

# THE ADIDAM ADVOCATE

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and others interested in The Avataric Pan-Communion of Adidam*

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## **A Leela of Avatar Adi Da's Great Blessing Work**

by John Bent

This Leela of Adi Da Samraj's Great Blessing Work with His devotee, Tamara Mcphail (my late intimate partner), begins with the first conversation that they had in 1993. Tamara was on retreat at the time and had the opportunity to tell Beloved Adi Da about a disturbing vision that she had repeatedly had: She kept seeing this huge

figure with a black cloak standing over the middle of the world and facing north. The figure was larger than the globe and had no face. The only evidence of a face were the two red coals for eyes. He was quite terrifying. Avatar Adi Da replied, "Oh, that one! He is the vision of death." Then He told her that she need not worry. "Stay with Me," He said, "and I will take care of you."

Tamara left that retreat much relieved. When she returned to her home in Vancouver, her life began to change dramatically. Her marriage ended, and by 1997 she had settled close to Adidam's sanctuary, the Mountain Of Attention, in northern California. Her life had been very difficult for a long time, not only because of the constant reminder of death that the vision represented, but because she was extremely sensitive to the chaos and pain of this world. Her health was not good when I met her in 1999, and she had frequent bouts of nausea and extreme headache that kept her in bed for days at a time. No one could diagnose the trouble, however, so she simply served her Guru in every way she could amidst the difficulty.

Then, one Wednesday in late May of 2001, Tammy got up complaining of numbness in her right arm, but she went to do her daily service on the Sanctuary, as always. At about noon, I got a call from another devotee serving with her who told me that Tamara had had a seizure and was unconscious. Shocked, I went down immediately. When I arrived, Tammy was just coming to. She was surrounded by friends, including one of our community physicians, and everyone was tending to

her with great care and concern. An ambulance was on its way.

Because Tamara was a Canadian citizen and had major medical insurance coverage there, we flew there two days later. The doctors here had determined that she had a fairly large growth in her brain. She was very weak, but we managed to get to the Vancouver hospital quickly, and they operated on her there. Our Beloved Master, Adi Da Samraj, was constantly informed of everything as it happened and continually sent His Love and Blessings.

We were, of course, praying for her recovery, but this was not to be. Tamara had a lethal form of brain cancer and was not expected to live long. Also, because of the location of the tumor, she would likely suffer paralysis of her right side. We did try radiation treatment after six weeks of recovery, and otherwise frantically looked for other means to stave off death. The level of fear and anxiety was extreme, and she suffered ongoing localized seizures that kept us both in a constant state of alert.

We kept our Beloved Guru up to date on everything, but at some point in August we wrote to Him in a mood of desperation to ask for His Help. He Responded as follows:

*AVATAR ADI DA SAMRAJ: Individuals in Tamara's situation often get into looking for some kind of healing approach that's going to make the threat of death go away. In other words, the reflex is always to cling to life, to look for some way to survive, to become hopeful about some method that will enable a person to go on. Both of their letters talk about death and doubt and fear. They are asking "Is she ready for death?"*

*Instead, they must deal with the other side of it. They must become profoundly involved in what is greater than this mortal circumstance. I mean that they must become profoundly involved in the Divine*

*Life and in what is beyond the body. She must, especially, since she is the one in this moment who has the physical problem.*

*It is not, however, a matter of becoming hopeless about survival. It is appropriate in these situations to make use of healing means as they are available. But fundamentally it is a matter of becoming profoundly involved in what is beyond this life, in the Source of life, the Source of conditions—becoming involved in it while alive, tangibly so, living Spiritual Life for real—and not merely in terms of Spiritualizing one's human life or making one's human life more positive and so on.*

*There is a tendency in people to treat, or regard, a disease that is generally regarded to be terminal as a kind of execution. They feel as if they are waiting to be executed. And thus people can also get involved in all kinds of desperate, self-deluding searches for treatments. It is appropriate enough to be involved in treatment, but not because you regard the whole process to be a kind of execution or some terrible horror to be avoided, and to just be seeking for physical survival as if physical existence is the only meaning of existence altogether.*

*Tamara should be using her life seriously for this Spiritual purpose, and she should attend to possibilities for healing in a straightforward, non-seeking manner. She is obviously not in a position to live an ordinary life, at present, because of her health condition. So she should do serious sadhana, serious practice. She should find out what that serious practice is and do it. She should live in the manner of a retreat. Retreat does not mean all isolation and no relations. It simply means that you fully use your life in engagement of sacred practice of a less active kind: meditate, profoundly, according to My Instructions. Go on retreat at the Sanctuaries. Come into My physical*

*Company as possible and so on. She should use this time to outgrow her habits of egoity and everything that confines her to the merely conditional and gross point of view.*

*Death is not an execution, and all the attitudes toward it that are nothing more than reactive emotions that have nothing to do with right approach or right preparation for it.*

*Send My Love and Blessings to Tamara and to John. [August 2001]*

Tamara and I read and re-read this communication from our Sat-Guru and immediately put into place a more formal retreat schedule in our home. And, although her recovery from surgery and radiation was still occurring, with daily seizures and even two weeks in the cancer ward of the local hospital (where we both experienced the horrors of a place where almost everyone dies miserably who comes there, and from which we had to lie to escape), we began earnestly to look for a means to move Tammy from Canada back to California where our Beloved Guru was then residing.

We both knew that travel was a medical risk and using the U.S. medical system would be expensive. Tammy's condition precluded flying, as well traveling by car or train. We could not fly or go by car or train. Finally, our prayers brought us to buying a motor home to make the trip. She could lie down all the way and others could travel with us to be available to help while I drove. The travel was very hard for her, and side effects from drugs she had been given drove us back to Canada. Eventually, however, we began again and arrived at the Sanctuary within three days. Very soon we were invited to Tammy's first Darshan occasion since the operation.

It was a beautiful, cool, and clear evening. Two devotees accompanied Tammy and I to the residence of Adi Da Samraj and we were met by other devotees there who helped in every way to get Tamara to the front of the room, directly in front of Beloved Adi Da's chair. We waited in the Peace and Stillness of His Spiritual Presence, surrounded by quiet chanting.

He Entered a few minutes later, striding with great Force and Intention, toward His seat. But He turned to Tamara instead. Tammy was already weeping and so were all the devotees in the room. She had a beautiful flower in her mobile right hand and threw that arm around her Beloved Sat-Guru while pulling Him to her. Their Embrace was beyond this world, and she told me later that Beloved Adi Da just kept saying over and over again to her, "I Love you, I Love you, I Love you." When the embrace ended, Avatar Adi Da kissed her hand and the flower in it before returning to His seat.

Thus began an incomparable period of Blessing by our Beloved Heart-Master, in which Tamara and I were invited to every Darshan occasion that Avatar Adi Da offered. Tamara and I, however, made one last attempt at an alternative cure. It was not helpful. This was our last attempt at cure. Both of us now simply turned to Adi Da Samraj to guide Tamara's Spiritual process in the last months of her life.

In October and November of 2001, Adi Da Samraj Granted His Most Precious Darshan nearly every day for over a month. Every day, Tamara was readied for the trip to her Guru's residence and we drove out—in good and bad weather—to sit with Him. This pilgrimage became our life—and we valued it more than life.

Adi Da Blessed Tamara with His Touch and His Love-Blissful Gaze throughout this period and Graced her with

two very important communications to help her move beyond the body. The first was on October 23, 2001. He began by talking about attachment to the body and how social life reinforces the fear-attachment to the body, and He continued to emphasize the importance of a life of retreat for Tamara.

His point was made obvious to us one day when, during Darshan, she entered into a depth place. He could feel that in her, He said. When she reassociated in an ordinary way with people around her, that effort to make things socially okay re-attached her to the body and attached her to “things”. The consequence was that more fear and anxiety arose in her and this was reflected in her letter to Him. He said:

*AVATAR ADI DA SAMRAJ: The body has fear signs, and these fear signs are no different than a pain in the toe. People who are terminally ill need to give their life to a different purpose.*

*Basically, it is a life of retreat, a life that leads to the death process. You are allowed that. You are allowed to do that, to be relieved of superficial social involvement. You are allowed to enter into a true renunciate circumstance, a serious life of practice that is profound.*

*You must allow yourself to go through the changes that lead to the death process, and that has to become a capability and a disposition. The conditions of life, therefore, have to be completely suited to that and cannot be social. There cannot be a double life. There cannot be double talk about it. Live quietly and meditatively. Realize the depth zone that you felt in Darshan. You have to have that knowledge or you return to the stress and the double-mindedness. You must release the body.*

*Sick people put everyone in touch with their own reality, and people in general do not give those who are terminally ill the*

*right to die. Confronted with the terminally ill, people make death into an evil thing happening. And that is terrible. It is not true. The community of My devotees must have a way to truly take people through the death process, rather than merely provide supports at the social-environmental level. The community must really serve the process of release of attachment to the body-mind and its sphere. Double messages about all of this cause suffering, and that seems to be what has occurred with Tamara. [October 23, 2001]*

So our Beloved Guru was yet again exhorting us to a deeper retreat process in His Company and telling His community of devotees to truly support this process in Tamara. More devotees began to serve Tamara in this simple way and Tammy continued to deepen her resort to Beloved Adi Da Samraj. Simultaneously, we were both being pushed to our limits by her very serious medical condition. The seizures were still there, another visit to a Lakeport Hospital had occurred, and she was less and less able to talk. This disease was taking a heavy toll on Tamara physically and emotionally. And I was still her primary care giver, while trying to keep an accounting and tax business intact. So, late in November, near the end of our more than wonderful visit to our Guru's residence, our letters brought the following response from Adi Da Samraj. They were His last detailed instructions to us, full of His great intention to liberate Tamara and I, and all beings, from bondage to suffering and pain. On late November we received more Notes from Avatar Adi Da:

*AVATAR ADI DA SAMRAJ: In her letter, Tamara speaks of coming to terms emotionally with the reality of her circumstance, including feeling anger and*

*transcending it, because, she says, she cannot bypass the feeling of anger.*

*It is not sufficient for ego-transcendence to merely feel that death is a “perfect insult”, as I once described it. I have Spoken to her about this before. Her situation is the same as everyone else’s. In replying to her, I am Addressing everyone:*

*Human beings try to ignore the reality of death, simply because they feel they do not have to deal immediately with it. But that is actually an illusion. You indulge in distractions, and then when something occurs, as in Tamara’s case, all of a sudden you feel that you are in a “reality situation”. But everyone lives all the time under that potential threat on life. A threatening disease may make the threat more real, but all must understand that they are in the same circumstance as someone who has a terminal illness.*

*The business of life is fundamentally a struggle with the fact of death. I recommend that everyone understand this, understand that your situation is the same as that of someone with a terminal illness—from the beginning.*

*Tamara thinks she is in a more “real” situation now because she, like everyone else, has been oblivious to the reality of conditional existence. As My devotee, she was not dealing with the reality of death. She was being My devotee nominally, and that is not enough. You must really do the practice of this Way, as I have Said.*

*To be a devotee of Mine, you must become involved in reality altogether—both conditional reality and Unconditional Reality. Do not waste your life in obsessive concerns about the reality of your conditional situation. What is the mortality of the body? That mortality is primarily what she has her attention on, and she is experiencing much emotion about it—as is her intimate partner. However much he may be dealing with his own piece of flesh*

*in the boat, they are both riding the same wave. All are riding the same wave, and it is a false concern. You are wasting your life struggling to accept the fact of death. You should have faced that reality when you were born. Remarkably, human beings do not. By virtue of being born, you are involved in an immediate threat to life, and you do not even relate to the fact of it.*

*I am not blaming Tamara for what she is feeling and experiencing. Her emotional struggle is perfectly natural. However, it does not make any difference that it is perfectly natural. She is wasting life and struggling with the fact of her own mortality, as if something could be done about it. Nothing can be done. She is wasting time in a psychological crisis, and that is not real sadhana. It is a dimension of sadhana, and I am not belittling it. I feel greatly for her situation. I cannot escape it either. But already, throughout the event of her illness, I have addressed this matter. She is using up time coming to terms with My Instruction to her. She, like all, is going to die sometime.*

*Her intimate partner, by the way, could drop dead sooner than she does. To deny this is a false occupation. It is a dramatization of egoity and a failure Spiritually. It is a form of suffering. The exercise of transcending this illusion must be engaged. Her struggle is a symptom of her faithless life and of her failures to practice profoundly in the past and in the present. And it is characteristic of My devotees that they are likewise living relatively trivial lives.*

*I have been struggling for thirty years to bring people to real practice of the Way of Adidam. Tamara’s business is the Yoga of Divine Realization and Communion with Me, not struggling with conditional reality. There is no “news” about death. Concern about death is just a phony preoccupation with egoic self and the emotional struggle*

*with the reality situation of conditional existence. It is a failure to locate the Spiritual Divine and to become preoccupied with That. Being bodily occupied with the Spiritual Divine is the Yoga of the devotional and Spiritual relationship to Me.*

*And that is the problem. Her problem—and that of all My devotees—is this: either you will surrender into Communion with Me or you will not. Now is the time to get on with it and stop bargaining with Me and with Spiritual life, which, in her case and everyone's case, requires becoming Divinely Enlightened in Communion with Me instead of boo-hooing about your piece of meat.*

*I am trying to straighten her out, so I have to make hard sayings sometimes so that she can allow herself and others to really take advantage of this opportunity she has. She is wasting her opportunity by being preoccupied with mortality. This is the time in her life, given by Grace, for the sake of Spiritual maturity. This woman is not dead. She is alive, and she has been sensitized to mortality. Either she forgets about that mortality and does the Yoga that I have Given and enters into It with Me in this Great Process, or she suffers. That is what I tell My devotees, but everybody has been too busy with their lives (or their death-distraction bodily) to take Me seriously, because they are so ego-possessed.*

*Death is a perfect insult to those who simply have been intensively ego-possessed. That ego-possession is what she is suffering. That is what all her emotions are. Tamara, and all, must enter into the Fullness of the Spiritual Divine. That is the only relief from this obsession. [November 26, 2001]*

We both studied these communications with great seriousness—in fact, so

did all His devotees. We received this with tremendous gratitude for His Guidance and Help and, from that moment on, were relieved of much of the emotional turmoil that had possessed each of us. It was still difficult, but Tammy and I had fundamentally made our peace with death and that was a great relief.

At this time, Adi Da Samraj left the area and moved to another sanctuary, a four-hour drive north of where we were, so we did not see Him for a number of months. Our days were filled with meditation, puja, study, chant, and the simple pleasures of life as a devotee. We moved to an apartment built especially for Tamara and were surrounded by many friends. Tammy's seizures stopped one day during this time, when Adi Da was informed of their continued occurrence. He said He had not known they were happening and actually denied having ever heard anything about them! The very day He said this, they ended. From that point on, our lives became more easeful and Tamara even went on retreat for a couple of weeks at the Sanctuary, and this was a great opportunity for her Spiritual growth.

But we missed our Beloved Guru more and more as time went on. Tamara was particularly despondent at times, although her Spiritual resort to Him had become tangibly more profound. When people would ask her how she was doing she would inevitably declare that she was happy, despite her obviously difficult and deteriorating physical condition. Many of our friends have confessed to me how inspirational she was to them as she lived her relationship to her Guru with such great intention and resolve.

Adi Da Samraj returned to the Mountain Of Attention in February of 2002, and we were soon told that He wanted to see Tamara as soon as possible.

This is the letter I wrote to friends immediately after we saw Him:

*Devotion to our Blessed Guru has nothing to do with any effort whatsoever. He Gives it Completely and without reservation—and only He can Give it. Today my Beloved Guru and Master asked that Tamara and I be available for His Darshan on His Way to Land Bridge Pavilion [a building on the Mountain Of Attention, a short walk from Avatar Adi Da's residence]. We both were yearning to see His Beautiful human Form again after such a long time away because that sighting is the only true life in the midst of only death.*

*So this morning, after a very painful headache and in the face of every counterindication, we managed to attend the morning Puja. Tamara was weeping at the possibility of never being able to get to the Sanctuary again or to see Beloved again and this broke my heart. So we went. Then, right after the Puja, we heard of Beloved's plans and quickly went back home for breakfast before returning to wait for Him.*

*All morning we waited and then heard He might not come until late in the afternoon—so back home again—for just enough time to rest a moment before the call came again to come down. Beloved is such a Master. He Prepares You for His Darshan and then He Surprises You beyond all reason.*

*We waited on the porch of Darshan Adytum [a building that lies between Avatar Adi Da's residence and Land Bridge Pavilion] facing beautiful Letting Go Mountain with the frogs going crazy in the pond. Then the call came that Beloved was on His way and we moved Tammy down the few steps so that she was right by His path. This is the moment every devotee waits for.*

*Beloved Adi Da, all in black, suddenly came around the corner and looked at us both before going directly to Tamara. I bowed to Him and kept my head to the ground before witnessing our Beloved Master take Tamara's head in His Loving Hands and Caress her with the most Tender Care I have ever felt or seen. Tears fell everywhere. Tammy was looking at Him and weeping. Adi Da Samraj was whispering to her most intimately and then He Said, with Great Power and Sweet Love, "Be Fearless!" His Voice will always be with me now. His face, so Tender and so Vulnerably in Love, yet Absolutely Serious in His Intention to Liberate Tammy and all beings, completely riveted my attention. Then our Beloved Guru gave even more instruction. He said to Tammy, as he touched her Ajna Chakra [the point between the eyebrows] with His Thumb and motioned His Hand upwards, "Attend to Me here!" What a Blessing! What a Master!*

*I was completely amazed and weeping ecstatically as Tamara gazed at her Beloved Master. What else would one want for his intimate partner? Just to see the Guru and His Mastered devotee completely in Love is a sight that completely breaks my heart. Tammy understood Adi Da Samraj as He Held Her there for such a long time before finally letting go. But that was not the end of this Blessing occasion. Before I knew it my Beloved Guru had extended His Beautiful Hand to me. I instantly held it and wept for joy. His Hand was so soft and gentle. I kissed it and the tears ran all over His Hand before I let Him go. I did not want to let Him go and I never will. Then He Caressed my head and Blessed me beyond all separation with a Love that will never end.*

*I love My Master and thank Him from the bottom of my heart for all His Blessing Regard and for this great opportunity to*

*serve His devotee, Tamara, as she deals most directly with death. Fear of death is leaving me and He is doing it for both of us. This is His Great Message: "Be Fearless!"*

We saw Beloved Adi Da a number of times after that. He even sent one of His most intimate devotees to help care for Tammy. In fact, from that moment on, it was our great good fortune to have many devotees helping with her care. We needed it, because slowly Tamara's physical condition was deteriorating. The headaches were getting worse and more numerous. Her speech was almost disappearing and she was hardly able to walk. We both knew there was not much time left and wept together at the inevitable sorrow of this. Our love had grown so, so much and our love for our Guru knew no bounds.

One day, in the middle of May, Tamara turned to me, with her usual smile that always melted my heart, and said, "I have finished everything. There is nothing left to do. Is it okay if I go now?" Of course we cried, but we knew it was close to the time and I knew I would need to let her go. It was so hard, but I could see how happy she was and that was all I really cared about. The fear was completely gone. Adi Da was now back up north and He was constantly kept informed of Tamara's condition.

At about two in the morning of Thursday, May 30<sup>th</sup>, Tammy was again very ill. Her headache was extremely painful and she could not hold anything down. I rushed her to the hospital again where they used every means possible to get the pain and nausea under control. But when they did, Tammy had slipped into a coma. She gave me a weak smile, squeezed my hand and closed her eyes. The doctor expected her to come out of the coma but she never did. But he very compassionately

told me I could take her home as soon as possible to die there among her friends.

I took her home on Friday afternoon. Our community nurse and doctor were there and others also to help. But before my departure from the hospital with Tammy, she appeared to me above the head of her physical body as a sphere of bright light. She was laughing hilariously at my concern and telling me to lighten up. She was fine, she said, and I should not be concerned with a body that was definitely on its way out. This made the trip home very easy and full of humor, but I was exhausted and was very happy to let the ladies of our community take over her care from that point on. I actually moved out of the apartment into my RV as she was served both medically and otherwise by devotees and the hospice nurses.

The apartment had now become a very potent place of Blessing and Peace. On Tuesday, June 4<sup>th</sup>, I was awakened in my room to hear that Tammy had passed away and I instantly went to her side to recite Beloved Adi Da's words of Instruction about what to do during the death transition.

In our community, we allow the body of a deceased person to remain for three days while doing puja and meditation in the room and reading to the individual from instructions given by our Guru to help complete the transition beyond this life. Tammy looked more and more beautiful and at peace as this process took place and I was constantly struck by the radiance of her being. Everyone who was there can attest to the Blessed Peace in which she had come to rest.

I thank my Guru, Adi Da Samraj, for His Profound Blessing Regard and Great Help. May all beings be so Blessed.

**An Excerpt from the Talk  
The Cosmic Mandala  
from *Easy Death*  
by Avatar Adi Da Samraj**

AVATAR ADI DA SAMRAJ: It is more or less common knowledge, at the present time, that you are not merely seeing what is external in this room. Your seeing is, in fact, an electronic apparition, developed in the nervous system of the brain. You have no direct connection to the gross object, or objects, that you are seeming to view at the present time. In other words, you are having a vision. You are not merely seeing a gross environment, but you are having a vision of a gross environment.

Likewise, your sense of being physically embodied is communicated to you through the electronics of the nervous system. You are experiencing an apparition, an electronic sense of being identified with a gross physical body. The position in which you are experiencing perceptions is an extremely subtle position. You seem to be possessed of very gross, tangible objects of attention, but none of the objects with which you are associated are actually gross and tangible to you. They are all electronic apparitions.

Because of the tendency to be identified with the body, and also because of all the taboos associated with conventional consciousness in this world, people do not investigate, or thoroughly explore and “consider”, the status of their own experience in any moment. Therefore, when they have uncommon experiences, such as near-death experiences or even mystical experiences, they interpret and modify those experiences, or only move into certain kinds of experiences, because of limiting tendencies or presumptions of mind.

Mind is not merely in the brain and less than the brain. Mind is the circumstance of limited consciousness in its association with objects of all kinds. Mind is universal, infinite in extent. And if you put yourself into a position to explore the roots of experiencing, you are going to enter into a realm of mind in which you realize mind to be greater than mere daily thinking and social consciousness.

Those who take up the discipline of Yogic mysticism learn in the process to become responsible for the tendencies of mind and attention that cause certain experiences to arise, or cause attention to gravitate toward one or another kind of phenomenon, or cause limiting interpretations to be superimposed on experience. Through the science of Yogic mysticism, living beings can enter into a pure perception of the mechanism of human existence.

By contrast, the spontaneous experiences of people in the near-death condition are really impure perceptions of the mechanism wherein experience is arising, because those who experience them are not completely responsible for attention, and, therefore, for mind. Likewise, in the ordinary waking state, because of the conditional limits of attention, people are engaged in an impure perception of the present phenomena of ordinary waking consciousness. They do not directly enter into an awareness of things. They are living out a conventional destiny based on un-Enlightened presumptions of born existence in this world. People do not typically enter into subtler phenomena, or the mechanisms that are the source of gross experience, and, even if they do, whether intentionally or unintentionally, they tend to enter into them via irresponsible attention—or attention that is habituated to a limited state of self-identification, limited associations,

and mind-forms that are developed in the un-Enlightened drive of the individual for consolation and survival.

But in the near-death experience, and in the death experience, which will come to everyone, attention moves directly into, through, and beyond the subtler mechanism of the brain and nervous system, and then, ultimately, into the Source of phenomena, mind, and the mechanics of attention. The Source of phenomenal appearances is a great Power. It is Love-Blissful Energy. It is called “Shakti” in the Hindu tradition. It is Maya, or the binding power of creation. It is a dimension of the Transcendental (and Inherently Spiritual) Divine Being, in Which you inhere, and with Which you are, ultimately and Perfectly, Identical. But because you are related to That with Which you are ultimately Identified, and in Which you inhere, on the basis of an already presumed limitation of being, you do not live on the basis of Identification with the Divine Self-Condition.

The situation of conditionally manifested beings in this world is typical of conditional beings in all worlds. You are presuming a limited condition of being, based on identification with attention in your current state of embodiment. The embodied attention is surrounded by a massive psychic form or individuated state of energy. And each of you is living out that condition in the gross plane of embodiment. You have the opportunity, in the subtler range of your existence, to explore more subtle conditions of existence and even the Ultimate Divine Self-Condition of all existence. That opportunity is directly available to you in the present moment, but you are dissociated from it through the habit mechanism of attention. Likewise, in sleep, in dreams, in reveries, in near death, in death, in your life of aspiration and

creativity, in all kinds of moments, you are thrown out of the circumstance to which you are tending to bind yourself habitually, and you have the opportunity to perceive, or intuit, That Which is Ultimate or Divine.

But the state of your attention, which is a mechanical gesture of individuated consciousness within the frame of conditional possibilities, determines your experience. If an individual enters into the near-death state or the actual death state in a moment of Spiritual maturity, having (through real self-transcending Spiritual practice) become responsible for the mechanism of attention, so that the body-mind is in a state of equanimity and attention is inherently free, then whatever secondary phenomena may occur, the Primary “Phenomenon” will be directly obvious.

What people are seeing in the near-death state are mind-forms, or tendencies of mind. The tendencies of their attention are causing them to gravitate toward apparitions in the universal realm of appearances. Thus, people do not generally report a direct awareness of the mechanism whereby phenomena are arising. Rather, they describe secondary visions.

If attention were free to simply see the universal mechanism in which the phenomena of near-death experiences are arising, however, what would be seen is a Mandala of light, or light-energy, made of concentric circles.

In the *Tibetan Book of the Dead*, it is said that after death a person will immediately enter into the Clear White Light. This is the White Brilliance, the primary Light from which all colored light comes prismatically. The curve is the sign of the crystalline prism that is conditional existence, which breaks up the Whiteness into colors. Just as a rainbow is red and yellowish at its outer edge, then blue toward the center, the outer field of the

Mandala is golden-yellow with reddish or pinkish colors at its periphery and blue toward the center. But at the most distant central point is the White Brilliance.

In death, attention moves directly into the White Brilliance. If people talk about seeing down a tunnel when they are entering into the near-death state or the after-death state, generally the tunnel is the indigo field that surrounds the blue. As they enter into the blue, they seem to pass down a long tunnel made of the indigo field. Then they see into the blue field itself, and if they do not become involved in the blue field, they will see beyond its possible visionary phenomena or apparitions. The blue field itself will seem like a tunnel that moves into the distance and may even curve slightly to the right, so that the White Brilliance seems to be directly ahead of them, but just slightly around a curve. The light even looks as if it is shining against the left wall. That White Brilliance is not merely objective to attention. If It is Divinely Recognized, It is Realized to be the Native Self-Radiance of Self-Existing Divine Being, or the Transcendental (and Inherently Spiritual) Divine Self. Only if it is Realized as such will attention enter into the Domain of Whiteness and stay there. That is Divine Translation, or entrance into the Divine Self-Domain.

But human beings are controlled by the mechanics of attention. They are already identified with lesser states by virtue of the habit of attention. Thus, as it is said in the *Tibetan Book of the Dead*, if there is no ability to remain in the White Brilliance, or the Clear White Light, other apparitions will immediately appear. The *Tibetan Book of the Dead* describes a developing sequence of apparitions, at the end of which occurs re-embodiment in the gross plane. The *Tibetan Book of the Dead* is in fact a record of the real investigations

and real experiences of highly Spiritualized individuals who had the capability to enter fully into the process of death and life. The process they describe as the return from the White Brilliance, or the Clear White Light, to embodiment is in fact inevitable in nearly all cases.

Each of the levels of this Great Mandala of the Cosmos represents a quality of energy, or light. In each of the rings or portions of this Mandala that move out from the central Whiteness are infinite numbers of possible worlds and kinds of embodiment. In this gross plane in which you now exist, you are at the outskirts of the Great Mandala of the Cosmos at this present moment. There are grosser conditions of awareness, grosser possibilities, than the present one, which may be called "hells", or degraded states, or states of embodiment less than human. They may appear as forms of worlds other than the present one, as well as states in the plane of this gross world that are not necessarily apparent to vision.

You are presently existing in the outer frame of the Great Field of the Cosmic Mandala. Unless there is responsibility for attention, there will be no movement closer to the Center. Unless there is Divine Enlightenment, there will be no permanent residence in the Center, or the Source, of the Cosmic Mandala and there is no permanence anywhere but in the Source. All possibilities, all forms of embodiment and experience in the planes of manifested light, or the rainbow of the Cosmic Mandala, are temporary.

It is possible to live a long time in any plane. It is even possible to live a long time in this gross world under certain conditions of Yogic transformation. It is possible to appear as an ordinary human being in this world for hundreds or thousands of years. Typically, people live for just a few years, but they could live longer. To live longer is

not to Realize Divine Enlightenment—it is simply to live longer. It is possible to realize a state of relative equanimity, in this world or in any other world, and to live more peacefully, more happily, more pleasurable, more sensibly, more sanely. Even so, so to live is not itself to be Divinely Enlightened, nor is it a permanent condition. Sooner or later life comes to an end.

Subtler worlds exist closer to the Center of the Cosmic Mandala. Even in the golden-yellow ring there are subtler worlds closer to the Center. In the blue field, there are all kinds of worlds. In general, to live in any of the worlds closer to the Center is to live in a condition that is more benign, with greater powers and with a greater range of phenomenal possibilities, than the usual life in this gross world. But to live in these worlds is not to be inherently and Divinely Enlightened, Free, or immortal. Nor would immortality be desirable in those planes, because there is no Ultimate Happiness there, even in the state of equanimity.

Equanimity is simply the sattvic, or balanced, condition in any realm of possibility. Equanimity is not an end in itself but simply a ground on the basis of which attention is relatively free. What you do with attention on the basis of equanimity is the means for the transcendence and transformation of destiny. . . .

This is why I have recommended to My devotees that the best discipline at the point of death, or in the midst of the death process, no matter what they have done all their lives, is to relax and to release all hold on the body and the mind and states of attention through feeling-Contemplation of Me. Transcend fear through such surrender, and ultimately a visual representation of the Cosmic Mandala may appear. If it does, keep your attention to the Center of it. Do not be satisfied with lesser

representations of the Cosmic Mandala, such as a golden light, or a bluish light, or any other light. Keep holding to the Center until the entire Cosmic Mandala appears, and keep holding to the Center until you move into the White Field. Even though this exercise will not be sufficient for moving permanently into the White Field, it will be a purifying gesture that generally will serve your transition and that is, therefore, positive.

In any case, attention will tend to gravitate from the White Field back into lesser planes and visions. You will see other individuals. Helpful people will appear, and you will move into another condition quite naturally and easily. It happens in every case.

These transitions after death are not all pleasurable, however. All kinds of uncomfortable apparitions and apparently hellish circumstances may appear. Circumstances may arise that apparently will justify fear and sorrow and anger and desires of all kinds, and you will tend to locate there for a time. The secret is to keep surrendering these reactive emotions and their desires and keep holding to the Center, not fixing on these visions, but understanding them as mind, as possibilities determined by your own habit of attention. Relax that habit of attention. The more you do this, the more you will release the quality that is tending to arise, and you will minimize the stresses that may be associated with the transition.

In any case, sooner or later a relatively fixed condition will arise based on the limits of your ability to release and transcend the mechanism of attention. In that condition, whatever you may or may not remember about your practice of surrender, or self-transcendence, you will be embodied, fixed, related. That is precisely what has happened to you here.

If you can achieve a state of Spiritual maturity and responsibility in life, then you will not experience the utter lapse from responsibility and general intuition of the Awakened Condition at death and after death. You will possess the arms to transcend attention in whatever condition arises after death. Likewise, you will have those arms during this lifetime if you will “consider” the Way of the Heart and take up its practice. Your experience will more and more authenticate, verify, and justify the Way of the Heart.

However, the experiences associated with Spiritual practice are not significant in and of themselves. They are, in general, just objectified states of attention, or mind-forms, states of energy. You must understand them, release them, and move beyond them.

Until attention is Free in its Source, it cannot remain in the Divine Self-Condition. You are brought into that Condition at death, but you do not and cannot remain There, in spite of your belief in It and your desire to stay There, unless you have done the sadhana, or real Spiritual practice, whereby you become responsible for the habit-energy of attention and Realize its Source-Condition. That Realization requires profound clarity, devotion, commitment, and practice.

**Mate Moce:  
A Brief Introduction to the  
Death and Dying Guild of Adidam**

“Mate Moce” (pronounced MAH-tay MO-thay), the death and dying ministry of Adidam, was established by a group of Adi Da’s devotees in 1982. This guild educates and serves all the members of the community relative to death and dying with Avatar Adi Da’s Wisdom and practical Instruction relative to the death

process—most intensively, of course, when an individual is actually in the process of dying.

In 1983, Avatar Adi Da gave the guild the name “Mate Moce”—a name with an unusual history. When Avatar Adi Da first arrived on the Fijian Island of Naitauba, His primary Spiritual Seat, He was told about a woman named “Mate Moce”, who had lived on the island some years before. In Fiji, there is a custom of naming newborns after noteworthy events that take place around the time of their birth. Shortly before she was born, a resident in her village had died in his sleep, and so the new baby was given the name Mate (death) Moce (sleep). Dying in one’s sleep is considered by Fijians to be a peaceful way to die. Thus “Mate Moce” is the Fijian equivalent of “Easy Death”, the title of Avatar Adi Da’s book on death and dying.

Mate Moce provides direct help with and service to any death that takes place within the Adidam community, including the practical management of the three-day vigil that follows the death, the right orientation of those who serve this occasion, and the compassionate, formal guidance of the whole circumstance surrounding the death. Otherwise, Mate Moce provides general counseling to devotees in all matters related to death and dying, offers educational services to devotees and interested public individuals, offers educational materials, courses, and audiotapes on the right understanding of death and dying, as Revealed by Avatar Adi Da, and offers seminars to the public about understanding death from the point of view of the Way of Adidam.

The Mate Moce ministry provides assistance free of charge to formal practitioners of the Way of Adidam and members of the third congregation of Adidam, and is financially supported

through donations and the sale of its publications.

If you would like more information about Mate Moce, or about the public education seminars it offers, or if you would like to make a donation toward the work of the guild, please contact Judy Wendling, the head of Mate Moce, by email: [judy\\_wendling@adidam.org](mailto:judy_wendling@adidam.org)

**The Sign of Robert's Passing:  
An Excerpt from *The Knee Of Listening***

In chapter six of His autobiography, *The Knee Of Listening*, Avatar Adi Da writes in the most human and moving terms of His relationship to His “first teacher”—a tomcat named Robert. He describes the unique role that Robert played in Adi Da’s Life, and of Adi Da’s passage to His first human Guru, Swami Rudrananada (“Rudi”). As we join the narrative, Avatar Adi Da has just had a most extraordinary experience: a storm of extreme and unnatural magnitude has just taken place, signalling a great transition in His Life:

I do not know how long I stood there, in the titanic Force of everything, but the storm itself must have lasted for an hour or two. Then, as suddenly as it had come, it disintegrated and disappeared in the resurrected morning sun. And, in the moment of its passing, I Knew it was time for me to leave California and go on to what it had now become certain was to be the “Bright” Divine Fulfillment of the Purpose of my human birth.

Quickly thereafter, Nina and I left California, at the near-end of June 1964. My mood was one of intense excitement and expectation. There was no doubt at all in me that I was about to begin the ultimate adventure of my life. I was willing to make any sacrifice and to go anywhere in the

world in order to abandon myself to the Sources of the Divine Good.

The trip itself was a comedy of frustrations. We traveled in an old Chevrolet station wagon that seemed to explode on schedule every hundred miles. It was loaded to the windows with the belongings we felt necessary for life in New York. There were boxes of books, blankets and sleeping bags, various clothing, pots and pans. And three necessary cats.

Even in all the years before this time, I had not been entirely without teachers. I had learned from many people and environments. Now I was seeking a teacher who could lead me into an entirely new order of Experience and Knowledge. I was in pursuit of the Guru, a Realizer of Real God, and Truth, and Reality. But I had also known a Guru of a certain kind for nearly two years. I had even lived with him. He was my cat, Robert.

If one is truly sensitive to the movements everywhere within and without oneself, every kind of object or creature or experience becomes an instructional (or teaching) communication. One cannot help but receive the teaching, under any circumstances, if one is a real listener. Indeed, even the most inert objects Know the same Bliss of unqualified Existence that is the Root of the living consciousness of human beings.

My own way of life had been an absolute devotion to this practice of listening, so that I had never before required a Guru to teach me in the formal and traditional manner. Indeed, I did not even know what a “Guru” was until these last days. And, in the past, if I had heard of such persons or matters, I would have considered them to be impossible, like the “Jesus” of my childhood.

My experience throughout my life had, thus far, progressed spontaneously and

profoundly, always generating new forms of Clarity and Awakening. As a result, I was fully capable of finding a “teacher” in the most oddball and the most ordinary of sources, and I could give myself to be taught by such sources just as consciously and even formally as any sworn practitioner in a monastery founded in the traditional Scriptures and rules.

For nearly two years, then, I had been very attentive to my tomcat, Robert. . . .

Robert and his ladies always lived completely independent of us. We left food for them, but they came and went at will. Their manner of living was so pure and intelligent, so direct an enjoyment, with such effortless capability for survival, that Nina and I soon became enamored of them. We watched them constantly in the sheer pleasure of seeing life lived as an instinctive perfection. Their solutions to the hour by hour confrontations that humanity tends to bypass or escape were an example to us of unproblematic existence. . . .

It was about this time [two years later] that Nina and I began to prepare to move to New York. Robert’s children surrounded us in great numbers now. Along with the new four there were at least five others from the domestic lady. And there was another stray that had wandered in from nowhere but who was allowed to remain. We named him Sanjuro, because he was such a tough, self-contained rascal, and he handled himself like the samurai depicted by Toshiro Mifune in the Japanese movie entitled *Sanjuro*. We had also acquired a little black female whose manner was irresistible. She was a little stalk of a creature with tall legs, and we knew her as “the fastest cat in the West”. We called her “the Bitty”. All in all there were about a dozen cats around us, living in various degrees of dependence and wildness. As we prepared to leave, we gave them to

various friends. But we kept Robert and his wild lady and the Bitty.

Thus, on the day we left California, we packed our belongings in the station wagon along with the three cats for the long drive across America. We could not part with these companions. Their way of life had become a necessary vision to us, a sign and at least a memory of the intelligent wilderness that was the example of beauty and sanity by which we ourselves were moved and consoled in California.

Robert himself was nothing less to me than my best friend and mentor. He was more, not less, than human to me. I watched him with fascination. I followed him through woods and watched him hunt. I tried to understand his curious avoidance of the sea, and how he could sit on the cliff above the sea, watching the evening sun, and the wind blowing his hairs heroically about his head. The mystery of his pattern of living, his ease and justice, the economy of all his means, the untouchable absence of all anxiety, the sudden and adequate power he brought to every circumstance without exceeding the intensity required, all of his ways seemed to me an epitome of the genius of life. And he communicated with me so directly that I was always disarmed. He would call me when he returned in the evening. He would touch me whenever he needed my presence. He would lie with me as if with conscious intention to console me with his living presence. And I loved him as deeply as the universe itself.

I could not leave such friends behind. Yet I was aware that my adventure was about to be renewed. I was seeking a teacher for an entirely new order of my mind and life. Hereafter, the wilderness could not be the model for my seeking or my healing. In New York the cats would have to live in an environment whose unreality and absence of instinctual

intelligence, not to mention the absence of human intelligence, was a critical problem even for human beings. They would have to survive in an artificial enclosure, the hardware of human evolution. There would be no possibility for the hunt, for natural solitude, or for any of the native signs and obstacles of wilderness that my animals had mastered even an aeon ago.

Even as we traveled, we realized the dilemma of our cats. Several times the car blew up, and we were stranded in the desert. The tires would explode at will, and we had often to remain stranded for hours without food or moving air, in pitiless heat. The cats strained and gagged in the breathless air with dry lungs, so that we were afraid they could not survive.

When we finally arrived in New York, I went to my parents to be reconciled. And Nina and I found an apartment in the lower end of Greenwich Village, on Houston Street. It was a dark place, with the enclosed odor of a long-degraded humanity that had been confused with refuse, immobility, and death. I began to observe the signs wherever I went, and, thus, I looked and waited for my new teacher. Meanwhile, we settled into our new, unnatural order of living.

The cats had to remain contained in the apartment, except for the relative freedom of a rear window, a fire escape, and an adjacent roof that could be reached with a small jump of perhaps two feet. I was afraid for my cats in this environment. We were four stories above the ground, and a slight miscalculation could mean a fall to death. But I considered that it was better for them to enjoy even this little freedom, and I consigned them to the survival power that had been demonstrated in wilderness.

After a few weeks I could feel the advancing Presence of what I sought. I knew it was perhaps only a matter of days

until I would meet my teacher. It was a rainy evening, the Fourth of July. I returned from a walk in Washington Square. Firecrackers and a few amateur fireworks tended to draw my attention into distant streets and alleys, and into the sky above. When I came in the door to the building, the superintendent met me. Robert had fallen from the roof. Since no one was home, he had called the local animal shelter to take him away. I asked if Robert was dead. He said he was not sure, but he pointed to the fire escapes high above, as if to say: "How alive could he be after such a fall?"

Nina had been out shopping during that time. I went upstairs and found that she had returned. We called the animal shelter, and they told us Robert was dead. We turned away from one another in separate sorrow and wept. It was a grief more profound than any I had ever known. The death of my little dog when I was a boy had taken me by surprise. At that time, I had not expected death, and when it came I was moved to follow her to the place of continuous life beyond the world. But Robert's death was no surprise at all. The news of it came to one who bore the knowledge of death, so that when it came there was no movement in me toward any other place. There was only the incomparable sorrow of a broken span of living. There was only the absence of that dear one. His mortality appeared in a world whose livingness I had come to know as far exceeding the image and power of death. But, for all the Sphere of living Energy that I Knew informed the world and was its Truth, there remained the fact of this end, this disappearance, this sorrow-laden implication of Truth within the Blissful Void.

I recognized that Robert had been my teacher in the wilderness. He had filled my eye and owned a thread of attention in my

heart. I Knew him and he Knew me. Nothing could replace that state of life or console its absence. I treated him in death like a saint. I had him cremated, and I kept his ashes. I observed my grief and kept my mind focused in the hope of new events. I Knew that Robert's passing was the Sign that I was about to find my teacher in the human world.

To order a copy of *The Knee Of Listening*, please contact Adidam of Los Angeles at 310-358-0555.

***New Second Congregation Devotees:***

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