

## *Birthday Celebration Narratives - Robert Adams Humanitarian to All*

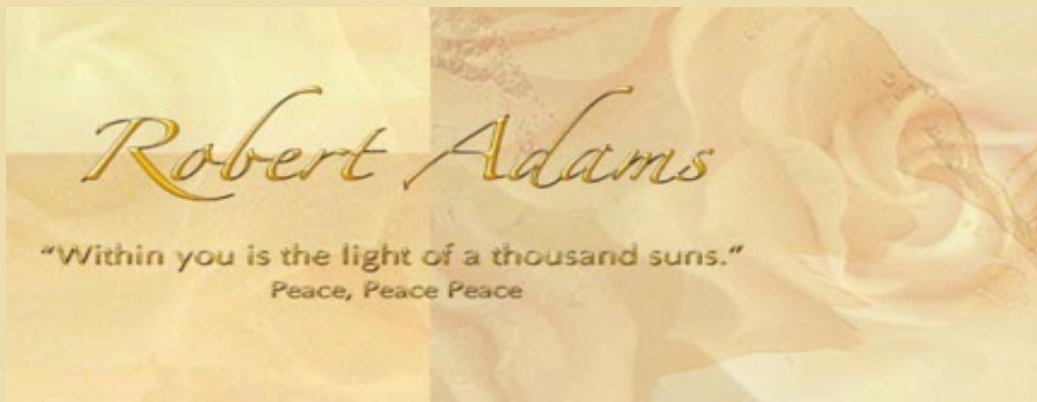
The Alleviation of the Suffering of Others  
Personal Experiences in Comfort and Joy, in Robert Adams Gentle Comforting Presence.

*"If the end result of illumination is love, compassion and humility, what if we were to do that now?"*

We are called to create a life bright and shining, dependent not on what happens to us, but what we do with what happens to us; transcending and transforming with the eternal, unchanging compassion of God. Anyone who reached out, who asked for help, who emanated the slightest need for nurturing, cherishing, deep investment of our time and hearts, never left without it. There is no other option. Benevolence is daily life. Whether simply offering family warmth, guidance and providing shelter to homeless children or mothers in need, or of the most transformative, spiritual directives. The 'divine connection' sought by so many is the driving of our own hearts to return in daily life to our original nature of natural compassion.

*"Seek no reward for your service. If another has no gratitude, forgive them. Do not be a doormat. Do not let others walk on you. If this occurs, bless them and continue onward."*

Others joy is our own. Other suffering is our own. Others hearts are our own. There is no difference. Robert Adams regularly participated in many quiet arenas of devoted service/giving to others as a natural, relaxed and caring expression of his own heart. The crux of his personal experience includes an expanded arena of service to



others founded on his gentle directives of “Becoming a living embodiment of loving kindness.” Unannounced and humble in graciousness, my father regularly said ‘please’ and ‘thank you’ equally to the garbage man and a visiting diplomat from overseas who came to formally interview him. This shared union of hearts in wonderful activities, rich in meaningful interactions with people (and animals!) filled life with wonder, in the happiness of rising above this world.

Father and mothers boundlessly tender, rare and unusual assistance in a specific needy life encounter, demonstrated supernal grace to anyone -grateful or ungrateful. Our parents nurturing, cherishing and healing on a level beyond abstract philosophizing, or emotionally removed spiritual quotes devoid of love, spiritually fulfilled a deep void for those students approaching them for help. Real. Pure. Many seekers experience an early life lack of required warm developmental nurturing and unvarnished cherishing. In the multi faced Teaching, the fundamentals of healthy emotional self- responsibility for our actions to others and ourselves is the natural response of our true nature. Yet these are the most fundamental qualities of the Supreme. This nurturing, cherishing, is required for adult spiritual health in a solid path of unfoldment. The ancient Vedic honoring of the family as a spiritual path with full joy, rather than an obligation, duty, or distraction, is one that is often undervalued. It is revered as one’s karmic echo on earth, a legacy of emanating ones true Self; love omniscient. A love that is a practical reality, unchanging and eternal.

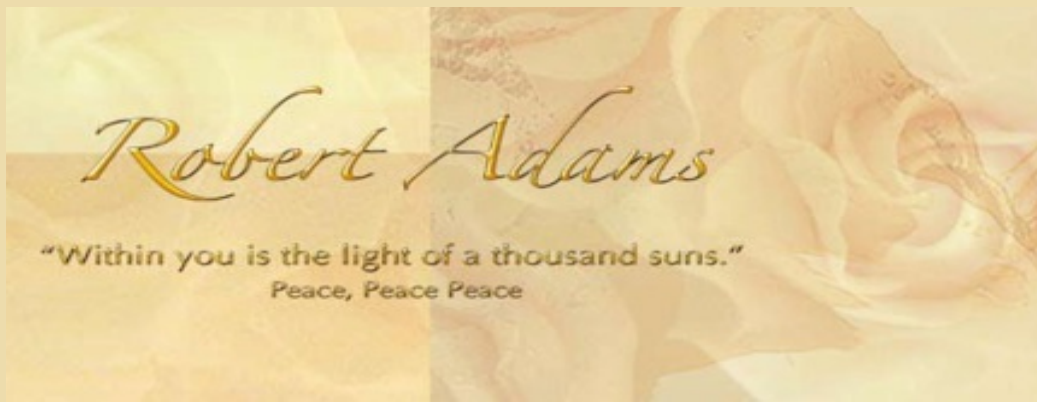
**“Leave this World Better for Being Here. Create a Life Bright and Shining.”**

#### **When Darkness Dissolves into Light. With Father the Temporal Fades into the Eternal**

In the Benevolence Project, many missions and shelters are still the recipients of ‘compassionate spirituality’, but there was an area in which only my father and myself shared, as he joyfully honored my projects, wherein we were honored to respond to requests from hospice centers, animal rescues and concert benefits. We would often visit a hospice community in the evenings, where my father spoke at length only upon request, in a gentle radiance of counseling, holding the resident guest’s hands, sometimes making jokes that brought such robust laughter that it was heard down the hall. “Oh, is the spiritual teacher here?” the staff would excitedly inquire. The atmosphere heightened. They would rush down the hall and suddenly ‘casually’ appear in the room to catch the laughter and jokes. Yes. Dad made the hospice happy, as their carefree childhood wonder and whimsy flickered in their eyes in amazement that it was still there, amid the pain and daily life unexpected. He never just ‘observed’ or ‘sat’ with them, he splashed depth of light and love upon them in disarming purity, while powerfully guiding them upwards, with words that shifted their cynicism or saw their highest essence, their true Self. And they felt it. Directly.

**“Never forget the most important thing. Love, compassion and humility.”**





In those moments, all separations and divisions dissolved. In his full realization and reverence for the ultimate challenge of their situation, his impacting direct emanation offered fatherly comforting compassion for tears, holding the hands of family members and nodding in understanding, often listening for hours at a time, although they had told him the same story last week. At some hospice facilities, no one other than the Medical Director knew that he was a spiritual teacher with a rich lineage of confirmation to a revered saint beloved in India, thousands of beloved students globally, simply welcoming him, a father with his daughter, as kind volunteers. Occasionally, a lifelong student or close family friend accompanied us. We read beautiful scriptures of eternal life to the bedridden, often from their own faith, as they nodded in new pondering of the familiar. Accompanied by beautiful professional performing artists who played soft ambient music, including favorite hymns of comfort such as *Amazing Grace*, *In the Garden*, and *His Eye is on the Sparrow*. He filled their fear with The Eternal as a direct experience rather than words. The personal beauty of heart emanating truth offered deep comfort. They felt supreme holiness immersing them. A pure, seamless strength of uncompromised integrity in goodwill was sensed in those moments of truth.

“As you are unfolding, spread sunshine to all you meet.”

He did not enter with a role of being merely neutral and observing, of knowing there is no ‘death’, that we are eternal, and they didn’t know, as if they were lacking. Rather his pure gentility, seamless, tender aquamarine eyes humbly offered a warm, authentically deeply spiritual refuge that instantly lifts one up. And a deeper conduit to eternal bliss within, if they wanted it. They sensed his goodness, and the strength in which it is rooted as absolute reality. To truly experience this, a surrender to absolute reality in its nature of selfless love is pivotal and natural.

To choose how to spend the time given in this life in the most condensed, rich and vitalizing manner is an essential characteristic of his Message. We went to concerts together, laughed, shared three daily formal family candlelit meals, went to a film, had long, warm, traditional lavish Christmas Days forever engraved in our hearts, it was a spiritual devotion; it all served a purpose of deep awakening of more love than anyone dreamed they ever had deep in their hearts, creating an oasis of love on this earth-and the possibilities for humanity if we chose that love. In this, flourishes the ancient Vedic ideal of family ‘householder’ life rather than monastic; to expand the love, honor God in one another, creating a life ‘bright and shining’ in increasing selflessness. “There is no difference in devotion and inquiry, meditation, prayer. Only the beginning seeker sees a difference. Focus on becoming holy and humble.”

#### “Partying in the Hospice”

“As you are unfolding, spread sunshine to all you meet.” To spread it rather than speak of it defines his very being. Since he always rose before the sun, the days were long and rich in texture. Keeping a ‘workday’ of structured counseling, the evenings were for lengthy, warm hearted family fun. When we increased our hospice evenings to more than one a week, several residents distinctly became ethereally lifted up into deeply personalized transitions, occurring beyond the professional experiences of any of the staff members. “Is he a priest?” one asked in hushed awe, as an elderly woman that had refused to cross over until ‘he’ arrived now held his hand and appeared to glow in a soft golden light, smiling as they whispered an ancient chant together.

As I held the hands of beautiful souls, women rising into ‘the splendor and the glory’, deep grace descended, and they smiled. Together we sang and meditated, I whispered of joys they remembered, rising into the awareness of their saints, sages and angels of which they would soon freely perceive and welcome as the veils of the grand illusion fade away. God engulfed us in a wash of pure peace of the eternal.



The director conveyed that many who had spent hours speaking quietly with my father had stopped displaying many physical symptoms of discomfort, and even requested cessation of certain drugs. One lovely, elderly, delicate lady who was meditating for forty- five minutes a week with us to beautiful live violin music punctuated with dad stating an assertion for her to ponder, had not left her room for weeks, although she was able to with assistance.

One evening as he entered the room she sat up to shake his hand and began to laugh, to the shock of staff. "I'll be gosh darned if I didn't swear I would never get up again, I was so angry! And now that I finally found some peace and want to get up again, I'm gonna leave this world and I can't!" She laughed loudly and comically, causing those passing down the hallway to come in to see what was happening. I brought a special fresh lavender cake covered in live flowers I had prepared, a favorite of the woman who was a classical pianist, and the staff served tea. Dad always gave a balloon or brought fresh flowers, and with the music playing, the rare laughter, two resident staff referred to the visits as 'partying in the hospice.' Our father never participated in telling them to 'let go' or 'go into the light' as was the trend of the helping volunteers. "God takes care of that." He simply offered deep uplifting beauty, love and refuge, bringing them palpably into an experience of the Eternal, if they so wished. If they were able, Dad would even take a resident's hand and dance in a little circle in the room to their favorite song, or as they lay in bed, sometimes in deliberate humor- to their delight.

### You Are That

But it was the evenings when the darkness of the night arrived unnoticed, as he softly spoke truth and comfort to them bedside, and a small lamp was turned on in the little rooms by the nurses. The evenings when father lifted the room into a dramatic metamorphosis- from darkness to light, it was a pool of deep all-pervading tangible, reigning love beyond any description, that remains. His face, with eyes closed, dissolving softly into pure holiness. The eternal moment, 'expanded into Infinity.; The moment of sudden descending grace and mercy beyond all suffering. Those evenings remain. Forever. Echoing in the universe. Eternal. Unchanging. As any moment of darkness transfigured into The Light of a Thousand Suns remains; forever sacrosanct.

Unhardened by the world, shining an integrity in taking responsibility for others happiness, he introduced many to a boundless giving and love that they did not know existed in this world. Many created the common separation of 'the world' as a loveless illusion, with a veneer of spirituality being the only hope of love, often making it difficult for seekers to find peace in daily life. With dad, love flooded out in practical action rather than lecturing, philosophizing, quotes, debates or seeking self- acclaim, but in effortless warmth of solid spirituality, reminiscent of the ancients in true spiritual altruism, living in the level of 'sattwa' or rare integrity, in an age where this is not a component of most spiritual interpretations. Rare in truth, we return to the original love that we originated from, and reflect it to all.

We are called to dive in beyond the veneer, to the crux of Truth. And that Truth is love. Unchanging, omniscient, all pervading, eternal. The Truth of who we really are. In this surrender, Grace of the pure heart transcends all suffering. "And You, are That."

**"And You, are That. Peace. Peace. Peace."**

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