

# Persephone Arbour

Conscious Ageing - the grand adventure?

## Turning Pages

*A collection of comments on, and conundrums of – a well-lived life*

### 7 A Spiritual Puzzle Clarified?

*“Our own life is the instrument with which we experiment with the truth.” Thich Nhat Hanh*

This quotation inspires the life I have attempted to live – experimenting with the truth. It took me many years to understand that, of course.

This is part seven of a small collection of my writings, some old, some new. They contain musings on my life and the world within which I live it.

## A Spiritual Puzzle Clarified?

Committing eleven years of my life to a guru was probably the single most profound act in that life. However, there came a time in 1986 when, waking up one morning, there came a knowing that I had to risk yet again, changing everything – totally. The words in my head were: “I might be making the biggest mistake ever, but have to find out who I am without the support of this vast company of sannyasins (seekers) and outward contact with Bhagwan.”

Since then there have been further travels, living in Italy and Australia before coming back to the UK in 2001. Arriving ‘back in the world’ – finding both my inner and outer way, there have been pitfalls as well as peace. Doors have opened for me in ways that have been unexpected, but in truth – always inevitable and perfect, made up of light and shadows.

One of my most poignant and significant memories of Bhagwan was at a 1977 discourse in Poona. He raised his left hand with the index finger pointing straight upwards. His words went something like this: “I can point the way to the moon, do not catch hold of my finger lest you lose the way.” As he was speaking he took hold of his pointed finger with his other hand, held it and pulled it away from its upward direction.

This happened long before I went to live in his commune in America. That moment with the finger has never been forgotten, and can still be seen clearly, in my mind’s eye,

Standing in the Italian sunshine on that day in 1986, I had stopped holding the finger. Despite the large shadows that fell over our lives in Oregon, my heart had been profoundly touched and will remain so in deep gratitude, for the rest of my life. I also recognise, on meeting others who went through that experience with me, that I still think of them as ‘family’. Some are still active devotees, some total rebels. For some, like me, there are no extremes either way. None of us have remained unaffected.

I have re-met one such recently through a mutual friend. The world of the web has brought us closer again. He is a poet named Tony Kendrew who, on his exquisite site names the sources from whence his inspiration comes. There he writes:

*“...the man born Rajneesh Chandra Mohan, whom I knew as Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh and is now called Osho, was by far the most influential catalyst for my understanding and appreciation of the world. The depth of his understanding and expression were breathtaking, and the transformations that happened around him profound and lasting. (He also encouraged me to write poetry!) The mud of controversy surrounding his name is beginning to settle, but it could take a few more generations to see him clearly.”*

These simple words went straight to my heart – it took someone else’s writing to finally help me find my own words of settlement – thank you Tony.

PS – visit Tony’s site: [www.beastsandbeloveds.com](http://www.beastsandbeloveds.com)

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