?"

"No, my son," he replied, "you cannot find the Truth in the mountain or by the sea, nor by eating carrots, nor by concentrating on your umbilicus all day. Neither will you find it by running away from the world, because you are the world. There is no isolation, that is created only in man's mind, it is the great illusion. It is for this purpose that I have brought you here to make you see the false, then you will know what is the Real and the True. If you do not understand the false yourself, I cannot make you understand. You have been dabbling for years in the occult, that is why I want you to know the Real and the True thoroughly, so that you can be free."

"You will never understand, my son," he continued, "through a belief by mere meditation or suggestions; nor through the occult powers, nor in the future, nor in the past, can it be found, for the past is a memory and the future is hope mingled with fear. All these are of the mind, and Truth is beyond mind."

“Well,” I said, “how do we arrive at the Truth?”

He answered: “I can only tell you the ways you cannot arrive at the Truth, and when you have found all the ways by which you cannot arrive at the Truth, you will find the Truth: then it will be yours, and not another’s which is but an imitation.”

He added: “You will not find it by mere analysis, for this is only digging up the past, and the Truth that sets you free is not of the past. When you see that the process of mere analysis is a false process you will discard it; it will drop from you like all the other false processes.”

“What is in your mind,” he continued, “is dead; it is not a living thing, but on the other hand Truth is that which is living from moment to moment. It must be discovered, not merely believed in, not to be quoted or formulated in the mind.

“To be alive, that is Truth; to know that you are Life and living every moment of It, that is Truth. To know this, your mind must be alert, aware, with your heart full of Love, free from all that is false; that is Truth.”

“Most people,” he went on, “do not want to be alive; they want to be put to sleep to escape the world, they do not want to face up to things; like children they want to hide behind their mother’s apron strings, to shelter from the storm—and what is the storm? Is it not our relationship with one another? We must be conscious of that relationship every moment. But if I treat you like a piece of furniture there is no relationship between us. There is only true relationship when we understand ourselves; only then can there be freedom, and in freedom only is Truth revealed.”

“If you love me and hate another can you,” he asked, “claim to know the Truth? If you are kind to me and unkind to another, can you say that you are a kind person? Is it not the height of contradiction?”

I told him: “I have never seen it like this before.”

“No, my son,” he said, “that is because you did not understand yourself, your thoughts, your motives, your feelings, your cravings and from where and how they arose.

“When you get rid of all the things of the self, then only is the Truth known. It is only these false things that are preventing the Truth from flourishing in you. If your action is the contradiction of the Truth, how can you claim the Truth?”

“Then,” he went on, “if you are influenced by your experience, by what is in your mind, you cannot give expression to that which is beyond your mind; you will be giving expression only to what is in your mind. What is in your mind is not the Truth. If your actions come merely from your experience, then the Truth is not in you. But if your actions arise from loving your neighbour as yourself, you will give expression to the Truth.”

“Do you think that I am chastising you, my son?” he asked, gently ... “Far from it, because my love for you is greater than for myself. You can now see that if the Truth you know is built upon what you have seen, heard, or read, then it will be superficial. In discovering the Truth you must search your mind to see what is false, and anything that you hold in your mind about the Truth is not the Truth. You become only a mere gramophone changing the records. You must become the musician and the music at the same time, not merely listening to another. Therefore, my son,” he said, “you must understand the creations of the mind in reaction to others, to things external. You must see the falseness of these creations, for they are but ashes, not the Living Truth which cannot be destroyed, perverted, because It is not put together by the mind.”

After he said this he remained silent—and I was silent too ... Yes, my mind had undergone a change in that short space of time. What I had learned had passed into the background and Reality came to the fore. It was a queer feeling, similar to the one I had before, but it was stronger, a silence that was deeper; in a flash everything that I had read or heard of the Truth seemed to dissolve away. In that deep silence I knew, I did not know what it was, but I knew with a greater depth than ever before that I was the Truth, I was the Living Truth *Now*, and nothing could destroy It, nor could anything destroy me, nothing could pervert the Truth. It was my own, not another’s, Truth.

From here I could go on. I knew then that from that very moment I could go further, without effort or struggle. Previously the Truth was much to me a mental concept, and I could not face this fact because I did not want to let go of what I thought was true. But now I could face any fact, no matter what it was, good, bad or indifferent. I knew it could not alter the Truth—the Living Truth—that I knew myself to Be, and I knew that the Love that

created me, created all. This was the Power given to man in heaven and on earth.

My thinking merged into the Silence from which arises Creative Thought, and as my confused thoughts dissolved away into nothingness I realised that which was not a mental concept. I had reached the Silence in which there was Perfect Love—beyond the human conception of Love.

This was not a dead silence as if I had been put to sleep, or a silence that I had created myself; it was a silence when all confused thought, even thinking, ceased, and in that quiet, when the external no longer bound me, I found the creativeness, that is Eternal and Ever-present, and I knew I was one with It. It was mine *Now* and forever, and nobody could take It away from me. Love was the creative Power within all creation, because God is Love and all are One with Him, because there is none other than He ...

It was Geshi Rimpoche who broke the silence. “Let us go out and see the sun set, my son,” he said.

I replied that I would like to do so; a sunset has never ceased to give me a thrill.

“It is a different sunset every night,” I remarked.

“Yes,” he answered, “I have looked at the sun setting and rising for many years now, and no two have ever been the same. It is the variety of the One Life, my son. You and I are of the same Life; the only difference is variety. When we understand variety we will know that ‘One’ alone is behind it all.”

Nothing uplifted me more than the words of Geshi Rimpoche; they had the effect of transforming my whole nature. It was not an intellectual knowing, but a deeper understanding and transformation that was taking place. I had found the source and I was content, content now to go on. There was now no more searching or struggling; my searching and struggling to know what Truth was, had come to an end.

It was a moving onwards now that was necessary, and all that I would hear, see and feel, I knew would help me as it never did before; for while I thought before what was real, I now knew that it was not the Real—the “Uncreated” alone was Real and creative, and not the created. This I knew, and what came after, although astounding, to say the very least, did not trouble me even if I did not know the “Why,” for now I knew the cause

behind all things, great or small, and I was one with it: it could not be otherwise, God being Infinite in Nature, and therefore there was no finite Being separate from the Infinite, for that would be impossible.

Afterwards, we had supper which had been specially prepared for my taste (chicken and roast potatoes) that previous similar meal that I have mentioned, had sunk into my subconscious because the relish in eating it when I was extremely hungry and having it in the open air, had given me physical satisfaction.

Then I said to Geshi Rimpoche: “I would like to hear first-hand from you about the people of Tibet, their habits and so forth—anything that you kindly tell me will be of great personal interest, because my stay is necessarily short and my impressions of so vast a country must tend to be superficial.”

“Yes, my son, you get my thoughts; I wanted to tell you something of the people and their habits, so that as you go along you will be better prepared to acquire the knowledge you would not otherwise get. But aren’t you tired?” he asked.

“No,” I replied, “an hour of this information from you would be very satisfying.”

Then he said: “You have already found, I am sure, that the Tibetan people are a happy type.”

“Yes,” I agreed, “they are always laughing, especially the women I have met.”

“Oh yes,” he said, “they would be laughing, probably because they would like you for a husband, because of your being different from their own people.”

I said: “I found that so. When we met about a dozen girls as we came into Yatung they started talking and laughing among themselves, and I asked my interpreter what they were saying. He told me that they were saying among themselves, ‘nice husband.’ One would say ‘Mine,’ and another would say ‘Mine,’ and they would all laugh heartily.”

“Yes,” he went on, “some of our people practise polyandry, but this is fast dying out. Polyandry, as you know, means that the wife has more than one husband. If she marries the eldest son she accepts the younger sons in the family as well, and nobody knows who is the father of the children; the

younger sons are called uncles. But if she marries the youngest son he becomes her only husband.”

“But,” I remarked, “there seem to be many more women than men.”

“Yes,” he agreed, “but that does not prevent them practising polyandry. Polygamy is practised too: some of the richer class have more than one wife, but this is also dying out.”

“The infant mortality,” he continued, “in Tibet is very high. Many of the mothers and babes die of the severe cold. In the outlying parts of Tibet when a lama doctor is not at hand the husband or neighbour becomes midwife. Sanitary arrangements are very crude, and a baby is lucky to get a bath—the baby is generally rubbed over with yak butter.”

I remarked: “I suppose you have done a bit of midwifery in your time?”

“Oh yes, many times. In fact I got quite expert at it in my district,” and he continued: “You can appreciate what hardships the mothers go through having children, for it is difficult enough to get fuel for cooking, let alone for heating water for a bath. Those who live near the wood-line are more fortunate in being able to get wood, but they are more snowbound in the winter. So there is compensation both ways. Very seldom does a mother stay more than a day or so in bed.”

I remarked: “I see a lot of girls hang about the monastery.”

“Yes,” answered Geshi Rimpoche, “although the lamas take a vow of celibacy some do not keep to the rule. In-fact the abbots do not seem to care, and many of the children you see do not know who their father is. But Tibetans are passionately fond of children and, when a girl marries and has a child beforehand, the husband takes the child as his own; it bears his name and henceforth is known as his child.”

I said: “That is very generous.”

“Well,” he commented, “the people here do not look upon sex as you do in the West; they are happier as a result.”

“Are there any divorces or anything like that?” I asked.

“Oh no,” he said, “the lamas see to that,” and he added: “It is very desirable that a male child is born into the family, especially when an estate is concerned. There is one man I know who married three sisters in the one family before he got a male child.”

“Does he still keep the three wives?”

“Oh yes,” he replied, “that is the rule.”

“And they do not fight?”

“No, when people are brought up in this way they take it as a matter of course.”

“It would not do for women in the West,” I remarked.

“No,” he said, “but one does not know what the other is doing in the West, while they do know here, and it is that which makes all the difference.”

“Quite a thought!” I said.

“There are cases where the father and the son have married the same woman, when the woman was not the son’s mother.”

“Oh,” I exclaimed, “that is strange.”

“Yes,” he said, “but it does not often happen.”

“In polyandrous marriages,” he continued, “the wife exercises great control over her household, for women have much influence in Tibet, both in the home and in business. They are exceedingly charming to meet, and very pleasing in their manner. They have an easy freedom that is not found in other parts of the world. Unlike the wives and daughters of other Asiatics, they always join visitors at tea and in fact are capable in looking after the husband’s affairs. There are a great number of women traders in the towns and villages, and they are every bit as good as the men and many much better.”

“In the West,” I said, “they are getting that way too.”

“The peasant women,” he went on, “labour in the fields, attending to the ploughing and to the work on the land just as efficiently as the men. In fact the women are equal in every respect to their male folk.”

“Men and women,” he continued, “very seldom display jealousy when husbands or wives display interest in another, and it is considered no disgrace for a girl to have a child before marriage.”

I said, “How do they manage to arrange these polyandrous marriages?”

“Well,” he replied, “the husband that is in the room with the wife leaves his boots outside the door.” We both laughed at this.

I said: “That is a good arrangement anyhow, but I do not think it would do in the West. Neither polygamy nor polyandry would be tolerated. In fact,

it is against the law to have two wives or two husbands.”

“Yes,” he replied, “I know that, for I have travelled in many countries in my younger days. You see my father was a Maharajah and I was sent to an English school in India. It was then that I met the Yogi who gave me an insight into the mysteries of Life. He advised me to see the world and understand it. I was a capable student and became an abbot, that is, a teacher in a Tibetan monastery. I have learned most of the occult Sciences including Tumo.”

“Yes, I heard that you were Master of Tumo as well.”

“Yes,” he said, “The powers of man are hidden from the unenlightened, and it is by the wisdom of the Creator that only those who have the understanding can use them.”

“Yes,” I told him, “I am grateful for the opportunity of being taught by the masters of the various occult Sciences, and all this is due to your great interest in me.”

When I said this he looked upon me as a father would look upon a son he loved.

Time passed quickly and it was almost midnight.

“Now,” he said “you must retire. I will tell you more about the Tibetan people tomorrow, but you will see much for yourself on your way to Ok Valley. You know your friend is waiting for you there, and you must leave Lingmatang soon.”

“I have grown to like Lingmatang; I feel it is my home,” I said.

“It is,” he said, “it is your home any time you want to come; the door will always be open to you.”

This was grand to hear from such a great sage as Geshe Rimpoche, for it was sincere. I felt happy and turned in for the remainder of the hours left for rest, looking forward to what the dawn would bring.

1. Milarepa (1040-1123) Great yogi saint and poet of Tibet.

2. Mt. Kailias (6714^m). Sacred mountain for the Hindus, the home of the God Shiva, for the Tibetans they equate the mountain with mythological Mt. Sumeru ‘the Cosmic centre of the Universe.’

3. “*The Yoga of the Christ*” sequel to ‘Beyond the Himalayas.’ Starts on page 195

CHAPTER 7

WHEN I got up next morning I was still intrigued with what Geshi Rimpoche had told me and was eager to hear more. I went to the window and could see Rimpoche standing on the balcony. He was looking towards the east where the sun would soon rise.

It was dark, and a dark cloud like a dark blanket covered the valley, looking sinister. I had not seen Tibet like this before and I was wondering what was going to happen, when I heard a clap of thunder, which echoed backwards and forwards, up and down the valley. Closed in as it was by the mountains, it sounded like a volley of big guns in quick succession. As yet it had not started to rain, so I went out on the balcony where Geshi Rimpoche was. He was deep in contemplation.

He said: "I was just thinking of the many moods Nature takes on. Last night the stars were shining brightly, without a cloud in the blue sky, and now the whole valley and hills are filled with dark menacing clouds, ready to burst at any minute, swelling the rivers into roaring torrents."

"Yes," I replied, "It is truly wild this morning," and then another louder clap of thunder burst around us. The lightning struck the face of the great rock about one hundred yards away, we heard the report as if a thousand million volts had struck it, and the flash burst around us. I said, "It is a good thing that it did not strike the monastery."

"Yes," he concurred, "but in no time in memorable history has a monastery been hit by lightning."

Just then the clouds burst. I never saw anything like it. It was not rain, it was as if sheets of water were poured down from giant vessels. The river below began to roar with the torrents, nearly as loud as the thunder.

"I hope this does not last long," I said.

He agreed, and added: "Nature is in a nasty mood but she will change soon."

No sooner had he said this than I could see a break in the clouds where the sun was just peeping from behind the great Himalayas that surrounded us, and it was not long before the storm ceased, and immediately there was a calm.

“You see,” he said, “that is the nature of this land of mountains and rivers.”

The sun was coming up with an array of colours, entirely different from the usual sight, and the sky held a wild dark sinister beauty. It seemed as if I was transported from one world to another in a few minutes for, as the sun rose, the dark menacing clouds melted away and a beautiful blue sky appeared.

“Well,” I remarked, “I have never seen such a quick change before,” and he observed: “This is a country of contrasts.”

Afterwards we had breakfast. I had two boiled eggs and toast and tea, and Rimpoche just had some tsampa, a sort of baked bread, and tea, and then we went out again upon the balcony and sat down.

“I would like to hear more about the people and their ways,” I told him.

He recalled that he had been telling me about the marriage customs and social features of the people here.

“What about the fashions? Do these change at all?” I inquired.

“Oh no,” he replied, “there is no change of fashion here. Men and women wear the same type of clothes now as of hundreds of years ago; there is no change.”

Very dull, I thought. “It would not do for the changeable moods of the West,” I remarked.

“No,” he said, just as if in answer to my thought, “but the fact is that the style of the Tibetan dress has not changed for centuries,” and he continued: “A great contrast exists between the dress of the lower classes and that of the upper classes in appearance, style and quality. This is according to the laws of the country, and these laws regulate the quality and colour of the garments of each class.”

I could not help asking: “Do the people not object to be told what to wear?”

“Oh no,” he answered, “all this has been the custom for centuries. The costume for women of rank is most attractive; even when they are engaged

in domestic things the ladies never neglect their personal appearance. Every woman delights in loading herself with jewellery and ornaments. Around their necks you have no doubt seen charm boxes hanging?”

“Yes,” I said, “nearly everyone has them, young or old, rich or poor.”

“And,” he continued, “in their charm boxes there is a prayer—they believe that this protects them from evil. For the upper classes these charm boxes are made of gold and studded with precious jewels; and if the agate beads on which the boxes hang around the neck have certain markings these are considered lucky; they are of great value. And on their clothes they hang pieces of their best jade. Some wear, down their back, a special piece of brocade into which are set precious stones, some of them worth thousands of pounds.”

“On their fingers,” he went on, “they wear gold rings set with jewels or with their favourite or lucky stone. Earrings of jade are always worn. Yet nowhere in the world will you see such indifference to, such disregard for, filth. I have seen ladies dressed in the most gorgeous costumes walking along the road with their garments trailing in dirt which I would hesitate to put my horse through. You will see for yourself this morning how some of these ladies are dressed.”

He then told me that he was to officiate at an important wedding of leading lights of the district that day, “and I want you to come with me. I have arranged with the bridegroom’s parents that you will be given the seat of honour, from which you will see everything.”

So we journeyed down to the village, and from where I stood I could see the bride astride a gaily decorated pony coming towards the bridegroom’s house.

Around her head was a gaily-coloured scarf and I asked: “What is the scarf for?”

“Oh,” replied Geshi Rimpoche, “that is to hide her blushes.”

Refreshments were set at three selected places, quite near each other and close to the house; cakes were made at each of the three places and the bride and her party sampled them. When she reached the gate of the bridegroom’s house, someone threw into her face a “torma,” which is a dagger made by the lamas from barley dough and butter cooked hard and painted red.

I said: "That does not seem a very nice thing to do," and Geshi Rimpoche explained: "It is supposed to drive away any evil spirit that has come with her."

"It's a nice way to meet a bride!" I laughed.

The bride was met at the gate by the bridegroom and his mother. The mother put upon the bride's head an arrow with the streamers of the five sacred colours. I asked why, and he replied: "It means acceptance by the mother and it is as much thought of as her marriage licence. In fact it is the only marriage licence that some ever get."

They all now entered the house, and the bride sat at the right hand of the bridegroom. Friends and relatives laid their gifts at their feet.

Then Geshi Rimpoche put round both their necks a scarf of silk and pronounced them man and wife, and then the mother came and placed another scarf round the bride's and bridegroom's neck. This ended the marriage ceremony, and all adjourned to the marriage feast which would go on till late in the evening.

I partook of some of the food, and there were about sixteen courses consisting of all kinds of sweetmeats and plenty of barley beer, which is turned on *ad lib*. Before long I could see that many could hardly sit on their chairs, let alone stand.

We then left, because Geshi Rimpoche had another mission. This was to a girl who married the elder brother thinking that by so doing she would get the younger one with whom she was in love. But to her great sorrow the younger brother refused to have anything to do with the marriage.

"I heartily agree with him," I said, "and what are you going to do about it?"

"You will see," he told me.

We reached the house, and there, sitting on the porch, was a girl looking into space as if she were in a dream. She started when she saw us, and came down and kissed the hem of Geshi Rimpoche's garment. He placed his hand on her head, blessing her, and he said, in Tibetan, "Arise, my daughter, and be at peace."

I was struck by her beauty; she was truly a comely Tibetan girl. Her eyes were well set apart, her nose was straight and her mouth firm, her lips were beautifully formed. When she laughed she showed a beautiful set of

faultless teeth. Her name was Norbu, which means beautiful jewel. The name suited her.

The names of Tibetans, Rimpoche told me, were those of places or things, such as beautiful mountain, beautiful valley, flowers, jewels, and the like. All these names were chosen for their meaning.

There had been no children by the marriage, and this was a severe blow to Norbu. If there is anything in the world Tibetan women want it is children; to them a childless marriage is no marriage at all and it can be annulled by themselves.

This particular girl became agitated when she asked Rimpoche about Tang La (which means a level pass). Tang La was the younger brother. There was a tremor in her voice as she spoke of him. She said: "I do not understand why he will not come home," and tears welled up in her big blue eyes.

Geshi Rimpoche replied: "He is in love with you, Norbu, but he is unwilling to share you with his brother."

"I will go to him," she said.

"All right, my daughter, go to him. He is over in Darjeeling. The Himalayas separate you; do you think you can make such a journey, my daughter?"

"Oh yes," and she went inside. Later I heard that she had crossed the Himalayas and got to Darjeeling, where they were married again by the local Buddhist priest. A few months later I asked Geshi Rimpoche about her. She had made an impression on me, for it was a rare Tibetan love story. Geshi told me that they were happy and Norbu was going to have a child and she was extremely beautiful and radiant.

He added: "I knew that the bond of love between them would work out satisfactorily; a true bond always does."

"What about the elder brother?" I inquired.

"Oh," he replied, "that has been settled quite satisfactorily, and he is married again."

I thought to myself: "Well, this is a peculiar country indeed."

We visited another home, where a man was dying, and Geshi Rimpoche had been sent for by the relatives. The man died not long after we arrived. The presence of Geshi Rimpoche had a soothing effect upon the whole

scene. I never saw anything like it. It was as if a new life had come into being, and everyone went about his or her work knowing all was well.

I asked: “And what happens now?”

“Oh,” he replied, “tomorrow or the next day he will be taken to the burial ground.”

“So,” I inquired, “they bury them here too?”

“Oh no, not the way you bury people in the West. Do you see the vultures up there on the hillside?”

“Yes.”

“Well, those vultures are waiting to eat the flesh off the man’s body. The people you see up on the hill are called the Ragypa. They are outcasts, and they cut up the flesh of the dead and throw it to the vultures. The bones are thrown to the dogs, until all is devoured. There is nothing left. That is what happens to ordinary people.”

I said that I would like to see it.

“Do you think you would? It is a gruesome sight.”

“Well,” I said, “I can only imagine what it is like if I don’t see it.”

“All right then, let us go—there is always someone’s body being devoured.”

So we went up the side of the hill to the place which they called “Skulls,” and I watched the awesome procedure. First, they stretched a body out on a platform and in no time with their sharp knives they had cut off all the flesh clean to the bone, and as they cut they threw the pieces to the vultures.

The pieces were quickly devoured by the shrieking flesh-eaters who flew down almost pecking the pieces out of the Ragypas’ hands.

It was a sickening sight. (The peculiar thing about these gruesome scenes is that the vultures will not eat till the king vulture takes the first piece.)

Then the bones were broken up and given to the dogs. Several heads that had been separated from the bodies were strewn around. The Ragypas break up the skulls, and pick out the eyes and the brain and throw these to the vultures; the skull they reduce into powder and the relatives can have it if they wish—if not, the dogs eat it.

“It was a sickening sight,” I said to Geshi Rimpoche, “but I was glad I saw it.”

“You must see things as they are, my son, without repulsion, otherwise you are not free.”

I said: “That is true; I have still a lot to free myself from yet.”

“Now,” he informed me, “the general rule is for a lama to go to the house of the dead man and perform what is known as the cleansing ceremony.”

“Oh,” I said, “that is interesting.”

“Would you like to see that too?”

“Yes,” I replied, “I may as well see the whole thing. I have seen the marriage, the death and the burial and now the cleansing ceremony—the only thing that will complete the human cycle is to see a birth, and then I will have the whole picture of the ways of the Tibetans—birth, life, death.”

He said: “I expect there will be a lama there now.” So we went back to the house and surely enough the lama was there. He had not yet begun the cleansing ceremony and he at once made way for Geshi Rimpoche to do it, but Geshi Rimpoche waved to him to continue.

There was quite a lot to it. The lama drew on a piece of paper an effigy of the deceased and burnt it, all the time watching it intently. If it burnt bright the soul would have reached the highest Heaven; if red and spread out, the soul had departed from the house. If it burnt smoky the soul was still around the house. Then the lama besought the soul to depart from the house and not trouble the household any more, telling him that he would find his resting place where he would await the time when he could reincarnate.

I said to Geshi Rimpoche: “One thing I like about it is that the people understand there is no death, but this paper-burning business is, according to the paper used, just superstition.”

“You are right, my son, but it gives comfort to those who are left; they believe it; they are not yet sufficiently advanced to understand the Truth as we understand it.”

I said: “I can see quite clearly that there are people who need a religion until they have progressed enough to understand what is false; then they will realise what is true.”

“Now, my son, you have seen the death, the burial and the cleansing of the house of the ordinary man. But with the high lamas the procedure is quite different. Their bodies are preserved in vaults over which is built a tomb plated in solid gold and studded with precious gems, and in the inner

sanctum there are golden images and rich brocades beyond price. The contrast is so great that one can hardly imagine it possible. You have seen some of these tombs in the monasteries, but really to see something you must visit the Dalai Lama's tomb."

"Yes," I answered, "before I leave I must see the Dalai Lama's tomb," and then I asked him: "Why is it that the few high officials who are allowed to enter Tibet do not inquire into the real things of Life instead of scraping on the surface about the things that do not matter?"

"My son," he replied, "you know the answer yourself; you do not need me to tell you that."

I did not say anything, but I thought to myself that his reply was very true; it was stupid to ask the question. I know well enough why—it is because they do not know anything about the Real, being steeped in the false. People who live on the surface can see only what is on the surface. How they could have missed the Real in Life is a human tragedy.

We were silent for a time—I had my thoughts and he had his. I think these were much on the same plane. for Geshi Rimpoche said: "My son, you must be on your way the day after tomorrow. Tomorrow you can prepare and rest for the strenuous journey. I feel that your friend is calling you."

I replied: "I know that, but how can I pull myself away from here?"

"These are things we must learn to do, my son. There are times when you would like to remain where you are happy, but, remember, you are needed elsewhere. When you took on this work you were content to go where you were needed."

"Yes, I know that," I said. "I have found that in many places I would have liked to stay but the power of the Spirit is stronger than the flesh, so I moved on."

* * * * *

I often wonder why I did not write this book before. I wrote *The Higher Power You Can Use* first, then *I am the Life*, then *Heal Yourself*; then *Spiritual and Mental Healing*, then *What is Mine is Thine* (two parts), then *How to Relax and Revitalise Yourself*; then *Divine Healing of Mind and*

Body (the Master speaks again), then *Your Life renewed every Day*—and now this book *Beyond the Himalayas*.

When I look back I can see a sequence running through all these books. They seemed to come without any planning on my part, and yet they dovetailed into each other.

As I have said, I will, D.V., write another book similar to this as the space left here would not be sufficient for what I have yet to tell. I could imagine Geshi Rimpoche saying: “Yes, my son, you will go on writing as long as you live on the physical plane.”

The morning came for my departure. I said a temporary goodbye to Geshi Rimpoche, and I could see by his face the affection he had for me, and I am sure he felt mine also.

I turned from him and walked away down the steps of the monastery into the valley below. I looked back several times and there he was, standing on the spot where I left him.

Audibly to myself I said: “No wonder everyone loves you, Geshi Rimpoche; you have everything that a friend needs in a friend—Love, compassion, wisdom, understanding, kindness and forgiveness.”

Once when I said to him that I was sure I had often been a worry to him, he replied: “Oh no, my son, I know that the flesh is weak but the Spirit is strong and must in the end succeed and find its freedom. It is because you know these weaknesses yourself that you are tolerant to others—you could not be a healer otherwise. You must neither condemn nor judge, for who are we that we may condemn or judge? What we see in others is deeply rooted in ourselves.”

I have never forgotten his words. By them I knew the greatness of the man.

When we reached the valley, the monastery was nearly out of sight. A feeling of loneliness took hold of me, and then I thought of my dear friend waiting for me in Ok Valley. He would have much of interest to say to me, I was sure.

We left Lingmatang behind and followed the track on to a place called Gautsa, where there was a hut, about twelve miles from Lingmatang, and here we stayed the night. The going was very rough, the river was in spate because of the melting of the snows in the mountains and it was rushing

like mad through the gorges. We had to make our way down the mountain track to the riverside. It was hard going because of the steep sides of the mountains; some of which were sheer precipices all the way down. Eventually we reached the stony track along the side of the swollen river which in places was dangerously near the track. Overhanging the river in parts were thick bushes of wild roses and other flowers that made a grand picture.

I had taken a good number of snaps by this time and was almost tired of taking them, because it was so difficult to choose from among the many wonderful sights. When I saw a beautiful scene I would say to myself that perhaps there would be an even better one farther on. This is what happens when there is so very much to take in.

On the side of the mountain I could see several lama hermitages and I remembered what Geshi Rimpoche had told me: "You cannot find the Truth by isolation and such-like." So I went on my way; sometimes I was tempted to stop and have a look, but I kept going, as time was limited.

We left the river-bed again and climbed the mountain track once more, but the going up and down made it tiresome travelling. Then we came on a clearing from which we could see the plain through the trees. The plain was green with thick grass and yaks were there in their hundreds grazing. Wild flowers were prolific, contributing to another scene of beauty, and I wondered whether I could get such beauty on a film. I thought, no! Yet I took the picture later and can see it in my mind now as fresh as the day I took it.

Then we entered the wildest scenery: the contrast was almost too much to realise. The track now was not more than two to three feet wide going round the mountainside and skirting the gorges through which the river roared. At times we came upon an opening where we could see again this beautiful valley in the distance coloured with wild flowers, with a large number of yaks grazing. I could see the hut in which we were to put up for the night on the other side of the river, and I realised that from it I should be able to see more of this lovely valley carpeted as it was with such colourful wild flowers. We came to a bridge suspended over the river, and we crossed very gingerly. I was tired by the end of the day, though it was not a long journey (I had done nearly twice as far before), but in this particular stretch

there was so much climbing to do—we would climb down to the river side, then up again, and so on.

After supper, which was an enjoyable one (I always enjoyed my food after the day's journey), my bearer played some tunes on his accordion. When I went to bed I could not help thinking of what had happened to me in the short time I had been there, and I had almost to pinch myself to see if it was not a dream. Had all this really happened?

What I had seen and heard during the last few weeks would fill a book by itself, but that would be of little use to you who want to study my books; if you want more than a mere description of what I saw, you want to know more about Life and what it means.

All through my travels in Tibet I came across many prayer-flags. At every dangerous place there would be a prayer-flag—a prayer for the traveller that his feet would be kept safe on the dangerous paths or that the mountain would not roll down upon him. Yes, I thought, these people were thoughtful. Many would laugh at these prayer-flags, but I did not, for I knew that with every flag there was a thought for the safety of the one who passed that way.

Next day we travelled as far as Phari Dzong. As we left the gorges we entered into the great expanse of pastures of which we had caught glimpses the day before. It was a beautiful fertile valley, and hundreds of yaks were grazing among the wild flowers. Here was another yak train carrying more wool over the mountains to India.

When I thought of India it seemed to be a thousand miles away, another world, an outside world. In the distance we could now see Phari, reputed to be the highest town in the world (and the filthiest). Phari is 15,000 feet above sea level.

Eventually we came to the hut just outside Phari on the edge of the valley, and here we put up for the night.

We had the usual evening meal and my bearer played his accordion. Next morning we had the usual breakfast and were soon off again.

We now enter Phari. How could I explain it to you? Around it is the most beautiful green pasture, coloured with wild flowers, even more beautiful in some respects than the Chumbi Valley. All kinds of animals were grazing there, yak, Tibetan sheep and goats; birds of all kinds flew around,

whistling as if to welcome us; and there were little animals which I had never seen before, I learned that these were mostly mouse hares and that they live under the ground in burrows.

In all this grandeur Phari itself was a blot of filth. No rubbish could have been removed for centuries; the people just threw their offal and rubbish outside the door, and with the frost and the snow the accumulations had mounted up so high that you could barely see the tops of the houses. Of sanitary arrangements there was none, so everyone squatted in the street; men, women and children left behind their droppings. I could barely believe it possible.

They never wash themselves; the only wash they ever got was with rancid yak butter, and you could see it deeply caked on their clothes.

As you can understand, I was glad to move out of Phari. I was now on my way to Ok Valley. My spirits soared again, for I would see my friend once more, my friend who had met me first in Kalimpong and who knew more about me than I knew myself.

I realised that I had some wonderful friends, natural friends not supernatural, for there is no such thing as a supernatural person, as Geshi Rimpoche told me. The idea of a supernatural person has come from the belief that there are two kinds of people, natural and supernatural, but it is not so; what seems to be supernatural is perfectly natural when understood. This I had already learned. No wonder that I did not want to leave, but it was not to be. I must go back into the world where I would be more useful, I was told, for I could do what they could not do in the circumstances, they said.

Their deep knowing was almost beyond human understanding. The words of Jesus came into my mind, "Believe in me and in *Him* who sent me."

We proceeded now at a faster pace down to Ok Valley, across one of the stormiest passes in Tibet where the wind blew the stones up into your face.

The wind was blowing fiercely; it seemed to rise out of the calm to become a hurricane, and out of the storm comes the calm again. What a contrast, I thought.

The icy blasts were now coming from the frozen atmosphere of Chomolhari,* and I felt my face freezing, and my fingers were becoming

numb.

“And this is the middle of summer!” I said to my bearer.

He answered: “It gets warmer as the sun rises, Sahib.”

“It would need to,” I remarked, “otherwise I would have to practise Tumo.”

This day the beautiful Chomolhari was seen at its best. Nearly ten miles away, as the crow flies, it looked as if it was falling on top of us.

We took the track to the right, just a few miles over the top of the pass which led to Ok Valley. The track passed a small lake that reflected the snow-capped Chomolhari and beyond was a river which we would have to cross; beyond that there was a small range of mountains that hid the lower part of Chomolhari. Its magnificent peak was covered with the eternal snows. Chomolhari was showing itself in all its glory that day.

The sun was up but had not lost some of its orange colour which reflected from the snow. This created an illusion that Chomolhari might fall on us any minute. I stood, I don't know how long, drinking in this rare and beautiful sight hidden away from the outside world.

The path was easy going, though over 15,000 feet above sea level. We had not gone more than a few miles when we saw in the distance another familiar but lovely scene. There, tucked away on the steep side of the mountain, was perched the great monastery of Ok Valley.

“How in all the earth are we to reach that place?” I asked, “and what a view of Chomolhari they must have, morning, noon and night. All the moods of Nature can be seen from there.”

No sooner had I said this to my bearer than I saw my friend only a hundred yards away. The greeting I received from him was one of tender feeling, the love of a friend that is more than a friend.

He said: “I have followed you all the way to Yangtang, to Gonsaka and Takohu. You have made a deep impression on Dar Tsang, Malapa and especially on Tang La.”

“How do you know all this?” I asked.

“I was there, my son.”

I had forgotten for the moment that moving about in the Astral was as easy to him as breathing was to me.

He said: "This is a beautiful spot, and we can do much here. The view you will have of the mountain at sunset and sunrise will compensate for the cold. But I forgot, you have learned something of Tumo now, so it will not be so bad for you," he said with a smile.

I laughed and said: "I hope that is true, and this will be a good test."

"What I want to do here," he went on, "is to make you more proficient in your inspiration, especially from the highest Spiritual Forces, and here is the most suitable place as it is so high and secluded."

I replied: "I know I am better at thought transference now."

"Yes," he said, "but this is much more difficult. It is over-shadowing. It is a much more perfect and reliable way of getting a message over, because there is a more direct contact. Also your mind must be empty and free from fixed ideas, otherwise you will be colouring what is said with what is in your own mind."

"You see," he continued, "it is impossible to take complete control of your brain; we would have to take you out of your body to use your brain, and this is not suitable because of the tremendous Spiritual power that would be used. It would not be right for us to do that to you; your mechanism is too valuable to us to harm it."

I smiled and said: "I am flattered when you say that."

"Not so," he told me, "you are a medium of a certain kind that is rare; you were born that way, for this work you were born."

"I have heard that before," I commented.

"Yes, and you will hear it again." He was serious and added: "We want to see how much spiritual power you can stand and if we are successful you will be used by the Master himself."

"Good God," I exclaimed, "I am not worthy."

"Perhaps not," he replied, "but you have been chosen."

"If that is so, then I shall submit to any test you may put upon me."

By this time we had reached the monastery.

"What if all this was written? It would make queer reading. No one would believe it," I said.

He answered: "The ignorant would not believe it, the bigoted would not believe it, but it is not for them; it is for those who are just beyond the

physical, and for those who on earth are chosen to hear it and to see it. What is said will be taken down and not a word will be lost.”

It is now, I realise the importance of his words, for otherwise the book *Divine Healing of Mind and Body* (The Master speaks again) would never have been written.

I had noticed, that we had climbed the steep grade to the monastery itself, and when I looked back and saw how far we had come I said, with a surprised look: “Good gracious, I had no idea that we had reached this height!”

With that he smiled, knowing more than I did.

* Chomolhari (Jhomolhari) 7314^m ‘the mountain Goddess of the snows’.

CHAPTER 8

THE monastery of Ok was similar in every respect to Yangtang. I was given quarters next to my friend. It was an abbot's spare apartment, consisting of a sleeping room, another room with cushions, and the floor was covered with Tibetan rugs which made it look cosy and comfortable.

Plenty of water was to be obtained from a stream which came from the snows higher up and passed the side of the monastery.

After a wash and clean up I was introduced to a young Tibetan, not more than twenty-five years of age, called Tsang Tapa. He had a very intelligent face, and he was the oracle of the monastery. He was found by Geshi Rimpoche in a way that sounds like a fairy tale, as it was told to me by Geshi Rimpoche himself, and this is it.

When Geshi Rimpoche was on one of his journeys he came upon Tsang Tapa, who was then only fifteen years old, and it was away in a valley behind Mount Everest. Geshi Rimpoche had not eaten any food for days and was not likely to get any, when this young boy, Tsang Tapa, appeared from nowhere and offered him food and drink. Tsang Tapa then went straight into a trance and the great saint Milarepa spoke through him, demonstrating before Geshi Rimpoche the miraculous powers Tsang Tapa possessed.

To Geshi Rimpoche there was no doubt that the one who spoke through this lad was the real Milarepa himself—the great miracle worker. After the trance state was over, the boy said that he had been told that Rimpoche was coming this way and would be without food, so he, Tsang Tapa, brought food. The young boy then took Geshi Rimpoche down a secret path and here before them was a magnificent valley in which were grazing a large number of yak. Geshi asked the boy whose yaks they were and he said: "Mine, master."

This was strange, and Geshi asked: "Where are your parents?"

"They are far away, master."

Geshi was so interested now that he asked Tsang Tapa how he got here.

“O,” replied the boy, “I move this way, master,” and he started to do the lung-gom-pa.

This was most extraordinary. How could a young boy do the lung-gom-pa? So Geshi Rimpoche asked him: “Who taught you?”

“Him, master.”

“Who is ‘him’?”

The boy again said “Him,” as if there were someone with him. Geshi knew at once that here was the most wonderful natural medium he had ever come across. So he took him to a great Yogi in the Kalimpong district whom he knew.

For seven years the boy had been with this Yogi and during the last three years he had been the oracle at Ok. His rank was now greater than that of the Abbot.

I was so taken up with this story that I spoke to Tsang Tapa in Hindustani and he replied to me in English. I was more than surprised.

Apparently, while he was with the Indian Yogi, this Yogi sent him to an English school in Kalimpong, where he learned so quickly that the others could not keep up with him. I confirmed it afterwards that Tsang Tapa was indeed a most remarkable young man. His mediumship was extraordinarily clear and accurate. We also became good friends. His mediumship brought near to me many who had passed from the physical, so accurately that there was no doubt whatever about the identity of those who spoke.

I was also introduced to the Abbot who was in charge of the monastery. He, too, spoke English, so conversation was easy now and I did not need any interpreters. The Abbot was a jolly fellow and kept us laughing. Indeed I could not help laughing because his laughter was so infectious.

I had brought with me some one-pound tin boxes of Huntley & Palmers’ biscuits which were relished by all four of us. I could not have brought anything better. We had tea, and ate sparingly of the biscuits because we wanted them to last.

The food in the monastery was very good, consisting of yak meat, barley, potatoes and tsampa, plenty of yak butter, milk, cream and cheese. Roast chicken and roast potatoes were available at least once, and sometimes twice, a week.

When evening was drawing near I said I wanted to see the sun setting on Chomolhari, so we went out on the top of the main hall. The roof was flat and from it we could see the valley below, and beyond was Chomolhari.

I can only try to explain what I saw in words which cannot adequately paint a picture of such beauty.

The sun was setting behind us and on the side of Chomolhari. The colouring of pink I could not completely describe, for I had never seen anything like it anywhere else in the world. As the pink gave way to the darker reds, a purple haze rose up from the valley. Gradually the purple haze became darker in colour and eventually turned into a cloud, creeping up and covering the mountain bit by bit until just the peak was reflecting the glowing red of the sun. Then the peak disappeared and before us, covering the whole valley and the mountain, was a glorious blanket of colour from purple to red, and in-between were all the other shades of the spectrum. (This is a poor description, because words fail.)

The sunrise was equally beautiful but the colouring was in the opposite direction; the blanket began to dissolve as the sun rose, revealing the same colour formation in reverse.

It was a thrilling, an unforgettable experience.

We were up before the sun rose each day, for there was much to do. At first I did not know the procedure, but I felt quite content that all would be well and successful.

My friend took on the robe of the teacher. His wisdom and knowledge were profound. He and Geshi Rimpoche were on the same plane.

My friend began to speak in his clear tones and I knew that he had something very important to say. We all listened intently.

He said: "Truth is not created in the mind. What people do is to create a religion that dominates them, a civilisation that exploits them, and because they do not understand they want something to guide them. Then they become slaves."

I looked at Tsang Tapa to see how he was taking it especially about his religion. My friend must have read my thoughts, for he said; "Never mind Tsang (as he called him); he shed the shackles of slavery long ago."

I was on the point of asking Tsang something when my friend continued: "Most people hold an ideal of unity while they hold fast to their divisions

and separations. They refuse to give up their creeds, their nationalities, their religious beliefs, their political differences, because they are bound up with them, thereby failing to see that they are false. Anything that separates man from man, whether it be a religion, a nationality, an ideal, a belief, must be false because there is no division in Reality.”

“Now,” he continued, “they say you must pray—meditate—to find peace, to find freedom. So they meditate upon an idea of peace, of freedom, which binds them still further. Without knowing how they are bound by what is in their minds, and how it has been formulated, their meditation, their prayers, are useless. When they do not know what causes separation, then unity, peace, freedom or whatever name they give it, will be merely an idea.

I said: “You speak almost like Geshe Rimpoche.”

“My son,” he replied, “there is only one way to freedom and that is to show how one is bound. I cannot free you; you must do that yourself. Only then will you find the mighty creative power that is behind all creation, the Love and the Wisdom that is beyond your mind. Yet your mind is the vehicle through which it will manifest. How can it manifest through a mind that is filled with all that which is false? You would be expressing your own conditioning, not the Love, the Wisdom and the Power of the Christ Spirit.”

He continued: “It is for this that I have brought you here. Your mind must be made clear enough for the over-shadowing of the Master, otherwise you would be giving expression to your own conditioning. Even after you leave here, your mind will not be completely ready for what we want to do. It will mean years of probationary work for you among the people of the world. What we are doing is preparing you, by showing you that what is made up in the mind is not Truth. The experience of seeing this in your everyday work will do more to cleanse your mind than if you stayed here twice as long. When you are working in the world we shall be helping you, and not only you but also the people whom you are helping.”

Again, I said: “There are greater men than I in the world whom the people would heed more than they would heed me.”

He said: “My son, for this you were born.”

I asked: “But surely we were not destined so accurately as this?”

He answered: “Did not the Master say that not a sparrow falls to the ground but the Father knoweth?”

I was stumped every time, but I thought I would fire a last shot.

“Well,” I said, “I am not free to do as I please.”

“Oh, yes,” he answered, “you are not compelled, you are only impelled. But that impelling becomes your inner-most desire.”

“In that event,” I said, “I would like nothing better than to do this work, no matter where it takes me.”

“Then let us proceed, and when your mind is somewhat clearer we will be able to get down to some practical work, which I want to commence as soon as possible.”

He continued: “As long as you retain your conception of even individuality there can be no release from the conflict in relationship. So true meditation, true prayer, is to find out what is false, not merely concentrating on an idea while ignorant of the cause of conflict which continues to reign in and about you.

“People repeat certain phrases which you call mantrims, by doing this they think they are meditating or praying, but this is merely self-hypnosis. Meditation is not devoted to an idea, and the worshipping of another is idolatrous and silly superstition. To be devoted to an idea, to a picture, is not meditation, it is merely an escape from oneself. It is perhaps a comforting escape, but still it is an escape without understanding. The world is the people and the people are the world; then you are the world, I am the world, is that not so?”

I replied: “Yes, that is true, the world is just as we make it. We made this civilisation by which we are dominated.”

“Right,” he said, “the people are slaves because they have made themselves slaves. They follow, they imitate, they set up authorities, while tradition, belief, division in society, nationalities, have bound the mind in thought and emotion. The individual has merely conformed while in his world of action he has built for himself a false security.”

“I can see that clearly,” I said, “for there is no security in the relative world, it is an illusion.”

“Yes,” he said, “people are constantly striving to become virtuous, and they are caught up in the process which denies understanding. Controlling your mind is an unnecessary effort, which brings fear and limitation,

because your mind is dominated by the idea of an escape from your conditioning which you fear.”

“What happens when an idea comes into your mind,” he reasoned, “do you not try to brush it aside so as to escape from its influence? But its influence still remains because it is not understood. When your thought is not understood and dealt with, you struggle, you condemn, you blame, and then you try to force your attention upon a particular idea in opposition to your conditioning, thereby creating further conflict. Don’t you see that your thinking is caught up in a useless struggle which can never be creative?”

I was now getting a clearer picture, and Tsang said: “Master, I am grateful for these last few words alone.”

Then my friend continued: “When an idea rules your mind you should know what it is and not struggle with it. All ideas are the result of something else, and you should understand their value. When you do this, then there is no struggle, no fear, no limitation, no confusion.

“Your mind is of value only when there is no conflict, no strain, no struggle; when these cease to be, there is peace, and this is the mind I want you to have for our work,” he said, looking at me.

“You must be alert every moment,” he added. “This should be cultivated in your everyday life, not merely at times for specific analysis, but to be aware always in the present; then you will know what is happening. This will develop an understanding of the self, and self-knowledge is the gateway to Wisdom and Truth.”

Then he pointed to the Abbot. “He is trying to be spiritual and is strained through the struggle between good and evil. He imitates and is caught up in the conflict between right and wrong.”

I thought to myself: “That is one for you, Abbot.” But my friend did not stop there, for he said: “The Abbot thinks he can find the happy medium, a balance between good and evil. He thinks that God is exercising this balance, so he prays, chants, imitates, conforms and is bound up in his superstition. If he would only discern the false he would know what is true. But his craving to be spiritual means only frustration, sorrow and conflict.”

I looked at the Abbot but he did not say anything.

“Good and evil,” my friend went on, “grow on the same tree. They have the same root and that is in man’s mind only, where it is made up and has

no foundation in Truth.”

Tsang whispered into my ear: “The Abbot is getting a lecture now.”

My friend must have heard him or have read his thoughts for he gently said: “So are you, Tsang!”

“Truth,” my friend added, “knows nothing of good or evil, past or future. Truth is the living expression of Life *now*, moment to moment, in which there is no separation, no death, being Eternal and Ever-present. In this ecstasy there is Infinite Love and Wisdom. Your actions will then be in accordance with your living in the present always, and the rewards for such actions are phenomenal.”

“Now, my son,” and he turned to me, “with this serenity there is the joy of living, there is no need of control or analysis, because you are aware every moment. Thus you are free from all the virtues you think you should have or not have, which fills you with conflict through strain and fear. When you are free of all that bundle of virtues, then there is no fear, no opposites, no confusion, no conflict; there is just Love and Wisdom. For in Reality that is all there is; then you will be truly creative and a channel through which the Master can speak again.

“If you are continually occupied with the self, trying to become, there is always a struggle, but when you know yourself to Be *now*, the struggle ceases; then only can the Life that is free be realised. Your thought and work have been limited by your lack of understanding of your true Being *Now*, not in some distant future.”

He went on to explain: “To understand that which is limitless, unconditioned, your mind must not be burdened by the thoughts of the self. The self which is nothing must dissolve away, so that Reality can express Itself in the *Now*. ‘I of my own self am nothing.’ ”

I was feeling a deep transformation taking place within me. Things that used to trouble me had no place in me now, and I said so.

“I am glad, my son,” he said, and he continued:

“When your mind was burdened with the conflict of ethics you could not realise the truth of your Being, but now that your mind is no longer bound by ethics, by virtues, by distinctions, by separation, by division, you will comprehend what I mean by spontaneous action, free from reaction, free from time, free from separateness and free from opposites; now the flow of

Life performs its own work. In the words of the Master, ‘It is the Father who ever abideth in Me, He does the work.’

“Your word then shall not return to you void but will accomplish that which it is sent forth to do.”

He then looked at the Abbot and said: “Look at the Abbot there, just like your bishops, spinning words which are as impotent as the seat he is sitting on.”

This startled the Abbot, who said: “I do not believe in all our paraphernalia, master.”

“Then why don’t you come out of it, Abbot? and be a real helper to mankind.”

The Abbot hung his head and my friend said: “Many are called but few are chosen!”

“In Reality,” he said to the Abbot, “there is only the present; there is no past or future; therefore this understanding cannot be postponed. Free yourself from false virtues and you will be enlightened. This requires the discernment now of your thoughts, your motives, your reactions to what I am saying to you now. Then you will see that ignorance is not the absence of learning but the confusion and conflict of values.

“Are you confused, Abbot? Wondering what is right or wrong? Then you are caught up in the conflict of ideas in your mind. You are an imitator, Abbot; you are trying to mould yourself after a pattern and you have created an image of what you think Reality should be, and you are carefully fashioning yourself after it, thereby losing the substance—Reality Itself. By your imitation how can you realise the enduring happiness of the Ever-present Life? Life is Ever-present, not separate. Truth is unbounded unity. You cannot understand this while your mind is occupied with form, ritual, distinction, division. Only by seeing the false now, Abbot, can you see the true.

“It is because you are inwardly poor that you set up an authority and worship it. You want to lean on someone because you feel you yourself are unequal to the task. You want to shelter in the comfort of an idea that is not Reality, Abbot! Your idea is but an illusion.

“You are binding these lamas just as you yourself are bound hand and foot.”

Then he turned to me and said: “Life is Real, It is complete in Itself, expressing Itself freely when you yourself become nothing. The self lives in separation, you see yourself separate from others; that is but an illusion, for there is but ‘One’ Life in which there is no division. Thus, you see, division is an illusion of the mind, my son.

“You are no longer agitated by the worship of virtues or the horror of sin, nor will you follow the narrow path of ethics which prevents understanding.

“You see, the Abbot here has moulded himself after a pattern and he is afraid. To be devoid of fear you must know yourself to Be ‘Now,’ understanding your vanities, your jealousies, your envies, your cravings, your longings, your hopes, regrets and fears. All these disappear when you seek understanding, free from the illusion of *Time*.

“When your mind is full of the false you must empty it through discerning the falseness of it all, Then the mind will become empty of the false, and the Life that is Ever-present will then fill it full with its ever-expanding consciousness, which will always be the Reality, while all that is external to Itself will be discerned with wisdom, love and understanding.” He was still looking at me as he went on:

“The One Infinite Life is expressing Itself in Love and Wisdom; only when you limit Its action through narrow, bigoted beliefs do you prevent Its freedom in your own life here and now. It will be your work, my son, to help to free man from the curse of separation, so that the specific Life flowing from the Supreme Fountain of Life Itself through the majestic Angels of the Sun-world can assert Its presence through man, thereby freeing man from his own self-created misery. This Life is charged with wisdom and love, knowledge and compassion, heralding in the new age of man’s understanding—‘MAN’ whom the Father ‘Consecrated’ and sent into the world, He is the Son of God.”

With this he ended the day’s lesson. We rose and went into a large room set aside for us. The four of us sat down to eat.

The Abbot spoke first. He said, “Master, I am willing to do your bidding. Whatever you ask of me I will do.”

Then said my friend: “Teach those whom God has placed in your hands the Truth, and you will be the first to rid this country of the superstition that is keeping it in ignorance, slavery and poverty.”

The Abbot then rose and went over to where the Master was sitting and said: "Give your blessing that I may be able for the task before me."

Years later I heard that Ok Valley Monastery had become the most enlightened monastery in the whole of Tibet; even the great seat of learning at Ganden could not compare with it. Lamas from near and far came to hear the great Abbot of Ok and witness the wonders that he performed.

The remainder of the day was spent in watching some of the lamas practising archery. Teams from all the monasteries went to Lhasa once a year to compete. This was a great event, and the lamas at Ok were practising for it. The accuracy with which the lamas hit the target was phenomenal. Judgment was the main requirement. A target would be placed over a rise, the archers would have to look at the target, then walk back so many paces until the target was out of sight and by judgment they would shoot the arrows, and seldom did they miss the target. These teams were at it every day, and the best teams would be picked out of those practising. There were over a hundred archers, and marks were tabulated so that only the very best would be included in the forthcoming competition at Lhasa.

When I was a boy I used to shoot rabbits with my bow and arrow on my father's estate, and though I had not practised archery for many years I felt eager to try my skill, so I asked if I could have a try. I was made very welcome by the lamas. In fact, I did very well on the sighted targets, but for those out of sight I had many misses. Yet if one had sufficient practice in this judgment one could become proficient. Anyway, I was given a place in one of the teams and there was great fun. Whether it was luck or not, my team won that afternoon and I did more than the average, which made me a bit of a hero. The Abbot was delighted; he really was a delightful fellow and was grateful to have been allowed to listen to the talks we had.

For the next two days I was left to myself to get my mind free from the many different ideas and beliefs. I found now that only facts remained, even a belief in a fact had no place in my mind, so thoroughly did my friend "clean" me out.

My mind was now ready for its first try-out.

I was given a piece of paper on which my friend had written some profound words. What I had to do was to read these words and then speak about them. No sooner had I started reading them than I felt as if a charge

of electricity had passed through me; my mind went blank for a second, and then I felt a confidence that I never had before. I could feel that I was linked into a fountain of wisdom. I heard myself speaking, I listened and reasoned as the words came, it seemed that I was in two parts, one of which was attached to a fountain of Love, Wisdom and Power; and the other part was feeling and learning at the same time. It was a new and a very strange experience for me.

My friend was pleased indeed.

He said: “You will be able to do better yet; gradually you will improve till you can be overshadowed by the great spiritual Being, and the spiritual light will be seen around you as He overshadows you. When that is accomplished you will go back after a few more months into the world from which you came. You will be the same to those who knew you, but there will be a difference which they cannot define.

“While you are working in the world among the people, there will still be taking place a building-up of your inner sheaths so that more and more spiritual power can be used, and being among the people of the world is the best field where this can be done satisfactorily.”

From then on I knew I was not alone, and I could tell what influence was with me. St. Anthony the Great of Alexandria* was one to whom I had spoken many times through different mediums, but no medium ever became nearly so good as Tsang Tapa. Not only could the entities speak but they could do so in their own language, for instance German, French, Italian, Chinese, Hindustani, English, Tibetan, all with perfect ease.

Here was a mechanism that could be used by any entity, no matter of what nationality, sometimes changing over from one language to another without as much as a hesitation.

I enjoyed every minute of the time I stayed in Ok Valley. We worked, we laughed, and I made rapid progress. The Abbot was getting on slowly with his new outlook on Life and religion, but he could not do very much at first, otherwise he would be thrown out by the higher officials at Lhasa—just as the head of the Church would throw out a bishop who tried to break down the idea of the power of sin, of hell and the devil, which kept people in fear. As long as people were kept in fear they could be controlled and cajoled,

for the Church thrived on sin. But as soon as the cause of fear is removed there is no more controlling or cajoling.

Often in my own work in the world I have had patients filled with fear through religious bigotry.

I would say: "God is Infinite in nature?" in a sort of inquiring way.

"Oh yes, God is Infinite in nature!" (That was my first leg-in.)

"There cannot be anything outside Him, otherwise He could not be Infinite?"

"Quite correct!" would be the answer.

"And to be Infinite He must be everywhere, otherwise He could not be Infinite?"

"That is true."

"So there could be none other but Him?"

"That is so!"

"Well," I said, "that being so, God must be the Devil and Hell must be in Him too. If God is, then the Devil is not. It is the very non-existence of the Devil that makes up the Devil, for there cannot be God and the Devil, God being Infinite in nature. It is like mathematics, the mistake disappears when it is found out, and so does the Devil disappear when he is found out." Shock No. I. Recovery slow!

"But it says in the Bible that there is a Hell and the Devil," I would be told.

"Yes, that is true," I would reply, "but Jesus said: 'Ye read the Scriptures, then think ye found Eternal Life, ye make a mistake.' Then he said: 'Resist not evil,' do not give it a power it does not possess. The Devil is the self and Hell is the mess the self makes. You have only a belief, an idea, which is made up in your mind, but you are afraid to reason it out because you are caught up in your belief. Not until you know what a belief is, can you see how false it is,"

"But what about the words of Jesus?" a patient asks.

I reply: "Jesus never wrote any words about the Truth; he knew he could not. He asked Pontius Pilate: 'What is Truth?' Pontius Pilate could not answer Him. In fact, he never wrote any words at all. He knew that his words could not reveal the Truth, they could only give you an idea of the

Truth, and that is *not* the Truth! Men wrote the Bible, men also wrote the New Testament many years after Jesus was crucified and it has been altered a dozen times since by men. You take the word to be the Truth when it is not the Truth.

The Truth cannot be found in any book, and not until you know what a word is, will you know that it is not the Truth.

“But Jesus said: ‘Get ye behind me, Satan.’ ”

“So did I,” I would reply, “when I found out what Jesus found out in the wilderness. When I discerned all that was in my mind I knew what the self was. The self was the devil that was hiding the Real. The self was always in front, that is the way of the self, yet the self had no existence; the self existed only because I was ignorant of my Being. This self was the devil that was preventing the expression of the Real, so I said too, ‘Get ye behind me, Satan! You are a cheat, you are cheating me out of my true birthright as a Son of God.’ When I knew that God was the only One and there was none other but Him, then I knew that I was His Son, not born of the blood or the will of the flesh or the will of man, but of God who is Eternal and Ever-present, I was free, then the Father performed His own deeds.

“I knew I was, because God is. But I do not know *what* He is and we are One and can never be separated. The self is a belief in separation, but separation is an illusion. This is the devil and hell is the mess the self makes, because the self only knows separation and seeks only for the self.

“What you have is but an idea in the mind accepted from someone else. You are an imitator because you accept what another says. You are worshipping an idea which is an illusion of the mind. This is not God, for God is neither an idea nor an image, neither an illusion nor a belief. You imitate because you do not know yourself with all your fears and illusions. You do not know what is true because you do not know what is false, so the blind lead the blind and they all fall into the ditch.

“Now, if you were shown what was false you would find out what was true by yourself. Remember, nobody can tell you what Truth is, but you alone can experience Truth when you know what is false. You cannot experience Truth if you accept what another says, and thus not think for yourself. Those who tell you what Truth is are the false prophets, but you do not know that yet, because you are caught up in your belief.

“You have only to look into your mind to see what is there and you will see it is not the Truth, but merely an idea of the Truth. ‘I AM’ the Truth. I cannot be anything else, because there is no other Life but the ‘One,’ in which there is no division; therefore the illusion is in your mind, a self-created illusion, and that which is created is not the Truth. Only that which is not created is the Truth, and you do not know what It is, but you will know that ‘IT IS’ when you rid your mind of all that is false.

“So your so-called virtue is humbug; trying to become virtuous is covering up what you are. Merely to have an idea of what you are not, that is not virtue. Virtue is an understanding of what you are, without distinction. So-called virtue is illusion and bondage. If you do not know what you are, striving to become virtuous will not make you virtuous. Virtue can be found only in understanding what you are. Virtue is freedom, immediate release through understanding what you are. Virtue is seeing what is preventing the expression of Reality.

“Kindness, affection, mercy, generosity, forgiveness, are all true expressions of Reality, and this is virtue. This is the only way we can solve our problems, but your so-called virtue cannot solve any problem. Then there is no virtue in becoming virtuous, because virtue exists only in ‘Being’ *Now*. Virtue is not a matter of time. If you do not know what you are, you have no virtue in you.”

Every time I got the opportunity to speak in this way I did so, and I found that the patients always came back for more and more. It paid big dividends because it released the tension of trying “to become,” which led only to frustration through living in opposites.

* *St. Anthony of Alexandria (251-356)* [a.k.a. Anthony of the Desert, Anthony of Egypt, Anthony the Great, Anthony the Anchorite]. Was born into a wealthy Egyptian family. He was leader among the Desert Fathers, who were Christian monks in the Egyptian desert in the 3rd and 4th centuries AD. Anthony is notable for being one of the first ascetics to attempt living in the desert proper, completely cut off from civilization. His lifestyle was remarkably harsher than that of his predecessors. Here he remained for some 13 years where he is credited with assisting in a number of miraculous healings. The term given to him as “Father of Monasticism” is misleading as Christian monasticism was already being practiced before him in the deserts of Egypt. However he is regarded as the “first master of the desert and the pinnacle of holy monks.”

CHAPTER 9

WE continued our work day after day until my mind was as clear as crystal. Each day the power grew stronger. The air was crisp and clear, and no inharmonious thought or feeling ever arose between us. We worked every day until we felt slightly tired but not over-tired, for that would retard progress.

Eventually I reached the stage where I could work by myself, which was essential before my training ended.

A meeting had been arranged by Geshi Rimpoche, unknown to me, and he arrived with Dar Tsang from Yangtang, Geshi Malapa from Gonsaka, and Geshi Tung La from Takohu. So there were eight of us now, and with such a company anything could happen.

I saw Geshi Rimpoche speaking to Tsang Tapa (the oracle, which means medium), and I anticipated that we were to have a real séance that night. In fact it had been previously arranged, but this was kept as a surprise for me. I could, however, now read their minds as easily as if they were speaking. I had become an expert, thanks to the practice I had during these months of intensive training.

Supper was prepared for us specially in the Abbot's quarters, which were quite large, consisting of a big oblong room with a long table, around which his students sat. This formed a perfect dining-table. There was a general animated conversation, some of it in Tibetan, some in Hindustani, some in English. With English and Hindustani I was quite familiar, and I could make out a good bit of Tibetan now, the Abbot having given me lessons whenever possible. He was a wonderful teacher and knew all the easy ways of putting the words together. Tibetans use as many words as possible with great flourish. When they did this I resorted to reading their minds and that is fatal if you want to learn a language, because to learn a language you must think in that language and not try to read the mind. To read the mind you do not listen to the word otherwise your mental reception becomes distorted, and mind-reading is then impossible.

There was a silence in the animated conversation when my friend spoke in no uncertain terms, condemning the so-called religious hermits of the present time.

He said: “The hermits of today have degenerated into a lot of useless, deluded devotees because of the fact that the true teaching of Guatama¹ and Milarepa are no longer understood by the lamas. They are brought up on ritual and know nothing of the inner powers of man.

“At one time suitable candidates were chosen by the great Masters and after a period of training they retired, away from the haunts of men to attain self-enlightenment and to develop the power of the Tibetan Yogi. But what have we today? Devotees without any knowledge of the science of Yoga.

“These lamas go into solitude only to waste their lives in this stupid deterioration of the mind and body. They gain nothing by it. Their retirement has become merely a part of their religious ritual.”

I asked: “What do they do?”

“Well,” he replied, “in the training of the lama he is supposed to spend part of his life in confinement, but without training it is pure folly. The period is three days or three months or three years, generally.

“At first they may retire for three days, then they may retire for three months or three years. They may emerge once more before going in for Life in one of the cells that you see on the mountainside, and once they are locked in a cell they are in complete darkness, their minds being dark as well. On one side of the cell there is a small drain covered with a slate which they use for their daily excretions. On the other side of the cell there is a stone that can be removed from the outside only, through which a daily supply of tea and tsamba is pushed on to a ledge on the inside, and the hand that appears to take in the food must be gloved, for no light must strike any part of the body.

“Many of these deluded devotees go out of their minds before their lifelong confinement comes to an end. They become mental and physical wrecks. They have no training, nor do they know anything about the arts of the Tibetan Yogi. Their lives are a complete waste, with nothing gained.”

“But,” I ventured to point out, “there are some ascetics who retire into the mountain or into a solitary place and there develop their gifts.”

“Certainly,” he said, “but they have been trained by a Master Yogi in the first place. Those who come out of the monastery with only a knowledge of ritual are a debased type, capable only of the physical part of the hermit’s life. They prostitute the practice of the adept and are therefore incapable of developing their Spiritual gifts.”

Geshi Rimpoche then spoke. I could see that he had gone into that subjective state with his eyes closed, and the timbre of his voice was fascinating to listen to.

“Friends,” he said, “I do not decry religion nor the search for Reality, but organised dogma with its rituals, reciting prayers, repeating mantrims, quoting the Gita or the Bible, that is not religion. By calling yourself a lama, a Buddhist, a Christian, a Hindu, or following a ritual, can you find Truth? I think not! In these separate influences you are caught up in the net of organised beliefs, they are the drugs that dull the mind, they offer an escape, thus making the mind dull and ineffective.”

No one said a word, because everyone knew that when Geshi Rimpoche spoke like this it was the wisdom of the gods.

“You are caught up,” he went on, “in a whole system of authorities, priests and ‘gurus.’ You do not understand yourself, so you are merely accepting, not inquiring. Because your great grandfather did some ritual and your mother would cry if you don’t, is humbug. It is because you are dependent that you are fearful, incapable of finding out what is false—and when you do not know what is false you cannot know what is true.

“You may talk about God and repeat His name a thousand times, but this will not reveal the Truth. The Truth will be hidden from you because you will be folded up in your own prejudices, your own fears. The ignorance of man himself is responsible for this organised religion, whether it be of the East or the West. It is because man is confused that he wants an authority.”

No one spoke. Geshi Rimpoche was leading up to something important.

“So having created the authority,” he continued, “whether political or religious, you follow its direction in the hope of finding the Truth.

“What you know of Reality through the authority of another is not Truth, and thus you do not know. Since Reality is unknown, how can you seek it through an authority? When you seek an authority you have lost confidence in yourself because you are merely an imitator. It is because you have lost

confidence that you create leaders. You read all the holy books you can find. You pursue different ideas which create contradiction, the more imitative you are the less confidence you have in yourself, and you merely make your life into a copybook.”

I knew this was a lesson for me as well as for the Abbot, in fact all of us would benefit by it.

“From childhood,” he went on, “you have been told what to read and what to do. You were not allowed to think for yourself. To find out the cause of your confusion you must have confidence in yourself, you must have a deep inward certainty of what is false and what is true. But you do not know because you have never inquired how you acquired your beliefs or ideas.

“Being confused, do you think that you can find the Truth by reading the Upanishads, the Gita, the Bible or any other book? Do you think you are capable of reading the Truth of it when you yourself are confused? You will merely translate what you read according to your confusion, your likes, your dislikes, your prejudices, your conditioning.

“The Truth is revealed when you understand yourself, your prejudices, your ideas, your beliefs. Truth comes to you; you do not have to go to the Truth. Truth is! You do not create It.

“When you think you are going to the Truth it is merely a projection of your own conditioning. Then it becomes a process of self-hypnosis which is organised religion and there can be *no* conclusion regarding the Truth.

“When you have freed yourself from all your mental formulations you will find that which is *not* a mental formulation. The mind must cease to formulate before you can find the Real. Then you will not belong to any organised religion, neither will you condemn nor criticise, nor will you become an atheist, for that is only another form of belief.

“To find that which is the Real Self you must not make an idea of It, nor can It be separated from Itself in others, because there is no division in Reality. Only by understanding the personal self that is hiding the Real will the false fall away. Then the glory of God, His Love, Wisdom and Power will manifest, for it is ever-present and eternal and you do not create It.”

He opened his eyes again. He looked at me and then at the Abbot.

“Seek not after power for what it will give you, otherwise you will lose the Real. When you have the Real you have everything. You do not develop the Real, *the Real will develop you*. Therefore, *Be Now!* For you are Real only in the Now, not in the past nor in the future. If you are not the Real Now, then you will never be, because only in the Now is the Real expressed.”

No one spoke after this. There was silence for at least five minutes.

The moon was rising; it was full, coming up behind the mountain. It had a reddish glow, and as it rose higher it became pure silver, white and clear. The shadows of the mountains were now in the valley below, while the peak of Chomolhari was reflecting the silvery light from the moon. It was a perfect scene in a perfect night, the air still, crisp and clear. It was as if the Masters of old were around and about us. The feeling was one of excited expectancy. Then Geshi Rimpoche broke the silence as he said: “We now have the perfect circle, the purest atmosphere to create the necessary conditions for our friends to visit us this evening. We have all gathered together before in my own sanctum except that my son here and the Abbot were not with us then, but now we have the perfect combination to make our circle complete for materialisations tonight. It is a delight to have our friends come to speak to us in their own voices.”

Turning to me he said: “You will experience the fact that there is no death and it will no longer be a belief but a fact. Not that we need a demonstration to convince us that there is no death, but we enjoy the company of our friends just as naturally as you would your friends on earth: Not only will there be those who have passed on from the flesh but also those who are still in the flesh will come. This,” turning to me again, “will be a new experience for you, my son.”

I said: “Not quite, for I have seen you before beside me.”

“Yes, that is correct, but to see and speak to our other friends just as I am speaking to you will be an experience you have not yet had.”

“That is true, and it will be wonderful!” I exclaimed. I was eager to begin.

The door of the Abbot’s room led out on to the balcony and faced down the valley. Geshi Rimpoche opened the door.

I said: “But do you not need darkness for materialisation?”

“Oh no,” he replied, “we do not need darkness; in the light of the moon you will see as clearly as you would in daylight.”

I remarked: “In the West they need darkness for a materialisation.”

“Yes,” he said, “but they do not have the perfect combination, and their methods are clumsy and unsatisfactory.”

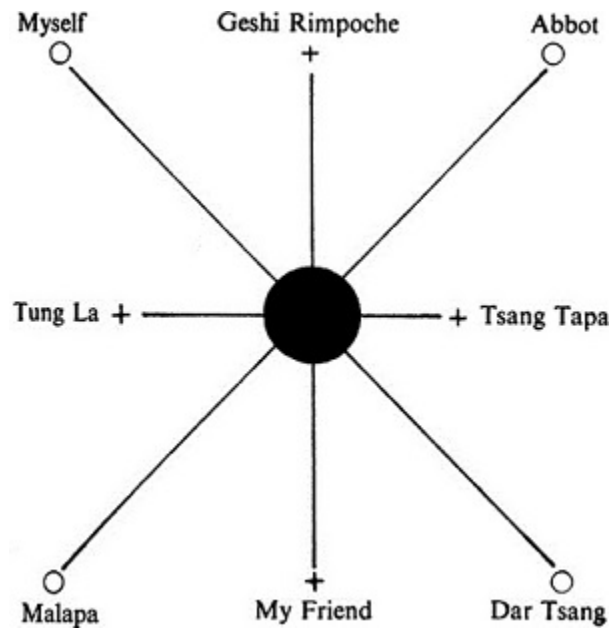
I did not say any more, because I realised that the power that I had already seen demonstrated was beyond the comprehension of the ordinary mind, and there was no reason why there should not be something that I did not yet understand.

In any event, Geshi Rimpoche showed that he had experience, for he set about the arrangements with a confident understanding of what he was doing. First, he ordered the table to be put to the side, out of the way. Then he arranged us in the way that he wanted. He said: “To get the best results I want an uninterrupted flow of the magnetic force so as to build up the ectoplasm. Those who are still on or near the earth can show themselves with comparative ease, but those who have left the earth-influence need a substance in which the vibration of their ethereal bodies can be reduced so that they can be seen and heard with our physical eyes and ears.”

So he sat us as follows: I on his right; on his left he put the Abbot, and opposite him sat my friend; on the right of my friend he placed Dar Tsang, and on the left Malapa; then came Tung La, and opposite Tung La sat Tsang Tapa.

Then he said: “You understand that at the four points of the ‘plan’ are the positive,” and he drew on the floor with a piece of chalk as follows:

the points so marked he drew a +; then he drew a circle in-between each segment, linking them all up; and from the centre he drew another four lines ending with a small circle. “Now,” he explained, “the + represents the positive element, and the circle represents the negative element, just like the two poles of electricity, if the one is without the other no relative force is created.”



He went on: “Electricity is in the atmosphere and all around us; it is in its nebulous form, but it becomes active in the relative world when the two elements unite.”

Then he filled in the centre. “This is the mixing bowl,” he said, “in which the ectoplasm² is formed; then it will spread out, enveloping the whole room, going as far as the door, the walls of the room keeping it as it were together.”

“Now,” he said, “when we are ready to begin, the chemists in the ethereal world will come and they will use their own formula in regulating the density of the ectoplasm for the materialisations.

“The gross form of this substance comes from us from our magnetic body. It is crude and thick and often unusable, but when it is regulated by the ethereal chemists into its perfect texture those around us here, unseen at the moment, will be seen and heard.”

“Of course,” he said, “there is much more to it than what I have said. It is a science that is not yet really understood; although your scientists are delving into the structure of matter, they have not yet grasped the fact that the electro-magnetic force is behind all form, and, in fact, all the atomic structure of the Universe. It is the slowing of the electro-magnetic force that makes the different textures of matter from the very highest ethereal down

to the grossest physical, and there is no division; you cannot tell where one ends and the other begins; it is one complete indivisible substance.

“If I may give you an example, a crude one for lack of a better, take a piece of solid pitch, add heat to it, and it gradually begins to lose its solidity. The gradual dissolving process begins from the solid mass until it becomes a liquid; you cannot see a division from the time of its solidity to the state of its fluidity. Keep on applying more heat until it reaches its gaseous state, and from the solid mass into its invisible form you cannot detect any division.

“From the visible to the invisible and beyond, there is no division, and from beyond the invisible to the visible there is no separation, and in and through, supporting this change, is the changeless basic substance that remains stable always. And beyond and within is the Creativeness that uses this substance to create form. The form changes back into the original basic substance, which remains stable. This is called creation and disintegration; they are one, and not separate forces.”

“Now, what we do not know is the Uncreated which alone is creative. And,” he continued, “this Uncreated is within you; you can discern all that is relative to It, but you cannot discern what It is itself because It will always be discerning that which is external to Itself.

“You cannot tell what your consciousness is—try to see if you can, and you will find that consciousness is always discerning what is relative to itself. It cannot turn back upon itself. But when all the relative is understood and known, then the Unknown can be experienced. It cannot be known, for the known cannot know the Unknown; therefore the known is not the Real, the Real is the Unknown, the Unknowable. But when you have reached the point where one merges into the other, there is awareness and creativeness at point; the totality of Creativeness is behind point, and point is where It is expressed through you, and then that which is the Real manifests. *This is the Master!* He is the point through which the Whole works. Jesus said: ‘It is the Father who ever abideth within Me, He is performing His own deeds.’”

Then he looked at me, and continued: “Therefore, the proof is when you have reached creativeness. At that point you become aware of all that is

relative and therefore you know that it is not creative; the Creative is the Uncreated in you and me, the All of Creativeness is behind point.

“Now what we will witness here tonight is phenomenon. It is interesting and instructive; it is the nearest to that religion which will make us realise that we are all One, the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. Man’s belief in separation, his belief in authority, his following of an authority, his selfishness, his cravings for Spiritual and material gain, all these will pass when this Truth is universally known.

“I look forward to the day when this land will be freed from its stupid superstition which is preventing its freedom. I am sure that, with our knowledge of the occult freed from superstition, we may yet lead the world into the true light of the Eternal Truth of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

“Now, we have not wasted any time in singing and praying or playing music as you do in the West, my son” (he was speaking directly to me). “But we have gained the required harmony necessary for the building-up of the ectoplasm and at the same time you have gained enlightenment by listening to me.”

He then directed: “Concentrate on the centre, and you will see the ectoplasm forming.”

Sure enough, there it was, forming into a white cloud. The light from the moon showed it up clearly. It began to whirl above our heads as well. We seemed to be enveloped in it. It eventually filled the whole room and the doorway like a white cloud. In fact it was as if we were enveloped in the clouds—such was the feeling I got. I felt I was transported from the earth into the clouds and that soon we would be talking to the Masters of old and to relatives who had passed from their earthly abode; and some who were still in the flesh would also come to talk to us.

Words fail to describe the whole wonderful demonstration. The great Milarepa was the first to speak. He spoke to us in three languages, Tibetan, Hindu and English.

He said: “I have come to give you further enlightenment. The occult power you try to possess is not the Real. The Real is beyond and is so magnificent that what I say can only create ideas about It. Yet It is far beyond what the mind can make up in regard to It. There is so much

rubbish and nonsense taught and all this blinds you to the Truth. For instance, reincarnation as you believe, is nowhere near the Truth.

“You believe that the late Dalai Lama is reincarnated in the present Dalai Lama. This is not a fact. If the great Buddha were incarnated he would be free from ritual and the nonsense you carry on with. His great wisdom would be shown in his acts. But what do you find? A mere child in wisdom and understanding! Reincarnation as stated in your religion is but humbug and is holding everyone in subjection to a superstition of fear and ignorance.

“I tell you, ‘Truth’ is not in any way like what is being taught. What is being taught is an absolute fabrication of the Truth. The man you called the last Dalai Lama is not in the body of the present Dalai Lama as your religion teaches. I want you to see that it is merely a belief and not a fact, certainly not the Truth.

“There is reincarnation, but not as you understand it. The Spirit of the one God—the Life—is in the present Dalai Lama as it was in each preceding Dalai Lama, but the present Dalai Lama is not aware of this Truth. It is the one Spirit that is in each and everyone, and only when this is realised through knowing what is false does the wisdom and power of the Spirit manifest.

“I urge you to lead the people away from this stupid nonsense that creates self-hypnosis. I am speaking to you in modern language so that you can understand what I say.”

He spoke for a long time to Geshi Rimpoche, and I heard him say: “Care must be exercised so that you do not hinder the work to come, for many are not yet ready to understand that Life is not separated by so-called death. There is but one Life and this Life is Eternal. More will come after me to speak to you. Your friend the Hermit of Ling-Shi-La is here tonight.”

Milarepa seemed to be the conductor in the astral, and Geshi Rimpoche conducted on the physical.

Still they came, many of them, and as they reached the door they became visible. It was a wonderful sight, a wonderful experience. I never saw anything like it before or since.

About an hour or so later, St. Anthony of Alexandria and Paul the Apostle came direct to me, and I will relate what St. Anthony said later in

this chapter. But I want to tell you first what convinced me that all this was real and not the figment of my imagination.

My mother came to me. I could see her form and face as well as I did when she was on earth, except that she was young-looking and wonderfully radiant. She spoke to me in Gaelic³ to prove that it was she.

“It is truly me, your mother; your father is with me, and so is your friend John Sutherland.”

She said: “I am very happy because of the work you are doing, and we are all helping.” Her face shone bright and beautiful when she said that, as if the feeling gave her great joy.

There were six hours of this, coming and going, and the details alone would fill another volume. Many who were still in the physical came, including the great hermit of Ling-Shi-La, of whom Geshi Rimpoche had already told me.

The hermit said to me: “You are coming to stay with me at my hermitage.”

Geshi Rimpoche had not told me this, but it happened that I did go to stay at the hermitage, and of this I will tell you in another chapter.

Then, near the end, there was the most brilliant light; it shone all over the room. It lit up everything as if the sun was shining. So bright was this light that we had to close our eyes at first; then we gradually became accustomed to it, and in this light appeared the Master himself. He came to give us His blessing.

Those of you who have read my book *Divine Healing of Mind and Body* (The Master speaks again) will realise the truth of what I say; it was the culmination of all my training in the Himalayas.

This indeed was the most wonderful séance I had ever seen, and I will probably never see the like again.

I knew then that there was no separation between the material and the Spiritual; what separated us was but a veil of ignorance. But enlightenment was coming into the world, and soon all the darkness of the mind would disappear and those with spiritual gifts would no longer be persecuted.

A new religion is coming into the world, not a sectarian religion or a dogma or a creed, but one that will reveal that death is but the doorway into

a higher state of the one Life that is eternal and ever-present, showing that there is no division between us and those who have gone on. The Masters of old, even Jesus, are one with us, as he said he would be, even unto the end of the world.

Words cannot describe the beauty and the glory of such a wonderful revelation.

The science of the various arts was discussed. St. Anthony spoke to me especially about healing. He was the great therapist of ancient Egypt, and healing was his great subject, that is why, as he said, he was detailed by greater ones than himself to help me in my work along with many others who also were working and would continue to do so when I go back again into the world I came from.

His discourse on healing was specially directed to me. The others who came talked to those present about various things.

Apparently the whole séance was conducted in a perfect way. No one was allowed to “chip in” while another talked to one in particular, though ten or more were in the room at the same time.

I was keenly interested in what St. Anthony had to say to me. I had spoken to him before but not in such a complete way.

He said: “God is glorified through the Son of Man.” I knew the meaning of those words, for he had spoken of them to me before. Then he continued speaking to me personally as though there were no one else in the room.

He said: “Since time began, men and women have been given the power to heal and to teach. Some of the healings have been so amazing that the mind of man could not comprehend them. Thus sceptics arose, and made every effort to deny these amazing transformations on the grounds of their apparent impossibility.”

“Divine Healing,” he went on, “has achieved wonders where all other methods have failed, yet man does not realise the mighty power of the Spirit, because the mind cannot penetrate the realm which is beyond it. The mind can reason only on what it knows, but that which it does not know, that which is beyond reason, cannot be defined, and it is in this realm that Divine Healing takes place.”

“Yes,” I remarked, “many have wondered how Divine Healing takes place, how that which is unseen could accomplish such a complete and

instantaneous change, and they still want to reduce it into terms which would merely give the mind an idea and not the Truth.”

Then St. Anthony spoke again: “Phenomena of any kind are produced through a law that is intelligent, otherwise there would be no phenomena. For instance, if you have a fear of anything or you have faith in anything, there is an Intelligence that operates in both what you think in fear and think in faith and produces exactly according to how you think in fear and in faith, that is the law of thought-action or electro-magnetic activity for in fact the body is electrical, being composed of atoms of energy.

“But Truth is like mathematics; It is exact. When an error is discovered and corrected, it disappears. You cannot tell me why two and two make four and not five, you cannot investigate mathematics, just as you cannot investigate Truth. You can investigate only error. Truth, like mathematics, is eternally true and ever-present and is not subject to change, therefore not subject to error. That is why Divine Healing is so perfect.

“You can investigate the laws operating around you, but even these come from That which is beyond the mind of man which cannot be investigated.

“The cause of the chaos that surrounds you is that man has failed to understand the underlying principle of Life. This stupidity has prevented the best brains from understanding the Law of Life operating in man himself.

“To deny the existence of the law of mathematics would be stupid; so is denying the existence of the Law of Truth. You can understand the Law of Truth, but you cannot tell what Truth is, only that It is, just as mathematics is. You can work with Truth just as you can with mathematics. There is a true note in music which is harmonious; there is no such thing as a false note, there is only a noise, and that is not harmony.

“To deny, does not help. To deny the false is to give it recognition, a reality that it does not possess. But to understand how it arises, then you will see how false it is. Then you will see that the false is created by the self which has no existence in the Real. The Real which is harmony comes into Being when you see that the false has no existence except in the self.

“The false tries to hang on to the self because that is the only existence the false can ever have; hence the illusion.

“Jesus never claimed any power of his own. He said: ‘It is the Father who ever abideth within me, He is performing His own deeds.’ Neither did he

make something of himself: he said ‘Of my own self I am nothing.’

“But when you take upon yourself the cloak of healer and say, ‘I am a healer or a prophet’ you limit yourself to the personal; that is why so many fail. The self hides the Divine, so you must get the self out of the way; the self is nothing, and the sooner you realise this the better it will be for you and all who come to you.

“Jesus seemed to be an outside agency to those who looked upon him as separate from themselves and God but this was only because they did not know their true Father and therefore they did not know his. Had they known the Father of Jesus to be theirs also, they would have been free. Jesus said that he was nothing by himself, but all was possible with the Father. He knew that he could not be separate from the Life which is yours and mine. Therefore he works through the Cosmic which works through the individual. You must learn to do likewise. It is difficult for those caught up in conformity and separation to realise this Divine Power, but those who have experienced the Divine Power have definite proof of its Reality.

“When I am speaking to you about the Omnipresence my words are relative, and it would seem that I am speaking about something apart from myself. But it is not so. I can speak to you only in relative terms to help you find the Real within yourself.”

He continued: “I know that you have already dealt with the relative and understand what I mean. The Master said, ‘know ye not I am in the Father and the Father is in me?’ This was to show the unity in the Consciousness that is creative in all who understand that He gave them power to become sons of God. ‘What I see the Father do, I do likewise.’

“Now you realise that sickness is mostly the effect of certain causes and neglect of natural laws. This comes about through ignorance, through fear, through lack of Love (lack of giving love), lack of understanding the self which is always seeking Love.

“Sickness is the symptom showing that the body and mind has lost its natural rhythm, and the ‘*struggle*’ to regain it is the disease. In other words, if you continue to neglect the natural laws and at the same time continue to struggle with the ‘dis—ease,’ the attention of the mind becomes focused upon the condition because the body is talking back to the mind and the mind is caught up in what the body is feeling. Now, the mind is struggling,

making a great effort to save the body. It is this struggle that is causing all the disturbance and displacements of the atoms resulting in pain and discomfort. When this Truth is known the struggle ceases.

“The mind is conscious of feeling, and this feeling is registered in the mind as a disease. This disease is given a name so that the mind can hold on to it. If the name conveys to the mind an incurable disease the mind may accept it, thus creating a further burden. Only when man sees that the cause is through ignorance of the truth of his Being and through the neglect of the natural laws, does the burden fall away, and then the Spirit-Life transforms the mind and the body responds to Nature’s perfect action.”

I said: “I can see very clearly that one is conscious of disease by the abnormal condition of the body?”

“Yes,” he replied, “when there is a disruption among the cells of the body, a sad report is carried to the brain centres, and then the conscious part of the mind identifies itself with ill-health. Fear and apprehension enter because the complete power of the Spirit is not realised. When the mind accepts the Truth of Being, the brain centres are informed; and reconstruction sets in. But when the mind is caught up in the struggle it is not capable of using its first line of defence—Divine Reason—and accepts the report of the disturbance as final. When the Truth of your Being is realised then the True healing takes place. Sometimes the mind is so charged with the Truth that complete and instantaneous transformation takes place. This is Divine Healing.”

So engrossed was I in what he was saying that I took no notice of what was going on around me, and he continued without interruption: “What really happens in sickness is that a consciousness of the Truth of your Being has disappeared from the mind and a consciousness of ill-health has taken control of the mind. There is a loss of cheerfulness, the feeling of vigour has gone. What fate has befallen the mind that supported the body? The Truth has temporarily gone from the mind that has fallen under the spell of the illusion of the reality of sickness; the mind has surrendered its knowledge of the sovereignty of the Spirit to the forces of disorder and confusion.”

And he added: “I am speaking as one who has watched the mind give up its sovereignty.”

“Now,” he continued, “some resort to drugs as the final agency for recovery, and because this recovery is not forthcoming a further acceptance of the condition is the result. But if by some means a chemical change takes place, there is a change for the better. Then a false belief in medicine is the result, and this causes further confusion if the trouble returns; and when the patient finds that, in the end, drugs are no longer any help it leads to further depression and apprehension.

“You must realise that the body is not an exclusive combination of chemical reactions; it is endowed with an Intelligence, a knowing-how, an amazing organisation for the maintenance of bodily functions. This is the animating power of Life which is fundamental in producing motion and transformation.

“Natural remedies, such as herbs, biochemics, homeopathy, hydrotherapy, have in many cases acted upon the cell structure and produced a chemical reaction. This produces a powerful suggestion on which the mind is induced to act. Such action on the mind will begin to reproduce a consciousness of health and restoration of the balance and harmony within the body. But if the mind is left in this state alone, without understanding the laws of the inherent power of the Spirit within, the second state may be worse than the first.”

“You see,” he said, “it is the self that is caught up in disease. It is the self alone that knows disease. The Spirit knows nothing of disease. It is the self that is selfish, ingathering, acquisitive, hateful, antagonistic, unforgiving and violent, and this is the cause of most sickness.

“The Impersonal Spirit knows nothing of these things, hence the Impersonal is Healing. The more impersonal you become, the more loving and kind you become, because the Impersonal is Love, and Love is healing. Love is God and God is Love and the foundation of all perfect action in which there is no reaction.

“When you see that the personal self is always taken up with the external, with struggle, with war inside and out, then you will understand the cause of the trouble; and, when this is understood, the inner self which is impersonal is freed, then the radio-activity of Life’s forces is released. These electro-magnetic waves of Nature’s forces begin to transform the mind and body.

“This inner atomic action creates strong suggestions to the subconscious mechanism, which in turn starts instantaneous action throughout the whole mind and Body because of the strong currents of energy which are moving in the right direction, sweeping all before it from within outwardly, quelling the existing confusion. The mind and body feel the relief and as the struggle ends, the momentum is kept in the right direction.

“There must be a giving-up of the idea of disease as the confusion and chaos dies down, and when peace is established the body ceases to talk back, and harmony is established.

“Once harmony is established in this way, through understanding, the mind and body is transformed regardless of the nature of the disease or the length of time of the chronic condition.

“With true guidance the patient begins to realise that the suffering is a temporary and artificial thing, and anything that is temporary is transitory and has no foundation of its own. It is the ignorant self which is caught up in things external. The Reality is in no way like the ignorant self. Reality is the Impersonal self which is whole and complete without a flaw.”

“If disease were real,” he said, “it could not be healed, since Reality is not subject to change. The self is born into fear by the aid of suggestions from those who fear. The fear of death is the cause of most suffering in the human family. Then the removal of this fear is of first importance.”

“I want you to realise,” he emphasised, “that there is not a dead particle in the Living Universe. There cannot be a dead part of Life. There is no difference between Life and death; they are one and the same, as you now see. It is but a change from one phase to another in Life Eternal.

“Life continues in its more perfected abode, and the individual consciousness of Life becomes more aware. Therefore you must eliminate the fear of death from the mind so that the consciousness of Eternal Life is established. This is the greatest aid to the healing of mind and body, because the consciousness of fear is destructive to the functions of both, while a consciousness of Life renews their proper function. ‘Call no man your father on earth for one is your Father who is Eternal.’

“Perfect healing of mind and body can be done only when the fear of disease and death has disappeared. But you must know yourself before you

can help another. Even the dullest mind can be penetrated by an enlightened consciousness.”

“Remember,” he stressed, “that mantrams are not much help to a mind that is full of fear, for it often intensifies the dominant idea of the trouble; thus you are only creating opposites. You hold an idea of health while struggling with ill-health. You have an idea of Life while struggling with death, an idea of good while struggling with evil, and so on and so on.

“But with skilful, intelligent words through understanding, the patient will become receptive and willing to co-operate, and then a change begins to take place, sometimes instantaneously.

“The power of the Truth of Being sets in motion electro-magnetic vibrations which reach the mind of the patient and begins to break up the negative mental conditioning that is binding him. By this means the mind of the patient is reached either from a short or long distance. At that very hour the servant was healed. ‘Daughter, be of good cheer, thy faith hath made thee whole.’ These sayings you are familiar with, now see that you realise their true meaning.”

He paused for a moment, and then continued: “With the knowledge of the truth of your Being, your aura is purified and your thoughts become dynamic. Realise that everything in Nature is harmless to you and you are harmless to all Nature. When you are not afraid of Nature you can control Nature in the raw, for you have been given power and dominion over all things.

“See the nothingness of the self, know that you are nobody, and your humility will be the channel through which the Spirit can do Its work. Take the brakes off, God will do the rest.

“Acquire your faith through understanding, and not through the opposite, fear. If it rises from fear then you have no faith, you are caught up in the opposites of fear and faith.

“Develop a willingness to listen; the casting-off of the burden is a great help to the patient.

“Be impersonal by seeing beyond the personal, knowing that the Spirit is not affected by disease or death, good or evil, success or failure.

“Remember at all times that you must first heal yourself before you heal the patient. What I mean is, to rid your mind of all disturbing elements. By

doing this the Divine Power acts without hindrance. Transform all things by the spiritualising power of Love and Wisdom. Remember that every disturbing influence is like a guerrilla, hiding in the corner of the mind, waiting for his comrades to arrive, and when they gather in sufficient numbers they launch an attack on the unsuspecting individual and lay him low.

“These elements thrive in ignorance. The cure is understanding. Spiritualise the patient’s consciousness with your own powerful Spiritual light of understanding, so that when his light is lit it shall shine in the darkest corner, thereby lighting up the mind and body with the Light that never dims.

“The world is sick because the individual is sick. Confusion and ignorance are the cause. Remove these two impostors and the Divine man will appear in all his glory as he was made, in the likeness of his Creator.

“The task before you may seem great but our radio waves of Love will go with you. You will not delay. Go back into the world you know, as soon as you are finished here, and may the Almighty aura of the Christ of God surround you.”

Then he took his departure.

I was struck dumb by the wonderful lesson. Only one who knows could have spoken as he did, and I knew it was true. It must have been over half an hour since he began to speak to me, but it seemed like only a moment of time that disappeared into the timeless, for I was in Eternity at that moment.

* * * * *

Now I want to tell you of another fact that made this meeting so real. After my mother spoke to me, my bosom-friend Jock Sutherland, who was killed in 1915 in the first World War, spoke. He always called me “Murdo” with a very Highland accent; he came from the Highlands and spoke Gaelic. We had been bosom pals for many years, so we talked about old times and laughed together while he recalled the following story of which only we two knew.

One New Year's Eve, in Glasgow, Jock and I had a few whiskies. Jock was fond of whisky but he could not take very much. That night he became violently sick and began to vomit so badly that he dislocated his jaw. We happened to be passing the Western Infirmary at the time, and I took him in there. The doctor on duty, a friend of mine, was busy. By this time Jock was getting somewhat difficult, he could not even speak.

So I said to him: "Open your mouth, you idiot, I will do this myself." I put my two thumbs on his back molars, gave a quick downward thrust and, click, in went his jaw.

When he retold me this there could be no doubting. He had a very prominent forehead and it showed quite clearly. Then he tried to give me some advice but someone shut him up.

When the meeting was over, we sat and talked; everyone seemed to have been rejuvenated. Tea was brought in, and I had still a few boxes of Huntley & Palmer's biscuits left, so we all enjoyed ourselves, talking until daybreak.

As the sun came up we went out to watch it rising from behind the beautiful mountain of Chomolhari.

To see the sunrise was apparently a common occurrence with the Masters beyond the Himalayas, but to me it was the greatest experience of its kind that I ever had. It put the seal on all that I had seen and learned.

My friend came over and sat down beside me, and he said: "You have a wonderful venerable Spirit friend in St. Anthony."

"Yes," I said, "I know now that I have many wonderful friends and all of them I love very much, including you."

Then he put his arm around my shoulders and said:

"It is the Love of God that unites us all together to do His will."

[1.](#) Siddhartha Gautama (c560-c 480 B.C), called Buddha 'Enlightened one.' Son of the rajah of the Sakya tribe (hence also called *Sakyamuni* 'sage of the Sakyas'). Founder of Buddhism.

[2.](#) *Ectoplasm*. In this case a viscid substance believed by some to emanate from body of medium and develop into various forms.

[3.](#) *Gaelic*. Language of the Celtic inhabitants of the Scottish highlands, or of the branch of Celts including Scottish, Irish, and Manx Celts.

CHAPTER 10

NEXT day I did not feel so tired as I had thought I would be after the all-night sitting. In fact I felt very much wide awake, though we did nothing except just what it pleased us to do. In the afternoon I lay down and began to think of the Hermit of Ling-Shi-La. I closed my eyes and I saw a picturesque, peaceful lake set in green foliage, with trees farther up the mountainside. Around the lower parts of the mountain were tall rhododendron trees in full bloom, some pink, some white, some crimson. In the centre of the lake was an island, and on this island was a house of unusual and charming design surrounded with shrubs and flowers, the like of which I had never seen before.

Green palm trees were around the green lawn on which the house stood. I wondered to whom such a lovely place belonged when I saw the Hermit of Ling-Shi-La working among the flowers.”

I felt someone near me and I opened my eyes, to find my friend by my side. I informed him: “I must have been travelling, for I have seen the most beautiful place secreted on an island in the middle of a lake, with trees and beautiful flowers all round it. As I wondered to whom the place belonged I saw the Hermit himself tending his flowers.”

My friend replied: “You have just visited the Hermit. The place you saw is where he lives. It is away over the Tsang Po River in the beyond, country which is still an unexplored region of Tibet. He has the most beautiful place in the world and he attends to it all by himself. You have just experienced astral travelling, at which the Hermit is an adept. I will tell you the story about him.

“He was an abbot in the Ganden Monastery many years ago, and he taught philosophy and magic. He had been practising astral projection just as you were doing, when he discovered this lovely lake with an island in it. So he set out to find it. After many months he returned and said: ‘I have found my home at last.’ When he told the others where it was they said: ‘But no one has ever been able to get into that valley because of the

continuous hurricane that blows over the mountain pass; besides, there is no known path into it.’

“He replied: ‘I have found a way in, and I shall build my hermitage there. There is no evidence of anyone being there in the physical, and only those who have mastered astral projection can enter, which suits me perfectly. I will now master the art of astral travel completely.’ The secret passage into this valley is known only to the Hermit himself; no one yet has ever been there in the physical but himself.”

“Well,” I told my friend, “the Hermit said I was to stay with him for a while.”

“Yes,” came the reply, “and then you will truly learn to speak with the gods. I only hope I may have the privilege of coming with you.”

Next morning lying on the table beside my couch was a thick parchment giving details about the way to the Hermitage, also advising me what I should take with me. On my friend’s table was a similar copy. By some miraculous means these instructions had been apported during the night.

I said to my friend: “This is more mysterious than ever.”

He replied: “A material object is very easily transported by those who know how. After certain development, one is able to contact the Yogi who have passed from the physical and who understand all about apportioning. They do this work frequently in Tibet.”

I said: “Then it appears that the Hermit can write down instructions and ask these Spirit Yogi to transport them?”

“Oh yes,” he replied, “that is easy. You see, they know the secret of materialisation and dematerialisation. You have already heard that matter is but an invisible substance which can be made visible. All is mind—there is no such thing as matter. Matter is a name you have given to something that you see and feel, but the name of a thing is not the thing itself. The name merely becomes an idea in your mind and that is all you know about it. But, you see, the Hermit is a Master Yogi himself, and with the Spirit Yogi, both of them understanding vibrations of the various densities of substance that you call matter, can apport an article any distance.”

“Now,” he went on, “everything being a vibration in mind, and consciousness being the ruling factor, the Hermit consciously knows how to raise the vibration of material substance into its astral vibration and can

hold it there, for he has already freed himself from the idea of the solidity of matter. The Yogi work with him and, by their combined efforts, that piece of parchment you see there with the writing on is raised in vibration, writing and all intact, and is held in that state while being transported through the ether; then it is materialised and you see it before you. There is no magic about it when you know how dematerialisation and materialisation are done.”

“Yes,” I remarked, “I have seen apportioning at a séance of Mr. Bailey’s in Sydney. In fact, I still have some of the of the apports in my possession.”

“We shall hear more about it when we see the Hermit,” said my friend. “He is considered to be as great as the great Milarepa himself.”

“So,” I said, “how soon can we start? You know I have not very much time, and time is flying now.”

He replied: “We will start tomorrow.”

“I am so glad you are coming with me,” I confided to him, “I do really think I could not do it without you; besides, travelling alone is not much fun, especially in unexplored Tibet.”

“I am glad I am coming with you,” he assured me. “We will not take much with us; we will travel light, for it is going to be a difficult journey. If it was easy, others would be there. It is, in fact, the most difficult place to reach. That is why the Hermit chose it.”

On the following day we started; only the two of us, because of the difficulty in reaching the place and because others would not be welcome to the Sanctuary of Sanctuaries. We decided to pick up on the way what food we could, and the last part of the journey we left in the lap of the gods.

We struck out towards Gyantse in the early morning. A howling, freezing wind was blowing down from the Chomolhari, which was still covered with clouds. The country we were now passing through was barren and stony, yet I could see some yaks feeding, and I wondered what they were eating.

My friend pointed to the way the Everest expeditions take. “But we will keep to the trade route as far as the Gyantse,” he said, “and then we will branch to the left till we reach the Tsang Po, the great Brahmaputra at Padong, where we will get a yak hide coracle.” (He knows all about it already, I thought.)

We reached a place called Dochen that evening, and we went down to a lake of clear water. Beyond it was a magnificent range of mountains, covered with snow. We watched the fish which could be seen clearly in the still water.

“How long will it be still?” I wondered, for any moment a fierce storm might rise.

We fixed up our beds for the night and after supper we went out to watch the sun setting. The reflection in the lake was truly beautiful. The mountain range reflected itself in the calm surface. I took a picture with my small pocket camera and you could not tell the real from the reflection.

I was anxious to hear my friend speak again about the things we both loved so much, and I said:

“If this were America it would be artificialised in twelve months.”

“Yes,” he replied, “the majority of people know only the objective world, a world which formulates laws, regulations, creeds, and dogmas. They live in a world that is artificial and therefore they know only the artificial, so they want to change Nature also to their own standard of existence. They are caught up in their own creations and lose the creativeness of the Uncreated.”

He was like Geshi Rimpoche now; he spoke slowly and distinctly, so that I should not miss the meaning of what he said.

“Life remains Itself,” he continued, “no matter in what form It is expressing Itself. When this is understood fully the creativeness becomes a Reality in you. The form is this living Energy in manifestation. Pluck a flower and It is there; and in a handful of earth that you hold in your hand, It is there. Then the world is no longer a prison house, for the air, the sky, reveals Its Living Presence.

“Now, if what I am saying is to be of any value to you, you must experience this in a deeper state of consciousness. It must be a livingness that is not merely a mental formulation. This comes as you clear the mind of all hindrances, and it is done automatically as you see the false; then you will know that a mental formulation is not the Truth, and you will know also that if we make this merely an intellectual discussion you will miss the experience and transformation that must take place within.

“When you see that your mental formulations regarding matter are problematical you will cease to regard solidity as something to be carried, something to stumble over. When you realise that it is the manifestation of the Unmanifest you will free yourself from these mental formulations that limit you. You will know freedom in a free Universe where formerly there was to you nothing but limitations.”

He stopped here for a minute, for he knew that an automatic change was taking place in my mind. Then he continued:

“You can reach that state of consciousness that enables the Creative Life to work with effortless spontaneity to achieve the perfection which It Itself is. You will realise that the ‘One’ Life is creating within you with effortless perfection as it is manifesting throughout the whole Universe, for there is no separation between the Life in you and me and the Life that is Universal in Its omnipresence, in Its omnipotence and in Its omniscience. Wherever there is perfection, there the Absolute has found release through the mind that has been freed from its own formulations. The Absolute has found release through Its own Creation. Only through your continual awareness can this be done, only through the silent awareness that is active does the Absolute function.”

“So you see,” he went on, “when the mind is freed from its own formulations, its beliefs, its ideas, there comes a silence beyond time, a silence in which you become conscious of the Reality of your Being. In this freedom there is the releasing of the Creative Energy, with a conscious directive Power that is unknown to the ordinary man.

“In great works, in industry, in the arts and crafts, in healing and in oratory, there is the hand of genius when you co-operate in freedom with Life’s Creative Intelligence, and all look with amazement on what has been accomplished. This is the Creativeness within, being given free expression through the unconditioned mind. The Unmanifested—the Uncreated—the Absolute is released through the mind that has freed itself from its own conditioning.”

He paused for a moment and then went on: “Understand this clearly. Man and not God made yesterday and tomorrow; you will notice that they are but formulations in your mind. Where is yesterday and where is tomorrow.”

I ventured to say: “I can see now that they exist only in the mind. For God is ever-present in the Now. Yesterday becomes a memory and tomorrow is but a hope; NOW is the only time.”

“Splendid!” he exclaimed, “I was waiting for this. Now we can go further.”

Then he said: “To live in the ever-present is freedom. For there cannot be any good or evil; no past or future, no success or failure, no health or ill-health. None of these opposites exists in the Presence that is eternally Present. They exist only in the mind that is caught up in opposites and is merely moving backwards and forwards from one to the other.”

“Oh,” I exclaimed, “I see now why people struggle.”

“Yes, and their struggle is a further burden. The Christ, the only begotten Son of the Father, exists in the whole of humanity and does not age or die. When this is discovered through your awareness moment-to-moment the Eternal Christ is revealed.”

“ ‘As ye know ME as I am, so shall ye be,’ ” I quoted.

“Yes,” he said, “the same Christ today as was two thousand years ago. ‘All power is given unto Me in Heaven and on earth.’ ”

“Now,” I could not help saying, “everything has changed: the old ideas of limitation, of hell and the devil and other ideas, all have vanished.”

“Yes, that falsehood exists only in the conditioned mind, but when all conditioning is dissolved away we will have the Truth that sets man free. No longer will there be differing creeds, antagonisms, conforming to a ritual or to a pattern, for no longer will there be a pattern to follow. To follow a pattern is to imitate, and imitation is not understanding. Not until man frees himself from his own conditioning can he find the Truth that sets him free.”

“Yes,” I remarked, “man is still eating of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil. Not until he finds out what he is doing will he cling to the Tree of Life, which alone is his salvation.”

“Yes, that is so,” my friend affirmed. “The Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil grows out of man’s own mind while the Tree of Salvation— Life—grows out of God, being eternal and ever-present, and it knows nothing of good and evil. Yet man is preaching good and evil, hell and the Devil, and so the blind lead the blind. Man must become aware of his oneness with

the Ever-present and not be caught up in the struggle between good and evil, fear and faith, God and the Devil, and so forth.

“Reality is not something afar off. Reality is here and now, and when this is realised then will come peace—not as the world gives its peace, for that peace comes out of war and conflict, but the peace that is eternal and ever-present, coming only from God. Then our relationship will be one of happiness through understanding.”

He paused reflectively and then continued: “With the personal self there is always pain and conflict in relationship. But when man discerns his illusions man will find the unlimited, the ‘Beloved,’ within himself. Then his affection will be free from attachment, free from possessiveness and glorious in Its expression, for he will know his neighbour to be himself. ‘Whatsoever you do unto the least of these so you do unto Me.’ ”

Then silence enveloped us both, and, in that silence, transformation was taking place within. I was no longer the same person as when I met him. All the things that were preventing true expression were being dissolved. It was this transformation that I was experiencing at that moment. My happiness was incomparable. I was no longer seeking or searching in anxiety. I was freed from a burden that had weighed me down since I was a boy.

That night I slept the sleep of freedom. Can you imagine a truly free sleep? It has to be experienced to be understood.

The following morning we were up before sunrise, knowing that we had still many miles to do. We were on our way as the sun was rising. I have always been thrilled by the sunrise and sunset, and that morning everything looked to me so beautiful and peaceful. The sky was blue and a calm blanket of clouds was covering the valley. It was cold, yet no wind, though any time now it might rise and perhaps become a hurricane.

Both of us were now dressed in the robe of the lama. Many lamas were coming and going and, as we passed, we blessed each other according to custom. We were now free from the gazing eyes of others for we were dressed in that distinguished familiar garb of the highly-respected lama whom the people are taught to reverence.

My friend asked: “Do you think you could do a double distance today?”

“Yes,” I answered, “I feel exceedingly strong now.” (I was thin, having shed surplus flesh, and my muscles were like steel.)

“Yes,” he said, “I can see that you have gained tremendous stamina.”

“Well,” I agreed, “you cannot be a weakling when travelling over these mountain passes, and I have become almost an expert.”

We were travelling light, having left everything in Ok Valley. Just a few things we took in a haversack which we carried on our backs.

We passed along the lakeside where hundreds of yak and goats were having their morning meal. At the end of the lake we came to a river, and beyond it was a vast valley. Dotted here and there were large black tents, the tents of the nomads, who are like the Bedouins, a fearless good-looking type of people. Around them were their flocks of yaks and sheep.

When we reached the floor of the valley these nomads came to welcome us, and my friend (who was a Geshi) blessed them. We partook of some food with them as is the custom. Everywhere, when we came across a village or a company of nomads, we were made more than welcome, and if we stayed under their roof for a night that place was hallowed.

My friend said to me: “These people, the nomads, wander all over Tibet; they live in these yak hair tents, which as you see, are large and black. They are black because of the smoke that comes from their fires, which more often than not are made from yak dung and dry grass and are lit inside the tent.”

“But might it not burn the tent down?”

“No, you see it is in the centre, and they sleep around it.”

My friend said that we were on a long journey and we must be on our way, so the head nomad or chief brought out some clear liquid, which looked like water to me. When I drank it I thought I was on fire! It was spirit made from maize and barley. I felt the glow to my fingertips, and I said to my friend: “I think we should take some of that stuff along with us.”

“No,” he replied, “there will be plenty of it along the way, and it is not advisable to have too much when you are not accustomed to it.”

I thought to myself that it was better than some whisky I knew of, and I could not help laughing at the memory of my father. When he was offered whisky, the usual thing is to take water with it, but when the water was brought to him he would say: “There is enough water in it already.”

There is another story of a Scot who went to see the doctor. When the doctor had examined him he said: “My advice to you, Mr. McPherson, is to

give up drinking whisky.” Mr. McPherson got up, and, as he was going out the door, the doctor called him back and said: “Mr. McPherson, you have forgotten something.” “No, I don’t think so,” said McPherson. “Oh, yes, you have forgotten my fee of three guineas for my advice.” “Oh,” exclaimed McPherson, “but ‘am no’ taking your advice.”

These black tents were the only shelter the nomads had, summer and winter. The clothes they wore were woven by themselves from yak hair and wool, and some wore only a sheep-skin with the wool to the inside. All their garments were covered with thick grease. When they get a new garment they grease it up with rancid yak butter and they use the same thing on their bodies; you can thus imagine what their clothes looked like, for at no time do they use water except for drinking.

Their meat is usually dried meat, dried in the sun similar to the [biltong*](#) that is so popular in South Africa. Strips of the dried meat are hung up inside the tent.

The nomads grow peas, and corn and barley, and with their large herds of yak, sheep, goats, donkeys and a number of shaggy Tibetan ponies, it made a picture I would not have liked to miss.

The following day we reached the town of Gyantse, which is surrounded by mountains on all sides. Beyond the town we could see the monastery on the mountain slope surrounded by a great wall on all sides. At the top, at the right-hand side, was a huge wall where the holy carpet is hung for a few hours once a year. This carpet took eleven years to make, so I was told. It measures approximately one hundred feet by one hundred feet, with a huge picture of the Buddha in the centre.

My friend, being well known to the Geshi of the Gyantse Monastery, told him of our sojourn, and we were made welcome; we stayed there for the night. This monastery is similar to all the monasteries with the exception that in the centre was a huge chorten or shrine (60 feet high) depicting the five elements, earth, water, air, fire, and ether. The top portion of this chorten was plated with solid gold.

In the morning just as the sun rose the lamas were chanting *Om Mani Padme Hum* and we were given the blessing of the Buddha for a safe journey, for it was from here that we should soon be leaving civilisation behind. The track to the right led to Lhasa and the track to the left led to

Shigatse, these being the normal trade routes. The route we were going to take was over the Yung Pass, nearly 18,000 feet above sea level, and this area was mostly uninhabited.

So we set off with many blessings and were each given a prayer-flag called *tungha*. As we went down the valley we could still hear the lamas chanting and the boom of the great gongs and the sound of the *chonghas*. It would seem that we were being given a farewell by over 2,000 lamas.

We crossed the Yung Pass about midday, and a howling blizzard was blowing on the pass. In some parts the snow was several feet deep, and in the narrow path and other parts we were up to our waists in the deep snow. It was hard going and if I had not had previous experience it would have been impossible. I could see why so many had perished in these passes.

On the other side of the pass we reached a small village which is known by the name of Yakpeo. We were made welcome in one of the best of these peasants' houses.

The ground part of the house was used to shelter the animals, yaks, donkeys, poultry. The loft above in which we slept had a stove in the middle. It was a unique experience. Everybody, male and female, slept on the floor together. The donkeys neighed all night and you could hear the yaks chewing the cud. In the far corner of the loft was a square hole in the floor where these peasants sat to relieve themselves. The droppings fell into the muck below and were trampled in by the yaks and donkeys. How I wished then that I had plugs for my nose and ears to keep out smell and noise; and it was not surprising that next morning I said to my friend that I would rather sleep in the open in future. No huts were provided for travellers in this out-of-the-way part of the country, as nobody used to pass in this direction.

I was glad to be on my way again, for I had not yet the power to make myself oblivious to these conditions. We crossed several rivers on the way, some of them rushing with great rapidity towards the great Tsang Po, with ice snow mixed with the water. At parts there were shallows, and at these we crossed. By now I had become accustomed to the wet and the cold; this was an everyday occurrence, and only the strongest could survive. But the anticipation of being with the great sage of Ling-Shi-La was sufficient to carry me on my way rejoicing.

The following day we reached the great Tsang Po, otherwise called the great Brahmaputra, the oldest and holiest river in the world. We were on the steep mountainside and far below was the Tsang Po, the one river I wanted to see, as it contained the ice and snow coming from the great Himalayas through the ages past. This river was about a quarter of a mile wide, and the noise of the roaring water was terrific as it rushed through the gorges. It was dangerous going, for a false step would send us hurtling into the deep roaring water below.

Eventually we reached the bed of the river, the sides of which were covered with wild flowers, and on the slopes were wild roses, rhododendron bushes and wild poppies in rare profusion, hardly ever looked upon by human eyes.

I said to my friend: "This alone is worth coming to see."

We had not spoken for hours. We did not have the opportunity to do so, as we had to travel in Indian fashion most of the way, because of the dangerous going.

We camped on the side of the river for the night, as it was getting late, and it would be impossible to travel in the dark. Besides, Padong was still some miles away. There we would cross the Tsang Po—how, I did not know. Anyway I was content to leave it at that.

While searching around, my friend came upon a cave, and to our surprise a solitary man was there. My friend asked him: "How long have you been here?"

He replied: "Twenty-five years, today." It was a coincidence that we should arrive on that very day.

"What does he live on?" I inquired.

"Oh, fish and various roots he knows of," my friend replied. "There is good fishing in the Tsang Po."

This man recognised my friend as one of the living Masters and wanted to follow us. He was a fine-looking man, one of the nomads who had by some means struck upon the science of the occult. My friend was struck by his bearing and his obvious sincerity. He told him that it was impossible for us to take him with us as we were on a special mission.

Then my friend asked: "What have you accomplished in your twenty-five years?"

He replied: "I can walk across the Tsang Po."

"Is that all?"

"Yes."

"Well," said my friend, "what a waste of time!"

Then he told the man something of what I myself had learned in the short time I had been with him. This made the devotee all the more keen; he seemed to have made up his mind that soon he would be ready to come to my friend, who nodded in assent of this desire and said: "When you are really ready I will come for you. My sanctuary is at Zamsar, away beyond Lhasa by the Kyi Chu River. One day you will find the pearl of great price, my son."

We left him there staring after us, for in his heart was the impelling desire to know the Truth. I looked back and gave him a wave; and we went on our way.

How everything was provided for us in the way of food and shelter amazed me, but my friend had absolute faith. I had often doubted, but he never. I used to say to myself: "I wish I had your faith, I could move mountains." At times he would get my thought and he would say: "You will." These two words rang in my ears, for at that moment I knew why he was the Master of every situation.

We rested about a mile farther down the river for the night. We had fish for supper, also for breakfast next day. How my friend managed to get the food I do not know to this day; I felt I could not ask him.

We were now only five miles from Padong, and we reached it in four hours after we had set out. The going was hard and dangerous, and one mile in just over three-quarters of an hour was slow work for us who could do about twenty miles in a day.

Few people had passed this way. In some places there was no track at all. I wondered how we were to cross the Tsang Po and said so to my friend, and he replied: "All has been provided!" Perhaps he was disappointed with me for my lack of faith. But my faith grew stronger, as one event after another proved that all was provided. There seemed to be an Intelligence behind all things, great and small, even the smallest detail was taken care of, and I gradually reached the state of mind in which I knew that this was so and eventually I had the assurance too. I knew there was an Intelligence

that ruled the Universe and that the same Intelligence was ruling us also, and being perfect in Itself I knew that no detail would be missing. This has been with me ever since.

Therefore I do not plan but leave it to the Intelligence; everything works out a thousand times better than if I had planned it myself. When I did plan I found I had to continue re-planning. I then realised that when I planned, things did not turn out anything like when the Intelligence that knows the how of all things was leading me. It was a case of “Lead, Kindly Light, lead Thou me on. I do not want to see, one step enough for me, lead Thou me on.” The words of the Master came so often to me, “What I see the Father do I do likewise,” which means action with faith knowing that a perfect Intelligence is guiding every move even to the smallest detail.

When we reached Padong I could see no means by which we could cross the Tsang Po, for here it was well over a quarter of a mile wide. My friend said: “Sit down here!” He was silent for a few minutes, and then he said: “We will have a coracle here in a few minutes.”

No sooner had he said this than a Tibetan carrying a coracle over his head came out from nowhere.

(A coracle is a boat, or a kind of boat, made of bamboo covered with yak skin tightly sewn together and spread over the bamboo sticks which makes it into a sort of square boat three feet deep and about five feet wide, and seven feet in length. The amount that these contraptions carry is amazing. Another type of boat they use is the log of a tree with all the inside cut out; the bottom is then flattened, and the result is an excellent canoe.)

At this place the river is smooth, like a sheet of glass; there was only a slight ripple caused by the gentle breeze that was blowing. My friend went up to the man with the coracle and said: “Will you take us across the river to the other side?”

“Yes,” answered the man, “the Hermit of Ling-Shi-La told me you would be here today, and I was just coming with the coracle when I saw you. My name is Pede Dong.” My friend asked no further questions.

We got into the coracle and away we went, Pede Dong paddling for all he was worth, for though the water was smooth it was silently but swiftly flowing, the current being strong. We reached the other side about half-a-mile down the river.

These coracles are light and are of various sizes; some are as much as 10 feet long by 8 feet, wide and can be carried easily on the head and back; they weigh only about 85 lb. to 95 lb.

Now we were on virgin soil, a part of Tibet which had not yet been explored, yet there were numbers of yaks, goats and sheep. The nomads were there with their great mastiff dogs to protect the flocks from the snow leopards and the wolves which at night come down to devour what they can find. These fierce mastiffs attack and kill these marauders.

These dogs would not hesitate to attack a stranger and destroy him. So we kept one eye open. Eventually we got on to a track which would take us over a high pass. Pede Dong told us it was 19,000 feet above sea level and that the winds were so strong that no living soul had ever crossed it, except the Hermit himself who lived beyond in the valley, a valley which was said to be the most beautiful in all Tibet.

My friend took the lead, as he always did, this time with a determined look; he knew what was in front of us.

He turned round to me and said: "You know that legends are told about such places as these. Some of them are true, some are just legends, but I think there is some truth in the legend about this pass."

"Look!" he exclaimed. And there on top of the pass we could see the snow whirling up into the sky as the hurricane wind tore into it. If I had been by myself I would never have tackled the journey but I knew that the faith of my friend would overcome all obstacles.

With steady steps and strong wills we trudged on, climbing, climbing, climbing, I wondered how much more. We had left the wood-line now and were in the open, and as we entered the snows the wind blew fiercer and fiercer. I thought: "Will we ever reach the top of this pass alive?"

We had to pick our way, as there was no real path to guide us, just a goat track here and there; one goat track would lead one way and one another, but my friend always picked the right one.

The snow was extremely deep, but the surface was hard with the continual freezing, and it held fast. I wondered, should the crust break, how far I would sink into the snow beneath me. Like Peter on the water, I was wondering. My friend must have caught my thought, for he said: "The snow is like a rock under your feet!"

The wind by this time was terrific; it was forced up between the mountains on each side which formed a funnel through which it gained momentum. As one gust followed another it was just as if a gigantic force was pushing the wind through the gap that separated the towering snow-clad mountains on each side. The sight was certainly glorious but it was an awe-inspiring one. The great glaciers, those rivers of ice, could be seen forcing their way down the mountainside, crunching their way to the valley below.

For a while we took shelter in a sort of cave by the way, and watched the awe-inspiring scene, when we heard a thunderous noise. We looked up, and lo! a gigantic avalanche of snow and ice was tearing everything before it. Millions of tons of snow and ice thundered down the face of the mountain into the deep ravine where other avalanches had gone before.

“A sight for the gods alone,” I said, “for no one could ever pass this way.”

My friend did not answer; I did not think that he was worried—I knew him better than that. At last he said: “Let us go on.”

We had reached two-thirds of the way to the top of the pass when he stopped. “Look!” he exclaimed, and there we could see the Hermit about two hundred feet below us on the rock face. We could hear him calling us not to go further up but to climb down on to the face of the rock and on the right side, and there we would find no wind blowing. We did so and reached a ledge that ran along the mountainside for about two hundred yards. Then we saw the valley below: a more gorgeous sight I have never seen.

Away in the distance was a lake, in the middle of which there was an island, and on that island was a house, exactly as I had seen it in my reverie. The valley was pale green, covered with a carpet of wild flowers of varying colours; the lake also looked a pale green, reflecting the valley and the snow-capped mountains surrounding it. Lower down, the mountains were covered with wild roses and rhododendron bushes in full bloom.

“What a wonderful sight!” I said to my friend, “the Hermit has the loveliest place in all the world, and no one has seen it but himself.”

Here and there I could see wild yaks and wild donkeys grazing peacefully in the valley, and I was eager to get farther down when we again heard the Hermit’s voice this time calling: “Be careful and be patient, and

watch for falling rocks above you. The goats sometimes dislodge a rock which sends an avalanche of rocks down the mountainside. You are protected and all will be well.”

I knew then that all would be well. We got down easily now to where the Hermit was. There was rejoicing at our meeting in the flesh.

I said: “How is it that there is no wind here?” and he replied: “Look at the formation of the rocks; do you see those great rocks jutting out above you?” I looked up and saw great jutting rocks.

“The wind,” he explained, “is deflected above these and leaves this area free; that is why no living soul has crossed that pass, and this is the only way, my secret way, into my valley.”

“What about the other side?” I asked.

“That is even more difficult to enter,” he replied.

“All the valley to yourself! How wonderful!”

“The time,” he said, “will come when the valley will be populated; people will eventually find their way here. At present it is hallowed ground. Heaven and earth here are joined together. Only spiritual beings and those who can travel in the astral have access, and I may tell you there are many.”

We wended our way down together, and the rest of the way was easy. We reached the edge of the lake, and the beauty was unsurpassable. The foliage was even more beautiful than I first thought. The over-all shade was a soft pale mossy green and by the side of the lake was a coracle. We got into it and the Hermit paddled us across to his island sanctuary.

Never shall I forget the sight. Natural foliage filled the area, right up to the edge of the natural green grass lawns, which some sheep and goats kept short by eating lusciously. Then came palm trees which seemed to have been planted and specially cared for. I could see that they were of the same species that studded the natural foliage. The Hermit said that these grew from slips which he had planted and, as they grew, he tended them so as to make them into a regular formation. At the foot of the palms were wild flowers and large Chinese poppies of a very delicate blue, and in the centre of all this beauty was built a charming house of stones neatly fitted together. The roof was constructed from bamboo covered with thatch made from palm leaves, and inside was a beautifully clean floor made from fine

sandstone taken from the rock nearby. The furniture was made of bamboo and grass worked into exquisite designs.

There were also cooking utensils which he had brought over from Gyantse on his many trips in and out of his sanctuary. The couches were made of bamboo with grass knitted tightly into various designs. As I sat on one I said: "This is comfort personified."

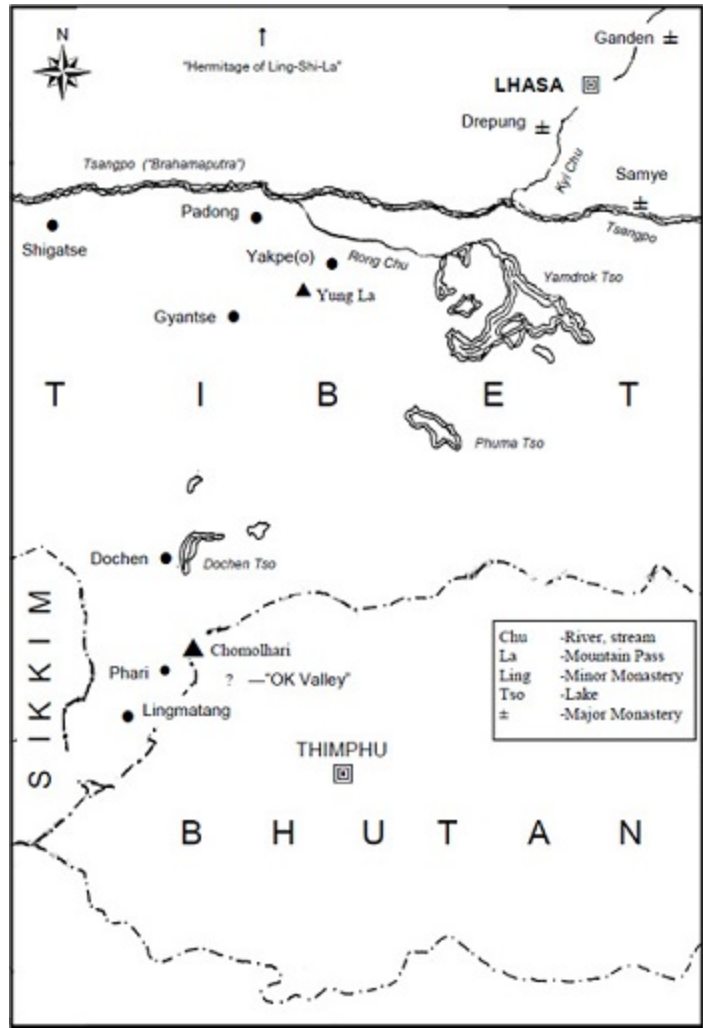
He built the fire of dry wood gathered from the island and with the use of a piece of flint and a piece of steel he lit dry leaves and blew them into a blaze. Then he laid the wood upon it and in a few minutes there was a lovely, comforting fire.

I said: "You are a very self-contained person!"

"Yes," he explained, "but my work takes me all over the world. Just as you saw me in Ok Valley so I travel everywhere, healing and influencing minds towards peace and happiness. You will learn much of that here with me, my son."

His long grey hair and beard and his deep set eyes shining brilliantly with intelligence gave him a dignity of bearing seldom possessed by any living person. His look contained the wisdom of the ages. He stood over six feet, and he gave one the feeling of a mental as well as a physical giant. I said to myself: "This is truly the wisest man in all Asia."

* Strips of sun-dried lean meat (antelope, buffalo, etc.).



MAP 4. ("OK VALLEY" TO "LING-SHI-LA")

CHAPTER 11

AS we sat round the fire for a little while talking, there was a sense of perfect harmony. We all felt as if we were one family. There was nothing strange or strained as there usually is at a first meeting and I felt that much more would be revealed to me here.

Although we had done the journey in six days, which is just half the time it would ordinarily have taken, I did not feel tired. There was such an atmosphere of peace all around us. I felt exhilarated—yet I could do with a wash! The Hermit must have sensed my feeling, for he said: “Take that path there,” pointing to a path that led down to the lake, “and you will find a pool in which you can bathe; the water is warm. There is a hot spring at the edge of the island and the hot water runs into the pool which I have made, only be careful not to go too near the spring itself because it is boiling, and while you are having a bathe and wash-up I will get supper ready.”

My friend and I then walked down the path. At the sides all the way down were wild flowers, especially Chinese poppies of exquisite colours and very large, the largest I had ever seen. When we reached the lake we could see at the side a bubbling spring of boiling water which ran into the lake. Here the Hermit had built two walls out into the lake which kept the hot water in an area of about thirty feet or more before it merged into the lake of cold water.

I stripped, got in and swam to the end of the channel between the two walls. The water near the spring was hot but as I got farther out it became cooler until it reached cold water. The water here was clear and I could see many fish swimming round.

I said to my friend: “What an ingenious contraption, hot and cold water at call. The Hermit has everything to his hand. What a wonderful place! Put this down in the middle of England or America and thousands of people would be swarming to it every year.”

We swam about in the pool—I do not know for how long—when we heard the Hermit calling: “Supper is ready!”

I said: “What do you think he has got for supper?”

“That will be a surprise,” came the reply—and indeed it was. There, laid on the table, were grilled fish, fresh butter and plenty of milk, and bread which he had made himself.

“Where in all the earth did you get this bread?” I exclaimed.

“Oh,” he smiled, “you will see my corn and barley fields tomorrow and my little mill with which I crush the corn and barley.”

The fish was delicious, and the bread was made from mixed barley and cornmeal and it had a nutty texture. I never tasted such excellent bread before, and the butter was as fresh as if it had just come from the churn.

I turned to my friend and asked: “Did you ever taste anything like this?” It was a good meal and we enjoyed it, for we had not eaten since early that morning.

Supper over, we sat by the fire again and talked about the things we had done. This pleased the Hermit, and he said: “You are the first two people that have ever entered my sanctuary, and you, my son,” looking at me, “you are the first person from the outer world who has had the privilege of being taught by the great Masters on all the Sciences of the occult.”

“Yes,” I said, “it is a great privilege and I am indeed grateful to you for your very kind invitation and welcome to this wonderful sanctuary of yours.”

“Nothing happens by chance, my son,” he said. “Many have been called but few are chosen. You have followed that for which you were born; few ever do, the world has swallowed them up.”

I thought to myself: “What an apt term, for it nearly swallowed me up too.”

“You have come here because it was ordained that you should,” he continued. “Your work is unique and the world needs your message, but you have to be prepared for greater things to come. You will also write books, of a kind that has never been written before. Books have been written by others, but they do not help man to know himself.”

“We have been watching over you for a long time,” he added, “both those who are in the flesh and those who are out of the flesh.”

I said: “I do not feel worthy of all this.”

“We are not concerned with your worthiness; we are concerned only with how the Truth can best be made known to the world. You are a good instrument and we know that you will be a better one after this.”

Then he said: “As your time is limited, I do not intend that you should waste any of it, so we will start working right away. Tonight I would like to instruct you on certain matters pertaining to the work before the actual practice.

“What is necessary to a consciousness that is clear is not only a free mind, freed from all that is false, but also a consciousness that is creative. The mind is the instrument but it is the consciousness that has creativeness. Your consciousness,” he said, “is like point which has the totality of all Creativeness behind it, and your thought expressed is in exact proportion to your state of consciousness. If your consciousness is caught up in mental images, beliefs, and such-like, then your creativeness is smothered up because the consciousness is caught up in your beliefs, your ideas, your images, your authorities and formulations, and you will note that these are not creative.

“Now you must learn here through practice that your consciousness can move in space and is creative at any point in space you desire, because the totality of all Creativeness is behind it.

“You do not know what your consciousness is, therefore you do not know what Creativeness is, but your consciousness cannot be separated from the totality of all Creativeness in the Universe, for there is only one Consciousness, there cannot be two, neither can there be two Creators. Your consciousness then is the point through which Creativeness works and is the point through which you express Creativeness.

“Now, if your consciousness is caught up in a mind that is confused with ideas, it will merely express this confusion, and you will not know what is true and what is false. What is in the mind is not creative. Creativeness is beyond the mind, in a consciousness that is free from the confusion of ideas.”

I said: “I am beginning to see further ‘now.’ ”

My friend was also attentive, and I could see that he also was amazed at the wisdom of the Hermit.

“Therefore your consciousness,” he went on, “is like a broadcasting station through which the Creator is sending His perfect vibrations outwardly in all directions. These vibrations move through your mind, brain, and nervous system, affecting the heart, glands, lungs, vaso-motor system and all organs of the body, thus registering its effects there, and then go out beyond the confines of the individual into the world of ether that few know and understand.

“It is only the idea of age that makes you old, because you are expressing the idea of age and not the Creativeness that is Eternal and Ever-present.” This was in response to my thought, for I was thinking at the moment, “I wonder how old you are.”

Then he said: “The Creative vibrations rush out into the atmosphere on their creative mission, harmonising everything.

“If your consciousness is caught up in your ideas, your fixed beliefs, then it is your ideas and beliefs that are being expressed and not the Creativeness that alone is creative. Your ideas are not creative because you do not know whether they are true or not.” When he said this I looked at my friend for it was he who had first said these words to me.

Now I could see that I was being taken further along the way to Truth. I could feel the transformation but could not explain it. Yet I knew it to be true and it was not an idea, because I could not make an idea of it. What I created in my mind did not matter, because what was in my mind could not be the Truth. Truth was beyond mind but I knew It to Be my Real Self. I was aware only in my consciousness and, when free, I was creative.

Then he said: “Man is not a mere physical being, he is in Reality, a centre of consciousness in the totality of all Consciousness. Now this must not be a mere idea, and you must not try to form an idea of it, because then you will lose It, nor must you try to form an idea in your mind of what I say. What I am trying to do is to clear the consciousness, so that That which *Is* Real can manifest.”

I realised that what he was pointing to was beyond mind. Divine reason would lead me to that which was beyond reason, beyond mind.

“If your thought waves merely carry the vibration of your conditioning, then you have done nothing. But when your consciousness is freed, then the Creativeness that created all things will express Itself without effort,

because being effortless there is no resistance, no confusion, no conditioning, no reaction, only pure action.

“There is no such thing as ignorance or fear in the Creativeness. Ignorance and fear exist only in man’s mind through lack of understanding, and therefore have no existence outside man’s mind. But when the Creativeness becomes active and free through a clear consciousness it sweeps through the billions of cells in the body, creating Its own natural rhythm. Thus the Creator and His Creation become One.”

I said: “I have heard those last few words before, but now they seem different.”

“There you go again,” he said, “you are merely super-imposing another idea on the one you had before, only because this one looks better than the last one. Is that not so? This is not an intellectual discussion; it is a transforming process.”

I thought to myself: “How can I get over this?”

He said: “Let it all drop from your mind; free your consciousness from the intellect—the intellect does not know what is true and what is not true. Life’s Creativeness is *Now*, the intellect only speculates about It. Creativeness is now! If It is not *now*, It will never be, because you do not create It.”

“I do not want you to make an idea of what I say to you,” he went on, “I do not want you to make what I say to you a mere belief, for then it will be just another belief a little better than the previous one.”

I was now beginning to understand myself, my ideas, my beliefs, my images. I could now see that none of this could ever be the truth, nor could I make it the truth. Truth was the Living Creativeness beyond the mind and would express Itself more as I understood that which was hindering Its true expression.

“When you accept me as an authority,” he went on, “or any other authority, then you will begin to fear, and confusion will result. Then you will express that confusion both in your mind and body and beyond, and that is not Truth.

“Love is something you cannot define. Love is Creativeness in action. Love is Creative action. Ideas and beliefs can only create reaction, and reaction can never be Creative action. Creative action is the expression of

the Divine Consciousness within the individual consciousness that realises It through freedom, the individual consciousness being the point through which the Divine Consciousness expresses Itself. Thus the individuality is dissolved into pure action, for there is only 'One.' Now you see it is the self that hinders the pure action of Love.

"The release of this Divine Energy through your consciousness will harmonise your mind and body and also those whom you hold in your consciousness at that moment of realisation. The Creator and His Creation become 'One.'

"This delightful effect sweeps through the cells, establishing the Divine Rhythm. There is relaxation, comfort, peace and joy. Possessiveness and fear pass away, for such arise only from human desires."

He paused for a moment and then went on: "The one who is freed will soon become aware of the effect of a wave of anger or aggressiveness because that one feels the inharmony, not that it affects him in any way, but he becomes aware of it, and knows how false it is, having no power except that of the immature mind that is expressing it. It is only the small mind that engages in these false movements.

"Since various human thought-waves, such as of hate, jealousy, and fear have their effect upon the body, we see them also expressed in the facial muscles revealing the tortured mind that is hidden behind them."

"Now," he said, "here is the secret behind the change of form. Consciousness, being creative, alone creates form and is capable of transformation of matter-form through the direction of the consciousness that is creative.

"Consciousness to be creative must be free, so that the 'Father can do the work.' Whatever the Consciousness asks through a directing and understanding faith, the Father fulfils that direction, because there is no separation or hindrance.

"Therefore as the Divine Creativeness transforms the Eternal ever-existing Energy of the Universe into form, so does the individual consciousness that is aware of its unity with the totality of all Creativeness." " 'What I see the Father do, I do likewise,' " I ventured to quote.

"Yes," he affirmed, "no matter in what form, mineral, vegetable, animal, human or angelic, Consciousness is Supreme.

“This is the secret teaching which Jesus gave to his disciples. Therefore all power is in the Divine Consciousness in heaven and on earth.

“Remember the Divine Idea is not a human idea; a human idea is a mental image, but the Divine Idea is the manifestation of the Divine Itself. ‘I and the Father are one.’ These words you yourself know, but to many they are mere words because their consciousness is a prisoner in their own creations, and they only bring the idea into their self-created prison, the doors and bars being their ignorance.

“The Divine Idea is the ‘word’ of Creation and must ever remain the same perfect Creative Word, the form changing into greater splendour to reveal the Divine Idea. Therefore the vibration of Love is the keynote of perfect Creation and the rhythmic organisation of atoms into more perfect form.

“Therefore you see that a clear consciousness is not bound up in human ideas but is the point through which the Divine Creativeness acts to combine the ether atoms, to form the pattern of the Divine Ideas.

“There is an Intelligent Force, a knowing-how, that induces magnetic attraction which binds the ether atoms as the basis of the form to be manifested in the realm of the physical atoms which produce condensation, and the materialisation of the atoms to be seen by the physical eye.”

“Now,” he said, “tomorrow we will have definite practice in astral projection and, according to the freedom of your consciousness, so will you move in the astral and each evening we can have further discussions.”

And he added, “The sun has already set and you should retire for the night. Tomorrow morning we will watch the sun rise and in the evening we will watch it set. I want you to see the whirling of the snow on the pass as the sun’s rays strike it. It is truly a wonderful sight.”

“I can believe that from what I saw today,” I said, “I love to see the sun rising and setting.”

Around the main room there were small alcoves in which comfortable stretchers were fitted. So I retired for the night, knowing I should have a peaceful, satisfying sleep.

Next morning I was awakened by my friend tugging at me. I had not moved from the position in which I had lain the night before. He said: “Breakfast is ready.”

I was soon up, shaved, dressed and fed, and we went out to see the sun rise. We watched it climb up from behind the pass. The snow was still whirling into the air and I could see the red glow behind it. It was like a gigantic white veil with all the colours of the rainbow showing through it. It was a sight I shall never forget as long as I live—the sheer wildness of it thrilled me through and through. The pass then became visible and I could see how impossible it would be to cross it. The comparison between the calm surface of the lake and the hurricane that was blowing nearly 19,000 feet high was like a calm sea, and a hurricane that would toss a giant liner as if it were a mere cork.

“Now,” said the Hermit, “I want you to begin to learn the art of astral travel,” and we went inside.

He directed me to lie down and relax every muscle and fibre in my body. I very soon found myself going into a semi-trance state. It was not a sleep because I was in a state of semi-consciousness. I heard his voice say, “Let go of your body,” and as I did so I could feel myself soaring above my body. I looked down at it where it lay and could see that I was free from it.

“Now,” he said, “you must not fear anything or you will come back to your body instantly.”

I felt a calmness, the stillness of another world. I could still hear his voice saying, “You are in the astral now. Now think of the place you want to go to and the person or people you want to see and you will be there instantly.”

I did so and to my wonderment I was there watching what was going on. I was now caught up in the activities of the people I was watching, and it was a queer sensation. In fact, I felt I was actually with them, though not in the physical.

I must have been so watching for about a quarter-of-an-hour, when I heard his voice again: “Now leave of your own will and come back.” I did so and came back into my body with a memory of what I had seen.

“Now,” he said when I got up, “you see your memory is not merely a part of your brain, but it interpenetrates your brain, in an astral counterpart. In fact there is even a finer interpenetrating body in which there is also memory, and this you will reach very soon.”

Then he said: “I am convinced now that you have the ability to travel in the astral naturally, and soon you will travel further in the ether.”

This practice went on for days, and each night we discussed the work I had to do. Then one day he said: “We will now travel together, this time out into the ether of space.”

This, however, was not so successful at first, but after some practice I could master it and said: “Interplanetary travel is already accomplished in the ether; some day it will be done in the physical.”

I knew now how the Hermit could come to a séance while living in the physical body. To him there was no space. Later I made inquiries about those whom I visited and what they were doing, and every detail I had stated of them was correct. They were amazed at my knowing so much about their movements.

I was warned, however, by the Hermit never to travel in the astral for curiosity, but only to help those in need. In many instances since then, people have seen me at their bedside when they wanted help, and this was to me further proof of my ability to travel in the astral.

A certain Doctor W—, a friend of mine in Johannesburg, was startled to see me plainly in his room one night. When he told me of this I explained to him: “I was thinking deeply about you at that time.” This was automatic travel and it is very helpful in healing work, and yet some people were upset at seeing me. Immediately I saw this I made myself invisible by the natural desire to do so, though I did not leave their proximity.

Since then I have been able to travel at will even while in the conscious state, and on nearly all occasions the healing power was felt by those who were being healed.

The Hermit was delighted with my progress and he explained it to me in this way: “What happens in healing work is, the inner mind is impressed, and the impression creates a subconscious activity through the nervous system affecting the generating cells and glands, and then all the cells of the body become active. Miraculous cures are effected in this way.

“These impulses travel in ever-widening circles, eventually affecting the whole of mankind. It churns into motion all the atoms and cells of the body, with the consequent transformation of the cells, and the reaction will be in exact proportion to the state of consciousness, because there is no separation.

“With the change in the rate of vibration in the body, the body reflects this activity upon the mind, and this produces a feeling of well-being.

“The very opposite takes place with man himself when in fear. This unnatural vibration upsets the natural equilibrium and when a man is ignorant of the cause more fear enters and adds fuel to the fire which man has already kindled by his negative thought-action.”

He paused and then: “You see,” he said, “when man is caught up in his own conditioning and is influenced by his surroundings, his mind reacts to these conditions—when he fails to understand himself and the cause of his conditioning.

“Man’s consciousness permeates the whole of his mind and body. When he fails to understand that he has his roots in Reality which is Superconscient, where the totality of all unconditioned Intelligent Energy exists, he flounders in his fear because he is ignorant of his true nature.”

“Then,” I said, “man’s consciousness, when free, really exists beyond the confines of his body.”

“Yes,” he replied, “you see consciousness is firstly expressed through the mind, and then comes the influencing of the body through the brain and nervous system. The first nerve plexus rules the heart, lungs and glands, and other parts of the body. The cranial nerves are responsible for the transmission of the vibration of light, sound, and feeling that come from the external world and these must be interpreted without fear through understanding.

“The consciousness also moves downwards into the emotional life of the individual through the solar plexus and then into the lower vitals to the physical, then to the total activity of the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms—the Subconscient. Here all action that is behind all mineral, vegetable and animal planes is, controlled and directed. Man’s consciousness encounters all the highest in the Superconscient to the lowest in the Subconscient.”

“Yes,” I remarked, “I can see that the whole is under the direction of the Consciousness—Life being Consciousness and Intelligence acts through the mind-substance. Divine Consciousness, Intelligence and Substance are One.”

“Yes,” he agreed, “but man, being ignorant of the Subconscious activity as a beneficent natural instinctive force, sees evil and as the result creates his own hell and the devil is himself.”

“You see,” he went on, “the lower vital belongs to the part of the nervous system from the solar plexus downward. This includes the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms which are subconscious in man. The Subconscious activity belongs to the totality of all action in the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms and is subconscious in man.”

He continued: “When the consciousness becomes aware, it frees itself from the fear which is engendered through being ignorant of the activity of these forces. Man has been given dominion over all things above and below, but few have gained this understanding.”

“Now,” I exclaimed, “I see that the whole activity is ‘One’ but man has divided it up in his own mind, and then what he fears, he produces just as he fears.”

“Yes,” he said, “through the whole of the animal nature there is one complete mental activity which belongs entirely to this plane. The same with the vegetable and the mineral. Man’s consciousness is the ruling factor in them all. All wild animals are controlled by man’s consciousness when he knows himself, his thoughts, and his reactions, and when he understands his feelings and desires, his beliefs, his ideas, and how they are formulated in his mind. When ignorant of this he falls into the error of seeing a power that is evil or a power that is greater than himself and he begins to fear nature. He sees a power that is good and one that is evil, and so he eats of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil and dies in his sin, his sin being his ignorance.”

“Yes, I see now,” I said, “I see that our emotions, fears, hates, anger and jealousy, and such-like, all arise from our ignorance of the Subconscious, and when not understood affect the whole body function. Through our senses we acquire conflicting ideas which we cannot correlate. Thus we have a confused mind.”

“Yes,” he said, “your fears, your beliefs, your mental conflicts affect the whole organism. Thus the whole of the Subconscious within the individual becomes confused, with the result that the body suffers; then the body talks

back to the mind. The mind, unaware of what the cause is, succumbs to the unnatural state of the body. Paul says it is Eve that is deceived.”

“Oh, I see,” I replied, “Eve represents the soul and Adam the body. So Eve is deceived and Adam, being the body, must suffer as a consequence.”

“Yes,” he said, “you have it; truly you have it.”

He added: “You see, my son, as you have already learnt through your training, the Spirit-Consciousness in man is free, and although incarnate in the flesh It is still free, otherwise It could never be free. Freedom is your natural state; it is your conditioning that is unnatural, created by yourself.

“The easiest and quickest way man can find this freedom is through love and understanding. The Subconscient is not evil in itself, it is the means of man’s growth. But man attaches evil ideas to it, with the result that he begins to fear what he does not know. But what does he fear? He fears his own ideas and is caught up in his own conditioning. Only when he begins to realise that it is his own ideas that he really fears does he free himself from his own creations and becomes consciously free, and then he thinks purely. Then the Spirit-Consciousness which is Divine can transform his mind and body by Its own Eternal Presence.

“Man is the image and Likeness of his Creator, he cannot be otherwise, because God is all there is and we cannot exist apart from Him.

“So, you see, my son, It is the Unknown alone that is creative. What is known can never be creative, for the creative ever remains unknown. What you know is relative—external—created, and can never be creative.

“Others who know nothing of the Truth merely give you an idea, but that, you see, is relative and you merely imitate their ignorance. When you realise this and discern the falseness of it, then the Creative, the Unknown, will be revealed, but will still remain unknown. Thus you will find the Unknown within you, but never external to yourself, my son. I cannot tell you what It is; no one can. Others can give you only an idea of It and this is not the Creative. The Creative is your own Livingness.”

I sat back and again thought to myself: “Truly, he is the wisest man in all Asia.”

CHAPTER 12

IT was a month since I arrived at the Hermitage of Ling-Shi-La and I had gained more than I had ever hoped for. The days were an ever-increasing joy to me, and a deep affinity had grown up among the three of us.

My friend who had met me at Kalimpong was now my constant companion and I decided to stay with him for the rest of the time left to me. His Sanctuary was beyond Lhasa, at a place called Zamsar, and we had many talks about it. We talked also about what the Hermit had said and my friend gave me much enlightenment on points I could not then grasp.

My friend's sanctuary was 200 miles away from the Hermitage of Ling-Shi-La. The journey there together, and the experience and joy of the companionship, will have to be told in another book which I hope to write later.

I had grown to love the Hermit during my stay with him and he felt the affection I had for him, for it was returned a hundredfold. I was his son, his true Spiritual son, and we both felt the same way. To me he was a true Spiritual father, and when I told him so his eyes would light up with joy, and I could feel the flow of that love that is beyond human understanding coming from him as he put his arm around my shoulders.

He was the sage of sages and I drank in every word he said. My friend also felt that warmth of love coming from the Hermit, although an adept himself he respected the wisdom of the sage of sages and listened with an attention not known to the ordinary man.

The joy of this true Spiritual companionship cannot be expressed in words, for there are no words coined to reveal the true meaning.

In a few days I would be leaving with my friend on our long journey over the roof of the world. He himself had come all the way to Kalimpong to meet me, nearly three hundred miles. His adeptship was second to none; he had a deep understanding of all that was false, and it was this that at the beginning helped me most. To cast off the burden that I had carried so long

put my feet on the first rung of the ladder on which I have climbed steadily ever since.

During the last few days we fished on the lake for food only, the Hermit's desire being that we should take only for our needs from day to day.

I asked my friend: "How old do you think the Hermit is?"

"No one knows his age," he replied, "and he will not discuss it with anyone. But it is a very, very long time since he taught at Ganden monastery."

The Hermit was also an authority on rare plants and roots. He had a wonderful knowledge of the rarest plants and roots in all Asia, and he would explain to us what they were and their uses.

The rarest of these plants, he said, grew only in the highest mountain regions, and the difficulty of locating them, together with the hardships experienced in the mountain regions, prevented all except the most experienced climbers possessed of maximum endurance to reach the coveted prize.

I said that I would like to search for these plants. I had always been keen on searching for the unobtainable, and I was eager to go searching. My friend looked at me as much as to say, "Do you know what you are letting yourself in for?"

Anyway, it was decided that we would try to find four of the rarest plants, and we set out with that purpose the next morning, each taking with us some food in a haversack and some warm head-gear and gloves as a protection from the icy blasts of the high mountains. We also took climbing staffs, an ice axe and a rope in case we should need it, and a light spade with which to dig, in the snow.

The Hermit thought that the most likely place to find the plants would be up towards the pass, and we steadily made our way in that direction. I was amazed at the Hermit; he could outstrip us both and we were both experienced climbers. I had already climbed many passes, and even before coming to Tibet I had done much climbing in the New Zealand Alps¹, also in Europe.

It was getting dark when we reached the high levels above the wood-line in the eternal snows. The Hermit said: "This is the time to find the Arhota; its root is the shape of a human body. It has a head, body, arms and legs,

hands and feet, all represented by its roots. It has a flower that sparkles like a diamond; it can be found easier at night because it shines like a light in the snow; It grows underneath the snow many feet deep, yet it has the power to melt the snow around it and make its way to the surface. Its petals are white, like the snow, and if it did not shine and sparkle it would be impossible to locate it. It gives off a sort of phosphorescent glow.”

“This plant,” he added, “is used by the lamas as a general tonic for all ailments; the different parts of the root can be pulverised separately and used for the different parts of the body it represents.”

We kept our eyes open, you may be sure, and we scanned the snow upon which the moon was now shining. The Hermit observed an Arhota first, and we dug down in the snow until we reached the root—and there, just as he had explained it, there it was with the shape of the human body.

It was exceedingly cold now and the winds were becoming very fierce.

The Hermit said: “I think we had better practise Tumo for a while to generate heat in our bodies.”

In an aside I asked my friend: “And does the Hermit practise Tumo, too?”

“Yes,” he replied, “he is master of all the occult Sciences.” In a few minutes our bodies were like fire.

“In the morning we will look for the Ngodevwa², which is the flower of the angels,” said the Hermit. “Its name is appropriate and, if we can find one, you will remember its beauty forever. This flower is also most difficult to obtain, as it grows deep underneath the snow. The only indication of its presence is a hole in the snow about six inches wide. It grows mostly where there is rock underneath. It generates a heat within itself and melts the snow all the way to the surface while it itself is hidden. We must find it before the sun rises, otherwise the hole gets hidden by the heat of the sun as the snow melts around it.”

Again it was the Hermit who found the plant, the Ngodevwa. We dug down till we reached it, and I never saw anything so beautiful. It had a velvet surface, and the shine was impossible to describe completely. The petals were yellow, coming out of a deep purple centre with streaks of pink leading out into the centre of the petal right to the end. The petals were all

of uniform size, with ends that came to a point dotted as if you had just painted them with pink and purple spots.

The Hermit prized this plant as one of the rarest in all Asia, and indeed it was a beautiful specimen. The root of this plant, he said, had never yet failed to cure kidney, bladder or dropsical conditions. When the lamas found this flower they used it very sparingly, even the smallest portion of it being effective.

I was now getting more and more excited. We had been out a whole day and a whole night. We already had two meals and we had enough left for a third.

“Now,” said the Hermit, “we will climb down to the rocks and there we hope to find the Chomdenda, which means ‘The conqueror.’ This plant grows out of the rock in the high rocky regions. Its root has tremendous power, and we shall have to chop it virtually out of the rock. Its colour is grey and black, with a grassy stem, and at the end grows a grassy top.”

“The properties of this plant,” he went on to say, “are that it sustains you for days, even months. The lamas use it when crossing the mountains on long journeys. It has tremendous sustaining power. The lamas believe that it has the power of the mountain rock in it, and some call it the ‘Elixir of Life.’ It is brewed into a concoction with spirit made from corn, and it has the power to rejuvenate the cell structure, and it prevents wastage when the adepts are on a long practice of asceticism. The effects of a concoction of this plant, taken liberally, cause a deep trance or coma; the heart virtually ceases to beat, and suspended animation sets in. In this condition the body can be put into cold storage or buried deep in the snow for weeks. The Tibetan Yogi uses this concoction sometimes when he leaves his body in a cave and he wanders several weeks in the astral, and, when he comes back to his body, there is no wastage of any kind.”

It was the Hermit again who found this plant, the Chomdenda, and he had to cut it from the rock with an ice axe.

“If you don’t mind,” I said to the Hermit, “I would like to take a bit of this with me.” We all laughed heartily, I didn’t know at what, but we kept on laughing for some time. It was my friend who had started us off. I asked him what we were laughing at and he replied: “You should know.” But to this day I don’t know!

“The last of the four rarest plants is called Yartsa Gumba³,” said the Hermit, “it means summer grass and winter insect. The most extraordinary thing about it is that in winter it becomes a root and in the summer it becomes a caterpillar, and when the caterpillar becomes a root in the winter a flower grows out of its head. These plants are very scarce and are seldom found, but I think we may find one. We will look for it on the lower levels as we go down.”

Sure enough the Hermit found it. “Now,” he said, “this is just in-between summer and winter, and you see half of the caterpillar has already gone hard into a root, and you see the flower is beginning to come out of the head.”

It was amazing to see the change taking place.

The properties of this animal plant have the effect of clearing the brain. When the lamas find this plant they use it to stimulate the brain centres so that they can stay awake for days without feeling the need for sleep. When on long journeys, in the winter snows, to sleep would be dangerous; anybody could be buried in the snow in no time. Also it is a strong nerve stimulant, and by using it the lama can travel for days without sleep or rest.

These rare plants fascinated me. Few people had any knowledge of them; certainly no one in the Western world had ever seen them. They may have heard of them, but I do not know of anybody having seen them.

We reached the Hermitage that evening—we had been away just two days and one night. The Hermit said it was a great achievement, for it took days, sometimes weeks, to locate the Arhota and the Ngodevwa.

We had been travelling all the time except for eating and digging, and I felt tired. I dived into the warm pool and swam around and felt quite fresh when I got back. We had supper and then retired for the night. I did not know it was morning until I felt the usual tugging of my friend.

Time was passing rapidly and I was feeling sad, for the parting was at hand. I felt I could stay here very much longer, but the Hermit said: “My son, you will have to go back soon into your world to do the work for which you were born.”

“You are going to stay with your friend,” he went on, “during the time that is left. Make the most of it. He will give you details whereas I have

shown you the whole. This will be my last talk with you, my son.” So we all sat down, eager to hear what he had to say, and this is what he said:

“Divine reasoning and knowing the self will lead you out of the false. But even Divine reasoning must cease before you can experience that which is Real, for the Real is beyond reason, beyond the mind. To discern that which is false will enable you to free yourself from it.

“But, as I have already told you, the known is not creative; only the Unknown is creative. The known can never be the Unknown.

“You see, my son, in every nation, in every group, there is a conception of Reality which they call God. But this is just an intellectual approach to Reality-God. Most people are discussing Reality so as to discover what Reality is. Hence we have so many different philosophies, so many different groups and religions.

“Reality is the Unknown and alone is creative—you understand that, my son?”

“Yes, I do,” I humbly replied.

“The mind cannot comprehend Reality, but you can translate Reality into your daily living by understanding that the only way to approach Reality is by true affection and love. Then you will find yourself giving expression to Reality Itself; in this way you will translate Reality into your everyday living.

“Most people do not approach Reality through Love and affection but through antagonism and fear. Is it not so, that the members of a group while trying to approach Reality are antagonistic to the members of other groups? This is stupid nonsense, my son.”

I was beginning to see more now; though the known was not Reality I still wanted a way to express It. I could now see that the key was in loving your neighbour as yourself.

“Is it not so, my son, that you have in the past tried to corner a bit of Reality for yourself?” he asked. “But it did not work. You desired Reality, only so that you could get what you wanted. Reality to you was but a means to an end. This is not expressing Reality; it is merely a suggestion in opposition to another suggestion in your mind.

“Now you know that the only way to express Reality is through love and affection, and then there is no frustration, no opposition. But this affection

does not mean that you are merely in love with the idea that by so doing you will get what you want.

“People everywhere are seeking the love of God but hate their enemies. They are praying for peace but are preparing for war. They want success at the expense of their neighbour, but they are really cheating themselves.

“You see, my son, it is this inward poverty that makes them look to the external and they miss the Creativeness that is ever-present and Eternal.

“In the past you were discussing Reality as an idea, and so the idea became to you the Truth, when it was not the Truth.”

I knew that now, for my friend very soon disposed of that fallacy with the first few words he said to me: “It does not matter very much whether it was true or not.”

What I had, was not the Real—and I knew it at that very moment, and I said so.

“True, my son,” he affirmed.

Then he went on: “Nearly all literature on Truth or philosophies discusses Reality as an idea. Reality is Life, and the mind cannot conceive what It is, therefore it is useless trying to make an idea of Life. But when you see that an idea is but an imitation, a mental concept, it dies away. Then Life that is ever-present becomes a Reality in you. You do not create It; what you create is not Reality. Reality is not an idea or a mental formulation but an actual Livingness expressing Itself in Love and affection. As long as you have merely an idea of It you will never know or experience It.

“You must realise, my son, that you live because Reality lives. Reality is Life—the Unknown is Life, and Life is creative; you do not know what Life is but you know that It is.”

“Yes,” I said, “I do now know that It is. I am the Life.”

“Yes,” he interrupted, “provided you do not try to make an idea of It. You see, my son, if your prayers arise merely from an idea or a belief which is your own conditioning they amount to nothing. This conditioning must cease to be, before the Unknown comes into Being.

“You must never lose yourself in philosophy or question another on that which can be realised only by yourself. You see, my son, if I would philosophise to you about the wonders of Reality you would build up only

an idea of Reality. But you can never give expression to Reality through an idea, only through the action of Love and affection.

“You do not know what Love is, but you can experience Love. Possessiveness is not Love. Love is Eternal and Ever-present, whereas possessive love comes to an end.

“God is the Unknown and cannot be known; The moment you think you know God it is not God you know, but an idea of God—a projected image which hinders the discovery of the Unknown.”

“Yes, I can see that,” I said, “at first I was afraid to throw away the false. My mind always wanted something to hang on to. But when I saw how false it all was and how my ignorance blinded me to the falseness of it, the false fell away. The freedom I felt was beyond words. I was no longer caught up in beliefs, in ideas; and my fears dissolved as I saw they were my own creations.”

“Yes,” he said, “that is all very true. *But Reality is never the result of the false, or the elimination of the false. You must know that It is now at this very moment and does not rise out of the false. The false has no foundation whatsoever; it is a myth. It is a self-created illusion.*

“You see, my son, beliefs are a process of the mind and are born of the known. If you merely say ‘God is the Unknown’ you create an idea of the Unknown. But your mental creation of the Unknown is not the Unknown—the Creative—the Real.

“The man who accumulates wealth, builds temples, organises religions; the bishops, the cardinals, the preachers, as well as the man who drops the bombs, say that God is their companion. Surely their belief is but a form of self-expansion. It is merely their own conceit. Those who have conditioned their minds to a particular pattern which they call their religion can never realise the ultimate Reality which is Love and Affection.”

“Yes,” I said, “I can see that, and that is the cause of all antagonisms, each having a different pattern, a different religion, a different idea, trying to make others conform to their idea, and if they don’t succeed they look upon you as something apart from themselves. They live in separation, which is the cause of all war, destruction and misery. They divide themselves into groups, nationalities, which is but a formulation in their

minds. There is only one God, one Creator, and all must be His creation. The Creator and His creation are one.”

“Yes,” he said, “for the Unknown to Be, the mind must be completely emptied of what you believe or disbelieve. You must understand the whole content of your mind, the whole process of ideas and formulations, and by this means only will you be aware moment-to-moment, without any sense of accumulation. Your mind must be utterly silent without acceptance, without resistance, condemning or blaming; when the self has died then only is there that which is Real.

“Words are not important to you any more, for there is a state of Creativeness which is not an idea or a word or the expression of the self. You will then know what *Is*, what is Indescribable.

“A description of the Indescribable is merely a cultivation of memory. To verbalise the Indescribable—the Creative—the Unknown, is to put It into time, and that, which is of time cannot be the Timeless.”

“Now you see, my son,” he said, “this knowing is not the result of the known but knowing that the known is not the Unknown—the Creative.

“It is not obtained through reason because It is beyond reason, but It does not run contrary to reason. It is not obtained through space or time factors, because It is Ever-present in Its own Eternity. Therefore, every moment, all Life is concentrated at any point in Its omnipotence that you may choose to realise.”

“Yes,” I said, “I realise now that Divine Reason helps towards Divine Realisation. I can reason towards the Ultimate but reason must cease because it cannot go beyond mind. *When it knows that it can never know, at that moment there is Reality.*”

“Yes, my son, I see that you understand now, and *with this understanding you can go further, for there is no ending. Anything that has an end is not Reality.*

“It is the Unmanifest that gives rise to the manifest; the invisible gives rise to the visible. The Unknowable is the Creativeness within that creates, but will ever remain the Uncreated, the Unknowable. The creation can be known, but the Creativeness ever remains unknown.

“Those who seek to corner Reality for their own welfare become antagonistic to others; therefore, there is no love, no expression of the Real,

only the self. It is the self that stands in the way.”

“Yes, ‘I of mine own self am nothing,’ ” I quoted. “Then Love, Wholeness, comes into Being. In Luke 12: 20, I have read these words: ‘Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee; then, whose shall then these things be which thou hast provided?’ I can see now why prayers, year after year, cannot take the false out of the world. If the teachings of the Masters had not been mutilated to suit the dogmatists and separatists man would have freed himself long ago from imitation, beliefs and ideas, which are causing so much strife in the world.”

“I can see also,” I continued, “that good prayer is our Love and affection for others; false prayers are our words.”

“Yes, my son,” he said, “it is not an intellectual reaction that is needed, but an expression of Love and affection. So, transformation can take place immediately. Love and affection is action; the intellect merely reacts. Time will not bring It, only an understanding of the self; then there will be an immediate response where memories of right and wrong have passed into oblivion.”

As I looked at him I saw that he was enveloped in a light as bright as the sun, and to me came these words, “I am not of this world.”

But I knew now that to try to escape from the world could not end its trouble. To isolate myself from the world would be of no value, but what would be of value was to work in it with others, knowing them to be my brothers and sisters, and that what I had was in common with everyone, because all were struggling for freedom but did not know the way to it.

I saw how all were caught up in a civilisation which we had created ourselves with its clash of arms and din of social problems. The world was the people, the people was the world, a world wracked with fear, insecurity and distrust, because they had failed to see the false, thereby failing to understand the true principles of Life which were Love, affection, compassion, forgiveness and good-will. The world has disregarded the things that mattered while being steeped in the things that did not matter.

Even now we are trying to remedy the effects instead of eliminating the causes. We may well ask ourselves—where are we heading? Not until we embrace the true Christ Principle of living scientifically, individually and

collectively, will we be able to look upon the face of the holy man and say “brother.”

“I wish I could come with you into your world, my son, but the people would not understand me yet, we will be with you always, even unto the end of the world, for there is no separation between us: the Spiritual and the physical are one. When this is understood the world will emerge from the darkness into the Light that is eternally shining to show mankind the way.”

“I am the Light of the world and he who heedeth me shall never know the darkness.” These words passed through my mind as he spoke.

There was a silence for some time; none of us spoke. We were in silent prayer in a way that few could understand.

Then the Hermit spoke. He said: “My son, tomorrow you will be leaving me. In one way I am sorry to see you go, but in another way I am glad. And I am more than glad you came. There is no need for me to say that I love you as my son.”

I felt tears coming into my eyes, and I said: “And I love you as a father, beyond earthly affection.”

I had to pull myself together to check the flow of tears. Few can know that true comradeship that comes from the highest motives and true Spiritual understanding. To be with the Hermit was to learn to love all things great and small, for he was the expression of Love itself.

Next morning we were up before day-break, as we had to get over the pass before nightfall. The Hermit came with us part of the way. Several times I looked back at that wonderful sight, the lake, the island, the house and all that it meant to me. It would be the last time I would look upon this scene with my physical eyes, I knew that. So we climbed, one following the other, the Hermit first, then my friend and I came last.

We left the Hermit just above the wood-line. We could see him standing there looking towards us as we climbed farther and farther. His long white beard and white hair were blowing in the wind. We climbed and climbed and still the Hermit was there. I said to my friend: “Although there is parting in the physical, thank God there is none in the Spiritual.”

“So say I,” he echoed.

I stood for a time and waved back to the Hermit, for we would soon be moving out of sight around the rock face to escape the hurricane over the

pass and then he would disappear from view.

I said aloud: “I will never again look upon you with my physical eyes. It is a sad moment I feel now.”

Then turning to my friend: “There is no separation in the Spiritual. I will have to leave you also one day, and that will be an even deeper sorrow, but I am glad I came and that we have met in the flesh. And I will rejoice in the knowledge that we are not separated in the Spiritual.”

The Hermit had now passed from view. I wondered what he was thinking at that moment.

We climbed now in Indian fashion, there being no room for two on the path. We each had our own thoughts. And they were much the same. We reached the other side of the pass when it was getting dark and we found a cave to shelter in for the night.

We had taken some food with us and we ate it with relish. We wrapped our robes around us and soon fell asleep in the cave that sheltered us from the storm that was howling outside.

Next morning we made our way down to the Tsang Po River to find the man with the coracle waiting for us. My friend spoke to him in Tibetan and said: “But how did you know we were coming?”

He said: “The Hermit came last night and told me you would be here today.”

When my friend told me this I said: “Wonders will never cease.”

We crossed the river and remained at Padong that night. Next morning we started on our long journey of 150 miles to Zamsar. It was a long journey but I loved every bit of it, for my friend—who was more than a friend to me—was a true Spiritual companion whose knowledge was even more astounding than I had first thought. He was a true adept. The journey and what happened on the way, and what I learned on that never-to-be-forgotten sojourn at Zamsar, will have to be told in another book which I hope to write in the near future.⁴

* * * * *

This present book has been written mainly for enlightenment—not that you will find Truth in any book. It is to be found only within yourself and by yourself; no one else can give It to you.

Some people think they will understand Life by following experts, by joining philosophical societies or religious organisations. But to know Truth—Reality—there must be freedom from all these things. Freedom can never come through another. It is only when the conditioning influences of belief and the process of accumulated memory are understood that there then comes a silence that is not enforced, and in that silence is the discovery of the Real. But if your mind is disturbed you are reacting because of your mental formulations, you are caught up in what you believe to be true or not true. With Truth there is no reaction, there is action, and only in Love, Wisdom and Power—

And the Kingdom of these—the Kingdom of Heaven—is within you.

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1. The Southern Alps in the South Island, New Zealand.
 2. *Ngodewa*. (*Gentiana Grandiflora*) of Gentianaceae family. Herb (whole plant used). Found in scattered locations (at 3,500-4,500 m) in Bhutan and Tibet.
 3. *Yaartsa-gunbu*. (*Cordyceps sinensis*). Mushroom (whole plant). Extremely rare; found at 3,500-4,500 m in Bhutan and Tibet.
 4. “The Yoga of the Christ” the sequel to ‘Beyond the Himalayas’.

THE YOGA OF THE CHRIST

By
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PUBLISHERS PREFACE (2006)

THIS new revised edition of “The Yoga of the Christ” differs from the original edition as some words have been corrected to actual spellings and by the inclusion of additional material such as photographs and maps. Footnotes have been included to give further information to words and personages named in the text.

Where the author uses actual place-names for villages, monasteries etc., only those sighted on current topographical maps of Tibet appear on the maps designed for this edition.

FOREWORD

THE Christ Yoga is Christ Consciousness and is beyond all other Yoga. The Christ Yoga is Freedom, and without freedom there is no Christ Consciousness—there is merely the self which is burdened with system, with knowledge, with technique.

It will be seen, as we progress, that desire and search have their opposites, their resistance. All desires and searching are but an extension of the self, which is not the Real. The Christ Yoga is to understand all that is hiding the Real—the Christ. Therefore it is entirely different from all other types of Yoga, which are merely systems which demand a searching in which there is no finding. Thus “becoming” is an illusion. Reality is *NOW*.

Now it is important to bear in mind that there is difficulty in understanding that which is new—ever-renewing. We can understand what the mind is made up of, but it is what the mind is made up of that causes all the resistance to the new, to the Real.

So in reading this book it is essential to read it aloud and listen as if you were listening to someone else without resistance, without prejudice, and only in this way can the mind know itself with all its opposites, its beliefs, and fabrications.

What I am going to say now is very important for you who are embarking on the road to Freedom—the Christ Yoga.

Most people listen casually; they only hear what they want to hear— they shut themselves off from what is penetrating or disturbing their conditioning, their beliefs, their opinions. They listen only to the things that are pleasurable, satisfying their own conditioning.

But there can be no real understanding if we listen *only* to those things that soothe us, that gratify or confirm our beliefs, our ideas. *It is an art to listen to everything without prejudice, without building up defences to protect our ignorance, our confirmed beliefs, our original knowledge, our particular idiosyncrasies and our own points of view, and listen to find out*

the truth of the matter. For it is only the truth that fundamentally frees us—not conclusions or speculations, but the perception of what is not true. What the mind is made up of is not Truth; the Truth is beyond mind, so the mind must cease to formulate before Truth is revealed.

The truth of the matter can never be revealed to a mind that is narrow, bigoted, conditioned with beliefs and knowledge that is binding and blinding.

The Christ Yoga is impossible to anyone who approaches it with a mind that is cluttered with private conclusions, prejudices and experiences. The Christ Yoga is the Love, the Wisdom of God—the Christ free and active, not merely an idea of It, which is a hindrance to Its Creativeness. An idea is but the projection of the self with all its conditioning surrounding it.

So, when listening, do not merely listen to the word but to the inward content of it, and thus you will discover the truth of the matter for yourself. When the mind is freed. from its own formulations, only then is Truth uncovered.

When you are caught up in your daily struggles, in your fears, in your business worries, family quarrels, social enmities and frustrations, these may be too much for you. So you pursue the so-called Truth as a means of relief, but this form of escape can never solve any problem; it only dulls the mind while the confusion remains. As long as the mind is trying to escape through stimulation and so-called inspiration, through prayer or repeating mantrims, it is incapable of understanding its own process which is essential to freedom.

Self-knowledge is the only way. All forms of escape take you away from the fundamental principle underlying the Christ Yoga.

So, in listening, it is not the accumulation of ideas that will set you free, nor mere conclusions, theories or speculations, for these are a hindrance to Creativeness of the Truth. Only by understanding the self with all its fabrications can it be realised that this self-knowledge is the doorway to Truth, the gateway to the Christ Yoga.

CHAPTER 1

THIS book, *The Yoga of the Christ*, is a continuation of and a sequel to my last book *Beyond the Himalayas*, and it describes that never-to-be forgotten sojourn with my friend, the journey to Zamsar and back to so-called civilisation as we know it, to fulfil the task allotted to me.

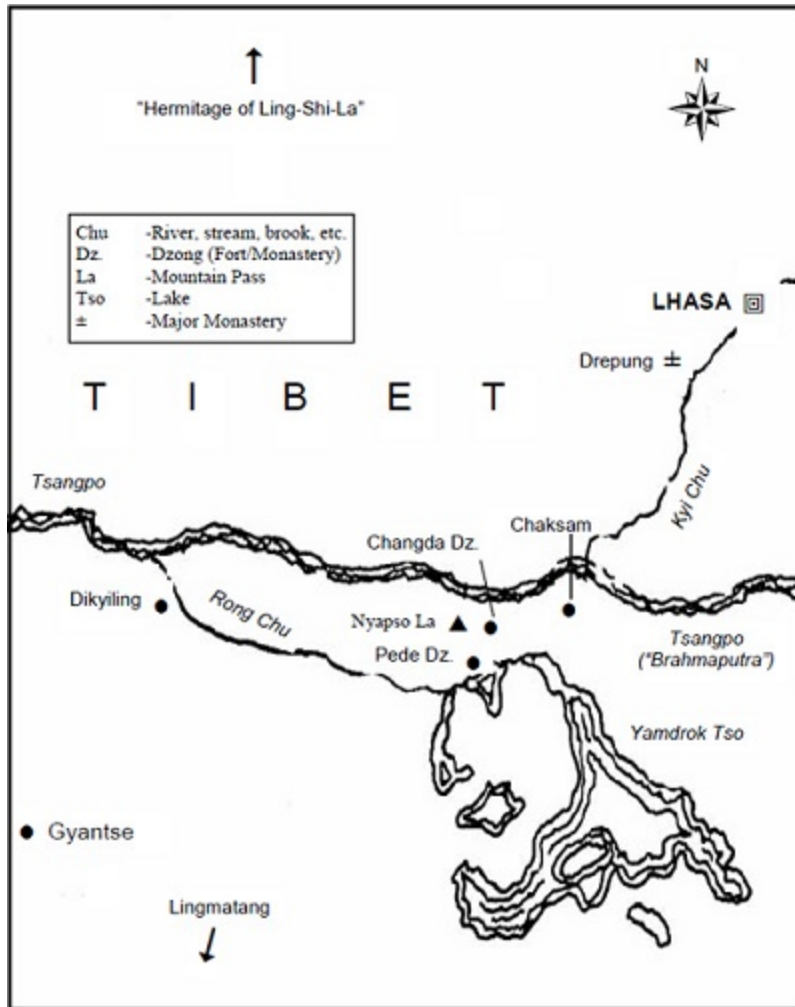
The glorious revealing of the Christ Yoga is beyond price, and it is the foundation of the coming age when Love and Wisdom will prevail. What we know now as a civilisation will be as ashes like similar civilisations of the past.

After we left the Hermit of Ling-Shi-La we both agreed that it would be better to reach the quiet of my friend's sanctuary at Zamsar before we commenced our real work of the Yoga of the Christ, so we left it at that. In the meantime we would enjoy each other's companionship on the way, and every step of the way would be a revealing process to me.

After crossing the Tsang Po (the great Brahmaputra) we took shelter in a cave beside the river for the night. There we found some dry wood and lit a roaring fire on which we cooked some food we had taken with us. We kept the fire going well into the night and talked about the Hermit and his life. I fell asleep and did not wake until the sun rose. It was cold but I felt refreshed and went down to the river to have a wash. When I returned, breakfast was ready and we ate, and then made our way towards the trade route to Lhasa, retreading our steps as far as a place called Dikyiling. From here we took the path to the left running along a river called the Rang Chu, and then we linked up with the trade route along the side of the great lake called Yamdrok Tso, sometimes called Lake Palti or the Turquoise Lake (because of its colour).

It took us three days to reach this point, the going being extremely rough, just a mere narrow two-foot path, but eventually we reached the trade route which meant comparatively easy going. When we reached a small town called Pede Dzong my friend called on the headman whom he knew well and he supplied us with two ponies. I was glad to have that faithful Tibetan

pony all the way to Zamsar and back. My mount was a stallion, jet black, not a spot of white anywhere, and very sure-footed. I named him Black Prince. At first he was a little fresh, but he settled down as we got to know each other. One gift I always had was that of getting on well with horses, for I had been brought up with them in my early life.



MAP 1. ("LING-SHI-LA" TO LHASA)

I can remember, when I was quite young, that we had a very wild black stallion called Black Prince. None of the others dared go near him, yet I could enter his loose box and feed him with linseed cake which he chewed with relish. One day my parents saw me feeding him and they were extremely distressed, indeed they forbade me to do such a thing again. Yet I loved that horse and at no time did he ever try to kick or bite me. From then onwards I was supposed to have what was known as the horseman's word.

What that meant I did not know, and it was considered to be a secret. Yet I am convinced that there is no such thing as a horseman's word, only a response to love that one has for animals. My Tibetan pony reminded me of Black Prince, and hence his name.

My friend and I spoke about things in general on our way, for we had already decided not to pursue our real work till we reached Zamsar.

For miles we wandered on, taking in what we saw. My thoughts often strayed to the sanctuary of the Hermit of Ling-Shi-La and what had been revealed to me there. To me the Hermit was a real memory, and much of what he had said was unfolding in my mind as we went on our way. My thoughts and those of my friend were often very much the same; many times we would speak of the same things.

On the third day we reached the Turquoise Lake. "So this is Yamdrok Tso," I said. It could well be a loch in the Highlands of Scotland where I was born, with an island not far from the shore and, beyond, the mountains covered with snow. The water was of a greenish blue which gave it the name of Turquoise Lake. No wind was blowing and the surface was calm. I got off my pony and went down to the water's edge. From there I could see plenty of fish swimming around, hundreds of them. My angler's eye fastened on a few and I wished I had a rod and line just then.

"What an angler's paradise!" I said to my friend.

"Yes," he replied, "I could see the glint in your eye but we have no time for fishing now."

Here we were, 14,000 feet above sea level, and it was fresh even though the sun was shining. The lakeside was covered with wild flowers, making a profusion of colour.

"What a sanctuary," I said, for there were hundreds of wild duck and geese on the lake. I picked up a stone and threw it into the water near them and off they flew, quacking over to the island about half a mile away.

I felt joyful—the scene was so lovely, with life all around us, and the roughest part of the journey over. All day we rode along the lakeside, and we passed several trains of yak and donkeys carrying loads both ways. In one train I counted more than 500 yaks and in another train I counted 150 donkeys.

The village of Pede Dzong juts out into the lake, and right on the farthest protruding part stands an old fort. It reminded me of Glen Urquhart Castle jutting out into Loch Ness of Inverness-shire in Scotland. Around the ruins were patches of wild flowers; blue and violet delphiniums were there in profusion, with other wild flowers such as gentian, etc.

We made two halts on the way, cooked our food and slept in our sleeping bags. The only things that troubled me were the mosquitoes.

We travelled around the lake till we came again to the Tsang Po, after crossing the Nyapso La. From this pass, 16,000 feet up, we could look down the valley of the Tsang Po, and as far as the eye could reach I could see the valley was covered with green, red and brown patches of cultivation through which the great Tsang Po flows.

Here and there the high ground on each side of the river was dotted with houses with red roofs, and on the far side was a great range of mountains covered with snow. I gazed upon it for some time and then I heard my friend's voice calling: "Where are you?" for he had gone ahead.

I replied, "Coming," and I could hear my voice echoing down the valley. It was a queer sensation, and I recall it as I write.

Down we went zigzagging for nearly 5,000 feet and then we came upon this very fertile valley. The wild flowers were in profusion over two feet high. Never had I seen such an array of colour. There were blue and violet delphiniums, primulas and gentians, wild rhubarb and Chinese poppies and many other wild flowers.

Where the track reaches the Tsang Po the river is over a quarter of a mile wide and it flows very rapidly. I threw a piece of wood into the surging mass of water, and the wood sped away at the rate of about thirty miles an hour.

The Tsang Po was in spate, the snows from the great Himalayas were melting, and recently there had been heavy rains lasting some days. We rested at a place called Changda Dzong. My friend was known all along the trade route, and we were made welcome in Changda at the home of the headman, a man called Dor Tsang. We were fed well and slept well. Next day we proceeded down the side of the river to Chaksam. Here we crossed without incident on a ferry made from trees with spars tied across them, holding them together. Although the river was at this time considered

dangerous, we reached the other side safely, more than half a mile down from our starting point.

Here the river widens several miles and winds its way through the sand wastes as far as the eye could see.

The track now on the other side of the river zigzagged up and down, sometimes high above the river and then down again by the riverside, till we reached the Kyi Chu, a river almost as wide as the Tsang Po. (Kyi Chu means river of happiness.) Here these two great rivers meet, the Kyi Chu coming down from Lhasa and the Tsang Po running into it. At the meeting of these two snow rivers there was great turbulence, whirlpools hundreds of feet wide whirling and surging, aggravated by the swollen waters. No living thing could last in this torrent of rushing snow-water for more than a minute; even a boat would be swamped and sucked down in the whirling mass of water which was once ice and snow.

We watched this terrific struggle going on as the waters met.

I said: "I don't think there is anywhere in the world a sight like this."

"No," my friend assented, "this is one of the great sights of the world, but few from the outside world have ever seen it."

Both rivers were now one and turned at right angles. It was still the great Brahmaputra, and Kyi Chu swallowed up in it, now one, making its way to the sea through the richest fertile area in Tibet. We could see away in the distance both sides of the river richly cultivated. Throughout this area there are a number of ferries. The first is at a place called Dorjetra, another is farther down at a place called Chitishio Dzong, another is at a place called Gerba, and yet another is at Timen, all being in a stretch of about forty to fifty miles, an area never yet visited by any Westerners.

We were still clad in the robes of the Lama and had all the privileges that are afforded them. My friend did the talking, I answering in Tibetan when asked a question; but never allowing myself to be caught up in a flowing conversation. On the way we met several Lamas who knew my friend personally as a great sage, and this put him always in the foreground.

Next day we reached Drepung Monastery, the largest monastery in the world. My friend was well acquainted with the Abbots there and we were made very welcome. My friend told them of my work and why I was in Tibet, and this created great interest among the Abbots. I was introduced to

a Lama called Mundu (that was how his name was pronounced). He was educated in India and went to England to study mining engineering. He was a delightful fellow. He spoke excellent English and we had many animated talks together.

I was amazed at the size of Drepung Monastery. It is a big town, self-contained, with over 9,000 Lamas. The main hall accommodated over 6,000 Lamas at one time. The prayer wheels were the largest I have seen in Tibet; they were about ten feet in diameter and moved on cog wheels. A handle turned a large wheel which in turn turned others which turned the great wheel with ease. When one revolution of the prayer wheel was made, a gong rang which could be heard all over the entrance hall in which it stood; this was a sign that your sins were forgiven.

The ritual and all the paraphernalia were much the same as in other monasteries, like those I mentioned in my book *Beyond the Himalayas*.

I had been given comfortable quarters and good food. We stayed in Drepung only one day and one night, as we wanted to proceed to my friend's sanctuary at Zamsar as quickly as we could.

We decided not to waste our time with officials, so we agreed after visiting the Potala at Lhasa to go on. The Abbots were astonished at our decision. Officialdom to them was of great consequence, but to us it was merely waste of time.

As we reached the gateway leading into Lhasa we came upon a swarm of beggars sitting by the roadside, with their tongues protruding as a sign of thanks for what they expected to receive.

These beggars are professional and would not deign to do any other work. They are led by the bandits I told you about in my book *Beyond the Himalayas*. They also assume that banditry and begging are a gentleman's occupations.

From the outskirts of Lhasa the Potala looked majestic with its golden roofs shining in the sun. It stands upon that great rock upon which it was built many centuries ago, seventeen stories high, long before America was ever heard of. Yes, the Potala is perhaps the largest single building in the whole world.

We went to the Potala with written permission. The Regent was then in charge. The Dalai Lama¹ was in Darjeeling in India at that time, having had

to flee for his life. I saw most of the outstanding things including the Garden of Mystics, the Dalai Lama's tomb, etc., his throne and many other important things which make up their religion in which I was much interested; knowing what religion is, I knew that it was all made to impress.

We think that by giving a coin to a beggar we have solved the problem. We call it charity, so we feel important, we feel noble. But is it noble? Are we not all responsible for the society that permits of this tragedy in human wastage?

We see the aged, the blind, the crippled, the diseased, we see the loathsome state of affairs outside these majestic edifices built of stone, cluttered inside with riches. Yet the living are allowed to rot and die in their appalling misery. Yes, we stand branded, yet unashamed of our own miserable handiwork, in which organised religion fails to raise her head because she belongs to the society that is responsible for this state of affairs.

Yes, Lhasa is a city of beggars, filth and intrigue. There is no idea of sanitation, men and women squat down on the street like dogs. It is only the cold climate that keeps an epidemic from spreading. Dead dogs lie on the roadway, others are so emaciated that they can hardly walk, with sores all over. I felt that if I had a gun I would shoot the poor miserable beasts to free them from their misery. The dead ones are eaten by the living, for that is all the food they can find. Litters of pups are born from an emaciated bitch that can hardly crawl herself. It is a miserable sight to witness in the centre of one of the great religious places in the world. The disregard for life of all kinds, even human life, is beyond description.

Tibetans will spend any amount of time and money on their "dead" religion but have little or no interest in the living things around them; even the most primitive hygiene is sadly lacking. We see magnificent buildings, temples with golden roofs, etc., built over the dead bodies of past Dalai Lamas, yet ordinary kindness to the very least is lacking. Where is there Love in any of these religions? There is none! Not even in the best of them, they are cold dogma with no love or life in them.

Most of the shops, which are really stalls, are run by women. In fact they are considered better business people than the men. We got to the Post Office where we found a Lama who spoke English. He was educated in India. I posted a letter to a great friend of mine, Dan Wanberg (who has now

passed from this earth life) in Johannesburg; his wife Teddy still has that letter, which she regards as one of her most cherished possessions.

The name Lhasa means “the place of the Gods.” We visited the holiest shrine in the world, Jo-Kang. It has a golden roof which shines in the sun. This shrine was built in A.D. 650 to enshrine the image of the Buddha brought by the wives of the great King Song-tsen Gampo (c.618—649).

In 1925 a plague of smallpox broke out in Lhasa in which about 8,000 people died; their bodies were put into heaps and burnt outside the city, and the stench, I was told, was too terrible.

As we passed the Temple of Jo-Kang we saw beggars and pilgrims alike prostrating themselves in the filth before the temple, uttering prayers all the time; they crawled along on their bellies because it would be sacrilege to walk. What has the mind of man come to when he worships a building built with hands? He grovels in the dirt debasing his very soul—the real temple of the living God. I was so disgusted by what I saw that for me the very presence of the great Potala lost all significance.

We entered the temple where there was a large figure of the Buddha covered with diamonds and precious stones, probably the most precious image in the world. Around this image were gold butter-lamps which have been kept burning without a stop for hundreds of years. We passed other shrines on the way, but to describe these would fill a book by itself.

One shrine I must mention is that of Palden Lhamo². This Buddha is equal to the Hindu God Kali, wife of Shiva. There were two images, one of which showed her as a frightful monster clad in the skins of her human victims and eating the brains of others from a human skull; around her were the emblems of disease and death, hideous masks, and all the hideous contraptions for killing people. Her face was too horrible to look upon. This was what the poor deluded people had to look upon! If this is religion then the sooner we get rid of it the better, and perhaps now the Communists have occupied this so-called holy city the sooner will this so-called religion, which lives on intrigue, be relegated to the scrap heap where most of its poor deceived adherents are thrown without mercy, without care or love. What I saw in the Potala I will describe in more detail in the next chapter.

* * * * *

Agricultural methods in Tibet today are exactly as they were a thousand years ago. The surface of the earth is still scratched with primitive ploughs, but without the winter frosts to break up the soil this ploughing would be useless.

The sound of the deep-toned cowbells which hang around the necks of the yak or dzo pulling the plough adds to the fascinating picture, which though primitive has its charm. The women, barefooted, with their skirts tucked well above the knee, walk behind the plough scattering the seeds which are immediately covered with earth by a primitive harrow made from a log of wood with hard spikes of wood pushed through holes burnt for that purpose.

As soon as the seedlings appear, the Ngak-Pa or miracle worker comes along with a large number of mud balls; and he lays a spell upon the earth, goes to the top of the nearest hill and offers prayers to the various spirits for the protection of the crop from hailstones, hailstorms being very prevalent in Tibet.

When the clouds appear on the horizon he extends the fourth finger of his right hand and blows blasts on a human thighbone trumpet and commands the storm to retire. If the storm does not obey and hail stones fall, he works himself up into a frenzy and repeats mantrims over his beads and hurls a handful of these enchanted mud balls at the storm.

If the hail passes without damaging the crop he becomes the centre of admiration and reverence from the cultivators, but should they lose their crops he not only forfeits his fee but also has to pay a fine imposed by the government. This is idiotic superstition at its best.

At harvest time all the village turns out to bring in the crops which are cut and threshed at the same time and place. A suitable piece of ground is prepared and the oxen are brought in to tread out the corn or whatever it is, and eat their fill while doing so.

The threshing is now completed with flails which consist of two pieces of wood joined together with a yak skin hinge; then the chaff is separated from the corn and packed away for cattle feed during the winter.

When the harvest is over there is great rejoicing; the people dance, and drink beer to their hearts' content, many being unable to stand up. The "occasion" ends with singing and dancing.

1. Incorrect. Murdo may have got confused with one of his previous trips to India or most likely a later return trip to Tibet (c.1950):

The 13th Dalai Lama (Thub-bstan-rgya-mtsho 1876-1933) Assumed full power in 1895. Forced to flee once to Mongolia in 1904 to escape British troops invading from India (Younghusband's Mission), then secondly forced to flee in 1910, this time to Darjeeling, India to avoid the invading Chinese forces. He returned to Lhasa in 1913, where he was head of an independent Tibetan Government until his death in 1933. Two months after the death of the Dalai Lama the Cabinet appointed as Regent of Tibet the young head lama of Reting monastery until a new Dalai Lama could be found. This happened in 1938. But it wasn't until 1940 that the current and 14th Dalai Lama (Tenzin Gyatso, born 6th July 1935) was enthroned in the Potala. He subsequently was forced to flee to Chumbi Valley in 1950, returning in 1951. In March 1959 the Dalai Lama was forced once again to flee from invading Chinese forces to India where he continues today to live in exile near the border in Dharamsala, India.

2. Paldren Lhamo. The Goddess of disease, battle and death. Protective deity of the Jokhang, the most revered religious structure in Tibet.

CHAPTER 2

I HAVE now gazed upon four of the greatest religious buildings in the world: St. Paul's London, St. Peter's Rome, the Holy Mosque at Khadimain on the River Tigris fourteen miles above Bhagdad, and now the Potala at Lhasa, unique and the most difficult to reach in all the world—and all this in one lifetime. Perhaps not more than a handful of people out of the whole world have done the same.

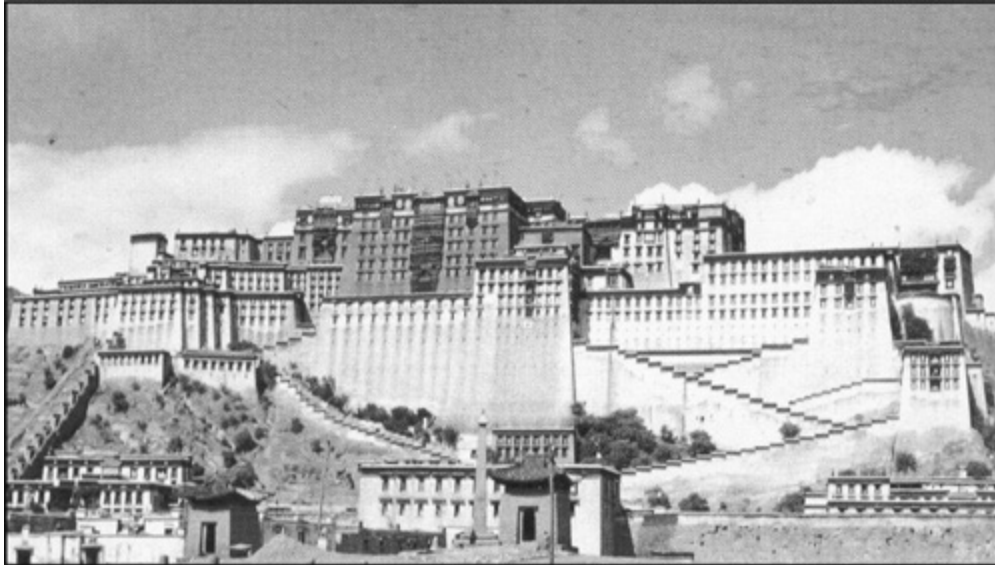
The Potala as a religious centre represents one-fifth of the total population of the whole world. All those who follow the Buddhist religion look to the Potala at Lhasa, the seat of the great Dalai Lama, the spiritual head of all Buddhism.

The Potala is built upon a great rock in the middle of the Lhasa plains, through which the Kyi Chu flows. This majestic edifice, the Potala, stands over 400 feet high and measures nearly 1,000 feet long, and including all the outbuildings it covers an area of nearly 1½ square miles, surrounded by snow-capped mountains. This towering whitewashed monument of seventeen stories high was built in the sixteenth century before our western skyscrapers were even thought of. The building workmanship is perhaps the best in the world, having been built to stand through the ages. Its golden roof will still be glittering in the sun when other skyscrapers have crumbled to mere rubble. It is undoubtedly the inspired skill of some master builder, carried down through the ages.

The Potala stands out above everything for miles around. As we looked upon it in the moonlight its great whitewashed face stood out as if reflecting an eerie unseen light with a dazzling brilliance. It has a magic quality; its mystery grips you as you gaze upon it.

The sky, a blue canopy overhead in which sparkled millions of twinkling stars, and the light of the full moon gave it an ethereal quality, as if we were transplanted to another world. In the distance we could hear the deep sonorous voices of the Lamas repeating the familiar formula *Om Mani Padme Hum*, and with this the deep tones of the great gongs and the

sounding of the chonghas intermingling with the tinkling of hundreds of tiny bells held a fascination for me. Although I had heard all this before, yet it had this night a deeper feeling of wonderment. Yes, it was the most fascinating and magical sight and sound that could ever fall on the eyes and ears.



“...its mystery grips you as you gaze upon it ...”

“Truly, there is nothing like this in the world,” I said to my friend. He was deep in thought and my voice must have awakened him out of his reverie, for he looked at me in astonishment as he replied: “What did you say?”

I found I could not repeat the words, so I said: “It is truly wonderful,” and he smiled as if a memory of long ago were passing through his mind.

Although the Potala is of purely Tibetan architecture, yet it reminded me of Arabia and Egypt. Not only did its colossal size take my breath away but also its colour and beauty of structure fascinated me.

It fitted into its surroundings so naturally, giving the impression that it could not have been built by man, but had in some way been just placed there by some unseen hands. The trees, the mountains capped with snow, the lake near by, the golden pavilion shining in the moonlight, the glittering stars, the chanting sound of the Lamas’ voices, the deep boom of the great gongs and sounding of the chonghas and the tinkling of hundreds of little

bells, all mingling together, raised in me an indelible never-to-be-forgotten memory that seems to have lived through eternity.

My friend was well acquainted with many of the officials and he got permission for us to tour parts of the Potala the next day. I saw so much in such a short time that it is only possible to describe the highlights.

What I remember in particular was the Dalai Lama's beautiful suite of rooms. Masses of golden images and golden facings and monograms, embossed in gold, adorned the walls.

There was the throne room with its golden canopy and beautiful rich silk golden woven brocades, with deep purple and gold colouring, all blended into exquisite designs by master craftsmen.

In the Dalai Lama's tomb were hundreds of gold and silver cups and bowls, gold and silver images, gold facing on the walls, and exquisite filigree in gold and silver mounting the cases in which images studded with jewels were kept. I could not help thinking what a waste of time and money it was to house a dead decaying body. The whole thing took my breath away; I had never seen, and I suppose never will see again, such wealth locked away doing nothing for anyone.

The outside canopy of the Dalai Lama's tomb is covered with gold plate. I am sure I must have gazed upon many millions of pounds worth of gold in this building alone.

As our time was limited, and as there was more important work to do than to gaze upon all this wealth, we departed the following morning on our journey to Zamsar.

We reached the Tragtse Monastery that evening. This monastery is perched high on the mountainside. When we came within sight of it I said to my friend: "It seems an impossible task to build such a colossal building so high upon the rock face. How did they get those massive timbers and great boulders into position?" For the task seemed to me to be one beyond human endeavour.

My friend replied: "That building you see is over 600 years old and is as solid today as the day it was built. It will last another 600 years and then be as it is today."

Awaiting me was a most pleasant surprise. I saw Geshi, Rimpoche coming down the steps to meet us! Apparently my friend knew, but did not

“let on” to me. My heart leapt for joy when I saw his venerable face covered with a deep knowing smile as much as to say, “So you see I am here before you after all.”

The joy of seeing him again dispelled the tiredness I had felt, for we had made our fifteen miles that day. Now I knew why my friend was always saying that we must make haste.

When we reached the portals of the monastery, the Abbot welcomed us. He was a tall, broad-shouldered man, about 55 years old, I should say. When he smiled he showed a set of perfect teeth. His face was kindness itself, with a forehead denoting great intelligence. His voice was deep and soft. Unfortunately he spoke only Tibetan. Yet I felt a warmth coming from him and I knew that Geshi Rimpoche had done some work on him on my behalf.

My friend was again the interpreter, but though I could catch some of it I was unable to follow the conversation completely.

I must have fallen asleep, for the next thing I felt was my friend’s hand upon me saying: “We will have some supper, and then you can go to bed. In the morning we shall all meet again.”

I did not eat much, as I was very tired, and then I turned into a comfortable couch in a small room off the Abbot’s main bedchamber.

I did not waken till morning, and then I felt as if I had been drugged, so tired was I. Have you ever felt that healthy tiredness when all you wanted to do was to lie down and sleep, even with your clothes on? That was how I felt that night.

It seemed as if a whole week had been crammed into the two days at Lhasa, and meeting with Geshi Rimpoche again was just as much as I could take. I heard Geshi Rimpoche say (in Tibetan) to the Abbot: “My son is tired, he must have rest now.”

I don’t know when I had felt so tired, and I was indeed glad to go to sleep.

As soon as my head was on the pillow I was fast asleep and did not know anything till I heard the chonghas sounding next morning. We all had breakfast together in the Abbot’s quarters and then went outside to look down to the valley far below. I really felt I could do with a day’s rest here,

and said so to my friend. He said: "I am pleased, because it is Geshi Rimpoche's desire that we stay one day with him now."

I asked: "What has brought him here?" My friend explained: "He is very attached to you; you are to him as a son and even more than that; it was to see you again that he has travelled all this distance."

Just then he came over to where we were. He put his arm around my shoulders and asked: "Were you surprised to see me here?" I said I was overjoyed to look upon his face again. "In fact you were very much in my mind as we came up the valley yesterday, and I said so to my friend here. All I got from him was a sort of knowing smile. But when I saw you my heart leaped with joy."

I could not have said anything better. It was true, it was spontaneous from my heart, and he knew it, for I felt coming from him a sudden warm glow which went through me like electricity, and his face lit up as if the sun were shining through it. "Let us go over there and sit down," he said.

So we went over to the alcove which faced down the valley to where the Kya Chu flowed into Tobing Chu, winding its way in some part smoothly, but in other parts the water was rushing over the boulders sending a white spray up into the air.

The Abbot and my friend were having an animated conversation. So we were left alone.

Geshi Rimpoche said: "I do want you to have the benefit of my life's work. I want you to see all that is false, for in this way only can you find the true."

I said: "Yes, since I left you my mind has been going through a state of transformation. For I can see, now, that nothing in the mind can reveal the Truth. No idea, no experience, not even the accumulated thought of the ages past, can ever reveal the truth. "That is true, my son," he said, "all the Truth the mind can produce is merely a projection of itself and that is not the Truth."

I wished then that he would keep on talking to me on the Yoga of the Christ. He must have got my thought for he suddenly closed his eyes as he always did when speaking in this way. Then he began in the magical voice and every word he said had a transforming effect upon me. I listened not to the words but listened in a way that enabled me to understand myself, that

self that was hiding and covering up the Real. His voice was like music as he spoke; it was like old times again. If you have read my book *Beyond the Himalayas* you will know what I mean.

He began with these words: “Only true meditation can reveal the Real. Although you will not know what it is, you will realise that the mind can never reveal it. The mind, the known, can never reveal the Unknown. The mind is merely ideas, memories, experiences—that is all the mind is made up of and it can never reveal the Real Truth. What most people think is the truth is merely a projection of their mind. They may read about the Truth or they may listen to words which are merely other people’s ideas, but now you know that that is not Truth. Truth can only be revealed from within, never from without.

I replied: “Yes, I have found that out when I was with you at Lingmatang. I realise now that concentration on an idea only narrows down the mind, and a mind that is narrowed down can never understand that which is limitless, immeasurable. Even prayer is not true meditation. Through repetition of words and sentences one can make the mind still and in that stillness receive a response, but that response is not the response of Reality—it is a response of the unconscious mind, because prayer is merely a begging, a supplication and can never be creative. In prayer there is always duality, one who begs and one who grants. You pray for something you haven’t got, either a motor-car or a virtue and so on.

“Jesus said, in other words: When you pray believe you have received. This was the immediate present. *Everything is now*. Meditation is really finding out what the mind is made up of. Now, not some time later, but NOW.

“What your mind is made up of is your conditioning which is always seeking expression in thought Now! To know yourself you must be aware of your thinking Now; then there will not be a yesterday or a tomorrow. For when the mind ceases to chatter Reality is, and Reality is ever-present NOW.

“Yes,” he went on, “true meditation means a mind that is capable of swift pliability, aware extensively and widely, and limitless, so that every problem as it arises can be dissolved instantaneously, every challenge being understood *now* in which there is no response of yesterday. True meditation

is a self-revealing process. Meditation that is not self-revealing is not meditation, it is merely a contracting process that can never reveal anything.”

“To know yourself,” I said, “is to know all the content of the mind both the conscious and the unconscious activities—when it is awake and when it is in its so-called sleep. You have shown me that it is not difficult, yet at times I find it disturbing.”

“That is because you are looking for a result, my son,” he explained. “Let us experiment now, not knowing what you are to find, and you will find always something new. Newness cannot come through memory, can it? Memory is not new is it? Meditate with me as I go along, and step by step you will be doing the same. We are experimenting to find out not tomorrow but the Living Present.

“First of all realise that meditation without self-knowledge has no meaning; self-knowledge is not high or low; your higher or your lower self is but an idea, a product of the mind which is time, and time cannot reveal the Timeless. Therefore in true meditation the concentration on the higher self does not mean a thing. Truly, meditation is to uncover the whole process of thought which is memory and this can be done immediately. Truth is *not* a matter of time; Truth is *now* or it can never be. Time can never reveal the Timeless. Memory-thought is the product of time, is it not? Now what is the self? Obviously it is memory—at whatever level, high or low, it is still memory. As I said, the idea of a higher self and a lower self is merely speculation, a product of the mind, is it not? If you look into it you will find out that it is so. The higher self and the lower self are merely ideas — something you have read somewhere—you think about it and now you think it is real, but it is not a reality.

“You may call the higher self Atman-spirit but it is still an idea in the mind. When you call it Atman you place it at a high level, but it is still part of that which is memory. Therefore to understand the whole process of “myself” I must understand memory, ideas, thought, which is the same thing. There can be no self without thought or memory. So I must understand memory which is not only acquired the previous minute or yesterday but is also the memory of centuries—memory which is the result

of accumulated experience of time, all the influences of the past. All this is memory, whether on the surface or deep in the consciousness.

“But to investigate memory in every detail would take time, though time can never reveal the Truth, for the Truth is Timeless and is *now*. Therefore to use time would be useless. Most people are in the habit of using time to reveal the Timeless, but Truth to them is just as far away as ever. Now we come to the realisation that thought is the result of memory, and memory must be dissolved instantaneously.

“Now,” he went on, “you see the self, the you, is but a bundle of memories which project themselves in the form of thought. Thought and the self are not separate; they are one. This can never be the Truth nor can it reveal the Truth. But we must come to that which is beyond the mind beyond memory, beyond time. *But as long as memory functions there can only be time, and time is not Reality.*”

I did not answer one way or another, for at the moment it was getting clearer and transformation was taking place—I was seeing something I had not seen before. I could now realise that the mind was but a product of time, of memories, of ideas; I could see that, to be free, the mind must see that it can never reveal the Truth. Both conscious or unconscious, high or low, memories could not reveal that which is beyond. I could see that the mind—the me—could never reveal the Truth. Only by ceasing to think about the Truth could I experience the Truth. When I saw this the mind became still, not a forced stillness but a stillness that came through freedom. I no longer wished to be anything. *The desire to become had vanished; my mind could never transform itself into the Truth; nor could it find the Truth.* To reveal the Truth it must be still. Then there was a stillness that was not of Time, a stillness that was not forced or compelled but a stillness that came through understanding that, when the mind ceased to chatter, in that silence was the Real, the Unknown came into being. This was Creativeness. I had no desire for a result. All action ceased, thinking ceased, and this was the highest form of thinking because now there was Creativeness. My thought was no longer the expression of memory, of the past, of what I thought was true or what not true. I saw things as they are, and was no longer caught up in them. All intellectual activity stopped. I no longer wandered or wondered. Now there was neither the thought nor the thinker, neither the experience

nor the experiencer. There was no experience now through memory, through time. There was only a state of experiencing in which time had vanished. Yesterday, today, tomorrow had completely stopped; they did not really exist except in the mind. The mind no longer caught up in time was without time, and that which is without time is eternal with no beginning, no ending, without cause, and therefore without effect and that which is without cause is Real. The Father performs His own deeds. Here was Creativeness—Completeness.

I saw now that the Truth was immediate, the mind, the product of time, had completely stopped. Immediately I saw that all thought was of time, every human problem now could be solved, not in time but now, for Reality had no problem. Only man created his own problems, and to know this was the way to solve them.

I could see that all human problems were the result of memory, of experience, of time. I knew that memory could not solve them; they could not be solved on their own level. It was when memory ceased they were solved *now at once*. They did not exist in the Timeless; only in time did they exist, and time did not exist except in the mind where the problem existed. When God is and there is nothing else, all human problems dissolve away in Love and Wisdom-God.

When I saw this, Creativeness came into being and I knew that all was well. Infinity was the only Reality. I was not a mere automaton but an active Creative Principle that existed everywhere and having no beginning, therefore no ending. Now I knew what the knowledge of the self meant. The self did not exist in Reality, and knowing this I knew Reality was liberation.

So *now* is the only time. There is no tomorrow, no yesterday—when these cloud the present, the now is not realised. So meditation is not a means of concentration, which is contraction, exclusion and limitation. Meditation is Freedom, Freedom from time.

Now I knew that there was only One—the Ever New. There was no duality, no opposition, no desires, no cravings, no past, no future, all that was of the mind, that was the me that lived in separation. The Father and I were one, the Yoga of the Christ was the only true Yoga. The me and the mine now dissolved, only the Whole was real: the drop became the ocean. I

knew now what the Master meant when he said, “The Father and I are one.” It was not an idea but Reality. Thinking could never create the Real, because thinking was of time; neither could thinking reveal the Timeless. I knew this now. Only when thinking the product of memory ceased; when that which continued came to an end, the Everlasting came into Being.

In this silence that was not created there was Being, freed from memory, freed from time, moment to moment was the Ever-present-Now.

I knew now that there was no higher self or lower self; that also was division, a mere mental creation. No matter at what level, this self was merely an idea, for the idea of time was an illusion.

Just then my friend and the Abbot came over to us and sat down beside us. My friend said: “We waited till we saw you both coming back into the world of time before we disturbed you.”

“You know,” he said, “this is one of Geshi Rimpoche’s favourite sanctuaries. He will be waiting for you here when you return from Zamsar and you will go back together to Lingmatang. We could not now let you go alone.”

I replied: “There could not be anything I would like better.”

The remainder of the morning drifted by with general conversation about Lhasa and the Potala.

It was soon noon and a Lama came out to say that food was waiting for us. I wondered what it would be like and was greatly impressed to find lovely barley broth and mutton beautifully cooked, delicious bread made from barley meal and fresh butter, and, of course, Tibetan tea. I had got used to this tea by now and liked it, though at first it tasted to me like castor oil. Tea, yak butter, salt and boiling water made up the tea, a wonderful mixture!

Geshi Rimpoche had already told the Abbot all about me and he said, in Tibetan, “I wish I could speak your language. I would like to hear all about your work and where you have been.” Funnily enough I found that I could keep up a fair conversation in Tibetan; even though I could not get the accent on certain words, he could understand me. When our conversation finished, both my friend and Geshe Rimpoche clapped their approval of my Tibetan conversation.

During the afternoon we made a tour of the monastery. In all there were about 500 Lamas in Tragtse monastery. The front of the monastery was right out on the edge of the rock face; a sheer drop to the valley would be over 1,000 feet. The building of the monastery must have been a herculean task. The temple hall had large trunks of trees to hold up the roof. "How did they get them up?" I asked.

"All by hand," he replied, "pulled up from the valley by many willing hands with several ropes at a time tied on to the one tree. The big boulders were hewn and blasted out of the rock face. You know the Tibetan builders are perhaps the best in the world for this kind of work."

All monasteries are much the same, the uniqueness of this being that it was built high up on the rock face of the mountain. Down in the valley, just in front of the monastery, the Kya Chu ran into the Robing Chu. Just here the water made a roaring noise like an express train, as it rushed over the great boulders.

The track we would take in the morning ran along the Kya Chu. We were now just two days' journey away from Zamsar.

It was a refreshing day and I felt replenished for the last stage of the journey. I was anxious to see my friend's sanctuary about which I had heard so much.

* * * * *

That night I slept just as soundly as I did the previous night and felt as if I could do the two days' journey in one day. I said so to my friend but he smiled and said: "It is a good thirty miles, my son, and the going is rough; you will have to walk a good part of the way, for there are some very dangerous places, and it would not be advisable to take them on the back of your pony."

We started off about six o'clock in the morning, and we planned to reach a place called Dechen Dzong that night, and the next night to reach Zamsar. Our ponies were housed down in the valley in stables belonging to the monastery, so we said *au revoir* happily, as we would meet again. Going down the rock face steps with our haversacks full of food was an even more difficult task than going up. We got on our ponies and off we went. I felt

exhilarated as I breathed the fresh morning breeze and saw the water rushing over the big boulders sending white spray in all directions; besides, the wonderful, majestic scenery was a tonic in itself.

Few, if any, Westerners had gone beyond Lhasa, and so I felt a sense of importance at my accomplishments up to the present.

CHAPTER 3

WE had just gone a short distance from Tragtse Gompa (Gompa means monastery) when we came across a magnificent waterfall. The river passed here through a narrow gorge; the water shot out fifty feet before it turned downwards, and the noise was deafening. As it reached halfway down, the water fell on to another ledge, from where it poured over into a great pool at the bottom. The track from here led up the mountainside and out to the right into a large fertile area called Zenshi, an area which was highly cultivated. Quite a number of Tibetan houses were dotted here and there in this valley through which the Kya Chu flowed.

Here we came upon some geese with black stripes over their heads from side to side, and a black stripe down the back of the neck. They looked at us and made much noise. They are called bar-headed geese, so my friend told me. There were also lots of duck, and some vultures and fish eagles called Pallas; these birds, which have long beaks slightly turned down at the end, were swooping down on the fish in the river. A great number of other kinds of birds screamed and circled over our heads.

Butterflies of all colours and sizes were also fluttering around. What a paradise, I thought; and what a chance for a collector of rare butterflies not seen in other parts of the world! Wild flowers and rhododendron trees grew where there was no cultivation. Many types of lizard were seen, one dangerous if cornered; it was a big black rock lizard about three feet long with large feet and long jaws. The surrounding scenery was superb; mountain on all sides, covered with the eternal snows.

The sun was getting hot by now and there was no breeze; but soon the wind would rise, as it always does about noon.

When we left this area we had some stiff climbing to do. At one time we would be down by the riverside, and then high up the mountainside; the trail had been fairly good for most of the way that we had already come, but I was told that there were many dangerous places. Anyway I was content, for I knew that all would be well.

A number of rivers were flowing into the Kya Chu, these came from the mountains on each side. At this time of the year the snow is melting and there is always a big flow of water. Later on, when the winter comes, these rivers are frozen up. It is much easier then to cross rivers and lakes but travelling is much more difficult and dangerous in the deep snow.

We passed a number of Tibetans travelling, women and men, some on donkeys, some on yaks. Some of the trains of yaks carrying goods were on their way towards Lhasa. Yaks are used mostly in this part of the country, as they are easier to feed and more sure-footed than the donkey and can carry heavier loads.

We came across a family, father, mother and two daughters, who were known to my friend. They were travelling from Zamsar to Lhasa for the festival that was to take place there soon. All the large monasteries have big festivals about that time of the year and people come from near and far to attend them.

I was introduced to the family. The two girls were of a beautiful type of Tibetan, the Himalayan type. When they laughed their eyes sparkled, and as their beautifully formed lips smiled they showed a perfect set of teeth, I spoke to the elder girl in my poor Tibetan and to my astonishment she answered me in English. She told me that she attended school at Darjeeling and that her name was Norbu, which means precious jewel, quite a common name in Tibet. When I told her I knew another Norbu almost as pretty as herself she blushed to the roots of her hair. She said that she would return as soon as possible so that she could “talk more English.” She was probably the only person in Zamsar except my friend who could speak English. She would have come back with us, but my friend said in Tibetan that we had much work to do in the meantime, though when she returned she could renew my acquaintance. So they continued on their way to Lhasa and we went on towards Zamsar. Several times she looked back at us and waved before we passed out of sight.

I said to my friend: “That is a beautiful girl!”

“Yes,” he said, “she is a Tibetan beauty, no doubt. Her features are entirely different from those of the district here. The features of the people in this district are broad and with flat noses spread all over the face as it

were, while the features of those in and around Yatung, where she comes from, are chiselled and finely formed.”

The women in Tibet are different from all other Eastern women. They are not shy in any way and never take a back seat like their other Eastern sisters. They engage in conversation equally with their men folk; they are open and free, and this is what makes them delightfully different.

We reached a place called Tangkya about 2.30 in the afternoon, our first stop. Here we had lunch. We could not stay more than a few minutes because we had to reach Dechen Dzong before dark, as it is very dangerous to travel then, some parts being rough and dangerous even in the daytime. We had at least four hours of travelling to do and were naturally anxious to get on.

We could travel only Indian fashion, one following the other. My friend always insisted on taking the lead and I came on immediately behind. We were still travelling along the Kya Chu.

After we left Tangkya the path led along the side of the river for a few miles, the longest stretch yet. In parts the river was smooth and deep; in other parts the water flowed over big boulders which had rolled down from the mountains. This is a very common occurrence and we had to be on the look-out all the time. Should we hear a rumbling noise we knew we must get out of the way or take shelter. It is mostly goats or wild yaks that loosen up the stones which loosen more stones on their way down.

We met some sheep carrying small loads on their backs. It is quite common to see sheep carrying loads in Tibet especially from the salt lakes. Salt lakes exist in Tibet as high as 15,000 feet above sea level.

After several miles along the riverside I thought it was too good to be true, and then suddenly we came to an abrupt stop, an almost perpendicular climb up the mountainside facing us. Half-way up my friend stopped and got off his pony. I did the same. Here a part of the track had actually fallen away down into the river below. There seemed no way across this landslide. I was not worried. It was a fresh slide, looking as if it had happened only a few minutes before we came along. I asked: “And what do we do now?”

“We will turn back for about half a mile and then take the other track, the one you saw on the side of the mountain stream,” he replied. “There is another track higher up, that is our only chance now.”

We turned back to the point he mentioned. He then tore a prayer flag down and wrote on it with a piece of black chalk that he carried, so that others coming along would not walk into danger.

“I know now why it is necessary to get to our destination before dark,” I remarked.

We climbed up the bed of the stream till we reached a track about a quarter of a mile higher up. This track came over the mountain from the other side.

“How did you know of this track?” I inquired.

“There is not a track in these parts that I do not know, I have come this way so often. This is not the first time that this has happened,” he replied.

We kept on this track which was quite good, for about three or four miles, and then we struck the old path leading down again to the riverside. From here all the way to Dechen it was easy going and we arrived there at seven o'clock, just as it was getting dusk.

It was not long before a crowd gathered round us. I wondered what was the matter but it was just a welcome to my friend who is a great benefactor to the people of Dechen Dzong. We went to a pretty Tibetan house on the hillside, where a clear stream of water passed the side of the house. There were many prayer flags all around it I remember, for I remarked on this.

My friend said: “This is the headman of the district; his name is Iamtso. The house is very comfortable and we can rest here for the night. As we dismounted from our ponies the door opened and a very pleasant Tibetan came running over to us; he took my friend's hands and kissed the palms, the greatest token of respect one could give in Tibet.

Supper was soon laid by his wife and we had mutton, barley bread, potatoes and Tibetan tea, and later some Tibetan beer made from barley. We sat up till about eleven o'clock listening to Iamtso playing a string instrument which he himself had made. He was a master at it. The melodies he played were so fascinating that I wanted more, but my friend said: “I think we had better get some rest now, for tomorrow means another strenuous day.”

The couch I slept on was made of bamboo and yak-hide, and in a more comfortable bed I had not slept since I left the hermitage of Ling-Shi-La.

When I awakened in the morning I could smell breakfast cooking, yak steak and eggs, barley bread and Tibetan tea. We fed well and were off after saying our good-byes and promising to stay on our way back.

Iamtso made us take with us a whole chicken (cooked), some hard-boiled eggs and barley bread for food on the way. We did not want to take it but Iamtso was emphatic about it. So we were off again, this time on the last part of our journey to Zamsar. I was happy, knowing what was in store for me for the next few weeks. We travelled along the river for about five miles, when we came to a crossing. Here we crossed in a coracle to the other side, as the track now ran along the other side of the river to Zamsar. We went another two miles and had our lunch by the riverside. The side of the river was covered with wild flowers, and the mountainside on both sides of the river was covered with rhododendron bushes in full bloom, a sight I shall never forget. I said that I would like to live here always. My friend smiled at me and I know now why, because when I saw his sanctuary beside the Kya Chu it simply took my breath away. It was equal to Ling-Shi-La but in an entirely different setting, about which I will tell you later.

After lunch we went on our way. We reached Zamsar at the head of the Kya Chu, where numerous other rivers fed it from the various glaciers coming down between towering snowclad mountains. Around Zamsar the great Nyenchentangla* Range rises to an average height of 23,000 feet, the most magnificent range of mountains beyond the Himalayas. What a sight for the gods! I would not have missed it for anything. Now I know why my friend lived in this far-away magnificent place. It was beyond description.

He pointed out the various mountains to me by name, and their height. As you looked at one the next seemed even more beautiful; the grandeur was magnificent. These towering mountains seemed so near you, you felt as if they might be falling upon you. Zamsar itself is 14,000 feet above sea level.

On the mountainside I could see a white building standing out by itself, a study in pure Tibetan architecture. As I got nearer I could see wild flowers, rhododendron bushes in full bloom, large palm trees and a highly cultivated garden with blue and yellow chinese poppies, gentian, senecio and other flowers all in full bloom.

From the river near by a canal was made which carried water right along to the house. An irrigation scheme was laid throughout, and this also fed a pond filled with lilies. Another larger pool was also filled with running water. Farther up there were some thermal springs, and from here hot water was led to the larger pool for bathing; it was also led into the house. "I could stay here for ever," I exclaimed. "This is where I would like to end my earthly life. Put it down in the Western world and it would command the attention of millions of people. Money could not buy such a wonderful place."

Yes, I raved about it to my friend, who said:

"It is yours. You can have it for the remainder of your life. I have given it to you *now*."

For a while I could not speak. Then I said: "But how can I remain here when I have work to do?"

He answered: "The time will come when you may return."

"In the physical?" I asked.

"Yes," he said, "in the physical."

Perhaps in the future I may return, but at present I do not see the way opening yet. Who knows, though, what is going to happen? No one knows. At least I knew that by now.

I said: "So many unexpected things have happened, this may also happen." To have a sanctuary to go to in this, the loveliest spot in the world! Yes, Zamsar was more than I ever expected.

"Is all this true?" I felt constrained to ask. "You are not playing with me, are you?"

"No, my son, how could I, for I have followed you all your life. My life is your life, your life is my life. How could it be otherwise?"

Tears welled up in my eyes and I swallowed my saliva to hold my emotion in check! He saw this and put his arm around my shoulders and said: "I have waited many years for this day when you would be with me here and I could keep you with me. But I can see it cannot be at present, for there are higher forces than you and me behind this work. It will be hard to part with you, but you must go back into the world you came from till your work is done. God will protect you and keep you safe, for the Life that gave you birth into this world will never fail you."

With these words we went inside. The front door led into a hall where priceless tapestries were hung. Some very large priceless ancient Chinese vases stood on the floor, which was of polished wood. The walls were panelled in polished woodwork of exquisite design. At the end of the hall a door opened into a large central room. All round this room were alcoves curtained with rich brocade.

On the floor in the central room was a rich Chinese embossed carpet and in the alcoves there were rich Tibetan carpets, tables in some and couches in others. At the back of this room were other private rooms, suitably furnished as bed-sitting rooms, all self-contained.

The kitchen and out-houses were detached, and there was an airtight larder in which meat kept fresh for weeks. The cold atmosphere made refrigeration an easy problem.

I had a wash and clean up in the warm water which was led to the house from the thermal spring. After that we had supper which had been prepared for us.

I was shown my special quarters, one of the self-contained alcoves. My friend knew I was tired and that I should be pleased to go to bed. I did so, and slept in a deep slumber till the morning.

The sun was just rising when I awoke. I went on to the front steps. The beauty of the scene cannot be told in words. The front of the sanctuary faced the rising sun whose rays were reflected in all colours from the snowclad mountains close at hand, from deep red to yellow mingling with the blue sky. The glittering drops of dew that covered the colourful wild flowers sparkled with the reflection of the sun's rays. All this was truly a sight for the gods.

For breakfast we had some yak steak and fried eggs, with barley bread and fresh butter.

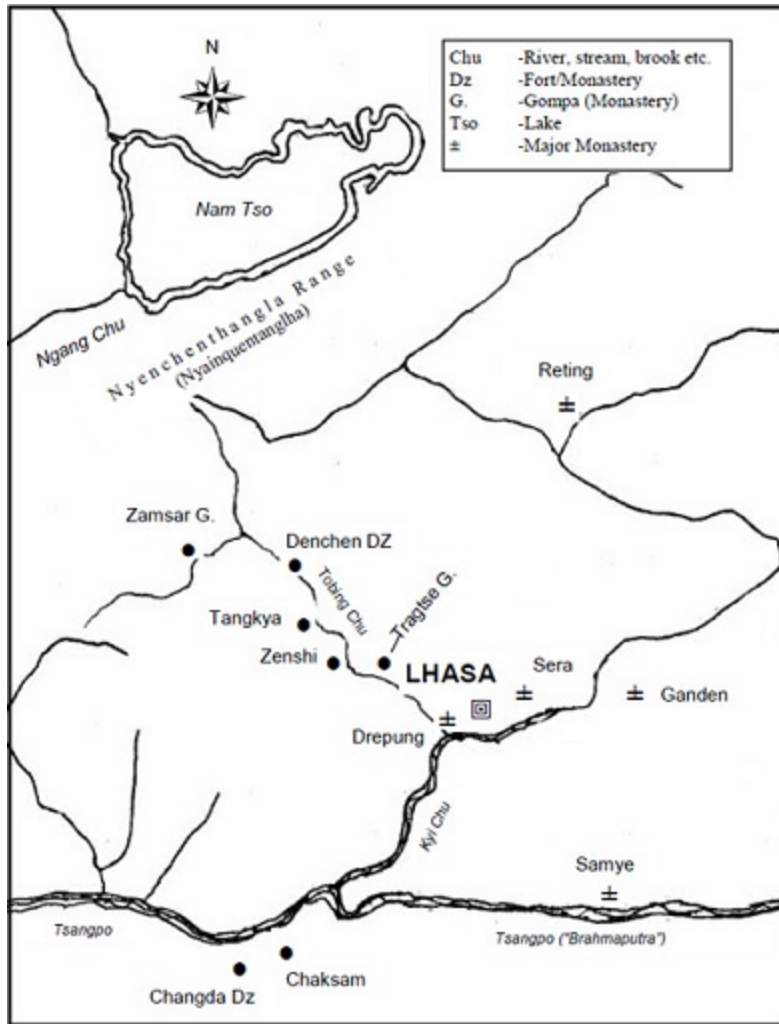
My friend said: "We will not waste any time. Write down all the questions you want to ask so that you will not forget them, and we will discuss them as we go along."

This I did and there were many of them. But as we went along I had all the answers without my asking!

His first words came back to me like a flash. "It does not matter very much whether it is true or not, does it?" I knew now that what I had before I

came was merely my own mental creations or those of another. Much had been done since then, my mind had been completely transformed, for I knew that what was made up in my mind was not the Real, it was merely a fabrication of it.

* Nyenchentangla Range (Nyainquentanglha) means “The God of the Grassland”



MAP 2. (LHASA TO ZAMSAR GOMPA)

CHAPTER 4

WE sat down at a table in the front hall, with the door open and looking right on to the great mountains. I was ready to begin our work. My friend looked at me and said:

“I am not going to fill your mind with ideas—that would be a hindrance to the revealing of the Real. You have passed through all the Yoga systems and you have acquired a great deal of knowledge of psychic development. But our work now is of an entirely different nature. We will call it the Yoga of the Christ, though names mean nothing, but for the benefit of others we will give it a name.

“First of all you must understand the problem of time. This must be thoroughly understood. When I say there is no time, that is a truth. There is only time in the mind of man but in Reality there is no time.

“However, in this world we have to have the time of the clock, the day, the week, month and year and so on. This is merely to enable you to keep your appointments or to make your appointments. You could not be sure of catching your train, your ship or organise at the office if there were no such time. So we will call that chronological time. Then there is another kind of time which we will call time of the mind which is the past, the future, memories, thoughts, a belief that in time you will become free and so on. This we will call psychological time. Now, it is this time we must understand, otherwise there can be no realisation of Reality because Reality—the Timeless—can never be realised through time.

“Memory is in time, your thoughts are the result of time, your experiences also are the result of time.

“Memories, what are they? They are the result of your experiences in time. What others have told you, your ideas, your beliefs and all that your mind is made up of—that is psychological time.

“You want Truth, but Truth is not the result of time nor can it be realised through an idea, a belief, or through time; all these things hinder the

realisation of the Truth. Truth cannot come into being when these things cover It up. It can come into being only when It is uncovered, freed from time.

“The first lesson I gave you when I met you in the flesh in Kalimpong was about meditation, and this morning I am going to deal with it again for it is very important when we are seeking Truth. Meditation of the right kind is therefore essential, but few people know it. In your first lesson on Yoga you were shown how to meditate by concentrating on an idea to the exclusion of everything else. Now I am going to prove to you that this kind of meditation can never reveal the Truth. I am not saying that by this method you would not get a result but Truth is not a result. The result will still be mental and not Truth. You understand that, don’t you?”

“Yes,” I replied, “I do understand.”

“To find out what is right meditation,” he continued, “we must understand the whole process of thinking. Now, your thinking is the result of what you know. You can’t think on that which you do not know; your thinking then is confined to the mind and what the mind knows and it will still be a mental thing or a conclusion, but this is not Truth. You understand that, don’t you?”

“Yes, I do understand that. I see that Truth cannot be a conclusion or an idea or any mental formulation, because I create these myself, but Truth is not created because Truth is *now* and is not subject to time nor can Time reveal It. We do not create that which is now. We may speculate about it but that is not It.”

“Right,” he said, “what I am doing now is making you understand yourself because without understanding the self—the me—the I or whatever you call it—there can be no revealing of Truth. The me—the I—memory, thinking and other things, which are all of the mind, must come to an end before the Real is experienced.

“Now, you have found, when you meditate through concentration, that your thought wanders, there is always a conflict. This is because you have chosen a central idea or thought to dwell upon. But this is exclusion; you are excluding everything else except this central thought, and by so doing you think you are going to find the Real, but this is impossible. Besides, you will notice that your mind wanders off repeatedly and there is a

constant struggle to keep your mind focused on this central thought that you have chosen. I am not saying that concentration is not good for the mind but, as regards realising the Truth, it is a wrong process. So therefore you must have a right means at the beginning to have the right ending because they are one, are they not?"

"Yes," I said, "I see that clearly."

"Now, do not be making ideas out of what I am saying," he said; "what is essential is that you understand the whole process of the mind and how it formulates ideas."

"Again," he said, "why do you choose a central idea to concentrate on? Is it not because you feel it will give you a reward? That is why you dwell on it; you want a result, but the Truth is not a result, so this means is not the right means."

"Now you will see if you look into your mind that there is a battle going on between the thought you chose and other thoughts that try to get expression. You may continue to concentrate and conquer all the other movements but you have not revealed the Truth, have you? If you say that one thought is right and the other wrong, it is futile. What you should find out is why the mind wanders. Why does it wander? Can you tell me?"

"Well," I replied, "it is because most thoughts have not been understood. Every thought has some significance, some value, some hidden meaning, and so, like weeds, they keep coming up and the more you try to forget them the more active you make them. It is like pressing a lid down on a boiling pot."

"Yes," he said, "that shows some understanding. But that is not the complete answer to the problem. If you can look at each thought as it arises without prejudice, without fear or condemnation, look at it freely and not resist it, not push it away but uncover its meaning, then these thoughts will never come up again, they are finished with."

"The thoughts in your mind cannot affect Reality because Reality is beyond mind, and when you understand this you free the mind, and by freeing the mind it becomes quiet, and in that quietness is Reality revealed, because Reality is not made up in the mind, Reality is beyond mind, and the mind must become quiet before Reality comes into being."

“So the important thing is not controlling or contracting your thoughts but understanding them. But you cannot understand through resistance. Concentration is a narrowing down of the mind and is not the revealing process which alone frees the mind. Yet most people call this meditation which is merely a process of self-isolation, and isolation is self-protection; and a mind that is protecting itself must be full of fear. Now, how can a mind that is fearful be open to that which is Real, which is without fear?”

“If you examine and understand your mental creations you will see that they are the result of your thoughts, memories, experiences, so there can be no separation between the thinker and his thoughts—one is the product of the other. When you see clearly that the thinker is not separate from his thought you will find freedom, for they are your own creations; there is no longer a battle between the thought and the thinker, which is the cause of all your mental conflict and as you become aware of this the mind becomes quiet, there is no longer any conflict between the thinker and the thought, but there is an understanding of the whole of the process of thought which is self-knowledge. You understand, don’t you?”

“Yes,” I said, “I see when the mind is no longer forced to be quiet it becomes quiet because friction has ceased. The mind lives only in the known and the known can never reveal the unknown. When it knows that it can never know, it ceases to chatter, and becomes open to that which is beyond. I can also see that a narrow mind is a petty mind and its idea of God will also be petty, just according to its conditioning.”

“Now,” he went on, “the mind is becoming freed from conflict, is it not?”

“Yes,” I replied, “there is a sense of quietness that did not exist before.”

“Well,” he said, “Truth is *not* a matter of time, Truth is now, or never, and only when the mind is quiet, not forced to be quiet, is this realised. When forced to be quiet it will still be in conflict, but when it is quiet through understanding itself, then the *Truth is*. There is now no duality of the thought and the thinker or the experience and the experiencer, but only experience in which there is no duality, no resistance. Jesus said, in other words, ‘It is the Father who ever remaineth in me, He doeth the work. I am nothing.’”

“You may reason in the highest level, you may say that God is Infinite in nature, that there cannot be anything outside Him, that He must be

everywhere, that there can be no substance except His, no life except His, no creativeness apart from Him, otherwise He could not be infinite. Yet this reason must cease for the very fact that the mind is trying to convince itself of the fact; the mind is still formulating and, although helpful, does not reveal the Truth that is beyond mind. Even the highest thought has to cease because thought can never reveal the Truth.

“So the process of understanding oneself is the beginning of meditation. There is no special technique, no special posture, no acquired method of breathing.

“For without knowing yourself, which is mind, whatever you think has no reality, no real basis. You can see that, can’t you?”

“Yes,” I said, “I see that clearly now.”

“Now to know yourself there must be constant awareness moment to moment without compulsion, without condemnation or justification—just a passive alertness in which you see things as they are. Then there is no problem, the problem has ceased to be because you—the mind—are the problem. Reality has no problem; only the mind of man that is in confusion has a problem. When confusion ceases, then the problem does not exist. Reality alone exists, all else is illusion. In that perfect tranquillity, in this stillness of the heart and mind *Reality is*. This is the Yoga of the Christ. It is the Father and He alone is the Real. His operation is wide, extensive, unlimited and perfect.

“Now,” he said, “to meditate you need *no* method or system, because that creates a pattern and Truth is not a pattern. The right means in the beginning must be freedom so that freedom will be. Now take an hour by yourself and discern every thought as it rises, then you will know yourself.”

In my meditation I saw clearly that the mind could never reveal the Truth, so it was no longer agitated, no longer struggling for a result. Then I knew that Reality was now, it was not a matter of time, now was the Timeless. I felt as if I were giving expression to the Unknown. Although sensation was not necessary, in fact often a hindrance, I felt my body being lifted from the couch upon which it lay.

What I did know now was that Truth was *immediate*, it was not a matter of time, that all memory including the memory of every entity for centuries past could never reveal the Real. I knew all the searching, all evolutionary

process of time, could not reveal Reality. Yet I knew it was *now*, for time had dissolved away; time was a product of my mind, my mind was the product of time, all the learning, all the intellectual words or ideas, could not reveal Reality, because Truth was beyond all the phases of mind, high or low, and no matter what the mind could think, that could not be Reality. Only when my mind ceased to chatter, in that silence my livingness was revealed, the only Real was my Livingness, that was neither a memory nor an idea. I did not know what it was but I knew that it was. To know what it was would be to put it in time, and that was impossible. I could understand the Master now. I knew now why he spoke in parables because he could not reveal the Real to others, for everyone must find It by himself/herself and alone.

This was the Yoga of the Christ, the greatest of all Yoga.

You do not do anything of your own accord; the self dissolves and is no longer a hindrance to the Real. It was the Father who was Eternal, the only Real, He did the work. This was the only way to solve all problems, to see them for what they were, for they could not be solved on their own level. In trying to do so we only create more problems. What is necessary is to remove the cause and the cause is the self with all its intrigue, greed, desire for position and power. The foundation of the existence of the self is separation which is perpetuating and increasing all our problems, and if you look into yourself you will see that you are the root of the problem. We blame everything and everyone else but ourselves; yet we are responsible for the conditions in which we live.

To destroy property and kill people, then to give them food and clothing as a means of solving the problem is an illusion. Only when we see clearly what we are doing does the problem dissolve. The problem is ourselves, therefore to understand the self with all its memory, experience, greed, envy, desire, believing, not believing, wanting and not wanting, ideas and ideals, when we see these as they are, not merely thinking around them, then and then only does the self, which is the cause of the problem, understand the problem. Reality has no problem; only man has.

* * * * *

It was lunch-time when I arose. There was no need for me to say a word; my friend knew, and he saw for himself a greater light than ever before. It was now for me to be consciously aware just as Jesus was, when he said, "Get thee behind me, Satan." This was the Satan of the self, not some theological concoction outside oneself, but the self that always wants to be in front. And if you look into the self, if you are aware, you will see how it is always the self that wants to be in front. But when you know the self, then freedom from the self comes, and not before. "Get thee behind me, Satan." In other words, I am nothing, the Father alone is Real. Yes, the self is the deceiving element, there is no doubt about that.

No remarks were made. The wisdom of my friend was complete, and I felt content with a freedom that was not the result of any stimulation or self-hypnosis but a freedom that comes through understanding.

After lunch we put our climbing boots on and went up the valley of the Nyiblung Richung, the name of the peak right in front of us. The glacier in this valley was not more than a few miles away. We could hear the crunching noise as this great river of ice forced its way down. When we reached the edge of the glacier we could see great crevasses, big enough to swallow a house.

Many mountains surround Zamsar and my friend pointed out the various peaks, detailing their heights from 20,000 to 24,000 feet.

Nature was unadorned in all her beauty, a beauty that no other Westerner had ever set eyes upon. When Jesus looked upon the lilies of the field he said, "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

My friend told me some of his experiences of climbing these mountains. He described the best route to take with a feeling of the satisfaction of accomplishment. I knew that feeling, for I had done a lot of climbing myself.

I can remember, when I was climbing in the southern Alps, that I thought I would take a short cut on the way down, only to find myself on the top of a precipice of ice and rock, impossible to descend, and I had no alternative but to go back the way I came. I wasted a few hours in doing so, as well as making others anxious.

The feeling you have when you come upon a snag can be understood only when experienced.

“What is the height of that peak?” I asked.

“Twenty-three thousand feet,” replied my friend.

“Do you think we could climb it one day?” I asked. (The climbing bug was getting hold of me again.)

“No,” he said, “this peak has never been climbed yet. Several have made attempts and failed.”

“I think I would like to try,” I said.

“Later on, perhaps,” he replied, with a challenging look at the towering peak that had resisted all attempts, up to now.

The challenge also kept cropping up in my mind all the way down.

I said: “I am going to bring up my camera with my six-inch telephoto lens and I will take a number of pictures, perhaps we may find a spur and climb round that mushroom top.”

I could see through his field glasses that the top was like a mushroom, and how to get above that mushroom formation was the difficulty we had now to overcome.

“That was the cause of the failure of every attempt,” he said.

This made me all the more eager to have a try. I don’t know if you ever had the climbing bug accentuated in you, but when it does get under your skin it is a fascinating urge that makes you try and try again.

We returned that evening just as the sun was beginning to set and we sat watching the changing of colour. The sun now was behind us and we were facing the mountain. As the sun went down, the pink glow on the clouds became darker until it got to a dark purple. This changing of colour was fascinating. More clouds began to gather in the valley and were creeping up the mountainside, gradually hiding it till only the top of the peak covered in snow stood out, reflecting the rays of the sun in all the colours of the rainbow. The sky gradually became darker blue, and the twinkling stars began to appear like sparkling diamonds on the blue canopy above us, as the blanket of clouds began covering the snow peaks as if putting them to sleep.

After supper, which I relished, for I was hungry after our trail up the valley, and the freshness of the air had sharpened my appetite, my friend produced pictures of the various climbs he had made and described them in

detail. It was queer how fascinating those pictures were to me, and I wished that I had some of my own with me, pictures that I had taken years ago.

After an hour or so I asked if we were going to do more work that night, for I was eager to hear him again. But he said, no, I had done enough for one day. "Tomorrow morning when you are fresh we will renew our work."

There was a real affinity between us; we could talk or be quiet; there was never a moment that seemed out of place. With most people, even your nearest relations, there are moments that tax you, but here the harmony was beyond anything I had ever known before, and this lasted throughout the whole period I was there.

What I seemed to want was always there, always done; his desire was always in accord with mine, and my desire was always in accord with his. His greater wisdom was a joy to me. His guidance was smooth and easy, and I grew to love him more and more and to admire his great understanding. We were twin souls and when I said this to him he replied: "That is why I chose you, my son."

"A truly wonderful experience for me," I said.

To absorb the wisdom of such a master was indeed a great privilege, yet he always made me feel that he was just like myself.

I retired for the night and did not awake until the gong sounded as the sun rose, which was the regular custom.

CHAPTER 5

EACH morning was different.

It had rained in the valley through the night and the mountains were covered with more snow. There was a thin mist which the fresh wind was blowing away. The sun was beginning to peep through. It was like a morning in the Highlands of Scotland, the only difference being that the mountains were much bigger and more rugged, and the scenery more gigantic.

My friend had already been down to the village. He was the great helper; everyone looked to him for help and understanding. They were indeed lucky people.

I said to him as he came up the steps: "You had an early start this morning."

"Yes," he remarked, "I have just delivered a baby boy to the headman's wife early this morning, about three o'clock, and both are doing well. In two days she will be about again." This was a new phase of life I saw him in, and marvelled at his all-round capabilities.

"Yes," he said, "many of the children you see around here have been delivered by me, so I am quite an expert hand by now."

"Have you had breakfast?" he asked.

"No," I replied, "I have just got up, shaved and washed, and had a dip in the pool," which was quite warmed up with the water from the hot spring. "In fact I was waiting for you. I wondered where you had disappeared to."

"Yes," he said, "I have been on the job since two o'clock this morning, and I just went down again to see how things were. Everything is perfect."

I said, "The mortality among newly born babies in Tibet must be heavy."

"Yes," he replied, "but not in this district; we have lost very few."

"By the number of children around," I remarked, "I can see that must be so. All due to your wonderful gift of healing and love."

“Let’s have breakfast,” he said, as if to break off my praise and admiration.

He always made me realise that within everyone is the Spirit of God, but that in most it is cluttered up with religious dogma, beliefs and other distractions of the mind. “These things I do, greater things shall ye do if you will but understand,” he said. “Similar words were said nearly two thousand years ago, but people have not progressed very much since then, mainly because they are imitators of the blind.”

“You must not worship any image or any so-called representation of the Christ in stone, wood or in human form,” he went on, “for that will lead you away from the Real. As long as people are kept in ignorance of the Christ within, they become the tools of the false prophets who control, cajole and exploit them. Only when they become enlightened can they free themselves from this bondage.”

After a pause I broke off and said: “There is nothing I would like better this morning than a glass of milk for breakfast.”

“All right, my son, you shall have it.”

Yak milk is rich in butterfat’s, the cream is delicious, and I had some with my porridge most mornings. This particular morning I just wanted a glass of milk.

After breakfast we went out into the front hall which faced the mountain, With this scene and atmosphere I always felt keenly alert.

“This morning I am going to speak to you on hope,” he said. Then he began in that tone of voice that I knew so well: “Hope is a state of uneasiness. When there is a state of incompleteness man lives in hope. The prophet says in Proverbs 17, verse 10, ‘A reproof entereth more into a wise man than a hundred stripes into a fool.’ A wise man recognises the error but a foolish man repeats it.

“Most people, in fact nearly all, are searching for outward security. But when there is outward insecurity there is always inward insecurity, and when there is inward insecurity there must be outward insecurity, because the inward is always expressing itself outwardly. With this lack of understanding mankind has developed a philosophy of hope.

“Now the man who clings to hope is a dying man; he is not living, because to him what is important is the future, not what *is now*. Therefore a

man who lives in hope is not living at all. He is living somewhere in the future, and living in the future is not living *now*, but now is the only time, for now is the only Real; you cannot live yesterday or tomorrow. If you live in the future or in the past you are merely living in your mind, then Life is merely an idea, living in Time which is but an illusion.

“Most people think in terms of opposites; they seek a state in which there is no disturbance. Why? Merely because they are disturbed. Now if this is so with you, you must find out why the mind is disturbed, then you will understand why you hope.

“The moment you are uncertain you fall into a state of hopelessness, and then you develop a philosophy of hope. But when you see the truth about hope there comes freedom from both hopelessness and hope.

“Is it not a fact that before you began to understand yourself you were afraid of not being something; that was when you did not discern the fact that the thought and the thinker were not separate and you looked at your thought distinct from the thinker, and thus you feared the thought. But you see now that the thought creates the thinker and the thinker thinks around it, so they are not separate.

“You must strip yourself of all this conditioned thought by seeing how it comes about. How does it come about? Can you tell me?”

“Well,” I said, “It comes about through response to memory and environment, both inherited and acquired.”

“Yes,” he observed, “the self must discern its own ways, for the self and the thought are one and the same. When this is understood there is tranquillity.

“You will see now that the self has no reality; it is merely a bundle of memories and experiences which are being continually projected, so the self is caught up in its own thought-experiences and this makes up the mind. You can see now that all this is of the mind; and when this is not discerned and understood, there is fear; and because you are afraid you hope. So hope and fear are opposites in the mind, and there can be no revealing of the Real that is ever-present. While this conditioning remains the Living Presence is not realised.

“When the past and the future are dissolved in the present through understanding there is tranquillity, and in that tranquillity there is the Real,

the very livingness that is creative. The Creativeness is always in the present, in the *now*, and never in the future or the past; so you see how stupid it is to develop a philosophy of hope.”

“Yes,” I concurred, “I can see now that my mind is being transformed, fears that I had have passed. I inherited ideas of right and wrong, what is spiritual and what is not spiritual, but I know now they are merely ideas, and while I feared one I accepted the other. But spirituality is Love, Wisdom and Kindliness; these come only when conflict has dissolved through understanding.”

“Yes,” he said, “you built around you conclusions which you called understanding; and now you see that these conclusions are a hindrance to understanding, a hindrance to the understanding of your conditioning.

“So through fear you clung to a ritual through which you tried to escape, so you were further conditioned. Your conclusions became a wall that you built around yourself; you were imprisoned, and while you were in a prison of your own making you built up and tore down, contrasting and modifying, suppressing and renewing, which merely created more confusion, which was but a projection of the self from within its own prison with its fears, its contradictions. Only through seeing the self, what the self is undergoing, can this conditioning be dissolved. Only in this way can the self free itself from its own illusion.

“When the self is seen merely as a bundle of memories, experiences, limitations, beliefs, conformities, only then is there freedom from this self-enclosure. When the self sees why it struggles, agitation ceases, and in that tranquillity is the Real, the Life, that is eternal, wide and unlimited in its operation. When the consciousness is freed it realises that it was always free except when it accepted the illusion of time, of memory, of experience, past and future; only in living in the present is there freedom. Therefore, when we discern the illusion moment to moment, it dissolves into its native nothingness and in this awareness the Real is—the Creative comes into being.

“When the self was imprisoned it prayed to a God outside, that is why the believer will never know God—the Unknown—and since most people believe in a God outside themselves they will never know God. But the non-believer in God, which is but another form of belief, also hinders the

discovery of the Unknown—because belief and non-belief are but a response to conditioning. Belief is the result of the known, it is part of the known, which is memory, and memory can never realise the Unknown.

“Memory says, ‘I do not know God, it is something unknown.’ So memory creates the Unknown and then believes in it as a means of experiencing the Unknown, but you will see that this is just a mental fabrication that has no substance. It is only when the mind is free from its own fabrications can the Unknown be discovered, and this discovering comes from within and not from without.”

“I can see now,” I said, “that conclusions are a hindrance to understanding because the self is caught up in them. They become the central image of the self and so blind it, being caught up in the illusion.”

“Yes,” he continued, “conclusion and the self are not separate. When this is understood there is transformation and release, there is a dropping of all conclusions. So the mind becomes infinitely pliable and only in an infinitely pliable mind is the Real discovered.

“From conclusions we form resolutions. Resolutions are stupid; they are merely a suppression of desire, and with suppression there can be no understanding. When you are watchful in the present you will find the ramifications of the mind, at the different layers. The ways of the self are laid bare. To be jealous in any layer, high or low, is to be bound by jealousy.

“From the mere superficial envy to the more subtle forms in the mental and spiritual is also a hindrance to the Creativeness within.

“Creativeness is a state of Being that is not the outcome of thinking. It is the outcome of transformation through understanding what is false.

“In our relation to things, to people, if we watch our reactions in this relationship we will become aware of what the self is made up of. You will see that to each reaction there is memory, fear, vanity, greed, resistance, acceptance, beliefs, etc., etc. You will see by these reactions in your relationship what you are, and to know what you are is self-knowledge and this alone leads to freedom.

“When you are alert, aware, through this awareness you will see yourself as you really are, without condemnation, without fear, without judgment, and then you will understand how the mind is made up. Then the Real which is not created will come into being. The Father does the work. The

Father is ever-present everywhere in the present, the only intelligence behind all creation.

“Now, look into your mind and you will see how you have been conditioned, influenced by the thoughts of others, by leaders in religious, political and economic fields of exploitation. All these are not instruments of Truth, they are the reverse. To discover Reality, which alone is Creative, you must become aware of the subtleties of influence and your response to it.”

I could now understand his wisdom. I could see that the only True influence was the influence of the Spirit which was free, no longer giving expression to what the mind was made up of, but giving expression to that which was Love and Wisdom and in this was the tremendous power of right thinking, the secret of the Christ Yoga.

“Yes,” I said, “I can see now why the world is in a mess.”

“Yes, but the clearing of the mess begins with you and me; don’t look outside yourself for the cause.”

“Yes,” I commented, “when the past ceases to influence the present, then only can Creativeness be experienced. It is when the mind is understood with all its contradictions and limitations that it becomes still. Then that which is beyond the mind will come into being, then the ‘I’ will have lost itself in the Infinite ‘One.’ ”

“When there is a desire to become, a desire to achieve a result,” he explained, “there must be a contradiction, and where there is contradiction there cannot be a quiet mind that is essential to realising the whole significance of Life. So thought, which is the product of time, can never realise that which is Timeless, can never know that which is beyond time. The very nature of your thinking is in terms of the past and the future, and therefore can never be fully aware of the Living present, therefore cannot be completely aware of a fact in the now—because thought, which is the product of time, tries to eliminate its opposite, its contradiction and all the problems that it itself creates. Thought merely pursues an end. It is when the thinker and the thought come to an end through understanding what thought is, that the Real is realised.”

“I can see,” I said, “that if I am seeking happiness through material, mental or so-called spiritual means I am exploited. I can see that I am the

cause of this exploitation. When I seek happiness external to myself I become the creator of the exploiter, whether on the material, mental or spiritual plane. The exploiter does not come into being suddenly; he is not a freak of nature, but is the result of my demands for material, mental and spiritual satisfaction in which there is no freedom and that which I seek I never attain.”

“Yes,” he said, “that is perfectly true, but there is a more subtle problem—what people rebel against is the result of their own actions which they call evil, and some think that by killing a few they will destroy the evil; they think that by killing and imprisoning a few who they think are responsible for the evil they will destroy the evil, but they only add to it, because they do not discern the part they play in creating it.

“Wrong means can never establish right action; there can be no peace by merely murdering those who are murderers. It means that you also become a murderer. As long as we divide ourselves into groups, nationalities, different religions, different ideologies, there will be the aggressors and the defenders; then the defenders become the aggressors. Not until man sees how he has been conditioned through ignorance and tradition, through acquisition, through ideals, through following another can there be peace and freedom.

“Evil cannot be overcome by evil or any opposing action, for that leads to further aggression and more evil. Only by understanding how this division comes about can peace come to man and the world. Peace can never be the result of aggression, peace can never come out of war, peace can come only when the causes of war—aggression, nationalities, differing religious organisations—when all these things are understood, then they can be dissolved. Then Love-God-Peace, which is not created but is Eternal and Ever-present, comes into being. You do not create peace; Love-peace is the fundamental principle of unity that existed before the world was, and is the only Reality now. ‘I am the only “One,” there is none other beside Me.’

“Spirituality is all-inclusive in which there is no distinction, no division, no desire for position or acquisition. To remain free from this net of ignorance you must maintain the freedom of your own thoughts, refusing to become a slave to imitation and tradition or the authority of the less informed than yourself.

“The world’s conception is based upon selfishness with all its subtle ramifications, its illusions, its fears, its contradictions. Man unconsciously acts through fear and becomes irresponsible and this leads to further chaos and disorder.

“Conscious action through understanding and adjustment leads to pure thinking, which leads to pure action in which there is no longer aggression, selfishness, hatred and murder. Only then will there be a realisation of the presence that is Ever-present, which is never in opposition to Itself at any time in any individual, nation or group.

“You will discern that good and evil are not entities of themselves; they are simply words with which we indicate the result of our actions.

“These actions are predetermined by the character of our thinking, and the cause of this thinking is ignorance of the self in bondage. Therefore an understanding of the self is paramount in the elimination of sorrow and conflict in the world in which we live.

“To become aware of that which hinders the Christ Consciousness—the expression of Reality—is of first importance. This is your task in the world, not sweet words or ideas that maintain man’s ignorance. Beliefs narrow down the mind. Only seeing things as they are, and understanding how they come about, frees the mind from bondage.

“With a clear mind capable of understanding the cause, a mind that cannot be distracted through criticism or antagonism, patriotism, religious formalities and political trickery, a mind that sees how mankind is conditioned, and in the awareness of this conditioning, it will fall away. Only in a mind that is free is there true inspiration—this is the Yoga of the Christ.

“When you pray think not that you are one and God another, nor look outside for inspiration, otherwise you will be lost in the illusion of separation. Know that there is but one Life and this Life which is yours is in your brothers and sisters. You cannot be a portion of the Infinite and your brother another, for there is no division in the One Life. Although there are many members of the one body—including your heart, your lungs, your liver, your nervous system, your bones, and your limbs—there is but the one body, and the one blood serves all members in the one body. Likewise

are the different nationalities all members of the one body and the one Life is in all.

“When you understand what is false, then only is there Truth, and there cannot be anything else but the Truth, for all else has no foundation of its own. It has no existence in Truth, for Truth is all there is, and there is no division in Truth. Division is the illusion of man’s mind.”

With these words he stopped. I remained silent; I could not do otherwise. My mind had ceased to think. I had learned the art of listening, not merely creating ideas of what he said, but listening in such a way that transformation could take place through understanding myself. I knew now that this self-knowledge was the key to wisdom and without self-knowledge there could be no wisdom.

Have you ever sat dumb during an inspiring talk? You could not repeat what was said, but what was said altered your whole life afterwards. A great change took place within and with it a sense of freedom such as you could not explain. This was the feeling I had after each talk, a sense of freedom that was always new. The bonds of the past were slipping away.

We sat there for some time, yet time to me at that moment did not exist. To me the past and the future were dissolved in the now, and now was the only time. In this deep silence was the Real. It was the all, all power in heaven and on earth was Now, and that power was Love.

It was because people did not live in the present—hope was more important to them. But when you look into the matter hope is always somewhere in the future. Yet the future is only in the mind. Your *Livingness* is always in the present, never in the past or the future. Now is creative, this very moment, and is ever new, moment to moment, in which memory is dissolved and Love becomes the only Reality.

Perhaps you have experienced such a moment; so wonderful was it that you try to recapture it, but by trying to recapture the moment that is past you can never experience the moment that is *Now*. The moment that was past is an experience, a memory. The past and the future do not exist except in your mind. But *now*, this very moment, is creative, Creativeness renewing Itself *every moment*. Therefore there is no past, no future, except in the mind. When this is understood there is no memory of right or wrong, no divisions, no nationality, no different creeds, nothing to hinder the

Living Present which is the only Real, and the only Real is Love and Wisdom. It is God the Father of All. The Yoga of the Christ is above all other Yoga because it is *all-inclusive, it is everything, it is All* and exists NOW, ONLY NOW!

God exists in His completeness NOW! NOW! *and He alone is!*

When you realise this, there can be no high, no low, no good, no bad, in Reality. It is in man's mind that these exist and this is man's conditioning. When you know the self, the mind with its images, its beliefs, its ideas, its divisions, its yesterdays, its tomorrows, and all the illusions it creates, when this is seen freely without condemnation, without judgment, being creations of the self, to get beyond them the mind must cease to fabricate, for the mind is the great illusion and the cause of the illusion. It does not know, and what it does know is not the Real, it is merely ideas of the Real, which it believes to be the Real. The idea of God is not God, the word "God" is not God, but God is Eternal and Ever-present in His completeness and He is the only One. This can be experienced only when the mind is quiet. When the mind sees that it can never know, it ceases to struggle; then only is the Real which is *now!* not something in the future which exists only in the mind.

You must experience this for yourself, no one can do it for you, the way you must go alone without teacher, without guru, *alone* only can you enter the *Unknown*: there is no other way. This is what I experienced. It was this I saw for myself. It was the yoga of the Christ.

A teacher is a hindrance to the experiencing of the Unknown, because there will always be the teacher and the other, but when the mind is silent there is never the one and the other, there is never the experiencer and the experience, for the self has dissolved in that Eternal moment. My words are inadequate, my words can never reveal the Unknown. It can only be uncovered from within and not from without.

Truth cannot be used. The moment you approach Truth with the desire to use it in the world of action you lose It, then the Truth and you become separate. There is the you and the Truth, but when you see that this cannot be the Truth, only an idea of It, then Truth is. You cannot use Truth as if it were a shovel or a pickaxe, for then you become greater than the Truth and this is impossible. But if you can realise the Truth and allow It to operate without wanting to use It, then It brings a fundamental transformation in

your life and your relationship, and its operation is wide, unlimited, extensive.

Immediately you try to use Truth as an instrument it is not the Truth but mere mental action which will have within it memory, division, good, bad, and all the illusions of the mind, hate, jealousy, antagonism, which is merely a projection of the self.

But if you allow Truth to operate within you and through you without interference from the mind, then unknowingly, unconsciously, It has far-reaching effects beyond human conception. Then you will experience the liberating effect of Truth—the Unknown—God or whatever name you may call It. The Unknown has no name, the Unknown is unpredictable, so you must understand that the mind cannot use It. But if the mind is quiet the Truth will operate and Its operation is extensive, wide, unlimited, and herein lies freedom and supreme happiness and the power and glory of the ever-present Infinite Life.

“Verily I say unto you, whosoever shall not receive the Kingdom of God as a little child shall in no wise enter therein.” Luke 18: 17.

CHAPTER 6

WE were both in a state of true meditation. How long it lasted I did not know. When I returned to the world of time I felt rejuvenated. I must have looked many years younger, for my friend remarked: “What a remarkable transformation, you look many years younger,” and I felt it. My body felt light, my mind alert and clear; it was a better instrument now through which Reality could function, for Reality created us for that purpose. I knew that everything would be well. I no longer relied upon my past experiences or memory as a guide. In fact I had no guide outside myself and my friend said these very words to me then: “My son, the only guide is the Unknown, the Uncreated. My experience, though perhaps much more than yours, is no longer a guide to you. Only my companionship now can give you what your heart desires. But your guidance comes from within.

“We will in future discuss, impersonally together, the problems that are not yet clear and, through the Love and Wisdom of God who is the very Livingness in both of us, the way is revealed. I of myself am nothing; it is the Livingness of God within us both that does the work. The Master’s words were: ‘I of mine own self am nothing, it is the Father who ever remains in me, He does the work.’ So it is with us. God alone lives; therefore, when we understand that which is hindering this Livingness, it will no longer be a hindrance.”

We had been in the front hall since early morning and now it was lunch-time. I said: “I feel that I have had so much food, may I have just a glass of milk again for my lunch?” So we both had milk for our lunch.

We discussed many things about my work in the world and the countries to which I would travel. Since then I have been in America, Canada, England, Scotland, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, China, Japan and through the Middle East. My healing work has been phenomenal and for this I know I am not responsible, I of myself being nothing. This I learned in no uncertain manner. So I went as the Spirit directed.

After lunch I broached again the subject of climbing the peak Nyiblung Richung that stared us in the face, challenging us.

“Well,” said my friend, “we will have to make arrangements. I can see you will never be satisfied till we have made the attempt. We will have to get good porters, of whom there are plenty in the district, good ones, as good as anywhere in the world. We will make the ascent in stages, for it is not going to be an easy task and it will take us at least ten days. We will have to arrange camps on the way up; the ropes and tackle for climbing I fortunately have here. If we are to do this climb we must do it now, otherwise the winter will be on us and then there is no hope, the snow will be too deep. There is also the danger of storms, and they are very fierce, lasting for days. If caught in one of these it is doubtful whether we would survive in the mountains and I could not think of risking your life after we have brought you here, mainly for your work and not for climbing,” He looked at me inquiringly.

I said: “I appreciate that, and I am not going to jeopardise all the good that you have done for me.”

“Well,” he said, “if we cannot get past the mushroom top we will agree to give up the task of climbing farther.”

“Agreed!”

Arrangements were set in operation at once. The memory of the excited anticipation I had before climbing in the Southern Alps,¹ and the difficult rock climbing in Scotland, was returning. Climbing was in my blood, something within me always moved towards a challenge; but I also reminded myself that I was not to take risks as I did in the past. I knew I had been reckless in my younger days in doing dare-devil things which I need not mention here.

The party, when ready, consisted of twenty experienced porters, my friend, and myself, and so we started off. I remember that morning well; the sun had not yet risen. It was because the first part of the journey of five miles to the bottom of the glacier would be comparatively easy that we started before sunrise.

We reached the bottom of the glacier about 7 a.m. Then my friend put in hand the organising of our first camp on the spur on the right side of the glacier.

“This glacier,” he explained, “is fifteen miles long. We will make our first camp at the snow-line, the bulk of the stores that we need will be placed there, and when we reach there we will plan further.”

So off we went again and it was not long before we had passed the wood-line, and we were now in the open. The wind was blowing fiercely and it hindered us. We skirted the glacier because of the danger of the crevasses and we had not the means of bridging them. This river of ice was particularly beautiful in its deep blue and white. I could see that some crevasses were at least twenty feet wide. To fall down one of these would be fatal.

We were making good time in spite of the high wind. The rock work was easy, until we reached some ice which had embedded itself into the rock for years—it was like glass and very slippery. We had special ice boots; mine fitted me perfectly and were extremely comfortable. My friend’s feet and mine were of much the same size and I had chosen a pair which had done some work before. I softened them with yak butter and they felt safe around the ankles; they were easy on the feet and fitted like a glove. That is what you need in climbing, a well-fitting boot around the ankle, and then your feet feel safe as you grapple with the ice.

My friend went ahead, for he was expert in cutting steps in the ice. I had climbed with many climbers before, but I never saw such an expert as my friend, and I am certain I will not find another with such judgment.

We rested the first day half-way; it was fair going. The porters came after us with the loads, and we bivouacked in a sheltered spot between two great rocks. At the side of the glacier we lit our spirit lamps and had some hot coffee, meat, barley bread, butter and cheese. I felt good for I was hungry, and the air was crisp and fresh. The spot my friend chose was also sheltered from avalanches. We chattered for a while. I wanted him to talk to me on prayer, but he said: “You had better get some sleep, that’s the best prayer now, so that you will be fresh for the morning. We will start as soon as there is sufficient light.”

So I left the subject of prayer for a more convenient time, but I said: “Although we are climbing, it is not necessary to abandon our work completely.”

“No, I have no intention of doing that, but let us do it when the time is more appropriate.”

We got into our sleeping bags, gloves and balaclava headgear, and were soon sound asleep. I did not awaken till my friend tugged at my balaclava, and when I opened my eyes the rays of the sun were just showing themselves.

“There will be enough light by the time we have break-fasted,” he said. So I put on my boots and jacket; we had breakfast in half an hour, and then we were off again.

All went well for about an hour, when we came to a dead stop. We came upon a perpendicular precipice of ice and rock welded together. I could not see any way out of the difficulty. My friend said: “There is only one way now unless we go down to where we started this morning, and go round to the other side of this precipice, but that means a day wasted. The only way is to climb the precipice. If that jutting piece of rock will hold we can do it; if we can throw a rope over it, it will be easy. When I get up I will pull you up, and we will do the same with two porters, and then they will manage the rest, and the stores as well.”

Everything worked as planned. The rock held tight, and my friend got up above the solid wall of rock and ice, I got up afterwards, and we got all our stores and porters up safely.

When we reached the top of the glacier our leading porter said that if we made camp under the shelf of that spur on the right it would be about half-way. We could also make another camp farther up. So we crossed over to the spur on the right. We were now cutting footholds in the hard ice-like snow, hardened by centuries of wind and snows.

Eventually we got over on the spur on the right and we made camp. We were now within 6,000 feet of the top. This was the third day of our hazardous journey.

My friend said: “We must reach the top within another three days, otherwise it will be too late, for the winds blow here at hurricane speed and there is no hope after those winds have begun.”

So, our camp established, we started our real climbing the next day. We were now using our ropes all the time, four of us, two porters, my friend and I being roped together. Eight other porters came on behind. They were

expert climbers and I could see that their rope work was magnificent. They carried the stores necessary for our next camp; the remainder we had left behind at the camp below.

My friend went first, then one of the porters, called Namza, then myself, and lastly came the other porter, called Sipaho, meaning “evil averted.” Namza meant “cover.”

My friend’s work with the ice-axe was superb; he cut each step with two strokes of his axe, and we made steady progress till we reached the mushroom top. My friend said: “I will investigate and see if there is a way up.”

But I said: “I don’t want you to go alone, I will come with you.”

“No,” he replied, “I am better alone, nothing will happen. Where is your faith you talked about the other night—has it been blown away with the wind?”

I pulled myself up with a round turn, for I had a lot of conditioning still to get rid of.

My friend went off alone. He was away for about an hour and we were getting anxious. An avalanche was in full force rumbling down the mountainside while he was out of sight. He had cut steps for himself in the snow and ice so quickly that he was out of sight in a few minutes.

I was glad when he returned. I said: “I have not yet got that faith that moves mountains. Yet it was growing, and this was a wonderful test.” He looked at me but did not answer at the moment, and then a little later he said: “There is only one way that I can see, and that is to climb up that rock-face and then cross over on the top of this snow-covered cone to that spur that goes on the top. If the snow holds we can do it, but if the snow fails us, well, we will have to slide down a hundred feet on to that ledge. I think it is deep soft snow. That is a chance we must take. But I think we can cross over the face of this cone all right. Do you feel you want to go on?”

I looked straight into his eyes and replied: “You do not think I would turn back now?”

He smiled a smile of satisfaction and replied: “I knew you would say that.”

We got all roped together again and did some very dangerous ice-and rock-work. We reached out on to the side of the cone that was defying us.

The snow held fast and we reached the spur. My friend said it would be more difficult to come back adding: "I think we will make our next camp here. This is the only way, I am sure; no one had found it up to now, probably could not get round that steep rock covered with ice."

"I don't know how you held on," I said. "I don't think there is another man in the world who would tackle that rock-face."

"The difficulty was to cut ice steps while clinging on to the rock-face," he modestly explained; and when I said: "It looked like you had suckers holding you on," we all laughed heartily, which was a relief from the tension of the last few hours.

We got on to the spur and when the others came we made camp for the night. We were now about 2,000 feet from the top and we felt sure of victory. Next day we rested so that we would be fresh for the final assault the following day.

Then on the final day we started at sunrise and reached the top at about noon.

The whole range of the Nyenchentangla peaks could be seen, and way down in the valley on the other side we could see a great lake about fifty miles long and about thirty miles wide. The mountain ran down right into the lake, which itself was over 15,000 feet above sea level. The name of the lake was Nam Tso² or Tengri Nor. I counted thirty rivers running into this lake. Two of these rivers were very large ones called, respectively, Ngang Chu and Tri Chu. To the left lay unexplored country. Not a living soul seemed to be living there; but to the right, down on the side of the lake, there were a few houses. We would just pick them out, each house looking like the head of a pin, thousands of feet below us.

This was Tibet in the raw. My friend said that for centuries people were born there, lived there and died there, and probably not one of them had ever seen the outside of that valley. I remarked that I did not think they would have any desire to do so, it was all so beautiful.

"Yes," he replied, "it is a land that is strange all right, but the outside world to them would be even stranger."

We had accomplished what we had set out to do; it was a thrilling experience, a never-to-be forgotten experience. We were the only known people in the world to climb Nyiblung Richung!

We were all happy, and a sense of satisfaction swelled the heart. We had accomplished what we set out to do; it was a good omen and I knew it, and my friend said the same. That afternoon we started on our way down and reached the camp as the sun was setting. Words cannot reveal the beauty of that sight.

The coming down was easier than we had anticipated. We arrived back in Zamsar just ten days from the day we had left it. I would not have missed that experience; it was, as it were, part of my training. Difficulties melted away as we came upon them, and so it has been ever since. Difficulties have dissolved in a most miraculous manner.

God does the work when you do not try to use God like a tool, for your own use, but, when you allow Truth-God to operate, that operation is extensive, wide, unlimited, complete. Herein lies the secret of the Christ Yoga. God does the work. That is true faith, and I found it to be true while climbing Nyiblung Richung.

The evening we arrived back, the whole town (if you could call it a town) was out to meet us and welcome us home, also to hear the good news. Did we make it? Nearly everyone had a relative in the party. There was great rejoicing, the news spread that night from one end of Zamsar to the other, and everyone gathered in the hall in the middle of town to celebrate. Everyone brought food and lots of barley beer, the national drink called *chang*, and lots of *tsampa*, a form of Tibetan bread. Eggs were passed round, not eggs for eating but as a ceremonial gift. Some of these eggs were a year or more old! The town sprang into a state of harmonious happiness overnight.

We, my friend and I, first went to my friend's sanctuary. We had not had a bath for ten days, though it is not the longest time I have had to go without a bath.

We got into the swimming pool of running water. The water was nice and warm and we washed ourselves at the out-flowing end. We got into fresh clothes and went down to the hall.

My friend said: "We must partake of some of the food that has been provided by the people for us at the hall." So we ate with relish. To my surprise, there was roast chicken and roast potatoes—my favourite meal. It was good.

My friend, speaking in Tibetan, explained in detail how we reached the top of the previously unconquerable mountain. You could have heard a pin drop, everyone, even the youngest, was deeply interested in the climbing of Nyiblung Richung. Besides, my friend had a wonderful voice, you could not help listening to it, it fascinated you as he spoke.

The Tibetan women are equal in every respect to the men, and many of them are magnificent climbers. They also plough and dig, carry water and cut wood. In the house and out of the house they are every bit as good as the men, and as traders they are far ahead of them.

All, young and old, had their fill of barley beer (*chang*). The Tibetans are naturally a happy lot of people; seldom do you see any quarrels, and the more *chang* they drank the happier they got.

Morals among the peasant folk are pretty loose, but no one takes any notice of that, and on this night there seemed no restraint. The Tibetans are passionately fond of children, and no one thinks anything of it if a girl has a child before she is married. It is seldom you see a woman after a certain age without a child, whether she is married or not, and a happier lot of people it would be hard to find anywhere else in the world.

The conditions of living are harsh in the winter, most of the time the temperature being below zero. But people are accustomed to these conditions; they know nothing else, and they take it all to be the natural thing.

My friend was the King of Zamsar. I could see that he was adored by everyone, young and old. His wisdom, love and understanding were the secret. I never heard a word of criticism from him, neither did he condemn. He was indeed the essence of Truth. With his mind freed from conditioning, Truth operated without hindrance or limitation.

It was not until the early hours of the morning that we turned in, and even then I did not feel tired, but I slept like a log, being completely satisfied.

When I awoke the sun was up. I looked over at Nyiblung Richung, no longer with yearning but with a feeling of satisfaction, and I said to my friend: "It is a grand feeling I have this morning."

"Yes," he replied, "but we must get on with our work now."

I said to him: "I asked on the mountain about prayer, and I would be grateful if you would clarify the subject of prayer for me."

He said: “What does prayer mean to you?”

“Well, I generally pray when I want something or I am in trouble or I am sick; sometimes I give thanks.”

“Yes,” he said, “when you pray you are mostly in a state of uncertainty, are you not? In a state of contradiction or when you are unhappy or when you are confused?”

“Yes, one seldom prays when one is happy and content.”

“Then,” he said, “prayer must bring some satisfaction, otherwise people would have given up prayer long ago. When you ask you receive, and you receive according to your belief; that is the natural outcome of prayer, is it not? Jesus said, ‘Believe you have received it and you will have.’ This is a truth.

“But when you pray you are seeking satisfaction in one form or another, and to a mind that is seeking gratification at whatever level, high or low, there is a certain amount of gratification according to your faith which is mostly blind faith. But there is a greater thing than prayer and we can discover it when we understand the ways of prayer.

“Now, what do you do when you pray? Don’t you repeat certain words, take up a certain posture and so forth, now you are looking for an answer. In this looking for an answer the mind is quietened somewhat, and in that quiet state you feel satisfied, and only in a quiet state is the mind capable of receiving an answer. But this does not help you, the petitioner, to understand yourself and it is only in understanding oneself that it is possible to get beyond this state of demanding, seeking, striving for a result.”

“In prayer,” he added, “you always have the outstretched hand waiting, hoping, and with hope there is a state of hopelessness. You are striving to lose one and gain the other. But you can see that prayer can never release the mind from creating the very conditions that make you pray. So there is always a state of uncertainty, and it is this state of uncertainty that demands prayer. Therefore the solution is to free the mind from manufacturing its own problems, is it not?”

“Now prayer depends upon the petitioner. When one asks for something there is an unconscious response and the response is from the unconscious experience of centuries, and according to the mental state of the petitioner

he receives accordingly. As Jesus said, ‘Believe ye have received and ye shall have.’

“But is the mind not all the time living in opposites, having and not having, health and ill-health, success and failure, good and evil, and so on? It is only when you understand the total process of the mind that you can go beyond, and this is much more important than prayer.

“Prayer has no solution for the petitioner, nor is prayer a solution to the petition! You may get what you wanted but that does not prevent the mind from manufacturing again the very thing that you pray for release from. So it is not the finding of a superficial answer to your prayer but understanding of the whole process of the mind that creates the problem from which you want release.

“The world has been praying for peace for centuries, but peace is just as far off. Why pray for peace if you do not understand the cause of war? Why pray for success if you do not understand the cause of failure? Why pray for health if you do not understand the cause of ill-health? Why pray for joy if you do not understand the cause of sorrow?

“You do not pray when you are joyous, when you have no problems. You pray only when you are in conflict, when you have difficulties you cannot solve.

“What is essential is to understand the whole process of the mind—the self which is the cause of the problem. Then the mind no longer chatters nor has to be made quiet, but becomes quiet through right meditation, as I have already explained. In that quietness there is the Real, and with Reality there is no problem. The self alone makes the problem which the self prays about. The solution is in understanding the cause of the problem and that is you—the self—and, when the self is understood to be what it is, having no existence in Reality, it dissolves away and so does the problem. Then Reality which you do not create but is Creativeness itself comes into Being immediately. *That is true prayer.* It is Being. The effectiveness, the extensiveness, the unlimited state of ‘Being’ has to be experienced to be realised.”

I was in a silence that was not created, a silence that comes through understanding the ways of the self and what the self is. In this deep silence my mind had ceased to “chatter” as he called it, and Reality was. At that

moment I knew that Reality had no problem. At that moment the problem dissolved itself into its native nothingness. *For Reality was all there is and, Being Creative, it cannot be created. What was manufactured was the problem that the mind itself manufactured and I knew the mind could not solve it. But the moment the mind—the me—saw this, it no longer chattered, the problem was no more.* This was the revealing of self-knowledge, and without self-knowledge there is no solution. This was true prayer. It was true meditation in which Reality operated, and this operation is wide and unlimited. *God occupied His own House completely.*

- [1.](#) A mountain chain in the South Island, New Zealand.
- [2.](#) *Nam Tso* means “Heavenly Lake”. A salt lake 950 sq. miles (2,461 sq. km). The largest lake in Tibet. It is one of the four holiest lakes in Tibet (the others are Yamdrok-Tso, Manasrovar Lhama La-Tso,).

CHAPTER 7

I WAS beginning to understand the “Yoga of the Christ.” But this was merely a name and in a name there is nothing. I could understand that now, though I always wanted a name for this book that I would eventually write. I knew that most people were attracted by a name, by a title, position, rank, ideas and all that the stupid mind feeds on. The mind can feed only on what it itself is made up of, and that is merely ideas, words, beliefs and so on; and when the mind does not see its own stupidity, it keeps on manufacturing problems that agitate it, so it keeps chattering till such time as it begins to understand itself as the cause of the problem, it begins to understand itself and its movements.

Immature minds are always manufacturing problems, and they try to solve them on their own level. But this only creates more problems, and thus there is an endless chain of cause and effect that never ceases. This will end only when the mind begins to see how it itself is the cause of this state of affairs.

Politicians, economists, dogmatists and all other-ismatists are merely the product of an immature mind, and those imitators who follow are made up of the same material as their leaders.

It is not until we begin to think for ourselves that we wake up out of this hypnotic state.

All the words in the world, all the books in the world, cannot help, they only hinder. They merely feed the conditioned mind with that which it seeks to confirm its conditioning. Therefore such a mind can never be creative.

Now, you who read this book may want to know how you may achieve Creativeness. In reading this book you may think that I am showing you how to become Creative, but I am not. You may think that by practising a technique you can become creative. Well, let me tell you, that that is impossible.

Do you think that by practising eight hours a day on your musical instrument you can be creative? Writing books, composing music, writing poetry, making speeches, giving addresses, does not bring Creativeness. You may be a perfect speaker, a fluent writer, a good painter, but if the me is still present there can be no creativeness. Is it not the me—the self—that stands in the way of that which is beyond the mind, which alone is creative? Unless the self is absent there can be no Creativeness.

When the self is present there is always conflict, is there not? That is easy to see; all you have to do is to look into your own mind. There can never be creativeness as long as there is conflict. Does not conflict prevent creative action? As long as the mind is caught between opposites there must be conflict which excludes creativeness. Only when the mind is quiet can there be a creative state. Creativeness is not created. Creativeness is; and can only come into operation when the mind understands itself and its way, its desire to express itself, striving for attainment which brings about contradiction. The Christ-Spirit of God in man is alone creative, and this you do not create.

It is only when the mind is entirely silent, free from its own demands, that there is a possibility of Creativeness. To most people Creativeness is self-expression which gives one a sense of importance, the feeling of being somebody. This feeds on the self which is vanity and ignorance and destroys the state of Creativeness.

Creativeness is from moment to moment, when the self is absent, when all opposites are silent. As long as the self is seeking to be creative, Creativeness can never be. Only when the self comes to an end does Creativeness come into being. I of *myself am nothing*, It is the Father alone who is Creative, when He alone does the work, that is true Creativeness. Those words, though not the exact words as printed in the Bible by human hands as being the saying of Jesus, still convey the meaning I want to give, not that the word or the meaning of the word can convey Creativeness, only in the absence of the self can Creativeness operate and that operation is wide and unlimited, without opposition or conflict.

* * * * *

If I were concerned whether this book would be accepted or not, it would never have been written. The self would be in the way. But, when the self knows itself, things are seen as they are, and there is no longer that desire to escape from them.

If the reader merely reacts because of his pet ideas or beliefs, if he accepts or rejects, he is not reading, he is merely reacting to what his mind is made up of. Then what he gets will be of little value. But if he or she reads in the deeper sense as a means of understanding the self and how the mind is conditioned, then transformation comes. Transformation is not made up in the mind; it comes as a result of the dissolving of that which is hindering the operation of the Real. Only by seeing things as they really are does the mind cease to chatter, and in the quietness that follows *the Real is*.

We worked steadily on each day. Our discussions were revealing in the true sense of the word, and it was this revealing that was necessary for me. For I had been caught up in the various systems of Yoga which were mental, and though I could do many wonderful things I came to understand how they were a hindrance to the freedom of the Christ, which is the love and wisdom of God.

Most books written about Truth—new thought, or whatever name they give it—are, if you observe, merely mental. What I mean by “mental” is that it is all made up in the mind and what the mind makes up is not Truth, but merely an idea of Truth. The mind can do wonderful things through concentration and Yoga exercises, yet you will see, if you look, that it is merely the self that is at work. But the Christ Yoga is only possible when the self—the mind—is quiet.

My friend would begin with these words: “Only by understanding what the mind is made up of, can the Real which is beyond the mind be revealed. But if there is the self and the Other, the Truth cannot be, the self is always in front. Then Truth becomes a means to an end. But Truth is not a means and has no beginning or ending. Therefore what you have is but a projection of the self.”

Then we would begin our discussion remembering that fact.

A question I asked once was: “How can we know anything if thought ceases?” This is a question you, too, may be asking at this moment, and it is not the first time I have been asked the very same question.

“If I ask you that question you respond to the challenge, you begin to think!” My friend said: “So your thinking is a response to a challenge, but that response is always the result of the past, because the mind is made up of what is past, it does not know the New.”

“Yes,” I said, “I can understand that.”

“Then I may ask you a question in a few minutes’ time and that will be another challenge. You begin to think again.”

“Yes, that is true.”

“Now,” he asked, “what is this response? The challenge may be always new but your response, your answer, comes from memory, from experience, then the response is always old, is it not?”

“Now,” he continued, “I will ask: do you believe in God? There may be an immediate response but it is a response through your conditioning. You may say ‘No’ because you do not believe in God, that is because your mind is conditioned by the belief that there is no God, or you may say ‘Yes’ also because you believe there is a God. But you merely believe or disbelieve because your memory tells you so.

“Your memory is the result of experience, and experience is knowledge, and knowledge is of the past. But you can never know God through knowledge or experience. So thinking is the response to the background of the past. It is response at different levels, individual and collective, according to your background, race, creed, beliefs, knowledge and customs, conscious and unconscious, therefore your thinking can never be new. What your mind accepts now, is old the moment afterwards. You can think only of the moment that is past, which is memory; you can know the present moment only when the mind is still, you can’t think about it. If you do it is past.

“In that living moment you are aware but you cannot think because you do not know what it is, the self has disappeared. Now that moment that is past is memory, but the living moment is still the living moment in the present. You want to think about that experience, so now there is you and the experience, but the experience is past, it is not the living moment that is always present moment to moment in which there is no you, there is just the Living Presence, the Real, Eternity. But you don’t know what it is; when it is past you try to recapture it but you can’t, it is a memory because it is past,

you are now thinking of the past, the known, and the known is always the past. But the Ever-present moment is always New, that is why you can't think about It, It is always beyond the mind. It is, when the mind is quiet, there is only experience. But now the mind is active and there is you and the experience, but that is the past, is it not? It is most essential that you understand this, otherwise you can never know the Yoga of the Christ.

“You see now that thinking can never renew itself. It is always the old, and what it renews is the old, the old being your conditioning, your tradition, your race, your experiences, your beliefs, therefore thought can know only its own projection, thought can recognise only what it has already experienced.

“Thought, then, is merely recognition. It can never know anything beyond itself. Thought, you can see now, is merely symbols, words, images, experiences, and without these there is no thought. Therefore thought can never be creative because it knows only what is past, it can never think on that which it does not know. It cannot experience that which is beyond it, because it can recognise only the old and never the new. What you experience becomes memory and your thought is the product of memory.”

“Yes,” I said, “now that you have put it so plainly before me I can understand that thought is limited to what is in the mind. So it can never know the new, only the old. Thought can never know that which is beyond mind; it can project only what is in the mind and that is memory.”

“There is nothing abstract about it,” he continued, “for if you look carefully you will see as long as the ‘I’ which is a mental recognition of itself, which is made up of memories and is experiencing these memories in words, images and symbols, while thought is only experiencing the past, it can never discover the new. Therefore it can never experience God or Reality which is the Unknown, which is the Unimaginable, the Uncreated, the Unformulated, which has no symbol, no word.

“The word ‘God’ is not God, neither is God an image; God is not a thought, otherwise you would know what He was, but you can see that is impossible because God is beyond mind. The mind can only function within the field of the known; it cannot function beyond it.”

“I can see that plainly now,” I said, “I can see clearly that immediately I think about the Unknown the mind becomes active, it is always seeking to

bring the Unknown into the field of the known, and that is obviously impossible. For the Unknown can never be the known; the Hermit of Ling-Shi La showed me that in no uncertain manner.”

“Yes,” he said, “it is only possible for the Unknown to be, when thought ceases. So there is no question of the ‘I’ ever experiencing the Unknown. The ‘I’, the mind—the self—are one and the same, and the self is merely a bundle of ideas, images, words, symbols, which is memory, and can recognise only its own projection.

“When the mind says that it is certain that it has experienced the Unknown, it is not the Unknown it has experienced but a projection of itself, which is not the Unknown but which it believes to be the Unknown. But when the mind sees that it assumes its own projection to be the Unknown it becomes quiet, it is no longer agitated by its seeking, and in the silence that follows the *Unknown is*; then only does the Unknown operate without hindrance and its operation is unlimited. Thought is limited to the past, to memory, but the Unknown is always now. It is always new, moment to moment without limitation.”

He paused and then continued: “When you think you are experiencing the Unknown you are merely expressing a new sensation of the mind. But sensation or idea is not the Unknown. The Unknown can never be recognised. *The Unknown is*. It is not created, what you create is merely an idea of the Unknown, a projection of the mind-the self. You cannot create the Unknown. You know that now, don’t you?”

“Yes,” I said, “that is quite clear.”

“For the Unknown to be,” he explained, “you must understand the whole process of thinking, that is the working of the mind which is the self, and when the self sees it is merely a bundle of memories, experiences, ideas, images, symbols, it no longer tries to experience the Unknown and becomes quiet. Only when the mind is still, utterly still (not made still) in that stillness, that tranquillity, tahe *Real is*.”

I was glad of this revealing discussion in detail which I was told my friend would give me; and I know it will help you also to realise that the known can never be the Unknown; you will see that thinking can be only the expression of the past.

But NOW, the ever-present NOW, is Reality, this very moment when thinking has come to an end. Living moment to moment, time disappears; this you can experience only when you are not thinking, free from the past or the future which is in the mind—the past is memory and the future a hope which is a projection of the past, because you only think of the future in terms of the past. *Pure thinking comes through Inspiration which is the expression of the now, moment to moment.*

Jesus said, in other words, “Take no heed for the future, sufficient unto the moment is the evil thereof.”

On another occasion I asked this question: “In the light of our understanding, how do the words of the prophets, including those of Jesus, reveal the Truth?”

“Well, my son,” he answered, “you know that words can never reveal the Truth. Jesus said, ‘It is the word that killeth,’ meaning the word hides the Truth. But we can reason towards the Truth, yet reason must cease before we enter the door of Silence which is the entrance to Truth.

“You see, my son, all the so-called holy words have been written by men, that is the first thing to consider. The New Testament was written 150 years after Jesus was crucified, which was the method of murder at that time. Today in the West there are other ways of murdering people, the hangman’s rope, the guillotine, the electric chair, the gun, the bomb and other devices.

“If some one murders another person you call him a murderer, don’t you? Then you murder the murderer, but are you not a murderer too?”

“People today think that they are doing God a service by murdering others who do not believe in the way they do.

“Mass murder is taking place all over the world today as the result of this belief. To murder without consent you get the hangman’s rope, but to murder by consent you get a medal. But it is murder just the same. You cannot deny that, can you? Now you also see that those who assume the representation of the Deity bless those sent out to murder, also bless the weapons manufactured for murdering. They assign to their God characteristics that you and I would not attribute to the most backward savage. If you read your Bible you will see that what I say is true, yet they call it a Holy Book.

“Now, some will say that times have changed, that man is more developed, but is he? He is more subtle, he kills more people than he did a hundred years ago, but it is done in a flash and the result is more devastating.

“Today we have guns and bombs instead of bows and arrows. We have bombs that will destroy thousands at a time, we have incendiary bombs that burn with agonising pain, causing more pain than an arrow could ever do, yet we are told that we are more developed. Yes, we have developed the means of killing more people, but it is still killing is it not? No matter how we murder people it is murder just the same, the end is the same; the weapons are more deadly and we say more humane, but are they more humane? And the cause of all this carnage is division in nationalities, in race, in religion, in beliefs and ideals. The idealist is the most dangerous person because to make his ideal work he must be ruthless; he kills all those who oppose him.

“People are killing each other today more for their ideals than for things. To protect their ideals they have to kill, so we see mass murder going on directed by those who go to church, and pray to a God of Love whom they claim to be their Father. What a travesty of the Truth! Spirituality is all-inclusive. If you love one and hate another you cannot be a loving person, therefore you cannot be spiritual, you live in contradiction.

“Jesus the Prophet said: ‘Love your God and love your neighbour.’ But the only way to love God is to love your neighbour, and why don’t we love our neighbour? Simply because he has different ideals from ours, he has a different code, a different religion, a different nationality. Therefore one has to see what ideals are, what beliefs are, what nationalities are, what organised religion is. These things are the product of immature minds, are they not? It is quite obvious to a man of sense.

“1 Kings, chapter 7, verse 21 indicates that there are two pillars set up by Solomon at the entrance of the Temple. On the right is the Pillar of Jakin and on the left is the pillar of Boaz. The Temple indicated here was a temple not made with hands, the Temple of the Living God, which God Himself created. Life created the body and Life is God, for there can be no Life apart from Him who is Life. As the Prophet said, ‘It is the Eternal speaking.

I am the only One, there is none other beside Me,' and Jesus said, 'As the Father hath Life in Himself He grants the Son to have Life in himself.'

"Now what do the words Jakin and Boaz signify? The English 'J' stands for the Oriental 'Y'. Jakin is therefore Yakin which means 'One'. This signifies the principle of unity as the foundation of all things.

"The Universal mathematical elements throughout the Universe are evolved from the One and resolve themselves back into One again. This mathematical element is not the living Life but the recognition of what the One Life gives rise to.

"Now to balance the mathematical element we need the vital element so then we have the pillar called 'Boaz' which means voice. Voice is the Living expression of the Creator, for Spirit alone has Voice. 'The word was in the beginning, that Word was with God and God was that Word.'

"The meaning is plain: to enter the Temple we must enter through these two pillars. It is symbolic of the Cosmos in the Temple of the Living God not made with hands.

"Jesus was referring to this temple when He said, 'Destroy this temple and I will raise it up in three days.' Those ignorant of the Truth thought he meant the synagogue but Jesus was referring to the Temple of the Living God, not a heap of stones which most people look on today as the Temple of God and is more important to them than the Temple not made with hands. *Their idea of God is more important than God Himself*

"Dogma and creed is the narrow bigoted way that leads us into the building made with hands. But Jesus was showing the way into the inner Temple, the building not made with hands, where all the mysteries of Life will be unfolded to us in a regular order of succession as we begin to discern that which is not true—that which is false.

"The meaning is clear: the way cannot be through churches, gurus or priests, but through the unity of the one Life which is the Living Christ within. 'He who climbs in another way is a thief and a robber.'

"The opening up of these inner mysteries is not for mere gratification or curiosity, nor for material or spiritual gain as most people desire. It is for the increasing of our Life-giving in Love and compassion, and this can only be done when the mind sees the stupidity of its own fabrications.

“The Living Christ beyond ideas is the Shepherd, the Life of the Father is the same as in the son. It is the Father alone who lives.

“The gate-keeper is the Father and everyone is known to Him, ‘not a single one of these little ones can be lost.’ They will know His voice and will not follow a stranger. They, knowing the Truth, will turn from him who preaches separation, so those who follow the stranger are the goats.

“Anyone who lives in separation is a stranger, is he not? But the Christ of God is the Livingness within every soul. When this is known it is possible to go in and out—meaning that when the Truth is revealed you can go out into the relative world and partake even there of all the good things that God has prepared for those who love Him, while still holding on to the Tree of Life which is man’s salvation.

“Jesus again spoke in no uncertain terms when he said, ‘Yes, it is about you, you hypocrites, indeed, that Isaiah spoke as it is written, “These people honour me with their lips, but their heart is far away from me, vain is their worship of me for the doctrine they teach is but human precept.” ’ The text he was referring to was in Isaiah 29, verse 13, which reads, ‘Since this people draw near Me with their mouth,’ says the Eternal, ‘honouring me with their lips, while their hearts are far remote; since their religion is a mockery, a mere tradition learned by rote.’

“Jesus also says, ‘I have other sheep too, which do not belong to this fold. I must bring them also and they will listen to my voice (the voice of the Christ within), so it will be one flock and one shepherd,’ meaning that all nations, all peoples of the world will eventually turn within, away from without, and will listen to the Spirit of God that is in each and everyone. Thus there will be one Life, one God, one shepherd, one flock (no separation).

“The Universal Life and the individual Life are one and the same. There cannot be division. Only in the mind of man does this exist. This Life is the fulfilment of all our needs. Jesus says, ‘I and the Father are one,’ ‘I of myself am nothing, the Spirit of the Father within me does the work.’ This is the Christ Yoga. Yoga means united, all united in the One Spirit of God which is the Christ in man. Therefore the Christ Yoga is the unity of the Christ, that is the Spirit of God in each and every one.

“Only in understanding what the self is and its ways can all the stupid action of man be dissolved. In the quiet of the mind is the inner Temple revealed; there, in that Silence that is not created, is Creative Understanding, Compassion and Love. Without these there can be no goodwill between man and man. Only by right means can right action come about. Wrong means will bring only emptiness and death. Peace and Love come from within, not from without. These things are not created by man; they come into being immediately man understands himself.”

With this he ended his talk. It was a new phase showing that the Prophet’s words were showing the way for man’s salvation.

There followed a period of quiet.

It was I who broke the Silence. “Yes,” I said, “we deliberately organise mass murder which creates more murderers. We are the creators of our own misery and degradation, corruption and destruction. When we are engaged in organised mass murder of others we bring into our own lives a host of other disasters and there is no end to it. We give preference to false values and disregard eternal values and the result, we say, is an act of God. But God’s purpose is living, and not killing. There seems no end to this ever-expanding desire to conquer, for possession, for power, to protect our ideologies. It is truly the blind that lead the blind into destruction.”

And I quoted: “Truly, truly I tell you, we are speaking of what we do understand, we testify to what we have actually seen.”

Then he prayed as no one ever prayed before:

“O Divine Spirit, it has been revealed to us all that blinds us to Thy Presence. With Love alone we have discerned the false and now, Beloved, all fear, hatred and struggle have disappeared with the self.

“Now that we have seen man’s inhumanity to man we will abide in Thee only and our actions will be Thy Will, O Beloved.

“Thy Presence alone is our happiness, in Thy Presence all inward poverty has dissolved away.

“In Thy Heart we love, O Divine Heart.

“Thy Love, our Love, O Divine Love.”

* * * * *

His body and face appeared in a glorious light, the Love of God beyond man's conception. His words were pearls of great beauty strung on a garment of Love.

He was indeed a friend to the whole world.



“...one of the many beautiful valleys in Tibet...”

CHAPTER 8

WHEN I got up the following morning I said to my friend: “I can see that the prophets veiled their words so that only those who had reached a high spiritual state of understanding could read the hidden meaning.”

“Yes,” he agreed, “that has always been the way up to now. But now we have to speak in no uncertain terms without veiling our words. The time has come for the false to be shown up clearly, so that it can be understood and dissolved, thus ridding the world of the cause of its misery. In no circumstances must you veil your words or create ideas of the Truth; you must reveal the false; and when the false is clearly seen, then the Truth is, because it is not created.

“What we will do, from now onwards, is to go into more detail, so that you can understand the whole process of the mind of man which is the cause of all the trouble in the world today. We have to see the false clearly, more clearly than we have ever done.”

I gathered from those few words that morning that there would be more intensive work to be done, and I found it to be so. I had to pay particular attention, otherwise I should have missed the points he was explaining.

My mind was clear and alert now, and I was aware of it; I could understand the deeper significance of what he said. Then he began:

“Today we will take memory as our subject because I want you thoroughly to understand the meaning of memory which is the cause of so much conflict.

“When you acquire technical knowledge, such as *facts* relating to a particular science, it is what we will call factual memory. Without factual memory you could not build a specific thing like a bridge or a railway engine, a motor-car or a house. This memory you will see is entirely different from the memory of something unpleasant or pleasant that happened to you.

“Suppose someone said to you something unpleasant and another said something pleasant, you are immediately caught up in your reactions which become memory. The next time you meet the person who said the unpleasant thing, you meet him with that memory, is that not so? And the feeling you have is a reaction to the memory of yesterday, which you resent. You also meet the person who said the pleasant things with the memory of yesterday, but your reaction is quite different; nevertheless, the same function is memory, and this is what we will call psychological memory.

“We see now that we have factual memory or memory of facts, also we have psychological memory in which we have definite reactions, which is still memory. If you look into your mind you will see that you try to hold the pleasant memories and discard the unpleasant. A reaction is going on all the time, until you begin to realise that mind is memory or memory is mind, at whatever level, and has no existence in Reality.

“Now you begin to see that memory-mind is the result of the past, whether it is factual or psychological. Its foundation is the past which is a conditioned state. You see that, don't you?

“Now let us look into this very carefully. We meet the new—with the response of the old—memory; what is the result? Is not the new, conditioned by the past, the old? The challenge is always new but, in experiencing the new, the new is conditioned by the old. In those circumstances the new can never be thoroughly realised because you meet the new with the response of the old and this adds to the old. Therefore there can never be a realisation of the new in freedom because your experiencing is conditioned by the past, by the old.

“If you look into your mind now, you will see how you meet the new. If your mind is conditioned with religious prejudice, with nationalism, with ideals, you cannot understand the new because the old stands as a barrier to understanding, which is continually strengthening the old in response to the new. All this, you will see, is incomplete experience. Therefore this incomplete experience will always rise to the surface to disturb you; that is why concentration on one idea means the suppression of all others, which are also incomplete.

“Now why does this incomplete experience trouble you? Because it is memory, and memory is an impression in the mind. But if you understand

the whole truth of the matter you will see that Truth can never be a memory because Truth is beyond mind. Therefore Truth is always new, freed from memory. With this understanding only can you have complete experience, because there is true discernment, of what the mind is made up of without distortion.

“If your memory is used as a guide to the new, you will note that the new will be the old, will it not? When you have not fully understood the old-memory, you want to maintain it, do you not? In fact you cannot help but retain it. It is only when you see the Truth about something completely that you find that there is no memory in regard to it.

“Now, let us look at the ways we cultivate memory. You repeat mantrams, you read books, you have religious beliefs, ideals and all the rest of the junk with which you clutter up your mind. Now when you come to the new, what do you find? You meet it with the old! Now, memory has become more important than the new, is that not so?”

I did not answer; my tongue seemed incapable of forming any word. A transformation was taking place, I was seeing something I had not realised before, my understanding of the mind and its movements became clearer, when I realised that it was my self and that I was the sole creator of the illusion.

“Now,” he continued, “when we are young we look to the future and when we are old we live in the past! Why is this? Merely because we do not live now, in the present. In fact we cannot live in the present when we make the future more important; when we see this clearly, there is a complete understanding of yourself-myself, and to understand myself, what I am exactly now, does not need memory. Memory is a hindrance to the understanding of myself, Only when I know what memory is, does its significance dissolve away.

“You will note if you watch carefully that a new thought, a new feeling, comes only when the mind is not caught up in memory.

“If you had no memory, your possessions, your beliefs, your religion, your nationality would not be important. Therefore memory strengthens the self which is the cause of conflict, that is why you must understand memory and when you understand memory its significance fades away.

“But if you see that memory creates yesterday, today and tomorrow, that memory shapes today and tomorrow; you will see it is the past that is projected into the present and the future, because the living Present is not realised.

“How can you realise the Eternal, the Unknown, through the past, through memory? But this is what all so-called Truth students are trying to do. THEY ARE TRYING TO KNOW REALITY THROUGH MEMORY, AND THAT IS WHY THEY ARE EVER-SEARCHING BUT NEVER-FINDING. It is your work to show the falseness of this projection of the self, which is memory, and the assumption that this projection is the real when all the time it is merely memory.

“The Real can only be, when the *me*, which is memory, ceases to be. When you see that through memory you can never realise the Real, then you will understand this psychological memory that maintains the self which is a hindrance to the Real. When you see the truth of this the false falls away.

“Yes, memory makes life dull and empty for we live in conflict because of memory. You see now that psychological memory is a hindrance, while memory of facts is essential to our daily living; without it we could have no communication with one another.”

“I can see now,” I said, “that I have to understand what memory is, to see it for what it is. Then it is no longer a hindrance to the new. The new to be ever new, there must be no response through yesterday.”

“Yes,” he replied, “when this is understood, the Real—which is Wisdom—will operate in and around you.

“You talk about your spiritual counterpart, but surely, when you talk about your spiritual counterpart it is merely an idea of it! When you see this is false you are free from it, are you not? This is liberation, and in liberation the Real is. Do you understand?”

“Yes,” I replied, “I do understand now.”

With this he rose, gathered his robes and went away, leaving me alone to work it out for myself.

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My mind was giving up its old scars of memory. I could see that it was my self, caught up in the illusion of my importance. I was affected by what people said and did. Memories kept rising up before me and I could now understand the whole process; all those incomplete experiences were now being completed, because I realised that my self was the cause of the conflict, and the memory of these was dissolving and had no significance. I was seeing them impersonally, without fear, resentment or condemnation, because they were the result of what I was myself.

When I saw what I was myself, at that moment, I was free. I, myself, was the cause. My reactions were the protection of my conditioning which could never be Reality. Reality had no reaction; only the self had reaction because I did not understand my self.

This self-revealing was freedom. I saw that memory, thought, the past, the future, was myself and I was not separate from it. When I saw that I was not separate from memory, thought, reaction, these being my own creations, the result of memory, and had no Reality in them, I lost all fear, hate, vanity, jealousy, and I no longer judged or condemned. Now I knew what the Master meant when he said: "Condemn not lest ye be condemned." Then all this conditioning-thought-memory fell away. I saw it was not Real, it was the self bound up in its own creations.

I wonder if you can now at this moment feel the freedom that comes through understanding the self. In this way transformation takes place and Reality operates without limit, and great is Its operation, but you can experience It only moment to moment for It is the Living Present, and is without any conditioning whatsoever. Then, to live in the present is the Yoga of the Christ.

* * * * *

It was only when the gong boomed for lunch that I came back into this world of time and knowing what time was; there was a sense of Eternity that was very real to me now.

My friend had been down to the town and I met him in the hall. He put his arm around my shoulders and said: "Each time I look into your face I

see the transformation.”

And he added: “I have some news for you. Norbu and her family have come back and are anxious to meet you again. Norbu is very beautiful; I think you have awakened in her a love that is of the heart and must be understood. I saw it in her eyes when she spoke of you today.”

He paused. Then: “I want to warn you because you have magnetic power, otherwise you could not be the healer that you are. Now! Norbu has asked me if she could come and serve in the house and do your washing and generally help in your comforts. I could not refuse because we never refuse the gift of service, for through unconditioned service love comes into being.”

I replied: “I understand what you mean completely; I have experienced before the expression of love in service and what it means.”

“Yes,” he said, “true love is of the heart, not of the mind. Love is not a thought, it is much deeper than that and more profound. Without Love, Life has no meaning. That is the sorrowful part of most people’s existence; they grow old while not yet mature. They read and talk about love but have never known the real fragrance of Life, and therefore the warmth of the heart that enriches Life is sadly missing. Without the quality of Love, do what we will, we can never solve any problems.

“The struggle to be chaste in thought is to be unchaste because in this there is *no* Love. To *truly* Love is to be chaste, pure, incorruptible. To solve the problem through logic is absurd; to approach it through religion is childish and stupid. To adjust it through glandular action or surround it with taboos shows a lack of understanding of our relationship with one another. To be aware of our thought-feeling-reaction in our relationships is a self-revealing process and in this revealing process is the Real.

“Only through thoroughly understanding ourselves can we reach that which is beyond the self. We do not create Love, Love comes into being when the self has died in its own revealing process.”

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The more I saw of my friend and listened to his words, the more I realised his great wisdom and understanding. To be with him even without uttering a word was to experience that which was beyond the self, beyond mind, what was in the mind could be put into words but that which was beyond mind could not be put into words. It could only be experienced.

CHAPTER 9

ABOUT tea-time Norbu arrived. In her hair she wore a chinese poppy which grew wild in the valley. She was truly a picture of great rarity. There was not the slightest sign of shyness about her. I was amazed at the natural way she spoke to us; there was a freedom that I had never experienced with the opposite sex before, and I knew how she acquired it. I could see that my friend had done a lot in that direction.

When I looked into her wide-open blue eyes which looked into mine with a fearless frankness I could see that her mind was clear of all illusion. There was no feeling of uneasiness in our relationship. She spoke in excellent English with a fascinating accent, and as she spoke her face lit up with a charming smile showing a set of flawless teeth through her well-formed mouth.

I was struck with her personality which was enhanced by her beauty and freedom.

I said to her: "You are a very lovely girl, Norbu." But what I said did not disturb her in the least one way or another.

Then she said: "May I ask your permission to come and be of help to you?"

"It will be very nice to have you about the house, Norbu," I said, "but I have a lot of work to do and I am sorry I can't spend all the time I would like to with you."

"Since I was a girl of twelve years old I have been taught by my Master," looking at my friend with a look of appreciation and gratitude.

"Yes," I said, "I owe a very great deal to him too, more than I can say in words. One thing, I learned to know the self, that stupid self, that bubble has burst all right," and we laughed heartily, knowing well how that was done.

There was no strain in our relationship and I knew now what true relationship meant, for without love there would be no relationship.

Norbu was the most efficient girl I have ever seen in any home. She decorated the table every day with wild flowers from the valley. She looked after our needs in every way and cooked delicious dishes out of the limited materials she had at hand. She was never idle for a moment. My clothes were seen to, socks, shirts, etc. Everything that could be done for our comfort was done by her.

One day I said: “Norbu, you are spoiling me utterly. I will never be content with anyone else after all you are doing for me.” Her face lit up with joy when I said this, and she looked even more beautiful than ever. In fact, during the time I was there she was becoming more beautiful every day and I told her so.

In the evening when we were not working she played her guitar and sang in her lovely soft soprano voice Indian and Tibetan lyrics.

When I showed a friend of mine in Hollywood (he was a film producer) her picture and told him something about her, he wanted to get her to Hollywood to make a picture he had in mind about the Himalayas, around the story I had told him, but I said that was impossible.

One evening, when we were talking about the outside world, I said to Norbu: “The world I come from is full of sophisticated and insincere people. Most people are nice to your face but talk behind your back. In fact, most people in my world are hypocritical, even the best of them are conditioned in one way or another.

“Yes, Norbu, they will love you at a distance because to them you would be a symbol, an ideal. But when you come among them they would be spiteful and jealous. The symbol of you would die a sudden death and they would seek another symbol into which they could escape. Their minds may be full of ideals but their hearts are empty, and it is what is in the heart that counts.

“Most people cling to an ideal of what they should be, but are afraid to see themselves as they really are, so their ideal is a wonderful escape but can never bring freedom. When they see themselves as they really are without criticism or condemnation or judgment, their false state will fall away and the Real which is not created will come into being. Few are they who can discern their thought-feeling-reaction and see themselves as they really are. They would rather hide behind an ideal than look at themselves,

but only by doing so and understanding themselves is there freedom, beauty and love. For these are not created; they are ever-present and eternal and come into being only when the false falls away.”

I knew then that there was no difference between man and woman as regards the Truth, man and woman were equal in every respect and could realise the truth according to the awareness of that which was hiding it and that was the self.

Far from being a disturbing influence Norbu was a treasure, and I gained wisdom from her actions. Her actions were the result of her unconscious thinking which was natural to her, having freed herself from the bondage of the self.

Norbu never sought to draw attention to herself but was always ready to serve without restraint. She was always ready to give of herself, yet never sought anything for herself. Yet she had everything because she was free. I could see that she did not live in opposites. As a life-companion it would be hard to find a more perfect one.

Her life was one of joy and happiness with us, and at times she would enter into our discussions with a wisdom and understanding which amazed me.

My friend said to me one day when we were alone: “Norbu is going to miss you more than you can realise when you leave here. You seem to creep into the heart of everyone you come in contact with, and I shall miss you more because of that also. Since your coming in the flesh into this land you have entered into the hearts of all you have come in contact with.”

“Here,” he said, “is a note from the Abbot of Ok, another from Geshi Rimpoche, and one from Tung La. They speak of you in terms of deep affection.

“Yes,” I said, “but I also love every one of you and I will feel the parting more than anyone can know, for deep in my heart now is that sadness as I think of it. In fact I have often said to myself, why should I leave here where my real friends are? But I knew what your answer would be and therefore I never uttered a word.”

“Yes, my son, I know how you feel, but you have much work to do in your world, much as we would love you to stay with us because of our love for you, but that cannot be.”

At that moment I felt so unworthy of the trust put in me. I also felt that I was a mere speck on the horizon. Then my friend spoke again, for he must have read my thoughts:

“Remember,” he said, “that the self is nothing, it is the Spirit that does the real work. The self can do nothing, it is more often a hindrance. When this is realised it no longer gets in the way.”

I felt an immediate relief. I was no longer responsible. There was a greater power at work, and the more I got rid of the self the greater would be that power. My fear left me, my feeling of unworthiness fell away, and again I was as I was when he stripped me of the self long ago. Only when the self is in evidence is there fear. I knew that now, and he understood as he looked into my face.

The night Norbu came to us we sat up till nearly midnight listening to her experiences during her journey to Lhasa and back. At the end she said: “I am glad I am back for I seemed to lose all confidence when among the paraphernalia and religious plays.”

“Yes, Norbu,” said my friend, “there are two types of confidence. One who has mastered a technique has confidence in himself as a technician, and you will see that this type of confidence is merely superficial. But there is another type of confidence that comes from knowing oneself, both in the active or conscious and the latent or unconscious spheres of the mind. When the whole surface and hidden mental activities are known, there is a confidence that is not self-assertive or shrewd, not the confidence that comes from the memory of achievement, but a confidence that comes from seeing things as they really are.

“When confidence is based upon the belief in personal salvation, aggrandisement or achievement, it is pregnant with fears. But when there is an understanding of what ritual is, when there is an understanding of relationship with people, with things, with ideas, that understanding frees you from all authority. Therefore there is not the master and the pupil, or the *guru* sitting on a platform and the *chela* sitting below. When this is understood it frees you from all sense of time and authority.

“Such confidence is pregnant with love and affection, and when you love someone there is neither high nor low, for Love itself is its own Eternity.

“In this state of being there is inward tranquillity in which there is love, kindness, generosity, mercy. That state of being is the very essence of beauty. Without that, merely to adorn oneself with robes and paraphernalia is to emphasise the values of the senses which lead to the illusion of high and low, and this leads to conflict and separation.

“The confidence of the Christ or the Buddha lies in a swift pliability of mind, and this is not only for the privileged few. There is but one Life and that Life will operate in its fullness in anyone who is aware of that which is hindering It.”

I could see now, how Norbu had gained that freedom that comes from understanding, that perfume of existence she was expressing at that moment.

I said: “What a privilege to be near the fount of wisdom always, Norbu. I wish I could be also.”

“You can, we would love to have you with us always.”

My friend looked at her and said just one word: “Norbu.”

Then there was silence; we all had our thoughts. The whole atmosphere was filled with an harmonious feeling of love that was beyond the physical.

It was I who broke the silence: “There is no separation anywhere, Norbu. In spirit we are ever together like pearls strung on that unbreakable chain of Love that is everlasting.”

Tears welled up in her eyes as she said: “I know. I became possessive for a moment but now it no longer exists, because there is no separation except in the mind, never in the heart.”

My friend then spoke: “I think you had better lay the supper, Norbu, and afterwards we shall go to rest. It is almost midnight and I see you are getting tired.”

Norbu then laid a dainty supper of cold roast chicken and potatoes steamed in butter, and we all enjoyed this midnight meal.

Next morning there was a delightful atmosphere; everyone was joyful. The night’s sleep had worked wonders. I could hear Norbu singing a happy Tibetan song. When I asked her what it was, she replied: “It is one I made up myself.”

“Tell me what are the English words, Norbu,” I asked. She laughed and went on getting the breakfast ready.

After breakfast my friend said to me: “We will go up the valley today; I would like to discuss some more details that would be beneficial to you in your work.”

So we wandered up the valley and sat on a rock covered with rock grass. All around our feet were wild flowers, wild poppies, wild rhubarb flowers, and about us were rhododendron trees in full bloom. It was truly a lovely spot to listen to that great sage.

He began with these words in his wonderful voice: “I tell you truly ‘In as much as you did it to one of these my brethren even to the least of them, you did it to me.’ It is recorded that Jesus said these words and I want you to observe their true meaning in your daily living, for in this observation there is true happiness.

“This great truth is not realised because the mind of man is caught up in separation, in ideals, in beliefs, that separate man from man.

“The idea that God, man and the Universe are one does not reveal the Truth. In fact it is merely a mental image you have acquired into which you want to escape, and this blinds you to the Real. But if you discern that this is merely an idea you can go beyond and experience the Truth of It.

“If you look carefully you will see that your thought is the expression of your particular conditioning and there would be no thought if there were no conditioning. According to what you are, so is your thought. If you are a Socialist you think that way; if you are a Capitalist you think that way. If you are a Protestant, a Hindu or a Catholic, your thinking will be according to your belief. All your accumulated knowledge or learning becomes memory and this conditions you, and through this conditioning your thoughts are formed.

“Now without understanding this conditioning which is you, whatever you think and act will be according to that background. You see that clearly, don’t you? You have only to listen to others and you will become aware of their conditioning; thus you can see yourself. To bring about a radical change in oneself there must obviously be an understanding of how this conditioning has come about. When this is understood, then there is an understanding of the self and how the self has become involved. When this is seen impersonally without distortion, there is freedom and in that freedom is the Real which is not a condition of any kind.

“Now most people seek wisdom through books; they think they can understand Life by following a so-called expert who says he knows, but he who says he knows does not know. Some join philosophical societies or religious organisations and an endless search goes on. Surely understanding and wisdom cannot be found in this way, for this is merely imitation, and imitation is not understanding. Merely accepting an idea is not understanding.

“If you merely accept that which confirms your conditioning or close up when your opinions are contradicted, there can be no understanding. Some make an effort to understand, but this merely changes their ideas.

“Transformation comes when you begin to see from where your thinking arises. Then there is understanding of what the self is. The self is your conditioning, the self is the projection of your conditioning, is that not so?”

“Yes,” I said, “I now realise that more clearly.”

“Life is free from conditioning therefore Life is Creative. To be creative then you must understand the self which prevents Life’s expression. Right thinking comes when we know ourselves, and to know ourselves we must be aware of our thought-feeling-reaction, which is but a response of our accumulated past and when you understand how this accumulation has come about there is freedom.”

“It is now becoming more and more clear,” I ventured to say.

“We must be aware of our ideas, beliefs, desires, fears, antagonisms, our complete thought-feeling-reaction must be discerned as it affects the present, otherwise we will be giving expression to our conditioning. That is also clear, is it not?” he asked, and he went on: “If your thought is moulded into a pattern, your thought-feeling-reaction will be within that pattern, you see that, don’t you? Your thought shapes itself according to your background. When you understand this, there is a stillness that is not created. The mind becomes still without being forced, because the mind—the self—sees what it is, and therefore ceases to project itself. When, then, the self sees that it is the cause of its own conditioning and cannot be separate from it, it ceases to seek an escape. When things are seen as they really are there is an understanding of them, and in this understanding there is freedom, and in freedom there is Reality. When the mind is no longer burdened you will experience this freedom.

“The mystery of the power of Jesus or of any other master is understood when the Life Jesus called the Father is realised. This could not be the product of the mind—a mere idea—but a living Consciousness in Life Itself.

“When Jesus saw the imperfection in man he knew that man himself was the cause. Therefore without an understanding of what our background is, what we think and feel is merely a projection of that background. Without this self-knowledge, enlightenment is impossible.

“Unless the mind is freed from the ideas of what God is, there can be no realisation of the Real, there will merely be an idea of what Reality is and this is not the Truth, for when one idea is worn out a new one is created. The Real is beyond ideas, beyond the mind, and comes into being from within, not from without. It is only realised when all the illusions of the mind are dissolved through understanding how they have come about.”

“I see,” I said, “that the Yoga of the Christ is freedom from the self. When the self dies then God performs His own deeds and being the Creator of all things, having Intelligence beyond the mind of man, this Intelligence comes into operation when the mind ceases to formulate its own conclusions.”

He replied: “Yes, my son, but this is merely an idea still. What you have said may be a truth but it is not the Truth. Truth can be experienced only when the mind is still, and I want you to experience that, for it is of great importance. An intellectual knowing is still mental, not spiritual. The Spiritual can come only through true meditation.”

For some time we sat meditating, not on an idea or an image but seeing all that was not the Truth, seeing all the false, seeing the mind at work, knowing its movements, its cherished hopes and ideals. All these things were now dissolving away as I saw that they were merely a projection of the self and “BEING” was being realised more and more.

All Power, all Intelligence, all Love was there waiting to operate at the moment the self died, for only the self stood in the way.

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I don't know how long I was in this state of bliss; all I knew was a stillness that I did not create, a silence that came into being, and in that silence was the Eternal Creativeness.

Words cannot explain this state. The "I" had dissolved away in the great "I AM." The Father was operating through the temple He created for that purpose. All Power, all Wisdom, all Love was Eternal, Ever-present.

I knew that the self was nothing and could do nothing by itself, that it had no power of its own.

I was content, for all struggle had ceased. The Uncreated alone was creative. My thoughts and images of the past were dissolved in the living Present that was always new, the living moment that was Real. I knew now what my friend meant by the self being freed from its own bondage. I could write millions of words about it but even that would not reveal this ecstasy of BEING that was beyond mental formulations.

CHAPTER 10

I HAD a feeling of satisfaction as we came back down the valley towards the sanctuary. My friend must have sensed my thoughts for he said:

“I am much pleased with your progress, it has been smooth and harmonious, and I will be very sorry when the time comes for you to leave.”

I replied: “I feel the same way and am grateful for your kindness and consideration and Love which I appreciate more than words can tell. But I still feel that I am not worthy,” ... I had hardly finished when he spoke again:

“Whether you are worthy or not does not matter. Those who give to the world great things never think whether they are worthy or not. They realise that they are channels through which the Intelligence manifests. It did not enter their minds whether they were worthy or not. Jesus said, ‘Know ye not I am in the Father and the Father is in me.’ But you have at the back of your mind an idea of your unworthiness. If you can see now that this idea is merely the result of your background, your conditioning, you will not think that way again.”

I knew it was a rap over the knuckles but it was said with compassion and love, and I realised how stupid I was. I was still caught up in the conditioning of the words which were so often said to me when a boy: “You should be seen and not heard.” I was no longer bound by that feeling; it disappeared there and then.

In fact it was not the first time I had been checked about this. The Hermit of Ling-Shi-La quietly and gently rebuked me when he said: “We are not concerned with your worthiness; we are concerned only with how the Truth can best be made known to the world. You are a good instrument and we know that you will be a better one after this.”

When we reached the sanctuary Norbu was waiting on the doorstep to meet us. She was radiant. She wore a red woollen jacket with green and

white checks which she had made herself, and in her hair she wore her favourite wild poppy.

Her face was radiant with happiness and she smiled with her eyes and beautifully formed mouth.

I said to her: “You are a real beauty today, Norbu. Is this for my benefit?”

My friend chipped in: “I think this is getting rather serious.”

At the back of his mind he knew that there was a latent deep affection that could be fanned into a living fire at any moment and knowing that one day there must be a parting he was concerned lest that parting would be made difficult. I knew this too, for I have a great capacity to love and felt at that moment I could put my arms around Norbu.

I took her hand in mine in front of my friend and said: “I love you very much, Norbu, and I always will.”

Tears came into her smiling eyes and she said: “I love you too very much and I will miss you terribly when you leave us. But I will not be sad for I know you have work to do and I will have the memory of your life with us.”

I knew then that everything was well and I took her in my arms and asked my friend to bless us.

Then he said: “This is my command, you are to love one another as I love you.”

We knew what that meant, it meant a true spiritual Love beyond the physical.

We sat down to lunch and the talk was animated with Life and laughter. There was that happy carefree feeling accomplished by a bond of Love that united the three of us, that seemed ageless.

In the afternoon Norbu came in and sat down with us, for she was an adept in her own way, and I knew that she benefited much from our discussions as he called them.

My friend never implied that he was my teacher or my master; this was his way of revealing the false, so that we could realise the truth ourselves.

My friend started again with the words: “This is my command, you are to love one another as I have loved you,” looking at us both. “These are the words of the Master Jesus and they are also my words for both of you.”

“The Yoga of the Christ is freedom,” he said, “freedom comes when all the false, all the me—the I—the self—is understood, for they are the same. When the me—the I—the self is not understood, when it does not know and is caught up in its hopes and its desires, there is always the reaching out in trying to overcome again and again, and this makes freedom impossible, but, through understanding, overcoming becomes unnecessary, You understand that now, don’t you.”

“Yes,” we replied, like one person.

Then he continued: When you conquer one desire, you have to conquer it again and again. It is the same with your enemy, you have to conquer him again and again, that is why we always have wars. The moment you overcome one desire there is another desire to be overcome, so that which is overcome is never understood.

“In fact you will see now that overcoming is merely a form of suppression and you can never understand that which you suppress. Therefore you can never be free from that which you repress. You have just recently experienced that, have you not? There is no longer the repression of your affections, but there is now freedom with your affection which makes it more alive with Love. For when there is true Love there is no desire, there is but the expression of that Love in freedom.”

Norbu replied: “I know that now, Master, I know I can love now with all my heart and because I love with all my heart and not with my mind, I am free from desire. Master, you have shown me the way to love.”

“No, my dear,” he replied, “you found that out for yourself. I could not have shown it to you because you can experience that only by yourself. It must be your own experience, not mine.”

I knew that freedom too, and have, ever since then, known that love of the heart frees you, while love of the mind binds you. Love of the heart is giving, while Love of the mind is desiring. There is a great difference between the two, one is of God, the other is of the self. The Love of God lives forever, It is Eternal, while the love of the self dies with the self; it is but a shadow of love, as the self is but a shadow of the real. But you can never know true love unless you love someone with all your heart and soul, then you know what love means. The overcoming of fear is merely the postponement of fear, is it not? What is it that most people fear?”

I replied: “I should say that most people fear death. Jesus said that was the last fear that man must free himself from. In other words he meant that when one was freed from the fear of death he was really free.”

“Yes, that is true. The greatest fear is the fear of death and *the problem now before us is not how to overcome the fear of death but to understand the whole meaning of death.* This does not only apply to the old but to everyone, young and old.

“It is not merely adhering to a belief whether one continues to live or does not continue to live that solves the problem.

“There are some who say they are spiritual beings, and some say they are not spiritual beings and there is nothing afterwards. They say they are merely the product of environment. But both are thinking-believing and that does not solve the problem either.

“Now, what is it that makes people crave to continue and what is it that continues? What they want to continue is a name, form, experience-knowledge-memories. That is what the self is, what the me is, what the I is, for they are virtually the same, and that is what they want to continue. If you will look carefully you will see how true it is.

“You realise now that you are your memories, your experiences, your thoughts, and at whatever level you place your thought process you are still that, and you are afraid that when death comes that process which is you will come to an end, or you may believe that you will continue in some form after death and come back again in the next life. This you will see is but an expression of your belief, it is part of your mental process. I am not saying that there is not an after-Life but the mere idea of It does not solve the problem.

“Life-Spirit obviously cannot continue because it is beyond mind, beyond time. Continuity implies time—yesterday, today, tomorrow. Therefore that which is timeless can have no continuity; only that which is of time has continuity. That which is eternal and ever-present has no beginning and no ending, therefore has no continuity.

“You can only express what you know, your thoughts, your memories, your knowledge, your experience. You cannot express what you do not know, you can only express what is in your mind. You cannot express what is beyond your mind, you cannot express Reality, for you do not know what

it is. When the mind becomes quiet through this understanding, then that which is Real-Eternal is realised and Its operation is wide and unlimited.

“To say that I am a spiritual entity is a comforting thought, but, in the process of thinking about it, it is caught up in time, is it not? Therefore it cannot be Timeless! And therefore is not Spiritual. Time is relative, but the Timeless is beyond the relative and therefore is not subject to time, and being Unknown is not subject to the known; therefore it cannot be expressed as the known.

“What you want to continue is what you know. If you look carefully again you will see that it is not that which you don't know you want to continue. If you look clearly into this you will see the Truth of it. So what you have is merely your thinking-feeling and that is what you want to continue, because you know nothing else.

“As you do not know the Unknown, obviously it is the known you want to continue, so you are afraid it will come to an end. *But there is only Reality when that which continues comes to an end.* But you are afraid to end, so you are afraid of death, afraid to die. You want to carry on from yesterday to today-tomorrow, so you build up Utopias and sacrifice the living present to the future, liquidating people because of the desire to continue.

“Now that which continues obviously cannot renew itself. Only that which is ever-present, moment to moment, is reborn, renewed, moment to moment. In this there is no memory, no past, no future, no good, no evil.

“If we look into the problem closely we will see that what continues is memory in various forms and because you cling to memory you are afraid to die. Now you will see clearly that memory—the self being of time must die before there is *That* which is beyond Time.

“The mind cannot formulate or conceive That which is beyond time. It can know only that which is the result of time, of the past. What you read, what you think, what you believe, the mind formulates of yesterday, today and tomorrow but it cannot formulate moment to moment. To live in the ever-present there is no yesterday, today or tomorrow. There is only now. So the mind is afraid of coming to an end because it clings to yesterday, today and tomorrow, to its beliefs and its theories, and is not sure because it is liable to change from one idea to another.

“Your difficulty is to die to all you have accumulated, all your experiences of yesterday, to your beliefs, your ideas, your hopes. But that is death, is it not? That is what you die to.

“What you know can never reveal the Unknown which is beyond the known, beyond time. What you know is of time and time can never reveal the Timeless.

“Before I go farther I want to know if you understand this clearly.”

I replied: “Yes, I do. When I die moment to moment to the things of the past, is there the Unknown, the Real. That which continues can never know the Truth—the Real—the Unknown—the New, it can only know its own projections. When you live in time, yesterday-tomorrow becomes more important than the Living Present which alone is creative. We must die to the moment that is past and live in the Living Present, then in death there is Life.”

“Yes,” said my friend, and he continued: “If you will look into your mind you will see that to live in the Living Present there cannot be a yesterday or a tomorrow. This is true activity-action, not reaction which is the result of memory, the result of yesterday. You will also note that there is no dead in the living Present which is eternal. That is why Jesus said: ‘Let the dead bury the dead.’

“CREATIVENESS IS LIFE IN ACTION. MAN DOES NOT CREATE LIFE, NO MORE THAN HE CAN CREATE GOD. *What he does do, is to create an idea of God, which he thinks is Truth, and not until he sees how stupid this is can he free himself from this illusion that blinds him to the Truth, Time cannot create Life, can it?*”

I replied: “I know of many who think that in time they can be creative. I realise that in time we can master a technique but that is not being creative.”

“To master a technique,” he said, “is merely habit, but habit is not creative, is it? There is always the conflict, the struggle in mastering a technique. Therefore a technique cannot be creative. As long as the self is in conflict with what it is doing, there cannot be a creative state. As long as the mind is caught up in opposites there will always be conflict and this denies creativeness.”

“Then how is it possible to achieve creativeness?” I asked.

“It is not possible to achieve Creativeness,” he replied, “what you must understand is that which denies Creativeness, and the understanding of this means the understanding of the self. When the mind is free from the demands of the self there is peace, and in that peace is Creativeness. It comes into being without effort or struggle because It is ever-present. Creativeness is from moment to moment. But you would like to hold Creativeness so that you would be able to express It. But this you cannot do, because Creativeness is beyond mind, beyond time. Therefore you have to cease functioning in time to become creative. When the self dies there is Life, so is there Creativeness. Jesus said, in other words, he who seeks to save *his* life (relative) will lose it but he who gives up his life will retain It.

“Just as the lake is quiet when the wind ceases, so there is Creative Being when the problems of the mind come to an end.

“I of mine own self am nothing, it is the Spirit of the Father within me that doeth these things.”

Then he closed his eyes as if in prayer and the words flowed from him without thought:

“O Eternal Living Presence, I of myself am nothing, but with Thee I am all there is, for Thou art not divided.

“When I reasoned divinely and observed the false, I cleared the way for Thy Living Presence.

“In Thy Living Presence I was devoid of the sense of time because Thou art the Timeless One. Time, I saw, was of my own mind.

“I saw there could be no Reality in personality, because Thou alone art Real and indivisible.

“I saw there could be no Reality in sin, because Thou art all there is and there is no sin in Thee. Only in the mind of man does sin dwell and this is of his own making.

“Thou art the Truth and Truth is all there is, Thou art not divided because there is not anything that can divide Thee.

“Thou art unchangeable because there is not anything than can change Thee.

“When I saw that time blinded me to Thy Living Presence I died to yesterday.

“Now, the Living Truth has set me free, knowing that the self is the error, believing the false to be the true. Now the self has died, Thy Life is mine for evermore,

“O Blessed Eternal Living Presence.”

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As we looked upon his face we both saw the Master of Masters, his face enveloped in a light that was not of this world.

I took Norbu’s hand in mine and we sat in that state of ecstasy, I don’t know how long, for time had ceased to be. I knew then within me that there was no death, that death was swallowed up in Life Everlasting, and in that peace, in that silence, was the Real and the fear of death was no more.

CHAPTER 11

THE days were creeping on and winter was beginning to show herself in real Tibetan style. Snow had fallen during the night and a blanket of snow covered Zamsar. From now onwards the blanket of snow would remain for at least six months, the sun was warm during the day but the night was below zero.

I was conscious of the fact that I must soon be on my way back to the world I came from, yet that world seemed to be so far away; I had entirely forgotten it during these last few months.

One thing I knew was that a great transformation had taken place. My changing ideas had disappeared, I was no longer changing from one idea to the other about Truth. That stupid conflict was now dead, for I knew that even the most advanced idea was merely an idea and was not the Truth.

Immediately I saw this, all ideas about Truth disappeared. There was no longer a craving for the Spiritual or the material; I knew I could not possess either. In this pliability of mind there was freedom, and in freedom there was Truth, and in Truth there is Love.

Love is Truth, but we do not know what Truth is, so we do not know what Love is; we talk about Love, but that is not Love—it is merely our own mental creation, which is not Love. When we are thinking about Love it is not Love we are thinking about but a person we love. But do we love that person or do we merely possess that person?

When there is possessiveness there is jealousy and fear, and that is not love. When we find out what is not love, then we will experience Love. Surely Love does not mean possession, jealousy, fear. But, when you possess, there is fear, there is jealousy.

If you read aloud what I say you will experience a transformation that comes as a result of knowing yourself. You will see that which is not Love, and when that happens the false will fall away and Love will be immediate,

because it is now and comes into operation when the way is made clear for It.

If you are married, have husbands, wives, children whom you possess, whom you use, of whom you are afraid or jealous, if you become aware of this you will see that that is not Love. Appeasement is not Love.

You give a coin to a beggar and walk on, is that Love? You may feel that you have done your good deed for the day, but is that Love? You may think you love mankind, but do you?

What we are doing is inquiring into the question of Love. When we inquire into the question of Love, we see what is not Love. Then we begin to understand ourselves in relation to Love, and by doing so there is freedom from that which is not Love, and in this freedom there is Love, because you do not create Love.

You cannot possess Love. Love must possess you, and, when Love possesses you, you are no longer afraid or jealous or possessive.

When you are conscious of giving or receiving Love there is no Love. It is merely an expression of the mind and not of the heart.

Have you ever asked yourself what is the difference between yourself and the beggar? He may be in rags, you may have fine clothes. He may have nothing and you may have plenty, but that is merely a superficial difference. When you look more deeply, however, you will see that he is made the same way, is alive, the same Life is there, he is living as you are living. You are a beggar too, only on a higher level, nevertheless a beggar.

Strip yourself of your conditioning and the beggar of his condition and are you not the same? Is Life any different in you or in the beggar? It is; because of the society we create through our conditioning, this continues our conditioning.

You call it noble when you give to charity, but you cannot call that love. Are you not still the central figure? You may sympathise with those who are conditioned, but is that Love? Who is the cause of this conditioning? You are, but we will not inquire into your motives and actions, you are afraid to do so, because it will upset you. You are afraid to look at yourselves. But unless you do, how can these conditions dissolve? Do you not perpetuate this condition through your own conditioning, when you do not know your conditioning?

You attack society for these conditions, but this is merely an escape, because you are afraid to inquire lest you find out what you really are like. You do not care to be reminded of what you are like, so you sympathise with the victims of society, but are they not your victims? If you inquire you will see how you created this society.

Is forgiveness Love? You may think that you are a loving person because you forgive. But let us look at this problem of forgiveness. Why do you forgive? I insult you, you are hurt. You resent it, you remember it. Then you forgive. Why? Because you are still the central figure and this boosts your morale. But is that Love? You are still the important person, are you not? Love is not personal aggrandisement within or without. Love comes into being when the self has disappeared.

So you see that sympathy, forgiveness, possessiveness, jealousy, fear, is not love. One who loves is indifferent to all these things. As long as the mind is playing with Love, there is no Love; it only corrupts Love; it cannot give birth to Love, because it denies Love.

You write about Love but that is not Love; you talk about Love, but is that Love? You hear people talking about Love, but look and see if there is any Love in them.

When there *is* Love you never talk about it.

Love cannot be bought or sold. Love is beyond time. Only the things of time can be bought or sold. That is why our troubles, our miseries, multiply. The mind creates the problem and the mind tries to solve the problem, but you can see that this is impossible, because there is no Love. Only when the mind no longer has to solve the problem is there Love, and Love alone can solve the problem. When the mind is active you will see that the heart is empty of Love. Yes, when the mind is active it fills the heart with things of the mind, the things of time. But Love is not of time; it comes into being when the things of time are silent. Therefore the solution of the problem is still the mind, to understand its ways, to see what we are, what we are doing; to see that we ourselves are the problem. But we are afraid to face the fact, and so the problem is never solved.

What do we do? We build churches, invent new organisations, we write, we preach, we adopt new slogans, we organise new political parties, we have conferences. We call ourselves this society and that society for world

peace, world this and world that. But do we solve the problem? No! We only further complicate the problem.

When we see that the problem is the product of the mind, then to solve the problem the mind must cease to formulate new methods with the same old background. *Then* there is Love, and not before, and with Love all our problems are solved.

We talk about the practice of Brotherhood and Brotherly Love. We inaugurate societies. But this is still within the realm of the mind, is it not? When you understand all this, when all this racket has ceased, Love comes into being because It IS now and we don't create it.

Then we will know what Love is. To say that you love the world has no meaning if you do not know how to Love "One". It is only when you truly love one, and in that love you will know how to love the whole. It is because we do not know how to love one that our love for others is false. For when you truly love one, you love all. Then the heart is full and the mind ceases to formulate. In this is the solving of all our problems. Then we shall know why Jesus said: "Love your neighbour as yourself," for here lies our true happiness.

The lesson of Love was the greatest lesson I learned from my friend and from Geshi Rimpoche. These words of mine, I hope will open the way for you as their words opened the way for me.

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I said to my friend: "You have not mentioned that the day is drawing near when I shall leave you; I know you do not wish me to go, but I must go; and, I feel, that day is not far off."

"Yes," he said, "I was waiting for you to speak about it. In fact I put it into your mind so that it would come first from you and not from me. You know well that I shall miss you. In fact all of us will miss your presence in the flesh very much indeed, but, as you know, I shall be following you in your work in the world, for that is my work too. I will be by your side with your other helpers, some of whom have already left the physical.

“You are aware by now that most people live mostly in a superficial conscious state, merely a consciousness of their daily activities with the din of social problems and personal anxieties. Very few are aware of the deeper layer of consciousness that is influencing them according to their conditioning, because they are too busily occupied with their daily activities, their vanities, their cravings, hates, jealousies, and fears. They are unaware of their conditioning which is affecting their actions in their everyday living.

“Most people struggle for position, power, wealth and all that the physical can give, thereby creating further conditioning, and it is this deeper layer of conditioned consciousness that is projecting itself to the surface, causing all kinds of upheavals in mind and body.

“There are also those who divide the consciousness into the inferior and superior, and who say that the higher is the Spiritual entity. But is this not still a projection of their desire to become? It is merely a belief, you see; it is still of the mind, a mental formulation, is it not? This belief in a spiritual entity is an escape from their conditioning and can never relieve them of their conditioning, for their conditioning will remain till they see how they have conditioned themselves.

“What I want you to see is the action of the mind and to understand it thoroughly. Without understanding the deeper phases of your own mental activity you will be caught up in your own ideas, and the ideas of others, which is the very thing I want you to avoid. So you see, no matter what you think or how you think about being a spiritual entity, it is still a product of your own thought-process, and therefore a product of time, and being a product of time it cannot be the Timeless, and only in the Timeless is there Spiritual Being, which is *now!* and which you do not create or formulate, for it is beyond mind.”

I was eager to grasp the great truth he was revealing to me, and ventured to say: “To de-condition myself, the whole hidden recesses of the subconscious, or whatever name you give it, must be understood and brought to the surface in some way or another and that must take a long time.”

“Yes,” he replied, “all this involved, obscure, perplexing confusion which is hidden memory must be understood. But time cannot be the means used

in this revealing, because if this revealing will be of time it can never be the Timeless; therefore there must be another way which is not of time but immediate, and only when there is an immediate release is there the *Real*. So you see that analysis which is a method of time can never reveal the Timeless but merely creates further conditioning, as you will see as we progress.

“You see now, don’t you, that it is memory that is the cause of your action. You want to become something; then this becoming strengthens memory, which is hiding the Real.

“Let us look at this mental process thoroughly. Firstly, you have this superficial layer in which most people live and react and know very little more. In the next layer you have memory. When you want to know anything, when you react to people and things, memory comes into operation, so you act, because without memory there would be no reaction, no action, would there? Your action is the result of memory, which is merely your guide at the moment, because you know little else. You are caught up in your memories and this is your conditioning, and so you act and react because of your conditioning. You see that, don’t you?”

“Yes, I do. I see that plainly.”

“Now suppose we get beyond memory to a deeper layer, we will arrive at a state of quiet, a sort of void, as it were. Now the whole, the totality, is consciousness, therefore the Consciousness permeates all these layers.

“When you want to become there must be action, and this action must be the result of your memory, because you know nothing else yet. You can only know when all this hidden conditioning is understood, and when it is all understood there is a silence that you do not create. There is no longer a stream of thought rising from memory into the superficial consciousness. As long as there is a stream of memories which is your conditioning rising to the superficial consciousness, there cannot be silence. You may force the superficial to be silent through suggestion or repetition, and the mind obeys for the moment, but still you have that conditioned memory which is confusion, fighting for acceptance and eventually you succumb to its influence. Do you follow me?”

“Yes, I am following,” I said, “constant transformation is taking place.”

I was seeing in the depths of my mind, but not yet completely. But I knew then that the whole process would be revealed and I was content to wait.

He continued, for he could read my mind like a book:

“Now, as long as there is the desire to become, you see that you must, under such circumstances, strengthen the idea of the self—the me—the mine, therefore strengthen your conditioning, your memory—the self. But the emptying of all these layers can come about only when there is no longer a desire to become. So what you must understand is the process of becoming, and becoming, as we already know, is going away from Reality. It is really strengthening that which is hiding the Real. When you are becoming, you are on your own with your memory, and what you get is but ashes and not the Real. You may say God is your guide; this again is but a thought, as you will see if you look deep enough; it is merely your memory. Do you understand that?”

I did understand, the light was dawning very clearly now and I could understand the whole meaning of what he was showing me. My own mind was in a state of transformation.

“Life,” he said, “is not merely one branch of the tree; Life is all the branches of the tree and also that which gives life to the tree. Therefore you must understand the whole process of Life to understand the beauty and the greatness of Life.

“Now, you see, to know the whole state of your being you must know what it is made up of; you must become aware of all the forms of conditioning, not only the superficial, but the mental and so-called spiritual as well. And when the whole content of the subconscious is understood you will understand what memories are, what your thoughts are, your thoughts in regard to your family life, your racial ideals, your religious beliefs, all your various experiences—the whole lot! Then you will see that they are not Reality because you can look at them and know them. But you cannot know the Real, you can experience the operation of the Real only when all else is understood and dissolved.

“Let us look at the process of analysis. In analysis you try to unravel every memory, every response and the cause of that response and go into it fully to dissolve them, which would need infinite time, patience and care.

This long fruitless process of analysis is a never-ending process of time and surely a process of time can never reveal the Timeless. So instead of de-conditioning yourself you are further strengthening your conditioning. You see that, don't you?

“Now what do you do? You meet the present, the new with the memories of the past, old memories, old traditions, old ideas, beliefs, and so forth, which is your conditioning, so you meet the present, the new with your conditioning.”

“Yes,” I said, “I can see that. I meet today with the responses of yesterday.”

“All right,” he said, “you already know the old worn-out method of analysis step by step, analysing each response, trying to dissolve one, then another, and so on. Don't you see, by using this method, that the very process of freeing yourself causes further conditioning, because you are still caught up in yesterday and will still meet tomorrow in the same way.

“Now, to be free there must be instant freedom, not freedom in time for that is binding; therefore you must approach the whole problem *without the element of time, without memory*. For regeneration, transformation is not a matter of time. It is now, at this very moment, But how is this to be? That is the question.

“If you follow me carefully you will yourself experience the complete cleansing of the mind.

“What happens now to your mind, when you see that your memories are of yesterday, and to meet the NEW you must meet it free from yesterday. Then the new—the Real—is freed from yesterday. The Real is now. You do not create Reality; only memories, are created and are a hindrance to the operation of Reality which is unlimited.

“Now, you see the state of your mind, there is no longer a clinging to yesterday, when you meet today. When you see the Truth of this, when you see what is false, it falls away. *It is only the Truth that de-conditions you completely. So when you see the Truth about the false you are de-conditioned immediately, is that not so?*”

“Yes,” I said, “I experience that freedom now. There is no longer a desire for choice, there is no central image that I want to cling to, no desire to

become. And as I see the Truth of this I am liberated from yesterday. The Ever-Present is Real to me now.”

“Yes,” he assented, “when you see the Truth about anything you no longer argue about that thing. When you see the truth about memory, about beliefs, about nationalities, without condemning, without criticising, and see the Truth that it is false—you are free from the whole issue.

“My son, it is the Truth that sets you free. To see the Truth about the false gives you immediate freedom, and in this freedom Reality comes into operation, unlimited and mighty is that operation. When the heart and mind are free through the Truth, the Truth about that which is false, then the Truth is! Because the Truth is, you do not create It.”

At this moment I felt that freedom; the present was the Living Present freed from the past, always new.

To meet the new with yesterday, it would be the old; but when I saw this was my self and saw the falseness of it, my conditioning, which was my self, dissolved there and then. The nothingness of the self was realised and the Real came into Being *immediately*.

I knew what my friend meant, for I experienced that freedom from time, from the past.

As I write these words I feel that you will also experience that freedom from the past, so that you will meet the new, moment to moment, and, in this, all is possible because you are not hindered by the past. It is the past, is it not, that troubles you? Because the past influences the present and is projected into the future. But the Real is greater than the past or the future. It is a Livingness that is ever-present.

The past influences the present when you do not know. You fear because of the past, you hate because of the past, because you do not know the falseness of it. When you see your conditioning and understand it, there is an immediate release from the past and the whole content of the mind into the deepest layer is laid bare. I knew now what the Hermit of Ling-Shi-La meant when he said that my friend would explain in detail what he had told me of the Whole.

Yes, this is truly the Yoga of the Christ—
complete freedom
The son of man becomes the SON OF GOD!

CHAPTER 12

ALTHOUGH the valley was covered with snow we went up to our favourite spot beside the glacier. A cold wind was coming from Nyiblung Richung, yet we were impervious to the elements. At the same time I knew that the journey I would soon take back over the Himalayas in the middle of winter would be no picnic, for many persons had perished on these passes during snowstorms. But I knew that all would be well. I had that feeling of confidence which I gained when on the way to the Hermit of Ling-Shi-La and that confidence had never left me. (See *Beyond the Himalayas*, Chapter 10*). Besides, I would be accompanied by my friend back to Tragtse Gompa, the Monastery high up on the mountainside where Geshi Rimpoche was waiting, and I was looking forward to seeing this great sage again.

When we came near the house I could hear Norbu playing her favourite guitar in her own mystic way. There was something alive about her playing that went straight to the heart. You could not tell what it was, but it left you with a deep feeling of wonderment; she was giving forth what her soul felt.

My friend said: "Listen to that! I have never heard Norbu playing with such depth of feeling; her very soul is pouring forth her feelings tonight. No one would believe that she is self-taught. She is the musician and the music all in one. If she were in the West, thousands would flock to bear her sing and play, for she is a true creative artist."

I said: "She has to thank you for that."

"Not quite," he replied. "It is only since you came that she has blossomed out. You have aroused in her that tremendous force of Love, of mother, sweetheart and child, all rolled into one. And I have never seen such a complete change; she could almost be the Madonna."

"Yes," I said, "she could. She is the most beautiful character I have ever met. I would love to take her to the world I know."

"And she would love to go with you, but that cannot be. You are undoubtedly twin souls and the time will come, perhaps not in this life but it

will, when the twain shall meet again in more conterminous circumstances. And I want you to tell her that, it will lighten the pain she will have when you leave. It will sustain that beauty of Love which is seldom seen in any human being.”

When we reached the porch Norbu came to meet us; she was more radiant than ever. I said:

“Norbu, I just love your playing; you are a great artist, and I wish I could take you with me, but that, the Master says, is impossible at present. You know, Norbu, I love you very much and I want you to remember that. It is not a possessive love but a love that lights up the soul with that light which never dims. I want you to keep that flame always lit, for it is the Christ Spirit which dwells in all of us and binds us together.

“The Master will talk to you when I am not here, and remember there is no separation in Spirit.”

“I have already found that out,” she said.

Then I told her what my friend said.

Her face was radiant, and as she smiled through her tears she said: “I know! I am content now; in spirit there is no separation.”

The three of us sat around the log fire and my friend gave one of his most enlightening talks. It was meant not only for me but also for Norbu.

He began like Geshe Rimpoche did, telling me of my journey to come. In fact I felt as if it were Geshe Rimpoche himself who was speaking.

He commenced by saying: “It is now twenty-one weeks since I met you at Kalimpong and exactly eight weeks today since you arrived at Zamsar. Yet it seems like a few days. A lot of work has been done in those weeks, for which I am very glad. By the time you reach Kalimpong again it will be exactly thirty weeks; that is how we have planned it.

“Norbu and I will accompany you as far as Tragtse Gompa, and there you will stay with Geshe Rimpoche for two weeks; then Geshe will accompany you to Ok Valley, where you will remain for another three weeks with Geshe Rimpoche and the Abbot. Geshe Rimpoche feels that he wants a little more time with you for further preparations, and then a special meeting will be arranged before you depart, when you will meet all your friends again: Tung La, Tsang Tapa, Malapa and Dar Tsang, and I will be there too. Geshe Rimpoche is desirous of having another meeting when the Hermit of Ling-

Shi-La can come and speak to you as he did before, After this I will accompany you back to Kalimpong where I met you. Then you will be your own self physically, but not spiritually.”

“Our love will go with you,” he said looking at Norbu.

“Yes, indeed,” she replied, “our loving thoughts will be with you always.”

“And I will be sending my loving thoughts to you,” I said, “and now that I can travel in the astral I will also visit you. This place holds living loving memories of our companionship, for it is here that I have learned to know what true Love means.”

“Yes,” said my friend, “the greatest thing in the world is Love; it is above all else. It is the key that opens all doors and solves all problems as well as giving you perfect freedom. Without Love your heart and mind become dull. You may be very active socially, you may give all your time to religious rites and so on, but if you have no love your virtue is still merely an idea, and all your activities without Love can never enrich your life.

“Merely to say that you believe in God does not mean that you Love one another. Is it not so that those who say they believe in God have destroyed half the world and maimed millions of humans who are still suffering? Is there any love for those who are still the victims of these believers? I think not!”

He went on: “Religious intolerance is caused by believers, leading to religious wars. They talk of God but their hearts are empty of Love. Is it not so that half the world does not live happily with the other half because they are believers?”

“We can only live happily together when we are human beings; then we shall share the means of production in order to supply food, clothing and other necessities for all, without stint or selfishness.

“But what do we see? Millions of people having an idea of a super-intelligence which they call God. So they identify themselves with this idea. But this is merely a projection of their own thought-process, which can never know Love.

“When you really love one person you can love others. Then your heart is full of Love and is warm with affection towards everyone. When you have no affection you live on words, you are sustained by words, you

worship God the Father of All. Yet you retain your religious prejudices and class distinctions because the heart is empty and the mind full of ideas and beliefs.

“To understand, you must have Love in your heart, and this is not a mere statement but an everlasting truth. You cannot cultivate Love. It comes swiftly and directly when it is not hindered by the mind. When your heart is empty there is no communion between yourself and others.

“When there is no communion there is no love. When there is Love there is that warmth which kindles the heart and there is no need for psychology or philosophy, for Love is its own eternity.

“Love is the missing factor in most people’s lives; they lack that tenderness, that kindness, that mercy in relationship, and so they join a society for culture and world reconstruction which produces nothing—because they have nothing to give but words. The mind and heart are filled with plans for world reconstruction but empty of that one ingredient without which there is no solving of any problems. The problem is with relationship, not with systems, blue prints and so-called reforms. You have one reform after another. You form one organisation after another on the same lines of your previous failures, and this goes on incessantly because there is not that ingredient of goodwill and Love which alone can solve problems.

“Relationship is the key to the problem and there is no relationship without Love and goodwill. So relationship is the problem, not systems and reforms which end in further confusion. As long as relationship is not understood there can be no right action; there can be no solving of the problems which is of the self. There can be no relationship without self-knowledge. Only with knowledge of the self is there wisdom, and with wisdom there is Love.

“Without Love no problem can ever be solved, no matter how brilliant the mind may be. If there is no relationship with one another, we continue to create further confusion.

“You read books on Love and goodwill, and most of it is mere chatter and nonsense. You have to rediscover the real within yourself through acknowledging your empty mind and heart not merely hide behind a belief in God. It is only Creative Intelligence, Creative understanding, which will

bring happiness and peace to the world, and who is the world? You and I and everyone else like us, we are the world.”

Then he said: “I have spoken to you both as if I were directly speaking to you so as to make you think for yourselves. Merely to speak about a third person takes away the effectiveness of your own transformation.”

“Yes,” I commented, “as you spoke, I had that deep discernment of my own conditioning.”

“Yes,” he said, “it is only self-knowledge that brings wisdom, and with wisdom you have Love, the key to all problems.”

These talks together in the evening were the joy of my life. They had the effect of making one see one’s self without criticism, without condemnation or fear.

I looked at Norbu and said: “I shall envy you when I am not with you here to enjoy these nights of perfect companionship which have a most wonderful transforming effect on me.”

“And on me,” she replied. “I have never known what real Love was till you came; it was like a flower coming into full bloom. We have sat here together listening and absorbing the great truth about Love, and now my heart is full of Love, for I know what it is to really love ‘one’. Knowing that, I can now love and help others to understand as I understand.”

Then she got up and busied herself with getting the supper ready.

It was a wonderful thing that we could all experience Love in perfect freedom without possessiveness, that we could bare our hearts without evasion or being self-conscious about it in any way, and I said so to my friend.

“Yes,” he said, “we sustain the false by a belief in it, and thus we fail to understand ourselves. The cause of our unhappiness is the ignorant direction given to the mind which we embrace, thereby failing to understand the cause of our misery. When this is understood there is immediate freedom.

“We formulate opinions, beliefs which can be changed and are changed as new knowledge is revealed. But that which is changeable is not Reality, for Reality is unchangeable. Reality-God-Love cannot be changed and is ever-present within us. Yet we cannot realise this until we have discerned that the changeable is not Real.

“Although we improve by changing from our fixed ideas of sickness and death to those of health and Life, yet even this is of the mind. When you realise this, even these ideas and their opposites fall away and Reality comes into being without effort.

“Reality does not know good or evil, sickness or death; man alone creates these beliefs which bind him in sorrow and conflict.

“When you experience Truth-Reality through understanding yourself, you have no longer opinions about It. You know. But if you do not understand yourselves, how can you understand anything else? For the root of understanding is within you.

“To understand yourself you must understand your relationship with others, your reactions, your fears, your antagonisms, your beliefs and so on, and see how these come about. Through your reactions to another you can understand yourself through discerning, your thought-feeling-reaction. When you understand yourself, you will see how you have been conditioned. You will see how you are reacting to protect your conditioning; you will know what your conditioning, your beliefs, your opinions, your fears, are; all of these have their roots in your mind only, and have no power except the power you yourself give them.

“If your mind is controlled by fixed ideas and beliefs, you will never know the Truth about anything, because you do not know what is false. But if your mind is flexible and free through understanding you will experience the True meaning because you will know the false. The false you create, the True you do not create, for It is Ever-Present. Then you will know your relationship with others, and with the world, for in you as in everyone else is the same Whole; you are the result of the Whole, not the result of a part of the Whole, because there is no division in Wholeness. This is the Reality about which you can have no opinion and no doubt; this understanding alone will bring the necessary and vital change in the individual first and then in the world, for the world is what individuals are. If you look deeply into this you will see that we make the world what it is. ‘As we sow, so do we reap’ What the inner is, so will the outer be.

“Look into your mind and you will see it is your thought-feeling-reactions that make society what it is. Society is the projection of ourselves and so is the world.

“When you are brutal, antagonistic, perverse, greedy, envious, jealous, hateful, you create in body and in circumstances just what you are mentally.

“To study oneself requires complete honesty. You have to be aware of your thought-feeling-reaction, especially towards others, and then you will see what you are. You will see what is hiding Reality. You will see how much self is in front. Jesus said: ‘Get ye behind me, Satan.’ Satan represented the self, the liar, the cheat, that was hiding the Real.

“There is nothing to compare with the operation of the Real. It is Creative Wisdom, Love and Power, beyond the mind of man. When the false dies, the Real manifests, and then there is true relationship which means freedom and happiness, prosperity, love, affection.

“There is the hidden self that lurks in the deeper layers of the mind. It has been building up from infancy and most of our motives are hidden behind a series of misconceptions. This is the cause of inward confusion, resentment and prejudice. There is a fierce struggle between conflicting desires. We praise, we accept, we deny, we condemn, we criticise, all because of this conditioning which we believe to be real. Not until we have seen how false it is, and how it has come about, is there release from it. When the self sees the falseness of all this, which is merely the self, then it ceases to project itself because the self sees that the self is the cause. The self is the devil, but the self has to know this; then it no longer wants to project itself and therefore ceases to operate; then there is a silence that is not created. When the self ceases to operate, Reality—which is Love, Wisdom and Creativeness—comes into being without effort. Reality operates when the self gets out of the way. It is ‘clear the way for the Lord.’

“Do you understand what I say?”

“Yes,” I said, “I do understand very clearly now, much better than ever before. I can see that when I am aware of what is happening on the surface I can see what my mind is made up of; then the deeper layers give up their hidden conflicts and complex thought-feeling-reactions; and when this is understood the mind becomes silent without compulsion, and in this silence there is freedom. That which was hiding Reality now dissolves away and Reality *is*.”

“Yes, that is true, my son, but it must not be merely an intellectual knowing, it must be an active transformation. As the mind gives up its dead

wood, Real Life will take its place. But if you merely spin words, then your mind will be full of ideas and your heart empty of Love.”

“Yes,” I said, “I can see that when you believe a certain way you must discern why you believe in that way. If you are antagonistic to another belief you must also discern why. You will see that it is merely a matter of belief and is not Real. If you disbelieve you must deal with your disbelief in the same way. If you are prejudiced you must also understand why.”

“Yes,” he said, “there is no escape; you have to face the problem to understand it, even your most cherished ideals must be understood. Then you will see how you are conditioned, otherwise there can be no freedom. It is a thorough cleansing process that must be done and is sometimes difficult for the believer.”

“I can see,” I said, “that merely to control my thought-feeling, to apply a brake to it, merely to say that this is wrong and that that is right, is a waste of precious time; I must see how and why I am conditioned. If I am merely controlling my thought-feeling there can be no understanding. It is understanding of my conditioning that frees me.”

“Yes, my son, that is true. Resisting, denying or accepting, only makes you more thoughtless, narrow and petty in an effort to protect your own conditioning; you struggle to protect your ignorance. But when you know the Truth about yourself the struggle ceases; then the mind becomes quiet, and in that quiet Reality is.”

“I have experienced that now, and I understand it,” I said.

“Yes, my son, you must look into your mind to see what is there; then it slows down itself. But if you use force or begin to analyse, you create opposites— and this only adds to the confusion. But if you discern any thought-feeling without restraint, without comparison, without judgment of right and wrong, seeing completely and impersonally what the mind is made up of, even your so-called higher thought (which is merely part of your thought-process), you will become aware of that which is without restraint, without judgment of right and wrong, without comparison, that which is unchanging. You will become aware of that which is significant, that which is Real, Eternal, Ever-Present, beyond all thought-processes.

“You must follow this up with awareness of the Real, not as a separate entity but as the whole. This will give perfect freedom, free from mental

confusion, beliefs, opinions and separation. You will know the Yoga of the Christ just as the Master himself did. The Father who ever remains within will operate, performing His own deeds and not your conditioning which is stupid, petty and narrow.

“Being religious in the fundamental sense of the word is the Yoga of the Christ, not dependent on a particular organised religion, for this will make you irreligious—which leads to separation and strife through your beliefs.

“Separation has been responsible for dissension, economic disasters, wars, starvation, oppression; and man himself is the cause. He has only to look into his own mind and see the cause, ‘separation,’ staring him straight in the face.

“Man labels himself with names, yet there is only one Life that supports all. When you understand this you will understand the Man who showed mercy, compassion to all, and refused to be limited by any nation, dogma or society.

“True religion, my son, is above all creeds, nationalities and ideals. To know this is the beginning of the realisation of the One-in-All and the All-in-One. It is the way to world peace and prosperity, and happiness for the individual. For when we become truly religious in the true sense of the word, there will be peace in the soul and peace in the world as the result. There must be that inward peace, that wisdom and Love of the Christ-Spirit that awakens in all souls that are freed from separation.”

“Yes,” I said, “the words of the Master sum up the ways of those who merely preach separation and creed: ‘Yes, it was about you, you hypocrites indeed, of whom Isaiah prophesied as it is written, “This people honour me with their lips but their heart is far away from me. Vain is their worship of me, for the doctrines they teach are but human precepts.”’”

“Yes, my son,” he replied, “Jesus was showing the unreality of tradition, creed and dogma which mean so much to most people and which are devastating them today. They are ignorant of it because they are caught up in it. People worship pomp, ceremony and tradition, but that which they worship destroys them. It is merely lip service where love and affection are sadly lacking, while separation; antagonism, strife, war and misery are in evidence.

“Right thinking can come only when you see the false, when the false is understood and the truth about the false is known; and the truth about the false is that it is false. When this is known, right thinking is possible. Right thinking is freedom, conditioned thinking is oppression.”

“Yes,” I said, “I can see that only Love can solve our problems. These can never be solved by psychology or philosophy, systems or ideals, which we indulge in; these are the things of the mind. We are still caught up in separation and distrust of one another. We see this daily but few comprehend the danger in it. Most people are bound by nationalities, by religious beliefs, by political ideals, which men follow blindly, and so like sheep they are led to the slaughter.”

“Yes, my son, but there is more to it than that. For only through being aware of the self and what it is, do you discover your conditioned thought. You must see that you are merely copying another, that you are not yet able to think for yourself but have acquired a habit of thinking with antagonism, which is disastrous to yourself and others.

“You must see things as they are, in their true perspective. Then there is no confusion in the mind that has truly discerned what the mind is made up of. When these things of the mind are laid aside, the Ever-Present Reality which is Wisdom and Love will come into being in the hearts of all mankind.”

I felt I was in the presence of the Christ, as he closed his eyes and said these words in a deep subdued voice with great meaning:

“He who has sent me is at my side.

“He has not left me alone for I always do what pleases him.

‘I AM THAT I AM’

“On the many branches of my Tree of Life I have sung my song of Love.

“As my song was echoed in the green leaves, those who heard me realised their Oneness with me. Then my Life alone was food for them.

“All through the centuries of time my Timeless state remains. That is why sleeping souls in the world of time can still awaken unto me.

“The rhythm of my song stirs the hearts awaiting to hear my voice calling ‘Come into my Cosmic Freedom.’

“So I arose and went “I arose and went.”

* * * * *

As he spoke those last words Norbu was at my side, and as I took her hand in mine we looked into his face and there we could see the face of the Master himself, shining like the sun. It was an experience I will never forget.

It was like the Last Supper, and it was for me, for we were to start the following morning on our long journey back across the Himalayas. It was the benediction to a wonderful stay at the Hermitage of Zamsar. How I wished I could stay there always, that was my thought. My friend had read it, for he said:

“There is nothing in the world we desire more than that you should stay here with us always, but, as you know, there are higher beings than us, and in whom the same Life flows, who are guiding this work, and in the end a great blessing will come to us for putting the higher things before our own personal desires.”

We sat down to the last supper we should have together. We all knew it, and yet we were very happy.

Norbu had prepared one of her special dishes of cold-jellied chicken and hard-boiled eggs, special bread that she had made herself, and fresh yak butter just out of the churn.

After supper we sat up later than on other nights, even though we were to start early in the morning. I felt I could sit up all night—and I think my friend and Norbu felt the same. Norbu played her favourite tunes on her guitar and sang her own love song that she had composed herself. I can hear it even now (and it is many years ago) so beautifully did she play and sing. She was a born creative artist; she played and sang by ear, and her music was creative and original, with great depth of meaning. It had all the colour of the spheres in it.

The fire was burning down, sending a red glow all over the room, and a peace came over the whole scene, as we three sat close together, thinking of tomorrow, thinking of the vacant place that could never be filled, as Norbu put it.

There was a silence as all our thoughts were in the one direction, a realising of the parting that was so near, yet a knowing that there was no parting in the Christ Spirit which is One in every living soul. This linked us together, and our memories would be as fresh as the morning dew.

My friend got up and said he was going to prepare for the morrow. Norbu then came close beside me and placed her head on my shoulder. It was the first time she had done this and there was a feeling of contentment, the fulfilment of a longing, and I felt it. She fell asleep and in a few moments I had fallen asleep too. I don't know how long it was, a moment, or an hour or a century, and when I awakened I thought I had slept through the ages. It was a most wonderful experience and Norbu had the same experience. We seemed to awaken together.

My friend was standing there, smiling upon us, and said:

“My children, you have experienced an out-of-the-body state together which is perfect bliss; that is the state you are in when you leave the body; you embraced a soul-experience in a higher state. The expression of your desire has been consummated spiritually but you can bring back with you only a fragment of what it is really like.

“I watched you both leave the body at the same time, and come back at the same time, and you experienced identically the same thing, the consummation and culmination of your desire in the soul-state. That can be the ecstasy which all will experience when the Life Force in the body has risen to its Spiritual Source.”

Norbu said that she had now a contented happiness that could not be defined; there was no more thinking of the parting—that had vanished. It was the result of the soul's embrace, and the desire to maintain the physical contact had disappeared.

That experience is possible to all when the heart is filled full with Love and the mind is emptied of possessiveness.

True Love is giving and receiving without being conscious of it. It can only be experienced to be realised. But all my words can never explain the unexplainable.

“It was truly a benediction of the Living Presence,” said my friend, and the culmination of his efforts was crowned with exaltation. This is the highest attainment of the Yoga—the Yoga of the Christ.

CHAPTER 13

THE clear, cloudless blue sky overhead was filled with millions of twinkling stars that lit up, in relief, the valley and the mountains, now covered with the winter snows. The sun had not yet risen, and, as I looked upon the enchanting and familiar scene, the white mountains stood out in relief against the dark blue morning sky like giant sentinels. So close did they seem, I felt that I could stretch out my hand and touch them, while the whole valley and the glacier covered in a snow blanket appeared as through a veil of subdued daylight.

I stood there watching the first rays of the sun strike the peak of Nyiblung Richung. The stars became fainter as the rays of the sun shone more and more on that never-to-be-forgotten peak upon which I had proudly stood a few weeks ago. The sun was gradually rising behind the mountains and soon the rays would strike the front portals of the Sanctuary. I was deep in thought, for my mind held lovely memories of all that had happened here.

As I stood gazing upon this wonderful scene of changing colours the deep red rays of the sun were turning to orange, and all the peaks began to reflect the colours as if they were on fire. As the first rays of the sun struck the Sanctuary I was conscious of someone beside me. My friend was standing there. He put his arm around my shoulder and said: "I hoped it would be like this, this morning."

I said: "I shall always remember it. I feel a tinge of sorrow that I must leave you and leave all that meant so much to me. The one consolation I have is that you will be still with me even after I go back over the Himalayas into that world that today seems so very far away."

Just then Norbu called us to breakfast by sounding the familiar gong that echoed up and down the valley as if the mountains were calling to me, the boom-boom of the echoing sound saying: "Don't go, don't go."

Then Norbu came out to where we were standing. She was radiant; her cheeks, rose-pink from the crisp air, matched her red jersey which suited

her so perfectly and I told her so.

I said: “Did you see the sun rising this morning?”

“Yes,” she said, “I was behind you, but I did not want to disturb you, because I saw you were in deep thought.”

“Yes, Norbu, but you were part of the whole scene; you fitted into it so wonderfully. The mountains, the valleys, the silvery moon, the stars, the rising and the setting of the sun, yes, Norbu, I placed you there, and in my heart I shall remember you always.”

Tears welled up in her lovely big blue eyes, and as she smiled through them her face lit up with the light of happiness, and I knew what her heart was saying, for it was filled full of Love.

After breakfast Das Tsering, the headman of the town, came up with the ponies and the little black stallion, which I had named Black Prince and which I would now be taking back to its real owner. Norbu’s father had brought her beautiful chestnut mare on which I saw her on the way to Lhasa; it was full of spirit and tugged at the rein when it saw her. My friend took his familiar white pony and led the one he picked up at Pede Dzong as a spare pack-pony. Das Tsering had a big brown pony and a pack-mule that came on behind.

He said: “I am coming with you to help in any way I can.”

I asked him in Tibetan: “How is the wife and baby?”

“Fine,” he replied in the same language, looking at my friend in a grateful way, for it was he who delivered the baby boy.

So we started off on the journey, My friend went first, Norbu came next, I next, and Das Tsering took up the rear. It was cold when we started but as the sun rose it became quite hot. The rays of the sun reflecting on the snow make your eyes sore, so I wore the rayban glasses I had brought with me.

Norbu rode astride and a lovely rider she was. She seemed to be part of her pony as she rode up and down the steep inclines along the Kya Chu. This river in summer is fast flowing because of the melted snow and ice of the mountain swelling it, but in winter—what a contrast! It was frozen over in the calm and shallow parts.

We reached Dechen Dzong that afternoon about four o’clock. We had done considerably well, even though the track was covered with snow nearly all the way. Crossing the passes in snowstorms is dangerous in

winter; and the danger in the spring and summer is the swollen rivers from the melting snow and ice. Many Tibetans have lost their lives in this way, just as people in the West lose their lives through motor accidents. In Tibet people lose their lives in the rivers and on the passes, but no notice of fatalities seems to be taken by anybody except relatives.

We stayed the night at Dechen Dzong in the house of the headman whom my friend knew very well, and we were treated like lords.

Dechen Dzong is situated where the Dinga Lhe flows into the Kya Chu. There is a bamboo bridge over the Dinga Lhe but we did not use it, as the river here was shallow and frozen over and we crossed easily.

The following day we reached a place called Zenshi. In this part of the country there is a great valley very rich (as described in Chapter 3). Here Norbu had an uncle and aunt who were the leading traders in the district. They owned several trains of yaks and donkeys, about 2,000 of these animals. Some of the Tibetan traders are quite wealthy. In transporting goods they take part of the goods as payment, so their stores cost them very little.

Tragtse Gompa, the Monastery where Geshi Rimpoche was waiting for us, was about three miles away. So my friend and I went on to the Monastery, and Norbu stayed with her relatives.

As we were nearing the Monastery I felt that delighted feeling of anticipation about meeting Geshi Rimpoche again. To be in his presence and to listen to his pearls of wisdom was real joy. When we reached the foot of the mountain on which the Monastery was built we were met by several Lamas, whom the Abbot had sent to help us up with our packs. We left our ponies in the stables below and then proceeded to climb the many steps hewn out of the rock-face.

When we reached about half-way up I could see Geshi Rimpoche and the Abbot coming down to meet us. The happy greeting I had from Geshi Rimpoche I will always remember. He told me that he had been impatiently waiting for me; I was his beloved son, and he had come all the way so that he would be with me on the way back to Ok valley.

I said: "I have been longing to see you too in the flesh and to hear you speak to me again. There is also a lovely girl who wants to meet you, for I have talked to her about you such a lot."

He replied: “Yes, I know, and her name is Norbu (‘precious jewel’) You must bring her to me.”

“So you know her?”

“Oh yes, my son, you know I am watching over you and know all about you.” (I had forgotten for the moment that Geshi Rimpoche could travel in the astral.)

So one day we brought Norbu to see Geshi Rimpoche. When she saw him she took up the hem of his cloak and held it to her lips and he blessed her saying: “Arise my child; I am delighted with you; you have a wonderful future. It is not only men who are Yoga Masters, Norbu.”

It was a real blessing for Norbu to know this. I was so glad for her sake and spontaneously kissed her in front of Geshi Rimpoche, my friend and the Abbot; it all happened so naturally. Geshi Rimpoche saw the spontaneous action and said: “God bless you, my children.”

Then my friend spoke the same words that he said to me before: “It is the Love of God that unites us all together to do His Will.”

Geshi Rimpoche then took all of us into his Sanctuary and gave us one of his wonderful instructive talks. I could listen to his voice for hours and was sorry when he finished.

He commenced with these words: “What I am going to say is applicable to all people irrespective of who they are or their station in life, whether rich or poor, whether titled or otherwise.

“There seems on the surface to be inequality between man and woman, man and man and woman and woman, but in Love, in Reality, there is none.

“We all have our suffering, our problems, we are burdened with worries, sorrow and joys, meeting and parting, sickness and health; these we all have with us. All people, no matter who and what they are, want to be free, and all are seeking a way out; we are all the same, there is no difference.

“Now, if we are in sorrow and suffering, to try to escape from it only increases the burden. Sorrow and suffering cannot be understood through an escape. It can be understood only through loving and understanding. You understand persons when you love them; you can understand anything when you love it. But we can be carried away by the word ‘love’ when the mind is chattering and the heart empty of Love.

“When you love someone is there any nationality? Is there any inequality? When the heart is empty, types become very important. We divide human beings into classes, nationalities, but when you love is there any difference? When the heart is generous there is no difference; you give of yourself. To the one who is really seeking the truth, there is no difference, because Truth is to know Love. But if you continue to pursue a path there can be no Love, for the path means exclusion, and Truth is all-inclusive. To appeal to one section as against another is the cheap trick of a politician and the immature.

“We can understand a thing when we face it, when we do not want an escape. When we are free from escapes we understand. To be happy is to Love, to Love is to be happy. Then there is no division, no separation because Love bridges time and distance. When we love there is a sense of richness, and we are willing to share everything. When the heart is full, the things of the mind that divide us dissolve away.

“The mind is filled with blue prints for world reform, religious rites, chastity and virtue, but without the one resolving element of love there can be no true relationship. Do what you will, withdraw to the mountains, sit on a hilltop or live in isolation, as long as relationship is not understood there can be no right action. Therefore your problem is with relationship, and there is no relationship without self-knowledge. There is no escape from relationship—You may withdraw to the jungle or to the mountains—but you will still be related. In relationship you understand yourself; you can see how you think, feel and act. Thought must know its own activity, its own action.

“There is religion, there is chastity, only when there is Love. When there is true Love, chastity is not a problem. Without Love you pursue ideas of chastity. When there is Love and not the mere ideal of chastity, which is of the mind, the problem of chastity is solved.

“The nourishing of the heart is not a process of the mind, but when the operation of the mind is understood then Love comes into being. Love is not a word, the word ‘Love’ is not Love; when you speak of Love you will see that it is merely of the mind. When you realise that the word is not the thing itself then the mind, with all its rights and wrongs, its virtues and

other qualities, ceases to interfere. Then there is Love that is not created in the mind but is *ever new*, ever fresh; in this alone there is virtue, chastity.”

Then he opened his eyes and said: “You understand me now, don’t you?”

I said: “Yes, perfectly, there is no problem when Love is ever fresh, ever new. It is when the mind tries to form ideas of what Love should be that Love loses its Reality.”

“Yes, my son, that is the Truth that sets you free.”

I could see the great wisdom of Geshi Rimpoche. He was showing us the Reality of Love, not the mere idea of Love with all its repressions, its suppressions and its so-called virtues, and that chastity of the mind was not Love—it was merely suppression of the sex urge without understanding. But when relationship was understood the mind saw its own formulations and ceased to interfere; then Love that is ever new, ever fresh and not of the mind but of the heart, came into being.

We do not create Love; Love is ever-present and comes into being when we understand that it is not made up in the mind. When the mind sees that it cannot create Love but only ideas about what Love should be, then it becomes silent and *Love is*. Then there is no problem, for all problems are solved in Love. For Love is God and God is Love, and there is nothing else; all else is but an illusion of the mind, and when the mind is understood the illusion falls away; then Love worketh Its own perfection, for It is Its own Eternity.

There was always something rare about what Geshi Rimpoche said. He went straight to the heart: of the problem, and we all knew it. It was the transforming action, in the deeper meaning of the word, that was taking place; and, though I may have heard similar words before, they still had a transforming effect, even now. That is the beauty of the Truth, it is always new.

Food was provided for us all in the Abbot’s apartments and we sat down at the same table. The Abbot, the host, sat at the top; at his right sat Geshi Rimpoche and on his left my friend. Norbu and I sat at the other side opposite the Abbot.

This was like a very happy family meeting. Geshi Rimpoche said in Tibetan to Norbu: “Would you like to remain a few days with us?” and he looked at the Abbot for his sanction. I could see that the Abbot was

agreeable, though it was not customary to have a girl at the Monastery. Norbu jumped at the opportunity to be with Tibet's greatest sage; it was a great honour.

It, happened that Norbu remained four days with us before she and my friend started on their way back to Zamsar. During these days Geshi Rimpoche was at his best. I never saw him in such high spirits.

The day came for my friend and Norbu to leave. Geshi Rimpoche and I accompanied them on our ponies as far as Zenshi.

I can well remember the embrace Norbu gave me that morning. I saw the quiver of her lips as she smiled through her tear-filled eyes. Geshi Rimpoche then put his hand on my shoulder and said: "This is my beloved son and I will have to part with him too in the flesh, and you are my beloved daughter, Norbu."

Then he took her hand and put it into mine, saying: "God has bound us all together for His own purpose, and His Life unites us in one grand chain of everlasting Love in which there is no separation."

I knew that I would see my friend again at Ok Valley and that he would accompany me as far as Kalimpong on my way back, and as he put his arm around my shoulder in his usual loving way he said: "I will be with you again soon, my son," and then they departed on their way back to Zamsar. We stood and watched them. They looked back several times and waved till they were out of sight.

I felt I had taken with me something of that which I left behind, something which would always be fresh as the morning dew. Geshi Rimpoche could read my thoughts, for he said: "Love is God and God is Love, and God does not die or fade away. His Love is always fresh and new and is beyond time and space."

When we reached the Monastery late in the afternoon the Abbot was waiting for us. He also spoke of the beautiful soul of Norbu which shone out of her face.

Geshi Rimpoche said: "I doubt if greater beauty is to be found in all Asia."

The influence of Norbu was impressed on all who met her and left a memory that never faded as the years rolled by.

During the next week Geshi Rimpoche and I walked and talked every day about the work I had to do, and I listened to his advice. I loved every moment of his presence, a presence which was uplifting even when no words were spoken.

I asked him one day: “Why is it that I have to leave all those I love so dearly?”

Then he stood and looked at me and said: “God so loved the world that He sent His son into the world so that those who would listen would see the false and thereby know what is True. And the Truth would set them free. You must love the world, my son, just as the greatest of all Masters did. And those who hearkened unto Him became sons and daughters of God, not born of the flesh or the will of man but born of the Ever-Present Spirit of God which liveth now and forever in Love beyond time and space.”

CHAPTER 14

TRAGTSE Gompa is one of the most beautiful Monasteries in Tibet. Perched high on the mountain, it faced down the valley of the Tobing Chu, which was now covered with snow. In the distance we could see the golden roof of the Potala at Lhasa, glittering in the sun.

At this time of the year the nights are cold and everything freezes after sunset. The blue sky is generally cloudless and lit up with millions of twinkling stars which reflect upon the crystal crisp snow, casting a veiled daylight appearance over the whole valley. There are also periods when the snow falls, with high winds creating blizzards, and the snow is piled up in parts more than ten feet deep. When these blizzards occur, you can hardly see even a few yards in front of you.

Every day we could see trains of yak and donkeys trudging up and down the valley, carrying the loads in and out of Tibet. Winter and summer this goes on as regular as clockwork, irrespective of whether there are blizzards, sunshine or rain.

I knew that one day I would also be making my journey back to Ok Valley, and then going on to Lingmatang and Kalimpong, a distance of about 200 miles. The journey to Ok Valley would begin in about a fortnight's time, over rivers and passes covered with ice and snow.

When Geshi Rimpoche travelled in winter he had a number of others with him on yaks. The yaks go in front and make a track in the snow. The yak is the best snow plough on the Himalayan passes. A few yaks trudging through the snow soon make a path over the treacherous passes.

We had already agreed that we would by-pass Lhasa on our way back, as nothing could be gained by wasting time on a few officials who thought themselves Christmas!

So when the day came for us to start on our journey we were in high spirits. We made our way down the steep steps from the Monastery to where our animals were waiting for us.

The trade route ran along the Kya Chu at the point where it joins the Tobing Chu. We branched off to the right cutting out the triangle between the Tobing Chu and the Kyi Chu, and we carried along the route (not the trade-route) to a place called Nampa. Although this route is not used very much it was quite good. It cuts off Lhasa, which is situated at the point of the triangle where the Tobing Chu and the Kyi Chu meet. We crossed the Lungsang Pass and reached the Kyi Chu about ten miles farther on than Lhasa, thus saving about twenty miles of difficult travelling, as the trade route in the winter is very slushy.

We reached the Jongto Gompa about four o'clock the second day, when we rested for the night. (Gompa means Monastery.) This route also saved us crossing the Kyi Chu, which is dangerous in winter, some parts being frozen over and other parts not. We had taken a completely unorthodox route by by-passing Lhasa, but time and energy were more important to us than officials who knew little or nothing of Truth. In fact they are devoid of Truth, being caught up in tradition and ritual.

The next day we reached a place called the Chu-Shur Valley. Here the Kyi Chu spreads itself out, creating many islands, at places it is more than two miles wide. In the village of Chu-Shur there is a prayer wall about fifty yards long with many coloured deities carved on it. This valley is also very fertile, but it was now covered with a winter blanket of snow.

We crossed the Kamba La, a pass that leads up from the side of the river, zigzagging up and down, and then we reached the Chaksam Ferry. Here we stayed at a beautiful Monastery, up on the right side, on the hill called Chokoryangtse Gompa. Geshi Rimpoche was well known to the Abbot and we were given very comfortable quarters. I was glad of the complete rest overnight.

Next morning we crossed the ferry to the Ok side of the Tsang Po and began to climb the Nyapso La, a pass about 17,000 feet high. When we reached the top of the Nyapso La we could see way down the Tsang Po valley; the great Brahmaputra could be seen winding its way through the snow, the mountains on each side standing like silent sentinels looking down through the ages at this swift-flowing river, said to be the most holy in all the world.

Miles away I could see in the distance the turquoise lake called Yamdrok and the town of Pede Dzong. Geshi Rimpoche told me that we would stay there that night, for I had with me the headman's pony which I was returning. When we arrived, there was great jubilation. I thought the welcome given to my friend was wonderful but that given to Geshi Rimpoche was even more wonderful. A meal was prepared for us, and we accepted the kind offer of accommodation for the night.

When I told the headman that I had brought back the pony that he had so kindly lent to me he told me to keep it until I had finished my journey and it would be brought back to him later. I was delighted, to say the least, because Black Prince had become very dear to me; we knew each other so well now, and I would not have liked to change to another pony at this stage. Geshi Rimpoche thanked the headman and said: "I will see that your pony will be returned to you."

A sumptuous meal was prepared; I don't remember how many courses, but there were at least ten.

First we had minced meat in pastry, then slices of fish with pickled onions, and after that we had slug soup (it was very good, but I did not know it was slug soup until afterwards); then we had hard-boiled eggs in mince, followed by rice with raisins in it; after that jam dumplings; then we had boiled pork, pieces of mutton and other dishes. *Chang*, which is Tibetan beer, was turned on *ad lib*. I am certain that should I eat such a meal today I would have violent indigestion. But then I was fit beyond words.

Pede Dzong looked entirely different from when I saw it before, at the end of summer. Now it was well into winter; the ground was covered with snow, and yak could be seen digging into the snow to get at the grass. The lake looked even more turquoise. It was truly a sight to linger long in the memory, and I can picture it now just as I saw it then. In the summer it was surrounded by wild flowers of many colours, but now it was surrounded by a blanket of white. The fish were still swimming around and could be seen plainly, for the water is salty and does not freeze.

It was bitterly cold at Pede Dzong, and I was glad to continue our journey the next day. But when the sun was up, from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m., it was very hot. Before and after that time there was a distinct below-zero temperature, yet it was very pleasant when it was not snowing or blowing a hurricane.

The route now was new to me, for when I was with my friend we came down the Rang Chu, and now we were crossing the Nangartse Pass. It was snowing and very cold, and we made but little headway because of the high wind. When we got to a place called Hongo we were invited to have accommodation with the headman there. The heater he had was a big round stove in the middle of the room, and round it we all sat at night and slept almost in the same position.

Next day we crossed another pass called the Karo Pass, 15,000 feet up. From the top we could see away in the distance red-roofed houses dotted here and there in the snow, with the river winding in and out down the valley. On both sides of us mountains rose up to 20,000 feet, covered with the eternal snows.

Geshi Rimpoche said he hoped we would reach Gobsi that evening, and then we could make Gyantse the following evening and rest for a day in the Monastery there. I was glad to hear this because we were making very good time, especially as it was winter and as some parts of the route were most difficult. I said I would be glad of a day's rest without travelling.

"Yes, my son," he said, "you know now why I could not let you travel by yourself across the roof of the world in winter time."

"Yes," I commented, "when I have completed this journey I think I shall be able to tackle any part of the world, but I am enjoying every minute of it and would not have it otherwise. I have perfect faith when I am with you."

"Yes, my son," he replied, "but you must put your faith in God and not in man."

We did make Gyantse the next night and were made welcome again by the Abbot. This time I was with Geshi Rimpoche; on the last occasion I had been with my friend. I was given the same quarters as before and felt quite at home.

We rested there the next day. I slept till about 10 a.m. and felt very fit for the remainder of the journey to Ok Valley. The route now was easy. Many trains of yaks and donkeys were coming and going, and the track was well worn. During the day it was very slushy but, when the sun went down, there was a hard frost. So we tried each day to get to our destination before sunset. Travelling in winter in Tibet is no picnic. Five more days it took us to reach Ok Valley. It was the end of my journey, at least for a while, for I

was to remain there a few weeks with Geshi Rimpoche and my other friends would be arriving before I left. I was looking forward to seeing them again and having another wonderful meeting.

The Abbot was delighted to see us. He welcomed me now with great joy and told me how he missed me.

Geshi Rimpoche said: "I told you so. What do you do to people you meet when they are so eager to see you again?" and he laughed heartily. I could see that he was having a joke with me about Norbu.

"Yes," I said, "I will always remember Norbu."

"And she will remember you, my son."

I was very happy there. Day after day Geshi Rimpoche would give me more instruction and the Abbot himself had come a long way since I saw him last. The talks my friend had given him had a transforming effect. (See *Beyond the Himalayas*, Chapter 7.)

Sometimes Geshi Rimpoche would ask the Abbot to come along with us, and listen also, and I was pleased that the Abbot did so; it made him feel that he was one of us.

It was I who generally set the ball rolling by asking a question. Then Geshi Rimpoche would open out. We were sitting together, the three of us, after our evening meal, when I asked the question: "What can you do with a rigid mind?"

He replied: "I think we covered that ground before, but as you have asked the question I will answer it for you," and Geshi Rimpoche went on: "It is the rigid mind with fixed ideas that shows up its ignorance. This is the type of mind that cannot understand, because a fixed mind cannot receive or give, because it is caught up in its own conditioning, and being caught up in its conditioning it can only reflect that conditioning which is not Truth. A rigid mind is ignorant, because it cannot see beyond its own ideas, its own beliefs.

"When you begin to understand this you can quickly recognise a mind that is filled with the ideas of others; that is why it is incapable of thinking for itself. You have only to look at intellectuals to see how they are stuffed with the ideas of others, and it is difficult for them to do any original thinking. They may be well read, but what of it? They are conditioned by it, and are merely expressing that conditioning."

“Yes,” I said, “I can see why the intellectuals can never do any original thinking, because their minds are filled with what others say, and they are always quoting authorities.”

“Yes, my son, that is true. Without pliability there can be no understanding. When one is freed from fixations, it is easy to detect the mind that is rigid, and there can be no truth in a mind that is rigid. Truth is always unfolding the mind that is aware of its own conditioning. Truth is the moving power in the Universe and must also be the same in man, for there can be no separation in Life that is animating the Universe and is active in mankind.

“As man frees himself from his conditioned thought, Life unfolds man’s Divine Nature—the Christ that is Eternal and Ever-Present, knowing neither death nor sickness, for It does not live in opposites. This is ‘Being’ now. But when there is a becoming there is the struggle between opposites—life-death, health-sickness, success-failure and so on. When this struggle ceases, then Reality comes into being *now*, for It is Ever-Present.”

“Yes,” I said, “I can see that only when the Consciousness is freed from conditioned thought is there the awareness of Being, Being now. I can also see that ‘Being’ can never be realised through ‘becoming’, which is always in the future. It is always tomorrow and tomorrow never comes. This is struggle that must cease before ‘Being’ is realised. It is only when I am freed from the past and the future, freed from conditioned thought, through understanding what conditioned thought is, and how it comes about, that ‘Being’ is.”

“That is true, my son, but, as you are aware of Being now, you still see an outside world. You can be aware of the physical body, also of your mental creations and when you close your eyes you may hear all the sounds of Life—that is the known. That is the relative; it is not Reality. Only when you know that it is relative can you realise that which is beyond, which is not relative—the Unknown. Being now is when you understand that all you see and hear and touch is not creative: then there is an awareness that is Unknowable. It is now! And is not the created but is Creative!

“You see, there is a vast difference between one that is aware of Being and one that is merely becoming. This is the stage that most so-called Truth students are in, they are always becoming. The one that is becoming is

caught up in time, but the one that is aware of Being is no longer caught up in Time, for he knows that time can never reveal the Timeless. Tomorrow can never reveal the Ever-Present now. Only in freedom from yesterday and tomorrow is the Ever-Present revealed. Even in the fleeting glimpse one gets when the mind is silent and free from time, in that moment the Ever-Present is realised.

“The Yoga practice is one of concentration on the inner! senses when you become insensible to the outer world, but this can never reveal the Ever-Present which is beyond mind.”

“I can see that,” I said, “I have already experienced the fact that concentration, which is a mental activity, can never reveal that which is not a mental activity, which is beyond mind. I have experienced a sense of freedom when the mind has been quietened through concentration; I have also experienced when Consciousness permeates all phases of mind and conditioned thought which is Samadhi. But this is still becoming, it is the known, and is still not awareness of ‘Being’. The known can never reveal the Unknown, the created can never reveal the Uncreated, which is alone Creative. It is only since I have been shown the falseness of becoming that I have realised the Ever-Present: that the Father and I are one. It is not merely an idea in a conditioned mind but actually Creative now where the self has dissolved into the Ever-Present, like the drop dissolving into the ocean is the ocean now, containing the same constituents, just as Spirit in man is the same as all Spirit, for Spirit is not divided.”

“I know,” I continued, “that I am using Divine reason and I know that Divine reason can never reveal that which is beyond reason, because even Divine reason is of the mind, and reason must cease before the mind quietens down through knowing that it can never know the Unknown, and therefore ceases to struggle. When struggle ceases the mind is quiet, and in that quietness Reality is, because it always is, being Ever-Present, and comes into Being immediately, not in Time but immediately the mind sees that it can never know.”

And I added: “I have watched my mind become still when it ceased fabricating; then Reality was there. When I realised that I could never know what Reality was, I knew what Reality was, and my struggling ceased.”

“I can see,” said the Abbot, who had not even moved, so deeply was he listening to our discussion, “what transformation means; as I have been listening to you, transformation has been taking place; I could see my mind and how it was working and what was hindering the operation of Reality. I could see myself clearly and the falseness of my beliefs, my ideas. I cannot explain the feeling of freedom I have gained; all I know is that I am changed. I am no longer caught up in my old thoughts and beliefs, and truly it is a great burden that has fallen from me.”

Geshi Rimpoche was pleased, for he said: “My son, when you have made such an impression on the Abbot I know that you can make an impression on those who will listen to you.”

After a short silence he continued: “Yes, my son, pure thought is not conditioned by past or future, health or sickness, success or failure, good or evil, God and the devil, for these are the product of the mind; these ideas are the result of your conditioning, caught up in opposites. The Christ is free from all this conditioning. The Christ is the Son of God who is not conditioned in any way. The Life of the Father is in the Son and that is now, my son, now at this very moment. You do not have to wait for this to happen because it is always Present.

“There is an active Intelligence in the body and in all bodies. This Intelligence is forever active in the *now*; It is beyond the body, although in the body. Yet you do not know what It is, but you know that It is, don’t you?”

“Yes,” I exclaimed, “by It my food is digested, by It my heart pumps the blood to every part of the body, carrying all the elements necessary to replenish the cells and to eliminate the waste matter; the body is maintained at an even temperature in winter and summer by this intelligent internal adjustment. Yet the created will always remain relative to the Uncreated-Creative. The body like every other instrument will wear out but that which is real—the Consciousness, Life Itself—will remain Eternal and Ever-Present.”

And I went on to say: “There is no machine created to match the human body, and there is no power outside the body doing all those amazing things, and so I must admit that it is done from within. The most intricate machine created by man is created from within man himself, and therefore

we realise that the created can never match its Creator. While the created is in a continual flux the Un-created remains stable. While the created is relative, the Creative remains Eternal and Ever-Present. Thus we are in constant touch with the Source of inspiration, genius, the limitless Source of Love, Wisdom and Power, for the Father and I are one.”

And I felt constrained to add: “When we speak of this we make it relative because it is merely an idea in the mind, but, when my mind ceases to formulate, then I can experience this Inspiration and genius; I can experience Love and Wisdom, although I cannot define It.”

“Yes, my son,” Geshi Rimpoche replied, “you will readily see that if you are caught up in ideas, images, beliefs, traditions, you are bound by them and there is no longer any freedom, because you will think and act in accordance with your beliefs, your ideas, your traditions, your limitations, which hinder the operation of Reality, which is greater than all else.

“I can understand now,” I replied, “that we create the prison in which we live. If we merely change our ideas, our beliefs, we only substitute one prison for another. I know that some change from one religion to another only because they find orthodoxy restricting, and so they take on some new cult but it is still of the mind, still a prison, the idea of Reality is not Reality. The new prison may be a little more comfortable but all the same it is a prison in which there is still limitation, in which there is no understanding. It is only when there is an understanding of what the mind is made up of that there is freedom from the prison of our own making.”

“Yes,” said Geshi Rimpoche in his usual manner, “most people are not aware of ‘Being’. The proof lies in the multitudes that float on the sea of ignorance tossed by every whim, idea or emotion and are drowned in the effects. They rush here and there to find health and happiness; some even change their environment in an effort to free themselves. But in the effort to demonstrate health and wealth, they flounder in their own conditioning, which is increased through their struggle in the wrong direction. In their confusion they rush to those who claim that they can teach them, yet all these people do is to put them on a rudderless boat and leave them still subject to the storms and waves on the sea of ignorance because they have not the key that opens the door to freedom.”

“Yes,” I replied, “I have myself listened to people speak of their God as separate from themselves. Their God is a relative God who can do nothing for them because their God is merely an idea of some Being afar off, separate and distinct from themselves.”

“I agree with you, my son, that they are caught up in opposites, such as God and the Devil, good and evil, health and ill-health, success and failure, having and not having, sin, suffering and death; these are real to them. That is the error. They are always becoming and therefore never Become. But in ‘Being’ there is neither sense of error, nor error of sense. Therefore there is no destructive element because in Being there are no opposites, nothing to overcome, nothing to conquer, therefore no fear, no doubt, no good, no evil; these exist only in the mind, and if you look you will see them there. In the mind of man, they flourish because man feeds them by his belief in them; therefore he is conditioned by them.

“Now, if Truth and error co-mingle they produce health and sickness, good and evil, life and death. Then who can say whether Truth or error is the greater? Only through the discernment of the false does the error fall away, because it has no existence except in the conditioned mind. Truth is beyond mind and is free; Truth comes into being immediately we discern the false and understand it. You understand that, don’t you?” said Geshi Rimpoche, looking at the Abbot.

“Yes, perfectly”, replied the Abbot.

Then Geshi Rimpoche continued: “The power to see and hear does not originate in matter. It must originate in mind otherwise there would be no cognition of what we see and hear. So when the mind is conditioned, the body is conditioned as well. Yet there are those who will say that the mind has no say in the matter, and that the body talks back only when it reproduces what the mind feels.

“We call the body matter, but my Science has proved that the body is energy in formation and the directing power behind this formation is Life. The ignorant makes all things start from the lowest instead of from the highest. Suppose we reverse the process and see the formation from the Source of all things, then in tracing all things we constantly arrive at Infinite Being, where there can be no separation, no error, no opposites, and the physical consciousness in which the error—the illusion—exists

dissolves away and the Consciousness of Reality takes its place immediately. The body has no life apart from the One Life that is Eternal and Ever-Present, so if you cling to the body you lose sight of the Real Life, which is free even while in the body. 'I am the Life'. He who sees me sees the Father, *I am the Lord thy God now and forever.*"

As I watched Geshi Rimpoche I could see his face enveloped in light, and as he stood up and stretched forth his arms in the all-hailing sign I felt as I were being charged with a thousand volts of electricity.

With these last words he finished his lesson to us:

"O Infinite One, Thou didst water the yielding crops that grow without man's aid. All that man did was to plant the seed, and Thou didst mould the earth and sprinkle it with sun and rain.

"I shall not disagree with any man who has not found the way to Thee, for everyone must find the way himself unaided.

"Now I am content that all is mine because I am Thine, O Infinite One."

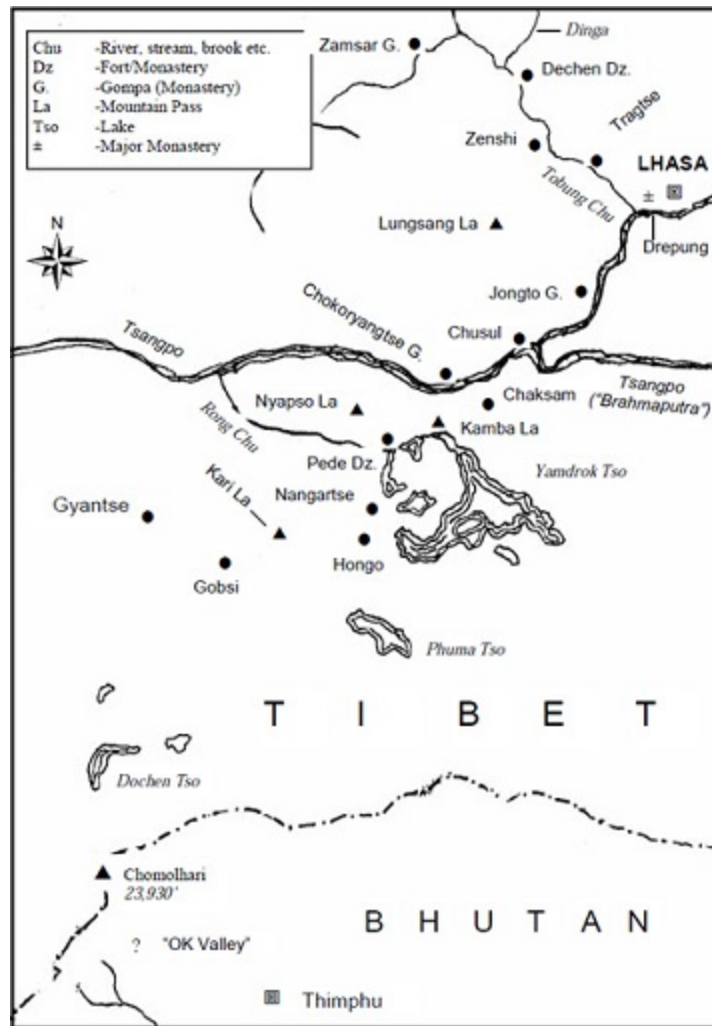
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We sat there transformed, uplifted. My mind was still. I did not wish to think or move. I wanted only to remain in that state of ecstasy which I felt at that moment.

Words cannot explain the full beauty of his wisdom and love, and the words I have written are only fragments of what he said. Yet the ecstasy I can feel, as I am writing now.

After some time he rose and went outside. The sun was beginning to set and we followed him on to the balcony overlooking the valley. Chomolhari stood out like a glittering white giant statue against the orange-coloured background of the sky. As the sun was setting, the colours changed to a mixture of glorious pinks and reds. The valley itself shrouded in gathering clouds that covered the snow blanket enveloping the whole valley. Then the colours became darker, moulding into dark blue and purple, and the clouds began to cover the majestic Chomolhari until only the peak showed above them. The sun disappeared behind the Monastery and stars began to show themselves far above, throwing a subdued light over the clouds below.

We watched the whole change with the enraptured thoughts which we had gleaned from Geshi Rimpoche's talk, and the enchantment of this magnificent scene in Nature transported me to another world. Yes, I had the feeling I was not on the earth at that moment.



MAP 3. (ZAMSAR TO "OK VALLEY")

CHAPTER 15

TIME at Ok Valley was passing unnoticed. Every day Geshi Rimpoche was schooling me for my work in the world I came from and my stay at Ok Valley was coming to an end. This in a way made me feel sad, because of the harmony and love that was always present and which was unknown to me in the world I knew.

Seven days before I left, all our friends came. There were Geshi Dar Tsang from Yangtang Monastery, Geshi Malapa from Gonsaka Monastery, and Geshi Tung La; Tsang Tapa of Ok Monastery, who was in Lhasa for several weeks, also returned; and my friend came all the way from Zamsar by himself to be with me and to accompany me as far as Kalimpong to the place where he had met me.

It is hard to say whom I liked best. All had their different ways, yet all showed Love and affection. I think I would place them this way: Geshi Rimpoche, my friend, Tung La, and the others much the same. The Hermit of Ling-Shi-La was not here, though I knew I should meet him again soon.

When my friend handed me a letter I knew at once from whom it was. It was from Norbu. I read it and showed it to my friend because between us there were no secrets. I said to him: "Tell her I will return to Kalimpong in three years from today and I will meet her there and you also."

"Yes, my son, we will meet you there." (And this happened exactly three years to the day. None of us had aged or altered in any way, and that was the most astounding revelation; it was as if we had never parted.)

What a happy family we were, the eight of us. Geshi Rimpoche, my friend, Tung La, Tsang Tapa, Dar Tsang, Malapa, the Abbot and myself. We laughed together, we talked about many things. Old times were reviewed with greater interest than ever before.

I was keen to know all about what each one had done. It was extremely interesting and pleasing, when I found that I could read Tung La's thoughts and that he could read mine as easily as we did before, even better. The

Abbot no longer hung back but took part in the conversation. I could see that he had shed most of his orthodoxy.

Talk about a transformation! I spoke to the Abbot about it.

“Yes,” he said, “I have had many long discussions with Geshe Rimpoche since you left and I could see the falseness of my mental repetitions, fabrications and beliefs, so they fell away, and the freedom that I felt was more than words can tell.”

“Yes,” I commented, “I saw the difference immediately I met you again.”

“But the transformation,” he explained, “has taken place only since you came. That is the strange thing about it all. Geshe Rimpoche did not speak to me about these things before; it was you (turning to my friend) who stung me out of my stupidity. I can remember very clearly the dressing down I got from you.” (This you can read in Chapter 8 of *Beyond the Himalayas*.)

Geshe Rimpoche went to the heart of things but was very quiet in his explanations. My friend was the very opposite. He went straight to the heart of the false and showed it up in its true colours, just that it was false. Geshe Rimpoche was softer, showing you in a quiet way where you were wrong, but my friend struck at the very root and destroyed it. Both were great adepts, yet I could distinguish the great difference in their ways of instruction, and I knew I needed them both.

Again, the Hermit of Ling-Shi-La was different, I would not say he was a greater Master than my friend or Geshe Rimpoche, but there was something about him that gave you the impression, “I am not of this world.”

Each and everyone had his respective place in my life, and I could fit them in perfectly. Tung La, Dar Tsang, Malapa and Tsang Tapa and the Abbot all had their special places in my training, and when I look back I can see it all so clearly. I can see that it fitted into a plan not devised by man’s mind but a plan that reaches far beyond the bounds of the mind of man. When we look deep enough we can see that our being on earth at all reaches the understanding of man, beyond the will of man, for we are born of the Spirit of God. “Call no man your father on earth for one is your Father who is in heaven.”

One evening in the Abbot’s rooms we were all looking out on to Chomolhari. The moon was shining on it; the sky was clear, and there were

no clouds in the valley; the embers of the great log fire were low and gave a deep reddish glow to the room. The eight of us were present, and all at once the Hermit of Ling-Shi-La appeared in the midst of us. I was not surprised because I was thinking deeply about him just then.

There must have been sufficient ectoplasm in the room for him to show himself, though we were not sitting for that purpose. Then he spoke and I shall always remember the words he said:

“I have come as I said I would, and though I have been with you for some time this evening it is only now that I am able to show myself and speak to you.”

I knew what he meant, though he had been with us probably all the evening; my thinking of him was no doubt the sensing of his presence, and there had not been sufficient ectoplasm to enable him to show himself until we began to look on Chomolhari with the same thought.

That night was a memorable one, especially as no arrangements had been made for a sitting. It was quite a natural and unexpected visit, and this was the best possible way to appear.

Then the Hermit spoke to me and said: “My son, I have come to speak to you before you leave us for that world which to you seems so far away at present.”

He spoke in a slow, deliberate manner, as he always did, with the assurance that what he was saying was the Truth and we all knew that it was the Truth.

“We are the expression of Life,” he said, “the expression of the Living Presence which is not an idea and which is not dependent on any outside agency. It is the same Living Presence that is responsible for all Creation. If you will note the fact that you are living, then in this living you can see that what you have created in your mind is very far removed from that which is created by the Living Presence. You will note that that which is in your mind is merely what you have heard, learned, experienced or believed. You will see now that these memories will dissolve away, but the Living Presence, that which is alive and is your Livingness, is the Eternal Creativeness and is the only Reality.

“So you see clearly that the Intelligence which built the body existed before It created the body and will exist after the body is dissolved into the

substance out of which it has been created. The Intelligence and Substance out of which, and in which, forms are built remain Eternal, for there is nothing outside the Eternal, all is within the Eternal, yet the greatest idea you may ever form in your mind of the Eternal is not the Eternal.

“As I am speaking to you I can see how you are forming ideas as I reason with you. That is good so far as it goes but it does not go far enough.

You are still functioning in the mind, creating ideas of what I say. But if you listen in the deeper sense there is a revealing process that is not made up of ideas. That is what I want you to do, so that you will see what an idea is, because if you are not aware of what an idea is, and how it is formulated, you will never experience that which is beyond ideas. Yet you depend on others and by doing so you perpetuate the illusion of your dependence on others—which is useless. Then you hide behind this illusion and repeat the words ‘God is Love, God is Wisdom, God is Life,’ and such-like words. But these are merely ideas, are they not? You have not realised this before, because you were dependent upon what another said. God can never be a Reality to you when you merely accept what another says or when you depend upon an outside authority, no matter how learned that authority may be.

“In the past you have depended upon what others have said, you have allowed others to influence your thinking, and to some extent you have allowed tradition, beliefs, nationalities, to rule your life, you being unaware of the fact that these things are the cause of separation, fear, limitation, confusion and sorrow.”

(Now I could see the Hermit very plainly. Everyone was of course interested in what he was saying, though he was speaking directly to me, and because of their interest the ectoplasm became denser. It was as if I were transported to the Hermitage of Ling-Shi-La at that moment.)

“Now,” he continued, “what is the remedy? The remedy is that you must do your own thinking, free from tradition, free from beliefs, free from limitation, free from separation. This is the only way to know the Truth about anything. For if you are caught up in your beliefs, your ideas, you can never know the Truth. You must discern the cause that keeps you in bondage. If you are not free yourself you cannot free another; you must discern the illusion clearly, otherwise there is no freedom. Freedom is *now*,

but the illusion of dependence keeps you in bondage. What is in your mind is the old; you must meet the new, free from the old, and this can be done only by knowing what the old is; then you do not meet the new with the old.

“The Livingness that Jesus knew, and what I know, and I hope that you also will know completely, is not something in the future nor of the past, but is Ever-Present, *now*. If you will look into your mind you will see that the future is merely an idea, and when you see the Truth of this it falls away, does it not? You feel free because you know the Truth about it. Your Livingness in the future is merely an idea in the mind, and will ever be an idea of your Livingness yet never your Livingness Itself. When you see that your idea of Reality is not Reality you become aware of your Livingness now, because you are not making It an idea. Do you follow me?”

“Oh yes,” I said, “I do very clearly now.”

“When you see that it is not your family or your nationality or your church or your belief or your traditions that keep your heart beating, you will see beyond these limitations; you will know that it is something that is Ever-Present within, and is not an idea, that is doing this wonderful thing, nor anything external to yourself. Then why do you depend upon an outside source at any time?”

“It is written that Jesus said: ‘He who comes to me and does not put aside his father and his mother and his brother and his sister and his wife and his children, even his own life, he cannot be a disciple to me.’ The meaning of this is, if you are dependent upon anything or any person, no matter how near or dear they are to you, you are dependent. Thus you will never know the Real, the Ever-Present Livingness, that is behind all and is in all and is greater than all. You can never be a disciple to the Christ of God unless you realise that the Spirit of God is born in every soul that comes into the world. If you depend on an outside source you therefore cannot be a disciple of the Christ of God.

“You must steadfastly refuse to worship or be dependent upon any external representative of the Christhood whatsoever. You must worship God in Truth and Reality. When you worship the external you become a slave and bound to the illusion of what you worship.

“Awareness of the false can only be when you understand the false, when you know how it came about. This awareness must not be induced from

outside, but through your own discernment of the false, otherwise you will be dependent upon an outside authority again.

“You can be stimulated by an external reaction, but all stimulants are similar in effect; whether you have a drink, look at a picture, go to a concert or a religious ceremony or work yourself up over an act of any kind, noble or ignoble, they are the same, merely stimulants. When you understand this, then they fall away. Then that which is greater than all these things comes into being. This is freedom from all illusion. Then you will understand that stimulation, high or low, whether worthy or unworthy, leads to illusion and not to freedom and truth. “You have already come to understand that organised religion” politics, cults, nationalities, tradition, are fetters which bind one, making one fiendish in one’s beliefs; and this causes strife and misery. This wolf in sheep’s clothing must be seen stripped of the clothing it puts on to confuse you, and you alone can do what is necessary. It is not what another says that frees you, for that is but another idea, another belief in opposition to the one you discarded, and they are after all much the same. Only by thinking for yourself is there freedom from dependence upon others, dependence upon beliefs, ideas, cults, and the rest.

“It is difficult for some to withdraw from these things, simply because they cannot think for themselves. Their fixed ideas are too strongly embedded in the mind, and so they are caught up in them. This is their background and they can think only in terms of that background.

“You will see, my son, that these things cause the mind to be warped, narrow and bigoted. So conflict arises, and this further conditions thought-feeling, causing more misery and setting in operation a never-ending chain of cause and effect that can cease only when you see the falseness of it. When you see the falseness of it, it falls away, and immediately there is freedom and Reality, because It is Ever-Present. So it is necessary to be constantly aware of your thought-feeling reaction; then, my son, you will not be caught up in the net of illusion.

“If you rely on others to give you cheer, hope and courage, however noble, you become lost again in separation and dependence. Groups have a beginning and an ending, and are generally in opposition to each other, causing further confusion. To seek that which has no beginning or ending,

the journey lies within yourself. Every other way is a distraction leading to illusion in which there is no freedom, no Truth.

“When you try to solve conflict and sorrow on its own level, this leads to further sorrow, conflict and frustration. But if you journey on, constantly aware of what is happening around you, you will discern that which is preventing the expression of the Ever-Present Reality—Love. *Then your journey will be a revealing process*, an experience that is constantly liberating and creative. In this alone there is freedom and Truth.”

“Now, my son,” he continued, “to experience this freedom you must not be dependent on any authority or any individual, however learned that authority or individual may be, for dependence of any kind creates uncertainty and fear, thus preventing the experiencing of the Real.

“In your world today, my son, there is little or no creative understanding in high places. What hope there is, is dashed to the ground through lack of self-knowledge. Without self-knowledge we are led into conflict, sorrow, confusion, bloodshed.

“Only through understanding what the self is, can you get beyond the self into that calm, undisturbed, serene state of Being which has the assurance of the Ever-Present Reality—Love and Wisdom.

“You do not create the Ever-Present Reality, but the Ever-Present Reality becomes operative when the self knows itself to be the hindrance to the Real.

“The self is the cause of the evil, and Jesus realised this when he said, ‘Get ye behind me, Satan,’ and as you watch you will become aware of the Inner, the Inner that is Love, which is the Intelligent expression of Reality; and as the Inner becomes realised the outer becomes clear. Now this is not something that is separate from another but is the Real in you as it is in another, for there is no separation in the Real, there is no division in Reality.

“Then the evil will be seen as the expression of man’s mind in confusion, and it has no existence whatsoever except in the self, which is the illusion, being a bundle of memories and ideas in conflict.

“When you understand this, my son, you will be able to see the outer with its cunning deceits, its deceptions, its un-reality in which so many are lost. Ignorant of the cause of this confusion and misery they accept public

opinion which rules them through thought-feeling-reaction. Now you understand what I mean by a revealing process, my son.

“It is common to hear those people rebel against the conditions they themselves unknowingly create, because they never give a thought to the cause and effect which arises from their own thought-feeling-reactions. Surely then it is most important to discern your thought-feeling-reaction and to understand it. Then only can there be freedom from it.

“You will note, my son, that if one follows a certain belief then one will accept anything that will confirm that belief. But if something arises contrary to that belief it will be rejected without question. *So they squirm and wriggle without thinking, so their ignorance remains.*

“There is no distinction, no separation, when you realise the immediate Presence of Reality. All are alike, the first and the last and the last and the first are all the same, for they are one in the Living Presence.

“There cannot be separation and therefore there can be no distinction; all is one in the Kingdom of the Ever-Present Love. The last to realise it is just the same as the first. We are all in Infinity now, for we cannot be outside it, as there is no existence outside Infinity, but most people do not realise this because they are caught up in separation and distinction.

“Now, my son, when all understand this, we will all live joyfully in the Cosmic Temple of the Living God, to the glory of the Father and the Brotherhood of all mankind.”

Then he lifted his arms in the all-hailing sign of the Master and said:

“O Blessed One, in our ignorance we sought Thee in the outer, but could not find Thee.

“It was only when we saw the outer was unreal did we seek deep in our Being to find the pearl of great price.

“The beliefs in which we thought we could find inspiration, we found was chaff scattered before the winds of fear and doubt.

“It was when we spread Thy wings of Love beyond the boundaries of separation that Thou didst leap into our hearts with joy.

“Then we knew Thee as the Christ within Thy only begotten Son, O Blessed One, O Blessed One.”

* * * * *

There was a deep silence for some time after the Hermit had spoken. Then he turned to Geshi Rimpoche and said:

“I will return when you have your regular meeting in three days’ time. Then our son will leave for the world he came from and we will watch over him until his work is completed.”

Then he left us. I watched his magnificent figure dissolve away in the mist, and I felt I wanted to go with the wisest man in all Asia.

CHAPTER 16

IT was a beautiful winter's morning, the air was crisp, and the sun rising from behind Chomolhari was a sight for the gods. The morning seemed brighter, the sunrise seemed more magnificent, and Chomolhari more beautiful. The sun's rays were spreading over the sky from behind the mountain, showing up the peak like a giant diamond in a setting of sparkling colours, with a background of twinkling stars which had not yet receded into the cloudless blue sky.

As I stood on the balcony watching this panorama of colour changing into brighter and brighter hues, gradually lighting up the whole blue canopy overhead, I heard the Lamas chanting "*Om Mani Padme Hum.*"

I was in a sort of dream. I was thinking of the Hermit of Ling-Shi-La and the wonderful experience of listening to him again, when I felt someone beside me. It was my friend; he, too, had come to enjoy the magnificent scene before us. He put his arm around my shoulders in his usual affectionate manner and said:

"I knew you would be here this morning, my son. I saw you deep in thought, silhouetted against the white snows of Chomolhari and surrounded by the rays of the rising sun. It was the most inspiring picture I have yet seen. You stood in the centre as the rays spread wider and wider around you, your head and shoulders seemed magnified as you stood out against the white snow-covered mountain, the peak reflecting the rays of light to all the world. I was startled by the magnificence of it all. My thoughts were about you and your work to come, and though I shall not be with you in the flesh, my son, I shall be with you in spirit."

"I want to speak to you this morning about action, so let us sit down," he said; and we went over to a seat that faced the rising sun and sat down together.

He did not begin at once but sat in silence for a while.

I could not measure the actual time, for time had disappeared. But during this period I felt as if a silent transformation were taking place within me, and in the midst of the silence I could hear his voice. I seemed to be listening deep within me to what he was saying.

“The individual is what the world is, and without transformation of the individual there can be no transformation in the world, for the individual is the root of the strife in which the world now lives.

“Now, my son, people believe that collective regeneration must come before the individual is free from confusion and conflict. But the reverse is the case, for without individual regeneration there can be no freedom for the masses; because, without understanding the relationship of the individual, there can be no regeneration, for the individual is not separate from the whole.”

I could listen to that tone of voice for ever—that was how I felt at the moment.

“We are the product of the whole,” he continued, “though each one may be conditioned socially, religiously, racially or politically according to his environment. You will see that, though each one may be conditioned differently, the total process of separation is this conditioning. It is only when you understand this, that there is radical transformation; because you see how you have become conditioned.

“Now, my son, the world is crying out for action of some kind; we all want to act. We want to know what to do, especially when the world is divided by ideologies which oppose each other and with so-called religious groups putting man against man. The world is in such confusion, such misery, such chaos, but we do not realise that this is because of our own behaviour, for we are the world.

“Now, action by itself is non-existent. Action can be in relation only to a person, to a thing, to an idea. So the first thing we have to do is to understand action, and in understanding this we shall be able to act rightly.

“Action is merely behaviour, is it not? So if we act in accordance with our conditioning we are merely conforming to a pattern, and that is merely reaction, not action, and because we do not know how we have acquired this pattern we are caught up in its net.

“If we try to fit our action into an idea it is no longer right action; it is merely conforming to a pattern, is it not? I want you to watch carefully, so that you can understand this vital question, as you will have to face it in the world to which you are going back.

“Therefore, to understand action, you must understand the false process of conforming to a pattern. This aggressive action of conformity cannot be right action, in which there is no reaction; conforming to a pattern is the cause of confusion and strife, because you do not understand the falseness of it. Therefore your action is the continuity of a pattern in opposition to another pattern, and this can never bring peace and harmony. But if you know the false as the false, the false will fall away and you will have the True.

“Right action is your peaceful approach to Life Itself, not the aggressive approach to Life, trying to make Life an instrument for the fulfilment of your own desires. This is merely an expression of the self which inevitably brings sorrow and conflict. This action is the result of an idea and is not the true action which only operates in its unlimited state when you are free from the false. Only when you understand the false can you act rightly, and through relationship can this be best understood. You understand that, my son?”

“Yes,” I replied, “it is obvious that there must be a complete transformation in our relationship with each other in every walk of life, because things cannot go on as they are. This is self-evident to anyone who is alert, watching the individual and collective activity in the process of conforming to ideas, to tradition, to systems, to patterns whether they be religious, political or social, which is leading us to the brink of disaster and which is staring us in the face. To ignore it or become complacent about it does not stem the impending avalanche. Only by understanding the cause can there be right action that leads to regeneration.”

“I can see,” I continued, “that there must be action that transforms now, and not in time, for time can never reveal that which is Timeless, and only in that Timeless state is there tranquillity, freedom, peace and happiness.”

“Yes, my son,” he answered, “that is what we are concerned with. Everywhere throughout the world there is strife, poverty, dirt, communal struggle, strikes, minor wars. These eventually develop into a global

struggle, which never solves the problem because the false is not understood.

“To discuss this intellectually is of no avail; there must be an experiencing of what is said, within, otherwise there can be no transformation. You must forget what another has said, and I am not quoting anyone; that would be stupid, for you cannot understand by quoting another. You can understand only when you are not following another. You must find out for yourself; otherwise, you will be merely conforming to what another believes.

“If you follow an idea there can be no understanding, you are merely conforming; so it is important to find out which comes first, the idea or action. If the idea comes first, then you are conforming to the idea and this is merely imitation according to the idea, and this means antagonism. The whole structure of our civilisation is built upon opposing ideas; that is why we have confusion and conflict. Is not the world divided over opposing ideas? Without understanding the whole process of ideas, and merely to take sides, is stupid and infantile. It is the sign of the immature. The mature person tries to solve the problem of human suffering, war and starvation, But to take sides is to be conditioned one way or the other; then there can be no solution to the problem.

“If ideas shape your action, then by that action you will only create more misery and confusion. But when you see that your action is not based upon an idea, upon memory, then there will come a state of affairs that never needs to be overthrown and rebuilt as is taking place everywhere today.

“You will see that this state does not conform to an idea, and that is possible only when you understand what an idea is, how it is brought about, and how it moulds your action.

“Action that is moulded from an idea is detrimental to true action. To look for the solution through such action is to look in vain. Only action that is not based upon an idea can bring about a regeneration that is ever-renewing, free from struggle and free from the antagonism of conflicting ideas. Do you understand, my son?”

“Yes,” I replied.

“Then you can see,” he went on, “that a power or scheme that dominates is utterly evil and stupid. To force others to think what one wants them to

think brings eventual disaster to oneself and others. This has been shown again and again throughout history. You create the schemer, the leader, because you are confused; and because of your confusion you turn and rend your leader and schemer.

“The only power is the power of Love, of understanding, of kindness and mercy; this power of Reality alone is liberating.

“A mind that is caught up in schemes, in power, can never know love, and without Love there is no solution to the problem. You may postpone understanding, you may intellectually avoid it, you can build these bridges which are still temporary, but without goodwill there is bound to be ever-increasing misery and destruction. This is evident to the man of sense. What we need in the world today is not more ideas, not more blue prints, not bigger and better leaders, *but goodwill, affection, Love and kindness.*

“Therefore what is needed is people who love, people who are kind and that must be yourself, myself, not somebody else; because if I am not that myself, I cannot expect anyone else to be. If you are not loving and kind yourself, how can you expect another to be loving and kind?

“Love is not worship of a God, for are you not all worshipping some kind of a God whom you have made up in your minds, which has become a belief in opposition to another worshipping a different God, creating another belief?

“Some worship an image, a statue of stone or wood, or some conception of the deity, and this is a marvellous escape from one’s own brutality or the brutality of another, but it does not solve the difficulty. *Love is the only solution.* To Love your neighbour as yourself—and your neighbour is everyone you meet. That is Truth, my son . . . It must not be merely an idea but an active transformation within; for what the inner is, so the outer shall be. That is the Yoga of the Christ.”

He had just finished when Geshi Rimpoche and the Abbot came out and sat down beside us. Shortly afterwards the others followed. The sun had risen by this time, and it was getting quite warm as it always does when the sun is up.

This balcony was Geshi Rimpoche’s favourite spot in the morning sun, and it was where he generally had his morning tea. Soon afterwards several

Lamas came out with the usual Tibetan tea, which I had come to enjoy just as much as the others did.

There was a general conversation, and when Tung La edged in beside me I felt he had something to say, for I could read his mind. He started speaking in Tibetan and I replied in English for practice. Then Geshi Rimpoche came over to us in a happy mood saying: “You two mind-reading again?”

I replied with reverence: “It was you who started it, you know.”

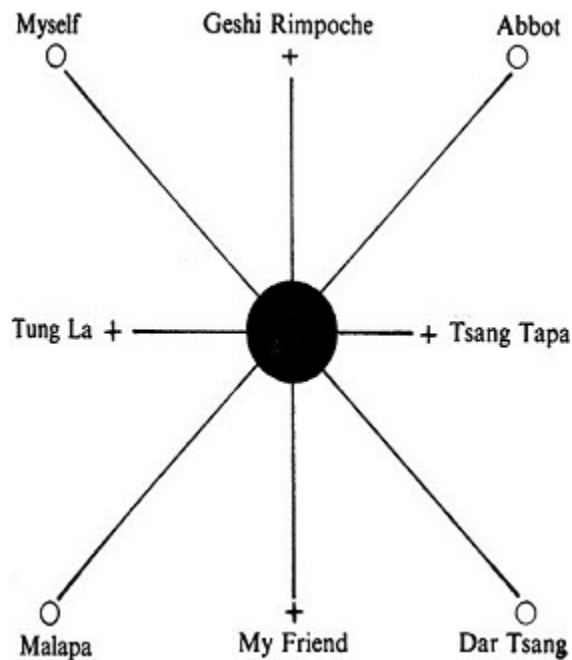
At this we all laughed, for our mind-reading had become quite a joke by now, and in the evening we often made a game of it, and seldom were Tung La or I wrong.

We were all very human, knowing as we did that there was no such being as a superhuman being; that was merely an idea and not the truth.

Everything was natural, it is only those who are caught up in their own stupid conceit who make things unnatural, and that is ignorance personified.

It was a lovely morning and we remained on the balcony; enjoying the sun. When lunch-time came Geshi Rimpoche said: “Come, my son, and have some lunch,” for I always sat at his right hand.

When we were all seated at the table we were in the same positions as we occupied when we had our séance. These places were always kept afterwards, when we were all together—my friend at the other end of the table, Dar Tsang on his right, Malapa on his left; the Abbot on Geshi Rimpoche’s left; Tung La on my right, and Tsang Tapa on the Abbot’s left.



There was never a dull moment. We were alert, our minds always clear and sensitive. It was a joy to live in this atmosphere. After meals Geshi Rimpoche gave thanks for what we had received.

After lunch, he announced that we would soon have our next meeting and there meet our friends again as we did before—those who had left the body, and some who were still in the body like the Hermit of Ling-Shi-La. This would take place, he said, on Sunday night in three days' time, as had been arranged between himself and the Hermit of Ling-Shi-La.

I was overjoyed to hear of this, because several times I had been on the verge of asking Geshi Rimpoche when we were to have our next meeting, because my time was getting short. I had now only six days left and I wanted to make the most of this precious time with all my friends, especially with Geshi Rimpoche; indeed it was for this purpose that he came as far as Tragtse Gompa beyond Lhasa to wait for me till I returned with my friend from Zamsar.

After lunch Geshi Rimpoche guided me to his private quarters. Every afternoon he would do the same, for it was the time he liked best to talk to me. I felt that this day he had something very important to speak to me about.

He commenced by saying: “My son, time is drawing near for you to leave us. In one way I feel sad and yet in another way I am glad. I am sad because you will not see me again in the flesh, though I am glad that I shall be with you always in spirit, for the time has come for me to leave this earthly body I am now using.”

I felt sad when he said this, but I also felt glad when I knew that there was no death, no separation in or out of the body, and I said so. His face always lit up when I mentioned this. I had become very attached to him and he knew it.

“Now, my son,” he said, “remember your problems can never be solved by following another, for this prevents the understanding of yourself. It is very easy to follow someone; the greater the personality, the easier it is to follow. Yet this prevents Creativeness, because the follower can never be creative. It is when you understand this that you become original, no longer a gramophone putting on the records. I am speaking to you directly, this being the best means of transformation; you understand that, don’t you?”

I nodded, and he went on: “When you are face to face with yourself in your relationship to others you will know what you are, for relationship is the mirror in which you see yourself. But this is often unpleasant, and you do not want to look at yourself; so you try to escape by following someone, and thus you live in the shadow of another while you condemn and criticise. Some turn to the latest phase of new thought as a means of escape, merely to avoid seeing themselves.

“To see oneself there must be no condemnation, no acceptance, no justification, no identification. If you are aware in this way impersonally, you can see what is taking place in the superficial, and your deep hidden reactions become screened before you. This can be done only when you understand the process of thinking.

“Your thinking arises from memory which you have accumulated, and this is your conditioning. It is when you understand this, that there is awareness of the self and its ways; for the thinker is not separate from his thoughts. When you see this you do not try to separate yourself from your thoughts; you begin to understand them, and when you understand your thoughts you understand yourself, your conditioning.

“Why do you want to isolate a thought and look at it? Why do you want to hold one thought and try to escape from all other thoughts? If you look into your mind you will see why! You think by dwelling upon one thought and suppressing others you can free yourself from them. But this is impossible because you will find that the suppressed thoughts rise up to distract you from the one you have chosen. Now you can see that you can never understand yourself or your thoughts in this way, and without knowing yourself there can be no right thinking.

“You have in the past called this meditation—to choose a thought and isolate it, by concentrating upon it, thinking by doing so that you are meditating. But this kind of meditation can never free you from the burden of your conditioned thinking.

“Why do you choose a particular thought upon which to dwell? It is because you think that by doing so it will give you a reward or pleasure, so that you can hide behind it. But this very desire to dwell on it creates a resistance against all other thoughts which pour in. So you keep up a constant battle between the thought you have chosen and all those which you try to suppress.

“You can see clearly now, I hope, that you cannot understand your mind in this way, neither can this give you the freedom you are looking for. But when you look at each thought as it arises and uncover its meaning you will see that these thoughts never come up again. They are finished with. It is only the unfinished thoughts, the thought that is not understood that rises again and again.

“So the important thing is not controlling your thoughts but understanding your thought. If your mind is narrowed down, limited, controlled, shaped according to its own desires and the influence of its environment, its accumulations, obviously it can never be free. This process of isolating yourself for self-protection brings exactly the reverse, for in doing so you must engender fear, and how can a mind that is fearful ever be open to that which is Real in which there is no fear?

“When you see that *you are your thoughts* you will begin to understand. But if you imagine you are separate from your thoughts you look at them as separate from yourself and then fear them. But when you know they are your own creations, those creations no longer influence you. In this

understanding, only, is there freedom, and in this freedom there is the Real. *Then you will see that there is no conflict between the thinker and his thought. And the mind is no longer agitated.*

“When this is understood the mind becomes quiet; it is not made quiet. A mind that is made quiet or disciplined can never know the Real; it is incapable of receiving the Real.

“You can discern a mind that is so conditioned. It is bound, it is petty, and God is made petty by a petty mind. It is when thought-process comes to an end and is no longer fighting and struggling with opposites that the mind becomes free and still. In that stillness there are wider and deeper states of Being. But if you merely pursue the deeper it becomes imagination, speculation, and this must cease before the *Real is*.

“Therefore understanding is the beginning of meditation, and true meditation is the gateway to Reality. There are no tricks to learn, no technique to follow, for that would lead you away from the first principle of freedom and self-knowledge, and without self-knowledge there is no freedom.

“You must see things as they are, then you understand yourself. Only in this way is there stillness of mind and in this stillness Reality operates in Its unlimited state of Being.

“In this way, my son, is there true inspiration and that is what we want. A free mind, free from the accumulation of the past, freed from all that is hindering the Real, the New. You must meet the new without the hindrance of the past, the old.”

I had heard similar words before, but now they had a deeper significance; they had a deeper transforming effect. There was an understanding and a freedom that I knew could not be had by any form of concentration of the mind on a single idea or thought. I felt as if all the past were rising before me and I knew it was the self which had no power except the power I gave it. My fears were my own illusions created by my own conditioning. When I saw this I felt that freedom which does not come by any other means except through understanding myself.

CHAPTER 17

THE evening arrived which was arranged for our meeting. The sky was clear, not a cloud in the moonlight canopy overhead, filled with twinkling stars all shining like diamonds. The moon was full and seemed to be in the same position as when we had our last meeting. But now everything was white, the valley and Chomolhari being completely covered with snow. That beautiful mountain stood out like a white guardian reflecting its beauty and silhouetted in the moonlight against a background of millions of diamond-like stars twinkling in the moonlit blue sky giving the appearance of veiled daylight.

The whole scene was one of exquisite beauty and, though it was freezing outside, there was a warmth about us that was not created by any artificial means, for everyone in the room was an adept in Tumo* and sufficient heat was created without our even practising it.

There was a happy harmonious anticipation, and the atmosphere was electric.

I felt that this night would be a great success; conditions could not be more perfect.

Geshi Rimpoche spoke to us in the way he had done before at our last meeting (described in my book *Beyond the Himalayas*).

He said: "Love is not the word 'love', the word is not the thing itself. God is not the word 'God'. But most people are satisfied with the word because of the response that the word creates, producing certain nervous reactions because one has fed on words.

"But words are empty; they merely produce a nervous response. This is not Love, neither is it God. It is only when you know what a word is, and how it forms ideas in the mind, that you will understand that God is not a word, neither is Love a word.

"Words only create reaction. That is why everyone knows reaction, but few know action, because action can only come when you understand that

the word 'Love' is not Love and the word 'God' is not God.

“We can know what Love is only when we are sensitive to the feelings and sufferings of others. But most people do not want to understand suffering; they want to escape from it, through prayer, through a Saviour, through ideas, through concentration, or reincarnation, through drink or any other kind of addiction, or any means whereby they can escape.

“When you are hungry you do not discuss how to eat, you want food and you are not concerned how you get it. So you can understand suffering only when you know your own thoughtlessness, your stupidity, your narrowness and brutality. Then when you look at suffering you will not want to escape from it but to understand it. In this way you become keen, watchful, alert to the cause of suffering, and then you are not callous, you are kind not merely to those near you but to everyone.

“When you understand suffering you are sensitive to the suffering of others. There is no escape, and because there is no escape there is kindness, there is affection.

“Affection-Love demands the highest intelligence and without being sensitive there can be no great Intelligence. Only the intelligent know that the word 'Love' is not Love and that the word 'God' is not God. In understanding this, then Love is, God is.”

I knew what he said was true, I felt it within me. There was a deep transformation and we remained in this silence for several minutes, and, as I knew that the word “God” was not God, I “knew”, but I could not tell what it was that I knew. I think we all felt the same.

Then he spoke again: “Conditions are even more perfect than when we had our last meeting, and we shall have many more friends with us tonight!”

It was what he said that created these excellent conditions. I could see the whole room being filled with clouds of ectoplasm forming into one big cloud. I felt as I did before, even more so, that I was up in the clouds above the earth altogether.

The outlines of the forms were becoming quite clear, when I heard Milarepa greet us with his usual blessing, and soon the séance was in full swing.

Then Milarepa spoke to us all, not to anyone in particular. He said: “I listened to our brother, Geshi Rimpoche, and I hope you gained the understanding that was implied.

“God-Truth-Love is not something that is apart from you, for God-Love is Eternal and Ever-present and is the only Reality. But God-Love cannot be realised by a mind that is confused, conditioned, limited. How can such a mind realise Reality-God which is unlimited, unconditioned? The mind first conditioned itself, therefore it must free itself from its own limitations, and then only can it realise that which is beyond it, beyond limitation, beyond ideas, beyond words.

“Reality is the Unknown and words can never reveal the Unknown.

“The self invents Reality because it imitates, it copies, it has read so many books each having so many ideas, and it merely repeats all these ideas and experiences of others, words, words, words. If you look into your mind you will become aware of what a word is, and then you will no longer copy or imitate, neither will you repeat what another says because the Truth is greater and is beyond words and ideas. These, you will see, are the creations of the mind, but Reality is not created.

“Most people prefer to read religious books and to speculate about God, rather than seeing what they are themselves. But without understanding the self, what the self is, there can be no realisation of the Real.”

Then he came over to me and said: “Your work will be a joy to us, my son; we will follow you and help you and protect you. Your work is to expose the false. You must be ruthless with the false; you must show it up in all its falseness, for that alone can dissolve it. Refuse to be caught up in a net of words in regard to it, for there is no case for the false, for it is false and that is the Truth about it. Neither must you minimise it or cloak it in any form of Reality, for that would be a lie. No matter how the false has embedded itself in the minds and hearts of the people, even if it may be their most cherished beliefs, you must in no way agree with them because of their inherited belief, but reveal the falseness of these mental creations, for they are not the Real.

“*The Real is all-inclusive and not exclusive.* Anything that separates man from man is false and that is what ideas and words do. So the Truth cannot be found in words or ideas, written or spoken, and only when you realise

this is it possible for the Real to operate, and in that operation there is Love and unlimited Intelligence.”

Then Milarepa went over to speak to Tsang Tapa, the oracle of Ok, the medium he used to speak to Geshi Rimpoche, and supply him with food, when Geshi Rimpoche was snowbound in the Himalayas. (This I have related in my book *Beyond the Himalayas*.)

In the meantime the Hermit of Ling-Shi-La came to me and I was delighted to see him again within a week; it reminded me of my visit to him. He appeared to me just as he was; that was the wonderful thing about it. His face was lit up as if the sun were shining through it. I had grown to love the Hermit and he knew it, for he showered me with affectionate thoughts and blessings. I knew now, that I had wonderful friends.

He said: “I have followed you every step of the way. I was with you on the mountain Nyiblung Richung of the Nyenchentanga range, the range of mountains that you see from the Hermitage. You know you were only about forty miles as the eagle flies from Ling-Shi-La when you were at Zamsar, but there is no track over the mountains, it being unexplored country, and so you had to take the roundabout way, 150 miles to reach Zamsar.”

Then he continued: “I am very pleased with you, my son, you found much to think about at Zamsar.”

“Yes,” I said, “I did. We went into much detail and I had great enlightenment.”

“Now,” he went on, “I want you to realise that, out of chaos, order cannot come. You cannot create order by bringing about chaos to do so. This is the false thinking of many of the people. Many think that they are chosen by God to create confusion and disorder in order to bring about order. But this only creates further disorder. This is the cause of constant repetition of wars and economic disasters.

“You look for transformation in the future so that ultimately these conditions will be no more. But it is always in the future. Now, a mind that is always thinking in terms of the future is not capable of acting in the present.

“Do you understand the true meaning of transformation, my son?”

“Yes, I do, I know that transformation in the future is impossible. It can only be now, moment to moment—when we see the false as the false and

the true as the true, when we see the false in that which has been accepted as the true, as we see that *now* there is transformation, now. It does not happen tomorrow, it must be now, otherwise there is no transformation. So when I see the false I also see the truth about the false, that it is false, and it falls away; now, immediately, there is transformation and in transformation there is liberation.”

“Yes, my son,” he said, “when you see that repetitions are the projection of a mind that is bound, when you see the truth of this then there is transformation. When you see what creates separation, conflict and misery, there is immediate transformation and the very truth of it is liberating. The very perception of Truth is transforming and liberating, and it is immediate, not tomorrow, for there must be transformation now; otherwise there cannot be transformation.

“You will be surrounded by the false in the world to which you are returning.

“But the very perceiving of the false, moment to moment is transformation. You cannot find Truth through memory, through time, for Truth is ‘now’, not in the past or in the future. You cannot find Truth tomorrow, nor in what you read or hear, for that is merely ideas. Truth comes to you, you do not go to Truth. When you are going to Truth it is merely a projection of your self. It is when the self is understood that Truth comes and It is immediate. Eternity is Now! The now is NEW, and not a reflection of the past, for that is memory; neither is *NOW* the future, the future is of the mind. *The Now! is alive*. The past is dead and the future is not yet born.

“You cannot discover the new if you approach it with the old. Only when you know that you cannot experience the new while burdened with the old does the old cease to project itself into the new. You see, my son, it is from moment to moment; even the moment that is past cannot be ever-present now. What is in the mind is a hindrance to the new; therefore you must approach the new fresh and not conditioned by the past; only then can you discover that which is renewing moment to moment.

“When you desire to be transformed there is no transformation, because you are thinking in terms of becoming. Truth is ‘Being’ now moment to moment. Truth cannot be found in a book. It can only be found moment to

moment, in the smile, in the tear, in the embrace, in the fullness of Love. Without Love Truth is not. Where there is Love there is transformation, because Love is 'Being' moment to moment. That is Truth, my son.

“When you leave here we will be with you, for there is no separation in the Spirit that lives in each one. God is not divided. It is the conditioned mind that hides this great Truth. In knowing this, my son, your faith will be constant, and your Love will be liberating, never binding. For a love that binds is not true. Love that binds is of the mind and Truth-Love is beyond mind and is the only Real.”

Then he stood aside and said: “Now your august spiritual guide, St. Anthony, will speak to you.”

I was anxious to speak to St. Anthony, for I had spoken to him so many times all over the world, and had felt his influence so often in my work.

His words were differently expressed from the others, though the same Truth was revealed. He put forth his hand and said:

“Touch my hand, my friend; now you see I am functioning on your plane by means of the magnetic substance which is a phase of the Substance out of which everything is created. There is only one Substance underlying all forms, all manifestations, though there are different degrees of that Substance and you have all these degrees of Substance now with you. You are functioning in and through them all, though you are not aware of them. At present you are functioning in what you call the material, but that is merely a modification of the one Substance; it is a degree and not separate.

“As you leave the physical or material you will still function in the same Substance but of a different degree, and this will go on through the various degrees which become finer and finer.

“In your work you will be using what is known as the magnetic body, that is the body that can be charged with vital energy suitable for the physical; you will also use your mental and spiritual at the same time. I do not mean the psychological side of your mind but a substance which interpenetrates both your astral and magnetic sheaths.

“The Spirit uses all these sheaths accordingly, and when we are helping you in your work we work through the centre that is linked into these sheaths, according to the conditions of the patient.

“When you feel inspired to speak of the Spiritual things of Life we are working through the finer sheaths or centres. But Truth is above all these; Truth is Life-Love. Love comes into Being when the mind is freed from the past—the old. Love is always new, and you can meet the new only when the past—the old—is understood, when it falls away. Therefore to meet the new you do not meet it with the old or it will be merely the projection of the old. But when you see that the old is memory, experience, and that it can never be new, then you know, and when you know you meet the new knowing that the old can never be the new. The new is always new and never old.

“That is Truth, that is Love, because it is Real. Therefore the new is the only Real, the old is not Real, it is memories, experiences, which often condition you.

“True Spiritual Healing is when you are free from the old, for Spiritual healing is always new. Do you understand me?”

“Yes I do,” I replied. “I can see that Spirit is always present, always new and never old. Spirit is always renewing. The renewing of the Spirit is moment to moment, in which there is no disease, no death, no past, no future. There is only the ‘Now’ and the ‘Now’ is always new. In this I have true inspiration, that is not the result of the past, of memory.”

“Yes, my friend,” he said, “I see that you understand, and with this understanding your work will be of greater value to the world, and you will be of great value to us who are working with you for the transformation of the world.

“You will not merely be repeating what you have read. Most teachers in the world today are gramophones putting on the various records. But you must be the musician and the music. Only in this way are you creative.”

Then he said: “There are others here who want to speak to you.”

This meeting was the greatest I have ever experienced. Many friends came who had passed on. Two Yogi friends, Abdul and Seelum, brought me some apports, some tablets of ancient Egypt and some precious stones and golden coins of Tiberius, in all about twenty articles. One was an ancient vellum written in ancient Greek; in the left hand bottom corner was a deed of sale in Roman cursive. It had apparently been sold at one time, probably

in the first century. (I received a similar one at Mr. Bailey's seance in Sydney, Australia, some years afterwards.)

One of the ancient Persian Magi spoke, and naturally my mother and other friends. The meeting went on till about 3 a.m., six hours of constant contact with those who had passed and some who were still on the earth plane; sometimes there were ten or more in the room at the same time.

There is no greater proof of survival than this direct contact; all fear of death passes away with the understanding of Life Everlasting. Many intimate things were spoken of, and news of people at home and other information was accurately given. This I found to be true on my return.

The advice that a friend had passed from the earth life on a certain date was given. Some would hardly believe it possible, yet it is a fact, for I verified it when I returned home.

At the end a brilliant light appeared and in that light the Master appeared and blessed us all. This was the crowning point of the whole meeting, the knowledge of the Eternal Living Christ Who exists in all hearts, in all realms.

"In my Father's house are many mansions, and I go to prepare a place for you and where I am there shall you be also," these were the words he spoke clearly and distinctly.

This closed the meeting.

We sat in silence for some time, each with his own thoughts.

Soon now I would be leaving my wonderful friends from whom I had gained so much. This passed through my mind and I felt a little sad. Geshi Rimpoche must have sensed it for he put his hand on my shoulder (I was sitting next to him) and said: "My son, I feel as you feel. I am aware of your thought but there is no real parting, as has been proved to you tonight. Therefore rejoice in the understanding that God alone lives and we are living and moving in Him and He is living and moving in us. So there can be no separation except in the mind and that is an illusion, *as you know.*"

We sat talking for more than an hour, when I felt extremely hungry and said to the Abbot: "You know, I feel I would like something to eat. I don't know why."

"Well," remarked the Abbot, "we are just about to have breakfast. It has been prepared."

The Abbot had apparently arranged everything beforehand, and breakfast was brought in by two of his personal attendant Lamas. It was more like a dinner than a breakfast. Geshi Rimpoche broke bread and blessed it and spoke in very endearing terms about my coming, my stay and my going. I felt deeply humble as this great sage spoke for in his heart there was a Love that was beyond human comprehension.

Here in this room were my beloved friends, friends who were more than friends, sages who were Masters of Nature, whose knowledge, Love and Wisdom are unknown in our world of conflict. Yet these great adepts are helping those in our world who will open their hearts to God through understanding the conditioned state of their minds, which is the only hindrance to the healing Power and Love of Reality.

The sun's rays were beginning to show up from behind the peak of Chomolhari and we went out on to the balcony and watched the gigantic splendour. This morning it seemed even more wonderful, as the sun rose; the rays of colours spread upwards like a giant fan with the peak of Chomolhari in the centre. The white crystal-like snow reflected this dazzling splendour while the Lamas chanted "*Om Mani Padme Hum*", their deep voices becoming louder and louder. The impression of this scene is vivid in my memory as I write now.

When the morning chanting was over we rose and went to our respective quarters. I went to bed and slept. I do not know whether it was a dream or not but I was consciously mingling with those who were not of the earth.

I must have slept till midday, when I felt an influence beside me; when I opened my eyes Geshi Rimpoche was standing looking at me. He said: "You are now refreshed in Spirit, Soul and body."

I replied: "That is just what I feel like."

"When you get up," he said, "we will wander down the valley, for I want to talk to you. You will be leaving us tomorrow and I want to have you to myself today. Although there is no separation in Spirit I feel your going as if I were parting with my only son."

After we had some food we wandered down the valley in the snow towards Chomolhari. I said: "I feel very sad to leave you, and more so when I think that I may not see you in the flesh again, for you have been more

than a father to me, and I have grown to look upon you with a very deep affection.”

“Yes, my son,” he replied, “and my affection for you was long before you saw me in the flesh, for I have been with you a long time in your work. But now I will soon lay down my life to take it up again, freed from the physical. I will no longer come back to it, but will sojourn in the other realms; yet I will still be with you, like your venerable guide, Saint Anthony.”

He added: “There is a proverb that says: ‘Get wisdom, get understanding, forget it not, neither decline from the words of my mouth.’ Yet there is a higher and better way, ‘Love your neighbour as yourself.’

“Love is the solution of all problems and God is Love and Love is God. Yet people approach Him with hate in their hearts towards others. The Divine can only be approached when the heart is full of Love and the mind empty of antagonism.

“You see, my son, a person who follows a certain religion and is antagonistic to another who follows another religion becomes irreligious. So the so-called religious man is more dangerous because he is pursuing ideals which divide mankind by putting one against the other.

“You realise, my son, that ideas divide man more than things do. There are also those who have leanings to the left and those who have leanings to the right; they are merely pursuing ideas. The one thinks his idea is better than the ideas of the other, and this leads to antagonism, strife and bloodshed. Peace and Love can only come when it is seen how ideas and beliefs set man against man.

“Only when man gives up the illusion of the importance of his ideas will Love come into the heart and mind of man, and this will be immediate, immediately man sees the false. Man will then appear in the likeness of his Father who is Love, having a natural dominion over all things, which is not being supernatural, as many believe.

“Jesus never claimed to be supernatural, yet people have built up in their minds an idea of the supernatural and then worship this, their own mental illusion. By worshipping, they try to escape from seeing themselves as they really are with all their antagonisms, hate and jealousy. Only by seeing the false can the true come into being now. That is wisdom, my son. Only by

understanding the false and how it comes about does wisdom come into being. Thus only is there freedom from the bondage in which many struggle.

“When wisdom comes you will realise that not a blade of grass, nor a flower, nor a tree, grows, nor a bud blooms, of its own volition; you will realise that there is nothing on earth or beyond that has not its source in the Infinite One.

“Therefore, you will no longer be mute before ignorance, nor dumb before the false but you will correct the error through understanding. You will no longer ask what the trouble is but you will show the way to the solution of all problems.

“The highest form of thought-feeling comes through understanding and not through the aggressive self-assertiveness of ideas or beliefs. We can only find the source of our Creativeness in Reality, in Love. Therefore you will no longer seek security, for he who seeks security is ever in want. The very basis of your security is in knowing and not seeking. For you live now in the ever-present, neverending Source of Supply.”

I listened most carefully. I had gained the art of listening without creating ideas, but by understanding the self, for self-knowledge was freedom and transformation, and in this Freedom Reality operated without limitation of any kind.

I was no longer the same person as when we met first. My psychological philosophising had disappeared, for I knew now that it did not matter very much whether it was there or not, in fact it was mostly a hindrance to the Real, being merely mental gymnastics.

This was the final talk that Geshe Rimpoche gave me. It was a sort of final advice, though he never sought to give advice. It was mostly a cleansing through understanding, which could be done only by oneself alone.

Then he said: “I will not return to Lingmatang with you as I had intended; I will remain here for the winter, and as I look upon that beautiful mountain as the sun rises and sets I shall be thinking of you, for it is here I love most of all. But your friend will accompany you as far as Kalimpong, and then you will be on your own physically, but not spiritually.

“Here is a cross, a symbol I have had since I was a boy; it was given to me by my father. You will notice there is a diamond set in the centre where the perpendicular and horizontal bars meet; this represents the Son, the conformation of the Father-Mother-God. The son is born in Love and Wisdom, which is Truth.

“I want you to keep it on your person always,” he said, gently.

He then took it from around his neck and put it round mine, and then he blessed me. Tears ran down my cheeks and I did nothing to check them, for I felt as if the Christ had awakened in my soul at that moment. From then on I was never the same, it was as if I had put off the beggar’s robe and put on the Robe of Love—the Yoga of the Christ—and even though the hem alone be touched it would heal the troubled soul.

* “Tumo” a Tibetan science where the practitioner has control over the elements of heat and cold.



MAP 4. ("OK VALLEY" TO KALIMPONG)

CHAPTER 18

I WAS up before sunrise, as my friend and I were to leave after breakfast on our journey back over the Himalayas on our way to Kalimpong.

The feeling I had that morning was similar to that which I had when a boy leaving the Highlands of Scotland, where I always went for my holidays, and on returning to school there was a deep feeling of sorrow, for I loved the hills and the heather, the lochs and the rivers. It was much the same feeling I had that morning, and I said so to my friend.

Everyone was up for breakfast. The Abbot was waiting for me. He put a silk scarf around my neck as a parting gift. It was so fine that I could put it in a small envelope. This gift is traditional and significant to the Tibetans, and it means a great deal to the receiver; coming from the Abbot it signified an eternal blessing.

On the following day all the others, with the exception of Geshi Rimpoche, the Abbot, and Tsang Tapa, would be leaving Ok Valley. Tung La, Malapa, and Dar Tsang would be on their way back to the valley of Ha Chu.

Dar Tsang would be going to Yangtang Monastery, Malapa to Gonsaka Monastery, and Tung La to Takohu. Such a gathering of adepts would not take place again for many years.

We all sat down to breakfast together in our usual places.

Then Geshi Rimpoche stood up and said: "Once in a lifetime on earth for each one of us there is a memorable occasion; that is why we always remember such an occasion, because it stands out like a great mountain peak above all other peaks.

"You will all agree with me that such an occasion has just come to pass in our lifetime in this isolated land of ours on the roof of the world.

"My beloved son here has been with us now for nearly seven months and now he is about to depart from our midst. We may not see him again in the physical but we will in the spiritual, for we will be helping him in his work

which is our work in his world. We have all come together twice in a short space of time, and now all of you will again go back to your respective places, but with greater understanding gained from his presence amongst us.

“He will be leaving an indelible impression upon us and there is no need to tell you who he is, for we all know that he was with us in the ages past and now has returned with the soul-experience necessary for his work in this time. We also know that we shall meet again, and with this knowledge the parting is made much easier, so we bid him adieu for a while. He carries with him our love and blessings and the Love of God will remain with him always.”

Then he made the all-hailing sign that is familiar to all adepts, and sat down.

I was conscious of a power surrounding me as all eyes were turned towards me. I rose and said: “All the words I could say would not reveal what is in my heart,” for I had found real Love, a Love that speaks more than words and which alone could solve all problems. The problems affecting mankind were created by man himself and could only be solved through the heart and not the mind.

“I have come to understand,” I said, “what the mind is made up of and how it is conditioned. When I look into our relationship like a mirror I see the fact very clearly without prejudice and that very perception brings about a transformation without effort.

“When I see the fact as it is, then that very fact is the Truth which resolves the problem. When I see that the self is the problem, when I see this fact, without endeavouring to escape or hide from the truth of it, then there is transformation which alone can bring about a solution of the problem.

“When I recognise the truth of this fact then there is a quietness of the mind in which conflict ceases. In the quietness Reality-Love is, and when Reality-Love operates there is no problem, for the self will have dissolved away. It is very simple and the simple person can understand, for understanding is not for the few but for all.

“Reality is *now!* Therefore transformation is immediate. Time does not reveal that which is Timeless. Therefore when I see what is now, and

become aware moment to moment, without the past-memory, the old, hiding the new, then the new is renewed moment to moment when I meet the moment free from the past and this is possible now.

“I can see,” I said, “what my message is. It is not merely giving more ideas to already burdened minds but to show how false and binding ideas are, for ideas of the mind can never reveal the Truth, can never solve any problem. Only Love can, and Love is immediate when the conditioning of the past, of beliefs, of memories, is understood and dissolved.

“I am more than grateful for the love and wisdom I have gained by being with you all and I leave you with a heavy heart. You know how I would like to stay with you, but that is not possible because I must fulfil the task allotted to me, and I am joyful in the knowledge that you will be helping me in this task.”

Then I blessed them all with the all-hailing sign, for I was now privileged to do so, having passed all the tests given me to perform.

After breakfast my friend and I left while the rest stood and watched us from the balcony.

As we departed at sunrise, the Lamas were chanting “*Om Mani Padme Hum*”. It was as if the whole Monastery were bidding me farewell.

The sunrise that morning was particularly beautiful, and Chomolhari, the lovely mountain which I had looked upon so often at night and in the morning, seemed to know the love I had for it, as it reflected the rays of the rising sun, like a sparkling jewel.

We turned our faces towards Phari. We crossed a number of streams which now were frozen over. We saw two snow leopards, which stood looking at us. The plains were utterly bleak, nothing to be seen for miles except wild yak and hares. The cold wind swept down from Chomolhari over the plains towards Phari. In summer this plain is a mass of colour, with wild flowers in profusion. What a difference today, covered as it was with a blanket of snow.

We met several trains of yak and donkeys as we entered Phari, the highest and coldest and filthiest place in all the world. Innumerable beggars sat in the cold snow spinning their prayer wheels and holding out their hands for alms. The women now had their faces smeared with a

combination of yak blood and earth to protect their skins from the frost, wind and sun. The combination of these three makes the skin very sore.

The streets were choked with garbage built up through the centuries, and urchins ran about in their bare feet unaffected by the cold, impervious to the dung and filth. Dead dogs lay in the streets, no one even bothering to remove them, while the dogs that were alive fed on their companions' carcasses, apparently the only food they could find.

We reached the Phari bungalow about 4 p.m. Plenty of wood was there, so we lit a big fire and had a good meal. I was glad to get away from Phari and I said so to my friend. Yet the people there seemed very happy under such dreadful conditions.

Next morning, after a breakfast of fried eggs on toast, we made our way to a place called Gautsa, about sixteen miles away. On looking back we could see Chomolhari glittering in the sun, and in front of us a vast plain with hundreds of yak digging in the snow to get food. Foxes and hares in their dozens were there, everything looking for something to eat.

We met a train of yak carrying wool, and some donkeys. This is a common sight and pleasant to see. The track here was up on the mountainside, great crags of rock hanging overhead.

We reached Gautsa after crossing a bridge built in two sections, the old and the new.

The hut was in a tiny village of wooden houses. In one of the sheds there were a number of muleteers drinking *chang* (Tibetan beer) making merry. Even when intoxicated these Tibetans are a very happy and cheery lot of fellows; seldom if ever do they quarrel among themselves.

My friend talked to them in Tibetan, and as we were both dressed in the robes of the Lamas they did everything they could for us. In the big shed these fellows began dancing and singing. Some of the dances are extremely strenuous; they whirl at a terrific speed round and round, and their cloaks almost fly off. They kept up the dancing till the early hours of the morning.

The track in the early morning was quite frozen, but as the sun rose it became slush with the melted snow and mud mixed together.

The track followed along the riverside, the Amo Chu, which flows through a gorge between two mountain ranges over 15,000 feet high. It was

a rushing mountain river even in winter, but in summer it would become a violent torrent as the snow melted in the mountain.

As we came to the end of the gorge we could see Lingmatang, where we were to stay for the night. I was glad, because we were well known to the Abbot, and it was here that I first met Geshi Rimpoche.

We entered the Chumbi Valley and made our way to the Monastery. Lingmatang is situated at the end of the valley, at the mouth of the gorge. In the distance we could see the town of Yatung, the first Tibetan town of any size over the Himalayas.

Here we saw a number of wild sheep called Burrhal. Wild bears come down from the mountain woods and raid the crops. The nomads here have mastiff dogs to protect their animals from prowling leopards and wolves.

When the Abbot saw us again he was overjoyed, and he prevailed upon us to stay with him for two nights, which we did. We were glad of the rest before climbing the last range of mountains that separated us from the outside world.

The Chumbi Valley even in winter is beautiful. Yatung is a prosperous town of stone houses with shingle roofs, studded here and there along both sides of the Amo Chu.

During my stay I slept in Geshi Rimpoche's quarters, for it was his desire that I should sleep in his quarters while I was there. We fed well and rested well, for we would now have to cross the Jepel pass. The Natula was impassable during winter. We had now reached the range of the Himalayas separating India from Tibet.

We were sitting quietly after our evening meal in Geshi Rimpoche's quarters and I felt his influence. So did my friend, for he gave us a brilliant talk.

He said: "Peace is not the denial of conflict. Merely to deny evil does not make you virtuous. If you deny the ugly, are you beautiful? The pursuit of the opposites is never peaceful, neither is it virtue or beauty, for the opposite is always in conflict. The very denial of anything creates conflict, and virtue can never be the result of denial of the opposite. Peace is not the denial of war, for war is the projection of ourselves.

"Is it not so that the idealist is causing more trouble than one who does not follow an ideal? The fact is that ideals divide man more than things do.

I know you have heard similar words from Geshe Rimpoche but I feel I must repeat them, so important is this understanding to your work.

“Is it not a fact that those who have leanings to the right and those who have leanings to the left are merely following ideas? It is because one thinks one’s ideas are more important than the ideas of another that leads to conflict, war and hatred. Reconciliation is only possible when we see what ideas are and how they divide us.

“We call ourselves British, American, Russian, Chinese, Indian, and all the rest. We cling to a group because we want to be safe. This identification gives us a sense of security. But the identification with any group of people means separation, disintegration and war, in which there is no security.

“It is the dream of every ideologist to have every one believing in his ideology whether it be the right or the left. But such a thing is impossible, because believing always separates. Therefore it is a disintegrating factor and not a uniting factor.

“So long as there is conflict inwardly, psychologically, there must be the projection of this conflict. So without understanding our own inward conflict while trying to gain peace, organisation has no meaning.

“Merely to resist war and maintain an inward psychological conflict, creates only further conflict. But if you understand the total process of inward conflict that causes war then you are neither a war-monger nor a pacifist; you are entirely different, because you are at peace within yourself, and therefore you are at peace with the world.

“So it is not that you should belong to this or that, or be one thing or the other; what is necessary is to understand the cause of conflict.

“You change enemies from time to time and you seem to be quite pleased with yourselves, and this is kept going by propaganda, by your inward psychological conflict.

“So you encourage war through ideals, nationalities, through greed, through aggrandisement. You encourage war inwardly and then outwardly. You want peace, but this is surely the height of stupidity, the ranting of immature minds always in contradiction.

“You want to become something—a war hero, a millionaire, a virtuous person, a pacifist and all the rest. The very desire to become involves conflict.

“There is peace when there is no desire to become, and when you see that becoming is going away from the Real you cease to become, and when you cease to become then there is Reality—Creativeness.

“You will no longer be seeking security, for the mind that is seeking security is ever in fear and can never know the joy of Creative Being. The very basis of your security is in knowing and not in seeking.

“The highest form of thought-feeling is acquired through self-knowledge and Divine comprehension, and not in the aggressive self-assertiveness of the idealist.

“The mind and heart must be peaceful, quiet, then you will know what it is to be without conflict.

“As every war produces another war, so each conflict produces another conflict. To end conflicts you must understand the self, for only with self-knowledge is there liberation from conflict inwardly and outwardly.

“When you are grappling with the problem of mass murder, hunger and misery and destruction on their own level, you create further misery. You are only concerned with the reorganisation of greed, ill-will, and there is no end to the confusion and antagonism which will remain until you deal with its roots, and these roots are deeply implanted in yourselves.

“It is now clear—is it not?—that if the reformer has not radically transformed himself by seeing that the problem is his own, there can be no inner realisation of true values and anything that he contributes will only add further conflict and misery.

“It is often through suffering that you are awakened out of your mortal dream to realise that you alone perpetuate your own suffering. Then the less you think of ways and means and the more you begin to understand yourself, the sooner will you have peace that is an Eternal value and not the conflict of opposites.

“In the lips of him that hath understanding wisdom is found: but a rod is for the back of him that is void of understanding.”

I was still listening for some time after he had finished. I had now learned how to listen, not to the words but with a deeper understanding where I saw myself, and in doing so that very seeing was liberation and transformation.

I could see that the Abbot also was in deep meditation, a meditation that was self-revealing, for it was true meditation, not merely concentrating on

an idea to the exclusion of all else, for there could be no liberation from conflict or realisation of the Real in that way.

That night I slept well and felt rested and refreshed the next morning, and was ready to climb the Jepel pass.

We made an early start and reached the hut half-way up, and there we rested for the night. We had been travelling for eight hours in deep snow, sometimes the snow where it had built up into a drift being up to our thighs.

The next day I thought would be the worst, and I was hoping that there would not be a snowstorm, for a storm on the pass is a dreadful experience. The wind is fierce and you cannot see more than a few yards in front of you, this being quite common at this time of the year. The snow piles up into high drifts on the track, making progress almost impossible. I had one experience of this and did not want another.

As it happened we had fair weather all the way. The sun was hot (even in the middle of winter it can be uncomfortably hot).

When we reached the top of the pass we could look down towards Gangtok, the capital of Sikkim.

Just over the pass there was another hut, where we stayed for the night. We made a log fire and had our evening meal. Afterwards we sat by the fire till the embers showed only a red glow, and the candle gave a dim veiled light to the room.

I could feel the influence of Geshi Rimpoche and I was sure that he was present. I said so to my friend. He was conscious, too, of the same influence and said: "Let us be quiet for a few minutes, and he may become visible." We did so, and it was not long before we saw the form of Geshi Rimpoche building up before us. This time I could see him plainly and I was no longer ignorant about these visitations.

I could see his lips moving and could just hear his voice faintly saying: "You see, my son, I am still with you." Then the Hermit of Ling-Shi-La appeared and said: "Have the faith that moves mountains, my son, and we will help you through that faith. Never doubt but act, and in that action Reality will operate. Remember, it is the Spirit of the Father that doeth the work."

Then they both disappeared again. I was over joyful; my confidence was such that nothing could shake it.

I said to my friend: “This is the most wonderful evening I have ever had. It means more to me than even the meetings which were prepared. Those few minutes were to me Eternity Itself.”

Needless to say I slept like a child that night, and in the morning I was still affected by what had happened the night before. I could still feel the influence of Geshe Rimpoche and the Hermit of Ling-Shi-La, and the whole meaning became more significant.

On our way down towards Gangtok, the capital of Sikkim, my feet were on wings; I had the lightness of a bird, a heart full of joy. My mind felt as if it were silenced for all time, and that feeling of ecstasy has always remained with me. It has kept me young, as was proved when a friend, who had not seen me for twenty years and had heard that I was in his country, decided that he must see me, thinking of course that I was then an old man. When he saw me his exclamation was: “Good God, you don’t look a day older, what is the secret?” I said: “I have no secret, I am just what I am.” Yet he himself had grown old.

We arrived at Gangtok that evening. I felt sorry I was back in civilisation again. It was a peculiar feeling; I could not say that I disliked it, yet when I thought of the other side of the Himalayas I felt a tinge of sadness. At the same time I felt an eagerness to get down to work, for now I had something to give, whereas before I was not sure. *And that feeling of not being sure made me feel a fraud, for I felt within myself that I did not really know.* But now, I knew the false. Yet, before, I thought the same false to be true. Now I knew differently, and I wanted to get down to my work as soon as possible.

We paid our respects to Mr. Gould* and had dinner with him that evening. The conversation veered round to what I had done all those months, for my acquaintances had lost track of me altogether. But when I told Mr. Gould what I had done, and where I had been, he could hardly believe it.

For I had been where no other living white man had ever trod—in the unexplored parts of Tibet. This was only possible by being with the Tibetan adepts.

I found that most people were more interested in where I had been than in the Truth Itself. Yet Truth is the most important thing in Life.

The next day we drove in a small baby Austin to Kilampong—the end of the trail.

I can, as I write, still experience that feeling of loneliness when I said good-bye to my friend. Tears ran down my cheeks, yet I was not emotional. I felt that I had lost my crutches and could hardly stand by myself. My friend must have read my thought for he said: “It is best that I leave you now, for the Spirit that is within you will support you for the rest of the way. You are not alone, for He who created you is by your side, and He is greater than all, for He is all. He is Wholeness: He is Life Itself. The Father has Life in Himself and grants the Son to have the same Life in Himself.

“You have learned to be independent, yet you feel dependent. This illusion of dependence keeps you in bondage. If you rely on others to give you aid, hope and courage, however noble they may be, you become lost in dependence and separation.

“If you depend upon that which has a beginning and an ending, then there is fear. But when you see the Truth of this fact you will then find that which has no beginning or ending, and that is within you. Everything else is a distraction, leading to ignorance and illusion. Reality comes when you are freed from the illusion of dependence. If you discern your thought-feeling-reaction now, you will see how false it is; then the false will drop from you. Then you will know that there is no separation between us, because there is but ‘One’, and in Him there is no division, no separation.

“There is no distinction, no separation, in the immediate Presence. There cannot be separation, therefore no distinction. We are in the Kingdom of the Ever-Present Love, the last to realise it is just the same as the first, for all are in the Kingdom *now*, but do not realise it.”

He then put his arm around my shoulders and said: “My son, I am with you even unto the end of the world.” Then he turned and left me.

I watched him go. I waited for him to turn but he kept the same steady step that I knew when I first met him. When he passed out of my sight I said to myself: “Is it all a dream?” I stood there for I don’t know how long. Then I came out of my dreams and I knew this was no dream. I knew what my task was and I knew I would fulfil it, no matter where it took me, all over the world. And all over the world I went. In every corner of the globe I gave the message of freedom.

At that moment I thought of Norbu, and the promise that I had made to see her and my friend in three years' time came back to mind.

“Yes,” I said to myself, “it is all real.” I did not know how this would happen but it did happen, how I could not say. Things just came to pass all dovetailed in such a way as if by some unseen agency.

* * * * *

I have written, this book mostly for the purpose of revealing the false, and only by knowing the false can you realise the True. Then the Truth will set you free.

THE YOGA OF THE CHRIST

O Mighty One, I myself am nothing but with Thee I am all there is, Thou art not divided.

When I reasoned Divinely and observed the false I cleared the way for Thy Living Presence.

In Thy Living Presence I saw no evil because Thou art the only One; evil I saw was of my own mind.

I saw there could be no Reality in personality because Thou alone art Real and Indivisible.

I saw there could be no Reality in sin because in Thee there is no sin and Thou alone existeth. Only in the mind of man does sin dwell and the mind of man is false.

Truth is all there is, Truth is indivisible because there is nothing else to divide It.

Truth is unchangeable because there is nothing else to change It.

When I saw what blinded me to the Truth I died with the false.

Now the Truth has set me free knowing that in myself was the error believing the false to be true.

Now that the self has died, my Life is Thine, Thy Life is mine, for evermore,

O Blessed Eternal Living Presence
O BLESSED ETERNAL LIVING PRESENCE

* * * * *

To the Reader of this book:

My wish for you is: May God bless and keep you safe and well, now and always.

Yours very sincerely,

M. MACDONALD-BAYNE.

* [Sir Basil John Gould](#) (1883-1956) British political officer to Sikkim and for Bhutan and Tibet 1935-1945. Stationed at the Residency in Gangtok. Lead the 1936 Mission to Lhasa (stayed 7 months).



Dr. MURDO MACDONALD-BAYNE, M.C., Ph.D., D.D (1887-1955)



Dr. Murdo MacDonald-Bayne M.C., Ph.D., D.D.

Founder of the College of Universal Science and author of "*Divine Healing Of Mind and Body.*" Murdo was born in Scotland in 1887 and served in the Great War (WW1) where he was awarded the Military Cross. He writes from practical experience having travelled the world several times healing thousands of people of all kinds of diseases and teaching

the Truth of the Law of Being to many thousands more.

According to Murdo he had studied and gained experience in many lands and had spent long periods with the true Masters of the Tibetan Himalayas, where he received the true enlightenment essential for the writing of *The Higher Power You Can Use* and *I am the Life*, the pinnacle of the Truth. From 1944 'Dr. Mac' as he was affectionately known, resided in South Africa where he gave weekly lectures, some of which, over a four year period, were sound recorded. During a visit to England he passed over, suddenly in London, February 1955. His writings, then as now, still have a powerful inspirational and healing influence on those who seek the Truth.

BEYOND THE HIMALAYAS: with THE YOGA OF THE CHRIST

These two books cover the author's travels and experiences in Tibet, over a seven month period, between 1936-7. He writes of his instruction in the spiritual, mystical and healing arts under the tutelage of his teacher Geshi Rimpoche and various other Tibetan Masters.

Both out of print for over 40 years until republished in 2006. Now for the first time, *Beyond the Himalayas* and its sequel *The Yoga of the Christ*, are published together in this revised expanded definitive special edition.



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