

*A Shift in the Matrix-
Dispelling Darkness
By
Shining Light to the World*

*A teaching
By
Lama Christie*

Dearest friends,

I am writing now from deep retreat, because I feel there is great need. I love and miss you all so much, and I am concerned that there has been so much confusion this past month. So I write first and foremost to put your hearts at ease.

My last retreat teaching seemed to create quite a commotion! So many crazy rumors! It is quite hard for me to believe that anyone would actually have some of the misconceptions I have heard about, especially those who have been close students of mine for so many years. But let us try and dispel a few now.

#1. Of course it was an accident! I would never do harm to anyone's body on purpose, least of all my holy husband, who I adore.

#2. In the moments just before the accident happened, there had been no kind of physical strife whatsoever. I was not "defending myself" against anything. We were simply fooling around, like children playing with their

father's samurai sword, unaware that eventually someone is bound to get hurt.

The accident occurred in the third month of the retreat. About a week or two before this, I had had the wonderful opportunity to take the second martial arts class in my life, from a very renowned master who happened to be visiting a close student in the retreat at the time. I had always wanted to study martial arts, and have a very dear friend who has studied it since she was 5 years old. She is a great inspiration to me, the epitome of grace and poise. So after my second class, the master's close student tells me by note- "the master says you should pick some weapon to train with."

Well, I had never really wielded anything close to a weapon in my life, so this was a very new idea for me. But, Ein seemed very excited about it. And so we looked around the house for what we could find.

I do own a rather large samurai sword that I am quite fond of. But both the close student and my holy Love seemed to think it was too heavy for me to actually use.

Well, there is this big knife we got as a wedding present... thus began our rather dangerous play. If I had had any training at all, the accident never would have happened. I simply did not understand that the knife could actually cut someone. Neither of us even realized he was cut when it happened.

There is another reason why I wanted to study martial arts. I was actively trying to raise up this aggressive energy, a kind of fierce divine pride, and I asked my holy Love to be my Teacher for this.

Why did I ask him to teach me? Well, he had been having a lot of physical aggression at the time (nothing too serious), and I simply didn't relate to it, and wanted to understand it better- I wanted to understand how he felt.

Of course I rejected the outbursts, the negative actions themselves. We agreed on various remedial actions, and had a lot of debates! But I could not reject him. I took a vow to join with him "in sickness and in health." So if he had a problem, we both did. I am on this path, and needed to know what desperate fears and desires were in his heart, driving him.

My Love was learning how to deal with being in a relationship with someone who had a lot more power than him. At the beginning it was difficult, and he broke down on occasion. It was all divine play to me, really, but these breakdowns were devastating for my poor husband. Because after all, I am also his Lama. So we prayed together to everyone we could think of for help, including Kṛali.

So then, when the accident happened, my Love said he felt like it was an answer to our

prayers. Because it became the catalyst for him to be able to stop.

In the Sutra teachings, we would say that this incident was a ripening of karma. In Tantra, we would say it was Kali coming to help. Actually, these two are one and the same thing. You see your karma as the Angel. But there is an extra added benefit to looking at it in the Tantric way- then, it becomes for you a divine blessing. And then, perhaps, because of seeing it that way, a big change can occur in your mind. This is what happened for my Love, and it was only because he was practicing the Tantric path so perfectly that it was able to happen. And that is the great miracle I would like to share with the world. Not my own realizations, but the realizations of the one I hold so dear. Truly amazing to watch unfold!

So that is our little knife story.

#3. I feel I need to address why I am teaching Tantra to a public audience, because there has been some question about it. After I got out of my last three-year retreat, I wondered why my Lama had me teach the highest secret Tantric practices to an open audience in yoga studios throughout the world. Honestly, I struggled with it. But over the course of the past ten years, I saw how it benefited people and brought students who were ripe for that path to the dharma very quickly. So when my Lama requested I teach Tantric vows at this last 4-day GRT, I complied.

One of the highest Tantric vows there is is the vow of how you should see your Lama, and how to behave towards Them. When you are with a partner, your partner becomes your highest Lama. So I have been Ein's Lama for many years, but he recently became mine as well. Your Lama is unquestionably a divine Being and your job at all times is to fight any desire to see Them in a lesser way. You should trust your Lama with your life, and totally surrender to them. So the story I told on the third night was about surrender.

#4. Then people have asked why I would talk about such highly personal things. Well, that's easy- I thought it would be of great benefit to people. I want to live my life for the world, and give the whole world everything I have to give.

For me, it has been such an amazing display of appearance and emptiness. My Love's temporary aggression in those first few months of the retreat didn't ripen for me as a negative karma in the slightest. I saw the whole thing as a divine play. He taught me so much. And that is a big lesson in itself. If you don't have the karma for violence, you simply cannot experience it, and you will not experience it, no matter what is happening around you.

#5. Lastly, certain statements I have made have come into question, statements about certain experiences I have had and chose to share with the world. First I will say this: unlike some people, I am not prone to exaggeration; actually I tend to understate things. So if I say a few people came to a talk, it might actually have been about 60.

I have come into this world with very good karma. Then I worked very hard, surrendering myself to this path. And because of it, I have attained certain realizations, and nothing anyone can do or say will change that.

So that is my effort to clear up all that has come into question about myself and my partner over the past month. I sincerely hope that I have put everyone's hearts at ease. Now I understand why dispelling rumors is a Bodhisattva vow! My intention is nothing but pure Love.

Exiled

There is another thing I'd like to address, which is the disrespect I and my partner have received over the past month, and the disrespect all the other retreatants have received as well. I do this out of a desire for justice, because I feel there has been gross injustice, and I hope it can be resolved.

A few days after the GRT, my partner and I received letters from the Diamond Mountain board, asking us to please describe in detail the incident with the knife. This was very disturbing to me, because it was a gross breach of the retreat.

Before entering the retreat, each of the retreatants signed over power of attorney to an outside party, so that, in the case that any legal issue should arise at all for them during the course of the retreat, that outside party could handle it. Because you see, retreat is supposed to be a sacred space- a place where you can leave the outside world completely and go into a totally new and divine realm. And that can't happen if the outside world is allowed to invade that sacred space. That, in

fact, is one of my jobs as the leader of the retreat- to protect that sacred space.

So, because I saw that sacred space being threatened by the very people who were supposed to protect it, I and my partner declined to respond to the DMJ board's legal letter. However, because I know every single person on the board- I handpicked each and every one of them to be on the board in the first place, due to their level of clarity, their responsibility, and their sincere desire to serve others; they are my students and I love and respect them all dearly- I wrote back to these friends and tried to explain to them what they were doing wrong.

In this letter I tried to address certain issues that the board was upset about. The first thing I addressed was that I was in fact telling the truth about what happened during the last three-year retreat, and that I would continue to tell the truth if I saw it would be of benefit to people. I was a little upset that it seemed someone was calling me a liar, because a lot of my inner power comes from the fact that I tell the truth. People like the

retreatants who have had the opportunity to be around me know this.

I tried to urge my friends not to take this teaching in any kind of worldly way, because then they might miss some kind of profound message behind it. No, you don't need to call the sheriff, just sit down and think about what I was trying to show you.

Then I spoke a little about my vision for Tantric practice in the future of Diamond Mountain. For this, I will tell you a little story, without asking permission, because I know my student would grant it to me if I asked him, and unfortunately I am no longer in a position where I can ask.

During the third month of the retreat, a woman left her husband, leaving him absolutely devastated. He came to me begging for help, because he was having thoughts to leave the retreat, and even thoughts of suicide. So we sat down together, and looked for the karmic cause for this event. He was pretty mystified, because he felt like he had been practicing everything he was taught in the best

way he knew how, and he couldn't see where he went wrong.

Turns out he was doing something wrong in his meditations, of all things. He had been, diligently and sincerely, practicing Tantra improperly, because that is what he had been taught to do.

When you are single, and you are trying to call an Angel to you, the sky's the limit- you can picture anything you like, because you are trying to call up a vision of Perfection in bodily form. But once you have your partner, your Angel, all you should be visualizing is her, in a form that actually looks like her, in the most perfect way you can. Otherwise, you will be creating some very mixed karma, and your partner will eventually leave.

After that incident I reflected back on the seven years of the Tantric course, and thought about the huge number of break-ups that happened constantly in that community. And then I thought of Khen Rinpoche's community in Howell, New Jersey, how they were all these happily married couples that have stayed together for as long as I've known them. And I

saw a need to purify the Tantric path, so more people do not get hurt by dangerous misuse of desire.

So that is what I meant when I talked in this letter about purifying Tantra, and I hope it resolved any lies or misconceptions.

I feel like people have started taking the practice of Tantra too lightly- it is not some recreational activity you do for fun, it is a path to enlightenment, and it is a fast path and very dangerous if misused.

People have all sorts of wild ideas that maybe they will start practicing Tantra and have a dozen consorts, or something like that. They enter in for the wrong reasons, and abuse it, and get hurt. Or they try to practice sincerely, but are misinformed, and fail, like my example.

That story, by the way, has a happy ending. After we figured out the problem, I sent him back to his cushion to practice properly. He is a great meditator, and results came very fast. Within a month, he met the partner of his

dreams- another single retreatant, and he is happier now than he's ever been.

I want to give people that- the partner of their dreams, everything their heart desires, all the way to heaven. And to do that, we must make sure that Tantra is practiced purely, because then it will work for you.

Here is an example of pure Tantra:

My Love is my Angel. He is my shining light, my Protector and Savior, my entire world. He lives in a world of pure magic, and he takes me with him. We are on a pure path, and we work very hard to hold the line and stay there. We are holding hands in the sky now, can you see us?

So that is what I wrote to these friends and students of mine who were on the board. Then I told all of them that I loved them, and that the individual board member I always received letters from could continue to write me with any questions they had.

This individual did write, and expressed great concern about how the public was taking my recent teaching. So I told him that I really wanted to help. And so, although I would not comply with any legal demands, I would be happy to do what was necessary to ease the hearts and minds of the people in the world who misunderstood my teaching, which included writing an “addendum teaching” addressing all of these concerns.

To this, I received no response. Instead, two days later my Love and I were sitting in our house writing notes to each other, when suddenly we looked out the window and saw two men walking up our path.

These were two men we knew, friends and dear students and our caretakers, but today they were not friends at all. They had quite a determined appearance.

You must understand how traumatic this is, to see two people approaching your home with evil intent. Even in a one-month retreat, if someone like the plumber comes and knocks on the door unexpectedly, it is very alarming.

So this... it was jarring, to say the least. We had no idea why they were there, and we had no idea what to do- we're not supposed to talk to anyone from the outside world when we are in retreat. So we quickly ran and hid in the bathroom.

They waited outside our door for a while, and then they left. We peaked out, and saw these two letters attached to the door. Mine said: "The board has voted. You are no longer retreat leader here. You are no longer Spiritual Director of Diamond Mountain. You have an hour to leave DM property. If you do not leave within the hour, we will call the sheriff and have you forcibly removed. He is standing by."

Well, this was interesting news! The place that had been my home for nine years, the place I founded and poured all my heart and soul into, the place I had dreamed into existence after becoming a different kind of Being, was suddenly and without warning being ripped away from me.

Maybe you could understand some political reason for trying to "fire" me from my

position as retreat leader, although it is laughable considering there would be no retreat without me. But I had given a teaching that seemed to make people upset, and they were trying to cover their butts- they came to the conclusion that they couldn't openly support me without losing all their sponsors. It's cowardly and it's not pure view, but it's understandable, given the amount of fear pervading at that time. Still, their lack of trust in my was profoundly disappointing.

But to show up unexpectedly giving us one hour to vacate the premises or they would call the sheriff- that is just plain wrong to do to anyone.

I think being cast out of one's home suddenly would be difficult no matter what the situation. But in the middle of deep retreat, it is downright dangerous. The mind becomes very sensitive to the most subtle things, very open, and you have to be very careful how much stimulus you subject it to. Even coming out of our deep retreat and going down to the Temple to see other retreatants is a little bit scary for everyone every time another break

period rolls around. We are careful to go into breaks gradually, not to do too many activities, because otherwise the mind will be thrown into a special state of anxiety called lung, a condition only people who have done retreat can understand.

It is a very delicate thing to come out of retreat. The mind has to be prepared for the shift very gradually. You see a few close friends at first, you take time to re-assimilate to all the stimulus. You don't just throw someone from deep solitude straight into the crazy world. And, we were given no time to prepare a new place to continue our retreat.

The board was scared of us, because they knew they were doing something wrong. The retreatants all begged the board to let us stay, and then, when adamantly refused that, they begged for the board to give us more time. The board gave us 5 days, and told the retreatants they could not give us more because they thought I might start trouble. What was I going to do? Like I might try to rally all the retreatants together and start a war or something. Come on! These are a group of

people who have been in retreat for a year. They can't even walk normally any more, they are so lost inside their minds. Group gatherings are pretty darn quiet nowadays.

5 days to pack up our things and prepare to leave to God knows where. We lay low, and tried to maintain our retreat by not seeing anyone from the outside. Meanwhile, the entire tsam became under attack, besieged by the new regime.

It was a hostile takeover, to say the least. On the same day that we received the fateful letters, all the retreatants received their own letters from the DM board, demanding that they attend a mandatory meeting.

You must understand, the retreatants have not seen anyone from the outside world for over a year. Some of them don't even come to group events, they just stay in solitude inside their own cabin. We had very strict rules to protect retreatants from having any contact with the outside world. The only time anyone outside the retreat even entered into the tsam was when the caretakers quietly drove in every two weeks to drop our food into big metal

boxes, being careful to maintain silence at all times.

On this day, all the rules were smashed. The board and caretakers forced their way into the retreatants' sacred temple- the temple that was only to be set foot in by retreatants and no one else. They forced the retreatants to see people from the outside, people that most of them did not want to see at all. They forced the retreatants to hear talking, and to talk back, breaking their vow of silence. And they forced all this news of the outside world upon them.

In short, they broke the retreat.

*And how were we doing with all of this?
Personally, I started to feel like I had
gotten the bad end of a divorce settlement!*

*This land has a long history of being
battled over. Long ago, this was land
inhabited by Apache Indians, or the Water
People. Then, U.S. soldiers came, and forcibly
took over, because this land had the only
running stream for miles around. The Apaches
continued to live here as well, in an uneasy
truce. Then one day, a soldier's daughter fell
in love with an Apache boy. She went to live
with him and have his child, but was homesick
and returned after four years. The child was
kept by the Apaches to grow up with his
father, but since it was a boy child, the
soldiers wanted him back. They accused the
Apaches of stealing the child, and this started
a 75-year war, a war that, quite honestly, still
hasn't been healed. The same old battle seems
to keep being perpetuated. But perhaps this
time, we can do it with wisdom and heal this
place for good.*

*So I met the retreatants one last time, and
I told them: "Here is your last teaching from*

me before I go- if someone comes and does a terrible wrong to you, do nothing back, Just love them.” And then we did a special Guru Puja to try and clear up all of this negative karma.

I am sure it worked, these holy rituals are powerful good karma that never fail. However, it did not seem to ripen quickly enough for we did not receive any new letters from the board stating that they were sorry and would we please come back,

The retreatants are all very upset by this sudden turn of events. The Lama they had come to depend upon and rely on for help and guidance is suddenly, without warning, being torn away from them. We had all become very very close, a family, and to be honest it was heartbreaking.

And they had no say in the matter whatsoever, no voice. After that fateful day, the board members and caretakers did not leave the tsam. They continued to come and go as they pleased, talking to whomever they felt like, coming into people’s private retreat cabins, doing random searches. It felt to the

retreatants like a military invasion. And without me to defend them, they were powerless.

I had some talks with them before I left the property about what the karma must be for them to lose their Lama, lose their tsam, and how to fix it. So they are all working now from the inside, which of course is where the real power always lies. But still I feel I must be their voice and continue to stand up for them and speak out against what I see as the destruction of their retreat.

Everyone's meditation levels have dropped dramatically since these disturbing events have taken place. Why? Mostly because they are angry about it. But I am sure, being the strong practitioners that they are, that this present struggle will only serve to bring them further and faster along in their path. So I am not worried about them. However, when you see injustice, you must speak out. So I would like to ask everyone to please help remedy this situation as quickly as possible, so that the retreatants can have their tsam back and get on with their retreat. No more invaders in the

tsam. No more “mandatory meetings.” Let the retreatants go into solitude and do what they have set out to do- give them a chance at ultimate truth.

That’s my tirade- please help them.

So anyways, we humbly packed our essentials, leaving behind most of our things because we had nowhere to store them yet, and we met with a good friend from the outside who was going to look for a nice place for us to do the next year of our retreat.

But finding such a place takes time, and we needed some time on our own to adjust to these incredibly new shifts. We were not ready to get in a car and drive away. The very idea of being in a car was frightening. So we decided we would take a few necessities in a backpack and go camping in the cowherding land next to DM to get our thoughts settled and ease our transition.

It is legal to camp in the cowherd land for two weeks, and the you have to move, so you don’t damage one area. Ok, if we’re still here in a couple weeks, we can move on. Funnily enough, Ein had been asking me for a long

time if we could take a couple-day hike. So why not? We had a run-down broken tent, a coleman stove, a sleeping bag that fit two- what more did we need?

So we went out to the forest and made our camp. And the very first night, we saw these flashlights wandering through the dark. And I said to Ian, "I think that's people looking for us!" And he said, "Why?"

The next day we were languidly moving around our new tent home, getting ready for breakfast, when we hear voices and footsteps coming. So, in our second big effort to avoid confrontation with those of the outside world, we simply took a walk a little ways away, and waited for them to leave. They didn't leave.

I didn't really understand what legal rights DM thought they had in a place that wasn't their property, but there they were, and they had brought someone with them. We were guessing it was the ranger, there to tell us we can only spend two weeks there. Ok, we know that. No need to break our retreat and see

outsiders. (I think we may be the only retreatants who managed to escape that.)

We took a walk up the hill, and was from afar all sorts of commotion at our former home on the ridge- all kinds of banging around. I heard they sealed off all the doors, so we couldn't sneak back in. We had no intention of setting foot back on DM property- ever since we received our letters the whole place felt profoundly unwelcome, and we were happy to leave. We just wanted to be left alone to do our retreat.

Some friends who were concerned about us and new our plan to camp had stowed away some extra water and propane in a place just outside the DM property line, but the board had set up guards there, and so that luxury was now off-limits. Guards! What are they doing? It seemed that, out of fear, they were taking these extreme actions. It made me sad.

So we were still in the forest up on the hill as night fell, and once again these crazy flashlights searching for us, this time more of

them. And started to feel this terrible sense of being hunted, like a wild rabbit, or perhaps like an Apache of long ago. And it made me a little angry- we left peacefully on the day they commanded, without disturbing the retreatants at all, and now we are just trying to find our way and continue our own retreat in peace, off DM property- why can't you leave us alone?

What exactly are they afraid I might do? All this, coming from people who a week ago were happily bowing at my feet. My how things change. If you can't trust your Lama, what else is there? What do you have in this world?

People do strange things out of fear.

There have been some crazy rumors going around, most of them outright lies, They went into our house, and did a thorough search of every personal item we owned. They told people they were searching for drugs. That is a lie. They were actually looking for incriminating photos of a certain ex-friend of mine. But I had thrown those out long ago. I don't do drugs. I don't need to- my meditation is a billion times better than any drug. I get

people off drugs, teach people how to get rid of their addictions.

It is true, however, that there was a certain retreatant or two who came into retreat with drugs, and that I heard about it and did not “report” them to the board. That is because it was a limited amount, and they were weaning themselves off, after a long-term addiction. They were there to change themselves, and they were doing it, in the best way they knew how. And I did not think they needed to be kicked out of retreat because of it, and lose their opportunity to transform.

Thus do I dispel untruth with my shining blade of truth!

Just before we left to our retreat place in the sky, my Love and I sat on the side of a craggy hill, tucked away in our sleeping bag, gazing out over the retreat valley and wondering what will happen.

This land is so beautiful. It is so strange that there is so much strife. I do believe the retreatants and I have healed much, but there is still much to go.

So that is the addendum to my last teaching at DM, and I do hope it helps people get some new perspective of events.

I love you all very much, do not worry about us, we are still impossibly very happy-more and more joy each day. But do send your prayers to help mend the rift that has happened.

*All my Love,
Lama Christie*