

“Acclamation of the Life Supreme”

Below is a message composed in French by Francine Petrovich, along with a literal English translation.



ACCLAMATION DE LA VIE SUPREME

□

L'Ange de la Lumière se manifeste et nous enveloppe d'une grande robe de splendeur.

Le Secret Divin annonce l'unité céleste représentant l'idéal de perfection pénétrant le mystère de l'âme éternelle retrouvée.

La connaissance de Dieu se révèle chaque levée du soleil dévoilant la majesté des réalités spirituelles l'image de la Source Première.

Les agents de Dieu, enfants de la terre, reflètent en harmonie la sagesse de l'âme et la conquête de leur lieu d'Origine.

La Grande Union de soi-même avec le Créateur de la vie suprême déclare la paix divine, une grâce intérieure sans retour.

Le Soleil de Justice brille la magnitude du Royaume spirituel et proclame les vérités éternelles, les forces créatives de l'Univers.

Les enfants de la terre qui reluisent comme des étoiles au firmament renaissent en allégresse dans la Lumière victorieuse... UN CHANT DE TRIOMPHE... UN TRIOMPHE D'OR...

ALLÉLUIA

*

ACCLAMATION OF THE LIFE SUPREME

□

The Angel of Light manifests itself and envelopes us in a great robe of splendor.

The Divine Secret announces the celestial unity representing the ideal of perfection, penetrating the mystery of the eternal soul regained.

The Knowledge of God reveals itself at each rising of the sun, unveiling the majesty of spiritual realities in the image of the First Source.

The agents of God, children of the earth, reflect in harmony the wisdom of the soul and the quest for their place of origin.

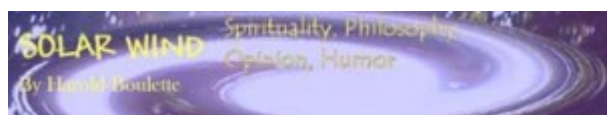
The Great Union of our Selves with the Creator of Supreme Life declares divine peace, an interior grace without descent.

The Sun of Righteousness radiates the greatness of the spiritual Realm and proclaims eternal truths, the creative forces of the universe.

Those children of the earth who shine like stars in the firmament find rebirth rejoicing in Victorious Light. . . A SONG OF TRIUMPH. . . A GOLDEN TRIUMPH.

ALLELUIA

Spirits and Souls



“Truly, says Cudworth, the greatest ignorance of which our modern wiseacres accuse the ancients is their belief in the soul’s immortality. Like the old skeptic of Greece, our scientists—to use an expression of the same Dr. Cudworth—are afraid that if they admit spirits and apparitions they must admit a God too; and there is nothing too absurd, he adds, for them to suppose. In order to keep out the existence of God. . . “The preexistence and God-like powers of the human spirit were believed in by most all the sages of ancient days. The magic of Babylon and Persia based upon it the doctrine of their

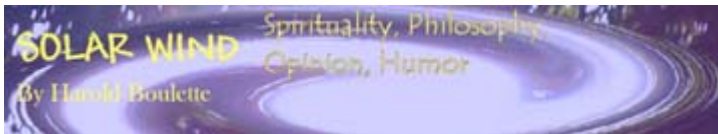
Machagistia. The Chaldean Oracles, on which Pletho and Psellus have so much commented, constantly expounded and amplified their testimony. Zoroaster, Kebes, Euripedes, Plato, Euclid, Philo, Boethius, Virgil, Marcus Cicero, Plotinus, Iamblichus, Proclus, Plessus, Synesius, Origen, and, finally, Aristotle himself, far from denying our immortality, support it most emphatically. ... As says Henry More, 'Aristotle expressly concludes that the rational soul is both a distinct being from the soul of the world, though of the same essence,' and that 'it does preexist before it comes into the body.'" ~H. P. Blavatsky

"It is curious, sometimes quite humorous, how some scientists will tie evidence into ridiculous knots to prevent even hinting at the idea of God or a spiritual world from which the material is generated. I sometimes watch those shows on the H2 channel where 'experts' tell us how all the ancient stories about angels, fairies, gods, nymphs, sprites, etc. are really about aliens, by which they mean material beings from other planets who traveled here on very material space ships and showed off their very materialistic sciences which were so advanced that our ancestors considered them magic or miracles. There only proof of this theory is that it must be true since, obviously, spirits are not real.

"Yet, as Blavatsky points out, many great philosophers, teachers, and leaders have always said that spirits are very real, and so is God. . . ."

To read the complete post, click on this link: <http://blog.spiritsun.net/2014/03/07/spirits-and-souls.aspx>

Spiritual Teachers



"When someone has just entered the monastic life and has learned merely about the outward practices of asceticism—how and when monks pray, what they eat and how they dress—at once he claims to teach others concerning things he has not mastered himself. He goes about with a bevy of disciples, although himself still needing instruction; he thinks it easy to be a spiritual guide, not realizing that the care of other men's souls is of all things the most difficult. For men must first be purified from old defilements, and then with close attention must learn about holiness. But when a person imagines that there is nothing beyond bodily ascetic practice, how will he correct the moral character of his pupils? How will he help those enslaved to evil habits? How will he help those attacked by the passions, when he knows nothing about mental warfare? How will he heal the wounds they receive when fighting, since he himself lies wounded and is in need of aid?" ~The Philokalia

"This is an old problem, but one that has gotten even worse in modern times. A number of people have, without proper training, declared themselves spiritual teachers. Sometimes these people attend a real spiritual school, but drop out after receiving only the most basic teachings and, because their ego has been puffed up rather than controlled, have decided that they are smarter than their teachers and start

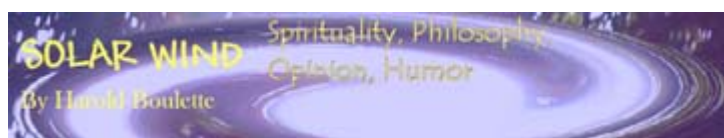
there own school. Since they don't really know what they are doing, they only teach superficial things like what to eat and how to pray and therefore the students of this school never become truly spiritual."

< [Read the entire article online at Solar Wind.](#) >

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contributed by Harold Boulette

"The Chosen of God"



"My grace is precious, and suffereth not itself to be mingled with strange things nor earthly consolations. Wherefore it behoveth thee to cast away impediments to grace, if thou wilt to receive the inpouring thereof. Ask for

thyself a secret place, love to dwell alone with thee, seek confabulation of none other ... put the readiness for God before all other thing, for thou canst not both take heed to Me and delight in things transitory.... This grace is a light supernatural and a special gift of God, and a proper sign of the chosen children of God, and the earnest of everlasting health; for God lifteth up man from earthly things to love heavenly things, and of him that is freshly maketh a spiritual man.” ~Thomas a Kempis

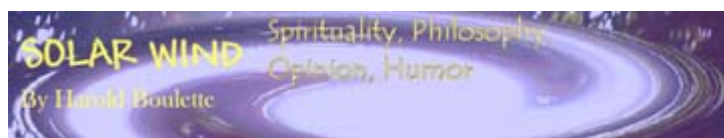
“The old English is difficult to follow, but hopefully most get the point. If it isn’t obvious, Kempis is speaking as God in this quote, so when he starts with “My grace”, he means God’s grace. Several important points are found in this quote, which was actually embedded in a book by Evelyn Underhill.”

< [Read the entire article online at Solar Wind.](#) >

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“Seed Bearers, Light Bearers, and Civilization”



“The Seed-bearers who come at the beginning of each life-wave are drawn from the evolution immediately preceding, but as the Rays represent sub-cyclic activities which do not recapitulate but rather manifest forth a special aspect, The Seed-bearers to the rays are drawn from the previous life-wave which has a correspondence with the work to be carried out in that particular Ray-phase of evolution. These Seed-bearers are known to tradition as the culture-gods, and it will be noted that each of the ancient races has a tradition of a divine progenitor, a priest-emperor who gave it its culture.

“This priest-emperor, being a perfected soul of a previous evolution, is immeasurably superior to the rudimentary consciousnesses to whom he comes, ...he is of the plane of God, and intuition, recognizing this, invariably treats him as a divinity because divinity is made manifest in him.” ~Dion Fortune

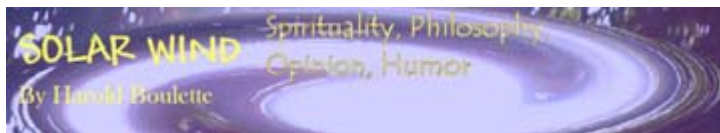
“I have not seen the term Seed-bearers being used for these people before, but it seems to be the same as those referred to as Light Bearers, Star seeds, or Light Warriors, and other variations.”

< [Read the entire article online at Solar Wind.](#) >

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“Music for Physical & Spiritual Healing”



“From the remotest ages the philosophers have maintained the singular power of music over certain diseases, especially of the nervous class. Kircher recommends it, having experienced its good effects in himself... Asclepiades employed music for the same purpose, some twenty centuries ago; he blew a trumpet to cure sciatica. ... Democritus in like manner affirmed that many diseases could be cured by the melodious sounds of a flute. ...

“The familiar story of the exorcism of the ‘evil spirit from God’ that obsessed Saul, will recur to everyone in this

connection. It is thus related: 'And it came to pass, when the evil spirit from Gd was upon Saul, that David took an harp, and played with his hand: so Saul was refreshed, and was well, and the evil spirit departed from him.'" H. P. Blavatsky

"Yes, music has played a major role in healing illnesses of the physical body and the mind. Many healers and philosophers have recognized this and have developed ways to produce healing sounds for various purposes. As Blavatsky mentions, this is as old as civilization, if not older."

< [Read the entire article online at Solar Wind.](#) >

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contributed by Harold Boulette

PATH TO LIGHT: Anonymous XX, Part 3



For the “Path to Light” series, Michael McIntyre conducts an interview for the Community Communique with a speaker who wishes to remain anonymous. This interview was conducted in February of 2014. You are reading Part 3 of 3.

< PART 3 >

MM: All right. Thanks. So what happened next? You’re right, I’m not very good at this.

XX: I’ll interview you next time.

Yeah, we’ll call it the “Sominex Chronicles”!

Ha, ha. I’ll just take the ball and run with it. At one point Kindche started throwing all these books at me; most of it was Oriental and Eastern stuff. At one time he had lent me five or

six different books on different types of yoga: hatha, kundalini, bhakti, raja, and the Gita. He would ask me what I thought and then make little remarks to steer me. Most of the time he would simply call things to your attention or inquire if you had noticed this or that. It was all on a very friendly basis. It wasn't "teacher/student"; he was quite unassuming, inconspicuous to most people. Often he just observed and would make these short "hum" sounds, knowing if he spoke it would require too much or go over people's heads anyway. Give you an example: One day I asked him, "So you've introduced me to all these different types of yogas; what kind of yoga do you practice?"

"You wouldn't know what it is."

"Well, I understand all this other stuff. I employ it. I do have some understanding."

"Yeah, so what? You still wouldn't understand."

"Come on Kindche, I mean . . .

"All right. It's kriya yoga."

"What's that?"

"See, I told you you wouldn't understand and you won't find any books on it anywhere. And you won't find anyone that'll show it to you."

"I don't understand."

"I already told you, you wouldn't understand."

Ok, so here's the set up. Just follow me here. Kindche had an alarm clock in his bedroom hooked up to an optical sensor. It woke him up at first light, before sunrise, everyday. Once he remarked, as we were traveling on the highway, "I don't know why people flicker their brights so other drivers will dim their lights. I mean, I can stare into the landing lights of

an airplane and read the wattage stamping." I didn't know at the time, but *kriya* means "light." It wasn't until shortly after I joined the Community [that] I put this all together, and it struck me: Kindche was solar. And he never let anyone know; not even me, his closest friend. Looking back, he was obviously under some vow. He was also very keen to only give people what they could handle.

Come to think of it, he lessoned me on this vow thing once—only once. We were putting something together—can't remember what, but I remember the words quite clearly. I asked him this question: "Why is it I never hear you talking with other people about consciousness and other esoteric things that you and I discuss?"

"What!! Look around you! Pollution in the sky. Pollution in the water. Garbage all over the place. Christ, even public schools pollute kids with nonsense. And so, what? You want me to open the doors to these other worlds so people can pollute that, too? Geez, I thought you were smarter than that."

That was probably the only time I ever saw him the slightest bit upset. He was so far ahead of the game in any situation [that] nothing surprised him. At seventeen, still in high school, he had a six-bay auto shop in an affluent area, repairing only imports like Mazarati, Mercedes. The bays were almost always full. During the five years we knew each other a lot of things happened.

He calls up one afternoon, "Come on XX, you've got to meet this fellow. It isn't often you run into people like this." We get to this place, 30 miles out of town, tucked away in a mountain town that is littered with evergreens and these really obscure rock formations. There's a really famous pie shop there. And we are waiting in this fellow's living room, waiting for him to come out, for an hour and half.

"Kindche, we've been waiting over an hour! Is this guy even

here?"

"He's here. Just be patient. He's going to see us."

Finally, this tall blond fellow shows himself in the room, and he is just *glowing*. You could see this bubble around him. And his face . . . I've never since seen a face that was so brilliant. This guy was a goliath, floating on air. We spent ten minutes with him. He was very pleasant but didn't have much to say. After making our way back to the car, Kindche, in his typical fashion, gives a big smile and says, "So what did you think?"

"The guy is incredible."

"Yes he is! You know why? Because he spends ten to twelve hours a day alone in a room meditating. And you know what? Anybody can hide themselves away on some mountaintop, do what he is doing, and get to the state he is in. Anybody can do that. But try doing that in the muck and sludge where everybody else is: That takes balls, spiritual fortitude."

Those are the kinds of episodes you would have with Kindche if he endeared you.

So what happened next? You joined the Community?

Not for another five or six years, which was sort of like an incubation period. A year before joining the Community there were a series of, uh, lets say "ultra dimensional experiences." These were not just imaginations. I'm not going to go into details, but here's an example: I wake up one morning after one of these episodes from the night before and for some reason had a curiosity to look at my hands. What comes next really surprised me and has not happened since. My palms were riddled with new markings—over twenty [of them].

Triangles the size of nickles, an angelfish, several stars, rings, and sprouts at the end of lines like branches of a

tree. These were all very distinct and new; all etched overnight, a result that coincided with the episode from the previous evening. You can still see them today. After that incident, I was actively looking around for a group of people that could understand these sorts of things, and about six months later there was an invitation to visit Saturday Chapel.

What was that like? What were your impressions?

I was blown away! Just after arriving there, this fellow about 5' 6" walks up to me and says, "Hi, I'm Gene Savoy." We're chatting, looking each other straight in the eyes, but I can't see his eyes. There's no iris, no pupil, no white, nothing; and this went on for several minutes. "How does this guy do this? You can't see his eyes. What's going on here? What is he doing?" Never had I seen this (or not seen this) before. Later I figured out that if you dart your eyes around real quickly, at close range others cannot see your "eyes." He was reading me. Anyway, a few other polite introductions, and we filed in for Chapel.

Things start up, and the music floored me! I was the lead singer in a rock band for about a year and half as a teenager, did all the transcriptions for the band, and knew a little bit about music. This stuff this guy was playing on this keyboard or synthesizer, this was good stuff. All the while Gene Savoy, the guy with no eyes, is up there reading what sounded like gnostic writings, and I loved that kind of thing. The whole thing was very captivating and comfortable. It felt like home. A few weeks later they gave me a written test, which I barely passed, but they took me in anyway. I was a good dresser!

So that's how you got here!

Yes. But that's just the beginning of the story. The rest is much more interesting.

“PATH TO LIGHT: Anonymous XX,” Part 2



For the “Path to Light” series, Michael McIntyre conducts an interview for the Community Communique with a speaker who wishes to remain anonymous. This interview was conducted in February of 2014. You are reading Part 2 of 3.

< PART 1 >

MM: Can you tell us about some of these other characters you mentioned: the Rabbi, Catholic Priest and . . .

XX: Sure. Kindche. (XX leans back and looks towards the ceiling, rocking a little bit.) Yeah, Kindche. Kindche was a genius. And not a myopic genius. This guy was spread all over the place. He read five languages, slept five hours a day, [was] vegetarian, [could] fix any car, invented incredible

things, could read people on a dime, and played strategic games by mail with people three times his age. Few people knew more about anything on any given topic, even adults.

What do mean by adults? How old was this guy?

A year younger than me; fifteen, at the time.

Fifteen and reads five languages?

Yeah, he was like that. This guy was a sponge. At the same time he was extremely skilled at relating with people, and it didn't matter if they were five or sixty-five. So Kindche and I are at this lady's house—he [had] promised to install her newly imported Waterford [crystal] chandeliers; he had a great appreciation for craftsmanship and art [and] could tell you the difference between Matisse and Monet. We get started, [and] he's fumbling around figuring things out, and something occurs to me: "Hey Kindche, you never did this before! You don't know how to install lights or chandeliers, do you?"

"No. But this technology is sixty years old; how hard can it be? We'll figure it out."

Two hours later we've got all three of them hung. The lady offers to pay him; he politely refuses, and they're having this conversation. Curiously, she asks, 'So Kindche, how come you're a vegetarian; is that really healthy?' This diet was taboo at the time. The lady he was talking with was sort of Victorian: didn't smoke, drink, curse, and was quite proper.

"So Kindche, how come you're a vegetarian; is that really healthy?"

(Kindche): "Well, I found that people that smoke and drink a lot also eat a lot of meat. That's why I don't eat meat."

(Lady): "Well, that makes sense. I never looked at it that

way.”

He related to her, right where she was. He just honed in. Gave her what she needed to understand. But I sensed his answer was incomplete, and shortly after I hit him up:

“There are probably a lot of reasons why people become vegetarians, poor animals, it’s not humane, it’s too violent and all that.”

“Well sure, XX.”

“But why *don’t* you eat meat? Is it the humane thing?”

“Ok, XX. You ever been to a slaughterhouse? Here’s what happens. They march these cows up a ramp—and they’re not stupid; they can smell the blood; they know they’re going to die. There is an enormous amount of fear. This horrifying event is the entire compass of their final thoughts, and it is ingrained in every fiber of their body—then you eat it. This trauma is transferred. It affects you. There, does that answer your question?” And he chuckled. He chuckled a lot.

So how did he influence you to eventually join the Community?

Well, we can get to that, but one more story. Ok?

Sure. Go ahead.

He (Kindche) invites me over to his place one afternoon and brings me down to the lower level of the house, which was all his: his bedroom, bathroom, and several rooms which were his workshops. In the main room is this eight-foot table with a stack of drawings on sheets that are 3 ft by 3 ft. Mechanical drawings. Blueprints.

“What is this? Kindche, what are all these blueprints?”

“That’s what I wanted to show you. Look at this. Can you figure out what this is?”

"No."

"Come on. . . look at it. What is it?"

"I have no idea. I give up."

"You're not trying hard enough. Keep looking at it. Nothing? Ok. Try this page. See anything?"

"I've never read blueprints before. This, for me, seems complicated."

"Yeah, well, it is complicated. All right, look here. See this? This is a plasma gel. It stores information, but not like a computer disk. This is 3-D. Got that? Ok, this page here.

Sorry to interrupt. How old is this guy?

Sixteen. Then he says: "This page here, this is one of the transfer conduits. It measures tiny electrical charges in quantities smaller than millivolts and does some other things. And see these? What do think all these noded wires are?"

"I don't know."

"You couple them on your head like an EEG machine."

"What for?"

And he paused and smiled at me for a few moments. Then he said: "All right, I'm going to have to give you the simple version. I took these blueprints to the university and had three guys look at them: a biology professor, a physicist, and an engineer. What it does is transfers and stores thought. You don't have to learn anything by memorizing, understanding, or interpreting. I can store a language in here in less than two minutes, [and] you can learn it in two minutes. Does that make sense?"

"Yes, but does it work? What did the people at the university

say?"

"Burn it. Burn the blueprints."

"Geez, Kindche. Anybody else see these?"

"No. Why would I show anybody else?"

Then we went and had some carrot-cake quickbread his mom had just made. She was a great baker. She made all sorts of vegetarian stuff for him all the time, and only him. Nobody else ate it, except when I visited. It wasn't the thing then.

All right! Carrot cakes and mind machines!

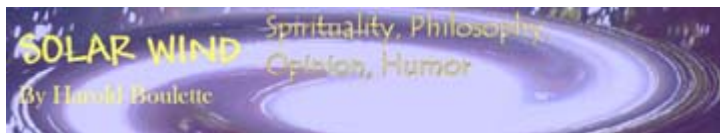
I sense some skepticism. That's ok. I'm not here to convince anybody of anything. I'm just telling you what happened. There are people like that in this world. When I was eight and nine, my best friend was a spectral genius. By comparison he made even adults seem shallow, uninformed, and just generally lacking. He was extremely introverted. Nobody got into his world, but he let me in. You could run into these people and never know it. They are very protective and selective of [to whom they show] their gifts. We could do a whole interview [just] on Fred Summers [the childhood friend XX is referring to].

I feel like maybe I should apologize or cut my carrot cake comment from the transcript.

No. That's ok, Mike. I can tell you're not a seasoned interviewer. But you're doing ok. Lets keep going.

< [PART3](#) >

“Living on Light”



“A man can live without eating if God so wills. For how did Elijah complete a journey of forty days with the strength received from a single meal? And how did Moses remain on the mountain in communion with God for eighty days without tasting human food? ... How can the human mind explain this miracle? How did his bodily nature survive without anything to replenish its daily loss of strength? This enigma is solved by the divine Logos, when He says: ‘Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word the proceeds out of the mouth of God’.

“Why then do we drag the monastic way of life down from heaven to earth, burying ourselves in material anxieties? Why do we who once were ‘brought up in scarlet’ now ‘embrace dunghills’, as Jeremiah says in his lamentations?” ~The Philokalia

“So how does a man live for weeks, or even months, with little or no material food? Materialists will say these stories are simply false. Apparently, they think Moses took a backpack full of MREs with him to the mountaintop. And Jesus couldn’t have survived for forty days without food, he must have been eating some of wild fruits and nuts out there in the desert.

“Actually, the stories of prophets, saints, and other surviving for long periods without food are very much true. And it isn’t true for just a dozen or so, it is true for hundreds, maybe thousands. The Essene sect was well known for the fact that they seldom ate material food, as were the Therapeutae of Egypt.”

< [Read the entire article online at Solar Wind.](#) >

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contributed by Harold Boulette

“PATH TO LIGHT: Anonymous XX,” Part 1

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MM: It is my understanding that you wish this interview to be anonymous?

XX: That's correct.

What led you to International Community of Christ?

Well, there were strong influences from the time I was three, a Rabbi, several Catholic priests, Buddhist monk, and a Hindu mystic. All these before my eighteenth birthday.

How did they influence you?

It was not so much that they changed my person, my core, but shifted my perspective. Actually a lot of what they passed on to me did not surface until after joining the Community. I was pretty hardheaded in my early years.

What do mean by "shifted your perspective"?

Umm, . . . One day this Buddhist monk, his name was Sahn, was explaining that it was important to not kill any living thing without warrant because it was possible that this 'living thing' could be the reborn life of a once-human being. He then

went on to explain reincarnation, the best he could; I mean, I was just seven years old. This was all very peculiar to me. Fantasy. Like the Easter bunny, Santa Claus. Then a couple weeks later I was explaining the phenomenon of 'snow' to him. He was in utter disbelief. We were in the tropics at this time, where he had lived his whole life, and it never snowed in this part of the world. Few people had televisions, radio was a luxury, it was isolated.

Anyway, he kept shaking his head in disbelief and several times stated how such a thing was impossible. Finally I convinced him of the reality of 'snow,' and it came across in his face: he believed me. At that moment it occurred to me that reincarnation could be a real thing. Just because I had never seen or recognized reincarnation, just like Sahn had never seen snow, it didn't mean that these things weren't real.

So, then, you understood reincarnation? You believed in it.

No, not necessarily. But it opened me up. I realized I was conditioned by my upbringing and that it was shallow: to think that only one point of view or construct could be correct and that all others had to be excluded.

You're seven. And you were thinking in these terms?

Maybe not in those exact words, but certainly those exact ideas.

So, this is when your—let's say—the journey of your spirit began?

No, I was interested in basketball, chess, and girls, but these episodes with Sahn, and there were many, left me to be interested in other religions and a respect for those traditions. At the time, in the early sixties, this view was absent in American culture. The rule then was if you didn't adhere to the Christian faction, you were doomed. I remember,

and it was for a couple days, my father took us on a tour of the Buddhist temples in the area. It was a cultural thing; he loved history.

So we're in the Temple of the Golden Buddha, which I found out was actually made of brass—the Buddha statue was really brass—all the monks were seated in their orange robes; incense was burning; people were bringing flowers for offering, and my sister was seated right next to me. She was eight at the time. The monks are softly chanting these little prayers, with their hands folded, while making repeated bowing gestures towards the Buddha icon. My sister, being the good little conformist, folds her hands and begins making the same bowing gestures just like monks. My mother was horrified, [and] promptly interrupts my sister's display, and when leaving the temple remarks to her, "You can't do those things, you'll end up in hell." My immediate response was, "That's silly mom, she not going to hell for bowing in front of the Golden Buddha." Nevertheless my mother was convinced, and she was an educated woman; she taught at universities. Even today some people still think like that.

Even though you were just in elementary school, your views were pretty progressive for the time.

It wasn't really me so much; it was Sahn. Sahn gave that to me. I still love the man. One day I meet him, and he's carrying a small bundle of bamboo sticks in one of his hands [and says]: "Come with me. I want you to see this." He brings me to a patioed area, like a big carport, and lays the sticks on an eating table that has newspaper, rice, and some twine. He snaps the sticks and twines them in the form of a cross.

"What are doing, Sahn?"

"You'll see."

He breaks and twines the remaining bamboo, puts it altogether in the form of a diamond and lays it on a piece of newspaper.

"You're making a kite! I love kites." "That's right." He grabs the small bowl of rice, folds the newspaper edges and begins pasting them together with rice. "Is that rice really going to work, Sahn?"

"Always has. But it has to dry for a while"

Couple hours later we're airborne. Follow me here, I'm going to tie it together with the next story.

A few months later my father takes us oceanside for a week. He has an extra boardinghouse, so he invites Sahn and a few other locals. Early one morning, Sahn and I awake before everyone else. He says, "Let's go down to the beach." We're walking along, and he stops. "See that temple house on the jungle cliff over there?" "Yes. It's big." "That's the King's house. He stays there when he comes to the ocean." "Can we go?" Sahn laughed. "Well no, I don't think they will let us in. He's not there, anyway." The tide had just receded; the sand was wet, and we stopped again "XX, see those little marks in the sand?" "Yes." "Ok, follow them. See where they go. . .Right there!" Sahn kneels down where the markings end and gently starts digging. I have absolutely no idea what he is thinking. Thirty seconds later he lifts this crab up by one of its legs, holds it in front of my face and says "See? Now, let's see if you can do the next one." It reminded me of the kite. This man, this monk, had no tools, no weapons, no technology, just his head and two hands, and he did these things. At that point I realized knowledge was the most prized tool and that some things were secret from public knowledge: for that you needed the good fortune of a Teacher. A half-hour later we show up at the boarding house, where the locals were, and open this cloth bag filled with crabs. They all start whistling and clapping, cooked up the crabs along with rice, and invited me to sit down for breakfast. This was rare; they never did this with white people, nor did they speak English other than with Sahn.

Thinking back on it, I believe, in part, Sahn orchestrated the

whole crab episode with premeditation in order to show these locals that white people aren't just these strangers in our land, they are much like us. He was a very intelligent man.

< [PART 2](#) >