

# THE DARING DEED

Vigdis Garbarek

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I will read to you what I have called “The Daring Deed”

It is the story about a small girl who had to be faithful to what she called “Truth”.

That little girl was me.

I lived far away in a deep forest.

There I invented the wheel.

Eagerly I ran out of the forest to show the world the wheel.

When I reached the edge of the forest I saw that everyone was going around rolling their own wheels.

The wheel had been invented a long time ago.

After a moment of confusion the thought came to my mind, that my wheel was at least mine because I had invented it all by myself.

It was purely from my own thought.

But the fact remained that my wheel could only be used in the same manner as all other wheels, so I needed to learn that all wheels are equally good and useful as long as they fulfill their purpose.

That is: TO TURN ROUND

This is my little story of understanding.

I wrote it to remind myself to avoid falling into the temptation of believing that I had invented the LIGHT.

To have seen the LIGHT doesn't make you the inventor.

But it is a great happiness to find one's own Truth and know that one's own way through life brought this new understanding. The understanding that highlights everything puts old reality in the corner and demands that everything shall be re-lived afresh, with a new understanding of Truth.

The one who has walked in the garden of Truth does not walk away untouched.

Old paths cease to exist and you have to create new ones yourself.

It went like a wonder through my world:

It is not me who lives life

It is Life that lives me.

To handle the movement from one reality into another and to collect these two into one expression, I wrote this, which is a prayer, to help me integrate these two worlds:

I cry over my lost childlike innocence

I am grateful for my new knowledge.

I ask for help to regain my innocence, retain my knowledge, and go forward as a whole Being.

To have the child's joy and marvel at the world,  
united with the knowledge of the world I gained in my meeting with That which has no name,  
is for me the same as being a complete Human Being.

To keep the child-like innocence in oneself, demands purity, simplicity and truth.

The reason it is like this for me springs from my first conscious meeting with my first teacher:

THE LIGHT

It was a summer's day. I was 5 years old.  
I sat playing underneath some big birch trees.  
I looked up as a beam of light shone through the crown of the trees.

It told me, without words, that I must never let go of the feeling I experienced there, of completeness and togetherness with Everything.  
That feeling was the same as being faithful to oneself.

In order to fulfill myself, I had to be faithful to myself.  
To fulfill oneself is the greatest gift a human being can experience: to be oneself completely.

Since that time it has been as if I was walking on a narrow beam of light.

This meeting with THE LIGHT became a blueprint for my life.

I compared everything that happened to me against this feeling of completeness and togetherness. Thus the inside and the outside of myself rang with the same tune. Since my life, like all others', was a combination of both light and dark, I used the experience of the Light to keep close to my true self.

I always felt a great need to understand why people do as they do. I learned early to observe what happened around myself, and so, life became a guiding path. When the grown-ups said or did something I couldn't understand, I measured it against the feeling of truth that the experience of the Light had given me.  
That was the truest of all.

In this way I maintained what I called Truth.

I understood the importance of not growing rigid inside and becoming bitter and disappointed with life and other human beings, but to keep gratitude high in my heart.  
And to always keep the heart warm and alive when meeting with the world.

For a cold heart freezes to death from its own coldness.

I have, as long as I can remember, lived with a certainty that life and death are only a hairs breadth apart. And that it was essential to live a life that I wasn't ashamed of. I had to be faithful to my inner voice. If I was unfaithful I wouldn't fulfill myself, and that would be unbearable.

## The test of gratitude.

With every fibre of my being I saw life as a path of learning.

This knowledge allowed me a haven of rest when confronted by my next teacher:

ANXIETY – the existential fear

Now it wasn't enough simply to be true to oneself.

I needed to draw on all my strengths, to be my whole true being.

The anxiety revealed to me that I had not fully utilized my potential, and that I suffered from fear of life, fear of unfolding.

The anxiety was my companion for many years and I became familiar with many feelings of mankind, self-contempt, self-pity, degradation and the fear of risk.

Over and over again I delayed doing what I feared, until my self-contempt was bigger than my fear.

Only then did I manage to move.

I saw new and unknown aspects of myself, and acquired an understanding of the many faces of man.

I learned to know the difference between compassion and pity.  
I learned not to use another's suffering to cry over my own pain.  
I learned that much pain is required for the growth of a human being.

And I understood that suffering cannot be measured.

I learned to have awareness, and to have the attention directed both inwardly and outwardly at the same time, in order to reveal my own falsehood.

I learned to appreciate the gift of self-inquiry.

For you will live with what you did, and you will die with what you were, and I wanted to live a life I could die with.

Self-respect is a virtue needed more than anything else, for without self-respect we are not receptive to the greatest gift of life:

Love.

He who has a dwelling in himself is not homeless.

I wanted to move into myself, but then I had to be willing to walk on broken glass with bare feet.

I learned to stand in the fear until it slowly retreated and left me a tired conqueror on the battlefield of my life.

I learned to appreciate just one second of freedom from fear, to re-experience the warm pulse of every day life, and know that the battle was over for now.

I learned to take one moment at a time, for in that moment was the strength to take the next. In the same manner everything progressed slowly towards the day of Moving In.

Like the shore receives the ocean  
I know the waves of the soul as a warm small wave  
or in powerful stormy weather  
back and forth  
back and forth  
with every wave I knew a little more about myself.

One thing I knew only too well - I was never given a heavier burden than I could carry.

My next teacher was as mild as the Anxiety was strict: NATURE.

Nature showed me that all life follows the same law.

It took me gently by the hand and told about life, about the movement all life has to bear.  
For even the stillest water is in motion.

And I had to learn to let go.

It told about the raindrop that had to experience the whole ocean on its way to Eternity.

And I had to learn to risk making mistakes.

It told me about the patience and trust of the frostbitten tree, as it stands quietly waiting for  
Spring to come.

And I had to learn to live all seasons of mankind with the same tranquility.

It showed me how the branches keep themselves flexible so as not to break in a storm, and it  
shared the secrets of the trunk of the tree with me.

And I had to learn to see the Truth in all human beings.

It showed me the necessity of diversity, and how everything worked together for a common  
purpose.

And I had to learn not to judge.

It told me how flower buds suffer when they burst, but that they dare anyway, to fulfill their purpose in the Whole.

And I had to dare to be myself.

When we parted it presented me with a stone and said, without words, "Keep this in your hand when life is most painful and you will recognise the Eternal."

And I learned to ask Nature my questions.

In my innermost, immeasurable 'I', lives the idea about me.

I felt that I should write.

My inner being put on the costume of a squaw, and said, without words, "You have to wait until you are over 40 years of age, for you have not yet experienced enough."

I understood what she meant, for as I had no fire within, it was not the right time.

Years went by with continual trials testing how much I had actually learnt from my teachers. Then came some quiet years, and I felt deep gratitude to be part of everyday life once again. When I looked into the bag where I had kept the heavy stones, all had turned into diamonds.

By now, I was over 40 years old.

An uneasiness entered my body and my sensitivity increased.

One night it was as though a curtain was drawn aside, revealing a landscape covered in fog. The fog withdrew slowly. In the sky, between two white mountains, stood a big red disc looking at me.

It contained all Wisdom, it was pure Love, and it loved me as I was.

But it expected me to make use of my total potential - that I was my Whole True Being.

My first teacher THE LIGHT had returned demanding loyalty towards the truth of my childhood.

I was back to self-respect, but it was now called respect for the soul, or respect for the inner way.

I stood by the gate to the kingdom of the soul, and I hesitated.  
I wanted to be small and free from responsibility for a little longer.  
I promised to be there at the next crossroads.

The next crossroads came, and the next and the next, but I remained absent.

The inner pressure increased.

Intuitively, I knew that I was facing the most difficult time of my life, and I asked to be spared.  
For an answer, I had dreams showing me I was evolving, and the process couldn't be stopped.  
I said, "I understand, I surrender" but again I asked to be spared.

At night it was as if my body was on fire and I felt that something was working from within expanding outwards. This something I called the 'Power.'  
I had no understanding of what I was meant to do with this 'Power.'  
The only thing I wanted was to become visible for myself.

I was frightened and I had doubts.

Finally, I had the courage to see my twin, the soul, in the eyes.

And I entered the gate to the kingdom of the soul.

A learning process began, and I needed to adjust to a reality in constant movement.

It felt as though my body changed speed, as though it sang a new song.

My senses sharpened, and I benefited from the qualities the anxiety had taught me - the ability to have total presence at important moments and to direct attention towards several places in myself at the same time.

I learned to listen to the thoughts that appeared on a more subtle level within myself.

I would think or say something, and a flash of light would illuminate in the room.

I knew it meant 'seek here!'

I needed to direct my attention quickly towards the world around me; my daily consciousness, my feelings, body sensations, and the most truthful source - the underlying streams of thought, all in order to analyse what was happening.

Like this, the inner knowledge travelled towards its aim - union with daily consciousness.

My way of thinking shifted from being 'I' orientated to universally orientated.

The religious feeling deepened.

My whole being had changed from childhood to maturity, from innocence to responsibility.

The day that was going to change my life had arrived.

It was quite an ordinary day, a completely ordinary morning on a completely ordinary street.

It was a day in November.

I had just crossed the street.

I turned around and saw one of the last leaves on the tree fall to the ground outside my house.

I saw it rocking back and forth and thought, "Thank you for being there."

Then it was as though the leaf answered back, turning into flashing particles of light.

And I looked into reality as I had never seen it before.

Time stopped

Everything stood still

I, my soul and the Whole resounded together in a joyous moment that bore Eternity within itself.

Together we went through the gate to the garden of Truth,  
where everything is ONE,  
where 'We' is a more powerful word than 'I',  
and where everything has only one desire -  
TO BE.

I saw how everything is dependent upon everything else, and that everything exists for the sake of Totality.

I saw how human beings, on a deeper level, worked together towards a more progressively pure expression of what it means to be Human.

I saw that every single human being has a definite place within the Whole.  
This place can never be taken by anyone else.  
Every human being is that important.

I saw the building blocks of matter.

I saw that everything is conceived by the Creative Thought, from the infinite ocean of possibilities to be born into matter.

I saw how everything was created from the same principle. Everything contained the same basic pattern. This expressed itself to me as a figure 8 in eternal motion.

The figure 8 represented creativity and development that never ceases.

There is no beginning or end, only different forms in an eternal stream of possibilities.  
The speed of the rings of the figure 8 created the diversity of matter.

I saw that everything needed to express its true nature - to fulfill itself.

At the centre point between the two rings of the figure 8, all phenomena carry self-knowledge and the way to self-realization.

From the infinitely small to the infinitely large, all possess this need and this knowledge.

From this same point came the living breath of all.

This vast breath, this pulse of energy, permeates everything, from the smallest particle to the entire cosmos.

This is the point everything originates from.

This is the point to which everything returns.

Like a breath.

From this invisible, immeasurable point there was a constant flow of Love, a Love that tied everything together.

Everywhere, in everything, from everything to everything Love was flowing.

The entire cosmos collapsed into me in order to be reborn out of me.

I was the cosmos. I was the smallest particle. I was the people I met.

I was without limitations. I was without name, and my body remembered everything it had been, from its origin as stardust.

I am nobody

I am everybody

I am nothing

I am everything

Heaven and Earth united, I saw that the Earth was a holy place.

In that moment I knew that the body and mind has eternal life.

The body returns to its source - Earth.

The mind returns to its source - Light.

The sky opened and the LIGHT broke through.

I faced Eternity.

My eyes had no need to see.

I entered the point where time is not, the Eternal Point, the place without identity, without body.

The place where there is no birth and no death.

In that moment I lost what I had given the name God.

What I had given the name God, I now had to call, my soul, or my inner way.

What I now encountered had no name.

When meeting with 'That which has no name', words become too big and not big enough.

When you describe 'That which has no name' you say everything about yourself and nothing about 'That which has no name'.

I knew I was never allowed to give That a name, and the only way to describe That, was simply TO BE.

My soul bowed in reverence to 'That which has no name', and the old Biblical saying, 'Thy will be done' became, 'It is done in me.'

Once again I was back on the street.

Time had stood still.

## The Long Night

First came the silence.  
Then came the humility.  
Then came the gratitude.

Then came the longing.

All of me longed for another place,  
to the Light, purity and Love.

I longed for life, the life on the other side.  
Life on this side held only darkness.

I was a stranger in the world I had always loved.

I was without body.  
I was neither man nor woman.  
I was pure light.  
I was pure love.  
I was pure essence

It was as though I had to give birth to myself all over again into matter and into this life.

How could I be able to return and again put on my old dress?

How could I again be a mother, woman and friend?  
I, who belonged to the land on the other side.

Everything within me turned inside out.

I retched.

I wanted to throw out all that had happened to me.

I wasn't able to bear it.

I wasn't able to live.

To live was to be a corpse in this life.

I longed for life - on the other side.

At the same time, with my inner eye, I saw an iron gate slam shut.

And it said, without a voice, "You are not admitted."

My cup of life was not yet filled.

It was as though I was on fire.

I felt that if I were not consciously present in the fire, I would forget everything and be left with only a fading memory of immense beauty.

I had to stand in the fire without being annihilated, and I had to become one with fire without losing identity.

This knowledge from my inner self made its imprint in my whole being, never leaving me.

I had revealed another level of consciousness.

I was not able to read about other people's experiences and thoughts of a similar nature. Every time I tried to read a book on this subject, the letters would jump all over the page. Just by looking at a book I felt fear. I needed to think, feel and understand it all by myself. I had to understand The Truth in my own way. I had to give it my own words.

I was not hungry or thirsty, and required little sleep. Occasionally I needed to remind myself to breathe, because my natural respiration periodically ceased, without any physical consequences.

My whole being felt drawn towards another plane. I was in a state of consciousness far from this earthly situation.

Reality remained unchanged, but with my new eyes I could see more than ever before. I understood the many levels of consciousness, that we have the ability to see in many directions and that one level in us never leave Eternity.

There is no 'from Eternity to Eternity'.  
We are in Eternity.

A little bird nested in my heart.

It taught me to read the Old Scriptures with my new eyes.

I saw how this level of consciousness expresses itself in the same manner, everywhere, throughout the ages.

It revealed to me the words behind the words.

It said:

Day and night serve the same sky.

In the same way good and evil are equal forces, in the service of the Light.

It said:

All children are born with the name Free of Sorrow

They enter the world without guilt.

They come to solve the mystery of The inherited sin and through this free their soul.

It said:

Mans greatest need is to free the soul.

The soul needs to express itself through man.

Both rest in Oneness.

It said:

Three keys are required to three different rooms to unlock the way to oneself.

The first key is Truth.

It is needed to confront oneself with honesty - to see the truth about oneself.

For those who dare, a purification occurs.

Continuous purification is the key that unlocks the door to the heart.

When there is nothing left to hide, there is no door that separates man from his own heart.

This is the first key. The key to the room of the heart.

The second key is Trust.

Trust in life, trust in man, trust in the truth of your own path, trust that there is a meaning to your life.

This is the second key. The key to the room of the soul.

The third key is surrender.

This is the key to the room of Oneness.

The little bird continued to teach me about the words behind the words.

One day it felt as though my heart would burst from all that I had learned, and I cried out, "I can't take it any more."

At that the little bird stirred gently and flew away.

Now I understood the meaning behind all phenomena.

For when the words behind the words speak, even the wind stops to listen.

There were days of ecstasy and days of agony.

Anxiety was always close, for it is no simple matter to shift from one reality to another.

An abyss lies between the two of them.

I experienced fear of losing what I had seen, but at the same time I was scared of drowning in my own spirituality.

It was comforting to know that my experiences were a natural evolving, that my inner being neither used force nor escapism to gain this knowledge.

I fought to retain my identity and my enthusiasm for this life in the midst of Eternity and No Identity.

I knew I could only break through as a conscious "I".

In the midst of the struggle I gave up, and said, "This never happened to me."

Instantly a darkness obscured my mind.

My personality changed.

I lost the light of my childhood, and any sense of belonging.

I had left my inner home.

I learnt how painful it is to deny your own experiences and your own heart.

It was a darkness and emptiness I could not live with. I lay down on the floor and said, "I surrender."

That same moment I regained my true self.

My soul whispered gently:

Your revelations are given, for you to dwell in, as a new level of existence, and to share it with others through your presence.

The revelations will be transformed in you, and they can only be understood by the expression of your personality.

They will not be understood through words.

They can never be explained, and never recreated.

There is a perfect time for every purpose.

A perfect moment to behave as a fool, and a perfect moment to exercise wisdom.

For a brief moment I believed I was made for The World. I forgot that my little world is The World.

For a brief moment I believed I needed to change myself, and my life.

I put restrictions on my thoughts and actions, and I saw how quickly the fanatic, the key holder of the gate to heaven, could grow within.

I felt suffocated.

In the midst of this narrow room a bright idea broke through.

It was, simply, as my self, in the midst of my own life, I had reached the goal of my existence.

I understood that a simple, uncontrived thought, was good enough.

Natural behaviour was good enough.

True action was good enough.

To be oneself was enough.

To let go of control, and follow the natural stream of life, is to gain control for the first time.

Neither age nor knowledge grants wisdom.

Only experience and understanding of life gives true wisdom.

Experience of life gives birth to compassion.

Understanding of life makes you humble.

What can I say that has not already been said?

Nothing.

What can I think that has not already been thought?

Nothing.

What can I be that has not already been?

My self.

My experiences can never become yours.

My truth is not your goal.