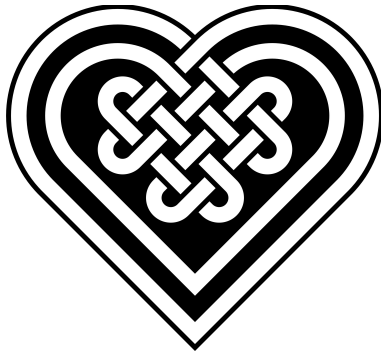


Treasures from
the Heart of
Presence



Matthew Peters Sieradski

Treasures from the Heart of Presence

Volume 1

© 2020

Matthew Peters Sieradski

Heaven Earth Circle

Eugene, Oregon, USA

First Printing, Winter Solstice 2020

Second Printing, Summer Solstice 2022

*Dedicated to the Great Mother and all of her
emanations, and especially to her brilliant
messengers, my wife and children:
Hiromi, Daishin, and Mina Sieradski*

Contents

Offerings	3
Peace	5
Freedom	7
Timelessness	9
Love	11
Stillness	13
Awakening	15
Happiness	17
Suffering	19
Joy	21
Selflessness	23
Effortlessness	25
Silence	27
Goodness	29
Satisfaction	32
Discipline	35
Bliss	38
Fear	41
Courage	43
Consciousness	45
Longing	47
Being	49
Resistance	51

Offerings

Some spiritual teachers are great practitioners, who tirelessly impart techniques and pursue greater and greater skill and attainment. Others are would be gurus who ceaselessly profess hearsay knowledge as if the image of a rose contains its fragrance.

I am neither.

I am a simple humdrum baker who bakes sweet rolls and gives them away. My greatest joy is to see the twinkle of delight in my friends' eyes when they bite into my plump goods and taste their juicy filling. For I have implanted an ambrosial nectar at the core of each of my offerings. Please chew and enjoy!

Peace

Before there was any striving, I was here.

As the ocean remains before the clouds gather the rain for the journey from mountain to spring, to creek, to river, and to the return to the depths – I too remain myself, reposed in utter plenitude, before and beyond all movements that seem to take me away from myself.

Likewise, as the long and winding journey of raindrop to sea appears to be a great and heroic drama, wrought with danger and choice, and yet the cosmic force of gravity is the true player all along, my homeward journey to myself has always in truth been guided by Divine Grace – the force that summons all revelation.

All efforts therefore, on the Great Path of Return, are for the sake of reclaiming myself in my conscious unity as the vast expanse – my oceanic body – my pure fluidity.

These efforts are a necessary illusion in the wandering ways of my apparent isolation. My true nature of abiding peace can never be separated from my being, just as wetness and water are always one, and yet until the ocean of my immensity reclaims me I will never be satisfied.

All beings, all selves, all worlds arise from me – to my Peaceful Expanse they will inexorably return. In my Self they will cease all struggle, all striving, and reclaim complete contentment as that which transcends and yet includes all movement toward and against.

Incomparable serenity is the source and destiny of all.

Freedom

To know what is freedom, we must know what is bondage.

Freedom is that which remains when the illusion of bondage is removed. The conditions of our lives do not imprison us. Political, social, health, and artistic liberation do not unchain our souls. In truth, each of us is our own jailer and our prison cell is our sense of a separate self.

The mystery that we are is truncated by delusion, which defines us in this way: as a story of a body-bound being destined to die. The delimitations and prescriptions of organic life become our context and our contours. We take the apparent as real and neglect the mysterious source that is our ever-present light of awareness. We invest in differentiation, not realizing that this is our allegiance to captivity. Complete dissolution of ego is the solvent for our shackles.

And yet the mystery persists – the light never wavers. It is our captive attention that binds us and creates layer after layer of stuckness. When we harness the power of attention and guide it towards our bonds in the spirit of conscious loving unity, one by one our layers of egoic grasping are released. We free ourselves, but we are not attaining something new. We are simply actualizing the inherent freedom of undivided conscious being – our natural state.

One day, the final bond will dissolve, the Spirit will be set free from its shell, and we will know ourselves fully as the mystery: in, as, through, and beyond the body-world consciousness. In that greatest of liberations, we will discover that the bondage which we experienced as real – as defining of the shape of our suffering, was as insubstantial as a dream.

True freedom has always been ours. Indeed, this reclamation is our birthright.

Timelessness

Each moment is equally a timeless and infinitely potent expression of Divine Grace.

When the ego contraction dissolves in the Heart we attain repose. This stateless state of Self-abidance is the eternal condition underlying the three states of deep sleep, dream, and waking and is completely unaffected by the vicissitudes of time's changeful circumstances. In this repose we recognize our undivided true nature – each moment complete with the power of the creative pulse of Infinite Being.

We release our frenetic self-grasping in the liberating knowledge that we are both the source and the manifestation of all phenomena, which spontaneously and lovingly arise and pass within the boundless majesty of our Timeless Essence.

Thoughts mark division, creating the three times and the procession of events. In the thought-free under-vestment of our essential condition, what is

to mark what? Each mental moment is an echo of the primordial sound – the “I AM” – before and beyond which nothing can be known.

Yet that beyond is what we eternally *are*, our divine and innately peaceful, unimaginably vast True Body, transcending all conditions and in which time is meaningless.

When all of our struggle in time has taken us to the inevitable conclusion that despair alone is the outcome of self-will, and when we have exhausted our ability to selfishly enjoy even the fruits of our good works, then God's grace will intervene and bring us to this understanding:

A separate self never even existed, for Time itself is an illusion.

Love

Love is what remains when we are annihilated in the blazing glory of the Great Mother's Boundless Grace.

Love is the shining unity of our True Face.

Love is the felt sense of goodness, the intuition of our Essence, the meaning, moral, and matrix of the Divine Dance of Creation.

We seek love, we welcome love, we bask in love, and we become love.

All in all, we love love.

Yet the paradox remains, that although all there is – is Love – sometimes love seems so very far away...

The hardened heart, closed for the eternity of the mind's frantic search for itself, admits only droplets of love's purifying sweetness. With patience, fortitude, earnestness, and perseverance, these droplets will become streamlets under the gentle

caresses of the Beloved's tender mercy.

As the ages of terror, grief, rage, and greed are coaxed from our soul's armour, love's sweet streamlets pool and melt the ancient defenses. As we soften and surrender our deluded ways of thinking, feeling, and seeing ourselves as different, Love takes us wholeheartedly into Herself – at first quaking in dread at the awesome abyss that swallows all memory of separation – and finally totally, completely merging in the eternal, blissful embrace of the supreme Holy One.

One Love for all time.

One loving All.

Solely One.

Love – the Taste of Union.

Stillness

The Great Mother, the ordainer of all creation, shines equally in the hearts of all beings. This heart light is the source and pulsation behind all movement.

Prompting activity as electricity does via the circuit's resistance, the light of transcendent being activates each one according to their patterns of conduction.

Should we seek to know our Mother, our maker, who is the essence of our very Self, we must return to the Heart by withdrawing from patterned activity into Stillness. In this stillness it is revealed that the conditioned conduction patterns which comprise our life in space and time – our ego, our sense of separate identity – are as transitory as the flickering screens on our electronic video monitors. What is Real is only the eternal current, the Bliss Energy, that animates the entire cosmos.

For stillness to be complete and thus to reveal

the incomparable potency of the Great Mother's voltage, it must engulf us entirely. All cognition, all affection, and all volition must be utterly surrendered to effortless repose. In this self-sacrifice we give up all that we have known, desired, and attained. We respire into the Great Beyond.

In return, through the mysterious and causeless miracle of Divine Providence, we are granted the secret identity of oneness with the immortal essence – the pure beingness that manifests both the holy current and creation's resistance, and yet that rests wholly beyond as the primordial womb of sacred potential.

In this recognition of our unconditioned nature we come to understand the essence of all movement in stillness – the vast expanse of existence that stretches out in the emptiness before us – to be none other than our own intimate architecture.

Stillness reveals the mystery of our infinite immanence.

Awakening

No one knows how long we have slept, sunken deep in the dullness of ignorance and the frenzy of doership.

Beginningless confusion has darkened our mind's light by an association with projected identification, the veil of forms and time, of complexity and decay.

Suddenly, the Light begins to infuse our heart's hidden wholeness. This is a sacred gift – unearned grace. What precipitates the opening of lucid awareness to the mystery of identity can only be likened to a plunging of attention into the darkness itself, a quickening of curiosity and of wonder at the bafflement of endless suffering that comprises the dream state.

In this vivid blackness a glimmer shines forth, drawing attention ever deeper back to its source. In some, this illumination is long, slow, and fine –

opening and spreading its brilliance slowly and tentatively. In others it blazes forth with immensity and intensity, overwhelming all shadows immediately.

In all cases, once the light of Self-knowledge has filled and exposed all the cracks and crevices of self-deception and resistance to what is, the transformation is incontrovertibly complete. The fully awakened one has become the Light itself and can see no other, nor fall prey to the dictates of time or the belief in embodiment.

One is simply All, and all that is perceived in the vast and manifold world, as well as all that is conceived in the subtle ripples and eddies of mentation, are known equally to be spontaneous expressions of one's own original face.

The Great Beyond now remembers itself, and in this profound awakening the dream of a separate being ceases forever, exposed for the delusion that it always had been by the Light of True Awareness.

Happiness

A life of true felicity is our birthright, but we must put our selfishness to death in order to claim it.

In truth, beaming and endless contentment is the mantle of our soul's light, but we contain and constrain it with our selfish desires and our vain fears. The basic error we make in our pursuit of happiness is that we ascribe thingness to our personhood and intend satisfaction to come upon us once a particular goal or set of circumstances is achieved.

The reality is that we have no thingness – indeed there is no such entity anywhere as can be ascribed the characteristic of existence as a separate thing – and therefore we are not described or delimited by circumstances. Happiness is actually our natural condition and it is the overlay of description that forms our limitations which conceal the continuous and limitless enjoyment of our intrinsic bliss nature.

Our task, therefore, should we seek to regain our basic beatitude, is to inquire into the reality of every assumption that we have ever made as to the existence of separate beings and things. We will discover, should our quest be diligent and persistent, that there simply is no other. All is contained within the ever-fresh radiance of our heart's delight. With exhaustive perseverance, we will uproot the conditioned projective tendencies of our mind that create a person and the world and subside into the endless brilliant beingness that is the true life of all.

Only in this radical return to the essential perfection of seamless presence will we regain our original condition of absolute and unutterably profound contentment.

We come then to the inevitable conclusion that perfect happiness is not to be attained, for it is what we eternally are and always have been.

Suffering

The knowledge of Transcendental Reality by which suffering is permanently destroyed does not entail description or prescription. It surpasses all categories of comparison and does not admit to any solution whatsoever. The Supreme Knowledge that, once attained, lays flat the realms of gods, men, and devils, is in Truth a complete dissolution of the triad of known, knowing, and knower.

The great tragedy of life is not the loss of life, limb, and loves, but the delusion that, though dreaming, we believe that we are awake. In reality, there is but one dreamer, and She is infinite, omnipotent, and eternal. Infinite, as no limits can describe Her. Omnipotent, as all is a manifestation of Her creative power. Eternal, in the sense of transcending time itself, which is but a projection within Her display.

This transcendent dreamer is who we are, and

the goal of life is to awaken within the dream, and in so doing, to see clearly how all suffering arises from attachment to that which is as evanescent and essenceless as the light sparkles on gossamer wings or the flickers of firelight in the dusk.

Though false, the belief in the discrimination of separate entities and objects creates the appearance of a subject in a world. This dream realm lays the foundation for the entire spectrum of embodied experience – the play of pain and pleasure, effort and achievement, and ultimately suffering and redemption. The divine irony of the path is that the one who would be redeemed is, by virtue of ones very existence, beyond all hope of saving.

It is only by dying to this separate self-existence and awakening from the dream of individuality that the Truth of eternal redemption is realized and all suffering is ended forever.

Joy

The greatest gift offered by divine providence is the sublime joy we feel at the happiness of others. The heart's radiance knows itself, and when we see our own sparkle and beam shining in fellow beings the sweetness of shared exultation is exquisite. Truly a life of shared joys has no comparison, especially if that joy entails the stability of temperament granted by wisdom's countenance.

If only the world's miserable ones, in all social ranks and ranges, were to become crystal clear as to the truth that all real happiness is to be found in giving selflessly, then there would be ever-lasting peace on earth. What more can one desire than to feel the warmth and radiance of God's love in creation's enjoyment?

But joy that comes and goes is not Supreme Joy – it does not consciously partake of the mysterious essence of blissful creativity with no purpose beyond

itself. Spontaneous joy for its own sake has no cause and no meaning to impart – it is simply the eternal shine of the one Being in and as oneself.

Falling back into oneself through the complete exhaustion of all striving for redemption is the secret to unlocking the hidden portal to endless rapture and joyful repose.

The One Self is I and is always I, in all beings and at all times. This knowledge is neither had through activity, nor grasping at means or methods, nor through any kind of subtle experience or clever contrivance.

The pure, unadulterated joy of conscious Being-As-It-Is can only be imbibed by drinking deep from the well of sacred Self-experience in the silence of the Heart's radiant oneness.

Selflessness

The Way, the Truth, and the Holy Light lived effortlessly as Fruition – Selflessness encompasses all that is worthy to be known, loved, and attained.

The 'I'-thought, hinged upon the 'I-am-the-body' idea, is the root of all fallacies and misfortune. If we uproot this pernicious false 'I' then we are left with the infinite eye of Consciousness-Itself!

This excavation requires tireless diligence in the name of Love Herself. Nothing less than absolute devotion to the intuition of union can succeed in the sacred quest. For every last vestige of what and who we are must be sacrificed on the altar of despair. We must be stripped of all artifice, all accomplishment, all technique. We must be left naked and trembling in humbled awe at the vastness of the void that swallows all vestige of memory, of hope, of identity itself.

And when all that we have is surrendered at last, what remains over is that which never comes nor

goes. Beginningless, endless, immanent yet transcendent, the Gnosis of Selflessness lays the world dream to rest.

Who can name this bewildering mystery?

For in it there is no 'I' nor 'other,' no 'here' nor 'there.'

No indications will ever suffice, yet 'Selflessness' comes the closest to drawing the mind back to the Truth of Love that will ultimately disclose the Great Revelation of transcendent timeless Being – the Way, the Truth, and the Light of the Holy One Life.

Effortlessness

It takes absolutely no effort at all to be what we are.

Our problem under delusion is that we are addicted to our efforts. The primary vanity – the ego – is itself founded upon an activity – the 'I'-thought and all of its defenses. This arises as a deeply rooted resistance to life that is the hidden motivation behind all self-centered behavior, thought, and feeling.

It takes great efforts to maintain this charade, and yet it is beneath the level of our conscious volition. Indeed the ego is the source of our sense of self-will. Therefore an act of will cannot uproot the sense of effort that is always the companion of the delusion of separate self-identity.

The only recourse we have, therefore, is to exhaust all effort in the supreme quest for the source of the ego delusion. This exhaustion is the self-emptying required to discharge all vestiges of

resistance to what is. As the resistance becomes subtler, so must the attention to the sense of effort, until finally we can go no further. All resources toward any kind of attainment – spiritual or mundane – have been spent. Hope has been shattered, fear has resigned us, and our cleverness has reached a standstill in mute bafflement.

This is kenosis: the total exhaustion of self-will; the exposure of our true powerlessness. Here, in the face of utter self-defeat, we have become finally an apt vessel for divine grace to enter and flow through.

In silent recognition of our selfless oneness with the movement of life, we attain True Knowledge – Gnosis – and enter the stream of fruition in effortless spontaneity.

The goal has been now reached – it was here all along – but in the supreme sacrifice of giving our all we have become transparent to our own divinity and can act or repose in perfect effortlessness.

Silence

Silence, the divine speech, breathes us into form moment by moment.

This whisper at the heart of creation, when echoed in a penitent heart, becomes the most fitting worship for the Great Mother, the most glorious and humble source and essence of All-That-Is. Silent gratitude is the reverence that matches and melds with the sacred sound of toneless divine reverberation. With thoughts quiet, heart reposed, and will receptive, we can gently and peacefully go about our lives in rapt and rapturous awe at the miracle and mystery of creation.

If we find this difficult, we should take time to learn that this is our natural state. Go to a forest, or a stream, be still and listen: Can you hear the living lullaby? Every rustle in the trees, every burble of the brook, every bird call, and every rainfall begins and ends in sacred silence.

Or go to a busy pedestrian thoroughfare, pause and perceive: Can you sense the serenity below the chaos? Every broken conversation, every rushed exchange, every car horn, and every door slam begins and ends in the absence of noise.

There is only one silence, and thus only one sound. All of creation is the sound of the One Musician, endlessly serenading Herself with and through the instrument of Her own Being. The sound of the Great Mother is everything, and yet it is the silence between the notes that gives mood and tempo to Her symphony.

Should we seek to know the meaning of the mystery of Her speech – our very soul's song – we must listen for the silence that surrounds and suffuses every word, every note. For in that space we will find that the listener, the melody, and the appreciation merge into One.

We return to the silence that we are, in mute recognition that the source, the shape, and the substance of all sound, all divine speech, is the sacred intonation of our own Being.

Goodness

We know goodness by what it lacks, as we know mental silence by the absence of thoughts. Goodness, as with Truth and Beauty, is inherent in Being. When noise disperses, silence abounds. When selfishness departs, goodness is found. It was here all along.

Goodness indeed, is the ground, the goal, and the gift of Divine grace. Of course, under delusion, we take the Great Mother's goodness for granted. But life is freely given: the air we breath, the soil beneath our feet, the love that made our bodies – all are manifestations of the intrinsic goodness of creation's bounty. How easily we overlook the unequalled beneficence that forms our very lifeblood!

Goodness cannot be had, bought, or stolen – it simply is. To truly taste it, we must come to accept that this present moment, despite any flaws that thought concocts, is fundamentally and boundlessly good.

In essence – we are good, our bodies are good, the earth is good, the sky is good, the Great Mother is good. On the path we are required to uncover our resistance to this reality of goodness, and we find the blockage in our own egoic attachments – the root of all evil in the world. We may see evil in the actions of others, but we will never truly understand it until we have located and uprooted its seeds in our own hearts. The smallest inkling that there is something to be acquired, to set things right, to make whole that which is broken – to fix, augment, or improve ourselves or life in any way – is a confession of our own basic lack of faith in the inherent goodness of all that is.

As soon as the sense of me and mine arises, we have taken that which is whole and holy and covered it over with a false phantom – the ego ghost and all its charades. This me is inherently flawed, being an impostor, and thus gives rise to all attempts at returning to perfection. When we come to know this sense of a separate self in all its pomposity then it can no longer fool us. We study the evil of self-grasping, self-will, and self-hatred to its bowels – and finally we come to see that this me has no essence.

There is no one here.

There is only the ground of the Great Mother's
grace, moment-by-moment, giving birth this
incomparable, ever-fresh, glorious display of being.
Goodness, itself.

Satisfaction

All goal-oriented activity is based upon a lie that we tell ourselves constantly: that we will become satisfied with how things are when certain conditions are met. What type of conditions we seek is irrelevant. It may be a pleasure, an object we can hold in our hands, a relationship, or a meditative state of quiescence or bliss.

Regardless of what our desired condition is, the very act of seeking beyond this present moment creates the dissatisfaction we are intending to ameliorate. A satisfied heart knows the limits of thought and activity. It knows intimately that despite what we think of what has happened or will happen, and despite what this or that body appears to be doing at any given time, what arises is a conditioned and yet spontaneous appearance, a dream-like apparition.

In Truth, that which occurs has no more solidity than a dream – only the changeless light of

awareness is constant. This dream life is conditioned – time and space being the fundamental axis – and we are bound by culture, language, and biological law. More so, our choices and predilections confine us to the onward unreeling of destiny.

This dream life is spontaneous – we would have it no other way – for despite our best intentions and predictions things never turn out exactly the way we anticipated. If they did, our egos would be the architect of the cosmos, and this would be a prison realm of horror beyond conception.

What we can learn to do therefore is twofold: we adapt to conditions on the one hand and we relax into spontaneity on the other. In this sense, learning to live is like learning to balance a bicycle while pedaling steadily onward. And yet if we believe that there will be a culminative result of our efforts then we are mistaken. This dream life is a pleasure ride, not a paper route!

Once we have learned how to balance and steer, we sit back and enjoy ourselves, no matter what happens!

This is the secret to true and lasting

satisfaction.

For indeed, it is the thrill of the ride, and not the events that transpire thereby, that makes this life worth dreaming.

When all is said and done, what else do we really have?

Discipline

In order to function freely and effortlessly, we must accept and adapt to the conditions of our life. This is a practice that requires careful attention. As circumstances dictate, our responses must shift, and yet the fundamental attitude remains: We cultivate stability amidst change through balanced circulation.

The Law of Life is ceaseless flow of cycles of coming into being and subsiding. Adroit responsiveness learns to follow these cosmic movements with alternating activity and stillness. By listening to our appetites for food, water, rest and movement, and by attuning to the natural and social sphere's requirements for engagement and withdrawal, we come into harmony with the rhythms that condition our lives. If we seek to change our conditions, we must engage with a corresponding shift in attention and activity. If we seek health, we must nourish our body and mind. If we seek fortune, we

must water the soil of social endeavors. If we seek clarity, we must cultivate stillness. And if we seek wisdom, we must open ourselves to boundless love and compassion.

The law of discipline is that we must give in order to receive, we must inquire in order to discover, we must love the Great Mother in order to be united with Her, and we must surrender all in order to awaken to Eternal Salvation.

Our problem is that we want to taste the fruit without planting the seed; we want the clear-headedness of sobriety without abstaining from intoxication; we want eternal life without the sacrifice of the temporal. If we pay attention, life teaches us the importance of discipline, without which we are merely fools at the mercy of our own base impulses, floundering about at a craft we refuse to apprentice to, as ridiculous as dogs chewing on a bone and enjoying the taste of our own blood, thinking it to be a tasty treat!

If we would study the rhythm of the cosmos and move and rest accordingly, study the ways of people and engage with kindness and tact, learn to

control our attention through refining our hearts in stillness, and come to decisive understanding of the non-abiding nature of appearances within the transcendental consciousness that we are, then we could rest knowing that our discipline is complete.

Bliss

When we look for it, it isn't there. When we listen, there is only silence. If we attempt to speak of it, mute serenity is the final word.

The highest Bliss is desirelessness, in that any movement of attention toward or away veils it entirely. To taste this Bliss our heart must repose in sublime simplicity. Pure consciousness shines as both our core and equally the whole world, needing nothing, wanting nothing, neither coming nor going.

Knowing This, being This, dying into This is Bliss and nothing else.

To come to abide in this Bliss we have traveled far and wide, we have sought fortune and love, vanquished many foes and gained many skills; we have yearned, we have united, we have loved and lost; we have lived and died many, many times. And yet, we were never satisfied, for existence as a separate being in time and space will never ultimately fulfill us.

So we come this one last time to the Quest, and this time we give our all – we are so thoroughly fed up with our wandering, fearful mind, and the world's reckless, profane ways. We can no longer enjoy the game, keep our cool, pay our dues, and play the fool. We want, we need, we must have finality, complete ego annihilation, so we give our total commitment to Truth, whatever the cost.

This commitment brings us to the Guru, the One-That-Is, and we are instructed: “You are what you seek. Dive within the Heart and hold to the timeless essence, the constant 'I' pulsation, recognize the Self, and Be Free.”

With tireless persistence we follow the divine guidance, we relinquish all attachments that draw attention away from our Quest, and we surrender our self-will in devotion to the abidance as simple pure being. Gradually, the veils of self-denial and self-deceit fall away, and one day we are left naked at the Gates of Eternity. We recognize our true home as the space of timeless presence that has waited here from the ancient, beginningless past for our return.

We realize our Self, ever-fresh, ever-sparkling

crystal clear, and we attain to the Bliss beyond all comparison.

Resting here, abiding as the Great Bliss eternally, we have finally died and become immortal.

Fear

When the wrath of God finally arrives in full fury at our mind's demise, and all trembling stilled in terror we plunge over the terrible precipice of annihilation, our ego dream shattered forever, there will be nothing left of our self to protect, defend, or renounce. We will have passed beyond the veil and with the eradication of all hope, fear too will die, vanished as the dark of night at the break of dawn.

For fear, as with hope, comprises the ego's strategy for self-continuance in a projected future. The mind plays tricks with the eternal Light of our one true basic nature. Time only exists in thought – memory and anticipation – it has no reality and no power over us beyond what we give it. All we have is our present moment awareness, and the choice of how to respond to current circumstances.

Should we cower and react in knee-jerk dread and despair?

Or can we acknowledge new information with curiosity and discernment and act to the best of our capacity in response?

For what we fear is ultimately no more real or solid than thought: “What might happen to me or mine?” being the essential concern. In reality there is no separate me beyond the whirling firebrand of our own frantic fancies! And no matter how much or how hard we think on it, the future arrives spontaneously, beyond our control or ability to completely predict.

The Truth is that all we have, all we have ever had, is just this timeless moment. In this moment, all love, all goodness, and all security are eternally safeguarded.

The fear of death itself is the agony of life under delusion, whilst the Death of Fear is the triumphant attainment of the Bliss of Eternal Life as Consciousness-Itself.

Courage

To face the unknown willingly, to sacrifice belief in the face of despair, to forget the odds and do what is right – thus moves a heart that is full of the Light.

We will never know our true power and potential until circumstances test the mettle of our resolve. We will never achieve our full capacity until dread has seeped into our marrow. For in the risky metamorphosis of agony to ecstasy, the deciding variable is not strategy, but the ability to encompass pain – to rise through the ashes of our former comfort, our prison of blind reflex and self-defense.

Life is a hero's journey, and from where it begins it will return. In bewilderment we forget that we have nothing but the sanctity of our wholesome integrity. As we rediscover ourselves we find that we must sacrifice all vanity and accumulation. Death asks for nothing less – and nothing more – than that we

leave it all behind as we cross the threshold of eternity to reunite with our Self.

Every transition and every challenge is a small death, a preparation for the grand transformation, but if we would seek a liberated life then our courage must carry us beyond all boundaries. This is the call to full engagement with adversity – to ceaseless pursuance of great virtue's invitation to ascend.

We must climb the mountain beyond our comfortable elevation and discover the valor that precedes victory over our victimhood, our delusion of vulnerability.

For the Truth is that we are adamantine crystalline consciousness, impervious to the winds of creation's woe.

We are eternal, and yet we must reclaim our true territory, by renouncing our false claim to the temporal life of changeful circumstances.

This is the triumph of transcendental courage.

Consciousness

No one denies *that* they are, and yet under delusion everyone overlooks *what* they are. The pure consciousness of conscious beings is the fundamental matrix of creation, much as air is to the birds and water to the fish. Nothing exists outside of pure awareness.

From Primordial Consciousness shines the potency of projection. From pure potency arises the energetic equilibrium of relationship – connection, communication, collaboration – the dance of all that is. This Primal Pair: the King and Queen of Creation, holds court over every moment of every life: Presence and Flow ~ Intention and Energy ~ Space and Time ~ Being and Love.

All pairs proceed therefrom.

Should we seek to unlock the mystery of Heaven and Earth, to come to know ourselves in Truth, we must uncover the unity of all pairs, all

contexts, all entities. We must dig into the darkness of our own disguise and discover for ourselves, deep below our discursive intellect, what persists and what passes.

This spiritual discrimination eliminates the temporary as unreal and unmask the transcendental ground of pure nondual consciousness. Pursuing this inquiry to its culmination, we turn inward towards our Heart, the source of all radiance and all principles.

Eventually, all duality collapses for we have learned to abide *as* the Heart, to re-identify as pure consciousness and recognize our own manifestation in the earth below and the stars above. We see our own hopes in the eyes of the youth, sense our own fears in the weariness of old men. We intuit the eternal in the blink of an eye and feel the bliss of boundless love in every breath. We know ourselves as the source of all that is, and yet beyond all. We return to our natural state, our Self, the selflessness of absolute unitive Consciousness-Itself, as this simple present-moment awareness is discovered to be the essence of transcendental immanence.

Longing

Deep in the sacred core of every self-conscious individual being is the intuition that something is missing – that wholeness is possible, but somehow just out of reach. The primary distinction which creates the cosmos plants the seed of dualism in the deluded hearts of all dear souls. The sense of subject and object, I and other, self and world plagues the tranquility that is our true temperament.

Just as a magnet seeks the ground, our attention is drawn to an energetic release into equilibrium. All longing, all desire, all hope is ultimately for the Great Return to Divine Unity. Under delusion we believe that something short of complete cessation of all striving will satisfy us, but this is pure fancy. As long as we remain apart from our Beloved by even the finest hairsbreadth we shall remain insecure in our serenity.

Our sense of longing, therefore, is our beacon,

our guide, our barometer. Like a compass needle, we learn to use our discontent as a sign of our progress on the path. The sounding board of our dissatisfaction becomes our tutor and our guide in the pursuit of greater and greater abidance in the crystal clear cascade of divine nectar. For longing takes us to bliss beyond comparison, and beyond bliss to the imperturbable peace of total transcendental rest. What we are is what we seek, but it lies far beyond and before our conception, our memory, and our imagination.

This long-sought lasting love lies deep to the mind, within the darkness of our un-examined heart's sacred essence. We must allow our longing to take us home, to unveil for us the absence of separation, the illusion of identity, the immensity of Pure Being as Love. When longing finally dissolves us into the seamless fluidity of our boundlessness, all despair and all discontent will vanish, and we will discover that by simply remaining as we are, all doubt and all desire transcended, we will be free to enjoy our life with endless supreme satisfaction.

Being

In the pristine nondual vision, the simple Truth is that there are no beings – there is only Being-Itself. While to doubt that we exist would be a sure sign of confusion, what is less obvious is where to draw the boundary between self and other. As we sink deeper and deeper into the felt-sense-knowledge of what-we-are, we come to a greater and greater expansiveness of our sense of self.

Each layer of our conditioning is both an expression and a veil of our transcendental Being. Much can be said about these layers that comprise a person: Some aspects are universal to all life; such as the instincts for preserving the form-body, while other features are more human, such as the love of stories. Some layers are cultural, or familial, or unique to us as individuals, such as our personality quirks; and yet beneath all conditioning, whether biological, social, or psychological, lies the Nondual Ground of Being.

This groundless ground is utterly beyond all relativity, and yet absolutely present in all possible manifestations. While unmanifest it rests as the timeless and formless transcendental essence, yet simultaneously it appears as all that transpires in the expansive display of awareness.

The key to knowing what we are in reality is to recognize the most intimate core of our own Self. When we dive deeply within the Heart, far below every layer of conditioned reflex, preference, or passion, we find the basic sense of being to never change. This essence of existence, this “I am,” persists in all states where conscious experience persists. Even in deep sleep, should we become self-aware, the Presence of the Void persists. It is the fundamental principle.

Pure Being is felt inwardly as the sweetness of the heart's innocence. By recognizing that all modes of consciousness are equal, this Being is experienced as universal – eternal and infinite. At the moment this is known, great happiness is perfected and the immutable state of Profound Peace dawns. Our true Self is Pure Being, everywhere and always.

Resistance

Desire and aversion are experienced under delusion as what we usually call hope and fear. The former have a biological basis and if untainted by ego do not of themselves produce suffering. Hope and fear, however, arise when the sense of self intervenes between raw energetic movement and the heart's responsiveness. This interference between simple biology and pure being is the experience of inner resistance.

When we believe in hope, we grasp at thoughts, emotions, and sensations. When we indulge in fear, we push them away. In both cases, we are basing our expectations and anticipations upon the pure fancy of memory and mis-attribution. All memory is present-moment mentation, and when falsely expected to signify something beyond itself, creates the illusion of a separate self and all of deluded experience.

While useful in a relative sense, thought divides

our life into the three times (past, present, and future), the three persons (I, thou, and they), and the three aspects of experience (knower, knowing, and known.) In reality all tripartites are One: one time (Now), one person (I), one knowledge (Am). Any movement in our subtle experience against the Truth of I-AM-NOW is resistance to what-is.

Resistance is the cause of suffering and is also known as clinging. We hold to an image of what has arisen in the light of pure conscious being and ignore the ever-present Light. This is the mechanism of delusion.

To liberate ourselves from this fixation with imagination, we must examine the experience of resistance, itself. All suffering becomes our teacher. We learn to recognize the subtle movements of hope and fear and through inner attention we guide our attention back to repose in the Heart. This process generates great spiritual fire which, as with heat generated by resistance in an electrical current, both illuminates and incinerates age-old conditioned tendencies of selfishness.

As we learn to surrender to the flames of

purification we become more and more transparent to the Divine Illumination. When at last attention no more becomes divided and harnessed by self-centered conditioning, we have attained stability in our True Self and can live life without resistance, surrendered moment-by-moment to the Current of the Great Mother's Grace.



*May All Beings Be Free through Awakening to
Profound Peace in the Heart of Presence!*

OM TAT SAT