



Christmas Letters

With Love, To You!



Winter is closing in, and with it another Holiday season. This is a time to give thanks for all the joy and love that one finds in their life. Friends, family, and those we have yet to meet on our journey, here now.

Give something special to yourself this year. Pay it forward by offering a smile and acknowledgment to those you pass on the street and in the shops you visit. Open your heart and give recognition to all, knowing that each are worthy and equal, and they too are on their journey.

Blessings
Corry



Holiday greetings to each of you! At this time of year we join the rest of the believers in celebrating this wonderful season.

However, we see the Christmas story as allegory, not as history. In recalling the truth behind the symbolical story, let us use this season to rededicate our efforts to become identified with that wondrous Christos Power. Vitvan has given great gifts to help us accomplish this. While we call them practices, they are truly gifts that assist in our efforts to tread the Path to enlightenment.

Let us make the effort to use those gifts to help us reach that Christos state of consciousness. Have a joyous holiday season and a fulfilling year to come.

Marj Coffman



This was given to me by my Friend and Partner, Lizzie Satriano. It is one of the most heartfelt and poignant things anyone has ever said to me and I would like to share it, this Christmas season, when people tend to forget. ♥

Brian Morrison

You cannot forget (!!) that the bounty and love you receive out measures the loss and heartbreak you endure. Joy and sorrow are like two sides to the same coin. Efforts to minimize the pain will require you to cordon off your heart in equal measure and that's a price too high to pay. Continue to lean into your life with arms wide open; you are strong enough to sing your heart's full range.



Christmas Letters

With Love, To You!



A favorite of Vitvan's, this small poem from *The Restored New Testament* by James Morgan Pryse, reminds me of the Christmas story:

“Would'st read the story of the self-born King?
First learn the splendid language of the sun,
The speech of stars, the moon's coy whispering,
The music of the planets, and of one,
Our Mother Earth, crooning her cradle-song
To her uncounted babes, who, when they gain
The soul's full stature to the heavens belong:
Read then this tale of one the heavens have ta'en—
A mortal who, with inner light relumed,
And making Wisdom's jeweled crown his own,
Donned his bright solar vesture and assumed
Among the deathless Gods his rightful throne.”

A merry and meaningful Christmas to all!
Michael Schneider



When Bright Sparks Announce
(The star)

In Love Nature, Message “Revealed”
(Shepherd guarding the flock)

Thought ◇ Desire ◇ Action
(Three wise men)

Lead To The Christos Power
Awakening In An Individualized Field
(The babe is born)

Kathi Wright





Christmas Letters

With Love, To You!



“We know that the Wise Ones of all times understood the birth of a great Power in human consciousness, the coming of a real and great Light in the individualizing process; that sooner or later everyone will reach the point where this great Force awakens and enters his consciousness. A great and true Light is born.

This is the occasion which we observe, either in memory of its having occurred or in anticipation of its coming and its fulfillment in us, as it has been fulfilled in all the Illuminati of all times.

So this is a universal, impersonal, non-literal and non-historical occasion to eagerly look forward to and anticipate: the coming of a great illuminating Light, Force, and Power, the crowning achievement of the long struggle to individualize ourselves from the animal state or level. The allegorical story as given by the Wise Men of the East and recorded in what is called our New Testament, beautifully and accurately symbolizes the occasion.”

-Vitvan

Submitted by Susan Wetmore



In Love, you grow and come home to yourself.
When you learn to Love and let your self be Loved,
You come home to the hearth of your own Spirit.
You are warm and sheltered.
You are completely at One
In the house of your longing and belonging.

From the book *Anam Cara*
-John O'Donohue

Your task is not to seek for Love,
But merely seek and find
All the barriers within yourself
That you have built against it.

-Rumi

Submitted by Laura Rankin





Christmas Letters

With Love, To You!



Something to ponder...A beautiful quote from Nisargadatta Maharaj:

Each seeker accepts, or invents, a method which suits him, applies it to himself with some earnestness and effort, obtains results according to his temperament and expectations, casts them into the mound of words, builds them into a system, establishes a tradition and begins to admit others into his 'school of Yoga'.

It is all built on memory and imagination.

No such school is valueless nor indispensable; in each, one can progress up to the point when all desire for progress must be abandoned to make further progress possible.

Then all schools are given up, all effort ceases; in solitude and darkness the vast step is made which ends ignorance and fear forever.

The true teacher, however, will not imprison his disciple in a prescribed set of ideas, feelings and actions; on the contrary, he will show him patiently the need to be free from all ideas and set patterns of behavior, to be vigilant and earnest and go with life wherever it takes him, not to enjoy or suffer, but to understand and learn.

Under the right teacher the disciple learns to learn, not to remember and obey.

Satsang, the company of the noble, does not mold, it liberates.

Beware of all that makes you dependent.

NISARGADATTA MAHARAJ

Best
Peter



You can tell a lot about a person
By the way they handle three things:

A rainy day,

Lost luggage,

And tangled Christmas tree lights.

-Maya Angelou





Christmas Letters

With Love, To You!



Over the past few years, a shift in focus has been transforming for Juanita and I, in regards to the holidays. Rather than being caught up in the marketing, consumerism and materialism that unfortunately seems to encompass our culture, we're trying to work with our family on de-materializing, with an emphasis on gratitude.

This starts with us as parents, but also as friends, teachers, leaders, family members, co-workers and students; we all have a responsibility to ourselves and others to hold our morals to the highest value. Sharing experiences, rather than material objects, is a way to connect and bond with our family members and the community, gives us opportunities to grow together and within ourselves, and make memories. Gratitude will follow, and soon begin to replace the need for "things."

As students, we're fortunate to be part of a school that has those refined qualities not only embedded in its values and teachings, but gives us important and usable methods to do this within our own field of be-ing. We hope you'll take the time to connect with each other and yourselves this year.

Love and blessings,
The Hess Family



A vision lightened on the viewless heights, a wisdom illumined from the voiceless depths:
A deeper interpretation greatedened Truth, a grand reversal of the Night and Day;
All the world's values changed heightening life's aim;

A wiser word, a larger thought came in than what the slow labour of human mind can bring,
A secret sense awoke that could perceive a Presence and a Greatness everywhere.

The universe was not now this senseless whirl borne round inert on an immense machine;
It cast away its grandiose lifeless front, a mechanism no more or work of Chance,
But a living movement of the body of God.

A spirit hid in forces and in forms was the spectator of the mobile scene:
The beauty and the ceaseless miracle let in a glow of the Unmanifest:
The formless Everlasting moved in it
Seeking its own perfect form in souls and things.



-Savitri
Book 1 Canto 3



Christmas Letters

With Love, To You!



An excerpt from the writings of Erica Hathaway, Daniel Hathaway's Mother.

I've just finished reading the book "Sundial" by Laurel Elizabeth Keyes. I am thankful that this book has been written and came into my hands.

Many of the experiences in her book coincide with some of mine, but she is an enlightened person much further along the path than I am. I know that one should not compare, but I find it most useful and it makes me humble at times.

She is the first person I have met (through her book) who has studied with Vitvan. It was quite a surprise to me, to have Vitvan enter my life again this way. I look back at the time when I was living in San Marcos near Vitvan's community farm and attended early morning classes, along with Dorothy Maclean who was staying with me at the time. I felt his pleasure at having two such outsiders studying with him.

I'm sad in a way, because he was disappointed when I left in 1949, first on a long visit with my parents in Munich, and later on, when I moved away to Santa Barbara.

"Vitvan," I said, "I've never wanted my to see my boys growing up in such a small community, however desirable it might seem to me. My boys are used to spreading their wings and mingling with different people and different cultures. I couldn't stop their flight nor mine."

He listened to me. His sadness engulfed me but I had to continue. "I have gained much from you, as fast as you poured it forth. You offered a step for my progress. But then," I continued, "when I stood before a chasm, you said, 'Jump!' and I didn't. It wasn't fear. I was rooted to the spot I stood on. Then there was a release. What happened, Vitvan?"

"I don't know," he answered. "It wasn't fear. Perhaps I wanted to hurry you on. I don't know."

"Vitvan, there are so many things you taught us, so many of the words or phrases have been so helpful and a guide in prickly situations. "Don't react!" "Don't alibi!" "Trust your intuition!"

Vitvan laughed out loud, yet sadness was still in his eyes. Before I left, I said, "The I AM which is my true Self, is the Power with which I am conscious of my world."

"It will always be with you," he said as he shook my hand, engulfing me in his love. I stumbled out of his room crying softly. I walked by the big compost pile, the exuberant looking vegetable garden, and the different houses, till I reached Aunt Mary's house. She was also sad at my leaving. I felt bad. I was leaving a teacher I loved and respected, and our beloved Aunt Mary.

All those things crossed my mind as I reflected on my time with him so many years ago. In my mind I heard him say, "Being sad is a waste of energy. You have carried this image long enough. Any teacher regrets when a student with promise leaves, even though knowing that somebody else will continue the work."

Then he said, "I am still teaching! My writings will not be forgotten, especially not when a former student comes upon them unexpectedly and begins to review her relationship with me, as you are doing now."

"Vitvan..."

"I know your heart is overflowing," he said, "You have made progress. Continue the good work etc., etc." His voice faded away. He left me laughing, excited and happy.

