

# *When Does The*

*A Personal Experience of Love  
and Fear in Transformation  
Through Discipleship.*



Transformation is a process through which one grows from experience to experience; it is a sometimes lumpy succession of births and deaths. The process of transformation has proven to be a delicate and sometimes arduous interplay of love and fear, of expanding and contracting, of yes and no.

In experiencing love and fear, I

have come to an understanding that has tempered the intensity of the process. Specifically, fear has finally exposed its true nature. It acts as a brake. It holds me back from further growth until I become ready for more. As spring lies hidden beneath the snows of winter, love lets me grow and bloom when the time is right. It strengthens my heart and faith for the



# Butterfly Part Come?

Arpita



time when the next cold winter of fear should blow through my heart. Love and fear work together, often seeming to struggle with one another, yet in reality working in concert. A harmonious circle, wheeling me through growth to reach new heights and depths, by degrees grounding me in the truth of what I am.

On this wheel I have been on a conscious search for all of two and one

half years. This may not seem long, but the intensity of what I've endured at times has wrenched time out of focus. In awe and wonder that respect not time, I awaken to successive interior levels, levels which are inexpressible. So, knowing that this is an attempt to express the inexpressible, and without unduly stretching the laws of grammar and usage, I'll simply share as much as I can.





Eighteen years old, I was. Hopped a train to sunshine country, leaving home for the first time. I was searching for something: freedom, a perfect lover, a Utopian dream, something. Change was in the air. I could smell it. It was the dead of Winter and things were happening and happening and happening until Harbin happened. I had arrived. All the tubs, the rubs, and the sweet feminine countryside showing her nighttime diamonds. Such pleasures.... So inviting.... So healing.... It didn't take long for me to see what I was really searching for. I could not hang onto the idea that the grass is greener on the other side. The move to Harbin exposed this fallacy. In no way does Harbin lack riches, but I still had all the fears, habits, and miseries that I had in the Midwest. I had brought myself with me.

I started my conscious search slowly, with the magic hat of intellect up top my head, full of its nasty tricks. First, I encountered Osho-Rajneesh through his books, meditations and disciples. One disciple, Ranjita, was especially interesting. She led the Osho Kundalini Meditation at Harbin nearly every day and encouraged me to devote myself to Osho. This, I realize now, was an appropriate, timely, and necessary step. With her help and guidance, I probed his teachings. I absorbed his presence and it became part of my life. I enjoyed being with his disciples. I could sense the joy, the celebration of life, that emanated from them and from his presence. He teaches a loving, life-affirming, yet meditative path. But I think it was his rascally aspect I really fell for. I felt my heart give him a round of applause and I got closer to him.

As my love accelerated on the road to devotion, there were some potholes of fear along the way. Of intimate relationships, and discipleship is one, I knew only the manipulative aspects. How was I to surrender to him and become his disciple? I knew nothing of discipleship. It

brought to mind images of Mark, Luke and John following Jesus around. Well, I'm no follower, I postured, head high, iron breastplate buckled on, sword at my hip. I later saw that I was responding to my own idea of what I thought a disciple was. As it is said in *Rajneesh, The Spiritual Terrorist*: "In the East, the master/disciple relationship is understood and accepted; in the West it is associated with brainwashing and cults." I was being a typical Westerner.

However, my relationship to my Master evolved apace. It's an easy and natural process, surprisingly. First, though, came the fears, the suspicions: Maybe I'll be fooled, tricked or hurt by this man. My typically western mind would think: How can he possibly know what's best for me? Why give my power away to

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someone else? There were other times when I would walk around feeling so high on love, so united with everything, that my heart was keeping a rhythm to which my mind could not tap its feet. I felt I was in a place I had known before but had forgotten. I finally said Yes, Osho, I'm coming with you.

Knowing that I could live either in the mind or in the heart, I tended to gravitate quite easily towards the heart. I knew also that living life with my mind's doubts and suspicions foremost was safer. I knew it well. There were times when I felt frustrated and empty, but I felt ready to risk, even if it meant risking my self. After I experienced my heart



with his heart, the Universal Heart, insights into my self would flood me. It was a river of wisdom waiting to be set free.

Then came the joy, a joy the like

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of which I have never known. It was as if the whole world were dancing and singing around me: a special parade for no reason at all. In fact, it felt as though the whole world were mine, and yet I didn't own a thing. He brought my focus to now, this moment, saying that this is the only moment I have: no past, no future, just now. I started to feel my imagined problems, my anxieties, the complications in my life, melting away and giving way to what my truth really was. From this experience, trust began to arise: a gallant, pure, knowing, deep trust.

There were times when I would go back to old concerns. What about responsibilities? I still have to deal with things, with life, with myself. What about that? I can't say how it all integrated, but it did, and, of course, the process continues. But it was love that gave me the power to surrender. I soon felt a devotion flowing from me. It said: I'll do anything to stay in love, in joy, which is my real home. I have tasted my truth. Nothing can stop me now.

I was definitely being a bit pious, but there were times when I truly felt a strength in this love. I felt I could conquer anything. My courage, however, was bigger than my stomach. There was a pace I could not exceed. If I tried to go faster I'd be overwhelmed.

This brings me to Ranjita. I consider her partly responsible for delivering me to Osho's doorstep. With the joy I was experiencing came a natural gratitude for, and remembrance of, the person who helped me here. I began to really enjoy her presence, her way of being so light with life. When I met her, she had a lot of responsibilities. She seemed to handle them in a circus-fun kind of way, yet with caring and sincerity. The python in me crept closer to observe in more detail. With most people, I can sense their limits fairly well. She left me a bit curious. I couldn't figure her out, ...so I fell in love. I fell in love with her fun, her laughter, her sweetness, and especially her wisdom. While Osho had attracted me with his razor-sharp insights, Ranjita attracted me with her effortless wisdom. Miraculously, she was right here in my own community. For what more could a seeker ask? I wanted to know more. To be closer.

Our relationship really took off when I had an emotional crisis at three o'clock on a winter morning. I was just coming out of a relationship and was confused and consumed by my feelings. At that time in my life, I didn't have much experience with emotional releases, so it just stirred in me, boiling and boiling until it naturally boiled over. Did it ever! I was freezing, all wrapped in blankets, despite my heater at full throttle. My mind was screaming all kinds of stuff. I was afraid I would go crazy or that I would hurt myself. Suicide was as close as my bathroom, and in a 12 x 16 ft. trailer that's pretty close. I sped off in my car, racing, trying to get away from the monster in me.

Although I wasn't very close to Ranjita at the time, I instinctively went to her. She received me, calmed my hysteria, and the spiritual connection happened immediately. I was desperate that night and told her my deepest secrets. I sobbed that I just couldn't see the sunrise another





day. I just couldn't bear it. While I was crying and freaking out, she remained calm, holding my hands, listening to me. There was love in her eyes and compassion in her touch. She was there for me one hundred percent.

After this, Ranjita and I became closer. We would talk about spirituality, and I would ask endless questions of her to plumb the depths of her wisdom. I was amazed. So very deep! Having been with Osho, knowing about meditation, and having heard of enlightenment (the full realization of the Self, as I understand it), I started to sense an enlightened quality in her. One subsequent day I became bold and asked,

"Ranjita, are you enlightened?" I was almost amazed that the words came out of me. She answered indirectly the first time, but as a result of my persistent curiosity she finally admitted: "Yes, I am enlightened". No one else at that time knew, so I

felt I had her all to myself. What a blessing. She then started to teach me, to prepare me for enlightenment.

Her enlightenment had been hidden for ten years. It finally manifested on her recent visit to Hawaii, and she is currently writing a book on it and why it was kept hidden for so long. She will also begin, indeed she has begun, to speak in person to those who feel attracted to learn from her.

At this point, I'm still in a learning process with her, discovering new ways to enjoy life, to enjoy my feelings, and enjoy everything else. While being around her, the quality of life kicks up a few notches. I become lighter and more appreciative. I accept much more of myself, including my intense emotional nature. Most importantly, I experience joy. I feel it in all

areas of my life. I'm happy.

In confronting my fear of surrender, I allowed my love to expand further. I realized how the love of a Master intensifies the experience of love and fear. Discipleship has opened up for me higher levels of realization than any other kind of relationship has. Alone, I could never have come close. Hard for me to admit.

With this piece, I hope to inspire

*Discipleship has proven to be transforming; it has opened up higher levels of realization.*

anyone whose path crosses that of a Master of Truth, or anyone who is just curious. My own resistance was rock-solid in the beginning, but the water of the master/disciple relationship had its way in the end, eroding the rock little by little. I remain in utter

gratitude to such loving teachers as Osho and Ranjita. With their open hearts they generated trust. I could then allow them to give me the necessary push to get through fear and arrive at the blissful fields of surrender.

