

Author Q and A for Website Speaker Page

Questions:

What made you write this book?

What do you want the reader to get from reading this book?

Is there something that the reader can do to stay connected after reading this book, to share more in the ongoing process of finding personal peace?

What are some life experiences that you have had, that are somehow shared in your writing?

What made you write this book?

Over the years of reading the literature of the spiritual-minded among us, I have often felt the frustration of the words' failure to capture and express what is meant, or to actually convey an experience, for it to be shared.

Often, there is broad vagueness, or an over-complexity, or perhaps a most important idea locked away in an antiquated word that does not crack open.

There is frequently a block in our comprehension, and most especially in the shared expression of what are truly the most important things to be said, and realized, about this, our Life.

So I have been trying to wrap the Subtle in words, going for improved clarity.

Writing this book has been a long process. More than a half-century of life has gone into it, and so it is really a life's work.

This book, the first in the set to be published, was actually compiled and completed in 2010, but I spent the next ten years carrying on quietly with the writing process, rather than getting involved in the publishing business, which is another whole different hat to wear.

What do you want the reader to get from reading this book?

I would like the Reader to perhaps open to new discoveries about what a human being actually is.

I would want the Reader to see something that is fresh and vitally exciting about his or her own life.

I would love it if the Reader would have an instantaneous experience of the reality of the Infinity that we are in.

Or, to spontaneously sense the Perfection that we are in.

Or, to feel the Profound Kindness that is holding us.

I would love for the Reader to feel and recognize that, behind this contemporary human view that we ordinarily have here, of broken imbalance and troubled distortion, there actually is, in truth, a place of Completion, where all

questions meet their answers. And so, it is peaceful. And this place is here, now.

Is there something that the Reader can do to stay connected after reading this book, to share more in the ongoing process of finding personal peace?

I would love to see a conversation continue as we connect on the internet, among we who are interested in this blossom of human awakening and discovery.

I will contribute a weekly newsletter-blog post-social posting, as a part of this, and I do so hope to see a growth of participation in this tremendous discussion.

What are some life experiences that you have had, that are somehow shared in your writing?

I sense that we all have had awesome experiences of one sort or another.

For me, meetings with remarkable people, when I start to think about it, get too numerous to count.

As a child in Appalachia, I spent time with a local man who, besides being indefatigable, could catch trout in the creek with his bare hands, and tell you where and when the unseen deer on the ridges were walking.

As a young adult in Baltimore, I was with men and women who would stun the minds in the room into a sudden aware silence.

On a college summer break in Bermuda, I stood before the man that the locals called 'the man who knows everything,' seeing him there with a weathered face, matted hair, stationary all day, standing in flower-covered bushes beside the road.

I went to do martial arts in Japan with a man who promised two visitors a four-leaf clover, to be found at a particular temple, where he then plucked two of them from a small thread-bare strip of weeds beside the road.

I sat with a Yogi from India, and felt the earth rise up under us like a live Himalayan tectonic shift.

I was present when hundreds of people from all over the world, speaking and studying together in 20 languages, melted into oneness in a hotel ballroom.

I have been alone in my home, feeling the man that I had been, now fall off his wall like Humpty Dumpty, that shell never to be reassembled again.