

7/5/91

Maestri Master,

Today on the beach ~~and~~ while taking
dasha from Sri Pacific Ocean, I left "my"
body. I experienced completely how absolutely
insubstantial, unreal, non-existent the physical
body object is. There were moments of fear and
body identification but in the undeniable recognition
of Truth those moments too were obviously non-existent.
In this "state" of pure dispassion I met
an emissary of Death who ~~taught~~ transmitted
to me the futility of clinging to anything - including
sweet bliss.

This body is padhana. What problem
could that be? How heavy is that which does
not exist at all! Whether it lives or dies, how
could I care, knowing it truly as imagination?!

Last night I dreamt of you again. You
were in the guise of a sadhu with Somyaji's
face and wild white hair and eyes of FIRE.
As in the dream and in the waking state
I NEVER MOVE FROM YOUR FEET!

All love,
Ganga