

# The True Adventure

A Children's Story for the child in All





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

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Nahziryah Monastic Community  
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The Nazir Order Of The Purple Veil  
In The Degree Of The Ascension*



**"The Book of Series"  
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The Nazir Order of the Purple Veil  
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**Embrace the Love from Above**

# The True Adventure

Even as the poet gathers together once again:

*The forest was so lovely, green and deep,  
and he had promises to keep,  
with valleys low and mountains steep,  
through half spun dreams and clouds that sleep...*

With a kingly stride for such a small stature, possessing a sharp intellect to match – he walked up to the forests’ edge, and, stealing a little time from the days work, stood thoughtfully. Searching for a better view, he slowly and carefully climbed up on a nearby ledge. Yet for all his efforts, he could not see through it all – with so much vegetation in the way and with trees standing so tall. “What lay on the other side?”, echoed deep within him somewhere. From where he stood, this question would always be there. He sat quietly gazing for sometime, turning this question over and over in his mind – when suddenly from out of nowhere, a response came echoing through the forest deep – “Come see, come see, come see...”.

Startled, he immediately rose to his little feet and jumped off his little ledge. Quickly looking over his shoulder, he whispered this little pledge. “I know what I’m doing, and where I’m going too – right now the forest calls, and this forest I must go through”.

**To this, with a kingly stride and grasping  
mind – in the little king went...**

He perceived the straightest way through  
would be to follow a line in the direction of the sun.  
Then setting his eyes on the many sights and sounds around him, his  
journey had now begun -

**A thick chorus of crickets welcomed this little  
king into his court. The dew heavy upon the  
foliage, lay a carpet for his comfort. It was as  
if the whole forest was aware of his pres-  
ence – each flower and insect waiting to tell  
him of their story. And it was a beautiful day –  
warm and breezy. It seemed as though the  
suns' rays trickled through the openings in  
the tree tops – just to touch him with their  
vibrant sensation...**



**“A thick  
chorus of  
crickets  
welcomed  
this little  
king into his  
court. ..”**

**He felt very relaxed and open when it happened -**

**Slowly walking along,  
with limb and vine hugging his feet,  
from somewhere came a voice,  
very low and subtly sweet.**

**“Where go you, my little man?  
I saw you coming from a distance.  
Perhaps I can keep you company,  
perhaps I can be of assistance.”**

**A Chameleon of many colors,  
bowed as it introduced itself.  
“Many do call me Pleasurable,  
don’t mind the few who call me Stealth.”**

**He watched the Chameleon perform,  
changing colors as the scenery shifted.  
Walking thru flowers and leaves,  
with each new scene it’s appearance drifted.**

**The little king marveled at this sight,  
as thoughtfully within himself he mused.  
Now having the kings’ full attention,  
the Chameleon sat down highly amused.**

**Then in full glory the Chameleon proceeded  
to say with a sly little wink,  
“How do you like my beautiful colors?  
Tell me what you really think.”**

**The question revealed the Chameleons’ true colors,  
turning a light on in the little kings’ head.  
Seeing in truth this was all a display of the ego,  
growing in discrimination, the little king said -**

**“I don’t’ know about this meeting,  
you keep changing colors right before my eyes.  
How am I to know,  
this is not all a grand disguise?”**

**“My friend have no worry,  
my friend put down all fear -  
don't I look just lovely,  
no matter which way I appear?”**

**“Perhaps that may be so,  
but I remember being taught too,  
outwardly many profess,  
but inwardly few remain true.”**

**“Well, don't I sound completely real,  
I can sing and dance right here on the spot.  
Come on, what's the problem -  
do you want me along or not?”**

**The Little king gathered in his feelings,  
as he carefully withdrew from the scene -  
“No thank you, my dear Chameleon,  
though your words sound very tempting.”**



**“...don't I look just lovely,  
no matter which way I appear?”**

Then holding his head high, the little king thought to himself, “Seeing thru that Chameleon was as easy as looking in a mirror.” Then looking in the direction of the Sun, he journeyed on...

He rambled through the forest for what seemed like hours without end – greeting each strange new plant, as well as every four legged and furry friend. The atmosphere was so peaceful. The little king hadn’t a care in the world. Not really paying attention to where he was going...

“*Ggggrow!!! !!!*”, came a sudden and terrifying sound. Frozen in his tracks, he did not dare turn around. “*Ggggrow!!! !!!*”, came a cry – loud, fierce and mighty, with footsteps racing towards his now trembling body. Then swooping the little king up in it’s giant jaws, it carried him swiftly off with it’s four giant paws.

In great terror, his programmed conditioned thoughts took full control of his fledgling little mind. He could not understand why all this was happening to him - why was life (which a moment ago was so carefree) being so hostility unfair. In defense, it flashed before his uncontrolled mind – “I was just simply taking a little walk through the forest. Someone should have warned me – no one ever heard me say I knew what I was doing or where I was going None of this is my fault.”

**Fear overtook even these elementary thoughts, as he felt sharp teeth closing in on all sides. And so the story turned...**

**Taken to a little clearing,  
and set down on the forest bed.  
Not knowing what would be his fate,  
he closed his eyes in dread.**

**Crying with every ounce of his being,  
“Oh please leave me be, sir!”  
With no thought of anything else in life,  
his mind was now simply a blur.**

**To the little kings' utter astonishment,  
the Great Bear opened it's mouth wide.  
Then looking the little king straight in the eye,  
told him to put all fear aside.**

**“There are times – as life turns around on it's wheel,  
that shocks, discomfort and pain may come -  
to assist the passenger grow in clarity,  
towards goodness, beauty and true freedom.”**

**“Had you taken just one more little step,  
in the direction you were going -  
in the deepest hole you would have fallen,  
at it's bottom hot lava flowing.”**

**The little king regaining his senses,  
enlightened by this traumatic event,  
opened up fully to the lesson,  
seeing so clearly what the Great Bear meant.**

**“Thank you so very much kind and gentle bear,  
I am now so grateful for your fearful cry and sharp teeth.  
For had you thought it kinder not to show them,  
I would have fallen into a deep abysmal beneath.”**



Giving the little king a great big hug, it softly smiled and said, "My weary little traveler, rest here for a while. You have come a long, long way – with still a long way to go. So do what you must to get back on the Path– and from it stray no more." His little eyes were indeed growing heavy, and his mind full of the days' experiences. Wondering what the Great Bear meant about getting back on the Path, he laid down and closed his eyes to sleep.

The Great Bear disappeared as suddenly as it had come.



"Thank you so very much kind and gentle bear,  
I am now so grateful for your fearful cry and sharp teeth.  
For had you thought it kinder not to show them,  
I would have fallen into a deep abysmal beneath."

**The sun making it's way across the midday sky, slowly crept over the little kings' face – awakening him from a refreshing rest. Rubbing his eyes gently, he rose once again – ready to continue on his journey — anticipating the many sights and sounds waiting him in the forest. Upon taking his very first step...**

**“Excuse me please, excuse me please -  
you are stepping on my foot.”  
Looking down, the little king saw,  
an ant half hid beneath a root.**

**“I'm so sorry tiny legged one,  
I pray you are not harmed.  
I did not even see you there,  
please don't be alarmed.”**

**The little king bent down to help the little ant to his feet. Apologizing, he told the ant it was all just an accident. The ant raised it's antennas and pointing them toward the little king he said -**

**“Though what you may call an accident – does happen,  
it eases not the pain of my circumstance.  
Please don't take lightly any incident,  
for truly nothing ever happens by chance.”**

**“Those who travel life's many roads,  
involved in life's many distractions -  
Entangled they see not the cause,  
of the pain which follows their actions.”**

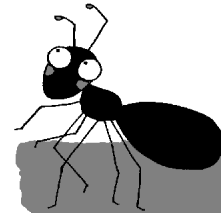
**“Then excusing each effect one by one,  
‘til unconsciousness becomes the norm.  
Accumulating debt after debt,  
like one unprepared for a storm..”**

**“Still the scales demand to be balanced,  
for every wrong must be duly righted.  
Look for the cause and attend to that,  
that no debt be unconsciously slighted.”**

**“Pay full attention to each thought, word, and deed,  
for so the lessons go.  
You could not have possibly stepped on my foot,  
if in consciousness you sow.”**

**The little king listened intently to all that ant revealed, giving serious attention to his actions. Picking up his new found friend, he thanked it – and asked what could he do to make up for the suffering he had caused. The little ant replied, “Here is a little secret,” and whispered in the little kings’ ear, “go find the babbling brook, you have a friend there very dear”. The little king asked where was this brook, for he did not know the forest’s depth. The final words of the little ant were, “it is easily found when in consciousness you step, but be prepared if into unconsciousness you fall”.**

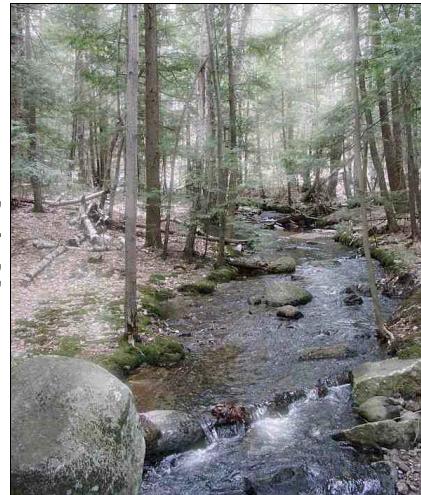
**“Excuse me please, excuse me please  
– you are stepping on my foot.”**



The day was beginning to set, and he had found neither the brook nor the forest's end. And what did the Great Bear mean about getting back on the Path? Though trying unsuccessfully not to be distracted with anxiety and worry, each step was becoming harder to bare — Suddenly... *Drop, drop, drip* – came a sound from down the hill. *Drip, drip, drop* – as his little feet ran towards the spot. Then – Splash into the water, splash without a look. Not watching his footstep, he fell head first into the brook. A wave picked him up gently and rolled him back onto the bank. Then with a gentle ripple it uttered, “My brother, you almost sank!”.

*Sitting up he wiped his eyes,  
and looked intently into the flow -  
Seeing only his image he asked,  
“Who are you, please let me know.”.*

“Splash into the water,  
splash without a look.  
Not watching his footstep,  
he fell head first into the brook.”



**“To know me, here is a story. Follow it through to the letter.  
If you are so able, both of us will be the better.  
One time not so long ago, while flying through the sky -  
A lighter part was severed – while the heavier part did die.  
An eagle caught the lighter, placing it carefully in this reflection.  
But the heavier part was caught, in the hands of a lower projection.  
Look deeply into this mirror, for Love does conquer all.  
Truly I am your Brother, it was as One we heard the Call.”**

**The little king looked deeply into the water. His eyes opened wide when he saw that his reflection was carrying a load. He wondered if he was dreaming, for he knew he had entered the forest empty handed. He felt very uneasy seeing this, and tried in his mind to assure himself that this image was his imagination. Halfheartedly, after considering all that he had done and not done in the past, he asked his other half – “What is that you carry, what has it to do with me? If you be my reflection, what is this I see?”.**

**His other half replied:**

**In this bag are your burdens.  
of ignorer, deceiver and thief.  
Thinking they cannot be seen,  
regardless of how much they cause you grief.**

**I see and do record every single maneuver,  
it matters not that as two – the lower part did descend.  
Together we can create a most beautiful jewel,  
I long to reunite that as One we may ascend.**

I can remain only a deep hidden reflection,  
when through life's distractions woe is fed.  
Only the unwise drop the bowl of sweetly cooked rice,  
to feast on a crumb of fallen bread.

The forest is full of life's many and varied wonders,  
the other side will always seem an interesting quest.  
Each step – an opportunity to live a holy life,  
yet there are so many ways to stray from what is truly  
best.

This morning found you lost in the mind's deep dark forest,  
rambling on – all you have come to find is the night sky.  
Step after step the forest's end will never be reached,  
when like a dream, it's lessons are viewed as clouds  
floating by.

Looking outwardly – off the Path you chose to wander,  
over looking the true adventure which lies in going within.  
Looking over your shoulder you thought to get through,  
mountains steep and valleys low – possessed by a most  
heavy burden.

With a clear sharp mind you stride,  
with confidence born of a nobler path.  
Only partially can the higher get through,  
due to the firm grip of the lower's wrath.

Through a turn of fate – I am but your reflection,  
turning within the heart until truth you enthrone.  
Little king awake to the blessings around you,  
lest forest after forest you wander alone...



The evening bell rung. He awoke abruptly,  
anxiously looking around wondering what  
had happened. Sent to collect three bags of  
leaves to assist in mulching the turnip and

asparagus raised bed planters, he saw just a half filled bag right where he left it before falling asleep on the little ledge. Though he knew he would have to pay for his neglect, he felt as though a burden was being lifted from his heart, as though a connection was made – like a new day was beginning after a long deep night. As he gathered together his empty bags, he gathered together his thoughts. Like a breeze gently blowing through his mind, he heard a whisper – “*Come be, come be, come be...*”. He at first thought he must be dreaming. But then arose a small, sure voice. Even as the poet gathers together once again the ending lines of the poem, this he heard and put to memory -

Tho I fell down into your reflection,  
you did climb up to the Teacher's door.  
Thru effort receive and use the promise,  
that you originally came here for.

For the two to once again be One,  
the student must open the latch.  
Distracted not by a kingly stride,  
or with a sharp intellect to match.

For where would the wayfarer be,  
without the star's guiding light?  
And how would the traveler stay warm,  
on a cold winter's night?

With guidance the ramblings end,  
with the aid of fire the lamp is lit.  
The wise well know the value,  
and are not deceived by the ego's wit.

To all who so make ready,  
the door will open wide.  
When the Teacher rings the bell,  
step up and step inside.

He looked into the forest once more, before  
hurrying in with his empty bags – but with a  
change of heart, thankful to be right here,  
right now... ready to give his All.

**The Beginning...**







**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.)*

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**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