

*A Little Story on
Reincarnation*

The Song of
A Little Rising Star
Last Born





**Blessings and Thanks to our Spiritual Master
Reverend Nazirmoreh K. B. Kedem (A.B.R.D.)**
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the Nazir Order of the Purple Veil*



"The Book of Series"
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Naziryah Monastic Community
The Nazir Order of the Purple Veil
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Embrace the Love from Above

A Little Story on Reincarnation

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With a sparkling smile in innocence she sang...

“Wait for me, I want in – oh please just one more!

I’ll grow tall and I’ll grow true – oh please, help me to get through!”

Instantly the Listener as Watcher as Knower as Teller, in Splendor appeared. To this she danced so gracefully, as the Listener approached very near. On stringed instruments and flutes, with drums and bells — even all this did the Listener play with just one hand. With the second, upon hearing the essence of her song, the Listener touched her with a silver strand. Then with a third, using just a tip of the finger, the Listener placed this dancing spark in a tiny little self-created seed.



Spontaneously, the Watcher as Knower as Teller as Listener, with open heart appeared. To this she opened up so graciously, as the Watcher painted her picture very clear. Using rays of liquid light and rainbows of clay – of every hue, texture and vibration... so very masterfully the work took form. Then planting this tender young seed within the Inmost – to the following tune a new song made ready to be born...

“Under the watchful eye of the Watcher,
awaiting the next new dawn -
From the Creative to the Receptive,
proper nourishment was drawn...”

Vigilantly the Knower as Teller as Listener as Watcher, with far reaching vision appeared. To this her heart beat ever so joyously, as the Knower sounded each note of the vision in her tiny little ear. In degree and through acceptance, the Knower now in position, proceeded to add depth of meaning to her earnest song. For this is the place, thought of as time and as space, where the days new insights and lessons belong. So gather round, as we expound, on this stage of her ever expanding story...



As the very first rays became visible over the horizon, space was given that she could see clearly. From these first few rays awoke a world teeming with life, and thus time was given that she might hear concretely. As these glorious rays began to beam forth in all directions, eagerly she made final preparations to step out into this newest of days. All eyes & ears and a sparkling smile, she day dreamed of catching rainbows in the sky.



To this eagerness, the Knower gave the greatest of attention to choice – for of the many directions now glistening over the horizon, the journey could only be taken one step at a time. And as surely as the sun casts shadows on saint and sinner alike – so too, as the Law shines on all – without fail or exception — each step taken would lead only to where it goes. Step by step, the one following the other, could only take her through all she chose to go through. Therefore, to each chosen experience now peering over the horizon – the Knower gave heart and mind.



The Day now in full bloom, this tender young soul commenced on her journey as planned...

Simultaneously as she chose her very first step, even as the many-armed celestial musician began to play – the Call came forth strong and true, “Come lovely one – jewel from beyond the Sun, we are overjoyed that you have made it! Come, my precious one – so bright eyed, strong and tall, now there is work to be done.”

With out-stretched hand, the Teller as Listener as Watcher as Knower approached her very near, greeted her very dear, gave her direction very clear, “Here is the



wheelbarrow you earnestly longed for – a vehicle fashioned just right. It is exactly what you asked for. It is exactly the right height.”

Her eyes then lit up with laughter as she began jumping for joy. She took hold of her precious tool – looking here, there and everywhere.

*“Now, my rising star,
with wheelbarrow shiny and new –
seeing it is empty,
let us begin with a question or two.”
Turning to walk up the narrow pathway,
the Teller continued to say,
“How do you plan to handle it,
and with what will you fill it today?”*

Timidly turning to follow, she slipped her hand in the Teller’s firm hold. Then after a moments thought, she answered with a gleam, “I’ll fill it with kindling and leaves, with sand and stones, with all that I possibly can. I’ll carry it here, I’ll carry it there – even through puddles, ditches and over rocks. I’ll push my wheelbarrow wherever, come what may. Yes, I’ll let nothing stand in my way.”

Looking her straight in the Eye, the Teller then told -
“Bumpy is the road, when guided by the crafty hands of the
senses. Just for the sensation, these tempters whisper – ‘sit
back and enjoy the ride...’ Running head-
long through ditches of deceit, steering ob-
stinately into puddles of mischief, the thrill
of hitting up against selfishness and all the
rest — such is the course when the driver
chooses not to see beyond the play.”



“You see, this ride is not a free ride.
As with all actions, there is a price to pay.
The way of folly leads to the heaviest -
Of sorrow disappointment and deep dismay.

At the start, the tears of folly flow easily -
Adding drama to each bump as it appears.
But in the course of time, even the sweetest of smiles -
Is washed downhill by folly’s tears.

Like honey left to crystallize on the shelf -
With age the heart grows hard.
And too whenever truth is forsaken -
The mind is left off guard.

Then trails of habitual thoughts set in -
supporting folly’s plan unquestioningly.
In the end, the mind imprisoned -
left wondering ‘why is all this happening to me?’

Her young mind stopped to consider all that the Teller told, then hesitantly she said with her bright and searching eyes, “But I want to fill my wheelbarrow with moist garden soil filled with busy little earthworms, with compost surrounded by beautiful butterflies, with dry autumn leaves wherein those mysterious long legged spiders love to roam, with branches of all shapes and sizes that make bridges for light footed ants and those slow moving fuzzy caterpillars to make their way across.”.



The Teller walked further up the path, surveying the grounds, taking account of the work to be done in the garden on this crisp new spring day. The garlic had wintered over beautifully, the freshly planted seedlings stood strong – there were even a few berries that couldn’t wait to show their happy faces. Then entering within the peaceful sanctuary of herb and vegetable beds, the Teller motioned to her to follow. As if looking beyond



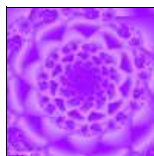
the horizon and deep within her heart, the Teller rejoined, “Fill your wheelbarrow with a firm foundation of rich fertile soil, that the workers of the earth will have a home. Be conscious and carry your load of compost responsibly, for it attracts life’s beauty

as it replenishes the beauty of life. Remain aware as you gather each pile of leaves that blanket landscape and crawlers alike – assist in the maintenance and welfare of the many cycles of life. As you go about collecting twigs and branches, observe in depth and grow in understanding of the many travelers that race and creep along the Tree called Life. Study the lessons that fill your wheelbarrow, that you may learn through wisdom because you have no room in it for woe.”



The Teller began to sing:

By all means enjoy your wheelbarrow,
it is one of life's special gifts to you.
Given that it would be directed,
along the Path chosen by the Few.
Grow tall and strong in the Service,
with a sparkling smile sing your song True.
Your eagerness is a blessing,
with heart and mind choose the mountaintop View.
Fill your wheelbarrow to your heart's desire,
yet be mindful to fill it with much more.
With every act – a service,
penetrate into life's core.



The Teller paused momentarily.

This song hung in the air like a sweet mist. Then music began to stir softly in the background, growing stronger and stronger with each heart beat.



With the sun rising directly overhead, she turned around and smiled a True smile as saw her brothers and sisters dancing up the path playing musical instruments of all kinds – as above, so below... all in collective harmony. When they arrived, they bowed before the Teacher and sat in lotus silence.



The Teacher raised a hand to acknowledge their offering, then placing the second ever so lightly on her forehead – continued to the whole of the assembly:

The Teacher hears, sees, knows and tells,
thru effort the dance gracefully begins.
In all ways guidance is given,
die to the old and be born again.

The earnestness of the student's song determines,
what is earned and the weight of the next test.
Without acceptance life's many lessons seen dimly,
gather around the Teacher and be blessed.

The jewels of readiness are tempered and tested,
devotion, dedication, discipline and one more.
The many facets along the jewel lined spiral,
to these tests each is accountable for their score.

It was a magical day, not a cloud in the sky. A warm breeze flowed through the budding leaves. The birds flew low, chirping serenely – as curious squirrels gathered near. The sweet mist of the Teacher’s song settled around one and all. Herein – with the tip of a finger, the Teacher drew a circle on the ground and picked up four shiny stones from within it’s center. Her eyes grew their brightest as she opened her hands to receive these jewel one by one.

Motioning to her to come close – as once before, the Teacher whispered in her little ear. Of all that can be told, the following is what we hear...

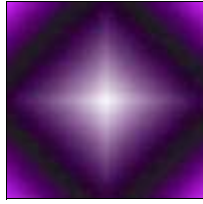


Jewel of Devotion: Be ever poised to receive the Listeners touch.

Jewel of Dedication: Remain open and steadfast within the Watchers heart.

Jewel of Discipline: Follow very closely the steps of the Knower.

Jewel of Remembrance: The Teacher is with you all ways. As told you from the start...



The Beginning

(there is no end... only heights ahead)





**Nahziryah Monastic Community
Path of Mystic Enlightenment
The Nazir Order of the Purple Veil
Omniversal**



Many paths - One goal. Many names - ONE DIVINE CREATOR, Source of All That Is. Universal Consciousness. Highest Spiritual Evolution. Our Order is the Nazir Order of the Purple Veil. Purple is a color of the highest spiritual vibratory rate. This is the color of the age of enlightenment, the age of universal consciousness, the age which the world is now embarking on. Our beliefs, our way of life are founded in Truth. Truth which is beyond any one religion. Truth which is found in all religions. We align ourselves with That which Is.

What is our religion? - all of them. Where are we from? - everywhere. We strive to transcend all limitations. We offer you a glimpse of this truth... We are all from the same place, we are all from the same source. The Creator is our father and mother, the universe - cosmos is our home. We limit our consciousness and understanding when we do not take our birthright, as Beings of the Divine Essence of All That Is, Was and Ever Shall Be. Our consciousness narrows when we crystallize ourselves in the consciousness of being from a country, a state, a city, a street, a house, a spot and so on. *We are not these bodies.* We expand our consciousness and our understanding when we align with the higher Truths of Being.

In our quest for spiritual attainment, we harmonize the physical, mental and spiritual aspects of our being - to bring it into "at-one-ment". We live a simple, monastic, community life. We reside at our monastery; Nahziryah Monastic Community, Retreat for Meditation and Holistic Living, where we do organic gardening to help sustain the Community's dietary needs. We work hard, study, meditate and our diet is vegetarian-vegan (non-dairy). To support the Community and the effort toward consciousness expansion and further spiritual development throughout all existence, - in truth, in light, in love, wisdom, knowledge and understanding, (may peace prevail on earth as in heaven), we make and sell art crafts, as well as metaphysical/esoteric, spiritual literature of all faiths, recordings and meditation supplies. An initiate of the Nazir Order of the Purple Veil wears all purple monastic garments at all times, and all live-in members of Nahziryah Monastic Community; brothers and sisters, dress uniformly - according to like gender. You will find live-in members of Nahziryah Monastic Community and our Order very seldom travel alone, never engaging in frivolous talk. We are reclusive.

A true member of Nahziryah Monastic Community and the Nazir Order of the Purple Veil, will first, foremost and always proclaim Nazirmoreh (All Blessings and Respect Due) as his or her Spiritual Teacher and Guide. Nazirmoreh (A.B.R.D.) nurtures us in a spiritual and universal love for all beings; for all are fellow travelers on the spiritual journey. With an open heart and far reaching vision, Nazirmoreh (A.B.R.D.) guides the Nazir children of light onward and upward - to embrace the All in All. Who are *these* children of light? Those who would choose, those who hear the call and have come to give their All...BEHOLD THE ONE IN ALL.

In Truth, In Light, In Love
Peace be with you
All In All
Nahziryah Monastic Community
Nazir Order of the Purple Veil

...MAY PEACE PREVAIL ON EARTH...

Blessings and Thanks to
Reverend Nazirmoreh K. B. Kedem (A.B.R.D.)
founder, spiritual head & director of -
Nahziryah Monastic Community / Retreat for Meditation and Wholistic Living
Monastic Ecovillage / The Community Of The Purple Lodge
The Nazir Order Of The Purple Veil / In The Degree Of The Ascension

**Blessings and Thanks to our Spiritual Master
Reverend Nazirmoreh K. B. Kedem (A.B.R.D.)**

In Service...

Nahziryah
Monastic
Community

The Nazir Order of
the Purple Veil

Retreat for
Meditation and
Holistic Living

Better Health
Naturally Informa-
tion Department

Nazir Art Crafts

Veil of Truth
Omniversity
Purple Veil

Newsletters
*and more to
come...*

MAY PEACE
PREVAIL ON EARTH

**Please visit the main website
concerning the Community,
the Service.**

**News from Nahziryah Monas-
tic Community**

www.nmcnews.org

**There are always heights
ahead. We are on an infinite
journey...**

The Purple People Place

www.thepurplepeople.org

For further information:

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**EMBRACE THE LOVE
FROM ABOVE**



Embrace the Love from Above



"You get what you are, you get what you pay for. What you are is the plane of consciousness you're traveling on. You get according to your experiential need, related to your level of consciousness or degree of awareness. The pay is the effort you put into utilizing the information received that is conducive to your higher consciousness expansion and further spiritual development."

Reverend Nazirmoreh (ABRD)

MAY PEACE PREVAIL ON EARTH