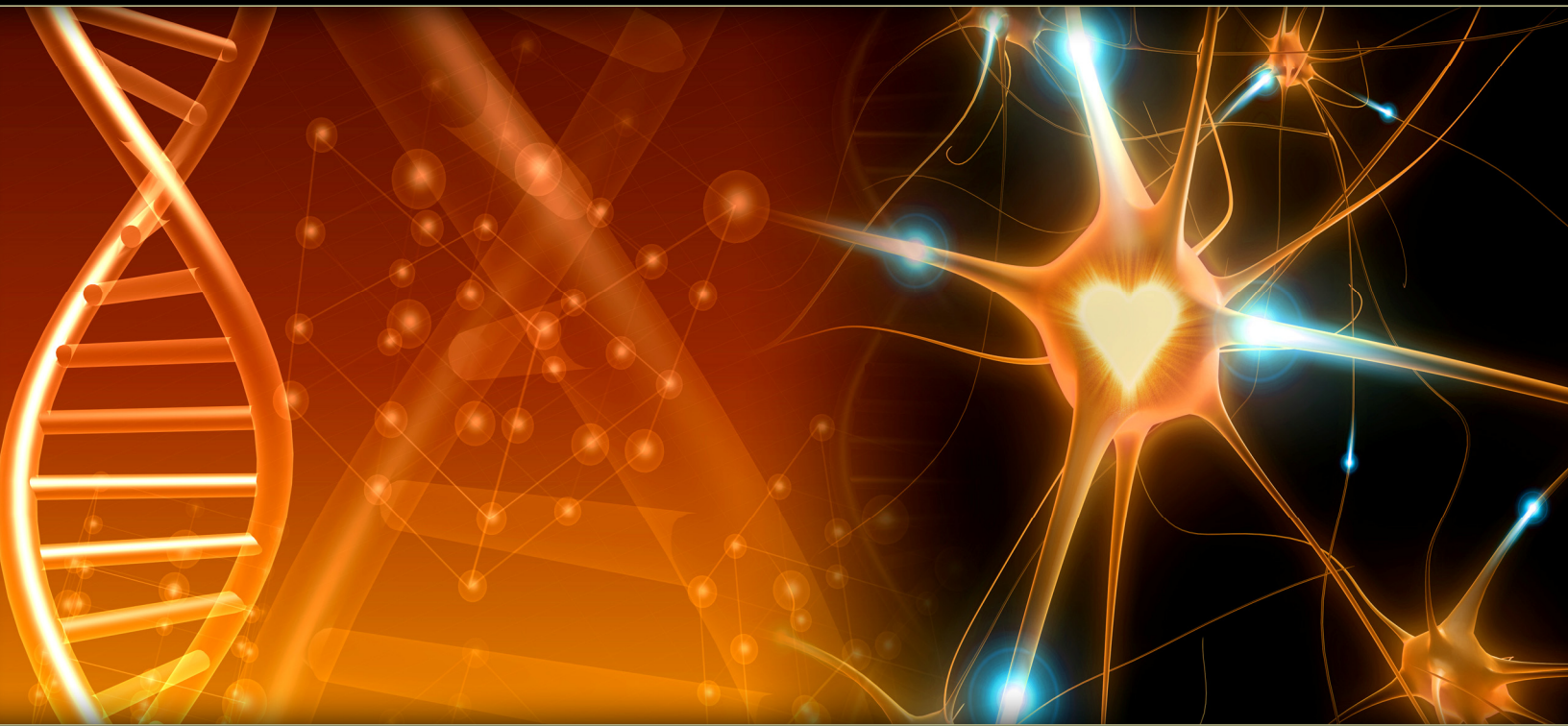




The Living Truth

a story from the Lyricus Teaching Order



 Lyricus

63

THE LIVING TRUTH

INTRODUCTION

The Lyricus Teaching Order uses storytelling to convey its teachings more than books, discourses or lectures. Stories are very powerful tools in the spiritual works since they have facets of interpretation and creative flex that makes them wonderful tools to interact within a group. In the case of the Lyricus stories, they are holographic as well, being able to be understood simultaneously on many levels. This story is transcribed by James.

THE LIVING TRUTH

In a far away corner of a world quite similar to earth, a student in a university lived, studying music. He was a solitary type, good natured and always sought to do the right thing. His name was Alija, and it was his purpose, as given to him by his father, to compose inspirational songs. Alija's dream was to compose a song that was so beautiful and stirring that—solely through its musical tones—It would attract a spiritual Master to whoever played it.

For many years he labored on this song in his room late at night while others slept, but only after he had completed his other lessons and responsibilities.

One night, when the winds went still, he stumbled upon the portion of music that had eluded him, and he was now certain that his song was complete. He played it tentatively to himself one time. Nothing happened. Then a second and third time, trying subtle changes to his fingering technique. Still nothing. On the seventh repetition, he finally lost himself in the song, and when

he did, a silent cloud of golden particles began to swirl in his room, out of which a translucent human figure slowly emerged.

Alija was startled at the growing presence, and stopped playing his song for a few moments, but noticed that as he did, the emergent form began to fade into the soft candlelight of his room. He quickly regained his composure and resumed his playing, and promptly, to Alija's joy, the Master he had so wished to meet, regained a material presence sufficient for Alija's recognition and sufficient also so that the Master could ask: "For what purpose have you summoned me through this music?"

Alija instantly answered, but kept playing his song: "I have questions for you, many questions about how the heaven's work and how I can achieve greater knowledge of the universe and soul."

The Master smiled, and in a solemn tone replied, "There is nothing I can tell you, unless what you seek is united with how you find the living truth inside you."

Alija, upon hearing this, was surprised, as this was a Master of great wisdom and knowledge, with a reputation of understanding the full breadth and depth of the soul's true nature. But because he held such respect for this Master he considered the Master's words, and, still playing his song, asked: "How do I find this living truth?"

The Master held out one of her slender arms and spoke with surprising intensity. "*Stop playing this song!*"

Alija was afraid to stop because he knew the result would be that this Master would disappear and his access to all knowledge would vanish into thin air. He kept playing, overlooking the Master's demand.

"Why do you want me to stop playing something that I have created for you?"

"Stop this song," the Master once again replied, but this time disinterestedly.

Alija, realizing that he wasn't going to get any other answer, followed his Master's request, and, as he did so, the Master's image softly fell away into a swirl of golden light. Abruptly he was alone inside his small room. His own breathing, the only sound; his candles, the only light.

Alija felt rejected and distraught. He had finally achieved what he thought his purpose was, only to be told to stop by a venerated Master. But Alija had invested thousands of hours in his plan, and so he decided to play his instrument again, reasoning it was all a test of his resolve.

Once again on the seventh repetition of Alija's song the Master appeared, but this time with a not-so-subtle look of disappointment.

Alija was quick to say something: "You suggested... earlier, Master, that unless my question was related to how I find the living truth you couldn't instruct me. Well, perhaps this is how I find it. I worked for many years on composing the perfect song to attract you so I could learn from you. I don't have the answers inside me

as you propose. I'm a composer unsuited for the high atmospheres of philosophical inquiry. My mind works differently..."

And then like a soulful epitaph, Alija added, "I hear music, not knowledge. Not words of wisdom. Music... just music."

The Master's countenance softened, as she could tell the student was sincere, and in that sincerity he obliged the Master to respond.

"You are diminished in your understanding of your eternal spirit. That is all, and yet it is everything. It is a condition that besets everyone who is honored to wear a human form in the fields of timespace. Why should you be any different?"

Alija listened, thinking the test was going well since he received a response. "I do not boast that I am any better than another," he offered, "it's just that my thirst for knowledge of the soul is stronger felt. Is this wrong, Master?"

Alija continued playing his song, thinking that at last he was making an impression on this Master. Perhaps the doorway to knowledge would soon swing open for him.

"You have both a biological and a spiritual dimension," replied the Master. "Do not forsake your biology for the pursuit of the spiritual, because it is through your biology that you bring forward the spiritual—creating the living truth in your human form. And this living truth might be music or it might be a talent in horticulture or a capacity to inspire people or a dream of understanding some aspect of science that has been shut-off from human eyes. Whatever form it takes within you, do not disown this

as something that restricts your embrace of the spiritual worlds within you. It is quite the opposite; it *is* your embrace of the worlds of Spirit."

Alija, struck by the words from his Master, stopped playing for just a heartbeat, but in that shortest of times, he began to reconsider his approach. His fingers began to move instinctively on the instrument he held as he noticed the likeness of the Master began—ever so slightly—to grow fainter. The magical song continued to drift through the otherwise silent room.

Alija mustered his courage. He had heard the stories of how these Masters tested the resolve of their students, and now, more than ever, his situation required him to speak as forcefully as his upbringing would allow.

"I have no choice but to protect my right to know the truth... the HIGHEST truth," he began, a telltale crack in his voice betraying his nervousness. "I'm not satisfied to know pieces when I know that the whole exists.

"All of my life," he continued, "I have read the spiritual works, and studied them dutifully. But the more I read, the more I became confused—to such an extent that I wanted to abandon truth altogether. And only for one reason: The truth was always hidden. It *had* to be hidden because it was not the same from one book to the next; from one teacher to another. You, most of all, a spiritual master who is a guardian of the highest Truth, must understand this."

The Master waved her hand and the instrument at once disappeared, and in that moment an expansion of time was drawn

out by the Master. And while the music had stopped, this time the Master's presence only became more vivid and real. She came within twelve inches of Alija's uncertain and trembling face, putting her hands on either side of his head as if to steady it in balance.

Alija struggled to keep his eyes turned away; afraid to travel the deep corridors of her gaze, but when she started to speak he could not resist her eyes. He listened deeper than he had ever heard before.

"There is nothing to guard, protect or defend, my dear Alija," she whispered in measured tones. "We are creatures of Spirit, in the service of Spirit, and even though we wear the biology of a forgetful animal, we are intimate partners of the One Creator. Our life is cared for and cherished by this Universal Spirit and we are wise to trust it, for it is the very same intelligence that designed the miraculous body you wear and the universe architecture that drapes the night sky.

"You have only to listen to your heart's feelings of love, expressed through the body of light that is within you. This is the key understanding that holds deep relevance to you. The living truth is your realization of this noble and powerful reality, lifting it from the realm of the abstract to the heartfelt experience of expression. It is your instant-on relationship with the Divine."

With that, the Master stepped back, and the instrument reappeared in Alija's hands. Distractedly, Alija started to play the melody he had composed, but when he did, the Master's presence withdrew.

As her body's dwindling light fused with the golden candlelight of the room, her voice spoke one last time.

"You know precisely the right action, the exact gesture, and the creative answer to every circumstance. It is your noble inheritance encoded within the light body that is the deeper, higher you. If you inhabit this aspect of your identity, if you live in its world, even if only for a few minutes each day, you will not only find the living truth and live it, but also transmit it through your every heartbeat."

Alija didn't sleep that night, or the next night, as he contemplated his experience. On the third night, still deep in thought, he set out with his instrument to a nearby lake. He carefully picked his way through the rugged trail in the moonless night, hearing only the occasional hoot of an owl. Finally, he arrived at the water's edge which lay before him like a black, patient mirror of the night sky. The reflected starlight was a comfort to his weary eyes.

Sitting on a large, fallen branch, he began to hear a strange sound, but he wasn't sure of its origins. He began to see movement in the stars and the world before him was painted in a new transparency. The sound was distinctly musical, yet seemed to come from the stars. All of Nature was quiet except for the mysterious sound that flowed all around him, resembling a symphony of exotic instruments played more masterfully than a mortal could imagine.

There was a time when Alija would have protected his sense of what was real, but he let that temptation pass quickly. There was a time when his ego would have stepped in and judged the experience a delusion or a mystical mirage; a simple consequence

of his restless state. But he had learned something two nights earlier that changed him, and tonight, beneath the faintest of lights, he had found the living truth in the medium that he understood best: music.

- THE END -