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EDITION

SOUL BISCUITS™

Tiny Bites For Truthful Living

JOSHUA NEWTON

BODHY PRESS

SOUL BISCUITS

Tiny Bites For Truthful Living

JOSHUA NEWTON

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Category—Self-Guidance | First Edition

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www.bodhy.org

For Bini,

a guardian angel in my life

with whom I have tussled most,

like Jacob

with his winged visitor

[..Keep Reading..]

How To Read This Book

Please try not to 'understand' anything here.

We understand only what we have understood so far.

*How can we understand anything that does not confirm to our
existing yardsticks of understanding?*

So please try not to 'understand' anything here. Freely receive.

Accept what you feel could benefit you and let go of the rest gracefully.

This is the intuitive way of learning.

For, wisdom skips the road of intellect.

And it comes eagerly knocking on the doors of humility.

These small pieces are ideas condensed from several deep texts of ancient wisdom.

Hence ideally, this book is to be read slowly and steadily over some time.

May the ready and the ripe be benefitted by this work of heart.

According to the wise ones, at any given time,

only a few get to know the real Self.

May you be among them.

Thank you!

P R E F A C E

Well, this is not a manual on how to become good.

You don't need such manuals. Truthful living means being truthful to yourself. Please go easy. There are no rules here. No demands. These are contemplations of a silent heart for an earnest way of living. They continue to help me. Hope they help you as well.

Deep within, we are all good. But in our costumes as earthly men and women, we, of course, pass through levels of ignorance. Our actions, words, and thoughts sometimes lead us into errors and sufferings. But we are not sinners. Never. We are merely weakened by our errors. Inevitably after such detours, all of us will reach pure light. No doubt about it.

You must have read many self-guidance books. They might have thrilled you at the time of reading. Later you could have fallen back into your old habits. Have no worries. We learn or unlearn only according to our levels of understanding. Through time, each of us moves ahead. Day by day, we learn or unlearn lessons to take us closer and closer to truth, whether we are aware of it or not.

Take this for granted: Despite our errors, misunderstandings, confusions, cravings, dislikes, secrets, and unforgiving and narrow nature, we are in essence, good and pure. Nothing can change that fact. Outwardly, we could be fragile and fractured. We could be afraid, wounded or confused. But they are our temporary swimsuits, our training costumes in life. Beneath all that, is the pure substratum of our source. Pure, eternal, and loving.

Once in a while, kindly lay aside your personality and identity and sit in silence. Then you will see this shining, living presence in you. Please remember that ignorance alone clouds our mind. Ignorance alone causes our judgements. Ignorance alone causes our miseries. The right knowledge will erase them all in a single swipe.

This is a collection of short bites. Some sweet. Some salted. These insights may give you a glimmer of truth. Please read with an open heart. If they help to wipe off some of your perceptions that are hurting you, good. Even if they don't, well, light will take care of you anyway.

All is well as always.

JOSHUA NEWTON

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I

Love

Gazing at the vacant chair by the window

*The shore that once softened our heels.
What happened to our footsteps
on that wetness?
Where did all those orange evenings vanish?
Who stole our laughters in the wind?
Beloved,
what were we gathering day by day
through our mirth of sights and sounds
and our hurrying touches
and our silent sadness?
We thought we were lovers
of one kind or the other.
We thought we loved a few
or at least one.
But, my dear,
what is the truth?
O' dear
what
is
the
truth?*

Why do we fall in love?

We love love stories. We never get tired of listening to them. If possible, we will fall in love again and again. But what's going on here with us? Let me open the lid for you: We 'fall in love' not because we love anyone truly. We fall in love to find a reassurance on our worthiness. Without knowing, we are searching for this sense of worthiness. We do this all our life. That's why our eyes keep darting left and right. If you have a betraying partner, please stop cursing him or her. The cause lies in a place deeper than where you can casually notice. Unless the cause is healed, this spell won't end. This is our first merciful lesson about ourselves: We fall in love because we are afraid.

[*Soul Biscuit : In the name of love, I am thirsting for a sense of worthiness*]



In whom do we seek love?

Day by day, we are seeking reassurances for our worthiness in all forms. We need a good word. We look for warm smiles. We hope for pats on our backs or a brushing on our cheeks. We wish to find a strong pair of shoulders to lay our heads on. We stretch our ears for claps and cheers. But from whom? In whom are we seeking all these? Come to think of this please: We are seeking it in those who are seeking the same kind of reassurances for their own worthiness in us! See the irony, my dear tired heart, see the terror of our lonely fingers that are groping in those endless shivers through the day, through the night...

[*Soul Biscuit : I seek in them what I believe I lack as they seek in me what they believe they lack*]



The universal belief in our unworthiness

From birth, we begin to grow considering ourselves unworthy. We feel something is incomplete. Something. We don't know what. If you go and stand in front of the most powerful person on earth

and tell him or her, 'Hey you look so ugly!' he or she will get away from you jaw-dropped or at least with a dry throat. In a moment, some advisor will have to reassure them that is not really the case. Because man, however powerful he seems from outside, lives in a vibration of his belief in a deep sense of unworthiness. This is why we long for people who will treat us as special. Now, we are getting deeper into the interesting interiors of our beliefs about love.

[*Soul Biscuit : I feel I was born incomplete. This makes me seek*]



4

Why romance takes us toward a soft neurosis?

What is this specialness we are looking for? He'll touch your dirty toes and say they are beautiful. She'll hold your chin and say, 'hey, you can do it'. He'll hold you tight and show you that you are wanted in this world. She'll tell others that you are the best thing that has happened to her. Oh, like those little larks that seek the sky paths in the early dawns, we keep seeking all our lives. Since we are seeking with this sense of lack in our beloved ones who are themselves seeking with the same sense of lack, all of us end up lost and crumbled in the end. Any wonder that humans fall into a state of soft neurosis most of the time? The answer you are looking for is not going to come from them. The answer lies not outside. It is time that you realised this. It's time that you accepted this. There is no escape from this.

[*Soul Biscuit : How can I find stability in the one who is seeking stability in me?*]



5

In the prison of specialness

Our next trap is that of specialness. Most of us are living in the prisons of special relationships. It could be our lover or enemy or wife or husband or a job or a place or an object. They are so special that we make idols out of them. Through attachment or aversion. Not knowing that all our special loves will some day slowly turn into special hate. See, the mind game! This idolising draws us away from the reality. We get attached or addicted to the images we make out of them. We live spellbound by our fascination or our annoyance. See how we turn ourselves into half-slaves. Don't divide your love into

many and tag them: wife, lover, mother, father, first cousin, worst cousin, that uncle, this aunty.. Yes, your ways of expressions to each of them could differ. But please recognise that the love or hatred that you might have for them are the prisons you have built for yourself. If filters of love have come in, then you need to sit and examine. These filters of aversions and different kinds of attachments can only complicate your life. It can never give you peace. You are surprised now. Because till now, you were made to believe by the world that you need to have someone special in life. Of course, you are free to. But no special relationship is reliable. One day, it will fade or crumble or lead you to disappointment.

[*Soul Biscuit : True love has nothing to do with my special feelings for the objects of my desire*]



6

A strange and surprising secret about romance

When you hold my hands, isn't it the warmth that comforts you? Not me. But the warmth. Yes my lips do brush on yours. They excite you, the lips, but not me. My body warms you up. Not me. *O beloved, so where am I in your love for me?* Did you get what is told here? May your mind not clutter what you read here. I'll say it again. When we have somebody who loves us, we believe so naively that it is 'me' that she or he is in love with. When the rain comes, she / he wants me closer to her / him by the window. 'Without me, how can he bloom?' 'Without me, how will she have this joy!' Or so we believe. What is the truth? It is not 'you' that your partner loves or longs for. It is his or her concept of love that he or she sees in you. You are currently manifesting this need for them. That's all. The one who is currently engaged in a relationship with you is the current manifestation of your idea of love. A little later—in a few days or months or years—you can whisper with the same bulge in your heart to another person, the same sugary words you told your previous partner. Because, we only love our own image of love. The persons standing opposite you may keep changing. *How sad that I am not truly in your heart.* Whoever is in the shoes right now who fulfils our desires the way we want, we claim we love. See, this works the other way too. Like they are dispensable for you, you will also be dispensable for them. See through the game of mind, please.

[*Soul Biscuit : In this game of specialness, I could be replaced with any other, for any reason*]



Do we know what love is?

How can it be love, if you are in such a dispensable commodity? Such a strange and weird idea is love for us humans! To use an old but effective cliché, we are all blind men and women standing around the elephant. Whichever parts we get to understand, we give them suitable names. Then we argue among ourselves. It is round. No, it is flat. It is hard. No, it is rough. Indeed, what is love? Let's be honest now. We are incapable to truly love because we do not know what love is. In place of love what we all play is a game of specialness. We find a face, a figure. We allow ourselves to be mesmerised by it. (Remember, nobody loves a mind; we are all chasing sensory reciprocations of bodily expressions.) Then we build a prison for each other in the name of love. What begins as sweet expectations later become rules and conditions. What follows the initial euphoria is a sticky, gluey feeling that hardens over years. The wall of this prison surrounding each other gets thicker. Then we unleash our frustrations at our loves. Because, that's why in the first place you find your match. To have shoulders for each other. Instead of shoulders, you lay a heavy ladder on each other to climb over to rule the other. One fine day, we find our homes empty with a note sticking out of the wedding album. He has gone. She has left. Gone girl. Gone guy. Admit first that we do not know what we are talking about when we talk about love. Only then we can proceed toward some meaningful results.

[*Soul Biscuit : Like seasons come and go, my fancies may appear and disappear. That is not love*]



Step out of prisons, step out!

If you are caught up in such a vortex of relationship, what's your best way to freedom? Suppose you are madly in 'love' with somebody and your inner guidance whispers that this is going to be a destructive trip to both. How do you swim out and find a safe shore? Nobody can ask you to simply forget and move on. That is cruel. So here's an intuitively inspired solution. Sit on a quiet evening and ask yourself: *Who is this person without my story about him/her?* Give yourself some balanced, open time. Don't argue. Don't take sides. Just go through your memories. Who is he or who is she or what is that, without your multi-layered story about him/her/it? Like wax melts, you will see your idol melting. Because, the power you see in them is the power you placed upon them. If you take it away, in place of a glowing figurine will stand a naked man or a naked woman with all the warts and bulges. Get rid of the idol

you made in him or her. You will begin to see better, the prison you were in. You will also see who you really are or what you really need. This is the first step to love.

[*Soul Biscuit : I can begin to love only by unlearning my beliefs about love*]



9

Your love begins where your romance ends

Romance is not love. This fancy has to end. Only then can we begin our real relationship with them, with ourselves. This freedom is the foundation of true love. Till then, blindly, we grope on our idol, giving it imagined colours, shapes, and faculties.. Every idolised notion you had about that person should evaporate. Only then you will come out of the prison of your romance. Only when you kill the romance, your real love shall begin. For, romance is a sugar-built cellar of unconscious imaginations. That is why it never lasts. That is why it never gives you contentment. Don't fight her or him. It is not their fault. Nor yours. It is the fault of our imagined construction about what or how love should be. If our sugar castles melt away in the heat of the day, don't weep over it. Instead, rejoice! Be happy! You are now being made free. Go with the wind. This is the way to unleash yourself. Trust me, you'll love that person more when your romance ends.

[*Soul Biscuit : Love is a shared discovery of our real selves.*]



10

Our imagined need for approvals

You made him or her your idol because you thought it was through him or her that your worthiness would be realised. The very foundation of your romantic myth is this false, imagined, naive need of yours to prove your worthiness to yourself. Have you come to realise that it is not necessary? Well, now is the time. Please step slowly out of your imagined worries. You are worthy by yourself. No matter how you look like. No matter your gender. No matter your job. No matter your education. No matter your intellect. No matter your intelligence. No matter your wealth. None of these actually matters. Whatever you have done or not done in life, just realise that you are as worthy as anyone else, anywhere

else in this world. Not a bit less. Not a bit more. This knowledge is the beginning of discovery of real love.

[*Soul Biscuit : Love is the beginning of knowing yourself*]



Thank you for your earnest interest!

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Thanks much in love again!

[www.bodhy.org]