

**November/December 2011**  
**VOLUME XXIV SIX**

# **VIHA**

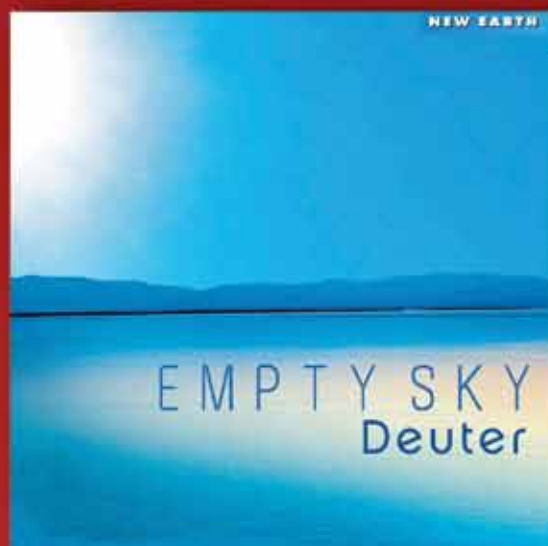
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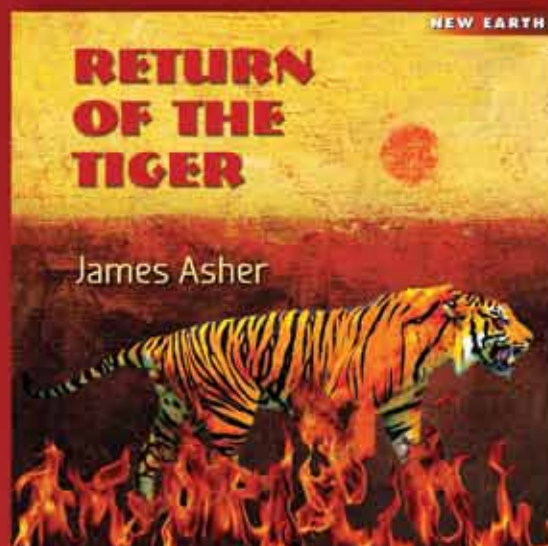
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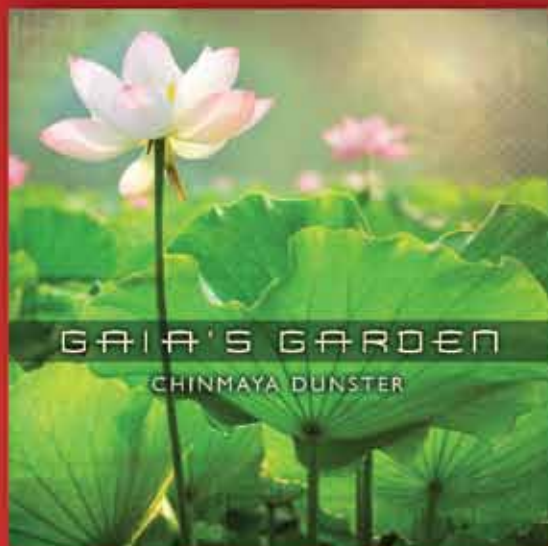
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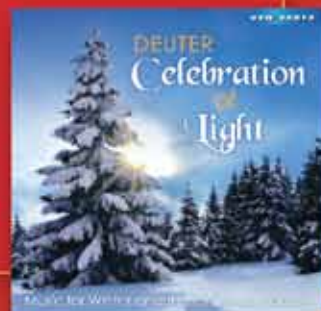
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## LOVE IS THE ONLY RELIGION

*All beings are from the very beginning Buddhas.  
It is like water and ice:  
Apart from water, no ice,  
Outside living beings, no Buddhas.  
Not knowing it is near, they seek it afar.  
What a pity!  
It is like one in the water who cries out for thirst;  
It is like the child of a rich house  
who has strayed away among the poor.  
The cause of our circling through the six worlds  
is that we are on the dark paths of ignorance.  
When shall we escape from birth-and-death?  
The Zen meditation of the Mahayana  
Is beyond all our praise.  
Giving and morality and the other perfections,  
Taking of the Name, repentance, discipline  
and the many other right actions,  
All come back to the practice of meditation.  
By the merit of a single sitting  
He destroys innumerable accumulated sins.  
How should there be wrong paths for him?*

My Beloved Ones, I love you. Love is my message – let it be your message too. Love is my color and my climate. To me, love is the only religion. All else is just rubbish, all else is nothing but mind-churning dreams. Love is the only substantial thing in life, all else is illusion. Let love grow in you, and God will be growing on its own accord. If you miss love, you will miss God and all.

There is no way to God without love. God can be forgotten – if love is remembered, God will happen as a consequence. It happens as a consequence. It is the fragrance of love and nothing else. In fact, there is no God but only godliness. There is no person like God anywhere. Drop all childish attitudes; don't go on searching for a father. Divineness is; God is not. When I say divineness is, I mean whatsoever is, is full of God. The green of the trees and the red and the golden – all is divine. This crow crying and a bird on the wing and a child giggling and a dog barking – all is divine. Nothing else exists.

The moment you ask, "Where is God?" you have raised a wrong question, because God cannot be indicated anywhere. He is not in a particular direction; he is not a particular thing; he is not a particular being. God is universality. Ask where God is not, then you have asked the right question. But for that right question you will have to prepare the soil of your heart. That's what I mean by love – preparing the soil of your heart. If you are full of love, the world is full of God. They go parallel; they are part of one symphony.



God is the echo from the Universe. When you are in love, the echo is there. When you are not in love, how can there be an echo? It is only you who are reflected again and again in millions of ways; it is you who are thrown back to yourself again and again. If you are in love, God is. If you are not in love, then what to say about God? – even you are not.

I was thinking what should I give to you today? Because this is my birthday; I was incarnated into this body on this day. This is the day I saw for the first time the green of the trees and the blue of the skies. This was the day I for the first time opened my eyes and saw God all around. Of course the word "God" didn't exist at that moment, but what I saw was God. I was thinking what should I give to you today? Then I remembered a saying of Buddha: *Sabba danam dhamma danana jnati* – the gift of truth excels all other gifts. And my truth is love.

The word "truth" looks to me a little too dry and desert-like. I am not in much tune with the word "truth." It looks too logical; it looks too heady. It gives you the feeling of philosophy, not of religion. It gives you the idea as if you have concluded – that you have come to a conclusion, that there has been a syllogism behind it, argumentation and logic and reasoning. No, "truth" is not my word; "love" is my word. Love is of the heart. Truth is partial, only your head is involved. In love you are involved as a totality: Your body, your mind, your soul, all are involved.



Love makes you a unity – and not a union, remember, but a unity. Because in a union those who join together remain separate. In a unity they dissolve; they become one; they melt into each other. And that moment I call the moment of truth, when love has given you unity. First, love gives you unity in your innermost core. Then you are no more a body, no more a mind, no more a soul. You are simply one – unnamed, undefined, unclassified. No more determinate, definable, no more comprehensible: a mystery, a joy, a surprise, a jubilation, a great celebration.

First, love gives you an inner unity. And when the inner unity has happened the second happens on its own. You are not to do anything for it. Then you start falling in unity with the whole beyond you. Then the drop disappears in the ocean, and the ocean disappears into the drop. That moment, that moment of orgasm between you and the whole, is where you become a Buddha. That moment is the moment Buddhahood is imparted to you, or, better, revealed to you. You have always been that, unaware.

My word is love. So I say: My beloved ones, I love you, and I would like you to fill the whole world with love. Let that be our religion: not Christianity, not Hinduism, not Islam, not Jainism, not Buddhism, but love. Love without any adjective to it. Not Christian love, because how can love be Christian? It is so stupid. How can love be Hindu? It is ridiculous. Love is simply love. In love you can be a Christ; in love you can be a Buddha – but there is no Buddhist love, and there is no Christian love.

In love you disappear, your mind disappears. In love you come to an utter relaxation. That's my teaching to you; I teach love. And there is nothing higher than love.

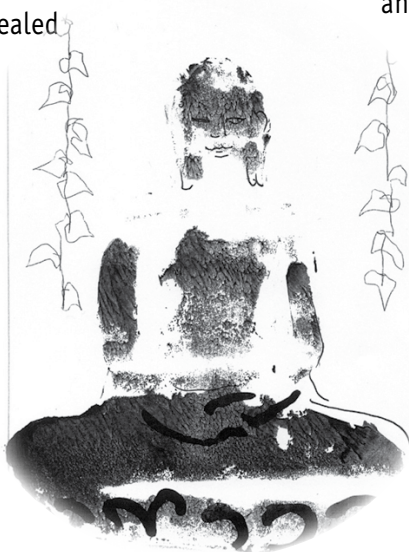
Then I thought I should give you something beautiful on this day. And I remembered Hakuin's Song of Meditation. It is a very small song, but a great gift. Hakuin is one of the greatest Zen masters. His song contains all: all the Bibles and all the Korans and all the Vedas. A small song of few lines, but it is like a seed – very small, but if you allow passage to it to your heart, it can become a great tree. It can become a Bodhi tree. It will have great foliage and much shade, and thousands of people can sit and rest underneath it. It will have big branches, and many birds can come and have their nests on it.

See: I have become a tree. You are the people who have come to make their nests on my tree. You can also become this.

Everybody *should* become this, because unless you become this you will go on missing your fulfillment. Unless you become a great tree that has come to its foliage, flowers, and fruits – that is fulfilled – you will remain in discontent. Anguish will go on gnawing in your heart; misery will linger around you. Bliss will be only a word, signifying nothing. God will be just gibberish.

When you have fulfillment then there is grace, and then there is God. In your fulfillment you come to realize the benediction of Existence.

This is a song of meditation. Hakuin has called it "song" – yes, it is a song. If meditation is without a song, it is dull and dead – it does not beat it, does not breathe. It is a song and a dance: Sing it and dance it. Just don't think upon it – then you will miss the message, you will miss its content. You will find this song and its meaning only when you are singing and dancing, when the music of life has overtaken you, has possessed you. [...]



In this song of Hakuin you will see the way of seeing – how to open the eyes. Because truth is always there, has been always there. It is not that the truth has to be produced. Buddha says: *yatha bhutam*. It is! It is already there, it is confronting you! It is in the east; it is in the west, it is in the north; it is in the south. It surrounds you – it is without and it is within. But you will have to see it: *ihi passika*. Your eyes are closed; you have forgotten how to open them. Meditation is nothing but the art of

opening your eyes, the art of cleansing your eyes, the art of dropping the dust that has gathered on the mirror of your consciousness. It is natural; dust gathers. Man has been traveling and traveling for thousands of lives – dust gathers. We are all travelers, much dust has gathered, so much so that the mirror has completely disappeared. There is only dust upon dust, layers and layers of dust, and you cannot see the mirror. But the mirror is still there. It cannot be lost, because it is your very nature. If it can be lost, then it will not be your nature. It is not that you have a mirror: You *are* the mirror. The traveler is the mirror. He cannot lose it; he can only forget it – at the most, forgetfulness.

You have not lost your Buddhahood. Buddhahood means the mirror clean of dust, the mirror again fresh, again reflecting, again functioning; that's what Buddhahood is. Buddhahood means a consciousness that has become awakened. The sleep



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Caption your photos, and indicate if you want them or other materials returned. Write your name and phone number on the back of each picture (on some tape so there is no bleed-through).

Send high-resolution JPG or TIF image files to Poona at support@mac-tech.org.

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## Swami Anand Ashubodha

December 31, 1950 – August 23, 2011



Ashubodha left his body on August 24 in an assisted-suicide facility in Switzerland, with his partner, Carina, and five of his closest friends by his side. Before taking the medicine with total trust, Ashubodha

sang and laughed with his friends and listened to a question-answer from *The Razor's Edge*. He looked joyful and at peace. His friends kept singing softly while they watched Ashu's breath slowly come to a stop.

Ashubodha was born in the US and lived in Germany for many years. He took sannyas in the early 1980s and was part of the Osho commune in Freiburg. At the Ranch he was a garbage truck driver, and he ran the pottery studio in Pune Two.

Here are some excerpts from an email he sent out before his departure: "As you must know I had a car accident almost 11 years ago that left me paralyzed from the chest down. [...] I've been dancing so close to the edge these past months, risking being placed in a hospital where I'd probably end up drugged and on life support until I expire. I'd rather go in a relaxed and joyous way, as Osho says.

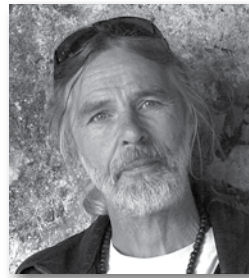
"From the moment I got everything arranged [...] so much light has entered my life. [...] My lovers around me know my humor and lovingness have broken through the surface again, as nothing stands in the way of me jumping out of the frying pan and into the holy fire. What a relief! [...]"

"I don't feel as though I'm really going anywhere, that nothing dies, and I feel we'll continue to be together, you and I. I've been so blessed to have spent so many years in Osho's physical presence, and to have learned to still be feeling His presence. [...] I go in love and gratefulness." 🌸

Visit our blog [www.oshoviha.blogspot.com](http://www.oshoviha.blogspot.com) to read Rama Prem's special newsletter dedicated to Ashubodha.

## Swami Anand Nirakar

February 14, 1947 – July 17, 2011



Anand Nirakar left the body on July 17 in a plane crash. He was a passionate pilot and always dreamed of departing this way. Even though it was an accident, he had somehow felt it coming. He was already in deep bliss the last months

before his departure and shared with friends that he had reached everything possible in this life and that he was ready to leave any moment. In the bio on his website he writes:

*This life has been lived in uncompromising and fierce determination to find answers to the questions that arose at age 14. Witnessing the "death" of my brother I decided to use my life to enquire about my Self and life. Who was he? Who am I? What happened to him? What is life about? What is death?*

*It's been an absolutely amazing adventure!*

Anand Nirakar ("Formless Bliss") took sannyas in 1977. He lived the last 17 years in Harbin Hotsprings, California, where he touched and changed many people's lives with his Integrated Body Work. Many know him for his kind and selfless actions, caring always for the others' wellbeing and not for himself.

The gift of his life is his surrender to the endless dimensions of awakening and liberation. Everyone who knows him feels that he continues to expand and soar into the whole of Existence.

*A conscious life is rewarded by Existence with a conscious death. And to die consciously is to know the ultimate orgasmic experience of life, and to know simultaneously that nothing dies, only forms change. (The Osho Upanishad, Chapter 8)*

For more about Nirakar's life, work, and his deep longing to become one with the sky go to [www.home.earthlink.net/~nirakar](http://www.home.earthlink.net/~nirakar). To see him doing aerobatics go to YouTube and search "Fly high Nirakar."

Prem Vimlan and Bodhitara 🌸

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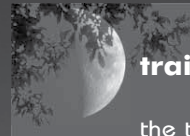
## Swami Anand Rudra

When I wrote my brother Rudra's obituary, I was in shock and left out such important things: how much I adored him, and he me. How he was a wonderful brother in every way: appreciative, sweet, respectful, handsome, supportive. His accomplishments: boat-building, degrees in mathematics and computer science; teaching, poetry, drum-playing. He was mystical, a Sufi, Gurdjieffian, Osho-devotee, goddess-worshipper. He loved homegrown music, nature, stars, Human Design, the rhythms and patterns of things. He loved women, long black hair swooshing down brown backs. He loved water. He was a quiet man with a beautiful voice; a rebel, iconoclast; cynical and yet so innocent. He doesn't seem to be gone now at all – just his body vanished.

He had a brilliant mind few could follow the machinations of, and this was lonely for him. He felt deeply, pondered long, was prone to inaction. But he was a Presence, like a brooding cliff of stupendously profound and organic sandstones, pressed into being by mystery and time. He yearned, and I hope he was answered.

Ma Prem Madhuri

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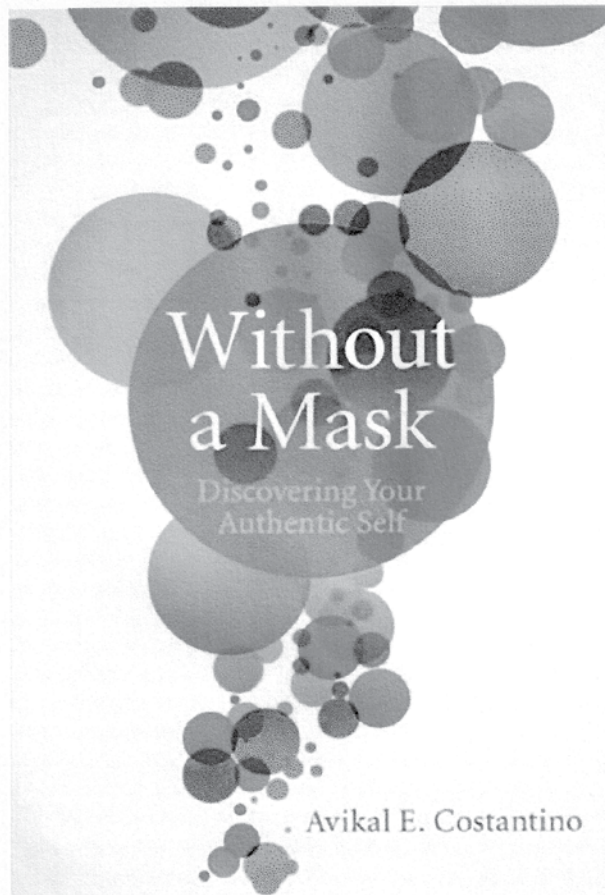
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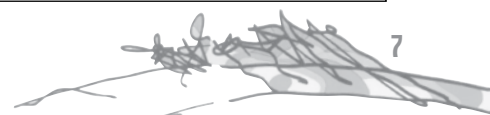


### A new book by Avikal

Who is behind the mask that we have learnt to wear in order to survive and function in the world? Who are we really, behind familial and social conditioning? Is it possible to be spontaneous and authentic, or is it just an infantile desire to leave behind along with our dreams?

This book tackles these themes and offers understanding and techniques for recognizing our authentic Self, helping us to realize that behind the personality mask there is a mysterious universe, an ocean of potentiality, and that is our true nature.

Available on [www.amazon.com](http://www.amazon.com) from November 16, 2011



## Kick Over the Traces

*Gee You Are You* by Krishna Prem (Michael Mogul); 2011, \$19.95

*Reviewed by Anand Chetna*

So just how did Michael Mogul, born into a Jewish family in Boston, turn into Swami Krishna Prem, male seeker of truth?

Let's just say it has been a journey from here to here! Now this is not an autobiography, although there is stuff about his life. It is not a self-help book (heaven forbid!), although you may be helped immeasurably by reading it. It's also not a religious tract, a would-be bible, nor is it out-and-out funny; yet religiousness runs through it, you may find yourself referring to it daily as a source of inspiration, and Krishna Prem does have an amusing take on life and how to do it.

*Gee You Are You* is also the story of almost 40 years with Osho. The biographical bits are dotted throughout the book, interspersed with how life is here and now. KP's mother died when he was a baby, leaving him to be mothered by one of his sisters. His father died pretty early too, so essentially he grew up in a female household. Not a bad start for a man who later on would fall in love with an Indian Master famously fond of women. And, of course, he was due to follow the normal route of study, marriage, family, and so on.

But, as most of us reading this thoroughly entertaining book will have experienced, at a certain point normal becomes untenable, so we kick over the traces and head on out into the world to find a different way of being.

KP's journey led him to the beaches of Goa, where he came across a small tract by someone with an unpronounceable name, and reading it changed his life. He traveled up to Bombay, and then to Poona – I'm talking about 1973 here, before the de-anglicizing of many place names – and the transformation of would-be lawyer, sometime barman, and genuine all-American boy into a wildly bearded man in orange cotton pants, willing to admit he knows nothing while looking for the answer to everything took place. The story makes fascinating reading.

Upon his return, penniless, to America, his entrepreneurial skills to the fore, he rapidly founded Geetam, an Osho center in California, which just as rapidly became extremely popular. In his light,

anecdotal style he relates the story of finding and securing the property. People moved in and let it all hang out. A visit from the local cops, and from his sister, not to mention a veiled reprimand from Laxmi, Osho's secretary at that time, ended that particular freedom, and clothes were worn once more.

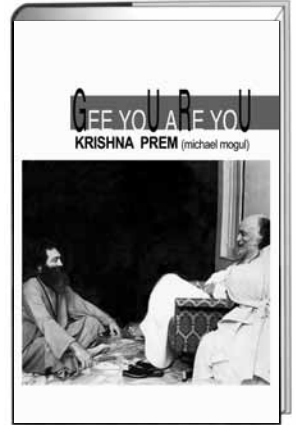
Krishna Prem sat in front of Osho. They chatted. Osho sent him out into the world, and to date he spends half his time in Pune, and the other half in Amsterdam, with short trips to the States in between. He has been through the mill, been rich, been poor, cried and laughed, and is meditating right now.

This book is his love song in gratitude to the Master. 🙏

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The book is available at [www.oshoviha.org](http://www.oshoviha.org).



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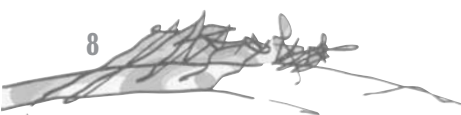
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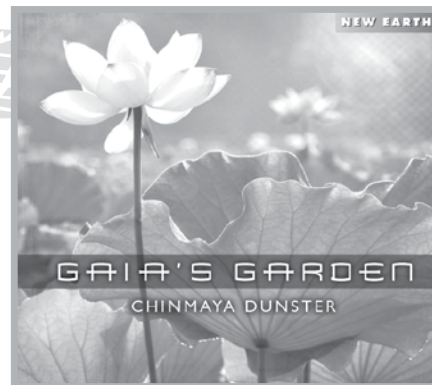




## A Magical Mix

*Gaia's Garden*, by Chinmaya Dunster; New Earth Records, 2011

*Music Review by Sandeep Srivastava*



Imagine yourself close to a campfire out in the wild someplace. There's a guy with a guitar; he's picking his way over some chords that sound vaguely familiar but strangely different, too. Suddenly, from somewhere out in the darkness an angelic voice starts singing in Hindi. As the fire flares up you notice another guitarist on electric, and a flute player. As the music takes flight and you close your eyes and settle back into the warmth coming off the blaze, a violin joins, sweet as a dream. Pretty soon there're drums and a bass and exotic instruments you can't identify, and you find yourself carried away into the world of *Gaia's Garden*, Chinmaya Dunster's new CD for New Earth Records.

It's soothing World music, mostly acoustic-based, reminding me at times of the old 6:30 slot before White Robe Brotherhood, when we would enter Buddha Hall to the sound of the musicians gently filling in the quiet. But don't get me wrong, it's not fiddling about and it's not New Age. Chinmaya's compositions know exactly where they are going and are full of drive and his usual catchy melodies.

Each of the tracks is named after one of the landscape features of our planet Gaia, and while I feel the metaphor is sometimes a bit stretched, with your eyes closed and that imaginary campfire burning bright, you can make a sort of musical visit to tropical cloud forests and teeming savannas, or follow a bubbling stream down from its source in the high mountains.

Chinmaya is joined on this CD by lots of his musical friends: old stalwarts of his previous CDs like Pune's Avinash Jagtap on violin; new

faces like Sangit Om, who plays the Cretan lyra (and of course a well-known New Age composer in his own right); guest appearances for solos from Govi, Kalyan, Kavi, and Sambodhi Prem; exotic additions such as traditional Arab ney and violin players from Israel. It makes for a magical mix, great for an imaginary trip into landscapes you might never get to visit yourself, or an imaginary night by a campfire someplace out in the wild woods. 🌿

*Chinmaya:*

*fragranceoftheeast@gmail.com;*

*Sandeep: induslivearts@gmail.com*

*Gaia's Garden is available from Viha for \$12.95 plus shipping.*

## Gee You Are You



More than 30 years ago Krishna Prem left the US in search of himself. He took sannyas from Osho in 1973 and has lived in Osho's communes for many years.

In this book KP shares his journey with the Master and the lessons and insights he gained along the way. He playfully points out the universal truth that you are fine just the way you are, using himself as an example.

Osho said to KP, "If you really want to know who you really are, be a joke unto yourself. Do not take yourself so seriously."

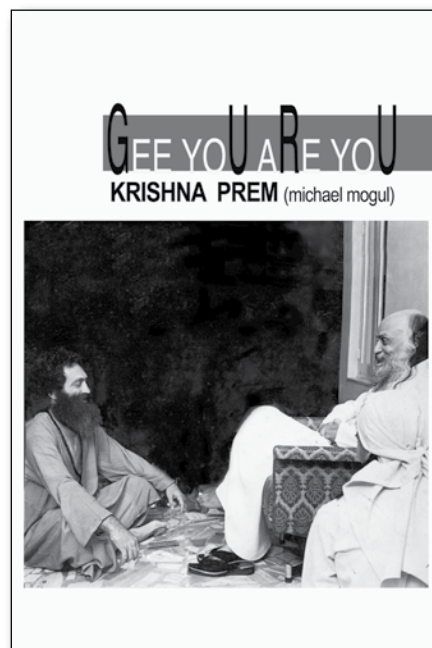
Laugh with Krishna Prem, and at the same time you may just find out how funny you are. Your ego is certainly a serious business. Laughter is the best medicine to move from mind to meditation.

Soft cover; 225 pages

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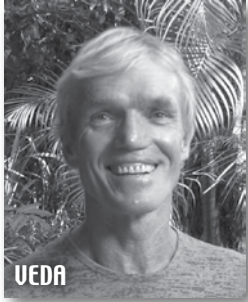
# From My Window: Gossips from Bali and Beyond

by Ma Anand Bhagawati



*And whenever my sannyasins meet, I am always there.*

**Don't Look Before You Leap**, Chapter 9



**Vedaprem** – many of you remember him as *the* ashram shopper in Pune One – came to Bali for a flying visit, looking for new pastures and adventures after having worked in East Hampton (Suffolk County, New York) as a sophisticated modern butler

for years. He loved Bali, yet it wasn't his turf, and so he moved on to Thailand. After a short return to the US of A to check them out again, he decided to spend time in Goa and see where life was going to send him and what it wants him to do.

Presently he reported in from Vietnam, where he is visiting **Shakyamuni** (aka Shaky) and then plans to head on to Thailand for another visit and then again India by mid-fall. He said he is still looking for something that has meaning to who he is, for a certain fulfillment. I know him to be a fervent seeker, so he surely will be propelled in the right direction. He loves to hear from and connect with old friends, so do write that e-mail already! [veda10@gmail.com](mailto:veda10@gmail.com)

After **Anatto** and I met **Priya** last in Dharamsala at Osho Nisarga three years ago, she finally came for a visit to Bali. Her mother, **Neelam**, had preceded her half a year before and cherished the island and her people. Priya also fell in love with all things Balinese.



"I loved the island because of its amazing aesthetics: little streams passing by in every corner, big paddy fields, roosters singing their loud song, good organic food, clean air, and lovely innocent and humble people. I was mesmerized by the tasteful home decors, amazing colors of plants and landscapes all around, unique flower arrangements in every home and resort that I visited, Balinese Buddha statues, and the

many wood carvings. The temples and the way offerings and ceremonies are done were very touching. I know I will be back. I loved it and felt at home."

Priya had arranged to meet her Australian friend **Prem Kara** on Bali; they had maintained their friendship for seven years through phone calls and email. Kara quipped, "I think we first connected when we both had parts in one of **Subhuti's** musical theater



productions: Priya was Amrapali, a tantric Goddess, and I was a dancer in the show. I still smile when I remember the days of rehearsal and various hilarious situations, such as creating and learning the moves of funny dances, and non-English speakers memorizing lines. Priya and I became buddies."

Kara lives in Brisbane, Australia, with her beloved, **Prem**. She works daily caring for children, and is often involved in retreats for women, facilitating belly dance workshops and Tantra dance meditations.

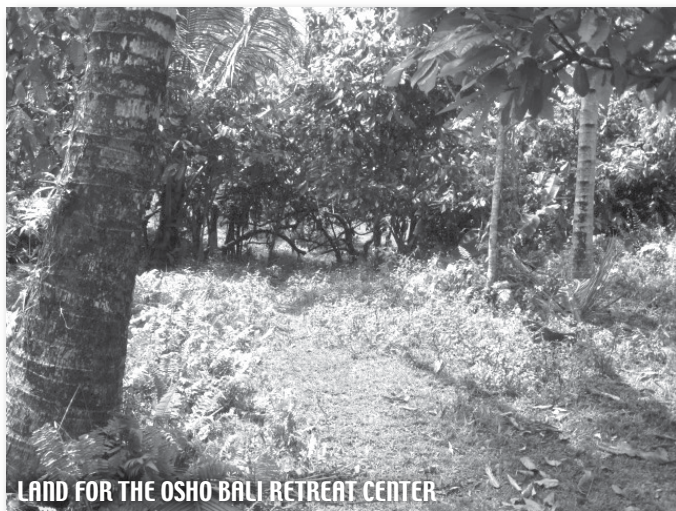
Bali was the ideal place for the two of them, and they enjoyed the daily pampering available at the many spas. Kara said, "Possibly our singular favorite activity was watching the Balinese dancing performed on a temple stage under the night sky surrounded by lotus ponds. Priya particularly loved seeing the Balinese rendition of the Ramayana Ballet, a classic Hindu story of Sita and Ram told through dance."

When in India, Priya stays mostly at Osho Nisarga, where she organizes the ongoing groups and workshops, but she also spends time in Pune and/or abroad. She said, "In Nisarga life is busy and yet relaxed, with the beautiful serene surroundings. I enjoy being there as it is nourishing to be in the Osho energy field. I meet new young people who are beginners on the path, and old friends also visit. It gives me a good balance!" [priyadhall@hotmail.com](mailto:priyadhall@hotmail.com); [premkara@yahoo.com](mailto:premkara@yahoo.com)



You heard about it here first (see last issue): The Osho Bali Retreat Center was born on August 14, 2011, with the purchase of an amazing piece of property on Bali. It is located in a rural Balinese village on a slight slope that eventually runs down to a river, and has lots of coconut palms, as well as clove, breadfruit, and cocoa trees. The speed with which this project got off the ground is really breathtaking. When **Shivraj** signed the purchase agreement, three huge butterflies were dancing around as if celebrating the event.

Shivraj said, "I wish to create a place where people can have access to all the methods Osho created – meditation, workshops, dance, celebration – to offer visitors and participants the gift that was given to me. We plan on having space for 20-30 people to stay on the property initially, with future expansion as needed."



The creation of the center will also mean employment for the villagers, who are very supportive of the project. OBRC is now in the formation stage, and Shivraj is working on the designs for various accommodations, Buddha Hall, a restaurant, and so on. They hope to be ready for their first guests during the first half of 2012.

The response throughout our caravanserai has been very positive, with some commitment already logged in. Shivraj is grateful for any help friends can offer, be it advice, funds, or hands-on work. Please write to oshobali@gmail.com.

**Nadeen** has been exporting accessories and jewelry from Bali for many years and usually comes in for a blitz visit and 18-hour workdays. However, this time around we could finally meet and get to know each other on a deeper level. He told Priya and me about **Melissa's** incredible



courage dealing with the incurable brain tumor she had, and his time with her throughout her last year and final hours. We both were profoundly touched by the simplicity and honesty with which he shared his memories. He said, "The mind is not prepared for this; facing death is radical and ultimate. Clearly the mind can't go there, only the heart can be open for this unknown and staying present in the moment. At the same time the experience made me understand that death is not an enemy. Some part of me made peace with death."

Nadeen also told us about a moment at a rehab clinic in Cologne that Melissa and he were checking out after the initial operation. Melissa said that she liked the clinic; she also liked the doctor, but then said, "I don't want to go through with rehab, I am afraid I will go back into my old mind."

Throughout the year of convalescence Melissa lived in totality in every aspect. They spent the final weeks in Spain, and he knew when Melissa's breathing changed that her time had come. They were listening to one of Osho's Let-Go meditations while the gaps between breathing became longer, and on her last breathing out there was Osho's voice, saying, "Sammāsati." leelaint@aol.com

After 1985, Bali became quite a hub for sannyasins for a while and now, after some more quiet years, it looks like it may become a focal point for friends while traveling in Asia. We are ready for you... 🌺

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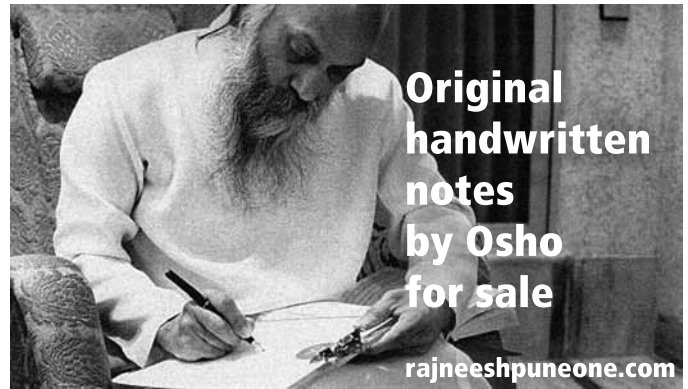
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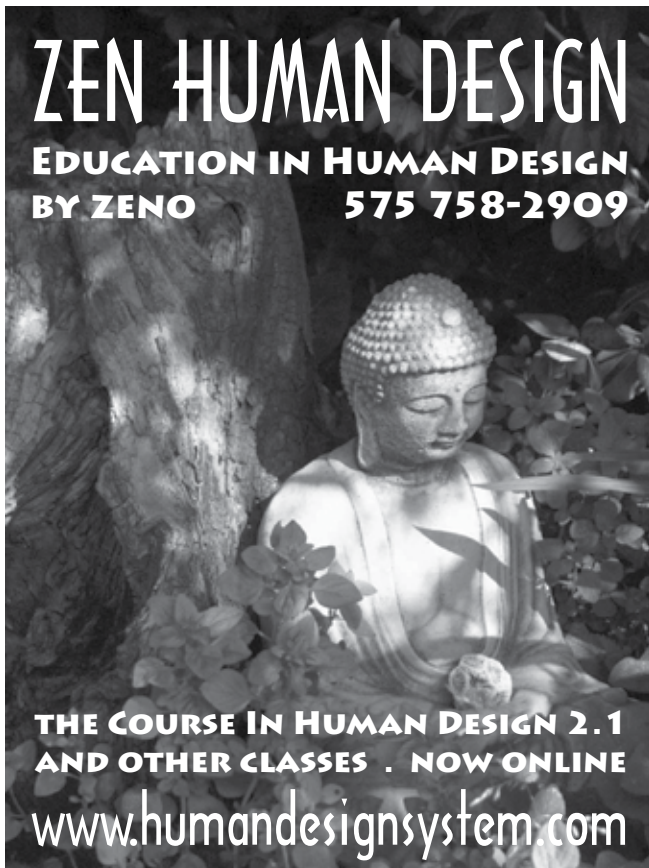
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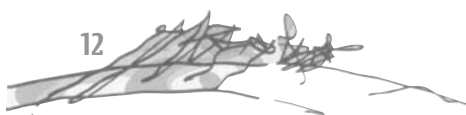
Though I love Human Design and am glad I had the privilege to learn directly from Ra (the founder of Human Design), I renamed my interpretation Zen Human Design to differentiate my approach that follows the path of my master, Osho. Central to my work is the understanding of conditioning, not to call undefined centers the “not self,” but rather, to see that your life is a gift and the undefined centers show you where your life is coming to meet and teach you.

So I read Osho quotes from the September/October 2011 Osho Viha issue, and chose the quote on page 25 **Mastery Knows Nothing of Self.**

*“The ego keeps you almost in a drunken state. You don’t know who you are because you believe what others say about you. ...Wake up! Become more conscious. By becoming conscious you will become a master of your own being. Mastery knows nothing of self, and the self knows nothing of mastery. Let that be absolutely clear to you.*

*“And my teaching is not for self-control, self-discipline. My teaching is for self-awareness, self-transformation. I would like you to become as vast as the sky - because that’s what you really are.” Osho*

Zen Human Design, for those who are here to become more conscious, uses Human Design not to be instructed how to live one’s life, but to see the conditioning field clearly to illuminate and become accepting rather than reactive; responsible rather than blaming. It is a joy to connect with fellow travelers. **Give me a call and let’s talk!**







## Feel Your Pain

If somebody has insulted you, feel thankful to him that he has given you an opportunity to feel a deep wound. He has opened a wound in you. The wound may be created by many, many insults that you have suffered in your whole life; he may not be the cause of all the suffering, but he has triggered a process.

Just close your room, sit silently, with no anger for the person but with total awareness of the feeling that is arising in you – the hurt feeling that you have been rejected, that you have been insulted. And then you will be surprised that not only is this man there, all the men and all the women and all the people that have ever insulted you will start moving in your memory.

You will start not only remembering them, you will start reliving them. You will be going into a kind of primal. Feel the hurt; feel the pain; don't avoid it. That's why in many therapies the patient is told not to take any drugs before the therapy begins, for the simple reason that drugs are a way to escape from your inner misery. [...]

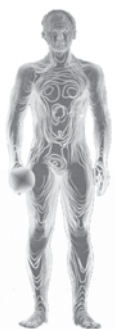
Whatsoever the pain of it and whatsoever the suffering of it, let it be so. First experience it in its total intensity. It will be difficult, it will be heart-rending. You may start crying like a child; you may start rolling on the ground in deep pain; your body may go through contortions. You

may suddenly become aware that the pain is not only in the heart, it is all over the body – that it is aching all over, that it is painful all over, that your whole body is nothing but pain.

If you can experience it – this is of tremendous importance – then start absorbing it. Don't throw it away. It is such a valuable energy, don't throw it away. Absorb it, drink it, accept it, welcome it, feel grateful to it. And say to yourself, "This time I'm not going to avoid it; this time I'm not going to reject it; this time I'm not going to throw it away. This time I will drink it and receive it like a guest. This time I will digest it."

It may take a few days for you to be able to digest it, but the day it happens, you have stumbled upon a door that will take you really far, far away. A new journey has started in your life, you are moving into a new kind of being – because immediately, the moment you accept the pain with no rejection anywhere, its energy and its quality changes. It is no longer pain. In fact, one is simply surprised, one cannot believe it; it is so incredible. One cannot believe that suffering can be transformed into ecstasy, that pain can become joy.

**The Book of Wisdom, Chapter 5**



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## From the Desk of Dhanyam



In this column I often tell you about Osho-related websites. Now I am happy to invite you to our beautiful site, [www.oshoviha.org](http://www.oshoviha.org), which has been completely revamped by **Rupda**. She did a great job, so come visit! And of course, an Osho book (or DVD, MP3, CD, or photo) always makes the best holiday gift.



CEBRATING AT OSHO AFROZ

I always love hearing about great Osho celebrations, so I was delighted to get rave reviews of the Osho Afroz Summer Festival, which took place on the Greek island of Lesbos in August. **Milarepa** and friends brought the music, and more than 200 friends came to meditate and celebrate together. My good buddy **Samvado** was there too and sent some enthusiastic emails. Check out his website, [www.sufisam.com](http://www.sufisam.com), to read about his travel adventures and for lots of wonderful photos.

**Shahido** wrote from Australia with a happy report of a two-day Osho meditation camp that was held in Melbourne. Great that after four years without any Osho events in that city, folks are now planning to meet once a month!



PARTICIPANTS IN THE MELBOURNE MEDITATION CAMP

Here in the US, **Swami Arun** came for another visit and offered meditation events in Mt. Poconas, Pennsylvania, and Dallas, Texas. Have a look at the photos at [www.tapoban.com](http://www.tapoban.com) to get a little taste of these joyful camps. And while I am typing this, I imagine **Swami Keerti** in Delhi is packing his suitcase and getting ready for the Osho meditation camps he is scheduled to hold all over the US in September.

September and October also brought **Deva Premal** and **Miten** to the US, and here in the Bay Area we enjoyed their concert in the beautiful setting of the San Francisco Palace of Fine Arts. By the way, these days our beloved duo travels in comfort and style: This year's tour bus, designed and owned by **Janet Jackson**, looked very impressive! **Avinasho** and I always love going to Deva and Miten's concerts, not just for the lovely music they and **Manose** bring, but also for the chance to mingle with the many sannyasins in the audience, some of whom we hadn't seen in a long time. This time we were thrilled to meet **Abhiyana** from Sedona, **Premananda** from San Diego, **Haridas** and **Sangeeta** from Greece, and **Nirmala** and **Tej** from India. Altogether the evening was a real love fest, with hugs and happy smiles all around.



DEVAPREMAL & MITEN



HARIDAS & ABHIYANA

Our friend **Khira**d, who is French but lives in Israel, writes that he and friends are organizing a three-day spiritual festival that will take place next June in the south of France, near St. Tropez. Many French sannyasins will go there to offer meditations, music, and workshops. [www.festispirit.com](http://www.festispirit.com)

Another project of Khira'd's is his web radio, [www.radiomagico.com](http://www.radiomagico.com), which offers beautiful sannyasin music, meditations, and much more. It is getting more and more visitors (30,000 per month) and can be heard in 110 countries. Khira'd invites folks to join the Radio Magico team. Check it out!



KHIRAD



Khiraad also told us about Orgasmic Buddha, a small sannyas company located in the Provence area in southern France. A group of four sannyasins are putting all their energy and love into growing sprouts. They live and meditate together as a community, and five or six other sannyasins live nearby and help out from time to time. Orgasmic Buddha germinates its seeds using water that is purified and harmonized by spiritual music and Osho's voice!

[www.orgasmicbuddha.com](http://www.orgasmicbuddha.com)



I can't say that I have paid too much attention to **Lady Gaga**, but I was happy to hear that she tweeted an Osho quote on August 28: "Creativity is the greatest rebellion in Existence." She has more

than 13 million followers on Twitter, and I hope they all read the quote and at least some of them will become curious about Osho. Thanks for telling us about this, **Saddhen!**

In past columns I have sometimes told you about restaurants named

Osho. Here are two more: One is a fancy place located in Beverly Hills, next door to Twentieth Century Fox studios, and **Yul Brynner** was

a regular customer. The other one is in Bucharest, Romania – sadly, a steak house.



Personals: How is this for a love story? **Roshani** wrote from Oregon that last year she went to her 50th high school class reunion where she reconnected with her high school sweetheart. The two of them discovered that the spark was still alive; they started dating and

are now happily sharing an apartment. Roshani, by the way, moved out of her previous place, which was on Independence Way in the town of Independence.

In our last issue I wrote that at age 87 **Bodhisagar** in Philadelphia seemed to be our oldest subscriber. Now **Nikhil** wrote from New Zealand to let us know that he just celebrated his 89th birthday, so for now the prize-less prize goes to him. YaHoo!

Are you ready for some silly news? A vicar in Church Stretton, Shropshire (UK), who popped into a public lavatory was so shocked by the recorded message of a female voice saying, "Welcome," that he has complained to the town council. In his letter the unnamed clergyman wrote, "I was not thrilled to bits with canned music on entry (why have it?). And I was knocked sideways when my belt was undone to hear a female voice say, 'Welcome.' Startled, I looked around to see where she was hiding and had to check that I had not inadvertently wandered into a different sort of establishment where women happily greet men who lower their trousers."

Now the residents of the town are being asked for their views on the female voice at the refurbished unisex facilities. Next month the council will decide whether to retain the voice, change it to a man's voice, or silence it.

As we know Germans love efficiency. Here is a new example: the prostitution tax meter. Forget about the meter maid. The former German capital,

Bonn, recently unveiled the meter madam, which requires a prostitute to put money in a machine before plying her trade. Prostitution is legal in Germany. It's also taxable. While it's fairly easy to collect a "sex tax" from brothels, "sauna clubs," and other sex establishments, it's trickier to make sure freelance streetwalkers pay up. The converted parking meters, which went into effect in late August, are expected to raise about \$285,000 a year.

Happy Osho Birthday, everyone, and see you next year! 🌸

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# Endless Gratitude

*December 11, 2011 is Osho's 80th birthday, and to celebrate, we invited His Beloveds to give Him a gift. We asked them to share the one thing for which they felt most grateful for from their experience with Osho. Nearly everyone had trouble finding only one thing they felt grateful for, but everyone was grateful for something, usually for many things, from names to the commune to silence and a whole new way of life.*

*Osho said that saying thank you to the Master is like saying thank you to an empty room. So we just shout it out to the Whole: Let the flowers shower on the Master and on the Master in all.*

*Happy Birthday, Osho, and thank you!*

## Ma Shivam Suvarna



As my 30th sannyas birthday looms closer, emotive memories from my years with Osho have been popping up into my consciousness: magic, pure joy, excitement, a sense of being in the right place, excitedly playing my violin for Him at drive-by under the searing Oregonian

sun, a typhoon of the energy of love and fire as He walks into Buddha Hall, scary and blissful at the same time, my small personality trembling under the force of that consciousness storm.

Out of all the gifts Osho gave me, I'm most grateful for the gift of being in His physical presence. I didn't get very close to Him, never sat in the front row, never talked with Him personally, but just being in Buddha Hall, just feeling the change in atmosphere as He came in and after He had left, just being soaked in that cloud of unconditional love...that was more than enough. In truth, it wasn't a simple experience nor was it all pleasant. I experienced many kinds of sensations and emotions whenever I was in His physical presence – a mixture of sheer terror and intense attraction at the same time. Part of me longed for it, and part of me wanted to be anywhere else but.

The last time I saw Osho was sometime in 1989. I was leaving for England the next day, and I had gotten a seat fairly close to the front at discourse. Another fiery Zen talk that dismantled my mind, and then He was leaving. As He slowly came around to face where I was sitting I saw Him as the most mischievous and powerful wizard, with His long tapering beard and shimmering robe and the aura of pulsating bliss around His body, zapping us with fire as He danced. He gave me a proper zap that night; I danced with Him – no, He was dancing me like a puppet, but oh so playfully and lovingly: intense joy and bliss like I had never known.

Now I know, as an experience, that enlightenment exists; I've felt it, seen it, become acquainted with it through being in Osho's presence. This gives me strength for my inner search. When I come close to that energy I recognize it, embrace it, feel safe in it. Sometimes I feel that He is close-by again, but really, as He said so many times, it is not Him but the energy of Existence, the universal love that we're all plugged in to. Still, I am eternally grateful for the gift of being in His physical presence. ♡

[rffreeman@infinitymusic.org](mailto:rffreeman@infinitymusic.org)

## Swami Anand Vimal



It is 33 years now since I took sannyas. In 1978, if I had looked ahead 33 years I would have felt I would be enlightened by now, for sure. In fact, back then, in what we call Pune One,

I had a few experiences that felt like satoris, and to use a phrase that Osho often used, enlightenment seemed to be just around the corner. But then came the Ranch, then the scattering, then the coming-together for Pune Two, then Pune Three, Pune Four...and I don't know what Pune we are up to now, but that word enlightenment seems to get further and further away from me with every year that passes. And now it is just a riddle, wrapped in a mystery, inside an enigma, as Winston Churchill famously said.

Of course I am grateful for many things that have happened to me during my experience with Osho: His beautiful presence, His smile, His laughter, the incredible gatherings around Him, so many friends, so many weird and wonderful experiences, so much fun, so much silence (His, not mine), so much music, so much dancing, so many chances to get out of myself (mostly missed) – the list is endless. But what am I most grateful for? I think I have to say it is none of the things I



have mentioned, not even Osho Himself. But this is what it is: the fact that all these things that have happened or not happened to me over the past 33 years have brought me to this point, this moment, this place, and this life that I am living today, right now. That is a beautiful life in Japan, with a beautiful woman, a gorgeous little daughter, in a wonderful house in some mystical woods on a magical mountain...what more could I ask for? And how did I get here? I don't know. I took one step 33 years ago, and here I am. So there is no particular thing I am most grateful for, just the whole 33 years, the whole nine yards, the Whole Experience that has brought me here, to this moment. And it has all been contained in the twinkling of an eye. 🌸

*tsamgrace@yahoo.com*

## Ma Prem Pravira



It's not easy to pin down the essence of my immense gratitude to Osho to just one thing... Was it not through having met this Master of all Masters that my entire life got turned around, opening wide a whole new spectrum of life, love, laughter, and meditation? Every nook and corner of my being has been touched by His precious presence, and it is still continuing to shimmer with the subtle glow of His grace!

Throughout the wild ride in the rollercoaster of my life in the "marketplace" a few Osho messages have particularly stuck with me like a mantra and have been my guiding light throughout painful plunges, sharp turns, and blissful moments: "This, too, will pass!" and His encouragement to be a witness in this very moment.

I feel blessed for having had the opportunity to observe Osho being the perfect living example of this insight in the midst of the tumultuous events in Oregon and Pune, where He stayed completely unfazed, centered, and in all His beauty, like a sturdy schooner sailing through stormy seas. Those valuable lessons have shaped the focus of my inner growth ever since.

Slowly, slowly I notice a presence starting to settle in my being, spreading a cool detachment from my own projections and those around me.

There are moments when I sense tremendous freedom, bliss, and independence as a result, and in those instants I know that, indeed, all is in a continuous flow and my inner witness is my very own Master.

*If you can live this moment, if you can be here this moment, then everything takes care of itself. (A Sudden Clash of Thunder, Chapter 1)*

To Osho I bow down in gratitude. 🌸

*prempravira@free.fr*



## THE VERY PRESENCE OF A MASTER IS SEDUCTIVE

A person who happens to be enlightened will attract you – either your love or your hate. But one thing is certain: You cannot be indifferent to him, because he has gone so deep that his depth will resonate within you, will resound, reflect. His depth will call your depth. He will become an invocation. It is not that he will do something: Just his being, just his very being, will do something – no effort on his part.

Just looking at a flower, you say, "Beautiful!" Something has happened within you. It is not that the flower has done anything; the flower is completely unaware that you are passing. But you say, "Beautiful!" When your heart says that something is beautiful, something has happened within your heart; the flower has touched you deep down. You see the full moon in the night, and suddenly you become silent. The depth, the beauty, the grace, has touched you.

Similar is the case here: When a person who has achieved Brahman, who is enlightened, touches you, it is deeper than any flower can touch. It is deeper than any full moon can touch, it is deeper than anything in the world can touch you, because the feeling of Brahman is the deepest, the ultimate core, the very ground. Just by being near such a person you are changed.

Hence so much insistence in India just to be near the Master – just to be *near* the Master! The very nearness goes on changing you because the depth calls your depth, the inner silence calls your inner silence, the bliss invokes your bliss. The very presence of a Master is seductive. He goes on changing you, transforming you.

**The Supreme Doctrine, Chapter 16**

## Ma Prem Atta



One very special gift from Osho that is still very close to my heart is the Rajneesh Neo-Tarot deck, the first deck of tarot cards made with its colorful illustrations depicting the wonderful stories of the Masters before us, teaching ways to live life. These are the stories that Osho told us in

discourses, stories that make the lessons of life come alive “on screen” so to speak.

These stories are engraved on my heart. I read them so often when my boy was little. They were his bedtime stories, and he remembers them too. Now, in my day-to-day life, I often come upon situations that bring to mind the wisdom of the appropriate story. My favorite of late is “Postponement,” for I just want to lie naked in the sun a lot. But, I do need to tether my camel as well, don’t I, as the “Work/Worship” card teaches us?

One card that has helped me through some pretty rough times is “Mastery of Moods.” You may remember the story of the great king and the Sufi mystic who gave him a ring with the message he was to read only when he was defeated; totally helpless. The ring’s message was, “This too will pass.” I love to remember this one. And all those things do pass, don’t they?

All the cards have valuable lessons about Love, Disciplehood, Giving, Devotion, Greed, Acceptance, Mind, Judgment (another favorite), Desire, and, of course, most people’s favorite: Sex. On and on, there are a total of 60 colorful and wise gems. I’ll never forget these stories. Since my son doesn’t communicate with me anymore, I take comfort in the “Beyond the Small Family” card, and just carry on with the big picture. I love him and let it go.

I don’t do many readings anymore, but they are a good thing and fun, and I like what I read... “Intuition is a function of the heart...” That’s where most of us like to function from, anyway. And let us not forget the beautiful card “Gratefulness,” and the Zen woman Rengetsu who was refused shelter and woke up under the blossoming cherry tree with the full moon shining, to express her gratitude...for everything.

Thank you, Osho, for these cards and all the Gifts you have given us. 🍀

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## Swami Prem Islam



The commune! – the commune was wonderful. So many people so loving and singing and dancing and wild and so crazy for the inner miracle! It gave me such great joy be a part of all those intertwined lives. It *gives* me great joy, today, as I write. Because it’s like all those people made a home inside of me. They

made a home in my soul, and they’re still there, singing and dancing and meditating right now. And that’s what I am very, very grateful for. I’m not just grateful for living in the commune, I’m grateful for the indelible change it created in me.

When you see the trailer for a movie, one thing you know for sure: that the movie exists. For me the commune was like a trailer for heaven. Okay, it was imperfect, it was short-lived, a teaser-trailer; still, I know that heaven exists. I trust in the path. And trust is a precious, precious gift. I think that if there had only been a few dozen people round Osho, or if He had held only periodic retreats, trust would have been hard for me. What made it possible was the braiding of our lives together in the great, shared venture of the commune.

Yet it seems such a fluke of history that it could happen. So many things had to align. Nehru’s well-intentioned protectionism held India back, but made it easy for people from many nations to live together there. Pre-computerization, pre-globalization, the world was simple. You had to rely on word of mouth to find something new, and you actually had to travel to experience it (and there were new things, and you could travel). Enough of the children born into the shell-shocked “peace” after WWII grew up searching for peace and love, and dreaming that communes were the answer. For a few magic years all those factors existed at once, and there was Osho, saying Yes – Yes – Yes to every opportunity that life offered Him and making the most of it all.

And there was me, seeking, lost, crazy, adventurous, innocent. If there’s a forest fire behind you and you jump to safety from a cliff into a river, the higher the cliff you jump from, the deeper the water has to be. The commune was deep, clear water. I saw, I jumped, I was forever changed. And I am forever grateful. 🍀

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## Swami Anurag Prapat



Of the many gifts Osho has given me, I would say that I am most grateful to Him for showing me the difference between religion and religiousness. Having grown up in the Bible Belt of the American South, the difference was not always as clear as it is now.

As a young child, I loved Jesus, feared the devil, and could recite gospel verses on command. My parents were sure I was destined for the ministry.

Then came the 1970s and my teenage years. Like many young people at that time, I began to question and scrutinize anything and everything deemed authoritative. Religion especially became troublesome for me. In church Jesus was telling us to love our neighbors, while our government was out there at the same time wreaking all sorts of havoc on many of those same neighbors. The reward of heaven and the punishment of hell seemed manipulative and punitive to me. I came to the conclusion that anything religious was wrought with hypocrisy. I rejected both the politics and religion of my parents. My parents were both heartbroken and furious with me.

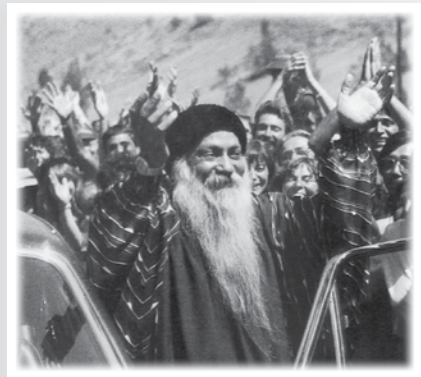
In 1976, while in my first year of college, and thanks to a love of George Harrison's Hare Krishna-infused music, I discovered India and its religions. I read books by Prabhupada, Yogananda, Vivekananda, and other gurus, hoping to find a hypocrisy-free religion. Most of these writings were either too far out, or way too deep for me. There was no real connection with any of them. Then I came across Osho's *The Mustard Seed*. I was reluctant to purchase this book when I saw that it was about Jesus. I had had enough of Jesus by then. However, something about Osho's photo on the book's cover was very compelling, and so the book went home with me. The book literally changed my life forever. For the first time, I began to understand that religion and religiousness were two completely different things. The Jesus here was not the same Jesus I knew from Sunday school. Wow, finally a connection! Perhaps religion wasn't all that bad.

Flash-forward to Rajneeshpuram days. I had been a sannyasin for several years by then, living in California, and enjoying the vitality and aliveness of my newfound religion. Osho had just begun to speak publicly again. His message was even more direct and hit hard at all of the world's religions and the misery they have caused. Any lingering doubts I might have had about religion were finally put to rest when He even criticized and put an end to Rajneeshism.

I'm grateful to Osho for taking away all my religions. I'm grateful to Him for taking away heaven, hell, and mala pullers. I'm grateful to Him for leaving me with only the here-and-now joyfulness and freedom of my own religiousness.

Thank you and Happy Birthday, beloved Master. 🌸

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## THE BEAUTY OF A COMMUNE

Seeing the Master is an encouragement. Loving the Master makes your encouragement more and more strong. I have chosen the symbol for the seekers who have gathered around me of two birds. One is the Master, the other is the disciple. Both are the same kind of bird. Both have the same wings. Just seeing the Master fly, immediately the disciple gets the idea, "I have also got the same wings that I have not been using." He tries. Maybe once or twice he may fall. Maybe once or twice he may get discouraged. But even if he starts fluttering, that gives him the first glimpse that what is today just fluttering, tomorrow can become flying. It needs just a little discipline, a little more training, a little more time. And to come to this point, you are already beyond fear. So you will find here people who are afraid; you will find people here who are not afraid, who have passed that stage of fear. You will find people on all steps of the whole journey. And that's the beauty of a commune, that it gives you the whole panorama, and you can see somebody is one foot ahead of you, you can be there. Then you see somebody else is one foot ahead of you, why you cannot be there? And these people on different steps of growth help immensely without helping anybody, just their presence creates the atmosphere of encouragement.

A commune is a mystery school where people learn how to give rebirth to themselves.

**The Last Testament, Vol. 3, Chapter 21**

## Ma Anand Bhagawati



Sitting in the auditorium I watched Osho's body as it was being gently laid down on the dais. The unthinkable had happened, He had left His body. Yet there were no tears, rather a nothingness; there were no feelings, rather a wonderment.

As minutes ticked by and the proceedings continued, all of a sudden I was filled from head to toe with unspeakable joy and bliss, and in my head the word "freedom!" reverberated on and on... I perceived such utter freedom, it felt as if I had grown wings and was soaring into the sky.

I was so attached to Osho's physical body I would have never been able to or wanted to leave Him while He was alive. With His leaving the body, I received the greatest gift possible of the many He bestowed on me – utter freedom. Since then I have been blessed walking alone on my path, rejoicing in freedom. 🌸

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## Ma Prem Prartho



I am most grateful to Him for His final act of trust in me: for sneaking out of His body while I was locked away in my room playing Paul Simon songs on my guitar (singing my heart away), so when I hatched out of my dream

egg the next morning I found He'd disappeared in a puff of smoke and was already winging His way home to Mansarovar. I'm grateful that He did not leave before He'd given us the story of the baby swans whose parents leave before they've come out of their eggs. Impossible as it seems, each finds his/her own way to Mansarovar, the hidden mountain lake of the swans. He told us that each fledgling knew the way intuitively; it lived inside them.

And so, even though I still sometimes ache from missing Him, there are times when I'm quiet enough to hear His silence in the distance, not so far away. In these 21 years since He left His body, my work has been to trust, and trust, and trust some more. I am writing this from my family cottage on a lake in Upstate New York, a place I return to for sorting things out. This time I brought a box of old journals from Pune days, as I've begun writing a memoir of my life with Osho, and this

morning I read an entry I'd written two weeks after His departure:

*February 3, 1990: I realize this is my first entry since Osho left His body. No great realization has dawned, only a new sense of responsibility. It grows—this determination to find my way. This morning listening to a tape of Rumi poems, I felt the presence of...? Life? Love? And I spoke to it, as a child, "Surely you have not given me/us all this to end in nothing. Surely we have tasted only the very beginning. I am ready to continue... Let's go."*

Now in 2011, all my hair gone white, it feels as if I'm finally beginning to have an inkling of what He meant when He said, *I am the Gate*. He is a vacancy, an opening – the gate we must fly through. But I lied at the beginning when I said I was most grateful for His leaving the body. It is the thing I *hope* to be most grateful for, the thing I can imagine being grateful for...when my feet splash down in Mansarovar. 🌸

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## THE REAL MASTER GIVES YOU EYES

Meditation means removing all your prejudices, putting all your conclusions aside – seeing without any hindrance, seeing without any curtains, seeing clearly without any mediation of any thought, seeing without Buddha standing between you and reality, or Krishna standing or Christ standing.

That's why Buddha is reported to have made one of the most strange statements; only a man of the caliber of Buddha can say it. He said to his disciples, "If you meet me on the way, kill me. Don't allow me to stand between you and the truth. Immediately kill me, remove me; otherwise I will be the barrier."

The true Master is one who helps the disciple finally to get rid of the Master too, so that the disciple can encounter reality directly, immediately. The false Master is one who creates more and more dependence in the disciple, makes him a slave, so much so that the disciple cannot even think of being without the Master.

That's what is happening all over the world. So many so-called saints go on creating dependence in you; their whole effort is how to enslave people. They condition you in such a way that their conclusions become your conclusions. They don't give you eyes; they give you ideas.

The real Master gives you eyes, not ideas. He gives you insight into reality and then leaves you in total freedom to function out of that insight.

**The Dhammapada: The Way of the Buddha, Vol. 12, Chapter 3**



## Ma Prem Sunshine



When I was in my twenties, I held a high standard for myself that managed to stay just beyond my reach. Although I was an optimist about external things, I was a pessimist about my ability to become free from the deep wounds

of my past. And even though I was unaware of it at the time, my desire to change and to grow, to be “fixed” and to be “free,” stemmed from my inability to accept myself, or more precisely, to accept the vulnerabilities of never quite measuring up to my own standards.

Luckily, though, the old saying, “When the student is ready, the teacher appears,” has always proven to be true in my life. When I met Osho in 1978, I felt absolutely and totally accepted by Him. For the first time in my life I felt that it was truly okay to be me, just as I am, embracing every aspect of myself, including my own self-judgment. I effortlessly made peace with how my life had played itself out thus far and felt free of the anxieties that had so often occurred as a result of “efforting” to be free of the ties that bound me.

Osho’s love and acceptance taught me to love and accept myself. This, the most precious gift of my life, has proven to be the gift that keeps on giving! That, my dear friends, is what I experience as pure grace. 🌸

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## Swami Shraddesh



I first got into spirituality when I lived in Hamburg, Germany in a commune where we rented rooms to various teachers who offered a variety of meditations, yoga, tai chi, etc. One day someone from Pune came and started renting a space to do these bizarre meditations that I stayed as far away from as possible.

One day, in passing by, I heard Osho speaking, and His words went right in and captured me. Then I did a Dynamic Meditation, and it all started to make sense. The commune in Hamburg had become Dharmadeep Rajneesh Meditation Center by the time I made it to Pune.

Beloved Osho, thank you for accepting me in your presence for who I am, especially at a time where I didn’t even accept myself. Thank you for your love

and compassion, which burned like a bright light to illuminate the path for me. I feel immensely grateful and blessed to have had the privilege of sitting in your presence, being showered with your love.

You have helped me live life in spite of my fears with open arms and in its totality. I feel that I can do anything and deal with any situation and anyone that comes my way, and my life in the past 33 years shows a good example of it.

Every day I feel blessed for having met the most amazing being on the planet.

*Buddham Sharanam Gachchhami 🙏*

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## I ACCEPT YOU AS YOU ARE

I accept you as you are. I don’t have any expectations of you; I don’t want you to be molded into a certain idea, into a certain ideal. I don’t want to make you a dead statue. I want you to be alive, more alive, and you can be alive only if your totality is accepted – not only accepted, but respected.

I have a deep reverence for everything that is alive, a reverence for life itself.

If my reverence changes you, that is another thing; I am not responsible for it. And it is going to change you – I warn you beforehand; you cannot blame me later on.

**The Hidden Splendor, Chapter 17**



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# Mahasatvaa Ananda Sarita



In searching for one experience with Osho that embodies gratitude for me, I find myself imagining a mala of pearls. Each pearl of experience represents luminescent gratitude, inspired by Osho. How to choose just one? There are so many! My whole life is simply a mala of gratitude.

Having said that, I will now reveal one pearl of gratitude, formed around a moment of transformation with Osho.

It is 1979. I am called forward for energy darshan. Osho asks me to sit with my back towards His knees. The chaotic live music begins. He places his fingers on my third-eye center on the forehead, and pulls my body backward very forcibly onto His lap. Usually, I carry shame, guilt, self-loathing, and other such mind trips, which puts up big barriers to receiving Osho fully and completely. To my egoic mind, He is God, pure and simple, and I am an ordinary and screwed-up human being. The very thought of lying in His lap is the antithesis of my self-deprecating belief-system.

On this occasion, His gesture catches me so much by surprise that I simply find myself surrendering and letting go. His lap is scented with His special perfume, which obliterates the mind. I fall forever into an abyss of pure darkness, which expands ad infinitum into universal essence. The pillow of His lap is soft clouds of pure love. I am dying, or being born into an eternity of love. There is no up or down, knowing or not knowing. All is one, undivided, whole.

The Buddhists say: "Gate Gate, Para Sam Gate, Gate Svaha..." Gone, gone, gone beyond, gone forever... I have no desire, motivation, or capability of coming back once the darshan is complete. My body is prone, unable to move without the mind to propel it. Someone, perhaps my beloved Yatri, picks me up and carries me somewhere cool and feather light, maybe it is the marble floor. I am flying or floating, and don't know the way back into physical form. The experience transcends what we call ecstasy, as it has no emotional content. It is profound, uncaused peace. Perhaps we can call this bliss, or Samadhi. It has no beginning or ending; it is that which is eternally true.

Eventually, slowly, my mind comes back. Finding itself dethroned, it has to make do with becoming the humble servant of the eternal dimension of reality. A definitive shift has taken place. The fulfillment, which I have been seeking for many lives, now runs as an underground river within my being, which I can dip

in and out of any moment. Gratitude fills my heart to overflowing, and with it, a new pearl is formed on my mala of life.

When I bow down to touch His feet, they are as big as the Universe. This moment is all encompassing.

Thank you, Osho. 🌸

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## Swami Amrit Pathik



The gift for which I am most grateful to Osho is the gift of His love, symbolized by a flower He gave me at the end of a meditation camp in Mt. Abu in October of 1971.

At the time I took sannyas (on June 6, 1971), I was a lonely Peace Corps volunteer from New

York, just graduated from Bowdoin College in Maine, working in agriculture extension (after a two-month crash course in Hindi and agriculture) in Kapurdha Village, near Chhindwara in Madhya Pradesh. A villager, Maheesh Joshiji, had given me a book, *Path of Self-Realization*, by Osho, who was then called Acharya Rajneesh, and I had discovered Osho's address in Bombay (now Mumbai) through some relatives of His in Jabalpur, a few hours away from Kapurdha by bus.

In June 1971, I met Osho in His apartment at Woodlands in Bombay. His serenity and His love were overwhelming. One morning, another American had taken sannyas, and Osho turned to me, saying something like, "Why not you, too?" During the day, it struck me that this was an offer I could not refuse. So a few days later, I appeared in my newly purchased orange robes, and Osho gave me sannyas and the name Swami Amrit Pathik. He said He would be with me when I returned to the village. A few months later, in October, after hopping on and off a variety of trains, I landed in Mt. Abu for my first meditation camp, where Osho orchestrated all the meditations – Dynamic, Kirtan, Tratak – amidst the hills and temples of this ancient place. As the meditation camp came to an end, I was among many who stood on the side of the road as Osho was driven to the railroad station. When the car passed me, He reached out and gave me a flower – a symbol of His love forever implanted in my heart.

Nowadays, I continue with meditation, and as a sannyasin, I also have returned to the tradition of my childhood, Roman Catholicism and Jesus and Mary, and Osho remains in my heart. When possible, amidst the work of teaching at local colleges, I go to the Osho Padma Meditation Center in downtown Manhattan, in New York City – a center run by a heartfelt devotee, Ma Satya Priya. 🌸

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## Swami Anand Rakesh (“Rocky”)



Well then: It's not the planet that became my backyard because of the wonderful and meaningful career He placed me into, or the amazing, varied, and vast global family that I get to be part of.

Neither is it the intensity, the complexity, the heaven/hell diversity,

of a rich life lived in a buddhafield. These and many, many more gifts are but byproducts of association with Osho. When it comes to the *one* thing I feel most grateful for, the answer is easy.

I was shown that the crux of what I am here on this planet to do is surrender, aka: die before you die.

It is the very reason I have been given a body. Next, I arrived at the realization that I was not ready to pay the price. I was then given the alternative, by Osho, to temporarily put off surrender and cultivate awareness, with the knowledge that the pinnacle of awareness is surrender.

All this I got to know in an incredibly intense period of only a few weeks right after I took sannyas in May 1974. Ever since then, I have been skillfully avoiding and putting off the inevitable – as well as working my way toward it. Both these streams exist within me, yet over the years the urge to postpone and endlessly distract have been exposed often enough to lose their allure and momentum. And now that I am in my sixties, with fellow travelers dying with increasing frequency, the urgency of the mission is clear and pressing.

The price to be paid will be everything, and then the debt will finally be paid. And still it is a win-win situation, as I am the bank. For being launched on the journey, and having the basic tool of awareness to travel with, to Osho I am forever grateful. YaHoo! 🌸

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## Swami Anand Veeresh



For me, Osho's message was always love. Besides considering Him my Master, my teacher, my father, and my friend, the one thing that I am grateful for is that He dared to take a position in His life and say, “This is who I am.”

And He wanted everybody else

to say the same thing to themselves, to find the Master inside of them. I admire that He had the willingness to do His trip so totally.

I love that He decided to have so many Rolls-Royces. I understood – beside the attention factor – He was

saying to the whole world, “I like Rolls-Royces. *What do you like?*”

He said, “This is my trip. I like walking out on stage looking like Superman from out of space – with all this great stuff on!” He was so unique in being Himself.

On a personal level, I remember visiting His Samadhi and feeling so grateful for what He had given me. Returning to my room, I asked myself: “What exactly am I grateful for?” The obvious thing was how He showed me His love by all the things He had given me: His chair, His robe, a gold fountain pen with diamonds, His first Rolex watch, a laughing Buddha, a glass heart, His slippers, a sock, and lots of personal guidance. All in all I counted 32 gifts. Then I understood why I am so grateful to Him.

Because of His love, I am who I am today. 🌸

*www.humaniversity.com*

## A RELATIONSHIP NOT OF THIS WORLD

There are very few moments in man's life more magical than the feeling of love and trust from a disciple towards the Master.

It is a relationship not of this world, because it is a ladder to the beyond.

Coming closer to the Master certainly gives a new pulsation to the life energy, to your receptivity, to your openness. It gives you a dance, your heart starts singing a song. It is a moment of rejoicing.

It is the same moment as when a river comes to the ocean, dancing, to disappear into the ocean, but the disappearance is only from the side of those who are standing on the bank. To the river itself, it is becoming bigger, vaster, oceanic.

Coming closer to the Master is a way of becoming a Master, and what can be more rejoicing, more joyful?

There are many kinds of love, but the love that exists between the Master and the disciple is the purest: unpolluted by any expectations, by any demands, by any conditions. The Master accepts you as you are, with no desire to make something else of you. You love the Master because he gives you, for the first time in your life, in all your relationships, freedom to be yourself – without fear, without guilt.

**Beyond Enlightenment, Chapter 27**



## Swami Prem Arpana



Thank you, Osho.

Writing about the thing I'm most grateful to Osho for triggered a flood of pictures in my imagination: a pictorial review of life with Him (light and dark life). So much so, I felt a bit swamped, but out of the rush

two threads emerged, and then just before I began to write, a third came into view.

The latter: such a sense of appreciation for the constant sense of moving on, moving into new territory. (Not always easy to deal with, but infinitely better than stasis.) The latest bout for me has been exploring deep breathing techniques, which have both been good for me physically and intensified my meditation, more so because of everything connected to sannyas that has gone before.

Then I feel an enormous thankfulness for my path of trial and error. Osho gave me this path (hence I began to explore deep breathing), encouraged me, encouraged us to explore, to make mistakes. I had come to sannyas unconsciously fearful of making mistakes.

I took up painting after I met Osho, which would not have happened without Him, without this trial-and-error life, without becoming more feet on the ground (that which I am most grateful for). Painting led me to understand that the layers I painted over gave depth to the final work – so in life. That which I have explored, but which has fallen away, informs that which continues.

Regularly, in answer to the question from people who are not sannyasins, "What have you got from involvement with Osho," I have replied, "I have come to know, that although I am not more than anyone else, I am not less." Hence trial and error, moving on. I have less and less to lose in pride terms, less and less fear of making a fool of myself. I came to sannyas with a monstrous, but not acknowledged, inferiority complex, and a bit of the opposite connected to books and reading, in the main. This is mostly all gone, and the previous two threads have strengthened as the superiority/inferiority complex has melted.

Osho, the word "gratitude" doesn't even begin to express all I would wish to say, and at moments like this I really do understand the power of silent action, non-verbal gesture, but thank you anyway. 🌸

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## Chetan



Somehow, Osho was able to convey the concept of love in ways that I had never imagined or had completely forgotten is possible. And, ultimately, when I remember to be in love with myself and my life, it is always so easy to glide through any complication that seems to face me. He gave me to

understand that an absence of love means I have a fear of some sort; that an absence of humor in me means a narrow-mindedness in my perspective, and an absence of friendliness means a misunderstanding of whatever I imagine my life to be.

The love and dedication that Osho mirrored into the world around Him still astounds me. By initiating people to attune to His consciousness and love, and by continuously uprooting His own life and the lives of those in His communities around the world, He touched the hearts of so many people who, in their turn, keep spreading His message, directly and passively.

As so many people I meet these days ask me what Osho was like and how come His books are so amazing, I have to say that in my view He laid out the whole perspective of the coming millennia, the Aquarian Age. My simple understanding of this Age we are now quite squarely in, is that we are here to own our singular nature: as individual expressions of consciousness in human form. We have one mission in life and that is to be ourselves, whatever that involves. And the key to imbibing that recognition is love.

It is my greatest delight whenever I meet another sannyasin, whether they continue to see themselves as a sannyasin anymore or not, is that our instant recognition in each other is a heart connection, and I am so grateful that Osho planted this most precious seed and recognition within us all.

Love is the whole energy of our amazing Existence... and there is always more to encounter, experience, and express. 🌸

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## Swami Satyodaya



For me the most and essential turning point in my life was His emphasis to turn *in*.

This opened new territories to learn and experience. For me, it is the Master's key to live in the marketplace and use any situation to keep the connection to the inner, reflect



upon the situation, and learn from it. On the other hand, by keeping the connection to the inner, any situation can unfold openly and without prejudice.

By knowing the inner deeper and deeper, I started to experience the outer more and more – being in nature, working, and so on. If I remember Osho rightly, He says to be grateful is still object-orientated, be the object a human being or a situation, but gratitude is a state of being. Nevertheless, I am so grateful to my Master for showing me the key, and maybe one day Existence has its plan for the next gift... 🌹

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## Swami Prem Oscar



Just over three years ago I crashed my airplane. I was unconscious, in the ICU, for over a month, with a cracked skull and many broken bones. The doctors said I would die, but I came back...to write this!

I am simply here – I doubt if it would be so easy without His input. I live every day just merged into the flow and so grateful to Existence for still being here. This life is absorbing, surrounding, supporting, and entertaining me: the birds, animals, beautiful trees and flowers, the ants, even the lion, rhino... and all the daily events. (I am not so grateful, though, for the bloody vervet monkeys that keep raiding my house and destroying my plants!)

I am grateful that I can just relax into being here and even into being quite alone. A slight “concern” is that I am being “too okay” with it, and maybe I should “work” on finding new friends again and on setting up businesses and making money (which I am doing a bit of), but it all passes or is lost in the relaxedness of just being.

Ah me – or is it the result of the brain-damage after my “accident?” I even relax into that state, and I certainly don’t think I would have done that before Osho! Every morning I am so grateful for the new day, the world, and my presence in and experience of it, even though navigating around in it can be very awkward with my damaged sight and balance. We (I) just go on going on. Yes indeed.

I am fairly aware of my disabilities and keep notes and voice memos in my clever phone, and I am proud and even grateful that I can do that – that I have the awareness to do that. I am even looking for someone, a couple, who can manage my complex property in the bush as I realize it’s beyond me\*...and I am grateful for that, too, which comes

down to the same thing. Thank you, Osho, for preparing me for this rather odd and unplanned situation.

I don’t know how I am. All I can really say is that I am here and very thankful and grateful to Existence and my Master for helping prepare me for here and now. 🌹

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\* Folks can look at [www.oshonews.com/2010/10/kitengela-kenya-oscar/](http://www.oshonews.com/2010/10/kitengela-kenya-oscar/) to get a slightly better idea of where I live now.



## THE MASTER IS A DEATH AND THE ETERNAL LIFE

One has to understand that all the mystics of the world have been in a tremendous difficulty. They know it cannot be said, but still they say – they try at least their best. My own understanding is: It cannot be said, but it can be heard. That is the reason why the mystics go on speaking, knowing perfectly well it is not possible to put it into language, but hoping that somebody may hear it between the words, between the lines, in the gestures, in the eyes of the Master, in his presence, in his intimacy.

Perhaps just as a flame can jump to another unlit candle if you bring them close enough, intimate enough... The Master’s work is to bring the disciple close enough to his inner flame, which is a fire. Because it is a fire, only the daring ones come very close to the Master, because it is going to burn you completely and utterly. It is going to be your death – and a resurrection.

The old, ancient Sanskrit scriptures say that the Master is a death, but that is incomplete. The Master is also the eternal life, beyond death. But of course, first comes the death. The disciple comes close to the Master and dies into his fire, into his love, and is resurrected in a totally new being: fresh, innocent, and a child of eternity.

**The Language of Existence, Chapter 7**



The one thing I feel most grateful for from my experience with Osho is also the story of how I became a sannyasin. I didn't become a sannyasin because I was so open or intelligent. In fact, I could not understand how easily people around me took sannyas on the Ranch in 1984. I loved Osho but I felt it was not

up to me to decide.

The most important thing was having a *satori* on January 10, 1985. It was so unexplainable that I was scared to share it with anybody for many years.

I had just finished a 10-day Encounter group with Rajen in Stockholm. We were sitting in a bus on our way to Zorba the Buddha, the restaurant, to celebrate the ending of this group. Sitting on this bus, my belly slowly started to move by itself and turned into a madman's laughter, louder and louder. At the time we entered Zorba I imploded and exploded into the light of being the witness...no-mind, seeing my body dancing.

Hanging in the air, being here and there and everywhere, suddenly I became aware of Osho gliding up to my side from nowhere about 10 meters above the dance floor. Gently, He took my hand and said, "Come, I will show you something." Just like that! We went in a beam of light through the universe to a far corner, or better to say to a huge bubble filled with an unbelievable amount of white light. There they were hanging out, all the enlightened beings, everyone dressed in their own white light! "Look," Osho said to me, "Remember, this is where you are going."

The experience of being enlightened stayed with me for another 10 hours, and when I woke up the next day I watched myself dyeing my clothes red. I realized I was a sannyasin. I felt blessed, and it changed me forever!

I'm a guy who doesn't believe in anything unless I know from inside. I needed clear-cut proofs. And certainly, Osho gave me them. He could see through and love my resistance but also see my innermost longing. It's a mystery.

*It is one of the greatest mysteries. Two beings can find each other – pulled against their minds, against their logic, against everything – nothing can prevent them. Something far more powerful than openness, than intelligence, has made them aflame. (From Bondage to Freedom, Chapter 43)*

I'm happy that I got this opportunity to share this one thing, at last! 🌸

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## WHEN YOU REALLY FLOWER THE PERFUME GOES IN ALL DIRECTIONS

*Beloved Osho,*

*You've said meditation is a flowering. And for us, the perfume of the flower is gratitude. Is there anything we can do for you?*

Yes. Meditation, compassion, and gratitude. Whenever you are meditative, you feel blissful; whenever you are in compassion, you feel ecstatic. And then gratitude arises – not towards anyone in particular, gratitude just arises. It is not towards me or towards Jesus or Zarathustra or Buddha, it is simply gratitude. You feel so grateful just for being here, just for being alive, just for being able to be meditative, just for being able to be in compassion. You feel simply grateful. That gratefulness is not towards anybody, it is towards the whole.

If you feel grateful towards me, it is a gratitude of the mind. If you meditate and if you flower in compassion, you will feel simply grateful, not grateful towards me. Then there is no "towards" – you feel simply grateful towards all. And when you feel grateful towards all, that is really gratefulness towards me, never before it. When it is a choice you choose me; then your Master becomes a point, not the whole.

That's what is happening everywhere. Disciples get fixed with the Master and Masters help them to be fixed. That's not good; it is ugly. When you really flower then your perfume is not addressed to anybody. When you really flower the perfume goes in all directions. It simply moves in all directions, and whosoever passes near you is filled with your fragrance, he carries your fragrance. And if nobody passes you, then on that silent, lonely path your fragrance goes on spreading – but it is not addressed.

**A Bird on the Wing, Chapter 11**





## Swami Antar Paripurn



Two days ago Manjula and I were listening to a lecture in the series *The Razor's Edge*. Osho's answer a question from Patipada is astonishing and shocking and revealing and so compassionate at the same time.

*The mind has a problem: If you are with me, enjoying my presence, enjoying my silence, it is very natural to feel grateful, but one never knows about tomorrow. Our paths may separate... [...] What happens ordinarily is that the moment you are on a separate path, you start finding faults with me to justify why you are separate; and instead of being grateful you start being revengeful. You feel as if you have been cheated for so long, exploited, deceived. And then the wheel turns completely; where there was love, hate arises. [...] To avoid your being sometimes hateful towards me, I go on insisting: Don't be grateful towards me. If you are not grateful towards me, even if you separate, you will not be revengeful towards me – as if we were two strangers who walked on the way for a time and then our paths separated.*

And then Osho starts giving examples of people who betrayed Him, people who were close to Him for many years. I advise everybody to read or listen to the complete answer. It brought a stream of tears to my eyes.

*So, Patipada, it is better to be fully conscious and let your gratitude be towards Existence. Leave me aside... [...] Gratitude is good – but to the trees, to the moon, to the sun, because you will never be in a position to be against the trees, against the moon, against the sun. But to be grateful to me is dangerous. (The Razor's Edge, Chapter 6)*

My beloved Master, I understand what you are saying, but still: Here is my heart, here are my tears, here is my laughter, here is my dance, here is my song, here is my silence. 🌸

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## Ma Prem Carol



I am most grateful to Osho for my conscious life orientation. Ultimate truth and unconditional love are my passions; Ego must be “watched” as it sneaks in the back door, and humor and laughter are top priority. I am aware that the “Source” connection is always avail-

able. Meditation and love are always ready to shower abundantly through my writing, Reiki, and counseling cancer patients.

There is a life orientation and awareness of my part in the buddhafiield, and as Osho has said, “I will be dissolved in my people.” This has changed the whole flavor of my life. 🌸

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## Ma Prem Pankaja



Beloved Osho, the one thing I am most grateful for is that you managed to find me, you managed to lure me to Pune, and you haven't yet given up on me! 🌸

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## Jahree Rubeyiat



The idea that I am most grateful for from Osho is to love everyone, forgive all, and realize people react from their awareness in the moment...to keep myself free from stored anger. 🌸

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## RELAX IN DEEP GRATITUDE

When you come close to a Master just remember one thing: Withdraw all defenses. Be as empty as possible, so that the Master's energy can penetrate you, can penetrate your being, can touch your heart. And it is an immediate realization. Just as when you fall in love, you don't think about love, you don't consult librarians about love, you don't ask your elders how to fall in love. There is no school that teaches how to fall in love. But people fall in love; it suddenly happens.

Just as love suddenly happens on the lower level, on the physical and biological level...finding the Master is a form of the highest love. The moment you come into the area of his influence – which is called the buddhafiield, the field of the Master – you suddenly start throbbing with a new energy, you suddenly feel a new freshness, a new breeze passing through you, a new song that makes no sound. All that is left for you is to relax in deep gratitude. Don't even utter the word “thank you,” because that is separating. This is not the time to utter a word...just a gesture of gratitude.

**Dogen, the Zen Master: A Search and a Fulfillment,**  
Chapter 4

## Swami Deva Ojas



I will never forget the darshan with Osho on my birthday, April 6, 1978. It opened a total new perspective in my life and was a relief from a long struggle, which started the moment my girlfriend and I entered the Shree Rajneesh Ashram in November 1977.

When we met Osho in our first darshan He asked us what we would like to do: therapeutic groups or work. Because I didn't know, I said hesitatingly, "I think..." In that moment Osho suddenly said, "Stop thinking!" He said it very quietly, but for me it was like a hammer on the rock. Stop thinking!? But what was left then?

Then Osho started talking with my girlfriend, and after a while He turned to me and asked again, "So, Ojas, what do you like to do?" And slowly I answered, "I think..." Wrong! Loud laughter in the Lao Tzu Auditorium. Frustrated I looked around. Those people were laughing, but were they "not thinking?"

My girlfriend and I got work in the kitchen in the middle of pots and pans and noisy women – a very special part of this "mystery school." Here I had to try not to think, because I felt this was my main target. I tried hard, every day, but after nearly half a year I was totally frustrated and exhausted.

Then came my birthday, and I was invited to go to darshan. Great! I went home, washed, put new orange clothes on, and got ready for a meeting with my Master. But what would be my question? Would I say that I could not stop thinking? Shame! Osho had talked about Zen monks who for years and years tried hard to solve their koan. What was half a year?

But the moment I was sitting in front of Osho I confessed, totally frustrated, that I couldn't stop thinking. He looked at me with His indescribable smile and then, after a moment of silence, He said, "If you can't stop thinking, just play with your thoughts." Wow!

In that moment deep silence emerged in me, as if heaven had opened. My thoughts now were suddenly in front of me. My old patterns were there, my frustrations, fears, and anger, but now I could play with them. Inside there was great calmness, wonder, and joy. And in a flash I recognized: This is what I was looking for, this is *it!* My body bowed down for my Master, who was only a smiling presence.

In the weeks after this darshan the world was different. A new reality had opened in me. Even washing cups and pots was an ongoing surprise. Everything looked fresh, every moment. There was an ongoing witnessing and playing with what was going on.

After a few weeks this wonderful being in this world disappeared. But the memory of it has always been with me, and now, after more than 30 years, the reality of it becomes more and more a part of my life. 🌸

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## Swami Bodhicitta



I am most grateful to Osho for the realization that I am not this body, not this mind. The first glimpse of this was at the beginning of my first darshan in October 1976. He touched my head, and there were three

explosions of light inside my being. Simultaneously, I realized that whatever I thought I was was a postage stamp on a vast envelope; that whatever I thought was love was a thimbleful in a vast ocean; and that it was all over, forever, and only a few more details remained to clear up.

Last May, on a visit to the commune in the Himalayas where I have lived for 20 years, I woke up the first morning and no longer felt that I was this body-mind. Since then everything has been more relaxed, beautiful, and mysterious. With receptive patients (I am a psychiatrist in a crisis unit) a beautiful energy fills the room, and mysterious transformations take place. E.g., from the 15-year-old who was a suicidal drug user, "This was the best day in my life since I was born. Nobody ever told me about meditation before." Even Caroline notices the difference.

My enlightened gurubhai, who wishes to remain nameless, told me to watch any intention and to not indulge in identification with the old name and form. When an intention arises, e.g. "I'll write a book," "I will go after that woman," I sit and watch it. A series of older and more primitive versions of the intention come to mind, and it dissolves into a pulsating feeling of radiance. I am lazier than I can ever remember, and just want to sit on the beach and listen to Osho and the ocean.

*My candle burns at both ends*

*It will not last the night;*

*But ah, my foes, and oh, my friends –*

*It gives a lovely light.* (Edna St. Vincent Millay)

*You gave me the greatest gift; you made my heart my home.*  
(Miten) 🌸

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## Ma Yoga Aradhana



So much to be grateful to Osho for – where to begin? How about here and now?

I am most grateful to Osho for showing me where to

live, i.e. in this moment, where I find myself again and again, with no name and nothing in my hands.

If I don't live the moment when things are not easy, when I'm struggling, then I am not there when it changes, as it does. Therefore I am unable to let in the joyful and ecstatic moments when they arise. If I do not suffer consciously, as I have learnt from the Master, then there is no possibility for the fire of awareness to burn away the pain when it arises. If it is all lived, a day comes when it has gone and I am left feeling clear and blissful.

Outside sannyas I have not come across anyone who is able to deal with, or who knows what to do with, painful feelings in totality, even people committed to Eastern religions. With Osho's guidance, it can happen that I find myself entering the darkest moment, and living it...even celebrating it: "Burn away the night, burn away," as the song goes, and then the grass grows by itself.

By living this moment, I am able (hopefully!) to catch hold of myself dreaming of future pleasures, which will probably never happen, or future concerns, which will probably never happen in the way I imagine them either. Instead, I can hear the sound of the wind in the trees and feel the coolness of the air on my face as I hang laundry on the line. Being with Osho I have seen that living the moment is not a technique; there is actually no other reality. There is only this present moment in which to live, love, celebrate, and be silent. It is not possible to be anywhere else other than this moment; everything else is just dreaming. How mysterious is Life when living the moment! 🌸

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## THE MASTER SHARES HIS BEING

The only relationship that is unconditional, undemanding, is the one that exists between the Master and the disciple.

In fact, it is so rare, so unique, that it should not be categorized with other relationships. It is the poverty of language that makes us call something a relationship that is not a relationship. It is a merger; it is a meeting – for no reason at all.

The disciple is not asking anything, and the Master is not promising anything; yet there is thirst in the disciple, and there is promise in the Master. It is a closeness in which nobody is higher and nobody is lower – yet the disciple is a woman, always a woman, because the disciple is nothing but an opening, a womb, a receptivity. And the Master is always a man, because the Master is nothing but a giving, a giving for no other reason than that he is so full. He has to give. He is a raincloud.



Just as the disciple is in search, the Master is also in search. The disciple is in search of where he can open himself without any fear, without any resistance, without holding anything back – totally. And the Master is also in search of such a human being who

can receive the mysterious, who is ready to be pregnant with the mysterious, who is ready to be reborn.

There are many teachers, and there are many students. The teachers have borrowed knowledge. They may be very scholarly, very knowledgeable, but inside themselves there is darkness; their knowledge is hiding their ignorance. And there are students who are in search of knowledge.

The Master and the disciple is a totally different thing.

The Master does not give you knowledge, he shares his being.

And the disciple is not in search of knowledge; he is in search of being. He is, but he does not know who he is. He wants to be revealed to himself; he wants to stand naked before himself.

The Master can only do a simple thing, and that is to create trust. Everything else happens. The moment the Master is capable of creating trust, the disciple drops his defenses, drops his clothes, drops his knowledge. He becomes just a child again – innocent, alert, alive – a new beginning.

The ordinary father and mother have given birth to your body – that is one life, which will end in death. Your father and mother are responsible for your birth and for your death. The Master also gives a new birth, but it is the birth of consciousness, which knows only a beginning – and there is no end to it.

**The Osho Upanishad, Chapter 16**

## Aria Rose (Ma Prem Gulamo)



I feel the most gratitude for my name.

Osho gave me the name Ma Prem Gulamo, which means Slave of Love. I lived with that for 12 years, with a growing feeling that the name was too difficult for my clients to use. At the same time, I felt I had outgrown the name “slave,”

meaning “feeling bonded,” “less than” – although the Indians would say that Osho must have seen a lot of love in me. The guys, of course, had a field day with the “lower chakra” implications of the name!

At my leaving darshan from Pune in '79, Osho told me to take care of the sannyasins in San Francisco. Holding that in my mind/heart, I began to take care. The sense of lending a helping hand or listening to someone who needed to offload, began to make me feel grateful that I was in a position to help. I have had to watch for my own boundaries, but the more I take care, the more love I feel arising, and, therefore, more gratitude. The name I chose in '89, Aria, means Light of God in Arabic, and Lioness in Hebrew. I am feeling that progression to sensing my power. No more “not good enough,” so that the light of God can shine through. I feel ever grateful for doing what I love to do in life, in service to people's health, and having some wonderful friends with whom to share the journey. 🌸

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## Ma Prem Jeevan



After thinking about the reason I'm most grateful to Osho, it came to me what would cover all my life situations: His very first gift to me was my name, Ma Prem Jeevan, love of life. It was a sacred transmission,

I have been suicidal many times when I didn't want to live anymore, and He taught me that truth of life is “sannyas or suicide.” There was one darshan where I told Him, “I just want to die. Sometimes I'm so high and singing, and all of sudden – zoom! I would welcome death. It would be all right.” He then reminded me, *It is all right, but you are not finished yet! Death is perfectly all right; there is nothing wrong in it, but right now you are not finished. So the very idea of death will make you*

*unnecessarily gloomy. You are asking for a premature death. (Beloved of My Heart, Chapter 7)*

Over the years, just repeating my name in difficult situations was a comforting reminder of how that name changed my life and my attitudes, which were often destructive. My love and gratitude to my Master is unchanging, forever. 🌸

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## Swami Amano Saddhen



PHOTO BY SHANNON ZAHNLE

A few months ago a friend asked me what I was most grateful for in life, and my answer, without thinking, was Osho. In attempting to write this I have come across an endless number of reasons why. None of them seemed like the one thing I was most grateful for in my experience with Osho. I was feeling like giving up when it occurred to me to stop attempting and thinking to see what arose. I felt an inner smile filled with gratitude for Osho...and an answer: It's the name He gave me: Amano meaning No-Mind and Saddhen meaning Trust.

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## THE CHANGE OF NAME IS ESSENTIAL

A name is not an essential, but it has certain purposes; without it life will be very difficult. [...] That's why I give you new names. Why new names? The new is as non-essential as the old, but the new will give you some insight. First it will make you aware that you are not the name, because the name can be easily changed and you remain the same. When the first name was given you were a small child, absolutely unconscious, unaware of what was happening to you. Now you are no more a child. A new name is given to you; it has significance, and that significance is essential. The name is non-essential, but the change of the name is of the essential.

Once you change the name you know that the name is just utilitarian; to know it is very essential. And now it will be more difficult for you to get identified with it.

Secondly: The name that your parents give to you is almost meaningless. Any name that comes to their minds is given to you, any name they feel they like. But the name I give to you is given for certain reasons – those reasons belong to the world of the essential.

Guida Spirituale, Chapter 6





## Ma Anand Homa



Beloved Osho, so grateful for you! But in choosing one thing, then with no hesitation I would say Dynamic Meditation. What a gift it is and has been in my life and the lives of so many (thousands) that I have been able to share the meditation with here in Norway, now for over 25 years. In fact, I feel like it saved my life, being

able to say yes to all my repressions, to express them, and then to watch in silence and celebrate.

The first time for me was in 1982, and it felt like an inner revolution had happened. I was so over-ripe to let go and to take responsibility. I thought to myself afterward that the person who designed this meditation had understood the human being and what we all need. It was a true transmission and led to my own transformation. In 1993 I was so proud when we were able to open our Osho Meditation Center in downtown Oslo, a place where we could do Dynamic every morning. This meditation is still so needed...

Osho, you left us your dream. I dream of seeing your Dynamic a part of every school, academy, university.

Forever in gratitude. 🌸

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## Swami Dhyani Nigam



I am most grateful for having learned how to immerse myself into deep meditation. Almost every day I start doing Kundalini at around 5 pm. After the three introductory stages are over, I simply want to sit in peace and relax. There I sit and try to sort out all the noises from outside, the rushing traffic, the

chirping birds, some children shouting, some dishes rattling in the house. The lowest and almost inaudible noise comes from an alarm clock ticking near my bed at a distance of about four meters. Some subtle tick-tocks can be heard at a very low level, but they easily disappear whenever I lose contact or other noises become more dominant. I simply sit there and keep my ear channel open to the ticking noise. Slowly, my body goes to rest and while discerning my body posture – my feet standing on the floor and my hands resting in my lap – a feeling arises as if I were a king sitting there for eternity. And the tick-tocks come and go like gentle waves of an ocean or like a very slow breathing. The intensity and clarity of the sound sometimes rises without any reason. Maybe it is God who bends down to my ears whispering to my ever-longing soul. This is my little secret I have discovered after so many years and for which I feel most grateful. 🌸

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## I INSIST ON ACTIVE MEDITATIONS

In my meditation techniques, I do not take you as divided: You are one. If your mind is feeling angry, allow your body to be angry. If your mind is feeling happy, allow your body to dance. Do not create a division. Let yourself come deep down into the body, and allow the body to flow to your innermost core. Become a flow!

You are frozen. I would like to melt you and create a flow again. That is why I insist on active meditation. By “active” I only mean that your body must be involved in it. If you simply sit in a Buddha posture, you can go on thinking and thinking and thinking; the body is not involved in it. And the body is the world. Through the body you are related to Existence, through body you exist. Your meditation must in some way be deeply rooted in the body; otherwise it will become just a dream floating in the mind, just like clouds without any roots in the earth. I want to push you back to the earth.

**The Supreme Doctrine, Chapter 1**

## SWAMI AMANO SADDHEN

**continued from previous page**

Many of the things I had thought to be grateful for relate to no-mind, like watching Him weave a magic beyond words while He spoke, or Him looking at me during drive-by and then showing me the whites of His eyes, or watching my mind come in when I realized He was going to ask me a question when He spoke to me after putting a mala around my neck. (The answer I gave was a mind construct so ridiculous that He looked up at the ceiling laughing.)

I heard Him say once that all we needed was to trust Him enough to try, as a hypothesis, meditation. I have a deep fear of going into no-mind. I am most grateful for my name, which is a constant reminder to trust. 🌸

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## Prem Jayadip



Burning  
in the torture chambers  
of my life  
hearing your call  
drowning  
in the mud of suffering  
the last straw  
a finger  
pointing to the moon  
you pulled me up  
no suicide  
but sannyas  
in your light  
fighting the world –  
stopped  
instead  
giving flesh and blood  
to a vision from beyond  
the inner battlefield  
in front  
I follow your call  
dancing  
singing  
drowning  
in the nothingness  
of your love  
igniting  
the spirit fire  
finally  
burning away your shell  
moving on  
wherever I am  
whoever appears  
I will never forget you  
the fire  
of light and love  
still burns  
the candles  
from both sides  
beloved Master  
happy birthday to you! 🌸

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## Ma Divyam Kailash



Asking me to speak about only one thing that I feel most grateful for in my experience with Osho, is like asking me to say one thing that I love about life: very difficult, but I will give it a go.

He “showed” me the space of Nothingness, and in that vast Nothingness, there exists love, bliss, joy...beyond words.

Am I there all the time? No. Can I be there whenever I stop everything else that keeps me busy? Yes!

Is this the biggest gift I could ever have received in my life? Yes, Yes, Yes!

The word “gratitude” is so small compared to what I experience, but the sense of it comes when I sing...

*Buddham Sharanam Gachchhami 🌸*

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## Anutosh Raji



The greatest gift I received from Osho was that love comes, not from having an object or person to love, but from my being in touch with the lovingness inside of me. When that lovingness is awake, then I feel loving all the time, and my lovingness falls on all who cross my path: such joy, such a wonderful way to live, to be, to feel!

How did this come about for me? Osho’s only “command” was to meditate. So I decided that if I wished to take sannyas, I needed to meditate. I had a rough, self-critical beginning. I was clear that was not what meditation was meant to be, so I took a break for a couple of

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## THE PERFECT MASTER GIVES YOU TOTAL FREEDOM

So this is the basic indication of who a Master is: He does not enslave you. On the contrary, he gives you total freedom. And if you choose to do something, you choose. It is not being forced upon you; it is your choice.

The Master can make things available to you, but the choice is always yours. And the Master will not have any kind of superiority over you. His emphasis will be continuously, “I am just a human being – not a prophet, not a messiah, not a savior of humanity. I am just a human being as you are. If there is any difference, it is very little. The difference is that I am awake and you are still asleep.”

But the very phenomenon that you are asleep is an indication that you can be awake. A dead man is not asleep, so he cannot be awake. Being asleep or being awake is the same energy.

The perfect Master convinces you that you are as capable as he is of having all the experiences that can uplift you from the ordinary, mundane world into a spiritual paradise, herenow.



**Light on the Path, Chapter 15**



months, and then I had a fresh start. I got up every day at 6 am (that was certainly a change!) and did Nataraj faithfully for an hour. I had been doing my daily meditation for about three years, when one day – the unexpected “aha.” As I was walking to (or was it leaving from?) my morning meditation, I stopped and was overcome with a great feeling of lovingness. To my *mind* there was no *reason* for it, no person or object I was thinking of or near. I just felt totally loving – with no outside stimulus at all! I will never forget that moment. Twenty-five years later, it is still a vivid picture in my mind.

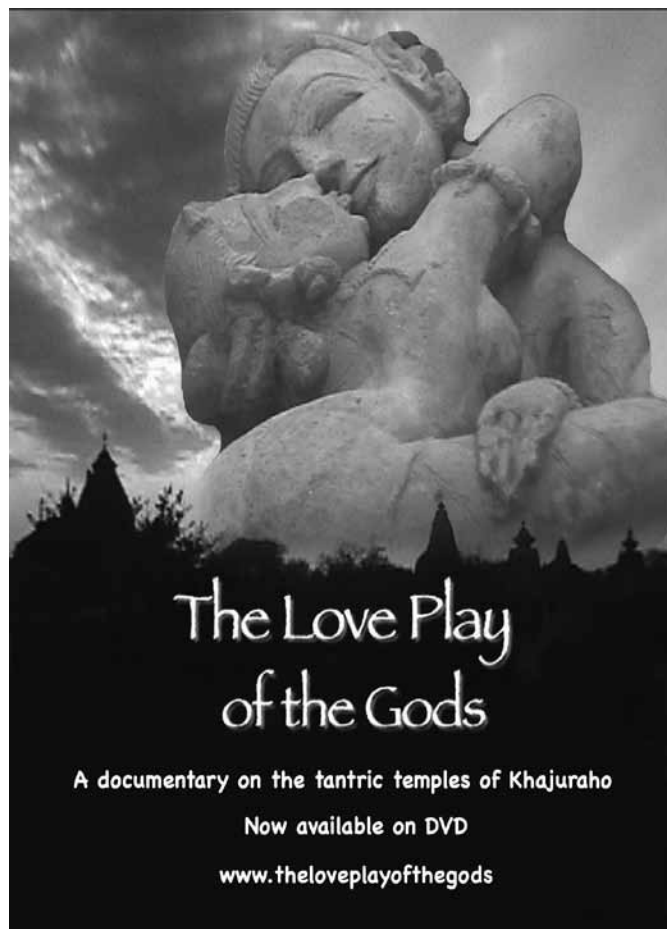
I no longer meditate so faithfully, nor am I always filled with lovingness, but I feel eternally grateful to have had that mind-blowing experience and to realize its great truth for life. Thank you, dear Osho. 🌸

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*Unless a man learns how to create, he never becomes a part of existence, which is constantly creative. By being creative one becomes divine; creativity is the only prayer.*

- Osho

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**Mood of the Moment:** What astrology does for a person is allow them to be more observant. It shows them what to watch for and how to see the links between all things.

**Aries:** This is a good time for you to not listen to anyone. Uranus transit. Follow your truth as you know it. Do what you think you should do, what is correct according to your true self. Forget about being logical or practical or being in harmony with what others think is best for you. Follow your truth, and – as long as you do not have expectations – you will be surprised by being in the right place at the right time. You will be surprised by your own success. You will tend to do the opposite of what others suggest now, so it's good not to listen in the first place. Your instinct is a better option than someone else's opposite.

**Taurus:** Well, into every life a little bliss must fall. Jupiter transit. Happy time. Abundance within the self. Generosity of the giving of the self. The sharing of the joy of life with others. Out of all of this there is an intention and a purpose, and that is to go deeper, deeper into your belief. You believe in many things. What are they? Write them down. Do you believe the sun will rise tomorrow or is there a doubt? Do you believe you have a purpose? Do you believe you exist? Look at the abysmally short list you have and ponder and pick the one most mysterious to you. Go deeper into that one with your Jupiter transit.

**Gemini:** You were born as a friend to others, and this is a time when that gift blossoms like a flower. Venus transit. Not only does your relationship with your partner sweeten, but you will also be making new friends now with remarkable people with creative talents. The action will be happening so fast that there may not be enough of you to go around. Herein lies the fly in the soup. Somebody may be going too fast, and there may be some conflict along the way. It may not be aboveboard or entirely honest. Not your problem. Your only responsibility is to move only at the speed at which you keep awareness of the movement.

**Cancer:** Your job in life is to follow the moon, which is to be emotional. Your success in life is to be a friend with the moon, which is to be a friend to the emotions. They are not only your emotions; they belong to the moon. Like the tides of the sea, they go up to hope and down to despair, and up and down again, and in and out, endlessly changing and yet always the same. This is double-whammy time. Pluto and Uranus transits both. Intense and unpredictable. Nothing stable. Good to focus on the breath. Better to understand the submodalities of

emotions – speed, temperature, sound, past or future –and be able to change them at will. The juice is with your friends.

**Leo:** Fame and fortune happen for you now. Success in work will ride the crest of your wave. Maybe a little bit; maybe a lot. Jupiter transit. Happens every 12 years. Look back in time to see how it happened for you before. It will cost you something this time. Success is expensive. What you make from it is what you have to spend to keep it going. The more you deal in dollars, the more you forget about the pennies. There is the tendency to work too hard. You will be tempted by opportunities for speculation. Better to invest it into the home and family and ways that are secure.

**Virgo:** Would be nice to go traveling to somewhere peaceful and tranquil and calm and to live simply without all the demands and stress of daily life. Neptune transit coming. You are feeling it already now, a sort of missing the other, indefinable world that is eternal and so vast. A burst of energy this month to get things done the absolutely easiest way, and a long-term kind of preparing for letting go of the heavy things, so that you can float up and merge with all of this. Less and less feelings of ambition or competitiveness or earthly desires. The energy is with you to get grounded and be at home within, so you can non-do all of this.

**Libra:** Either you take your space or the people in your life take theirs. Uranus transit. Might be a bit of a surprise to you. You are genetically engineered to think in terms of "we," while at this time in your life, others are thinking in terms of "I." You can agree to disagree or go your separate ways, maybe to come back again. This is an unstable, unpredictable energy, and it has to move, it has to change. Its positive intention is Individuation, to build an I to make a we. We's come and go, but the I can only be remembered. The better the I, the better the we. This is an exciting, significant time for you during this next seven years.

**Scorpio:** It is a good time to be with others and socialize and be as gregarious and extroverted as you can be. Live it up. Jupiter transit. People are really positive with you now and invite you to show yourself and to share. Some of these people are abundant in pocket or spirit, and they make a contribution to your life. Enjoy the social life, enjoy, enjoy until you have had your fill of it, and a





natural, comfortable, relaxing aloneness comes to you next year. After you have had your fill of the other, then it is more possible you can have the presence of yourself.

♈ **Sagittarius:** If social skills are beneficial in your work, this is a good time for you. Both are happening. You are at your charming best with a Venus transit, and you are actively putting a lot of energy into pursuing your goals with a Mars transit. Energies with colleagues are good and supportive. A lot of the little stuff, the details, gets finally cleared off the table. Maybe hold back a little on your usual teasing, provocateur tendencies, because this is a time when people could take you seriously and get pissed off. Look to the long term and look for ways for your money to work for you instead of you working for the money.

♐ **Capricorn:** In your life, you have made a plan. You have been conscientious, responsible, competent, practical, and you have done your duty. You have been the father figure of all the energies. Still the things around you are breaking and falling apart. Pluto transit-Uranus transits both. Sudden intense breaks. There seems to be no solution. The assumptions you have been taught were unworkable and untrue. Time to reevaluate your most basic assumptions and to search for new

ones. Search, search, hold the question, hold the question, until it comes to you in a flash of light.

♒ **Aquarius:** Good fortune at work and abundance at home – the best of both worlds at the same time. They are usually exclusive of each other, but you have somehow put them together. Sun transit in 10th House and Jupiter transit in 4th. The juice is in your friendships. A lot of energy happening here during this time. If you are entertaining the friends you are working with at home, then that would be a perfect link. Your home and sharing it with others is important to you at this time. Home is security, and it is the security it affords you that lets you be free.

♓ **Pisces:** Peace, peace is what you want, and yet sometimes people get angry with you, or angry with themselves, actually. Mars transit happening for about a month. What to do with angry people? Avoidance is usually the first choice, but sometimes it makes it worse. Trying to reason with them doesn't work in that moment. It has to wait. Getting angry *at* an angry person doesn't work and just adds fuel to the fire. Getting angry *with* a person sometimes works, and it gives them recognition and respect, even intimacy. Jump up and down and pound the table with them. It is the kindest thing you can do. 🙏

## LOVE IS THE ONLY RELIGION

continued from page 4

is no more, and the dreams are no more, and the desires have disappeared. The dust gathers; it is natural. But you cling to the dust; your desire functions like a glue.

And what is your desire? That has to be understood. If you have understood your desire, you have understood all, because in the understanding of desire, desire ceases. And when desire ceases, suddenly you have a totally new feel of your being; you are no more the old. What is the desire? What are you searching? What are you seeking?

Happiness. Bliss. Joy. That's what you are seeking. And you have been seeking for millennia, and you have not found it yet. It is time, the *right* time, to think again, to meditate again. You have been seeking so hard, you have been trying so hard. Perhaps you are missing just because you are trying? Maybe it is trying that keeps you away from happiness? Let us think over it, brood over it. Give a little pause to your search, recapitulate.

You have been searching for many lives. You don't remember other lives, no need, but in this life you have been

searching, that will do. And you have not found it. And nobody has ever found it by searching. Something is wrong in the very search. In the search, naturally, you forget yourself; you start looking everywhere, everywhere else. You look to the north and to the east and to the west and to the south, and in the sky and underneath the seas, and you go on searching everywhere. And the search becomes more and more desperate, because the more and more you search and you don't find, great anxiety arises: "Am I going to make it this time, or am I again going to miss it?"

More and more desperation, more and more misery, more and more madness – you go nuts. And the happiness remains as far away as ever. In fact, it recedes farther away from you. The more you search, the less is the possibility to get it, because it is inside you.

**This Very Body the Buddha, Chapter 1**



A middle-aged woman had a heart attack and was taken to the hospital. While on the operating table she had a near-death experience. Seeing God she asked, "Is my time up?" God answered, "No, you have another 40 years, 2 months, and 8 days to live."

Upon recovery, the woman decided to stay in the hospital and have a face-lift, liposuction, and a tummy tuck. She even had someone come in and change her hair color. Since she had so much



more time to live, she thought she might as well make the most of it.

After her last operation, she was released from the hospital. While crossing the street on her way home, she was hit by a car and died immediately.

Arriving in front of God, she demanded, "I thought you said I had another 40 years – why didn't you pull me from out of the path of the car?"

God replied, "I didn't recognize you."



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# Bulletin Board

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### ◆ SUNDAY COMMUNITY EVENTS

Please call for details.

- October 30 Satsang at Viha (415) 472-5381  
November 20 Vipassana Day with Pradeepa (415) 455-9993  
December 11 Osho 80th Birthday Celebration  
at Viha (415) 472-5388  
January 1 Satsang at Anandi and Yogenas (415) 456-1626

Additional events to be announced by email and at  
[www.oshoviha.org/events](http://www.oshoviha.org/events).

- ◆ **Kundalini Meditation:** Mondays, 5:30 pm (sharp). \$5;  
Circle Center in Fairfax. Contact Ramakumar (415) 456-6893.

## SOUTH BAY

- ◆ **Osho Information Center in San Jose:** For information please  
contact Amaresh at (650) 814-2816.
- ◆ **Santa Cruz:** Meditations Tuesdays 7:30 to 9 pm;  
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## NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

- ◆ **Harbin Hot Springs:** Kundalini on Mondays, 3 pm. Please contact  
Hasyo at (707) 987-9153; [hasyo2@yahoo.com](mailto:hasyo2@yahoo.com).

## EAST BAY

- ◆ **Osho Birthday Celebration with Peter Makena**  
December 10, 7:30 pm; 7th Heaven Yoga Studio, 2820 7th Street,  
Berkeley, CA 94710; Naresh (510) 658-1290
- ◆ **Osho Evening** at Sharda and Naresh's on the first Thursday  
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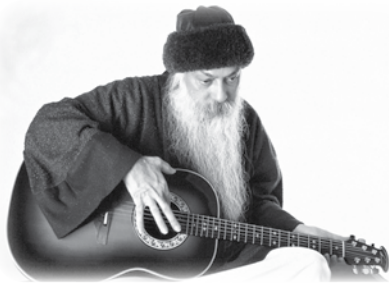
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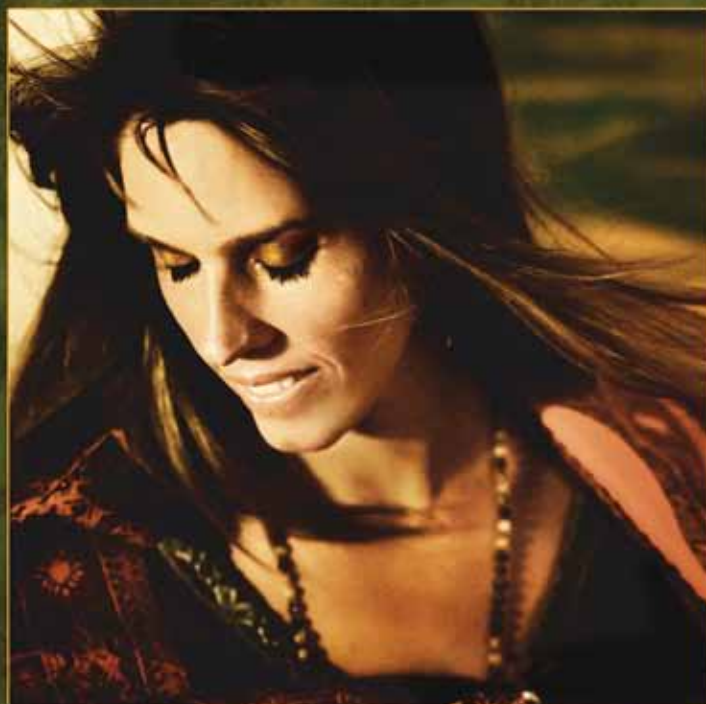
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