



dispensable TEACHINGS

BY EDDIE GREENBERG

"I see you in the sky above, the tall grass and the ones I love."

—Bob Dylan



For this issue I depart from my genetically-cynical New York City kosher-style humor and instead write from my heart since I no longer deny that I have one. But first, a few one-liners from my loyal team of writers:

- "The reason we all have to suffer so much is so the Buddhists can earn a living."
- "The first year of marriage is the hardest; the second year is a little harder."
- "My whole life has been in parentheses. I want to get back to the sentence."
- "If you meet the Buddha on the road...meet him."

THE DAY MY SEEKING STOOD STILL

Christmas Day, 1982: Rusk Institute Hospital, New York City, a clinic for terminally ill cancer patients and infants with birth defects,

While delivering gifts to patients as part of an event called "The Holiday Hospital Project," I walk into a small room with a solitary incubator in it. Inside it is a beautiful, blonde, blue-eyed infant girl who is being fed through a tube and breathing through a second tube, both entering through one opening in her sweet little face. Her eyes are so beautifully blue, like the bluest sky on a miraculously cloudless day in my current hometown, Seattle.

I say to the nurse, "What's her prognosis?" and she replies, "Three weeks to three months left." And so I sit down next to the incubator, looking through the glass at this new soul,

this very new birth close to death, and I scream out silently from that inner place where most of us have stopped screaming:

"OH GOD, WHAT IS *THIS* ONE ALL ABOUT? WHAT IN YOUR NAME IS *THIS* ONE ALL ABOUT? I WANT TO KNOW, I WANT TO KNOW NOW!"

I had been on the so-called spiritual path for around nine years at that time—since 1973 when I brought a handkerchief, some flowers and a piece of fruit to a picture of the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi's guru in a tenement apartment on New York City's Upper West Side. Nine years in the spiritual supermarket—every aisle imaginable; my list could have filled up a ten foot roll of adding machine tape with all the seeking I had done.

But that Christmas day God gave me an answer—me, a guy who seemed to never receive inner guidance, answers, voices or visions. But this time it came to me...me:

"Chaim ben Froim," it said, (my Hebrew name), "regarding this infant and her dilemma and your wondering why..."

You Don't Get To Find Out.
You Don't Get To Find Out.

You Just Get To *Feel*."

And I can. Feel

"God's love is the ointment for the wounds of the failure of worldly love." —Baba Muktananda

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