

...

In Argentina I started feeling something was missing in my life. I had a very interesting job. It gave me a lot of freedom. It gave me an opportunity to travel, to meet people. Financially there was no worry whatsoever. I was living a very comfortable life. However, there was something important missing in my life that I felt I didn't know how to find. Moreover, in a way I was not even looking for it. I knew it was in a spiritual direction.

Then I moved to Brussels and went to Holland to see my mother. I remember I asked her what book she was reading. She told me *The Mustard Seed*, by Osho. She said it was a very interesting book. I asked her if I could borrow it when she was finished. I'd never heard of Osho before.

*I think The Mustard Seed is where he is talking about Jesus. So your mother was Christian?*

My mother was very freethinking but had a Christian background. She was reading Krishnamurti, Sufi books, Hindu books, without really living it herself, keeping it on the level of reading. She was reading Osho. I felt I wanted to know more about it, so I got the book when I returned to Brussels.

That was in 1980. In that book there was the address of the Osho centre in Amsterdam, so I called them to ask whether there was also a centre in Brussels. They said there was and gave me the address.

I remember the first time I went to that house. I had to climb up some stairs. I had a feeling that something important would happen. When I went up, there were all these people dressed in orange robes, ready to do that kind of meditation where you shake.

*Do you mean Kundalini (Osho active meditation)?*

Yes, I joined the group, changed my clothes and got an orange robe. They expected me to do the *Kundalini*, which was completely different from my concept about meditation. I remember I was fascinated with all the shaking and dancing.

...

I called my mother and said, 'Guess where I am going for holidays? I'm going to Pune.' She thought it was a big joke, and she was of course fascinated about what my experience would be.

I went to Pune for three weeks and did a meditation group. I wouldn't even know what to call it. I had to lie down for three days on my belly, and I was very peaceful. After the three weeks in Pune it was very difficult to go back to Brussels.

*What happened when you got back?*

I remember the first day back. I was sitting in my office. I had to make a decision. Would I continue with the life I was living which was all career bound, with so much work, all responsibilities, or go back to Pune to find out what it was really all about. I made the decision in five minutes, that it was time for me to go to Pune.

I met the big boss and told him what had happened and that I wanted to go back. He was very surprised. He thought I was being hypnotized. I was so valuable for society. He offered me leave for a month, maximum two months. But I wanted to go as a free man, to decide what was going to happen.

So I gave up my job. I had to wait for three months, and then as soon as possible I went to Pune.

*If I can just stop you a moment. When you say you gave up your job, from the way you've described it, it was actually more than a job. It had become your life. You'd worked with the company for twenty-odd years.*

For about sixteen to seventeen years. Well, it's funny really. My job was important and I enjoyed it to the very last minute. However, I never felt that I wanted to make so much of a career. It had all just come by itself. I would give all my energy during the daytime, but at night, when I walked out of the office, my job never stayed in my mind. I wasn't really going for a career, it came by itself. I'm still surprised why, without really

having made an effort, I got all those positions. I remember that when I called the director to give him notice, I felt such a joy that I started dancing around my office. It must have been a weird sight.

*You felt a real sense of freedom.*

A tremendous sense of freedom, and too, I felt something that I think I had always wanted. The decision wasn't so difficult for me, that's why I made it in five minutes. I had no family to consider, and finance was not a problem. I felt, 'This is something so important that I have to find it out for myself.' That's why I went to Pune.

After a few weeks in Pune, I became an *Osho sannyasin* (student of Osho). Osho gave me the name Dhyana Parishuddha, which means ultimate purity.

...

*To visit this man Alexander Smit?*

Yes. After I had seen Osho again in Bombay and Pune, I started visiting Alexander Smit. He is a disciple of Nisargadatta Maharaj, and after a very short time being with Nisargadatta, Alexander became realised. He was having *Satsang* (meeting in Truth), but he never called it *Satsang*, just meetings. He was talking about the essentials. Nothing except 'That,' very much in the sense of when you read Nisargadatta's book *I Am That*.

*What are the essentials for you?*

His trying to explain in all possible ways, who you are. I must say, for the first year I didn't know what he was talking about. Still, I felt that I had to come to him. What surprised me so much after having been with Osho for five years, was that I'd never got a clue what it was all about. Mind you, that was nothing to do with Osho.

It was only after a year with Alexander that it started to dawn on me. He really pulled me by the hair, so to speak, by forcing me to ask

questions. Then it finally started to dawn on me, who I really am. When I went for the second time to Osho in Pune and he was talking about setting up the Multiversity in Koregoan Park, I wondered, 'Why don't you stick to your subject?' I left a bit disappointed.

...

*What did you feel in the first few Satsangs three weeks ago?*

I was just happy to be there. The more I stayed, the more I felt the union of the *Sangha* (community). I wanted to sit with him. Of course, that comes into your mind the closer you are to the time of leaving. However, I had no questions to ask.

Then I came up with a question based on what I was reading in a book at the time. The question was concerning the possibility of realising the Self in a split second. I was trying all the time to get close to 'It.' Since this question was coming up all the time, I felt the question was making it difficult to realise. I had doubt in fact.

I raised this question with Papaji, and amazingly, he so directly and yet gradually, made me see that this question is but a doubt. This thought came in the mind, this 'I', and he made me look where it was, and suddenly 'I' was nowhere. He just said, 'That's It.' If he hadn't said that, I would have missed it because it is so simple and so close (long charged silence). Amazing. I am still dazed. Only a master can do that.

*Is there any way you can find words to describe this experience?*

I feel peaceful. You know that's It. It's very precious. I have to be careful with it. Since that event many people have come up to me and want to know about this. I'd rather not talk too much about it. You cannot lose it, but you can lose touch with it. That was the gift of Papaji.

...