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I then went back to Australia and got back into my work and practice. I returned to India last year, which was the end of '91, and came to Lucknow. I just came out of curiosity, felt the pull to come, nothing specific. When I came I was very fortunate to meet Papaji and actually spend personal time with him, working on his body, trying to treat some physical ailments he has. In our dialogues I was impressed with his humanness and his clear, clear perception of the Truth.

I wrote a note: 'I've had a little bit of enlightenment, but it's not enough.' Papaji read it out. He knew me and he said, 'This is from Eoin.' Normally he would call people up to the front. He just looked at me. I was sitting a bit of a way back, and he said, 'A little bit is enough.' That's all he said. Then he went on to the next person. What he said had a profound effect on me. I was in a very strong and quiet space with Papaji, and it was as if the vibration from him was entering my body.

After that I felt very touched and moved and very privileged to be here in Lucknow, but I didn't feel the pull to stay. I went to Bodhgaya to do a retreat with Christopher. Three days into the retreat, about four or five days after leaving Papaji, I was sitting in meditation and a huge force came over me. Having had many meditative experiences, I can say that this experience had a unique quality. It was as if the Self came to visit. Some deep change was happening. My thinking mind could still think, but what was happening was beyond my thinking mind, way beyond. It was as if my body was in me. This went on for forty-five minutes, and then at the end a voice from within, which I had heard a few times in my life, said, 'This will happen three times and then you will be finished.'

That's literally what it said. I thought, 'This is fantasy, how can this happen?' Part of me was thinking, 'Oh quick, I want the other two times to happen.' And part of me was saying, 'This is fantasy, this can't be true.' Yet inside myself I knew it to be true.

I knew even before I came to India that this time would be the time. It's like I prepared my whole life for this time. Papaji is fundamentally a big catalyst for this.

During a break in meditation I told my wife, who was also at the retreat, what was happening.

*So you have been married for some time?*

Oh, I got married a year and a half ago. Kerstin, my wife, she's been very important in my life. I told her that I really needed to sit the extra ten days just to see.

A couple of days into the next retreat, sure enough, it happened again, very strongly. This time even stronger. Very definite. I was wondering, 'Wow, what's going on here?'

I was coming out of the bathroom, and I saw the teachers talking, having lunch, and I was a little annoyed that they were making so much noise on a silent retreat, and then I said, 'Ah, it doesn't matter.' When I said that, reality fell apart. It was like a big hole in reality. I stood in awe of it.

*How long did that hole last?*

A momentary thing, I don't know, one or two moments, but very strong. It touched my being the deepest I'd ever been touched, and I'd been touched a lot.

Then, in a small group, everybody was laughing about the nature of reality and making a big joke about how it's all empty. I said, 'I don't think it's so empty. I don't understand what's going on. I don't see how you can laugh at it.'

I was really choking up, and I told Christopher of the experience that had just happened. We talked a little. He told me I was on the edge of something. He said, 'Eat very little lunch.' This was just before lunch. I had never heard him give people specific instructions before. I was taken aback. I got my meal and put some food in my mouth, just choked up, spat it out, started crying, and things started happening with my body.

I put my meal down and went and locked myself in a room. My whole body was shaking. I was crying, and waves of energy were going through me. This experience was incredibly traumatic. It went on for at

least an hour or two. I came out of the experience and said, 'Something is really going on here; I don't know what's happening.'

The next day we went to the Bodhi tree, which is an ancestor of the original Bodhi tree where the Buddha became enlightened. I was sitting under the Bodhi tree, just contemplating, wondering what was going on. I looked up to the Bodhi tree and said, 'Lord Buddha, if this is true, send me a Bodhi leaf.'

I really felt on the edge. I felt like reality was shifting, and I wasn't sure what was happening. I looked up. I don't know why I said what I did. It wasn't the time of year that leaves fall, and it was highly unlikely that what I asked for would happen. Anyway, a few moments later an old Tibetan guy came into my vision and wandered over near me. I offered him a seat next to me, and he sat down. I gave him a little candle, because I had a spare. He went and made an offering. We never said a word through the whole time.

He came back and sat. We were looking up at the tree, looking at the leaves, and then he got up and wandered away again and talked with a guard who was wandering around with a big bamboo stick. I don't know what they said, but all of a sudden, the guard turned around and knocked a bunch of leaves off the tree. The old Tibetan guy grabbed a small branch and ran off behind some *stupas* (Buddhist shrines), obviously plucking the leaves off. I glanced back once, but I didn't want to pre-empt the situation. I just sat there observing.

Then the old Tibetan guy wandered back in front of me, reached in his pocket and gave me one leaf. I was blown away, and I said, 'My outer world and my inner world are both saying the same thing. What's happened?'

I went back to the course and meditated. Things were moving in my body again. I talked to Christopher and he was quite pleased, quite happy with what was happening. We talked and dialogued about it, and the third experience came shortly after that. Things were happening even while I was walking. My body was shaking, and everything was sort of settling; it was quite dynamic.

*Your body could function? I mean, you could walk and talk?*

Yes, but I would fall into these quiet spaces where reality looked so amazing, things looked so beautiful. After that, I actually got a slight attack of malaria and was sick but it didn't bother me. My body was a little weak but the vision I was seeing was so wonderful.

I particularly remember one scene in Calcutta where I came out of the hotel and sat down in a chair. I was looking at the street and it looked like perfection, utter perfection.

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