

RWS Journey

Speaking of my spiritual journey is kind of like telling you about one of my vivid dreams last night. It sure seemed real, it was a helluva ride, I was right there in the thick of things, all kinds of interesting, fun and sometimes bizarre characters came and went, and, after I awakened and it was all over, my flashback memory of the dream sure made it feel important, loaded with meaning and purpose.

As I write this, I'm not absolutely sure if any of it really happened, and only vaguely remember who it happened to.

I know that sounds a little crazy, but I will explain...

Deep in my gut, for as long as I could remember, there was an undefined, gnawing feeling of alienation and unfulfillment, coupled with a deep dissatisfaction with the adult human world as it operated - its pretend morality, approved standards, acceptable goals and expected rewards. I didn't seem to belong here, and none of the things that were supposed to make me happy ever did so for any satisfying length of time.

Half-heartedly attempting to fit in, being as rebellious as I would let myself get away with while still playing the game, I bounced through a number of degrees, careers and intimate relationships.

Of course, they were all great experiences with great people. It's just that now I realize I was the one who didn't really show up completely for them. The best I could do at the time was act out from my concocted persona, wearing the costume called "Robert" and acting out my own scripted role. In other words, my 'true self' rarely showed its face, try as I might. And, I began to see that everyone else was doing the same thing. Everyone acting out their personal script, deathly afraid of showing their true, simple, honest self for fear of being shamed, embarrassed and all the rest.

I'd taken a path familiar to many others. Years of self-improvement books and practices; study of philosophy, psychology and human development; study and practice of several religions (traditional to esoteric). Regular meditation, fasting and yogic practices... on it went.

Interesting and relatively helpful as these efforts were at the time, I always realized that the same old gnawing feeling was still there. Something was still fundamentally lacking, something still felt "off." All the study and devotion to practices delivered knowledge and altered state experiences by the truckload. But I couldn't seem to tell if any of them were actually helping me make any real forward progress toward waking up from the dream... from the gnawing, unfulfilled, insubstantial feeling inside.

I made up the ongoing internal story (belief) that I was making lots of progress, especially something called 'spiritual' progress. My consciousness was raising... I was getting closer and closer to the spiritual goal.

Or was I? Secretly not being exactly sure what this spiritual goal

actually was (Enlightenment? Mystical Union with the Cosmos? God-Realization? Permanently Blissed Out? Living Happily Ever After? Maybe at least some Very Good Tantric Sex?), I just kept winging it, pretending to myself that I was on top of things and piloting my own ship. Hmm... Just a bit more meditation each day, and some tweaking of my diet ought to do it... just a little more purification, a little more light, a little more pretend serenity...

Along the way thrilling mystical experiences, altered states of consciousness and out-of-body events came... and went. Especially the 18 months of intense kundalini activity, which was *very* transformative for me. Interestingly, I noticed that these more momentous shifts were occurring in direct response to the degree that I was getting more and more disillusioned with the whole spiritual game I was playing.

Something was changing inside in a big way.

My thick shell of ego was starting to crack. The wall of separation that I barely knew was there was now very apparent and giving way. Layers were peeling away spontaneously, and I felt to be on an roller-coaster ride over which I had absolutely no control. It was alternately exhilarating and terrifying. The bottom was dropping out and there was no place for firm footing about anything. No references anymore.

This continued for many months. Sanity, and sometimes survival itself seemed doubtful. Eventually the bulk of the 'process' was over... but I came to see that even after all of this, there was more. Several core beliefs about who and what I really was showed their faces.

On it went for another year.

Spontaneous episodes of darkness and the 'Void', followed by ecstatic periods, followed by brief stints of calmness and neutrality. Journeys into majestic archetypal realms followed by plunges into strange worlds of instinctive, primitive awareness. Very bizarre stuff.

One fine morning something immense shifted inside my consciousness. It felt like the center of my awareness, that small focal point from which I perceived everything, just dropped away. There was no longer a point of awareness, a 'Me' perceiving 'Everything Else', there was only unbroken awareness. The constant feeling of separateness disappeared. The curtains fell (literally) and my eyes seemed to open for the first time. I realized it was all over. No more questions nagging me. No more unfulfilled gnawing feeling inside. No more urge for 'seeking' anything. All of it gone.

Done.

Several years of acclimation and integration followed. Indeed, it continues now in very unexpected ways. I suppose there really is no end to this journey, but something very surprising and apparently permanent has most definitely occurred. The persona called Robert has drastically changed... mostly disappeared. Fades more each day.

The differences in my perception since this change are profound, yet daily life feels perfectly ordinary. A pervading sense of contentment and concordance is always apparent. It may shift from the foreground to

the background and back again, yet it always dominates my inner landscape. The sense of time passing and imposed time pressure have disappeared from my awareness. My attitudes have spontaneously changed without trying to do so. The urge to judge and interpret actions and events, of myself and others, has pretty much ceased. It is literally impossible to worry about anything. It is clear that at all times whatever is happening is right; is correct... for me and for everyone else, too. Having gone through this change, it is easy to see where others are currently located in their own journey, and what small nudge they might need to take their next step.

I may run the gamut, as we all do, from happy to sad, delighted to irritated, passively observant to actively engaged. The only difference is that these movements of consciousness run unimpeded, without internal monitoring, judgment or control. My general state seems to be spontaneously getting ever more even and balanced. Life courses through me in fascinating ways, 'using' whatever talents and abilities I may possess in order to create each new movement of action or non-action. And above it all, it is clear that I, Robert, am not running this show.

There is much more to say about these changes. Much to say about how life operates now, and perhaps I will write about it sometime soon.

Life rolls on. I am happy to assist anyone who may be going through their own intense enlightening process. And, as part of the journey, I am happy to help you get the basics in order - healthy diet, healthy lifestyle, healthy thinking, deep questioning. That's what Vida Clara is all about.

RWS