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Beyond White Clouds



Gems of
Thought

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Preface

This is merely a collection of thoughts—gems that I found along and aside the lane of life.

A stone is just a stone, but if we look at it with the eyes of devotion, it can turn into a sparkling jewel, brightening up our way, leading us through the dark tunnel of uncertainty.

Likewise, our thoughts shine in their own light, if we let them float freely on waves of love. They derive their power from the freedom of will, growing at their own speed, fanning out into space like white clouds. If we let them drift ever higher, they ultimately reach their true source and, having traversed the sky of learning, become one with their origin.

While travelling through many different countries and cultures, I felt at first impeded by everything strange and new. But after I got accustomed to my surroundings, my heart started beating in the rhythm of nature, accepting every form of life as part of my own, weeping with the clouds, howling along with the wind, swaying like a flower in the summer breeze.

No one can see what I see, and no one will feel how I feel. The rain is still going to fall, and the sun is still going to shine in the days of the future passed.

I have dreamt a million dreams, of high and low, of love and hate, of light and dark. I have come from nowhere, and to nowhere I shall go. I shall return to innocence, like a bird to its cage.

As we move through time, we can overtake each other, but not time itself. We float in a deep ocean of grace, and yet we cannot see its depth. We are afraid of our neighbour, but neither do we trust our own inner self. We share the same space in this universe, but hamper each other in moving freely from here to there.

While high up in the blue sky the clouds dance in their white robes to the music of the spheres, we dream of things we have not seen or heard, all the while crying for more. If we let our thoughts rise above the elements and enter the region of spaceless space, our dreams cease to exist, and our tears dissolve into nothingness. We start living the real life, dwelling way beyond the white clouds, where the sky stretches endlessly from one horizon to the next.



Prologue

Thoughts do not come for the sake of thoughts. They arrive at their own time. Like dreams, they control and then possess us. Their cravings shall never be satisfied—thirsty like desert sand.

Words are thoughts reflecting off the invisible plane of conscience. Our energy forces explode. Our heart sends out beams of emotion, stretching out into the ether.

*Before the book, there was the word.
Before the word, there was the thought.
Before the thought, there was the vision.
Before the vision, there was the light.*

The book is the deep ocean, overflowing with the wealth of memories. On its shores the tide of wisdom, into which the rivers flow, like words from the mountains' lips. Thoughts descend like rain and bring life into the book of seasons.

Many pages in the book of life have been turned over—many more are still unread. The door leading towards peace and liberation is still locked. The wheel of time keeps on spinning and dragging her victims along the road of ignorance. Envy and hostility walk hand in hand and spread their poisoned seeds over the soil of disbelief, trying to cast their shadows over the path of the seeker for truth.

Clothed in vanity and pride, we hide behind the curtains of desire and throw stones at truth and responsibility. Out of the clay of egoism, we carve fancy images to please the senses and the mind, blindly falling into the pit of self-deception.

We cannot find freedom in the pleasures of the world. Unless we turn the sword against our brother and sister, that is, unless we detach ourselves from them—from the sensations of the physical body—and attach our mind and senses to the beauty within, we will not be freed from the shackles of illusion, we will have to remain in captivity—bound there by time.

The soul is the power of light permeating and sustaining all life. Its rays penetrate every region in space. Its force reaches every atom and every particle of the atom.

But like the atmosphere protecting the Earth from the direct radiation of the Sun, the soul also has to make its journey through different protecting shields to reach the lower levels of perception, where it can gain experience through the senses of seeing, hearing, smelling, tasting and touch.

While collecting impressions in a human, animal or plant form of existence, it projects itself further into every object. Thus, even the minutest form of creation is given a certain role to perform in the divine act by the soul-essence flowing within and through it; a drama that constantly requires changes in the setting-up of stage, makeup and background performance. Our body performs, whilst the soul becomes reformed. We are ever climbing higher on the ladder of success, until we reach the highest peak of perfection.

Having finally returned to the top of creation, after one grand cycle of evolution, the soul can withdraw from the physical life of action and re-enter the sphere of light, whence it originated. The object becomes the subject again.

In this evolutionary cycle, all objects (living creatures) are depending on each other through their relationships past, present and future, having gone through countless births and deaths. Indeed, the seeds we have sown in the past already provide for our future.

Whatever instrument we use today, has once had a certain form of existence in the sphere of creation, and thus fulfils its purpose to the utmost—until dust turns into dust again.

All life is vibration, so is thought; the spoken word; the reflection of light—but also the shadow. We are merely the tools of nature, cramped into our bodies like books onto a shelf, waiting to be read—but not yet ready to understand.

The art of getting knowledge cannot be learnt just by moving forward, as any movement only leads you away from the moment of now. You cannot enter the nucleus by revolving in space. If moving would lead you somewhere, it should be possible to move anywhere without having to return to the source, like reaching a new pole without being attracted to the latter.

But how to approach the unknown? How to disentangle the threads of time? What happens if we compress space? And how to understand the things we cannot see?

Essentially, each question already contains its own individual answer. The subtleties of nature are all there hidden within man, inside and as a part of the overself.

Yet human language is limited in its attempt to comprehend the world beyond ego and self-will, a variety of thought-matter manifestations far away still from the pool of divinity.

*All actions take place in time by the interweaving
of the forces of Nature,
but the man lost in selfish delusion thinks that he
himself is the actor.*

*But the man who knows the relation between the
forces of Nature and actions,
sees how some forces of Nature work upon other
forces of Nature,
and becomes not their slave.*

Bhagavad-Gita 3.27-28

All forms are reflections of the true source of energy and thus have no power in themselves. They depend directly on their creator and constantly absorb and receive their power from him. They shine in the light of his love, where every colour melts into one.

The palette of nature feeds on this infinite source of light in a world of objective matter. Though breathing in their own rhythm and speed, all creatures big and small follow the same universal law.

What we see as 'a white cloud' is directly and exclusively controlled by the filtration of light rays, through a prism of space-time conjunction, emanating from the sphere of 'subjective quality'—the prime source of light and life.

Colour in itself is lifeless, non-existent. But for the eye it becomes alive in its multiple shades and tones. We see something in a certain colour and call it 'a white cloud' or 'blue sky'.

Only the experienced eye can perceive the multiple forms of vibration and distinguish between reality and illusion.

A falling blossom can have absolutely no meaning to the blind, yet will be full of enchanting charm for the one who knows the art of the senses, of being within looking out.

The eyes of the master in the art of seeing contain every form visible and invisible in its true colour and shape, and reflect the whole existence in a dimensionless mirror, of which he is the centre.

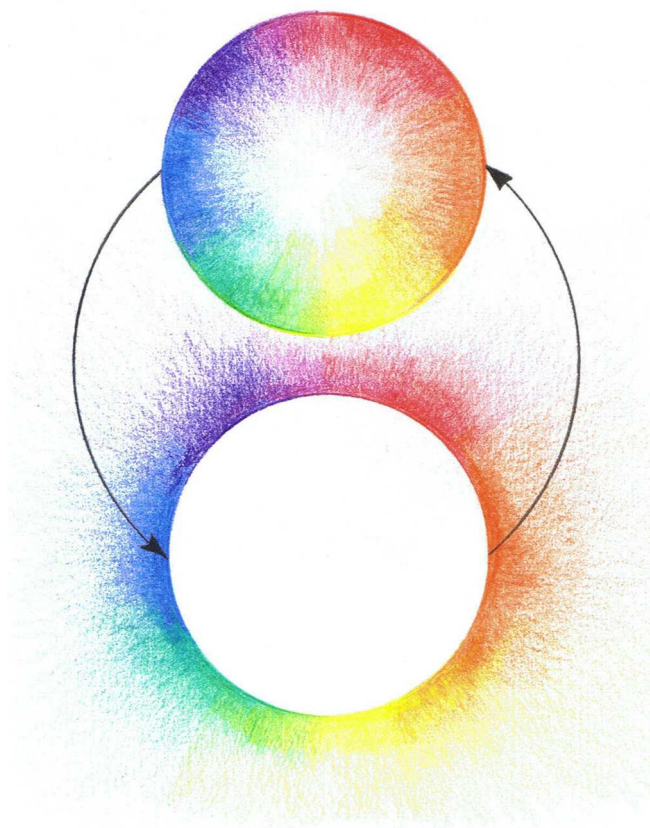
A painter uses his own experience and judgement to blend the existing colours with those of his imagination and combines both to create an image of his own—a new world of coloured objects. He looks at everything through coloured glasses being with him wherever he goes. He becomes what he sees, but does not see himself. He dwells in a cage of images that leaves no door open for him.

Reality knows no colour and yet is every colour in one. A beam of light entering a prism is colourless to the eye. The prism itself is dead, without power of creating, yet when touched by light, it becomes alive, active, creative. We perceive the projection of a multi-coloured ribbon created out of nothingness.

Therefore, we could say that everything we see is produced from a colourless source of light penetrating and pervading diverse planes of projection and then entering space at different angles of perception.

Thus, the subject transforms itself into the object, performs a certain action and ultimately, after having explored its possibilities on the objective level, returns to its origin. Because of their different structures, they can never melt into one, the object always remains on the objective level, it cannot join the subject.

Likewise, we become what we think; we follow the way of thought. To look beyond the material plane, we have to enter the sphere of spirit, the source of light and life, to become one with the Prime Power. Everything below is just a reflection (of a higher form), fading in and out, losing itself in space.



The subject (above) reverses its content of introvert quality, when taking the form of the object (below), into extrovert quantity, the latter of which seems to be of a greater capacity due to its expansion into space—yet this capacity of power is but an illusion, lost in its own created space of imagination.

Most of our actions are very self-oriented and have no deeper meaning compared to the whole of creation. They are pebbles on the roadside of learning, but the road itself does not need them for its own existence.

Thus, a certain defined state on one plane might have a completely different outlook on another, so that in most cases, our perceptual images do not contain much truth, absolutely speaking—they are only there because we see them there.

Truth exists in itself, a perfect perfection in absolute reality. There, even the total blow-up of this universe is like a mere whisper.

The greater our imperfections, the more we are inclined to see the faults of others, while those who have gained deeper insight can see through these faults into their essential nature.

As long as we regard ourselves superior to others or look down upon the world, we cannot make any real progress. As soon, however, as we understand that we live in exactly that world which we deserve, we shall recognise the faults of others as our own—though they may appear in different form. It is our own karma that we live in this "imperfect" world, which in the ultimate sense is our own creation. This is the only attitude which can help us to overcome our difficulties, because it replaces fruitless negation by an impulse towards self-perfection, which not only makes us worthy of a better world but partners in its creation.

Tomo Géshé Rimpoché

It is this our creation that we have to comply with and accept; a creation with an essence deeper than we could ever imagine; a creation that allows but also takes everything; a world with rules that no one understands but everyone wants to break; a place that can be paradise and hell at the same time. It is up to us to decide which way we want to turn.

When we travel beyond the clouds of ignorance, we reach the sky of learning. Once we have traversed the sky, we realize that whatever we have experienced so far will vanish like a white cloud in the summer breeze, that 'whatever has come must needs go.'



The Wealth of Love

If you surround yourself with hatred and mistrust, surely nobody will bother you, but if you build a wall of happiness and contentment around you, everybody who comes near you will be affected and will dance with joy, and thus give something back to you as well.

If tears are made to wash away the dirt covering the soul, which in itself is a shining light in the darkness, then pray never let the river in your eyes run dry.

And if hunger should punish your body, if that hunger feeds your very spirit, then pray let no part of your being be satisfied, for as long as one can take, one can give also.

The thirst that lingers on for many moons, but lasts just for a single dream, will carry you along towards your lover's door.

If the mind is influenced by the company it keeps, then surely solitude should be of great help to vacate the mind and will gradually turn into soul-itude.

No earthly treasure
can equal the wealth of love—
true love.

In the wanting lies the getting,
and in weakness lies great strength.
In every seed lies a new life,
but within you lies everything.

Without love we cannot be growing,
we cannot know of reality,
and without words we cannot be glowing,
and our songs cannot be sung.

Since life has opened our eyes,
we want to know who is running this
show.

Who is the maker of this Universe?

It is love,
boundless love,
infinite love.

Love is the foundation to our life.

Love extinguishes every fire of passion,
it melts all desires into one:
to kiss the lips of Eternity.

Belief without love is like a seed without
water.

Love without trust is like a tree without
roots.

Trust without belief is like sailing a
boat without wind.



When love rains over your fields,
you need not water.

When a smile pours out of your lover's
eyes,
you need not the light of sun.

When a kind word trickles into your heart,
you need not worry whether it's day or
night.

When the hand of a true friend guides you
on the bridge over the fatal gorges of
death,
you need not care about a safe landing.

When yesterday seems near,
and now seems far away,
remember,
that yesterday was now,
for now is never not.

When dreams have failed and love has
caused you pain,
 sleep again and you will have another
dream—
 your love will last but for a single day.

When thoughts have proved to lead you
away from the truth,
 cast out the evil sting,
 before it poisons every pore of love's
body.

When your lover has faded into the cold
of night,
 and the moon is just rising in the east,
 and your heart is feeling lonely,
 left aside in the dark,
 that's the time to skip into the sea of
your dreams,
 like a ship set to sail off the shore.

