



# Closer to Far Away

My Name is Loma Kayu. It means everything finished well. I live in the desert and the desert lives in me. And although nothing ends, it simply returns/transforms, in our worldly life, it does seem that things end, that we lose what we love, and we do love to be. The desertscape goes from green to brown and back to green, from bright yellow flowers, to lavender, to white, to empty. I too must surrender to these seasonal changes that have a cycle like the movement of the sun, but that have a cycle that is timely, but in a timeless way. I too must surrender to the empty without rushing to fill it. What was born, flowered, grew, and grows toward the final surrender, not perfectly, but beautifully. We are all beautiful. Beauty meaning born from the Quiet One and never other than that one. Our greatest medicine is this one. And so I wish to share with you This Medicine of One.

I AM FOREVER, but this wrinkly bag of bones is soon to return to the five elements. I love being. I would be lying to say that I do not. I love the sky and the sun, the river and the mountains, the canyons and the trees. I love red, yellow, black and blue and the white that holds them all. I love all the animals and I have had many, who were my dearest friends, precede me in this return home. I loved them, I cared for them, and many of them died in my arms, sometimes as my own act of mercy for them. Losing what I love is not easy, but I love being, and being in this human form is a wondrous thing. So even though I know through the simple act of Being Quiet, that I am as timeless as that quiet, I have truly enjoyed this earthly journey, in spite of the fact that it has been a journey of loss. For in this world of form and shape, smell and taste, touch and see, everything that emerges dissolves and returns, wears out and gets dirty, grows old and dies, and that energy returns to the One. So, very soon my "Love of Being" will return to this One.

It is the Medicine of One that has allowed me to love and lose and grieve: to have Pain without suffering. To live in this human form fully, knowing I was slowly marching toward death. I am at the doorstep now and

this is my last “love of being” . It will be birthed raw, unperfected and incomplete in its completeness as the culmination of everything finishing well.

I move through the world like yourself as a personage. I have challenges like everyone. Some greater than many, and some less than many. It would seem unhelpful to portray myself as someone unlike yourself. Its true in our essence we are all the same. But also in this world of our stories we are all the same. There are not that many stories. This is the stuff of myths and legends, archetypes. The only difference is that I have unlearned some habits that cause pain to be suffering.

I would not be here as I am without the darkness. There is the darkness in which things are hidden way, imprisoned and trapped. And there is another kind of darkness, kin to the void, a nothing that is everything. Light in our world shines on objects and things and defines edges. In pure darkness, without fear, is the experience of infinity. I am the infinite South and the Infinite North, I am the infinite East and the Infinite West. I am the infinite above and below. Beauty above me, beauty below me, beauty behind me, beauty before me, beauty all around me.

But there is beauty and the beast. This beast is a creature imprisoned by our own minds. I have journeyed in the underworld of this life. I know what it is like to drink and drug yourself into oblivion. Not once, but many, many times, until I lay like a crippled bird at the bottom of a deep shaft, looking up at an orb of light above me. And I prayed for help. I prayed to what I did not know. I had no other choice.

I will share with you some of the world I lived in and the people I knew. I saw their pain and the seeing of their pain was actually the seeing of myself, although I may not have been so quickly to admit it then. The reason I do this, is because when you are at the bottom of that pit, its easy to feel there is no way out, that you have not an ounce of faith to even ask for help. So, I want you to know that no matter how bad it gets, take what feels like your last breathe and in that moment make a different choice, and in that moment let the breathe of life comeback into you, like an answer to your final prayer. Simply choose to no longer believe your mind. For the weight of the graveyard dirt that seems to be crumbling down around you in this pit is your very own mind given the substance of weight by your own belief. Take the belief away and there is no weight.

Experiences are the events that make up an individual life. Many of these experiences are unpleasant, painful, and even traumatic. The feelings these experiences invoke we habitually wish to avoid. We all want to be happy. So from the time we are infants we are reaching out for that carrot or warm, milked-filled breast that will bring us happiness and rescue us from a deep truth that we spend the rest of our lives avoiding until our very lives depend on us reversing this habit.

In 1975 I kissed death on the lips. On March 5 of that year I buried my father in a snowy grave in Lansing, Michigan. For the next 3 weeks I completely rebuilt a Austin Heally 3000 in my Uncle Narvie's garage. I went as far as buffing down the rods and putting a whole new engine block in and a fresh paint job. Somewhere on I-70 not too far from Richfield, Utah, I opened her up and flipped her into overdrive, racing up to 130 miles an hour. I should mention that half an hour prior to this I took a qualude, a muscle relaxer, and chased it with a beer. For some reason, I glanced off to my side for a moment and ran smack into a guide post, over reacted by cranking the wheel to the left, flipped over, and slid 330 feet upside down. These cars were known as rag tops because the convertible top was little more than a flimsy frame with a rag of vinyl thrown over it. Later, when the car was towed to a gas station, you could see that in the slide the steering wheel had been partially shaved off. My head and shoulder struck the same pavement. But in some uncanny way, in which I can not explain, except for the first initial impact with the pavement, I managed to dive deep into the belly of the overturned Healy, preventing me from being beheaded. However, as it turned out I may have been beheaded anyway.

If you can understand the magnitude of this accident then it becomes equally understandable that I could easily have died, or at the very least been paralyzed from the neck down. I lay unconscious beneath the wreck for 15 or 20 minutes until a friend who had been driving behind me managed to flag down someone to help him flip the car over. Before they actually attempted that, I came too, heard the electric fuel pump clicking away, managed to find the key in the dash and turn the ignition to the off position. I heard them calling to me. From the pitch black, I called back " Get me outa here." Somehow the two of them managed to flip the car on its side and I crawled out and stood up. They both looked at me as if they were staring at the dead. The man who had helped my friend was a doctor and he immediately fled the scene. I glanced at the car turned to my friend and

said," Let's get out of here." He made me stop at a local clinic, where they picked the glass out of my head and wrapped it in a white turban. I had a stiff neck the next morning. But I could walk and I wasn't in too much pain. I paid the Justice of the Peace 200 hundred dollars for reckless driving, jumped into my friends car and headed for California. I never thought twice about getting myself checked out further. I was like a cowboy, thrown off a horse, who just dusts his jeans off and gets back on the horse.

The reason I am telling you this is because its a perfect metaphor for how many of us deal with our pain: We walk away from it. We pay a heavy price for this as I did in this instance. The physical/mental/emotional challenges which this has brought me have proved to be my greatest teacher. I have learned " the true action of self love". Walking away is the opposite. Its a rejection of some part of our immediate experience. An attempt to throw it out of the circle and pretend that we are okay. But those things which we have thrown out of our circle are like anchors tied to ropes that are tethered around us, and we sink deeper and deeper into a kind of immobility. Safe perhaps, but close to the living/dead, unconsciously seeking whatever means to medicate the forgotten pain. Forgotten pain breeds fearful thinking and creates suffering.

Physically, each day is a challenge, each day is different. I do find myself wanting to replicate the days of harmony and balance. We all have this innate desire to have peace, to be happy, to feel good. And yet our very habit of defense and survival continually create the opposite. How do we end this dilemma? We must choose again and again to dwell in the oneness of who we are and not identify with the opposites that are in constant motion in that oneness. We must be this medicine of One. Intent without force. Action without effort.

The first thing to remember about the Medicine of One, is that *nothing gets thrown out of the circle . . . absolutely nothing*

