

Writings:

What is the purpose of The Dojo?

Can anyone tell me.

Has anyone thought and pondered about this until such time as bubbles of thoughts and realisations burst inside your mind and create deafening sonic booms of sudden understanding and a sense of knowing.

Truly, this question is worth asking, and then sitting and experiencing the answer as it reveals itself, layer upon layer, to ourselves.

What purpose would anything made have but to serve as a tool and a vehicle for a greater purpose.

The Dojo does not exist in and of itself, it is made up of individual parts, of people, who care and are interested in their own powerful journeys of consciousness as we live the expression of our lives here on planet Earth.

The Dojo is a vehicle of enjoyment, a vehicle of joy, of passion, of fun, of creativity and of the expansion of consciousness for its people, for its members, for every spec of creation that is touched in this manifested reality as a result of The Dojo's existence, as far reaching as is possibly imaginable.

When the smile from one human meets the gaze of another who is experiencing suffering of some form, that there, in that moment, when a sunlight burst of revitalised knowing and clarity erupts forth within that human who was, but minutes ago, deepening in their despair, that is the point and purpose of all things created by us as humans.

When the understanding, if not in fact, the knowing of the correct placement of such things as forms and entities like a business, a place, a house, a building, are felt on the deepest level that the individual consciousness that is receiving benefit and blossoming further as a result of their very interaction and rendezvous with this "Dojo", is remembered as being the single highest purpose and goal for the existence of all "things", then it can take its correct place as a tool, as a vehicle for the transportation of consciousness through one experience in time-space, to another, like a great stepping stone of ever expanding universal evolution of consciousness.

The only things that can be truly destroyed in our reality are illusions, of the mind and of our perception, and what chain is it to be handcuffed to and bound by, but one that is always eternally destined to dissolve into emptiness and dust.

That such a vehicle like this could be miss-understood as being for any purpose other than the expansion of each unique individual human and consciousness in all its forms, seems like a funny joke, as if to suggest that consciousness would subserve itself to becoming a slave to a "thing", to a tool. I do not place the hammer before myself, so why any other tool or vehicle of this time-space reality.

So let us wake in each moment, and remember, while we are enjoying our time, our friends, our things, our routines in the places we have come to feel at home in, that the I that dwells far beyond the I that thinks, the I that can observe the Thinking, exists beyond anything I can even imagine or communicate, and when I next think about this place, about "The Dojo", let me remember the feeling in my bones and the resonance inside my body, that I am enjoying this vehicle as it is, and some people will travel with this vehicle for a short distance, and others for a life time, but how can anyone place a judgement on the value of the trip for any of the willing participants in the unfolding of the experiences of our perception of the universe and that which we call our lives.

- Sylph D H