

**Jason Christian**

**Paper 2**

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Note: The following is a true story of an experience I had in the third year of training with one of my Kung Fu/ Qi Gong masters. It coincides with *A Blind God*, from Moksha Smith.

I had some inkling as to what was in store for me that morning, but had learned not to make haphazard guesses. On the days when it was raining and freezing cold outside, I often found myself doing workouts that were twice as strenuous as when it was sunny and cool. That was just his way. He would always remark, “You have to break out of your conventional ways of thinking and see things for what they actually *are*-- not how society has conditioned you to see them.” I knew what he was doing, and it was working, but something was still holding me back.

He had told me not to eat anything that morning, which was a little out of the ordinary considering the intensity of what we usually did, and the fact that if I *didn't* have any food in me, I'd simply collapse. Nonetheless, I followed his directions and met him at our usual place at 5:00 a.m. He often ran a little late and had instructed me to stand in the Wu Chi posture until he arrived. Some days I stood there for just a few minutes; others I stood for over an hour-- my legs and arms trembling in pain. Still, every time he arrived, he was smiling. I didn't know if it was because he was lurking around somewhere to see if I would break my posture before he said it was all right to do so, or because he himself “saw things for what they really are.” Intuitively, I felt it was a combination of both.

When I showed up at 4:50, he was already there with his back towards me, facing east. Our meeting place was on the top of a mountain where you could literally see for miles in all directions without any obstructions. Beside him on the ground was a small metal cylinder. In the most gentle tone I have ever heard him utter, he said, “Come here.” Slowly, I walked towards him and stood beside him on his left side. He continued: “For three years you have consistently proven yourself and have never questioned me even once. Our *activity* has strengthened your mind and body, your *will* has enabled you to do so, and now it is time for you

to experience *wisdom*. I ask that today, you put your faith in me as you have for so many days in the past.”

Excited and scared at the same time, I replied, “Of course master.”

He picked up the cylinder on his right (which I had by now realized was a thermos), and filled the top with a very hot and very foul smelling liquid. He handed it to me and said, “Drink this as quickly as you can, and try not to taste it.” Had anyone else asked me to do this, obviously I would have told them to go to hell, but this man I respected more than anybody and knew that he would never hurt me. I took it from him and before I could put it to my mouth he said, “Remember... the world as you know it does not exist, and after drinking that, you will never look at things the same way again.” This is what I had been waiting for, literally my entire life. I was so happy that I didn’t even notice how nasty the stuff tasted going down, and when it was gone, my teacher handed me a pair of big, dark glasses that look like the ones senior citizens wear. Out of his backpack, he got a small canvas stool for me to sit on and instructed me to sit and watch the sun as it rose. He stood right behind me... and then, after about 10 minutes, it began.

Not only could I feel every square inch of my entire body, but I felt extremely light— so light that if a strong gust of wind came along, I would be blown away like a dried up leaf. I found it difficult to concentrate, and as soon as I thought that, my teacher said, “It will be difficult for you to concentrate. Concern yourself not with that at the moment. Rather, hear my voice and become a part of everything around you. What separates you, Jason, and every other human being from animals, is our capacity to think. That ability, however, has become tainted by logical deduction and the need to compartmentalize everything into a clearly defined category. Make no mistake, *you* are beyond definitions, *you* are beyond logic, and soon, *you* will

have what only a handful of individuals on this planet possess– the power to *see* that nothing is never as it appears.

Slowly the sun began to rise. I had heard stories and revelations from dying individuals whom, once they got over the stages of denial and anger and had learned to accept the fact that they were going to die, reported seeing things with “different eyes.” That is the only way to describe what I saw. The sun was still there, but the colors, the radiance, and the ease it took to rise were things I had never noticed before. My teacher continued: “You and so many others are a slave to one of the most powerful forces on this planet- namely, mainstream Christianity. If you accept Christ, you are allowed to live in paradise forever, and if you don’t you will suffer for all of eternity. I concede that different forms of Christianity are more liberal than others, but many believe in this whole: accept- live forever, deny- suffer forever, thing. Jason, you were created by something much greater than yourself, and not only were you created by It, but you are a part of It. Never fear dying. Fear the fools who tell you that you will burn in hell if you don’t accept Jesus Christ. They have wonderful intentions, but no brains.”

“Find the spot in yourself that cannot die. As you may have realized by now, it is not located in your brain. Never succumb to the growing belief that there is a god who exercises his will upon man. Let those idiots have their god and let them rationalize why so many other individuals suffer and try to explain why evil exists in the world. Let them raise their books and shout, ‘It is the word of god!’ By now you should know better, but more appropriately you should feel it.”

With that he put his hand on my right shoulder and a surge of warmth filled me with so much compassion and what I could only describe as love (but more powerful), that I was moved to tears. He asked in a whisper, “How do you feel?” Staring at the salmon and crimson colored

sky while listening to the music of morning fill the moist air, I took a deep breath and answered, "Like a god."

"Now," he said "you are beginning to understand. *That* power, *that* force, exists in you and everyone else on this planet. The problem is that most people are either so ignorant that they need someone else to tell them what to believe, or they simply don't even care in the first place. What you are experiencing now is what I experience every day, but without the substance you just drank. In a couple of hours, it will wear off and you will once again see things as you always have, but you will know that your senses have the ability to see reality for what it truly is. Slowly, you will come to see things the way you are currently seeing them now, and will not only know the subtle rhythms of life, but you will know *why* they exist in the first place. Fools will try to understand the will of God through reason and logic. You will never need to understand His will because you have just felt it and will continue to feel it as time goes on. When the day comes when you can access it whenever you please, you will never see me again."

About a year later, after many more meetings with him, I walked to the top of the mountain and arrived around 4:50. I began standing in the Wu Chi posture my teacher had taught me and relaxed my eyes. Gradually, over the course of many minutes, my legs felt as if they were extending into ground like the roots of a tree, and my arms felt as if they were being supported from underneath. It was so effortless, that I stood there for what seemed to be hours, without any pain and no distractions. I felt so solid, so strong, that the strongest gust of wind on earth could not have knocked me down. An un-movable statue with energy circulating and pulsing through my body, I stood there until a sparrow flew towards me from one of the nearby trees and landed on my right shoulder. Remaining motionless, I felt it moving down my arm and pausing for a minute before singing a brief song and flying away. Smiling, I ended the session

on my own and began walking back down the mountain.