

THE OBSERVER'S NOOK

*Volume Six, Number One
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IN THIS ISSUE OF THE “NOOK”...

“On Celibacy” by John Rose – This very pragmatic approach to an ancient practice is useful information for those who wish to develop the intuition and mental faculty for understanding and approaching the Ultimate Self.

“A Gimble in a Wabe #7, A Retrospect on Moments of the Now” by James Cornie – As editor of the “Nook,” I find this to be my favorite “Gimble.” Jim has a gift of storytelling – and because of his background in science, the story holds water. And yet each poem, prose and recounting of events is projected through the heart. His connection to Richard Rose brings home the fact that all systems have something in common, yet it is a matter of discernment as to how we bypass the extraneous information – separate the wheat from the chaff, if you will. In his latest Gimble, Jim takes us once again down the proverbial rabbit hole to uncover the kernel of truth in all things.

“Observing the Observer” by Andrew McMaster – Mac’s gift for laying it on the line in regards to the search for truth and retreating from error is especially evident in this article on the purpose of meditation.

“Man in his present mind as expressed by his personality and beliefs, does not observe. He is part of an observation process. Man, as we know ourselves, does not experience—he is experienced.” –Richard Rose, The Unpublished Works of Richard Rose.

Welcome to the Richard Rose Teachings Newsletter

ON CELIBACY

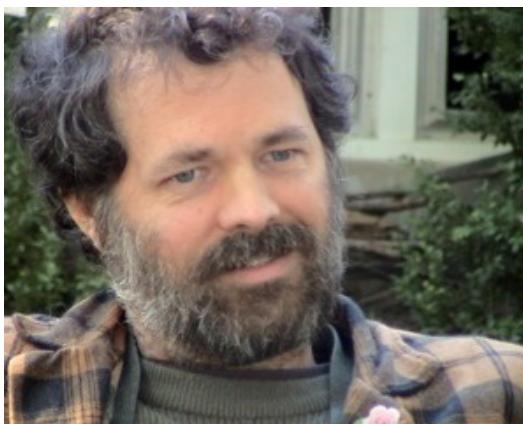
BY JOHN ROSE

The following is a response to a seeker who asks, "Could you write in more detail about the practice of healthy celibacy?"

Celibacy is a unique challenge and is no lighthearted matter, but the benefits are worthwhile if approached properly. To begin with, you are addressing sexual energy, the most fundamental and strongest force in our physical being. Sexual energy is the source of nearly all our actions and ideas. It is the force that drives us, and therefore should be treated with great caution.

Celibacy is a fundamental component of the foundation of, let's say, our Spiritual or inner house. As with our physical real estate, we need to keep it in order if it is to function and provide shelter. If we have a poorly built structure, or if there are leaks in the walls, roof, or pipes, we lose valuable energy. If our wiring is faulty we risk burning the place to the ground. If there is clutter and dirt everywhere, we end up wasting endless time looking for things we have misplaced, or living in an unhealthy environment that can make us sick. This model of our physical house mirrors our inner or Spiritual house. When we embark on a quest for genuine Self Realization it is best to start from a place of order. This will provide solidity and efficiency on our journey. Realize that life is short and in order to make the most of this gift we have to exert the effort required to make the trip. What has any of this got to do with celibacy? To begin

with let me define as best as I can what celibacy is. It is essentially a vacation from sex and its many forms. This is rather simple. We refrain



John Rose shares a conversation with friends in his front yard.

from sex in thought, word and deed. This includes sexual reverie (fantasy) or the mental aspects of sex. In other words, celibacy is a mental and physical abstinence from all sexual acts. This includes masturbation, oral sex, sexual fantasy, etc. This practice isn't a lifelong commitment or a promise to some unseen deity. It isn't a harsh insurmountable discipline, and we don't advance in rank or receive a merit badge at the end of our journey. It is merely a means of clearing the head of excessive turbulence, a means to cultivating the intuition, and a way of keeping vital energy from leaking out of our being. Look at it like repairing the leaks and weakened infrastructure of our house. As stated in the beginning of this paragraph, it is the foundation of getting our inner house in order.

Breaking any impulse, habit, addiction, etc. involves a change in one's everyday patterns and routines. If you have any sort of sex related literature such as erotica or pornography it is best to get rid of it. You don't have to divorce your spouse or retreat to a monastery, but you do have to make a commitment to remain celibate for a period of, say, 30 days while you get your house in order, or get your head together. Set aside time every day to look inside yourself. Meditate in whatever way allows you to look at yourself. This need not be some ancient or exotic technique. You don't need a guru or class to do this. All you have to do is set aside time alone where you can observe yourself.

The right attitude is very important because

distraction comes easy. Our mind, especially under the influence of hormones and various stimuli whether external or internal can trick us in ways we may not immediately see or be aware of. Respite from the physical sex act is probably the easiest aspect of celibacy. The less tangible aspects are another story. When your mind drifts to a sexual thought you have to turn your mental head in another direction. Here is where it gets tricky. Try focusing on unresolved issues, prayer, take a walk, observe yourself, whatever it takes. Write what is on your mind. Examine why you are on the celibate path. Be very careful, I repeat, BE VERY CAREFUL not to let your thoughts drift into areas where you will lose the energy you have gained through celibacy. Steer clear of any sort of spiritual pride or elitism of any kind. Do not get caught up in attachment to anything in particular. Be mindful that any neurosis, mental difficulty, depression, and so forth that you have will likely be magnified during this time. It is important to have a plan and use the time to work on whatever it is that motivated your celibacy in the first place. I recommend a lot of writing, a lot of physical exercise, and a decent diet.

It is important to maintain good health in the process so long as you don't get so caught up in the process of keeping the body healthy that you lose sight of your original aim. I recommend nutrients such as pumpkin seeds and saw palmetto for prostate health if you are a man, and if you are a woman, there are separate nutrients such as Dong Quai available at most any health food store. It doesn't hurt to do a little research in this department depending on what seems best for you. I also recommend drinking a lot of water, and laying off too many stimulants, especially alcohol or drugs.

Most importantly keep a good mental attitude. Be celibate for the right reasons. My own reasons have nothing to do with religious convictions or to attain favor with God. In other words I do not see it as paying homage to anything. My reasons have been practical so I could have the energy needed to build intuition and to have the internal energy to explore the path of Self. You must act of your own free will. That is why I think it best to approach it as a vacation from sex.

Strong moral principles are often underrated in our world today. We as a population seem to have lost our sensitivity to the more subtle

essences of life. Celibacy can be a valuable and beautiful experience for those willing to approach it with the right attitude. There are reasons remarkable people have practiced it over the ages. It is at the core of all great success secrets and mystical practices.



A GIMBLE IN A WABE #7

A RETROSPECT ON MOMENTS OF THE NOW

BY JAMES CORNIE

The experiences described below certainly are not enlightenment but perhaps they document openings of perception along the way. One of my old friends from back in the early days with Richard Rose in Pittsburgh, Rob Ayres, loaned me a book by Eckhart Tolle who wrote on the art of living in the moment or the **Now** as he termed it. Rob currently meets with a Tolle group and would be a better spokesman for the works of Tolle than I. I have read of these ideas in the past but they did not register. Perhaps, after experiences that I relate below, I am ready to hear the message and I now have a conceptual framework to make some intellectual sense of the **Now**. I can now look back on instances in my life and review past writings and memories and bring them up to date. I have written about some of these events before in "*The Observer's Nook*" while others have been harvested from my journals. Some material has recently resurfaced after digging into old files where I found a whole stash of poetry and prose written in the early 80's. I submit these recollections and reinterpretations in inverse order of their occurrence for your interest, consideration and feedback.

THE GRAND CANYON:

I have written in the "Nook" of an experience of the **Now** standing on the rim of the Grand Canyon a year and a half ago and viewing what my geology trained mind told me was some 60% of the history of this planet revealed in the panorama of multi-hued layers of sedimentary

rock presented to me. I wrote that the view was astounding and for those few moments, my mind was clear of thought. I simply entered the panorama before me and for a few precious and memorable moments, became a part of it. There was no distinction between the view and the viewer. Tears flowed as it was intensely emotional as well as peaceful.

I later rationalized that this landscape formed by erosion, by subtraction of mass, is profoundly beautiful and on a non-intellectual level is meaningful. Upon reflection, I recognized that this beauty was created by a reduction process and is a perfect analogy to seeking truth through the elimination of untruth from one's being as stated by Richard Rose. I find that I can go back to that experience of being on the rim of the Grand Canyon simply by closing my eyes. I am quite sure that a repeat onsite experience would now be different because I have layered it with my left brain intellectual treatment but still, I am looking forward to a return to the rim. I would urge anyone to simply walk to the rim of the canyon, suspend thought and allow one's self to experience this unique power site on Earth. The **Now** is here and available through our suspension of expectations and thought but it helps to be presented with something so awesomely spectacular and beautiful that it takes your breath away.

JACOB'S JOKE AND SURFING THE WAVE OF CREATION:

I had written two years ago in the "Nook" about the Wilkinson Microwave Map of the Universe which is made up of omni-directional background microwave radiation left over from the Big Bang some 13.7 billion years ago. Microwave radiation is the ultimate red shift and any form of radiation was not observable before some 360,000 years after the event of creation of this and all of our potential. The universe has been extending from that primal event at the speed of light to where we stand at this instant, at this very keystroke and we are at this point of 13.7 b years from the origin. We are now at the leading edge of the still evolving universe, on the wave of creation. This I knew from study and from physics.

Through my studies into the primal inception of the universe, I, like St. Augustine, had become comfortable with the concept that there was no time before the Creation (which is called the Big

Bang by scientists, us secular agnostics and atheists). I had not yet formed and internalized the concept of **Now**. That came to me in a flash by the punch line of a joke that my grandson Jacob played on me and made me realize that this moment is the leading edge of all creation and is packed with meaning. Shortly after the last presidential election, Ruth and I took two of our grandkids, Jacob and Evan, to Washington, DC where we toured the Smithsonian Aerospace Museum. At the NASA cosmology exhibit we saw the Wilkinson Microwave Anisotropy Probe (WMAP) map of the universe. Jacob asked me at lunch after touring the museum what I liked best and I told him I liked the WMAP and drew what it meant on a napkin. (The NASA graphic can be viewed in earlier versions of the “Nook”). Jacob, being used to rants from his eccentric grandpa, grinned and said **WOW!** Wow indeed, I said as it rhymes with **NOW**. Then Jacob told me of the TV advertisement where a family, including dad, mom, kid, baby, dog, cat and flea on cat all say **WOW** in their various voices when first exposed to high definition TV. It dawned on me at that instant of the punch line (I called it an epiphany at the time) what the **WOW/NOW** meant. That WMAP exhibit graphically shows the state of the universe some 360,000 years after the mysterious birth of the universe at the Big Bang¹. Time and everything else that evolved into this moment was created at that point. We see from the NASA graphical presentation that we are now at the leading edge of the universe. ...This thought, this action, this keystroke... is performed at the leading edge. In fact, we are literally *surfing the wave of creation*. I knew all of this intellectually but Jacob’s joke about it hit me as a shock and I suddenly understood on a gut/right brain level. I suddenly realized we are always in a unique **Now** moment and that *we are participants in the creation of this evolving universe*. As participants, we have responsibility for the outcome. This realization has become the basis of my sense of ethics, my new morality. As I see it from my experience of the **Now** at that instant is that we each in our own way must take responsibility for creation of this new corner of the universe that we each occupy. Give me some time and the ego of an Elmer Gantry and I

could create a new age religion from this realization.

MEDICAL EMERGENCY/FINANCIAL CRISIS:

About ten years ago during the dot.com recession my company was at the verge of bankruptcy and was in need of a quick infusion of cash or business or we would go under. Along with that, I was having extreme abdominal pains and was unable to keep food down. I am almost never ill and this was very unusual for me. We had an important meeting where we were able to secure a large order and later a government contract that eventually lead to a system that you all use if you subscribe to satellite TV (Direct TV). That and military spinoffs of that technology got us off the hook. I was not feeling well at the meeting but hid it as best I could. Just after that meeting and driving home from Bedford, I fell vomiting ill and, after calling my GP, was rushed by Ruth and my crew to the emergency room at Beth Israel Hospital where they diagnosed me as having an enlarged and inflamed gall bladder that was blocking the entrance to my small intestine and prescribed emergency surgery that very late afternoon. It was all very quick and I remember nothing of the surgery, only the gurney ride to the O.R. The next thing I knew was that I was awakening in my hospital bed and Ruth was hovering over me and asking how I felt. It was a serious question. I mentally probed myself, my being and found that other than being a little foggy and in spite of a freshly stitched three inch incision into my gut, I felt no pain. Indeed, I felt the absence of pain. In fact, I felt great! Without thinking, still coming out of the anesthesia I blurted out **“I have an incredible sense of wellbeing”**. You can smile and say that it may have been really good drugs but that feeling persists. The business survived its crises, I survived my medical emergency and have hardly been sick a day since. I now recognize that awakening from surgery as a **Now** moment and to this day, that feeling has never left me. As I re-probe my being as I enter these very keystrokes, I still have that incredible feeling of wellbeing. If they were good drugs, they have had a long and lasting effect. I am approaching my mid ‘70s and I know that the end is getting ever closer but that feeling is still here and I am still blessed. My infant grandson blew kisses and waved bye-bye to me from the window as I left for my office this morning. There is meaning to this life and

¹ My scientific sense of wonderment at the mystery of the universe and our origins leads me to classify myself as a “Devout Agnostic”. I do not find this as a choice offered by various opinion polls and census forms.

this has been a magnificent trip trying to find its full dimension.

BLOW DOWN O NORther:

After my time with Richard Rose and after entering my 40's, I developed a compulsion to write about more than my usual professional technical papers and reports. I started writing poetry and prose about my experiences in a rather dynamic professional and personal life. I read and published "Blow Down O Norther" along with a few other poems in a Jack Kerouac poetry festival in Lowell, MA and published it a couple of years ago in the "Observer's Nook" and I repeat it below. It is a poem that wrote itself in a single setting with very little editing.

"Blow Down" was inspired by sailing with friends in a 24 ft. single mast sailboat rigged with a jib and mainsail. The previous day, we sailed from Boston harbor to Provincetown in a gentle following breeze and a calm sea. When we prepared to return the next day, we found ourselves faced with a near gale-force northwesterly. Our first tack took us to the inner arm of Cape Cod when the wind shifted strongly to the north. We sailed into the teeth of a strong and steady 40 knot wind as we tacked then to just offshore from Plymouth, then North-Northeast to just south of Nahant light near Marblehead, and then on a broad reach westerly back to Boston Harbor. Our survival required total concentration of the task of controlling this small craft in weather in which we should not have been at sea. We were totally focused on beating our way back to Boston at accelerating speeds on each tack as the gale was intensifying. Once safely back in the harbor and docked at the Constitution Marina, we tied down and stowed the rigging. I headed home to North Chelmsford so high on the experience and so pumped with adrenaline that when I arrived, I was compelled to write the following:

BLOW DOWN O NORther

Wind in my face
Salt crusted to my brow.
A shifting hull beneath my feet
Is all the footing I need now.

Blow down O Norther.
Reef the main and hoist the mule.
Stow the stays'ls
And hold the helm Nor'east.

The world fades over the horizon.
The rest is a shifting shoal.
All life struggles to be real.
All is unsure --- save the soul.

Wind in my face
Stinging with salt spray.
All value is in this tack.
All eternity is in this way.

DISSERTATION:

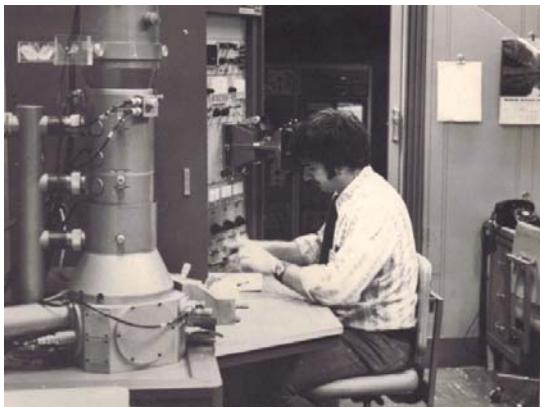
I recently uncovered some prose written in 1982, some 11 years after an unusual evening at the Westinghouse Research Laboratory where I was working with management encouragement and permission on a transmission electron microscope on a critical phase of my PhD dissertation research.

...There was a time when ambition was spent and converted into the momentum of habit. I forgot why I was insanely working days for my salary and nights for my dissertation and I no longer thought about why I was participating in this insanity. It was the force of an unthinking, unconscious momentum that carried me from my scant three hours of sleep to my laboratory where I paid great Caesar his eight hours of due. All day, as in a dream, I feigned that look of the rational, the sane and my co-workers said, "Look at Jim. He is such a hard working fellow."

Months earlier in my preparation for this session, I had melted a charge of copper and a small addition of titanium into an alloy that I cast into a bar mold. Like a good blacksmith, I swaged the bar mold ingot into rods and drew part of the lot into wire for resistivity measurements to determine the kinetics of the aging-hardening process. I forged the remaining portion into flat stock and rolled it into sheet which I heat treated, quenched and aged at various times to develop microstructures to expand on the kinetics measurements. I performed all of these operations on Westinghouse equipment with the help, advice, and tools of some very competent technicians. This was the material for my metallographic study that was a significant task for my dissertation.

...At four PM the previous day, I prepared my copper alloy specimens, loaded two hundred glass photographic plates into cassettes, placed them into vacuum storage and disappeared into a blackened room housing a transmission electron microscope. For the next twelve hours, this

machine and I were as one. I was oblivious to every sound, save for the light rapping of the vacuum pump as I listened only for the tell-tale sounds of mechanical irregularities. This night there were none. Soothed by the pneumatic logic of sequencing valves and ports and mesmerized by the ghost-green phosphor screen glowing in a systematic way from diffracted electron impingement, I entered an alternative universe.



...Crystallography and indexed orientations became a part of my mind's topography and my tilting crystal was an index of my soul. The source of all things in my universe was a monochromatic electron beam and distances were measured in that inverted space of the energy of that beam divided by dimension, (a vector invented by crystallographers for analysis of x-ray or electron diffraction patterns from crystalline matter). The vector of this space became my reality and perceived separations from a mind's model became my religion, my relationship with the divine. My body outside the vacuum encased phosphorescent plane of being and my silver halide emulsion memory-mind became vaporous, thinly transparent and finally ceased to exist as my being was transported through the leaded glass into the chamber, into the reciprocal space of energies vectored existence. It was there that the distance between objects and observer ceased to have any meaning as all measurements were but dimensions of my soul and the union of consciousness with matter became complete. I existed as an abstraction of mathematics and physics. I stared into the source of my being. The beam of electrons momentarily became my local ray of the absolute and fleetingly, I comprehended. Time ceased and became irrelevant.

...With some dim awareness of the needs of some future Caesar, I rotated my inverted planes and plotted the vectors of myself. I surveyed and recorded on silver halide emulsion my inner landscape until far away in another world, time again began to stir. A body was aching. A neck was stiff and tired eyes were looking into me. Slowly, I lost view of my ray and traversed the lesser beam through the leaded glass, into those tired eyes, down the optical nerve, into the molecular memory banks and back to the frontal lobes where I nudged the heavy mass and said: "come on old boy. It is a wrap. Go home to your patiently suffering wife and children and dream another dream."

...A purple dawn was glowing in the East-North-East as I slid un-dreaming into sleep. Four hours later at Great Caesar's gate I found two-hundred exposed and developed glass photographic plates and ten pages of notes written by a ghost. This evening resulted in a kick-ass dissertation and a wonderment of the indistinct and permeable boundaries between my essence and the physical universe...

This, with just a little editing, was written in 1982; eleven years after twelve hours of oblivion. After this experience and preparing for my degree confirmation, I was asked if I wanted to be a doctor of science or a doctor of philosophy. I asked, what is the difference? They told me that a doctor of philosophy has language proficiency requirements. After that evening, I considered myself to be more of a philosopher than a scientist. I quickly enrolled in a crash course of reading German and worked hard enough to be able to translate a published article selected at random from a technical journal of physics which was sufficient to satisfy the language requirement. That officially converted me from a scientist into a philosopher but do not ask me at this late date to read, let alone speak German. That, I submit is further proof of my insanity.

THE NOW OF A CHILD:

Perhaps a child is naturally in the **Now**. I grew up in an irrigated tract amidst the desert of South Idaho where any moisture left over from the snows of winter and infrequent rains of spring were considered a blessing and added an early boost to the growth of our hay, grain, potatoes and beans. I wrote a poem of a vivid childhood

memory that I have recently come to recognize as a **Now** moment...

MOISTURE

Dad and I
And the hired hand
Walked through the field
Kicking clumps of sod...

Looks like there's enough moisture
To plow, plant, and sprout
Before we irrigate...

Dad, Dad ---
DAD! ---
What's moisture?

He drove his shovel into the ground
As far as his boot
Then overturned a full spade
Of brown teeming earth.

I saw fine roots on new sprouts
And crisp succulent stems
From an exploded seed.
A worm writhed
And the loam molded
Into my clinched hand.

I did not then know
That moisture requires water.

IN RETROSPECT:

I have given an account of a series of experiences that have helped me define the **Now**. The **Grand Canyon** panorama was immediately recognized for it was based upon the **epiphany/Now** that I realized earlier from the punch line of **Jacob's Joke**. The intellectual framework was acquired through my cosmology studies and I was ready for the deeper intuitive realization. I now recognize that for that time, the most intense portion of our sailing trip, I was totally in the moment, in the **Now**. **Blow Down O Norther**, was an experience of the **Now** before I had the concept structure but it did give me a poem that speaks for itself and at the time, I sensed the importance of this experience. Likewise, I did not understand the importance of that brief but lasting assessment of the **Medical Emergency** but it stayed with me in pre-conceptual format until this moment as I brought it back for examination. The **Dissertation** experience set me on the path to try to understand Zen which led me to Richard Rose.

Part of my success as a materials scientist lies in an ability that I developed that memorable evening to enter the material at the atomic level and intuitively, on a “gut” level to understand its properties and behavior. It has evolved from a **Now** trip to a mental exercise that I have learned to turn to profit. One of these insights was codified into a patent and many of them constitute the intellectual property that is the basis of my company’s products. A precious few of my better poems (beyond those cited above) originated in insights from moments of **Now** in which the initial event was expanded and packed with ruminations and meaning beyond that moment. “**Moisture**” was a memory that, upon adult reflection, wrote itself. I now recognize that recovered experience as a child’s **NOW**. I have never been sufficiently proficient as a meditator to bring them on at will. I feel fortunate to have experienced them at all. Knowing that there is a **Now** at this instant, even though I am not feeling its depth gives me comfort and purpose. I am becoming aware of the need for a balanced intellectual and intuitive basis for any problem and issue. This theme follows from my recent Right Brain/Left Brain studies that I am beginning to apply more widely in my philosophical investigations.

The books by Eckhart Tolle do a good job in explaining the **Now** as well as the spiritual search and life and I highly recommend them. I suspect that there is much of the **Now** in the headless way of Douglas Harding², which is similar but perhaps with a different vocabulary. Of course, I belatedly recognize all of this from a walk in the woods with Richard Rose³, though I

² When I first met Douglas Harding, he tried to show me the “Headless Way”. He got right into my face and told me that I had no head and what I had was just getting in the way of letting the universe in. I thought at the time that he was just a loveable old nut but I also knew that he had a point. At that moment looking into his eyes, I was not aware that I had a head. I was aware of a good natured grizzly grey mass in front of me and most certainly it looked to me like a head.

³ During a walk in the woods with Richard Rose, we were quiet, observing whatever came our way. He then noted a sound, presumably from inside my head. I have always had a sound in my brain, a high pitched omnipresent whir that sounds like electrical interference on an out of tune radio. It is called “tinnitus” but it causes me no discomfort and I only notice it when I listen and focus. Richard was polite and mercifully did not tell me any more of the tangled mess he must have seen in there.

regrettably never had the full blown **Now** experience in his presence. I do believe that my friend Rob Ayres did and you should consider this a public plea for Rob to send a draft of his experience on to the editor for a future article.

I invite you to join me in surfing this wave of the leading edge of creation, of the ever evolving **Now**.

James Cornie

As usual, scathe and praise equally accepted at jcornie@mmccinc.com.



**"In love that is new—there must you die.
Where the path begins on the other side.
Melt into the sky and break free
From the prison whose walls you must smash.
Greet the hue of day
Out of a fog of darkness.
Now is the time!"**

--Rumi

"...He [Richard Rose] is the most profound teacher I've ever come across, and also the most incredible human being... I am so sad I missed meeting him; but I'm glad that you guys are keeping the teachings available..."

--J.D., France

OBSERVE THE OBSERVER

BY ANDREW McMaster

There is increasing reluctance to write about That which cannot be stated in words. 99.9% of seekers are looking to do, gain, or attain, when the very essence of Mister Rose's suggestion to

become a vector and return to the Source is about losing and discarding. Meditating, praying, chanting, fasting, counting beads, or reading these articles are usually all about *gaining knowledge or liberation*. These actions maintain the spiritual or religious personas that are the cause of ignorance and falsehood. Any *doing* is best aimed at discarding concepts and personas and retreating from the false.

Mister Rose wrote, "Meditation will provide material for meditation if we just observe the Observer." Meditation is all about discarding the concepts, enculturation, and domestication that we have accumulated as members of dualistic cultures, including body and mind attachment, for those of you who still think you are the body, or are attached to what you think. This is the Neti Neti (not this, not that) meditation. The thoughts, emotions, and attachments are witnessed and discounted. These are the material to which Mister Rose referred. The body, mind, religious, and spiritual attachments, commonly called ego, are observed and discarded (ALL of them).

When all concepts are discarded, we can become the Pure Observer and Realization occurs. We become that which is the Source of Awareness. The duality between Observer and Observed ceases to exist and we are One. The paradox is that we were always That, were always the Unicity, and always will be. Nothing ever needed to be done, except that we manifested in a sensual and dualistic realm which we were erroneously told was "reality." We were given or told everything about this reality, whether we wanted it, or not. Most often we accepted all the concepts, and enculturation to gain pleasure, or avoid pain. None of it is ours. In meditation we retreat from this false reality to become the Truth.

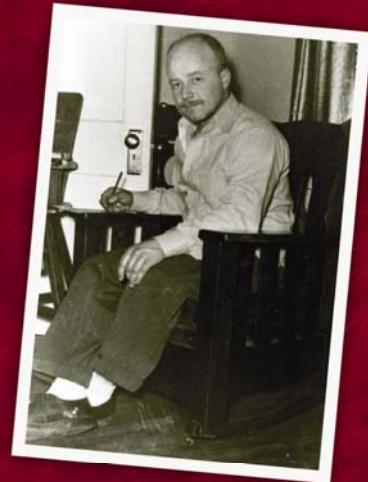
We recently observed the biggest yearly homage to Capitalism in the guise of celebrating the incorrect birthday of the most misunderstood, most exploited, and most misquoted Realized being in history. Jesus taught that a dual-minded man is unstable in all ways. Even if Realization does not occur, dropping emotions, preconceptions, dogma, and domestication that we received as members of a dualistic and insane society will help us bring about internal peace. This is the only way we can change the world. Observe the Observer, discard the false, and retreat toward the Truth.

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<http://twitter.com/albigenman> or go to his Facebook page at
<http://www.facebook.com/people/John-Rose/692946767>

For information on an Ontario, Canada online discussion group contact:
Philip.winestone@rogers.com or go to Richard-rose-friendship-group@googlegroups.com

THE UNPUBLISHED WORKS OF
RICHARD ROSE



COMPILED AND EDITED BY
ALAN FITZPATRICK

New title from Rose Publications to be released mid-January, 2011: *The Unpublished Works of Richard Rose* compiled and edited by Alan Fitzpatrick, 152 pages, paperback, \$12.00, ISBN 978-0-615-42632-7. www.richardroseteachings.com

Wishing you all a wonderful New Year! My gratitude for the support of our staff writers and you, the reader, is immeasurable.

--Cecy Rose, Editor



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