
MOJUD The Man With The INEXPLICABLE LIFE



An ancient Sufi story with commentary by
Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh
(osho)



MOJUD
The Man With The
INEXPLICABLE
LIFE

An ancient Sufi story with commentary by
Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh



Dedicated to

The Blessed One

Thank You for sharing Your vision and Your
insight



Conception:

Ma Prem Kabira

Direction:

Swami Anand Vibhavan

Swami Deva Anugito

Editor:

Ma Antar Komalta

Book Design:

Swami Paritosh Dhyan

Illustrator:

Ma Prem Pujan

Photo:

Copyright © Neo-Sannyas International

Published by:

Ansa Publishing Company, Inc.

7412 S.W. Beaverton Highway, Suite 204

Portland, Oregon 97225

Telephone: (503) 297-8377

FAX: 5032972318

Limited Edition, 112 signed, numbered copies

First Edition: 5,000 hard bound copies

Printed in U.S.A., Dynagraphics, Inc.

Copyright © 1988, Neo-Sannyas International

Originally published: Vol. II, Chapter 1

"Wisdom of the Sands" Copyright © 1978

Neo-Sannyas International

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means electronic or mechanical including photocopying and recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system without permission in writing from the publisher.

ISBN: 0-945360-00-2



The Journey

MOJUD TheManWithThe INEXPLICABLE LIFE

<i>the story</i>		<i>the commentary</i>
8	ONE Believing in the impossible the impossible becomes possible	46
12	TWO Each man is a man of bright prospects because each man has God as his ultimate flowering	53
16	THREE Belief grows out of heart	58
22	FOUR I am talking about the stream of inner consciousness	66
28	FIVE You are here to learn the ways of trust	70
32	SIX Only by living it will you know it	73
36	SEVEN Life itself becomes the teacher	76
40	EIGHT Spirituality is a gift It comes to those who trust it happens to those who love and who love immensely	78

* * *

This is *your* story



"The story that we are going to go into today is one of the greatest stories. It has that special flavor that only a Sufi story can have. It is incomparable.

"If you can understand this story you will have understood the very secret of religion. If you can't understand this story, you will not be able to understand religion at all."



Introduction

Like all great and timeless stories of life, *"Mojud, The Man With The Inexplicable Life,"* is hauntingly simple. Too simple, some would say. But, it will persevere with you, call to you, like no other. It is a simple map scrawled lazily from antiquity, a map of life, a map of religion.

Religion *is* life, it seems to whisper. The God we seek hides not in the rivers and mountains, but lies tucked away in our hearts, nourished by that rare quality—trust.

Life is religion . . . not a faraway time or place, not a paradise in the sky, but a paradise, an eternity, which exists wherever we are, and flows forever from this very moment.

Without purpose, without justification, without the expectation of reward, Mojud is illuminated and discovers the "knowledge of the mysteries." No path, no plan, not even a thought, just a simple life led by a sincere and trusting man. A man who finds no God, but godliness itself. A man who builds no temple, but is, himself, his own sacred gate to the divine.

Swami Dhyani Yogi

"So pull yourself together. Become integrated for these few moments. Listen as totally as possible, just become your ears. Be there. Something of immense value is being imparted in this story."

MOJUD
The Man With The
INEXPLICABLE
LIFE

ONE

*Believing in the
impossible, the impossible
becomes possible*



*There was once a man
named Mojud.
He lived in a town where he had
obtained a post
as a small official, and
it seemed likely
that he would end his days
as Inspector of Weights
and Measures.*



*One day
when he was walking
through the gardens
of an ancient building
near his home,
Khidr,
the mysterious guide
of the Sufis,
appeared to him,
dressed in shimmering green.
Khidr said,
“Man of bright prospects!
Leave your work
and meet me at the riverside
in three days’ time.”
Then he disappeared.*



Khidr . . . dressed in shimmering green . . .





MOJUD
The Man With The
INEXPLICABLE
LIFE

TWO

*Each man
is a man
of bright prospects
because each man has God
as his ultimate flowering*



*M*ojud went to his superior
in trepidation
and said that he had to leave.
Everyone in the town
soon heard of this
and they said,
“Poor Mojud! He has gone mad!”
But, as there were
many candidates for his job,
they soon forgot him.



*On the appointed day,
Mojud met Khidr,
who said to him,
“Tear your clothes
and throw yourself into the stream.
Perhaps someone will save you.”*

*Mojud did so,
even though he wondered
if he were mad.*

tear your clothes and throw yourself into the stream . . .





MOJUD
The Man With The
INEXPLICABLE
LIFE

THREE

*Belief
grows out of heart*

*Since he could swim,
he did not drown,
but drifted a long way
before a fisherman hauled him
into his boat, saying
“Foolish man!
The current is strong.
What are you trying to do?”
Mojud said, “I don't really know.”*


a fisherman hauled him into his boat . . .







*“You are mad,”
said the fisherman,
“but I will take you
into my reed-hut
by the river yonder,
and we shall see
what can be done
for you.”*



*When he discovered
that Mojud was well-spoken,
he learned from him
how to read and write.
In exchange,
Mojud was given food
and helped the fisherman
with his work.*



*After a few months,
Khidr again appeared,
this time
at the foot of Mojud's bed,
and said,
"Get up now
and leave this fisherman.
You will be provided for."*



MOJUD
The Man With The
INEXPLICABLE
LIFE

FOUR

*I am talking
about the stream
of inner consciousness*



*Mojud immediately
quit the hut,
dressed as a fisherman,
and wandered about
until he came to a highway.*



*As dawn was breaking
he saw a farmer on a donkey
on his way to market.
“Do you seek work?”
asked the farmer,
“because I need a man to help me
bring back some purchases.”*

as dawn was breaking he saw a farmer on a donkey . . .





*Mojud followed him.
He worked for the farmer for
nearly two years,
by which time he had learned
a great deal about agriculture
but little else.*



*One afternoon when
he was baling wool,
Khidr appeared to him and said,
“Leave that work,
walk to the city of Mosul,
and use your savings to become
a skin-merchant.”*

Mojud obeyed.



MOJUD
The Man With The
INEXPLICABLE
LIFE

FIVE

*You are here to learn
the ways of trust*

*In Mosul he became known
as a skin-merchant,
never seeing Khidr
while he plied his trade
for three years.*

in Mosul he became known as a skin-merchant . . .







He had saved quite a large sum of money, and was thinking of buying a house, when Khidr appeared and said, "Give me your money, walk out of this town as far as the distant Samarkand, and work for a grocer there."

Mojud did so.



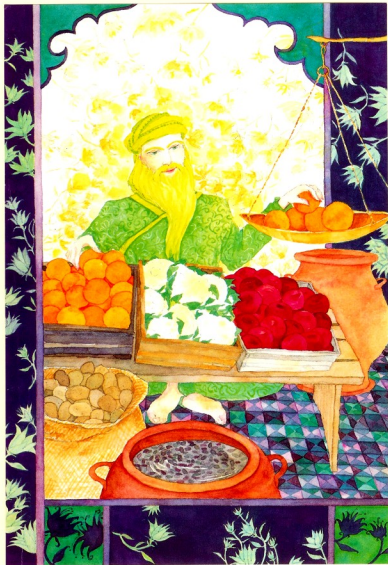
MOJUD
The Man With The
INEXPLICABLE
LIFE


SIX

*Only
by living it will you know it*

*Presently he began
to show undoubted signs
of illumination.
He healed the sick,
served his fellow man in the shop
during his spare time,
and his knowledge of the mysteries
became deeper and deeper.*

presently he began to show undoubted signs of illumination . . .





*C*lerics, philosophers
and others visited him and asked,
“Under whom did you study?”



*“It is difficult to say,” said
Mojud.*



MOJUD
The Man With The
INEXPLICABLE
LIFE

SEVEN

*Life
itself becomes the teacher*



*His disciples asked,
“How did you start your career?”*

*He said, “As a small official.”
“And you gave it up to devote
yourself to self-mortification?”*

*“No, I just gave it up.”
They did not understand him.*

*People approached him to write
the story of his life.*





“What have you been in your life?” they asked.

“I jumped into a river, became a fisherman, then walked out of his reed-hut in the middle of one night. After that, I became a farmhand. While I was baling wool, I changed and went to Mosul, where I became a skin-merchant. I saved some money there, but gave it away. Then I walked to Samarkand where I worked for a grocer. And this is where I am now.”



MOJUD
The Man With The
INEXPLICABLE
LIFE


EIGHT

*Spirituality is a gift.
It comes to those
who trust
it happens to those
who love
and who love immensely*



*“But
this inexplicable behavior
throws no light
upon your strange gifts
and wonderful examples,”
said the biographers.*

“That is so,” said Mojud.



*So the biographers
constructed for Mojud
a wonderful and exciting story:
because all saints
must have their story, and the story
must be in accordance with the
appetite of the listener,
not with the realities of life.*



*And nobody is allowed
to speak of Khidr directly.
That is why this story is not true.
This is a representation of a life.
This is the real life
of one of the greatest Sufis.*





On the morning
of March 2nd, 1978
at the Shree Rajneesh Ashram in Poona, India
Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh
sat
with His disciples
and gave
the following discourse
on this ancient Sufi story
MOJUD
The Man With The INEXPLICABLE LIFE



MOJUD The Man With The INEXPLICABLE LIFE

ONE

*Believing in the
impossible, the impossible
becomes possible*

The story that we are going to go into today is one of the greatest stories. It has that special flavor that only a Sufi story can have. It is incomparable. If you can understand this story, you will have understood the very secret of religion. If you can't understand this story, you will not be able to understand religion at all.

This belongs to the very foundation of religious consciousness. Without it there can be no religious transformation. So listen to this story as attentively as possible. Let this story sink into your being. This story can open a door; this story can become such a radical change in your life that you may never again be the same. But the story has to be understood very minutely, very carefully, very lovingly, because it is a strange tale.

It is not just a story; Sufi stories are not just stories. They are not to entertain you. They are not just to give you an occupation. They are teaching devices. They indicate something, they show something, they point to something. They are pointers, they are arrows towards the unknown, fingers pointing to the moon. And remember this saying of the Sufis: "Don't bite my finger, look where I am pointing."

It is very easy to be entertained by such stories, but that is not their purpose. You miss the point. They are reflections of the beyond. They say that which cannot be said and they try to express that which is inexpressible. They are not about ordinary life; they are not about the mundane world. They belong to the innermost search for truth; they belong to the center of your being. They are beautiful devices.

If you simply pay attention, if you meditate on the story, parallel to the story something else will start revealing itself into your being. The story is on one plane, but the revelation is on another plane, parallel to it. Unless you start tasting that



parallel revelation, remember, you have missed the point. And to miss the point is very easy. No intelligence is needed to miss the point; any stupid person can do it. But to understand . . . it will require great intelligence.

So pull yourself together. Become integrated for these few moments. Listen as totally as possible, just become your ears. Be there. Something of immense value is being imparted in this story.

In Lewis Carroll's *Through the Looking Glass* there comes this beautiful passage:

The queen said to Alice, who was standing in a world she could not believe, "I dare say you have not had much practice. Why, sometimes I have believed as many as six impossible things before breakfast!"

Yes, that is the secret of this story. Lewis Carroll is imparting something immensely valuable there. The secret of the story is the art of believing, the art of trusting, the art of saying *yes* to existence. Believing in the impossible, the impossible becomes possible. How does it happen?

In fact, things are impossible only because you don't have the courage to believe. *Each* thought can become a thing, and all that happens inside the consciousness can create its reality outside. All that happens outside has to happen first inside. The seed is absorbed inside and the tree shows outside.

If you have the believing heart, nothing is impossible—even God is not impossible.

But you need to have a believing heart. A believing mind won't do, because mind basically cannot believe. It is incapable of belief. Mind can only doubt: doubt is natural to mind, doubt is intrinsic to mind. The head cannot but doubt. So if you start forcing beliefs in the head, those beliefs will only hide your doubts. Nothing will happen out of them. And that is where Mohammedans and Christians and Hindus and Jainas exist: their belief is of the mind—and mind is incapable of belief. It is not possible for the mind to believe, mind can only doubt. Doubt grows out of mind as leaves grow out of trees.

Belief grows out of heart. The heart cannot doubt, it can only believe. So the mind-belief—that I believe in *The Bible*, that I believe in *The Koran*, that I believe in *Das Kapital*, that I believe in Mahavira, or Moses or Mao Tse Tung—is just a pseudo-phenomenon. Head can only create pseudo things, substitutes. You can remain engaged in them but your life will be wasted. You will remain a wasteland, a desert.



You will never bloom, you will never know what an oasis is. You will never know any joy, any celebration.

So when I say believing can make impossible things possible, I mean believing in the heart—an innocent heart, the heart of the child which knows not how to say *no*, which knows only *yes*—yes not against *no*.

Not that the child says *no* inside and says *yes* outside; then it is of the head. That is the way of the head: *yes* outside, *no* inside, *no* outside, *yes* inside. The head is schizophrenic. It is never total and one.

When the heart says *yes*, it simply says *yes*. There is no conflict, there is no division. The heart is integrated in its *yes*; that is true believing, trust. It is a heart phenomenon. It is not a thought, but a feeling, and ultimately it is a being, not even a feeling.

In the beginning trust is a feeling, in its final flowering it is being.

The so-called beliefs remain in the head, they never become your feeling, and they cannot become your being. And unless something becomes your *being* it is just an idle dream. It is a wastage of energy.

But believing needs risking. You will be surprised to know this: that doubt is very cowardly. Ordinarily you must have heard that brave people doubt, that cowards believe. That too is true, in a sense. The head-belief is cowardly, and you know only the head-believers, so it corresponds with the reality. If you go into the mosques and the churches and the temples, you will find them full of cowards. But real belief is not cowardly, real belief is a great courage; it is heroic.

Doubt arises out of fear; how can it be brave? Doubt is rooted in fear. Doubt arises because there is a longing to defend oneself, to protect oneself, to be secure. You can trust only if you are ready to go into insecurity, if you are ready to go into the uncharted, if you are ready to sail your boat without any map into the unknown. Trust means immense courage, and only a courageous person can be religious, because only a courageous person can say “yes.”

Doubt is defense. And even if you are defended by it, you remain stuck, you cannot move—because each movement brings fear, because each movement is movement into the unknown, the unfamiliar. Doubt is a by-product of fear, remember it.



Then what is believing? Believing is a by-product of love. Only those who know how to love know how to believe. Love arises from the heart, and belief also. Doubt arises in the head, and fear also. The person who lives in the head remains a coward. In fact, because he is cowardly, he lives in the head. He is afraid to move towards the heart, because one never knows where the heart will take you.

The heart is an adventurer, the explorer of the mysteries, the discoverer of all that is hidden. The heart is always on a pilgrimage. It is never satisfied; it has an innermost discontent, a spiritual discontent. It never settles anywhere. It is very much in love with movement, with dynamism.

The heart is satisfied only when it has come to the ultimate, beyond which there is no goal. The mundane cannot satisfy it. The heart is never conventional, the heart is always in revolution. It is always leaping from one state into another state. It is always groping, it is always risking. Whatsoever it has, it is always ready to gamble it for the unknown. Its desire is to know that which truly is; that's what *God* is all about.

The heart longs for adventure, it longs for danger, it longs for the uncharted, the unknown, the insecure. It hankers for the oceanic experience; it wants to dissolve. It wants to disappear into the totality. The head is afraid, afraid of dying, afraid of disappearing.

When the river faced the desert, encountered the desert, it was the head that was saying, "Don't evaporate. Otherwise, who knows where you will land? Who will you be then? Your identity may be erased forever. You may not be able to be again as you are now." It was head. But the heart understood the whisperings of the desert. Something deep inside felt a conviction, "Yes, this is not my destiny, to be just a river losing itself in the desert. I have to go beyond, and I have to risk. It is dangerous and there is no guarantee." But the moment the river started thinking of risking, somewhere deep in the unconscious it started feeling, glimpses, memories started arising. It started feeling, "Yes, there is somewhere, some experience. . . . I have been in the hands of the winds before, too."

When you trust, your unconscious starts revealing to you many things. It reveals itself only to the trusting mind, only to the trusting being, only to the trusting consciousness. Religion is the fragrance of this trust, impeccable, absolute.

Atheism is an act of weakness, of impotency. It is decadent. A society becomes atheist only when it is dying, when it has lost vigor and youth. When a society is



young, alive, vigorous, it hankers for the unknown, it longs for the danger. It tries to live dangerously because that is the only way to live.

I would like you to listen to one story:

***O**ne day an atheist was walking along a cliff when he slipped and fell over the edge. As he plunged downward he managed to grab the branch of a small tree that was growing from a crevice in the rock. Hanging there, swaying in the cold wind, he realized how hopeless his position was, for below were ragged boulders and there was no way to climb up. His grip on the branch was weakening.*

"Well," he thought, "only God can save me now. I have never believed in God, but I might be wrong. What have I to lose?" So he called out, "God! If you exist, save me and I will believe in you!" There was no answer.

***H**e called again, "Please, God. I never believed in you, but if you will save me now, I will believe in you from now on."*

***S**uddenly a great voice boomed down from the clouds, "Oh, no you won't! I know your kind!"*

***T**he man was so surprised he almost lost his grip on the branch.*

"Please! God, you are wrong! I really mean it! I will believe!"

"Oh, no you won't! That's what they all say!"

***T**he man pleaded and argued.*

***F**inally God said, "All right! I will save you. . . . Let go of the branch."*

***L**et go of the branch?!" the man exclaimed. "Do you think I am crazy?"*

Atheism is always cowardly. The really brave person is bound to become religious, and the religious person is necessarily brave. So if you find a cowardly person religious, then you can know something is wrong. A cowardly person cannot be religious. His religion is nothing but a defense, an armor. His *yes* is not coming out of love and courage, his *yes* is coming out of fear. If it was possible to say, "No," he would have said, "No." His *yes* is coming because death is there, disease is there, danger is there. So he thinks, "What am I to lose? Why not believe? Why not pray?"



His prayer is bogus, his prayer is nothing but an expression of fear. Out of fear he goes to the temple and to the church and to the priest.

When a man is really courageous he goes to a Master, not to a priest. He does not go to a dead church or a dead temple. He starts trying and searching for some *alive* phenomenon. He goes to a Christ or a Buddha or a Krishna, but he does not go to the church. He does not go to orthodoxies. He does not live in the past, he moves in the present.

And whatsoever he does is out of courage. If he says, "Yes!" he says it out of courage, out of love for existence, out of a deep understanding that, "I am part of this whole; I am not separate."

Saying, "No," is saying *no* to one's own roots. If the tree says *no* to the earth, what will be the fate of the tree? It will be committing suicide. If the tree says *no* to the sun, what will be the fate of the tree? It will be committing suicide. The tree cannot say *no* to the sun, the tree cannot say *no* to the earth. The tree has to say *yes* to the sun, to the earth, to the winds, to the clouds. The tree has to remain in a yes-attitude continuously, day in, day out. Only then the tree can bloom and can remain green and alive and can grow.

Man is rooted in existence. Saying, "No," is poisoning your own system. To whom are you saying no?—to your own earth, to your own sky, to your own sun. You will start getting paralyzed. The really courageous person looks around, feels, sees, that, "I am part of this totality." Seeing it, he relaxes into a *yes*, remains in a let-go. And he is ready to risk anything, whatsoever is needed, for his yes.

Søren Kierkegaard has written a parable:

Once there was a king who loved a humble maiden. This king was so powerful and well-established that he could not marry her without being forced to abdicate. If he were to marry her, the king knew that he would make her forever grateful. It occurred to him, though, that something would be wanting in her happiness: she would always admire him and thank him but she would not be able to love him, for the inequality between them would be too great and she would never be able to forget her humble origin and her debt of gratitude.

So he decided upon another way: instead of making her queen, he would renounce the kingship. He would become a commoner and then offer her his love. In doing this he realized that he was taking a great



risk. He was doing something that would be foolish in the eyes of most people in his kingdom, perhaps even in her eyes. He would lose the kingship and he might also be rejected by her, especially if she were disappointed at not becoming a queen. Yet he decided to take this risk. It was better, he believed, to risk everything in order to make love possible.

Seeking, searching for God, for truth, for bliss, this moment comes again and again—to risk. All cleverness will be against it. The whole mind will be against it. The mind will say, “What are you going to do? You may be rejected even by the woman for whom you are renouncing the kingdom. If she was really interested only in becoming a queen, she will never look at you again. And the whole kingdom will think you are foolish; and who knows, even she may think you are foolish.” But the king decided to risk.

It is better to risk all. If there is only a very, very slight possibility to attain to love, even then, one has to risk all. And one has to risk all again and again, and many times, before one arrives to the ultimate love, God.

Ordinarily we seek and search for God only in limits: whatsoever is allowed by our conditions without risking anything. You are earning money, you are having success in life; you can spare one hour for the temple or for meditation. Once in a while you can pray too. Or at least in the night, before you go to bed, you can repeat the same prayer for two minutes and fall asleep, and feel very good that you are, “doing religion.”

Religion is not doing, it is being. Either it is there for twenty-four hours, in your being, spread all over, or it is not there at all. Just a night prayer before going to bed is a kind of deception you are playing upon yourself.

This kind of partial religion does not help. A person has to be totally in it, and cowards cannot do that. So let me remind you: religion is only for the brave, for the vigorous, for the strong of the soul. It is not for the weak, it is not for those who are always bargaining. It is not for the business mind, it is for the gamblers who can risk.



MOJUD The Man With The INEXPLICABLE LIFE

TWO

*Each man
is a man of bright prospects
because each man
has God as his ultimate flowering*

Now this story. It has to be savored, tasted, digested, slowly, slowly.

The title of the story: *"The Man With The Inexplicable Life."*

Life is always inexplicable, if you have it. If you are really *alive*, there is something so mysterious about it that it cannot be explained in any way. There is no explanation for it. If you can explain your life, that simply means you are dead and you are not alive. If you can find a man who can explain his life end to end, logically, systematically, you can be certain that he may be a computer, a machine, but he is *not* alive. Only dead things can be explained end to end.

Life is a mystery, so whenever one is alive one is mysterious. Whenever you come around a person who is alive you will feel some mystery, some inexplicable phenomenon. You will be touched by something which you cannot figure out, "What is it all about?"

You cannot have any mathematics of life; life remains intrinsically poetic. It is a beauty to be seen, but not a fact to be explained.

There was once a man named Mojud. . . .

The word "mojud" is beautiful; it means two things. Literally it means one who is present. Mojud means one who has an inner presence, who is aware, who is alert, who is conscious. And the second meaning, which comes from the first: one who lives in the present, who is present to the present.

Those two things are two aspects of the same phenomenon. If you are present

inside, if you have a presence of consciousness, the second thing will automatically happen—you will be present to the present. You will not have any past, you will not have any future, you will have only this moment. And this moment is vast, this moment is enormous, this moment has eternity in it.

Only those who live in the present, only those who are present to the present know what eternity is, know what deathless life is, know the mystery, the inexplicable mystery.

But even by knowing it you cannot explain it to anybody else. You can indicate, you can say how to reach it, but you cannot say *what* it is. And you cannot say *why* it is. There is no why, it is simply there. Without any explanation, life exists. There is no *why* to it. Philosophers go on thinking, “Why? Why? Why?” And they go on fabricating systems to answer the why, but not a single answer has been true, and never will it be true, because you have asked a wrong question from the very beginning. Once you ask a wrong question you will never come to the right answer. A wrong question will take you into wrong answers. “Why?” is a wrong question.

Science does not ask, “Why?” Religion also does not ask, “Why?” Religion is the science of the inner; science is the religion of the outer.

Between these two is philosophy—just standing between these two. It asks, “Why?” and gets very much mixed, and gets very much confused. “Why?” cannot be asked, should not be asked.

Even if you find some explanation as to, “Why?” the question will again have to be asked: “Why does this world exist?” Somebody says, “God created it.” Then the question comes, “Why did God create it?” And then somebody may answer, “He created it for this or that.” Then, too, the question goes on being relevant again and again. Each answer simply pushes the question a little deeper, but the question is not dissolved.

“Why?” is an irrelevant question. With *why*, you move in philosophy. Religion does not ask “Why?” It does not even ask “What?” It asks only one thing: “How?” Science also asks “How?” So science becomes technology, and religion becomes Yoga, Tantra, Sufism, Zen. These are technologies of the inner world.



*There was once a man named Mojud.
He lived in a town where he had obtained a post
as a small official, and it seemed likely that he would
end his days as Inspector of Weights and Measures.*

That's how millions of people end their lives, as Inspector of Weights and Measures. Somebody will end up as a head clerk in some rotten office, somebody will end up as a station-master, somebody will end up as a businessman, somebody will end up as a professor; and all those things are just futile. And I'm not saying don't become a station-master, but don't end up with that. Even if you have become Inspector of Weights and Measures, what have you attained? What have you got out of life? What is your realization? You lived without really living. You can have a standard of living without having any life in it. So people used to think that Mojud will end up as Inspector of Weights and Measures.

But Mojud was a different kind of man, because he has a presence. He was present. Deep down, not known to anybody, he must have been meditating. His outer life was one thing. His inner life was another. He must be getting deeper and deeper into silence, he must be becoming more and more thoughtless—only then you can be present.

Thoughts distract you from the present. Thoughts become clouds on your being and you lose contact, you become disconnected with the present. Thoughts are never of the present, they cannot be of the present; they are either of the past or of the future.

If this man was really a man of presence, that simply means that deep down, in the dark night when everybody was fast asleep, he must be meditating, not telling anybody. He must have been watching. He was moving in the ordinary world but there must have been a witness, a watcher, an observer. That observer, by and by, created the presence in him. He became a luminous presence, hence he is called Mojud.

*One day
when he was walking through the gardens
of an ancient building near his home,
Khidr, the mysterious guide of the Sufis,
appeared to him. . . .*

Now, you have to understand this: Khidr is just a name, the name for your innermost core. When your center starts whispering things to your circumference, this is Khidr. When your fundamental being starts talking to your non-fundamental being, when the essential soul speaks with the non-essential, then Khidr is speaking to you.

This is just a metaphor; Khidr is not somebody outside. When you become present, when you become silent, when you become *mojud* . . . a moment comes when the inner guide starts speaking to you. That inner guide is known as Khidr.

*. . . Khidr appeared to him,
dressed in shimmering green*

Green is the color of the Sufis. It represents life: the green trees, the greenery. It represents freshness, aliveness; it represents silence, peace.

Sufis have chosen green as their symbolic color. Just to look at green . . . and you feel a kind of peace surrounding you. That's why it is so thrilling to go into the mountains. Just to sit by the side of a forest surrounded by mysterious trees is immensely significant. It makes you again primitive, primordial. It reminds you of the primordial silence of the jungles. It reminds you that once you were also trees, as silent as the trees and as rooted as the trees.

Dressed in shimmering green, Khidr appeared.

Khidr said, "Man of bright prospects!"

And remember, whenever your innermost core will speak to you, it always speaks in this way: "Man of bright prospects"—because there has never been a man who is *not* of bright prospects. You may not attain to it—that is another thing—but it is your destiny. You could have attained it. If you miss the responsibility is totally yours. The seed was there, you didn't help it to grow. Otherwise it would have become a great tree and thousands of birds would have made their nests on it, and thousands of travelers would have rested under its shade, and flowers would have bloomed, and existence would have celebrated through you.

If you don't become a tree only you are responsible. Nature has provided all that is needed. Each man is a man of bright prospects because each man has God as his ultimate flowering.



*Khidr said, "Man of bright prospects!
Leave your work and meet me at the riverside
in three days' time."
Then he disappeared.*

When you go deep into meditation it will happen again and again. A moment will come when your circumference and center are very close, and there is no barrier between them—not even a curtain—and you will hear the center loudly, clearly.

And again you will be clouded—again old habits, thoughts will come in, jam your innerways, and the center and the circumference will fall apart. It will happen many times . . . those who are around me—it is going to happen to them many times. Many times you will come so close to the center that you will feel almost enlightened. You will feel you have arrived, and again it is lost; it's natural.

Before it settles forever, it happens many times. Before the ultimate *samadhi* is attained, thousands of *satoris* happen: small glimpses . . . the opening of the window and closing again. . . . Suddenly the door opens and you see the vision and there is a lightning experience, and again it is gone and darkness settles.

MOJUD The Man With The INEXPLICABLE LIFE

THREE

Belief grows out of heart

*Mojud went to his superior in trepidation
and said that he had to leave.*

And whenever the center speaks to the circumference for the first time, you will be in trepidation, you will be in a constant trembling. You will feel as if you are dying, you will feel, "What is happening to me? Am I going crazy or mad?" When the center speaks for the first time you cannot figure out what it is. You had never heard that voice before, you had never thought that somebody lived there inside you. You had never thought that any inner voice is going to come to you. You have become so engaged with the outer, the voices that come from the outside, parental voices, teachers, priests.

One man here seems to be very obsessed with the mother. He again and again goes on asking—the same man who asked the question about Eklavya. Now he also asks



the question: "Who is greater, the mother or the Master?" Now he asks: "If the mother says kill the Master, then have I to follow my mother's order? Or if the Master says kill your mother, then whom have I to obey?"

He seems to be obsessed with the mother. He will need to kill his mother. That's what Jesus means when he says, "Unless you hate your father and mother and your brothers, you cannot follow me." And there is an even stranger case on record.

A disciple of Buddha was taking leave of Him. He was going on a faraway pilgrimage to spread Buddha's word. He touched Buddha's feet, he waited there for His blessing. Buddha blessed him and said to the assembly, "Look, brothers! This is a rare disciple! And what is his rarity? He has killed his mother and father!"

He had never said such a thing. And nobody had ever thought that this man could kill his father and mother. He was one of the most silent, peaceful, loving persons they had ever seen. He was compassion incarnate.

Somebody asked, "We don't understand. What do you mean by saying that he has killed his father and mother?"

And Buddha said, "Exactly that: he has killed the voice of his father and mother inside him, the parental voice." That is very deep-rooted in you.

This man who goes on asking about the mother and the Master . . . my feeling is that he is afraid. He has become a sannyasin, and now he's afraid to go back home and he is afraid of his mother. Now he is in a great tension.

Once you have chosen a Master all else is no longer relevant—mother, father—nothing is relevant. If you have not chosen a Master then they are relevant. The Master is bound to say to you, "Kill your father and mother!"—not literally . . . but psychologically.

And one day the Master will have to say to you, "Now kill me too!"

That's what Buddha says. One day He appreciates this man: "Here is a rare sannyasin, a rare *bhikkhu*, who has killed his father and mother utterly." And on some other day He says, "If you meet me on the way, kill me! If I come between you and the ultimate any day, kill me, destroy me!"



The Master has to teach two things: first He has to teach murder—kill your mother and father, kill your teachers, kill your priests—and one day He has to teach you to kill Him so that you can go in absolute freedom, so the Master is also no longer a barrier.

When for the first time the center speaks to you there is bound to be great turmoil, chaos. Because all that was settled will be unsettled, and all that was established will be dis-established—and all that you were feeling secure in is no more secure, and all that you were feeling as meaningful is no more meaningful. Everything will go topsy-turvy because the center has a totally different approach toward reality than the circumference. When the depth speaks to the surface, there is bound to be great trepidation.

*Mojud went to his superior in trepidation
and said that he had to leave.*

But there is no way. If you are a man of presence, if you are a meditative person and the center speaks to you and Khidr appears—*khidr* means your inner guide—when Khidr appears and says to you, “Now do this!”—if you are a man of presence you will have to do it, even in spite of yourself, even against yourself. And you know, many of my sannyasins are here in spite of themselves.

Now there is Ashoka. He has been fighting with me for years not to become a sannyasin. He *has* become a sannyasin, he had to become, but still the fight is there! The old is not completely gone. There are moments when the old jumps and tries to take possession. He is a sannyasin in spite of himself! And there are many, and it is natural, because you are so much identified with the circumference that when you start hearing the voice from the center there is a problem: “Whom to choose, the mother or the Master?—the teacher or the Master?—the past or the present? Whom to choose?” When there is no voice from the center there is no question of choice.

There are a few things but all are on the surface: which dress to wear today and which not, and to which movie to go and to which not, and what book to read and what book to purchase—things like that, meaningless choices. Whether you go to this movie or that finally makes no difference. Whether you wear this dress or that makes no difference. Whether you fall in love with this woman or that or with this man or that makes not much difference.



But when the voice from the center is heard, then you are divided into two worlds, two unbridgeable worlds. The abyss is great. You are torn apart. You will have a great chaos. But if you are a man of meditation only then you will be able to absorb that chaos and make some order out of disorder.

Hence my insistence for meditation, because unless you are deep in meditation, you will not be able to understand me and you will not be able to go with me.

There are people—particularly Indians—who come here and say, “Satsang is enough. We just want to be in Your presence. Why should we do meditation?” They don’t understand. They cannot be in my presence because they are not present yet! They are not *mojud*.

Just sitting by my side is not real *satsang*, because you can think a thousand and one thoughts sitting by my side. You can be physically here and you may not be psychologically here at all. You can be anywhere in the world. You can be on some other planet. That is not *satsang*.

Unless you are present here—not only physically, but psychologically too—unless your whole presence surrounds me; unless you are really here in this moment, connected—plugged . . . only then is there *satsang*. But for that to happen to you will have to go through meditations. And people are lazy: they would like God as a gift without even trying to become worthy to receive it.

He said he had to leave.

*Everyone in the town soon heard of this
and they said, “Poor Mojud! He has gone mad!”*

That is what is always said about a meditator. Remember it—it will be said about you, too. It must have been said already. “Poor Mojud!” they said. “He has gone mad!”—because everyone in the world thinks that they are sane. They cannot believe why one should meditate. For what? They constantly go on asking the person who meditates, prays: “Why? What are you getting into? For what? Why are you wasting your time sitting silently and gazing at your navel? Don’t waste time! Time is money! You can do many things. You can have more, you can possess more. Don’t waste time! Time gone is never recovered. And what are you doing sitting silently with closed eyes? Open your eyes and compete in the world! This world is a struggle for survival; those who sit silently and meditate will be lost. The only way to attain anything is to fight. Be aggressive! Don’t be passive.”



Remember, there are two modes of life: the action mode and the non-action mode. The action mode believes in action, the non-action mode believes in receptivity. Meditation is a non-action mode, what the Chinese call *wu-wu-wu*, action without action, action through inaction, doing without doing anything at all. Meditation is an inaction mode, and the world is full of people who live in only one mode, the action mode. And the man who lives in the action mode cannot understand what is going on in the person who has entered into the non-action mode.

Now Mojud is entering into the non-action mode. This is revolution. This is *sannyas*. He has seen the world, he has acted in many ways, he has done many things, and now he knows: if he goes on *doing* those things he will end up as an Inspector of Weights and Measures. That has no longer got any appeal for him. He wants to see, he wants to *be*; he wants to know that which is. Before death knocks him down, he wants to know something of the deathless. He risks.

People are bound to think, "Poor Mojud! He has gone mad!"

*But, as there were many candidates for his job,
they soon forgot him.*

And that's how it happens. If you become a *sannyasin*, for a few days people will think you are mad, and then they forget about you. They have a thousand and one things to think about, they can't go on thinking about you. They take it for granted that you are mad—so you are mad. Now what is the point of thinking about it again and again? If you renounce, if you escape; if you start moving into the non-action mode, for a few days they will think about you and then all things will disappear, because there are always too many candidates for your place.

When you will die, immediately your place will be filled. All that you have in the world you have against others. They are just waiting for your death. You die—your house will be filled by somebody else, your post will be filled by somebody else, your bank balance will be in somebody else's name. They are just waiting. In fact they are getting worried: "Why are you staying so long? Why don't you go?" Everybody here is interested in everybody else's death, because life is such a cut-throat competition. It is murderous competition!

So soon they all forgot about him.



*On the appointed day, Mojud met Khidr,
who said to him,
“Tear your clothes and throw yourself into the stream.
Perhaps someone will save you.”*

The words are of great significance.

Khidr says,

“Tear your clothes and throw yourself into the stream.”

That’s what I go on saying to you. Many are told, only few listen. Many are called, only few come.

Now, for no reason and rhyme at all, this poor Mojud comes, and Khidr simply says this: *“Tear your clothes and throw yourself into the stream.”*

Just a few days ago a beautiful woman, Sharda, became a sannyasin. The next day she wrote a letter: “It was quick and efficient.”—that she was not ready to become a sannyasin, that I seduced her into sannyas. Naturally, later on she must have felt that she had been seduced into it. She had not come with a conscious desire. The unconscious desire was there, otherwise I would not have pushed her. But later on she must have thought, “What has happened?”—she had become a sannyasin. And she knows much of the world, she is a money-expert, so naturally she is worldly-wise. She must have thought that this was quick and efficient, that she was not even willing to become a sannyasin and she is a sannyasin now. But she is intelligent too: soon she had understood that it was not I pushing her into sannyas. I was just mirroring her inner guide. That’s what I go on doing. A Master on the outside is nothing but a reflection of *khidr*.

You cannot understand your own inner guide, hence the Master on the outside is needed. And you cannot understand your inner guide because you don’t know that language. You are completely unacquainted with those words, those symbols, those metaphors, those whispers, those sounds. You are completely unaware of how the inner guide conveys its message to you. The outer Master is just a screen on which you project your *khidr*. And the outer Master helps you to understand your inner Master. When you have understood the inner Master perfectly, then the outer Master says, “If you meet me on the way, kill me.”



Now Khidr is saying this to him, without even introducing him to what is going to happen—without even motivating him about what is going to happen, about *why*, why he should tear his clothes and throw himself into the stream. Why?

There is no, “Why?” If you live with a Master, there is no, “Why?” Only then are you *with* a Master.

*“Tear your clothes
and throw yourself into the stream . . .”*

And not only that, he says,

“. . . Perhaps someone will save you.”

There is no guarantee either.

The Master always speaks in that language—perhaps—because if the Master says it is guaranteed, then you will not need trust. Then the guarantee will function as your trust. You will trust the guarantee, you will not trust the mysterious life and its mysterious processes. The Master always says, “Perhaps.”

People come to me and they ask, “If we become sannyasins, will we be able to become enlightened?” I say, “Perhaps. Perhaps not. Who knows?” I have to use that “perhaps.” I have to give you a feeling of perhaps, because only then will you be able to risk. If it is guaranteed, a hundred percent guaranteed, then where is the risk? And where is the need for trust? Nothing can be guaranteed, all remains open. That’s why only those who can dare, who have guts to dare, enter into sannyas, enter into meditation, enter on the spiritual path.

*Mojud did so,
even though he wondered if he were mad.*

Have you not wondered many times about yourself: “What am I doing here?” It comes again and again to your mind, I know: “What am I doing here? What have I gotten into? For what? What am I doing with this madman here? And who knows, He may be simply mad! And what is the guarantee that He is enlightened?”



That is natural. But one who trusts, one who loves, goes in spite of all this. The mind will go on following you and chasing you like stray dogs, barking, but slowly, slowly, if you don't pay much attention to it and you go on going, those dogs are left behind. Their barking becomes more distant and distant and distant, and one day suddenly you are alone; the mind is no more there. That day is a day of great joy.

*Mojud did so,
even though he wondered if he were mad.*

Who will not wonder? This looks so absurd. He may have gone there thinking that Khidr may give him a glimpse of God, or may give him a key to open the doors of mystery, or may show him hidden treasures or *something*. And now here is this man: he says, "*Tear your clothes and throw yourself in the stream. Perhaps someone will save you.*" That's all!

But he did. Remember it: when I say to you, "Jump into the stream,"—I know it is natural—the mind will resist. But if you can do it, only then is something possible.



MOJUD The Man With The INEXPLICABLE LIFE

FOUR

*I am talking about the
stream of inner consciousness*

*Since he could swim, he did not drown,
but drifted a long way before a fisherman
hauled him into his boat, saying, "Foolish man!
The current is strong. What are you trying to do?"*

"*Since he could swim. . .*" I know that if you jump into the stream you will be able to swim, because swimming is a natural phenomenon. One need not learn it. I'm not talking about the outer stream and swimming. There you may be drowned. But I am talking about the stream of the inner consciousness, the stream of consciousness. If you jump into it. . .

And that's what is meant, that is the parallel story that you have to decode. You naturally know. Have you ever seen any fish learning swimming?

Once Mulla Nasruddin was caught because he was fishing at a place where fishing was prohibited. And the inspector came suddenly, and he was caught red-handed. He was just taking out one fish. He immediately dropped the fish back and sat there, undisturbed. The inspector was standing there.

He asked, "What are you doing, Mulla?"



He said, "I am teaching swimming to this fish."

Now no fish needs to be taught swimming; the fish is born there. Swimming is like breathing. Who has taught you breathing? And there is no need to be afraid: if you are ready to trust, to jump into the stream of your consciousness, you will know how to swim. At the most—it can happen—you may be drifted a long way before a fisherman hauls you up. You can, at the most, drift, that's all. You cannot be drowned. You belong to consciousness, you are part of that stream.

The fisherman said,

"Foolish man!

The current is strong. What are you trying to do?"

Mojud said, "I don't really know."

Just see the beauty of the answer. And he really does not know what he is doing, because he has not been told for what. He had not even asked Khidr, "Why should I jump into the stream, and why should I throw my clothes? What is the purpose of it?" He had not asked about the purpose. That is trust. That is going into the unknown I talk continuously about. That is adventure, that is an unclinging mind, that is courage.

"I don't really know," he said.

And he is true, he does not know. If you know and then you do something, it is not courage. If you know and then do something, it is not trust; you are trusting your knowledge.

There are two kinds of sannyasins here: one who has jumped into the stream when I told him or her to jump, the other who thinks, broods, contemplates for and against, and then one day decides. That decision is coming out of his mind; that decision will be only of his own past, of his own conditioning. I will have to work hard on him, because he had missed the first opportunity that was provided for him. He clings to his ego. The first opportunity was there and things would have been immensely simple if he had simply taken a jump. There are those types of people here also; the majority are of that type.

My work basically consists with those who have simply taken a jump, who have not asked why, who have simply looked into my eyes and felt a mad desire, a mad longing to go with me, to go with me without knowing where it is going to end.



"You are mad," said the fisherman, "but I will take you into my reed-hut by the river yonder, and we shall see what can be done for you."

When he discovered that Mojud was well-spoken, he learned from him how to read and write. In exchange, Mojud was given food and helped the fisherman with his work. After a few months, Khidr again appeared, this time at the foot of Mojud's bed, and said, "Get up now and leave this fisherman. You will be provided for."

Now things are changing. Mojud is trusting, and even the inner guide is showing respect. This time he appeared at the foot of Mojud's bed—this is showing respect. Now Mojud is not an ordinary man anymore: the trust has changed him, transformed him. He is a courageous man, heroic, brave—without asking any why. He knows how to love, he knows how to penetrate into the future without carrying the load of the past. The inner guide is showing respect.

Khidr said,

"Get up now and leave this fisherman. . . ."

It is the middle of the night. Things have settled by now, the fisherman is very happy. Whenever you are settling the inner guide will unsettle you again. *Whenever you are settling, the Master will unsettle you again.* Because you are not to be allowed to settle anywhere before God, hence constant unsettling. All are stations on the Way. You can have an overnight stay but by the morning you have to leave.

In the middle of the night Khidr says, *"Get up now and leave this fisherman."* And it is always now with a Master, it is never tomorrow. It would have been far easier and more compassionate to tell him, "You can rest right now, but tomorrow morning you leave." But it is always now! For a Master the only time that exists is now and the only space that exists is here.



" . . . you will be provided for. "

Now things have changed. He does not say, *"Perhaps you will be provided for."*

Just these small nuances of words . . . and you will be unfolding the mystery of the story: first he had said, *"Perhaps someone will save you."* Now he says, *"You will be provided for."*

What has changed? The trust shown by Mojud is enough. There is no need to say *"Perhaps. . ."* He has been tested by *"Perhaps. . ."* He has proved his mettle. Now things can be said as they are.

There is no perhaps really. If you meditate, *samadhi* is guaranteed. If you fall in love with an *alive* Master, enlightenment is guaranteed. There is no *perhaps*, but the *perhaps* has to be used just to give you an opportunity to grow into trust. Once the trust has arisen, there will be no need for perhaps.



MOJUD The Man With The INEXPLICABLE LIFE

FIVE

*You are here to learn
the ways of trust*

Mojud immediately quit the hut, dressed as a fisherman, and wandered about until he came to a highway.

As dawn was breaking he saw a farmer on a donkey on his way to market.

"Do you seek work?" asked the farmer, "because I need a man to help me bring back some purchases."

Mojud immediately quit the hut. He didn't even ask for time: "I can go tomorrow. In the night where will I go? It is so dark. And what is the point of going in the night, and where?"

No, he simply quit the hut, dressed as a fisherman, and wandered about until he came to a highway. As dawn was breaking he saw a farmer on a donkey on his way to market. "Do you seek work?" asked the farmer, "because I need a man to help me bring back some purchases." Mojud followed him.

That's how it happens in the inner journey. If you can trust, something or other will always happen and will help your growth. "You will be provided for." Whatsoever



is needed at a particular time will be given to you, never before it. You get it only when you need it, and there is not even a single moment's delay. When you need it you get it, immediately, instantly! That's the beauty of trust. By and by you learn the ways of how existence goes on providing—how existence goes on caring about you. You are not living in an indifferent existence. It does not ignore you. You are unnecessarily worried; all is provided for. Once you have the knack of knowing this, all worry disappears.


*Mojud followed him.
He worked for the farmer for nearly two years,
by which time he had learned a great deal about agriculture
but little else.*

This too will be happening here.

Now, Asheesh may have learned much about carpentry, but what about anything else? Krishna may have become a perfect guard, but what about anything else? Mukta may have learned many things about gardening, and Deeksha about cooking, but what about anything else? And the idea is bound to arise many times in your mind: "What am I doing here? Three years have passed and I am only cleaning the floor. What about meditation? And what about Enlightenment?! And what about the ultimate?! And I had come for that, and I am only cleaning the floor or washing the vegetables or watering the plants! What about the real goal?!"

Only trust knows that while you are cleaning the floor something is being cleaned in you too. While you are watering the plants somebody deep down is watering your being too. If you trust, all is possible; the magic of trust is such. Cleaning *is* meditation, *cooking* is meditation, washing is *meditation*. Meditation is not something apart from life; it is a quality that can be brought to any act and the act is immediately transformed.

*One afternoon when he was baling wool,
Khidr appeared to him and said,
"Leave that work, walk to the city of Mosul,
and use your savings
to become a skin-merchant."*



This is what goes on happening here. Madhuri works in the library. Suddenly one day she receives the message, "Leave the library. Go to some other work." If trust is there, there will be no anger, no disturbance, because here you are not to be in the library or to be in the kitchen, or to be *in* this or that. All those are devices! You are here to learn the ways of trust.

*"Leave that work, walk to the city of Mosul,
and use your savings to become a skin-merchant."*

Now he had never been a skin-merchant, but he obeyed.

Mojud obeyed.

That is the definition of a disciple: one who simply obeys.



MOJUD The Man With The INEXPLICABLE LIFE

SIX

*Only
by living it will you know it*

*In Mosul he became known as a skin-merchant,
never seeing Khidr while he plied his trade for three years.
He had saved quite a large sum of money,
and was thinking of buying a house,
when Khidr appeared and said, "Give me your money,
walk out of this town as far as the distant Samarkand,
and work for a grocer there."*

Mojud did so.

It will happen to you too—many times—this story is your story. You are living in the world of a Sufi. That's why I said listen to this story as deeply as possible—let it sink in!

Now he had collected a large sum of money, and naturally he was thinking to purchase a house. And for three years he had not heard from Khidr at all. The moment you start thinking of purchasing a house—that means the moment you start thinking of settling—the Master comes and unsettles you. If he had not

thought about the house, Khidr might not have appeared yet. But the moment he had the money, the possibility to become a householder, to purchase a house and settle forever. . . .

With a Master you can never settle forever in anything. The Master has to go on changing you. The moment you feel now your roots are getting deep into the soil, you will be uprooted. The moment you feel, "Now I have learned this work and I am doing it efficiently," your work will be changed—because that is not the purpose when you live in a Buddhafield. The purpose is to constantly keep you insecure: so one day you learn the security of insecurity; so one day you learn the beauty of uncertainty—so one day you forget about settling and the very pilgrimage becomes your goal. When the journey itself is the goal, then your life is the life of a sannyasin.

*Khidr appeared
and said, "Give me your money. . . ."*

Now he had earned, worked for three years continuously, and all the hopes are destroyed. And not only is the money taken away, he is ordered to walk "as far as the distant Samarkand, and work for a grocer there." Mojud did so.

*Presently he began to show
undoubted signs of illumination.*

That is natural. If you trust so much, how long can you remain dark? If there is such trust, such immense trust, how long can you remain ordinary? Extraordinary things started to happen around him.

*Presently he began to show
undoubted signs of illumination.*

He became luminous. He healed the sick, served his fellow man in the shop during his spare time, and his knowledge of the mysteries became deeper and deeper.

And he had not been taught anything! See the whole point of it: he has not been taught anything—he has not been given any information, still his insight into the mysteries was growing. Not only that, he had—himself—become mysterious.



Now people are healed by his touch, now people could see something surrounding him, an aura. Now, when people come to him they can feel they are close to a very, very cool energy. They come with a thousand and one worries and suddenly those worries disappear. Sitting by the side of Mojud they start feeling something of religion. Deeper mysteries are happening.

Remember: knowledge, information is all borrowed. True religion never happens as knowledge but as revelation. Knowledge is man's effort to know about reality. Revelation is God's . . . not man's. Whenever somebody is trusting enough, God reveals Himself, He opens His mysteries.

Those mysteries are not opened because of your curiosity, those mysteries are opened because of your trust. Knowledge comes out of curiosity, wisdom comes out of revelation.

Now, the fragrance started spreading.

*Clerics, philosophers and others visited him and asked,
"Under whom did you study?"*

Now that's always what the foolish person asks: "Under whom did you study?" The clerics, the theologians, the philosophers, the professors, the learned people, the scholars—they know only one way of knowing, that is knowledge. "From whom have you got this knowledge? Who has informed you? Who has been your teacher?" They don't know that there is a very, very diametrically opposite way of knowing, the real way of knowing: nobody gives you any knowledge, you simply become more and more silent, receptive, more and more feminine and soft, and suddenly things start being revealed to you from some unknown energy. There is no teacher. Life itself becomes the teacher.

Mojud said, "It is difficult to say under whom I have studied. I have not studied under anybody. I have not studied at all, I am not a learned man! It has happened, certainly. I have come to know certain things, but I don't know from whom. Who has been penetrating my being? From where the beyond has penetrated me? I don't know anything."

"It is difficult to say. . . ."

MOJUD
The Man With The
INEXPLICABLE
LIFE

SEVEN

*Life
itself becomes the teacher*

*His disciples asked, "How did you start your career?"
He said, "As a small official."*

Now that is irrelevant. They are not asking, "How did you start earning your bread?" They are asking, "How did you start becoming a great saint?"

But he says, "That I don't know. All I know is that I was a small official in a town. I would have ended as an Inspector of Weights and Measures."

Then the disciples tried to poke. . . .

*"And you gave it up to devote yourself
to self-mortification?"*

"No, I just gave it up."

See the point. If you give something in order to get something, this is not renunciation. If you renounce the world to get into heaven this is not renunciation.



This is simple bargaining. You are being cunning and clever and calculating.

He says, "No, I just gave it up. There was no reason really to give it up. In fact, it was almost mad to give it up. I was hankering to achieve something. I have not given it up for anything, I simply gave it up."

They did not understand him. . . .

Because without motivation, how can you do anything?

Trust knows how to do without motivation.

People approached him to write the story of his life.

He became famous, by and by.

"What have you been in your life?" they asked.

Listen to his answer. It is one of the most beautiful.

*"I jumped into a river, became a fisherman,
then walked out of his reed-hut
in the middle of one night.
After that, I became a farmhand.
While I was baling wool, I changed and went to Mosul,
where I became a skin-merchant.
I saved some money there, but gave it away.
Then I walked to Samarkand where I worked for a grocer.
And this is where I am now."*

Now what kind of spiritual life is *this*?

MOJUD The Man With The INEXPLICABLE LIFE

EIGHT

Spirituality is a gift. It comes to those who trust; it happens to those who love and who love immensely

"But this inexplicable behavior throws no light upon your strange gifts and wonderful examples," said the biographers.

"That is so," said Mojud.

He agrees perfectly: "That is so." He is also puzzled, because he has not specifically done anything to become spiritual. To *do* anything specific to become spiritual is a sure way to lose it.

Spirituality is a gift. It comes to those who trust. It happens to those who love, and who love immensely, and who love without motivation. It happens to the courageous. It happens to those who have a great longing to live dangerously.

So the biographers constructed for Mojud a wonderful and exciting story: because all saints must have their story,



*and the story must be in accordance
with the appetite of the listener,
not with the realities of life.*

That's how all the stories of the world have been created.

Jesus is not born out of a virgin; that is a story created to fulfill the appetite of the listeners. Jesus has to be special, only then will people feel happy—their Master is special. So all the world religions go on fabricating stories, fictions. Those are not true. They are there to fulfill your appetite: “How can Jesus be ordinarily born out of a woman’s womb? How can Jesus be sexually born? He has to be extraordinary.” And the reality is that Jesus was one of the most ordinary persons, so was Buddha, so is Krishna.

But if you go into the stories, nobody is ordinary. Miracles abound. Things that should not happen and cannot happen, happen. Those stories are just fabrications to fulfill your desire for sensations. Behind those stories the real lives have been lost.

The really extraordinary person is one who lives utterly ordinarily, because how can you live extraordinarily if your ego has disappeared? The moment the ego is gone you will be living a very ordinary life. The Zen Masters say, “We chop wood, we carry water from the well. How marvelous! How wondrous!” Chopping wood? Marvelous? Carrying water from the well? Wondrous? Yes, it is so.

So the biographers created stories about Mojud. That’s what they have been doing down the ages, through the ages—all falsifications. You don’t know the true Jesus, you don’t know the true Buddha.

My whole effort here is to bring you the truth, their true stories. That’s why I am offending everybody. Jainas are offended by me because I talk about Mahavira as he was, not according to their fictions. They are hurt. Their fictions are that Mahavira never perspired—in a country like India!—that once a snake had bitten Mahavira, and instead of blood, milk came out of his body. If instead of blood, milk flows in your body, soon it will become curd.

It is so foolish! But one has to create these stories. One has to make one’s Master superb. Mahavira never pissed, never defecated. He must have stunk like hell. But these are stories, and so is the case with every great Master. The biographers fulfill



your appetite. They see that your sensation-mongering is satisfied, but then all becomes false.

Christians are angry with me because I talk about Christ as if He is man. He *is*, but all men are divine, so He is divine! All animals are divine, so He's divine. His being divine is nothing special. It is the very, very ordinary quality of existence.

The existence is full of God, overflowing with God, stuffed with God.

Mohammedans are angry. Hindus are very angry. Why are these people angry with me? Their anger is that I am destroying their fictions, and they have become too attached to their fictions. Remember, if you want to see truth, you will have to be able to destroy all fictions. Never believe in any fictions, because it is only truth that liberates.

*And nobody is allowed to speak of Khidr directly.
That is why this story is not true . . .*

And now the beauty of the Sufis . . . they say even this story is not true, because *nobody is allowed to speak of Khidr directly.*

The inner guide is so subtle that it cannot be expressed in words—so whatsoever is said is only symbolic.

*. . . That is why this story is not true.
This is a representation of a life.*

It is simply symbolic, a parable. It simply indicates something. It is a pointer.

This is the real life of one of the greatest Sufis.

The real life is only represented figuratively, *symbolically*, metaphorically.

This story is not to be understood literally. It is a story of trust. It has not happened exactly like this, it need not happen exactly like this. It is just a representation. If you remember this, you will have a glimpse of the real life of trust. And we are trying to live this parable here.

This is your story. Get into this story—not only in the words of it, but in the meaning of it. And *live* this story. Only by living it will you know it.

MOJUD

The Man With The INEXPLICABLE LIFE

Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh is still doing it. He is a roman candle—skyng forth multi-colored baubles of iridescent fire—to give a hint, a glimpse, to all of us who believe that we are color blind.

In this small work, He has taken a simple little Sufi reed, old, dry and brown, and with loving care, fashioned a flute.

On this He plays delightful tunes. He invites us to dance like Krishna and feel the rhythm deep within.

He has taken a small, brown Sufi bowl, the kind you might never notice in passing, and filled it to overflowing with precious jewels of the heart.

He has taken an old Sufi candle flame and played with it until it turns into a laser beam pointing toward the moon.

He just keeps on doing these things—some would surely call them miracles—in case some among us may be ready to glimpse the colors, to dance with Him, to play with jewels and laser lights, to see the moon, to be Mojud.

Ted Shay

Professor of Political Science, Willamette University

The book you are now holding in your hands is not an ordinary book.

It is a gift to all of us from the enlightened spiritual Master, Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh.

For all of us—Christian, Jewish, Mohammedan, American, Russian, poet, student, doctor, lawyer, businessman, nurse, father, mother, priest and politician—all of us, all mankind.

It is a gift for those of us ready to hear—for ourselves,

ready to discover—for ourselves

ready to experience—for ourselves

ready to put all preconceived notions and judgments aside,

ready to open ourselves—to ourselves.

Sacumi Anand Vibhavan

An ancient Sufi story with commentary by

Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh
(osho)