

My Path

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June, 2004 [a few minor edits for clarification added here and there in subsequent years.]

Speaking of my spiritual journey is kind of like telling you about my vivid dream last night. It sure seemed real, it was a helluva ride, I was right there in the thick of things, all kinds of interesting, fun and sometimes bizarre characters came and went, and, after I awakened and it was all over, my flashback memory of the dream sure made it feel important, loaded with meaning and purpose.

As I write this several months later, I'm not absolutely sure any of it really happened, and only vaguely remember who it happened to.

I know that sounds a little crazy, so let me explain...

Deep in my gut, for as long as I could remember, there was an undefined, gnawing feeling of alienation and unfulfillment, coupled with a deep dissatisfaction with the adult human world as it operated – its pretend morality, approved standards, acceptable goals and expected rewards. I didn't seem to belong here. None of the things that were supposed to make me happy ever did so in fulfilling depth, or for any satisfying length of time.

Freedom seemed to be the goal, and Truth the answer I sought so badly. I didn't really grasp what it was I wanted to be free from, or what the Truth might be that I was seeking... how I would know if it was the Truth, or not? Nevertheless, the beckoning of these two words resonated deep inside and relentlessly hammered me as far back as I could remember. Sometimes the hammer strikes seemed like distant echoes; other times they were right in my face.

Half-heartedly attempting to fit into the world, being as rebellious as I would let myself get away with while still playing the socially acceptable game, I bounced through a number of degrees, careers and intimate relationships.

Of course, they were all great experiences with great people. It's just that now I realize *I was the one* who didn't really show up for them completely. The best I could do at the time was to play my part from my concocted persona, wearing the costume named 'Robert,' and acting out my own sloppily written, scripted role. In other words, my deeper real self (whatever that was) rarely showed its face, try as I might. And I began to see that everyone else was doing the same thing as I was, in varying degrees. Everyone acting out their personal script, deathly afraid of showing their true, simple, honest self for fear of being shamed, embarrassed and all the rest.

I'd taken a wandering path familiar to many others. Years of self-improvement

books and practices; study of philosophy, psychology and human development; study and practice of several religions (traditional to esoteric). All this preparation was helpful in one way or another, especially the time I spent intensely studying personal health care ([Natural Hygiene](#)) and putting this knowledge into practice. Unbeknownst to me at the time, I now realize that I was laying a solid foundation for what was to come. With Natural Hygiene, I was tuning up my body and mind to be ready for unknown future challenges. All of this study and practice greatly helped to reorient my thinking and lifestyle practices in a more positive direction. In addition, there was regular meditation, fasting and yogic practices... on it went.

Nevertheless, as interesting and helpful as these efforts were at the time, I always noticed that the same old gnawing feeling was still there. Something was still fundamentally lacking, something still felt off inside me. All my study and devotion to 'spiritual' practices delivered knowledge and altered state experiences by the truckload. But I couldn't tell if any of them were truly helping me make any real forward progress toward permanently waking up from the dream... from the gnawing, unfulfilled, insubstantial feeling inside. My desire for Freedom and Truth continued to hammer away inside me.

Which direction was Home?

I made up the ongoing internal story (belief) that I *was* making lots of progress, especially something called 'spiritual' progress. My consciousness was expanding... I was getting closer and closer to the spiritual goal.

Or was I? Secretly not being sure what this final spiritual goal actually was (Enlightenment? Mystical Union with the Cosmos? God-Realization? Permanently Blissed Out? Living Happily Ever After? Maybe at least some Very Good Tantric Sex?), I just kept winging it, pretending to convince myself that I was on top of things and confidently piloting my own ship. Hmmm... Just a bit more meditation each day, and some tweaking of my diet ought to do it... just a little more purification, a little more focused concentration, a little more practiced serenity...

Along the way thrilling mystical experiences, altered states of consciousness, and out-of-body events came... and went. I recall how easily I got quite attached to those experiences, and gave them great meaning, importance, and purpose. Surely they *were* very important, yes? I was secretly quite proud of them, you see...

Then, unexpectedly and out of nowhere, came 4 years of the over-the-top, intense Kundalini Awakening Process and all its activities. ***The Kundalini Awakening Process was extremely shattering and transformative.***

Something was now changing inside in a big way. This Kundalini power inside me had complete control. Huge, rapid and literally stunning internal changes seemed to have a mind, power, and direction of their own, irrespective of what I

wanted to do or where I thought I was going.

There was the time of falling into the Abyss, the Void. Unimaginable darkness and disconnection from all Life around me. The carefully knitted psychological fabric that gave me my sense of substance and continuity, my sense of self, was being ripped apart on all sides. Like a broken glass windshield on a vehicle, my thick glass shell of ego was cracking and splintering in every direction. The wall of separation that I felt was always there was now giving way. Layers of attachments to my beliefs were peeling off spontaneously, and I felt to be on a roller-coaster ride over which I had absolutely no control. It was alternatingly exhilarating and terrifying. The bottom was dropping out and there was no place for firm footing about anything. Nothing seemed to make sense. Absolutely no references anymore, internal or external. Real or imagined. Nothing to hold on to. Those early stages of the Process presented some seriously frightening moments....

This overpowering, disruptive, and relentless Kundalini process continued on for many months. Sometimes I was 110% possessed by a manic, restless, and relentless energy to ruthlessly confront myself, taking on my inner battles, come what may. Other times I honestly felt scared to death, barely able to function. All the while this wild energy running through me continued its work inside. Sanity, and sometimes survival itself seemed in doubt.

Eventually the bulk of this fracturing, purging and rewiring 'process' was over... but I came to see that even after all of this, still there was more hiding in the dark corners. Several core foundational beliefs about who and what I believed I was showed their terrifying (and yet desperate) faces. All along they had been hiding under those many layers of junk.

On it went for another couple of years.

My 'ego-self,' piece by piece, continued to be extracted, examined, dissected and thrown into the fire. More spontaneous episodes of darkness and the void, then ecstatic periods, followed by a brief day or two of calmness, neutrality, detachment. Forays into majestic archetypal realms followed by plunges into strange worlds of instinctive, purely primitive awareness. Very, very bizarre stuff. And very difficult to handle and process.

Actually, I laugh as I write this, because 'I' was not 'processing' anything. 'Processing' implies that I was somehow in control of all of this, or at least guiding it and making sense of what was going on. Nothing could be further from the truth. I was not controlling, guiding, or processing anything... the truth was that I was being knocked around like a billiard ball, in control of absolutely nothing, holding on for dear life.

Interestingly, especially toward the end of the Kundalini process (at the time I had absolutely no idea I was near any sort of 'end' of this Process), I noticed that the bigger shifts inside my consciousness were occurring in direct proportion to

the degree that I was getting more and more disconnected and disillusioned with the whole spiritual game of 'seeking' I was playing... the belief that "I" was trying to get to some kind of spiritual finish line. Or perhaps it is more accurate to say that the momentous shifts themselves were progressively undermining my lifelong desire of seeking freedom and truth. The Kundalini process was hollowing me out, changing me from a solid block of dense ego material to a fragile little piece of sponge, full of holes and voids. There felt to be less and less of the previous 'me' remaining. When I looked into a mirror, it seemed like hardly anything reflected back.

Soon after this, one fine morning, while simply sitting on a sofa minding my own business, something **immense** fractured inside my consciousness. The remaining flimsy sponge-like framework of 'me' buckled, disintegrated, crashed down. Suddenly, the central perceptive point of my awareness, that small focal point in my head from which the separate 'me' perceived everything else... just popped... and disappeared. There was no longer a distinct focal point of awareness inside my head, a 'Me' perceiving 'Everything Else'. There was only unbroken Wholeness in every direction. The constant feeling of separateness instantly and totally disappeared. The curtains all around me fell, as that was the visual metaphor that appeared before my mind's eye. My physical eyes seemed to be opening for the first time.

My sense and perception of my body sitting on a separate sofa was merged into One. The sofa material felt like me. I reached out and touched the lamp 'next' to me... I could not tell any difference between it and 'me'. There no longer was any difference. Everything was One. One continuous living, vibrant energy... everywhere. Everything I could see was made of this dazzling energy, all connected together, yet appearing as separate at the superficial level.

In a sudden dumbfounding moment I realized it was all over. No more spiritual questions nagging me. No more unfulfilled gnawing feeling inside. No more relentless urge for doing spiritual practices, no more urge to seek freedom, truth or anything else.

All of it – suddenly, completely and finally - gone.

The Process was Done.

Years of reintegration and acclimation followed. Indeed, it continues now in very unexpected ways. I suppose there really is no end to this journey, but something very surprising and apparently permanent has occurred. There has been a clean break from any sense of my old egoic self. I look back on my pre-awakened years and none of my old 'self' seems real... like none of it ever really existed. I honestly cannot really believe any of my past self really happened. It's like a dream. I have great difficulty even remembering it.

I know that sounds loco. The memories are still there, though it seems I have to

work harder and harder to retrieve them... and I don't think I'm senile just yet! When I do re-visit them, or look at old photographs, no matter the memory - good or bad - it can only bring a big, goofy smile to my face. It seems all emotional data and all emotional charge has been permanently removed from all my memories. All that remains is the memory itself, and a tear of gratitude for having been blessed to be able to have experienced it. I could see my whole energetic path right in front of me - every past experience in my life was a perfect chain of events, each an integral part of my unique, personal tapestry... a tapestry that has culminated in this amazing and new Natural State of Being.

The differences in my perception and understanding of my Being, and of Life itself since The Process are profound, yet daily life feels perfectly ordinary. A sense of contentment and concordance **always** pervades my perception. It may shift from the foreground to the background and back again, yet it always there, usually dominating my inner landscape. The sense of time passing and self-imposed time pressure have disappeared from my awareness. I have to remind myself that something called Time exists, and most people are very worried about it. My attitudes about everything have spontaneously changed without me trying to do so. My previous knee-jerk habit to judge and interpret actions and events, of myself and others, has ceased. Whatever people are thinking or doing is exactly what they are capable of thinking or doing at that moment. It is literally impossible for me to worry about anything. Regret is gone; it cannot happen. Regret and worry, and their objects - past and future - have no meaning. It is clear that at all times whatever is happening is right; is correct... for me and for everyone else. All is, exactly as it can be. Perfection exists. And yet, change is constant.

Amazing.

I may run the gamut, as we all do, from happy to sad, delighted to irritated, passively observant, checked out, or actively engaged. Humanness still happens. The only difference is that these movements of consciousness run unimpeded, without internal monitoring, judgment or attempted control. The old boss, my previously hired Internal Ego Supervisor was fired; he no longer works here.

My general state seems to be spontaneously getting more even and balanced, with spontaneous spikes of intensity along the way for the fun and thrill of it. Life courses through me in fascinating ways, 'using' whatever talents and abilities I may possess in order to create each new movement of creativity, action, or perhaps non-action. Actually, it no longer feels as if I 'do' anything. Everything is being done through me. Even the concept of 'doing' things seems surreal... it's all just **happening**.

Sometimes I laugh to myself as I notice that I feel like a marionette... a puppet of God that appears to still have and play with this ability called 'free will.' I never know what may come next, and whatever does is delightful and satisfying.

Above all it is crystal clear that I, Robert, am not running this show... that *I never*

have been running it, which is the punchline of the inside joke.

There is much more to say about these changes... about how life operates now, and perhaps I will write about it sometime.

Robert

Addendum - September 2020

A fascinating shift has again occurred. For 16 years I have been living more-or-less out of the world, kind of like a hermit, in order to acclimate and integrate into this Natural State. Now, a strong urge has arisen to, in a sense, 're-enter the world.' We can all see that world events have taken a dramatic and ominous turn, threatening all of Life. At some very deep level, this turn of world events is provoking me. After years of seclusion, that deep part of me suddenly desires to re-engage, and 'put myself out there.' The urge is filled with a determination to express what I know... what I have experienced and learned throughout this lifetime... to offer whatever I have to anyone who is interested to hear, and maybe to learn. If what I have to offer can serve to help anyone else awaken a bit more, maybe a bit sooner, the purpose of this new desire will be fulfilled.

Having gone through this process and this reintegration, I can see where others are currently located in their own journey, and what small nudge they might need to take their next step. I am happy to assist anyone who may be going through their own intense enlightening process. And, as part of the journey, I am happy to help you get the basics in order - healthy diet, healthy lifestyle, healthy thinking, personal power, [personal sovereignty](#), deep questioning.

Just ask.