

LOSING THE MOON

Byron Katie Dialogues
on Non-Duality,
Truth and other Illusions

Edited by Ellen J. Mack



"One morning as I awoke on the floor in an attic of a halfway house, I opened my eyes, and I saw without concepts, without thoughts, or any internal story. A foot appeared, along with a cockroach crawling over it. My next perception was that of laughter—it just poured out of me, and it wasn't mine. The laughter was coming from Awareness. It had just manifested as an entire universe. This was the birth of awareness: seeing itself as everything, surrounded in the vast sea of its own laughter."

—Byron Katie

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on Non-Duality
Truth, and Other Illusions*

Edited By Ellen J. Mack

The Work Foundation, Inc.
Manhattan Beach, CA

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“The world doesn’t exist and we just come to see that clearly. It’s all an illusion. It never did exist. There is no way it can exist—it’s all the reflection of a concept attached to inside. There is No One and Nothing. It’s literal. Are you ready to live without a world? Is that what you really want? Are you willing to lose the moon?”

—Byron Katie

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ABOUT THIS BOOK

Answering an invitation to gather with friends in the mountains of southern California in July 1998, Byron Katie spent three days responding to issues on awakening, illusion, habits of mind, God, stillness, and other related topics. We dialogued together from dawn to dusk. This book is the result of these dialogues. Because the text is taken from the spoken words of Byron Katie, decisions had to be made regarding language. As those of you who have met Byron Katie know, her words are engaging, immediate and often unique! She speaks from the moment with no reference to past or future. We have chosen to retain the rhythm of Katie's speech so that you may experience her as closely as possible. Katie's presence through her own language is a gift we are pleased to share.

You are invited into these pages as into a meditation. *The dialogues are not addressed to the conceptual mind.* Some sections may be found to be rich in their elusiveness—if a passage is not immediately clear to you, we encourage you to take it inside yourself, to discover its resonance there. The quotations on each facing page, surrounded with empty space, are designed to further this internal movement. They may be read as you proceed through the text, or page by page by themselves. This material goes directly into the heart of our attachments—be gentle with yourself! ...Deepest appreciation is extended to Elliott Isenberg.

FOREWORD

When I met Byron Katie I was immersed in the *advaita*, non-dual teachings. I knew the depth of Silence accessible in the Heart, as the Heart. I had sat extensively with many beautiful teachers including Gangaji, Papaji, Robert Adams, Francis Lucille, and Isaac Shapiro. I had walked around India's sacred mountain, Arunachala. My heart had sung deeply with Ramana. I had fallen more than once in full prostration with the total awe of That. I had spent months in gratitude.

And my mind was a mess. I wandered around chanting the child's rhyme of "There once was a girl who had a little curl right in the middle of her forehead. When she was good, she was very, very good, and when she was bad, she was horrid." The extremes of that seemed accurate. I would know all the bliss and gratitude of empty mind, of non-identification, and then like a wall, like a landslide, the mind would begin its cycle of not letting up. Self-abuse would reign. I felt shame at being in such misery, when I had experienced such freedom. I felt something must be very wrong with me. How could I know the truth of no self, of emptiness, and still be caught by the illusions that left me full of fear and self-loathing?

Many friends had suggested meeting Byron Katie and experiencing The Work. I went. Having been a psychologist, the last thing I felt I needed was another method. The first

day I didn't listen to The Work at all. My focus was glued on Katie. I don't know what exactly I was studying, but I was studying her. My attitude was "Make one false move and I'm out of here," although the actual feeling was more like "Make one false move and I'll kill you." The old rage which I hadn't felt in years had returned. I was like a caged animal—caught between Truth and total pain. How could this be? The second day I continued the focus on Katie. I planted myself in the back of the room, but directly in line with her. I couldn't see the one in the chair doing the Work and I didn't want to. I simply studied Katie. That night I went home and wrote my first piece of The Work—on God and how angry I was. I didn't really connect with it much. Katie returned to Marin the next month. This time I was willing to watch The Work. I borrowed tapes. I bought the book. I began doing The Work. The first turn-arounds I experienced rocked me. Here was a procedure, done as a meditation, that worked only with my own mind and my own integrity, or lack of it. I was intrigued. I was full of resentments, and had no problem writing The Work daily.

In my connection with Katie, all my longing got aroused once again. I wrote The Work on Katie and again rocked with the turn-arounds! "Katie should connect me with Heart!" became "I should connect me with Heart." What do you mean *I* should? If I could, I would! "Is that true?" I began to settle down inside of myself with the questions. I began to feel the lies as they were gently contacted. I listened when Katie said the Heart is the only place we can meet—that The Work is internal.

Katie suggests asking the questions of The Work with

the mind, and letting the heart answer. Mine was not an easy case. My mind fought and scrambled for its life. My mother issues were totally in my face. I hated seeing them—again! After a decade of therapy I thought they were gone! What felt like attachments held since childhood were standing firm. I wanted the peace of non-duality, not the pain of my feelings about my mother.

But the Work works! It is four simple questions and one can ask and answer them alone. I filled out the worksheet, set up Katie's picture, got out the little book, and proceeded step by step through the four questions. I began investigating my anger with a close friend: *...She should have come to see my apartment by now! Is it true? What's the reality of it? She hasn't. What do I get when I hold the belief she should have come by now, when she hasn't? The old familiar self-righteousness and superiority, for starters. And how does that feel inside of me? Separate. Hopeless. Angry. Alone. And who or what would I be if I didn't hold that lie—the lie that says she should have visited when she hasn't? Present. Not thinking I know something. Which is more comfortable—separate, hopeless, angry, alone— or present not knowing something? I had to admit the latter. You mean thoughts cause those feelings? You mean SHE doesn't cause them? You mean I'm not a victim of her behavior?*

Years before as I sat in bliss for months on end in India, I knew that I would eventually have to face the content of the mind. I somehow knew that for me the emptiness I knew in India was a reprieve, a sweet gift. I was certain that sooner or later I would have to welcome the mind once again—that the welcoming of seeing it as not real would not be sufficient when the mind got past a certain threshold.

What The Work offered was miraculous: Purity grounded in the truth of non-duality, and in a way that addressed the particulars of this mind in the moment of its identification. I can know all is well, and I can experience the sweetness of silence, but in the next instant I can be reeling with the judgments “you should love me,” and “you should clean your room,” and “you should leave so he can be happy.” The tension between these feeling realities of the moment, and the truth of no Mind, was experienced like a rubber band pulling me into more and more self-hatred and fear. While lovingly reading about non-attachment, I was attached to very particular judgments, moment by moment.

When thoughts are not impinging, there is no problem. When there is that luscious spaciousness, that Silence, there is no problem. Thoughts come and go —like laughing gas— keeping everything at a distance in which anything is okay! This is the wondrous state of peace, of just sitting, of quiet, of non-attachment. However, in this mind, another experience sometimes takes over. The thoughts come in closer, and it’s as if the sweet veil which keeps them as out there somehow disappears. Every movement of mind suddenly feels real. The “I” is identified. Silence seems unavailable. Grace has stepped aside as unknowingly as she appeared. Shame takes over with “What have I done?” Suddenly the “I” is everything again. Asking “Who am I?” seems to only result in more mind activity.

This is where the gift of Byron Katie’s investigation comes in. It addresses the mind where it is, exactly in the middle of its content. It can go directly into shame as well as into beliefs such as “My mother should love me.” The shame

says, “These thoughts shouldn’t be arising!” The Work asks, “Is it true? Sweetheart, these thoughts shouldn’t be arising, is that true?” What is the reality of it? They are. And what do you get when you hold the belief that they shouldn’t be arising, when they are? What happens when you argue with reality? What happens is more shame! Guilt. Worry. Anxiety. Belief in the “I.” What do I get when I argue with reality? Pain. Katie says of herself if she has any freedom, it’s that she’s a lover of reality. Of what is.

The Work is based on the simple cause-and-effect relationship between attachment to a belief and it’s being let go. When I believe certain thoughts shouldn’t arise and they do, I can chronicle what happens: My body tightens; feelings of shame, guilt, and self-blame escalate; thoughts build on each other appearing more and more solid; the mind gets very active. All of this can be observed and monitored. And then, as the fourth question is asked, “Who or what would I be without this belief that certain thoughts shouldn’t arise?” I can also chronicle what happens. Without this belief, I become a simple observer without judgment. A friend. My breath eases. My stomach softens. Slowly the lovely *advaitic* “All is well” begins feeling closer inside. It’s not “All is well” as some theory, but this moment, inside of me, when I examine this belief that my friend should come visit, when I investigate it. I began to contact for myself this truth of the *advaitic* masters—All is well. I am not dependent on your actions, feelings, decisions. My shutting down my love is what hurts. I am love, I am That. And when I hold the belief that you shouldn’t be how you are, I am in the lie that there is something other than love, something other than That. Suddenly the

truths of *advaita* were seeping into my own body. I am love, not in spite of you, or when you give me what I want, just I am love. I realized the truth that Katie's daughter announced to her mother one day: "There is nothing you can do to keep me from loving you." "Who am I?" like "Is it true?" becomes again an amazing question that stops the mind.

Writing *The Work* stops the mind on paper. The swirling mass of thoughts becomes stopped. Each thought is then available in its purity for investigation. We may find the next time the thought arises, it does not produce the same discomfort, and that it is held much lighter. We may just find it mildly interesting! The Great Undoing has begun. We even look forward to it arising again, so we can investigate it freshly. As each belief is undone through the four questions, the original silence of the mind is once more available. And with the turn-around, the attention is put back where it belongs—on me. It is the returning to "Who am I?" after straying off to "Who are You?" "Who are you?" returning to "Who am I?" becomes the ultimate turn-around.

I invite you into these pages where the Truth of Non-duality and the truth of what is, meet. "Ramana" means that which resides in the Heart of all Being. Ramana comes to the West in 1998 in the form of Byron Katie. *Tat tvam asi.* (You are That!)

Ellen J. Mack, Editor

"Everything we say here is a lie. But only everything. And if you think there's something real here that could be carried on as a new religion—new concepts in any way, shape or form, ask yourself four questions...."

Wanting keeps me from the awareness
I already have it.
I already *am* it.



1.
THERE'S NOT ANYTHING LEGITIMATE EVER
GOING ON INSIDE OF ME

Friend: Are we right in understanding, Katie, that no desires arise in you?

Katie: There's not anything legitimate ever going on inside of me. You're all that's left of it. And I know that you don't believe your own desires either.

Friend: I don't believe my own desires? Let's say that a corn chip is in front of me. I can taste the salt and I feel like I'd be happier if I put that corn chip in my mouth than if I just left it there. I can feel the saliva...

Katie: That's the power of the story of a past. It's the story of a corn chip that doesn't even exist.

Friend: It's in front of me...

Katie: But it's a corn chip, sweetheart, is it true? Can you really know that?

Friend: No, I can't know it's a corn chip.

Katie: So you're telling the story that it's real, and your tongue does all that stuff, and all the desire starts, and none of it's real. I mean you could reach down and find that it's plastic! That's a closer metaphor. But even when you eat it and you investigate, it can't be real. Because everything is a story. It can't ever be legitimate.

Friend: So, why do I eat?

Katie: Because you do.

Go to integrity—
not your mind.



Friend: So, what's the difference between ...

Katie: Motive. A "you." I am eating? Ach, I don't think so! Investigate. "I" doesn't eat. It's "is-ing." There's no eating. There's no sleeping.

Friend: So, the corn chip just goes in the mouth, but as soon as it's "I want that corn chip," it's time to investigate?

Katie: Yes. *But not with the motive of not eating the corn chip.* You investigate for the love of truth because that's what you want. A corn chip is a metaphor for that that you really want.

Friend: Let's say it's true now that all I want is the truth. Now, how could I know that to be totally true?

Katie: Well, it's true until you see the corn chip. And then you switch, you've moved. So, at that moment you want a corn chip more than you want truth. When it's true you don't want the corn chip, and you're tired of the effects, it's as though apparent form starts to shift because it really is your body. And it could be obesity, or swelling from the salt, or indigestion, whatever the effects are—those are God also. When you stop preferring the corn chip, and corn chip is all the guilt, the shame, the happiness, the joy, the indigestion, all of it—that's the package. That's what is. When you don't prefer any of that, then there's no corn chip. I mean they could be all over the place, and you would never see one. It'd be like you don't want to sit in that chair forever, and so you don't. That's where the apparent world field starts to shift. It leaves when you leave. It's the end of everything. And then you notice, it wasn't just the corn chip. Or it wasn't just the sex partner. You do this work on sexuality, and you notice the desire for everything—it's across-the-board. Because it's all just a metaphor for the same thing. What happens is it just

Your whole world is only the concept you're in—
in the moment.



starts to do its own flow without attachment. It's like a "what is," with no ups or downs.

Friend: There's no "you" doing it. It's that impersonal thing that's almost impossible to get until you get it.

Katie: Well, it's not impossible to get because it's always there. The illusion is impossible to get, and not there.

Friend: When you are doing The Work I often think of *vasanas*, this concept I was taught in India, which means habits of mind, or tendencies of mind. Annamalai Swami, a disciple of Ramana Maharshi, said, "*Vasanas* arise, catch your attention, and pull you outwards towards the world rather than inwards towards the Self."

Katie: *Vasanas* are the world. The world is a reflection of the *vasanas*. The world cannot exist without them. It's a reflection of them. And he's accurate in my experience also, because he could be realizing that people think there's a past, so the world already exists for them in their reality.

Friend: He suggests just ignoring all the *vasanas* that arise in the mind and to fix the attention on the Self.

Katie: The guy's, you know, in my experience, absolutely, totally accurate. And for me, to be still 43 years ago and ignore the *vasanas* that arose in my mind, and to try to fix it on the Self—I had not heard of such a suggestion. It just wasn't available to me. So for me to be still and ignore the *vasanas*—it would be like "yeah, sure" and give me some cocaine instead. Give me something that makes sense to me. To tell someone to be still, from where I came from, would be disrespectful. It would be to ask the impossible. So, I enter the *vasana* with total respect. Rather than saying go beyond the *vasana*, let's join the *vasana*. Let's understand the *vasana*. It makes sense to

I am too beautiful to be nothing and no-one.
Give me a mirror.
Why would I deny my very self?
Going out and coming back.
I love the story of myself—
I will speak of it. I am you.
It's why denial of myself is so painful.



me because only love heals in my experience. I can't just leave it out there and go to the Self. That is me I'm leaving out there. So I came in as a reversal. I call this the re-entry. I'm in love with it. It would not think of not coming back to give itself a kiss—including it, merging with it, sexing with it, holding it, being it—all of it. Why would I want to ignore it or meditate it away? Just meet it head-on. Let me meet it with understanding. Because after all these centuries, it's pretty obvious it's not going away. And I just rarely speak of prior to that, because it leaves you out and you are me.

Friend: Could you explain more about coming in as a reversal?

Katie: It would be like if we put a mirror up here, and we're all reflected up in it. And the mirror image, you over there, is going to dictate to the mirror image of another to be different than it is. You are dictating from the mirror. Hopeless. So it's going to do everything it can watching the others in the mirror move around and think it should be like that, like it's really real. And we're just sitting here still. And it's got all of our tendencies—it's insane. It's not real! It's not Source. Okay? So for me to ask, like if I am the image, for me to try to change the other, if I'm you, is nuts! And I spend an entire lifetime trying to pull off something. I am not Source. I am the *reflection* of Source. That's why it's kind to just kick back and move when it moves. I am that. And then not even that. I mean all you have to do is turn the mirror and it's gone.

Friend: So you're the reversal?

Katie: As God, I'm watching my image. It's called you. It's called the books over there. It's called the wall. Fireplace. Everything. Okay? So I'm watching it, and I thought I was

A choice--chaos.
I prefer what is.



that. I thought I was God. Here's how I came in as a reversal: I wasn't this woman for 43 years and then awakened—I was BORN. I was born at what you would call age 43. I came from nowhere and nothing. It was wiped out. I looked at my hand for the first time. I came in through a back door. I didn't die and was born. I had never seen this earth. I came in clean. At 43. Clean. So when someone calls it a hand, it's like my self defining my self. It's like a man and woman in bed when they're the most intimate. You would say hand, and it was rapture. The very first time. And everything is a first time. So I fell in love with earth. Everything. All of it. I got to come into that. Not leave earth and go back to the other. So that is my love of the mirror image. I woke up as the image. Not God. And God. The fun part where it's lived. The fun part is the living one. It is itself realized.

Friend: So these last 12 years were the fun part.

Katie: Oh! Ah!

Friend: How were the first 43 years? Were they fun?

Katie: No. They were not fun. They were not fun. They were *not* fun. It was confusion. Just confusion.

Friend: Now, the people reading about re-entry are going to be mostly confused people. They're going to be confused people looking for concepts that will help them out of the confusion. My concern about this book is that we are going to create a new concept.

Katie: Don't bother being concerned—what you say is absolutely accurate. No need to be concerned—that's exactly what's going to happen. That's what happens in the dream.

Friend: And do we have any way to warn people about this, or to tell them—

All attachments to concepts
are to keep us from experiencing center.



Katie: Yes, up front. You can say everything we say here is a lie. But only everything. And if you think there's something real here that could be carried on as a new religion—new concepts in any way, shape or form, ask yourself four questions....

Friend: Like, "Is it true?"

Katie: Yes. I just like that it—oh, you know what I speak can't be told! So, it never bothers. But if people would just look at their hand without a story, they would fall in love also. Total. Absolute. Absolute. Absolute. Just like they would fall in love with the most apparent vicious concept that could arise. It would be the same.

Friend #2: Katie, didn't you say there are no new concepts? So when you say there's going to be a new concept with this...

Katie: People would think they have a new concept. It's just the same old thing. Let's understand the *vasana*. And when I hear these non-duality teachings, I get very excited, because they hold the space that I don't. It's me again. And when someone says, "I'm going to this teacher," I say, let's celebrate that together because to go to them, is to go to me.

I get that a lot in Europe: "Will you forgive me, I've been to see another teacher?" So, like Ramana holds that space of prior to, and I am a lover of the *vasana*. Because it's the mirror image of myself. And myself is the "prior to." It just completed itself. It lives as the full circle. I mean the no thing is no more or less than the apparent thing. And it's a total love affair. I refer to it as the re-entry that can't be done. There is no re-entry. Ramana apparently held that space. I'm a scam while he held that space. How can you speak of nothing when people think there's something?

This one speaks any egoic language necessary
to trick you into going inside.



Friend: Just say the truth that you're a scam.

Katie: I'm pretending not to be non-duality. Ramana holds the place where people can understand that truth. And I pretend I don't. And there's no "I" doing it. It's just an appearance.

Friend: And you're pretending not to hold that truth because...?

Katie: Why would I separate from you? Why wouldn't I join you? My way is to join wherever you are. When you go into the pits of hell, I'm there. I am there.

Friend: I see you actually as a Trojan horse. I see you're appearing in a guise that you're not, and this book is going to reveal the Trojan horse as it really is and I think that's what has to be, in the sense that you're a more palatable package to the Western mind in your disguised state. They think you're a person that's wise.

Katie: And it amazes me that it is standing still for such—it's obviously time. This *vasana*—habit or tendency—you're talking about comes from a natural place. It images Source.

Friend: I keep hearing the word "re-entry" as you talk.

Katie: Yes. Good. All you can do is come to see that what is, is. And then there's another step. I always say it: "I'm a lover of reality." What is, is. Until I love what is, there's a good reason to cut my throat, because I lose. I don't have control, and that was my game. My life was "I want control and I'm going to have it." So, "What is, is" can seem pretty depressing. But I'm a lover of what is. And that takes it to a whole other level and that's the re-entry for me.

Friend #2: I'm getting more and more what you mean by re-entry, but maybe you could just...

You are only love.
We've been out—we're coming back.
It's a wonderful trip.



Katie: To go to the “No thing—I’m God—I’m a song, but I won’t come out and sing,” is like halfway. The No One and the No Thing—ach! Re-enter! You may as well. It’s what you’re doing, pretending not to. You know these spiritual people, the ones that say “There’s no One and Nothing”—it’s a great concept. I really understand the teachers who are silent, who stay silent. It’s noble. And this one speaks. It had to go all the way. It had to take all the risks. It would not let any concept of “I should teach it all” stop it. The inquiry won’t have it. It says you and me, and that’s where the scam began. It came out as a liar—for love. It will do anything for love—say anything, do anything. It’s what it is. It would die for it. And that’s over and over and over. It would sell its peace. It has no caring for itself. It will join. It will join because it *is* it already. It dies for itself. Lives for itself.

Friend: What I hear you talking about is pretense. You don’t have any pretense to be anything other than what you are.

Katie: Yes, because it’s so fine, so good.

Friend #2: Katie, in a workshop recently you said, “What fun is it being God if I can’t hold up the mirror? Not mourning the coming back, not judging ourselves for not being in non-duality. Duality is a terrible thing—is it true?”

Katie: That pretty well covers it. You know how you say Ramana sat, and didn’t speak for so long, all of that—I experienced that for like a second. And because he did it, I burned through it. It didn’t take me months or years out there. It was just a moment.

What happened was this: there were a bunch of people waiting for me, and I had committed to be there. I was on this rock. And they were calling me. And I **KNEW** that nothing could

ever move me—ever, EVER move me. And then it moved! It was like because it has been done, it burned just like that. So, again, this has just gone to the next phase. It's a total reversal. My experience is until I loved them there was no peace. Because I didn't have a people world. There was only thought. There was only mind. I mean "prior to I" and "I." So it was all me. To love each one arising, that was all of existence, because you just don't exist. Show me something that's not kind. Show me something that's not benign. In other words, show me something that's real. So, it's the joy of apparent living. It's the joy of life.

Friend: Katie, could you comment about referring to yourself as "it?"

Katie: I'll say, "She needs to go to sleep now." If they hadn't said "You're a woman," I would just always say "It—it needs to sleep now." I refer to myself as "us" or "you." I'll take on any pronoun and sometimes it's hard for people to catch that. I don't have a reference point for any separation.

Friend #2: It seems to me a big difference is, of all the meditative traditions, yours is the only one that says look at the content. Everyone else is saying avoid it.

Katie: Yes, you look at it, you come to love it. I mean, isn't that what we do? Isn't that love at first sight? And if we don't love our neighbor, isn't it painful? To me there is no neighbor. There's only this—what people would call an internal world. There was nothing left to love.

I love the mind. That's all there is.
There's nothing else to love.



You have a built-in mechanism
that lets you know you're not playing with a full deck:
It's called a feeling.



2.

NON-DUALITY COMING BACK FOR ITSELF

Friend: Katie, I woke up this morning in a space where there just seemed to be awareness, and then identification set in and as soon as that happened, intense fear arose. So as we've been sitting here, I've been doing The Work with the fear. And the first thing I asked was "What am I afraid of?" And I couldn't get an answer. There's just this fear. And then I asked "What do I get for holding the belief in the fear?" What I get is a "me." Okay, so the fear gives me a "me." Then I asked, "Can I know that it's true?" And that's where the dropping into the heart won't happen. It just sits here. Intellectually, I can see it; I have a host of teachings, yours included, running through me, but it's just stuck.

Katie: I'm hearing the question. You're labeling it fear, saying that it's fear. Can you really know that it's true?

Friend: No, as soon as you said it, it was clear—

Katie: So there it is. It's done. That was the first one and you skipped it. You went to a descendant. A little reincarnation there! You're skipping a generation. It's fear, ah! Labeling it fear without investigation is how it has all these lives. And that's where psychology is born, in trying to find out what this fear is. Well, it's nothing. Let's just investigate it in the beginning. Go back to the beginning. And then there's no need for psychology.

Terror is about body identification.



Friend: So when you said about fear, “Can you know that it’s true?” It went really fast—can we go through it again?

Katie: Okay. It’s fear. Is it true? Can you really know that it is fear?

Friend: What came up was, “It’s a sensation.”

Katie: Yes. And you label it an enemy. You label it “not natural.” It’s a sensation. So, now you can ask: “It’s a sensation—is it true?” Can you really know that?

Friend: The strongest thing that comes is “I don’t know.”

Katie: That’s my position. In that place, you’re back in that twilight you were describing—before the label of sensation and then labeling it fear, and on and on and on. This is a game! This is fun! This is not serious. You’re doing one of two things all of the time: you’re attaching to apparent creation, what arises; or you’re un-attaching. And the investigation is the un-attaching. You can’t attach to what’s not true. And that’s been the apparent life’s goal— to make something real. It’s a full-time job. We don’t go to sleep at night—we pass out. It’s like living in an arena, trying to win all the time inside of yourself to make it real. And being unconscious of it. Just knowing that it’s very hopeless and stressful.

I was in Istanbul in a Turkish bath and the woman who came at me must have weighed 300 pounds—that’s an under-exaggeration—and she was entirely physical. And I could not make a sensation. Another person could have called it a physical torture chamber. And that’s all that happened to you this morning. Making something out of nothing. Without investigation it has to go on like the creator because it’s a mirror image. That’s its nature, but to investigate is to put yourself back into a clear position of “I am That.” I AM the

To think I know something
is a fearful state of mind.



sensation. And it can't be told. But the investigation puts you into the experience of all those words. And that's not even true. I am prior to I. But what fun to come back to one's own self. In my experience, there's nothing I could or would do to stop that. That's re-entry. So we come to understand it as we're discussing here, through the investigation. That it's a privilege to open the eyes and see itself. You don't wake up forever. It's now, now, now.

Friend: When you said those last words I had this image that, in some sense, final awakening will happen, and now it's just like it's not. It's just going to be...

Katie: To wake up—whatever that is—forever, implies time. To wake up is just a past history apparently arising. It's old. It's to keep you from the experience now. Man sitting in chair. Without a story—heaven. The stories go on—but without *attachment* to the story. And that's what the inquiry leaves us with. The freedom of non-attachment. Internal. Detachment from the movie. But then, as you know, I talk about the re-entry. And movies are good when they've been met with some understanding. You know how you love your story? Well, every story is the story of itself. It adores itself. People say how can you just listen to people's stories for 12 years? They're my story. It's the story of me, the story of God. The sounds of the birds out there—same. Delightful. It is itself. Now. And all sounds are internal. There is no "out there." Hear it from inside. Nothing less than that is possible.

Friend: Katie, my understanding of awakening has been that it's the absence of a personal me. There's an apparent me and then that's gone. There's just what is.

Katie: As you investigate, it's not. It's just one more story of

Suffer only until you realize
you can't know anything.



the past. If it's five seconds ago, it might as well be a million years ago. This moment cannot be spoken of. It's already gone. There's no such thing as a moment or now. Now is a concept.

Friend #2: That's pretty exciting.

Katie: Yes! And I get to hear this word, not awareness, but the other one—enlightenment—thrown around so much. But “awakening,” I understand. Because that's my story. I was asleep on a floor. I awoke, I was asleep, or not. But the way I like to tell it is—it's a process all the way through. All the way through. It's ever-changing. Ever-growing. Ever-expanding. I couldn't even speak of it at first, it sounded like a deranged, insane woman trying to speak the unspeakable. But it's taken on a way of... communication. And it continues to mature. And that's fascinating from here.

Friend: One quotation from Ramana Maharshi that totally stays with me is: “The only obstacle to your enlightenment is the belief that you are not enlightened.”

Katie: When you look at “What do you get for holding the belief, I want to be enlightened,” you see you get to stay stuck in what you quote Ramana as saying is the problem. And the inquiry shows that beyond a doubt. What do you get for holding the belief? You're not enlightened! And who would you be without it? That's when you go into that space. And you can continue to hold the same concept after the investigation, but without attachment, which is mostly what I experience you do anyway. You can't long for what you don't know. The concept is what you say it is. I was just one “graced”—to use that term—with not knowing there was such a thing as “awakening.” I thought that suicide was the only

We are goodness revealing itself.



way out—that it was my only option. It’s a homesickness. A homesickness! The longing for home. I used to lie in bed for so many of those seven years and just wail, “I want to go home!” I thought that was suicide but inside of me that’s all I knew. It was a purity—“I want to go home.” But I didn’t believe in a heaven or a hell. I wanted to go home, so in my innocence and ignorance, I had it right. That’s how I know the longing for oneself is a perfectly natural thing. Take away the word “enlightenment”—because I wouldn’t know what that meant, and maybe no one else does—take away the word “enlightenment,” and go home. Go home—meet it there. To the heart. Back to itself. It’s always there; you know that from *The Work*. It’s always there—always. There’s no time you can ask the heart that it won’t give you that innocent purity—full-blown right in your face. Just what do you use to block it? That’s the true guru. It always speaks—always. There’s nothing you can do to obliterate it. Nothing. Going against it is the pain. It’s a natural. This asking is what the investigation is for—there it is. There it is! It’s an amazing thing. To say it’s tireless is a ridiculous understatement. And if you ask it when you get hurt—it’s home. It’s always there. It doesn’t matter what condition—you listen. You are the listener, the one without a story. I use an expression, “Let the mind ask the question, let the heart give the answer.” And the mind and the heart merge as one. You come to know that they were always undivided. There never WAS a mind. It was always the heart. Just a little dance here or there and you know the heart is everything. It is Everything.

Friend: You’ve said that the heart will do whatever it takes. It will rape a child, it’ll murder 6 million Jews, it’ll do whatever

Acceptance is the sweetest word—
it means aligning with what is—
That's all.



it takes. I really just got that, really literally.

Katie: It is love, and we can tell all the stories we want about how it's not, and it is. It's not even misguided. It is what it is, always. Always cleansing, purifying itself. Always knowing—sparing nothing. It's pure instead. That is the kindness. And anyone who would meet that realization, and get it, would walk into the fire to hold that purity. Literally, be ignited. It would walk through anything because it's fearless, it's nature itself. It does anyway—it would just walk into it with a little awareness. There's not a choice. It's like when the axe falls, just before it hits your head the last thought is—Grace. Thank you! This too. And even in this condition, this apparent condition, it always welcomes death. Always. So even the suicidal things are natural. Everything is natural. It's just our interpretation, the way we interpret it, that's unnatural. And the life and death of it is, we could say, the non-duality coming back for itself. And I don't mean to get itself, or to heal itself or any of that, but to come BACK for the pure joy and egocentricity that is its nature—self love. It is itself. It is too damn greedy not to lick itself. Eat itself. Devour itself. Every taste, every thing is God. Every word, every movement is a love affair. Literally. Longing for death is a longing for the beginning. And the longing for the beginning is the longing for death. It's a breath, it's an in and out, in and out. It's nothing, something, the left and the right. In Europe, a couple of people asked about non-duality and what I experienced was that I have no interest in non-duality. Give me myself. It's the greed to hold the mirror up. It wouldn't delete itself. And that's where lust comes in. And selfishness—all those words we have seen as negatives. They're all natural. They're

It's all been a misunderstanding:
The ego to me is a beautiful thing.



all words for God. It would have to be—it's its own song. Every name is its own name. Non-duality is no name—and I come back for my name. It's arrogance beyond description. I appreciate these next few days; it's very rare that people ask questions about non-duality. We'll go deeper and deeper into the questioning because The Work joins the dream where it is and dispels it. I find it remarkable—and not—that the questions don't go deeper because it's available. But without cause, this effect doesn't happen. So your questions are cause, and it will respond. It doesn't exist until then—there's nothing to meet. The words come out for it. It lives as this. And it always comes from a place of what you refer to as non-duality. You cannot make duality happen. To speak of the mirror image, it's still non-existent.

I experience the "I" arising, and I quake with the privilege of that, because the "I" is its very self, being born. "I" arising is not an enemy. It's not something to get rid of. It is simply—if you would turn and look in a mirror—there it is! There you are. When the "I" arises, it's presenting itself to itself. This is good news. When I say your name, it's the name of God. It's my name. Equal to "table." I hear the word "Katie," it's the name of God. "I." God. It has all been a misunderstanding. The "I" arises and it's about to, we could say, move away from the match. It's like the mirror taking on the perfect reflection and thinking that that is it. That it is God. That's duality. It has split from its source into the illusion of "I am that." I AM the man in the chair, in this world, experiencing fear in the morning. It's just not personal. It's a misunderstanding. So that's why the investigation brings you back to "I-I." And then the story we tell moves it to "I am

God is everything—
Draw the line there.
Or, God is nothing.
I love what is.
Every word... the word for God.



man experiencing fear, sensation, and this world.” And then it attaches—it thinks that that is it. So, the investigation—“I-I.” Then it can love the story of itself. Everything is the story of God. You know how you love humor—well, that’s it. And drama—that’s it. It’s just that none of it is real because you’re interpreting it as separate. I’m a lover of stories—arising in you, arising in me. What’s the difference? What’s real? Inquire and know.

Friend: Would it be from the perspective of “I-I” that this whole story is none of my business?

Katie: Totally, totally.

Friend #2: So, when you make the story your business, you attach to the story and detach from “I.” And when the story’s no longer your business, but just the story, you’re home again. Simple.

Katie: Whether we like it or not, it’s that simple. That’s it. Not a choice. We can continue to pretend or not. In the moment. There’s no time about this.

The fear of death
is a mere smokescreen
for the fear of love.



3. YOU'RE DESTROYING MY DREAM

(Note: The material in this chapter may be experienced as a radical departure from commonly held concepts. Please note that in *no way* is it meant to condone violence or any other specific behavior.)

Friend: I once interviewed a Jewish man who spent two years in Auschwitz—he's one of the few who lived to tell the tale. One day he was in a unit called "Canada." What they were doing was taking all the clothes and belongings from people as they were shipped to the gas chamber. And he survived because he was doing the work of the Nazis. At this point Auschwitz is coming to an end, the Allies are coming, so that particular day they decided just to burn the babies. So the Nazis made a little pit and a huge bonfire and as these young Jewish women are stepping off the train, the Nazi guards would tear the babies from them to throw them onto this huge bonfire. The person I interviewed said at that point he began to hate.

Katie: I hear from you that Nazis throw babies into the pit. There's nothing we can do with this short of finding understanding inside, within each of us ourselves. War continues to exist—that's what we do. But this is not

It's a good one—
it just isn't real.



something that's easy for people to understand. It takes an absolute love of God. Is it "I love God," or is it "I love God sometimes when He's giving me the reality I want?" War is what is. It's Nature. It's what is sometimes. It's not personal. If Someone (God, "what is") pulls my baby from me—if that's what it takes, I'm there. Take the baby. Tear my baby from me. Throw it in the fire. What does it take for me to get this thing? What does it take for me to understand that I am a lover of "what is, God?" My discomfort *is* my war with God. It's my war with reality the way it is, and not the "loss" of my baby. It's not as though I have a choice. The baby is me. You see, there are NO choices. What is, is. When you know that, it's over. And it's beyond full acceptance, it's the love of itself, the love of God. There is nothing terrible. Shall I say it again? There is nothing terrible. There has never been anything terrible. There will never be anything terrible. But when we get to the baby thing, we're getting down to our sacred little concepts now. Let's do away with all of them, but not the part about MY baby. And its welfare, my welfare. Me, me, me, me in the name of the baby. I'm the one in hell. It's all about you're destroying my dream. That's all. You take my baby from me, you're messing with the illusion of I'm the mommy, this is the baby, there's the daddy, we're going to raise it, happy-ever-after-in-the-future-fairy tale. But tearing the baby away—that's the higher. That's the higher, because it snatches your story from you and makes it apparent in your face—nothing's real short of reality. The baby's gone, and you are left with you and your thinking. That's it. That's what is. That's love. That's absolutely UN-describable love. That you, God, would even give me that.

Win in war—you lose!



Can you know that Hitler didn't bring more people to realization than Jesus? On your knees—God. God! God! But our stories of reality keep us from the awareness of God is Everything. And God is Good. That's the purpose of the story. Until you have a way of meeting your thinking with understanding, it's hell and pure innocence. Hell is nothing more than mental confusion. Fight it and you only experience your own lack of awareness of love. You experience your own cruelty to yourself. And you experience cruelty to others by teaching that such childish illusions are true and real. We're not evolving—we're un-evolving. You cannot do war with God—with Reality—and win.

Friend: God is Everything. God is sacred. Everything is sacred. So how could there ever be any evil?

Katie: There never has been evil and there never will be. Evil is simply a story about what's not. I mean it's got to be pretty powerful to keep you separate. Evil is a story of how you think nature should be and what goes on in it, and it keeps you in the illusion of fear and separation. It's got to be "My baby!" and "You!" It's got to be very dramatic to keep it going. Otherwise, there's only peace. Like who would you be without it? Peace. And grace. But I'll stick to the story of "Don't throw my baby in the fire." You see, I'll reorganize everything, get my baby, and THEN I'll have this love, this peace. But I have trashed the baby when I have trashed the Nazi. Whether I like it or not, I'll get the whole world to validate that. And I have thrown the baby in the fire in the name of this one belief. So I wonder why it never works. I'm holding the baby and I really don't care. Now I'm left with having to clutch him to my dying breath. It doesn't look like

God is good, God is everything
--the end.
You go on with your illusion
that something is not okay
and you lose
and you lose
and you lose.



freedom to me. It's not just this ease of saying, "Throw the baby into the fire." I am the baby going into the pit. I am the one throwing the baby in the pit, and I am the mother from whose arms the child was pulled. I have died. I have died of it. And I'm fully aware of it. I'm not speaking from a place of not being the one it was happening to and for.

Friend: That's the difficulty that you're helping me with so much. I have clear vision that my heart moves between vulnerability and invulnerability. Now I feel that the trust that I have in you is opening this heart to that vulnerability moment by moment. Essentially, what I'm saying now I knew 25 years ago, yet the heart is closed to certain pain and, therefore, the ego continues to play its little game.

Friend #2: I seem to understand the knowing that everything is God. It's all good; it's all what it is. It seems with that awareness, that people don't do what I perceive to be evil anymore!

Katie: It's because they never have been. You just got a little awareness going for you there. As long as you see someone as evil, you need to check yourself out. People used to tell me I'm too open, just too vulnerable. They were worried about me. It's not my experience.

Friend #2: Don't let the demons come in. There are no demons, so...

Katie: Or, if there ARE, come in! You know, show me something real. And that's where the full circle of The Work comes in. All the evil in the world is welcome here. Fear is nothing more than a story that has not been investigated internally. We haven't known how, and now we do.

Friend: This level of truth! It's like—one of the sentences

When they attack you
and you love them—
your work is done.



you just said—it's like "Whoosh!" It's just so clear. And then, something comes in at an angle and the understanding seems to disappear. It's amazing to watch—I guess that's just the way it is. It can't be grasped directly by the mind. It can't stay. It can't last.

Katie: What it does is short-circuit the logical mind. I go to a place and it penetrates in that space.

Friend: Yeah. The mind isn't supposed to comprehend...

Katie: The mind can't comprehend it. It can't comprehend it, so it's a good thing. You're getting it beyond. That's what's meant—and I don't tell this one either—but that is the power of being in the presence of the true guru—because it really is you.

Friend #2: Then, what about "There is no suffering, there is no evil?"

Katie: Tell me that when you're in it!

Friend #2: Gotcha. I got it.

Katie: Only then, when you're in it, let me know it's not real. That's the absolute—love joins where it is. It doesn't deny it. It just wouldn't leave anything out under any condition. No matter what the pleasure or the pain, it'll meet it there. It is you. Use the investigation and stand by yourself. And I see that you do that. And, good, it gets out of control. Investigate. Begin again. Or not.

Friend: To go with this Auschwitz man again, he actually met one of the cruelest Nazis in the camp. He saw this man murdering people quite often for the fun of it. He'd just be walking along, see somebody he didn't like, and then just shoot him for no reason. And when he was assigned to take care of this Nazi's family, he went into his house and he found this

I lose—God wins.
I'm the servant...
No longer the dictator.



man apparently being loving to his children.

Katie: Bringing teddy bears home.

Friend: Exactly. And the Nazi played Beethoven and he had a canary that he loved to pet. Then he would go out and just shoot a few people for the fun of it. And the Jewish survivor said this was incomprehensible to his mind.

Katie: Do you step on the grass? You step on the grass, and you move around the flower not to disturb it. Same.

Friend: I don't quite get it. Yet.

Katie: The family is the flower. The grass are the Jews. How many times a day have you done it? If you bend down and start getting intimate with the grass, like if you're out for a couple of weeks—the grass becomes your whole reality, your family. When you're out in a place with no human, no apparent human, and there's only grass, you get real intimate. And the mind starts attaching the whole Nazi good guy/bad guy thing onto the grass. And it will start its whole world there again, with an inanimate object. Because it's only the concepts that appear to live. Without them, no body. And that's my experience.

Friend #2: You take the Jews away from the Nazi, he's going to start persecuting one of his family.

Katie: Exactly. Exactly so. There's nothing sacred—only the concept arising, in the moment. That's what we hold sacred. That's what we worship, until we don't.

I come at you
the way I come at my internal.



4.
**STILLNESS IS MY EXACT EXPERIENCE:
IT'S MY SECRET**

Friend: Indian culture is so supportive of stillness. But for Westerners it's not so easy to be still. It seems we go right into the *vasana*.

Katie: And at the same time, stillness is my exact experience. But it's my secret. It's my secret that you're about to put out which no one will hear anyway. So it's still going to remain a secret. If it became the number-one bestseller, no one's going to get it anyway. But what it does, is it shifts everyone into the possibility. And it gives them the potential for a way out of hell that could serve them. And that's my interest.

Friend: Is this the scam you refer to?

Katie: Yes, there are many scams running. People hear me say "You hurt, I hurt." They hear that I'm feeling that pain. But I'm feeling it from over there. Until you have peace, I don't have it. You are me. It's that literal thing again. But I'm at perfect peace over here. You say you're hurt and I am more than connected. I AM you. I cannot make that not happen. It's an echo—I created you. And you don't exist for me any more? Well, you're the thing in front of me. You are me. It's just not done until it's done. So I am at your service. It's a totally selfish act.

Friend #2: What I think I heard you say is less of a scam, is that all of that is a lie. It's all a lie. That the dualistic way of

This isn't courage talking—
it's just wisdom
that knows it doesn't have a choice.



speaking is a lie, but if we're going to talk that way then I'll say it's over here, but you're suffering, so it's not.

Katie: Yes.

Friend #2: But really, there's no me, there's no you; it's just all—nothing. There's no anything, anyway.

Katie: Exactly.

Friend #2: That's the dream.

Katie: But I honor you wherever you are. You are me. It's as though there was such an honoring here that it has to extend it. Because I can't make you go away. You don't exist for me, and you're still telling me you're hurt. So that's the putting the baby over there in the fire—I feel nothing but connection. Your story of the baby and the fire doesn't move me. And your screams don't move me. But when you look at me and you say "Help me," then I will—I will enter that place with you, that place where you live, the place that you hurt from. Because you ask, you can see my peace. And that *is* the help. You can see that I am not alarmed—my baby went too—I am your peace—your ever present friend. So, that's the joining. But to get the baby back is to give you less. It is to give you only a Band-Aid and it serves nothing. It perpetuates. No true healing has occurred, only a higher density of fear. How do I know that this would give you less? What *is*, is the highest order.

Friend #2: Katie, do you experience any difference between hearing me and hearing you? Like you say "it speaks" and how surprising that is...

Katie: Not ever. Same. Same. I'm amazed you're still pretending.

We can only have what we let go of.



5. ASKING IS AN OPEN DOOR

Friend: Another aspect of Indian culture is *bhakti*, devotion. Every house has an altar, you keep it clean, you put up flowers every day. People get together, there's community, and singing—there is all this devotion to the guru.

Katie: And see I'm like the ultimate *bhakti*, because what you've just described is how I experience existence. My self, on my knees to myself. It's always kept clean that way. And it's always worshipped that way. Because it's what is. It's met. Joined with.

Friend: Katie, there's something in me right now that feels like this *bhakti*, this love thing, is very important. You know, the mind can say, oh, it's a projection, it's not real wisdom—it's duality—but there's something in me that just feels that it's closer. Like you said, if you're me and I'm you, it's all the same, then that's love.

Katie: And that is what—this is really loose language—I am trying to hold sacred, and leave you also.

Friend: Leave me?

Katie: Leave you also. To take from you what you have, leaves it. But without attachment—

Friend: Leaves you as me? Would you say that again, I didn't get it—

Katie: Like you want to hold on to that love thing. And if

I don't believe anything about you—
That's Love.



that's what you want, I'll support it. You see, I want you to have what you want. Because that's what is. But if you come to me, and you present yourself in such a way that is asking, or is interpreted as an asking, then I am going to take that. I'm going to get your baby and I'm going to throw it in the fire, your baby love. It will give you, beyond a concept, that which you wanted really. It will leave you *as that*.

Friend: Thank you, you have done that.

Friend #2: And you're doing it right now.

Friend #3: In your book you say you would never take anyone's suffering away from them, that it's theirs, unless they ask.

Katie: And, again, that's loose language, because I can't take someone's suffering. But in that place where they're asking, doors open. Asking is an open door. And I can walk right in. But without a door open, without an asking, I'm not going to bang my head against the wall, and teach other people hopelessness, because I'm not insane any more.

Friend: So it feels to me like the way that you're talking, it's saying that the "in love" is a holding, like the baby. Don't take my baby.

Katie: Exactly so. Exactly so. Hanging on to it. You ARE it. And I'm not speaking of not holding onto your baby with your arms and your cries. I'm speaking only of how you hold onto the baby internally—how loud is the screaming there?

Friend #2: I see the schema in India like this: with *bhakti* they're saying not everything is God and there is this one little God that I'm going to love; with *jnana* yoga they're saying nothing I've ever seen is God, nothing is God, but if I keep at it, eventually I'll find God; and with *tantra* they're saying

Without a story—
Love.



everything is God, but beware of the preferences.

Katie: And I could honestly say, “Nothing is God.” It doesn’t even exist; it’s just one more concept. But when a person has “God is good, everything is God,” then everything has to fall into that pocket. It’s a one-mindedness. When you say, “This woman is everything, this woman is God,” everything will fall into that and will work, too, until she dies—or until you attach something, like when she makes a movement that doesn’t match your idea of God, and then you move away. So with “God is everything,” there’s nothing tangible to pin it on. Everything can fall into it. And it’s infinite. So, it’s that symbol that I suggest to people. Everything will fall into it, beautifully. And, on the other side of it, when all falls into it, you come to see that it is nothing.

Friend: It’s also a lie.

Katie: Total. Like you said of Ramana—concentrate on the Self. Well, I am apparent form, disguised as apparent form. So I say, fall into this form. But he’s saying the same. So it’s “I-I”—same. But this one’s easier to hear because you think you’re a body. And the other, “I am That,” can be experienced as another concept. It’s this sacred concept. God is everything. So, God is everything until he throws our baby into the fire. God is the Nazi too. For some of us to go back to the Self is to ignore what’s out there—it’s a direction that would exclude. And I say, love where you are, because that’s my experience. Can you love that?

Friend #2: I’d like to ask something here. When you said a minute ago, “I’ll pull it from you, and it’ll leave you what you really wanted,” my thought is that I’ve had that experience with you. But I don’t believe that *you* do that.

The real fear
is fear of love.
The only purpose of beliefs
is to be an obstacle
to that awareness.



Katie: I do. I *do* do that! That's what these days are about.
I *do* do that. I AM YOU.
Friend #2: Yes. Okay.
Katie: You think it's a you and a me...
Friend #2: That's right. I hear it. Thank you.
Friend: She's the Nazi. She threw the baby in the fire and
she's the fire that burned the baby. And the baby too.
Friend #2: Good. I just go there for a bit...
Katie: It's just a tweak. A tweak away.
Friend: I see you as a belief murderer.
Katie: Yeah. Murderer of all people, you know. It's the
annihilation of the world. And it doesn't appear as kind.
It loves instead.

Our story about form
attracts or repulses.



6. AREN'T SOME THINGS MORE THAN A CONCEPT?

Friend: Katie, I've heard you say that thoughts aren't personal. Could you describe that?

Katie: A thought says, "I don't belong here." A thought is like a blade of grass. You don't say here is a blade of grass that did this or that, or this blade of grass should be like this one over there. Those are thoughts just moving through—nothing personal, just like a blade of grass. You attach meaning to it and that's a belief. That's the material world. You walk on a blade of grass, you stop and call it something, and you have just entered the material world. You need to hold up the lie that there is something here, when it was just a sound. You put something on the sound, rather than just be it. You are the sound you are naming already. It's just you.

Friend: Could you say what you mean by calling it a sound?

Katie: Well, the idea that I am speaking and you are listening implies sound. So, you could say "grass" to transmit that, and it would imply there's someone speaking, someone listening—sound. Sound is a concept. So without a story—no sound—no grass—no thing. And the re-entry is here. It's coming back for itself. It loves itself. It will hear itself, see itself, experience itself. It will step on itself or not step on itself. And it knows those are just concepts so it's not that. It's re-entry and no thing simultaneously. So it won't say it's no thing,

There's nothing that comes through
that I don't adore:
a cough
a sneeze
a breath
you.
It's all me!



or some thing. It's all simultaneous. Experiencing and not---
it's not in time or space. It is all of it.

Friend: What I'm picking up from what you're saying now is
re-entry just happens. It's not a plan.

Katie: Yes, it's the same. It's not any more valid or invalid
than prior to the noticing.

Friend: I'm concerned that anything that we put in this book
is entering into a world where people latch onto concepts...

Katie: That IS the world.

Friend: Yes, the world is a concept latch-on. So, in this
world, people are going to see this word, "re-entry," and feel
that this is a prescription for action. I've already begun to try
to describe in some detail what you've meant by re-entry and
people have said "Oh, she means the *Bodhisattva* vow."

Katie: Well, that's pretty much right if it means coming back
for myself, because it DOES. It will—it has to—it includes—
it's not separate from—it is love. If that's what *Bodhisattva*
means, that is it. It would not think of not coming back,
especially as it is a call back to itself. It's closer than the physical
experience could give.

Friend: In our community a lot of disease is hitting right
now. It's obvious that these things can be taken as more than
just a concept.

Katie: No, they *cannot* be taken for more than a concept.

Friend: But it seems that we have that ability to do that. We
take them as if they're really real and we freak out, we get
upset, and we feel that we're in some way threatened. Isn't
that true? Have you noticed that?

Katie: You know, the only language I can answer you with is...
Anyone that is not absolutely at home, at peace, is confused.

Only this moment—I do what Father has me do.
I am son.
I have zero power.
I am the servant of Father.
I burn.
Good.



Friend #2: What would you say to someone who's just been diagnosed with cancer?

Katie: Work with the mind because the body's going to die anyway, cancer or no cancer. There is no concept more powerful than another. It's the attachment we put on it—that's the misunderstanding it's met with. If you're working with the mind and get clear, then you know that if you take wheat grass, the worst that can happen is a concept. And you know that if you do not take wheat grass or chemotherapy, the worst that can happen is a concept. So, just deal with the concepts and go in peace. You get the greatest doctor in the world and the medicine doesn't work—sometimes it appears to work—sometimes it doesn't. But the worst that can happen either way is nothing's been healed. You see? Until the mind is at peace, nothing is healed. To use another metaphor—breaking my leg when I want to go skiing can be more painful than your cancer. And I'm not talking about the pain of the leg being broken. It's my *desire* to go skiing. And what that would bring me could be more painful than your cancer in the moment, because I could tell the story of what I missed, and the story of what I missed can be equally as painful in the moment. So the worst that can happen any time is an unhealed mind. And an unhealed mind to me is one that has simply not been met with understanding, compassion, love. Meet what arises in that way. And then everything else has to follow because it's not real; it's the mirror image. Just like the concepts are not real.

Friend: It's all a story.

Katie: Yes, thought, concept, story, belief, mythology, theory...

Non-duality is just a beginning.
If I deny you, the mirror image
what good is it?
I am Earth.



Friend: Or tendency. The tendency is to tell a story over and over and over and over.

Katie: Yes. It's a good one—it's just not real. It has no meaning. That's confusion. If you think it has meaning, you are confused. And what I can say is it's a very natural thing. It's in love with itself. Of course, it would think it's real. We used the mirror image before. It's the mirror image thinking it's the source. It's just itself looking—it's that part of the mirror, not the part looking at itself. It's the mirror. It would have a deep attachment to thinking it is real. It is the mirror image of Source.

Friend: And you're implying that there is some misperception.

Katie: I'm saying that *is* the distortion. It would be like having a mirror on the wall and standing in front of it, and the mirror calling all the shots. What makes you think you can change what is? The mirror image doesn't move until the creator moves. Have you ever looked into a mirror? Until you move your hand or body, the reflection doesn't move. You can wait a lifetime for it to move, but until you move, it doesn't change. I have come to flow as a mirror image. No more. No less. That is my freedom. What is, is, and that is reality. It would be like you trying to move to the mirror. It's like I think I'm going to let the mirror be real—I'll just let it walk away. It can do all the fantasy it wants, and it's going nowhere. It doesn't move until I say so. That's the point I don't think people realize.

Friend #2: I think it's a new point. You've not put it that way before.

Katie: This tendency you're talking about comes from a natural place. It images Source. It images its source. And it's

everything. It's everything simultaneously at once. And so its tendency would be to think it's God, to think it has all the power, all the will, and to think it's real because it really *is* the mirror image of Source. It has all the integrity of Source, so everything it does is total innocence. It's not even confused. It knows all the time it is beauty. AND my way is to join you wherever you are.

When you're in the concept, when you're thinking it's real, I'm just going to go there. I don't talk about concepts— but you do, and that's my only interest. So I join you in it 100 percent. I don't have any concepts—you're what's left of them. Your concepts are my only interest. As long as you find them of interest, I'm going to find them of interest. Why would I sit over there alone if you are confused and I'm not? I am the part of you that can see that, experience that, whether I open my mouth or not. As long as they hurt, together we meet them with understanding. Until you're free, I'm not free. Until you're happy, I'm not happy, but not from this position—from over there. You are my happiness, you are my sadness. From here—Nothing, No one, Nothing. The short version, sweetheart, is “I am you” is not a concept. It's real.

The worst thing that ever happened on this planet
is to attach to a concept.
Nothing else has ever really happened.



Reality is much kinder
than thoughts about reality.



7.

HABIT IS A CONCEPT OF THE MIND

Friend: Katie, we were talking about *vasanas* earlier. These habits of mind are sometimes talked about as having the power to make the body behave in certain ways. What's your experience with that?

Katie: I would say that's for awhile. That's only for awhile. It's like the echo becomes just inaudible. The more unattached to the mind, the more the feelings go, and the more the body reactions that went with it also cease—until there's no *vasana* about what appears to be happening. That's my experience.

Friend #2: Well, in terms of the personality, you seem to enjoy going out to dinner with people. Someone else might prefer to go on a hike and be alone in nature. Is the *vasana* causing you to behave in certain ways?

Katie: No, it's just what it does, how it appears. What is, is.

Friend: It's the leftover thing that just happens?

Katie: No. That's something else. Or, we could say the same and different. It's just what is. It's a petunia and a daisy and a rose—they didn't plan it. *It's what is.* The carpet just lies there—it doesn't get up and walk. It's going to dinner and the shopping cart will go for the walk. There's no preference.

Friend: But doesn't one apparent personality like to go out to dinner, and another apparent personality like to go for a walk?

There is no authentic story.
Pure existence and connection to truth
is not suffering.
The effort is to make the story authentic—
It hasn't been pulled off yet.



Katie: There's no personality to like or dislike anything. It's just as it is. Scratch the word "like" and it's accurate. In the first experience, it noticed it walked. It could have noticed it went out to dinner. But it would be equal to she noticed she walked. Or, she's walking. She thinks she wants to walk. She thinks she wants to go to dinner.

Friend: Ramana Maharshi apparently was free of *vasanas*. I mean there were things he did, you understand, but there were no *vasanas* working any more. So there could be three levels: the peaceful *vasanas*, the nightmare *vasanas*, and then the level where there are no *vasanas*. And with Ramana, there were no *vasanas*. It was like things happened, but there were no habits of mind. It was just emptiness. It looked to the ones looking as if there were habits, but there were no habits.

Katie: There are no habits. When I hear the word "habit"—habit of mind—it's not my experience. They arise. There's no habit to it. Habit implies a past. You know, habit, to me, is just a ridiculous word. The same for the word "addiction." It gives us an excuse to say "It's not really me, it's a habit. I'm not doing it." I don't see any habit. It's now you do, now you don't. Your story of a past would give you the concept, "habit." There is no past. It's in the moment. The story arising gives you an entire lifetime. In the next story arising, you could be on a whole other planet. It just is. It's not *my* habit. It's not *your* habit. You tell the story of how it's your habit, or that it happened at all. There's nothing you can do to not do what you do. Nothing. Until you don't. And *you* didn't change it. It changed. It is what it is. And you tell the story about how you have something to do with it—and that's the movement away. You are not doing it. You tell the story

Karma is only the generation of beliefs
you've built up about the existence
of your story now.



that you made the decision. You're not even making the decision. You're just narrating a story of what's not.

Friend #2: Doesn't karma fit into this?

Katie: Karma to me could be attachment.

Friend: I understand karma to be about intention. In other words, the action, itself, has no karma—it's the intention. The intention is what brings either aversion, greed, or delusion. It brings what we refer to as "karma."

Katie: Very well stated.

Friend #2: Which would mean it just has to play itself out. Whatever that is—it just plays itself out.

Katie: Or not.

Friend #2: Depending on the story.

Katie: Depending on the *motive*.

Friend: Karma is the language of motive. In India the enlightened one is thought of as witnessing all the activities of the body without getting involved with them in any way.

Katie: Yes. How can you get involved with something that's not real?

Friend #2: But I hear you say you re-enter and get involved.

Katie: No, that's what you hear. That's not what I say. It's not my experience. I *apparently* get involved. There's absolutely no way I get involved. I listen. And this is a nice description of it. I listen. And it appears I'm involved. Your involvement is all that's left of my involvement. You are me.

Friend #2: I see.

Friend #1: She says she doesn't care. She doesn't care if someone knifes you this moment. Or whether you get enlightened. She doesn't care. Is that true?

Katie: That's my experience. Personalities don't love, they

A listener is one without a story.



want something. There is that motive thing again that you refer to as karma, intention. I can't care. I mean, how can I care? I love what is—I love God. I mean, do you care? Would you argue with God? If someone were knifed in front of you—what is the truth? Do you care? Do you really care? No. Welcome to humanity. No one cares. The only thing they care about is the knife may turn on them. That's the caring. That's the personality—the *vasana*. They're projecting what that is and what that means— all their nightmares come up and that's the fear. NOT the action. Their internal story is about the apparent illusion—visible in the moment. If I cared, I could not be the intimacy that I am. A caring would move me, would separate me from you, the one with the knife, and I want all. I am all. There's no way I would let caring interfere with what I experience as my very own sweet self.

Friend: Now, if we asked most people who do The Work in front of you, “Do you feel Katie cares about you?” my guess is that most would say yes, she cares.

Katie: And I would have a lot of friends that would say yes.

Friend: Right. So, you totally care at the same time that you also don't care.

Katie: I only totally care. That's the ultimate caring—not to put care between us. It has to have every cell, every atom. It *is* every cell and every atom. There is no “also.”

I have zero reference point for time and space.
The dream is a place that spans—
You call it time and it is not.
It sounds like something happened, tweak.
There's no time and space.
We're living out the split moment always.
And not even that.



8.
**I'M EXPERIENCING EVERYTHING FROM
YOUR BODY**

Friend: Katie, do you feel any fear?

Katie: You're feeling fear. I don't feel any fear. But it's like being born in your body. All the parts of you, we could say, that have not merged with me, will experience it. But it's not me. It's as though I was latent—I woke up in your body, with your hands, and I saw them for the first time and I'd never seen them before. And I've got your words, your memory, your dialect, your smile, your everything—and I'm meeting it all for the first time. It's not different, or the same as anything else. But you're my whole world. This is it. And it's new. And none of it makes any sense. And when I look out and see something, like a wall, from your body, I see nothing. You call it a damn wall and I'm saying "Whoa!" And it's not going to make it a wall. I'm still experiencing everything from your body, and it's like living it in the kindest manner until you merge with me. Because there's no way I can merge with you. There IS no way. You think it's real, and it's not. You merge with me. Every time I say I understand, it's you talking. Not me.

So you're feeling fear. I don't feel any fear. And I'm there with you 100 percent. And then you merge into that—until we're one. It's like if fear is being experienced, it's not me experiencing it. It's you—and we could say Katie.

Except for the story
there's no reality to it—
Ever!



Friend: I've heard you referred to as a master of descension.

Katie: Yes, I came to earth and others are trying to get to heaven. I'm a lover of earth—ALL. You know we've all tried to get to heaven, now let's just be in earth. I came from heaven to earth, not from earth to heaven. I describe it as coming in backwards. In my experience, I come back for you, for me. That's the re-entry—you called, you asked. People say, "Thank you for going to hell and coming back for me." Well, who wouldn't come back for itself? Love joins.

Friend #2: I've heard you refer to all of this as a dream. How is our everyday experience different from a dream?

Katie: The dream within a dream. What I like about the old night dreams, before my experience 12 years ago, is that they were truer because you're bodiless. You're this one this minute and that one the next minute. You're weightless. You're ethereal. The feeling's personal, but you can't really connect with a body or a face. I mean it's truer. It's lighter, bodiless. It's unlimited. You might be in this room one minute, and on a mountain top the next, in the dream—or all of it simultaneously. It's actually more egoless.

Friend #2: What makes my everyday experience seem so solid as opposed to a night dream? Is it attachment?

Katie: Attachment is the simplest word to use. It seems solid because you're so attached to a concept, because the mind identifies as a body and appears to have some control. Like in a night dream there's no control, you can't get identification with the body because the body's not moving around in the same way. But in this day dream it can identify with the body. It can identify with a body and the body moves around so it thinks it's calling all the shots.

Every thought is about body identification.
Every thought is about "I"—
Survival—comfort—pleasure.



Friend #2: It thinks it has will, that it's the doer.

Katie: Yes. It thinks it's the doer because it's identified with the body. In the night dream, it's only identified with a concept, intention, and not the body. A night dream won't allow that, because it shifts—it shifts on its own. You think you're this body and all of a sudden you're a man. You were a woman and now you're a man. You know it and don't question it. The emotion's there and the story's there, but it just can't hang on to a physical. But here I've got control over it because as I tell the story I become instantly body identified.

Friend: So, identification in general. What came to me was if you take yourself to be anything, you're out. That's it. You've stopped there. You took something.

Katie: Yes, something became real. You hung on to one little thing. And you can't have it. You just can't have it because it's not real. No identification with it is going to make it real.

Friend: There can't be a taking.

Katie: Nothing is real. Everything is about body identification. Everything. Is the door open or closed? It's too cold. It's too hot. It this, it that. It isn't breathing. Well, there's smog. Let's open the door for fresh air. Everything's about the body. The table there is to hold my cup, to hold a candle, for my pleasure. You see? And when survival's all together, then it goes into its comfort, and when it's got comfort, it goes into its pleasure. And all pleasure is pain, in my experience. Every thought is about the body. Every thought is body identified. So if all those concepts have nothing to attach to, that's what's meant by bodiless. That's why I'm so clear that you are my body. Because you're the only one I'm looking at. And you inquire and not even that.

The mind is an innocent child.



9.

HOW IS THE WORLD AN ILLUSION?

Friend: Ramana Maharshi, Nisargadatta Maharaj, and you make reference to the world being an illusion. I've never understood what that means or how that works.

Katie: Sweetheart, nothing exists. It's just not going to happen. We simply come to see that clearly. All the words are the same. It's all an illusion. It never did exist. It doesn't exist. There's no way it can exist. It's all the reflection of a concept attached to inside.

Friend: What's the mechanism of the world disappearing? Maybe that's a better way to put it.

Katie: Okay. You think, "I am." You investigate. You find, "I am not." That world disappeared for you. That's the principle. If you think that your lover doesn't care, you investigate it with The Work and you come to see the very act you thought was against you was the extreme opposite: it was for you. That world you were in does not exist. You cannot make it happen. You look at her with love instead. There's no enemy there. But if you look at her—you have a concept that there's a her in the first place—and you have a concept that she has done something against you, contrary to your belief system, then you see an enemy again. There is no way you can have the awareness of love at that moment. She is your seeming enemy—that is your world. So, you do The

You think you want your plan.
You don't.
You want what is.



Work, and that world disappears, and there's nothing you can do to see her as an enemy again in that moment. In that moment, that world has disappeared. That world of the enemy has disappeared. So you can see how if you had that in this moment about a tree, you've lost all the lumber! And then that just falls like a domino on the next. That's what The Work does--it shows you your world is not real. That's the experience that The Work brings people into. So that same principle is what I live. But it's across-the-board.

Friend: So, it gets to a point where the world falls away?

Katie: And all the cosmos in it. That's what's meant by nothing exists. You experience that principle, and it's just simply across-the-board. But what I call across the board is Now. Now. Whatever you're in, investigate it and lose your world! So at some point, you cannot make anything real. My language is—I could use you or a tree, it doesn't matter—I look at a tree, I've done The Work and now I can't see trees. You talk about a tree; I can see it, but it would be like you if you talked about your leg--no way do you see your leg as disconnected. You see it as a flow with the arms, feet, a head, ears. It's not separate for you. Your knee. Your elbow. It's not separate. It flows as a whole body. In your mind, isn't that accurate? When I see a tree, it's undivided without separation. It is my knee, my elbow, because there's no concept to keep that continuity anything less than the whole of it. Now! Now! You take the whole continuity of it, the whole thing, like the whole body, all of it, everything perceived, and you're undivided, so that goes too. It's all gone. How can you make your foot exist before you call it "foot?" Before you put attention on it, it did not exist. You did not have the

The amount you attach to your story
indicates the amount you can let go—
The duality is equal.



world of a foot. It was nonexistent totally until you put attention there. But how could you put attention on your foot if you did The Work with it like a tree? Or like a friend or an enemy?

Friend: The thought that just came to me is the belief that I am a somebody, which incorporates both an “I am” as well as an “I am who thinks he’s a somebody.” So if that’s undone, there’s no longer a somebody; there’s no longer an “I am.”

Katie: Yes! So when you see us you cannot project—-you don’t have the capacity—-and you don’t have anything to project a somebody anywhere. If you’re nobody, you’re going to project nobody. Good. Good, sweetie! If I think I’m a body, I’m talking to a body. If I am no body, there’s nothing you can do to be a body for me. To the final end, you’re projecting yourself. And then investigate that and even lose that. It’s still just one more concept.

I am no more than four questions and not even that. It is power beyond description. It is limitless. Infinite. There’s nothing that can survive it. Nothing. Because it is nothing. And it allows nothing. So when I hit those veils I didn’t even hit them. It was child’s play. What people taught for years or centuries, it doesn’t even burn through them. It can’t exist for it. It just notices. So there’s no choice when you have The Work. Like the choice to go further into the void, or go beyond even the void—-well, there’s no decision to make. It doesn’t allow one. It’s so free. It’s so beyond freedom. It’s God. It’s power without power. And that was the difference in what I refer to as the awake mechanism. It doesn’t even know a veil. It’s like “what’s for dinner?” And it doesn’t even care. It just moves through. It’s the same.

The mind looks at nothing
and calls it something
to keep it from experiencing itself—
Love.



Friend: I just got how nothing could exist there because, not only is there nothing there, there's beyond nothing there. It's like pure being, or pure "Isness"—

Friend #2: What about the concrete case of needing to make a decision?

Katie: To make a decision is fearful. So, at the point where we think there's a decision to be made, it's not true. When we say there's a decision to be made, we ask the four questions: "Is it true?" "Can I really know that it's true?" "What do I get for holding the belief?" "Who would I be without it?" Then I'm popped in. I'm popped beyond. And I didn't even do it. All I did was answer some simple questions. And that's not even true. When it's alive inside of you, even that is answered for you. The four questions are nothing more than a description of what's already alive within you. That's the thing that wakes up. The four questions are the "prior to I" verbalized.

Friend: The four questions are a description of what is.

Katie: Yes. Exactly so. To think or to perceive or to describe an experience as though I had to make a decision, is to manipulate it right away. And The Work cleans that up—it doesn't leave it, so it enters without control. Another might go in, and get a taste, enough but not fully, just enough to get a taste, and come back and call it the full nine yards. But it's just a taste. It's not a right or wrong—it's just that it's not necessary. The Work is solid. That is the validity of The Work. And if anyone gets in a dark hole, you ask the questions—they answer it or not, but they are their own salvation. That's the point. But you have given them everything. You have given them what you've got, what you know works. But that

I just narrate what is
and call it “me!”



can't be given until you really know that for yourself. Just experience it a few times to trust it. You're inside of it. The way I tell it is, for 40 years I went out. I reached out. For 40 years, everything was outside of me. The investigation brings everything back. Now it's a flow in and out. It's a breath. So, it's fine to go into where you appear to be, because it's all simultaneously happening at the same time. It's an unending flow. A never-ending, wonderful thing. But the joke on this one; the great cosmic joke here was I—I AM GOD—this thing's done. No identification. Fully realized. I didn't have those words then. It's a knowing. It's done. It's finished. And then someone smiled. And then someone cried. And someone said help. It was me! Finished? I don't think so! That's why I say, this one's a baby, an infant. She's barely begun. Until you have it, I don't have it. You are me. You are my internal. You're my self. You're my whole system. All of it. It's unending.

To be present is to die—



10.

ARE YOU WILLING TO LOSE THE MOON?

Katie: Outside during the break, I looked up, and there was a moon in the sky. And the silly thought that appeared as mind was, “Are you ready to live without a world? Is that what you really want? Are you willing to live in a world where there’s no moon? No trees? No sky? No birds? No song? Nothing. Is that what you really want?” There is No one and Nothing. It’s literal. And you can’t make a moon come back. It doesn’t matter how it’s in the sky. There’s no sky and there’s no moon. Gone. And then it came to me that for me, I had nothing to lose, LITERALLY. I had a death wish—that was my focus. Anything was better than what I had, so there’s the fearlessness that moves through the veil. And I can’t know any of this but to just report the thoughts and somehow become congruent with the question I’ve heard here about do you have to suffer greatly to be moved, to shift. Just to join that in some way, just to do full reporting on this, that’s the Trojan horse again— I don’t ever say these things.

Friend: The last few years I have been in and out of incredibly painful hell realms. I feel like I’ve been starting to move out of that. A result of that was a real knowing that no matter how sweet anything out there appears to be, it’s pain. It just is pain.

Katie: Yes. You’ve got that.

Who would I be if the idea
of death
or pain
never arose again?



Friend: I mean there's just no two ways about it.

Katie: You can't—you couldn't make it any other way. You have lost that world. And that's it.

Friend: I used to think about dying and a tremendous amount of fear would come. I kept thinking, okay, can I get any guarantee I can do this in the body? Then I gave that one up. Then at one point I just truly, as far as I can tell, said okay. In the body or out of the body, let's get on with it!

Katie: Yes. That's a description of my same experience. The only thing was I didn't know about the in-or-out-of-the-body thing. I thought it was the body—and it's the same thing.

Friend: Was there anything more about the moon, me, and nothing? Was there more to that?

Katie: That was it. Do you really want to live that way? Like walking up to the ashram today—going up that hill, no one going nowhere to see nothing. That is it! There's nothing I can do about it. And we're going. There's nothing I can do to stop it. And there's nothing I can do to not stop it. It's what it does. With no purpose. Are you ready for that? No purpose. Nothing. People say oh, look at the flowers, look at the waterfall moving—and there's no waterfall for me and there's no moving for me. And there's no nothing. Is that what you want? But that's not even a question because it is the moon itself. It *is* it. And it just came to me out there. You know, I looked up and what arises is the moon, and *what arises and the moon are the same*. It's all the same—it's me. It's not separate. So it came to me to ask: are you ready to lose the moon? And the stars and the sky? And yourself? You see? And it can never come back. And you don't ever want

This moment.
The presence of this moment.
Only that.
Who am I without my beliefs?
New. New. New.



it either—because it's not real anyway. People love to pretend they love the moon. They love to pretend there is one. They must—they're doing it. Look at the moon! And another truth is no one has ever looked up at the moon and believed it! We're just trying to get other people to continue to validate that it's up there at all. That is about the only reason we ask. It's just like a joining. "Isn't the moon beautiful! That is a true concept isn't it? Please validate that. Ah, yes, the moon is beautiful!" And we fall into that comfort zone. No one ever thought a flower was beautiful.

Friend: But you will still do that.

Katie: Ah, I'm your queen! And I can't be trusted either. You know, sitting here now in the daylight, is there a moon?

Friend: The only way I could answer that is through memory.

Katie: Yes, and memory doesn't exist. We refer to it as memory to give the past validity. How can it be a past when it is a story arising now? That's not a possibility. Memories don't exist. There's only the story arising now and to even speak of it, is to think there's a past. Only the past speaks. *Ever*. Now. So what do you get for holding the belief that there's a moon when you look out at the sky and there's no moon? Where did that come from? Where did that concept of moon come from? You can't even say anyone gave it to you. It's a child—it's just like the moon. Where are they?

Friend: The best I can do with that is—

Katie: Nothing!

Friend: Well, I was going to try a little something! It was going to be to say that at some point I must have been walking with someone who said, "Look, the moon."

Katie: It was just another story.

You don't lose the moon.
You lose it to get it.
You *are* the moon already.
Lose the story of the moon
and know.



Friend: It was just them naming—

Katie: No. It was just *you*. Telling the story about them naming it. And it's already gone.

Friend #2: So what does one have to do to be prepared to lose the moon?

Katie: In my case, I couldn't make it exist. When I say I have lost the moon, it's *nothing* more than I have lost all reference point. When you are willing to lose the moon, there is absolutely no control. There's not even gravity. There's *nothing* holding you down, and that's very apparent. It's *everything* and everywhere. It finds control in its own order. And ultimately it's the final control. *Everything*.

Friend #2: It feels like total control, right?

Katie: It's absolute. Yes, it's the opposite of what people fear. You have *nothing*—and, in fact—*everything*. It's unlimited because it never calls the shot on it. The shot is already called. It is itself. It's very exciting. It loves itself. It finds itself. It's total. It's the ultimate ego trip. I take full credit for a tree. I am that.

11.
YOU CAN'T SIT IN IT AND COME OUT
WITH THE MOON

The story keeps us focused out there.



Katie: I had an interesting experience last night. I was staying in my mother's house. I dreamed—ah, it is so 'The Work! I dreamed, which is extremely rare—it's the same as waking, but we say it this way—I was and the whole world was, and I was the cause and I was the world. I was impregnating myself and all humans with so much full grace. It was being experienced as a sexual orgasm that was continuous. And there was a place where it couldn't stop what it was doing. Just what it does—is what it is. But it could clearly see that it was being done, and that I was doing it beyond people's permission. And they were living in this ecstasy. And yet it was at the same time a calm living; that's how sneaky it is. It is itself. I'm fully aware of this and that's why today when someone says they want to keep their story, I'm out of here. I walk. Because just to sit in the presence of it is like that. It's more powerful than anything. You know, this non-duality thing—we could wonder why do 400 go over there and 200 or 300 over here, and it's because it's getting them ALL. You see the church lady, you see the atheist, you see the non-duality person, you see the barber from the corner barbershop—it's just infiltrating. To sit in this thing—the music, the Hallelujah song we play, all this stuff going on—it's a set up. To sit there and watch someone undo while doing 'The Work is to be

God's will is what I am now.
Pain is what I get
when I oppose God's will.
What is, is.



undone. For everyone—without limit.

Friend: It's a setup you started to say—

Katie: Yes, you can't sit in it and come out with the moon.

Friend: That's it! You can't sit in it and come out with the moon!

Friend #2: You're saying we come to watch others be undone, and we walk out being undone ourselves.

Katie: It leaves you freer and you don't even know what you did. You think it's because someone smiled at you. And that's not it. You're lacking something— a concept that you don't even notice is gone, against your will. It's a total reversal. You think you got something, but you lost something.

Friend: Was the actual dream last night?

Katie: Yes. It was more like a knowing. It's the same. Waking. Sleeping. Same.

Friend #2: Katie, in what sense is it against our will? Is it against our will because we still think we want the moon?

Katie: Yes, and you can't have it. You cannot have what doesn't exist.

Who would you be without the belief
that mind isn't supposed to
appear in its own way?



12. DOING AND UNDOING

Friend: Katie, it seems like we're usually "doing," and in The Work we're "undoing." Can you talk about how those interact with each other?

Katie: In duality, the doing was done in what people call years ago. It was done when the little boy first attached to "It's a moon," to feel accepted. I can tell the story of my first experience with this. I was maybe two years old standing with a sister who was stepping out the door. There was no one standing at a door with no one. And then intention was born. I wanted to go with her—that was the motive. And the first notice of it was light. It was a door with a window in it and as I looked up, I saw light and then the whole world was born. We're already in our first year saying "mama," "daddy," "moon," "tree," "doggy," all of this with no meaning, knowing no one is saying it. In that moment, with that desire, with that intention—I was born, and all of the words suddenly had meaning. I call it "instantaneous unenlightenment." So, it's already done. And it came through with intention. I was born on that day. So to meet that with understanding. If it's done, in my experience, it has to be undone. Or, in other words, seen. And I see it as respectful to meet each one, not to throw it away like it's nothing. To meet it even if it is the Nightmare from Elm Street. Love with love. And to ignore

Your story is your existence.



it, in this one's particular experience, didn't work. Because I was a master at it: alcoholic, addict, controller, money monger, business, wife, mother, home, car, all of the realms. I was a master at *not* undoing. I was a master at anesthetizing the dream. And then that was no longer possible. Until I could meet it head on, there was no ground. So, that's what this is. It's about full compassion. It's about "you're bigger than I am." This thing arising—this story—it's bigger than I am. I have to meet it, and that's the investigation. That's the four questions of this Work. And I came to see that it was nothing. That it is an honoring. The next time that it arises, we're friends. The next time it arises, it's laughter because it is seen as non-existent. And the next time it arises, you don't notice because there's no attachment, so that's an example of what this is. You can't make it real. But when you know, right off, that it is not real, it's easy to do. Nothing is real. So, in other words, it's all an illusion. It all gets undone.

What The Work does is collapse time. The concepts—I used to call them monkey bars—just collapse one after the other. When you ask, "Is it true?" or "Who would you be without your story?" it's a break and in that space, time collapses. It doesn't actually collapse, it's just collapsed from the space it thought it was in. It's that moment. And the monkey bars just aren't attached any more. There's no meaning to them. The Work asks, "Is it true?" For me to say, "Who am I?" or "Is it true?" is the same. They both stop the mind. I came in through a back door. I came in opposite. I was a breach birth. But the end result is the same, and "Who would you be without your story?" is the same. In The Work, the writing stops the mind on paper.

Friend #2: That line, "This is your mind on paper," has

Prayer of Saint Francis

Lord, Make me an instrument of Thy peace.
Where there is hatred, let me sow love;
Where there is injury, pardon;
Where there is doubt, faith;
Where there is darkness, light;
Where there is sadness, joy.
O divine Master, Grant that I may not so much seek
To be consoled as to console,
To be understood as to understand,
To be loved as to love:
For it is in giving that we receive,
It is in pardoning that we are pardoned,
It is in dying to self that we are born to eternal Life.



really stuck with me. It was a real key for me in understanding 'The Work. I want to make a little computer poster that says "The Work: This is your mind on paper."

Friend: I love this letter from Kevin Maher who wrote the pamphlet about your work as Fifth Peak Buddhism. Here he speaks about your work being the ultimate turn-around. The letter says, "The St. Francis prayer is one of the high points in the literature of reversals. The prayer is like the most tender, most gently loving hand. It is so tender and gently loving that you don't even notice that it's holding the sword of Shiva and that your throat is about to be slit. You, Katie, are like this prayer, only you put the sword into our own hands and you lovingly persuade us to slit our own throats. Behold the hands of God."

Katie: Yes, what I say is St. Francis had the turn-arounds down! Where there is hatred, let me sow love. Where there is injury, pardon. Where there is doubt, faith. It's "Lord, make me an instrument of Thy peace." Where there's hatred, let ME sow love. This is simply a description of who we are really, without a story. We *are* the turn-arounds.

Friend #2: I still feel like I'd like an awakening like you have had. Without the transformation...

Katie: Well, I don't know about time. And I totally understand what you say. *And*, the response is, I don't know about time. Can you just inquire and be happy *now*? I hear you're unhappy. Can you inquire and be happy now? But then it moves into I want this to last forever. Well, you just moved into a future and lost it. And that is specifically how you lost it. We're either doing it or undoing it. So can you just be happy now? People want enlightenment, yes, so you don't have to suffer, so just don't suffer now. Investigate instead. This is it. It's really hard to hear, and it's that simple. Because only this exists.

What we discover in The Work
is how to intervene—
how to be our own grace.



Friend #2: We experience the revelation in the moment and then somehow convert it into an ideal, and want to repeat it, and, therefore, lose it.

Katie: But you're not doing it. It appears now as a gift to be met. So, anything that moves you— ANYTHING that moves you —investigate. It's a privilege. It's a friend arising. It's God.

Friend #2: Whatever it is.

Katie: Yes. What we know is it hurts or it doesn't. If it doesn't hurt, good. If it hurts, you may want to take a look. With The Work, suffering is now optional. It doesn't have to last for years. It can get down to months, weeks, days, minutes, seconds. And that's what it does. You undo one and next time it arises, you just may not notice. And I say that's phenomenal. That hasn't been available before— on purpose for so many.

Friend#2: Trying to skip to "I am That" just won't work?

Katie: I can't have some great experience and say "I am That," and, in the meantime, attach to "you're my friend, or brother, or sister." That's not honest. So, if I say, "I am That," and try to make that true, then what about the whole world? I'm ignoring it. That doesn't sound like a friend to me. So, I had to undo the whole world. I did it and I am the only one who can undo it. I don't want to dismiss it. It's like saying, "I don't want to dismiss you."

Friend: You want to love me.

Katie: I want to include you. I don't feel comfortable until I do. You are me. I don't have outside sources. So, when I talk about you, it's only me talking to me. The only thing real is what arises, and even this is not real. And as you inquire you find so much falling away, you begin to lose the moon.

13.

I WOKE UP AS THAT—
IT'S ALL A TURN-AROUND

The four questions will hold you.



Friend: I have a genesis question. I've been in psychology since the age of five. I grew up in the house of a psychiatrist, my father. I was introduced to so many theories and so many inquiries and I see there's a way that your particular four questions and the turn-around are unique. Where did it come from? To me the miracle is staring us all in the face. It's great to hear you talk about the miracle, but where did it even come from? It wasn't under a rock you picked up in the desert.

Katie: It is itself. Awake.

Friend: Did all four questions arrive at once? Is it finely tuned? Were there originally two questions that became four questions?

Katie: The Work is an experience. I woke up upside-down. A reverse. That's the turn-around. And that's just the beginning of it. But then it arose—"It's a cockroach. Is it true?" But it wasn't a question inside of me. It's as if it could hear the thought, "Cockroach crawling over foot." And the knowing was, it wasn't true. Not, "I am No One and Nothing." It was there, and it was like where the hell did that come from? What is it? It was everywhere, but in the language I can tell it, it was inside. It's the whole universe. "Cockroach. Crawling over foot." It wasn't true. So that is where "Is it true?" came from. It was built-in. It was awake. And then it

My career—my life's work—
is to work with my thinking—
to work compassionately
with the thoughts appearing.



noticed that when it attached to it, the concept, there was contraction. I describe it like an earthquake, a natural occurrence of the weather. That's as close as I can tell it. I don't exist—it's the weather. So, that's cause and effect. And then when I could see the effect, I noticed not who I'd be without it, but I noticed who I was *before* it—peace, no contraction. So that's the last question: "Who would I be without it?" I would be prior to and back as the natural state—which is prior to everything, before creation. Just from that simple thing—cockroach crawling over foot. That's it. The whole thing is backward. It was and it's not. That's the four questions and the turn-around right there.

Friend: What I'm hearing is the original work was done on this non-entity called Byron Katie. That it wasn't actually developed as a way of working with others.

Katie: It is the mechanism awake. It's the mechanism that everyone has ever talked about, maybe they don't even call it a "mechanism," but that's as close as I can describe it. It is the holy grail, present, now—a key to the universe. In other words, a way of going inside. And it supplies the material to be questioned naturally as a judgment. And it's not even you doing it. It just continues to give itself. And you try to say, "I am No One and Nothing," well, yes, and here it comes! It cannot be denied—it gets louder and louder. It goes on a scale from one to 10—for some of us it reaches a 10. And that's an unbearable.

Friend: That's when you want to die.

Katie: Yes, in my experience. But who even wants a one? You know, because a one can feel like a 10. It's unnatural. It's not natural to apparently live as not you, to live without the

Judge your neighbor, write it down;
Ask four questions, turn it around.



awareness of innocence.

Friend: How did the actual turn-around come?

Katie: It's a cockroach—It's *not* a cockroach. It was an extreme opposite. She rose. The truth is she didn't. It's a turn-around, it's all a turn-around. So, that's it. Everything was upside-down. It was turned around.

Friend: The directions the way they're written on the worksheet—did they come later?

Katie: The way I used to have people do it—they would say, oh, my husband, my wife! I'd say, well, put it all down on paper, because when I ask, "Is it true?" you move over to another subject, and my experience is you're not realizing it. The mind is like a will-o'-the-wisp. There's no way for me to connect with you as I ask, because you shift. So, write it down. This stops time. Because you think there's time, you think you're telling a story. And it's me, so I'm going to be very gentle with that. It's me now always talking to myself. It's one of my cells that isn't quite as free as it deserves to be. And I think the cell is perfect except it's saying it's not. So I go there with my health. It's an invitation to stop the mind. I'd say what are you angry about? And they'd start writing. Maybe in a whole page we could find one clear sentence, and that sentence would change their life. We could do the inquiry with it and the turn-around.

There was a man in the dark on a staircase in the slums of Santa Monica. I sat with him. And I learned what I learned in the desert. "I want." "I need." Number six was within me. They were all within me, but number six is the natural loop that sends you into the material re-entry. Until it's all burned. So it was like this for people who I was working with

Get petty—
The mind loves being met where it is.
Now inquire!



who were considered the dead and dying. But when it was outside, pointed out there, “I want,” “I need,” it was simple for them to write it. They had a guideline, and I didn’t know people needed a guideline. But all I heard in the desert was “I want—I, I, I, I—I need, they should, Paul should, kids should.” They should be healthy but only for their own good. You know, all these conditions on life in an attempt to maintain body, life, world identification. It was all there. So that’s when it became just such a simple thing to guide people inward. Some people would just write it out in paragraphs. But this other way with “I want, I need,” covers the whole human mind. They think they have the list covered, but when it goes to “I need,” it shifts again into another angle. Some of it may be repetitive, but it’ll pick up just one thing more. I wasn’t working with hundreds of people then. I would work with maybe 20 a week, something like that. My door was wide open, my phone open, everything open. I could just take them through the whole piece.

People would invite me so I started traveling, and it went from the area to the other side of the state, to other side of the country, to the other side of the world. I would stay there until every person—there might be 40 people—would do a whole piece. It was seven days from early morning until night, with them sleeping with me, fixing all of their meals, all of it. Everything. I didn’t know about the concept of money, and at the end of it they started giving me money. It continued and it did a full circle. It came back to its original self. Then I started learning that to work with one in the presence of the others was equally as powerful for the ones who really were lovers of truth. And the ones who weren’t quite so focused

There's nothing more joyous
than self-realization.
Go inside.
Do The Work.



on truth—if they sat in the chair, they would go inside. What I found is, it's for everyone. There's no one who can't do it. Even if someone doesn't care, there will be that one place—just to sit in the audience—and there's nothing they can do to not lose something. A few hours and it's enough that if it attracts someone, they have the little book. And they give it to themselves, or not. It's infinite. And it keeps refining itself. And people who hold The Work just don't mess with it—we don't speed it up, we don't plan it, we don't organize it. We don't anything. Even though it may appear that we're organizing, no one messes with it. We just let it have its own life. No plan can survive its power. We're all that closely tuned into what it does is not our business. We're the holders of it.

Friend: What I do understand from your answer is that the four questions were actually developed to work with yourself.

Katie: They weren't developed.

Friend: They just came to you almost full-blown?

Katie: That's what I woke up *at*. Yes, they were full-blown.

Friend: The four questions came full-blown with the experience.

Katie: That is it and more. That is what the heart responded to. The question and the answer are simultaneous— a yin and a yang. This answer cannot be heard in time. The heart and the mind are not two. It was immediate. It only appears as form later. For me to hold it, I had to write it. I mean it was coming so fast. It was like earthquakes inside. Someone would say it's a terrible day, or we could say she would say—me—she would say it's a terrible day, and it would rock and roll. I mean it would just come to pieces because it could not bear

What do people's expectations
have to do with me?



the lie. You say it, I say it, same. It's all me—your voice is my voice. It would see it immediately. It was all the loops of The Work. It was instantaneous, whereas, when I give it to people, they're doing it in apparent time and space, in the density that looks like time. But for me it was obvious. And it was like you want to give a lover everything. So I would sit down and write it. The first year—I say the first three years, but the first few months, whatever it was—I was writing all the time. I mean, the girl was a mess. AND there was no one in there upset. And I had to love this insane woman—this insane, confused woman. She just fell in love with me because I was irresistible. I'm just using a language here.

Friend: I'm getting it.

Katie: And to love her and for her to love—it's over. There's no one you can't love.

Friend: The day or two after whatever happened, you didn't have other people writing.

Katie: No. What I had were people who started mimicking me—talking like me—walking like me—sitting like me. That kind of thing. It was like a love affair. Getting as close as we can.

Friend #2: What did you experience when people began walking like you, talking like you, eating like you?

Katie: That's where friendship comes in. That's what friends do. They hold hands. They find meaningful what the other says. And when people are in trouble, they can hear something like "Sweetheart, is it true?" And they can hear me in their night. They can see me. Hear me. I just manifest everywhere. That's a solid friendship. And then eventually that fades, and it's you. It's incorporated, and I fall away. I'm nothing more

When a feeling arises
don't act on the feeling
To stop it—
Go back and heal the mind.



than a bridge. It's you. Then we meet and it's on an equal basis with great love and respect. Friends hold each other until they stand alone. So, what did I do in the beginning when people started it? I didn't even notice it. But people around would say, "You sound like her, you talk like her..." It really bugged other people.

Friend #2: "Katie says this, Katie says this"...that kind of stuff.

Katie: Yes. When it comes up like that, people know their own motive. They'll take on the tendencies. There are two main motives: one is love and joining; the other is a mimicking. And there may be a third one of "If I take it all on like that, then eventually it will consume me"—like this is the method that works. And that's like the thing if I say "I am That," long enough I am That. And I'll be able to just forget the rest of this stuff. It's the same principle. And for all I know, it works. You know, nothing is wasted. There's nothing that doesn't serve.

But people didn't say would you do The Work with me, because there was no name for it. When people said, "I hurt, can you help me?" then that's when I said yes. I said just write down what you're angry about. Just write down what's going on. Stop the mind on paper. Write down what they did to you. That was the first language: write down what they did to you. So when they started to write, they could do it, but it's not as thorough as a guideline. So the guideline comes from inside of all of us. Everyone can hear it: "I want," "I need," "they should." I like it told as simply as possible. People don't need the guideline to do it. Just take the mind out, put it on paper, ask it four questions, turn it around. People would say,

“Oh, I don’t have the guidelines, I don’t have the sheet.” It’s not necessary. In the beginning it was to just write, report the mind. Just report it on paper.

Friend: And the turn-around came from the very beginning with the four questions?

Katie: The four questions and more. I woke up upside-down. I was a turn-around! What would arise is “It’s too hot.” And I’d go “Pfft! That’s not true!” I experienced the cause and effect. And it was the opposite of hot. It was not. It just wasn’t true. Some of the really profound ones that I experienced, because I came from such confusion and loathing, were like “No one loves me.” And all I experienced was “Everyone loves me.” “This world is a terrible place.” “This world is a wonderful place.” It went from the death to the extreme other polarity. So it was all a turn-around. It was just so obvious that there was a lot of laughter. It was just totally amusing. But then there were some that were so old. I say so old in time. An example of that is: “No one cares.” “But everyone cares!” I mean everyone cares, dead or alive. I mean, the pavement. Everyone contributes—we were talking about taxes today—everyone contributes so I can walk on the sidewalk. We so underestimate love. Everything is that. Everything. This chair is my very self. That’s why I can’t take it for granted—it’s so me. I mean look at this—this is not nothing. And this, too?

Friend #2: I heard you say one time that as you do The Work, you undo the knot up to a point, and then The Work undoes you.

Katie: That’s exactly so. What I hear people say is they do The Work for awhile and then inside of them it’s what I just

...And the turn-around is a kiss.



A feeling is inside of you.
And the *cause* of the feeling
is inside of you—
Investigate!



described. They say, “My husband doesn’t love me, my family doesn’t love me”—and it’s awake. And “Is it true?” or “Who would I be without my story?” or “What do I get when I hold it?”—one of those or the turn-around—will kick in before you have an opportunity to stop it. It becomes so subtle. It’s a going back to who we naturally are without our story. Also, if you do The Work long enough, it’ll finally come through your own language, and you won’t recognize it as The Work. It’ll be your own language, your own sentence, and it will mutate into your own understanding. It may not sound like “Is it true?” or “Who would I be without my story?” It won’t even be an experience—it’s alive inside of you. There are no words for it. Like this was born without words and it just found them. So it’s born in you with words, and you lose them. Backward.

The polarities are what I noticed. My first God was cause and effect. That’s the first thing I noticed. It was the only thing that was solid, that could be counted on in the dream. And that’s the turn around again—the polarity of “It’s hot,” “It’s not” or “It’s bad,” “It’s good.” It was just all an opposite. And mine was all negative. There wasn’t any good so it was very obvious. It would be like “Paul hates me.” Where did that come from? It’s not true. I was comfortable, now I’m not. And that is the proof of it—it doesn’t feel natural. So there are the four questions right there. And he does love me whether he likes it or not, whether he wants to or not, whether he’s aware of it or not—he loves me. There’s nothing he can do about it. With “He hates me,” go to the other polarity, “He loves me”—that is true.

You're never complete
until you stand where you stand
without condition.



Friend #2: Are you saying that because you see him as the love you are?

Katie: Yes, I'm projecting myself. Always. Everything's a projection. I'm a mirror image.

Friend #2: He's yelling and screaming at you, and yelling every dirty name, and you say, "He loves me."

Katie: Exactly. What I used to ask is, why are you pretending not to love me? I used to ask the man on the street.

Friend: Nisargadatta Maharaj said, "Love tells me I am everything. Wisdom tells me I am nothing. Between the two my life flows." With everything you're saying it's like one minute you're everything, the next minute you're nothing. Unless I really get the heart of what you're saying, it sounds like there's a contradiction. And I do get that there is none. The nothing creates the love and it looks like you're everybody—you're each of us, you're everyone.

Katie: That's what it's like to be uncensored—it never pleases. It will enter in everywhere because it's all equal. It'll come from "is," it'll come from "is not"—from past or from future—that's what it can sound like. It can say, "No one cares" one minute and say, "Everyone cares" the next. None of it matters to it. It's not careful.

Friend: But it is actually incredibly precise.

Katie: And that's its stability. That is where it is stable.

Friend: What I get is it's incredibly precise and it has no reference point.

Katie: It doesn't even want one.

Friend: It couldn't have one anyway.

Katie: No.

The “me” you’re speaking of does not exist—
I remain only your story.



FAREWELL

Friend: I remember saying to you, Katie,
“Everything I know can be summarized
in this one sentence:
‘God alone is the doer.’ And you said,
“Well, leave out ‘the doer,’ it’s more true.
Leave out ‘alone,’ it’s more true.
Leave out ‘God,’ it’s more true.
Leave out ‘is,’ and you really have the truth...”



Friend: Unfortunately, Katie has to go now
and this will all be a dream...
and the moon will be gone.
Katie: Fortunately, Katie is leaving. It appears.
Friend: It appears. But maybe she’s not.
Maybe she never even arrived.
Katie: That’s my experience!

APPENDIX A:

WRITING THE WORK OF BYRON KATIE SM

Judge your neighbor, write it down.

Begin writing The Work by addressing the six points below. Choose a situation, past or present, that feels unresolved in your life. Write out what stresses you in the form of a statement. This is the mind on paper. Write like a child, letting the ego do what it does best—judging someone or something outside of itself. Write as much as you like in each category:

- 1) Who or what don't you like? Who or what saddens, frustrates, or disappoints you?
- 2) How do you want them to change? What do you want them to do?
- 3) What is it that they should or shouldn't do, be, think or feel?
- 4) Do you need anything from them? What do they need to give you or do for you to be happy?
- 5) What do you think of them? Make a list.
- 6) What is it that you don't ever want to experience with that person, thing, or situation again?

Ask four questions, turn it around.

Take what you have written and experience the four questions and turn-around. Simply “undo” what you think you know and experience the end of suffering. The four questions are:

- #1 Is it true?
- #2 Can I really know that it’s true?
- #3 What do I get when I hold that belief?
- #4 Who (or what) would I be without that belief?

The Work is a meditation. Go back to your written statements #1-5 reading one sentence at a time, and ask the four questions of each one (#6 is addressed separately.) Let the mind ask the question, let the heart give the answer. After going through each statement, turn it around, reading your own name for what you have written. For example: “*I don’t like Paul because he blames me*” becomes “I don’t like me because I blame Paul.” Another turn around is “I don’t like me because I blame me.” The turn around for #6 is “I am willing to...” and “I look forward to.”

Two samples of The Work follow in Appendix B and Appendix C.

*“Let me live what I have insisted my husband live.
Let it begin with me!
Let me have the ears to listen to me and
The courage to live what I preach to him.
This is my only business.
Life is my playground.”
— Byron Katie*

APPENDIX B: SAMPLE OF THE WORK

WHO IS A PERPETRATOR

BK: Perpetrator is a word for anyone who opposes my idea of what should go on—anyone. Perpetrator is someone who poses anything that threatens me—anything. So, sweetheart, let’s start at the top. Read the first sentence.

Friend: *I’m angry at perpetrators because they inflict their power needs on innocent children.*

BK: And you know much more than God. So that is not supposed to go on. How far has that idea gotten you?

Friend: Not far.

BK: Not ever. And what do you feel when you hold the belief that perpetrators are supposed to stop, anywhere on this planet at any time?

Friend: I feel out of control. I feel terror. I feel fear. I feel anger. I feel like I want to get out of here.

BK: And the you that you just described, internally, is the one sitting with your clients; that’s the one sitting in the presence of the one that the intention is to heal.

Friend #2: (Listening to The Work.) Could you say that again, please?

BK: So you heard the description. What description did you hold when I asked the question “What does it feel like when you hold the belief that perpetrators should stop doing harm, great harm? What you perceive as great harm.”

Friend #2: I'm having trouble even staying with the question.

BK: Yes. So, describe it again, and see if you can go there. What do you get when you hold the belief that perpetrators are supposed to stop—stop doing harm?

Friend: I feel out of control. I feel full of terror. I want to get out of here. It's not a safe place to be. I want to run. There's danger. Something's wrong here.

BK: Who would you be in the presence of the victim if you were not holding that story?

Friend: I get the image of my arms being much more open.

BK: Let's turn that around. Let's turn that whole sentence around.

Friend: *I'm angry at me because I inflict my power needs on innocent children.*

BK: Yes, like the client sitting in front of you.

Friend: Yes. Yes.

BK: (Addressing those listening to The Work.) We spent some time together this morning. And this is exactly what she doesn't want. Therapists like herself in her experience sit in front of the client with the total desire for their freedom, and her realization now is that she's just been the teacher of hate and fear. And she doesn't want it. And this is a consistent story with the psychotherapists who come to The Work because it opposes their nature that is love. To be the teacher of fear and hate opposes your nature. But how do we stop? How do we stop?

Friend #2: I love where I went: to the polarity where there are no innocent children and the perpetrator is God. It's just that I call God a perpetrator.

BK: Yes. And that's exactly what's going on and that's the

pain of it. As long as I think there's not supposed to be perpetrators on the planet, I'm opposing—I'm in direct opposition to Father.

Friend: What is.

BK: Yes. Father knows best. (Chuckling.) I mean we just have to finally do it. We didn't do it with our parents, but oh my! Father is everywhere—Father/ Mother—What is. What is. Oppose that—suffering. So, turn it around the same way and experience it again, sweetheart.

Friend: *I'm angry with myself because I inflict my power needs on innocent children.*

BK: Like your clients. You teach them that there's a perpetrator. I mean they already know that—you don't have to teach it. It's an old system, they've already got it. That's why they go to you in the first place so you can validate it. You try to help in that way, they try to help themselves in that way, and no one gets help—not you, not them. It helps for a little while, but you're one who knows better, because it doesn't feel right inside. It may appear to help for a little while, but we just get pumped up, like we are God and we just fixed something that was broken. There's no equality. So put the word "clients" there. Read it the way you did, and instead of the last word, use "clients."

Friend: *I'm angry at me because I inflict my power needs on innocent clients.* (Sighs deeply.)

BK: And then put you all the way.

Friend: *I'm angry at me because I inflict my power needs on me, on innocent me.*

BK: Yes, wonderful that you would give you that. Because that's all it is, sweetheart. It's just our innocence. Because if

I'm not careful with these perpetrators, I could be next. And I would much rather be next than spend a lifetime running from them.

Friend: It feels like what I'm trying to teach is that I know something and I'm trying to convince my clients they know something. It feels like this whole power dynamic against the perpetrator.

BK: Yes, we'll side against the perpetrator, both of us using each other to hold our belief systems up. And we'll come out, as I say, pumped up — pumped up, like we're finding a solution somewhere.

Friend: It's become so obvious there's this grief in the room that's not even being spoken. It's underneath what we're doing.

BK: Yes, that grief inside of you that underlies what you're doing. Internally. So, let's look at the next.

Friend: *I'm angry at perpetrators because they are sick and power hungry.*

BK: Can you know that that's true, sweetheart? Perpetrators are sick and power hungry. Can you really know that that's true?

Friend: No.

BK: I see a perpetrator as one of the highest seekers of God that we have on the planet. The sicker you say they are, we could say the hungrier for God that person is. We will do anything to find God—even incest our sons and daughters.

Friend: The way I can understand that is when my own violence arises, I know it comes from that place.

BK: Yes. It's a hunger. It's the hunger for God. And we demand it. That's why I love going into the prisons. They're really clear—they've done it all. And it didn't work. So when

you step in with The Work, they leave the prison in the mind—those who are tired of it. They leave the prison inside of them, as we're doing. What do you get when you hold the belief that perpetrators are sick in the first place? You get to become a therapist and try to fix them. What do you get when you hold the belief that perpetrators are the enemy?

Friend: I get a whole world of enemy. I get a whole world where something's wrong and if they only would do something, then it might be right. Wanting them to change.

BK: Yes. And look who you are when you hold that. Those of you listening, go inside with this question also—do your work.

Friend: I'm aloof, I'm scared, I'm judgmental. I'm on hold.

BK: Yes, and who would you be without the lie?

Friend: First, I get a picture of just a lot of love, but then the next thing that comes in is I feel inept. I don't know a thing!

BK: Good. Good! Good! That's the therapist I want to step into the presence of. Because there's something inside of me that will buy that. With the other—I just get to be right. And they get to be proud of me. And I get to go away wondering what's the matter. And then I come back again, with my nightmares—so now let's analyze those.

Friend: You know, I hold a picture of my mother looking at me and wanting me to know what's wrong with her. So if I don't know, then I can't give her what I think she needs from me.

BK: Oh, that's a good one. You're supposed to give her what she needs—is it true?

Friend: That's the whole story, right? I guess not, because I couldn't at that moment.

BK: That's an absolute truth. You're supposed to give her what she needs? You don't even know what it is. Mother, I don't know. That's the integrity of it. Who would you be in the presence of your mother if you did not hold the belief that you were supposed to know what her solution would be?

Friend: Sweet. Innocent. Standing there.

BK: Daughter. Listener. So, let's turn it around.

Friend: *I'm angry at me because I am sick and power hungry.* It feels that it's not so much sick and power hungry toward the client as much as towards the explanation of the perpetrator with them.

BK: That's pretty sick and power hungry. That's how it feels inside.

Friend: Yes. Like I was telling you this morning, what apparently happens when children have been molested is they feel like they're bad. So I work and work to make sure they don't think they're bad, but in doing that, I'm convinced the perpetrator is the one who's bad. So to sit there not feeling anyone is bad---

BK: So just give us candy instead. Give us chocolate.

Friend: What do you mean?

BK: Well, you're just giving us a feel good. Just pass out candy canes. It would be possibly more honest for you. You could sit us down and give us a sweet cup of tea, and listen. And you might say, "I understand. And, sweetheart, by the way, go inside of you—is that really true?"

Friend: That feels sweet.

BK: You might say to your mother. "Mother, you appear confused. I wish I could help you. And all I can do is just be here with you now. I don't have any answers. And I love

you." But the mind moves into how to make them feel better. So now give me morphine. You know I've had all the chocolate my body can handle. And also, good for the chocolate, good for that kindness, good for that validation. It sustained me until I could go in a little deeper. And that's just another story, but it's an old one—it's a newer old one in history. You know love doesn't deny anything. It just says let's take a look. Several years ago I was so confused that I could not leave my bedroom. I was literally dying for years. There was no one to step in and say, sweetheart, go inside of you, write it down, and see. Your family should care about you—go inside of you, is it love? Is it really true they should care about you? And can you know that they don't? Be still. Go inside. The television, the radio, my family, the world, everyone puts out this system of therapists, that there's something out there to fear. And if you don't get it right, you're dead. But not a fast death, it's torture. And I was living the worst torture that could be lived, when I looked at what I thought would happen. It's already happening. The worst that I thought could happen would have been easy compared to what I was experiencing. Just like you, sweetheart. Gentle. Gentle. Gentle. Let's look at the next.

Friend: *I'm angry at perpetrators because they use people.*

BK: They're not supposed to use people—what is the reality of it?

Friend: They appear to.

BK: That's the story. So is it true they're not supposed to use people?

Friend: No.

BK: How do we know they're supposed to use people? They

do. That's the story. That's what is. So, what do you get—look how you've lived since you were a little girl—when you hold the belief that your mother, or people, are not supposed to use you.

Friend: Like you would say, it's a whole picture of not being my nature.

BK: Yes. So go back to a time where you knew she was going to use you—you had a pretty good idea—and you didn't step outside the house, or whatever it would be, because you wanted something. What was it?

Friend: I'm pretty clear, one of the things I wanted was to not feel like I knew more than she did.

BK: Okay, so who's the user?

Friend: I'm using her...

BK: You're using her to appear as wise. At the cost of yourself. I use my clients to appear as wise. I use victims to appear as wise. I use sick people to appear as wise. The pattern starts so young. So why don't I feel wise? So, sweetheart, who would you be without your lie? I ask you if it's true that people are not supposed to use people, and you say no, that it's not. And I trust that you went in to find that, rather than use your intellect. So, who would you be without the lie that people are not supposed to use people? What if you became honest and did not resort to that lie to appear as wise? Who would you be in your life without that story, sweet therapist?

Friend: I wouldn't feel like I knew something about the perpetrators, so-called. I wouldn't know anything. I'd be open.

BK: Yes. You would be present with your client. A listener.

Friend: I wouldn't feel like I had to show them that they know something.

BK: Yes. If you think wise—in those turn-arounds we've been looking at—is the way, then you try to duplicate that. You try to procreate it. You try to give them what you have, so they can go off and appear as wise. What we have experienced is the limitation that we teach—the experience that we teach. So let's turn it around.

Friend: *I'm angry at me because I use people.*

BK: You use perpetrators to appear as wise. And you use apparent victims to appear as wise. Hopeless. Let's look at the next.

Friend: *I want perpetrators to want to look at themselves.*

BK: They're supposed to want to look at themselves. Can you know that they don't?

Friend: No.

BK: That could be why they continue to do it again and again and again—they're looking at themselves, and terrifying themselves with what they see. We have to be lost until we're found. You know, where's the therapist we can go to, to heal? Where's the therapist who doesn't say you're sick, you need help, you're doing it wrong. Where's the therapist that can understand? Where is the therapist that I can hear?

Friend: I'm just trying to imagine what it would be like to sit with a client holding the picture you just described of their father, or whatever. It'd be pretty open. (Sighs deeply.)

BK: Yes.

Friend: Not having to take sides—I can imagine convincing my mind that somehow the perpetrator's really the victim, but not to have anybody be the victim, and just be open—that's so open!

BK: That's very sweet. Ultimately, you just described who

you are. You just described an awareness that's comfortable. It's a beginning. Even that is a beginning. What a sweet beginning. No victim. No perpetrator. Only truth, the presence of truth. Let's turn it around.

Friend: *I want me to want to look at myself.*

BK: Yes. So, sweetheart, let's look at the next.

Friend: *I want me to stop.*

BK: Yes, I want me to stop being the perpetrator against perpetrators, and the perpetrator against victims. I keep perpetuating that perpetrators are doing it wrong, that there's something wrong with them, that they're less than God. You know what this Work does, dear friend, when you take it into your practice or anywhere, it sets you up to be crucified. So just know it up front, and make friends with that. Because what we're living, until we do, is the actual crucifixion—the rest is a piece of cake. Even if they burned you at the stake, it's easier than what you've been living. To give this Work is a human sacrifice because it opposes the dream. It opposes what people think they know. So, when you know that up front, it can be clear and fearless, joy and perfection revealed. And the sweet thing about this Work is it looks like everyone else and it speaks like everyone else. Finally. Let's look at the next.

Friend: *I want perpetrators to go inward.*

BK: What for?

Friend: So I can see that they're like me.

BK: So skip them and turn it around. (Chuckling.) Quit inflicting that on us! Quit inflicting that on us and just turn it around.

Friend: *I want me to go inward.*

BK: Yes, and if it looks like it has value, we'll connect with it. It all begins with you—you're it! Let's look at the next.

Friend: *Perpetrators should get help.*

BK: Is that true?

Friend: I can't know that.

BK: Turn it around.

Friend: *I should get help.*

BK: Yes. If you think a perpetrator needs help, you need help. In that moment. You're saying everyone is made in the image of God, but not that man or woman. God is good, and God is everything, but not that one.

Friend: I can really feel this crucifixion that you said. I was ostracized as a therapist because I went to twelve-step groups.

BK: Yes. Oh, honey, are you good! Who you really are becomes so visible when you look at how you'd do anything for love. Even be ostracized. It's great courage. But this internal stuff—you have the courage, your life reveals it. So let's use it again. Let's look at the next.

Friend: *Perpetrators should feel their own needs.*

BK: Is that true?

Friend: No.

BK: Can you feel your own needs? Turn it around.

Friend: *I should feel my own needs.*

BK: That's a lifetime's project. You know, you live what you say we should live. Your own need is to stay out of our business, and be still with us. And when you think we're supposed to go within, you go within. Let's look at the next.

Friend: *I need perpetrators to grieve.*

BK: That's a good one for you. Turn it around.

Friend: (Softly.) *I need me to grieve.*

BK: Yes. Allow you to grieve from the death of all these belief systems that you just don't buy anymore.

Friend: That's what was happening last night.

BK: Yes. What was the statement that you heard me say in the dream?

Friend: "Don't you think your mother should go to a treatment center?"

BK: So her mother was about to abuse her in the dream, and then I appeared in the dream, and I said, 'Don't you think your mother needs to go to a treatment center?' And she heard it as—as we worked with it—she heard it as me telling her that her mother should go to a treatment center. So we worked with, "Your mother should go into a treatment center— is it true?" Can you hear the difference? The words I used were a question that she heard as—

Friend: An indirect way of making a statement. That's what I heard in the dream.

BK: Yes, you heard it as a statement rather than a question. So, isn't that what we do? We take anything to validate the system to keep it intact, rather than go inside. And the dream was *you* asking *you*, as you know. Then we turn it around. Let's look at the next.

Friend: *I need perpetrators to want to change.*

BK: Is that true?

Friend: Not as much as I did an hour ago!

BK: So you need them to want to change. Why? What you want, sweetheart, is their happiness at any cost. That's what you want. You want their freedom. But what The Work shows is you can't get it through the back door. You have to go through it yourself. And it insists. It always has. So you

want them to get their freedom, and you don't have your freedom yet. In the moment. What do you get for holding the belief that they should want to change? And can you know that they don't?

Friend: No. No.

BK: So what do you get when you hold the belief that they should want to change? You totally miss the awareness of the possibility that they do. You're already so far apart from them that you can't be heard. There's no awareness there for you. You see them as an enemy—

Friend: It's more that they should know—I believe they want to change. I feel like they should know they want to change—

BK: And is that true?

Friend: No.

BK: Turn it around.

Friend: *I need me to want to change.*

BK: Especially in the moment you think they are supposed to need to want to change. Or to want to change. Lethal stuff. Let's look at the next.

Friend: *Perpetrators are sick, unconscious, cruel, power hungry, wrong, dangerous.*

BK: Okay. In the presence of apparent perpetrators and victims, I am—or I have been—

Friend: *In the presence of apparent perpetrators and victims, I am—I have been sick, unconscious, cruel, power hungry, wrong, and dangerous.*

BK: And that's what you've been experiencing. So, you know—healer heal thyself—always. Is there another one?

Friend: Number six. *I don't ever want to accept a world with violence and power needs.*

BK: I'm willing --

Friend: *I'm willing to accept a world with violence and power needs.*

BK: I look forward to--

Friend: *I look forward to accepting a world with violence and power needs.*

BK: Yes, like you had a choice? This is your world. This is the world that you created. All we can do is inquire and see the illusion of the world we created, and experience the freedom of that. Because this apparent world is what you have created—with its violence and its perpetration and victims. So keep breaking through this. And when you see something that's not okay, know that it's your mind that's off, not ours, 100 percent. Yes, 100 percent. If I look out and think that you need healing, I need healing. You know what I say—until you see the perpetrator as God, your work's not done. It's a beginning. It's a beginning. It's a beginning. So I just love that you just continue to take it higher and higher—to give more and more. Because that's who you are—infinite. More and more. You know if I were to experience sadness, it would sadden me that anyone looked out at an apparent perpetrator, and wouldn't fall totally in love with that person. Know that that is the only joining. Anything between that end and where I am needs to be healed.

We try to dictate what the world should look like—this one should live, this one should die, this one shouldn't be bent, this one should be standing upright. This one shouldn't be raped, this one shouldn't experience hunger, this one shouldn't be so fat, thin, tall, short, black, white. If you could see the perfection of the whole! You are NOT God as long as you oppose what is. You can't see the beauty. You can't BE the

beauty. You can't be a part of it. You can't have that experience—you deprive yourself of it. Dictating. Dictatorship. Talk about Hitler—it's you—in direct conflict with goodness. And that's my freedom—I don't care if I'm raped, or killed, or tortured, or old or young --I GIVE UP. I am a lover of what is. Now just step aside from these internal lies and take on your role. Be that that you are—the awareness of that. Simply that! Not tough. Rape me? Good. Bring me wealth? Good. Take it all away? Good. Healthy? Good. Cancer? Good. Old. Young. Yes. Yes. Yes. To oppose it is the only loss of health that we can ever experience. To love reality is to join it—to be it. To oppose it is the absence of awareness. There's nothing more painful than that. That is the pain. That is the confusion.

APPENDIX C: SAMPLE OF THE WORK

I AM/I AM NOT

BK: Okay, let's begin by reading what you have written.

Friend: *I am forlorn because of an identification with thinking that creates the illusion of a "me" that wants and needs.*

#2—*I'm wanting to break the identification with any thoughts of desire or fear, that create an illusionary "me."*

#3—*I am perceiving that everything that is, is all right—and am amazed that there is an identification with thoughts that hold beliefs that something or someone should be any different.*

#4—*"I Am" needs to break an identification with the thought process that creates an illusionary suffering.*

#5—*"I Am" IS.*

#6—*I never want to identify with thoughts of desire and fear that create the illusion of a "me."*

BK: Good. Let's start at number five.

Friend: I am forlorn because of an identification—

BK: Let's start at number five.

Friend: Oh, start at number five? *"I Am" IS.*

BK: Is that true? Can you really know that that's true?

Friend: I don't think I know about the "is"—

BK: Drop the "is." I am. Is that true? Can you really know that that's true?

Friend: As much as I can see. As much as any concept—

BK: I don't see you going inside.

Friend: Okay, I don't know.

BK: Say it again.

Friend: I Am.

BK: Is it true? Can you REALLY know that that's true?

Friend: Hmm- No, I can't.

BK: And how do you treat the world and your patients, and your friends, and yourself, when you hold the belief "I am?" When you hold that concept that's not even true for you. How do you talk to us? How do you treat us? How do you do it?

Friend: Well, as if you're separate. As if there's something I want or need from you.

BK: And how do you talk to us?

Friend: I talk to you from a place of wanting.

BK: What do you use it for? How do you treat us, when you hold that lie of "I am" and use it?

Friend: The only thing that's coming to mind is it seems that the "I am" is connected to loss and gain. Or pleasure and pain.

BK: Superiority. Separation. Specialness.

Friend: For sure.

BK: How does it feel when you treat us in the way that you have mentioned?

Friend: Well, it obviously creates dissonance. Lack of resonance. Lack of peace. Lack of harmony.

BK: You're naming your condition. The condition that you create. It's not very comfortable is what I'm hearing.

Friend: Definitely not comfortable.

BK: So who would you be without the concept "I am?"

Friend: (Sighs deeply)

BK: Who would you be without your story?

Friend: (Long pause.) I feel I would not be separate from who you are.

BK: So, let's turn it around. What's the opposite of "I am?"

Friend: Am I?

BK: That would be one way, but the way we turn it around is we go to the opposite polarity.

Friend: You are?

BK: Do a complete flip—"I am" becomes "I am not."

Friend: I am not. What's coming up are three different ways of doing it.

BK: Don't *do* anything. I am. I am not. Which feels more comfortable?

Friend: I am not.

BK: That's my experience. It's truer. That's what it's like—it's the experience of truer, without your concept of "I am." Without your concept—not ours—yours. Okay, let's look at number four.

Friend: *"I am" needs to break an identification with a thought process that creates an illusionary suffering.*

BK: Can you REALLY know that that's true?

Friend: Well...

BK: I'm just asking YOU.

Friend: I have to go in, it's not easy. When I wrote this I left a few words out—*If "I am" ever wants to be happy, "I am" needs to break an identification—*

BK: You just did break the identification if you went in. Now read #4 again.

Friend: *"I am" needs to break an identification with a thought process that creates an illusionary suffering.*

BK: Can you really know that that's true?

Friend: Well, no, if the "I am" doesn't exist, then I don't have to break the identification.

BK: Good. In fact, impossible.

Friend: The "I am" can never break its identification.

BK: It wouldn't. It doesn't bother. It doesn't exist. What do you get for holding such a wise and unreal concept? For you.

Friend: I see I've been trying to do that for 25 years. I mean I knew this thought that there's an "I am" that identifies with the mind-body mechanism when I was in India 25 years ago.

BK: Oh, well!

Friend: It hasn't worked yet.

BK: I've got a new one for you: Wisdom sucks! So, sweetheart, let's continue inside of your process.

Friend: Let me, this is a quote from—

BK: Sweetheart, you're the book to read.

Friend: I just want to say this, it comes up—"Love tells me I am everything/Wisdom tells me I am nothing/Between the two my life flows." That's a quote from Nisargadatta. So, where I'm at is "I am" is not. So, that's wisdom. That's the wisdom that sucks.

BK: What do you get from holding this concept that "I am needs to break an identification with a thought process?"

Friend: Suffering.

BK: Yes. You get to teach the world suffering. With all the concepts that aren't even your truth. Who would you be without it?

Friend: I'd give up trying to do anything. It feels like I'm trying to DO that breaking of an identification. So, I'd just give up doing anything—

BK: It sounds like peace to me.

Friend: Right. One could just watch the "I am" identified and see it has nothing very much to do with truth.

BK: It's as though you could leave it alone...

Friend: Let it just be identified.

BK: It's identified. Can you really know that that's true? Or, could it be just more drivel? And I don't mean for us. For you.

Friend: I mean these questions are hard... I don't know if this helps, but I dropped my camera in the water and there's a sense in which I think if "I am" is not, it could watch that sopping camera and it would just be the joy of observing a sopping camera.

BK: Yes, that's who you are without your concept.

Friend: I could just relax. I can see that if "I am" is not, there's a huge release.

BK: So, can you see a reason to drop it?

Friend: Yeah, I'd like to not suffer.

BK: Can you see a legitimate reason to keep it—other than pain and suffering?

Friend: No. And it still seems that the way this "I am" is structured, that it is identified with—

BK: This "I am"—what is that? You mean this "I am not?"

Friend: This "I am not."

BK: (Chuckling.) It was your truth!

Friend: Right. This "I am not" is watching.

BK: This "I am not" wouldn't bother; it stops there. Nothing to do—no one to be. No one to teach.

Friend: Okay. I'm just going to watch the "I am" do what it does.

BK: It does nothing, according to you. It is not.

Friend: Right. It's not. I got it.

BK: If I am not, how can it answer?

Friend: It can't answer. There's no answer.

BK: Who's answering?

Friend: No one.

BK: Is that true?

Friend: Well, it just is whatever it is...that is answering. Just totally in the present. A tree is a tree. Not even quite that. (Speaks very softly.) What's coming to mind is...

BK: Just stay there.

Friend: ...your comments about "the last judgment."

BK: I noticed that! That's why I call it "the last judgment"—it's a tree, is it true? Can you really know that?

Friend: No.

BK: What do you get for holding the belief?

Friend: Separateness.

BK: Yeah, you get a tree and a you. Does it ring really true to you? Who would you be without the word "tree?" No object. Who would you be without that concept in the presence of an apparent tree? Who would you be without that concept?

Friend: I certainly couldn't have a special tree.

BK: There certainly wouldn't be, there wouldn't be a tree at all. Not for you. You see, that's my world—there are no trees. It's a word. It means nothing. Who told you it was a tree?

Friend: My mother. We read *Dick and Jane* and I remember there was a tree in *Dick and Jane*.

BK: So you attached to it, because you got something from it. You borrowed the word because you wanted something from your mother—what was it?

Friend: Attention. Love. "Good boy, you're learning to read so quickly."

BK: So, it still doesn't make it a tree. It just makes a "you"—it was just an attempt at approval. It doesn't make a tree. It's not ever going to be a tree. Prior to word. In the beginning was the word—separation. I moved away from itself—"I-I." Let's look at the next one. Let's look at number three.

Friend: *I am perceiving that everything that is, is all right, and am amazed that there's an identification with thoughts that hold beliefs that something or someone should be any different.*

BK: You're amazed that there is identification with thoughts—is that true? You're surprised at that—is that true?

Friend: I have to go in...No longer—no. I'm not surprised at that any longer.

BK: Good. So, it's just a flat-out lie.

Friend: Well, let's just see if that's true.

BK: When I asked if it's true, you said no. Which is it?

Friend: I have to see, there's maybe some other middle ground—

BK: You're finding something legitimate here? Okay, so you're amazed that you identify with, we'll say, a tree—is that true?

Friend: No, I'm not amazed.

BK: Yes, angel. Who would you be without your story?

Friend: I would not be separate from who you are.

BK: Who would you be internally—if you were not amazed at the ego identified?

Friend: The first that's coming up is I would be totally alone.

BK: (Sighs.) Oh, honey...sounds very sweet to me. Since that's the true condition. Without that lie, you might be just a lover of what is arising. Not judging it because it identifies, or it doesn't identify—all of that nonsense. Just a lover of

what is arising, just peaceful. Can you see a reason to keep it?

Friend: No.

BK: Can you see a reason to drop it? And I'm not asking you to drop it.

Friend: Say in your words exactly what I'm dropping. The identification?

BK: The concept: "I'm amazed at the identification"—

Friend: Yes, I see it's a concept. I'm not amazed—I see that it's quite natural for the "I am" to identify—

BK: Yes. Oh, my, are you good or what! That's my experience also. You see how all these spiritual concepts can just become dogma?

Friend: Yes.

BK: So when we speak them it can be with much more respect and awareness and it shifts until it's truer for us. More understandable. More peaceful maybe. Kinder. That's how these beautiful concepts get turned into religions and dogma and...people spout them so they can appear to be wise or connected. Or in the "in" crowd. Ah, but to go inside and know yourself, to know for yourself these things that you've been holding for so long that you considered so sacred! Know Yourself. Like a child says, "tree," and forgets what it was like before that. It just goes on with the approval-seeking, on with the seeking for love outside of itself.

Friend: What I'm getting is that those thought patterns might continue to go on but—if "I am" does not exist, I'm just observing. It doesn't have anything to do with what is real.

BK: You're talking about awareness here. People can tell you the beauty of a tree. I can tell you the shade of a tree. I can tell you all kinds of things about a tree, and there's still

just me describing me. I'm just describing myself. There's no tree—there's only One.

Friend: Because you don't exist.

BK: And with descriptions of anything, investigate, come to know. All of the attachments to concepts drop away—you can't make them real again. "I am"—every time you hear it you may just find it to be mildly interesting or laughable or just respected. But not believed. It appears "I am not" is truer for you.

Friend: It does seem that way. What's happening is I'm watching the desire to please—what I'm getting is that desire is just the mind doing its habits.

BK: Are you starting to see the innocence of the mind? It's totally innocent. A carefree child. It doesn't care what it says—it's totally uncensored. No meaning whatsoever. It's just beautiful, that's all. It's not real. It's not—it doesn't know anything. It's just playing.

Friend: What I feel is helping me so much, and maybe this is the key to all that's happening—is you've been telling me all I have to do is be in my business. The old pattern would be that I would evaluate myself for being, let's say, boring, intrusive, monopolizing, whatever. But now what I see is that everyone here can take care of themselves. They can leave, they can do what they want. So it's like all of a sudden all I'm doing is my business. My business in this moment is as much as possible to go inward and tell you the truth. Does that sound right?

BK: For your sake... Just don't think that I care about it. If you're talking about The Work, I ask the questions so that you can know. I have no other interest, other than your interest.

Friend: Right, but if who you are is part of me, part of whatever, there's no separation between these flows.

BK: I'm the heart that asks, but it's always asked of you. Apparently outside of you, I'm just your heart inside of you. That's all. I think you've got it. Anything you're uncomfortable with, go within and know yourself. That's all this Work is. It asks four questions and invites you to turn some of them around. If you ever want peace, go inside and know yourself as peace. Now we know how.

ABOUT BYRON KATIE

Thirteen years ago Byron Katie lived a lifestyle common to many. She was a 43 year-old housewife, businesswoman, and mother of three from Barstow, California. When she began to experience severe depression she was placed in a halfway house where, alone in an attic, she had a radical shift in her perception of reality. Some refer to it as a spontaneous awakening. She speaks of it as a moment of clarity, or leaving "the dream" and entering "reality." In her own words:

"One morning as I awoke on the floor in an attic of a halfway house, I opened my eyes, and I saw without concepts, without thoughts, or any internal story. A foot appeared, along with a cockroach crawling over it. My next perception was that of laughter—it just poured out of me, *and it wasn't mine*. The laughter was coming from Awareness. It had just manifested as an entire universe. It was a place, an experience, appearing as thought. And thought reflects back as "something" apparently real, so it can know itself as existence—not because it has to or wants to, but simply because it does. It just is. The external was a perfect mirror image of its thinking. Rather than looking out and having a thought about what was seen, the thought happened, and then it was reflected back as itself. It was not a cockroach or a foot. It was joy. These are names for joy! There are no

names really for what appears as Real now. This was simply a noticing of itself; it is born—thought reflecting back as itself. Only that. This was the birth of awareness: seeing itself as everything, surrounded in the vast sea of its own laughter.”

Currently, Katie travels the world by invitation. Through The Work, she brings clarity, integrity, and self-awareness to numerous lives. It is common to experience Katie, as well as many others, sharing The Work within school systems, churches, corporations, prisons, hospitals, and households. You may meet Katie through radio, television, and the worldwide web. She gives workshops and intensives regularly, offering The Work by donation. People are also able to experience her work through books, tapes, and videos. She has created the Center for The Work in Barstow, California, which many see as a place of higher education. All are welcome to come and experience The Work. Certification programs are also available for those interested in facilitating others, or further immersing themselves in The Work.

You may find out more about Byron Katie and receive a complimentary instructional guide to The Work by contacting:

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