

## Mystical Experience

# My Story: Cosmic Consciousness & Me

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### Abstract

It has been the general experience of all true Gurus or spiritual Master, that first they had to attain intellectual knowledge of God and the spiritual path leading to Him. Then they had to develop a love for God and a longing to attain Him equal to one in the desert thirsty for water. Was I not that little child in the crib thirsting for the Water of Truth and not the drinking water? Only by attaining the Cosmic Consciousness can one know God, experience Him and become one with God. The term Yoga means 'union with God', which is the goal of the Hindu philosophy and religion. It is also the goal of Buddhism. Our bodies are the Temples of the Living God. We can only find God or realize God within our own bodies. Meditation, fasting and prayer is the process of involution by which we gain the experiential knowledge of God and finally merge into Him. This is the true meaning or definition of Salvation and Eternal Life in God, or Cosmic Consciousness. This is the true inward spiritual journey or spiritual path. Here is where we find true peace of mind, satisfaction and happiness.

**Key Words:** mystical experience, cosmic consciousness, union with God, spiritual journey, salvation, peace, happiness, bliss.

## 1. My Story

Life is the only literature that lives and if I had not first lived this story, it would not be worth the writing. This consciousness is sufficient recompense for relating what has made an indelible impression on my mind.

As related to me by my older sister, in 1914, the year in which I was born, a war had been raging for two years between Bulgaria and Turkey. Unfortunately, Greece became a victim of the hostilities because the armies of both countries would cut across Greece, north to south and vice-versa. The town of Monastir, a suburb of Kastoria in which I was born, was in the left-center of Greece and made a direct passage-way for the two opposing armies to cross in order to get at each other's front lines.

The Bulgarians, as it turned out, were a good and principled people because as their armies would cut across Greece, north to south to get at the front lines of the Turks, they did not harm the Greek population in any manner whatsoever. In fact, if they took anything they needed such as food, drink, fodder for their horses' etc., they would pay for everything they needed.

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Note: The author, Hyman Sarfatti, returned to his Eternal Home in 2006 and this article is published posthumously with the permission of the author's son, Jack Sarfatti, Ph.D. Also see: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ykvXJ4ZBowY>

However, the Turks were a people who took what they needed, never paying for anything. In fact, they would rape the woman and kill anyone who resisted male or female. For obvious reasons, lookouts would be posted in the hills so that when Turkish troops would be spotted advancing, the lookouts would jump on their donkeys and ride through the town yelling, "The Turks are coming! The Turks are coming!" This is reminiscent of Paul Revere in our Revolutionary War riding his horse yelling; "The British are coming! The British are coming!"

Of course, the American people's army made their stand and battled the British, but the Greek people simply gathered up their children, packed everyone's back with everything they could carry for survival and headed for the hills in which were many caves. They would live in these caves until all the Turkish troops had passed and it would be safe to go back to their homes.

As fate would have it, my very dear and wonderful mother was pregnant with me and on one of these occasions, the hurried and forced march into the hills brought on birth pangs and I was born in one of these cold, damp and dark caves in the winter of November 1914. The midwives simply stretched out a blanket on the rough earthen floor and I was born under candlelight, as my good mother related it to me.

It is ironic that the only other Jewish individual I know of that was born in a cave was Jesus.

However, Mary gave birth to Jesus in a cave that had been converted into a stable to house the animals that came into town with their owners, like we park our cars in garages or parking lots. The stables had stalls called mangers filled with plenty of hay and lit up with oil lamps. Besides, there was an Inn next door where all amenities could be purchased and there were no cruel and murderous enemies at the "door". Therefore, I may say that Jesus was born in a Hilton Hotel compared to where I was born, and my mother had a much harder time, generally speaking, than Mary did.

Strangely enough, I have always had a heart-felt sympathetic affinity to Jesus even as a teenager. My sister Regina, the oldest in the family often told me the story that when I was a baby in the crib, I would wake up at night crying and asking for water in Spanish, "Yo quiero agua - Yo quiero agua!" I want water, I want water.

My mother has assigned sister Regina the duty of caring for me in the night time so that mother could get a well deserved and needed rest at night as she worked in the day-time taking care of the family.

Sister Regina would bring me a cup of water to drink and say, "Here is your water," in Spanish, but I would shake my head saying, "No, yo quiero agua, no yo quiero agua!" My sister would get exasperated repeating, "Here is your water," in Spanish and I would repeat, "No, no quiero agua, no yo quiero agua." This went on for months.

I remember this story well because when I grew older, I realized intuitively and empathetically that the child in the crib was asking for the spiritual water of Truth, not the drinking water. This has been the key signature to my life, for I have always been searching for the Truth.

When I was about seven and eight years old, I had periodically, the most frightening of dreams. I dreamt that I was in the bottom pit of Hell and seeing the Devil clearly in all of his ugly fierceness scowling at me. I was scared out of my wits, but slowly I felt a strong and distinct surge of courage well up in me coursing through my body and into my heart. Then I would stand tall facing the Devil, look straight at him and say, "I'm not afraid of you; God will protect me. I'm not afraid of you; God will protect me. Do your worst, I'm not afraid of you, God will protect me." I remember to this day the exact words I voiced in defiance. I said those words with such a bravura that the Devil seemed to cringe and slowly fade away.

Our dream world is just as real as our awake world, each having its own reality and running the gamut of fears, doubts, worries, despair, resentment, anger, hatred, hope, courage, pains and pleasures, happiness and misery, all seeming real in both the dream and the awake world.

I had this same dream periodically for many months where I got to the point when I dreaded going to sleep for fear of having this most frightening dream recur. But who can give up sleep? So reluctantly, I would lay down in my bed and think, "Oh well, if I should have the same dream again, God will protect me. I had a simple child-like faith in God that was instinctive and natural. I did not have to think about God. God was as natural as flowers and trees, birds and stars. Around that time, a boy my age living in the same building and whose father had recently passed away said to me, "My mother says that my father is in Heaven with God and he is an angel." Then he looked up in the sky pointing and saying, "See those angels in the sky." I would say, "Where, where?" I didn't doubt him for a moment, only I couldn't see the angels. Thereafter, for many days I would periodically look up in the sky hoping to see angels. Of course there were angels but I couldn't see them just yet. Who could doubt God and His angels?

Along about the same time when I was seven, eight and nine, there were some ladies, all grandmothers who all knew each other, who would come to visit my mother to chat over a cup of demitasse Turkish coffee of the most wonderful aroma and taste. I would ask my mother for some, which she always gave me and I would stand aside sipping my coffee. I enjoyed listening to these wonderful ladies conversing in Spanish, which I understood quite well. I was struck by the fact that in practically every sentence spoken, God was mentioned. The phrase used was, "El Dio Santo," the Holy God. It was like a golden thread running throughout the fabric of their conversation. I felt very good listening to them. I really enjoyed their 'company.' This, obviously, made a deep impression on my young mind and perhaps helped me in my dreams of Hell and the Devil which occurs around the same time.

Sometimes one, two or three of these ladies would drop by when mother was not at home. I would welcome them in, as I was always delighted with their company. Immediately, I would take out the real, traditional, copper Turkish coffee pot, which my father had told me that they had brought with them on the boat from Greece when they sailed to the United States. I would immediately start making some Turkish demitasse coffee that I learned to make by watching my mother make it innumerable times. The ladies would tell me not to bother, but I would insist that they stay and have some coffee. I was proud and happy to serve them and they seemed pleased with my hospitality. They told me how good the coffee was and praised me for it. I simply adored these ladies and always felt happy in their presence.

There was one lady that I remember in particular, Tia Luna, who seemed to be the conversational leader of the group. I recall clearly how she said that she fasted one day a week every week of the year, including of course Yom Kippur. It was a religious fast in which she always prayed to God, El Dio Santo, asking for his help for some sick individual or family member having some difficulty. She was indeed a Saint and I remember her like it was only yesterday.

In touching on the subject of Fasting, let me say that it is a common denominator for every religion in every part of the world and is a part of religious observances such as the one day Fast of Yom Kippur of the Jews or the Thirty-Day Fast of Ramadam of the Moslems. Both are exactly alike except that the Moslems fast for thirty days in a row or thirty Yom Kippurs consecutively. The relationship between fasting and religion is so pervasive that one cannot separate them. They are heads and tails of the same coin. Mahatma Gandhi said, "I know that there is no prayer without fasting and all fasting, if it is a spiritual act, becomes an intense prayer. I can as well do without my eyes as without fasts. What the eyes are to this outer world, fasts are for the inner world.

St. Clement (AD 150-215) a Greek theologian said, "Fasting is better than prayer." The prevalent beliefs of the ancient Greeks was that the soul reached its greatest power when totally cut off from the lower digestive system of the body and relinquishing sex-activity as well. The fast, no food and no sex, freed the soul from the influence of the senses of the body and brought the individual nearer to the gods to receive their wise messages. The Romans as well as the Greeks believed that through fasting one could become an oracle, a medium through which the gods could speak and communicate their wisdom.

It is said of Pythagoras, a Greek philosopher and mathematician (582-500 BC), that his fasting practices generated the insights for his most elegant mathematical theories and helped develop his scientific skills and power of prophecy. Also, one of the basic tenets of Pythagorean philosophy is the belief in reincarnation.

During the early Christian era men fasted as an ascetic act, which included rigorous self-discipline, self-denial, silence and prayer, thereby attaining virtues.

Moses, Buddha and Jesus, all three fasted for forty days and forty nights completely, unlike the Fast of Yom Kippur or the Thirty-Day Fast of Ramadam when food is consumed once every twenty-four hours. Moses received the Ten Commandments from God after his forty-day complete fast on Mount Sinai.

Buddha attained Enlightenment after his forty-day complete fast under a Banyan tree. Then he went on his mission teaching his Eightfold Path to Perfection and his Wheel of Rebirth, to live eternally in Eternal Life with God in full consciousness. Let me add that the face of the Buddha as represented in statues of the Buddha is an expression of the calmness of the Cosmic Consciousness or the state of Nirvana.

The philosophy of Buddhism states: -The Four Noble Truths

(1) the existence of suffering

- (2) the cause of suffering (ignorance)
- (3) the cessation of suffering
- (4) the Eightfold Path to Perfection that leads to the cessation of suffering

### The Eightfold Path to Perfection

- (1) Right belief
- (2) Right thought
- (3) Right speech
- (4) Right living
- (5) Right action
- (6) Right work
- (7) Right meditation
- (8) Right adoration of God

Jesus fasted for forty days and nights in the wilderness and was tempted by Satan to give up his faith in God, following His precepts and doing His Will. In return, Satan would give him unlimited wealth and worldly power. It is ironic that both Jesus and I were born in a cave in the humblest of circumstances and we both wrestled with Satan, Jesus in his way as an adult and I in my way as a young boy. And we both emerged victorious. God always wins, never loses, so it behooves us all to stay with God. It is never too early or too late to be spiritually minded and have supreme faith in and love for God. By our own thoughts, words and deeds, we make our own Heaven and our own Hell.

When I was in my twenties, the thought occurred to me that if I had a choice of being any famous or prominent individual in all of history in any major field of endeavor, who would I choose to be like the most? The answer came to me instantaneously. It was Jesus. To me he was the greatest-Número Uno. Jesus was the sweetest, sanest and dearest individual who had ever walked on the face of the earth. I have always had the greatest respect and love for Jesus, even though I was raised in the Jewish tradition, went to Hebrew school, attended a Sephardic Synagogue which I loved, was circumcised and Bar-Mitzvah'd at thirteen. I was a 'Jew for Jesus' long before the Jewish individual who started the organization known as 'Jews for Jesus' was born, or perhaps he was still in his diapers. This organization was started in San Francisco and its headquarters are still here.

When I was about ten, eleven and twelve, I remember living on the Lower East Side of Manhattan and that I would often walk across town to get to the Italian section. There the most wonderful fruit and vegetables among other foods were sold on pushcarts and storefronts. It brought joy to my heart to see crowds of people happily shopping. The activity was festive and I would buy a piece of delicious fruit and ate it as I sauntered along. It was a pleasant way to spend the afternoon.

Now, to get to the Italian section from where I lived, I had to cross the Bowery, which was then the Mecca for alcoholics. Near to the intersection where I would cross was a Salvation Army chapter, a storefront with a deep interior. As I looked inside through the store front plate glass, I could see all the way forward a pulpit with chairs in front of it, sometimes occupied. Obviously,

a Salvation Army chaplain would give a sermon and then after would serve sandwiches, donuts and coffee. In short, first food for the soul then food for the body - a practical and wise combination in the right order. This tradition and service has always engendered in me a great respect and love for the Salvation Army.

Now in the facility up close to the plate glass was a huge Bible on a bookstand similar in size to the large Webster's dictionary one may find in a library on a stand. I would read the open pages, and it seemed to me that every time I passed by, the Bible would be turned to another page and another chapter. It was then and there that I started reading the New Testament. The Bible also contained the Old Testament but more often it was open to the New Testament. As young as I was, I was very literate and could read the Bible with ease and could understand it well. I did not find any conflict with the Old Testament. The Five Books of Moses and the New Testament were to me the repository of the most and best Truths. My intuitive heart told me it was the truth from God. All religions come from God and are meant to bring people back to God. I certainly had no problem understanding the teachings of Jesus, which were to me as clear as crystal. I have always enjoyed reading the Scriptures of all religions. The reading of Scriptures develops a devotional bent of mind and makes one humble. Before God, one cannot become an egotist or ostentatious.

I started High School at the age of twelve. I was generally a good student and well behaved. One year I had a wonderful English teacher who taught us well. She focused upon and insisted that we learn how to read, write and speak English with excellence. Her favorite homework was to read some classic in literature and write a book-report on it. In class daily, she would assign a student to write on the black board about some character or event in the book that we were studying. Every student took a turn at the blackboard. Of course my turn would come. I saw behind the events and characters in the story a meaning of moral and spiritual significance. Things did not just happen. There was clearly cause and effect, or "As ye sow, so shall ye reap" or the Law of Compensation or Retribution, or Karma as the Hindus call it.

Invariably, in writing my composition on the blackboard, I would inject some quote from the New Testament attributed to Jesus, who would explain from the moral point of view, why things happened as they did. I knew that these events and results were not manifestations of some blind, foreign or oppressive Fate. They were based on the inexorable spiritual laws of God in Creation. The Scriptures made that clear.

I knew my compositions were flawless as I could read and write comparably and equally with any college student, by today's standards - perhaps better. We were studying *Ivanhoe* when it came my turn at the blackboard. I chose to write about the wicked Black Knight, his evil character and wicked ways and the final results of all of his wickedness. He had an insatiable appetite for wealth and power.

His selfish ego-mind dominated all of his thoughts, words and actions. I injected the teachings of Jesus to explain why he ended up as he did, as just retribution for his demoniac character and wicked actions. After finishing writing our composition on the blackboard, we were required to read it out loud before the teacher and classmates.

From my opening sentence, the class went into such a silence that you could literally hear a pin drop. I had my student audience mesmerized as they concentrated on every word I spoke. When I came to the end, their reaction was as if they had just gotten out of a spell and remained speechless momentarily. Moments later, my English teacher asked me how come I knew so much about Jesus. I cannot forget her exact words even to this day. She said "Hyman, you are a nice Jewish boy; how come you know so much about Jesus? I answered simply, that I like the Bible. Thereafter, whenever I wrote a composition to be read out loud, absolute silence was the norm. A student or two would even shush the class at the slightest disturbance. When Hyman spoke, everyone would listen.

The subtle power that I exhibited unquestionably came from the spirit of the Truths that I had gleaned from the Bible. Words come alive and are potent when the spirit of Truth is behind them. I had a facility for reading and understanding Scripture with remarkable ease. Nothing was too deep for my understanding. I have been told more than once that I should have been a Rabbi or a Preacher.

Let me add that my English teacher always gave me two tens for a single composition, a ten equaling 100% - two tens were the equivalent of 200%. Perhaps one ten was for flawless composition and other ten for Scriptural knowledge. I am probably the only student in any English class that rated 200% for a single composition.

One day in the spring, I was walking on the Boardwalk of Coney Island. I was about seventeen at the time, when I came upon an intersection where the street ran up to the boardwalk. At the corner right off the boardwalk, I saw a large individual standing on a wooden portable pulpit with a large book in his hand, preaching. I knew immediately that it was a Christian evangelist, because such sights were common in those days. We had our Billy Graham's all over the place. I approached and joined a small crowd listening with rapt attention. I focused on every word he uttered with a booming voice and very articulate presentation and with great sincerity. He was telling the crowd of the events preceding the Crucifixion of Jesus and the Crucifixion itself. His speech was so moving and I felt so sorry for the suffering Jesus that tears started welling up in my eyes and rolling down my cheeks. I didn't realize it until a cool breeze from the ocean rolled in and cooled my warm tears. Realizing suddenly that I had been weeping I looked around me furtively to see if anyone else had tears in his eyes. I saw that I was the only one and suddenly the thought came to me, "I am a Jewish boy and Jews are not supposed to cry over Jesus."

Immediately, I took out my handkerchief and gently blew my nose, feigning that my tears were only due to a cold. I felt somewhat embarrassed that I had wept for Jesus. Can you for a moment, picture a Jew-boy in a crowd of Christians weeping for Jesus? That preacher could have made a Sphinx melt into tears. My tears were totally sincere and honest. By then I had a very sympathetic rapport with Jesus as were on the same 'wavelength'.

Remaining on the subject, I was in my early twenties when one day in the morning, I had gone to the main Public Library on 42nd Street and Fifth Avenue. Looking through the catalogue on Religion and Philosophy, I came across a title that intrigued me. It was 'The Aquarian Gospel of Jesus the Christ' by an author named Levi. I took it out immediately to read it in the main reading

room. I remember that it was 9:30am when I started reading the book. It was so interesting that around lunchtime, I debated with myself whether I should stop and go out for lunch or continue reading. I decided that the book was much too interesting to stop even for lunch, so I went to the men's room, had a drink at a water fountain readily accessible and then went back to my place and continued reading. I never ate breakfast with perhaps only some acid fruit juice, so that I fasted all day while reading.

Amazingly, I focused on the book with such concentration that I was aware of my mind but not my body. I was all mind and no body unaware of my surroundings. I kept reading the book until five minutes before 10pm, when a bell would ring announcing the closing of the Library.

I got up and was reading the last page as I walked up to the return counter. I had finished this version of the New Testament, cover to cover in twelve and one half-hours of total concentration. I felt as light as a feather as if walking on a cushion of air. My mind felt clear and pure, my heart was buoyant with a sense of emotional equilibrium, and my soul cleansed of any residue of impurity. I felt happy like nothing in the world could disturb me. The sky could have fallen down at the time and I would not have been the least bit upset. It may be said that I got a 'Spiritual High.'

I felt generally good the following week when I thought of my wonderful experience. And so I decided to go back the Main Library and read the same book again. I got the book out by 9:30am and reread it. At around noontime, I got up to go the men's room, drink some water at the fountain and returned immediately to the reading room. The thought of having lunch did not appeal to me and seemed like a sheer waste of time when I had so much mental and spiritual 'food'. The call of my soul for the Truth overrode the call of my body for food. I read the 'Aquarian Gospel of Jesus the Christ' from cover to cover with total concentration, finishing by five minutes to 10:00pm. Again, I experienced the same 'spiritual high' as before.

A week later, I got the urge once more to go to the Main Library and read the books once more cover to cover. I finished reading the book in time for the closing of the Library. This was the third reading in two weeks. I got the same 'spiritual high' for a third time.

This can be compared in a manner to the 'high' gotten from drug-use, with a big difference. The 'high' gotten from drug-use has a bad after effect, resulting in depression, misery, pain and illness. The 'spiritual high' brings health, joy, mental stability, emotional equilibrium, courage, faith and hope - with no unwelcome side effects.

Drug use develops rapidly into a craving for the pleasure it gives followed by pain in an endless cycle of pleasure and pain. In my 'spiritual high' I was likewise developing a craving or addiction - but for God, Jesus and Truth, with no pain or unwelcome side effects. In fact, to become addicted to God frees one from all the dualities of a materialistic life, such as pleasure and pain, happiness and misery, health and sickness, success and failure, riches and poverty, etc.

On the peak of the God-Consciousness or Cosmic Consciousness storms never beat, misfortunes never settle, vicissitudes never venture and disasters never fall, because that individual has risen above all mortal ignorant weakness and sin. The wisest thing that anyone can do is to develop a



predisposition for God, Truth and Love. Nothing is real but God, because God is permanent or immortal and He never changes. Everything else in the Universe is in a process of change through the dual aspects of Evolution and Involution (the development of consciousness.) Therefore, everything in the Universe has only a temporary or relative reality. Therefore, the whole Universe is not real, Only God is Real.

Speaking of libraries, when I was about eighteen I visited a local library and was looking in the section marked Philosophy and Religion when my finger touched a book, as I was running it across the various titles. The book fell to the floor, face-up and I read the title, The Bhagavad Gita. The title intrigued me, so I picked it up and went to the reading room. After about a half-hour, I said to myself, "Wow, how long has this book been around." At the time I did not realize that it was the Numero Uno of the many Hindu Scriptures. The book is an actual conversation between Krishna an incarnation of God, about five thousand years ago with Aryuna, His friend, companion and disciple. The Bhagavad Gita was dictated by God as Krishna to his top disciple, Vasandeva, and it is truly God speaking directly. I read the Scripture through and through and reread it two or three more times. Then I decided to write a short version of it, taking excerpts that seemed to pertain to my understanding and me.

This copy, written in longhand on white blank paper, I carried with me in my back pocket, reading and re-reading it countless times. It always had a beneficial effect on me. It seemed to lift my spirits and gave me hope for the future. I treasured it as much as I did the teachings of Jesus. I regarded them both as being on the same level. Again, when I was about eighteen, I joined the Rosicrucian Order, headquarters in San Jose and received weekly manuscripts. The basic study is of all religions and philosophies and to bring one to God and become ultimately Self-realized or One with God. I read all the books published by the Order and read many of their monthly issues of a magazine called the Rosicrucian Days. Among the dozen or so books published were two that I loved to read, (a) The Mystical Life of Jesus (b) The Secret Doctrines of Jesus. I was already familiar with the teaching of Jesus through the New Testament. By the time read The Aquarian Gospel of Jesus the Christ, I had convinced that Jesus was the Messiah that the Jews never recognized even to this day. I was indeed a 'Jesus freak' on the highest intellectual level. In fact, I believe that I understand Jesus better than the Pope himself.

At this point, let me go back to when I was twelve years old. My older brother Sam had bought a set of the Bernard McFadden Encyclopedias of Physical Culture. Bernard McFadden was then the nationally famous Guru of health and Physical Culture. He also published a monthly magazine called, Physical Culture, which was very successful and popular.

My brother Sam practiced the lessons for a time and then gave up. He told me he was too busy to continue his efforts and I could have the set of eight volumes. I was very literate at twelve and could read the encyclopedias with ease and understand everything. I was fascinated with it's reaching and started immediately to follow his system of health building, which included physical exercises, diet which was most important, yoga, breathing methods, all kinds of baths and exposure to air, sun and earth, massage and aids to health and curing diseases with natural methods, including fasting.

In four years of steady practice and adopting a strict vegetarian diet, which was recommended as the ideal diet for building and maintaining health of body and mind, I achieve perfect health, incredible stamina, great strength and a beautiful body. I may interject that Yoga Ashrams around the world serve strict vegetarian menus and Yogis on the spiritual path are strict vegetarians to a fault. Back to Nature and up to God is the essence of their philosophy.

As to vegetarianism, Appolonius of Tyana (A.D. 10-98) a Greek philosopher said that he refused to eat meat on the grounds that it deified the mind and rendered it impure. He considered that the only pure food was what the earth produces, fruits, vegetables and nuts. He also abstained from wine, because it disturbed the composure of the mind. He was 100% vegetarian, like all Yogis' are. Yoga philosophy says that meat has vibrations not conducive to health and spirituality and which excites the passions of lust and anger. A vegetarian diet, they say (Yogis) calms the mind and the passions are greatly reduced, makes one more self-controlled and is conducive to spirituality. The mind actually becomes clearer and stronger.

They are absolutely right because I have proved all of this myself in the practice of vegetarianism over long periods of time.

Appolonius of Tyana also believed in re-incarnation and even spoke of who he was in a previous incarnation.

Plotinus, a Greek philosopher in the same era (AD -25-?) thought along the same lines and emphasized the unity of all creation and the ideal of oneness with God-God, Nature and Man or unity Consciousness and no real separation between the three.

Let me relate a significant incident. In my neighborhood lived a young individual, my age of sixteen, who was a bully who terrified the whole neighborhood, by challenging anyone and everyone, teen-agers and adult alike, to engage in fighting him.

One day I was playing handball, by myself when suddenly this bully came upon the scene and grabbed my ball. He started playing with it as I had been doing, when after a few minutes, I asked for my ball back. He said that if I wanted my ball back I would have to take it from him.

He was provoking me, as was his habit, to fight him to get my ball back. He would use any ruse to get someone to fight him. I accepted his challenge. As we squared off like two fighters in a boxing ring, he began weaving in and out, side to side like a professional boxer. I waited for him to come in and throw a punch. As he came in close to throw a punch, I threw one with lightning speed, so fast he never saw it coming. I struck him such a powerful blow that he went reeling backwards and fell like a board of wood.

He looked so surprised when he got up and said "you win, with a wan smile and stretched out his hand to shake mine. One blow struck and the fight was over. It was my left hand. Had I been able to follow up with my right hand, he would have needed a medic to revive him.

I was in top shape physically and he was unaware that I had trained myself for four years steady and had remarkable strength and stamina for my age. Thereafter, when I would run into him

occasionally in the neighborhood, I was struck by the fact that his whole personality had changed. He acted sweet and gentle with a ready smile and without the slightest trace of arrogance, belligerence or tendency to violence. He even said once that if I ever need help, to call on him. He became a friend instead of a potential enemy. I believe that my purity of body and mind and my proneness to spirituality and religious bent of mind, got to him subtly and he was 'reborn' in the moral and spiritual sense. I say this in retrospect. We influence others by our own state of body, mind, heart and soul for good or ill.

In my mid-twenties, World War Two had started. I went to trade school and learned enough to get a job as a shipfitter, 3rd class in the shipyards of Bethlehem Steel in Brooklyn. For some obscure reason I transferred to a job at Todd Shipyards In Hoboken, NJ and I was upgraded to shipfitter 2<sup>nd</sup> class. I enjoyed my work and the pay was good for those days. After about four years through the war, working six days per week ten hours a day, I contracted a cold and cough, which I neglected for weeks. Besides, I was smoking cigarettes, which was bad for me. In those days the cancer causing potential of smoking was not in the public conscious at all. In fact, it was unknown and unspoken. Let me add that at some time, I was notified by the Draft Board, to come down and be examined by government doctors as I was eligible to go into the Army. I passed the exams but received a draft deferment, because of my essential work in the shipyards.

Getting back to the time I was neglecting to treat my cough and cold, I contracted bronchitis which developed into pneumonia and became deathly sick. Providentially, my brother Joe happened to come by for a visit to my apartment in the Flatbush section of Brooklyn. I was married to Millie at the time and my brother Joe was not aware that I was home in bed seriously ill. I had little Jack who was a most beautiful and brilliant child then. Brother Joe and his girlfriend, who later became his wife, took one look at me and immediately called for an ambulance. I was rushed to Kings County Hospital somewhere in Brooklyn. This actually saved my life, for I would have died shortly. God did not want me yet and so I survived.

The first day after the very night that I was taken to the hospital, my mother and brother-in-law, Sam Cohen, came to visit me. After a few words I asked my mother bring a certain Rabbi who used to visit us when I was living at home.

He was a very sweet and gentle soul and I felt that his presence would comfort me. Upon hearing this, I heard my dear mother telling brother-in-law Sam that I was dying, while she was weeping "my Hymie is dying."

After a while a nurse came in and said it was time for everyone to leave. I saw my mother walking out of the room still weeping.

The next day, my mother visited me bringing a jar of chicken, vegetable soup, fresh made. My mother was an excellent cook, but I had no appetite whatsoever. Even the thought of food nauseated me, but out of respect for my mother and not wanting to hurt her feelings, I ate most of it. I did not even taste the hospital food. The next day my mother visited me again, bringing some more fresh made vegetable chicken soup. I wasn't the least bit hungry, but not to hurt her feelings I ate it once more. I still did not touch the hospital food. Then I told my mother, that instead of bringing me food, to bring me a big bag full of oranges, lemons and grapefruit, which

she did the very next day. I told her that every time would come to bring me more of the same. I believe she visited me every other day, bringing me some more oranges, grapefruit and lemons. I asked the nurses on duty round-the-clock, to find the biggest glass and fill it with a fresh squeezed cocktail of mixed juices. I drank these juices daily for twenty-seven days, taking no food whatsoever. In other words, I fasted for twenty-seven consecutive days on acid fruit juice and a little water, nothing else. For twenty-seven days I did not have so much as a glass of milk, a cup of coffee, or a single slice of toast. Of course I did not tell my mother nor the nurses. I simply gave my hospital meals to others in the large rooms of four beds and patients.

From my study and practice of the Bernard McFadden lessons on natural methods for building health and curing disease, I learned about the efficacious efforts of fasting and vegetarianism, as well as all of the natural aids to health and curing of diseases of every kind. Bernard McFadden owned and ran a Physical Culture Hotel in Dansville, N.Y. where his systems were practiced. He literally cured thousands of people of various diseases which the medical profession said were eight incurable, or could be helped on a limited basis. Even many thousands of people without a disease would go there to improve their health. In my practice of his methods in the past, I had proved to myself that he was totally right. He was a true Guru of Health.

Long before Dr. Linus Pauling came out with his theories about high doses of Vitamin C for the cure of colds of any severity, I had been practicing it for years. Bernard McFadden had been teaching the same for fifty years previously. Among true follower of Physical Culture, Dr. Linus Pauling's theories and practice were common knowledge. Even I knew more that the good Doctor did. Let me prove my point.

Going back to the hospital, where I fasted for twenty-seven days on nothing but fresh squeezed acid fruit juice and water, the time came for me to be discharged from the hospital. I was customary for every patient being discharged to receive a complete check-up including X-rays.

I was in the office of the Doctor who examined me had the X-rays of my lungs with her, a female physician of course. She looked at me with dismay. She could not understand why my lungs showing up in the X-rays were perfectly clear. She put the X-rays on the light screen once more, commenting, "I can't understand it, after a severe bout with pleurisy and pneumonia, lesions would be left on the lungs, with unmistakable clarity, visible on X-rays." She said, "Your lungs are as clear, pure and healthy as those of a new-born healthy baby. I can't understand it."

It was then that I told her that I had fasted for twenty-seven days, on acid fruit and water. I explained that I had learned all about the fasting method with large doses of natural vitamin C for the cure of colds, bronchitis and pneumonia. In fact fasting, properly conducted and complete will cure all cases of acute disease and most cases of chronic illness. Bernard McFadden proved this to be true for fifty years. But the medical profession sneered at McFadden and his natural methods of cure. Why? Because it hurt their pocket books and those of the pharmaceutical industry. I proved to myself that I was a Master of Physical Culture in both building health and curing disease, superior in some ways to the medical profession.

Fasting, rightly conducted and completed is nearest a panacea for curing all disease of any other single method of cure. Bernard McFadden proved it thousands of times as well as a number of

naturopathic physicians. I proved it to myself in curing an occasional cold and a severe case of pleurisy and pneumonia.

The Arab physicians of the Tenth and Eleventh centuries, prescribed three week fasts for the cure of all diseases, in conjunction with their prescribed herbal medicines and right diet thereafter. Athenaneous, a Greek physician in Rome (AD 50) said, "Fasting cures diseases, makes the mind clearer and purer and raises man to the throne of God." He perceived the physiological mental and spiritual benefits of Fasting.

I noticed that in my twenty-seven day fast, I not only cured myself of disease, but that my mind did become clearer and purer and I attained a deep sense of peace and emotional equilibrium.

Again when I was nineteen and twenty I had the idea of going to India and find a spiritual Master or true Guru, stay and live with him or nearby, and serve him like a servant. I would be his disciple at the same time for about seven to ten years. I had read about these Yogi Masters living in or near the Himalayan Mountains. I was saying to myself, "First the pathway to God, then the affairs of the world." The average individual thinks, in effect, first the affairs of the world then the pathway to God if at all. If he is not spiritually inclined, then finding God does not even enter into the picture.

For the materialistic individual not concerned about God, then his way is best for him to attain whatever goals or success he envisions. He is relatively happy going his way, with periods of happiness and unhappiness, pain and pleasure rich or poor, in health or in sickness, prominent or unknown, success or failure, and all of the other dualities that the worldly life entails and are experienced.

As for me, I did not function well in the mundane world, so for me the spiritual path was more practical. I wanted to go to India and find a true Guru or spiritual Master, realizing that if I could become centered in God and attain Cosmic Consciousness, I could then enter into the mundane world with the stature of symmetry and could handle the affairs of the world with masterful ease. I was fully aware that to attain Cosmic Consciousness and become one with God was the ultimate goal of life itself. Cosmic Consciousness is not a theory, a figment of the imagination, some hallucination or poetic dream.

It is as real as the Empire State Building or the Rock of Gibraltar. Even more so, because a nuclear bomb dropped on each one would turn them both into clouds of dust. But the Cosmic Consciousness is eternal and nothing can change it or put so much as a scratch on it. It is the Mind of God himself. Einstein once said, "I would like to know the thoughts of God.... the rest are details." Not even the Einstein can know and understand the Mind of God because it takes a Cosmic Mind to know and understand the Cosmic Mind of God.

Only by attaining the Cosmic Consciousness can one know God, experience Him and become one with God. The term Yoga means 'union with God', which is the goal of the Hindu philosophy and religion. It is also the goal of Buddhism.

The two processes of evolution and involution which means the development of consciousness, are meant to attain the Cosmic Consciousness, while we are still in the human form.

Technically speaking, the process of evolution ends when man attains the human body evolved from animal forms. Then starts the process of involution, which is the development of consciousness. For example, compare an aborigine in Australia with an Albert Einstein. Hundreds of incarnations lie in-between the two.

Let me state unequivocally, that the desire to attain Cosmic Consciousness and become one with God, is the greatest of all desires. When one attains God, then all right desires are satisfied completely forever and you enjoy everything but without attachment.

Spinoza implied the same philosophy when he said, "The union of the soul with God is our 'second birth' and therein consists man's immortality and freedom." He was known as the God-intoxicated philosopher. "I am the God-intoxicated thinker."

Dante implies the same when he says in Canto IV, "Instruct me Master and most noble sir, better to understand the perfect creed that conquers every error."

Cosmic Consciousness cannot be investigated by the methods of scientific research, since such research depends ultimately on sense perception. Cosmic Consciousness is beyond the grasp of the senses, this is the certainty of certainties.

It has been the general experience of all true Gurus or spiritual Master, that first they had to attain and intellectual knowledge of God and the spiritual path leading to Him. Then had to develop a love for God and a longing to attain Him equal to one in the desert thirsty for water. Was I not that little child in the crib thirsting for the Water of Truth and not the drinking water?

In the past, but of course no longer true today the greatest puzzle to me in the Universe was I to myself. How could I possess the wisdom of the ages on the one hand and be so ignorant, weak, fearful and inept in the mundane world at the same time. I simply lived in two worlds, which I could not harmonize. In the world of Philosophy, Literature and Scripture I was like a fish in water. In the mundane world I was a fish out of water, gasping and wanting to return to its native element. For years, I feared that if I got too involved in worldly life I would lose sight of my spiritual desire and goal.

This fear of entanglement was all wrong and contributed to my failing to fulfill all of my duties and responsibilities as a father and husband. The memories are painful even to this day. I thought to myself, why can't I be like everyone else, pursuing and attaining material goals and not having spiritual ideals which brought pain in not realizing them. In effect, I was a failure in both the spiritual world and the mundane world, not having attained success in either world. I was in limbo. My head and heart were aimed at Heaven, but I didn't have my feet on the ground. I know now, of course, that one must succeed and harmonize both worlds in order to be a true and all-round success.

Even the most successful businessman, financier or professional person, is not a true well-balanced success unless he is firmly grounded in spirituality. Because if one, by the vicissitudes of life, loses what he (or she) has attained or gained, one becomes despondent, miserable, unhappy - can lose his mental stability and emotional equilibrium, lose all of his money or health or both and divorce often steps into the picture if married. If grounded in spirituality, one becomes detached from all material and worldly things and so can handle all vicissitudes without pain or fear or worry and maintain one's poise and peace of mind. There are many factors, which enter into the equation for success, but without spirituality one's life remains on shaky ground and a weak foundation at best.

The worldly life is like a dangerous ocean to cross and reach the safe shores of God and His Kingdom. There are seven passions or seven wild horses that need reigning, namely, lust, greed, anger, hatred, false pride, envy and attachment to material things and pleasures of every description with it's endless round of pleasure and pain. These attachments may also be called habits or addictions, which keep us in bondage to the world. Thus the materialistic individual believes that the world and worldly life is the only reality and that God, the spiritual life and spiritual world seem unreal, vague and hard-to-grasp.

Thus the materialistic individual takes the world seriously and God lightly, whereas, the spiritually oriented individual takes God seriously and the world lightly.

The earth-life, is the function between Heaven and Hell. This is where God gives us free will, to choose which path to follow. The choice is ours and thus we make our own Heaven and our own Hell.

Let me relate a significant incident, which occurred many years ago. I made a trip to California to see Jack and stopping in Chicago for a few days to visit my sister Vicky and her married daughter with children. Arriving in San Francisco I recall staying with Jack and his then girl friend in their apartment for about two weeks. It was time for me to move with my suitcases elsewhere. I wound up at the YMCA where the rates were cheap by the week. My funds were running out and in order to say on longer, I got myself a job in one of the downtown banks on lower Market Street, as a guard. I was paid by an employment agency not directly by the bank.

A Vietnamese or Cambodian individual also worked at the same bank, also as a guard. We got to be friendly and talked about our experiences and ourselves. One day he told me of his life in Cambodia, where he was in a guerrilla army, fighting the Communists, who were cold-blooded killers of civilians and military alike. He said he was the leader of a troop of men and had killed many of the enemy himself. I knew that he wasn't boasting or exaggerating, as he was simple and straightforward. Also, he told me that he had been married and brought his wife with him to the USA about seven years previously. Then he told me that he had a friend also from Cambodia, who had come to this country and friends of his wife and himself. The saddest part of his story was that his had seduced his wife and urged her to divorce her husband and marry him. The rival was earning much more money than he was could provide her with a much better life-style. His wife did leave him to live with this rival. He was said and angry over this betrayal and brooded over it for some time.

Then he told me that in his anger and desire for revenge, he was thinking seriously of killing his rival. He even showed me the knife he was carrying and he told me that he was a Master of Karate by which he killed many of the enemy in Cambodia. He could have killed his rival in a split-second. After listening to him thoughtfully and intently, he asked me what I thought of the whole matter. I told him to forget his anger and desire for revenge; that there was a Law of Compensation or Retribution which would exact the penalty for that betrayal. I said that he should be thankful that he didn't commit such a sin to someone else and that someone else did it to him instead and so the Retribution would fall on his rival's head and not on his own.

He marveled at my sage-like advice, thanked me and said "You speak wisely like my father, my father would have liked to have met you." Then he said, "I am going to do something that I have never done before. We were both sitting on chairs during this whole conversation. He got up from his chair, got down on his knees and touched his hands and forehead to my two feet. This is the tradition in the Hindu and Buddhist religions, where people and disciples do the same to their spiritual Master. The reason is that in doing so according to their traditions, the people lay upon the Master, the burden of their sins.

This is a form of spiritual cleansing and symbolizes the surrender of their wills to the Master. The feet, though the lowest part of the body, are considered to be the highest form of the spiritual point of view. This Vietnamese or Cambodian fellow employee, was paying his respect for me as his spiritual Master. When he got up he smiled and looked relieved as though he had laid his evil thoughts of committing murder at my feet. His face shone as though he had been cleansed and I'm sure that he never had the same wrong thoughts again. He was 'reborn' in the same sense that the story of the bully was in my early years.

When I was about forty, I had moved back to Bridgeport, CT. from Port Jones, N.Y. where I had worked for my two brothers, Sam and Joe. They were manufacturers of ladies garments and quite successful. Back in Bridgeport, CT. I got a job with Sikorsky Helicopters as a sheet-metal fabricator. Since I had worked in the shipyards as a shopfitter, the work was similar. Instead of working with steel, I was now working with aluminum and titanium. I worked there for four years, when there was a general layoff.

I got a job immediately with Avco-Lycoming as a sheet-metal fabricator, also working on steel parts and assembly work. After twelve years, there was a general lay-off. Let me say that Avco-Lycoming made the engines that went into military helicopters, since these engines were very expensive and only the government could afford them from the vast military budget. Foolishly, when I was called back, I did not return to my job, having got entangled with other pursuits to make a living. This proved to be a disaster I didn't realize that I was much better off working for a large company than working for myself. I was ignorant, weak and inept working for myself and not smart, sharp or strong, I even lacked faith in myself. There are three kinds of faith that I need most vital:

- 1) Faith in Nature, which ensures health.
- 2) Faith in God which ensures abiding peace of mind and heart.
- 3) Faith in Self, which ensures success.



My Faith in Nature and God were perfect, but I lacked that strong faith in myself to be successful in the mundane world. I was like a lop-sided tire, with a big bulge on one side, making it impossible to spin right. Even the wheels on a car need periodical balancing in order to turn smoothly. I was anything but balanced thus becoming generally unhappy even miserable. The saddest part of my life came during the years that I worked for Avco-Lycoming in Stratford, CT. which was next door to Bridgeport, CT. where I lived with my dear wife Ruthie and two wonderful sons, you David and Michael. During those years, Ruth developed cancer. The Doctor advised an operation. My dear Ruth lived for about a year and one half after the operation. On the day that she died in the early morning hours of October 20th, it was Mike's birthday. I can never forget that morning when I told Mike that his mother had passed away, he burst into tears saying "She had to die right on my birthday!" He broke my heart. The memory of it still breaks my heart, to this very day, to this very moment, I am writing it. If I were to live to be a thousand years old, I can never forget that day. It was indeed the most tragic event of my life.

When I realized that she was not going to survive, I would awake in the morning as the sun shone and look out the window and pray, "Dear Lord, if one of us must go, let it be me, let it be me." I said this prayer more than once. I was thinking that children need their mother more than their father.

Nothing can compare with a Mother's love for her children. Besides, believing in Reincarnation and the immortality of one's soul, I thought that I would get another opportunity in my next life on earth to attain the goal that I prized the most - attaining Cosmic Consciousness and oneness with God. This idea and ideal has stayed with me for over sixty years and has never changed. If anything it has become clearer, stronger and I have become more determined to attain it in this incarnation.

Before my dear Ruth passed away, one morning sitting on the bed next to her laying down she told me, " I love you very much" and I told her that I loved her too and that I wasn't worthy of her. I told her "I am not worthy of you, you are too good for me." She answered in protest, "No, no you are good enough." We meet our loved ones again in Heaven and I will be with her once again as well as with my dearest Mother and Father and all others. God Himself is Love and Love is the only coin that gets us into Heaven.

Besides losing Ruth, my other great loss was losing the companionship of little Jacky, when Millie and I were divorced. I can honestly say that I never wanted a divorce. It never even entered my mind. But Millie insisted on it and I just went along with her wish. I could still have kept in touch with my dearest Jacky ( I always called him Jacky ) but I neglected to do so and I have always regretted it. The memory of it pains me whenever I think of it to this very day. But I thank God that I have him today. I love the three of you equally and dearly and nothing gives me more pleasure than thinking of you individually and collectively. No amount of success or money can ever replace my love for the three of you. God never gave any father three brighter, nicer, sweeter and more lovable boys than my three sons. It is, in fact, God Himself who comes to us in the form of our children. Are not our souls a part of the Supreme Soul of God?

Therefore, we should welcome, love and adore our children as God in human form. See God in each other for we are all a part of God. The bottom line is that God is the one and only Reality. The entire universe is the body of God and if our souls are a part of God, what is left? Only God! And nothing can exist without God, and nothing can exist outside of God. The entire Creation came out of the Mind of God and He sustains it. The Creation needs God to exist, but God doesn't need the Creation to exist. He is independent and self-sustaining.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, calls God or the Supreme Soul - the Oversoul. Swami Vivekananda, a Yogi Master of the early part of this century and a disciple of the spiritual Master Sri Ramakrishna said, "The highest Truth is this; God is present in all beings. They are His multiple forms. There is no other God to seek. He alone serves God who serves all other being. Is Swami Vivekananda not saying in his own words that our souls are a part of God, that He is the only Reality and that only God exists as the essence of everything? Only God is Real. Everything else is in the state of flux or the process of change through Evolution and Involution, and therefore has only a relative or temporary reality and is not Real. Since God is permanent and never changes, therefore only He is Real the one and only Reality.

The long journey of the soul consists in developing through Evolution, from animal consciousness to human consciousness and then transcending the limited human consciousness and attaining the unlimited Cosmic Consciousness. What we call Life is only the development of Consciousness going from the unconscious to the conscious, from unconscious God to conscious God.

We come to the realization that we are a part of God and that our souls are no different than God, qualitatively speaking, just as the water in a wave of the ocean is no different, qualitatively speaking, than the water in the entire ocean. With this analogy, we can say that everyone of us is a wave in the Ocean of God Himself and that God is everything and in everybody. Mathematically speaking, think of God as being a very large equilateral triangle. Think of us as being equilateral triangles coinciding with the very large equilateral triangle. Also, each triangle coinciding with the very large triangle is still an individual triangle. Now when one attains the Cosmic Consciousness, one's soul blends with God as the wave in the ocean blends with the ocean, but at the same time we maintain our individuality like the illustrated coinciding triangles. This is the Magic of God - the Supreme Magician. He also plays the game of hide and seek. I hide and you seek ME. It is His game and sport and we only have to play it until we win. We can only find Him when through the development of consciousness (involution), we finally attain the unlimited Cosmic Consciousness. Our limited ego-mind is the veil that hides God from us. The limited individual ego-mind of ours must be completely submerged and dissolved into the unlimited Mind of God or the Cosmic Consciousness. When the limited ego-mind disappears, then we attain the God-state, the Yoga or union with God, the goal of the Hindu religion and philosophy. It is exactly the same goal of the Buddha with his Eightfold Path to Perfection.

This world is not our true home. This planet earth is just a school of experience where we learn how to behave and mature spiritually until we are fit to live with God in His Kingdom, which is our true and Eternal Home with Eternal Life. This is not a beautiful dream, a theory or poetic imagination. It is a spiritual Reality as the Law of Gravity is a scientific reality. This is the Perfection that the Buddha preaches in his own words. Plato implies the same Truth when he

says, "If there exists a good and wise God, then there also exists a progress of mankind towards perfection." Plato is also implying that one cannot separate God from perfection because they are heads and tails of the same coin. From the Perfect God can only come what is perfect. Be God-oriented, not world-oriented.

In the beginning only God existed like a placid ocean. Then when God stirred and spoke the creative spiritual void 'Om', the ocean became full of waves and those waves became the Creation and our individual souls, all part of the ocean and not separate, like the waves in the ocean are not separate from the ocean. So the universe and everything in it springs into existence from the Om Point. God's only purpose for His Creation is to develop consciousness to its highest point. It is His Play of Consciousness and He is the Author and Director; the theater, the stage and the actors are all His creation.

As long as I can remember, I have always had a clear, spontaneous, concise and intuitive perception of Truth, expanding more and more as I grew older and older. My intellect simply expanded on the Truth that I perceived easily and intuitively. When the intellect coincides with intuition, then we know we are absolutely right on target. As my intellect expanded till the age of nineteen and twenty, I knew then that the highest Truth was the principle of Cosmic Consciousness, that it was absolutely possible to attain and totally desirable to experience. That's why I wanted to go to India, meet a true Yogi or spiritual Master and attain the goal. I had read a book titled, 'Cosmic Consciousness' by an author named Buck, which may be still available in Main Libraries. As a member of the Rosicrucian Order, this ideal was expressed innumerable times as part of their philosophical concepts. The term became a part of my consciousness like the work was round and not flat. My intuitive sense and intellect combined said it was the certainty of certainties and no one could dispute it with me. One's spiritual certainly cannot be challenged by anyone. The materialistic world may dispute it, but then the Mass-mind is spiritually ignorant. One may be religious and ignorant but one cannot be spiritual and ignorant.

This became my goal in life at the comparatively early age of nineteentwenty, and has never changed since, in over sixty years. An authoritative and ultimate ideal lasts a lifetime and never needs renewing. The hardest thing in life to do is to attain ones own ideal. Endless years of struggle, anguish and failure accompany the man with a high ideal.

An ultimate ideal lasts a lifetime and never needs renewing to repeat. It is indestructible. But we must translate our ideals into the vernacular of life and attain the goal.

The ancient sages of India called the soul simply the Self. The doctrine of Self-realization says that God dwells within the body as the Self and that the body is the temple of God-the Self, The Lord, they said, is indeed the dweller in the body as the Self.

Lord Krishna says in the Bhagavad Gita, "Steady in the Self, being freed of all material contamination, the Yogi achieves the highest perfection stage of happiness in touch with the Supreme Consciousness." (Cosmic Consciousness)

The spiritual aspirant, following the path of meditation turns within. The inward directed movement finally, with practice, finally merges the mind into the inner Self and melts into the

plane of Cosmic Consciousness, which is the goal of meditation. Meditation and Mantra repetition are meant to attain this highest consciousness. It removes the veil that separates our limited consciousness from the Cosmic Consciousness.

A spiritual Master gives the Mantra to us. Right understanding, meditation on the Self within is the way to find God and unite with Him. This ultimate goal cannot be realized independently of Creation. The individual soul undergoes the experience as an individualized ego and limited mind through many incarnations until it matures spiritually and is ready to attain the Cosmic Consciousness and is freed from the recurring births and deaths or Buddha's Wheel of Rebirth or Reincarnation. Then, when one attains the highest goal, the Cosmic Consciousness, one no longer is compelled to reincarnate on earth and lives eternally in the Kingdom of God with God.

Eternal Life consciously in God's Kingdom is an absolute reality. Then the dear, wise purposes of God are fulfilled in His Play of Consciousness. For such a one, the Play is over! Meditation may be defined as the path that the spiritual aspirant takes trying to get beyond the limitations of the mind to the inner Self. With the practice of meditation, the aspirant will turn more intensely to God.

Past wrong thoughts, wrong words and wrong actions have left 'seeds' or impressions on the mind and one cannot achieve emancipation of the soul until these impressions or 'seeds' are burned in the fires of wisdom and meditation. Meditation is our link with God and the means to find God within-the Self. It is wise to seek God before our 'earth-visa' expires.

Otherwise, we have to return to earth (reincarnate) and suffer all over again to a greater or lesser extent and experience all the dualities again, pain and pleasure, happiness and misery, health or sickness rich and poor etc. Milk poured into water readily mixes with it. Similarly, the waters of ignorance, weakness and illusion quickly dilute the milk from an ordinary person's mind. The Yogi, the man of spiritual self-discipline churns the milk of his mind into the butter-state of divine stability and is able to float serenely on the waters of worldly life.

He is as the maxim says, "To be in the world, but not of it." This is the hardest thing to do. But when one attains Cosmic Consciousness, it becomes like child's-play. This Cosmic Consciousness makes of this world a little play-room, of mortal possessions a box of toys, of the human race a handful of tin-soldiers, and of you, owner of the nursery, dispenser of the toys, Commander of the host.

In the conscious state of Cosmic Consciousness, one becomes a Man-God; man and God at one and the same time. We rise up from being a limited and ordinary human being in Consciousness, Knowledge and Power and being a Son of God.

All who have reached the highest Consciousness, the Cosmic Consciousness are no longer ordinary human being, but humanly divine and divinely human. Call him a Cosmic Man or a Cosmocrat. He is the real Superman and not the comic-book character. So, never underestimate this ideal of attaining Cosmic Consciousness, which is the highest and greatest ideal possible to attain on this Planet Earth.

God makes His devotees like Himself in order to bring others back to God. The spiritual Master or Cosmic Conscious man has only one desire, to teach and raise others to his own level. It is God's Plan and desire to bring all human beings, His children back to Himself in God's Kingdom with Eternal Life. The ultimate goal is attained individually. Everything fails on earth but the Cosmic or God-Consciousness where there is never any failure, disappointment, ignorance, weakness, pain, sin or misery. There life becomes a triumphal march to the citadel and royal domain called God-Consciousness.

I have used the word 'intuition' many times, and it is essential that I explain what 'intuition' is and how important it can become in one's life. Intuition is the voice of the past. That is, what we get by reason in this life, we get by intuition in the next life. Reason can grasp only the cause-effect principle that pertains to the phenomenal world, Higher than reason is intuition, knowledge derived immediately and spontaneously from the soul not from the fallible agency of the senses or reason. Intuition is uncommonly known as the 'sixth-sense', by which one apprehends knowledge distilled from the multitude of experiences, gathered from past lives and which becomes part and parcel of the intuitive make-up of one's active Consciousness in this life. The details of one's past lives are eliminated, just the distilled essence remains as intuitive wisdom.

In other words, intuition is the digested experience of the past lives<sup>1</sup>, or we may say it is the compressed and consolidated wisdom distilled from the past. Intuition is actually a 'voice of the soul'. The soul 'speaking' to the body is called instinct (animal instinct). The soul 'speaking' to the heart is called intuition. The soul 'speaking' to the mind is called inspiration and last comes revelation, which is the soul immersed in the Divine Light and in which Divine Knowledge and understanding comes from God Himself. This revelation is also known as 'illumination of the soul'. Thus, it can be said truly that intuition is superior to reason. We still need reason for our current experiment. In other words, intuition tells us what to do, reason tells us how to do it.

In my dreams as a boy of seven in the bottom pit of Hell facing the Devil, how did I know that God would protect me and keep me safe and had nothing to fear from Satan? Feeling the very Spirit of God surging through my body and making me absolutely fearless and challenging the Devil to do his worst, how did that come about? It was my intuitive heart telling me that God was my Friend and that on one or nothing could hurt me. Where did my supreme faith in God come from without thought or learning? How could I read Scriptures at ten-eleven with ease and understand everything if I hadn't learned these things in a former incarnation?

The teachings in the Bible were to me as clear as crystal, never doubting its Truth for a single solitary second. I even felt that Jesus was not some distant historical character, but more like a friend or relation of my family. I must have had an incarnation at the time of Jesus, otherwise we would not have been, both of us, born in caves and wrestled with Satan and emerging victorious. That is not a coincidence. I even think like Jesus - we are on the same wavelength.

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<sup>1</sup> Future lives also.

At nineteen-twenty I had, intellectually and intuitively, the highest spiritual wisdom of the ages and knew what the highest and ultimate goal of life was - to attain God and become one with Him. Nothing mattered by supreme faith in and love for God - the one and only Reality. Only God is Real.

Even our worldly life is an awake-dream like we have a dream-dream. We only become really awake when we awaken in the Cosmic Consciousness, when the ultimate Truths of the Infinite are revealed to us in a glorious array. You ain't seen nothing yet.

## **2. The Doctrine of the Supremacy of the Soul**

The Saints or Sons of God in all ages incarnate on Earth solely for the purpose of teaching and guiding human beings to the spiritual path back to God and His Kingdom, our true and Eternal Home. The Soul within us is part and parcel of the Lord and of the same essence. True religion implies the spiritual path which takes us back to God and becomes One with Him. The term Yoga means exactly that - Union with God.

Spirituality is the common denominator of all religions. Over time, more importance is given to ritual prayers, ceremonies, religious holidays and dogmas, than to the real teachings of their respective Spiritual Masters. They all speak in different words essentially the same spiritual truth, which is the common heritage of all religions. Unfortunately, the followers of every religion interpret their respective teachings in their own way, delete and interpolate them, and build organizations and churches that emphasize ritual prayers, ceremonies, dogmas and holiday celebrations. Thus, the followers and their priesthood forget or ignore the real teachings and disciplines, becoming grossly materialistic.

God-realization or Self-realization implies the merging of our individual souls back into God, or becoming One with God, without at the same time losing our identity as a part of God or a Son of God. This life in Eternity (i.e., Eternal Life) knows no death, decay or sorrow. The life with God is the everlasting and ever-renewing self-affirmation of fully conscious illimitable divinity. This is the purpose of the spiritual path; to gain spiritual freedom and attain Eternal Life, our ultimate destination. We must yearn to attain God, the One and only Reality. Nothing is real but God.

How to become spiritual? - by fasting, prayer and meditation. Only supreme faith in God can assure abiding peace. Our bodies are the Temples of the Living God. We can only find God or realize God within our own bodies. Meditation, fasting and prayer is the process of involution by which we gain the experiential knowledge of God and finally merge into Him. This is the true meaning or definition of Salvation and Eternal Life in God, or Cosmic Consciousness. This is the true inward spiritual journey or spiritual path. Here is where we find true peace of mind, satisfaction and happiness.

Our search for these things is generally in worldly achievements and worldly possessions. The more we run after these outer things, the more we generally become frustrated and unhappy. The worldly materialistic life degenerates into an endless round of ephemeral pleasures and pain. The

world is really an illusion. The only one and true Reality is God and the life in God, with God and only for the sake of

God. The world and the worldly life has no intrinsic worth. It is only a stage or a school in which we learn - a learning process by which we learn to differentiate between the unreal and the real. After many incarnations we finally reach the one in which we start on the spiritual path. If we do not attain God in that particular one, then we come back on Earth and continue from where we left off in the previous incarnation until we reach the Goal - the highest prophecy stored for us in the archives of the Almighty. God is the Goal, and we go from unconscious God to conscious God. We are all God - everyone of us - in the process of becoming God [1]. This is the whole reason, the one and only reason for the Creation. If every soul in the universe attained God-Consciousness tomorrow morning at 9am, then the whole universe, known and unknown, would literally disappear at that moment. God's purpose would be fulfilled and there would be no reason for the universe to exist. God is the beginning and the end of everything. Nothing exists outside of God - not even a single atom or molecule.

In the beginning only God existed - no universe, nothing. Then God spoke the Word AUM, the spiritual sound and the whole universe came into existence. As the Bible says "In the beginning was the Word and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." Scientifically speaking, the Big Bang theory is absolutely correct. The universe came into existence at the AUM- Point - the Word of God.

Buddha's state of Nirvana means release from birth and death or Salvation or God-Realization through the Eight-fold Path to Perfection. It is the same goal of Christ or Krishna or of any other great Saints.

God is the Goal and the only Reality. There is only one truth and only one God. We must release our soul from the mind-heart and the senses in order for the soul to merge into God.

**Afterword by Jack Sarfatti:** My father, Hyman Sarfatti, was born in Macedonia in 1914. His father came from Italian Sephardim said to be descended from the French Merlin Rashi de Troyes. He spent his infancy in a cave escaping the battles between the Turks and the Bulgarians not unlike what had happened in Bosnia. My Aunt Esther says that my father as an infant kept asking her in Ladino "Yo quero agua! Yo quero agua!" Esther repeatedly brought Hyman water from the well. He spat it out every time and kept asking "Yo quero agua! Yo quero agua!" My father explained his odd behavior by saying that he was an "old soul" who was fully conscious at his birth. He was asking for the enlightenment of the "spiritual waters" not the "material waters".