

The Silent One and other kasàlàs

The Silent One

The one who told this story is Johann,
the son of Hinrich,
Pride of his Father and Seeker of the Truth.

I am the Grateful One,
who received the gift of Love in his Youth
and who has the strength of ten thousand elephants
due to his soft Heart.

I am the Blessed One,
who attracts the mercy and kindness
of the Great Teachers,
of Mother Earth and Her Residents.

I am the Traveller through Time,
The Curer of our deepest Wounds
and Connector with the Sacred.

I am The Guide of Man,
I teach by Being,
and I make the Heart dance in Joy.

I am the Broken One, of No Identity, of no Home,
The Instrument of God that resonates with all Beings.
The One who Lights up the whole Sky.

I am the father of Devananda,
who captures Sunshine in his Being,
and whom my father could never meet.

I am Johann, the Silent One.

I am Nature

I am not the missed call from my boss
I am not the dozens of unread e-mails
I am not my to-do list

I am not the « likes » on my Facebook profile
And I am not the fast-food on my lunch break

I AM
I am the leaves falling on my shoulders
I am the grass beneath my feet
The wind flowing through the trees
I am the water flowing between the stones
The soil thrudding between my fingers
I am the choices I make
I am Nature

Cecil & Mark's Wedding

Contrary to the Roman Cecil who was married by force
Which didn't prevent her from keeping her virtue
And becoming the patron saint of musicians and embroiderers
Cécile de Bretagne has freely and joyfully chosen
The man full of beauty she is marrying today

Contrary to the young people who move from one lover to another
Blinded by superficial beauty which time quickly takes away
Marc Blackstone was able to take his time
And identify the rare pearl that God himself
Had patiently shaped while he hurriedly tinkered
All the other girls just to make his chosen one more visible

Cecil and Marc have chosen to marry today
They have chosen to seal their alliance
As well as the alliance of their families at this solemn hour
We are lucky enough to attend their oath under this white chuppah

Let's sing dance and rejoice ! Life has blessed us !
Let joy fill your hearts ! Life has blessed us !
Let it be contagious ! Life has blessed us !
Let it join your houses ! Life has blessed us !
With friendship and gratitude ! Life has blessed us !

Bridget

I am ...

Bridget Josephine, the name by which I am known;
Affectionately by family 'little Bridie', a name now long outgrown
I am the middle child, I am one of five.
Challenged by sisters and brother but I survive.

I know, and knew back then; I could be
curious, ask questions and then I'd be me.
I sang my song and danced my dance,
Questions flowing; seeking knowledge but seldom a stance.

I am a butterfly, fluttering from flower to flower
Harvesting the nectar of knowledge hour by hour
Be still I'm told, focus, focus you must.
but on I fly, I am a locust.

I am a bird, a Phoenix flying so high,
I hurt, I burn but I will not die.
I travel, I sing I am a Swallow.
I fly dangerously high to cliff and hollow.

I am a fish going deeper and deeper
No place to rest, no place my keeper.
I seek to know, I seek far and wide,
I hear a voice it becomes my guide.
It lifts me up, it could not lie,
It gives me strength, it helps me fly

It guided me then , when I could not see,
It guides me now to be true to me,
A fathers voice so strong and wise,
The message was clear there was no disguise

Go seek and be you, be truely unique,
Go sing your song, go seek and speak
I am a noise, I sing and I sing,
Others hear and connections bring.

I am a tree with branches wide ,
I am the sea I am the tide,
I know not yet just what I'll be
I know I'm strong I know I'm Me.

In whatever I do and whatever I say
I hear the voice and I cannot stray.
Forever seeking, forever working,
Forever growing , forever touching.

I am just one, but never alone
That voice inside me has set the tone
I am Bridget I love and I cry
Reaching out, I will never die.

Here I am

I am the Fruit of an infinity of teachers
I am from Africa and Europe from Asia and America
I am an Ubuntuist and a Christian and a Buddhist
I am above all a Tree-with-roots-of-different-textures
I am the-One-that-is-born- and-dies-repeatedly
I am the Wanderer- with-a-moving-identity

I lived under the burning sun and under grey and low skies
For the time being I live in Ibuntu The-land-where-Ubuntu-blossoms
Where Man reigns in all his majesty and humanity
Where poetry is a posture of life Where the inner weather is always mild

I live where one radically opted for the light and the beauty
Where what I made of my various inheritances can finally come to light
Where traditions are revitalized in order to invent your own style
Where you free yourself from your teachers
In order to blaze your own trail to fly and reach the sky

Solitude loving hermit I frequent the airy and brightly lit places
Such as beaches and deserts where the wind blows
Such as the place called Bach-the-growing-Megapole
Whenever you visit it you discover new avenues
It is a land of absolute beauty where time is suspended
Where any faith becomes useless where you meet Pure-Intelligence

One discovers breathing The Carrier of energy
Which brings life to the heart and the body
One contemplates humanity in its profound simplicity

We converse with Hafez the mystic poet from Persia
Author of immortal verses on love as essential energy
The One who knows that to be a human being
Means to be good inside and to be a gift outside

Once a man came to me and spoke for hours about
"His great visions of God" he felt he was having.
He asked me for confirmation, saying,
"Are these wondrous dreams true?"
I replied, "How many goats do you have?"
He looked surprised and said,
"I am speaking of sublime visions
And you ask
About goats!"
And I spoke again saying,
...

Do you feed the birds in winter?"
And to all he answered.
Then I said,
"You asked me if I thought your visions were true,
I would say that they were if they make you become
More human,
More kind to every creature and plant
That you know."

I became better equipped
Free of myself and a Source-of-joy
Free of any contingency whatsoever
I the Light-Bird-that-travels-without-any-luggage
He-who-feeds-on-poetry-and-love
He-who-is-unceasingly-dazzled-
By-any-quivering-of-life
The Indulgent-who-spreads-health-to-all-around-him

I became
He-who-names
Maker-of-strong-names
Who tells in two or three lines
The essence of beings the essence of things
...

Praise of JD (The Path)

Let me praise Johann Diermann the Big-eared-and-big-eyed-Coach
Son of Lydia the Polyglot the Educated-generous-and-godly-woman
Son of Hinrick who was full of love for his family and pride for his children
The coveted and collusive husband so grateful of Lydia The-Only-One
The One mad of time capturing algorithms and life rhythming devices

Johann did not come into life alone three radiant sisters preceded him
Imke the Manager Hilke the Administrator and Anita the Musician
I do not venture to raise the list of his friends as there are so many
I'll just mention Rada Vallabha the Writer
And Kalhil the long-time support
I'll just mention Jeanne-Marie Rugira
The Cheerful One from Africa and citizen of the world

Lydia and Hinrick were remarkable parents from north-west Germany
Who raised their children in the love and abundance of natural products
They dreamt to see them choose their own life
They dreamt to see them follow their own path

Johann the Bald is a Subject-in-constant-mutation
Only by being with him and by listening to him
We see ourselves more clearly we name our projects more accurately
He who guides the souls in search of their paths and their centers
Himself an Apprentice of love and a Servant of others
Having climbed the triple ladder the other way round :
Obey your teacher
Break with the tradition and create your own style
Leave your teacher and find your path

Do you want to know more ? Pay attention I'm going to tell you !
Johann Diermann is the diligent Reader-Eater
Of the Bhagavad-Gita or Song of the Blessed
Core part of the Mahabharata the huge epics from India
The Gita is the conversation between Arjuna the warrior Prince
Who is filled with doubt facing the battle which may decimate his family
And Krishna the Blessed eighth avatar of Vishnu
- Is Vishnu not the manifestation of Brahman Himself ? -
Krishna is the famous coachman of Arjuna Who teaches him hatha-yoga
Who teaches him the nature of time the ultimate sense of human life
And the nature of the soul as well as other fundamental truths
Krishna is no doubt the Enlightened One who speaks the kasàlà language
And whose strong names are quoted below :

Any reproductive power in the human beings
It is me !
Because without me no moving or motionless thing can be
My celestial virtues have no end, o Arjuna
And I displayed only a small part of my perfections to you
Any object of an excellent, blessed or strong nature
Know that it arises from a plot of my power
Of all the bodies that originate from all the matrices
Brahmâ is the immense matrix
And I am the father who supplies the seed
For I am God's house, of unchanging ragweed
Of eternal justice and infinite happiness

How shall I close my chant ?
The following words come to my mind :
Isn't this wide-winged specimen of man
The best our time could ever create ?
Isn't he what our soulless humanity
Needs most ?