

Tanshui

The Inner Journey

First Book

MARIBOL SOLE

Self-help and sharing book
Of the origins of the ancient art of Tanshui

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Today

After two years I returned to the Master's with my husband. When we arrived at our destination, I noticed that nothing seemed to have changed: noise, disorder and chaos were the backdrop to the stalls, shacks and houses with gardens.

Barefoot children played in the middle of the street and took turns tugging at us. These constant little assaults endangered our already precarious balance, and dragging our suitcases across the pavement became a real feat. After all, all that animation expressed their vitality, a spontaneous joy rarely seen in the West.

Standing leaning against a counter, one man smoked and another chewed tobacco, which he then spit on the ground amid the indifference of passersby. An elderly woman was sweeping the doorway holding her back bent in two; seeing her bent over and dusty, I wondered why brooms were not used in this place. There had to be an explanation. Perhaps it was a way unknown to us to prostrate ourselves and bring spirituality into daily actions or more simply a tradition of the place. All of this fascinated and intrigued me, but more importantly, it helped me see things differently. Increasingly tired from the journey and dazed, we walked through the village finally arriving at the hotel. As soon as we were handed the keys we started looking for directions to find our room. We were very happy to find that it was in a quiet and independent place. Upon entering, I threw my backpack and shoes to the floor and dove onto the beautiful bed decorated

with flower petals. I kept my face bathed in perfume while my heart was swollen with joy. I am home, I thought, home at last!

While my husband, fell asleep almost immediately, I got up with no small reluctance to take a shower and join Master.

As I approached the beach I saw in the distance a silhouette blending into the shimmering sea. I quickened my pace. The wind was blowing hard and the sun's rays were filtering through the clouds creating patches of light on the water. For a moment I was literally enraptured by that scenery, but as soon as I realized this, I immediately tried to regain eye contact with the Master. I scrutinized his face to catch the changes left by time, but the serenity and calm he conveyed was unchanged and, indeed, after so long, perhaps even greater.

Now I had more experience, and in this new awareness I would understand much more of his teachings (or so I hoped).

I approached and realized that He was meditating. Even though I was only two meters away from Him, He appeared as distant as the Moon. That was the effect He sometimes had on me. Yet, by reaching out a hand, I could have touched Him, and at that thought my heart opened.

I sat opposite him, slightly shifted to his right so as not to disturb him. I also tried to meditate, but

my mind, still full of chaos and weariness, jumped from one thought to another, from one state of mind to another.

The Master raised a hand and, slowly, moved it through the air.

From that very instant I felt a wave of stillness envelop me and sweep away the flow of thoughts and all my desire to communicate. In a split second I was able to reconcile with myself, to come home, to come back into myself.

After a few minutes above my head a large space opened up, and I was enveloped by a wonderful sense of peace, calm and surrender.

"How come in His presence all anxiety disappears?", I thought with a sigh. I opened my eyes for a moment and stared at Him: His radiance flooded the space transmuting everything into peace and love. I lowered my head in reverence for what I was feeling, and gradually entered meditation. *"How I wish I could stay like this forever!"* I thought.

Who knows how much effort and trials I would still have to go through to stabilize myself in that state.

Suddenly his quiet voice broke the silence:

"Sister dear, does true love require effort?"

His eyes filled with intensity as a smile lit up his gaze.

"How can a natural process be forced? Does a flower strive to give off its fragrance? Does a plant strive to bear fruit?"

He closed his eyes for a few moments, and when he opened them again his expression had changed. He seemed to want to look beyond my physical presence, and I felt myself transfixed by his gaze.

"The master is like the tree. Now you sit here hoping to taste the fruit of this tree. And that would be an effort? Then, for you it will be! For others it will be a pleasure, a gesture that will give meaning to their path. One day it will no longer be enough for you to sit here, you will long to get up, reach out a hand and taste the nectar of happiness. When you have tasted it you will climb to the top, because it still won't be enough for you. Will that also be an effort?"

He got up, picked up his *mala*, slipped on his slippers and left, and I followed him with my eyes as I felt my motionless body sink into the sand. Discouraged I went back to the hotel thinking that maybe things, after two years, had not changed so much.

First Step

I thought back to when a couple of years ago I made the decision to go on a long meditative vacation.

The spring went off one morning after waking up from a recurring dream; I found myself crying with a *hole in my chest* that wouldn't close. It was the last call, I thought! If I went any further, if I ignored that call one more time, the void would swallow me forever! I decided to respond to that exhortation with a courage and determination unknown to me, and that same day I returned home clutching a plane ticket reservation in my hands.

Forty years old, good health, no children, and a husband with whom I shared practically everything, both humanly and spiritually. I had an independent profession and good English, plus I had just come out of a long illness that had changed me to the core and being in the midst of transformation I wished to indulge my soul.

I explained to my husband that I felt close to true abandonment, but something was preventing me from crossing the threshold. It was my path, my own life, that was asking me for that break. *"Maybe there I will find a missing piece of the puzzle. Let it be so! Make it so that I can go beyond my fears, that I can overcome this block, this modesty, and that I can manifest myself to finally be who I am!"* He understood with a look that nothing would put me off and agreed that I would live this experience alone; with a suitcase and a lot of determination I left.

As soon as I arrived in the capital, the taxi driver warned me that a car bomb had recently exploded in front of the hotel. "Good start," I thought. That incident was the cause of disorder and chaos, and as a result I encountered lengthy registration at the front desk.

I also needed to reserve a car for the following day and a driver willing to grind many miles. After waiting for a very long time for an English group to register, I could finally pick up my keys and get to my room.

I threw myself on the bed, but I could not sleep. So, to pull in the dinner hour, I went to the pool. The sky was leaden, the air humid and heavy; I returned to my room drenched in sweat and after a refreshing shower I turned on the television.

"That's the last time I'll look at you," I thought; I still didn't know what my life would be like for more than two months without TV, books, music and computers. I thought of my husband, and suddenly I saw his green eyes above me: they were sad and worried.

I called him to tell him that I had arrived and to reassure him about the news of the bombing that the news had already broadcast. He knew where I was heading and that the place was safe and so I reassured him.

The next morning I woke up early and left early to reach my destination. A dated and very dirty car was waiting for me outside the hotel. The driver only chewed a few words of English, but the most shocking thing was to see the state of the seat where I was to travel in that heat: the leather that

originally covered it was so worn from use and time that a nice spotted wool blanket had been stretched over it in order to use it, and it did not seem like a good choice. The village was not known and unfortunately my map not detailed enough to help, so we proceeded by trial and error.

The strange smell I smelled, the exaggerated heat and the dust I breathed in through the rolled-down windows were nothing compared to the counter cars, the slow pace of carts loaded with merchandise, the animals left in the middle of the road, and the constant asking the wrong people for directions.

Finally arriving near the village, I was dropped off at the only hotel in the area where I was assigned a room.

The real adventure would begin three days later, right there in the jungle, with monkeys bouncing from plant to plant, squirrels stealing my breakfast, and iguanas quenching their thirst undisturbed in the pool.

Second Step

The next day, at the suggestion of a hotel attendant, I went to the village bazaar. I was determined to find a decent and permanent accommodation.

The son of an elderly lady had emigrated to seek work in Kuwait. She had left her house/hut uninhabited for more than three months and her mother, to supplement her meager income, rented it to me for a reasonable price.

I returned to the hotel satisfied, but also distressed at the thought of the outdoor bathroom I would have to use once I was settled. I had little appetite, and that evening after a frugal meal I decided to go to bed early to recover from the trip. Unfortunately, however, I had not reckoned with the soundtrack that was waiting for me. Between the barbs of elephants and the monsoon, I got up several times to check the door. I could hear knocking, a sound that resembled a "*knock-knock*," but when I opened the door I saw no one. I thought it was a prank. The next morning I told an attendant about the episode and discovered to my surprise it was a local bird who liked to have fun like this. I was walking toward the beach when I suddenly heard a great commotion and saw a horse running toward me. As I rationally tried not to get agitated, I spotted a whole herd of wild horses galloping right in my direction.

Panicked, I began to run, trying to get to safety. Panting, I reached a narrow road that led to a temple. I leaned against the gate to catch my breath. I stopped for a few minutes still trembling, and in the meantime I saw a score of children in

uniform and in single file probably headed for school. On the other side some women were arguing animatedly in front of an elderly man who was watching them. Although I was agitated, at the sight of these people, I calmed down. I opened my backpack, looking for a paper handkerchief to wipe my face, drank some water and headed down the path.

My senses, made more alert by the events that had just occurred, were returning very intense sensations.

I heard a chorus of melodious voices caressing my ears, while my nostrils were prompted by the scent of flowers with which girls, sitting on coconut mats, were making garlands of flowers or *hurt*; continuing to walk in the direction I had set for myself, I passed a few huts, piles of garbage, more huts and finally a stream. I walked along it for about fifty meters, when the vegetation became sparser and a wonderful scenery opened up before my eyes. I realized immediately that this was not the tourist beach near the village. Without realizing it I had headed in the opposite direction and got lost. I was now facing a small cove enclosed on the left by dense vegetation and on the right by mountains that sloped down steeply to the sea. Half-hidden by shrubs, I saw a hut that offered to my view a glimpse of rural life; at the back, a neat vegetable garden, laundry hanging between two palm trees, and a cow wandering inside the fence. Suddenly two turkeys, who had all the appearance of being the guardians of the hut and its inhabitants, headed toward me menacingly. They definitely did not make me feel welcome. I observed them better: they were very strange. I had never seen such ugly ones. In fact, they were just funny to the point that I could not contain myself and burst out laughing. That's the

moment when, with my eyes filled with tears from laughter, I lifted my gaze and saw him.

He stood before the sea. The breeze shook his white *doti*, as white as the foam of the waves from the sea breaking on the sand.

He was moving his right hand through the air, bringing it slowly and cuttingly from his forehead to his chest, as if he wanted to separate his body into two identical halves. Enchanted by the grace of his movements I stood there observing him until I felt the urge to go toward Him. As I continued unhurriedly on my way in His direction, my backpack slipped from my shoulder, bumping into the fence. The noise I had caused made me feel like an intruder even though he did not turn around. I silently decided to leave, but a mysterious force, heedless of my decision, began to move my steps. One foot in front of the other literally carried me toward the sea and toward Him. I did not even notice that I was already behind Him when without turning around and speaking good English He said, "*Finally you have arrived, I have been waiting for you.*" My heart began to beat so fast that I thought it wanted to come out of my chest.

He turned around, and I felt small, much smaller than my six feet. At first I believed a mistaken identity. In a low voice I asked, "*Sorry, have we met?*" He burst into thunderous laughter and replied, "*for so long, you have no excuse for being late.*"

We sat on the floor facing each other and talked at length about things that it is not possible for me to recount for now. I can simply say that chance does not exist, and if it did, I would bless it for the rest of my life!

A couple of hours later he asked me to suspend the meeting and return in the afternoon. He explained the route to the village from his hut, but because I was afraid I would get lost, I asked him if I could draw a map with his help. Back at the hotel I lay on the bed strangled, unable to stop thinking about that meeting.

I reflected on his words and the emotions that had been aroused in me. It was all so strange that it seemed like a hallucination; but awakening was upon us and I could no longer hold back my emotions, so I cried. I was dazed and confused, but also happy to begin to remember who I was and why I was there.

I fell asleep and when I woke up I thought with relief that it had been a dream; still groggy I threw myself into the shower and suddenly I remembered Him, his deep gaze and the name he used when addressing me and my skin crawled. But then I felt like a fool, I thought that he had confused me with someone else, maybe with a woman who was writing to him and whom he had never seen, that must have been it, that's the arcane revealed!

"*I'll go there today and tell them,*" I thought. I asked an attendant who the man was. He looked at me sideways and reluctantly replied that the man was a *Satguru*, who was from Kashmir and had chosen to live in hermitage; he also added that it was not appropriate to disturb him. Well, thank goodness! I consoled myself with the thought that he was not a lunatic or a trickster. An enlightened master. I wondered what an enlightened Master was doing here, alone in the jungle. My mind began to speculate: would he be fleeing a

war or someone? Would he be ill? What if he was suffering from a contagious disease? As my thoughts overlapped in my mind absent-mindedly I stumbled upon a branch hidden by leaves. "*Ouch!*" I exclaimed. I heard a little voice coming from somewhere inside me saying, "*Do you see that thinking wrong gets you hurt?*"

Yet I wanted to be positive, to stay positive, calm and centered. I breathed deeply and continued on. By the time I reached Him again the sun was low. He was sitting on the *tachat* cross-legged, hands in His lap and eyes closed.

From a distance he looked like a statue of salt, motionless and proud. I wondered how old he could be: he was not old, but not very young either. He had slightly amber skin, regular features, but what struck me most were his hands: he moved them through the air performing precise, slow and delicate gestures. I called out to him, but received no answer; I realized later that he was in deep *meditation*. I decided to stay and wait until he was back in his awareness. The energy was very strong. I sensed such strength that initially it was difficult for me to remain sitting next to Him. My heart was also beating fast. My mind, on the other hand, was confused, full of doubts and questions, questions that demanded answers. He sensed my state of mind, raised a hand and said, "*Everything that needed to be said has already been said; do not ask more questions and proceed on your path.*"

I was astonished and a little surprised, but when he spoke to me again, his inspired words suddenly brought me back down to earth, to that earth. He looked into my eyes and said, "*Your heart will be touched by Grace, remember?*"

Strong chills began to run down my arms and my eyes filled with tears. I still felt the same emptiness open in the center of my chest and feelings as old as the mountains and the sea came out. Pain, joy, emotion, despair, devotion and rebellion. The mind was swallowed by an eclipse, disappeared to give way to the heart. Those were exactly the words with which my recurring dream ended. I was astonished, amazed and afraid.

"Who are you?", I thought, *"where are you from? What is your real name? What do you want from me? Or rather, what do I want from you? Why am I in this place?"* The Master silenced my mind by handing me a beautiful stone where there was a golden engraving. He said, *"Listen to it."*

"Listen to it! How do you listen to a stone?", I thought. At that point he handed it to me, asking me to place my hand on it. It was so shiny that I instinctively wanted to touch it. I placed the palm of my left hand on it and felt a current of energy rise up my arm. I tried with my right as well, but the sensation I experienced was different, almost like a tingling sensation. *"Sister dear, the hands are the extensions of the heart and in your palms the energy does not flow as it used to."*

How could he claim such a thing? What did He know deep down about me? I thought of all the classes I had taken and now He was coming to tell me that energy was not flowing in my palms! I was a bit puzzled, feeling like a little girl in front of a sand castle torn between kicking it and running away, or standing there spellbound admiring it.

Later His words were so profound and comprehensive that I returned to the heart being able to fully understand its

meaning. There is always something to learn I thought, I will take this opportunity to follow the way of the heart as He defines it.

I will take a break from the mind to follow the wisdom of the heart and discover my truth.

"It is the feeling that will lead you to discernment," he told me, "you will soon feel your connection and once you return home you will understand many things; for now I only ask you to remain open to your feeling and stay close to me. In the beginning you must do nothing; it is in too much doing and seeking that you destroy your being. Listen to your soul and let it speak to you, only then will you bring more balance within yourself. Create communication between your heart and mind through your hands, they know the language of the heart and will be able to guide you."

Sharing

Rest your left hand on Active Pad (lefties the right). Drop the other hand along the side. Close your eyes, relax and breathe normally. Let go and stay listening to what you feel for a couple of minutes. This tanki purifies the energy channels, called meridians in Chinese medicine and nadis in Indian philosophy.

Use it often and you will see that it will help you lighten up by making you more aware of yourself and your life. **From now on jot down your feelings in a notebook.**

Also try while holding your hand resting on it to mentally or aloud repeat an intention of yours such as: I get rid of ... anxiety, headache, insomnia, restlessness, nervous hunger, sadness, etc. begin to "feel" the vibration of some things that bother you and get rid of them. Repeat once or several times a day and write down your feelings in a notebook. **Self-observation is very important.**

By introducing this presence technique you will surprise yourself with its effectiveness and how to improve the state of agitation and stress, bringing more attention toward your true needs. Print it out and keep it on your desk or bedside table, in your pocket, purse, and use it occasionally!

Active Pad



Third Step

The next day I arrived very early. I greeted him in his own language and called him "Master." I pronounced that word very reluctantly; in the past I had had negative experiences with so-called "masters," and this had increasingly convinced me to pursue my path alone, running away from all that was forcing, discipline and regulation.

The most important thing for me was to find my own dimension in complete freedom. Of course, the way I acted exposed me to criticism and judgment, but I understood later that it was necessary for me not to conform to conventional behavior and to remain open and receptive to what I would receive later.

I sensed immediately that something connected us, in that He embodied the principle of freedom for which I yearned: the freedom to be what he was, without conditioning and conformity.

Immersed in the wildest nature he could be free to be himself. He had the sea, the sun and nature. He owned a small vegetable garden and the trees offered plenty of fruit.

Guardian of the Sacred Language, he knew that the time had now come for it to be revealed. These were the years designated for awakening and great help could be given through Tanshui.

Despite that sort of call, I had been putting off this meeting for a long time. I thought with amazement that my block was me. I, with my resistances and fears, kept arresting

myself, my life and the lives of perhaps other people who might benefit from this. And to say that I thought of myself as a person who was inwardly free and had already been on the road for a while. I asked myself what criterion do we use to feel evolved or involuted? What truth is true, if it is true only for us? Probably the truth, besides changing with us, always has two sides, and until we see both we will not be able to fully understand it.

I asked him, "Master, why do you call me by a name other than my own?", "*Because that is your name, your real name.*" "And how do you know that?", "*I just know it. Just like I know you don't want to have a Master,*" he added, chuckling as he plucked grass from the garden.

I wondered how it was possible that he knew what I was thinking, and as I became absorbed in my usual thoughts, I began to feel strange, my head began to spin and spin and spin, I went into a whirlpool until I felt like I was missing. Perhaps due to the strong emotions of those days or perhaps due to a sudden drop in pressure, my legs gave out and I slipped on the last step of the wooden hut. Fortunately, my forehead landed on his sandals and I did not injure myself. I stayed on the ground for a few seconds, and when I got up again I felt that my body was expanding: it was as if I was getting bigger to the point where I could feel myself everywhere. The feeling was as if I was on the outside observing myself and everything on the outside was inside me. What a very strange, exhilarating and new sensation; I felt light and huge, I could reach anywhere, it was as if gradually I was expanding.

I was happy, immensely happy, light and joyful as I had never been in my life. I felt that I could take in and understand everything and that pure awareness had opened up before me.

The whole universe began to spin so hard that I realized I was wobbling and instinctively grabbed onto his arm. He supported me and helped me sit up, while I began to laugh, laugh, laugh-I could no longer stop.

I felt inebriated, satiated, and happy, feeling my eyes widen as an unstoppable joy drove me to laugh for no reason. Astonished, I found myself staring into infinity without looking anywhere. I was as if dissolved, but at the same time I felt that I existed everywhere in that wonderful present, and now everything made sense.

Now the sea had finally become "maaaree," the sun, "sooolee," and the sky, my God how beautiful the sky looked from there. I saw it magnify to the point that I was sure it could accommodate my every prayer. I felt free, truly and completely liberated: but from what? Perhaps from my own patterns and conditioning? From my own fears? From useless desires?

Divine caresses hovered around me as I realized I was growing lighter and lighter and projected into a rainbow of colors, sounds and light.

Perhaps I was experiencing Bliss?

"Master, Master what is happening to me?" - *"You laid your forehead, your Ajna chakra, on my sandals and received Shaktipat."*

The awakening energy, through Master's Grace, had come to me in this singular way. Oh my God!

I wondered how this could have happened, but at that moment I was unable to reason and make too rational considerations. I was happy, stunned and fulfilled, and I just felt like laughing and not thinking about anything.

I wished I could stop time at that instant to stay like that forever, flooded with happiness, satiated with bliss and pure joy. I knew it was possible, I knew it! I had always known it and had even longed for it by finally drawing it into my life!

After years of meditation, I was finally in a state where the boundary between the inside and the outside canceled, Grace invaded the being and whatever surrounded it. Everything was perfect and clear, the feeling of knowledge I felt was impossible to describe. I knew everything I wanted to know.

When I got up He understood that I was in no condition to go home and in the dark it would be difficult, so he said, "*You can't go back alone, you will spend the night here and I will sleep out back.*" We consumed some rice and I immediately fell into a very deep restful sleep.

The next morning I woke up feeling nauseous. I tried to eat two cookies and drink the water I had in my backpack, but soon after, I found myself stomach-churning behind a bush. Not even a shadow of Him. I waited for Him, and later He reappeared holding leaves, incense, milk and honey in His hands. He smiled at me and asked if I had slept well. I reported to him that I was nauseous.

"You're just cleaning yourself up," said He.

He stood in front of a small table and began to meditate and chant something. That melody became like a lullaby for my soul, and I was carried away by the sound of his voice. It was very pleasant to listen to it; the energy it gave off was powerful and generating well-being.

At the end of the meditation he handed me a leaf and spilled *prasad* on it; it tasted like coconut, almond milk and honey. He turned away, and in a moment I devoured it in one bite. I was hungry and could not resist the sight of that succulent mush, which on an empty stomach became a godsend!

When he turned around he was surprised that I had gobbled it all up in a few seconds, and I felt very uncomfortable. Maybe that wasn't the custom, and who knows what social or religious rule I had broken, I was just about to begin the usual brooding, when a strong gust of wind blew away the sheets laid out to dry and some of the laundry. I began to run under a dark sky obscured by clouds. The humidity was rising and I could sense that rain brought by the monsoon was on its way.

The monsoons made the atmosphere heavy, and at times it seemed as if darkness wanted to come down on the earth.

That scenario, for a small town like me, appeared frightening, almost apocalyptic. Animals became restless, making strange sounds, and as the wind raged, they seemed to want to flee imminent danger.

He, on the other hand, sitting quietly in the hut in meditation, asked me to sit before Him. Inexplicably now, although a little agitated by what was going on out there, I was much better. I felt light and "cleansed," so much so that I spontaneously fell into meditation.

I don't know how long I remained in that state of absolute stillness that I lost track of time. I was brought back to reality by the snap of a kiss that someone laid on my head. I turned sharply, wondering who had taken this liberty. Every now and then some child would play pranks, come in laughing and run away, or defecate with impunity on the beach and HE would say nothing. I turned around, but saw no one.

Annoyed at the interruption, I got up and went to the stream to bathe my forehead. The humidity was so intense that my skin was strangely moisturized, especially in the morning. When I woke up, I could have picked up a greasy substance generated during the night by the skin itself with a spatula. Instead at home, between smog and heating, it happened that in the morning I could hardly open my eyes because of how dry they were and so was my skin.

Another good feeling, entirely new to me, was being able to breathe through both nostrils. The allergy that had haunted me for years was gone, I could feel my lungs open and free; probably the absence of my beloved cat, to whose fur I was somewhat allergic, had also surely helped improve my situation. I rejoiced because fortunately the climate that few loved, seemed instead just right for me and improved my ailments.

When I returned to the Master, He scolded me, "*Why did you stop meditation? You always have to wait for me to come out of meditation first; learn to be more patient and be quieter. Try to be more still and start listening.*"

I returned to the village a little demoralized, and to distract myself I began to color the *mandala* I had copied in his hut. One triangle and 15 spheres.

When I asked him what it was for, He made me look at it first with one eye, then with the other, and finally, with both. The sensations I felt were different and very peculiar.

"*This is how you have to learn to look,*" he said, "*hear what you see and listen to what you hear.*" At the time I could not understand the true meaning of his words and thought them perhaps a bit bizarre and outlandish, but then experience taught me to appreciate those very practical teachings that helped me develop observation and discernment.

Sharing

The *mandala* helps develop calmness and patience. Get some colored pencils, sit down, breathe slowly and listen to relaxing music. Silence is also perfect.

NOW COLOR THE MANDALA BY CHOOSING COLORS INSTINCTIVELY. Once colored, observe the *mandala* by covering one eye with one hand. Absorb its energy for about a minute and write down in your notebook what you feel. Do the same thing with the other eye and finally contemplate it with both eyes. Keep your mandala close to you for some time.

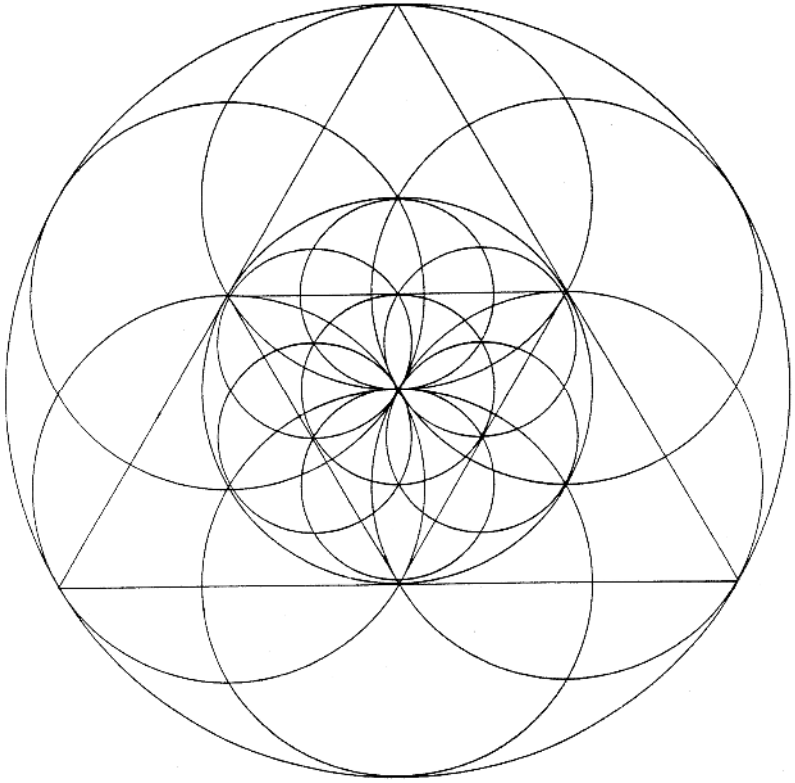
When you need to rebalance yourself contemplate it, or rest your hand on it and "listen to what you hear."

Learn to listen to your inner feelings and live more consciously in the present.

Train your hands in feeling and you will realize how much potential you possess that you have not yet explored and developed.

Knowing yourself better and awakening your talents will increase creativity, self-esteem and confidence.

These qualities will serve you to live a happier and more fulfilling life.



Fourth Step

The Master alternated days when he spoke to me at length with days of interminable silences. By now I had learned to accept and listen to those as well.

His heart overflowed with peace and joy, an immense joy, impossible not to feel! But His eyes were sometimes sad and veiled with longing. From time to time He would repeat, "*I am showing you the way. If only you could have more faith in life and less resistance.*" Actually at that time I had not yet accepted the hut I was living in. I was sleeping on a bed made of ropes as hard as a rock, with a mattress of damp straw, I had a really unrelaxing outdoor bath, and I was also a bit nervous because my neighbors had invited me to dinner, and I, not knowing the local customs, was afraid of making a bad impression.

One afternoon, while having tea with the lady next door, her husband rode by on a bicycle and threw a big fish almost on our feet. He told her to cook it for dinner, shouting that I should be there too. They had two children, a boy and a girl who, for at least a dozen times, asked, "What is your name? Where are you from?" Finally the time for dinner came and we sat down on the floor. As a tablecloth a newspaper and, in the center, a single glass that contained a drink in which a fly had decided to drown itself that very evening, to the total indifference of my diners. The fish, before arriving on my plate, was inspected, bite by bite, by the expert hands of the lady, who made sure it arrived on my plate without bones. She and her children had already eaten dinner and would simply watch me eat, smiling. I would mix the fish with the rice and vegetables and then stuff everything into my mouth

with my hand, imitating her husband. At the end of the meal he pulled a small package out of his pocket from which sprouted the shortest cigarette I had ever seen in my life. I thought, "How cute!" but when he lit it I immediately changed my mind. It was the smelliest smell that had ever crept into my nostrils. Fortunately, the torture was brief. I began to cough rather conspicuously to let him know that I lacked oxygen, and finally he came out, but only to put out the cigarette, since he had already finished it. I went home, took the usual cold shower and after slipping into a clean T-shirt fell asleep.

I think I dreamed of the drowned fly in the glass that I cleverly managed not to swallow throughout dinner, as I drank straight from the bottle the next morning! The incessant rain made the ground slimy and muddy, and I, forced to walk in the mud, soiled myself everywhere. Slippers to throw away, dirty clothes, umbrella smashed by the wind, hair tousled, by now I looked like a homeless person. Unconcerned about my outward appearance I put pen and paper in my backpack, because that's what Master had asked me to do, and set off. Along the way I passed some monkeys. Without thinking about it I had the unfortunate idea of putting a hand in my pocket and oops, here comes one faster than lightning and robs me of my only spoon! I shouted, "Nooo, come here and give it back right now!" but she, perhaps angry at discovering that it was inedible, banged the spoon on the floor screaming and flailing terribly. I tried to persuade her to return the spoon to me by speaking to her softly and using a persuasive tone, but there was nothing I could do. I found myself surrounded by her friends who had

arrived to give her a helping hand, and at this point it seemed appropriate to move quickly away from that little group.

Every day a test. I thought back to the family of geckos that lived among my books, to the giant, flying cockroach that watched me at night from the wall with its long antennae, or to the iguana that determined to challenge me, cut me off one day and rising up on its tail suddenly became as tall as me.

I felt that I would have to get used to it, I knew that I was protected and that all these trials would help me increase my strength, patience, and courage, and perhaps for this reason I did not beat myself up.

That day I arrived at Master's soaking wet, cold and quite dirty, hoping that we would stay indoors inside the hut. Now, as soon as I approached Him, all the hairs on my body stood up and I felt a pleasant coolness that made me feel good. I greeted Him in the usual way, with my hands clasped on my forehead. He peered at me for a moment and began with a strange question, "*Sister dear, did you get loose today?*" At the moment I did not understand and I tergiversed, trying to stall for time. He anticipated me and asked, "*how is your bowel?*" "Ah, that! Not very well unfortunately." I had a phobia of the outside bathroom, and it had been two days since I had been "free". A black spider had jumped on my back and I had not been able to relax anymore. "*Today you will learn this breathing exercise, and it is essential that your stomach and intestines are clean. When you eat chew for a long time, so you will make your stomach do half the work; this advice was valuable to me in my youth, and I hope it will be useful to you too.*"

"If consuming too much rice has caused you to hold back, eat more fruit in the morning, and after breakfast, massage your belly. Starting from your left side, direct your hand downward with gentle palm pressure, helping yourself, if necessary, with your other hand." He showed me how to do it: diagonal movements, starting each time from the top of the hip.

"Tanshui is alive and acts instantaneously. It is transmitted from heart to heart; it is not necessary to use many words. Open to your wisdom, to the feeling of your heart, abandon fear: fear is a deception of the ego." "Sit with respect and devotion and give thanks, joining your hands. Your vibrations of joy and love will fly high. While those of anger, hatred or resentment will dissolve. Pure love is the brightest light there is, it is the magnetism that holds the Universe together, and when you experience it in your depths, you will debilitate the darkness. Love is transmitted from the heart. Learn to generate love and gratitude. Live with grace and you will live in love. There is no other way to get to the top. When you have learned to generate love within yourself, you will realize that you can transmit it in many ways: through your eyes, hands, kind ways, thoughts and words, and it will flow from every part of you. Pure love is a state of consciousness, it is reuniting with Ki, it is the source of all Bliss, it is not a mushy feeling; it is strong and vital, and on earth it is a challenge to be overcome with every breath, staying centered and anchored in the present. Keep your heart open and vibrant, and if you feel pain or sadness, these will be taken away. There is a point above the heart from which pain is expelled, and if you understand how to let go and not to attach yourself to certain ego motions, you will make this cleansing easy."

I felt that the breath was a useful and effective resource to calm me down, unblock the diaphragm, purify the energy channels and oxygenate the brain.

This breathing purifies the main energy channel running down the spine and regenerates the energy of the whole body. Sit in lotus, semi-lotus or on a chair with your head balanced, face and shoulders relaxed, spine straight but not rigid, feet firmly placed on the floor, proceed with Om-Ki *pranayama* divided into three times: **inhalation - held breath - exhalation**. For a few minutes remain seated with your hands on your knees with palms facing up, or resting in your lap letting one instinctively welcome the other, thumbs touching.



Inhale while mentally repeating the **OM** sound and visualize from the seventh (head) chakra descending a beam of light down the spine to the navel. Hold the inhaled air for about 3 seconds in the navel. Exhale slowly while mentally repeating the **KI** sound moving the energy downward as if to expel it through the first chakra (perineum).

I recommend performing at least twelve repetitions and continue until you feel a sense of pleasant calmness and relaxation. Practice with discipline and mindfulness every day as well: before meditation, starting your day or falling asleep to drive away anxiety, insomnia, heaviness and restlessness; you will gain profound benefits.

Fifth Step

"When you sit in meditation, turn your gaze inward. Sit as your body feels most comfortable, don't force it into postures that don't belong to you or are not part of your culture. Don't ape me. Always be yourself, even if it means contradicting me. Don't want to please me or others, but if you just can't help yourself, offer your devotion to God."

By this time it had been years since I had sat on the ground cross-legged sometimes for hours at a time, and I had acquired this habit. Moreover, the hut lacked chairs and the coffee table was so low that I had no alternative.

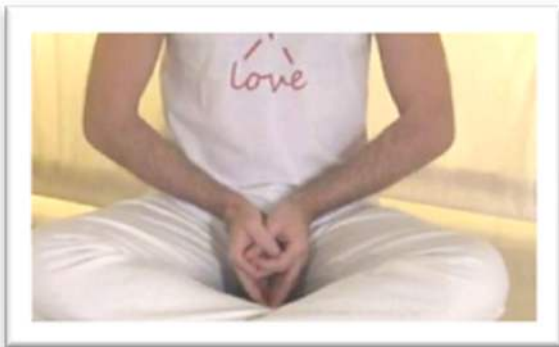
He began the practice by chanting Om, followed by *pranayama* and slowly moving his hands through the air ending in a *mudra* (hand position) in front of the chest. *"It is to make space,"* he told me, *"to free the heart, to generate peace and harmony. From now on, before meditation, practice this mudra for a few minutes. Enter the space of the heart and surrender yourself to it. Sometimes a lifetime is not enough to complete the flowering of all the chakras; only through the opening of the heart will you succeed."*

That morning the Master had prepared a typical breakfast for me. As we sipped tea together, He told me about the tree of life and how, in His philosophy, "the roots" were important, in this regard He transmitted to me part of the teachings you find contained in the practice of meditation, "Calm the mind."

Heart Mudra: the thumb and forefinger of one hand form a ring, do the same with the other hand, cross the two rings, and join the ends of the remaining three fingers turning them upward. Close your eyes, relax your face and shoulders. Perform at least 5 breaths.



Earth Mudra: Remaining with eyes closed, turn the mudra downward. The fingers of the hands are relaxed. Also relax the face and neck and lower the shoulders. Perform at least 5 breaths. Breathe spontaneously.



Sixth Step

The Master informed me that we would not see each other the next day, so I decided to go to the nearest town.

The half-hour spent on the *tuctuc* made my hair stand on end in fear; my conductor had decided to travel counterclockwise about three-quarters of the way!

I prayed that it would not rain and took the opportunity to go to an *Internet point*. The mouse was so filthy that it was impossible to place my hand on it; the smell, the usual odor that by now I had realized had become a necessary part of my acceptance process, penetrated my nostrils with such intrusiveness that it left me no choice but to accept it. I went into a crisis of reading my e-mail. I felt overwhelmed by the desire to share the experience I was having and to recount the most significant passages, but only my husband knew about it, and only he, wise and understanding as he was, realized the real reason for my journey. Despite the nostalgia and emptiness generated by my absence, he understood that I needed to go through something unusual and unusual to find my balance, and he accepted, despite himself, that this was happening. I came home a bit melancholy and realized that I could not be with my head in two different places at once: this generated conflict and confusion in me.

I therefore decided to bring my attention back to the present and the place where I was staying, devoting myself to the practical tasks of cleaning and arranging the clutter around me. The night passed rather restlessly, and I woke up several times. The next morning, when I reached the Master,

I saw that he was holding a kitten in his lap. He was black, with a white spot on his forehead.

I went closer to get a better look at him: he had a mangled paw. A deep sadness instantly pervaded me, and as the Master medicated him, the wild kitten complained, begrudgingly accepting his care. *"It's for his own good,"* she said, *"but he doesn't understand and rebels. Sometimes it is necessary to be stronger than the resistance of others."*

The kitten was trying to wriggle out and I, at the sight of the living flesh, ended up feeling sick. Master explained to me that the ointment he was smearing on his wound was an herbal ointment that had disinfectant properties and was used to heal the wounds.

"But what happened to him?", I asked worriedly. *"From the type of wound, I would say he was bitten by a mouse or another rodent,"* he replied.

The dressing completed, the kitten slipped to the ground and limped away, returning free. The Master followed him with his gaze and I felt his heart accompany the poor beast for a stretch.

For a moment I clearly sensed his love, something immensely great and mysterious, but it was like violating a reserved space, like robbing him of what did not belong to me, what was not meant for me. I waited for his heart to return before I asked the question, "Will he heal?", *"this is your wish, but perhaps God has other plans for him; one was surely to open our hearts to unconditional love. With human beings you will support one side, it is life that dictates; this is the game of Consciousness. In front*

of animals you will have the freedom to be who you are. It is the not pretending, which makes us happy."

His words made me reflect on myself: how right he was. The exchange of love I had with animals was wonderful; I became like a child and was so moved by the sight of certain documentaries that my husband was forced to change the channel. I remembered that one evening a few years earlier, while I was serenely preparing dinner, I saw a report on bears. Those poor animals were locked in cages for years, with tubes stuck into their gall bladders, from which bile dripped into a container. Wounds kept open and infected for years. They lived imprisoned in a space as big as their bodies. Suddenly I saw their eyes looking at me from the screen. Eyes torn with pain and suffering—a pain that, like a wave, washed over me. When they turned up the audio and I could also hear their cries of suffering, I had a shock and collapsed to the ground.

I remember still holding a wooden spoon in my hand when I fell to my knees on the floor, bursting into tears. I continued crying for almost an hour, until I felt the pain ripping through my chest. When my husband returned, seeing me in that state, he thought something terrible had happened.

As soon as I recovered, I told him, "*I have to go to China.*"

I told him the story, and he tried to convince me that I would not withstand that traumatic experience, because animals were my Achilles' heel and I would suffer too much. I was definitely destined for something else. I understood the meaning of the talk he gave me, but for days and nights I

thought of nothing but those images of pain and heartbreaking screams; later in the day I was glad to know that something was moving to counteract that horrible practice.

I therefore gave up, with great regret, that battle that would no doubt be taken up by other people sensitive to the problem; and I decided that even helping people "feel" their energy and the quality of their actions, good or bad, would make them aware of how evolved animals are and to be respected. Animals are meant to help us and the planet evolve. Their spirits and hearts are purer than ours. And you understand this when you look into the eyes of a man and a dog: which one has the more loving look? You have the answer.

Master let me take my own trip down memory lane and understood from my expression that this was not a "happy vacation"; he waited a few minutes and then decided that we would meditate on unconditional love and awareness of the Heart.

I gradually entered a state of special stillness and understood that His presence helped me to remain there. I had also learned to listen to His silences, to immerse myself in the deep wisdom of His words, to perceive even with my eyes closed when His hands moved through the air drawing Tanshui and generating states of deep inner calm.

I learned to catch the changing expressions on His face. Sometimes I could read in them a hint of disapproval toward my impetuosity, sometimes encouragement to continue with the questions, sometimes to stop asking them. Gradually, I

began to feel the changes in energy flows and sense the truth that, like clear water, flowed through Him, and I was immensely grateful and happy to quench my thirst. When I would ask Him, "*Master what can I do?*" He would say, "*Just listen to your true nature, keep practicing and stay close to me.*" It felt so good in His energy that it was certainly no sacrifice to stay close to Him, but since I could not take Him away with me, I was trying to understand how to access that state, (since it was supposed to be our natural condition), and the way to share this well-being with others as well.

Sometimes, when I closed my eyes, I felt like a buzzing sound, a sound that indicated the intensity of the energy that was flowing at that moment; sometimes my rib cage seemed to open and my heart beat so fast that I thought, "Oh God, now I'm going to die!" He smiled, knowing that these were all obligatory steps in the purification process I was going through. The Tanshui forms relieved from this kind of suffering and once home would help me enormously.

One day he took a twig brought from the sea and drew a *tanki* on the sand. He asked me to observe it well and memorize it. Then he brushed the center of my palm and drew something that I obviously could not see, but I sensed on an inner level. He said, "Dear sister, now you are ready to take your first step. Draw this *tanki*." I obeyed and did what for countless times I saw Him do. I gradually felt a feeling of expansion, openness and peace. It was an incredible wave of love.

Just drawing that *tanki* on my left palm and letting it work between my clasped hands was enough to bring me to a state

of fulfillment and fullness. I could say it was better than a glass of wine, shopping, and more ;-)

"There was a time when only the elect had access to tanshui, which is why I recommend that you use it with respect and devotion. I will give you a little at a time, even though I feel your impatience, but you will not gobble it up as you did prasad. You will take it in little by little, because this will bring about many transformations in you. You would like everything right away, that is the Western mentality, but swallowing the food of a lifetime in a few days would only make you sick. Take one step at a time, as it is written, learn how to do it, absorb and integrate all that you receive from me, so that I can continue to give in total serenity, knowing that your faith and trust are also increasing, not just your knowledge. Open your heart, open your heart more, and show me that you really want to improve, that you want to go beyond your recurring thoughts, your judgments, your mental limitations and your fears."

"Dear sister, go deep within yourself, expand your feeling, and later you will begin to see what you really are. This requires will and determination, and letting go of what causes pain and suffering in you."

I ask you, as I was asked, to get rid of preconceptions, to stay in your heart as much as possible, and to remain open to yourself and what you feel. I share this gift with love, respect and gratitude with those who seek calm, peace and serenity, and accept resistance and judgment from everyone else; after all, we have been resisting and judging forever, so it will be nothing new!

A *tanki* or pictograph is comparable to the drawing of a heart, it is universally recognized, although in each country it will have a different name, it will remain a heart for everyone.

Its meaning is related to its form and not to the name we have given it, but mostly to what we "feel," a kind of internal decoding, which will be ours alone, unique and unrepeatable, but the most exciting thing is that it will change with us daily 😊 .

If we are more serene, we can more quickly activate all the internal processes of self-repair and healing and thus feel better. Everything that exists in the universe emits waves, energy and vibration; vibration frequencies are expressed mathematically and geometrically. Each number or shape represents a principle of Universal Law. If we had been told fifty years ago that we could talk on the telephone on a moving train we would have laughed. The telephone was attached to a wire or a wall. Yet today, with cell phones, this is normal.

Before making a judgment, we should think carefully, sometimes it is just a matter of time.

Sharing

Observe the *tanki* for a few moments and listen to your feelings. Harmonize yourself to it, Image that it is a key that opens a door in the center of your chest. Breathe slowly and experience all the love inside you. Trace it over your left palm without touching it and then bring your palms together. Use your whole hand as if it were a paintbrush and the air a canvas, proceeding from left to right and from top to bottom. Close your eyes and surrender to the energy!

LOVE TANKI



Why use Love Tanki?
Because many of us don't know
Pure Love, even if it is that
We seek all our lives.
It is the key to the realization
And of full fulfillment.
Love helps us experience it
And to feel it. Sometimes
instantaneously.

Seventh Step

Now, when I sat in meditation I could feel the chest space opening up and energy flowing profusely, but I could not feel the energy from the navel down and in the legs with the same intensity. I could not understand why I could not fully surrender to myself. For a few days this problem became my worry. Master told me that thinking about doing something was not the same as actually doing it.

Perhaps for this reason one morning he unexpectedly took my left foot and began to massage it. His gentleness surprised me. She did the same with my other foot and then suggested that I go to a woman in the village who was very skilled in oil massage. She would be able to help me let go of the control I had over my body and get more in touch with my physicality. She also gave me a mat with a new *tanki* (it was a real activator), it was to help me improve grounding, meditation quality and develop more creativity and concentration.

This new and ingenious mode allowed me to keep the energy of the Sacred Language alive even once I returned home. I learned to paint what I called Zen Mat. In addition, I always kept the Master's original *tanki* with me, thinking that someday perhaps I would share them with other people.

I understood that the paths taken in previous years had prepared me for this as well and that I should share what I had learned through a new way of being well.

Eighth Step

That night also passed in a very eventful way. I dreamed intensely. In particular I remember very clearly, as if it were real, the scenes of a horrible nightmare. I saw a multitude of people on a beach and then a woman with three men chasing me. They managed to catch me and tied me to a chair; I saw the woman pouring boiling oil down my throat, I wanted to scream, but I could not. I remember waking up startled, and feeling the distinct sensation of not being able to breathe. When I calmed down I decided, very rationally, that it was just a dream and that I absolutely had to let it go. But I admit it was no easy feat.

In the morning I told the Master what happened. He told me that during the night we release some of our karma and other mental processing.

Sometimes we wake up disgruntled because we did not succeed, and sometimes we relive it in reality because we feel it is a useful lesson for us.

When we feel anguish, bitterness or sorrow when we wake up, it is possible that we managed to release the pain that was oppressing us, or that we failed to do so (who can tell?). I just know that if I had woken up more rested, I probably would have been more present and centered, my blood pressure would have been a little higher and, despite the great heat, I would have felt more vital. We practiced breathing and physical exercises for about an hour; not having a watch I was never aware of the actual time.

Sometimes it dilated and other times it seemed to fly by in an instant.

"*Master, you often talk to me about steps, but what exactly do you mean by that term?*" I asked.

"That's what you *do sometimes and sometimes you don't*"; I looked at him with an enigmatic grimace, but he continued, "*each of us has to take steps that will then be added to those taken in previous incarnations. That is what you in the West mean when you say that the soul is eternal, in fact the road is very long.*"

"*There is nothing abstract, it is all much more real and precise than you think.*" Having no reference, I could not express dissent.

Then taking on a crude expression, he added, "*only the unaware are convinced that they have no task or steps to take in their path.*" I had a lot of confusion in my head.

It was tiring to get into His teachings; I don't know where I found the courage to ask Him, "*is it possible to know where I am on my path?*" he replied, "*in due time you will know. Now work on your frequencies, bring them upward so that the higher can enter you to give you health, love and joy.*"

Shortly thereafter he poured water from a glass cruet that was resting on a tree trunk that served as a small table, offered it to me, and carefully repositioned the cruet. I asked no questions, but I must admit that such a precise gesture intrigued me greatly.

After the meditation he asked me to go to the fountain to fill the water cruet.

When I lifted it up I noticed that there was a decoration carved on the trunk where it was resting. When I returned I placed the water back exactly where it was before, He explained to me how important water was and that our bodies are largely composed of water and how Tanshui could help us through this specific vehicle.

Sharing

To raise our energy level, it is essential to let go of everything that weighs us down.

In this regard I would like to make a point, and that is that today's water is the same water from prehistoric times. A lot of information such as fear, anxiety, agitation comes from the past, especially from that somewhat dark period that we call the Middle Ages.

If it is true that water has a memory, it means that we also daily insert these traces of information into our bodies that lower, along with chlorine, our frequencies and awareness.

Certainly our body is capable of transforming anything, but why not help it through a daily gesture that costs nothing? Something that has the advantage of being free and purifying?

The more we raise our frequencies, including through positive emotions and thoughts, the more we will perceive the energy of people, places, plants and nature; we will develop discernment, which has nothing to do with mental judgment.

Discernment is the lantern that lights our path. If there is little or no discernment, it is like walking in the dark, and with an unlit lantern, we will constantly need to ask others, moving forward very slowly and always with the fear of being wrong. Instead, observation and neutrality with respect to events will keep us centered and clear-headed in every situation.

Instructions

Place a flat-bottomed glass or a glass or plastic water bottle (even a closed one) over the *tanki* and leave it for twenty minutes if it is a glass and at least six hours or a whole night for a bottle. This *tanki* has a very high vibrational frequency (tested by a friend), supports us in the evolutionary process and can be used by everyone: children, animals and plants. This *tanki* neutralizes old information and brings water back to vibrate with its original energy. Stored in the refrigerator it has a shelf life of about 25 days! Keep it away from heat sources and direct light.

Dosage: three glasses to one bottle a day.

Photocopy the *tanki*, place it in a plastic folder to avoid ruining it with any splashes when you place it under the glass or bottle.

Use it at home or in the office and describe in a notebook the effects you notice on you

High frequency water



Ninth Step

As the sun set, the sun smeared the horizon with strawberry jam and honey and I, increasingly hungry for that fantastic food for the soul, stood motionless and spellbound gazing into infinity. The light entered me and I surrendered to this new relationship with the day.

I was finally experiencing abandonment.

I felt peace, calmness and gratitude slowly increase. I fell into spontaneous meditation and time seemed to stand still; it passed over me like the breath of wind caressing my hair, while the sea continued its perpetual motion not stopping going back and forth, back and forth, back and forth and.

I gasped at the Master's voice, which abruptly brought me back to reality: "to *meditate, means to medicate and heal the soul!*" he said, and I thought, "*with all the stabs we give it, some peace it really deserves.*" He sat down by my side and asked me the usual trick question, "*do you know what the main activity of human beings is?*", I answered offhandedly, "*worrying?*", "*no, escaping one's soul! This is the main cause of what you call stress. This activity is very stressful for man,*" "*and do you know why you escape?*" When he started doing that, it reminded me of the questions I had not prepared for. I was grasping at straws to give the correct answers, hoping for the topic of my choice. I tried looking around, but since there was no one there to suggest, I might as well shut up and listen. "*Surrendering to one's soul means beginning a path of awareness called awakening. This path, by constantly challenging us, highlights our behaviors, showing us how we*

react to events. Constantly monitoring and observing our 'bad tendencies' will lead us to reevaluate some attitudes and devalue others."

"All this serves to remind us of our task and who we really are. Meditation will support us in this process by revealing where our thoughts really come from. It will be the key to get inside us, and it will allow us to get in touch with our inner self, and with constant practice we will progress."

"When you say I'm tired, I'm sad, you identify with that thought and you become tired and sad: but who is thinking it? Who is thinking your thoughts?" I felt confused and, as if afraid I would fall at any moment, I began to look for a handhold to hold on to. For days I had been working on letting go of stress and everything that no longer served me and, at the same time, allowing my soul to emerge to point me in the direction I needed to go. This, according to the Master, was one of man's main conflicts and that is: choosing between "the heart saying yes to the soul" or "following fear and saying no to the true path."

Perhaps, letting go would make me able to hear the voice of my soul, and transform my life by bringing balance between body, mind and spirit, thus building a healthier personality. Absorbed in my thoughts, I had not noticed that the Master was sitting in front of a large *drawing* that he had meanwhile traced in the sand. I took the pad and recopied it. He told me to observe it, then to close my eyes and surrender to meditation. The pure energy of Tanshui was being enthusiastically received by my soul, which I finally felt rejoicing and expanding! In that mysterious communication was contained the secret to gradually arriving at calmness and

bliss, and I yearned with all my being to experience it again and keep it alive within me; therefore, I confidently surrendered myself to the experience.

Sharing

Observe this *tanki*. Keep your shoulders, face and neck relaxed. If you are tense repeat to yourself several times mentally while exhaling: relax. You can print the tanki and place your hand on it to let go or rest it where you have tension. Relaxation will help you reach a state of greater well-being and surrender. Surrender is a necessary step to get rid of anxiety and regenerate yourself.

Relax



The meditation was very pleasant and I sensed that Relax would help me a lot. Often the Master would explain to me that there is everything in us that we need to be happy, but it has been buried by a mountain of fears, patterns and

conditioning. It was as if he told me, "*take this shovel and remove the rubble that is choking you and then dust and polish what you find.*"

I sensed that with Relax the thinking process did not stop completely, but I was no longer engulfed in it.

I no longer paid attention to the mind, because the sensory well-being I felt kept me in the body and in the present, I felt immersed in a serenity and pleasantness so intense that I did not want to miss a single bit of it. I realized that most likely this new level of awareness of mine was preventing me from generating unnecessary thoughts.

The Master smiled at me and asked, "*How did it go?*"

"Master, I was so well that my functions had to be paralyzed in order to be able to listen."

"*Good! This is how you will have to stay for a while: stabilized and still within yourself. You will stop this continuous flow of questions and begin to search for your answers until you yourself become the ANSWER. Come back to me tomorrow at sunset, after practicing meditation for a long time.*"

Tenth Step

I returned home and after some chores were done I put my notes in order. I was supposed to translate them from English to Italian and put them in chronological order, but being messy I put up the usual resistance and found a thousand ways to escape that tedious task.

I turned to the Universe and asked, "Help me enter the frequency of peace, that same peace I felt today!" I closed my eyes and my hands assumed a spontaneous *mudra*.

I stood still and without expectation, like when we change a radio station and switch from one channel to another. If the music is to our liking we listen and get carried away, otherwise we change the channel. So I, in the same way, searched for the right station within myself, and after a few minutes I felt myself being pushed upward. It felt like having a vacuum cleaner above my head. What a great feeling!

To think that, perhaps because I had not been very fortunate previously, I had always rejected the idea of having a Master. Two negative experiences in the past had made me wary and had instilled in me a sense of rejection about so-called masters or gurus.

My rebellious soul shunned any imposition, dogma or rule, and when I smelled a cult, submission or compulsion, I would flee at the drop of a hat. Thanks to my intuition I could sense the intentions that moved people, I could read inside them; now, however, I had to read inside myself, and who knows why, I could not do so well.

At sunset I went again to the Master who greeted me with a big smile and a *mala* in his hands.

"This is for you!" he said bringing it to his forehead and then to his heart. He handed it to me in the same way a child offers you his best toy. I noticed that my hands were trembling, like someone who knows that, from that very moment, his life will change.

"Sister dear, what's the matter with you?", I replied that I was very surprised and that I appreciated his gesture and thanked him for it. *"I chose it especially for you, so please accept it."*

Heart filled with joy made my eyes fill with tears, I bowed holding my hands together on my forehead in respect and gratitude. He lifted my head and announced that it was time to give me the mantra and my personal *tanki*.

"Dear sister, today will be a special day for you; you will keep the memory of this moment in your heart for a long time. The transmission of the Mantra from master to student marks an important step in the journey of both of you. Today we will meditate, and afterwards you will be ready."

At the sound of those words my heart flew high, and along with it my gaze was also lost in the blue sky. Suddenly I saw a dazzling light! A huge beam of white light refracted like lightning on the water.

A wave of genuine happiness pervaded me. "There is my mantra! - I thought - It is a ray sent from the Great Light, it is a channel of connection, I can feel it. I have received the message, I am ready! I will let it happen, for me and through me." In the meantime, the Master knelt down to pray before

his altar, then drew me closer. He chanted something and, after a brief moment of recollection, leaned in close, brushed my hair away from my face and whispered something in my ear three times. The experience was touching and very emotional.

I felt wrapped in that sound like an invisible embrace, cradled and protected by a fatherly love that infused me with security and support. I would stay like that for much longer than I stayed. When the Master walked away, I had the same feeling of emptiness as when one is about to suddenly fall out of bed! Waves of shivers clawed at my skin as I was enveloped in an intense scent of sandalwood and rose. I wondered how I could one day tell or explain all this but, more importantly, how I could share the wonder of a few moments.

A mantra is a combination of sacred syllables that form a nucleus of energy; the root 'man,' means to think; the suffix 'between,' means to protect or liberate.

My *tanki* was inscribed on a rolled up card that, once home, I tattooed on my right arm so that I would always have it with me. It was a help and support in dark times, a gift I would always keep in my heart.

I thought that we are not always able to welcome the gifts of the Universe since fears, projections or old traumas trigger self-sabotage mechanisms. Many people say they want to be well, but they constantly talk about illness and pain, thus continuing to fuel malaise. It is therefore necessary to distract ourselves and do mental cleansing, observe and select thoughts, replace negative ones with positive ones, and bring

more optimism within ourselves. Staying in a negative state for a long time will inevitably lead us to weigh down our lives, causing us to enter a vicious circle from which it is then difficult to get out.

We should learn to make our inner rooms change the air and circulate more positive energy, such as having a hobby, sport or purpose to devote ourselves to that makes us feel good.

Eleventh Step

It had been happening for a few days that although I was trying my best, I was getting the opposite effect.

For example, one evening the Master asked me to go to the market to buy some things with abstruse names. Intent on making a good impression, I set out with great determination to the stalls, but I got lost in the chaos of buyers, scents, colors and disparate objects and, somewhat confused, returned to the Master with only some of the products he had commissioned from me and some completely different ones.

His reaction surprised me somewhat because He assailed me by telling me that I was not listening, that I was not centered, "*you never stay in position!*"

He added that I thought only of myself and ended with an expression that hurt me very much, in Italian it sounds like, "*chicken brain!*"

In a fit of rebellion I threw the wrapper containing the purchases I had just made onto the ground and ran away sobbing and shouting, "*Enough!*"

Arriving at home, I began pacing back and forth vigorously to relieve the tension. I was angry, annoyed, exasperated by his attitudes, and I did not like myself at all in that state. I felt like I was back to the initial stage and that all the steps I had taken up to that point had been undone. Yet I knew I was committed, all I was doing was listening and performing what was asked of me; why then was he treating

me like that? I really did not deserve it! I went to bed and reflected on what had happened. I skipped dinner and began to write, while background music kept me company.

Absorbed in my thoughts as I was, I did not realize that the music coming from outside did not belong to a radio. Only after a while did I realize that that melodious voice was that of a street singer.

Interested and intrigued, I decided to go out and see who that suave voice belonged to. As I approached the huddle of people that had formed in front of the musicians, I felt a strong emotion. There was something sacred about that music and that voice.

I realized that some tears were streaming down my face. Literally enraptured by that inspired song, I stood in the background, half-hidden by a tree and listening to my emotions, I felt the vibration of that sound enter me. It spread to the innermost folds of myself becoming nourishment for my soul. That song went beyond all gestures and words, a symphony in which my cells began to move and dance as the pain left. Meanwhile, as I wiped my face with the sleeve of my *panjabi*, a man approached, addressing me. "*Madam?*" I recoiled instinctively, but then replied, "*yes, please?*" He told me that the group of musicians were blind people and that they were raising money for an intervention. Still a little dazed, I approached to make sure I really understood the man's words. Once in front of the group I realized from the expressions on their faces that their souls seemed to be elsewhere, far away and literally immersed in the world of sound. Without delay I put my hands in my

pockets, took all the contents and poured them into the basket. My instinctive gesture, however, drew the attention of those present so, much to my regret, I had to turn away after a few minutes. I headed home, hoping to sleep and that a better day awaited me than the one that had just passed.

The next morning I took courage and decided to go and ask the Master for clarification about some of his behavior toward me. I charged, step by step, thinking that I should make my voice heard for once as well.

When I arrived, a shirtless man stood before Him with a brick in his hand. I kept my distance so as not to be seen, but close enough to observe the scene. He looked thoughtful or perhaps sorry, and the man was crying and despairing. The Master took the brick in his hands, brought it to his forehead and kissed it; then he handed it back to him. The man touched his feet and walked away holding the *dhoti* with one hand.

I approached quietly and even before I could open my mouth he said, "*I had made a promise to that man. They are going to live in the north, but their only son will probably never see their new home. He is very sick,*" and he repeated in a low voice, "*very, very sick.*"

I realized that the wood from who-knows-what tree that I had not purchased was supposed to be used not to cook dinner, but to hold some sort of service for the man's son; my levity had made it impossible for him to honor his commitment, and this made me feel tremendously guilty. My heart clenched as He walked away, walking with His hands clasped behind His back. From His movements I sensed the

sadness and understood that each of us attaches different importance to things, depending on the situation we find ourselves in.

When I approached, he without turning around spoke to me:

"Many times I was mortified by my teachers, my companions and the last of the beggars who, drunk, knocked on the monastery door. At first you cry, you despair, you wonder if it is right. Then the ego relaxes and one learns to accept events as they come: good and bad, without too many mood swings. One settles into truth through conscious acceptance and realizes that the experience is fortifying our character. When the ego is hard to bend, only strong action will succeed in softening it. If I scolded you now, you would no longer react as you did yesterday. That is how I will make you immune to the attacks you will receive. Now understand that, slowly, your soul is becoming stronger than your ego, and rejoice in the steps you have taken! When you have learned this lesson no one will be able to mortify you, because the strength you will have developed will detach you from any provocation. With an open heart you will be able to neutralize and subvert all forms of aggression. Remember, dear sister, that despite offenses and judgments you will not have to put yourself down. Moreover, you will no longer have to respond to me in that way."

"In what way?" I asked, somewhat puzzled. "You shouted the word *bastard* at me!" he replied.

"Maestro I said enough, it's an Italian word that means 'stop it,' it's not an offense!"

He seemed to understand the "misunderstanding" (misunderstanding) and accepted my apology. Then, as if to gain more understanding, I asked, "Master, will I make it?",

"you will make it, you will make it, you have to make it", "in the West people are more closed and judge a lot, it's not like here".

"The unaware will judge because that is his lesson, and you will be judged because that is yours. If you can stay connected to the Supreme Intelligence you can prove that joy exists and vibrates in every cell. Remember that 'everything seems but is not'; it is the game of Consciousness that tests you. Until you understand that too much attachment is the source of suffering, and you do not live with the pure heart of a child, you will be under constant pressure. One day you will accept your task and also let go of over-control."

He took water from a bowl, poured some into one hand, bathed his head, and when he handed it to me I did the same. Using my pencil he drew a *tanki* on a piece of paper and wrote the words, "no fear" underneath it, this *tanki* was to release fear to find more serenity.

We meditated together, and a new energy lifted my mood.

Twelfth Step

Back home I consumed some rice with vegetables I had bought on the way and sat under the mango tree reflecting on what had happened. Without books or music I did not know how to handle the despondency that had pervaded me, so I picked up the phone and called home.

My husband's voice added to the difficulty because I also realized how much I missed him. I could hear his voice repeating, "*Love, what is it? Why aren't you talking?*" I could not say anything, so I remained silent for a few seconds. His tone became worried, "*what happened, are you sick?*", "*yes, I'm sick, I miss you and I want to go home! Change my plane ticket, I want to advance my flight home.*"

He, as concerned as he was, realized that mine was an attack of panic and despondency and that perhaps, by sleeping on it, I would be able to get through this phase without drama as well: "*but there are only twelve days left until your return, changing the ticket is the equivalent of buying a new one,*" "*it doesn't matter, I want to go home; let me come back, please.*" After this outburst, we decided together that the next day, with more clarity, I would decide what to do. This trip had been my greatest desire since I was twenty-three years old, and now that I was living it, I just wanted to go back and escape from that place, that movie and myself. Not to mention also that after ten years of wonderful marriage and sharing, it had been very difficult for me to separate myself, even if for a short time, from my husband and my cat. Yet up to that time I had never felt lonely; I was happy with that experience, hard

of course, but also meaningful, exciting and intense. My soul and I had left together, joined like twin sisters, always walking by the hand. She guided me because she knew the direction to follow, and I had let her. I owed it to her, I felt it was right. So why was I in such pain? Unable to stop crying, so as not to show passersby my weakness, I went back into the house.

I sat on the bed and felt a great pressure in the center of my body; a stabbing pain, accompanied by a sense of loss and bewilderment. I tried to react; I wanted to move, but I could not. I was gripped by fear and panic. I tried to get out of bed, but no dice: I was totally paralyzed! My arms were pinned and resting behind my back. Sitting on the bed completely immobilized, staring at the wall, I could not move any muscle. I felt as imprisoned in my body as a mummy can be in its bandages; I could only cry. Meanwhile, my brain was returning lucid and relentless thoughts. I searched my eyes for my cell phone and fortunately saw it there, resting on the bed, very close to my hand. With enormous effort I managed to redial the last number called. My husband answered, and I, in a low voice, could only say, "help, help me, don't let me go away!" He became very frightened, unable to understand the meaning of my words. The phone fell to the ground, and from that moment I could no longer have contact with the outside world. I struggled to stay attached to life, fighting with all my might. Then exhausted, I accepted my miserable fate, accepted to die there, in that place, at that precise moment and alone. I closed my eyes and finally thought, "I am ready, thy will be done!" The body suddenly relaxed, I closed my eyes and let go. Lying down, I felt from the center of my abdomen the life come out, or so I thought. It was a

kind of liberation. I lay still and motionless not knowing what to expect.

Just then I was pervaded by a beautiful and unexpected feeling of lightness accompanied by a deep sense of well-being and expansion. I began to expand and open up; I felt radiant and happy. Almost lifted off the earth. I felt freedom invade my whole being and it was like being able to touch it, taste it, savor it; I was immersed in total freedom and wholeness, but above all I was still ALIVE! I was as alive as I had ever been. How could I go from such a dramatic experience to total joy in just a few hours? I lifted myself up sharply. I could now move and breathe! I called my husband to tell him about the experience and to reassure him. Immediately afterward I ran to the Master. He greeted me by saying, *"Sister, dear sister, you finally got where you needed to be. Don't cry, it was scary I know, but I couldn't prepare you for this kind of experience, you would never have experienced it as real and you would not have passed this test. You overcame the greatest fear of being human. The fear of death. Few people accept this test, but you had it written in your path and now it has passed, rest assured. You are well and I congratulate you! Remember, however, that you should never cry for more than a few minutes. If you do, the sadness generated will be too hard to get rid of. Drink the water I gave you, keep your spirits high, so you will be stronger and more joyful for yourself and those around you. Only now that you are free do you understand that this is heaven for your soul, and that you should try to keep it that way, always."*

Thirteenth Step

"Master, why are there so many deities here?" He replied, "I heard that you have a Saint for every day of the year, is that correct?" "yes, that is correct," "it is the Supreme Energy that expresses itself through different forms to which we, between history and legend, have assigned a name and a physiognomy. This serves simple people to better relate to the divine manifestation, although it would be time to recognize the energy of the Source within each of us."

I thought in the same way we were asking through the intercession of some saint, or an Angel or Archangel, and in spite of that, we continued to denigrate those of others.

I returned my focus to Him and saw His hand slowly rest on my knees after drawing something in space; around Him the energy became extremely strong. One could sense a magnetism that suddenly flared up like the wind-fueled flame; tension, rancor and sadness dissolved in it.

My heart opened and I entered a state of natural surrender that I had never achieved on my own. I felt like a wax candle melting on the floor, stretched out and relaxed. We Westerners believe that meditating (or simply letting go), even for just ten minutes a day, is a waste of time. Thus we constantly keep our minds and bodies tense, until we become ill. We ignore our body's capacity for self-regeneration, underestimating its innate intelligence. We recharge our cell phones, fill the refrigerator and the car tank, but we forget about ourselves. Why?

"You will have to learn to surrender yourself in a few minutes; only in this way will your body let go of all stress and a great cleansing will

take place in you. You will regenerate and be happier and brighter. Let the Light come into you."

He made me sit under a tree and recommended exercises to be performed morning and evening. The *way of the heart*, as He called it, was to get to the core of our true identity. As conscious movement of the body increases the production of endorphins and serotonin, perceived at all levels (physical, mental and emotional) and for this reason I understood that the body has great importance in the development of a mature and balanced consciousness.

The purpose is to be guided by our true identity, tuning in to nature, breath, heartbeat and the constant contraction and expansion that characterizes the rhythm of life. Relying on one's Self does not mean being weak or stupid. Can we call an atom, a cell and Nature stupid because they rely on a higher intelligence? Because they follow invisible dictates and work for the common good? We all believe in Nature, and call it perfect, but what is Nature? Have you ever wondered?

The tree does not decide when to generate a leaf or a fruit; the tree relies totally on Nature: it is she who regulates life processes on the earth by following a super-intelligent and already established program.

Mother Nature knows what to do; she does not need our intervention to carry out her immense and unceasing work. Yet, we believe we are wiser than she is and constantly sabotage her wonderful work, arrogantly substituting ourselves for her and destroying her work. Let us instead confidently rely, just like the tree, on her invisible and loving care and we will see so many of our problems resolved.

We are mistaken if we believe that having faith in life is a wrong and passive attitude: on the contrary, it requires an iron *will*, the *courage of a lion*, the *alertness of a tightrope walker* and the *generosity of a loving mother*.

Having faith means trusting ourselves and following our inner agenda.

These are the basic principles that I learned from Master and am constantly cultivating in my inner garden.

"Dear sister, having a small vegetable garden to grow will be very tiring for some, for others a beautiful pastime, and for still others a reason for living. For a mother it will be food to feed her children, and watching them grow will be the greatest joy for her. We decide how to live life and what to do with our garden. Every day we have the opportunity to change our attitudes. When we understand the secret of joy, it is possible that we will decide to turn that vegetable garden into a garden and its fragrance will eventually attract and inspire others. Find a vegetable garden and dedicate yourself passionately to it, without losing touch with reality. You will see that little by little, by distracting your mind and being intimate with yourself, you will understand where you came from and where you are headed. You will understand that you are already doing your task from your first breath on earth."

Standing behind me, he had my feet rest on a mat with a double *tanki* and after a few minutes I felt stinging under the soles of my feet and lightness up to my head.

How wonderful I thought! Once I got home I called that mat, "Wings to Feet."

Often I wondered how it was possible that an ancient language could have been lost if it was so useful and effective.

Being able to hear it and interpret it through my sensations thrilled and moved me at the same time.

But what about the others? Would others have heard the same things? Well, a few years later, I received hundreds of responses and no longer had any doubt!

Fourteenth Step

With the monsoon rain, the arid, red earth turned into quicksand: my feet sank deeper and deeper into it. Walking down the street, when the flip-flops resurfaced from the mud they produced splashes that went in every direction soiling all my clothes. So I would end up taking them off and walking barefoot in the hope of not running into unpleasant surprises. Sometimes the cacti and piles of dirt masked by the bog would mingle with the earth defying my common sense to continue. Fortunately or inexplicably, I was never injured. When the monsoon approached, the animals instinctively sought shelter and I found myself living with a family of geckos and two squirrels ransacking the house in search of food. So I found a good system to make open food packets inaccessible. I would hang the bags from the clothesline with clothespins. It was fun to stay alert and protect the food items.

At six o'clock the gecko family would show up. They would enter the house through the kitchen slits and arrange themselves in rows on the ceiling above my bed. They would remain motionless and we would spend a few minutes studying each other, me lying on the bed and them on top. At the sight of the first insect they would snap and devour it. The poor unfortunates were short-lived.

Days passed and I continued to go to the Master in the morning and at sunset. For better concentration I also began to control more of my appetite, often of nervous origin, and began the practice of fasting and silence. By now I no longer

asked questions and accepted what was reserved for my training and purification. But what was I preparing for! That I could not know yet! "Not now!" he repeated to me.

Occasionally he would sit me down in front of food and ask, "Why are you eating?" I would make to bring the food to my mouth and the usual question would come, "why are you eating?"

Well I found that I often did not eat out of real hunger, sometimes a piece of fruit would feed me for hours. I think this is a good way to lose weight naturally and consciously; to identify the origin of hunger to understand what emotion, situation or discomfort requires us to eat.

I noticed this in spending much time with the Master. In those moments neither hunger nor thirst came knocking at my door.

Sometimes I was so satiated that I could not introduce a single crumb of food into myself. Grace and energy filled the air I breathed and my whole self, no need, no necessity, now I was no longer controlled by my emotions.

Fifteenth Step

The Master called me to himself, unrolled an ancient scroll and said, "Truth palpitates in every being, in every animate and non-animate thing. Truth adapts to the evolution of peoples who continue in its name to manipulate it. Truth is contained in even the smallest aspects of life and vibrates in every atom. Our fathers knew it through tanshui."

At those words I felt projected first into space and later down to the center of the earth. The experience particularly touched me and I felt so excited that my mood soared. On the way home I stopped to look at the garden at the side of the school; it was momentarily deserted. The four rudimentary toys stood there, abandoned.

The slide was so faded that the original bright red color of the best of times had given way to a pale pink, like the green paint on the ride, which hinted at the rust of time.

The three swings, constructed of wood, appeared newer; one in particular seemed sturdier than the others. Two large ropes supported the board that served as the seat.

I felt the overwhelming urge to go in and sit on it.

I approached slowly and circumspectly, but then I thought, *"Why should I feel uncomfortable? It's not like it says forbidden to adults!"*

A man riding by on a bicycle turned and smiled at me. I nodded back at him and, overcoming my initial embarrassment, put down my backpack and sat on the swing. I began to rock back and forth, slowly and moderately; then

when I was sure the swing could support my weight I levered my feet up and with strength and vigor began to climb higher and higher.

I was going up and down faster and faster, up until I could see my feet touching the sky and then back, almost brushing the foliage of the trees with my head.

Involuntarily I emitted little cries of joy that came out without any control, instinctive, innocent and somewhat childish sounds that made me feel as free and joyful as a child, the little girl who was perhaps still inside me!

The inhibitory brakes of adults, the control that adults must always exercise over themselves, were gone. I was back to who I was and it had taken less than 5 minutes!

The wind on my face and in my hair led me to close my eyes and I could even better savor that moment of pure and intense fun in the company of myself.

Gradually I stopped and had the feeling that I had gone somewhere else, as in the morning. This time, however, the experience had been more complete, because it had been lived with my whole being, and I knew that now this beautiful memory would remain imprinted in my cells forever.

I thought about how small transgressions can make things more exciting. Knowing that "it's not done," that "it's not okay," or other clichés and conditioning only added more flavor to the experience, at least for me, who considered myself a real rebel. I wondered why there weren't playgrounds for adults as well: ten minutes of carefree play would bring more joy and balance to the scales of life.

The scales of life are almost always more loaded with negative thoughts. How can we expect in this situation to be truly happy and healthy? Only by adding positive thoughts will we achieve true balance and a neutral mind. We are the result of what we think and feel.

Now try to feel better than you are, to feel healthy, young, wealthy, fulfilled, happy.

Savor the feeling you have and it will gradually materialize in your external reality as well. This is the positive force that makes the difference between those who feel good and those who feel bad.

Sharing

Sit down, and swing gently on your ischi for a few minutes. Let go and listen to your body and your sensations. Bring the balance body and mind back into balance.

Get rid of your emotions, listen to music or sing something, a melody or song you like, get rid of the unspoken words and the knot in your throat.

You don't need to be in tune, it's not an audition, just let yourself go for 3 minutes a day and you'll see that your thyroid will thank you too.

Sixteenth Step

One day to a question I asked, the Master replied, *"There is no single answer to your question. Do you see the same sunset two days in a row? So, like the sunset, you will be different every day and the answers you get will be different. Awakening means understanding that you really do not know anything about what you are going to discover. This is true knowledge: a deep confrontation, a surrender to truth, because not one but many levels of truth await you at every step. Be interested in the how and not continuously in the why. Those will be answered only after you understand the how. Life is the true teacher, you observe it, experience it, learn and practice what you have learned."*

I certainly understood that if I put my foot down, I was not getting what I wanted; therefore, I convinced myself to learn to be more patient and tolerant and to observe myself and situations more.

The Master only needed to close his eyes to enter the state of bliss; I would have liked to be taken there, dragged there, even forced there, and instead I had to be content just to watch and get excited, as if it were a scene from a movie, but it was all real and unfolding before me. I felt the peace and harmony followed by the joy of existence; so much joy until I was moved. The deep calm of the here and now, of the present moment, overpowered everything. I felt everything, but I lacked knowing how to access it.

It was like seeing me standing there in my apron and folder, waiting in front of the closed school gate. I could see her standing there in front of me with the gate closed. There were two cases: either I was early or I was late. I searched the

depths of my mind hoping to receive an enlightening answer as to why some were granted the privilege of enlightenment and others were not. In a lonely delirium I could see thousands of souls demonstrating against this injustice! Placards with the words, "Bliss exists! Bliss is a right and belongs to everyone! Give us back what you have stolen from us! Who among you does not want to see us happy?"

I huffed, eh no, I will not settle for a few crumbs, a few moments of futile and superficial happiness, I aspire to live at the top, to feel good deeply, completely and continuously.

I longed to experience that state again and for it to be integrated into my everyday life as much as possible. I was so fierce that, as a good scale that fights against injustice, I had decided to plead the cause of all those who heard stories of "enlightenment" and did not believe it was possible to get there; they followed them like the moon landing: with great interest of course, but also with resignation accompanied by the conviction that they could not be the next lucky ones. Or toward those who win the lottery: *"oh how nice, how lucky, I'll never get it anyway!"*

The rebellion began at my toes and ended at the tips of my hair. I was actually getting nervous at the thought that no one (or very few) could feel what I felt! I thought that the search for that comfort was the source of the desire for drinking, drugs, and other addictions.

When the Master saw me he began to laugh, why, I wondered, was he making fun of me? He was making me feel so silly! His behavior made me even angrier and I thought I would not tolerate his giggles another second! He asked me

for water. I therefore took the bucket and muttered my way to the stream. In leaning out to get the water I noticed my reflected image in it. My God. I retreated fearfully.

I was ugly as hell: the image the water returned to me was that of a frustrated, bitter, angry woman. I looked ten years older, my eyes circled and looking as dark as a thunderstorm. I washed my face and, after rolling up my skirt, dipped my feet into the water. I addressed a thought to the water, *"purify me, make me calm again."* I felt severe pain in my lower abdomen and a great sense of nausea. I also heard a little inner voice saying, *"Do you want to add another battle to those that already exist? Aren't all the current wars enough for you? How much more blood will have to be spilled?"* I looked down and saw blood littering the water. I immediately thought of a mystical event and said to myself, *"Yes, no more wars, no more blood, it's time for peace, it's time to develop inner peace. Message received."*

I reopened my eyes and took a closer look. I saw another drop floating on the water. I checked closely and realized then that it was not a miracle! There was an explanation behind this prodigious event. My period had come! And all the tension and bad moods that preceded them! I searched my bag for some paper tissues and, embarrassed, returned to the beach. I was wearing an orange skirt and felt quite calm despite the obvious stain. I understood the reason for my anger, the dark circles under my eyes, and her laughter; but couldn't she have let me know earlier? It was the usual monthly appointment in accordance with the moon and the tide. For him, this manifestation was part of female nature, a completely obvious and natural process, but for me it was still a source of agitation, nervousness and surprise. I was

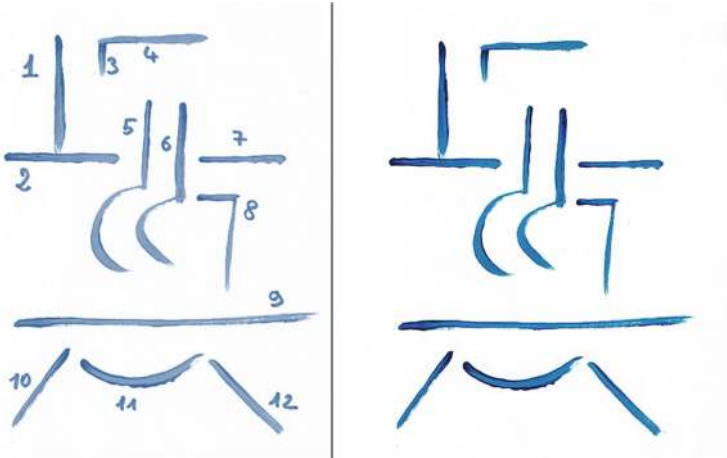
often not centered and went from anger and aggression, to melancholy or crying for no reason.

For a woman to be happy, she must love herself and accept her flaws, but she must also come to terms with a body that is a source of restlessness and suffering every month and that, in spite of itself, affects her life. This is something with which man does not have to reckon every month, and we are left, without a doubt, with more effort to achieve the famous 'nirvana.' So it was that on that same day, amidst a fit of rebellion and discontent, I received the very precious *tanki* of centering. This *tanki* allowed me to center myself in thirty seconds, and after years of meditation it was a true revelation for me, so much so that I called it the emergency remedy of Tanshui, a true medicine to medicate the soul.

Sharing

Draw on the left palm, but without touching it, the *tanki* of Centering. Use your right hand as if it were a brush and the space above the palm a canvas. Proceed following the numbers indicated. Rest your left hand in the center of your chest and overlap your right hand. Close your eyes and return to yourself! Repeat the 4 qualities of the Heart, "Peace, Love, Serenity and Joy," and let them work. Center yourself at the beginning of a new day, when you are particularly agitated or doubtful about choices to be made, at work, before a meeting, meditation or treatment, a Yoga class, before bedtime, and when you do not wish to absorb too much from others or heavy, negative states.

Centering



You can also photocopy the *tanki* and use it directly on your chest. The more we practice centering, the more present, serene and less emotional we will be. I tuck it into my bra and when I don't I notice the difference.

(The very high vibration of Centering might cause excitement initially; this effect will pass and do just the opposite: incredible peace.)

Seventeenth Step

When I arrived I saw the Master lying on the *tachat*. His eyes stared into the void, and I quickly realized that he was far away. He could not see me because the deep connection with the Light had suddenly manifested. A woman appeared in front of the gate and opened it noisily. I tried to stop her at the entrance and she took to complaining while raising her voice; I could not understand a single word she was saying.

Speaking to her in English, I politely asked her to leave and come back later, but perhaps she knew nothing but her own language. Thinking that I did not understand her because she was not using a loud enough tone of voice, she started screaming and, irritated, threw a metal bowl she was holding onto the ground. I picked it up and she walked away, continuing to whine.

Having solved the problem, I rushed to the Master. I was panicked when I noticed as I approached him that his eyes were closed and he was no longer breathing. Suddenly he raised his right hand, hinting at a gesture to keep me at a distance.

The energy that hit me was so strong that I leapt back almost two meters. My heart was wide open and I felt a slight tachycardia. I felt overwhelmed by streams of energy that came in regular waves, just like the waves of the sea.

In the following days these manifestations were repeated several times, but I never had the courage to tell the Master about them. I couldn't get used to the depth of his connection, and each time I worried for his safety until, one

day, I let go and instead of guarding him by fidgeting, I closed my eyes and gradually tried to relax into deep meditation.

In that state I began to see images very clearly and sharply. In front of me appeared a ladder of light consisting of ten steps. I decided to climb to the top counting them one by one. I found myself in front of a closed door, a beautiful completely white door from which such a strong light filtered that I could not see the building.

Who knows what was behind that door. Curiosity drove me to open it slowly, and a dazzling light hit me. It was so blinding that it erased the boundaries of the room.

A gorgeous figure turned her back to me. He had a blue-colored, foot-length dress and brown hair that rested on his shoulders. An irresistible force drew me toward him: I approached, he turned and, hugging me, whispered something in my ear.

I did not understand his words, and just as I was struggling to comprehend, the vision vanished. When I opened my eyes again, the Master beckoned me with a hand to come closer. I sat down next to him, who, taking my hands in his, said, "*Now, I will take you very high, are you ready?*"

Intrigued and a little afraid, I answered with an unconvinced yes. I closed my eyes and entrusted myself. I felt a subtle energy pervade my body. I became light, lighter and lighter, ethereal, as if the matter of which we are made gradually vanished.

I felt myself going higher and higher, carried into the deepest experience of bliss I had ever experienced; I felt a

widespread warmth, my cheeks sweating, I went into spontaneous apnea and stiffened to keep from losing consciousness. It was too much for me and I let go of my grip. I abandoned his hands because I was afraid of losing myself and going further.

The Master, arching his eyebrows slightly, stood for a few minutes with a strange smile that imprinted his face with a blissful, almost dumbfounded expression.

Taking advantage of his 'absence,' I brushed his face, observing the white space that leaked from his half-closed eyelids; He took 12 deep breaths, swelling his abdomen (I could count them every day), and opened his eyes again.

"Master, where were you?" I asked him.

"I was in the Light," He replied.

"I was afraid you were dead, you were no longer breathing."

"I was breathing, breathing."

He smiled at me, as one who hides a secret he cannot reveal. Cautiously, he stood up and walked toward the stream. He took off his shirt and began his ablutions.

He asked me to return at 6 p.m. sharp, and so I did. When I arrived I noticed a young woman with long black hair who was showing him a turquoise-colored *panjabi*, which he was carefully examining.

When I approached he invited me into the hut and, leaving me alone, asked me to put it on. The dress wrapped the upper body a lot, but the pants were comfortable, ideal for sitting cross-legged. I came out of the hut and the Master

enunciated, "*Tonight you will go to the ceremony in the temple.*" Before entrusting me to the woman who would accompany me, he asked me to let my hair down and handed me a wide leaf on which two powders had been placed: one white and one red. They would be used to make the *bindu* between the eyebrows.

I therefore went to the ceremony, and once I arrived at the temple I noticed that there were only women there. The only man present, the *sannyasi*, wandered around bare-chested with a tray in his hands on which stood out, among various brass objects, a kind of Aladdin's lamp, from which a fragrant gray smoke sprang.

I jolted at the sudden sound of a huge bell placed at the height of my auricle; some women rotated on themselves three times, while others emulated with their hand a rotation on their own heads three times. Then, all at once and at the same time, they knelt down and bowed. I had followed the scene very attentively, but I could not understand to whom so much devotion was directed.

At that instant one of them opened the doors of a large tabernacle placed at the end of the room: and a female deity appeared.

She was a life-size statue that could look like a real woman. Her wide-eyed warrior-like appearance was almost awe-inspiring: when my eyes met hers I winced. During the chanting I felt a diffuse warmth on my back and then a strong flush rising from the base of my column, bringing energy up in seconds to the crown, where a fountain-like space opened up.

The experience was brief but intense. I felt I was in a very beautiful, special and indescribable state in words. I followed the devotional songs without being able to participate because of it. I was present but at the same time distant. One woman took a pitcher of water and poured a little into the palm of one hand, wetting her head, and so did we all. The man, on the other hand, wandered around with the tray and the smoking lamp from which the women drew smoke to purify themselves. As, gradually diluted by the chanting, this experience faded away, I began to let go, more and more immersed in myself and in that space of a timeless, out-of-reality feminine.

Sharing

Visualize the spine as if it were a thermometer and the mercury the energy.

Inhale slowly and with each exhalation feel the energy slowly rise a few notches. Visualize and feel your energy slowly ascending with each exhalation to your head and like a fountain of light allow it to gush copiously from your head. Visualize yourself in a golden shower. Revitalize and regenerate your body and mind!

Eighteenth Step

"The nature of things often conceals truths unknown to us. We draw on truth not only through studies or a knowledge made by others, but by remaining centered in the awareness of the inner Self. This is a difficult and perhaps still untenable concept for the West, but just as springing water can be collected in a glass, bottle or cistern, adapting perfectly to each different container, so Truth will adapt to each of us. The Truth is within us, but we will tap into it only if we are truly thirsty."

I asked, "Master, how can we know we are on the right path?", "Every riverbed leads to the sea: you always get there sooner or later. The current is trust (or faith). The riverbed represents life. The sea is the destination. When serene you are on the right path. Even if you come across large boulders that will obstruct your flow, you know that the current will help you overcome them and you can then continue on your path. Remember that the biggest obstacle is the mental projection of the ego, in which case you may be taking a parallel and illusory path. It is also possible that you may instead be too impetuous and an event may have to stop you to make you think, this is because there is a right time for everything."

"So you mean that certain blocks are useful?", "certainly yes, but to the extent that they become a cue to reflect on and not something to brood over as many of you do. In this way the blockage can mistakenly become more important than the path itself. Sometimes the mind does great damage. It forces you to act on the path it is planning to keep you anchored in old patterns and fear. Resistance is the dark evil of humanity, resisting what you are, is dark and devious. Inventing a fake

self is an ego trap. Being, and thinking you are, are very different things: one is Light, the other is its reflection."

At that very moment I was overwhelmed by a wave of love: it is difficult to explain what it feels like to love pure magnetism. I was surely also intimidated by it, perhaps because of the immense amount. I thought, with great bitterness, how accustomed we are to suffering and how comfortable we are in pain and suffering!

Now, however, I was floundering from too much comfort and was afraid of it and resisting it.

I don't know what I would have given to see the expression on my face at that moment, and the way He was looking at me and smiling only highlighted my embarrassment at my stiffness and resistance.

My stomach ached because all the tension was going there. He reached over and gently took my hands, placing them in a *mudra* that began to take effect after a couple of minutes. It emphasized my rigidity even more. The more he worked, the more my solar plexus (stomach area), stiffened and hardened like a stone, fortunately soon after the hands yoga began to take effect and I became free.

Sharing

Bring both hands to the base of the nape of the neck performing the position in the photo. All fingers rest at the nape of the neck. The thumbs and index fingers touch each other. The little fingers of both hands come together. Breathe normally, relax and listen to the body sensations for a few minutes. You can mark yourself on a Relax palm or hold it in front of you.

With this mudra you might stiffen the stomach area, it's the resistances that come up, relax, breathe and let them go.



Nineteenth Step

As time passed, the questions that previously crowded my mind became less and less frequent, and the experiences I was having became real lessons with answers to all my questions.

The dreams became more intense and clear, as did my intuition. I realized that those continuous outpourings of energy through Tanshui were leading me to the greatest experience of freedom and autonomy in my life.

It was like flying over the world, I could see it from above: the spaces opened up and revealed, nature, animals, human beings, everything was displayed with harmonious beauty; a creation in which order and harmony came together in perfect balance.

I alternated between experiences of peace and moments of frustration; but the trials I had undergone for many years now had forged me, and now I could listen to the little inner voice that suggested that I should not give in to those moods and let them go. I had to learn not to attach to those thoughts and not to feed them.

The knowledge that I was putting the past behind me gave me the strength to endure the crises that, as the days passed, seemed to be less and less frequent. The crying finally turned into a cry of joy, emotion and gratitude. The heart opened and I felt my love simply flowing out. I was happy. But how much love was yet to be given? I was like a tree that was only now allowing its sap to flow down to the leaves. I began to feel better, more vital and regenerated; one day,

casually laying my gaze on my left wrist, I thought I saw something move.

I watched carefully and to my amazement noticed strange green and blue channels of light branching from my arm to my hand and down to my fingers.

They were almost phosphorescent.

Not being able to compare myself with anyone, I convinced myself it was the acupuncture meridians. I could see energy flowing in regular streams, and I thought the Chinese had been right. Surely they too saw channels of light, and that was the reason for their precision in describing meridian paths in Traditional Chinese Medicine.

And just as I was making my considerations, the phenomenon disappeared. I tried again a few more times, but I was no longer able to see them. Perhaps I had unconsciously questioned the existence of the meridians, and this was the answer coming directly from my body.

I was thirsty and found that I was running out of water, so I went out to purchase it. To access the small store it was necessary to climb three very steep and narrow steps. One was forced to stand in front of the counter clinging to the wall so as not to fall, while the fire ants had a lot of fun pinching your ankles knowing that you could not move.

Just in retracing the road back I had the strange feeling of walking in the footsteps left here in another life. I felt as if I had resumed an ancient path.

I must have left something here for sure. Needle and thread in my hands, I was trying to select distant memories

with which to compose my tapestry. Someday maybe I would stop scrambling around looking for pieces of fabric left and right and piercing my fingers to sew the edges together, I thought.

One day I would finally be able to contemplate the whole work and understand its meaning. Only then, seeing it as a whole, would I admire its real beauty.

Being able to remain detached in front of the pattern that was slowly taking shape was really difficult.

A great weariness collapsed on me, I suddenly felt crushed and oppressed.

I forced myself to react and let her go because I would not be able to bear all that weight on my shoulders. I realized that there is no need to know too much as you walk through life, that it is useless to exhume ancient suffering when there is the law of oblivion that erases everything.

Master often repeats to me to let go of the past and if it is necessary to know more about our task and evolutionary path it will be communicated to us in so many ways and manners. For this reason it is necessary to be centered at all times.

Twentieth Step

That morning I woke up sad and worried. A little voice told me that something was going on. I turned on my phone, but saw no messages to confirm my feeling. I got ready rather lazily and headed for the Master's less paced than usual. When I arrived, I saw a man hoeing the garden. "How strange," I thought, "*what is that guy doing inside the fence?*"

I approached and asked where the Master was. The answer that came to me was like a slap in the face when one expects a caress.

"*It just left,*" he replied, "*Left? When? And to where?*" "*Not say...he said only station.*" I ran away immediately and without saying a word. I started running, or rather wandering the streets looking for a tuc tuc; I didn't understand why there weren't any around.

"*Why aren't there any? Where is everybody, but what's going on?*" Soon afterwards I heard about a strike from a taxi driver who fortunately had stopped for coffee. Of course I grabbed it on the fly and after only ten minutes I arrived at the station.

I launched myself into a mad dash toward the only departing train. The crowds and street vendors impeded the free flow of people on the platform, and between screaming children and families with numerous suitcases in tow, it felt like a local market.

I paused to scan the train carefully when I saw in the distance a figure I knew well.

The Master was climbing the steps of the carriage behind the locomotive.

I began to run overwhelmed by the crowd, which, heedless of my anxiety, was lost in small talk and pleasantries, obstructing my passage.

I was as if imprisoned in slow motion. I began to call out, "*Master, Master!*"

I took off my flip-flops to run faster and make room for myself among the people, but I was still struggling to move.

While repeating "*excuse me*" over and over again, I placed a foot on an oil spot and slipped, falling ruinously on an elderly lady.

The woman's husband took to railing at me, and as I tried to apologize, the train began to move.

In complete dismay I began to gather my things and slowly stood up. Still dazed I shouted, "*Master! Master! Wait!*" The train, it had already started its run.

I hoped for an unforeseen, supernatural event, but slowly and inexorably the train pulled away, taking on the contours of a blurred, blurred image in my tear-filled eyes.

I collapsed to the ground drenched in sweat and with a pain in the center of my chest that I had never felt before.

"Why? Why did you abandon me? Why did you leave like that and without telling me anything? How will I find you again?"

Jolted by the crowd, I had not noticed that in the fall, to avoid the worst, I had injured my finger by clinging to a

billboard and was now bleeding profusely, soiling my entire dress.

I took the scarf and wrapped myself as best I could. Now exhausted and resigned, I curled my head on my knees. I hoped he would feel my pain and that this might bring him back; I hoped he could feel my open heart and that I had really changed.

I don't know how long I sat there, with my whole being saying, *"He's gone, he's gone now, gone into thin air, I'm alone, I'm left alone."*

I stood up slowly with a great emptiness in my chest, my legs and head heavy. Dragging myself out of the station with difficulty I took a cab and returned to the village.

It was getting late, but the idea of eating had not even occurred to me. So I ran to the beach in the hope of seeing him appear as had happened so many times. I hoped for a miracle and instead, nothing! I rejected the idea that he was gone like this.

For this reason I waited a long time, but to no avail.

For three very long days I felt much pain and a great emptiness.

I continued to go to the beach to wait for him.

I annihilated myself in that waiting, in that limbo, in that state where a being cannot start living again and remains suspended between two different realities.

In the meantime, my ring finger had swollen a lot and it really looked like an infection had infected it. In spite of my

care, and in spite of the fact that I continually disinfected the wound, it would not heal. It was the finger where I wore my wedding ring, and I thought that was my test of faith. He would be healed if I really had any.

On the fourth day I felt unexpectedly better and my finger also seemed to improve; the color variation had changed from dark purple to reddish. My stomach was showing signs of life and I decided to start feeding again. I had a hearty breakfast, washed my hair, put on the turquoise panjabi she had given me, put kajal on my eyes and bindu on my forehead, took the mala and went out. I sat under a tree near the beach, centered myself and began to repeat the mantra. I was tired, very tired, and I just wanted to recover and be happy as He had taught me. I regained contact with my heart and tried to recreate an inner space to fall into spontaneous meditation. I stayed like this for almost two hours, then stretched out the mat and lay down. I immediately fell asleep due to fatigue and accumulated stress.

When I woke up He was there, sitting in front of me. He was looking at me and smiling. I thought it was a vision because it was completely backlit. I got up and slowly approached to make sure that this was not the case.

However, when I had ascertained that it was really Him, in the flesh, I burst into tears over His *dhoti*.

"Now you know what attachment means. You must never have any, neither for me nor for anyone else. Attachment is the origin of all suffering. And it was only through suffering that you could learn this lesson."

He wiped away my tears and looked into my eyes and said, *"I am in your eyes: you can never miss me; pure love has no boundaries or walls. It is, and it is everywhere. Those who seek find and those who find will be surprised (or shocked) by the Truth. Never stop searching, but search within yourself, for it is there that you will find the key that will open all doors."*

"Master, I was very sick. My heart was splitting in two, and if I hadn't stopped crying I might have had a heart attack."

"I felt everything, your every inner motion, your anger and despondency. Your questions, your answers, and your pleas for help. I was there. I was wiping away your tears, trying to talk to you and comfort you, but you weren't hearing, you weren't centered and you weren't opening up to truth and love. This is what happens when you are engulfed by attachment, dependence and pain. You are not listening to yourself, to the signs of life, to the love of Source. People will try to attach themselves to you by all means, they will want to depend on you. Will you be able, without making them suffer as you have suffered, to teach them this lesson?"

"Perhaps, now that I have lived it, I will succeed. I will never again, never again attach myself to anything or anyone, never again!"

"Dear sister, when you have everything inside and you are in balance, you cannot lose anything, always remember that. Help your brothers to let more Light and Love into them, so they will have everything they need. You will come back when you are ready to spread this message. When you are ready, the world around you will be ready as well."

Twenty-first Step

A man came, the Master talked with him for a few minutes, and walked away. Later he returned with two other strange men holding large bags.

I was a bit uneasy about it, especially when Master said, "*You go on home and come back at five o'clock.*"

I was a little surprised; as I walked away offering the group my back, I felt I was being watched. So I suddenly turned around and caught them in the act: they were talking to each other and laughing! Perhaps at me?

Irritated and annoyed I tried, as I walked away, to assume an elegant bearing, although by then I was left with perhaps only the brand of perfume. I understood that I was not really rooted, as he said; in fact, he often reproached me for not being present and centered. But that blessed rootedness I just couldn't feel it.

Sometimes he repeated to me, "*How will you live between heaven and earth? How and what will you manifest if you are not in the body? Everything will become much more difficult know it.*"

Lying on the bed I stared at the fan blades spinning on the ceiling of my room. My legs felt heavy, perhaps from the great heat and humidity, and I was struggling to move. In fact, now that I paused to think about it, my body had become lazy and a bit weighed down. So I decided that I would do something to improve my appearance.

I hurriedly got up, made myself some tea, dressed quickly and ran to the tourist beach.

I didn't arrive in time that I was already ready to dive into the sea. Unfortunately, the too-high waves prevented me from swimming as much as I would have liked, so I got dressed and went home. In the afternoon, I went to see the Master: I was very agitated and nervous.

When I arrived He was sitting on the sand and using a stick as if it were a pencil he drew a *tanki*: "*sit here,*" he said, "*and try to calm down. Where are you?*" he asked. "*I am here,*" I replied.

"No, dear sister, where are you?", "I don't know."

"You can't be in your presence because you can't be in your body. That's why!"

He always found a reason to scold me, I thought. Maybe not being in the body was my way of giving myself away!

The Master took me by the arm and dragged me toward the sea, where three men who I later found out were musicians were sitting.

With an almost threatening expression he said, "*Now you will stop ignoring yourself. You will have to remember who and what you are, otherwise every little part of you in the future will send it back to you through pain and physical suffering.*"

As he blindfolded me with a scarf, I heard the sound of percussion and sitar intoning a melody and his voice repeating, "*Now dance, move and let your soul free! You know how to do it and you will remember.*"

"Master, I don't remember anything!", "Stop making excuses, you know. Also learn to remember!"

I was terribly ashamed: moving in front of those three, and especially in front of Him!

I sensed the Master walking away; heartened, I imagined him sitting on the ground in his usual posture, motionless with his eyes closed, and I calmed down.

The trio began to play and I timidly moved to the rhythm of the music. As the rhythm increased, a force unknown to me took to direct my every movement. It was a real struggle. Me wanting to leave on one side and the body being carried on the other. Without realizing it, I found myself in a very stable position, with my feet firmly on the ground and my legs spread apart, allowing my torso to spin.

As my arms moved of their own accord, I felt myself projected like a rocket into a tunnel: at the exit I saw a totem pole surrounded by sand and barren red mountains, a meandering river, golden palaces, bridges and expanses of grassland. I regained contact with my body and the dance became repetitive and almost obsessive. The rhythm of the drums gripped me to the point that I could feel it vibrating inside. The repetitive and almost hypnotic rhythm helped me let go of the reins and the body changed gait, from trotting to galloping without limits or modesty.

She expressed herself, aware of being what she was, in a harmonious form made up of feminine roundness, but also of grit, elasticity, strength, passion and a vitality that screamed at me *"you are alive, you exist, you are you, you are unique"*; this energy began to circulate everywhere and come out of all pores; from my hair, my feet, my hands, spreading and mixing with the sweat that by now made my skin glisten.

After a while I collapsed on my knees and then stretched out on the ground. I found myself lying on the shoreline with my left cheek glued to the wet sand and out of breath; with my right hand I lifted the blindfold from my eyes while holding a handful of sand with the other.

The sky had now turned red, and the strangely calm sea was gray brushed with purple. I stood motionless with my eyes glued to the line separating the horizon. When a longer wave caressed my face and I felt the taste of salt on my lips, I began to move my joints. I suddenly remembered where I was.

The wind, the sea, the sounds, the journey, the plane, the house, my body, feet, legs, hands, head, face and heart as my breathing gradually calmed. The music seemed far away. Now, my senses had opened and I had descended to earth and entered my body. My gaze was turned inward and my mind emptied and light. I unexpectedly felt the need to love myself as I had never loved myself. Gathering myself into the fetal position, I longed to stay with myself, as if for the first time in my life. I experienced very strange feelings of sweetness, forgiveness, sadness, compassion and love, to the point that I had to ask myself if I could love myself. Could I really love myself? Only now did I realize how much I missed this intimate relationship with myself. How could I have forgotten myself? In what part of me was this love stuck? I continued to embrace myself, as compassion, forgiveness and gratitude rose, moving in one vortex that left my body free forever.

Twenty-second Step

My gratitude and spiritual love for Master was something beyond the mind and the needs of the body. My eyes began to see beyond, beyond His physical form and I to experience the state of Pure Love. I was aware that I would feel it first for "His human form" and then it would be projected and felt for every Being.

Everything seemed possible: I was in a state of total well-being, of bliss, and I wanted to continue to experience that wonderful feeling of balance and harmony.

I decided to break down the last frontier and tell him. But how could I tell him that I loved him without being misunderstood? And more importantly, how could I then manifest this love to everyone if I was not even able to admit it to myself?

I was a bystander to the discussion staged by the two parts of me that had taken on the task of solving the dilemma.

Was it right to feel pure love? The heart told me "yes," that love is always right, but the mind disputed and called me back to my role as a wife and the solemn promise to love only my husband. The heart said that love cannot have constraints or boundaries, but the mind imposed them on me. At that very instant all kinds of love began to parade before me: I saw the love of a mother toward her son, that of a son toward his mother, that of a father, of a grandfather, of a teacher, of a therapist, of a priest, of a painter, of a cook,

of a gardener, and then I saw love for love itself, and in the Light I saw its form dissolve and then only Light.

What I had to feel within me was the state of pure love, which would soon become more detached, autonomous, free and pour out toward life itself. If I did not go through Him, I was aware that I would never open that door, to finally enter the heart of my heart.

All that we are is expressed through relationships; it exists if we also experience it outside ourselves, otherwise it remains only a fantasy of the mind and does not materialize.

Before my departure we decided to take a trip to the lake. When we arrived at our destination, I finally relaxed.

Sitting on the lawn in front of the lake, I munched my banana chips while sipping water straight from the bottle. The weather was breezy and the breeze made it pleasant to stay on the lawn and chat. Some crows approached, attracted by the food. They seemed intrigued by our conversation and watched us with attentive eyes.

Excitedly, I thought, *"Now I'll tell him!"* and called out to him, *"Master?"* and barely sustaining his gaze, I stammered, *"I, I..."* It was impossible to hide anything from him.

"You love me, I know. I love you as well."

As naturally as if he were asking, *"Do you want ice cream?"* He replied, *"Yes, me too."*

His affirmation went through my soul like a bolt of lightning and, finally, serenity returned to me. Then he

shifted his gaze to the flowers and said, "I love the *flowers, I love the sky, the clouds, the sea ... and I love you too.*"

This pointing out was important to Him.

I looked at him with intensity, fixing my gaze deeply inside his green eyes perhaps for the first time: and lo and behold I was able to read, as on a scroll that began to unroll and unfurl before me, the secrets that his soul concealed.

At the same time the Master peered inside me and told me about the Monks Fathers, Anua Ananda, Tanshui, Ambika and my task.

Although my trust in Him was great, it was hard to believe His words, which I listened to with great attention and emotion as my body was pervaded by countless chills.

I was also a little stunned by his talk, and kept wondering whether to be pleased or afraid of it; suddenly I realized that the feeling I was feeling was fear.

I was afraid of what I was going to do, what I was going to have to do, that ...

I panicked, and He, grabbing me by the arms and shaking me a little, said, "*Sister, don't reject the design. You've entered the design now.*"

I used to feel his energy a lot, but for a few days I didn't feel it at all. So I asked him, "Master, how come I haven't felt your energy for a few days?" I was surprised by his answer, "*Does the sun perhaps need the light of a light bulb?*", "*Sorry, I don't understand you.*"

"*You can generate energy and light: why should I give you energy?*"

Those words, added to the previous ones, became like the push one gives to those who jump off a bridge into the void with their feet tied to a rubber band. I do believe that I felt the same sensation: it felt as if I were dangling up and down, with a foggy mind.

The Master's face became serious. *"You came here for two reasons: to know pure love and to find out who you are."*

Back at the beach he gave me a strip of fabric with golden tanki. Once home I laid it on the bed as he suggested and lay down on it.

The feeling was very strong.

It was like receiving a relaxing treatment, a great warmth came to my kidneys and spread everywhere from there, I felt a deep well-being, relaxation and regeneration. I fell asleep almost immediately.

When I woke up, I realized how lucky I was.

I had had what I for years had given to others in my treatments.

Now I could, if He had taught me how, fulfill my greatest desire: to help those who help, to support those who support, to lighten those who bear the burdens of others, now my task seemed clearer. A tear streaked my heart, the door opened, and I entered.

Twenty-third Step: today

I opened my eyes and turned on the light to check the time: the alarm clock read 4:45 and it was still dark outside. Memories of the previous two years had flashed before my eyes like sheep when you can't get to sleep. It felt strange to be back in this place and in the company of my husband. Honestly, I was a little tense.

I slipped out of bed to go to the bathroom; I saw with relief clean towels, toilet paper and running hot water. I returned to the room, plugged in the socket and turned on the kettle. As soon as the water was ready I made coffee. I went back to bed being careful not to spill the contents of the cups I had filled to the brim.

I gently woke my husband and we decided to go to the beach to watch the sunrise together and to meet the Master later.

In fact, I wished for my husband to meet him and experience for himself the same feelings I had.

I thought back to the meeting I had the day before and wondered what had gone wrong. Perhaps the Master, after two years, expected something different from me, but what exactly? Questions crowded in my mind until a thought came up and I could hear it.

He had to know, had to understand and know my world. The time had come for us to meet halfway, between heaven and earth, East and West, spirit and matter, heart and mind. I had already begun to spread some of the teachings I had

received with obvious and excellent results, but no one had ever painted the Tanshui but me.

When we arrived at the beach I saw with surprise a man and a woman sitting on the steps of the hut. We decided to wait for them to move away before approaching, but I could tell from their demeanor that they would not be leaving anytime soon. As the sun was rising in a beautiful blue sky, I eagerly awaited the moment of their meeting.

I looked at my husband: he was smiling in a strange way that I did not know. It was as if he sensed or knew what would happen later.

I lay down with my head on his lap trying to relax and enjoy that natural spectacle.

A little later we approached the hut, the two people sitting outside greeted us with smiles, at which point we asked about the Master.

The man, in somewhat uncertain English, told us that he had been living with his family in that house for two years and that he did not know any men who matched our description.

I thought back with wonder to the previous day's meeting and wondered how this had been possible.

Still in disbelief at the information I had received, I accompanied my husband to the place where the meeting had taken place the night before. We sat in exactly the same spot when I saw something peeking out from under the boulder where we were sitting. They were papers empirically

tied by a string in a transparent envelope, the first page read "For Maria" and the last "My Heart Embraces Your Heart."

He knew that from late evening to dawn no one would pass by that isolated place and that the locals, believing so much in karma, would not touch something not meant for them. I wondered if this was the step that was missing, perhaps it was another piece to add to the puzzle.

The following days were intense and exciting. We took a house and had uncommon experiences. I began to write, a force stronger than myself urged me to write and write, write about Him, about us and this adventure, when something absolutely unexpected manifested itself,

... but that's another story.

This text is a gift that I feel I am sharing at a time in history when confusion and materialism predominate and values such as tenderness, love, and kindness are waning. I wish you from the bottom of my heart that this journey has helped you get more in touch with yourself and awaken the strength and energy that will guide and protect you on your journey.

*With love
Maribol Sole*

Conclusion

You must have understood that Tanshui is an ancestral language that has not been hybridized or modified as a result of contact with other languages. It has returned to us intact and with its original function thanks to the generosity of my Master and his predecessors.

Tanshui harmonizes like the notes of music acting on us and our surroundings. The main effect is to free us from stress by assisting general well-being and deep relaxation.

Tanki are a precious gift and bring immediate serenity to many people's lives.

Each has its own characteristics and functions that once 'felt' can be adapted to unlimited possibilities of use. The peculiarity of Tanshui is that it is 100% natural, with no side effects or harmful effects and never runs out, plus it can be inserted at any time of the day to give us an immediate beneficial effect.

Tanshui complements every discipline, method, cure, philosophy and/or religion because it liberates and empowers the human being.

Acknowledgements:

I thank with love and gratitude
Master, the Tanshui, the Source, life, my parents,
My husband, my teachers, my students,
friends and all those who have helped me
and supported on this path
And also those who did not,
Because they taught me more than others.

THANK YOU!

THANK YOU!

THANK YOU!

Glossary

Ajna - Sixth chakra best known as the "third eye."

Bindu (Bindi) - This is a Sanskrit term meaning point. It is also a small devotional ornament affixed to the forehead.

Chakra - Literally means "wheel" or *vortex in* Sanskrit. It is a term used in Indian philosophy that views chakras as energy valves connected to the endocrine glands that link the physical body to the outside world.

Dhoti - This is a traditional garment worn by men in India. It is a rectangular piece of cloth that is tied around the waist and comes down to the feet, like a sarong.

Guru - Sanskrit term identifying a teacher or preceptor. It comes from the roots *gu* "darkness" and *ru* "vanish," thus taking on the meaning "*He who dispels the darkness.*"

Mala - The literal meaning of the word is circle. It can be a wreath or an Indian rosary, composed of a precise number of seeds (108) and is made of natural materials. Similar to the Western rosary wreath, it is used as a tool for mantra repetition or for the practice of other forms of spiritual exercises.

Mantra - A term derived from the combination of the two Sanskrit words *manas* (mind) and *trayati* (liberate). Mantra can therefore be considered as a sound that can free the mind from thoughts.

Mudrā - Literally: "seal." It is a gesture that is used to achieve benefits on the physical-energetic level.

Namastè - Means "I bow to you," and is derived from the Sanskrit: *namas* bowing, reverently saluting and *you*, to you. However, a spiritual significance is associated with this word, so it can be more fully translated as *greeting (I bow to) the divine qualities in you*.

Panjabi - This is a traditional Indian garment; it is a wide, knee-length shirt and is worn by both men and women over comfortable pants.

Pranayama - The word Pranayama is formed from Prana (breath, life, energy, strength) and Ayama (length, control, expansion). Its meaning is therefore control and extension of the breath.

Prasad - Blessed food.

Sannyasi - Person who renounces worldly life to devote himself completely to spiritual contemplation.

Satguru - Its meaning is: "master of perfection" or also enlightened master; his task is to initiate the souls of disciples to lead them toward enlightenment.

Shaktipat - Consists of the Grace received from the Guru.

Sitar - Indian stringed instrument.

Tachat - Mat used for sitting on.

Tanki - ideograms, pictograms

Tuc tuc - Ape car used as a cab

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