

Conversations with Luiz Omkar



Shakun Narain & Luiz Omkar

The rungs of the ladder
are mysterious ones,
But the sweet Lord awaits
at the end of the climbing
~ Luiz Omkar

Spoken words convey a speaker's mind and heart
so does the written 'voice' reveal an author's
~ Shakun Narain

1

This book is the big bang born of a void...

Allow me to explain.

I lost my partner of 49 years and was left with
an empty pit...while loved ones held my hand,
Luiz came on the scene...

How did I get to know him? In his own words
“Going from site to site, I arrived at your site Dal
Sabzi for the Atman (shakunkimatrai.com) where
I got to a book that captured my attention in a
special way ‘Dadi Nani ki kahani’. It was written
in a way that was very close to the actual
experience of having an elder telling the eternal
wonderful stories of the Holy Scriptures. ... I felt
that that book should reach to every school and

home in the world... so I hit on the button, contact Shakun.”

A little later he requested to be my friend on facebook ... I debated in my mind 'should I? Or should I not? After all one has heard of the perils of making an 'unknown' one's friend on facebook.

However, my mind told me: He has appreciated your website so is familiar with the way you think, and so he must be harmless... Is that a good argument? I don't really know, but my intuition said its ok and I have been in the habit of opening half closed doors... So I thought: let's give it a peep... And later see where the road leads...

One day we connected on messenger. I do not remember if he wrote to convey condolences for the loss of my husband or it was me reaching out to an 'unknown' friend who seemed 'safer' to share the turmoil in my mind with.

Bottom line: we started to share... Me, my roller coaster state and he 'his ear' Luiz is a great listener, and the latter I must say are in rare supply.

I once asked him: " I am using you as a listener, are you ok with that?"

And he replied: "totally ok, I really enjoy listening when someone is knowledgeable in these matters some call 'spiritual' it is a form of

'satsang' to me, I learn, I meditate and I am very grateful too...'

You may wonder dear reader how Luiz used the word 'satsang' well time to learn a little more about him.

To me Luiz is a friend from 'beyond'. He is knowledgeable, sensitive, spiritual, and intelligent and he lives across oceans.

In his own words: "If I should have any claims to being different, from the rest of mankind, that difference rests mainly in the fact of my being a lucid child. My memory was very solid and time/space not that much. 'It is funny to say that now more than half century later I can clearly recall myself in my crib and the elation I felt at that time for having a far less' local' consciousness

than adults normally have. I remember that as a child the frontiers between dream and reality were far less well defined and that I could sense other dimensions undreamt of. Other singular factor is that in many respects my mind had vast registers of information, not explainable by my present life conditions, things like sciences arts languages were already there. So much so that in some cases there was actually little to add.

When I was 8 I complained to my mother that my teachers had nothing to teach me. Happily my mother was comprehensive enough not to scold me on the spot...

Soon my interests split between the knowledge of west and east and things like yoga, Sanskrit and oriental music started to have a determining influence on me.

At that time, when a miracle such as the internet could not even be imagined. Again, I had to follow my intuition and that took me ever the more towards India.

Though genetically and culturally I had no ties to the great Bharat, I soon found myself loving that motherly culture from where all the highest blessings and opportunities seemed to come.

I had my years of pilgrimage and lonesome and laborious work when I came in touch with all the major religions and many minor ones. Took

music teaching and writing for profession and trusted an inner light to deliver me from the sway of Maya.

Some Masters enchanted me. I simply felt an irresistible drive to follow them. And so I did.

Many things may be said to have changed, but then again, this is a realm where words cannot penetrate.

I believe in miracles. I have seen some, and most of all the hardships of life and the solutions of the very problems that it presents, have taught me never to diminish God. He is the very infinite ocean of possibilities and more. He can create new roads that will take one from the desert and He can show us that not anything is ever impossible.

I asked : Tell me Luiz, when you say lucid. Does it mean you can gauge characters or past and future?

He replied: Mostly that I originally knew what people had to learn and also as I learnt later my evaluation of my perceptions was different at the same time, more intense as if it were not totally real.

I exclaimed: Gosh, that's intense! Not totally real?

He replied: Well as if I belonged to many different times and spaces... could live intensely

other cultures and epochs. But it was a hard stress on the physical and psychological frames. Only harmony or art or religion could reestablish balance for some time.

What Luiz said about himself when I prodded him to know more about him, did not surprise me... What really did, surprise me, was his answers to my questions. It was like almost always he hit the nail on the head. I asked him: how do you know me so well when you really don't?

And he replied: "sometimes the picture looks clearer from afar off "

I asked: "Even though you have never met me?

"

He replied: "that's not essential. The things that should be known shall always come by themselves.

...And I suppose that so will this book, if it has to come!



Conversations with
Luiz Omkar

2

Luiz gives me permission to share his wisdom

The good thing is that I started to save our electronic conversations with the purpose of reading it later at leisure... And today with his permission I am about to share it with you...

It was a day when as usual we were philosophizing about life!

I said: I think that it is so important to find what we were meant to do in life.

Luiz said: “it is a trial and error life, some find the right place and others don’t. But there are an infinity of factors behind apparent success and failure.

I asked: “Did you find your goal?”

He replied: “Found many goals, some others lie on the brink of the great void, still some others belong to what I now see as the future and may yet come true.”

I dreamily said: “ I wish we could talk about all these obstacles...I would love to learn...

Luiz continued: “Sometimes hurdles act like doors. It seems that our desires are the motivation that keeps us going, but that the real objective does not belong to us at all.

I asked: “ objective meaning fruits?”

Luiz continued: “ it means that we are part of a plan we know nothing about, Like a father that determines that his little son will be a doctor someday. The child knows nothing about how to become a doctor but the father does. So the

father says: “ if you go well in your studies I’ll give you a bicycle. The child studies for the bicycle but the father knows he is learning to become a doctor.

“Such a beautiful example”, I blurted

He continued: “ we live a series of small illusions while serving a far more complex objective. If we were told “ You are here to reveal your own godhead,” we would say “what madness”; then , by playing infinite games, step by step we become the fullness of the gods we never thought we could be,

Me : “Oh Luiz that is so well put...I am going to make you famous one day...I will share some of your wonderful answers if you will give me the permission...

Luiz laughed: But have them grammatically reviewed first!"

I insisted: "Seriously, do I have your permission...?"

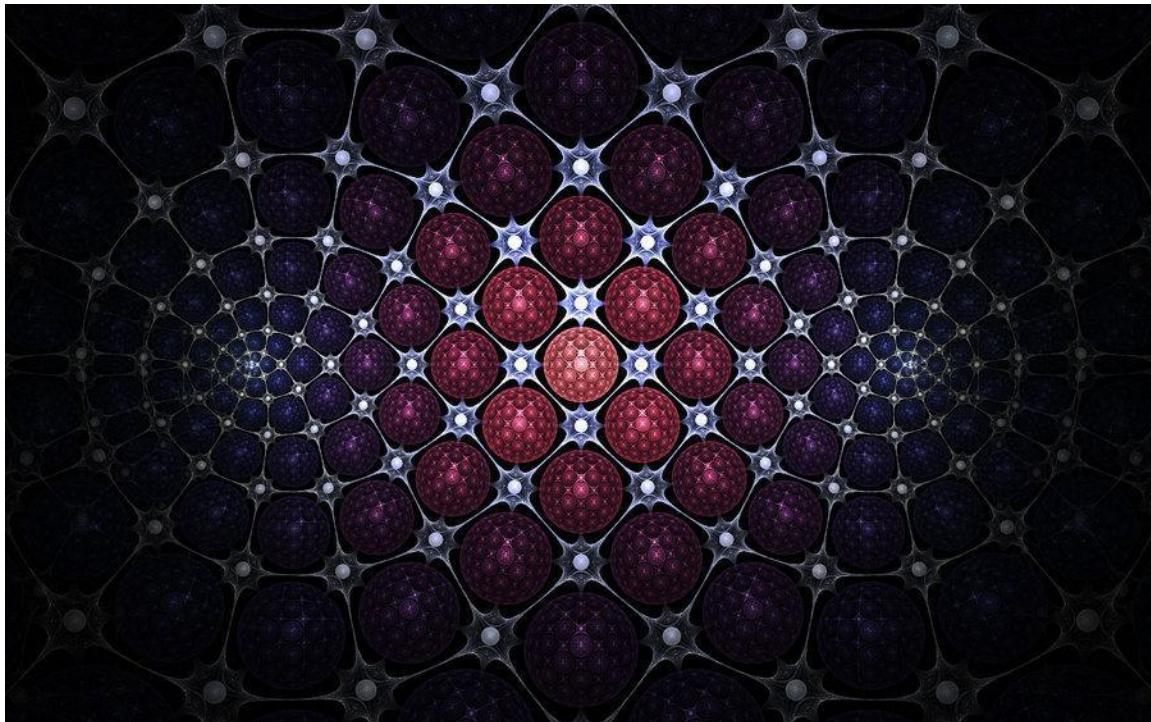
He answered "How can I withhold or grant the permission on the works of His consciousness?

It is His doing alone. Sometimes our old radios tune in a small spark of His infinite wisdom".

I asked: "So then are you leaving it upto me?"

He replied: Well, I am talking to you, then my words belong to you...

Amen!



3

Travels

From what Luiz has made me to understand and which I feel in my heart to be true, Luiz is a Hindu at heart, though he remains completely faithful to his Christian roots.

I like to share with Luiz my travels by means of photos and descriptions of the various places that I visit and I am sure that he is there in spirit. Luiz may have seen the world through my eyes, yet as he says, he yet finds grandeur in his little everyday things.

Rishikesh

Now join me on my trip to along to Rishikesh

It took me a few hours to reach Rishikesh from Mumbai and he exclaimed:

'Almost unbelievable. Where is time? What of space? You are really there? Wonderful!' And I replied: 'Yes. Wait I will show you the Ganga from our balcony.' And I did.

I said: 'Sitting now in the balcony watching the same scene I sent you, what else can one want? That is the truth of this moment.

And he advised: 'Be one with Her'

And I said: Manju just said: I am Feeling a fullness in my heart. To which Luiz replied: Echoes of love eternal....the veil is lifted in moments like that, a flash of reality may be felt. And I asked : 'Is the heavenly breeze blowing here reaching you? And he replied in the affirmative.

And I continued: My smile tells tales of gratitude, fulfillment, being in the lap of mother and feeling loved....what tales does the scenery tell you?

And he replied: "Home. The home of the self. The one and only reality, all the rest only points to....in that home you will find everything and

everyone you ever loved. And suddenly, you will see it so big as to accommodate the whole universe....our imagination is tainted by fear and desire, when that dark screen is taken off, all the infinite resourcefulness of God may be seen and enjoyed....Even Maya is measured by billions of light years, the odds are very favourable in such immensity ...Let your spirits fly

And I replied: It is...time stands still.

And I asked: Will this mood of mine last?

And he replied: The mood is like a clothing, the body remains under it. But you may opt for keeping it, but then life has to accommodate to that state.

So I asked: How?

And he replied: By living it in a collected way. As you may see, the senses hold a strong power.

The everyday grind of the mill may dissolve it.

To live in the world, and go untouched consumes immense energy.

Some of the great living Gods of India, managed to live a whole life in retirement. Those who had a permanent contact with the multitudes paid a price of some kind.

I mused: Maybe I should come more often (to these pilgrimage places) until I decide to live in some of them.

He said: In general, alternating periods of intense inner activity without a common

business brings a certain balance. As for living in some of these places, maybe, but the decision is not from the ego or for the ego, not like going to the spa for the pleasure of it. I ended, Let me, flow for now.

And he said: Tell me more of your experiences tomorrow. Remember me to Ma and pray for this fellow that he may find his way back to his Beloved land. Thank you for these images of a faraway paradise... geographically speaking, but so familiar to the spirit.



4

Fear

And this one day, we spoke about fear. Luiz doesn't like to talk much about himself, but once in a while, I prod and get lucky.

He revealed: As a citizen I am very Anglo-Germanic, in spirit lavishly Indian. From Brazil, I have inherited the love for life and nature, the gift for relaxing and making philosophy out of life with much humour....a good shake of sorts.

I had gone for a lecture on fear and decided to share some points with him.

1. Fear is an opportunity. An invitation to grow, we are stronger than we think.

2. Face your fear. Become the right disciple and the Master will appear.
3. A human needs to explore
4. Life is worth exploring....happiness is the result of effort.
5. Trust yourself.
6. We all come to life with a potential

And I asked what he thought of the points:

He replied: Not only us, every species living on earth (experience fear). Only that fear in animals exert no psychological pressure or a very small one.... we suffer for our sufferings, we analyze them, dwell on them, magnify them. For an animal, there is only the present manifestation.

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5

Relationships

We were talking about the sadness one feels when relationships deteriorate in quality ...

I said: 'Sometimes relationships meet a point where one does not necessarily 'hate' but does not want to be in the presence of the person disliked, even if one 'has to' ... I could not understand my feelings...

Luiz said : ...you are not willing to stir it .

Feelings are more manageable when they lay quiet.

Many of our reactions happen at levels we have little or no control on... Before being rational we

have been reactive beings, and still are. See the 'opponent' as part of the immense Leela, and he plays the part assigned to him as any of us...

Talking of sadness Luiz mused : ...I tell myself that no matter how heavenly or excruciating painful a day may be, it always fades away in the darkness of the night. But there's always that 'something' that remains unaltered, unruffled by change, likes and dislikes by our plentiful adjectivation!

When I spoke with Luiz it reminded me of my conversations with Swami Nirmal Chetan so I figured he was a Swamiji too...

Luiz was unruffled , he quickly answered: ' I think that distinctions are made by our minds

the same way colours are made by things. The reflection creates different frequencies but Light is only one. Therefore you may take me like that too. Manifestation indeed is in you who reflects.

6

Depression

It was one of those days I was feeling down in the dumps and figured I was horrible company and Luiz said “In that respect messaging is quite artificial.

It gives the idea that we always have something to say or rather, that we are always in the mood for saying it. When we have someone by us, we can enjoy those moments of boredom in silence.”

I said, “I have done nothing today and I don’t feel like doing anything, maybe will talk to you later when I have something to say”

And I asked him, “Do you have anything to say?” and he laughed, “Never”.

That remark so reminded me of Swamiji and I told him so.

Luiz continued: “The one who says things is the dirty mirror. When I look for myself there is only Tat (that) – the nameless. When someone asks a thing or when a Leela is performed, that is only a response of prakriti (nature).

Many masters talked a lot, but kept to themselves the idea of unreality of that all.”

I said, “Yes you are right...and tell me, have you experienced the ultimate?”

And he replied, “No! if I said I had, obviously it could not have been the ultimate!”

So, I said, “That’s not fair...tell me anyway”

He replied “Ultimate is only a word. Call it God, Moksh, Nirvana... It is only mind, it is only yourself. The real deal is beyond that all, when it comes, it leaves its seal branded under the form of compassion. Even that ‘compassion’ is paradoxical, but is the last anchor that holds the Sadguru on earth for a while”

7

Death | Dying

I was speaking to Luiz about a friend who was going through an acute health problem and had requested me to pray for her release from pain by the embrace of death.

Luiz remarked, “It should feel very limiting to her. In cases like hers the mind starts working for the negative...”

By the above I was reminded of another case where the patient was living alone and independent but as soon as she shifted to her daughters house and was well looked after, she just let herself go and physically and mentally...

I said, “Maybe when one is alone, one has to be more alert and that I suppose is good for the brain”

Luiz remarked, “We all hide behind ‘doing’, that is what entertainment is all about...”

I asked, “So then what is better?”

He replied, “Therapeutically better is different from ‘better’ which by its turn is nothing REAL. When someone has an ailment one doesn’t choose to stop and meditate. Sometimes that sudden stop is too heavy for the unprepared mind. Activities should be provided.”

I asked, “So what you are saying? is meditation is best and activities second best?”

Luiz said, “Stimulation is best. When the body is healed, then meditation may come or not. In a state of frailty, mind may discover things it is not prepared for. Our nature gets too uncovered and that is scary”.

I exclaimed, “Oh God, and most of us have to go through it”

He said, “I always contemplate how unprepared we are to give our life back to Him.

Sometimes we can’t break loose of a cup.

Then a whole process of divesting comes, we may lose sight, feel pain, lose consciousness, dignity, self-esteem...Nature takes back all it has given, that is the ultimate nakedness we should go to in order to go on with the journey”.

He paused and continued, “And it is (death and infirmities) only there somewhere, stalking.

We do not know when or how (it may come).

That is why mind hides behind ‘doing’. We go

crazy if we just let the feeling (of death and dying) creep up”.

And then on a more positive note he ended, “The very good news that when the bond with the Lord is solid built in life, He will take care of that too. He can claim the soul from Yamaraj (The God of Death) and things get so much better”.

He then left chirpily stating, “Lunch break, philosophical workshop will re-open shortly”.

After the workshop re-opened, I shared with him this poem.

Miss me - but let me go
When I come to the end of the road
And the sun has set for me,

I want no rites in a gloom filled room

Why cry for a soul set free?

Miss me a little – but not too long

And not with your head bowed low

Remember the love that we once shared

Miss me but let me go.

For this a journey that we all must take

And each must go alone

It's all a part of the Master's plan

A step on the road to home.

When you are lonely and sick of heart,

Go to the friends we know

And bury your sorrows in doing good deeds

Miss me but let me go.

Author Unknown

I remarked, “That is very much of what we all should do and what the departing ones deserve. But tough, isn’t it?”

He added, “and unavoidable. Indeed our remembrances are our own version of that person...we miss ourselves, the experiences we had with that one that shall not return.”

I said, “True, but still tough. The ‘never’ is what is hard”.

He said, “‘Never’ is an important element of the Leela (the play of the world), but I don’t think it is like that in every level of consciousness”.

I replied, “We don’t really know...all is conjecture...it is only the heart that feels that it can never be never”.

He replied, “Much is said but we still know so little that it may cause us to think ‘knowing’ is not our role here. We put our own concepts on pedestals and altars for as long as that may be a solace and we put them down only to create new ones”.

I said, “So true but what of the heart? Solace only?”

Luiz said, “As any other of our paths it has many functions. It is our higher brain. It often connects with different frequencies; the

planes we call divine. But it is a set of boxes
inside boxes inside boxes..."

I mused, "Love doesn't hurt, need does. I like
what you write about the heart...so well
put...bottom line; it connects with different
frequencies and boxes inside boxes. And if it
is well tuned it will know a lot"

He said, "It has the intuition of those things, our
psychic lives, turned away from nature
cannot accept. Psychic life is built around an
ego full of diseases and traumas and
frustration and imbalance. It seems to want
love, but it wants only self-enjoyment and
self-magnifying"

I said, “Complicated isn’t it? Boxes within boxes? Mind...wants love but confuses it...and so on and so forth...let’s make it simple, can we?”

He said, “No. for our best trying is also only pretence. The way out of it is the way out of “I” and out of the play itself. If some silence may be achieved, then the natural shine of the Heart will be perceived and it will grow by itself.”

So I said, “Lost cause? No! I believe in love, in caring, in bringing a smile which in turn gives me one...in Bhakti. Why think too much...? Maybe feel more?”

So he replied, “The heart has its own voice, eventually it will be heard...Many masters admit that one good step forward is abandoning the intention of doer-ship, as you say we should rather follow the flow. That flow is the highest order behind every little chaos...when at the theatre you make yourself comfortable and enjoy the story going on, you don’t attempt to correct the players’ lines or to bring the villain to his senses. At the end, some characters were happy, some were not and you had fun all the same.”

8

Suffering of Saints

It was a day when I was discussing Yogananda of ‘Autobiography of a Yogi’ fame.

In fact I had just seen the movie documentary ‘Awake’ and I was discussing it with Luiz.

I said, “It was interesting. I didn’t know that Yogananda had gone through heartbreak and difficulties...then how may we be spared?”

Luiz replied, “He himself and lately his followers from self-realization fellowship hushed that down as much as possible. He had to face a difficult period in the US and met much incomprehension and opposition. He was sent away from the country and while living

there was constantly under vigilance. The Press accused him of subversive activities and so on.”

I said, “Yes, was surprised to learn that...well such is life...Bernadette, Meera, Sita, Jesus...’people’ spared no one”.

Luiz said, “But they carried on their work... message and example and kept on inspiring millions every day. Oppositors disappeared, Dharma remained. They speak from their heart from an unswerving faith and dedication. That’s why after so many years we are still moved by their testimony.”

9

Need to be needed - Ego

Need to be needed - Ego

It so happened one day that I was speaking to a friend about the ‘need to be needed’, being the game of the ego...Later I asked Luiz if he saw the connection.

(Strangely , As it often happens Luiz and I discuss or write similar things around the same time) so I was not really surprised when Luiz immediately replied, “I was writing about that yesterday and today – ‘The Need to be needed’. The constant quest for comfort, love and recognition”.

I replied, “Really, but where does the ego come in? The need to be appreciated?”

Luiz replied, “Validated, yes. That is why solitude has always played such an important part in spiritual discipline. In loneliness the idea of pride is abandoned, no reflex, no self-idolatry. Narcissus is dead.

I said, “Oh dear, never thought of it like that...That is why it is said that in real ‘love’ two are not required”.

Luiz added, “Love is a mirror, self-magnifying. In two what is seen is ‘I’; In ‘I’ what is seen is ‘He’”. I smiled and asked, “and ego? Where does it fit in?”

Luiz replied, “It is there all the time, playing roles, supposing and creating all things, playing both the part of the led loved and the beloved, alternating floods of tears and smiles and trying to survive as a separate entity against all odds”. I exclaimed, “God! The solution I suppose is to see ‘it’.”

And Luiz in his inimitable way of replying stated, “and who is there to ‘see’ it?”

I said, “The loved and the beloved”

Luiz replied, “These are roles, how can they know the only reality?”

I laughed and said, “I don’t know, I’m confused”

Luiz explained, “A new kind of love makes its entrance here, will name it ‘Love’. It much resembles the ego-magnifying ‘Love’ but it works in a reverse way”.

“Reverse way?”, I asked.

Luiz answered, “It grinds the ego, burns its dust and washes that powder away.

I was dumbfounded and exclaimed, “Wow”.

Luiz continued, “Then to attract the aspirant, something still more desirable than his own ego has to be shown”

“and...?”, I asked

Luiz continued, “and that is a divine part...the ‘all attractive’. He penetrates the soul like a wedge, subtly insinuating Himself, to the point the aspirant wants his own lesser self no more so enamored he becomes of the Lord.”

I thought about it and gently shared, “Lately I have been imploring Krishna to sit in my heart...nothing else will do”

He answered, “That is it. There comes a day, when not even the finest of the finest, the earth and people have to offer, would do”.

Softly I said, “But He eludes”.

And Luiz gently replied, “That is how it feels. Indeed it is the seer who cannot see Him. Also when He beckons to you from a point that

seems to recede ever farther, He wants you to climb even higher”.

10

Lent

At the time of the above conversation, Luiz was observing Lent and he was subsisting on hardly any nourishment. So I asked him, “Are you keeping well, you are eating so little...”

He replied, “I eat very well I’d say...Sometimes it is good to pay attention to other forms of nourishment. There is an immense field ahead, sometimes it seems like solid ground but is a marsh. One cannot rely on the mind to differentiate among its own illusions and reality...”

I asked, “When will you tell me about it?”

Luiz smiled and said, “Indeed there is a lot to say...some of the best parts are totally illusive and hard to capture in words. Most of it is an attitude, a focused will towards the objective and perhaps a pinch of courage. But at the end of it, I’ll tell you as much as you may care to know”.



Depression

Everything one needs to search for, may be googled except when one needs to find oneself.

But how does one ‘find oneself?’

By self enquiry.

In popular spiritual parlance the ‘self enquiry’ leads to awareness.

When one dives deep into oneself and enquires, one tends to deceive oneself and therefore a guru is required to help. Sometimes a knowledgeable and sensitive friend who cares about your spiritual progress can do the trick.

It was one of the 'down in the dump's days when I did not have the energy to do anything. But I was obviously motivated enough to speak with Luiz as I have come to know that conversations with him possess an uncanny gift to lift my spirits!

So I conveyed to him that I was depressed.

He in turn asked me: "What would you like to do today?"

And I replied: "Nothing"

So he extracted the first smile from me when he stated: "So your wishes come true, since you wish to do nothing, well, do nothing!"

Luiz seriously and compassionately continued his query: "Tell me, how are you passing your time?"

I replied: "Walking and doing my chant"

He continued: "according to Thich Nhat Hahn, walking is praying, praying is walking...Buddhists believe that that is a high manifestation of dharma!"

That line generally is a cue for me to start a philosophical discussion, but that day I confessed: " I

think I am horrible company today and you will soon be bored."

Luiz replied: "in that respect messaging is quite artificial. It gives the idea that we always have something to say or rather, that we are always in the mood for saying it. "

I asked him: "do you have anything to say?

And he laughed: "Never!"

And I was reminded of Swami Nirmal Chetan, who also often used to say: "ask me questions if you want me to say something...because otherwise, I have nothing to say!"

Luiz continued: "the one who says things is the dirty mirror. When I look for myself there is only 'Tat' the nameless. When someone asks a thing or when, Leela, is performed, that is only a response of 'Prakriti'.

Many Masters talked a lot, but kept to themselves the idea of unreality of that all.

The lofty thought that Luiz expressed gave birth to my next question. I asked: "tell me, have you experienced the Ultimate?"

And he winked and stated: "No! If I said I had, obviously it couldn't have been the Ultimate!"

Dissapointed, I blurted: "That's not fair...tell me anyway"

He obliged and replied: "Ultimate' is only a word. Call it God, Moksha, Nirvana...it is only mind, it is only yourself. The real deal is beyond that all, when it comes, it leaves its seal branded under the form of compassion. Even that compassion is paradoxical , but is the last anchor that holds the Satguru on earth for a while."

But tell me, he asked: "have you been asking yourself what you really want now? What your innermost motivation is? That usually sets things on a clean track.

After a short break I was ready with my answer, well sort of!

I said: "I sat in my temple room and centred myself...I did ask, as you advised: "what I really was looking for, but the answer that I got was: "I am free!"

Luiz sounded surprised when he asked me: "No wants?"

"No!" I replied.

He smiled and said: "that may lead to boredom!"

"No such chance I said and proceeded to mention my busy schedule for the next few days!

"That means that slowing down today is very welcome." He said.

Around that time I started to 'dip' again and I told him so.

"Are you feeling anxious about something? "he asked.

"Maybe about my imminent trip...I have started to dip again"! I stated.

He asked again "have you surfaced? "that was fast!
"Fast to surface?"

"No! fast to dip back" I replied

"I think that I need to centre some more...but does this happen?" I enquired

"Sure!" he replied. "We all have a radioactive nucleus, the anxieties and fears and suppression...a whole subconscious universe...some things which were in the pit may come to surface also. Let them come and have a good look at their funny faces" he concluded with an affectionate smile.

JOY AND SORROW complete

What a blessing friendship is...the comfort of a touch, a smile, a familiar voice...it is specially great when one is feeling down, to choose someone who has the knack of cheering you up... then just a moment's conversation may be enough to Soak up each word of encouragement...an opportunity to laugh, and then provide a sympathetic and grateful response...

I have often told Luiz that you are my doctor and psychiatrist besides being a 'pen friend' I have also told him that he is a great 'listener' and then asked him if he does not mind me 'boring' him to listen to my constant chatter... and he responded: I do not mind... specially if the person is knowledgeable in what is known as 'spirituality'...it then becomes a 'satsang' for me..."

So once during one of our conversations, I said to him that I had observed that joy and dejection are like clouds that just pass by ...

Luiz clad in the wisdom that he has accumulated over long years of study and contemplation, replied: "yes, so much so that some believe that those feelings are not even our own, but the result of other surrounding intelligences. Both states alternate so often..."

I added pensively: "I do know that joy can only come from within..."

Luiz said: "ever so often we see or hear the same things but with such a diverse result...as our eyes and ears change, there are vast dormant oceans in our subconscious mind. Sometimes we don't see the causes, we cannot relate our moods to forgotten facts and people, but the emotional symptoms surge like the waves of that sea..." then addressing me, he declared: "you are fine right now. You may feel differently according to the mood you are in, but you are not 'less' in any sense. Sometimes even the finest instruments need tuning, then the sounds it produces don't seem so melodious, but once the process is over, it will sing again in all its richness."

I beamed a radiant smile and exclaimed: "I just knew that you would lift my spirits"

But my 'ego booster' had no 'ego enhancing' effect on Luiz.

He continued as if in a trance: He has all moods in Himself, all feelings and states, those are His playthings, but He is never touched or changed by them. In that respect we provide Him with our emotions to His enjoyment but He remains essentially untouched. His detachment is slowly communicated to His children so that even among

tears they can keep in mind that it is all His will and play."

Another thought then entered my mind...I had recently changed the curtains, mattress and upholstery in my bedroom...so I wondered aloud: "Maybe the reason for my feeling, a little 'out of sorts' is the fact that I have made so many changes in my bedroom...I suppose I shall continue to feel like that until the 'new comers' absorb my vibrations" I asked.

Luiz replied: "Subtle high qualitative instruments are sensitive even to the humidity of the room and have to be treated with care. It is a curious and a true experiment that when a student of violin is having problems with his sound, the master plays on the instrument for a few minutes and then it becomes more pliant to the student's hands, and sounds richer...the same goes for an archer who has been missing the target. The master shoots some 3 shots with the bow and the next time the student tries, he hits the target easily."

Bringing Luiz attention back to the discussion at hand I said: "actually I should be thrilled by the fact that I should be feeling happy having acquired a new

mattress, curtains, upholstery...but I feel kind of lost..."

Luiz replied: "Yes, the resonance was lost for a time, it is like singing in a padded cell..."

"I said: "in a way, it is appropriate...I have to leave my past behind...new beginnings..."

Luiz seemed to approve of my last observation as he quickly replied: "that is real courage, where energies don't get stagnant, disease is not possible. Nature is a constant flow..."

I meekly said: " wish me strength

And encouragingly he replied: " you are strong, it is only that some 'times' are more demanding than others..."

I looked at my new curtains and mused: "it is all so beautiful...green curtains to match the greenery outside...vibrant colours at the cost of looking gaudy...but never mind..."

I smiled and he smiled back and said: "now you should make it yours, imbibe it all with your vibrations. Make it your ritual, your celebrations.

There will be a mutual blending. But whenever something intimate is changed it always feels like an energetic revolution, one may even get sick..."

I interrupted I hope my 'sick' days are over.

And he reassured with a smile they are, you still have many adventures ahead and should be sound and safe for them...time makes, time destroys, time recreates.

Luiz barely talks about himself, and I am aware enough to realize that 'it is all about me' and I often complain and coax him to say something about himself.

This time, taking a philosophical twist to the conversation, he stated: "yes! It's always about 'me' that's all we can think of, all that we think we have. I urged with a smile: " so then let's talk about you...and I know now you will say that your time is up!

He accidentally pressed the folded hand sign and said:

"I pressed it accidentally and laughingly stated perhaps the folded hands are telling me that my time is up...and then seriously continued the best things are those that remain beyond words..."

I agreed: "that's true I said, today I heard that someone wrote an autobiography and called it 'Words'.

"Words it is" he said...symbols of other realities. While our 'selves' remain a mystery to our own eyes.

This time I mused from a deeper space and said: "you know we are empty space...I feel it sometimes."

And he continued on the trend that I picked up and said:

"that shakes the foundations of the mind. We get so fast and easily to the unknown. The barrier prevents our going any further..."

"Maya pulls us back" I added

He continued: "again we name the 'unknown' to create the illusion of some familiarity and control.

"What to do?" I asked as if to myself, "maya understands maya"

"It does" he agreed ..."meanwhile we give ourselves to its huge play"

"A game of chess" I offered

And he added: "with tons of attachment more..."

I said: "well! that's life... you win some you lose some"

And he smiled and said: "that makes chess seem so simple and comfortable"

And continuing our discussion I mused: "it is relations and expectations that make life complicated...actually life is the way it is ...it is simple...love is simple...it is when we expect the other to toe our line that it becomes obsessive and

complicated...everyone walks to the beat of their unseen drummer..."

And before blessing me with a good night of rest that would bring a new dawn of happiness and enlightenment in a brand new light heart...he added: "And every now and then we may even dance a jig to the rhythm of our unseen drummer"

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