

LOVE, YOGA,
AND AWAKENING



JARCQ TERRA

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AND AWAKENING



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Love, Yoga, and Awakening

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*For Maria—who loves without beckoning,
and gives without request*

Contents



<i>Opening / Aurora . . .</i>	9
<i>One / Water . . .</i>	13
<i>Two / Truth . . .</i>	19
<i>Three / Light . . .</i>	26
<i>Four / Choice . . .</i>	34
<i>Five / Purpose . . .</i>	43
<i>Six / Yoga . . .</i>	48
<i>Seven / Creation . . .</i>	58
<i>Eight / Fulcrum . . .</i>	66
<i>Nine / Stretching . . .</i>	74
<i>Ten / Crux . . .</i>	80
<i>Eleven / Breathing—Praying . . .</i>	89
<i>Twelve / Infinity . . .</i>	99
<i>Thirteen / Awakening . . .</i>	107
<i>Fourteen / Decisions . . .</i>	116
<i>Fifteen / Catharsis . . .</i>	122
<i>Sixteen / Becoming . . .</i>	129
<i>Seventeen / Love . . .</i>	135
<i>After Rain / Poems . . .</i>	141
<i>Breathing Fire . . .</i>	142
<i>Garment of Grace . . .</i>	144
<i>That First Breath . . .</i>	146

<i>Your Soul's Truth . . .</i>	148
<i>Where God Is . . .</i>	150
<i>Reverberation . . .</i>	152
<i>Fearful Presence . . .</i>	154
<i>In-Between . . .</i>	156
<i>Freedom Come . . .</i>	158
<i>No More Will You Lie . . .</i>	160
<i>Lost Treasures . . .</i>	162
<i>Hide and Seek . . .</i>	164
<i>Love and Light . . .</i>	166
<i>Cords of the Heart . . .</i>	168
<i>Sudden Discovery . . .</i>	170
<i>Unfolding Dream . . .</i>	172
<i>Harbour . . .</i>	174
<i>Salvaged Lives . . .</i>	176
<i>Patient Longing . . .</i>	178
<i>Hearts into Minds . . .</i>	180
<i>Truth—Inside, Out . . .</i>	182
<i>Coming Back . . .</i>	184
<i>Until You Love Sophia . . .</i>	186
<i>Fragrance . . .</i>	188
<i>Your True Name . . .</i>	190
<i>Love Rediscovered . . .</i>	192
<i>Diamond Lights . . .</i>	194
<i>Silent Deep . . .</i>	196
<i>Love's Full Embrace . . .</i>	198
<i>Congruency . . .</i>	200
<i>The Gift . . .</i>	202

Opening / Aurora



A beginning, a dawning. A time of expectation. The memories are still foggy, the limbs numb. We are waking up. It is not yet clear what it is we are waking up to. We are like an orchestra coming to terms with a new composition. The instruments are the same, so are the musicians. Some of us are virtuosos, but at initial approach, we are all at a loss. What shall become of us in this great body of the Universe? What about right here in our local enclave of Creation—Earth? Can it be we can write our own script as we go along, that our awakening is an entrance into adulthood, to the extent we are ready for it?

Our awakening is the slow and gradual abandonment of all concepts of isolation—from Life, from Earth, from one another, from God. It is our sense of isolation from God that is the precipitant of all our other isolations. Mystics from the world over have always gone to this heart of the matter. A mystic is simply someone who has charted the movement of recovery toward the place where we can live our lives in con-

LOVE, YOGA, and AWAKENING

scious union with God. Though they have not always spoken with a common voice concerning how to do this, mystics have been in overwhelming agreement that union with God is the intended goal, that such union is as thoroughgoing as we can dare to imagine. Nothing is left out. Our whole beings are involved in the quest for God and in the resultant processes that ensue from it. Our minds, our souls, our spirits, our bodies, our emotions, our hopes—all become modes of our entrainment by the inescapable orbit of God.

Is it our turn—the turn of planet Earth—to be caught and entrained by the inescapable orbit of God? Many are saying yes and are sharing their hope and giving witness of their reorientation toward this desired outcome. It is in this view that I offer thoughts on my own reorientation, but primarily, with the intent of helping others who may be inclined to take the same approach I have. I do so with the clear awareness that there is no definitive pathway to God. I do not claim that the approaches I offer represent the only path to uncovering the mystery of God's presence within and among things. I only give witness as someone who has been helped (and troubled) by the testimony of others concerning the nature of our unfoldment into God.

If there is any sense of being troubled by what is presented in this book, please take it as a sign that what is being offered may not be the path for you to follow, or at the least, not at this juncture. There are a myriad reasons why this may be. Whatever the reasons, it is important to remember that nothing should be forced in our approach to God. This is my own sense of things and my own valued system of guidance.

opening / Aurora

Things unfold more naturally in our lives when they are in harmony with the rest of our beings. We therefore need to listen, not only with the ears of the body, but also with the ears of the spirit.

The reflections in this book are written as communications between an explorer of the mystical path (Jarcq) and another who may represent a novice as well as the larger world (Maria). They offer perspectives on the nature of the mystical path from a fellow traveller who has completed a leg of the journey, made discoveries on it, and now wants to leave guideposts before turning to the next phase of what seems to be, an ever-widening and narrowing path. More centrally, the reflections describe an integrative form of mystical prayer designed to bring disparate parts of the spiritual quest into a harmony and focus, and in so doing, concretize one's search and realization of union with God. I offer the letters and poems with the cherished hope that they will become a light and illumination for those who will read them. No more than this can I do.

My name in these essays is a construction that resonates with my spiritual identity and approximates what I would call my spiritual name. There is no intent to be misleading, only the desire to allow the words to speak for themselves.

For those who might have the thought cross their minds, the essays in this book are not channelled, nor do they offer any extraneous information from other sources. They are written by a human being with very real human challenges, joys, insights, and hopes, from following the mystical path.

LOVE, YOGA, and AWAKENING

I have, however, sought to bring the sense of my entire being to bear upon the reflections and poems, and therefore I may appear to be speaking from multiple centres. We are all much more than we appear and perceive ourselves to be. This is a truth we all uncover on the journey of soul. I trust my words will resonate with you and your larger being, and with who we all are as children of God.

A child of God and Earth.

Jarcq Terra

Thirteen / Awakening



Sweet Maria

After all these years we are still here trying to figure it out. Will we ever? Our awakening to God is an unfolding adventure. No matter how hard we may try to pin it down, God always finds ways to surprise us. Will we ever know? Perhaps there is no way to be sure, to know with certainty. Perhaps this is what God has been trying to tell us all along, that each one of us is unique and special; that there is no way to compare the way God loves each one of us. Yet, how sweet, how true, how right and unique, God's love feels to one who has begun to awake. As vast as the Universe is, it feels as if God is the only other person in it, that God is the Universe which has been seeking this other through all of time and space. Awakening is like God finding himself/herself. It is the most beautiful of mysteries, Maria.

Forgive me for launching right into the subject like that without asking how you are. How are you my love? I remember

LOVE, YOGA, and AWAKENING

you every time I pray and ask the best for you. Sometimes I wish I could see the fruit of my prayers right away. I have had to learn patience and the peculiar faith that patience requires. Through all of this, there has been one singular note that my heart has insisted on sounding—of love, and of the way of love, of the joining of all hearts with this which seems to be the essence of God's heart. It is this I ask for you, Maria. Not only for you, but for all that expresses as you and yours. May God consider kindly your long endurance and your gracious receptivity to life.

The subject I quickly launched into concerns spiritual awakening and the processes through which it comes about. I now find myself at a place where it is no longer dark, and yet, it is not quite day. I am only one of many who find themselves walking between the shadows cast by two worlds. I am writing this not as someone who claims to be awake for I know I am only partially awake. In a way, I have gone and come back and can perhaps say something of importance concerning what it takes to get to the house where God is Light. It is in this house we are destined to live.

Of all that has crystallized for me and through me during the process of mystical prayer, nothing has impacted me as much as the clear knowledge that God is now living life as myself. It is this and nothing else that has synthesized for me what awakening is. I realize I could use other words to express this realization. I could, for instance, downplay the identification between God and myself. I could opt for language that has become familiar upon Earth when referring to spiritual awakening or enlightenment. I could use any of these other

thirteen / Awakening

approaches, but they would not properly convey the wondrous truth of God's self-introduction to me as myself.

I say all this knowing what I have said does not preclude the crystallization of the same reality for others. If anything, what I have come across actually affirms that the collective direction of our awakening is tending toward such mutual realizations of God as ourselves—God truly becoming us and yet remaining God. Yet, through this becoming of God, each one of us continues to be a person, an identity. If anything, we become more of who we are and truer to our sense of being. God's self-revelation trues us. It is a clumsy expression, but the meaning is precise. This 'truing' of us by God does not just touch the peripheries of our physicality, it reverberates throughout the entire spectrum of our beings, from spirit to matter and beyond. Everything in us redounds and rushes to become properly fitted to the one who is One. We ourselves become keenly aware of the reality of oneness.

What am I saying, Maria? Am I saying that our involvement in the processes of mystical prayer will lead to spiritual awakening? Yes. What I cannot say though, is how or when this would take place. I can only say this. Our awakening is the awakening of God, from, within, and in us. It is nothing else but this. It is therefore God who catalyzes our awakening and knows the how and the when. The notion of pinpointing exactly how all of this would synthesize for another is redundant. I will say though, with some degree of wonder, that God is so wonderfully creative, so uniquely intimate with us, only someone who knows us as herself/himself could know us like that, and only someone who sees us as himself/herself

LOVE, YOGA, and AWAKENING

could love us like that.

The problem Maria, is that we are so unused to God expressing as us, the process of our awakening to this realization throws us for a loop. It did for me. How it would affect others, I am not sure, but judging from my previous thought processes which I would characterize as typically human, then it is likely that others would be similarly affected.

The most profound emotional disturbance from our awakening seems to be one of exposure. As human beings, we live under an illusory sense of identity, both psychologically and spiritually. Our invisibly projected outer shell of self is nothing but a facade, a form of security blanket that shields us from reality. This illusory self-identity gives us a measure of confidence about actions we think can be kept from others, and even from ourselves, as regards their true nature. What goes away very quickly and terrifically is this fallacy of our being hidden from anyone or anything. God knows us through and through, and through God, all know us through and through. There is nowhere to hide or be hidden. The fundamental truth we come to know is that all is one life.

What should our response be to this identity restructuring experience? The only thing that suffers as we enter the light and truth of God is the fallacy of what we hold onto as our selves. Pain ensues from trying to hold on to this fallacy. It is never something deliberate. God does not awaken us in order to cause us pain and suffering. God awakens us so we can be our true selves. That said, I also know we are allowed leeway in how we progress. The pace of progress is

thirteen / Awakening

unique for everyone, and is reflective of the various seams that make up our lives in both past and future trajectories. Do not ask me to explain more on this, I would not know how to respond. It does seem though, that not everything about our true selves could possibly be accommodated by one lifetime. Awakening impresses on us the reality of our future being and the certainty of our past being. Regardless of this, we each come to God as unique individuals from within the present moment of existence. Everything culminates with the One. Awakening is therefore a harmonious realization of both uniqueness and oneness.

Perhaps in line with this thought I should point out the important role that the various mystical paths play in our search and quest for God. Before I do however, I should point out that the idea of searching for God is an oxymoron. God is so incredibly abundant and so inescapably present, the last laugh is always on the one who is searching. It happens to everyone at one time or another—we desperately search for a pair of glasses that turn out to be sitting on the top of our heads; the comb is discovered tucked in the hair; the pencil is realized to be stuck behind the ear; our true identity turns out to be hidden within us. I think we should therefore be wary about going on a quest to find God. The farther we search, the longer the return journey to simplicity of being.

Back to the mystical paths. What we need to be aware of is that mystical paths act as analogues for the process of searching. They are there to somewhat colour our experience and ready us for what we will allow ourselves to be open to in our experience of journeying toward God. I am saying this

LOVE, YOGA, and AWAKENING

to emphasize that we need to be somewhat resolved about the particular manner in which we choose to walk the path toward God, as well as accepting of the precipitative spiritual experiences the choice could lead to.

Mystical paths are like roads. The importance of a road lies in its ability to get one from point A to point B. How a road does this is also important. Some roads meander. Some have too many distractions. Some roads have toll booths, and without proper coinage, one finds oneself stranded or having to make painful alternative arrangements. I am speaking metaphorically of course, but by and large, the religious and ancillary mystical paths of Earth are as varied as this. The word of advice is to choose your path very carefully and to settle for one that can be tolerated by your spiritual constitution with some degree of modicum.

That said, we still need to understand that there is no mystical or religious path that is self-sufficient and equal to the task of our awakening to God. I know this might come as a shock to some, especially in regard to the mystical path of their own choice, but it is true nonetheless. A deepening of maturity awaits all of us when we finally see the limitations of our chosen path while still having the courage to follow it. It is this maturity that will furnish us with the ability to appreciate another's perspective without, at the same time, feeling the need to give up on how we ourselves have chosen to approach God. If at any level we still think the reality of God cannot be uncovered except under the penumbra of our own chosen faith and mystical path, we still have much to learn.



We come to you uncertain. Where have we been? What have we been doing all these years? How could we have lived so long, so close, so far away? The beat of my heart finally sings the one song of grace that is you—the only song that is the song of the Earth.

Through your hands I have finally found the courage to embrace the Father. How could I have known that only your hands were fitted for this way of embracing God? I would have come sooner had I known, but I was blind. I was searching the far reaches without having found the grace and courage to embrace the immediate, the near at hand, the present.

My journey is far from over. Within the seeds of your life I have found an echo of our far and distant joy. Its melody contains the one harmony which is love. So many are its nuances, it feels like beginning anew, to breathe, to think, to dream, to love . . . You who has opened my eyes. You who has always been near, listening and waiting for the beating of my heart to turn from inwardness to outwardness, from wanting to giving, from aloneness to togetherness. You who knew me before I recalled your voice. It is you who is the bearer of the body of God that we are.

My song now sings of your harmony and gracious receptivity to God. You who has taken in and not

LOVE, YOGA, and AWAKENING

demanded recompense from the children of God. You who has endured the tyranny of our self-blinded immolations and the ignorance that kept us from reaching the true light of God's love.

A new day dawns, not of a new age, but of a new heart—mine, yours, ours. It is for this I wait and long, the turning of all hearts to the grace that is manifested as you, the one we now speak to and know as only this—grace revealed, grace manifest.



Maria, the awakening is an impenetrable and unaccountable mystery. There are echoes of it here and there in what I have said. One cannot open another's eyes. We can only give witness to something that comes to each of us as an utter grace. We are completely undeserving, and we are never ready. All that seems to matter is that our beings are oriented toward God and God's one light of love. All Creation is in various states of orientation toward this locus. When we have traversed a measure of this journey, God comes and embraces us, not as an other, but as himself, as herself. How and when this takes place has to be something of personal significance and meaning for the individual. God who knows himself/herself, knows when that moment is. I say this with some amusement because when the time comes, one discovers how busy God had been, readying for the moment. As God becomes involved in the moment-to-moment process of existence, all of life takes on a new hue. Our awakening reverberates, time shifts, into the present, the past, the future.

thirteen / Awakening

Remember my love, Maria.

Jarcq