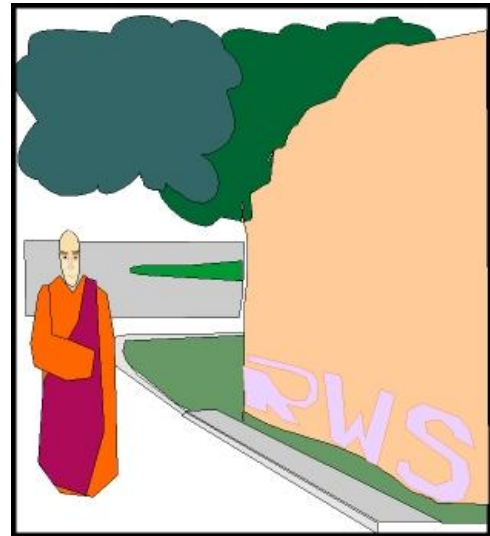


An Excerpt from



Ram Dass Satsang

From [Two Small Windows in a Pair of Mirrored Doors](#)

... I was teaching yoga and spiritual exercises at an ashram in Hollywood, when news came that Ram Dass the author of “Be Here Now”, and former colleague of Dr. Tim was coming to Miami for a Satsang, a meditation and lecture. It was going to be held at Unity Miami, a lovely auditorium connected with the Unitarian Community in the heart of downtown Miami.

We went to our local spiritual bookstore the same day we learned of his appearance. Unfortunately they had already sold out their allotment of tickets. No problem though, we were assured. There would be plenty of tickets available at the auditorium the day of the lecture. The sponsors knew that many seekers, not plugged into local media, might not hear about the event until the last minute. It was announced that a large block of seats would be set aside for sale the day of the lecture.

No problem, I assured my students, we would go early and get in line for tickets and if there were tickets available we would have some. About ten of my students decided to travel with me down to Miami. We arrived about four hours ahead of the lecture. We walked up to the window, ticket sales weren't yet open. We waited patiently and made small talk until eventually the ticket window opened. We were among those first in line, to hear the news, that every ticket had been pre-sold. Sadness and disappointment, minor mewings of recrimination were heard. What could be done, were there options?

I asked if we could wait for any tickets that weren't picked up. Well yes, in case there were NO-SHOWS. We would be among the first to receive them. Some of my students were still not pleased. *YOU SAID WE COULD GET IN! YOU TOLD US WE'D GET IN!* I explained we'd followed the instructions; there was no need to despair. If you held on too tight, what would you expect? Two students decided that there *was no hope* and left. Two more were very pessimistic, but what can we do? I said, “When all else fails, and there is nothing logical to do, that leaves the illogical and the miraculous. Let's chant OMM!”

Aumgn.... AUMGN.... AUMGN... we intoned. Gently vibrant reaching out into the infinite energy. Energy beyond shape, Energy beyond form, Aligning our minds and bodies with the cosmic ebb and flow. Aumgn.... AUMGN.... AUMGN...

Soon the crowd with tickets began to arrive, and formed a line waiting to get in. We sat in a circle near the front door of the auditorium, chanting AUMGN.... AUMGN... AUMGN on the grass, in our multicolored spiritual finery... AUMGN.... AUMGN.... AUMGN... Some in line smiled, some laughed, some joined in... AUMGN.... AUMGN.... AUMGN... Eventually the door opened and the crowd began to quietly file in....

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