

Dream...

Once Upon

A Quiet

Mind

by Mahi

  
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A Dream...  
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## *Dedication*

This book is dedicated to all those who live in quiet desperation. May you gain peace of mind...and the courage to dream again.





## *Acknowledgements*

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*Who am I to experience joy?  
Who am I to know fulfillment?  
None other than the eternal dreamer.*







## *Introduction*

All of us dream...sometimes by day, sometimes by night. Life is the fulfillment of pleasant dreams for some, while for others, life stands out in stark contrast to what is hoped for. Too often, our joyful dreams are washed away by a nightmare of actual life.

We continue to allow our dreams to slip away as foolish thoughts, rather than embracing those thoughts and choosing to make them our waking reality. We even attempt to dream less, thinking that our innermost desire is the product of an over-active imagination. We misjudge our true feeling as that which distracts us from getting in touch with reality.

Growing up has come to mean denying intuition...forgetting rather than fulfilling dreams. Our mind has become separated from our heart, believing that 'waking life' and 'dreams' are separate. There is a growing gap, an unfilled emptiness, as

we attempt to survive a reality which is so isolated from what we truly seek.

Disconnected from the heart of our being, we lack inspiration. Survival in the 'real' world becomes more difficult without the spirit of personal desire to motivate us. There comes a point where we lack the energy to sustain ourself...if what we've come to accept as 'reality' is all that there is to life.

Our heart was our energy source. Our dream was the purpose. Our desire was the spirit which energized the whole endeavor. As a child we knew that...but somehow, we have forgotten. No longer swimming in the ocean of deeper reality, we find ourselves drowning on the surface. We have managed to convince ourselves that surviving is the purpose. By accepting this illusion as our reality, we have too often abandoned our grandest dream and accepted a lesser dream. We have closed ourselves off from the very source of life...that which allows us to survive at all.

How long will we deny the passion burning within us, only to experience an outward hell? What if the outer struggle is the result of our perpetual outward focus. What if the outer world could be transformed by uniting our mind and hearts

through the spirit of our dreams. What if that spirit would allow us to encounter life as whole beings, rather than disillusioned fragments.

The entire world has become fragmented. The alone mind sees a world of limits. Each person and each nation attempts to survive, rather than fulfill. Each one competes for what appears to be limited, rather than embrace what is unseen and therefore limitless.

As we listen to our heart, we are becoming aware that the fear and struggle of the outer world is a direct reflection of our internal struggles. When humanity feels torn within, we isolate ourselves from one another. As our dreams become isolated from daily life, our heart becomes isolated from our mind, and our desire becomes isolated from its fulfillment.

In February 1997, I experienced a dream. It was a combination of sleeping visions and waking thoughts. I seek to share this dream, not as another voice screaming from without, but as a reminder of Love whispering from within. I do not want to offer something to think about so much as to remind others to feel, and thereby know their own true wisdom.

This dream reminded me of my purpose...my desire...my passion. And thus I seek to inspire oth-

ers to remember their own dreams. Those dreams are there now, moving within us, like tiny motion pictures, waiting to expand onto the big screen of life. By listening to our heart, we can feel the beat...tune into the rhythm...and be filled with the music of our own song. That heart is calling us.



Once upon a time I had a dream. It was after a day of work and worry, and I looked forward to rest. Upon falling asleep I found myself in a nightmare. I dreamed of a river that gushed through my home and abruptly washed me out of bed. I struggled frantically within the raging waters; it was cold and dark and I could not see where I was headed. Then I looked at the water itself. It was made of the very struggles and problems that I was experiencing in my life.

There, in the river, were the people who had hurt me, creditors wanting their money, and lovers asking me to change. There were the jobs that I hated yet worked at day after day, and the headaches, illnesses, and other ailments that bothered me. I was caught up in the river of a troubled life flowing out of control.

I looked up and saw that the river was flowing into the chest of an enormous monster. I was terrified when I realized that I would soon be swallowed up by this dark and fearsome looking creature. As the river carried me closer, the monster's face became clearer and seemed vaguely familiar. Recognition washed over me. I was shocked to see my own fearful face peering back at me.

As the river flowed into the monster's chest,

the motion stopped and the water vanished. Everything became still except for the beating of my heart. I sat motionless in the darkness. The surface below me was soft and warm. It felt like my own flesh.

In front of me I could hear a loud drumming sound which pulsed to the rhythm of my pounding heart. I realized that it was the sound of a heart beating in time to my own. I began to feel warm and peaceful in this environment. The sound of the heartbeat became softer and slower as I relaxed. It seemed as if another lifetime passed as I sat still and quiet.

Then out of the darkness a tiny light appeared. The light grew brighter until it revealed its source as a candle. Sitting behind the candle and looking into the flame was a being. The being looked like a person, but unlike any I had ever seen. This being glowed with life and youthfulness, yet at the same time appeared ancient and wise. In the background I could make out the faint outline of a large pulsating heart, still in rhythm with my own. Without looking up, remaining focused on the flame, the being spoke:

“You’ve been looking for me.”

*“I have? Who are you?”*

“I am your heart and the source of your desire. I am also that which you desire most.”

*“What has happened to me? Am I dead?”*

“Can you hear your own heart? Or are you still deaf to its voice?”

*“Am I asleep then?”*

“You have been asleep, even when you think you are awake. But at this moment, while you sleep, you are more awake than ever.”

The being remained transfixed upon the flame. I could see the fire dancing in its eyes, becoming one with the light that appeared to emanate from them.

*“So I’m having a dream,” I concluded.*

“Always.”

*“Can I ever awaken?”*

“If you were to awaken in such a way as to dream no more, you would not exist. But you do exist.”

*“If I’m always dreaming, then what does it mean to be awake?”*

“There are two kinds of dreams—the ones you think are real and the ones you know are a dream. It is when you think the dreams are real that you are most asleep. When you remember they are a dream, you are most awake. Those moments, when you know that your life is a dream and that you are the dreamer, are the closest you come to being awake.”

*“How can I believe you?”*

“How can you believe anyone?”

*“I don’t know. How do we come to believe anything?”*

“A good question. We come to believe something is true only through trust. You can believe me because I am your Self. I am your heart and the source of your deepest desire. But you need not trust me nor believe what I say. You have a choice. I do not force my will or my desire upon you.”

*“If you are my own heart and I don’t trust you,*



*then who would I trust? If I don't believe you, then who would I believe?"*

"You can believe someone else. You can believe what others tell you, but this is a choice. They cannot force you to believe them any more than I can force you to believe me."

*"What do you mean you can't force me to believe you? What choice do I have if you are my Self? This is confusing."*

"Confusion results when you ignore your heart. If you are confused, listen to your heart, and do not doubt the feelings of your heart with the thoughts of your mind. If you trust, you will know.

"By trusting, you will know the truth in your heart. If you doubt, you will look for knowledge in your mind. Trust does not require knowledge; trust is a feeling. Trust is wisdom from the heart."

*"You're not helping much."*

"That is because you still doubt me. You fear what would happen if you trusted your heart completely."

*“But how is that possible? If I am talking to my Self, then how can I doubt you? Why don’t I already know that you are me?”*

“You do know, at least your heart does. In your heart you know who you really are. Your heart knows that you are a very powerful being, so powerful that if you doubt or choose to be afraid, you can experience that fear as real.”

*“Are you saying that I am afraid?”*

“Yes, you are.”

*“What am I afraid of?”*

“You are afraid of me. You are also afraid of the power you have to fulfill your desires.”

*“How do I know you’re right?”*

“Trust me. The truth is there really is no separation between us. You are one with me and I am one with you. Together we are one powerful being and we have the ability to create experience.

“Fear is just one of many possible experiences. The only way to have the experience of fear is to

imagine it. Fear is a thought of the mind. The possibility of fear arises when you are so asleep that you think your current dream is all there is.

“When you fear, you create fear in your experience. A little fear may result in a bad dream. A great deal of fear can turn that dream into a nightmare. Your dreams are a reflection of you. Experiences have no reality or meaning except that which the mind chooses to give them. You are the writer, the painter, the sculptor, the dreamer of the dream.

“In a fearful dream, you think of your Self as limited to your mind. Through fear, the mind ‘thinks’ that it is separate from me, your heart. Fear causes your mind to feel as though it is limited and finite. This creates even more fear, the feeling that you are being hurt by the world and the experience of being vulnerable to its forces. The more your mind fears, the more it loses touch with its connection to me.

“In your heart you know that you are wise, indestructible, and eternal. I am the part of you that knows nothing can ultimately destroy you. However, through fear you can experience harm and all of the confusion, hurt, and suffering that fear causes in the mind.

“Fear creates a space between us, between the

mind and the heart. Spirit bridges the space between your mind and heart. During this dream, the heart and the mind continue to communicate through spirit.

“Sometimes the mind fears so greatly and forgets so completely that it denies both spirit and heart. But the heart never denies or forgets. The heart remembers the truth—that the mind, heart, and spirit are one. This is the true nature of the Self.”

*“So you’re saying I wouldn’t be having this conversation if I wasn’t afraid. That you are my heart and source of desire and only appear to be separate from me because I am afraid.”*

“Yes. You are afraid, and your fear produces more fear and doubt. If you had no fear, you would not be questioning your heart, however, we would still communicate. If you lived in total trust, you would know oneness with me. You would know the desires of your heart without question.

“Through trust, your mind knows the ‘thoughts’ of your heart, which actually exist in the form of feelings. Feelings are the first thought—the intuition, the impulse, the spontaneous notion sent from the heart to the mind. Your first thought is

the pure wisdom of unconditional Love. This Love is sent from the all-knowing universe where your heart lives.

“When this thought of Love is ignored, the mind goes to work to create knowledge. The mind literally builds walls of knowledge that isolate itself from the heart’s wisdom. There is nothing ‘wrong’ with knowledge. But the mind that looks outside itself can only accumulate information, none of which is the true source of experience.”

*“Why do you allow this?”*

“My desire is that the mind be free to choose and manifest its own will. This allows the mind to have the experience of ‘becoming’ .

“I contain the potential that allows you to become. The mind creates the sense of time as a result of creating events. The mind ‘becomes’ as it creates experiences and feels itself moving through time. The creative process is then complete.”

*“Has fear caused my soul to divide?”*

“Yes, in a way. But this separation is an illusion. Fear causes the mind to feel disconnected from the heart. This feeling of isolation interrupts the cre-

ative process and the mind no longer has the experience of 'becoming'. Instead, the mind feels out of control and frozen by fear.

"Your 'soul' is another word for your true Self: your mind, heart, and spirit all in one. Your soul is not separate from your mind or body; however, fear causes your soul to feel divided."

*"Where does my body fit in here?"*

"Your body is an extension of your soul. The thoughts of your mind surface within your body instantly. If your soul were an ocean, your body would be the surface.

"When thoughts bubble up and rise to the surface of the ocean, they enter all parts of your body at once. Thoughts cause the energy or chemicals in your toes to change as well as the chemicals in your brain. Your entire body reflects the thoughts of your mind."

*"I still don't understand how all of this works together to make me who I am."*

"There are countless ways to describe who you are; you are limited only by the restraints that you imagine in your mind. Limits are a construct of