

Dedication-

*This book is humbly dedicated to all those holy masters and also the future Avatar Lord MM(Rex Imperatoris lemuriana) who helped the author to compile these words for the benefit of man kind.*

*Their promise is:*

***“Whoever righteously owns this book and treats with reverence, shall he read it or not, receive their blessings. Harm stays away from one who buys this book as gift for another.”***

*The Oracle or Lemuria.*



# Films are future of Learning.

- We wish to make film on this subject and many are already made ,so that one people could see this again and again.
- To read you need an activeness, to a film you just need to be passively active. Meaning just put on and let it go deep inside you.
- I am using scenes from several movies and books, I recommend you to see them and see more than, because mind has the special ability to forget and miss details until you keep trying . That is why we have very few scientists among us.
- Till series of blockbusters have gone deep inside you ,we would recommend you to keep this book with you read , go watch the film and come back again and reread and discover more subtler aspects that mind missed last time.
- The purpose of this picture -book is to reduce the gap between words and memory. Picture stick to the brain faster than alphabets and words and sentences. We are trying say through some pictures that may need many many words.
- Even if you finish the book once we request you to keep it with you for atleast 5 years. This itself will create its own circle of discipline.
- Brain cells need reformation which takes at its own way and pace.
- Don't be in hurry to finish the book. Read and when it gets boring or difficult to under stand, come back later when the mind is fresh.
- Some times if you don't agree with the book we want you to be patient and read the book again, don't agree but let the book give its perspective to you.
- When ever in doubt you can mail me at [ashishtheenlightend@gmail.com](mailto:ashishtheenlightend@gmail.com)



# Because they are just teachers and not Masters

Once a little student asked J Krishnamurthy,  
“sir why don’t I like maths?”

To my surprise he said “because your teachers don’t teach well enough.” I was touched by his answer, what affected me the most is that krishnaji made the student free for few moments. Any average person if asked this same question , natural answer would be , “because you don’t concentrate enough or you don’t work heard enough.” thus making the little student a guilty. But here though for only few little moments he must have been free from his identification with the poverty within. Only a master can do this make you free, because the purpose of education is to get free inside out .

Some questions in context of a master that should ring in our minds.

What is the difference between a **teacher** and a **master**?

Where are the real all the masters ?

What is the purpose of a master?

Can we contact the master ?

# MvT-Master vs teacher .

- Master is one who knows and has experienced and his can touch you , teacher tries to teach words from books .As an expert in their subjects teacher and eager to teach whether one is ready to learn or not. Masters are rare, they have found by traveling through the complex and simple ways and they know when and how to give, he waits for the vacuum of hunger to erupt and then sow the right seed. Where as the teacher teachers thinks his / her job is to fill the head irrespective to its level of maturity .

Why are masters rare to find?

What ever you do for living it still takes at several years of search just for the sake of search and nothing else to experience the core of life. Along with this complete surrendering to a theme or person to become a master. not that the master will give you the truth but the process of surrendering will prepare the necessary ground which the universal mind is searching desperately to sow the wisdom. Master's presence works like sun and so his absence appears like night. Though we can see in night but it needs lots of hard work.

Do you know happens when the masters are not found?

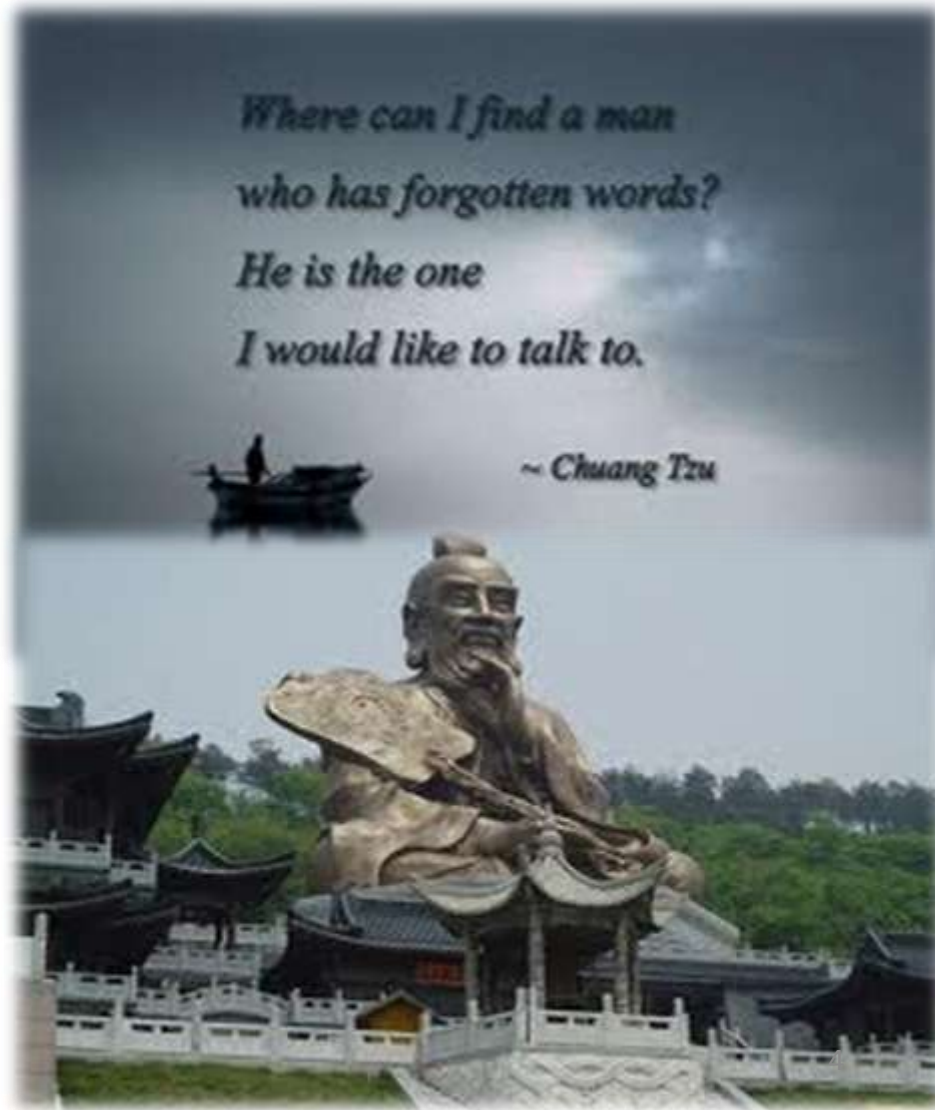
We search and search and search and when we are tired we compromise and accept and replace his masters with teachers . In the absence of experience we settle for mediocrity.

What is mediocrity ?

Mediocrity is giving up and getting satisfying with words , and information only @ the place of experience.

So what do we need to do.

Keep preparing ourselves to be picked up by master. He is waiting for more impatiently than you are doing for him.



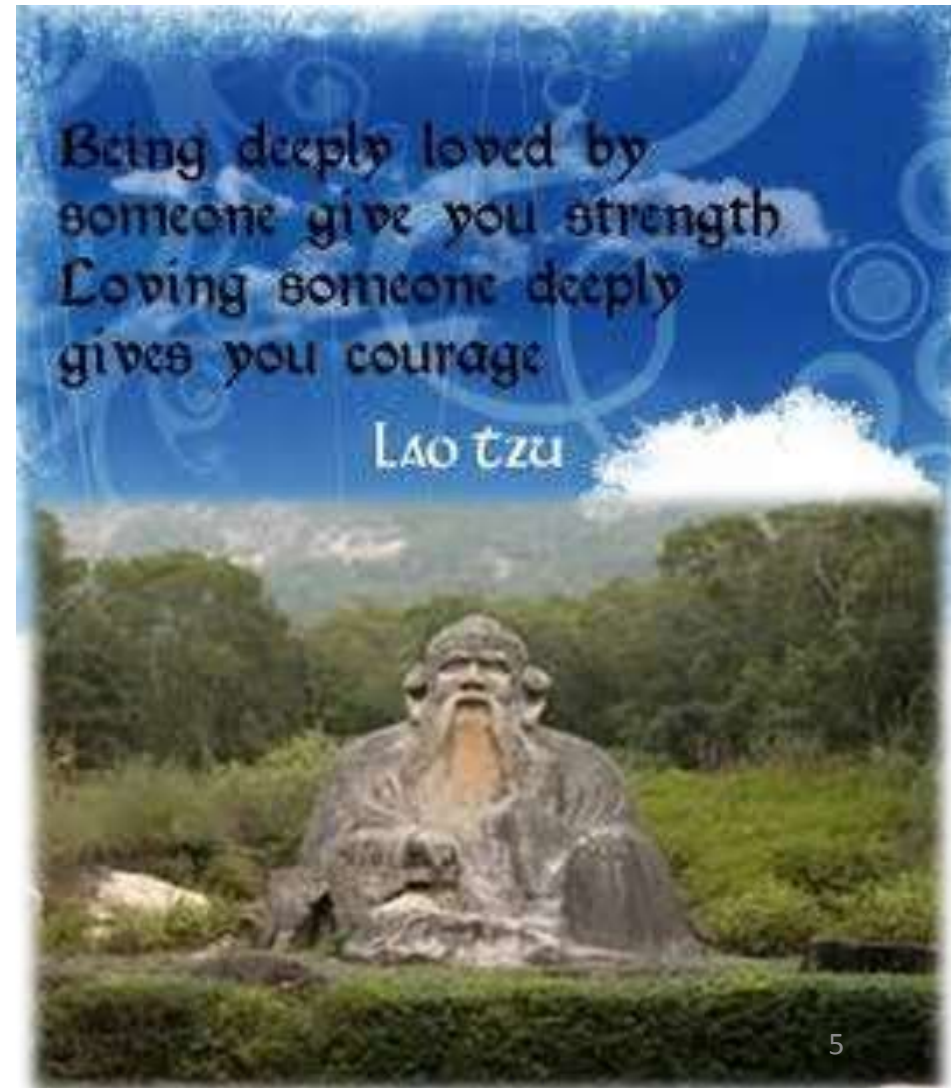
# GTDM-be very grateful to teachers but die for what hear from master.

Learn from teachers , but at the same time keep looking for master. Teachers can teach you how to read, write and express yourself and world. Amount all things that a teacher teachers you most important is the signs and symptoms of a masters.

We all learn and can share, this sharing is mistakenly called as teaching. Know that its important to discuss. But remember the most important step in wisdom is to keep keep increasing your intensity of search for master though bit by bit daily.

***“When the object to be achieved is sufficiently valued and efforts to its achievement comes not only the object, but even peace dawns only then”***

*Beware of the little tricks played by conscious portion of the mind, which tries to seek solution and explanation of every situation it encounters. As mind sees teachers as masters and try to get solution to all their problems. Teachers are also students like us with few more years of experience and are able to help though limitedly. Be very thank full to every teacher you come in contact and you we shall learn the sign's of masters . For that let me narrate an encounter with The master....*





# LOAM(laws of advanced mind)-Master doesn't need it yet custom became psychologically necessary because it is one of ancient laws of advanced mind:

This is an encounter of a disciple meeting his master first time .

*"My Encounter with an Ustad (-an expert of mind who has reached the peak):*

*Remembering the time-worn*

*custom which requires a visitor to bring a small present when calling upon a high personage, I had brought with me small gift. But I forgot another important custom.*

*"Remove your shoes?" my friend Chamberlain commanded sternly.*

*I was delighted to do so because of my sprained ankle.*

*On entering the Master's private office, I saw, at the far end in a brightly lit enclosure, an erect and stately figure, dignified yet not aloof. I approached him, set down my offering and bowed low in salutation. There is an aesthetic dimension in this ceremony which transcends its function as an expression of respect and courtesy. I eyed him a silence. His noble face, pictured in grey and brown, had that elusive element which the French aptly term spiritual.*

Remember that Bowing is not must but is beautiful and beauty too is an important law.

*His expression was modest, mild and yet strong, and the large eyes had an extra-ordinary tranquility and beauty. The nose was short, straight and classically regular, and his beard made more noticeable the gravity of his mouth. Such a face might have belonged to one of the saints who graced the Church of the Middle Ages, except that his possessed the added quality of intellectuality.*



# Guru's always surprise and rule us

*Although he had the eyes of a dreamer, I felt in some inexplicable way that there was something more than the visionary behind those heavy lids. For a moment it seemed that a Self much superior to my everyday ego had assumed the guise of this oracular mystic to guide and comfort me.*

*"Your Eminence has indeed been gracious to receive me," I stammered.*

*"Your arrival does not surprise me," he replied. "Our meeting was foreordained. **Much more than mere chance brings you here again. A higher power ordained and then arranged our encounter, and this is the appointed hour.**"*

*His gaze rested on me. He had the eyes of a thinker, idealist and poet, and the sufferings of mankind were reflected in those pupils. He was at once an inspired dreamer, a saint possessed of great serenity, and a practical man of affairs. His*

*smile was friendly, and he welcomed me cordially and yet with a courtly dignity.*

*"All you see here is yours," he said.*

*"You have come home."*

*"Now I felt like Dorian Grey looking at his own picture when it reflected an unblemished character. For the man (if, indeed, he was not something more) appeared as the epitome of all that was divine and noble in me; as a kind of psychic projection of all that was best, yet buried, in me. This was a splitting of my being as in the psychotic states of excessive L.S.D. addiction or in the Schizophrenia of an artificially induced insanity. Yet the discomfort was experienced as blissful pain, with the pain declining until I knew only a beautiful state of being.*

*Within minutes, I was again my usual self. His gaze still rested kindly on me. It was then that I realized I had been looking, not at him, but through him as it were, right to the hills towering in the distance.*

*"You gaze at our heights." He spoke with a gentle irony. "I would want to see that all the world should do the same. Usually our guests prefer to concentrate upon the depths.*

*When they speak of us abroad, they mention only the low level to which this land has sunk.*

*Our 'heights' are seldom mentioned even by those who ought to know better. All speak of our glorious past, but make little mention of our future. Our ancient days are spoken of with veneration while our youth is ignored.*

*We have been dismissed as a 'dying' civilization for hundreds of years. Yet there we are, still very much alive. We would like to read in your journals of our hopes, our strength, our vitality. But the West accords us the respect reserved for the world's largest museum."*

*As we talked I became increasingly aware of the duplex power of his eyes. They were penetrative and hypnotic at the same time. **They read my soul and ruled it.** They extracted from my mind all its secrets and they compelled me to remain passive and receptive in his presence.*



# JIJIMOHOKI -Destiny the intense forces

He told me how the paths of men cross and criss-cross at the bidding of unseen forces, and how what appeared to be coincidences were likely to be pre-arranged links in a chain of causes destined to secure certain effects.

- After I had told him of my woes and worries, he said, "The law of spiritual evolution is ever at work." Without a trace of vanity, he referred to himself as the Fakir-ul-Fukara, the chief of all Adepts, one who can freely function as a spiritual being while being apparently engaged in a physical body. I felt that what he said was true. Here was one of those rare gems of Eastern tradition-those almost unique Adepts who have shared the councils of the gods and are acquainted with a wisdom man is not yet able to learn. Something in this saint held my attention as steel filings are held by a magnet.

I was surrendered automatically:

- I felt that what he said was true. Here was one of those rare gems of Eastern tradition-those almost unique Adepts who have shared the councils of the gods and are acquainted with a wisdom man is not yet able to learn. Something in this saint held my attention as steel filings are held by a magnet.

My prepared questions were no more important :

My initial perplexity slowly faded as his fascination gripped me ever more firmly. Now I was aware of an important change taking place in my mind. One by one the questions I had prepared in my hotel with such care were discarded. They no longer seemed to be of the least importance .Nor did solving the problems which had hitherto worried me seemed to matter, either. I felt a deep, steady river of serenity flowing through me.

As if my mind was filtered:

A great peace, the peace which has been described as 'passing understanding' was penetrating to the most inaccessible reaches of my being. It was for this that I had been born. Not to make films, nor to take part in revolutions. Questions which had tortured me now seemed irrelevant. Or what worth were Evas and idiots, blonde hair and pink bottoms, my poetry and my past. How petty loomed the panorama of my lost years. I surrendered to the deepening sense of restfulness. For how long I do not know, but certainly for not less than an hour.

And the time just flew:

I surrendered to the deepening sense of restfulness. For how long I do not know, but certainly for not less than an hour. The passage of time provokes no irritations when the chains of mind-made problems have been discarded. Little by little, a new question established itself in my consciousness.





# Now I had newer more important problems

*Little by little, a new question established itself in my consciousness :*

*"Does the master / Ustad emanate spiritual peace as the rose emanates fragrance?"*

*It was as if His Eminence were no longer contained by the room, but that the room, including myself, was contained in him.*

*Yet, at the same time, it was as if he, and the room in him, were also contained in me. He was, I felt sure, more than a man of spiritual power.*

*He was Spirit itself. The fact found clear reflection in his expression, which was one of un shadowed light and joy. It said with that simplicity which carries perfect conviction, 'Your real self is bliss, and that is why I am bliss'.*

*From his position of spiritual eminence serene, free and possessed of an all-embracing wisdom, he seemed to have the perspective of a heavenly being. He exemplified compassion more than he embodied wisdom. This was no mere preacher of dogmas. He radiated light. Was he unique? Only to me, I felt sure. Why should there not be radiant beings? Such are not enigmatic, they are transparent, which is the highest state of mysticism. There is no mystery about them. They are in the open, perpetually on view. If we fell removed from them it is only because we can not accept their divine simplicity. With what are these luminous beings illumined? They are aflame with life. They radiate unending bliss. They know a serenity and joy only to be experienced above the chaos of mankind. Yet they remain committed to the human family. They are the god men, divine yet human; closer to me than my skin, closer than my ego.*

*As if he is for me and my liberation:*

*His Eminence was looking straight at me. His gaze made is clear he did not fear to face the world. He had neither rejected the world nor renounced it. He appealed as being a part of it, just as the mountains, majestic and abiding, are a part of it. Microcosmically, he was the world. In him was all that ever could be of creation. I was flying high in metaphysical regions, but the man in front of me was beyond such stupid dreaming. He knew that man alters little; that it is dangerous to play with souls, it being trouble enough to save one's own. He informed me, and without the intervention of words, that man can do one thing only, and that is the only thing worth doing. That is to clean the windows of his soul to admit the Light, that the Heaven that is everywhere about us (could we but see it!) might establish itself in ourselves.*



# CLEAN GLASS

## Man needs only clean the glass of the window:

- Microcosmically, he *was* the world. In him was all that ever could be of creation. I was flying high in metaphysical regions, but the man in front of me was beyond such stupid dreaming. He knew that man alters little; that it is dangerous to play with souls, it being trouble enough to save one's own. He informed me, and without the intervention of words, that man can do one thing only, and that is the only thing worth doing. That is to clean the windows of his soul to admit the Light, that the Heaven that is everywhere about us (could we but see it!) might establish itself in ourselves.



# MTA-Mind, time and amnesia

- I was at the very heart of the transformative process; all was death and transfiguration. Facing him was spiritually exhausting, and yet I experienced a novel sort of peace-the augur of a deeper and more enduring serenity. It was the peace of a man who was somehow able to reconcile his past with his present condition. But what of the future? Has not man *a recollection* of the future. Out of misplaced caution we call this type of memory, prevision. These rare flashers include all that can be in time-the Ustad explained. Nor is this quasi-omniscience limited, impeded or baffled by our artificial division of time into past, present and future – nor that matter, by experience of a dead, ill-remembered or forgotten past.
- Said the Ustad, “Amnesia is the reaction of a sensitive mind overtaxed. A power can be acquired for removal of the hypnotic blocks obstructing the free flow of memory in both directions, provided ....





# Dejavu

- The spell was broken at that moment by someone entering to announce that the midday meal was ready. I was surprised to see that my hand and ankle were both fully healed. I was still struggling with my grateful astonishment as I was shepherded into the majestic dining hall. When we washed our hands, I was given a napkin with my name printed on it, and this occasioned me further surprise.

