

## Finding the Inner Teacher – Lilla Bek Meditation

*This meditation tells a story in which the Lower Self, the physical body, makes a journey to purify itself, to bring its energies up to the level of the Higher Self. In the story, the physical body is the Pupil, and the Higher Self is the Master, or Teacher.*

The Pupil went to the Master and asked, “Master, how can I become pure? How can I prepare myself to create a change in my consciousness?”

The Master thought for a while, and then replied, “You are like a dwelling, a place in which I live. At present, there is a gap between your energy and mine. This gap must be bridged if you are to create a change in your consciousness. You will need to build a new dwelling, a beautiful place, engaging your lower energies first in this task, because building a dwelling such as a beautiful cathedral, which is a dwelling fit for me to inhabit, is an evolutionary process. You will need to proceed lesson by lesson. The first lesson, your starting point, is to build an ordinary house.”

The Pupil was delighted. This was a wonderful way to start. He wondered which materials he should use for his house, and he also began to wonder if he could make the building process easier for himself. If he incorporated what already existed into his house, the dwelling would be easier and quicker to complete. So he thought to himself, “Perhaps, instead of actually having to build my house from scratch, it would be possible for me to use a cavern or a cave. This would eliminate much of the hard work in the building process.”

So the Pupil decided to look for a suitable cavern or cave, and he found a beautiful cave on a mountain-side. He entered the cave, and began to look around. Although it had looked so beautiful at the start, as he looked around, he found strange, dark areas in the cave. He examined these dark areas closely, and discovered that they were actually the beginnings of dark passages, going deep into the mountain. Without thinking clearly about what he was doing, the Pupil decided to explore the passages. He disappeared into one of the passages, taking nothing with him. He felt very brave, and sure of himself, because he was doing something for the Higher Self. He thought to himself, “The Higher Self will save me, even if I am incompetent, because I am doing this for my Higher Self.” He moved down the passage, and eventually found himself in a big, open space with a black lake in the centre. The black lake looked ominous. Drawing closer to the lake, the Pupil gazed into its depths, and saw a strange vision of himself. As he looked at the vision, a great voice sounded from the depths of the lake, saying, “You cannot enter herein, for you are not ready. This is a place of destruction. Many have tried to enter, but only the pure have succeeded. You are not yet ready. Go from this place, and prepare yourself for the hard work needed to build a house.”

The Pupil was unhappy and disappointed. He recognised that this voice in his consciousness was speaking the truth, and he realised that, perhaps, he had been cheating a little in his task. So he left the open space with the lake behind him, and returned through the passageway, feeling his way gently back along the sides of the passage. Eventually, he managed to find his way back into the cave itself, and from there, back out into the sunshine, and the place at which he had first entered the cave. From there, he set off to look for wood and materials to use in building his house.

The Pupil was still anxious to build his house quickly. The Red, Reproductive Energy conjured up a feeling of success. Intoxicated by this feeling of success, and filled with the heady power of the Red Energy, he soon put a house together, concentrating on completing the task quickly. Although the house was finished, the workmanship was poor, and the house did not look very safe. Nevertheless, the Pupil was pleased that the house had been completed, and thought, "The Higher Self is pure Spirit, and will be able to live in any house, whether it is safe or not."

The spirit of the Higher Self looked down at the house which the Pupil had built and said, "This house does have some love in its construction, but it has very little thought. Come, my Pupil. Take time to think and ponder a little. Step back, and do not rush. Temper your love with thought. I assure you that, with a little forethought and care, this house will be much improved."

But the Pupil thought to himself, "Right, I will now settle down, and take this task more slowly. I will actually make a plan. I will draw a little masterpiece in the sand. With a little more thought and attention, I can produce something which will look more like the dwelling which the Master has in mind." So the Pupil went into action. He engaged his Orange Energy. The Orange Energy was still full of the fire of the Red Energy, but the overwhelming desire for quick success was tempered and muted by thought. The Pupil spent a little longer on his task, working from his drawing in the sand, and concentrating on producing a stronger house. He sang as he worked, and felt full of joy and contentment. The love he had put into the first house was present in this new house, combining with a little more preparation and thought. As a result, he built a much better house overall. He showed this new house to the Higher Self, and said, "Master, surely you could live here!"

The Master looked at this second house. "Come," he said, "You are capable of finer works than this. Great architects come from small beginnings. Come with me, and I will show you something even more practical than this. You have created a house, a building. Think also about the amenities in a house. Think of all those things which a human being might need apart from simply a space or room for the Higher Self. You need a room in which you can be quiet, not just one single space. Instead of having a fire in the middle of your one single space, why not have a fireplace with a chimney. This house is just a building, it is not a place in which you could live. It is not a home. Think about a suitable dwelling, and build once again."

By this time, the Pupil was feeling rather miserable. Somehow, this time, love was swept away in never-ending thought. Instead of love for his work, he felt angry inside: frustrated, filled with fears and self-doubt. How could he succeed, when everything he did was wrong, and when he could do nothing right? He sat down, feeling very depressed, to think carefully about building a better house, bringing his Yellow Energy to bear. He considered making sheets of paper from papyrus, to give him more detailed plans than he had been able to draw in the sand. He started to draw his plan on the paper, taking more time to think what he wanted to achieve. He knew that his own ideas were of account, but he also thought that others could help him. He thought about the skills he would need to build a beautiful house, and found workmen to help him. Gradually, working together, they built a rather beautiful house, complete with the amenities inside which had been missing before, but this third house lacked love.

"Oh come," said the Master, "What have you been thinking of my friend? What kind of a house is this? Empty, like a shell, with only thought after thought dwelling in each corner: ideas, depressions, moods, anger, frustrations. More importantly than this, despite all the thinking you have put into building this house, you have not thought of me at all."

The Pupil sat down under a tree beside a pool, and thought about the Yellow Energy he had used in the house he had built with thought but without love. "What can I put in the Yellow Ray? What have I forgotten? What is it that thought does not do, that thought can never create?" Then, as he sat there under the tree, pensive and sad, throwing pebbles into the water, he saw his reflection. He thought about the Higher Self, reflected in him. Suddenly, he thought, "I know what is wrong with me! I have been building things for myself, using my own yardstick, and my own imagination of what I wanted. I need to think what the Master wants when I am building my house. Perhaps if I became

Him more, love would return, and I would create the house according to His image of life, rather than my own image and thoughts.”

So the Pupil started to build a house more suited to a dwelling for his soul. He looked at this house from every point of view and perspective. This was a far more loving house, inspired by his Green Energy. When he had finished work, he looked at what he had done. The house shimmered in the sun. The gardens surrounding it were fairy-tale. The air was filled with the scent of beautiful flowers. Fountains sparkled in the sunlight. Trees flourished, and the rose garden bloomed. The gardens were home to many animals. It was all beautifully done. This fourth house contained not only the amenities which had been missing from the previous house, but also beautiful places to sit at leisure, places to contemplate, places to enjoy. The Pupil was very pleased with himself. Thinking more about the Higher Self, he placed mirrors around the house to reflect back the image of the lost part of himself, so that he could always see this other part of himself and strive to regain it. He went back to the Master, saying, “Come now and see! I have built this house with my heart. It has been a work of art, and I thought of you as I created it.”

The Master looked down at his Pupil and responded, “I know, and you are doing very well. For a moment, I thought you might lose yourself so completely, so deeply, that nothing of you would be left. And yet, still, even in this house there are parts of you which are still unlike me, unlike your Higher Self. There are parts of you which do not remember wisdom, or the science of numbers; parts to which holy geometry means nothing. Now this is your opportunity. Come, destroy this beautiful, wonderful place. Die here in this place. Replace this beautiful dwelling with one which is wholly me. This is the way of the Green Energy, the true way of the heart. Travel upwards, into the Blue Energy, and create a dwelling there which will be higher than this one, more in the air.”

“I know,” said the Pupil, “I will build you a house higher up on the hill. It will be a dream of a castle. In this castle you will dwell as the King of my heart. Here, in the basement of the castle, we will practise alchemy as an art. We will have such fun in this castle. It will have terraces, and we will look out from them and see for miles – not just a garden for personal use, but an entire world. I will realise this very special dream of mine, and create it for you.”

Then the Pupil, rapt with wonder and joy, began to build. He drew on his Blue Energy for inspiration. He was completely committed to the creation of the castle. He brought everything he could to his

work. He used the signs of numbers and the sacred geometry. He offered his heart. He involved the great ones of the land, craftsmen of the highest repute. He called in the greatest sculptors and painters to decorate the interior of the castle. The list of the great beings who came to fulfil the dream was endless. Finally, when the castle was finished, the Pupil was aglow as he presented it, exclaiming, "O Master, look! Look at this dwelling!"

The Master said, "Come! There is love here. There is wisdom here. You have presented everything pertaining to the Blue Ray. This is almost complete, you are making progress. But where is **your** gift to me? You have chosen so many great people to represent you. You were escaping, hiding from me, were you not? For have you not seen that I have been here from the beginning to inspire you, to ensure you have the greatest gift of all - to ensure that you, like me, can create beautiful things. Come, why do you not paint? Why do you not sculpt? Why do you not compose? What is it, that frightens you away so much from being me?"

"I am not worthy of such great things, O Master," replied the Pupil. "Since my ego has disappeared, I do not feel that I can fulfil something as special as this."

"What you are saying," replied the Master, "is that creativity belongs only to others. Are you saying that I have robbed you of your creativity? I have degraded you. I have given you no gifts. Is this what you are telling me? Are you telling me that you are a great designer, and nothing more, only good at building houses? You are an empty shell, and others must fulfil your task for you? "

"Come, come, my Pupil, I have taught you well. Now, go and sit. Become very quiet and still. Move up to the next level. Slowly and deeply it will come. First, close your eyes. Clear your mind and your hands of empty doing. Remove your focus from designing and building, and from feelings of sleeping and service. Go still further. Even as you empty your mind and your hands, empty everything – every inch of your being – so that you are ready to be filled full to the point of overflowing. Absorb the knowledge that all these great beings, these gifted beings, are living inside your skin. Now that you are ready, stilled and emptied of yourself, you must next forget. Forget your old self, the person you once were. Forget the old skin of your being, that person who could not. Instead, remember this: when you open your eyes again, they will be full of light, and tonight you will create a masterpiece."

The Pupil was conscious of various feelings of dismay. In spite of these feelings, he knew he had to obey, for he knew he had gone too far to turn back at this point. He remained true to his quest. So, he sat quietly in a corner, and did his best to follow the Master's instructions. Suddenly, while he

was contemplating what could possibly happen at this time, he felt a strange feeling inside him, as if he had drunk a full measure of good wine. A peculiar dizziness overcame him. His head felt higher and his body felt bigger than before. A strange energy was moving in and out of him, almost as if something was pulling him this way and that. An unknown power was coursing through his brain. He felt as if he were growing another spine - as if he were an empty cane with gold pouring through the hollow centre. This happened so suddenly, and powerfully, with all the great strength and zest of his being. Suddenly, in this moment of inspiration, something seemed to grow, and all at once he knew no more. He became a void, an empty place, with no name, no feeling, no association. Then, in place of the void, his hands began to move spontaneously and to draw. Deep inside himself, he could hear a voice singing beautifully as his hands moved and drew. Somehow, somewhere, the colours blended in his mind, into white light. With the white light came enlightenment, and he knew how to proceed.

“Ah,” said the Master, “it is not as you feared, is it? Come, you have done really well! Now we will destroy all the other ideas and concepts. We can act as one. You are becoming connected, enlightened, at one with me. Together, we can go one step further. Connected, we act as one unit, working together as one.”

The Pupil looked at him, exclaiming, “Oh dear, I fear that, in all these tests, there is much more to come! I am fearful that I am still not good enough, that all I have learned will still not be enough to do ask you ask.”

“No,” said the Master, “no, no! I am a good Master now. Your last test will not be difficult to do: create a white cathedral in the sky, built of crystals. You and I will make it together. I will help you now, and you will see the lights of eternity. Time will stand still. All will be well. This will be your final task. As we work together, you will experience the spiritual manifestation of creativity. How small you were at the start, and now, how tall you have become. How beautiful you are, now you can create! Come, let us go through the Golden Gate into the paradise of space-less time. Let us sip nectar together, and enjoy the palace of light and crystals which we have created together.”

And so, as they walked into the palace of light, it seemed as if every thought had the power to create something. The Pupil was frightened to think, because he was becoming drunk with this creative power. Every time he reached out, every time his eyes touched, a single feeling came through, and the feeling caused something to manifest, real and true. Beautiful statues appeared with a flick of the eye. Everything appeared in response to his thoughts and feelings. He was manifesting through

these invisible forces. All at once, a door appeared in the sky, a Golden Gate, which opened wide. The Pupil experienced something very strange: an out of body experience. He remembered going through that Golden Gate, alone, and noticing as he passed through that another dimension took over. He felt he was flying, and as he flew, he thought about the wings he had, and from whence they came. How was it that he could fly so high, so far?

All at once, the Master was with him again. As they flew together, the Master said, "I have something to say to you. It may make you rather sad, for now I have to go. Be reassured, it is not as bad as you fear, and I will explain why I must leave you. You see, you no longer need me as your Master, your Teacher, your Guide. This teaching energy inside you means that, when you master these things, you begin to function more as your own guide. Your Master and Teacher is the whole Universe. This is the truth of the matter. And now all your lessons are over. No more cries, no more loneliness. You have to be strong, for now I am in you. All along we have been separated, you and I, but now eternity is sitting, and we know we can go together. And so, although I seem to disappear, I will be with you, but not here, not in this way."

The Pupil continued to fly, and suddenly he found he was alone. He flew down to the ground, finding a clearing in a wood, and sat down on the ground. He considered how he was feeling, and discovered he was feeling good. He was pleased with all he had achieved. He realised that he felt quite strong. Yet, at the same time, he was also conscious of a longing, of the strangeness of being without the support he had loved – the support of the Master. He sat and contemplated what he would do now, and where he would go. He thought about how to start his life again. What would he do, now his task of building dwellings was no more, and he had passed through the Golden Gate. Now he knew about the door in the sky, what more was there to be said or done?

As he sat and thought, a young man came along the path into the clearing. He was heavily laden and tired. His feet looked sore. His eyes were downcast, and he moaned and groaned. He noticed the Pupil and exclaimed, "Oh, thank God I've found you here! I have been looking for you everywhere. I have heard of a holy man, but I did not know where to find him. Now I know that I must be ready for this, for now I am in your presence, I can feel that you are real. I sense that you are a good person, and you have gone through so much. I can feel it, even as I just touch the hem of your garment. I know that you are a holy man, and so I ask you, please, to take me on. Teach me everything you

have been shown. I reach out from my very heart. You have reached another level. You have reached levels which I would love to reach. Will you accept me as a pupil?"

"Very well," said the Pupil who was now a Master. "There is one thing I can show you, one thing I think I can do for you. It is not difficult. There is an art to this – there is a beginning and an end, as with everything. I am afraid that, at the start, you must begin low down."

"What must I do?" asked his new Pupil.

"Well," said the Master "It is really very simple. You start by building me a dwelling, a house. When the dwelling you build shows me that you are ready, then I will take you, and you will understand that this dwelling which you have built is not only built on earth, but also in a holy land. This holy land is a place beyond: beyond mind and concept, somewhere up there, by the golden stair that leads up high. I will guide you to a dwelling in the sky."