

# **The Legend of Brahman**

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## **Dedication**

***This book is dedicated to all those who aspire  
to discover the secret of Brahman's play in life.***

## **Forward**

The world as we know it is one of constant change. Our view of the world is determined by our memory of the past, our experience of the present and our hopes for the future. For all but a few, the play between past, present and future hides the true nature of Reality and the meaning of life. As the evolution of consciousness continues, it creates greater opportunities for each person to break through the surface character of life into a world of inner knowledge, which is the unitary consciousness of a Self-Existent Reality that perceives the wonders of its Self-Expression in existence.

The effort required to discover this consciousness cannot be measured in terms of success and failure. It is a path that exists within each of us, which few see and even fewer follow. It is an effort of the part that is oneself to reunite with the whole in a consciousness that is beyond time and space and to discover and participate in the Self-Existent Joy it expresses in the act of creative Self-Extension. Each of us is on this journey of Self-Discovery. These pages are for those who seek to discover the true nature of existence.

— **Robert Macfarlane**

**The Life and Experiences  
of Peter Seeker**

## **First Day of Class**

**Date: December 10, 3000**

It was early December and the days were getting cold. Everyone dislikes walking to school in winter because it is so dark when we leave in the morning and even darker when we return in the late afternoon. My friends and I meet at the corner each morning and walk to school together. Walking together is always better than walking alone on dark winter days.

December is one of those funny months in school. Life outside is cold and dreary and that's the way all of us begin to feel about our classes. But this December was special because as a freshman in high school I was going to start a new eight day class that would continue throughout high school and college. As far as I understand, these classes have been mandatory in schools for the last nine hundred years. Someone surely feels they are important, though most people would disagree.

The class is called the Legend of Brahman. It's funny how everyone reacts to these classes. Some teachers really believe in the legend and their classes are interesting. Other teachers feel these classes are silly, so their classes are quite boring. At home my dad just shrugs his shoulders when I mention the class. He hears what I say, but he doesn't pay much attention. He is more concerned about how I am doing in science and math. My mother, on the other hand, is always ready to talk about the Legend of Brahman. She loved the courses when she was in school and says there is something very special about them. She had a great teacher who had deep faith in the Legend, which touched everyone in her class. She encourages me to pay close attention, as it could change my attitude towards life.

This was the first year I would take the Legend of Brahman class so I had some reservations. The teacher I had, Mr. Vidya, was supposed to be one of the best, but many of my friends heard that he talks in circles and makes things very confusing. On the first day of class Mr. Vidya came in and sat down. He waited for everyone to take their seats. Once everyone was in their place, he asked the class the following question. "Can anyone tell me where Brahman is?" Everyone sat looking at each other wondering if Mr. Vidya was going to call on them for the answer. Luckily, Sally West, the smartest girl in the class stood up and said, "Brahman

is everywhere and nowhere." She, of course, had gotten the answer from her mother and memorized it. The teacher smiled and thanked Sally for her answer. Then he turned and looked around the class to see if anyone else had another answer. Finally, Fred Smith, one of the quietest guys in our class stood up and said, "Brahman is a place that exists in another dimension that is different than the dimension we live in. Therefore, we do not know where it is. Some people say it is everywhere, others say it exists and that all other dimensions are contained within it and finally there are others who say it doesn't exist at all." Fred smiled as he answered. As he sat down he said, "I am not sure if there is a correct answer to this question."

Fred's answer seemed to please the teacher more than Sally's, as he nodded and shook his head in an approving manner. "That's right," he said, "Brahman is a reality, which is very important to us. It is a state of existence that scientists call Status, which is in another dimension where everything exists in a state of potential and therefore things have no features, form, shape, color or anything like they do here in our dimension, which scientists call Reality. It is a different kind of existence. Everything exists just as in our world but in a different way."

Dave Parker raised his hand and asked Mr. Vidya, "How do scientists know that such a place called Brahman exists? And if it exists, how can scientists from

our dimension (Reality) communicate with another dimension (Status)?”

Mr. Vidya was pleased with Dave’s question. “Mr. Parker,” he replied, “that is an excellent question, which we are going to consider over the next eight days. Hopefully by the time this year’s class is finished you will have a basic understanding about Brahman and the nature of Status. Let me begin with a story that will provide everyone with some basic information about what we know of Brahman and what scientists have been doing for the past thousand years to help us understand more.”

“As many of you know, about a thousand years ago there was a very famous scientist, Peter Seeker, who was deeply involved in scientific research related to the nature of our dimension, Reality. One day in his lab, after completing a number of experiments, he discovered something very important. For years he had been growing all kinds of plants to figure out why some seeds become flowers and others become trees. He and his colleague Frank Measure had made a number of significant discoveries during their research about genes and chromosomes for which they had received international recognition. On this particular day Seeker had finished a series of experiments that led him to an earth-shaking conclusion. He said that a seed became a flower or a bush or a tree because it contained a certain element of Potential, which determined what it be-

came. He said this element of Potential did not originate in our dimension of Reality, but it was there in each and every thing. He said this element came from a dimension called Status. He called this element of Potential, a Real Idea. He went on further to say this element acted like a receiver, which received signals that contained knowledge and power, which activated genes and chromosomes. This embedded knowledge determined what a seed became.”

“As you can imagine this was a very exciting discovery,” Mr. Vidya said. “Within days he was bombarded with questions from around the world about the nature of Real Idea. Scientists wanted to know where it was located, how it had been identified and measured, what it was made of, how the signal was received and how it acted in our dimension (Reality). These were very complex questions that were not easily answered at this stage in Seeker’s research. He provided his research findings so other scientists could confirm them and told people it would take time to conduct more experiments to answer all of the questions about the nature and action of the element called Real Idea. There was no doubt that the answers to these questions involved unraveling a number of mysteries about the nature of our Existence. After this announcement, Seeker returned to his research, which went on for many years.”

“About thirty years after his discovery, Peter Seeker was found dead in his laboratory. He had died during

an experiment, after years of research. Scientists collected his research papers and began analyzing the results of his research in an effort to learn more about what he had discovered. They learned from his colleagues and papers that the device he was wearing had enabled him to contact Brahman and to relate with the dimension of Status. His records and journals showed that he had been in communication with Brahman for many years using this device, but his notes were not very clear about how it operated. Scientists who worked with Seeker explained he had developed this unique device for improving telepathy to help him to establish a link with Brahman. Even today scientists are not sure how it works.”

“Early in his research Peter felt that as Brahman was in another dimension it would only be possible to communicate with it through a form of subtle communication that was capable of action in both dimensions. Therefore, he had created a device that improved his capacity to communicate telepathically. When the device was switched on, it altered his brain waves, which led to a quieting of thoughts in his mind. This was necessary since Peter had determined that running thoughts in the human mind in the Dimension of Reality were a form of interference or static that interrupted communications with Brahman. It also appears from Seeker’s notes that the device enhanced other capacities. Somehow it assisted the user to temporarily destructure thought from their mind. Seeker wrote this was

necessary for the human mind to act as a receiver for signals from Brahman. This is an area of Seeker’s research where scientists have struggled for years to understand his thoughts. It is not clear how the device helped to temporarily erase mental structure. Seeker’s notes talk about the effort a user had to take to rise up to higher levels in his mind where all mental structures dissolved, but his notes did not make clear exactly what this meant or how one was to accomplish this. Many scientists have tried using Seeker’s device over the last nine hundred and fifty years, but only a few have made it work, as he did.”

“Seeker’s notes indicate the device worked on a number of frequencies each of which was capable of communication with Brahman. Not only were there different frequencies, there were also different languages or signals in each frequency. Some frequencies were better than others. Seeker indicated his device was still unperfected resulting in inconsistent transmission and communication. Some days, he wrote, transmissions came in well on one frequency and on other days they were received better on other frequencies. Seeker was working on the design of a new device he hoped would make direct communication with Brahman possible for everyone, but no one has been able to understand his preliminary designs for this advanced device.”

“Seeker’s notes identify one of the frequencies he used regularly. It was based on light signals. During



these connections, communication was received in coded messages in the form of light signals. He said these signals were confusing at first, as he did not understand their meaning, though later he learned to interpret them. He described another unique frequency based on silence. At first, Seeker thought he was not connected to Brahman, but later he developed a capacity to pick up vast amounts of information embedded in these apparently silent messages. In some experiments, he described how messages were received clearly without any problem. He described these links like a great telephone connection, where it seems like the person you are talking with is in the next room. His notes also describe another form of communication with Brahman on another frequency. In this case, he said, after quieting his thoughts and clearing his mind, there was an instantaneous communication without words. One simply knew what Brahman was saying and vice versa. This connection he said was the hardest to establish though he dreamt about the day when this type of connection could be permanently maintained."

"Many people have read Seeker's notes for years and have tried to reestablish communications with Brahman, but his research indicates establishing a connection is not easy for everyone. The widespread inability to make a connection has led to much speculation in regards to the existence of Brahman. Many scientists have sought to discredit Seeker's work saying there is not enough evidence. But others who have been able

to use the device effectively dispute these claims. In some cases, people have succeeded in making a connection, but due to interference they have not been able to maintain it. Others have made it work and have spoken about Brahman and the dimension of Status. They describe Brahman along the very same lines as Seeker. So far, no one has been able to create a technology which permits everyone to connect to Brahman."

"About three hundred years ago there was a famous French scientist named Louis Aspire. He spent years reading about the life of Peter Seeker. He also spent many years working with this communication device. After years of studying Seeker's notebooks, Aspire uncovered a relationship between the user's attitude and the effectiveness of the device to make contact with Brahman. Seeker had worked for many years on this project. He was intensely focused on his work and his relationship with Brahman. Some called him a recluse; others said he was possessed by the idea of Brahman. All day long, he mumbled to himself about Brahman, he reviewed his notes and tried harder to make his device more effective. Aspire understood from Seeker's notes the device worked well on days when he was most intensely focused on Brahman. He also noted the device almost never worked when Seeker was distracted. Aspire was a scientist, who like Seeker, was totally preoccupied with Brahman and the dimension of Status. He was one of a few who made the device work on a regular basis, though only for a short period. After

his death, the scientific community referred to the relationship he had identified between attitude and an increased capacity of the device to contact Brahman as the *Aspiration Effect*. Even today after almost a thousand years of research and testing, many mysteries still remain about the relationship between the dimensions of Reality and Status.”

After relating this short history of Peter Seeker and his work and the on-going efforts of scientists to confirm his discoveries, Mr. Vidya told the class we would spend a few hours each day for the next eight days reviewing Peter Seeker’s notebooks. By the end of the week, everyone should have a basic understanding about what we know about Brahman and the dimension of Status. He said the class would also spend some time discussing the mysteries that Seeker described in his notebook about the relationship between Brahman and our world.

At this point, Mr. Vidya passed out copies of Seeker’s Notebooks and asked each person to open and read the first page. It was a short note from Peter Seeker.

## **From The Notebooks of Peter Seeker**

### **About Myself**

For those scientists who will undoubtedly read these notebooks as part of the continuation of my initial research about the element I have called Real Idea, I am enclosing some information about myself. I do this not out of any idea of self importance, but in an effort to provide each of you with some insight into my work and thinking and what it has lead me to discover. For many, these notes will appear to be the ramblings of an old man disconnected from the world of practical science.

For others, they will appear to be the writings of a man who has lost his way. I remember in a great novel of my day, there was a prisoner in a jail who was a learned friar. He claimed to have a great treasure, which he offered to anyone who helped him escape. This man was called the mad friar. In the end, he bequeathed the treasure to a fellow inmate who himself doubted the story until he found the treasure and knew it was real. I

am sure there will be those who will call me the Mad Friar of Brahman, believing Brahman does not exist.

For a few of you, I hope you will find the earnest seeking of a man who in the course of his work discovered something that could not be explained in terms of science as we know it today. At each step of the way, I have had to fight the demons in my mind that urged me to give up this silly work, this nonsense about Brahman and the dimension of Status. In my isolation, in the lonely days when many laughed at my work and in the nights when I was alone, it was hard to accept the facts and understand where they were taking me. Over time, I have ventured far from the current conception we have of Existence. For those who see this sincere seeking and wish to follow, I offer you a few words of advice. Have faith and aspire for the truth; answers shall reveal themselves in time.

From the depths of my seeking,  
Peter Seeker.



Mr. Vidya gave us five minutes to read and think about the note from Seeker. Then he turned to the class and asked another question. "What do you think of Peter Seeker from his note?"

This time there was immediate response. Charles Zimmer, the class clown, stood and said, "I understand Seeker was a strange guy, not unlike a number of the people in our class who spend their days glued to computers or lost in laboratories. What I can't understand is how someone like this became so important and for the last nine hundred and fifty years people are still wasting time talking about it." Mr. Vidya listened without comment. He looked for another response.

Brian Jones spoke next. "I feel Seeker was a serious and hard working person who in the course of his work came upon something bigger than anything he ever expected. I think many people in his circumstance would have disregarded the information rather than devote the next thirty years trying to discover what it was all about. He seemed like an explorer to me." Mr. Vidya nodded approvingly and looked for another response.

Frank Justin spoke next. "Seeker fascinates me. Seeker clearly understood he had found something very important that would shake the foundation of our society. Not only that, he seemed to have understood society would find ways to discredit and laugh at this knowledge because it was so revolutionary. Yet in spite of this, Seeker decided not to walk away from his search for knowledge and truth. I feel he was a great person because he had to grapple with new things that few have ever understood. All my life I have known about

Peter Seeker. My grandfather, who lives with us now, is a great admirer of Seeker. He keeps a picture of Seeker on his desk. My grandfather, like Seeker, is an eminent scientist who has won international recognition for his work. He has always sought to go beyond what he knows like Seeker and it has made him famous, but more importantly, happy. Every Saturday night my grandfather and some of his colleagues meet at our house to talk about the frontiers of knowledge. I sit and listen even though I do not understand much of their discussion, but I can see an energy and excitement in their eyes as they dream beyond our current limits of knowledge. I hope someday I can be like Seeker and my grandfather." Mr. Vidya smiled and thanked Frank for his comments.

Then Judy French spoke. She said Seeker appeared to be more of a religious type of person than a scientist. She felt his approach to life was based on a passionate belief and faith in existence. "I know he was a scientist, but he seems to be different than most scientists I have met. I feel he touched something beyond science." Mr. Vidya had listened quietly to all of the answers but said very little. He turned and looked for another person to speak, but there was silence.

He looked over at me and asked what I thought of Seeker. At first I felt self-conscious about speaking, but I calmed myself and said, "Seeker touched me in two ways. First, I felt he was a serious person who liked his

work. He was part of the scientific establishment and was quite comfortable fitting in with its social and technical demands. Second, I felt Seeker was a man of destiny, one of those people who found himself facing a fundamental truth, which forced him to choose to remain where he was or to take a great leap outside of the norm. Seeker grabbed hold of the challenge and struggled with himself in favor of something greater. I feel he found an answer for himself. His note is an invitation to everyone to face a challenge that is bigger than life, as he did. He does not tell us what to do, but surely he encourages us to take a leap of faith." Just as I finished my answer, the bell sounded and the class ended. Mr. Vidya asked everyone to read the first section of Seeker's notes before the next class.

I was very busy for the rest of the day in school, but I found myself thinking about Peter Seeker in class, during lunch, and while playing basketball. My mother was right, there was something special about him and the legend of Brahman. I found myself looking forward to getting home, so I could read the pages Mr. Vidya had assigned.

It was almost 9:00 pm before I finished all of my other homework. I had come home a little late after basketball practice. I was trying out for the freshman team along with a number of my friends, so it was 6:30 before I got home. Today of all days, I had a lot of home-

work to complete. I even had to prepare for a small test for earth science. While I was finishing all of these assignments, I kept thinking about Seeker. I was anxious to read his notes, so I could have a better idea about him and the legend.

It was past 9:00 pm when I finished all of my work and was free to read. It was only a few pages, but I wanted to read them slowly and carefully. Mr. Vidya might call on me again, so I wanted to be prepared. I sat on my bed with Seeker's notebooks and was just ready to start reading when my mother came into my room. She wanted to know how my day had been, as we had not met at dinner. She had a meeting and did not get home until 8:30 pm. We talked for a few minutes. She was about to leave, when I told her how excited I was about my Legend class. She listened with great interest and saw I had the notebook in my hand. I told her I was about to read the first section for tomorrow's class. She said she wouldn't bother me when I had such an interesting lesson to read. She smiled and left.

I read the section. It was interesting. Seeker seemed to be an ordinary person. There was nothing very special about him. He seemed to really like his work as I had suspected. From his response to the death of his friend and his visit to his friend's wife a couple of years later, I understood he was an emotional person. I felt he and I could have been good friends. I liked him.

About an hour later, my mother came in and woke me up. I had fallen asleep on my bed with Seeker's notebook in my hands. She smiled and said, "I think you have had enough of Seeker for one night." She took the book and placed it on my desk as she went out. She paused at the door and said, "You remind me of Seeker. You have something of his emotional side." She smiled and left. I showered and was asleep in twenty minutes.

*First Night's Reading*

**Early Research**

**From The Notebooks of Peter Seeker**

It was in the early days of my studies when I became fascinated with the field of genetics. The study of life forms and their processes of reproduction totally captivated my mind. I was most interested in the structures that permitted the transfer of characteristics and capacity within species. It was during this period of my career when I worked closely with Dr. Frank Measure that I became quite absorbed in designing and building instruments to measure the functioning of all living things. Frank and I worked together closely for more than ten years. During our joint efforts, we shared in the discoveries of certain qualities of genes and chromosomes and other details related to the transfer of information in chromosomes within species. This was an exciting time in my life, as I enjoyed the constant interaction and exchange with Frank.

It was a great tragedy for science when Frank was

suddenly killed in a boating accident during a summer vacation on a lake near his hometown. It came as such a shock. I discontinued my research for almost a year and spent most of my time dedicated to teaching. One day during an undergraduate class, I remembered the last project Frank and I were working on. We were trying to develop an instrument to measure the existence of an energy source responsible for the expression of genetic potential in outer characteristics. I suddenly realized how much I missed research. At the end of the semester, I gave up teaching and went back to my lab.

For the next year, I tried to refine the device Frank had developed. It worked, but it was not sensitive enough to measure the energy signal we suspected to find as part of the genetic process. After two years of slow and painful progress, I made a breakthrough. Suddenly with some minor change to an electronic sensor and a small refinement in computer programming the device began to register low levels of an energy signature, as we expected. At last, I had a tool to carry on our earlier research. After completing the device, I took time to visit Frank's wife. I explained to her I was continuing Frank's last project. I assured her when it was commercialized she would receive some royalties for Frank's contributions. She smiled and we laughed because she knew neither Frank nor I were ever interested in commercializing our work. I was just fumbling, trying to touch the past and Frank. She understood and appreciated my feelings.

I returned to my earlier genetic studies and began to incorporate the new measuring device into my research. At first I started recording data, but I had little time to review the results. After a long holiday break, I returned to the lab and began to study the data. At first, I thought the sensors must have been malfunctioning, so I tested them. I confirmed they were working well within their parameters. Then I decided to redo a few experiments because there may have been mistakes in the way tests were set up and energy levels measured. After repeating all of the original experiments, the data showed the same results. I was speechless. I needed to speak to someone about the results and what they meant, but who would understand what Frank and I had been doing for the last few years? Would anyone be ready to accept the data and seriously consider their implications? For weeks I could think of no one to consult, so I decided I needed more tests and data. I felt it was too early to share the information. I decided to expand my research to include other species to see what type of results I would obtain. If the results were the same, I would have to find someone to review and critique my research to be sure it was accurate.

After more than three months of research and hundreds of experiments, the data was conclusive. In the seeds of each plant, there was a faint but persistent reading located at the base of the genetic structure of each species. The signal in each species was unique. There also seemed to be individual differences between

plants within the same species, but in either case its function appeared to be the same. The signal triggered the activity and direction of genetic code in each plant. Where was this signal coming from? How did it act? So many questions rushed into my mind it made me dizzy. The signal was faint but it was there. For each species the signal had a distinct signature. The presence of a signal was universal; its uniqueness was in the message it carried.

Was this possible? Could the world as we know it be unfolding before our eyes based on a subconscious signal embedded in all living things? If this was true, what were the implications? I kept asking myself over and over where the signal was coming from and what information it contained. Who was sending the signal and what was their intention in sending it? These questions were earth-shaking, as I had suspected three months earlier when I first saw the data. What should I do? Should I go public? What would people think? How would I answer their questions? It occurred to me I should do a more exhaustive study on a wider range of living things. To date, I had studied just 25 species. I had intentionally avoided all higher species including man himself. I felt there was no choice but to repeat my experiments over a wider group. New tests must include representative life forms from all species to be sure this was not an isolated phenomenon.

With a sense of increased excitement as well as a



growing dread of possible public response to such a discovery, I threw myself into a new round of testing. I was sure this would take another year. This provided me time to think and reflect on the significance of my finding as well as time to write a detailed report for my colleagues and the general scientific community. I added researchers to my staff. I increased the rigor of the testing procedures and documentation. I created multiple sources of measurement to make sure there were no false readings. The lab was very busy and everyone was excited, even though they did not know the real nature of my research and its implications.

After nine months of testing, the results confirmed my original findings. Right from a blade of grass to a human being there was an element that was energizing the path and direction of genetic formation and expression through a faint signal. A subconscious signal transmitted to a seed defined its future development along specific lines. Clearly genetic code played a role in the development of characteristics but this new element, which I called Real Idea, was determining the nature of life. The idea there was a Real Idea; a defining information signal that determined all things clearly expressed what I had discovered. Therefore, I adopted the new term as the name for the particular element. My preliminary research did not provide me with any idea as to where the signal was coming from, but it was clear it was a signal capable of releasing the potential of the genetic expression contained in the earliest form

of all living substance. At this point, I coined another term to describe the dimension from which I thought the signal was coming from. I called it Status. I thought there must be a place in the universe where the knowledge of a particular form existed, which was expressing itself here. These terms would be acceptable to the scientific community as well as the general public, as it conveyed something of the action and nature of this element. Much work remained to confirm all of these assumptions.

For three months, I compiled test results and prepared a thesis to explain the results I had uncovered. Throughout the year, I had seriously considered including other researchers in my project, but on second thought I decided to remain solely responsible for the results. I felt there might be a lot of controversy about these findings and I did not want to jeopardize the careers of close friends. It had taken me exactly a year to complete the tests and prepare my report. I sent out invitations to a conference at my university to all leading researchers and specialists in my field along with a summary paper on the research I had completed.

The next day the phone started ringing. Calls were coming in from universities across the nation and from around the world. Scientists and researchers wanted more details and facts to substantiate such dramatic findings. I spent three days trying to calmly answer all of the calls. I assured them that all the scientific evi-



dence they required would be presented at the conference scheduled to take place in three weeks. Everyone would have to wait. I assured colleagues I was sensitive to the nature of my findings and the questions they raised. In fact, this was the only reason why I had not gone public with my research. All of my efforts did little to keep the information out of the newspapers, which presented a wide range of misleading headlines that created a lot of unfounded criticism and fear. I remained patient and planned for the upcoming meeting.

Finally the conference opened. Everyone was provided with the complete details of my research and the data collected from each experiment. For three days top scientific thinkers, politicians and religious leaders from around the world listened, questioned and challenged every detail. Many questions were raised and defended based on data and methodology. At the end of three days many remained skeptical, others called for verification and still others left in a state of amazement, as their whole conception of Existence had been turned on its head. Fortunately, I had anticipated most of their questions and had provided more than adequate information and data to support my findings. When it was all over and the crowds had gone home, I knew the world would never be the same.

It took only six months for other researchers to duplicate my research. The results were conclusive. There was an element, the Real Idea, and for now it came

from the dimension of Status. My research had not waited for these confirmations though they were welcome. I had already tried to move on to the next phase of my work, which involved developing tests and methods to determine the origin and true nature of the signal. This would prove to be a very complex and lengthy process that consumed the next 25 years of my life. Fortunately, the first phase of my research had opened the purse strings for additional research, so I faced no constraints in my work.

In less than a year, I had assembled a large research team spanning a variety of fields, which developed designs and protocols for a wide range of experiments. Three lines of enquiry emerged. The first focused on where the signal originated. The second was dedicated to discovering when the Real Idea actually became active in a life form. The third focused on developing technology and methods to respond to and communicate with whomever or whatever was its source. Progress was slow. After five years little had been accomplished. The origin of the signal still remained a mystery. The activation time and role of the Real Idea had been narrowed down but still nothing definitive had been determined. Finally, there had been little or no progress on responding to the signal, let alone communicating with the source.

After five years of slow progress I found myself quite disheartened. One day, I received an invitation to a lec-

ture from a colleague at the university. It was a general invitation sent to all faculty members. Normally, I did not even notice these invitations, but as I was a bit distracted from my work, I read it. The invitation came from the psychology department. The topic was "Psychic Connections - The World of Telepathy". Somehow from the moment I read the card, I felt I must attend. It would be great to get out of the lab and mix with others. It had been a long time since I had taken a night to relax.

A visiting Indian scientist who was experimenting with a new technology to increase the telepathic capacities of subjects made the presentation. It was fascinating. He described his experiments and technology for three hours. After the lecture, I introduced myself and spoke with him about his ideas and their relation to my work. I asked if he could visit my lab the following day to discuss some of the ideas I had after hearing his presentation. The speaker agreed to stop by late the following afternoon. I returned home in an excited mood. My mind was full of ideas about how to use this technology in my research to communicate with the signal we had identified. I had trouble sleeping that night as I sensed the possibility of a dramatic breakthrough.

Four o'clock the following afternoon, Professor Leela, the speaker from the previous night, arrived at my office. I had spent the whole day preparing my thoughts for our meeting and was delighted to see him. After a few minutes of formal introductions and a cook's

tour of the lab, I led Professor Leela into my conference room, where we sat until early the next morning discussing ideas on how to apply his technology to my research. Leela was a patient and quiet man who listened carefully to my ideas. Once in a while, he made an insightful comment that opened up additional possibilities. Early the next morning, we left the lab to get some early morning breakfast. The night had passed in a few moments.

Over the next six months, I worked and corresponded with Leela. We shared information and data. Slowly I had understood the essence of his approach and started reconfiguring his technology to meet my needs of communicating with the signal from the dimension Status. During this period, Leela and I enjoyed many hours together in the lab, over dinner or even on long walks around the campus. During these discussions, he spoke to me about his discoveries. He told me about the ancient traditions of his country and the findings of the ancient Rishis. I listened with great interest, hoping to glean some insight into realms I did not understand. Leela was not an assertive man. Rather he engaged me in an active dialogue. At times, I thought he and I were playing a game together. It reminded me of the days when I had worked so closely with Frank. He was centered, relaxed and self-assured. One night over dinner he told me of the Legend of Brahman and said the signal I had discovered, the Real Idea, was a communication from a Self-Existent Being from which

all had come and to which all would return. I was not a spiritual or even a religious man, but I liked Leela a great deal. It had been many years since I had had a collaborator with whom I could share my ideas and emotions.

A few months later when I was writing a paper on my research, I decided in honor of my new friend and his good will towards my work to name the source of the signal after the great legend of the ancient Rishis. From this point onwards I referred to the source as Brahman and from that time the term stuck.

After three months of intense work with Leela, who had been on a visiting professor program at the university, I relocated two of my research teams. I had decided to shift my entire focus to the idea of communicating with the signal. I felt if I could accomplish this within my lifetime, it would answer all of my questions. My team was limited to a few dedicated professionals who shared my zeal for unraveling the mysteries of Brahman. Everyone else returned to their universities to carry on some other aspects of the research in specialized labs dedicated to specific disciplines. I immersed myself in my work. I rarely went out or involved myself with the university and its activities. Two years later, I published some additional findings to maintain my funding. On the release of any new report, there was always a lot of excitement about what I might say about Brahman, but there was little to report during the

first decade. Yet I persisted in my effort to establish communication with Brahman.

### Second Day of Class

Legend class was not until first period in the afternoon. I had a free period in the morning, so I re-read the pages to see if there was anything I had missed. At 12:50 pm, lunch period ended and I went to Legend class. Mr. Vidya was already in the room waiting for us like yesterday. He waited till everyone had taken their seat. He began with a question as he had done the day before. "How would you describe Seeker from the early days of his career?" he asked

Judy French, who had answered yesterday, spoke immediately without even waiting to be called upon. "It was very interesting to me," she said, "to learn about this period of his life. Yesterday, I said he seemed to be more like a religious person than a scientist. When I read this period of his life, I found that element missing altogether. He seemed to be a good person, a good friend and colleague, but religion was completely missing. He appeared to be preoccupied only with science and proving results or, I should say, defending himself, rather than with its real meaning." Mr. Vidya paused for a moment and replied, "In many of the biographies written about Seeker, they described him just as you have. He was a young scientist caught up in his work who was more concerned with methods, procedures and

measurement, as compared to his later years.” Mr. Vidya glanced around the class to see if someone else had a comment.

James McClain said, “Seeker could have been in our class. He would have been one of us, a good friend. He was a hard worker with focus and determination. He seemed quite ordinary in most ways, except for his attention to detail, scientific method and a fear that his peers would reject his work. I felt interested to learn more about him, after I understood he was a regular person like the rest of us.”

Mr. Vidya listened and replied, “If any of you are interested in reading more about Seeker’s life, there are a number of books in the library that will provide you with more details of his early life. In most of the books, authors have struggled to find something special about Peter Seeker. In all of my reading there appears to be only one thing that stands out in my mind about Seeker’s early life, which is worth noting. Seeker had an uncle who was very close to him. Peter spent summers with his uncle traveling around the world. His uncle had a great influence on Peter in a very formative period of his life. He took Peter to many places with different customs, values, thinking and behavior. At the end of each trip, his uncle made sure Peter learned one lesson. Do not judge life, people, and objects by their appearances. He told Peter he must learn

to look behind the surface and to think for himself. He must be rational and objective. ‘You should strive not to be one of the crowd, which is swayed by appearances,’ his uncle would write in letter after letter. ‘You must learn to think for yourself.’ It appears Peter listened and followed his uncle’s advice throughout his life.”

Mr. Vidya asked if there were any other comments about Seeker. Jane Hessen struggled to frame her question. “Well,” she said, “Uh! Uh! I am not sure I understood the importance of Peter’s discovery. I sense from the way he acted with test after test that he felt insecure or even threatened by others. I do not understand the reason for his behavior. Yesterday, you said he had made an earth-shattering discovery. I guess I do not know enough about history to understand why his discovery got everyone so defensive.” Mr. Vidya was very happy with Jane’s comments. “Miss Hessen, thank you very much for your candor and openness,” he said. “I am sure there are others in the class who felt the same way but hesitated to ask for an explanation. I appreciate your courage.” Jane smiled and blushed a bit at his comment, though she was happy she had not made a fool of herself.

Mr. Vidya asked the class, “Can anyone answer Jane’s question?” Martha Benson, one of the most serious girls in our class responded. “I believe Seeker’s signal was a great challenge to many established points

of view in society. Science said for a thousand years our universe was created 15 billion years ago after the big bang and since that time evolution was the result of the chance interaction between force and matter within the universe. Science challenged and refuted any idea of God or Spirit for more than a thousand years. Since religious people couldn't prove that God existed with facts and evidence, he did not exist. Seeker's experiments provided the first strand of evidence to challenge the assumptions of science. His research suggested there might be something more to life than force and matter. His signal provided initial evidence there might be an inherent knowledge in life instead of just a cosmic accident that produced life, as we know it. This was revolutionary. Seeker knew his work would cause a lot of heated debate."

Mr. Vidya was pleased with Martha's answer. He asked the class if anyone had any questions about what Martha had said. No one replied. "Seeker was a turning point in the relationship between science and religious beliefs," Mr. Vidya said. "For centuries, a priestly class had used knowledge to enslave people and dominate the world. The history of early civilization in Egypt, Mesopotamia, and elsewhere was full of accounts where religious authorities used superstitions to influence and control the public. Science arose in reaction to long years of religious domination and superstition. Science no longer accepted these superstitious ideas. Science said, we will believe in what we can see, what

we can prove, and what is real. For thousands of years, the battle between religious and scientific thinking has gone on over what is real and what is the truth. Seeker's findings offered possible confirmation for a number of religious ideas, which millions had taken on faith without evidence. His findings seriously challenged science, which had become intolerant of other forms of knowledge outside of the scientific method. Seeker's discovery was earth-shaking for both sides of society, men of faith and men of science."

Mr. Vidya again asked the class if they had any other observations to share about Seeker and his early career.

I replied, "I know your family came from India many years ago, and I was wondering if you could explain something to me about Peter's choice of the word Brahman. I looked up the word 'rishi', which Professor Leela used, and understand they were ancient saints or holy men in India. Leela told him the ancient rishis had known and described Brahman in spiritual terms long ago. Their explanations were not written in scientific language, but the idea they described was quite close to Seeker's. My question is how did these men, who lived thousands of years before Seeker, gain this knowledge and why did the world miss it for thousands of years?"

Mr. Vidya sat on the edge of his desk and paused for a moment. He said, "I see you have done some se-

rious thinking about these pages. I am glad you understand Seeker's knowledge was not new. It had existed for thousands of years not only in my homeland, but also in many traditions around the world. Take a minute and think about those ancient societies more than five thousand years ago. How would they have been able to discover this knowledge? There were no labs. They had no electricity, testing equipment or many of the things that Seeker needed to make his discovery. Most of the people in those ancient cultures were farmers. How could people find the same answer Seeker found four thousand years later in his lab when they had none of these gadgets to help them? I am not going to answer this question today, because I hope by the end of the class after you have read more of Seeker's notes, one of you may be able to answer the question. If no one finds the answer, I will answer your question next Wednesday."

There were just a few minutes left before our next class. Mr. Vidya asked the class to read the next section in the notes by tomorrow. Before he let us leave, he said he had an announcement to make. "In two weeks, there will be a full day special exhibit at the university on Seeker's work. There will be speakers, exhibits and even demonstrations of Seeker's original device. I am organizing a trip for students who wish to attend. If you are interested in attending, you will need to get your parents' approval. Take a form as you leave

the room and get your parents to sign it. These forms must be returned by this Friday." On my way out, I took a form. Very few students had taken one. I was going for sure. I was sure my mother would let me attend.

I was home by 4:30 pm. I found my mother having a cup of coffee in the kitchen. I got a soda from the fridge and sat with her at the breakfast table. I told her about the earth science quiz and the other important things from school. She asked me if I had a lot of homework. I told her I had come home early as I had a lot of homework again tonight. I also had to read the next section in Seeker's notebook, which would take some time to read and think about before class. She did not ask me about class, though I knew she was keen to know. She really wanted me to discover Peter Seeker for myself.

By 8:30 pm I finished all of my homework. I started reading Seeker's Notebooks. I found the story fascinating. Seeker was changing. Slowly his work was progressing and he was changing as a result of his discovery, the signal. I had a hard time understanding what he was talking about when he described seeing levels in his mind. What were these levels? Did I have them? Was it possible for people to have levels in their mind and not be aware of them? I had never had any experiences like he was describing. He was talking about seeing light in his mind and also silence. What did he

mean? Was he really seeing light or was it an imagination? Could it be real?

As I read about his efforts to find the source of the signal, I sensed the excitement he must have felt as he got closer and closer to making contact with Brahman. He was not afraid of the experiences he was having through the device. All explorers must take risks. I was amazed as I read how he was able to remain calm throughout all of these experiments. I wondered what he was talking about, as I read some pages. What did he mean when he spoke of the border in his mind? What did he mean when he said he finally reached Brahman by going beyond his mind? How can you go beyond your mind? I thought my mind was in my brain. How can you go outside of your brain?

I did not understand this section as well as I had the first. All of the information about experiments, testing and measurement was clear. We were doing experiments in class, so I knew what that was like. When he talked about the changes taking place in him and the experiences he was having, it seemed strange, though I felt good when I read about it. Seeker was definitely interesting. I read this section twice and even made some notes for class. I did not want to forget any of the ideas and questions that were flooding my mind. Around 10:00 pm my mother knocked on the door. She came in to see what I was doing. I was sitting reading

Seeker. She said it was late and I'd better get some rest. Before she left, I asked her if she or dad would have any objection to my going to the Seeker Exhibition at the university next Saturday. I showed her the form. She said she would talk it over with my dad, but as far as she was concerned, it was fine.

I woke up earlier than usual the next morning and was surprised at how wide-awake I felt. As I walked to school I made it a point to meet Martha. I asked her if she had read the next section of Seeker's notes. She said she had read the whole book already. I told her I really enjoyed this section. I asked her if she was going to the exhibit. She said she was. I told her I was also planning to go. She smiled. We were both glad to be going.



*Second Night's Reading*  
**Making Contact with Brahman**  
**From The Notebooks of Peter Seeker**

It was ten years since my first discovery. Many universities were continuing the research and slowly more had been uncovered about the action and activity of the signal. It could be measured, graphed, traced from generation to generation, and in some cases even amplified. But after a decade no one understood anything more about its true nature or origin. The scientific community claimed to have made great strides in understanding the nature of the Real Idea. But, in fact, its knowledge was limited to external form and function. I encouraged my colleagues to continue their efforts, though I had lost interest in the mechanics of its operation.

I shifted my research to the field of subtle communications. I felt if Brahman existed, it must be in another dimension where all aspects of life were subtler. If Brahman existed in our Reality, it would have been

found. The signal would have been traced and science would have located its source in the universe. Since this had not happened, I felt the signal must have a source in another dimension. Therefore our goal was to establish a means of communications with other dimensions. At first my approach was considered radical, but I had anticipated my critics' arguments. I argued that science for too long had been fascinated exclusively by the realm of physical existence. I said science had not been objective enough to turn its gaze to the less material side of existence with the same zeal. Many questioned my approach, but the importance of my original breakthrough prevented them from cutting my funding now. I was tolerated and considered eccentric. My work was considered fringe science.

It was late in December when I introduced a new approach into our experiments. For years, I had used our technology to quiet my mind, but there it ended. As we continued our efforts I had become aware of an ascending range of subtle capacities in my mental structure. At first, I could only sense these grades, but later I was able to document their levels and characteristics. Late one night after everyone had left, I sat perplexed by our lack of progress. I decided to step back from my work and relax. I hooked up the device and began an experiment with a new perspective. I was simply going to go into the silence of my mind and find a point to relax. When my concentration reached its peak, I felt totally relaxed. I imagined throwing myself into this quiet.



I was not going to think about Brahman. I needed to find a space for my mind to rest, so a new direction could emerge for my work. I waited in deep relaxation. My center of concentration suddenly rose up until I saw the border of my mind.

At that point, I waited until my concentration collected itself. Suddenly, I became aware of a great abyss in front of me. I threw myself into that emptiness. To my great surprise, I found I had risen above the border of my mind. Quietly my center of concentration fixed on a far off light. I observed myself but did not let a single thought disturb my mind. In this vast silent inner world, I waited and the light came pouring in. What was this light? Where did it come from? What did it mean? A few unspoken and unarticulated thoughts passed across my mind, but they never took form, even though I felt them. I stared into the light and was lost in its brilliance.

In the morning my associates found me sitting quietly in the lab area. Without disturbing me they started checking all of the instruments, which had been recording my experiment for more than eight hours. I sat unmoving, so they waited. It was more than three hours before I returned to normal consciousness and unhooked the device. My associates found me quiet and withdrawn, but cheerful. Within a few hours, I returned to normal. I went home and had a shower and breakfast. I was not tired, though I had not slept all night. My mind was still, I was calm and my mind felt as if it

knew something, though I did not know exactly what it was. When I returned to the lab, my associates had analyzed much of the data. They had even been able to print out images of bright lights that had appeared in my mind while I was in the deepest part of the experience. Everyone was excited, though we had no idea of what to make of it. For days we studied the information and data. For days I tried to make out what had happened to me. I told them about the border in my mind and the steps I had taken to go above it. Everyone in the lab tried to replicate my results, but they only reported the normal experience of quiet, which the machine had produced for years.

It was more than a month before I decided to repeat the experiment. I knew I had made progress, but its significance did not reveal itself. I began again late at night when there were less distractions. The machine assisted me as it always had in quieting my mind. I remembered the need to be patient and to give up all of the thoughts in my mind. Unlike the earlier experiment, I quickly felt my mind enter the higher regions I had experienced previously and within moments my mind was full of light. It was brilliant. It filled me with a sense of completeness. I wondered if I had established contact with Brahman. I waited. The light continued and its intensity grew. In less than three hours, I regained my normal consciousness. As before, I felt a deep sense of quiet and power in my mind. I sat and reflected.

Maybe the light was just one form of communication with Brahman. I wondered if a new form of knowledge was trying to make itself conscious to my mind.

During a period of four months, I continued my effort to reach the light and understand its meaning. Throughout these experiments I maintained detailed notes of my experience and the feelings they produced. Slowly during this period, I found myself understanding things that had not been clear to me before. My colleagues noted a change in my perception, which was very useful in our research. I felt more creative. I had more ideas and they were not as scrambled as usual. Was this Brahman? Was the light part of the signal? Where did it come from? All of these questions remained unanswered.

I continued my efforts for more than a year, but I thought my work had come to a dead end. It was at this moment I challenged my mind to go beyond the light. When I did this, I found myself in a realm of my mind filled with silence. The higher part of my mind became so still at times the universe seemed to lose its reality. There was nothing but silence. During these experiences, I could see sound emerging, though it did not disturb the silence. Were silence and sound the same? Did they come from the same place? Were they two different sides of the signal? I was not sure, but I continued to notice a change in my perceptions. My ideas were more powerful and precise. In a few moments of

silence, I was able to complete a week's worth of work without effort. My mind was still and yet awake in a new way I had never experienced before.

I encouraged others in my group who had been able to extend their awareness beyond the original boundaries of their mind to explore these regions of light and silence. Occasionally someone reported having an experience similar to my own. But results were hard to replicate in others. Why? Was the higher part of my mind more receptive? If so, why? Were there conditions for entry into these regions? Were these planes of mind more developed in some people and less in others? I had many questions and few answers. My colleagues collected enormous amounts of data and evidence, but still we could not say we had found the origin of the signal.

Then one day I tried a new experiment. I used a recorder to replicate a sound image of my own signal. I amplified the sound signal and passed it through a set of earphones. The sound was familiar to me. I felt I knew it though I could not say from where. Could this signal be used to trigger my mind into the dimension of Status? If so, what would be the effect? Would it act like a beacon and lead me to its source? I recorded the signal from someone else in the lab and listened to it. When I played that signal, it did not create the same feeling. I found some parts agreeable while others were disturbing. Maybe everyone had a unique sound signal. I de-

cided to try an experiment. I would wear a set of ear-phones playing my signal throughout the process of quieting my mind and rising into its higher levels to see what effect it would have. I decided to be the first subject in the experiment, in case there were any negative side effects. I set up the equipment and began late at night as usual. My mind went quiet almost immediately even with the sound of my signal playing in the background. I felt my concentration race to the higher levels of my mind and to my great amazement I soared to a realm of my mind that startled me. Where was I headed? What was the signal doing to my mind? I felt calm, so I did not let anything disturb me. I simply let myself go. I gave myself to the experience.

Light, followed by silence, followed by peace, followed by voices. Where was I? What were these voices saying? I waited and let my awareness find its own center. Finally, it settled in a place I had never experienced before. I felt safe here. I felt close to a new discovery. Without words I seemed to know where I was. I felt that I was closer to Brahman than I had ever managed to reach before. I knew inside myself I must be patient. I must remain centered. I must give myself up to whatever happened. My associates found me connected to the machine again in the morning. I remained in this state the whole day. At night they thought of disturbing me but the signals showed no alarming trends. They decided to wait. I remained in this state for almost two full days.

I emerged from this experiment with a sense of possessing a vast knowledge. I felt that a connection had been made. I was different. I knew, but I could not express it. I understood but could not speak. In fact, at times I felt speaking got in the way of what I knew. What was this knowledge I was feeling? How could I explain it to my colleagues? I knew I was making progress after I added my sound signal into the stream of communication. My mind was full of knowledge that found no expression. I needed others to follow me along this path. For three months all of my colleagues tried the same experiment over and over again. They played their signal and went through the same process I had attempted. The results were mixed. Some had increased experiences while others remained completely untouched by the improvement. Did this mean my experiences were atypical and therefore unusable for scientific validation? I was missing something fundamental that had to be addressed if we were to achieve the final breakthrough.

During these periods of increased testing, some of us began to report having experiences similar to ones we had had on the machine in our sleep or in the evening when we were sitting quietly. I found I was falling into periods of mental quiet that lasted for hours when my mind went still and my sense of self climbed up into the realms of light or silence. It was not quite the same as with the machine but it was very close. Suddenly to everyone's surprise, I decided to close the lab for three months. I wanted everyone to get away from the lab

and the work. It had been five years and there had been little time for rest or relaxation. At first, everyone was shocked but within a few days they agreed a break was a good idea. Everyone made plans and within a week the team was traveling across the globe. Some traveled to distant lands for adventure and exploration. Others rented cottages near a lake and planned to swim and boat for three months.

I was not sure why I had closed the lab but I felt it was important. I needed something to help shape the next phase of our work. I needed inspiration. At first, I stayed at home and filled my time with silly things. I repaired the house and made arrangements for some improvements. I spent a few days traveling. I renewed old acquaintances to see what colleagues had been doing for the past five years. After a month, I decided to call Leela to see if he was available. I thought of visiting him in India. I had not spoken to him in a few years and it would be great to renew our friendship. Maybe he had some ideas for the next phase of my work. I called the last number I had in my phonebook and learned he had gone on a pilgrimage with some close friends and would not return for a month. I asked if they knew where he had gone and if I could join him. They said everyone on the retreat had taken a vow of silence for the entire duration of the pilgrimage. They were now staying in a remote temple in northern India where anyone was welcome, but I should understand he would not greet or speak with me if I went to the

temple. I was interested in seeing my friend again, but I was not sure if this was the right circumstance. Something inside me urged me on. Within a few days I made arrangements and flew to northern India.

It was a three day walk from the closest road to the temple. I was received by one of the monks from the temple. As we set out for the temple, I felt a deep sense of quiet settle over me, similar to feelings I had known in the lab but never in real life. I walked the whole day with the monk and never spoke a word. We both seemed to know what the other was thinking and feeling. In the evening, we camped near a river. The quiet flow of the water created a delightful sense of rhythm. In the morning, we bathed in the river before setting out. After an hour on the trail I sensed we had changed direction but knew we were headed for the right place. For four more days we journeyed without speaking. Each day we went deeper into the forest.

On the fifth day, the monk and I came to a small hut near the edge of a grove. It was empty, though it seemed ready for us. We settled in and fell into a silent rhythm of monastic quiet in the depths of the forest. Neither of us spoke. Neither of us felt the need to speak. One morning I found the monk seated near a great stone. I joined him. We sat. I remembered my experiences from the lab. My mind found a new depth of silence. I rose to heights in my mind I had never seen on the machine. I dwelt there in a serene peace for what seemed like days.

My mind was still and I could feel something drawing me beyond my present sense of self. I gave way to it and let my mind fly higher than it had ever gone before. I passed beyond what I knew as mind and found myself in a place I could not describe. I knew, I understood, I saw all of the signals emanating from this place. I could see them. I saw their power. I felt their joy of expression. I felt a great rhythm and harmony amongst all things. This was Brahman. After living in this experience for days, I knew what I had to do next in the lab but there was no need to act just now. The monk and I spent one month in this quiet solitude dwelling in Brahman, until one day he rose and led me back to the road. When we reached our destination, the monk smiled, bowed, turned and walked back into the forest. I never saw him again. Who was he?

I reached a hotel later in the day and called the lab. Some of the team had returned early and were ready for work. They were restless. They were glad to hear from me. I made arrangements to return and within a week I was back in the lab. I had seen the answer and now I must re-open communication with Brahman through the device. I tried and tried, but nothing worked. I had seen it, but it did not come. I knew I must be patient. I must not push. I must not be anxious. I must want to reach Brahman, but I must not try to grasp for it. It would come when things were ready. One day, I remembered what I had seen in the forest. I called the team together and told them what I had understood.

Everything has two sides. I suddenly felt that the signal we were measuring and using was incomplete. Could the signal have another side? If so, how could we identify it? We must try to find the other side of the signal. This would connect us to Brahman.

For months the team designed experiments to help locate and measure the other side of the signal but since we did not know what it was, we did not know how to measure it. One day, I had another thought. If we were going to find the other side of the signal, we needed a device that measured the whole wave, not just another side. For years we had been looking at only a part of the signal. Our initial focus had been to look for the other part. This was the wrong approach. We needed to change our perspective to identifying and measuring the whole signal, not just another part of it. I remembered the river in the forest. It was a flow. A river flowed because there was a differential in the height of the water at the beginning and end. For the signal stream to flow from Brahman there must be a differential. The answer lay in identifying what made the signal flow. The team studied the part of the signal we knew and created a model that identified the characteristics of the rest of the signal based on the need to create differential and flow. Now that we had a principle to work with, things moved ahead more quickly. Within a year, we had identified the complementary characteristics to the existing signal and were close to creating a second measuring device that would be capable of measuring

the whole signal. We made a few last modifications and testing began.

The results were in within a few days. There it was, the whole signal. It had been there all the time and we had missed it. We had been looking at only half of the message. The team was excited and work went ahead at lightning speed to test all of the species we tested in the first experiments thirteen years ago. Tests were assigned to teams around the country. Within three months, the evidence was clear. All species had a complete signal. This was big news. Finally, we had made a breakthrough. We prepared a report and released our latest findings. There was a flurry of news and excitement for a short time. Then things returned to normal except in the lab.

We now had the tool we needed. We had the whole signal, which was much more complex than what we had ever imagined to play into the communication device as we did earlier. There was an increased level of excitement as we shifted our efforts back to communicating with Brahman. I recorded my whole signal and prepared to repeat the last experiment. It had been some time since anyone had tried to establish communications with Brahman, so there was some concern within the team about how long it would take to establish a connection. I was more excited than I had been for years. I felt the answer had been shown to us and I was ready for the breakthrough. I scheduled the next

experiment for late night to avoid disturbances. The telepathic machine, which had been improved over the last couple of years, was ready. I started the experiment with the whole sound playing. It helped me to quiet my mind in no time at all. The full signal was making a difference and added a new dimension to the process. No longer did I see my mind as silent. I saw my mind contained both silence and thoughts but somehow they were harmonized by the whole signal. They acted in a new way that created a totally different kind of quiet in the mind. I told my colleagues later it was a fuller quiet, if that made any sense.

As I rose up to higher levels of my mind, I noted other differences. The signals of light I saw but did not understand were full of meaning. The silent messages were pregnant with knowledge that I had earlier missed. At the border of my mind, I knew for sure I would contact Brahman. Suddenly, I passed beyond the highest known part of my mind. I was out of mind. I knew all. I did not need to think — I knew without thought. I understood Brahman, the signals and the meaning of Existence. I had found the answer. My team watched throughout the night. They knew not to disturb me. They understood from my earlier experiences that I might take some time to awake, especially if a connection was established with Brahman. They waited and felt sure that I was safe. I remained connected to Brahman for four days. I had not eaten or slept. When I awoke, I was fresh. I was not hungry. I was different. I was.

### Third Day of Class

My morning classes went by so slowly. I was only thinking about Legend class. I was anxious to hear what other students felt about Seeker's notes and to hear if everyone else had the same questions I did. I finished my lunch and went to class early. Mr. Vidya was there already, even though class did not start for thirty minutes. He was going over some papers, so I sat down and started to read Seeker's Notebook one more time. He looked up and greeted me. I expected him to go back to his papers, but instead he asked me how I was enjoying the class. I said it was exciting. Seeker had captured my interest. I said I had made a list of questions and was excited to hear how he would answer them. He smiled. I told him I was planning to come to the exhibit next Saturday and I would bring the signed form tomorrow. I asked him how many students would be going. He said he was not sure, but he did not expect more than six. I was surprised. I thought more of my friends would come. I sat and reviewed my questions before class while he continued to read papers.

Class began exactly as it had from the first day. Mr. Vidya asked a question. This time his question was quite interesting. He asked us to think about the things in Seeker's notes that were most disturbing to us. I never expected this question, but I was ready. I had a list of ideas but I waited to let others speak, as I was anxious to see what they would say.

Beth Cummings said she was really disturbed by the idea of quieting her mind. She said she had tried it last night and found it impossible. She said no matter what she tried, there were always words in her head. She was always talking to herself, asking herself questions or thinking about something that had happened during the day. She could not understand how Seeker was able to quiet his mind. She said it was disturbing to her because she felt if she quieted her mind it would make her feel terribly empty or hollow. She said she felt frightened by the idea because she wondered if her mind was quiet, whether she would still be there. Everyone including Beth laughed. Mr. Vidya smiled along with the class. Then, he said that Beth's observation was good. "We are so used to hearing thoughts in our mind that we feel it is normal. We think we are our thoughts. Giving up thoughts and ideas can be very disturbing to many people. Quieting all thoughts in your mind is like locking yourself in a closet for a day with no light on. What could you do in that condition but face the quiet? Many of us do not feel comfortable in quiet," he said.

"Anyone else with an idea of what disturbed them the most?" asked Mr. Vidya.

Dick Davis said his feeling was similar to Beth's. He said when he read Seeker had been connected to the machine, seeing light or feeling silence for hours at a time, it disturbed him. "I am not good at sitting for a



long time, so it would be a problem for me. But to sit there for eight hours with lights flashing in my mind followed by periods of silence would make me crazy. Seeker, on the other hand, appeared to enjoy it. He seemed to be at home in these conditions. I admired his courage each time he tried to go deeper into his mind. I would be afraid I might not come out."

Lee Coleman spoke next. He said he was most disturbed by Seeker's description of his first contact with Brahman. "When he said he went beyond his mind and found Brahman, I wondered if he had gone mad," Lee said. "Seeker writes the experience was wonderful, but when I tried to imagine going outside of my mind, I wondered what would happen. Would I still be there or would I disappear? I understand why most of his friends did not have the same experiences he did. I am sure many of them were just like me. They were afraid, so they held themselves back, rather than take the chances Seeker did."

Mr. Vidya had listened carefully to each student. He said their observations were good. "Most of us are not used to what is inside of us. Most of us spend our time looking out not in," he said. "Most people find ways to keep themselves busy and distracted with things in their lives, so they do not have to deal with what is inside." He said in this way Seeker was very different. He had no reservation about facing his inner life and discovering its mysteries. "If any of us want to follow

Seeker, we must also be willing to know and master our inner nature."

Mr. Vidya asked another question. "What did you read about Seeker's experiences that you liked most?" When no one answered, I spoke up. "There were a few experiences that were really special. First was when Seeker wandered off into the jungle with the monk and spent a month living in total silence. It was amazing to me he felt a wider connection with things and was able to go with the flow without worry or concern about what others thought. Next was the awakening to Brahman he had in his mind or wherever it was. I never had such a feeling but it sounded magical. I felt a bit frightened when he talked about going outside of his mind, but the way he felt when he made the connection thrilled me. I felt like I was there with him though I am not sure I have the courage to jump out of my mind."

Mr. Vidya thought for a moment and said, "Seeker was like an astronaut. Astronauts train and then get in a ship and fly into space. They go to the moon or beyond and find the silence of outer space. Seeker launched himself in a different type of ship, which took him into inner space. There he discovered the meaning of existence. How many of you would like to be astronauts?" he asked. About five students raised their hands. "How many of you would like to be inner astronauts, after reading Seeker's notes?" he continued. No one raised their hand.



Mr. Vidya waited a few minutes. The class was quiet. He asked the class if they would like to try to quiet their minds. More than half the class raised their hands. He said there were many techniques, but for class he would stick with a basic approach. First, he asked us to sit up straight in our chairs. Then, he asked us to close our eyes. After we had closed our eyes, he asked us to relax. Then, he asked us to take five deep breaths. Then suddenly, he rang a bell. It produced a melodious sound. He asked us to listen to and feel the sound. Finally, he asked us to follow the sound as it expanded out into the room till the sound ended.

The sound was so rich it made me feel relaxed. It was deep and clear. I was surprised how long it lasted. As it began to fade, I followed it. Suddenly, my mind was still. There were no thoughts. My breathing fell into a quiet rhythm. I felt like I had when I had a high fever a few years ago. I was in a very quiet state of disconnection from the outer world. It was pleasant. I felt like I had been in this space for just a few minutes, but when I opened my eyes everyone had left for the next class except Mr. Vidya. I had not heard any noise or movement. When everyone got up and moved their chairs and started talking as they left the room, it had not disturbed me. I was quiet inside and it felt good. Mr. Vidya smiled. I saw the clock. I had been sitting for thirty minutes. He asked if I was ok. I said I was fine. He waited as I gathered my shoulder bag. He walked me to my next class and told the teacher that he had kept me for

some extra credit work. My teacher asked me to take my seat. I thanked Mr. Vidya and he left.

That night on the way home from school, everyone was talking about Legend class. Everyone felt Mr. Vidya was making the class quite interesting. Everyone wanted to know how everyone else felt when he rang the bell. Each one of us seemed to have had a different experience. I felt like I understood a little more about Seeker and his colleagues and how everyone had different experiences when they tried the device. We had done exactly the same thing and yet we all experienced something different. Martha was quiet as usual until we reached my house. Then, she stopped and asked me if we could talk for a minute. I said sure. She waited for our friends to leave, then, she looked me in the eye and asked, "What happened in class today?"

I tried to tell her what had happened. "When the sound came to an end I saw a quiet space in my mind. I forced myself to be calm even though I felt nervous, then I entered it. I found myself in a space filled with quiet, which I enjoyed." I told her I thought I was there only a minute, but when I opened my eyes I had been gone for more than thirty minutes. She asked if I was ok. I said I was fine. Then, I asked her what she had felt. She said she had been unable to get rid of the voices in her mind just like Beth had described. I did not know what to say. We stared at each other for a

moment and she hesitantly asked, "Did you see Brahman?" I smiled. I assured her I had seen nothing and I was still the same guy she had known since kindergarten. She smiled and walked toward her house, which was just across the street. I waited till she went in, as it was dark. I know she wanted me to wait.

When I went in my mother was on the phone. I went upstairs and thought of reading the next section of Seeker's notes. I still felt a sense of quiet in my head. I sat at my desk and tried to get myself to study as I had test and a lot of homework. I thought I was studying. Suddenly, I felt a hand on my shoulder. My mother had come in and was sitting on the bed next to me. I realized I was not studying. Instead I had been staring at my books for more than a half an hour.

My mother smiled. "Are you ok?" she asked. I said "Sure. I am just a little tired after school." She didn't say anything. She waited. "Would you like to eat early? Dad is going to be late. He has a meeting and won't be home until 11:00 pm." I said I was ready to eat whenever it was ready, but I was not very hungry right now. "Ok. Why don't you come down and study in the kitchen while I make dinner?" she asked. I sensed she was concerned about something and asked what was on her mind. She smiled and said, "So you caught me." I laughed. She told me that Mr. Vidya had called and so had Martha. "They told me about your experience in

class and wanted me to make sure you were ok." "I'm fine mother," I replied. "Mr. Vidya conducted an experiment in class and I fell into a deep quiet, which lasted for more than thirty minutes. Since then, I am not able to concentrate. I feel fine, just a little out of focus, if you understand what I mean." She said she did. She told me when she was in school her teacher did the same experiment. She had also disappeared for half an hour, so she knew exactly what I was feeling. She assured me I would be back to my normal self in a few hours. She said if I wanted to shake the feeling, I could take a shower and it would go away. I said I would take a cold shower and be down for dinner in a few minutes. She got up and left. As soon as I stepped into the cold shower, I was startled and back to normal. I felt fresh and alert not from the cold water but from the quiet in my mind.

My mother and I ate dinner together. She asked me how I liked the Legend class and my teacher. I told her I was thoroughly enjoying the class. I said Mr. Vidya was not telling us a lot about Seeker. He was asking us to read and think about him and his ideas. Then he was asking us a lot of questions about what we had read. We were learning more through our discussions than from his teaching. I liked his style of teaching. She said he sounds like a good teacher. As I was leaving the room, she handed me the signed form for the field trip to the University.

I went to my room, finished my homework and prepared for a test. Martha called around 9:00 pm and we talked for a while. She said her parents had signed the form, so she would be going to the exhibition. I told her that my mother could drop us at the university by 9:00 am. She said her parents might be able to pick us up by 6:00 pm when it was over. Somewhat hesitantly she asked how I was. I told her my mother had suggested a cold shower and I was back to normal.

I still had to read Seeker's notes. It was late when I finished. He had changed a lot over the past fifteen years. He had found Brahman and he was struggling to tell us about his discovery. I enjoyed what I read but it did not stick in my mind. I felt I could not hold it in my mind. It was frustrating, as I wanted to know what it was all about. There were only a few pages in this section but they were more complicated than the earlier sections. They required greater attention. I read them through twice, and was glad I had a free period before class, so I could reread them again. My mother came in around eleven and asked me if I was ok. I said everything was fine. I was tired and was going to sleep.

*Third Night's Reading*

**The Nature of Brahman and  
the Dimension of Status**

**From The Notebooks of Peter Seeker**

I continued my experiments for the next ten years. I spent many days connected to Brahman. Our team monitored these experiments, recorded measurements and prepared notes on my communication with Brahman. But gradually I lost interest in experiments and more so in the monitoring. I knew all of the external data in the world could not communicate what Brahman was to the scientific community or to the average person. I struggled to teach my colleagues how to quiet their minds, to rise to higher levels within their minds and to pass beyond it, so they could also communicate with Brahman. I struggled, I coached but my efforts produced little results. I was frustrated. Only one other person had managed to reach the higher realms of her mind but even she was not able to reach beyond that point, as I had. I did not understand why. It remained a mystery.

Gradually, I reduced my experiments and in time stopped them all together. I understood each day that my greatest challenge was not the discovery of Brahman, but my ability to communicate what it was to the rest of the world. Since no one else had made the connection, the responsibility fell solely on my shoulders. I felt this challenge would be greater than any I had faced in the last 25 years of work. I spent weeks at a time trying to write down the experience and knowledge I had gained from my communication with Brahman. In the 29th year of my research, I disbanded the team, as most of my colleagues were retiring. I kept the lab open, so I could continue my contact with Brahman, but I had lost interest in research. We had all the data we needed. I returned regularly to the lab and communicated with Brahman for days at a time. No one paid much attention.

I compiled all of the research data and notebooks so future scientists could find answers to the questions I had failed to answer. I had found Brahman, but I had not found a process or technology that enabled others to join me in this new dimension of understanding. Others would some day discover the secret I had missed. Only then would the world reach a new understanding of Existence and enter into a new relationship with its Reality.

I tried to write about Brahman. It was not easy. It was the true Reality. What we called Reality was the

outer form of Brahman, not our true nature. I knew through my long communications with Brahman that our Reality was vastly different from what we understood. Brahman contained everything that ever was or would be in a state of perfect compressed existence. In Brahman everything was one with everything else. Brahman was a dimension of existence without time and space. I spent days reviewing my notes and wondered how I could make these ideas real to people. Every time I tried to express myself, I failed.

Night after night I struggled to describe the nature of Brahman in words, as I knew it. Brahman was like a point or a period at the end of a sentence. But this period existed in a dimension where even this much space did not exist. How could anyone imagine a place where there was no space? How could things exist without space? How would they exist? What was that existence like? I had seen it and felt it, but I struggled to express it. It seemed so clear to me that everything in Brahman existed as a compressed idea form, a Real Idea. But wait a minute, even in our minds ideas existed without the need for space. We knew that they exist within us, and yet they did not take up any space. Maybe there was a way to make people understand. In Brahman all possible ideas existed in a dimension without space. This was what it felt like, but my words did not convey the complete idea of what a Real Idea was or how many there were or how they acted. Page after page I wrote. After reading them I wasn't satisfied. I threw them away.

Again and again I started, each time looking for a more expressive way to convey my experiences. Would I ever find it?

Real Ideas were like quasar stars in our universe. They were extremely dense and powerful energy sources that contained within themselves a vast creative power, not the power of fusion or fission but a power that was capable of creating a universe when it moved out of the dimension of Status to a different dimension. Brahman had an infinite number of Real Ideas, each charged with this kind of creative power, all compressed within a dimension without space. In Brahman they existed as if in a state of suspended animation. Each Real Idea was pregnant with the power of this compressed dimension, but in Status they remained in a powerful unexpressed state.

Brahman was different in other ways also. In this dimension there was no time. Again, I was perplexed. How can people who wake each morning, who work all day and who rest in the evening imagine a place where there is no past, present or future? This appears to be even more unbelievable than the idea of no space. But this was the Truth of Brahman. In Brahman, there was no movement. There was no action from one moment to another. Things were static and yet they were. In Brahman, one could say it was like being in a place where you were always in the present and this present never changed or moved. It was a world of conscious

soul forms dwelling in a timeless perfection of Self-Existence. How was such a thing possible? I thought about how I could convey my experience and knowledge to people. I began to think. Could I create an experiment that would measure the absence of time and space? If not, how could I ever prove these things to people without facts and data. How would they understand me? I continued my struggle to capture my knowledge in words. I knew I had experienced something my mind could not express. I had gone beyond my mind into another dimension and when I returned to Reality, as we know it, there were no words or ideas to express what I had experienced. Brahman existed. Would mankind ever be prepared to consider a view of Reality which was not based on material form and fact? Could mankind conceive of a world that existed first in consciousness where knowledge was a direct experience and not one that had to be constructed out of data and information? I was not sure.

But there were more mysteries about Brahman I had seen and understood, which the world must know about if they were to have some sense of this dimension. In Brahman, there is no center of consciousness. All was One. Consciousness was in every Real Idea undivided. How could such a consciousness exist? In our Reality, we experience life from the perspective of our individual mind fixed in a body. We know and feel ourselves to be separate and different. We see and relate to other forms from the perspective of our own identity. But Brahman

was an integrated consciousness, one with all things: a consciousness that did not fix itself in any body or any form or any idea. Brahman was equally distributed in all without any sense of distinction. No one would accept such a notion. We were too individualistic and self-centered. When we thought about the universe we thought of it from our point of view and asked what it could do for us. How could we give up this sense of ourselves and see that, in fact, this was not the true nature of things? How could we accept that everything was Brahman? I knew Brahman, not in my mind, not in the light and not in the silence. I knew because I had become one with Brahman. Brahman was One. Brahman was everything. Everything that existed in our reality and in every other reality issued out of Brahman without disturbing its fundamental Oneness. All that is, All that will be, All is Brahman.

The mysteries of Brahman are many. I have spoken about the nature of its Real Ideas; I have explained Its Nature in relation to Time and Space. I have described the Oneness of Brahman and the fact that It has no center of consciousness. But there is more, something more essential to Brahman's Nature that the world should know. Brahman is essentially consciousness, not as we know it in our minds as thoughts or ideas or a sense of awareness or a sense of ourselves. Brahman is a consciousness that is One but at the same time It is a consciousness that contains all Ideas. In Status it chooses to remain hidden and perfect in a

dimensionless Existence, but Brahman is not without power of consciousness. Brahman and the Real Ideas possess the potential and power to extend themselves out of the dimension of Status into any other dimension, if they choose. Like a movie projector, Brahman can illuminate all of the images contained in the Real Ideas and project them onto a screen in a different dimension. In the process of projecting itself to a new dimension, the Real Ideas contained in Status do not change. They remain there. They remain unchanged. They remain in the perfect harmony of Brahman. Through the medium of the light and the instrument of a projector, It projects Itself onto a screen and takes on a new appearance with form, substance and energy, but It remains essentially the same.

As a man awakened to a new dimension of knowledge, I struggled with the other half of myself, a man of science, who was accustomed to viewing Reality through the limited perceptions of a mind and body as the center of existence. I had been trained as a scientist to identify cause and effect. I had spent my life seeking for knowledge of Nature and things. I started my research like all scientists at the material end of Reality in outer form and structure. Now, I saw the knowledge of the outer forms, though important, was not the true knowledge of Reality. Brahman was the nature of everything. How would science respond to this new knowledge? Would it remain caught in the terrible grip of mind, life and body and rest content to live in its sur-

face consciousness without knowing its true nature? Would humanity accept this new knowledge and seek to redefine its relationship with Reality? I only wondered. I had no answers.

I understood I had a role to play in aiding scientists and humanity to understand more of the Nature of Reality. Driven by this sense of duty, I continued my writings. In moments of deep silence, I strove to know Brahman not just as Self-Existent Being in a different dimension, but also as Brahman the process of creation in the dimension of Reality. If I could understand and explain it even as an outline, I would have helped mankind to awaken to more of its true nature. I made time for regular visits to the lab to connect with Brahman. I lived in Brahman for days at a time. I endeavored to know It through light, silence, unspoken word, and direct experience and to capture this consciousness in the depths of my being, so I could share it with humanity.

### **Fourth Day of Class**

I did well on my first period test and reread Seeker's notes once more during my free period. I had the most difficulty with this section of Seeker's notes. I could not imagine a place without time and space. I could not think of what it would be like to be in everything else and still remain myself. I did not really understand what he was saying, but it was different and interesting to

think about. It made me see things differently than I had so far in my life. I was interested to see what Mr. Vidya had planned for us today.

He began the class again with a question. He asked us to describe what we felt after trying to quiet our minds yesterday. I was not sure if I wanted to say anything about my experience. I would wait to see what others said.

Judy Arnold said that she had done everything he had suggested. Even before the bell rang, she had felt calm from deep breathing exercise. The bell produced a great sound, but she had not been able to follow the sound as he had asked. She said her mind did not allow her to follow the sound. It saw the sound go out, but it stayed where it was. She said she would like to try it again, if it was possible. Maybe it would work next time.

Many students reported that they had tried to follow his instructions but had felt nothing special. Their minds remained active, their thoughts ran and they felt normal. A few students reported a deep sense of calm where there were no thoughts. They explained it was like going to a planetarium where you see all of the stars in the sky. When you look up to see the stars on the ceiling it makes you feel like the universe is in your mind. It was like that but without stars or thoughts. A



small group had this experience, but said it had lasted only a few seconds. Most agreed it was pleasant. I did not speak about my experience and Mr. Vidya did not press for a comment. After listening to everyone's experience, Mr. Vidya said, "The bell is one of many techniques people can use to quiet their minds." He reminded us that Peter Seeker said a quiet mind was necessary to create a connection with Brahman.

Mr. Vidya sat on his desk. He told us that the section we read last night in Seeker's Notebooks was one of the most difficult for people to understand. Because Brahman is in a different dimension, which does not conform to our sense of normal, our first reaction is to say it must not be true or it is not real.

"Can anyone in the class explain to me what they thought when they read Seeker's ideas about time and space?" Mr. Vidya asked. Jeff Miller said, "It was hard for me to understand or feel what it would be like. We live in ourselves and we know ourselves in time and in space. Even now, I know it's 1:30 in the afternoon and I am in the school building in Room 212. When I tried to think about all of us living in Brahman as Seeker described without time and space, I felt dizzy. My mind was not able to create a picture of what it would be like. It kept trying, but nothing came from my memory because there was no image in my mind for this idea. As it kept trying, I felt my head spin for a minute. As soon as I thought about something else, the dizziness went

away." Mr. Vidya appreciated how well Jeff had expressed his experience.

"This is a very important sensation you had," Mr. Vidya said. "Our mind normally acts like a memory drive on a computer. When you save something and want to see it again, it calls up the image. But if there is no image, it pulls up a blank screen or it gives an error message. This makes us feel dizzy, because it almost never happens. Can you imagine what it was like for Seeker when he had communications with Brahman and gained a great knowledge? He had had a real experience, in which he knew Brahman but when he tried to find images and words for the experience in his memory drive, he understood he did not have any reference in his mind, as it came from somewhere above his mind. He also knew that no one else had had these experiences, so how could they understand him. He felt dizzy. Remember how he keeps saying that it was so hard to explain what he knew. "Can you appreciate his position a little better now?" Mr. Vidya asked. Everyone nodded.

Mr. Vidya continued speaking. He explained that a few years ago he had visited a university where scientists were studying the effects of sensory deprivation on a wide range of subjects. Subjects were placed in a completely dark tank filled with salt water, which was maintained at body temperature. Within a short time, subjects experienced a decline in sensory input, which



altered their sense of time and space. They described a feeling of being outside of their bodies, since they could not see anything or sense motion. Scientists have learned from these types of experiments that our sense of time and space are significantly determined by our sensations, which are stored images that define our sense of reality. The experiences Seeker describes are not so different. If we want to escape from our current understanding of Reality, we must enter our inner realms where sense information is not the primary source of knowledge. We must detach ourselves from our sense knowledge and learn to see with parts of our mind we normally do not use. This is what Seeker had accomplished.

Mr. Vidya asked the class if this made sense. A number of students said it was not very clear, but they had some idea of what it must have been like. Daniel Hummel said he had had a different experience. When he had failed to find an image in his memory, he had formulated an abstract idea in his mind of what it must be like in the dimension of Status. As soon he did this, he no longer felt the dizziness Jeff described. Daniel said, "My ideas were abstract so they never seemed to be as clear as my memories or experiences, but it gave me a sense of what Status was like." Mr. Vidya responded, "Daniel's experience is very important, as it showed the power of our mind to stand back from events and to create a mental picture in ideas rather than in sensation. This was the process of conceptual think-

ing, which takes place in another part of our mind. Does anyone remember Seeker describing levels of his mind?" Mr. Vidya asked. "From these experiences can we identify two distinct parts of our mind, the sense part and the thought part. Each part is different and so is its experience. There are many other parts and layers of mental awareness that one can see if they continue these experiments. If any of you wants to learn more about the other parts of your mind, you should refer to one of Seeker's detailed biographies where his charts are included. It is quite fascinating."

Mr. Vidya looked at his watch. There were fifteen minutes left in the class. He asked everyone if they would like to repeat yesterday's experiment. Everyone said they would like to try. He carefully reviewed the preparation process. Wayne Harmon asked him to repeat the last part of the instructions, which he did in a few short words. Everyone said they were ready. He stopped for a moment before beginning the experiment and asked the class to read the next section of Seeker's Notebook for tomorrow's class.

In a soft voice he asked everyone to quiet their mind. "See the space in your mind as empty. If any thoughts come in, push them away." After a couple of minutes he asked everyone to take five deep breaths. He waited till everyone completed the exercise. Then he rang the bell. The sound was deeper today. Was it the same bell? The sound did not seem to have an end. It was

resonating through class as it moved out. At last, the end of the sound appeared. It passed by and called me to follow.

I caught it with the quiet in my mind. It pulled me to the edge of an abyss. I fell into a deeper sense of quiet than yesterday. It was absolutely still in the class. More students seemed to have quieted their minds. I tried very hard not to fall into the silence. I did not want to sit for a long time and cause more talk like yesterday. I wanted to leave class with the rest of my friends. I heard someone cough. I called myself back and opened my eyes. Almost everyone was sitting quiet. I was the first person to awake. I was glad, though I yearned to experience the new feeling of quiet in my mind. The bell ending the class rang. I was the first one out of the room. Mr. Vidya noted my quick departure. He seemed to understand I had purposefully avoided engaging the quiet in my mind in order to avoid standing out from my friends, as I had yesterday. Most of the students sat for ten minutes beyond class time. The idea of my being different had been neutralized. I was safe in my conformity.

Many of my friends felt their minds fall quiet for the first time. All afternoon our class was full of chatter about Legend class. What was Mr. Vidya doing to our minds? What would happen if we continued to quiet our minds? Someone said we might fail our other classes because

we would become stupid when our minds were always quiet. A number of my friends said they had had enough of this crazy effort to quiet their minds. We all needed good grades to get into college, not a quiet mind. A noisy mind was normal, so why should we try to change it? Martha was quiet all afternoon. I saw she had been affected by the second experiment, but we did not get a chance to talk, as I had basketball practice.

As soon as I got home, I called Martha. Her mother said she was not feeling well when she came home from school. She was napping before dinner and would call back after 8:00 pm. I asked her mother to tell her I had called. I was sure she was disturbed. I saw it in her eyes. My mother had dinner on the table, so we ate as soon as I got off the phone. It was past 7:00 pm by the time we finished. I did not have a lot of homework, so I talked with my parents until almost 7:45 pm.

I finished two small assignments by 9:00 pm. I had not heard from Martha. I called her again. Her mother said she had not come down for dinner, as she was still not feeling well. She said she thought Martha was coming down with the flu. I said I would see her in the morning. Her mother said Martha was not going to school tomorrow. She had called the doctor already and Martha would go to her doctor's appointment before coming to school. I knew she was fine. Something had happened in the class. Finally, I decided to go over and

see her for a few minutes. I walked across the street and rang the bell. Her mother opened the door and was surprised to see me. "Martha is resting," she said. I told her mother I thought she was upset, so I wanted to speak to her for a few minutes. "Go on up," her mother said as I rushed quickly past her.

I knocked on her door but there was no response. I spoke to Martha through the door. "Martha, I just came over to speak to you for a few minutes. Is it ok if I come in?" The door opened immediately. "Come in," she said. As soon as I entered, she closed the door. "What are you doing here?" she asked. I smiled. "Martha, you were quite disturbed after Legend class today. I could see it in your eyes. I called and your mother gave me a story about you being sick. I know you are not sick," I said. She fell into the chair and held her hands on her head. "What is the matter?" I asked. She said, "Since this afternoon I feel strange. I felt very quiet in class and my mind had become so quiet. It was a bit scary as it makes me feel nervous. I cannot get rid of the nervous feeling."

I asked how she felt right now. She said her mind was as quiet as it had been during class. She said she had been trying to get the voice in her head to speak. It wasn't there. It refused to talk. I smiled and told her not to worry. I asked her if I could use her phone. I called information and got the number for Mr. Vidya. I dialed his number and he answered almost immediately. "Mr.

Vidya, I am calling from Martha's house. Her mind is still very quiet from the afternoon and she feels nervous," I said. "She doesn't know how to get the voice in her mind to start talking again." Mr. Vidya asked to speak to Martha. They talked for a few minutes. When she put down the phone, she asked me to leave so she could take a cold shower. I left. She called me in about fifteen minutes, sounding like her normal self. She thanked me for my help and said she would see me at the bus stand as usual.

I sat on my bed and read the next chapter. Each section was getting harder. I was still struggling with the nature of Brahman and now Seeker was talking about the relationship between Brahman and Reality. I read it over a couple of times. I understood how the signal was sent from Brahman to Reality, but I felt I was not getting the whole idea. I was intrigued. I was sure there would be a lot of questions for Mr. Vidya. As I was about to sleep, my mother knocked on the door and came in. "How's Martha?" she asked. "Did something happen in school today?" I smiled and asked her how she always knew what was going on with my friends. She said, "It wasn't hard to guess." She said the Legend classes had disturbed a number of her friends especially when they tried to quiet their mind. She said her closest friend had come home and cried for hours because she felt her thoughts would never come back. I told her Martha had the same experience. I told my mother what I had done. She was pleased. "I

am sure Martha will remember your help for a long time.” She asked me how I liked quieting my mind. I felt a little stupid about what I did today, but I was not in the habit of keeping secrets from my mother.

I told her about the previous day when I had fallen into a deep silence and how everyone had left class before I woke up. I told her how embarrassed I felt coming late to the next class. Today the bell had produced a more powerful silence in my mind, but I fought it, so I would not appear different than my friends. She listened and said, “Seeker found life forced him to choose between his friends and Brahman. Friends are extremely important and I am very proud of what you did for Martha. But you must know there are times when you must stand up for what you believe.” She ran her hand through my hair. “Get some sleep,” she said. “Don’t be afraid of silence in your mind. I always enjoyed it, whenever I managed to get rid of the clutter in my mind.”

I took a shower and was asleep in a few minutes.

*Fourth Night’s Reading*

**The Connection Between  
Brahman and Reality**

**From The Notebooks of Peter Seeker**

In the course of my many years of communication with Brahman, more of its mysteries appeared in my mind and revealed their secrets. I came to realize that all was Brahman, a Self-Existent Being, which possessed infinite consciousness and power to express its Real Ideas through Self-Choice. I spent many years trying to capture the Nature of Brahman in writing so everyone could understand it. But I knew scientists and the general public wanted to understand more about the relationship between Brahman and our world. In the following pages, I have tried to provide a framework to explain the relationship between Brahman and Reality.

The relationship between Brahman and Reality is quite simple to understand. Brahman is a Self-Existent Being, which exists in the dimension of Status. In Sta-

tus all of the Real Ideas of Brahman are held within Its unitary consciousness where everything is one and there is no center of consciousness. In this powerful non-expressive dimension, Brahman exists outside of time and space. This is the starting point for everything. As long as Brahman chooses to remain in the dimension of Status, all knowledge and power of its consciousness remain in a state of unexpressed perfect harmony. This is the origin of the signal. They are all in Brahman ready to send their message to another dimension, but they remain in a state of absolute unexpressed power, until Brahman decides to manifest Itself. This is the true Nature of Existence.

The first step for Brahman to express itself takes place in Status when Brahman decides to project or extend itself into another dimension outside of Status. This action turns on the switch and powers up the transmitter to send out its signal. As soon as it is turned on, it enables all of the Real Ideas to release their creative power to express themselves outside of Status as material objects and energy in time and space. Once the decision is made, the process of sending the signals and their creative power begins. In the following pages, I have tried to share the intricate process through which the signals pass to create Reality, which is a material expression of Brahman's Nature. Reality is not different from Status. If there is any difference, it is the change in poise from non-expression to expression.

This concept is not difficult to understand. On many occasions each of us has written a letter to a friend. The thoughts and feelings that exist in our mind are expressed in a letter where they take on an appearance of words on a paper. The words become sentences. The sentences convey our ideas and feelings. The thoughts and feelings inside our mind and in the letter are not different. They are the same. In the mind, they remain unexpressed but they have power. In the letter, they take on a form to express energy and power in the outside world, so they can touch others. This is exactly how Brahman creates Realities, except all Realities are within it, since it is a Self-Existent Being.

### *Step One in the Process of Creation*

To understand how Brahman becomes Reality, we must start at Brahman in Status and follow the process all the way to Reality. We must begin by remembering that Brahman is One. Since its essential nature has no sense of division or even center of consciousness, it can only send out one signal. But if Brahman can send out only one signal, how can the millions and millions of Real Ideas in Brahman express themselves? When Brahman decides to express Itself, it has to maintain its essential nature. It must maintain the essential character of unity and at the same time permit the expression of all Real Ideas. To accomplish this, the original signal, which is one signal, must be divided into millions and millions of sub-signals for each Real Idea and

each of these sub-signals must be contained within a single signal.

To accomplish this, a special device, called a Maya Transmitter, was created. This transmitter is designed to take the original single signal from Brahman and break it down into sub-signals for all Real Ideas and to transmit them into Reality. The Maya Transmitter takes the original signal that is written in Unity Code and uses a new code that divides up the original single signal of Brahman into millions upon millions of signals each with its own power of creation. In the process, it modifies the signal by adding a new element in the code. It creates a Unity/Reality code, which takes all of the millions of signals from Real Ideas and incorporates them in the basic structure of Unity code. Think of it as a copper wire, which is made up of thousands of strands of smaller wires. We use a single wire but we know it contains thousands of strands of wires inside it. The Maya transmitter creates the same kind of signal. It is a single signal, but it has millions and millions of sub-signals within it, written in Unity/Reality code.

The main purpose of a Maya Transmitter is to convert the original single signal into millions of sub-signals and to send all of these signals as one signal. The only change is in the code, which permits all Real Ideas to express in Reality while retaining its fundamental unity. Once this change has been accomplished, the converted signals are sent from the dimension of Sta-

tus to Reality, so it can be processed and modified to create the universe.

### *Step Two in the Process of Creation*

Once the signal has been converted to Unity/Reality code, it is sent to a relay station within Brahman but not in the dimension of Status. Here the signal undergoes further modification as it is projected into Reality. The signal is sent to the Sat-Chit-Ananda Relay Station, which has been designed to accomplish three things. It must receive and preserve the essential Nature of Brahman and its infinite Real Ideas in the code. It must process the signal and confirm and convert the knowledge and power contained within it into a new more advanced code called Unity/Reality/Will code. This code adds new features that permit the knowledge and power of all of the sub-signals to express in the Self-Creative field of Reality. Finally, it must process the original single signal and all of its sub-signals and send them further into the dimension of Reality. When it sends the signal, it must make sure that each sub-signal is perfect and that no signal ever interferes with another signal. The harmonics of the signal must be perfect in order for the full potential of Brahman to express successfully.

In the Sat element of the Relay Station, the Signal from Maya is received and processed without introducing a single change. As it processes the signals, it must

make sure the Unity/Reality code is not altered. It must maintain its potential to express the infinite knowledge and power of all Real Ideas. It must also create a new monitoring signal that checks to see everything is processed successfully. This is the first action in the Relay Station.

Next, the signal passes to the Chit element of the relay station where it checks to see that the signal has been received properly without the loss of even one bit of knowledge or power. Next, it must translate and convert millions of sub-signals representing each of the Real Ideas into Unity/Reality/Will code. In the process of converting the signal, it must maintain the essential character of the original signal from Brahman and the structure of all the sub-signals. At the same time, it must release the creative power of each signal. Without this conversion, the signals cannot become Reality. Once this is complete, the signal is sent to the Ananda element of the Relay Station.

In the Ananda element of the Relay Station, the signal must be checked again to be sure that no knowledge or power has been lost. The Ananda element must maintain the frequency and modulation of every signal in perfect harmony with every other signal so each maintains its full power of expression in Reality. This element must keep millions and millions of sub-signals flowing into Reality without interfering with each other. The signals must always be in absolute harmony.

I have described the action of the Sat-Chit-Ananda Relay Station as having three elements and the movement of the signal from one element to another. This explanation does not really explain the way in which these three elements work together. The three elements act in an integral manner to complete all three operations in one process. The signal is simultaneously processed by all three in an instantaneous action. For the sake of avoiding confusion, I have described it as three steps, but this is not exactly how it functions. It is an extremely complex process, so it must work in a single action.

### *Step Three in the Process of Creation*

As you can imagine, the capacity of this relay station is beyond anything we know. It receives the single signal and all of the millions and millions of sub-signals and it must process all of these signals instantaneously without the slightest modification or disturbance. Since it is such a complex process, it requires a special organizing computer called Supermind. The Supermind Computer is an essential part of the relay station designed to ensure a perfect process of creation from Real Idea to Reality.

This computer has five very important functions.

- It must maintain a comprehensive and instantaneous view and review of the all sub-signals



that are received and processed through the station.

- It must maintain the essential character of the signal coming from Brahman in Unity Code.
- It must make sure that the three essential elements of the relay station complete their designated functions as an integrated process so the knowledge and power in the signal is converted correctly to Unity/Reality/Will code,
- It must receive and translate all of the separate signals sent from the Maya Transmitter into a powerful creative energy signal that contains the encoded knowledge and power of each signal.
- It must maintain and retransmit all signals in perfect harmony. It must prevent any signal from interfering with any other signal. As it does this it must direct the resulting creative energy signal into a field of action, a dimension called Reality, where the signals express themselves as forms and energy in time and space.

### *Step Four in the Process of Creation*

The Supermind computer acts as an integral part of the Relay Station to convert the original signal into the new signal type called Unity/Reality/Will. Once the

new code has been written, the computer must convert the code into new more powerful energy signals capable of creating Reality. These new energy signals are projected from the Supermind Computer to a Self-Creative field, called universe. But since the signal is so pure, it must pass through some filters to further convert the pure energy signals into three modes of expression that are essential to the creation of Reality. These filters are critical to the process of creation, as they convert the pure energy signals into qualities and values, which are necessary to express the full power and knowledge of Real Ideas in Reality. These filters are called Mental, Vital, and Physical Filters. A single beam of pure energy signal sent from the Supermind Computer passes through these filters. In the process, three different modes of expression are created. As the filters break up the pure energy into three modes of expression, they do not disturb the essential character of Unity/Reality/Will code or the knowledge and power of the Real Ideas that seek to express in Reality.

When the three modes of energy pass out of these filters, they are projected onto the Self-Creative field, called universe, where they express their vast creative power first as energy and later as objects and energy. This process is complex, but it is not that difficult to understand. For years everyone has used computers in schools and universities to create virtual worlds out of electricity. In the process of creating virtual worlds,



a computer translates the single flow of energy entering the computer into a number of other types of energy signals that are necessary for the computer to simulate a Reality. In the computer the various signals acting together create an image on the screen or in a special medium to display virtual Realities. Millions of lines of code containing knowledge and power are processed through different elements of the computer and combined through the computer's processor. The end result is a virtual reality. In many ways, Brahman does the same with its signals as they pass through the Maya Transmitter, the Sat-Chit-Ananda Relay Station, the Supermind Computer and Mind, Vital, and Matter Filters to express on the screen called universe. The only difference is that when Brahman sends out Its signals, the result is not virtual reality; it is Reality, as we know it.

Over the course of the last ten years of writing about Brahman, many of my associates have read and reviewed my notebooks. A number of them have raised complex questions about the process of creation, described in the previous pages. Their review of the process did not uncover any flaw that would account for some of the distortions in Reality. Many have asked me to explain what caused the distortions we find in Reality. They want to know why the basic quality of oneness has not been maintained throughout the transmission of the signal when such care was taken at each step of the conversion process. They wanted to know

how Brahman could create a world full of suffering, death and incapacity? Where did it go wrong? Others wanted to know if it has gone wrong or is the distortion part of the process of creating Reality.

I have spent hours, days, and possibly years seeking answers to these questions during my connection with Brahman. Gradually, I have understood the reasons. There are two points in the process of transmission where an inversion or distortion took place. The first inversion took place in the mental filter, which was designed to see both sides of the signal coming from Brahman, but due to a design flaw in the filter, is unable to do this simultaneously. Rather, it can view one side of the signal first and a few seconds later, it can view the other side of the signal. The structure and functioning of the mental filter resulted in a distorted representation in Reality. Instead of all Real Ideas expressing both sides of the signal simultaneously, they have been limited to expressing one side and then the other. This small but important change created the sense of separation that is essentially different from Oneness in Brahman.

Next, there was another unexpected development that occurred into the process of creation as the signal moved from Status to Reality. The field of self-expression in which the signals created the universe was so perfect that everything appeared to be real. People felt

it was so real they became lost in the outer expression of objects and force. Individuals mistook appearance as the true nature of Brahman, rather than an outer expression of its inner nature of unity. Over time, people became so identified with the outer expression they felt it was the only Reality. The knowledge of the true nature of Brahman was lost. This misperception combined with the distortion in the mental filter has led to the sense of a world full of division, ignorance and powerlessness rather than one of unity.

One night after I had spent days with Brahman, I understood these distortions might not have been a mistake. Rather it appeared to me that this was the original intention of the Brahman, which sought to hide from itself, so it would rediscover itself in an experience of intense joy, as part of the process of evolution. I saw a point in the evolutionary process in Reality, when individual human forms will no longer need to receive the signal through the mental filter. In time, they will be able to receive signals directly from the Supermind Computer. When this happens, these apparent distortions will disappear and individuals will be capable of fully knowing and expressing the perfect consciousness, power and joy of Brahman. In the meantime, Reality must pass through a period of distortion, as it progresses towards a point when the signal will become perfect again and all will know, we are Brahman.

### *Fifth Day of Class*

I was up early again. I waited for Martha in front of the bus stand as we had agreed. She came a few minutes early with a broad smile on her face. She was usually quite serious, so a smile told me she was fine. We talked while we waited for the others. She told me that her mother had come to her room after I left and wanted to know why I barged in like that. "I told her the whole story. My mother and I talked for two hours about the legend class and some of the experiences she had when she was in school. It was great. As my mother was leaving my room she said I was lucky to have such a good friend who was looking out for me."

I felt totally unprepared for Legend class. I had read all the sections again but none of the ideas stuck in my mind, so I decided not to worry about it. As I continued reading, there was an announcement over the public address system asking me to report to the principal's office. The study hall teacher gave me a pass, even though the office was just twenty feet down the hall. I had no idea why I was being called to the office. When I got there Mr. Vidya was waiting for me. He asked me to sit down in one of the small conference rooms. He asked how Martha was. I told him she was fine. He asked if I had heard of anyone else in the class having difficulty. I told him about the jokes some of my classmates had made. "Yesterday's experiment to quiet our minds touched people more than the first day." He said

he would discuss the practice of quieting one's mind in class this afternoon so everyone had a better idea of what they were doing and why. I asked him if there was anything else. He said he saw me fight off the silence in class yesterday. "I saw the bell had touched you more than the day before, but you resisted it. If you did not want to participate in the exercise, it would be better to just read. No one should force another to quiet their mind, if they are not ready." I told him about the discussion I had with my mother and how I did not want to stand out from my classmates. He said he understood and reminded me there was no pressure from his side. "Relax and enjoy the class. I see you are interested in the Seeker. You have plenty of time to learn about him."

When we got to Legend class Mr. Vidya was waiting as usual. He waited patiently as everyone settled in. It was Friday, so everyone was eager to finish the afternoon and go home. Finally, he asked his question of the day. "Why do you think we are studying the Seeker and his work?"

I raised my hand and said, "Seeker was famous, he had important ideas, his ideas changed the way humanity thinks about life, and he was a great scientist." Mr. Vidya nodded and looked to see if there was another answer. Martha spoke almost immediately. She always had a better sense of history. I think it was be-

cause she read a lot with her father who was a history buff. She said, "Shortly after Seeker's death, people realized they had not understood the importance of his message. He had been recognized, but most people had not taken him seriously. After he died, they felt society had missed a great opportunity, because people like him did not come along very often. A panel of scientists and politicians prepared a program to introduce students to Seeker's ideas in an effort to get young people to relate to these ideas more seriously. They also hoped to identify students with some of Seeker's specialized talents. Over the past thousand years there have been at least twelve students identified through these classes who have communicated with Brahman and of the twelve, two had maintained a connection for more than thirty minutes."

Mr. Vidya thanked Martha for her answer. He said, "This is exactly why these classes have been started and why they have continued for hundreds of years. Seeker's notes suggested students are receptive to training between the ages of 14-21, so classes are offered in high school and college. Yesterday, we tried our second experiment to quiet the mind. These experiments have helped teachers identify students with potential. They are also a way to show students something more of the deeper side of their nature. I understand that a few of you were disturbed by yesterday's experiment. Therefore, I want to spend a few minutes talking about how some of you might feel and how you

should respond. First of all, a number of people find quieting their mind pleasant, while others find it quite upsetting. Some people feel they may lose control of themselves and this makes them anxious or nervous. I know a few of you felt uncomfortable or disoriented by your experiences. This is quite normal and you should not worry about it. Tell your parents or a friend, so they can help you to deal with it."

Louis Jolly interrupted Mr. Vidya. He said, "My mind was quiet for about three hours after yesterday's class. At first I enjoyed the feeling. I felt that everything was fresh and full of energy. After basketball practice, I took a shower and it was gone. I couldn't get it back." "Exactly," said Mr. Vidya. "If you take a cold shower, it helps you get back to your normal center inside yourself. For some people, a hot cup of tea or coffee will do the same. Remember, you have lots of friends around you and they can help you in just a few minutes. The most important thing is not to worry."

"If any of you do not want to try the exercise, you are free to read or leave the class early," he said. "These classes are designed to challenge you to find something more in yourself, not to frighten you." Everyone understood. They felt Mr. Vidya had taken the time to speak to them as adults. He seemed to have a knack of making everyone feel comfortable, which they appreciated. He waited for a few minutes and asked, "How many would like to try the experiment again?" Every-

one including Martha raised their hand. "Good," he said. "We will try again later in the class."

"Yesterday, we did not have time to cover all of the issues Seeker raised about the nature of Brahman. We talked about his descriptions of time and space. Does anyone have any questions about this?" Mr. Vidya asked. Harold Jennings spoke. "Yesterday, when I was watching a program on the television, a space ship carrying explorers came upon an invisible entity. This entity had great power over some worlds in this part of space. When the space travelers tried to take someone from one of these worlds with them, the entity prevented them. It was there, but since it was in a different dimension without time and space, no one could see it. It communicated telepathically to the space travelers about itself and its people. This entity lived in another dimension like Brahman, but it had the power to express its power in another dimension just like Seeker describes in his notes. After seeing this story, I had a better idea about what you told us in class." Mr. Vidya said, "Many times a well-written story could help us to understand important ideas in the Legend of Brahman."

Mr. Vidya looked at his watch. He informed the class that the teacher for next period's class had left for an important meeting, so he had agreed to continue the Legend class for one more period. Before going ahead with any more discussions about Seeker's Notebooks

he wanted us to take some time to think about the first week of class. He asked everyone to take out a sheet of paper. For the next fifteen minutes he asked each of us to list out the five most important things we had heard this week and how we thought these ideas would affect our lives. Everyone sat quietly, thinking, writing, trying to figure out what Seeker meant to them now and what he might mean in the future. As the class worked on the assignment, Mr. Vidya went out to get something. He returned wheeling a very large bell about three feet in diameter. It was on a stand with wheels, so it could be moved easily from class to class. He asked all of us to rearrange our desks in two circles around the center of the room. Everyone got up and moved their desks. Within five minutes there were two circles surrounding the bell in the center.

Mr. Vidya waited for everyone to get settled. He said, "This weekend everyone will have a short homework assignment to complete. Based on the notes you prepared in the last fifteen minutes, write a three page essay about how your lives have changed and would continue to change based on what you have heard and read about Peter Seeker and the legend of Brahman." Mr. Vidya told us this essay was important since everyone our age should begin to think about what they wanted to do with their lives. "Take your time. Think before you write. Call your friends and talk about it. Speak to your parents about it. Then write. Write what you feel, what is real to you about Peter Seeker as a

person and the legend of Brahman," he said. He also asked everyone to read the last section in Seeker's Notebooks. "Next week we will discuss your papers after we finish covering the remaining topics in Seeker's Notebooks."

Everyone was anxious to try the experiment. He reminded us how to prepare ourselves for the effort. He began speaking in a soft and assuring voice. He seemed to take more time. He seemed to lead everyone into a quiet that was already there in their minds after the first two attempts. Everyone had finished preparing when the bell sounded. The room was full of sound. It was everywhere. It was a deep and powerful sound. It was so rich you almost felt you could touch it. Unlike the earlier sounds, it did not seem to end.

I felt myself floating above my chair. I saw waves of sound rolling past me, even through me. Gradually, it slowed and the last wave of sound was passing outwards beyond me. It was moving slowly with a rhythm and balance that was so easy to see and relate to. One did not have to rush after the wave. I felt myself become one with the wave. There was no need to fall into the quiet. The wave carried me slowly and gently into a realm of silence. Suddenly, my mind was empty. There was no excitement, there were no thoughts, and there were no friends to think about. There was only a deep stillness that seemed to continue to expand in quiet. I do not remember anything else.

Slowly a new sound arose in my mind. It seemed to be the same sound repeating. But now it was calling me back. I returned from the space where I was and sensed the rest of the class. Gradually the sound became real again and before I knew it, I opened my eyes. Mr. Vidya was standing next to the bell. He had struck it a second time to call us back. Almost everyone in the class was sitting motionless. A few students had already left but only a few. Everyone had responded to his call. It had been 45 minutes, though it seemed like a few seconds. Gradually, students began to stand up and stretch. Some began to speak though almost in whispers. Mr. Vidya had tea and coffee for anyone who wanted it. A few people who were a bit disoriented sipped a hot drink. I felt fine. I looked for Martha. She was sitting quietly. She looked relaxed. We both smiled at each other. I knew she was fine. As we left the room, everyone thanked Mr. Vidya for taking such interest in the class and the experiment. It was the best class we had ever had.

Martha and the rest of our friends who lived in the neighborhood met in front of the school about fifteen minutes later. Everyone was bundled in heavy jackets, scarves, gloves and warm hats. I felt like I did not need anything to protect myself from the weather. I felt so warm inside. The feeling was so rich. Everyone was cheerful. We walked quickly but not in a hurry. By the time we reached our neighborhood, I realized no one had spoken a word. One by one friends left the group

as we reached their homes. When we reached my place, Martha waited to speak to me. She asked, "Can we discuss Seeker over the weekend before writing our papers?" I said, "Great. I will call you tomorrow sometime in the afternoon." She said, "I have something to do with my mother in the morning. Afternoon is great."

I went in and found my mother waiting near the door. She saw us coming and wanted to speak to me right away. As soon as the door closed, she told me she had been invited to a meeting of people interested in Seeker. The meeting was in two hours in a nearby church. "Would you like to come? There is a guest speaker from a Center in Asia. She is considered to be an authority on Seeker, but more importantly she was one of the few people in the last hundred years to make a connection with Brahman, even though it had lasted only a few seconds."

I responded, "I would be happy to go." I asked if Martha could come. She said, "I have no objection, but Martha's parents should agree." I called Martha. She said it sounded interesting but she was feeling very quiet, so she wanted to spend the evening alone. I understood. I told her I would call tomorrow as promised. My mother and I had a quick dinner and left. My father was out of town on business and would come late in the night. We arrived at the church a few minutes early. I struggled to keep myself from falling back into the quiet. There were less than a dozen people waiting at



the church. They were my mother's friends. They started talking, as the speaker was late. I told my mother I would sit in the other room, so I would not disturb the conversation. I asked her to call me when the speaker came.

I went into the other room. I closed my eyes and the silence from the afternoon rushed back into my mind. I let myself slip into the experience. My mind seemed to dissolve. I did not remember where I was or anything about the meeting. I went deep inside my mind. After some time, I became aware of pink light shining in the silence. In the midst of the quiet, there was a call from within the pink light. It was not a voice. What was it? What did it want? I did not recognize the sounds, but I sensed their meaning. Gradually, I remembered I was in the church and opened my eyes. There was an elderly woman sitting next to me with her eyes closed. She looked so peaceful. There was a light on her face that seemed to come from inside. I did not know who she was, but I knew she had called me from my silence. I waited and in a few moments she opened her eyes. Neither of us spoke. She stared into my eyes for five minutes without interruption. She seemed so serious. Then she smiled. I felt the whole world had smiled at me.

She stood up and asked me to join the others. I went into the other room and found my mother and her friends talking. The presentation had finished two hours

before. The speaker had asked my mother not to disturb me at the beginning of her presentation. When she had finished, she came in to call me. She had taken more than an hour to reach me with her call and we both took an equal amount of time to return from the silence. Everyone was ready to leave, but they waited to see what their guest would say. She turned to me and said, "I sensed this meeting was important before I came, but I had no idea how important. It was a great pleasure to meet you in your silence. In the future, remember the secret lies in accepting oneness and flow. Enjoy your journey." I did not know why she said this, as we had hardly shared two words. I remembered the monk in Seeker's Notebook. I bowed and left with my mother.

On the way home my mother said, "I never enjoyed a talk about Seeker so much." She said the woman radiated Seeker's vision. She was delighted I had met her. As we approached home my mother asked, "Did you speak to the woman while you sat in the other room?" I told my mother she had called me from my silence. "She seemed to have entered a space where we were somehow one. She communicated but it was not in words. I am not sure what she said but I felt it inside of me. It was more a sense of rhythm and harmony. She appeared as a brilliant pink light. When I became one with the pink light, I knew you were waiting. I sensed there was something very special about her but I don't know what it is." My mother listened and

said, "I think she came to meet you, so I wanted to know what she said." I thought for a minute and said, "She appears to have left me a message I don't understand. Maybe someday it will be clear."

As soon as we reached home, I took a shower and was asleep within a few minutes.

***Fifth Night's Reading***

**Brahman's Play**

**From The Notebooks of Peter Seeker**

More than twenty five years ago I found the first evidence of signals from Brahman. It took another twenty years for me to find the source and understand who was sending them and their significance to our universe and life. Even now, after almost a decade of communication with Brahman, the world has not fully grasped the implication of these monumental discoveries. When I introduced my original findings, society was shaken. Many wondered how people would respond to the knowledge that all we know as Reality is the result of a consciousness outside of our dimension. Today, thirty years later, as I continue to communicate with Brahman and strive to share some of the knowledge I have gleaned from these encounters, I understand more clearly how humanity has responded. The world has continued on, as it has since the beginning of time caught in the outer play of life. Man's vision has re-



mained unchanged, trapped in the clutches of his outer nature and its fascination with objects and activities.

So far, I have been unable to communicate the marvel and significance of our existence to scientists, political leaders or even men of faith. This marvel remains trapped inside of me pressing for expression, yet there appears to be no one interested in listening. But the lack of response does not change the truth of things. Humanity now knows the signals from Brahman have released an infinite energy, which created our universe of matter, life and mind. Humanity knows the world is an expression of Real Ideas acting in an absolute rhythm and harmony seeking to express the full consciousness of Brahman. This is a knowledge from which we can no longer hide.

Humanity cannot remain an unconscious receiver forever. Now that it knows the signals are there, mankind must discover ways to shift the center of its life to understanding and act on the knowledge and power contained within the message of the signal. We can no longer allow the signal to trigger the genetic structure of our lives and sit quiet for the next seventy or eighty years living without understanding its influence in our lives. Humanity must refocus itself on the inner meaning of the signal. Mankind has already begun to sense the need for change. It has begun to seek for answers, which our outer life cannot provide. Humanity is awakening to the shift it must make. It must decide to con-

sciously relate itself to the signal. It must learn to understand its complex and intricate message, so each individual becomes a conscious center in life where Brahman's consciousness in Status expresses itself directly and consciously in Reality. This is the final perfection all Real Ideas seek to express in Reality.

Ok! We know the signals are there and they have knowledge and power. We know they are important. We understand they are the truth of our nature, but it appears to be upside down. For millennia man has lived in his outer world. He has discovered many truths about his environment and gradually he has begun to master some of its forces. How can he give up his existing center of life and create a new one based on these signals? This is the problem I have been struggling with from the moment I began writing about Brahman and the signals. How can I, Peter Seeker, convince humanity to step away from all it has known for thousands of years and accept a new center buried deep within its inner nature? How can I make it clear enough so people will consider changing their lives?

The process began long ago. The signals have been subliminally preparing the universe for change for millions of years, in Reality. My discovery is just one more step in a very long process in which humanity has been becoming more conscious of Brahman. Brahman is already acting in our world. It is, It has been and It will continue, because Brahman is Reality. So far its

actions have been slow and unconscious. Its subliminal signals have shaped and directed the process of evolution from deep within our nature. From there the signal has acted indirectly on our outer nature to prepare for a continuous unfolding of Brahman in Reality. Today, we know the signal is there in each and every thing. We know it is acting in each of us. Something in our outer nature receives the signal and responds even when we are not conscious of it.

For the last twenty years scientists in many labs around the world have been measuring and testing the action of the signal in all life forms. They have begun to see the impact of the subliminal signals on our outer nature and the course of our lives. Efforts are already underway in many labs to create sensors capable of reading the signals and translating their message. Already science knows and can document some of the relationships between the deepest signals and our outer lives. It is only a matter of time before scientists uncover a conscious link between the inner message and our outer consciousness. When they do, it will become possible to live a totally conscious life in Brahman.

For a long time, Brahman has waited for the capacity of the Real Ideas to develop so they can more fully express Its nature. We are reaching a point of transition. Human consciousness will become a field for Brahman's infinite consciousness to express directly in Real-

ity. We are living in exciting times, when humanity has the chance to change itself rather than to wait. Man must begin to refocus his life to a new conscious center focused on the signal and its message. He must listen with a quiet mind for the voice of Brahman to show him the way forward. It is happening already though unconsciously. Man must choose to become a conscious instrument for the knowledge and power of Brahman in Reality.

In such times what can humanity do to awaken to Brahman? First, we must shift our view more and more inside. Next, we must stand back from the endless blur of activity and find a center of quiet deep inside ourselves. Finally, in the quiet, we must listen and discover the words and music of Brahman's harmony and rhythm, which carry its knowledge and power. As this new center develops, individuals must learn to understand its message and express it in their outer nature. Brahman seeks total expression in Reality. We must become its conscious receivers to express its message in our universe.

This is the final knowledge I have seen in the light of Brahman. I hope it shines upon those who are ready.

## Weekend Assignment

For the first time in a week I slept in. It was past 8:00 am when I got out of bed. I took a quick shower,

which left me feeling fresh and full of energy. My parents were still sleeping, which was their normal Saturday routine. I might see them in another hour. I made some breakfast and was quietly thinking about the woman I had met last night at the church. Last week had been jam packed with Legend class, experiments to quiet my mind, Martha's nervousness and yesterday's quiet. How could anyone think of cramming more into a week? But last night seemed as important as the entire week. Who was that lady? What had she said to me in the quiet? Why did she appear as a pink light? Why had she told me to remember oneness and flow? I could not make any sense of it, though I had a very good feeling after meeting her.

After eating I went into the den and sat in my favorite chair. I needed to relax. I needed to forget about Seeker, our class, quieting my mind and this woman. I needed some space for myself. I needed to let some noise back in my mind. All week noise seemed to recede into the background without even a fight. What was happening to me? I sat for about thirty minutes before my mother came in. She had showered and looked ready to leave. "Where are you going?" I asked. She said she had been asked to pick up the lady who spoke last night and drive her to a town about two hours from here. She was speaking to another group about Seeker tomorrow night. "What time will you be back?" I asked. She thought for a minute and said, "No later than 1:00 pm." "Do you mind if I come along?" I asked. I was not meeting Martha

until three and I had no other plans. My mother said, "I was about to ask you if you wanted to join me."

Fifteen minutes later we were in the car headed across town to the home of my mother's best friend. The speaker had stayed there last night. We arrived earlier than expected but it was not a problem. Everyone was ready. When I entered the doorway the woman from the church was sitting with her back to me in the other room. She smiled to my mother's friend and said, "I thought he might come." How did she know I was there? Who was she? I felt good when I thought about her but at the same time I felt a little nervous. I felt I was at a border in my mind and something in me was not sure it wanted to cross it. I walked over to her and she bowed as we had done last night. I returned the bow.

My mother and her friend watched us not knowing what was going on. Neither did I. We sat for a few minutes while the woman went upstairs to get her things. I watched her come back into the room. She seemed to walk with an effortless grace. It was almost like she was skating or dancing. She handed me her bag and I took it out to the car. My mother's friend said a few things to her and thanked her for coming. She replied, "I had a package to deliver. I was honored to be the courier. It has been delivered safely. Now I must be off." My mother and her friend had no idea what the woman was talking about. They wondered if she was feeling all right.

A few minutes later we were in the car. It took us about ten minutes to reach the highway which would take us north to the town where she was expected. As long as we were in the traffic she sat quietly looking at all of the cars. As soon as we reached the highway, she turned to me and asked, "I understand from your mother you have started studying the life of Peter Seeker in school this week. Are you enjoying your class?" she asked.

I thought for a minute before answering. "Yes," I replied. "I started the Legend of Brahman class this week and it has been quite interesting so far. I have an excellent teacher who makes us think about Seeker, which I am enjoying. As far as my feelings about Seeker, I sense I have known him all my life even though I only heard his name a week ago. Something about him resonates with me. All week I felt like someone was removing a veil from my mind. I feel like I am discovering something I already knew some time ago. But somehow I felt you already knew this without asking me." My mother looked over to me to see why I was being rude. She had never heard me speak like this. The woman smiled but did not respond. We sat for the next one and a half hours without speaking. My mother felt I had crossed the limit and somehow offended the woman. I did not have the same feeling. I almost felt I knew her, but I could not find the answer.

When we got off the highway, my mother asked her

if she would like to stop for coffee. She said that would be nice. My mother located a convenient restaurant and pulled into the parking lot. As we walked to the restaurant my mother pulled me aside and asked me why I had been rude to the woman. "Don't you see she is disturbed by what you said? She did not speak the whole way after you were rude." I told my mother I had not meant to offend her in any way. I felt she already knew the answer, so I simply said what I felt. The woman saw my mother speaking to me as we went into the restaurant but said nothing to relieve my mother's anxiety. I told my mother I would apologize to her during coffee. My mother was relieved.

We ordered coffee, hot chocolate, and some hot apple pie. While we were waiting for the waiter to bring the food, I turned to the woman and asked, "In the forest, Seeker learned two things. He saw the importance of seeing things from the perspective of the whole and not the parts. He saw the signal was not two parts but a whole. He also saw the river was a flow of energy from one plane to another." She nodded as I paused. "This is the topic I want to write about in my essay for class on Monday. Can you tell me why Peter learned these things from the monk and not through the device?" Just as I finished the waiter came and served the food. It distracted us for a moment.

After taking a small bite of cake and a sip of coffee, she turned to my mother and said, "The package is

open.” My mother did not know what she was talking about. She was more and more concerned about the woman’s health. The woman continued to sip her coffee. Then she looked at me and said, “Seeker was a man of science. He had faith in his equipment. He was open to Brahman but the structure of his mind was standing in the way of his reaching that knowledge. The monk came to show Seeker the other side of himself outside of science. The Monk showed him how to reach Brahman without the support of instrumentation but through the knowledge and power of his own consciousness. Once he understood this perspective, he had the complement to his outer knowledge. It was only a matter of time until he communicated with Brahman through his outer nature with his device.”

My mother sat quietly watching us discuss this issue. She understood it was important to me. She saw the woman was not offended in any way by my comments or questioning. Like Mr. Vidya, she was leading me to discover my own path. We finished our discussion in a few minutes. My mother paid the bill. We continued our journey for another ten minutes until we reached the place where the woman would stay. My mother took her bag to the house to give us a moment alone. She looked at me again and said, “Remember Seeker’s message. Have faith and aspire for the truth, answers shall reveal themselves in time.” She bowed once more and went inside. My mother and I started home a few minutes later.

We were more than halfway home before my mother spoke. She looked over at me and asked, “Did you enjoy yourself this morning?” I said the woman had answered an important question, which had been on my mind for the past few days. Her answer had given me a new insight into the relationship between Brahman and Reality even if I could not express it yet. My mother waited a few moments and said, “Do you know what she said when I left her at the door? She said, ‘I was one of Brahman’s favorites’.” My mother looked embarrassed. “She has been saying strange things all day. I think she must be tired from her travels. I hope she gets some rest over the weekend. I think she has been traveling far too much for her age.” I looked over at my mother and said, “I am sure she will be fine.”

We reached home a little later than planned. It was almost 2:00 pm. My mother and father had plans for the rest of the afternoon and evening. We had a quick lunch and within thirty minutes they left for an evening with friends. I was still a bit scattered after my morning episode with the woman, when the phone rang. It was Martha. She was calling from a shop on the other side of town. The work with her mother had lasted longer than she expected. She said she would not return home until at least 5:00 pm. We agreed she would come for dinner. My mother had left a meal, so we did not need to cook. I asked her come over when she was ready.

I went into the den and sat as I had in the morning. I wanted a few hours by myself to reflect on this morning and all of the other events of the week. I sat in the chair and closed my eyes. I fell asleep a short time later. I awoke to the sound of the doorbell. It must be Martha. I shouted for her to come in. She came in and found me resting in the den. She looked different. At first I did not guess what it was. Then it struck me. "You had a haircut," I said. She smiled. It was much shorter than she normally kept it, but I liked it. "So this is how you spent your day, shopping and getting a hair cut," I said. After taking off her warm coat and scarf, she sat down on the couch across from the chair where I was sitting. I told her I envied her. This morning I wanted to get away and relax. I wanted to forget the whole week and all its events. Something in me wanted to go back to where I started the week. I could see she had escaped from Seeker and his strange thoughts. I had a very different type of day.

She sensed I was not myself. She asked how I had spent the day. I thought about everything that had happened this morning and decided to leave the story for another time. Instead I asked her if she was in the mood to discuss Seeker. I told her I really needed a break from Seeker. I asked her if she wanted to watch a movie or get together with some friends. She saw I was not in the mood for homework and neither was she. We decided to heat the dinner my mother had left, listen to music, watch TV and talk, as we liked. Her mother came

over around 8:00 pm to check up on her and found us sitting in the den watching a movie. Martha was sitting in my favorite chair. I was stretched out on the floor. She understood we were enjoying a well-deserved break. Martha stayed until about 10:00 pm. I walked her home when the movie was over. We agreed to meet the next day morning to talk about the paper. I was home and asleep before 10:30 pm.

The following morning Martha rang the bell at 8:00 am. I was up and ready for our discussion. We went into our recreation room, so we would not be interrupted when my folks came down in an hour. I told Martha I had decided to write a different type of essay for class. I did not feel like writing what Mr. Vidya had asked. I told her I had been thinking all week about Seeker's trip to the forest with the monk and the questions it had raised in my mind. Martha was surprised by my interest in this section of Seeker's Notebook. It was the one part of the story she did not like. We discussed her response to this episode. "There was something very pleasant about the monk and the relationship he developed with Seeker," she said, "but I feel threatened by him." She felt he represented a turning point in Seeker's life. "After this encounter, Seeker could not come back. He had crossed over to another dimension with the monk, never to return to the life and people he had known, at least psychologically. This incident represents a choice I cannot make in my life." She understood herself better than most of my friends. She knew she



wanted a meaningful life but one within the confines of normal society.

I told her my reaction to this episode was just the opposite. She said she had expected as much. I found the monk so inviting, so welcoming. I sensed he had come just when Seeker needed him the most. I saw an action of Brahman in life, when these two characters met. All week, I had felt this encounter was the central point in Seeker's life and I wanted to write about it. I agreed with Martha it was a very crucial point in Seeker's life where he took a decision to follow his search for knowledge to the end, no matter the cost. "I don't know why it was so important to me, but I need to understand it fully, as it had something to do with my future." I told her more about the meeting at the church and the drive in the car. I told her about what happened with the lady from Asia and how I had bowed without understanding why. She listened with full attention but also with a sense of deep concern. After some time, she hesitantly asked, "Who was this woman and why did she come to speak?" I said I wasn't sure but somehow I felt she was the monk. Martha stood up and started pacing the room. She was disturbed. "Do you know how crazy that sounds?" she said. "Yes," I replied, "but it is the way I feel." I also told her my mother felt there was some connection between us, which she did not fully understand. Martha looked at me in amazement.

We talked for more than an hour about the church and the car ride and everything the woman had said. Martha grew more and more agitated. She finally said, "I think you have gotten carried away with Seeker and the Legend of Brahman. I think you were right yesterday when you said you needed a break. I think you need to think about what you are doing and make sure you are not taking this idea too far." We talked about Seeker and what he meant to each of us. We discussed all of the pages from the short notebooks we had from class. During the discussion, it became clear that each of us had responded to Seeker in a different way. Martha saw the Legend class as another piece of information to process and organize in her mind, to incorporate into her mental fabric. I had responded from a totally different point of view. Seeker touched my emotions. I felt a calling awaken in me. I felt a growing emotional identification with him and his message to the world. She saw ideas, principles and thoughts. I saw feeling, harmony and oneness. Mr. Vidya was right. A discussion with a friend was a great way to discover what Seeker really meant to us.

My mother brought in lunch at 1:00 pm when we did not come up. She sat with us for about an hour and listened to our discussions. She saw the play between the two of us and understood Seeker was becoming real to both of us in different ways. At 3:00 pm Martha said she had to go home and start writing. She had enjoyed the discussion but she sensed she and I were

going down different paths. This disturbed her, though she tried not to show it.

I went to my room after she left and within two hours I had written five pages about Seeker and the monk. When I reread the paper, I saw I had completed the assignment Mr. Vidya had given in my own way. I took the paper down to my mother at dinner and asked her if she could read it. She said, "I have been eagerly waiting to read it." About 9:00 pm, she knocked on my door. She had read and marked all of the spelling and grammar mistakes. She had also underlined some parts of the text and written short comments in the margin. She said, "This is the best paper you have ever written. Seeker has awakened in your emotions in a way I never expected. I am sure Mr. Vidya will like it a lot. Please tell me what he says when he returns it to you."

About thirty minutes later, I was finishing the corrections to my paper before printing it. The phone rang. My mother called from the kitchen, "Martha is on the phone." I picked up the phone to speak to Martha. As soon as I said hello, she started to speak, "Oh! You must think I'm really a bad friend after the way I spoke this morning. I said some things I probably should never have spoken and I wouldn't be surprised if you are not speaking to me." I listened for a few minutes. Finally, I decided to interrupt her. "Martha," I said, "I don't know what you are talking about. I'm not mad at you and you didn't say anything to offend me. We are good friends

and friends are supposed to say what they mean. You and I don't feel the same about Seeker but that is no reason for me to stop talking with you." She tried to start again and I interrupted once more. "Martha, did you write your paper?" I asked. She said she had finished it about twenty minutes before. She felt it was one of her best papers. I told her that my mother said the same thing about mine. I paused and said, "I guess the heated discussion about our points of view helped each of us write a better paper. Isn't that what Mr. Vidya asked us to do? I will print you a copy of my paper so you can read it when you get a chance. I hope you will let me see yours." "I'll have it for you at the bus stop," she said. "See you in the morning."

### **The Last Three Days of Class**

After last week's excitement in Legend class, it was hard to image what the next three days would be like. Martha and my friends met as usual in the morning and walked to school. We talked about our papers. We were both excited about what Mr. Vidya would say about our ideas.

Monday and Tuesday, Legend class was much the same as it had been last week. Mr. Vidya asked questions about Seeker and his ideas and we shared our thoughts about them. The discussions were interesting but not quite as intense as last week. Maybe we were



getting used to looking at the world from a new point of view. Everyone handed in their papers and Mr. Vidya promised to read and return them on Wednesday, the last day of class. Each day he conducted an experiment to help us learn how to quiet our mind. A handful of students including myself was beginning to understand how to quiet our minds without a lot of difficulty. Others enjoyed the effort, but they never figured out how to stop the thoughts from entering their minds. Everyone continued to enjoy these experiments, even though the results varied dramatically. It was pleasant and for the most part relaxing.

We all looked forward to the last day of class because Mr. Vidya told us he would return our papers and answer any remaining questions we had about Seeker and the legend of Brahman. I reached class early on Wednesday. I was anxious to know what Mr. Vidya would say about my paper. I knew I had written what I wanted, but it was not exactly what he had asked for. I was not sure if he would appreciate my initiative. As usual, he was in class ahead of time waiting for us to settle in. He was sitting at his desk with all of the papers.

After everyone was seated and quiet, he began. "Over the past two days, I have read all of your papers. The views that each of you have expressed are unique. Everyone sees things differently in life. The same is

true about Seeker and The Legend. Each of your papers helped me understand what Seeker means to you at this point in your life. Please keep it and reread it when you finish your last Legend of Brahman class eight years from now."

"All of the papers were good, even the one from Mr. Zimmer," he said. Everyone looked over at Charles and wondered what sort of joke or sarcastic remark he had put in his paper. Right from the first day, he seemed to dislike Seeker and the idea of a Legend. It was as if Seeker was too serious for him. Mr. Vidya asked Charles if he would come up to the front of the class and explain to everyone exactly what he felt about Seeker and what he had written about him. Zimmer loved it. He was always looking for a stage and now he had it. Mr. Vidya seemed to be playing right into his hands. I was anxious to see how this turned out.

Charles came to the front of the class and took his paper from Mr. Vidya. He opened the paper. It was a single page. On the page he had drawn a hand pointing. It was not pointing anywhere in particular. At the top of the page everyone saw an A. Nobody could believe their eyes, especially Charles. He showed everyone the drawing and waited. Finally, someone asked him what it meant. Charles said, "I am interested in what Seeker writes, but I cannot make anything out of it even after reading the Notebooks five or six times. I know it's important, but it just doesn't make sense to me. I

was sitting at home on Sunday trying to write my paper and found I had nothing to say. I called my older brother at college and told him about our assignment. My brother knows me well and was surprised to see me acting seriously. He told me he would call back in an hour with some help.”

“An hour later he called. He said he had sent an e-mail. He asked me to open it. When I opened it, I found the drawing. I was surprised. I asked him what it was about. My brother told me about a famous Greek philosopher. This philosopher decided he could never describe anything in the world accurately because words never expressed what things really were. He lived by himself in a cave for years and when people came and asked him about something, he would simply point. He knew the marvel of existence was unexplainable, so he did not try. This was exactly how I felt about Seeker. This drawing was the best solution for my assignment.”

Everyone laughed but understood Charles had really gotten a lot out of the Legend class. Mr. Vidya congratulated him for his unique approach. He said, “This is one of the most novel papers I have ever received.” Charles was happy and everyone saw how Seeker had touched each person differently.

Mr. Vidya waited for the class to settle down again before he continued. He told us that after reading all of the papers he found two that stood out in his mind. He

said, “This did not mean they are better than the other papers. Rather they are only different in their style and expression and so they stand out in my mind.” Martha’s paper was one of the two papers. He asked Martha to come to the front of the class and explain the key ideas in her paper.

She was reluctant to speak but everyone encouraged her. They knew she could express things well and they wanted to know what she had written. Martha came to the front of the room and took her paper. She spoke for five minutes explaining how she had spent six hours with me in heated discussion about Seeker before she wrote her paper. She explained how we had almost argued with each other and how we challenged each other to the point of shouting. A number of Martha’s friends knew she was capable of a good shouting match. She explained how her ideas had only become clear after I had made her clarify them in terms of the opposite point of view. She said that this was the main idea of her paper. She understood from Seeker’s life that the most important things in life come to us in a way that is opposite to what we think is right. They come as contradictions because our mind is not able to see both sides of the signal at once, so life makes us see both sides in a confrontation. She understood she was someone who did not like confrontation but she had learned in the last week that she had to accept both sides of the signal and find an idea to reconcile them. “Look at Seeker,” she said. “He was a man of science, a man of meas-

urement, a man of fact and figure. He had tried to see the world through this side of the signal in his lab. Life did not let him enjoy his partial viewpoint. Life brought him Brahman, an existence beyond measurement, facts and figures. Seeker had to reconcile the two halves of Nature, the inner subjective and the outer objective sides. This was what his life was about. I know I will face some kind of confrontation in my life, which will help me to discover more about Brahman." Everyone understood her and clapped.

Mr. Vidya paused again and said, "We have time for only one more paper. The final paper is in some ways like Mr. Zimmer's paper, as its author did not follow the instructions given for this assignment." I knew right away it was my paper, so before he embarrassed me any more, I got up and came to the front of the class to take my paper. Mr. Vidya smiled. Everyone was surprised, since I was known as one who always followed instructions. I really did not know what to say. I was trying to gather my ideas when I looked down at the paper and saw the note Mr. Vidya had written at the top — *The fire of aspiration has awakened in you. Let it burn as bright as a star.* He had understood how I felt. I knew what I had to say.

I began. "Last week was a very important time in my life. For the past fourteen years, I have been passing my time, living on the surface of life. Nothing has touched me. Life has not really brought me face to face

with the opposites that Martha talked about. I work hard. I enjoy myself. I have a lot of good friends but nothing has challenged me. Nothing has engaged me. Last week I became engaged. Seeker represents the opposite for me. He had the courage to abandon the norm. He had the courage to act outside of social opinion. He was a lone individual floating in space with Brahman, an unexplainable existence which is the very opposite of the norm. I have not been able to get Seeker out of my mind. He is there in the morning when I wake and throughout the day, even when I am playing basketball. He does not leave me. Last week, I walked out of the exercise to quiet our minds in class, because I did not want to be different. I wanted all of you to think I was normal. I understand I must change my attitudes, if I am going to be like Seeker. Seeker has come to disturb the quiet of my life. For the first time in my life I feel alive."

Everyone was quiet. They knew Seeker had touched me deeply. Many wondered what it was all about. Then everyone clapped as they had for Martha.

There were only a few minutes left in class. Mr. Vidya asked if there were any other questions. I raised my hand. He was not surprised. I told him I had asked a question last week, which he had not answered and I was still interested in understanding how the ancient rishis of his country had known Brahman without the support of technology. He remembered my question and

was pleased I had not forgotten it. He asked if anyone knew the answer. There was no response. He waited as he always did and said, "In the time of the ancient rishis, there were no outer tools or technology. Man found himself in a world full of wonders, which no one could explain. Faced with the challenge of finding answers, men of the day like Seeker turned inward. Through the power of concentration, will and dedication, they sought knowledge about the inner realms of mind, the higher regions of mental consciousness and finally their connection with the source of all knowledge, Brahman. Seeker made great strides in his quest for knowledge with the assistance of outer technology but in the end he reached Brahman with the aid of the monk and the power of his own inner consciousness. Each of you, everyone can choose to turn inward and discover the infinite knowledge and power within yourself without the aid of machines and labs. For in the end, we are all Brahman."

I was fully satisfied with his answer, as it corroborated what the woman had told me on Saturday. I knew what I must do. I must find a path that combined both the inner and outer parts of my life in a search for Brahman.

Mr. Vidya asked everyone to take out their Seeker's Notebooks, open it to Seeker's Closing Message at the end of the booklet and read the closing letter.

We all opened and read for a few minutes. He was sitting on his desk looking intently at everyone in the class when he said, "This year you have had a short but powerful introduction to Seeker and the Legend of Brahman. This is the first class you will take over the next eight years. Hopefully, you have seen something of the infinity Seeker tried to share with us. Remember, whatever you do in life, make the three values Seeker speaks of in his closing letter a part of everything you do in life. If you can do this, you will find Brahman in whatever you do." All of us listened in silence. When Mr. Vidya finished, we understood life would never be the same.

## From The Notebooks of Peter Seeker

### Seeker's Closing Message

I began these notebooks with a short note to scientists who in the course of their studies might find themselves studying the research I have done over the last forty years. At the end of this notebook, I felt I should close with another note to share a little more about the journey I have made. This note is not about me. Rather, it is about the search for knowledge I have been engaged in throughout my life. I did not start out seeking knowledge. I was one of those factual people dedicated to science trying to uncover information, data, statistics and hopefully some useable technology to improve the lives of individuals and society. I did not have the slightest idea of what life had in store for me.

As I look back on my career, I see there have been three values in my life that made the difference. I did not understand the importance of these values when I started life. Today, I have a better idea of their role in

my discovering Brahman. I wanted to share these values with those who are looking for an exciting ride through life on their way towards self-discovery. These values are:

- Conceive reality as infinite;
- Believe in this infinity;
- Seek to achieve that infinity in action.

Remember in the end, we are all Brahman, a self-existent, infinite consciousness expressing itself through the limitations of outer Nature. The more you remove the limitations within yourself, the more Brahman expresses in your life.

Enjoy the Journey  
**Peter Seeker**

## The Field Trip — A Beginning

Everyone going on the university field trip agreed to meet at school at 8:00 am Saturday morning. My Mother drove Martha and I to the school, where two other students joined us. Mr. Vidya took two other students in his car. The university was about thirty minutes across town by highway. We reached before 9:00 am. My mother agreed to come back in the evening, as Martha's parents had other plans. Mr. Vidya thanked her for the help and said, "We will meet you in front of the stadium at 6:00 pm sharp."

The exhibit was fascinating. There were lectures from scientists who were still working at the original lab where Seeker had conducted his experiments. There were stacks of record books showing the original notes recorded by Seeker's colleagues. There were a number of workshops where instructors were showing interested students and other attendees how to use various devices to quiet and reach the higher levels of their minds. There were also a few stalls where companies were selling these devices for schools and private researchers. There were complex and expensive models for in-

stitutions as well as budget models for students. I collected information about these devices, so I could purchase one after the exhibit, if my parents agreed.

Everyone was thoroughly enjoying the exhibit. There was so much to learn. In the late afternoon, we attended a workshop where an instructor was showing advanced techniques for quieting one's mind using a particular device. We sat and listened to his explanations. After about thirty minutes of explanation, he asked for a volunteer. Without thinking, I volunteered. Mr. Vidya was surprised but made no effort to prevent me. I went to the stage area where the instructor attached me to the device. He reminded me of the procedures I should follow. I said I understood them completely. He told me to relax, as he turned on the machine. I noticed a pleasant relaxing sensation pass through me like a shiver. Step by step, I followed the instructions he had given.

One minute I was on the stage, the next minute I was staring into the quiet of my mind. I recognized the space from Seeker's notes. I remained quiet. Everything became intensely silent. It took a few minutes for my concentration to gather in a center. I was floating in a space of quiet in my mind. Suddenly, I noticed the experience was intensifying. It must be the second stage of the machine taking effect. I waited. I imagined rising up in my mind. To my great surprise, it began to happen. As I rose, there was a flash of light, followed by a more intense silence, followed by a sense of my con-

centration expanding across a space wider than the earth. I was immobile. There were no thoughts in the mind, as I relaxed into the experience. I disappeared into the silence. It was delightful. It was something I could never have imagined. The next thing I remember was a growing sense of my body. I felt like it had disappeared. Then, there were voices and I awoke.

I was surprised to find my mother and father in the room. Mr. Vidya was sitting on a chair close to me. Martha and the others were gone. I smiled. Both of my parents smiled back. Vidya looked at me and asked, "Are you ok?" He waited until I spoke, which took longer than I expected. It took a minute to finally feel back inside myself. Then, I said, "I am fine." Finally, I understood something serious must have happened. Had there been some problem? I asked Mr. Vidya, "Why are my parents here and where are the other students?" He said that my parents had been here since yesterday evening at 7:00 pm and the other students had gone home yesterday at around 9:00 pm. I was startled. I asked him what time it was. He said, "It's 9:00 pm Sunday evening." I could hardly believe what he said. I felt like I had been in the silence for no more than an hour or two. It had been more than a day.

Soon after I woke from this silence, I got up from the chair where I had been sitting for a day. I felt fine. I was calm. I did not understand why everyone was making such a fuss. My mother was standing next to me.

She was not upset. She was, in fact, pleasantly excited. She held my hand and said, "You must tell me about it when we get home." A doctor examined me. He said that I was perfectly fine. Everyone was relieved. The conference organizers were speaking with my parents. I could not catch what they were discussing, but it appeared serious. Finally, around 11:00 pm, we walked to our car. Mr. Vidya apologized to my parents for the incident. My mother said that he had acted responsibly, as she expected any teacher would. She assured him that there was no need for him to feel troubled by the incident. My folks drove me home. No one said much. My dad seemed a little out of sorts, but it did not seem too serious. My mother got him to laugh a few times on the way home.

As soon as we got home, I had something to eat and within thirty minutes I was in bed fast asleep. I was up earlier than usual. It was before 6:00 am and I was wide-awake. I went down to the kitchen and prepared myself some breakfast. My parents normally got up early on weekdays, but they did not come down until 7:30 am today. They had taken the day off from work, so we could spend some time together. Things were a bit awkward for the first hour. I explained to them that I had no idea that this would happen. They listened as I told them about my experience. My dad was shaking his head. He seemed a bit annoyed, but my mother was beaming with a bright cheerful smile.



During the morning, there were a few calls. Mr. Vidya called to see if I was ok, as did Martha. There was also a call from the instructor who had asked me to demonstrate the device. He apologized for exposing me to the test. He said that in his entire career, he had never had such an experience. My parents said there was no reason to apologize. I was fine and everything had turned out quite well. In the afternoon, there was a call that surprised everyone. It came from the director of the original lab where Seeker worked for more than thirty years. They had heard about my experience during the exhibit. They had seen the data from the instructor's equipment and felt that my signals were close to the range of Peter Seeker. He spoke with my parents for some time and then with me for a few minutes. Later that evening, my parents told me that he had offered me full use of the most advanced system in the world, if I was interested.

After dinner, I told my mother I was going over to Martha's house for a while. I knew she would be anxious about me. I wanted to assure her I was fine. Her mother opened the door and asked how I was feeling. I said, "I'm fine. Thanks." She called Martha who came running. We went up to her room, so we could talk without her parents listening to every word we said. We talked for more than an hour. I told her what I felt like in the absolute quiet of my mind. She listened, but did not fully understand what I was saying as her quiet had not been that intense. She was glad to know I was fine.

Things settled back to normal. I continued my studies of Seeker and the Legend and became a celebrity when I reported my experience at the exhibit to my classmates. Some of the guys in my class started teasing me when I walked by. They would join in a chorus and say, "Seeker! Seeker!" Everyone got a kick out of it for a few weeks and then it was forgotten. But it was not the end of the incident. Mr. Vidya called a few weeks after the Legend class ended and asked if he could see my parents. He had received numerous calls from various labs that were interested in offering me time on their equipment, if I was interested. They felt I had extraordinary capability.

My parents said they would leave it up to me to express interest. I knew offers had come from more than one lab and if I wanted to go, it was fine with them. They felt I was a bit young and wondered what effect prolonged use of these devices would have on my career opportunities or interest in other areas of study. They said they would wait and see what I wanted. Mr. Vidya was happy with their decision and felt I should not be pressurized into something I was not ready for. Throughout the rest of the school year, my parents found me reading more about Peter Seeker and the Legend of Brahman. They neither encouraged nor discouraged me in my newfound interest.

About two weeks before summer vacation, I asked



my parents if they would object to my attending an advance summer course at the university. It was a two-month intensive on the life and work of Peter Seeker. They agreed. The course was quite demanding, so I was in class almost all summer. I hardly saw my friends. Martha was away for the summer with relatives, so I did not see her at all. We e-mailed each other once a week and I told her a lot about my classes. The course exposed me to more ideas of Brahman that Seeker had described in other notebooks. I understood how much he had struggled to make things clear for humanity.

### **Reunion**

At the end of summer, I had time for a short vacation. During my classes at the university, I learned about a camp in the mountains about 200 miles from my home. It was a very unstructured summer camp that offered a place for young students to meet in a casual setting where they were free to discuss Seeker and his ideas amongst themselves. There were a few counselors and an occasional guest speaker who visited the camp. They had boating, swimming, hiking and all of the normal things you would expect at a summer camp. Students were free to choose how they spent their time.

I had spoken to my parents about the camp and my mother made enquiries about the place. She learned it was a great camp where students could get away and

relax. This was exactly what she thought I needed, after the intensive college level courses I had taken. As far as she was concerned, it would be wonderful if I spent some time like most kids my age. She had a growing concern I was too absorbed by Seeker and the Legend. She never said anything, but she watched and worried like all mothers. She actually took a day and drove up to the camp to see what it was like. She did not wait till she returned to register me for a three week stay just before school started in the fall. She loved the place and knew I would be comfortable there.

As soon as my courses were over, I had a couple of days at home. I did nothing for two days. I sat and watched TV. I listened to music. I went swimming with some friends. I packed all I needed for a three week stay including some wilderness gear. My mother drove me up to the camp on Sunday. We had a pleasant drive through the mountains. We stopped along the way and did a little hiking along a beautiful stream. We ate dinner in a small family owned restaurant and enjoyed ourselves. By the time we reached the camp, I was a bit exhausted from the walk and fresh air. It was big change from sitting in class and studying as I had for the past two months.

I registered as soon as we reached. My mother drove me around to the cottage where I was staying. I would have my own cabin, as the camp was not full.

That was fine with me. After I had unloaded my things, my mother and I talked for a few minutes before she left. She told me to relax. She urged me to forget about school, about studies, have fun, and enjoy myself. She was very happy to see I had not packed a single book. As soon as she left, a counselor showed me around the camp. He took me to the kitchen and introduced me to a few of the students who were there. The counselor and I had some dinner and talked about my stay.

The camp was not crowded. Currently, there were only 85 students. He told me how most of them spent their time and said it was really up to me how I wanted to spend my days. I was tired so I went back to my cottage, unpacked and was in bed within an hour. I slept very soundly. It was early when I woke, but I felt totally refreshed from the change in my surroundings. I went to the kitchen by 7:30 am and was surprised to find a number of students already having breakfast. I took the time to introduce myself to all of them. Then, I ate a big breakfast. The mountain air had also improved my appetite. I was not sure what I would do all day.

For the first three days, I really relaxed. I played basketball with some of the other students. I went swimming a couple of times each day. One afternoon I went canoeing around the lake with another student. I slept well at night in the cool mountain air. I definitely felt

more relaxed than I had since my Legend of Brahman class in December. Each day, I made some new friends and soon knew almost everyone in the camp. On the fourth afternoon, one of my new friends asked me if I was going to the guest lecture tonight. I told him I had not heard anything about it. He said that it had come up suddenly, when a well-known teacher arrived unannounced in the morning. I asked him where and when it would take place. He said, "Tonight at 7:30 pm in the hall." I was delighted by the news. I had been fully enjoying myself for the last few days, but I was anxious to speak to my new friends about the Legend of Brahman.

At 5:00 pm I called my parents to let them know how I was enjoying camp. I knew my mother would be happy to hear from me. She answered the phone with a cheerful hello. She said she had been waiting all day for a call. We talked for half an hour. I told her how I was spending my time and she was happy to hear that I was enjoying myself. I told her how I was looking forward to another couple of weeks of relaxation. I would surely be ready for school in September after three pleasant weeks in the mountains.

After my call I grabbed a quick dinner and went to the hall by 7:20 pm. There were about twenty students there. I knew most of them. I took the time to introduce myself to everyone whom I had not met so far. I asked

if anyone had heard anything about the speaker. No one had any idea. I sat with a few friends and waited for the speaker to arrive. I had a feeling that this was going to be an important meeting where I could learn about others' experiences. I was the youngest of the group so I could learn a lot from the older students.

The counselor came in. He was talking with an elderly Asian woman. I immediately knew who it was. The counselor was introducing her to everyone. When she came to me, she smiled broadly and bowed. I returned the bow with a different feeling inside. In the past, it had been a spur of the moment thing. When I bowed this time, I felt a sense of awe. Everyone watched and wondered what was going on. She moved on to meet the rest of the students. My mind was racing. What was she doing here? Why had she suddenly come here? What did this mean? My mind was full of questions, but I knew I must wait for the answers.

The counselor introduced her with little formality. She was a well-known teacher from Asia who would be staying at the camp for the next two weeks. She would offer classes nightly for anyone who wanted to attend. Everyone eagerly awaited her words on Seeker. She spoke for almost an hour about various aspects of Seeker's life and his awakening to the mysteries of Brahman. When she finished she welcomed questions. Surprisingly there were none. Everyone seemed complete with what she had spoken. Her speech did not awaken

mental curiosity; rather, it released a deep sense of inner quiet and fulfillment. I had many questions but they were of a more personal nature, which would be answered in time. I would wait, remembering her last words to me about oneness and flow.

Everyone stood around waiting for a chance to talk with the guest speaker when the session was over. I needed some time to myself to think about what was happening. I started to leave without speaking to her. As I started to leave the room, she broke off her conversation with another student and bowed deeply. I returned the bow with a growing sense of inner calm. Everyone noticed and was talking about our strange interaction. I paid no attention. My inner feeling knew we shared a deep bond.

I decided to go for a walk rather than return to my room. I felt my friends would come to ask about my relationship with this woman. I wanted to avoid such questions. I walked for an hour roaming around the lake. At one point, I sat down and leaned against a large rock. Within a few minutes of sitting, an overwhelming silence descended on me. I let myself dissolve in this silence. My mind expanded into a vastness unlike anything I had seen so far. I let myself follow the wave of expansion. Would it ever end? I awoke a few hours later with an understanding of why she had come. We must complete the work she had started in our last encounter. I returned to my cabin and slept very peacefully.

The next morning when I awoke, the speaker was sitting in my room waiting. She smiled and asked, "Will you join me for an extended trek in the countryside for a few days?" The counselor had provided her with maps of the mountain trails. She said, "We can find the inner calm we are seeking when we are alone in Nature." I agreed, stood and bowed. We went for breakfast and returned to my cabin.

I arranged my gear and supplies. We would travel for ten days in the backcountry. We were ready to leave by 10:00 am. We met the counselor before we left camp. We walked for hours in silence. I felt I had been here before. A few times in the day, we stopped to rest and to eat small meals. For three days, we hiked deep into the forest. We barely talked, though in the evenings she told me many things about her journeys and stories about Seeker's life. On the fourth day, we came to an ancient Indian settlement in the hills. The site was a small earthen wall built against the mountain face. We settled in. The next day, we sat near a gentle mountain stream and fell into the depths of silence. I felt I had been here once before, eons ago. Who was she? What was I doing here with her in the mountains? In time, a white light awoke in my mind. Peter Seeker was there in golden robes. The monk was there dressed in a beautiful white toga, draped with a pink sash. They approached me and removed a veil from within my mind. In a moment, I leaped beyond the mind. I was one with Brahman.

We sat for three days near the stream and then returned to camp. Next morning the counselor called me to the office. The guest speaker had left suddenly in the night without a word. He asked if I knew why. I said, "She must have had a long journey ahead of her." I remained at camp for three more days. My parents came on Friday before school started to take me home. My mother found me different. My father found me the same. I quietly returned home to continue my journey.

### **Following in Seeker's Footsteps**

I went back to school and life returned to normal. I increased my reading and study of Seeker's life and teachings. I attended a number of classes at the university on weekends and holidays. At the end of the school year, I told my parents I wanted to call the lab to see if I could spend the summer there using their equipment. It had been more than a year. My father thought I had forgotten about these offers. My mother had been waiting for me to ask. It was on the other side of the country, which meant I would be gone for three months. They asked me to speak to the lab to see what was possible. I spoke to the director. They were ready to fly the whole family to the campus and provide us with a house for the summer at the university's expense. We accepted. My dad would stay for a week, as he couldn't get vacation all at once. My mother would stay with me for the summer.

At the end of June, we flew to the university and within a day I was in the lab receiving briefings from the most experienced people in the world. They felt I should take my time getting used to my surroundings. I should feel comfortable in the lab before conducting any experiments. I waited two weeks, before I felt ready to begin. For the past 18 months, I had not spoken to anyone about the effort I had been taking. Gradually, I had divided my mind into two halves. I could do my normal activities from one center of concentration while maintaining a constant effort to remember and ponder the mysteries of Brahman in the other. The division had become quite effective over time and I knew the power of my concentration had developed dramatically. I hoped it would help in the experiments

The first day of the test to contact Brahman lasted about twelve hours. I found it easy to quiet my mind with the aid of the machine. I was able to see and climb into the higher levels of my mind. I remembered reading what Seeker had described about these levels. My feelings were very close to his. I knew most of Seeker's famous writings, especially the ones related to his efforts to contact Brahman. I understood at one point in these experiments I must be ready to let go of everything. The second experiment was scheduled three days later. My mother and I went to the local beach each day and had a great time. She and I talked and spent three pleasant days waiting for the next experiment.

The second test was much different than the first. Everything happened with greater intensity. I sensed there might be a breakthrough. At the peak of my concentration, I saw the border Seeker had described. All I had to do was to cross over. I waited and when I felt most centered, I let go of myself. I rose past the border. Brahman was there in all of Its majesty. Oneness filled my being. Everything was clear, like Seeker had said. I lost myself in this oneness. It was five days before I came out of the connection. No one in a thousand years had maintained a connection this long. The scientists were excited. They did not know how or why I had accomplished this feat. I knew like Seeker, Brahman had chosen me. My job was not to resist Its call.

It did not take long for the news of my contact with Brahman to leak from the lab. There was a great deal of excitement. It had been over a thousand years since anyone had made a connection with Brahman for this length of time. The staff was buzzing with ideas for further experiments. They were already talking about developing an advanced device. Politicians, religious leaders, scientists and researchers from around the world were requesting time to discuss the implications of my contact with Brahman. The media had arrived at the lab in force and were ready for a major news event that would keep the TV and radio stations talking for months. The Internet was already filled with chat rooms and bulletin boards with the latest news on contact with

Brahman. The world was awake and people wanted to know more.

My connection with Brahman had lasted five days. My mother and I had returned to the house where we were staying after I regained my equilibrium. After two days, I still found it hard to get my bearings. My mother seemed to understand this instinctively and was there for me. She knew what I needed. She shielded me from the incessant calls and left me to myself. I stayed in my room most of the day. It was late in the afternoon of the second day after the experiments ended when she knocked on the door and poked her head in. She smiled and waited for me to respond. I asked what she wanted. She came in and sat next to me on the couch. She waited and then said she needed to speak to me for a few minutes, if it was not a problem. I asked what was the matter. She told me that my dad was arriving by flight the next morning. Then, she told me about all of the commotion. She said that shortly after the news leaked out about my contact, the university had been advised to place barricades and guards around our house. There were already 10,000 people gathered around the campus and the numbers were growing.

She explained that no one from the lab was pressing me for any public statement. She just wanted me to understand the current situation, so I was not startled later in the day. Then, she sat quietly and waited. We

had not spoken since I made contact with Brahman. I took her hand, looked deep into her eyes and held her with my gaze. I could not find any words, as my mind was quiet. She felt a strange, but pleasant sensation touch her emotions. She understood. We sat for almost an hour gazing at each other. Finally, she got up and left the room.

It was three days before I felt more like myself, if such a thing was possible after last week. I began to move about the house. I spent time with my parents. I could see they were acting funny. It was as if they didn't know how to act with me anymore. When I was finally back to normal, we sat and talked for a few hours. I tried to relate to them what I had seen and how I felt. I assured them I was perfectly okay. Life had surely changed, but there was no reason for us to feel or act differently as a family. After our discussion, my father seemed more relaxed. My mother seemed more at ease than I had ever known her. For two more days we lived in a pleasant though somewhat quiet intimacy.

By that time the lab director and other officials asked if they could arrange some sort of press conference or meeting. Pressure was mounting with thousands of reporters wandering the campus, calls from heads of states and the increasing crowd of curious citizens who had read about the Legend of Brahman throughout high school and college. My mother raised the idea of a news

conference with me. She wanted to know what she should tell the director. I said I was prepared to hold a special conference like Seeker had done many years ago. The conference should be open to representatives from as many segments of society as could be accommodated in the university indoor stadium. I would speak to the crowd and answer their questions as best as I could. Until then, I told my mother she could release one statement to the press. She handed me a pad and pen. I said that was not necessary. The message was quite simple. "Seeker was right!" She had a big smile on her face, as she left the room.

My mother met with the officials and explained my idea. They were thrilled. It would meet everyone's needs without showing any favoritism to any special interest groups. They would begin making arrangements, though it might take a few weeks. She said I understood. Later the next day, they came back and said the conference would take place three weeks from Sunday. My mother informed me of the date. Since it would take some time to organize the conference, I wanted to go to the lab to make another connection with Brahman.

Three days later, I left the house under tight security. We went directly to the lab where all the arrangements had been made. I took some time to meet with the scientists who were there and spoke to them for a

few minutes about their data and records, which meant very little to me. They had many questions, but they were reticent to raise them. I repeated the message I had given for the press. "Seeker was right." They all smiled.

The test was conducted along the exact lines of the previous one. It seemed like it took only a few minutes to reconnect with Brahman. I was different. The anxiety of the first connection was behind me. I reached a sense of oneness and dissolved into it. I was lost for six days. Silent, motionless. Lost in a dimension of timeless eternity where all existed in a state that is best described as suspended animation. All was Brahman. After the second connection, I returned to our campus home where I waited for the conference. I waited in a serene quiet with the occasional company of my parents and a few officials from the lab.

The conference had been scheduled on Sunday to accommodate busy schedules of all the attendees. The final list of invitees was 45,000. The stadium would be filled to capacity. It would be televised around the world. On Thursday afternoon, my mother came in and said there was a phone call from Martha. She explained Martha had called many times and spoken with her. She wanted to make sure I was fine. "I told her I thought you might take her call," she said. I took the phone from my mother and had a pleasant call for fifteen minutes.



Martha was a bit tongue-tied when we first started speaking, but when I asked her about our friends, she relaxed. She said she would see me on TV on Sunday night.

Sunday came. There was a lot of commotion circling around me. I did not let it touch me, though I could see how it was affecting others. The conference was scheduled to start at 1:00 pm and last for about three hours. No one had any idea of what I would say. There was no schedule, agenda or prepared speeches to release to the press. My mother informed me the lab director was a bit agitated from dealing with all of the dignitaries, press and other invitees. Sunday morning, I asked if he could come by at 6:00 am, so we could talk for a few minutes. He arrived fifteen minutes early. We sat together for thirty minutes. At first, I let him speak. He was struggling to tell me all the arrangements in a short time. I listened. Then, I interrupted and asked, "Can you tell me the most important thing you have ever read from Seeker?" He was a bit startled. He took a minute to collect his thoughts, and then said, "Seeker repeatedly said, we are Brahman." I smiled. We sat for ten minutes without speaking, lost in Seeker's thought. I stood up and thanked him for coming. He was relaxed. He felt the quiet.

The conference started on time. There were heads of state, religious leaders from many faiths, business

leaders, teachers, doctors, and students. Every kind of group was represented. I entered through a side entrance and sat at the center of a platform in front of a microphone. I waited. The silence lasted for two minutes. "Many of you," I began, "find yourselves in an unusual position today. As leaders and representatives of all walks of life, you are used to providing direction to society; you are the leaders and teachers that inspire youth to achieve more. I also find myself in an unusual position today. A few short weeks ago, I was a junior in a high school which most of you have never heard of. I was sitting in class where teachers were helping me discover a direction for my life. Today, our roles are reversed. At the age of sixteen, I am asked to comment on the nature of our existence and the future of humanity. My story is not unlike someone else we all know. It was almost a thousand years ago, when a relatively obscure scientist who worked at this university made a discovery that changed our lives. Peter Seeker was a pioneer, who many doubted, questioned and even laughed at. For some reason, I have been asked to face a similar challenge in a very different world. So let's begin with my insights into our nature, our destiny and the challenge we must face together as the future unfolds."

"Seeker was right! All is Brahman. There is nothing in this or any other world that is not Brahman. These ideas are not new to anyone here in the audience to-

day. You, like millions of students around the world have studied them in class. I need not remind you of Seeker's words. Brahman has not changed. Brahman's nature has not changed. The relationship between Brahman and Reality has not changed. Everything from the moment of creation has been and remains Brahman. Then, many of you will ask, what can I share with you today that Seeker has not already spoken of long ago? It's a very important question."

"The message is the same, but our perspective must change if we are to understand it. We must reposition the center of our lives and make Brahman more than an idea on the page of Seeker's Notebook. For thousands of years, we have remained lost in our great fascination with Brahman's forms and actions. We have spent millennia discovering the action of Its energy in atoms, molecules, minerals and so on. We have examined its force of action in nature as gravity, electricity, atomic power and a growing list that increases by the day. The deeper we search for meaning in details, the more details we discover. I understand from the two communications I have had with Brahman that a time has come in the dimension of Reality for man to reverse the direction of his energies from its surface view of life to an inner view that seeks to uncover the secrets of Brahman within each and every person, their thoughts, their feelings and their actions. We must begin to live from within. We must learn to manage our

relationship with Reality from the view of Oneness, not the view of outer expression."

"Seeker tried in the past to give us this message, but it is not an easy message for us to hear, let alone act on. We must begin to take a totally different view of our world. In our homes and in our schools, we must introduce new modes of education and instruction that awaken in each person their true identity, which is Brahman. In the beginning, this effort will be difficult, because the knowledge of our inner nature is so primitive. As our knowledge grows, paths will open that reveal the existence of the infinite Real Ideas of Brahman within ourselves. We must learn to live in the realm within ourselves. We must become familiar with its knowledge and power. This too will take time. Once mankind has awakened to the knowledge deep within itself, it must become one with the knowledge and power of Brahman. When we succeed, we will become one in consciousness with Brahman. We will become Brahman in each individual possessing an infinite knowledge and power that has created our world. Man will no longer be an unconscious form of Brahman. Rather he will be a conscious center of its action in Reality."

"I understand my connection to Brahman is no accidental occurrence. From today onwards, I will begin working here in the university and later around the world to make Seeker's knowledge that All is Brahman real to the youth of the world. It is in the youth where this

transformation must begin. I know this effort will be the beginning of a wave of consciousness that will sooner or later wash upon the shores of all mankind. We will create new organizations, teachers and techniques to awaken spirit in the youth of the world. But this effort cannot be one that is forced on even a single individual. The process must be developed and those who are ready must come forward out of their own choice to become Brahman. For in the end, Brahman is a Self-Existent being of infinite freedom which each of us must become."

"Many of you may be thinking this is an enormous task that will take a very long time. It may, but it does not have to take forever. Many of you will say Seeker said these things a thousand years ago and still we remain much the same as we were. That is also true from one perspective, but it need not determine our future. The final result will depend on our aspiration, as Louis Aspire told us three hundred years ago. We must discover that We are Brahman. To help each of you understand what I see, I would like to connect everyone in this stadium with Brahman for a few moments, so you can share in this vision, which must be taken to the entire world. For Life is Brahman. Seeker was right!"

The audience listened in total silence. I paused for a moment and waited.

"To create a connection with Brahman for every-

one in the audience, I would like all of you to join hands with the people sitting next to you. Then, I would like all of the volunteers to come in and join hands with the people at the end of each row of seats. They should hold the hand of the person at the end of two rows so each row is connected to the next, until everyone in the stadium is connected to each other. As soon as everyone is connected, a small chain of volunteers will form a chain from the closest row to me. When we are one through our hands, I will provide each of you with a glimpse of Brahman. You will be connected for a moment through everyone else to Brahman. The connection will not last more than five minutes, as this is such a large audience. But the experience may last for a few hours. When you leave here today you will know the marvel of this existence. You will be excited to work to awaken this knowledge in everyone."

"Now please join hands," I said. Everyone responded. It took a few minutes for all of them to join hands, so I waited. "Please send in the volunteers and connect the rows to me," I said. This was completed in another five minutes. "Is everyone connected?" I asked. "Yes," came the reply. "Very good," I said. "Now I would like all of you to close your eyes and relax. Take five deep breaths, letting them out slowly." As everyone sat quietly, a composite sound signal of all attendees was played through the loudspeaker system.

### **The Legend of Brahman**

I closed my eyes. I surrendered myself to Brahman. The silence came. I jumped beyond my mind. The connection was complete. I let my consciousness expand into the infinity of Brahman. As I dissolved into its infinite consciousness, I sent Brahman through the human chain. Instantly the entire group was one in Brahman. Everyone lost their center of consciousness and was in everyone else, in a state of euphoric oneness. For five minutes, I maintained the connection. Then, I withdrew my hand. There was only silence. Not a person moved. Everyone was one with Brahman. For exactly two hours nothing existed but a Reality that few had ever seen. At five o'clock, the audience awoke. Never before had so many glimpsed Brahman at one time. In one plane of existence, the work had been accomplished. Now, it was only a matter of time for this vision to express in Reality.

