

The Realization of Abbie A. "Discovery"

It is with much gratitude that I am exploring the TAT Foundation site. I discovered it after doing research on Richard Rose.

On a normal day several years ago, I sat down at my desk in my Taxidermy shop to pay bills and did not get up again. Amidst annihilation and ashes, undeserved grace blew a hole through anything, everything. Total and complete demolition. And that's a very clumsy description.

I had questioned spirituality, existence, God, the world and the human condition since I was about 12. There was always angst. Even at a young age it was intuited that the world was false somehow, almost like we were living a lie, that there was something deeper hidden beneath the surface. Having a Christian background, I only had a rudimentary knowledge of Eastern thought/philosophy/religion. I had no clue what enlightenment or Nirvana was that Buddhists talked about, et cetera. However, it was clear that what happened in my office that day had absolutely nothing to do with the Christian God that I had been taught to believe in or the church teachings I grew up with.

There was no God, there was just ALL. And NOTHING. And unspeakable death/life, darkness/light and not even that. There is no difference in anything except what we project and think we believe. There isn't anyone or anything here, nothing is as it seems, we aren't who or what we think we are. The world isn't what we think it is. However, it is also us even though we are not. What we think, what we believe, isn't really what is going on, and this I KNOW even though "I" "know" nothing.

We aren't "all one" or "one with all" as the new age slogans go. However, all of us are everything: rocks, bridges, deer, the duck pond, smog, contrails, the dog crap on my old hiking boot. Of course none of it *is*. Yet it is ALL God, it is ALL us. Just not God or us as we are accustomed to thinking because there is neither God nor us. There is nothing and there is the ABSOLUTE EVERYTHING, and we are IT. Everything is IT. Underlying all, the background experienced here, is perfection, gratitude, PEACE and LOVE *beyond* understanding.

This is inconceivable, is available only through unmitigated and unimaginable grace, and yet is in ALL WAYS, ALWAYS obvious. Reality isn't reality in any real way. And of course I know nothing, am no thing, do not in fact exist, and this is only a glimpse. I'm talking (writing) in circles. Words fail.

Somehow there was a shift, I was torn apart (the biblical phrase "torn asunder" comes to mind) for the longest time. Circumstances necessitated continuing on "as usual," but I went into as much seclusion as could be managed to try to sort things out and attempt to make some rational sense as to what had happened. But this wasn't rational by any worldly standard, nor was there any concept that I could wrap this around. My family had no doubt that I had lost my ever-loving, cotton-picking mind and said as much.

I tried so hard to "rethink" it and get the entire thing to conform with what I thought my beliefs were and what I had been taught by the church. Only those beliefs were shown to be utterly ridiculous and therefore useless, regardless of the contortions I went through to prop them up. No matter how hard I tried, I could not squeeze the Christian God, or any God per se, into it. IT was so far beyond that. All beliefs were gone, washed away, hopeless. Words fail.

Anyway, long story short, I kept up with my obligations while searching on the side to find something, anything, that was familiar or that could help explain what might have happened. I also had to seriously consider that I might be insane. Over the years I researched and read hundreds of books on psychology, psychiatry, religion, Christian mysticism, Eastern and Western thought, American New Age religions, Zen philosophy, Buddhism, Sufism, Shamanism, Advaita, et cetera. Anything that could possibly be related.

Here and there I found some things that fit, but much more that was clearly just speculation and supposition, especially by modern writers that perhaps have intellectually grasped truth from a teaching and decided to write a book on the subject. This is in no way a judgment as one can never know anything. I looked into gurus and teachers on *satsang* circuits and the internet. A few resonated, and some of their insights have been helpful. Many others, often with huge followings, are just making a good living ;-). There appear to be lots of masters of the talk, but they are seemingly devoid of the walk in any real sense. Non-duality speech is often spouted as mantras with no real comprehension behind them. I discovered lots of chat rooms and blogs that can be joined and participated in, but they mostly are geared toward sundry forms of ego reinforcement; they are not a true challenge to the self, ego or untruth.

Then I stumbled across a book by Richard Rose, *Psychology of the Observer*. I had finally found true recognition. I ordered all of his books from Cecy Rose. After reading them I started looking for more information and found the TAT Foundation. I purchased the book *Beyond Mind, Beyond Death* and knew without a doubt that I had found my way home, relatively speaking. There was such a deep resonance. I can't say thank you enough for publishing such an amazing guidepost for other travelers. Your book is priceless as are those of Mr. Rose.

I live at the foot of the Spanish Peaks Mountains in southern Colorado. While there are lots of Buddhists, New Age groups and seekers of numerous stripes in the area, I have been unable to locate anyone who is really searching for the truth. Apparently most around here enjoy the seeking lifestyle but don't really want to find. They seem to have a preconception, an idea, of what they think truth should look like; they run in circles chasing what they believe, blind to all else. It appears to be an impossible, closed loop of searching and never finding, a rigged game. There isn't much true self-inquiry or knowledge, much less any desire to actually question deeply or move in the direction of bare-bones, brutal, annihilating truth. "Know thyself" is instinctually a terrifying proposition.

For me it is unconditionally about the truth at any and all costs, absolutely no exceptions. It seems most folks I run across, assuming I can even begin to talk about this with them, are looking for a "special" lifestyle or some magical benefit from so-called "enlightenment" that is going to make "them" "better" in some presupposed great way, or give them an advantage over others and cure all of their ills and discomfort with life. And, as you know, that is so far from the truth that it isn't even in the same universe.

This is in no way a value judgment. I love these folks, respect them and am happy that they are happy with their rituals, beliefs, desires, all of it. That is perfect. It's just that they are practicing a religion and belief system like any other, and for me it is pretty hollow. There is nothing to attain, nothing to get or achieve. Nothing to be gained. Words fail again. This isn't about bliss, although bliss is a beautiful spiritual experience and is what, in actuality, some are seeking as an endpoint. However, bliss is just another spiritual concept, another layer of distraction. Concepts get in the way.

If one is looking for relief from life's hardships, a better job, financial security or gain, a better relationship with your partner or family, relief from depression and anxiety, then this isn't it. This isn't going to pay your mortgage or even your cell phone bill. It won't give you a wonderful, conflict-free relationship, or turn you into a rich and powerful guru who has an amazing life traveling the world, bringing peace and enlightenment to a large multitude of followers. No one is going to recognize your greatness; heck, you won't even get a free cup of coffee, much less a job promotion out of it. Perhaps some of these things can be discovered to various extents in the spiritual market place. I encourage serious soul-searching if that is what you are looking for. Seemingly some don't have a choice, and their intent is clear: they value truth above all else, and that is their goal. Others just want to be happy and content with their position in the world. Either way, whether we seriously want to spend our life pursuing this or not, it's all good.

An emphatic word of caution is needed. THIS that is talked about here is not that and isn't going to fix anything in your life. In fact, THIS will cost you everything. And rest assured, that is meant literally and in no way should the consequences be underestimated. I'm deadly serious. Seekers should take a good, hard look at just what exactly it is they are searching for and what price, when push comes to shove and their back is against the wall, they are ready and truly willing to pay for it. It has been said by some that know that no one would knowingly choose this. On the other hand, "you" don't choose anyway.

I enjoy a simple and quiet life, spending most of my free time in the secluded mountains surrounding my home. Many think I have become a recluse for all intents and purposes. Perhaps that is true to an extent, but it is not intentional. I can't talk about this with anyone around me as no one else I know has a desire to explore any of it. All of my family members, as well as most of my friends, are old-school, conservative Catholic farmers and ranchers. Their eyes glaze over and the subject is changed on the rare occasion I say anything about the nature of the human experience. And that's wonderful; they are great people.

Thank you for reading my rambling email. This is the first I have ever been able to share this freely, and it is appreciated. I have never had the opportunity to fully speak about or communicate this to anyone. Well, I did try to discuss it with the parish priest a few years back. It was obvious that he was deeply concerned and seemed sure that I had a stroke or suffered a seizure. He advised that I seek serious medical attention as I was not in my right mind.

I know all of this sounds presumptuous, not to mention preposterous. I was on the fence about even contacting you but life does what it does, and after reading Richard Rose and TAT newsletters in regard to ladder work, could not do otherwise.

With humble and deepest gratitude,

Abbie A.

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