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“Thank you for freely sharing and doing so openly and vulnerably. I let it sink in and I feel closer to what I've covered up. Gratitude, Ed Christwitz”

Our True Life Stuff
Begun 8/7/17 Added to/edited 8/14/17

Chapter 1 — Dawn

On August 7th, 2017, I awakened for the second time at 4:40 AM to the rerun sexual thoughts I would often have to segue to the thought of being with what still remained of my unclaimed self and then, seemingly, for the very first time in my seventy-one years of doing everything I could to heal myself, others and the world, into fully bringing forth and holding all of what I had not yet been able to access and heal.

It took the form of a flattened, pulverized, golden, life-energy, protoplasmic pancake, the stuff of the never-fully-developed being I had still been semi-living. And I was fully able to let this cut off life stuff come forth, hold it in my figurative and literal hands, be fully with it and breathe love and acceptance into what it had been beaten into and what it could become if it were only allowed to come into being.

So, with this great, ongoing gift, I got up to pee, briefly and soaplessly wash my face, nostrils and mouth, take a sip of my glacial mountain water and get my firm meditation pillows to sit up in bed against the wall and thus hold it during most of my morning meditation, to love, forgive and feel its pain, brokenness and poignancy and the healing relief this all finally brought as I coaxed it upwards from its crypt in my broken belly to the fullness of my accepting heart.

It ‘so happened’ this was a full moon day. And when I arose, after forty minutes, it was still dark and the perfectly round, yellow moon was setting outside my small bedroom window. This moon resembled, like a precious overtone, what I still held in its brought forth state and I stepped outside onto my small, rear patio to more fully appreciated the beauty of the extant, visible, outer and inner gold before coming to my computer to type this.

The very best part of us is the most vulnerable. It is the gentle, quiet, creative, tender, embryonic life stuff that is the most easily wounded, damaged, repressed, suppressed, stuffed, attacked and chased away, our infant love, trust and joy but also later aspects of our inner sensitivity. We are wisely wired to protect ourselves by encrypting it behind walls to protect us from suffering the experiencing of being violated. But it cannot be destroyed. It is still there. It is our job to find, regain and renew it.

I had read about those who could walk their life carrying this living vulnerability gently with them but knew this was still beyond me because, even after all my work, I had not been able to truly encompass what had so early and often been so hurt and had so completely receded to protect me from the pain it still contained.

Unlike those who had reclaimed and set it free, I still lived with it imprisoned no matter how much I had blindly groped and consciously sought to heal it. I still knew well and feared what I would feel the innumerable times I would approach, perceive, touch or hold it briefly or cry with it for unbearable minutes or hours to siphon off as much as I could of its pain—when I would temporarily open the hurt locker till the release of pain became too overwhelming or exhausting, only to perceive it again being shut away to protect itself and me from that unbearable torment.

But this was different. Somehow it had fully emerged to be and be held. It was set free from the prison that had so protected and paralyzed it and me for my entire life. It wasn't going back.

How could this finally happen so simply and easily, so non-dramatically, so differently and seemingly fully?

How could it have taken so very long?

Who can answer such questions?

But better late than never.

The most precious stuff of our lives is locked away, cut off, inaccessible to our daily living. It is this stuff that makes us so preciously human. Most of us somewhat know both our precious and unprecious portions and all of us, of course, are mixed.

But, somewhere, we carry all our traumas, those still unprocessed from previous lives, those we inherit through our ancestry and those that we have accumulated from conception onward. And they, intimately bonded with great gobs of our most tender life stuff, get stored in a vault within us as a kind of spirit child embryo of our developmental being.

This yolk/data central/moon-sun of our lives contains the history of our pain and constitutes our inner infant/inner child/unformed, developing embryo-being—all that was too traumatic to fully embrace in real time.

The more we have had such experiences, the more our best life stuff is compartmentalized and unavailable.

Reclaiming it is the hardest, most valuable work we can do.

Of course, for some it is harder than for others. Not all are traumatized equally. Not all are equally sensitive. Not all are equally resilient. Not all are equally able to let go. But we all must work with that we are, what we have and what has been 'done' to us.

It is also true that some folks take part of this precious life stuff and send it far away to protect themselves. But this is rare and we will deal with it later.

There are many things we can do to reclaim all of what we are.

And it is essential that we do so.

The more each of us does, the more we help ourselves, our loved ones and the world.

It is the inaccessibility of our best life stuff that causes us to do harm.

We lash out at ourselves, others, God and the world to compensate for what we have lost.

We are not inherently cruel.

We are only small and cruel to the extent that we are cut off from the most precious aspects of ourselves—the love and vulnerability that history has carved away from the beauty of our souls.

Once we regain all of who we are, we regain the eternal state of grace that allows us to be decent.

It is truth that we are inherently decent, free, full of love, wonder and generosity, that we truly wish all beings well—that we are still, in a word, innocent.

But we have so lost our natural state that it has all but been forgotten.

We have become caricatures of ourselves.

And our world is a caricature of what it could be.

We all long for our true life stuff, consciously or not.

Its displacement leaves the hole we all wish to fill.

Without it, we are lost.

We are closer to the opportunity to truly regain it than we ever have been.

It has always been close, involutedly close, closely enclosed in the innermost folds of our being so as to protect and encase itself away.

It resides in our inner womb.

But it has never been so reclaimable as now.

Each person who works to regain it makes it easier for others that follow.

Those of us who have been working the hardest for so very long have had the hardest time of it.

Most people don't much know or think of it and live out their lives unconsciously acting out, driven by greed, desire and fear, absorbed in the circumstances of being alive and pursuing substitutes, tangibles they believe will fill that hole and make them happy.

Let us all more and more remember it.

Let it become quicker and easier for everyone to recall, relocate and reclaim the vital love and energy gold of their true life stuff.

It is our birthright, though few live, know or think much about it.

Chapter 2 — Day

Anyone who knows anything of me knows that I believe in the healing, redemptive power of meditation.

The Dalai Lama said, “If every eight-year-old in the world is taught meditation, we will eliminate violence from the world within one generation.”

Think about this for a moment.

Reread it more slowly.

What would such a world look like?

No bullies, no vicious insults, no drug, child, sexual or domestic abuse, no theft, no murders, no war, no rape, no slavery. No damaged football brains, no boxing, no cock or bull fighting for sport. No female circumcision. Perhaps no circumcision at all. Wouldn't such things come to be deemed too barbaric? No terrorism. Perhaps even the whole world would do what was necessary to make sure that everyone on it got their basic needs met. Perhaps we'd learn the value of treating Earth well. We *are* trying to make progress in these things and there *is* headway. Little by little, the world does become a better place.

But is this what he means?

Can you conceive such a world?

How could he even say such a patently absurd, impossible thing?

Or is it?

Might he know more about meditation than you do?

I don't know about one generation, but I believe that if enough of us incorporated a daily practice of meditation into our lives, we would transform the world to a far better place than it ever has been.

I believe with him that meditation should be taught to every eight-year-old.

This is what I recently wrote in a small essay I called *The Nobel Prize Acceptance Speech I Will Never Give*.

“Most people, who can, eat three times a day. Most people wash their hands, brush their teeth and wash their bodies. Most people understand the value of exercise. It's obvious, isn't it? But it was not always so.

Our hearts, souls and psyches are more important than our bodies. Meditation nourishes, cleanses and clears them better than anything. We need this mental hygiene, this soul food every day to maintain our sanity, our wellbeing and our balance, to bring us peace, to help us evolve, to dissolve our trauma and ignorance and to renew within us the best that we are. We need to drop into and nurture the deepest levels of our being and pour love and forgiveness into our world. This is our highest purpose.”

I have believed these things since I spent five years working with Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, the Beatles guru, trying to save the world through Transcendental Meditation.

I then became disillusioned with him and TM and tried to find everything I could that seemed to help in healing, growth and well-being. When I would find something that helped me, I would train in it so I could help facilitate others in their own quests to heal and grow.

The healing, spiritual stuff has always been most important to me. And meditation, in one form or other, has been constant.

I have had it rougher and better than most in different ways.

I have often called myself borderline Bi-Polar, Autistic and Obsessive-Compulsive.

I have struggled with drugs, cancer, depression and mental illness.

I know that without daily meditation, I either would have died long ago or been dependent on the world of psychiatry and medication.

I have had my glorious phases and my difficult ones, but I know that my regular, forty-six-year meditation practice has made it all possible and more than possible.

My healing has never stopped.

Over three years ago a new meditation came to me that I call the Love and Forgiveness Meditation. It helped me so much more than all the others I had done that I wrote three books about it. One of them contains memoirs of the high and lowlights of my life. Please read them.

I believe regular meditation to be the one most important thing everyone can do to help improve their lives and the world, to help regain the truth of who they are.

Billions, I know, would balk at this

“No one thing is good for everyone!!!”

But isn't some form of exercise good for everyone? Isn't sufficient, high quality food good for everyone? Isn't clean air and water good for everyone?

The mental/soul/heart/body calming/healing/balancing/restorative food/exercise of meditation, when done regularly and properly, is good for everyone. And with proper understanding, everyone can do it.

Even without everyone, large enough numbers of us meditating regularly every day would change the world.

It would help almost everything, including productivity, creativity and quality of life.

Enough said.

Read one or more of my three books on L&F.

This book is more about our cut off life stuff, its value and the ways of reclaiming it.

Our vulnerability is our greatest asset.

Most wars have been fought and millions of people murdered to prevent someone or groups of someones from feeling vulnerable.

We expend great effort cultivating false strength, false stance and amassing and maintaining control, wealth and power to avoid feeling vulnerable.

We want power and certainty, not vulnerability.

We have all built up protections.

Those of us taught fear from our earliest days have shut down great parts of ourselves to stave off the terror of our threatened vulnerability.

There's nothing like the certain visceral knowledge that one or more of our caretakers is capable and sometimes desirous of literally or figuratively squashing our life out of existence to put a damper on our freedom, spontaneity, life force and confidence.

As infants, we know this in a direct, pre-verbal way.

As we grow, we lose sight of this in its clarity.

Our highest, best, most creative aspects are linked with our vulnerability.

Our true well-being depends on our letting go of our armor and learning to live with our hurt locker/treasure vault dissolved, open-hearted to most people and the world, comfortable in our vulnerability, having been able to truly connect, be with, liberate and live our most precious, distanced life-force energy.

It has been my lot to devote my life to healing myself, others and the world. This has been my highest priority and has taken most of my time, energy, focus and money. Everything else has suffered as a result.

I never really had a career besides this, though I worked many jobs, some more successfully than others. I never really made that much money, something I have been paying for in the last decades of my life.

I have neither married nor had children, the capability of the latter being taken away from me at the age of eighteen by cancer and the most brutal chemotherapy of that early time.

My relationships would suffer or end when I would go off for five years to be with Maharishi or, for much shorter periods, with Michael Harner and Sandra Ingerman to learn Shamanic Journey and Soul Retrieval, Leonard Orr to learn Rebirthing or Robert Gerard and Vianna Stibal for DNA Activation or simply to withdraw into my esoteric Hindu, Vedic, Buddhist, Native American, Hawaiian, Christian or Judaic Meditations and healing practices or those of my own device.

My art—music, song writing, poetry and writing—would be curtailed for years or decades at a time so I could devote myself to the healing/spiritual/evolutionary practices in which I would make great strides and breakthroughs and have wonderful, exquisite experiences but then would sooner or later know the deepest, hardest, realest work had not been accomplished.

I stopped doing all teaching and facilitation for nearly a decade because I could no longer play the wounded healer.

But this most recent step seems one of the most significant and least spectacular, in a way, the realest—the quiet, inner opening of the deepest, earliest wounds without their immediate and usual re-enclosure.

This is the life stuff we have lost and seek, the manna/mana/juice of love without which we live a zombie half-life, not truly alive.

Our pain is our salvation.

It imprisons our infant love, wonder, trust and innocence, disallowing us to truly mature and live our glory.

There is great wisdom in the east, great charlatanism and many beautiful quotes.

One from Nisargadatta is:

“There is in the body a current of energy, affection and intelligence, which guides, maintains and energizes the body. Discover that current and stay with it.”

I would say it exists in everything.

My friend, Bruce, equates it with the Holy Spirit.

In my life, I have only been able to sporadically live it, sometimes for years at a time, often for far lesser periods.

But I would always lose it.

I believe that when we finally are able to allow all our crypts to fully open and remain so, we are able to ‘stay with it’ within ourselves and in all things and so to live in simple beauty/natural wonder/an innocent state of grace, if not all the time then most of it.

We shall see how much and long this most recent gift of life to me lasts in my own living experience.

Chapter 3 — Night

We've all heard of the dark night of the soul.

This occurs when all we have kept away from us can no longer be held back and comes pouring into our direct experience.

It is, by nature, a spiritual, healing event and the more we treat it as such the better the outcome.

We are hard wired to avoid pain.

So most people do not welcome such experience.

We live our lives locking pain up and keeping it away.

It is an unconscious reflex and we need to use our conscious will to do the opposite of what our natural instincts impose on us.

This is one of the first practices we can engage in to bring about our higher healing.

And, besides meditation, it is the main one.

It is simple and direct, though neither easy nor fun.

You can find your hurt locker.

You know where it is.

You fear it.

You instinctively avoid it.

It is time to overcome your fear and do the opposite.

Attention, alone, is healing.

When we allow our full attention to rest with something, it has a salutary effect, unless, of course, it's not in its most simple state and is imbued with anger or something destructive.

In this conscious, sacred work, we simply use our attention to find our pain crypt and gather and bring as much of our full attention as we can to penetrate the walls encasing the trauma. We allow our awareness to seep inside and simply rest with what resides there.

We don't use our attention to try to bring about any particular outcome.

We don't try to heal, sweep out or exorcise our pain.

We simply attend to it, bringing our consciousness there to sit with it, enveloping and bathing it in our awareness and allowing whatever might happen to happen.

The more we manipulate the process, the more we get in our own way.

So read the following several times and then attempt to do it.

If you succeed, you may cry in anguish, whimper in pain, shrink in terror, feel slightly altered, experience some subtle energy release or feel physical sensations, sorrow, vulnerability or love or something precious, sacred or beautiful.

You might have some experience not enumerated above.

Your only job is to be as fully with whatever may arise as you can, interfering as little as possible with any kind of pointed, determined agenda.

You, the doer, can do far less than the simple presence of your awareness, though a faint intention or feeling of love, acceptance and forgiveness, or if not these, neutrality, might also help.

So sit down in some comfortable, conducive place.

Close your eyes.

Bring your awareness to your heart, the pit of your stomach or someplace between.

And see if you can find somewhere that seems to have some tightness or pain, a node or seeming extended tangle of nerve-like material, a tight fist in your belly, some thing or sensation you'd rather not have or be with or would prefer that it weren't there.

And then simply be with it, let your awareness surround and sit in the heart of it. Give it the gift of simply attending to it, keeping it company. As all hurt things, it needs your love, attention and acceptance.

And then be aware of and follow whatever might happen.

You then might perceive other things occurring, some pain or fear, some slight nausea, some faint cry of anguish in your mind or psyche, some story or memory, even, over time, agony, rage or terror.

Stay with whatever seems to be unpleasant and calls for your attention.

If crying occurs, be as fully with it as you can and let it have its full life.

Whatever arises, let it come forth as fully as possible, even if nothing much significant seems to be happening or all you can perceive is simple numbness. Be with whatever is there. Let it arise and subside or remain. Give it its life cycle.

If absolute terror, torment or rage tries to chase you away, this is the pinnacle of opportunity.

This is where determination can help you.

Summon the courage to meet and be with it.

Allow it to come forth.

Stay with it till it subsides or for as long as you can.

Whatever horrors generated it in the first place are no longer occurring.

These are things of the past.

You are safe in your home.

Those of us who believe in and remember living many lives know we've all murdered and been murdered, been crucified, flayed alive or tortured in any number of different ways, raped and been raped, been burned at the stake or eaten away by disease and died innumerable, horrible and peaceful deaths.

We still carry some of the trauma of such things even if we don't believe so and some of us even help dissolve trauma from the collective.

And we've all had plenty of opportunity to accumulate trauma in our present lives, especially from the earliest moments.

The more we allow and remain with our internal pain and terror, the more of it is discharged and dissipates.

It is not infinite though it may seem so.

Each bit we release benefits our life.

It may take numerous sessions before you are able to access your real grief, turmoil or trauma.

But this time is precious spent.

Don't shortchange yourself.

Do this whenever you feel to for as long as you can, at least several times a week or more. It is more fruitful than entertainment and distraction.

It can help if someone is there with you, in person or on the telephone, lending you their support, energy, love and awareness.

Theirs can combine with yours to efficate the process.

Those with PTSD may need someone with them many times before they can do this on their own.

I also do what I call Highest Dimensional Energy Healing (HDEH) wherein I call in the healing light energies and angelic helpers of the highest dimension to aid with these and other things.

And I can teach and solidify your L&F Meditation practice.

If inspired, go to m@mark-landau.com, read more and email me for an appointment.

I can help you in your deepest, hardest work.

Chapter 4 — True Talk Therapy

It's nearly a week since my newfound experience and I'm happy to report that I'm still living the results.

I've been feeling much freer and wholer, more spontaneous and playful, more at ease, comfortable in my own skin and significantly lighter, less stilted and with more energy.

I no longer much feel that hole in the heart/soul and my craving is greatly diminished.

There is definitely more simplicity and joie de vivre.

Great thanks and may it continue.

Talk therapy is as old as man.

But, of course, it was formalized as a psychological practice by Freud, Jung and their Vienna disciples.

There are myriad varieties, but they mostly share a number of difficulties that greatly diminish their efficacy or even yield negative effects.

And most of the problems reside in the therapist.

Very few people can truly be open, non-judgmental, loving and accepting of another no matter what they come up with and what they need to go through.

Very few therapists have truly done their deepest, hardest work.

They are incapable of giving the totality of their attention and the attention they give is usually sullied with impatience, distraction and disapproval.

And even if they can give their full, supportive attention from time to time, they can't sustain it. They soon weary of it and squelch their client.

If their client begins to touch into their most terrifying material, they consciously or unconsciously get triggered and steer them away from it.

Because they haven't processed enough of it themselves, they're afraid of it.

Also, very few are energy sensitive. To fully be with someone as they process their torment and to be able to feel or locate within them where the pain resides and to allow one's love, awareness and attention to join the other in resting with the trauma is blessed, divine, sacred work.

It is also most helpful.

And it is very rare and beyond nearly all therapists, though more are coming to this ability than before.

There is also a fine line between truly being with and discharging trauma and melodramatizing or wallowing in it, even to the point of re-traumatization.

This is where discernment comes in, both on the part of the therapist and the client.

A true energy sensitive can feel the difference.

Most therapists don't know the art, value, process and benefit of depleting one's store of traumatic pain through resting as fully as possible with it.

The talk part of the therapy can be utilized as an aid in helping the client find and be with their true life stuff.

Too often therapy becomes endless analysis and regurgitation without true release.

Skilled, patient friends who have done a fair amount of work themselves can help each other in these ways.

Though finding the right friend who is willing and able could prove difficult.

Talk therapy at its best is an adjunct to finding and releasing the pain of one's unclaimed self. Though sometimes we simply need to talk something out of our system, which can be helpful, as well, and beneficially embraced.

This is some of the most precious, fruitful work I do.

Again, if inspired, contact me for an appointment.

Chapter 5 — Our Lifelong Habits