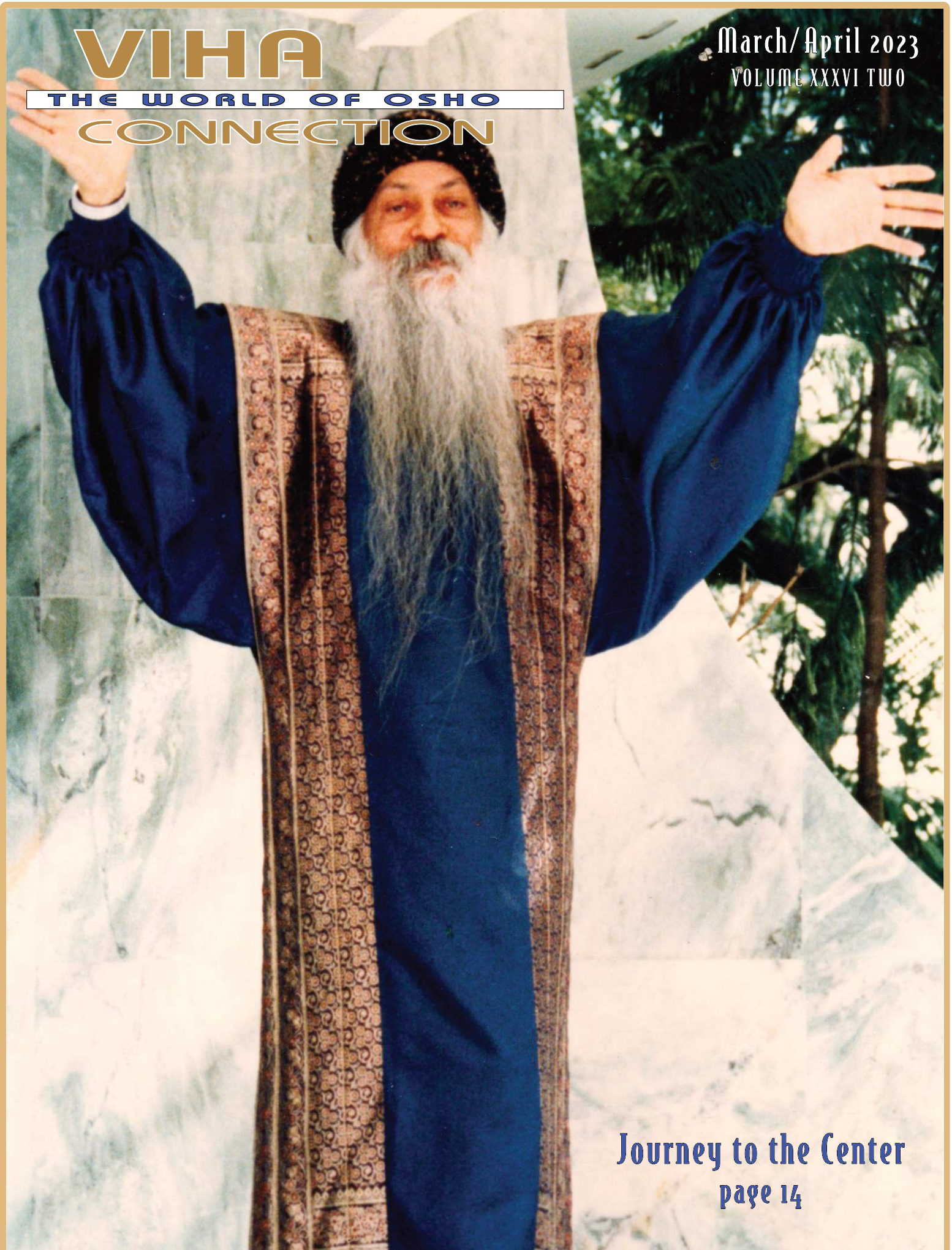


VIHA

THE WORLD OF OSHO
CONNECTION

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The Rise of Love

BY SWAMI PREMODAYA



My beloved Osho has always been more than enough for me, and always will be. Unbidden and unsought, He crashed into my life. I was a 30-year-old confirmed atheist, walking into a bookstore I had long frequented. But as I walked in that day, an unseen power grabbed me, yanked me toward a shelf I had always

scrupulously avoided, and made my hand pull down one book: *The Book of the Secrets, Vol. 1* by “Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh.” I had never seen His face before, and I wasn’t sure how to pronounce His name. But that black-&-white photo instantly brought me to my knees. Just looking into those eyes, my mind spoke these words: “This is my master, and I am His disciple.” When I looked into His eyes, Osho straightaway proved to me the reality of guru, God, and disciple, all in a single mystical stroke. I had a sudden, profound inner knowing, permanently superseding everything that had come before, or that could ever come after.

I had a vague sense of what “master” meant, and I “knew” that, unquestionably, it was chicanery. In the same vein, I knew that many people believed spirituality to be real, even to the point of whacky actions like becoming someone’s “disciple.”

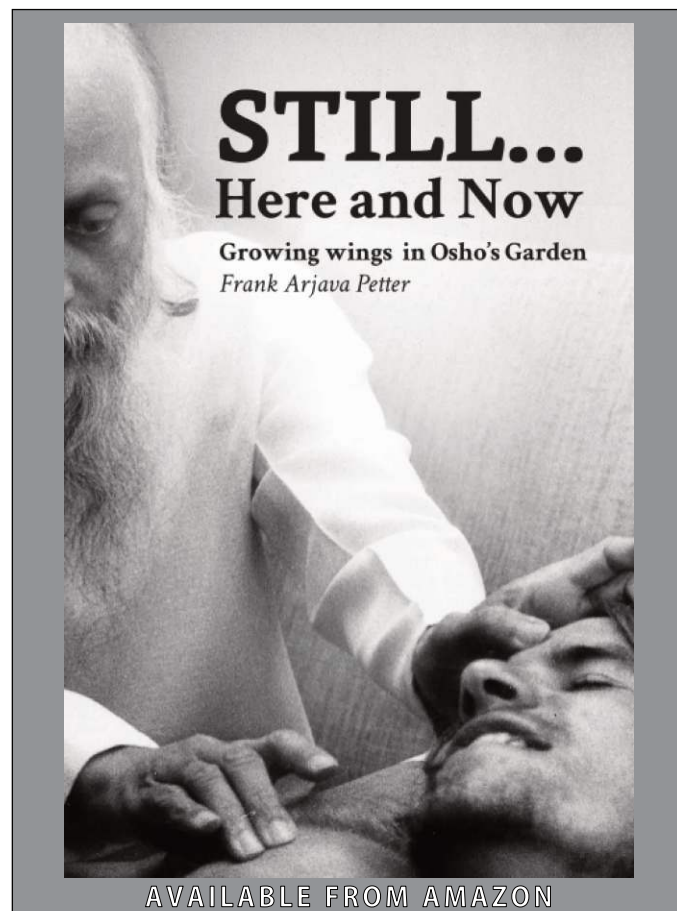
It took about 10 seconds from the time I entered that bookstore for Osho to throw all that out the window. Suddenly everything was topsy-turvy. Due to the profound experiencing of those few seconds, I knew to the core of my being that what I was experiencing were all inarguable facts. But argue I did. I had very strong beliefs, a paradigm that each one of these things was patently impossible. There was only one possible conclusion: Clearly, I had lost my mind. So even though I bought that book then and there and read it cover to cover that day, and even though I went back the next day and bought every Osho book they had (about 20) and voraciously devoured them, I nevertheless spent the next two years fighting tooth-and-nail to prove that none of this had happened, that it wasn’t real, and that it was all impossible.

I vowed never to go to India, then Osho ended up in Oregon, 500 miles from my front door! The mountain had definitely come to Mohammed. Do I even need to say it? I took sannyas. He named me Premodaya; it means “the rise of love.” The love resulted in constant

focus on Him, which later morphed into ceaseless, guru-awareness. Later still, this expanded to include continuous inner prayer. Finally, I noticed that it all brought God-centeredness – a continuous awareness of God, under all circumstances. All these things occurred for one single reason: because I so utterly, so deeply, so totally, so eternally loved – and love – Osho. Now, in hindsight, I see that what I thought of as “my love” was actually another gift of Osho’s grace.

Twenty-seven years after that blessed day at the bookstore, God spoke to me for the first time (not a voice, or even an experience – an inner message beyond words or thoughts, felt to come from some kind of outer source). It was a command: “Make yourself available to people, spiritually.” This was a repeat scenario. I knew it was real, yet I seriously considered that I might have lost my mind. Still, I knew better than to argue, so I adopted a wait-and-see attitude and complied. I became a spiritual teacher, and the reality of the message proved itself in the first 30 seconds.

Later God spoke to me again: “Now you have to stop calling yourself a ‘spiritual teacher’ and let people know you’re a ‘guru.’” I was mortified! I



questioned God: “Are you serious? Actually use *that* word? You’re not suggesting I should offer discipleship, are you?” When He answered, “Yes,” I pleaded, “But why? Everything’s going fine! Why would I need to give discipleship?” He answered instantly, “Because some people need that.”

I came to consider that event as having been my first job performance review, and going from spiritual teacher to guru, as a promotion – lol. There have been many promotions in the almost two decades since. The work, and how it’s carried out, has changed many times. There was even a site visit once: When I had a challenge coming up in working and meeting with a particular disciple, I asked God for all the help I could get, never dreaming that he would show up in person! As I started my meeting, God walked in the front door and casually sat down next to me. He didn’t say a word, but I could feel how he was definitely helping. When the meeting ended, he just stood up and walked back out the door. Although I was the only one who saw him, every person who came into the building over the next few hours expressed something to the effect of “What’s going on in here? What’s that overwhelming energy? I can barely breathe in here!” God definitely left an impression!

In my understanding, God is the “all-and-the-everything, altogether.” Or you could say, “God is the only Reality.” But God’s not a “man” – this was just how he manifested, likely for my “convenience.” God is not a “someone” or a “something.” God can’t be conceptualized; he can only be realized.

Again in my understanding, no guru is genuine unless he has been commanded by God to carry out the “guru function.” And every guru knows that “guru” is a function, not a person; that it’s the Divine itself that somehow puts such knowledge in you. The ego can never usurp this. The person is put aside so that the Divine can do its thing, from the Divine level. It all takes care of itself. There’s no script and no preparation. When you sit down in the guru chair (so to speak), the “function” takes over. Your guru is God, communicating to you individually, directly.

There has been no “journey from disciple to master” for me. I am a devotee of Osho, period. And I am a guru, a servant of spiritual seekers, by God’s directive. The whole thing seems laughable, absurd: “Me? – the guru? Of all people! I know how flawed I am, so how could God use *me*?” I believe that every master experiences clearly that it’s not they themselves doing the work – that it’s actually God – that they’re just “being used.” There is no confusion. And I would be the first to say (as did Osho) that I speak on my own authority. In absolutely no way am I trying to represent Osho or His unique message. But of course, I’ve been profoundly influenced by Osho, as well as by many other wonderful gurus, masters, and teachers whom I adore and revere. I have learned much, but most of what comes out of my mouth from the guru chair, I am hearing for the first time and learning it, just the same as those listening.

When you ask me, “What’s my experience of the journey from disciple to master so far?” the answer comes unhesitatingly and unambiguously: “It’s all Osho’s grace.”

Jai, beloved master. I am forever at your feet.🙏

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THE GURU IS ALWAYS PRESENT

Keep awakening your faith and your feelings so that you can recognize the guru when he comes. He who has recognized the guru, has discovered the hand of God; he has recognized that which is beyond the universe. He has found the gate, and once the gate is found, everything is attained. You have never lost anything; everything is intact within you, and when you pass through the gate you recognize your own being. You reawaken to the light, the brilliance that is yours. What treasures you always held within you are now unfolded. The guru acquaints you with the self that you always were, and that was not for a single moment lost.

The story is very sweet: Kabir said, “The guru and God are both standing before me. Whose feet should I touch?” Kabir is in a fix. If he bows to the guru, God will be insulted. If he bows to God, the guru will be insulted. What a dilemma! Whose feet should be touched first?

When the guru saw Kabir’s dilemma, he told him, “Touch his feet, because I only existed till here.” The story is so very endearing. The guru signals to Kabir to touch His feet. “I no longer exist for you. The Lord is before you waiting for your greeting.”

But Kabir falls first at the feet of the guru: “It is your glory, my guru, that you brought God down to meet me.” If there is faith in you, you will recognize it. All that is required is faith, feeling; thoughts and the intellect have never helped anyone to reach. Don’t expend that useless effort, wasting your time, trying the impossible. You cannot be an exception.

The guru is always present. Among the infinite people in the world at any given time, it has never happened that none has attained him. Some people at all times and in all climes have always attained him, so the earth is never without gurus. This misfortune never takes place; but a different type of misfortune does occur, that sometimes a guru is not recognized by the people around him.

The True Name, Vol. 2, Chapter 10

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