

... Arriving in town after a short drive from her sweet home in the countryside, she had left her car in a nearby parking garage - of course as usual on the best spot that was just waiting for her to become available, because she always allowed her sovereign energies to serve her sweetly - and now she was heading for the appointment with her student mindy.

she was so centered in her being that all the noise of the busy surroundings was like a far-off background sound gently in tune with the melody of her own music, and with a tender smile she anticipated the meeting with mindy.

mindy was very committed to her enlightenment, but like most spiritual seekers and teachers also still thinking that she had to work for it very hard, that she had above all to improve her humanness and her human life condition. yet the master also felt that she was now ready for a real shift. so, when some days ago mindy had desperately called her, asking for a rendezvous, she had immediately agreed to see her. why not, she thought, after all she might combine her going to town with a shopping trip.

when she approached the cafe, she saw mindy sitting near the window, totally absorbed in frantic activities on her smartphone.

therefore mindy didn't even notice her when she entered.

„hi mindy, nice to see you.“, she said slightly amused.

mindy jumped up, startled, „oh, master, I'm so sorry, so sorry, really, but I didn't hear you come with all that noise and I'm so busy all the time, too busy, I know, that's why..... but oh, please have a seat! a coffee? I know you like latte, don't you?“ mindy, excited and embarrassed ordered two more latte without even waiting for the answer.

the master observed mindy's confusion with a loving twinkle in her eyes. after they had settled down and the latte been served, she said with her warm and calming voice:

„mindy, take a deep breath, deep breath. tell me what's on your heart and mind.“ and even though she already knew the answer, she asked: „why did you want to see me so urgently?“

trying to suppress her tears mindy sighed: „master, I'm feeling hopelessly stuck and lost. you know how much I'm yearning for enlighten-

ment, how much I try to work at it, to meditate, to study. I desperately effort to get rid of all the obstacles on the difficult path to my realization, I do karma yoga, want to be a good and loving person as much as possible in service to everybody, but when I look at the circumstances of my life, it seems impossible to ever reach my goal. there are still so many imperfections in my life. I'm so far from deserving enlightenment, so far from holding a candle to the great enlightened masters of the past. in order to make some progress I have to change my life. I absolutely need a job where I get not only more money, but also more time to do my spiritual practices, and I need a quiet place where to live, a place in nature far from the terribly noisy town filled with all those bad and distracting energies.

mindy went on complaining that of course it was extremely difficult, even impossible to find the perfect circumstances she was desperately looking for, that she had already tried everything, and that the master with all her earthly and heavenly connections was her last hope.

the master was sitting there very calm and in silence, whereas mindy stared at her with an anxious and imploring glance.

after a while the master said:

„mindy, come with me to your inner stage and let's watch a sketch.
(1)

it's about a chrysalis hanging on the branch of a sycamore tree. listen to the conversation going on in the cocoon:

CHRYSALIS

„light and radiant butterfly I AM, I AM free!“

CATERPILLAR MIND

„he, he, wait a minute, stop and remember,
remember all those days in november
on the withering sycamore leaves
and let's have a look at our albums :
black and white misery, just fear, shame, blame, pain !

oh yes, some colorful slides are as well in the game.
how dynamic, busy, we were, perhaps even happy...
and oh all those dear ones....
and now, what do you see?
us hanging alone on a stupid tree,
with you pretending that we are free !
how can you state such crazy things
and dream about magnificent wings ?!
this has never been and never will be.
ha, ha,ha, really, we are so free.....“

CHRYSLIS

„alas, and what if you were right? indeed, things don't seem
very bright, all is dissolving...

BUTTERFLY ESSENCE

darling, you are absolutely right,
for you the pictures in the box are not bright !
so flat and dusty they are and don't move...
I can tell you however, it's time now to groove !
recycle that box, just let it be,
its sweet sweet wisdom is already in me.
just relax in my arms and you will see,
our fusion helping, soon, oh so soon,
we are going to open up this cocoon,
flying together, cool, yeah, no fuss,
living the great movies waiting for us !
your black and white prison and gallery vision,
that wasn't me.
the light and radiant butterfly
I AM – truly free.“

mindy had obeyed very halfhearted, listening only with one ear. she
didn't dare to show openly to the master how angry, frustrated and
even more exasperated she now was. disappointed she thought :
„what? instead of giving me some real practical help, my master
simply puts me off with one of those eternal caterpillar - butterfly

stories, nice metaphor, but so futile in my situation, really! how can she do that to me?!"

mindy couldn't help bursting into tears, she was now crying and crying. she forgot that she was sitting in a cafe, the world around her faded away, her tears also melted away the ice of all her lifelong stress. she felt a sweet and warm flow running through her entire being, and suddenly she was drawn back to her inner stage.

the curtains were wide open. with amazement and in awe mindy was now watching the miracle of an emerging butterfly. she could feel the caterpillar, the chrysalis and the butterfly essence breathing as one and eventually fly into the infinite sky, enjoying the beauty of creation. deeply immersed in the experience, mindy knew that the curtain would never again fall over her inner stage and that indeed all was well in her life, regardless the outer circumstances.

she had finally integrated what she had heard and read so many times before, never really grasping, but rather quickly forgetting it:

in order to embody its imago, the caterpillar has to pupate, that means, it has to stop creeping around for food in the outer world, rather go deep within, trust its imaginal disc and allow the natural process to unfold.

it's the same thing for you, dear human. stop running, searching and working in the outer world for your enlightenment wings, because you will never find them there. stop trying, working, studying and thinking hard in order to reach the state of realization by perfecting your humanness and your human life condition. it's a useless illusion leading nowhere. enlightenment is beyond the human, beyond the human's obligations and the human mind. the human mind can only mimic enlightenment, never understand it or bring it about. therefore, all you have to do is to „pupate“, to relax, trusting the passion of your I AM self that in this lifetime provided you with the ‚imaginal light cord‘, „that thing that is already there. it's you going into the cocoon, into the chrysalis and emerging as the enlightened being, which you already are.“ You are simply asked to allow and to enjoy the natural process, even if there are challenges on the way.

this is also the greatest service you will ever do for others and for this

whole world. and be sure that all the appropriate changes in your life will come naturally, no need to fret or fuss.

when she heard these last words, mindy smiled, remembering a shoud with ian britt's „the shape of us“ turned into a beautiful lovesong between soul and human. together with her delighted master she hummed: „yes, darling, i will always be here. there's no need to fret or fuss, we've got all the strength we need in the shape of us.“

and in her relaxed state, saying 'goodbye to a world that she once knew', finally free to be playful and to enjoy life without all the old heavy human overlays, without phonetic and other rules, she wondered: „what about changing my name from mind-y to mind-frey?“

whereupon the master joyfully retorted: „hey mindfrey, and what about topping our day with some really nice ice cream?“

some days later, now at home, but still immersed in that deep inner feeling of emergence she had gone through in the coffee shop, mindy wondered why she had been so angry when her master invited her to watch a sketch featuring the caterpillar-chrysalis-butterfly metaphor. filled with gratitude she remembered the folder with the parables that her master had sent her many years ago (1).

how appropriate to re-read them now, as they all had set the energies for her live experience.

the „papilio potential“ for instance, so well illustrating our human feelings of weekness and incompleteness but also the passion and the knowingness that „there is more out there“, finally finding out that it's actually „in here“, that „all is within us“, and the trust that our embodied realization sooner or later is going to occur very naturally.

and how brilliantly all our distractions and the uselessness of our human endeavors for enlightenment is shown in the „papilio manifesto“, alluding with a twinkle in the master's eyes to a well known political manifesto with its roots in our communal atlantean

past.

mindy remembered that the following parable was the result of her master's malaise when at the occasion of a funeral she had to listen to the dogmatic sermon of the pastor who even took profit of the situation by slipping in intolerant remarks against other religions.

PAPILIO POTENTIAL

there are many different types of caterpillars. big ones, small ones, smart or stupid, thin and thick, busy and lazy ones. some of them shine in magnificent splendor and feel happy when surrounded by many friends, enjoying life on delicious leaves... others live a poor, lonely and modest life on harsh soil. caterpillars express in many different ways, have this or that predilection or aversion regarding their world and its inhabitants, included their own species.

but in spite of all the varieties and differences, they all have one thing in common, i.e. their

butterfly potential

without any exception, every single caterpillar has the inherent possibility to expand into it's full butterfly being. the only difference between caterpillars regarding their butterfly essence is the degree of remembrance, knowledge and awareness of that presence.

there are caterpillars who don't want to know anything about butterflies. they reject the whole question pretending that it is a poetical whim, a crazy idea of some incorrigible dreamers, a narcotic lullaby, a coward temptation of evasion from the harsh reality for poor, stupid, unrealistic, ridiculous, caterpillars, and so on. they seem to be very proud of their scientific accuracy, telling that they meticulously examined numerous caterpillars by means of dissection and even distillation, but that there was not even a supçon of butterfly. quod erat demonstrandum.

other caterpillars believe in butterfly. they adore butterfly pictures, study and explain old books, myths and legends about butterflies and they sometimes bite the head off of those who don't venerate their brimstone butterfly picture, the icon of the dovetail, or the statue of the parnassius apollo. they may teach the one and only way of pupating, or, worse, even try to convince caterpillars that butterfly is an unreachable and terrible supreme being outside of themselves, whose greatest fun is to punish sinful caterpillars. and woe betide you, if you don't agree with them.

it is true that modern butterfly specialists often show themselves tolerant and open towards other butterfly pictures, but most of them like to emphasize the differences of colors and forms, glorifying their own adored butterfly picture rather than seeing the butterfly essence behind all the different forms and colors. perhaps they even distribute butterflyers, warning people of prevailing papillonitis (papillon in french = butterfly), terrible far-falle, (farfalle in italian = butterflies, falle in german = trap), dark moths...

they don't even consider the idea of pupating themselves in order to get a direct experience of their butterfly essence. because they totally forgot about it or perhaps because they love their power games.

generally they prefer to judge, condemn, manipulate and lead other caterpillars according to their own well or not so well meaning, are satisfied with the two dimensional, outside projected picture of their imago, both eyes firmly fixed on the ground of their limited reality. and

so most of the caterpillars die as caterpillars, come back as caterpillars ...it's a nearly endless cycle.

of course, there is nothing wrong about that. it is the good right of every caterpillar to choose its own way of living. caterpillars are free to make all kind of experiences in their wingless form. to a certain degree it is up to them to decide if and when they are going to engage in metamorphosis.

and whatever they do or opt for, their butterfly essence is never concerned at all by their caterpillar actions. butterfly essence is

nothing but love and compassion and it is patiently waiting for the day when it's caterpillar self, tired of crawling on the ground, will finally allow its self realization in absolute beauty. and then, deploying gracefully their wings, both of them fused into one, are going to fly into the deep blue sky, still breathing on earth, with lightness and joy as long as they choose.

...

the following manifesto was inspired by a chat the master had at the grocery store with the mother of an old school friend. her way of talking was very obviously coming from a great lack of self esteem and the old pattern of looking outside for validation, like many or most of us do.

PAPILIO MANIFESTO

deep inside of us we caterpillars know that we are butterflies. but for whatsoever reason, we forgot how to pupate, or we allow others to prevent us from doing it. this hurts. we feel somehow guilty and cheap, continuously looking for what we seem to have forgotten and lost. in order to repress, compensate and release those negative feelings for a short period of time, we provide all types of artificial wings, show them off or, on the contrary, hide modestly our brilliant protheses. we admire other plastic 'butterflies', envy them their magnificent mocks, belittle maliciously - open or covert - the beautiful crutches of foreign jugglers. perhaps we bargain anxiously or battle furiously for the scarce article wings - or we promote generously and with great competence the construction of wings. in short, we undertake all kind of endeavors in order to confirm and to prove our value as caterpillars, trying to become socially integrated in the caterpillar community, be it more or less successfully or with fame and glory.

at this point it has to be said that thanks to all these challenges, many caterpillars give their best and accomplish great actions in different areas, granting relief with much devotion and compassion to their

suffering fellow creatures and their damaged prostheses. this can temporarily be very satisfying, but very often there is a feeling of an “interminable défaite” as we can see for instance in the conversation between tarrou and rieux in albert camus' novel, la peste.

if we are lucky enough to meet true butterflies, we may roll in the mud before them and try even more fanatically just to imitate them, instead of being inspired by their presence on how to unfold our own butterfly-ness. desperate jealousy may even incite us to twist them down to our own miserable but tolerable caterpillar proportion and denigrate them at every possible opportunity in order to make us feel better. however, feelings of pain, anger, guilt and inadequacy wait at every corner.

sad story.

yet listen! in the wind of change, behind every corner we can also hear rustling, whispering and singing :

“it is time, butterfly time! wake up! remember!
caterpillars of all countries, pupate !”

.....

with a big smile on her face mindy, spreading her wings, said to herself:

“and now it's time for all the butterflies who listened to the call to soar and to live to the fullest our greatest love story ever!”

(1) 2002 – 2012 in DEWDROPS melipotamou.com

