

Like Fish Out of Water

Jesus hath many lovers of his heavenly kingdom, but few bearers of his cross.

He had many desirous of consolation but few of his tribulation.

He found many companions of his table but few of his abstinence.

All desire to rejoice in him, but few are willing to endure anything for him or with him.

Many follow Jesus into the breaking of bread, but few to the drinking of the cup of his passion.

Many reverence his miracles, but few followed him to his cross.

Many love Jesus, so long as no adversities befall them.

These quotes from the book „The Imitation of Christ“ by Thomas A Kempis depict exactly how difficult it is to walk in the master’s footsteps. Jesus Christ, who was the incarnation of love, showering the bliss of divine love impartially to all, suffered crucifixion from the very same people who praised him no longer before.

So what is it in human nature that one day we are deeply in love with someone, and the very next day we throw stones of judgement and blasphemy? Why we humans, the beings composed of love-trons, where all our body cells, atoms, electrons, each molecule is permeated with the bliss and love of God-presence, shrink away from the very same substance we are made of?

How is it that we, human fish, thirst in the ocean of love? This topic has puzzled me for many, many years and still I don’t think I have the answer to that. What is it that prevents us from being always consciously in that blissful presence of satchittananda?

Our attention is focused, or dispersed in so many directions that even when we tap that source of our true essence, we can’t keep it much longer because our energy diverts hither and thither by our never stopping mind and heart’s desires. The static of our minds are constant with some occasional short rests.

Jesus Christ has many millions of followers today in many thousands of different churches and sects. All of them think of themselves as unique and true followers of Jesus consequently condemning other groups of following the right path. My way is the best and only, is their unspoken attitude.

Well, we can look at these varied groups as flocks of sheep, using Jesus’ metaphor. And in his own words, when somebody came up to him enquiring about somebody who was healing in the name of Jesus, Jesus’ answer was: I have many sheep who are not of this flock.

We can read from his mild rebuke to his disciple that we should respect and encompass all that follow the same truth, no matter how different it may appear from the outside.

As a matter of fact, believers and non-believers, we are all struggling children of the same and one God trying to snail our way back to our true home in Him.

And what about the majority of others who follow different religions, masters and paths?

All the religions, masters and different spiritual paths have the same goal: union with God. Buddhists call it Nirvana, yogis Samadhi, Christians Communion, etc. And all holy scriptures declare that there is one God. But why do I think that my God is the only and true God, and yours is a fake one?

We have ten commandments in Christianity; followers of the path of yoga have Pantanjali’s yamas and niyamas, do’s and don’ts which correspond very closely to the ten commandments. Muslims have their own bible and commandments. Various Hindu sects follow similar prescriptions.

And the truth is that they all agree in the basics. We listen to the wise words from the priests, prophets and learned men, we read about beautiful formulas of human conduct but when we come down to dealing with our own life and the challenges that the circumstances of life place before us we stumble, running helter-skelter.

So why do we have problems in accepting the fact that others may be, too, on the right path just as we are on the right path for ourselves? Or, are we afraid for ourselves for the sheer reason that we are not secure in the very path we tread on?

So then, why do so many followers of Jesus Christ have problems in accepting other followers of Jesus? The same God and the same master they all follow, yet they all have the same issue with one another. And why did so many people who deeply loved and followed Jesus leave him when he went through his own agony? He was there when they all needed healing in body, mind, soul and heart. After being healed they forgot the instrument and the source altogether.

Jesus must have “done” something extremely terrible that even the closest disciples shuddered with the thought of having any issue with “*that guy*” in times of great testing. Where had all their love gone in a matter of hours?

Millions of his contemporary followers sing praises and swear lifelong dedication and devotion and loyalty to Jesus the Christ. His depiction is so beautiful, his words so penetrating, and the Church is so powerful with the long tradition of unbroken lineage of pope-dom. Few realize, that indeed the discipleship succession has been broken many times by many “unholy” popes. His words have been altered and misinterpreted by many to suit to the politics of men in power.

Even his image has been modified by different nations; and we can see Christ with blue eyes and hair which suits the image of a pure Aryan, or black skinned to curry favour to the dark-skinned people. Or nowadays we see him dressed in jeans sitting on the motorbike with the Marlboro cigarette securely placed between his index and middle finger. I am still waiting to see him with punk-like hair style with his multicolour erect hair like Iroquois with silver chains hanging about his waist. Joke aside...

It is very nice to fall in love with a beautiful image hanging on the kitchen or sleeping room wall, and to read occasionally inspiring words from the Bible but when we are confronted with the adversaries we forget all mushy of religion-ism and fall prey to our lower nature. No problem, we run away until storm is over and the sun comes out again and no change in our character and behaviour whatsoever. Problem solved, seemingly.

But how many Christians contemplate the idea of following the living Christ in flesh? How many try to put themselves in the position of having that Living Power by their side when dealing with the situations that life places before them? How many try sincerely to depict the life and walks of Jesus, placing themselves in the shoes of the close disciples of Jesus and re-examining their hearts and trying to purify their hearts with the burning fire of divine love and wisdom?

To look within is not easy. A master, the one who is one with the consciousness of God, is a pure reflection of the disciple. He showers love in abundance and when the power of love engulfs us it brings about from the deep, dark recesses of our hearts all the dust that has been settling for incarnations. And we are choking; we can suddenly hardly see a thing.

And what does this dust symbolize? Our suppressed emotions, our hurts, insecurities, complexes, shame, regrets, name it!

Instead of being grateful to our spiritual guide for helping us see what needs to be removed, and indeed it *is* being removed, what do we do? We spit on him, calling him names, building a plot against him, or running away from him in great agony as if we have faced the devil himself. But that *is* true: we faced the demon in our selves reflected on the master. Many promise to die for him, but how many truly promise to live for him, in him and with him? To die is easy; in a split second you are snatched away and the great relief comes and you are secure and safe from enduring any suffering and condemnation.

But to suffer persecution with him, to carry a part of his burden... as Jesus said: harvest is truly plenteous but the labourers are few. Or we often hear from many spiritual masters that there are plenty of gurus out there but rare is a true disciple. Indeed, rare is the one who is willing to accept *any* discipline and forget his self and make a room in his heart to his true Self.