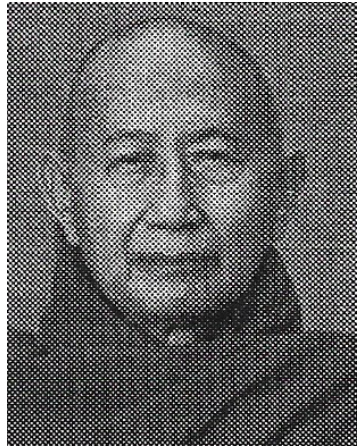


Friday evening, during Dhamma-talk by and in the direct presence of Sayadaw U Kundala.



I feel warm, clear and loving, with an open heart which is very present. Love becomes stronger and stronger, as a matter of fact. My heart becomes warmer and warmer. Would it be Sayadaw's presence that 'I' begin to radiate so very much? (For) on Wednesday and Thursday I was not that open. On these days Sayadaw was also here already, however.

My heart is really hot now. God...

I have never experienced something like this. My heart becomes so incredibly hot. I feel that I can and might shut. This may not seem how things should be in the end, but if I don't shut it becomes almost or really unbearable, this heat of the Heart. Heat=openness=flowing. Sayadaw, help me through this, through this overwhelming Love pouring out of 'my' Heart. It feels like my heart will burn. (Indeed, after the retreat my chest was one big reddish area, my skin had burned from Love.)

In this huge Love, pain and tension are not important at all any more; they are hardly perceivable still – even when at the same time I feel quite a pain in the back still, wow, but this seems something of another level or sphere.

It has been quite a while now that I have stopped making notes of the Dhamma-talk. This is really food for children, much too simple. The instructions, how to stand, walk and so on, are still so very far away from the Heart.

It is especially the little place in the middle of the chest, of the heart, at the breastbone, that is 'unbearable'. On top of this I feel now a strange continuously stinging pain in my right lower arm that I have never experienced before.

I get pain in my legs. It is easier to pay attention to pain during sitting meditation than when a lot – or even a little – happens around, for example a Dhamma-talk.

For a moment the warm sensation ebbs away to cold(er) when even for a moment I become afraid of the pain. Being afraid of pain is having pain (from the pain). When becoming conscious of the fear I become almost instantaneously warm again. I have changed the sitting posture.

I shut myself a little yet. In other words, I must be less aware, less attentive.

God, that was really close, I had almost let a fart now during the deadly quiet, ceremonious and very slow departure of Sayadaw. That was because we had to bow three times on the ground. If you use the muscles of the abdomen hereby you press out a fart very easily. By utter effort and willpower and use of all the available muscles down I managed to prevent the fart from manifesting in the outside world. This cannot be Love therefore...

In spite of this great success, keeping the fart inside, I'm not really good at these things, ceremonial fuss. Earlier I, like everyone in his or her turn, was granted the opportunity to serve Sayadaw – literally I mean, by serving him his diner on a tray at 11 in the morning. This is called Dana, to serve a new word to the reader. Silly as the form itself was, I was not against making use of this opportunity to be closer with Sayadaw. On the contrary, so I made use of it. The closer the better, as far as I was concerned. Reading books of masters may have been great so far, this last half year, very beneficial for 'my' development indeed, being physically close around like with Pir Vilayat and Sri Sri was doing even more with me, deeper, directly.

Somehow, however, I usually – almost with dedication, it seems, though not on purpose – manage to screw up even these little ceremonial things, like serving a diner. No disaster happened, but noticing the reaction, the facial expression of his accompanist, I had made a big error by putting his diner at the wrong place. Fortunately, the times of whipping are over – or at least here.

Just now for a moment I did again something with my will, which 'I' found out a bit late. Now I am a bit sad because of this. How miserably do I and everyone look after him or herself, after Love. It's almost unbelievable.

My god, my 7th chakra is so extremely widely open that it seems as if the entire content, the last dead weight, pours out.

At the same time it is as if the Divine Energy is flowing in rapidly. Are both directions working simultaneously, indeed?

What about senseless interpretation then?

There is a big pain in my heart, between the dimple and the breastbone, a streak of 'pain', the pain from opening.

In this very moment that my heart burns, explodes, right of the middle now, I think of Maja, my first big love, and start a conversation. Again she doesn't dare. 'But I just like to give you something beautiful. I don't want anything from you,' I say. She thinks I'm too scary. It hurts, but it does not really matter.

I feel a Buddha, sitting here firmly in half a lotus breathing from my abdomen, a vague smile around the mouth.

Suddenly I feel very much touched that we altogether, this club of people, have accomplished these two weeks and are jointly going to face the last day.

My dear heart, what happens to you... And that while in the past I thought it was all symbolic, the heart, the sayings, writing and singing about the heart and so on. (According to Adi Da, by the way, the Spiritual Heart is located at the centre of the chest.)

This heat of the heart, becoming almost crazy from bliss and pain and really not knowing the difference any more, is one of the events in my life burned into my memory, perhaps the craziest highlight. And I have to cry again, even now while writing this, thinking of this body sitting there as in school, in the classroom in front of the teacher. The teacher was radiating awareness, love, dedication and he couldn't stop and I couldn't stop exploding. My heart was exploding there, I could not sit still any longer, moved my body this way and that way to for heaven's sake be able to endure the huge bliss-pain, and everyone kept acting as if nothing happened, including Sayadaw himself. It was completely absurd. We were carefully taught, precisely instructed how to be aware when you moved your foot a few centimetres to the front – while I was *Actually* Exploding there. We were taught how to make a next step in the direction of the Truth while It was happening, just there, in our company, in that very moment. It was as if, no matter what, the form had to continue, the teaching, since we once agreed upon this. As if the form could easily, without problem occur in the daylight and the Heart and Its Real Process had to happen in the dark. It was not done to pay attention to what was *really* going on.

As far as I or rather this Body was capable of, the explosion of the Heart into the Body was allowed. It seemed all too much to bear, the Heart was so big; how could a body bear this, conduct this All. The last part of the Heart to be Taken into the Explosion was the right side, indeed. Honestly, I could not say for sure whether 'I', the body, the heart, would make it. I might become crazy if some border was crossed that I should not cross. Something might collapse here, be destroyed or handicapped for good. That I had to pee urgently didn't make it easier. But who is going for a pee in the company of Sayadaw, and during such a unique Process that felt like the finalisation on Conscious-Bodily Level of the Enlightening Process of these two weeks.

When finally things started to ease down a bit, I had somewhere the feeling I could have allowed even more in principle. But what to do, this was what it was, a huge fire in my Heart that was not mine any more and that had never been. At least the body was still there, it had survived the biggest attack ever – of Love – there was time for further, future processes.

There was no way back any more. I was Taken by and into the Heart for good, I was Taken back. I had Returned. Whatever would happen and not happen in my life, I would only and only Serve the Heart for the rest of my life.

Also, this event was a good preparation for learning to See how the Heart had to operate underground, indeed, strange as it may sound when one considers the obvious fact of the Light (of the Heart) being something from above the surface and the Dark from below it. How people could not See the Heart's Process(es) and did not seem to want to either. They could not deal with It – just like 'my' Body had almost not been able to handle It; but somehow in my case my heart was 'pushed or burned through', had received dispensation to return into the One Heart. No, the Heart, Real Life, was not comfortable, not at all. It was as intense as hell. The heaven was not a quiet garden of Eden where you were supposed to play harp till the end of times. If not separate from the Earth It was a tremendous Fire. What's more, there existed no Heaven without Hell, no Formless without Form, no Bliss without Pain. The Heart was the Very Meeting of Heaven and Hell, of Bliss and Pain, of the Formless and the Body, Spirit and Matter. And this Meeting was the Fire and the Truth.

It was safer to consider and define ourselves as pupils and teachers, safer than to Allow the whole body-mind structure to Be – Completely – Burned in and by the I-Killing Fire of the very Heart, the Very Source and the End of all. This event, what had happened by the end of these two intense weeks, was the Actualization of 'my' Realization into the human Body. Consciousness took shape in and as the Body. It was the Very Heart Itself that Brought Them together, Made Them One, Made Them Realize their Oneness. Just as 'I' – or rather:

Consciousness – could no longer be structurally fooled, ‘my’ Body couldn’t any more. They wouldn’t live different lives any more, even though in my case this weird separation had never been that strong – well, at least this was not the case compared to others. The Heart had cured ‘me’ for good – by Undoing me, by Showing to Itself the Two Sides of Duality, Showing this so intensely and extremely that They became or appeared to be One. The Heart could Go Freely into the world now, into Duality, no Side would ever succeed in deluding It. This Heart-Body would become obviously sick from any lie it met, from people’s attachment to any side of any form of duality, from their Resistance to the One Heart, to the very and earthly Reality of Body and Consciousness Being One. This Body had Become the very Heart Itself. The body as such, as a form – as what we were taught it was – stopped existing.

All people were in My Heart now. I couldn’t keep even one out any more, not since Body and Consciousness exploded, burned together in and by the One Heart. My love would nor could be withdrawn from anyone any more. The mind here could have tried in the past, but now that the Body had Become Consciousness Itself, this option, this attempt in fact, this dream, was just not possible any more. ‘I’ had no borders any more. The Body felt everyone’s Pain, immediately. Everyone touched ‘me’ in My Heart – even when at first, in a meeting, in an association with people, I would have to Feel through their resistance to Love, to Me, and when, on the face of it, my attitude, state, seemed different from Pure Love. Related to this, people would not come to Understand My Infinite Love, the Selfless Love of the Mirror. But indeed, no preference for some people above others was possible any more. I could only still Respond, as the Heart, as a True Mirror. For people it could and would look like I’d have a preference, but in reality this meant that they didn’t want to, didn’t dare to look in the Mirror.