

The plane departed. I was riveted to my seat bending over the window and observing the tarmac slowly disappearing with relief. I was on my way to Pune, India where rested my hope of getting my sanity back. I had not been to the Osho Commune as it was called then for 7 years. In fact I had almost forgotten it existed, my love affair with my spiritual Master Osho, a distant souvenir. I had now been married, been into the world, been successful. Had a nice house, a gorgeous wife, the envy of many.

Then how did I end up calling 911 (emergency service) in the middle of the night? Operator " What is the emergency sir ? " I need help madam. I need to talk to a psychologist. Operator " Sir, are you about to commit suicide ? " No Madam... " Sorry Sir, wrong number! " murmured candidly the voice at the other end of the line. At that very moment, no kidding, appeared in my mind Osho with His loving eyes, a very sweet grin shining on His face. I knew it. It was another one of His magic jokes.

It was quite a relief in fact, His appearance on the scene of my misery. I had just lost my wife to my neighbor, got the divorce papers within hours, my high-end jewelry store in foreclosure. And the lawyers, oh my god, the war... I dived down into depression for weeks, stopped eating followed by stopping drinking. Was I going to join my brother Paul at the psychiatric hospital nearby? That idea sent shivers into my skin.

But what I realized at that moment, seeing Osho's eyes, is that I had become prisoner of my own mind and that mind was driving my emotions like a tyrant. And because of this, I was suffering non-stop day and night. The only relief I would get happened when I did those 3 meditations daily: Dynamic, Kundalini, Silent sitting. But that relief was more like a balm on a profound wound. I had to do something drastic about it. I had to fly to the only real help I knew I could find. And that which I foresaw was at the Osho Meditation Resort in Pune, India.

After many excruciating hours that plane did finally land in the Mumbai airport and I made it safely to Pune. I will always remember and cherish that memory of walking into the Resort's Welcoming Center the following day and the relaxation I felt knowing I had nothing to do anymore but to relax and be there, everything would be taken care of.

Wonderful Krishna welcomed me with open arms and compassion ready to listen to my pain and suggested I do a process that would ultimately transform my being: the Osho No-Mind meditative therapy. I was ripe for it, that's for sure.

The process was held within the Lao-Tzu house, a large circular room designed first to be Osho's bedroom and went on after He left His body to become His Samadhi. After His passing away, aware not to make it into a holy sanctuary, the direction of the Resort decided to use this room for different purposes such as meditations, intimate live concerts and meditative therapies like the Osho No-Mind.

The room is quite impressive with all its marble and light flooding in from the large and tall windows that surround it. We must have been around 20 participants in the room at the start of the group, plus the 2 facilitators. The interesting factor here is that contrary to almost all meditations and therapies, the 2 facilitators also participated in the program. That fact had a lot to do with my process as I felt totally responsible for my attitude and my involvement in my experience because as an added bonus no one was there to judge me. My involvement had to be total only to match my despair, I decided.

The process lasted for 7 consecutive days, 2 hours a day. In the first hour we gibber. That is, we speak a language that is not ours. It is also a cathartic process in which we express energetically what is happening for us in the moment. I say us because it is as much a collective energy happening as it is a personal one. One may start to sing in gibberish for example and then other people catch on and progressively it becomes a choir of volatile expression and madness. It is total and seems at times endless.

After the first hour experiencing this intense verbal expression, one becomes totally exhausted. I was amazed how easily silence came rapidly when we all sat down around the room in a still position, closed our eyes and started meditating. In fact this part is called Silent Sitting. You sit in a comfortable but still position and you watch what is happening. That is the moment I like to call : Fast track to my inner-self because I discovered after so much mind activity, resting and going within are inevitably happening quite fast. At this point either I dive in my inner core or I make my own movie or I feel the emptiness, the void. What happens for a whole hour in the mind then, I just remain alert and watchful. I become the observer. The process went on for 7 days, each day being different collectively and personally.

By the end of the process it cumulated for me into an amazing realization: I could not anymore identify to the drama which had first brought me there in the first place. Instead it became clear to me that life was a wonderful event

to be part of and to accept it's pain is also to live with gratitude.
In coming home within, I had come home altogether.
I had found myself.