

The Adidam Advocate

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

June 2006

Volume 3, Issue 3

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Locating Maitreya A Leela by Jean Waters

Jean Waters is a third congregation devotee who lives in Connecticut. An award-winning educator and glass artist, Jean's stained glass work is in collections around the world. She is a partner in a devotee-owned business, Sun Dog Glass. A former Buddhist, Jean wrote the following story of how she found Avatar Adi Da with the express intention of advocating Him in a Buddhist periodical. We offer it here for our readers' enjoyment and inspiration, in the hope that you will be moved to write your own story.

I did not anticipate happiness. For as long as I can remember, there has always only been The Path, nose to the grindstone, head in a book, studying the Dharma, my mind gripping the intricate interweavings of information,

I was born on the coast of Long Island, New York, in the year of the Tiger, at high noon, on lunar new year. Sun in Aquarius, moon in Aquarius. At the top of my natal chart it says, “Conscious aim: Truth.” I knew that my experience, though unique, was the same as everybody else's, but I often couldn't figure out how people kept on, in a culture so devoid of spiritual content.

I'm told that I didn't say a word until I was six. Until then, I always had another child inside me to discuss things with. When I was six that “other” faded away.

Later I could more consciously identify the inner visions and memories of my early childhood, and was able to put a date on one of my most vivid memories: my death as a child six years and six months before this lifetime, in the bomb blast that destroyed the city of Hiroshima. I intuitively understood why, and where, and to whom I had been born. I knew I needed to be able to view history from an unconventional perspective, so that I would hold no lingering resentment over that previous death and my frustrated childhood dreams of growing up to be a Zen monk. I knew I needed to actualize patience and compassion.

My health was never very good when I was a child. My body often felt to me

like an alien device that I was obliged to live inside of. I had vitiligo, albino spots on my skin. If you see photos of children exposed to radiation burns, they have the same markings. A lot of people in my generation have those marks. A lot of us died at the same time.

I had plenty of other memories crossing my inner vision, mixing up in my head with the world in front of me. Most of my memories were of monastic lives, cloistered walls, windows, gardens. One of my farthest visions is of being born in, and growing up in, a temple, in what I assume was an ancient civilization. I've met people in this life that I know I was close to in previous lives. We were nuns together, monks together, or I was a priest, or an Japanese Abbot.

I must have taken the Bodhisattva's vow many lifetimes ago. Even being born at Hiroshima was an act of conscious volunteerism. The awful thing was going to happen, and some people had to be there to die, so the world would know "Never Again."

I was such a mental kid, shy and quiet, that my elementary school teacher asked if I would like to help in the school library. This gave me access to the big books behind the desk, the Reference section. There I first read about the Buddha, and Nirvana, and reincarnation. All this I immediately recognized as what made sense for me, personally. I declared myself a Buddhist. Buddhism gave me a vocabulary to describe my reality. What a relief to discover that the concept of reincarnation was something taken for granted by a great portion of the world's population! It was just that nobody in my elementary school talked about it. By sixth grade, I had become more open about being a Buddhist, and one of my teachers in particular often called me in the hall to debate my belief. Through the

years, I pursued my study of Buddhism, reading every book on Dharma I could find, and I got pleasure from reading about esoteric practices that I was already doing spontaneously. I also studied other religions, as I was fascinated by the bits and pieces that held together and spoke to me of a greater Reality.

Each religion seemed like the revelations of the blind men and the elephant. The elephant certainly existed as a whole truth, but the blind men described it as tree, or rope—each description valid enough in and of itself, but only a small part of the whole they had touched.

I also studied the esoteric teaching of Theosophy, and Edgar Cayce, and anything else I could find. I read about a being called Sunat Kumara, the Threshold Dweller, who stands between this manifest dimension and the place where light really comes from. At some point I became aware of a light shining in this earth sphere which did not come from the sun, moon, or stars. It gave me a lot to think about.

I had a particular affinity for Tibet. The first time I saw any film footage of Tibetan dancing monks, I was very excited. To me, Tibet was always the last place you went to live. When you had achieved enough "good karma", I thought, to be able to live out the last of your lives in peace, you were born in Tibet. There was a disincarnate Teacher called The Tibetan, and I studied all of his channeled writing, and found them to be remarkably insightful. At night I would travel to the crowded hall where he sat, and sit in the back, with the other astral visitors.

I greatly enjoyed Tibetan Tantric Buddhism for its clarity of vision. Its description of physical reality is almost identical to that of the western Quantum

physics descriptions of reality. The quality of “sunnyata”, the field of impermanence, was obvious to my eyes always. What bothered me was the irrationality of this collective delusion. Why was it here in the first place?

In 1991 I went to see the Dalai Lama for the first time. I took to following him the way others of my generation followed the Grateful Dead! I adopted a Green Tara practice, of invoking the Divinity down into my body to manifest here on the earth plane.

In my vajravana practice I had achieved the “I Am That” level and had figured out that “I Am the sound of One Hand Clapping.” I wanted to do a doctoral level study of Maitreya, The Buddha of the Future, the Buddha of Loving Kindness, the “Loving One”, the Conqueror, who is traditionally depicted sitting with both feet on the ground, ready to arise to respond to the need of the world. So I decided to take myself off on my own self-made retreat, to break through to the level of spiritual practice that I craved. I moved into a tiny camper in a nettle patch on a remote island in the Pacific Northwest where there was no electricity, no cars, no stores, and virtually no human beings.

One of the first things I learned there was the true nature of Nature. I came to see the exquisite beauty of my surroundings as an organism which rose up and fell down and disintegrated and rose up again in all its exquisite detail—violent, without mercy or concern for all the collective great connected thoughts of mankind, and certainly not for my little head. It was all one great digestive organ, from which my body was not different, a mere flow of electrons. In that environment, I could not keep my energy in my body. It sank out the soles of my feet into the ground. I could sit for hours

watching slugs eat my papers. Occasionally a wandering tourist would walk by my hut and we would exchange a few words. This opened my eyes to the error of my urge to leave the crowded human world behind in my quest for pure unoffended fulfillment, because I saw clearly how the electromagnetic effect of interaction with another human would spin my inner wheels in a very positive way for hours afterwards, and I would feel happy and particularly enlivened. Then the energy would drain away again.

At that time I was reading Robert Thurman’s *Tibetan Book of the Dead*, and came across a passage which stuck in my head. It said something to the effect that if you reached a certain spiritual level, the beings there would greet you and ask you who your Teacher was, and if it turned out that you’d merely taken the castle by storm, you were, in effect, ostracized. They knew you were without the necessary humility. I saw that I had lacked this humility and only then did I acknowledge my need for a Teacher. But I was utterly clueless as to the proper way to find a genuine one whom I could trust implicitly.

Shortly after that, I was visiting the East Coast to spend the holidays with my parents when a close friend gave me two books to read, written by the person I knew to be his Guru, a western-born spiritual adept called Adi Da, which means “the First Giver.” The books were *The Transmission of Doubt*, and *The Knee Of Listening*. I read *The Transmission of Doubt* first, and I read *The Knee Of Listening* pretty much straight through, riding the bus back to the West Coast. I recall shouting out loud as each unerring Truth hooked up cleanly with the collection in my head. And to understand Adi Da’s Realization, described by Him as the Union of Consciousness and

Energy, in 1972, simply crushed and exploded me. The audacity! No one had ever even thought of this! Well, I suppose they had. I'd studied Tibetan tangkha painting so I was familiar with the conceptual images of Divinity, the Non-Dual Duality. But to actualize that, to bring that down into a human body, to actualize ultimate closure within a human mind, had been previously inconceivable. No one would dare try such a thing and expect to live through it. I knew that much for certain! But it explained it ALL to me. It broke my mind in recognition of why it was all here. It is just all the Divine. There is only That.

What we are is only the creativity of the Divine. We are so trapped in our separative muddle—what Adi Da calls the “self-contraction”, or the active presumption that we are separate—that we fail to enjoy the Truth of our existence. If we could exist beyond our egoic contraction, as merely conscious form, living and dying in ecstasy of the very pleasure which runs through us, always praising the Godhead of which we are inherently the modification—that is the meaning of life.

The next book of Adi Da's I read was *Da Love-Ananda Gita*, which I found for \$4 at a used-book store. At the time a friend and his wife were staying in a house just down the hill from me, as he began chemotherapy for the brain tumor which had just been discovered that Christmas. I was glad I could be there for them at this time of their lives. As I read Adi Da's *Gita* I looked down the hill at their house and began to weep. I was overwhelmed by how much I have been given by the manifest universe. There in my hands in that book by Adi Da was the greatest gift I had ever received. My gratitude broke my heart. Something in my head just tipped over and spilled out,

and my heart began a physical sensation of “thrumming.” Then the strangest effect took over my vision. My eyes were startled by the color yellow and I stared at it in amazement, as if I'd never seen yellow before. It was consciously alive. Other colors played behind it, similarly intense. It was all new to me, a breakthrough in the vision of my heart. I wept and wept. It was such a gift to me as an artist, both the perception of color and the broken heart of gratitude.

I knew now that Adi Da was the spiritual Teacher I was seeking. I felt that I had to get to where He was. It was obvious that he was one of the historic Great World Teachers. It was as if Jesus were teaching a few towns away, but I might choose to be too caught up doing the laundry to have the time to go see him. I knew I would profoundly regret missing the opportunity of numerous lifetimes if I didn't go.

At this point in my life I was also crippled by rheumatoid arthritis. The photos of me sitting beside my friend, who died soon afterwards of the brain tumor, show me with swollen, gnarled hands laying in my lap. Many days I could barely walk. Amazingly, I was offered a job just down the island from where I lived, helping a carpentry crew. Suddenly I had enough money to leave the island and visit the nearest regional center of Adidam, where a group of Adi Da's devotees gathered, in Seattle. I went there to an introductory event in March 1997. I signed up that night to take the course required to become a formal devotee. As I was still living on the island a day's travel away from Seattle, I was to do the course via correspondence.

I continued to read Adi Da's books. I wondered why he had not ever received an Honorary Doctorate from either Columbia or Stanford, where He had

gone to school. Then I came to feel that this was beyond “Doctorate”—this was the work of Genius. And finally my mind broke under the weight of such completely connected insight. This was beyond Genius. This could only be the perspective and insight of the Divine.

I first traveled to Adidam’s Mountain Of Attention Sanctuary in November of 1997. Before we went up to the Sanctuary, the group I was traveling with stopped for lunch in a small town about twenty minutes from the Sanctuary. We had Chinese food, and got our fortune cookies. Everyone else received a generic fortune, but mine said, “A single conversation with a wise man is worth a month’s study of books.” Studying spiritual books had been my entire life up to that point. I sensed that things were about to change.

The first time I saw Adi Da was in an occasion in which devotees lined the path He was to follow to the hot springs bath house at the Mountain Of Attention. He came into view at the crest of the path above me, moving slowly, pausing to gaze into the eyes of the kneeling devotees. I had the most uncanny vision of seeing Real Divinity before my eyes. One of my favorite pictures at home had been a winged tiger with three faces—a conceptual image used to try to explain visually a way in which Divinity manifests itself. And here was Adi Da, appearing before me with multiple faces! As deeply as He gazed at the devotee directly before Him, just as clearly I was aware that He was staring directly at me, utterly aware of my presence in the line. I was filled with awe. Eventually, He stood before me. I burst with joy, grinning from ear to ear. Saying His name like an Amen of affirmation, I offered a flower from my heart and put my head to the ground at His feet. I felt wrenched upward from my

base as though my entire being wanted to throw itself into Him. As He walked past me I gulped for air as I absorbed the thickness of spiritual nectar which pervades His presence.

Later that evening we had the great good fortune of being granted another Darshan occasion. We sat on the floor, chanting, men on the left, women on the right, facing the unoccupied chair at the front of the room. The chanting transported me into a very pleasurable physical state, and I enjoyed following the sound as it soared and swooped like the immense flock of chimney swifts I’d been watching come together a few evenings before. It seemed as though the individual devotees had joined together into a similar group consciousness as the birds used to merge in flight, turning instantly in one movement.

I was startled from my reverie by a feeling of intense pressure, as though an elephant had sat down upon my chest, immensely heavy, and I was simultaneously distracted by shouts around me, as everyone turned to greet Adi Da, as He entered the hall through a door behind my right shoulder. I was struggling to deal with the pressure on my chest when I recalled being told that Adi Da’s Siddhi can be felt as a pressure, so I consciously removed my fear blockage and the feeling flowed right down through me without any more effort. He walked to the front of the room, and sat down, very comfortably. I struggled to see Him clearly. I was still having trouble seeing him, so I recall looking at Him over the top of my glasses, thinking perhaps I could “see” Him better with my bare eyes. The chanting continued, with a strange effect. When Adi Da would look at the women’s side, I could not utter a sound. The energy was just too powerful. I was shaking in my seat, getting thumped

by wave after wave of energy. Then when Adi Da would turn to look at the men, the chant would rise again from the women's side and the men would swoon in their turn.

I eventually entered into a very deep state and felt Adi Da's Energy enter me at the heart. I felt scanned as He searched me to find out who I was. He went through my insides as if going into all the dark corners of all my closets with a bright searchlight, leaving not one single space or particle of dust uninspected. When He was done I felt completely open, like a coat blowing open in the wind. Open, clear, dust free. It was great. Past lives I had recalled throughout my life spontaneously rose to the surface of my consciousness. I had lived my life many times for God, and I offered each life at the feet of this One, the One I knew unquestionably to be the Divine Incarnate, sitting right there before me, right now. Green Tara descended into me and my body moved into her mudras, and then bowed to the floor—she paying homage to the Ultimate Divinity.

Lastly, a question arose in my mind concerning my arthritis. The response was like a "Hmm?" Inquisitive warmth flowed down my arms. My hands became somehow no longer mine. I wept uncontrollably, during which time Adi Da stood up and walked out of the room. Some time later, when I became somewhat lucid, my companions asked me what I had been cradling in my lap as I wept. It was just my hands. I felt as though I'd been given them back, but they were no longer merely "my" hands. Over time, my arthritis was cured as a result of my employing healing modalities that I learned about from members of the Adidam community.

The next few days, after returning to Seattle, I walked around with the uncanny

feeling that my body was made up entirely of precious jewels. I also discovered that my past life recall was gone. At first I was disconcerted by this fact, but then I came to realize that I had given those lives to my Guru, and He had kept them! He had "eaten" them, and all their karmic baggage. He had relieved me of innumerable lifetimes of working out the clutter attached to them. In retrospect I was also concerned that my mind had recorded non-stop through the entire encounter, like a ticker-tape machine. My mind sat there inside my head completely untouched, unviolated, and I was a little frustrated by that. As a Buddhist, I wanted my "mind" to go away. Apparently, to Adi Da, my "mind" was irrelevant.

Submission to anyone is anathema in our Western culture, where we are driven to self-actualization of the healthy ego. I have come to know that the Divine is prior to my sense of my self. To encounter Adi Da's influence in my life is to feel that I am floating on the surface of a great up-welling of force. My Guru's communications to me are like finding a sticky note on the back of my head. He is always to where I am before I get there. It has permanently changed my perception of "self." In some ways the Guru is like a coach that keeps pulling you back to proper form. In this case it is the recall of the error of separation. For me, the greatest challenge has been to embrace life. My years as a Buddhist scholar have made my rejection of the manifest world my knee-jerk reaction. The Buddhist way is closed-eye mediation, dwelling in the pure land of consciousness, and, despite the teaching that Samsara is Nirvana, rejecting the manifest world as illusion, the great deceiver, the trap of the senses.

Adi Da's message, however, is one of relationship, non-rejection, open-eye

meditation. Adi Da showed me in an instant that manifest existence is energy combined in non-duality with consciousness. It is the creativity of the Divine in manifest form, through all time and all levels and planes of existence. To maintain that connection to the Guru and to live in the moment of His Revelation is simultaneously very simple, and very difficult. The relationship to Adi Da is no different than to any great Guru of recorded history. Milarepa's bleeding back is the reality of true spiritual practice, and spiritual practice with God as the Guru is the most advanced spiritual practice there is, ever. The initial course of study is excruciating, like being skinned alive, as you learn just how insidious is the ingrained pattern of egoic behavior. But the flip side is the Guru, the Force of Love Itself, Incarnate, utterly vulnerable, brutally truthful, the fire of Truth, unconditionally loving, ecstatic. There is nothing in the western tradition that prepares a person for this relationship, that prepares us to be so open to an omniscient Teacher, to actively surrender our fear, our loneliness, our alienation, and our separation. We are unaccustomed to God as Reality. Defensive delusion remains the preferred state.

As a Buddhist, I was always focused in my mind, preferring the idealized notion of someday achieving a higher level of existence, flinching away from Reality. It was strategic, and, as apparent from my numerous lives doing that, not truly productive of Nirvana or God-Realization.

Those who achieve any level of Realization do not instantly dematerialize in a burst of rainbow light. The body persists. Adi Da has shown me how to be more truly human, how to live daily without the "cell wall." He has also

shown His devotees how the individual's moment-to-moment consciousness matters intensely to global situations both human and physical. It is an upgrading of the Bodhisattva vow, into a functional level of human consciousness. It is what it says it is: "The Way of the Heart."

Is Adi Da Maitreya? Photos of Him beaming His bright smile look exactly like traditional sculptures of Maitreya from around the globe, the human conception of what the Being of Loving Kindness would look like. Adi Da's Murti photos match traditional thangka paintings of Maitreya in every way, as He often is sits with both feet on the ground, as the stylized depictions of Maitreya are portrayed (see www.murti.com). Perhaps I am just another of the blind encountering the Elephant, and describing it as a Buddha. The Divine Self is One Thing. The name becomes irrelevant. Time itself becomes irrelevant. The future is present in the timeless moment of the Divine. The Buddhaverse of The One of Love is now. Adi Da is the Atma-Buddha, the Buddha of Brightness, Da Love-Ananda, the Divine Self. Adi Da has incarnated the Divine in the human sphere in this dark epoch, in direct response to the collective plea of mankind.

As a Tantric Buddhist I have lived my life with consideration to future lives. I live as a seed of continuity. And I truly feel that any serious spiritual practitioner who also feels this way would do well to study the Wisdom-Teachings of Adi Da. It is the most advanced level of study, of spiritual practice, that exists. It is Ultimate.

There are lions at the gates, many things to "put off" the individual who would be offended by the Free Avadhoot Guru. But a true practitioner will see through these gates directly to the Teacher. And the relationship to the

Teacher is all there is. The Bright and Loving Face of my Guru is the true form of the universe. The causal sheaths of this individuated locus of self flow and reform and there is only this outpouring of the Force of Love, nothing Other than that. For me, the Path is gone. I am not a Seeker. I have located Maitreya, the Incarnation of Love. I have found the Truth. Am I happy? I am ecstatic.

**Wisdom-Tools:
The Phenomenon of “bonding”
Is the Principal Factor in Human Life**

An Essay from *The Basket Of Tolerance*
by the Ruchira Avatar, Adi Da Samraj

“Bonding” is a term we hear frequently these days to refer to human and non-human relationships alike, and it has also assumed a significant place in the literature of Adidam. Seven years ago, shortly after the Event that marked the Completion of His Revelation Work on September 7, 1994, Avatar Adi Da began using the term “Bonding” when talking about the devotional relationship to Him, contrasting it with egoic “bonding” of all kinds. He constantly reminded His devotees that all conventional, or ego-based, “bonding” is bondage. On the other hand, Beloved Adi Da reminded His devotees that devotional “Bonding” to Him as the Divine Beloved is the basis of all true growth, whatever your stage or form of practice in the Way of Adidam.

In this Essay from The Basket of Tolerance, Beloved Adi Da describes how the understanding of the fruitlessness of all ego-based “bonding” is the basis of all true and authentic “social wisdom”, as well as the foundation of all great philosophical and religious Realization.

**All “Bonding” Is Bondage,
and All True and Authentic
“Social Wisdom” Is About Liberation
From All Bondage,
and, Therefore, From All “Bonding”**

The phenomenon of “bonding” (or even of relatedness of any kind, whether positive or negative, “successful” or “unsuccessful”) is the principal factor in human life (or in even any form of life). And the transcending of every kind of “bonding” (and, ultimately, even of the feeling of relatedness itself) is the principal process in which human life (or even any form of life) should be concentrated.

The human life-form is, by natural tendency, characterized, first of all, by the “bonding” of Consciousness Itself (Which Is the always already Most Prior, or Transcendental, Inherently Spiritual, and, Ultimately, Divine Condition of Being, Itself) to the body-mind. This “bonding” (or primary self-contraction) produces the primary feelings of separateness and relatedness, which feelings are the principal characteristics of the ego-“I” (or conditional self-sense).

Once the primary “bonding” (to the psycho-physical ego-“I”) occurs, a complex assortment of other (necessarily secondary, or subsequent) forms of “bonding” tends to follow, either as an immediate consequence of identification with the body-mind, such as “bonding” to the elemental sphere of conditional existence itself, or as a general consequence of natural human existence, such as parent-child “bonding”, “bonding” to family (both immediate and extended), “bonding” to chosen (or, otherwise, unavoidable) friends, pair “bonding”, “bonding” to the most local social group (such as tribe, class, club, institution, work unit, or community),

“bonding” to the larger social group (or any form of the “State”), “bonding” to the planet, “bonding” to the universe, and “bonding” to cosmic “Nature” altogether.

All human beings (and even all conditionally manifested beings) participate in this ever-enlarging circle of “bonding” (extending from the ego-“I”, through progressively inclusive levels, to the cosmic whole). All human beings “succeed” at positive “bonding” only partially (or not in the context of every possibility), and never permanently (because the ego-“I” is primarily focused on itself, and all natural phenomena, including all apparent, or conditionally manifested, relationships, change and, sooner or later, pass away, and every human life-form, even the least ego-bound, and even if truly egoless, suffers constant limitations, and eventual death). Therefore, in summary, all human beings (and even all conditionally manifested beings) only suffer the circle and process of “bonding”.

The inevitable discovery that “bonding” hurts (and, at last, is merely a suffered process, seemingly imposed on one and all by the “natural order”) is the root-event that transforms mere existence (or mere survival effort) as a human life-form (or any other kind of life-form) into a yearning and a search for greater, and, at last, Ultimate, fulfillment. Such is the “creative” urge in the living entity, and its greatest, or most profound, form is the philosophical and religious quest, or the search for God, Truth, Reality, or Liberation.

There is no authentic philosophical or religious quest (or search) until there is the discovery that human (or otherwise conditional) existence hurts (and that it is merely a suffered circle of stages of “bonding”). And there is no great (or, at last, Ultimate) philosophical or religious

Realization until there is the discovery that human (or otherwise conditional) existence is, in itself, a fruitless effort, entirely characterized by bondage.

Therefore, concepts of God, Truth, Reality, or Liberation do not authentically and truly enter into the sphere of individual (and otherwise collective) human life until suffering produces a doubt of the efforts merely to survive (or, in the ordinary and egoic sense, to be fulfilled). And the concepts and searches associated with God, Truth, Reality, or Liberation are not themselves naturally associated with (or a natural part of) the circle of “bonding”. Rather, the concepts and searches associated with God, Truth, Reality, or Liberation are generated in the context of doubt relative to all the kinds (and the entire circle) of “bonding”. Therefore, the concepts and searches (whether philosophical or religious) associated with God, Truth, Reality, or Liberation are inherently identified with the motive to transcend all “bonding”. And, because the ego-“I” (or identification with the self-contracted body-mind) is, at last, universally (in the case of all human individuals and all human groups) discovered to be the root-cause or origin of all the efforts and searches of “bonding”, the concepts and searches associated with God, Truth, Reality, or Liberation are, fundamentally, always associated with criticisms of egoity, and with suggested means for purifying, transforming, and, at last, transcending the ego-“I”.

All possible philosophical and religious means for Realizing God, Truth, Reality, or Liberation are about disciplining and surrendering the ego-“I”, and, thereby, progressively purifying, transforming, and, at last, transcending the ego-“I” and all “bonding” (or all the acts and effects of the ego-“I”). In order

to achieve these purposes, philosophical and religious traditions and practitioners generally establish greater, purer, or even Ultimate, and, certainly, not ego-reinforcing, but, instead, truly ego-renouncing, and intended to be, at last, entirely ego-transcending, forms of apparent “bonding” as an alternative to ordinary egoic forms of “bonding”, and as a means for drawing human energy and attention beyond the self-referring center of egoity. Therefore, even though God, Truth, Reality, and Liberation are (Ultimately) not about “bonding”, but are always about the transcending of “bonding” itself, the effective means for Realizing God, Truth, Reality, or Liberation necessarily and always requires the transcending of egoity by a process of progressive reaching, through the stages of the circle of “bonding”, and toward and into the un-“bonded” Sphere That Is God, or Truth, or Reality, or Liberation, Itself. And this process (of going through, and, thereby, beyond, the stages of the circle of “bonding”) requires a discipline of superior (or effectively ego-transcending) “bonding” (to God, or Truth, or Reality, or Liberation, Itself), especially by the Grace-Given and Grace-Giving Means of “bonding” to the Adept-Realizer (or Word and Incarnation) of God, or Truth, or Reality, or Liberation, Itself, until the ego-“I” is truly transcended, and God, or Truth, or Reality, or Liberation, Is Itself Realized (in true Awakening to Ultimate egoless Identification with God, or Truth, or Reality, or Liberation, Itself, especially by the Grace-Given and Grace-Giving Means of Ultimate egoless Identification with the Adept-Realizer of God, or Truth, or Reality, or Liberation, Itself).

Right life, or life based on the discovery of the hurt and the fruitlessness of egoity, and of attachment to any and

every kind of “bonding”, is, necessarily, about self-transcendence. And right life is also, when founded on most profound self-understanding, a philosophical or religious process that is primarily moved by the impulse to Realize God, Truth, Reality, or Liberation. All else is a naive, self-indulgent, and absurd enterprise, based on egoity and immaturity.

That dimension of actually (or, otherwise, potentially) right life that can be described as “social Wisdom” (or true Wisdom, socially applied) is, in its right and authentic forms, founded in the discovery that “bonding” (and, therefore, egoity) hurts and is fruitless, and, therefore, all right and authentic “social Wisdom” is associated with philosophical and religious motivations toward the transcending of the ego-“I” through enlarging the sphere of “bonding”, beyond the self-referring body-mind, to social relations, the good of the whole (or the true good of even any other), and the good of the world as a whole (including the good of the planetary sphere itself). And that process of ego-transcending “bonding” to all that is conditionally greater than the ego-“I” is (in the context of greatest “social Wisdom”, founded in true philosophical or religious motivations toward God, Truth, Reality, or Liberation) regarded only as a necessary preliminary (or a functional, practical, relational, and cultural) means toward ego-transcending Communion with (and, Ultimately, Realization of) God, or Truth, or Reality, or Liberation, Itself. Therefore, from the point of view of all truly right and authentic “social Wisdom”, not the ego-“I”, and not any intimate or otherwise familial relation, and not any social unit (great or small), and not the planet, and not even the total cosmic domain is the “thing” to which life must be “bonded” (as the final and

Ultimate purpose of life). Rather, from the point of view of all truly right and authentic “social Wisdom”, the ego-“I”, and all possible relations, and even the entire cosmic domain must be progressively transcended in That Which Is (beyond all hurt, all suffering, all separateness, all relatedness, all self-contraction, all of egoity, even all that is conditionally manifested), and Which Is That of Which even all “I’s” and all conditions are a merely apparent modification, such that, by Realizing That (God, Truth, or Reality), the ego-“I”, all others, and all of conditional manifestation are transcended in a beginningless and endless Liberation.

The Adidam Advocate is published by The Outreach Department of the Southwestern Region in cooperation. With the Third Congregation Office of the Advocacy Department of the Avataric Pan-Communion of Adidam. For more information please contact us at 310-358-0555.

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