

# The Adidam Advocate

The Monthly Newsletter for Associates, Pre-Students,  
the Third Congregation and others interested in  
The Avataric Pan-Communion of Adidam

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## Do Not Be Afraid to Be Turned Up to God

Spoken Communications from Avatar Adi Da  
June 20 and 28, 2001

*The following excerpts from several recent conversations with Avatar Adi Da Samraj are, in some sense, a summary of His perpetual Call to everyone to take up ego-transcending Spiritual practice with the greatest possible intensity and commitment. In any present moment, such a Call as you will read here is clearly directed to those of His devotees who are already involved in the full practice of Adidam in the second congregation. Nevertheless, it is an eternal Message for all beings—whenever they may be available to hear it. It is a “radical” Call to not be content to endure the terrible cycle of countless births and deaths, and all of the suffering, inherent and potential, in that cycle, but to develop a Spiritual practice of such strength and profundity that the ego’s death and separation and suffering are transcended in Perfect Freedom and Happiness.*

AVATAR ADI DA SAMRAJ: Life is terrible, and human beings are deluded by the immediate pleasures that they can receive. For these reasons, they ignore the reality of mortality—and they must not do that. You remain alive in the physical body only as long as staying alive in that form is appropriate. The practice, while alive and at death and beyond, is surrender to the Divine—really so—and to know the Divine. Not “know” It in the thinking sense. The knowledge of which I am speaking is a gnosis beyond self-contraction. Human beings do not know that Reality. In these times, people do not think of religion except in worldly and social terms. And, in that case, there is nothing but death for the ego-“I”.

It is terrible and unbearable that people should fear death. Death is a lie, but you must Realize that that is so. And that lie must not be tolerated. Any devotee who has a devotional response to Me must enjoy being opened to the Divine Reality and experience it without doubt. Period.

Yes, you should be a positive sign in the midst of life, but you must not be merely about survival. To be a positive life-sign to others is not about an effort to look good. It should be done because one is full of God and experiencing the Divine right now. But people do not have the esoteric means to experience the Divine and so they use egoic means to experience whatever pleasure and distraction that they can. Instead, you must receive My Gift and so be equipped for life and death. All is a process in this same “Bright” Energy, and you must get connected with Where you come from or you get lost in this hell of egoic life here.

You must learn how to live the practice: Divine Spiritual Life under all conditions. There is too much death to bear, and you must embrace the Way. When the moment of death arrives, you must not be afraid to be turned up to God. You must not be holding on in your death. You must surrender to the Divine Light—that is your business here. Let it be so. Do not be concerned. If you call on My Divine Name, it is not a cultic activity—something you do to be hopeful out of the blue. It must be real Divine Communion, and I must be received Spiritually by My devotees. Do not just talk about Divine Life, but actually enter into real Divine Communion. Do not call upon Utopia, to be let off the hook, but practice the Divine Life.

If you call upon Me by Name, you have to know Who I Am, or you are no more than this flesh body. In that case, you are calling on Me as another flesh body, and you call for the impossible. I am not a karmic entity. I Am Only Spiritual Truth and Bliss.

Every now and then, life confronts you with mortality in such a way that requires you to take reality seriously. But, the rest of the time, you generally forget these realities and use every possible means to ignore the realities of life. Everyone is just involved in the mummery of trying to make life positive. That is the propaganda of the day. But the propaganda of the day is nonsense. You must understand how you are bound and deluded by the conventions of human life and society. That is what there is to notice.

Learn that human life is not enough, nor human love, and that what is required is renunciate choices and a disposition beyond mortal gross realities. People typically find something to be preoccupied with, which enables them to forget (or be distracted from) their actual situation. When, from time to time, you are unavoidably confronted with mortality, it causes you to reconsider your situation. But the will to be distracted can seriously interrupt your capacity to really know your condition, and can thereby create critical life-illusions.

Human beings are each on their bed of pain, preoccupied with ordinary life. You cannot just “go for” the

distraction-game—the propaganda that has been created on this earth, the “good-life” distractions from what you are really feeling. These “good-life” distractions do not last for one more moment after your life ends. So, you must deal with what is. You have to stay real all your life and do what is real about it. Do not wait until the end of your life to get real, when you will be wishing that you had done that a lot earlier. And do not wait until the end of your life to create a real Ashram circumstance that supports your most serious impulses.

What counts is how much you really enter into the Great Matter, how much about your practice is real enough to sustain itself through the death process. That is what enables you to enter into the process most fully at death.

The usual attitude that human beings take toward life-difficulties is summarized in an incident from the movie *Simon of the Desert*. In the movie, there is a group of ascetics who stand on pillars in the desert and people come to them to plead for healings. At one point, a man with a stumped arm goes to one of the healers and the man’s arm is restored. But the man, because his physical problem is gone, just walks off, indifferent. He is back to distraction-land. And that is the way human beings are. That is what egoity is, because the ego’s situation here is terrible. You must wake up to what you are and what your condition is. Do this in great depth. Examine everything.

Everybody is looking for a distracted life. But, as the Laughing Mama says, “Your objections to anything do not mean shit!” And I cannot allow a revision of this Way—the smiling “good life”, playing with one’s consolations, such that mere talk is as deep as it goes. Only profoundly serious people, dealing with themselves seriously, can truly live this Way. You have to be really impressed with your real situation. Whatever it takes to wake you up is what must occur. You must feel that you cannot afford to stay superficial. You must find a way to deal with the realities of life, and you cannot be concerned with the merely conventional way of life. You must not forget this.

Everyone is mortal. Everyone is in the same boat. All are in the same room. You can live and die any time. You cannot avoid the realities of life—but everyone imagines that they can.

There have been centuries of this murderous game going on. Everyone must learn this devotional practice and not waste any more time—not one more breath. Stop being mere beginners, and create a culture of Invocation that you really practice with one another.

This Way of Adidam is not a cult. It is real practice. And part of the real seriousness of practicing this Way is that you realize your true situation. You have to deal with yourself or your practice will not touch anything at death.

You just cannot escape the reality of death and limitation. You can do various things to make yourself feel better, but they only go so far. It is not enough. This Way cannot be refused. You must stop deluding yourself about conditional reality.

You look to your intimacies and even to your religious practice as if they were a fulfillment of your needs. But the things of life cannot give what you need at heart. At death, all you get from a lover is a kiss on the lips. Therefore, the profundity must be lived, and you must get involved in a

profoundly Divine life for real. Otherwise, at death, you will not have the means. If you are to have the means that exceed death, profound practice must be developed. [June 20 and 28, 2001]

## My Head Is Eternally at His Feet

a Leela by Kevin Page

*Kevin Page came to the Mountain Of Attention Sanctuary from Dublin as a contact person in July of 2001. He had been reading Avatar Adi Da’s Teaching since the 70s, and had, for a brief time, been a student-novice (the first level of practice in the second congregation). But the hard-working, hard-partying Irish-fishing-village life that he had lived for many years mixed poorly with the student-novice disciplines and Kevin soon lapsed in his practice, though he remained a fervent admirer of Adi Da’s. Then, as a result of an automobile accident, after which he was given a blood transfusion of contaminated blood, he developed hepatitis C, a disease that attacks the liver. By the year 2000, his life would depend on his having a successful liver transplant. This crisis in his life drew Kevin to Avatar Adi Da in a dramatic fashion. Kevin’s story begins in late 1999:*

KEVIN: During the last six months of my illness, I was in and out of hospital constantly. When I got sick, of course, I stopped drinking and smoking and so I was more clear-headed. My relationship to Adi Da started to be real for the first time in my life. I started to feel Him. And I started to feel happy.

Physically, I was going up and down like a yo-yo. Sometimes, as a result of some natural treatments I was experimenting with, I would improve so much that the doctors would say that maybe I wouldn’t need a liver transplant after all. But each time I would improve, I would go down again—and every time I went down it would be a bit further down, so that eventually it became obvious that I had to have the transplant.

At this stage I very much wanted to have a formal relationship with Beloved Adi Da, and a friend in Dublin named Jim Doyle, who’s a devotee of Adi Da’s, got in touch with the community in London and it was arranged that I would take third congregation vows in the hospital. I was delighted. And I started to relax about my situation. At this stage, to be honest, I felt that there was a 50% chance that I was going to die.

Even so, as the days went by, I was just feeling great—and what should have been the worst time in my life became the best time in my life. I was reading the Teaching and had a Murti by my bed. I meditated and studied every day. I contemplated Beloved constantly. I have never been as happy as I was during that period. I can say that with absolutely honesty. It was amazing to everyone.

But my blissful relationship with Adi Da was having a bad effect in terms of the needed transplant. You see, I was so happy, so blissful, that every day when the doctors would come by and ask me how I was, I couldn’t help but say I was marvelous!—because that was the truth. And so everyone else on the liver list for transplants would be put ahead of me. My wife kept telling me to stop saying how good I felt, but I

couldn't tell the doctors and nurses that I felt bad when I felt better than I had ever felt in my life.

It also seemed fair enough to me that others were getting the livers before me because I could see that most of the people around me not only were dying (as I was, too) but they looked like they were dying! I, on the other hand, was ecstatic. All my distractions were gone, I was living all the practices and disciplines, and I was left with Beloved only. As far as I'm concerned, that was the best situation I could have been in. And I started to actually experience all of the "benefits" that I had intuited and read about in the Books in the past. It all turned out to be true in practice. This really delighted me. I was having episodes of bliss in my bed and I'd weep for happiness at times. And I wasn't getting a liver!

Eventually, though, I collapsed physically. I really started going down fast. And at that stage it was a bit late to collapse because I was so weakened. At one point I read my medical chart, which I wasn't meant to do, of course, and I saw that according to the doctors, I had 23 hours to live. And there was no donor liver. I wasn't panicking about dying, but I was panicking about getting in touch somehow with Beloved. I knew that He was available to my resort to Him in any case, but my heart's desire was that He be told about my situation. I wanted Him to know that I was on the home run. And my friend Jim there in Dublin phoned Charles Seage [Adi Da's physician] at the Mountain Of Attention. Charles was heartbroken to have to report back to my friend Jim that Beloved was in deep Seclusion, was speaking to no one at all, was not receiving letters, and that it would be impossible to inform Him of my condition. That was a terrible blow to me. But then a miracle happened.

Charles Seage hung up the phone from speaking to my friend Jim, and wrote to Beloved about my condition, even though he had little hope that the letter would get to Him. Within hours, however, the letter found its way to Adi Da and He read it. His only comment was, "Tell Kevin not to worry."

Meanwhile, back in Dublin, I was well on into my last 23 hours. Jim came flying into the hospital with the news from Charles that Beloved had said I shouldn't worry. I was ecstatic in my bed! I did exactly what Beloved had Instructed: I just stopped worrying, and I was happy as a pig in shit. And we still hadn't got the liver. The way I looked at, though, it would be fine if I lived and it would be fine if I died, because Beloved was going to be with me in either case.

The following morning, February 7, I was overdue to die by a number of hours and my liver hadn't arrived. It was five or six hours after I'd gotten Beloved's message to me. Next thing, this young nurse comes in, radiant, and says, "Kevin, we've got a perfect liver. It's on the way." Then, in case the operation was not successful, I got my five sons and my wife, Carol, in the room with me and made my final speeches, which was a bit heartbreaking, but I kept Beloved in my vision while I said good-bye to my family. (Liver transplants were relatively new to Ireland, the first having been done in 1993. Not all the operations had been successful.) And while I felt the loneliness of saying good-bye—because no matter where you're going at death, you're saying good-bye to everything and everyone that is familiar to you, you're not going to see these particular circumstances again. So I felt the

loneliness of that, but the fact that Beloved had said not to worry meant that I had no terror of death. And I still don't. And I know with absolute, intuitive certainty that no devotee of the Divine needs to fear death. Everyone will have the loneliness of saying good-bye, but I am certain that there is no need for anyone to face that unknowableness with fear. I had felt Beloved's Love and I knew that that Love Transcends death.

As it happened, the operation was completely successful. The normal time for this operation is twelve hours—mine was complete in eight. The doctors said they had never seen anything like it—things went so well. Not only that, the records in the hospital showed that liver transplant patients went home after eighteen days in the hospital. I was home in eleven days. The record in the hospital for getting out of bed was three to four days, I was up in one day, and in three days I was running around the corridors and was in the gym lifting weights. The whole team of doctors and nurses was really proud of me and themselves—they thought they had performed miracles! I knew Who had performed the miracle, but they took all the kudos. They were great—but they weren't as good as they thought they were! They had broken every record in transplant surgery in the country.

The miracle has continued. When you receive an organ transplant, they have to "neutralize" your immune system so that your body won't reject the foreign organ, and you're told to stay away from people who have any kind of contagious illnesses. I was told, for example, that I should move out of the house when my children all had the 'flu, but I didn't move and I never caught a thing. I've remained completely healthy since the operation.

When I came to the Mountain Of Attention in July 2001, I had the opportunity to see Beloved Adi Da for the second time. The first time had been in Holland in 1986. I remember going to Holland to see what I thought was a great Spiritual Teacher, a Spiritual genius, but I was not expecting what I encountered. When Adi Da walked in to the room, I knew that this was not just a teacher. I knew I was in the Presence of Divinity. I had never bowed to anyone in my life, but I spontaneously prostrated to Adi Da that day and I didn't want to get up again. For the next fifteen years, I struggled with the possibility of formal practice until my illness Gracefully changed my life and made me truly available to Him. And now I know that what I am for the rest of time is a devotee. I can rest my head at His Feet for the rest of eternity.

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