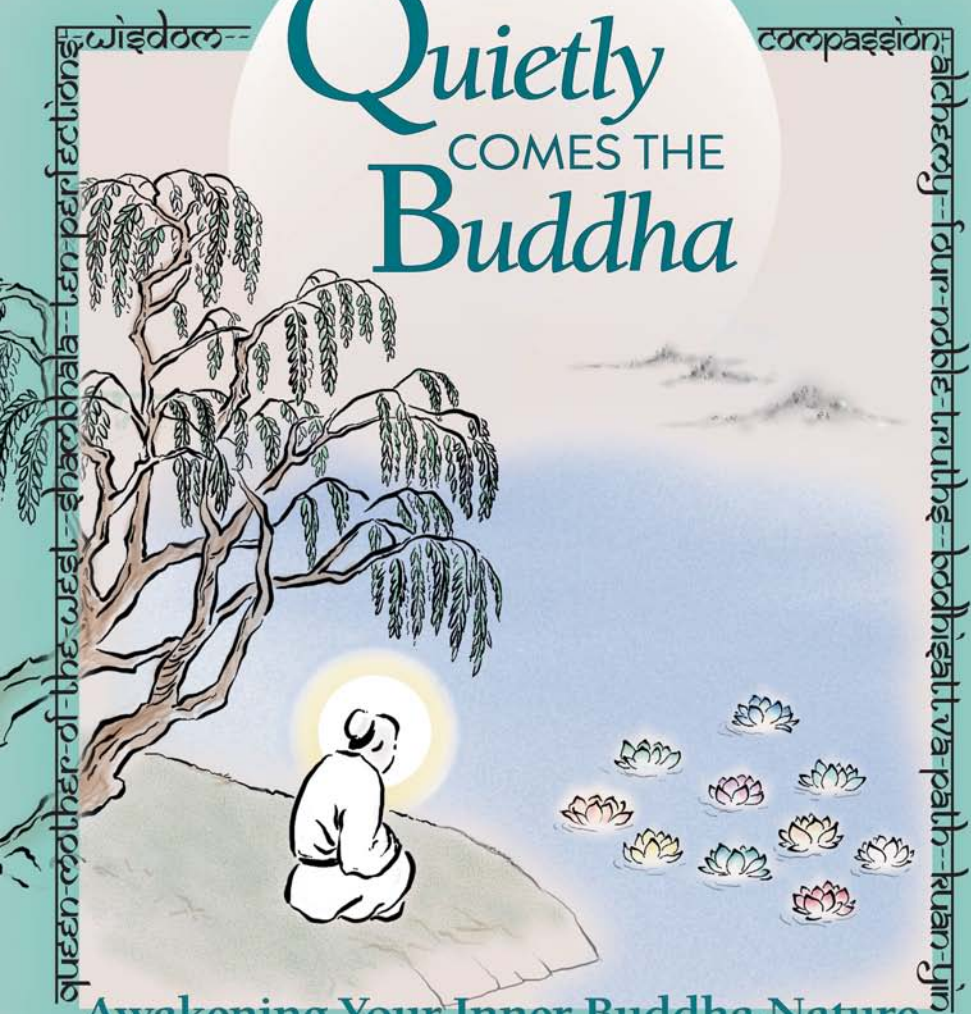


# Quietly COMES THE Buddha



Awakening Your Inner Buddha-Nature

*Elizabeth Clare Prophet*

Introduction by Karen Yang LeBeau



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*Awakening Your Inner Buddha-Nature*



ELIZABETH CLARE PROPHET

*Inspired by Gautama Buddha*

Introduction by KAREN Y. LeBEAU

SUMMIT UNIVERSITY  PRESS®

QUIETLY COMES THE BUDDHA

*Awakening Your Inner Buddha-Nature* by Elizabeth Clare Prophet

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E-mail: [tslinfo@tsl.org](mailto:tslinfo@tsl.org)

Library of Congress Catalog Card Number: 76-28087

ISBN: 0-922729-40-9

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Editorial and research: Karen Y. LeBeau

Interior design and production: Lynn M. Wilbert

Printed in the United States of America

First Printing 1998

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## *Preface*

I owe praise and gratitude to the *Lalitavistara* and *Jataka* stories of the past lives of the Buddha. It was my meditation on these texts that prepared me to receive the revelations from Gautama Buddha on the Ten Perfections for *Quietly Comes the Buddha*.

These are the original perfections that Gautama taught. They are eternal and they complement perfections adopted by later Buddhist schools.

The teachings in this book are written in the first person so that you can commune directly with the heart of this precious Buddha.





*I dedicate this work and all of its merit  
to the children of Tibet. May the Buddhas of  
the Ten Directions keep these blessed ones safe  
and happy and always mindful of their  
magnificent heritage.*





*There is no path in the sky...  
one must find the inner path.  
All things indeed pass away,  
but the Buddhas are forever in eternity.*

GAUTAMA BUDDHA, *The Dhammapada*



## INTRODUCTION

# *Meeting the Buddha*

You're wandering in an art museum, not really thinking about anything. The dial tone humming in your mind is interrupted by the resounding of your footsteps on the marble floor. A good interruption though, reminding you of your presence.

After all, it had been one of those mornings . . . Agreements that seemed solid as steel disintegrated into meaningless sawdust. Each phone ring signaled another disappointment. Another failure.

So you took a break and escaped into a museum. You're looking for solutions, but all you hear in your mind is a dial tone.

A multitude of paintings line the hallways, but none grab your attention. They blend into one another, colors blurring, unfocused. The dial tone hums . . .

Turning a corner you find yourself in the Asian art section.

Then it hits you.

Peace. Clarity of mind. Sweet stillness. Where is it coming from?

You focus on a gilded wooden statue in the center of the room. Moving closer, you see it's a seated man with short curly hair. His eyes are closed and he is smiling. The feeling of peace in your heart grows stronger . . .

"Who is this man," you wonder as you find the description placard. "*The Buddha in Meditation*," it reads. *Buddha* means "awakened one" in Sanskrit. This man is enlightened.

The placard continues:

The Buddha was born in 563 B.C. in the foothills of the Himalayas near the border of India and Nepal. He was a prince of the Shakya clan and was named Siddhartha. He left his family and kingdom to find the meaning of life. Siddhartha practiced austerities for years, but he still couldn't find inner peace. So he decided to take a more balanced approach through meditation.

Buddha. It echoes in your heart. Where have you heard that name before? In silence you study the image. Gentle cracks dispersed throughout the gold leaf betray its ancient origins. But the wood, so intricately and delicately carved, breathes with life. Organic. Pulsating. There's a presence in this relic.

Is it your imagination or is his smile broader than

before? The museum light above him flickers, then suddenly becomes brighter. Where have all the other people gone? It seems like hours since you've heard other footsteps through the halls. You're completely alone.

Your sense of peace intensifies and a comforting warmth suffuses your heart. Your open hands start to tingle, as if receiving a gentle mist from a light rain. Soon your whole being is enveloped in buoyant peace.

"Listen well," the Buddha speaks to your heart, "for I shall tell you how to become the Buddha where you are."

Whoa. You shake your head. This is only a statue, isn't it?

"The statue isn't the Buddha," he responds to your thoughts. "I am the Buddha. I can radiate my presence through the statue."

You shake yourself again, and convinced you need a cup of coffee and a serious reality check, you head for the exit. But a sign by the door catches your eye:

Buddhists use art to inspire and enhance their spiritual experiences. In Eastern tradition Gautama Buddha and other Buddhist deities convey their blessings and guidance through art. In Japan, for example, devotees have reported Buddhist statues coming to life to personally ease their pain and distress. One statue of the Future Buddha Maitreya is believed to be particularly skillful in healing eye, ear, nose and throat ailments as well as infertility and

hardship with childbirth. Buddhists in China and Korea have recorded similar stories of divine intervention through sculpture and other Buddhist art.

You read and reread the sign. Suddenly the words tumble from the placard, rearranging themselves into scintillating echoes:

**The Buddha is *here now*. He is always present. He speaks to his devotees unencumbered by time and space, be it in ancient India or the twenty-first century in the United States.**

You turn and notice other Buddha statues in the room, each highlighted in a soft yellow glow. Slowly you step up to them and read: “*Dipamkara, the Ancient Lamplighter Buddha.*” “*Maitreya, the Future Buddha.*” “*Amitabha, the Meditation Buddha of Limitless Light.*”

But your attention is drawn back to the center of the room. The gilded wooden statue shines brighter than them all. You walk up to him, gaze at his smiling face and again feel his loving presence.

“How can I become a Buddha,” you ask. “I thought there was only one Buddha.”

“There are many, many Buddhas,” Gautama replies. “Don’t you know, they’re as numerous as the stars on a mid-summer’s night. And I, Gautama, the sage of the Shakya clan, am not the first Buddha, nor am I the last.

“You can become a Buddha because the very essence

of the Buddha is in your heart. This is the Buddha-nature, the potential to become a Buddha. All life contains this Buddha-essence. It's a seed. You can cultivate it and watch it grow. Or you can let it lie dormant.

“More than ever, all who are destined to become Buddhas must realize their Buddha-nature and fulfill their calling. The survival of Mother Earth and all sentient life depends on it.”

Becoming a Buddha to save the earth, what a great idea! The last time you thought about becoming a super-being to help the planet was when you read Superman comic books as a kid. There he was, surveying the planet from outer space, figuring out who he'd save next. You liked that. So here is Gautama Buddha, a great enlightened being who wants to save the earth. But this isn't a comic book. This is for real.

“How did you, Gautama, become a Buddha?” you want to know. “How did you do it?”

“For me it all started when I experienced *bodhichitta*, my ardent desire for enlightenment. It ignited my inner divinity. That was my conversion, my turning around.

“*Bodhichitta* is the awakening of one's Buddha-nature. Without this initial *bodhichitta*, the Buddhas past, present and future could not have attained enlightenment.

“I am the Buddha for the current age, but aeons ago there was another Buddha named Dipamkara. At that time I was embodied as a young Brahmin named Sumedha.

I was successful and had accumulated much wealth. But after some time, I became bored with it all and wanted to find my true purpose in life. More than anything else in the world, I wanted enlightenment. It was an insatiable burning in my heart. That was my *bodhichitta*. So I gave away my wealth and possessions and became a hermit.

“Then I heard that Dipamkara was going to pass through the forest where I was meditating. So I joined the local people to prepare the road for him. Before I had finished clearing my part, I saw Dipamkara coming. I noticed that he was about to step into the mud. I didn’t want him to get his feet dirty, so I laid myself down in the mud, offering my body as a carpet for this blessed Buddha.

“He was pleased and became aware of my heart’s burning desire. With his Buddhist powers he could see countless ages into the future, and he prophesied that I would be a Buddha named Gautama. I rejoiced.

“So throughout many succeeding embodiments, I pursued and cultivated the qualities of a Buddha. You have also been preparing through a number of lifetimes. That’s why you’re here today. At this moment you don’t remember. But you will.

“Yes, that description on the placard is right. I had been a prince. But like your Jesus in the West, I preferred a higher kingdom, not an earthly one.

“I was born in a beautiful garden. A few days later soothsayers predicted I would be either a great monarch or



a Buddha. My mother, Maya, died right after that. Sadly, I never knew her. My father, Suddhodana, naturally wanted me to follow in his footsteps and become king. He did everything he could to keep me preoccupied with the pleasures and fascinations of worldly existence. But I had my own path to follow.

“My soul was starving and nothing in my father’s palace could satiate me. I had been insulated from the world and I knew I had to get out to see it for myself. So I snuck out of the palace grounds four times.

“The first time I went out, I saw a decrepit man leaning on a staff. He was bald except for a few wisps of white hair. Brown splotches covered his skin. His face was deeply creviced. His eyes were sad, very sad, as he moved slowly, heaving with each studied step. He was old. Old. I couldn’t believe it. Why hadn’t anyone told me that people grow old!

“The second time I went out, I saw a man lying on the side of the road. Moaning, he braced himself on his arm, coughed up blood, then collapsed on the ground. I asked my charioteer what was the matter. He told me the man was deathly ill and probably would not last the night. How my people have been suffering from disease! And I did not know it. I did not know it.”

You’ve seated yourself before the statue of Gautama, and looking up into the carefully carved face, you notice a tear welling up in his eye. It rolls down his cheek, catches a fold in his sleeve and glides off his fingertips to the marble

floor, glistening under the museum lights.

“When I went out the third time, I saw a corpse. Gray and decomposing, its body had given way to the skull and bones that protruded through. It stank. Rodents fed off its flesh with utter disregard for the human life that had so recently occupied its form. This was death. My first experience with death.

“I became pensive. Dissatisfaction bored through my soul. Lifetime after lifetime all humanity suffers. Why? Is there no escape?

“On my fourth outing I was studying the throngs of people and thinking about their predicament when I noticed a man in a saffron robe. There was a feeling of peace about him as he made his way through the crowds. Somehow I knew he had found inner serenity.

“He was barefoot and clothed in a simple garment, but he looked more majestic than any monarch I had ever seen. ‘Who is he?’ I asked my charioteer. ‘He’s a wandering sage, a holy man, sire,’ he responded.

“I looked down at my silken garments, splendid jewels and sandals. And I was ashamed. How shallow was my nobility as I stood before one who truly had integrity. I knew I could no longer be this prince.

“These four experiences stirred in me a soul memory. Do you know what it was?”

Shaking your head from side to side, you admit you don’t know.

“It was a memory of taking my bodhisattva vows. I was a bodhisattva before I became the Buddha. I vowed to win enlightenment so I could save humanity. This was my promise to God. This was my *bodhichitta*.

“There are different types of bodhisattvas. Some bodhisattvas are celestial, like the Bodhisattva of Compassion, Avalokiteshvara, a powerful intercessor for those who cry out for mercy. Other bodhisattvas are earthly, like you. But each of us vows, above all, to set all sentient life free.

“From the very first moment your heart yearns to be a disciple of the Buddha, you have entered the bodhisattva path. This path is the training course on becoming a Buddha. You want to be fulfilled. You like to help people. You sense the urgency of redeeming the environment and upholding Mother Earth. What better way to accomplish these goals than by becoming a Buddha?”

The Buddha leans over and looks you straight in the eye.

“Listen. Buddhahood is not realized in a day. It’s a ten-step program. You take on Buddhist qualities in increments. There are ten key virtues, or perfections, to this path. You can study them and incorporate them into your life. This was my prayer to cultivate these qualities:

*Om, Buddhas of the Ten Directions,  
May I fulfill all perfections:  
Alms, precepts, renunciation,  
Wisdom, courage, patience,*

*Truth, resolution, goodwill and indifference.  
Grant that I may realize them fully  
And attain supreme Buddhahood.*

“These are the *paramitas*, the Ten Perfections, the precious qualities of a Buddha. They heal body, mind and soul. Each one is like a facet of a jewel, and when you enter into it, it reveals to you its secrets.

“So in numerous lifetimes I pursued these perfections. I studied and practiced them until I became one with them. But I could not attain these perfections through human desire. I had to purify myself of the human consciousness. I became transparent so that each precious quality could shine through me. And only then could the perfection become my own. That’s how I became the Buddha.

“This noble goal of becoming a bodhisattva has always been a part of my teaching. But centuries after I left the physical earth, there were many misunderstandings about what I taught. Much of it had been forgotten and the spiritual thread of the Dharma was almost lost. Some schools clung to their misinterpretation of the rules. They even began to claim that only monks could pursue enlightenment. Can you imagine that?

“So I waited and searched for those whose hearts were prepared and opened. When they communed with me in meditation and prayer, I imparted to them a new understanding of the bodhisattva path, revealing that all sentient

life possesses the Buddha-nature. Therefore anyone—a layman, laywoman, monk or nun—could become a Buddha.

“This was around the time of Christ, and the movement that developed from these revelations became known as *Mahayana*, which means ‘great vehicle.’ It’s called the great vehicle because it welcomed everyone to the path of enlightenment.

“This movement ignited hearts throughout Asia, and that in turn inspired other new schools, such as Zen and Vajrayana Buddhism.

“You see, I have been imparting my teachings to select disciples throughout the world for twenty-five hundred years. And I continue to do so today.

“I can do this because I operate out of three interconnected levels of being. This is the idea of the *Trikaya*, or the three bodies of the Buddha—the *Nirmanakaya*, *Sambhogakaya* and *Dharmakaya*. You have them too, latent in your Buddha-nature.

“The *Nirmanakaya* was the physical body I wore to convey my Buddhist presence and teach my followers when I walked the earth as *Shakyamuni*, the sage of the *Shakyas*. Otherwise, how could they perceive me and receive my teaching?

“In the body of my Higher Self, my *Sambhogakaya*, I convey my presence and teaching to *bodhisattvas* in the celestial realms. Those on earth who are spiritually developed can also commune with my *Sambhogakaya* consciousness.



Chris Foleen

*The Three Bodies of Your Buddha-Nature*  
(Top to bottom: *The Dharmakaya, Sambhogakaya and Nirmanakaya.*)

“That is how I impart new teachings to uplift sentient life caught in samsara, the bitter sea of life. Certain souls receive my revelations, write them down and share them with others. This is how new schools were inspired.

“And my Dharmakaya, the body of ultimate reality, is the transcendent state of Buddhistic essence. This is the Presence of the I AM THAT I AM.”

The Buddha leans forward and cocks his head.

“You look puzzled. Do you have a question?”

Forgetting that the Buddha can read not only your body language but also your thoughts, you realize you’ve been distracted by conflicting concepts you learned in college.

You stand up to respond: “Yes, there’s something I don’t understand. Could you please explain why you use the word *soul*? I had a class in world religions—I think that’s where I first heard your name—and the professor said that Buddhists don’t believe in a soul. And what about God? My professor said Buddhists are agnostics, if not atheists. I don’t get it.”

Gautama smiles.

“Is your professor a Buddha?”

“No.”

“Is she a bodhisattva?”

“I don’t think so.”

“Well, there you have it. Some people study Buddhism as a cerebral exercise, but they may not enter into the spirit of it—the bodhisattva path itself. So they can’t penetrate or

understand what truth really is. How can you describe water if you've never gotten wet? You don't need the human intellect to reach the mind of God.

“When I was Prince Siddhartha, many people believed that the soul was immortal. I rejected that but I did not deny that there was something like a soul, or lifestream, that continues to exist throughout the cycles of death and rebirth. Otherwise, what is it, then, that reincarnates lifetime after lifetime, making and receiving good and bad karma? What is it that experiences bliss and enlightenment?”

“I use the word *soul* in a different way. The soul is one's potential. It can be molded, like clay. Because you have free will, you can shape the soul into the image of the Buddha. Or you can choose to produce a lesser image.

“So far as the Buddha being agnostic or atheistic, it's simply a matter of definition. If you say, ‘God is an old white-bearded man who sits on a throne in heaven and torments his creation by hurling lightning bolts upon them,’ then I will reply, ‘In that case, I'm an atheist.’ But if you say, ‘God is a transcendent presence of love and wisdom who desires more than anything else to woo all creation back to his merciful heart,’ then I will respond, ‘Yes, I truly believe in God.’”

“The Buddhas and bodhisattvas are individual manifestations of God. They are like points in a mandala or a complex geometric form. Though they are all part of the wholeness of God, each one is a distinct spiritual personality.

“They are not annihilated when they unite with God.



Their human consciousness is consumed, while their divinity, their Buddhistic essence, is crystallized into permanent God-realization.

“God as ultimate reality, as the Adi-Buddha, extends himself in energy and form through a hierarchy of Buddhas and bodhisattvas. Through Tibetan Buddhism I revealed this hierarchy of Five Dhyani Buddhas, Meditation Buddhas, who are like step-down transformers for the Adi-Buddha.

“Each Dhyani Buddha receives creative essence from the Adi-Buddha and then conveys that enlightened consciousness to a Dhyani Bodhisattva. The Dhyani Bodhisattva, in turn, personifies that energy and creates in the physical world a *Manushi*, or incarnate human Buddha.

“There are families of Buddhas and bodhisattvas, you see. And many members of our families are on earth. We are one in transcendent essence.

“You, as a bodhisattva on earth, can become one with God. But how do you describe this union in human terms? Mystics throughout the world have had this problem. What words can communicate one’s union with a transcendent, ineffable God? You can only resort to such terms as ‘the void’ or ‘emptiness.’ This union is the common thread, the common experience, underlying Sufi, Buddhist and Christian mysticism.”

By now you’re sitting on the floor before Gautama Buddha. You study his hands, his beautiful hands. In a graceful disciplined mode, they release a subtle essence

from the center of the palms. You compare them with the hands of other Buddhist images around the room.

“How did you become the Buddha?” you ask again.

“After my four encounters outside the palace, I made the painful decision to leave my wife, Yashodhara, and my newborn son, Rahula. I loved them dearly, but the yearning for truth burned deeply in my soul. I had to leave. Their salvation and the salvation of the world depended on my finding the answer to human suffering. So I departed in the middle of the night, knowing that my father would take care of my beloved wife and son. I was only twenty-nine.

“I searched out the most advanced sages of the day, but none of them could teach me the secret of transcending old age, disease and death. So I went off on my own to practice austerities. ‘Surely that will bring me enlightenment,’ I thought. After six years I became weak from starvation and other self-imposed tortures. I nearly died. See?”

He points to a dark schist sculpture of an emaciated bodhisattva seated in meditation. The figure looks more like a skeleton than a human being.

“This statue is a reminder that going to extremes can be dangerous. So I stopped abusing myself. But what would I do next? How was I going to find the cure for human suffering? Not knowing my path to enlightenment, I almost despaired. Suddenly, I remembered an experience I had when I was seven years old.

“One beautiful spring day my father took me to an



*Emaciated Buddha, schist sculpture, from 2nd to 3rd century A.D.  
Gandhara, where the first images of the Buddha were created.  
Gandhara included areas of current-day Pakistan and Afghanistan.  
(Scala/Art Resource, New York)*

earth-plowing festival. How joyous my people were in their new tunics and flower garlands! After greeting everyone and playing, I rested under a fragrant rose-apple tree and watched them plow. There was something about the plow blade penetrating the earth, then lifting its fertile, rich darkness to the surface. I fell into deep meditation. What peace! What bliss! Even at that tender age, I realized that my experience was a taste of enlightenment.

“Recalling this gave me hope, so I pressed on with my

quest. I found a banyan tree and sat by its entwined trunks to meditate. Soon after, a woman named Sujata came and offered me rice porridge. She thought I was the tree deity! She had prayed to him for a son and promised him a special food offering if he interceded. Well, it so happened that she had just given birth to a baby boy, and in gratitude she brought me the offering. How fortuitous! That porridge strengthened me for my breakthrough meditation.

“I vowed I would stay under that tree until I achieved enlightenment. So I meditated all night. It wasn’t easy. Mara, whose name means ‘death,’ tried to stop me. He sent his three voluptuous daughters to seduce me, but I was not moved. Then this evil one sent his armies to hurl hurricanes at me, a flood, flaming rocks, boiling mud and a storm of deadly weapons. Hordes of demons and total darkness engulfed me, but I refused to move from my seat.

“As a last resort, that audacious Mara challenged my right to pursue enlightenment and become a Buddha. He wanted my meditation seat. ‘That seat belongs to me!’ he shrieked. Mara called his retinue to witness that he was right, and his hosts of demons all shouted, ‘We bear you witness!’

“I then called upon my witness, Mother Earth herself. For it was she who had inspired my meditative bliss when I was a little boy under the rose-apple tree. I tapped the earth with my right hand. In response, the earth quaked and thundered, ‘I am your witness!’ And Mara fled. With the obstacles cleared, my mind was opened to successive



*Buddha in earth-touching mudra.  
Contemporary bronze image in Nepalese style.*

revelations through each watch of the night.

“The most important were the Four Noble Truths, which explain why humanity suffers so. The First Noble Truth is that life is suffering. When you are born, you suffer and your mother suffers. When you are ill, you suffer. You suffer as you grow old. And when you die, you suffer and others suffer in losing you. Throughout your life you suffer—you suffer when you experience the unpleasant. And then when you’re having fun, you suffer because it has to end. You suffer when you don’t get what you want.

“And do you know why you suffer so? It’s because of desire. That’s the Second Noble Truth. Suffering arises from inordinate desire. You want money, you want fame, you want power over others. Or maybe you just want to have a good time in the human experience. So what do you do to get these things? You ignore your inner needs, your spiritual needs, and you run around fulfilling all these desires and making a knot of karma. Then you die and have to come back to unravel it. It’s all because you can’t let go of your desires.

“It’s a vicious cycle, but it doesn’t have to be. And that brings us to the Third Noble Truth. If you want to stop suffering, if you want to heal your pain, then you have to stop entertaining inordinate desires.

“But it’s not as simple as it sounds. Transcending desires of the lower self and its limited awareness is an ongoing process. You have to be patient and merciful with yourself. And you need guidelines, a path, to help you along. That’s the Fourth Noble Truth.

“You can attain nirvana, liberation, by following the Noble Eightfold Path. It’s the Middle Way, which strikes a balance between the life of pursuing pleasure and the path of severe asceticism.

“The Eightfold Path consists of: Right View, Right Motive or Mental Attitude, Right Speech, Right Action, Right Livelihood, Right Effort, Right Mindfulness and Right Contemplation.

“This is what I discovered as I meditated under the

Bodhi tree. I found the answers to all my questions, and more. And when I gazed at the morning star, I had fully become the Buddha, the Awakened One.”

“Not bad for being only thirty-five years old,” you quip. “But tell me, what were you meditating on when you discovered these truths?”

“Why, the Divine Mother, of course,” the Buddha responds as he begins to intone in a low musical chant:

*O Mother of the World,  
We are all children of thy heart.  
Kept apart by triviality,  
We remain separate  
From thy cosmic ecstasy.*

*Do thou now, great starry Mother,  
Teach thy children how to have no other  
Than thyself—to hold our hands from mortal error,  
To keep our minds from mortal terror,  
To seal our hearts in purpose now supreme,  
To forge thy cosmic union—reality, God-dream.*

*Thy office of pure light fears no competition.  
Let none doubt thee, but find instead  
Attunement with thy blessed head  
Of hallowed thoughts.*

*I am a child of cosmic diligence;  
Immaculate is thy concept*

*Of my willingness to be God-taught,  
To learn to love,  
To shatter matrices of dense desire.  
O Cosmic Mother, from thy lofty star position,  
Set my heart afire!*

“I often taught in verse, you know. Look at the texts. First I gave the teaching in prose and then reiterated it in poetry. It was easier for my students to memorize the teaching through verse.

“After my enlightenment I began to preach. My first sermon on the Four Noble Truths became known as ‘setting in motion the Wheel of the Law,’ the law being the Buddhist teaching.

“I spent the rest of my life traveling and teaching. Many came to join me, and by and by we established a Sangha, a spiritual community. Eventually I returned to my father’s kingdom to share my discoveries with my family. I rejoiced when my son, Rahula, and my beloved Yashodhara joined the Sangha.

“Ah, the Sangha. Such a precious jewel! When hearts come together in harmony and love, we can accomplish so much. We can heal one another and uplift sentient life. We can save a world . . .”

The Buddha’s voice trails off as he turns his head and gazes upward. He looks like he’s surveying another realm, some other horizon. So you keep silent and let him pene-



trate his moment. He sighs, then turns to you.

“How I love the Sangha. It is all that I lived for. The foundation of my path is the Sangha, the Dharma and the Buddha. These are the Three Jewels. Cherish them and take refuge in them.

“The Buddha is the anointed one who teaches, and the Dharma is the teaching itself, the spiritual law.

“But there’s another meaning to the word *dharmā*. It also means ‘duty’ or ‘mission.’ It’s the divine law that can govern your life and lead you to freedom if you accept it.

“As the Buddha I release new teaching, Dharma. It is my duty to do so. Devotees in the Sangha receive and transmit the teaching. It is their duty to do so. As a result, more souls discover their Buddha-nature and join our community of bodhisattvas. And the Sangha above and below, in spirit and matter, expands. The Buddha, the Dharma and the Sangha represent the power of the three-times-three ever transcending itself. Profound mathematics, is it not?

“But bear in mind that there are always obstacles to overcome. It’s not easy to bring spiritual light and principles into this terrestrial realm. The tools of Mara can take many forms to oppose you.

“My life was not always a gentle walk with my followers along the dusty roads and garden groves of India. I had to contend with my evil cousin, Devadatta. He wanted to destroy the Sangha from within, so he became a prominent

member of the community. I lost five hundred monks because of his shenanigans. He even tried to kill me—three times!”

You stare at him in disbelief. You’ve never heard about such aggressive evil within a Buddhist community.

“How did you defend yourself?” you ask.

“I held my ground. I had been born into the warrior caste and was trained in the martial arts. Even so, I didn’t fight him. I had learned a different way to deal with those who move against the Buddhist light.

“I dissolved his malintent by the loving power of the secret rays. I had cultivated these five Buddhist rays throughout aeons of embodiments. Each one has a feminine and masculine aspect—yin and yang, if you will.

“So in total I mastered ten qualities of the secret rays. These subtle essences are the *paramitas*, the Ten Perfections.

“I wasn’t able to resent my cousin because I didn’t have resentment in my consciousness. I was able to respond with loving peace because I had mastered the secret rays. These rays can penetrate the unconscious and subconscious to resolve psychological blocks to wholeness. I had learned a number of secret-ray exercises to attain self-mastery and inner power.

“One time Devadatta commanded the elephant keepers to loose a mad elephant. He was hoping it would trample me to death when I took my morning walk. Devadatta wanted to take over my position as the Buddha, you see.

People on the road were terrified when they saw the elephant coming. They fled, screaming. But I was not moved. I focused my attention deep within my heart, in the inner chamber of the secret rays. I was at peace.

“I raised my right hand in the pose known as the fearlessness mudra. Suddenly, five lions followed by five different-colored rays sprang out from my fingers. These Buddhist rays stopped the elephant dead in his tracks. He became docile.

“These are the subtle yet powerful energies you develop and refine on the bodhisattva path. These subtle emanations are inherent in all mystical teachings, but they may be interpreted in different ways. Taoists and martial artists understand them as *ch'i*, or internal power. Sufis call them ‘essence’ and the system of five *lataif*. Tibetan Buddhists describe this energy as emanations of the Five Dhyani Buddhas. I refer to them as the five secret rays.

“These secret rays emanate through subtle chakras in your hands, feet and spleen,” he explains.

“You can see their different qualities depicted in the mudras of Buddhist and Hindu deities. Jesus also used his hands to convey the healing power of the secret rays.

“And there are secret-ray centers in each of the seven major chakras. The path to personal Christhood is refining within yourself the divine qualities of these chakras: wisdom, truth, power, love, peace, freedom and purity. When you have developed them to a certain degree, then you can

enter the path to Buddhahood by cultivating the secret rays.

“Observe the secret rays being released through the mudras of the hands of the Buddhas and bodhisattvas.”

You look around at the different statues of the Buddhas and bodhisattvas in the room. You notice that rays of light are beginning to shine through their palms and the tips of their fingers. You raise your hands to feel the energy.

“This indeed is like the ch’i I’ve felt practicing Chinese boxing,” you reflect. “But it’s a lot more powerful. So this is what my teacher Master Cheng meant by ‘inner power.’ It’s the secret rays. He said inner power is a developed form of inner energy, or ch’i.

“Now I get it. These secret rays are the keys to my own healing and enlightenment, which I have been searching for all of my life. I bet they also provide keys for the healing of Mother Earth.”

The Buddha smiles and nods at you.

“How do I learn more about these secret rays so I can become a Buddha?” you ask.

“Listen to me” the Buddha whispers . . .



CHAPTER 1

*Becoming the  
Buddha*

*The seed of Buddhahood exists in every living being.  
Therefore, for ever and anon, all that lives  
Is endowed with the Essence of the Buddha. . . .  
It is immaculate by nature and unique with all,  
And Buddhahood is the fruit of the seed.*

UTTARATANTRA



### *Devotees Ever Mounting the Path of Attainment:*

There are some who are born to be the Christ and there are some who are born to be the Buddha. Who is Christ? Who is Buddha? Who are you? Why were you born? To be man, to be woman, to be father, to be mother. Yes, this and more.

To be the Christ or to be the Buddha where you are, you must know that this is the goal of life for you. There are those who know from within, for their souls have cried out and they have heeded the call of conscience and inner flame. When you hear your soul cry out for deeper levels of fulfillment, listen and respond. Know in the inner recesses of your soul that life is meant to be a reflection of the infinity of God.

In the moment when your inner self and outer self merge, you realize that becoming the Christ or becoming the Buddha is the goal of life for all evolutions of beings in realms earthly and divine.

This is the moment when the spark of the Logos ignites the flame of the Buddha-nature deep within, and the all-consuming passion of the devotee becomes the search for the teacher and the teaching. Hence the vision of the goal inspires the soul to pursue the way of ultimate fulfillment.

Thus the Eightfold Path was born out of my communion with the Most High God—a communion that was a supreme compassion, a deep desire to show humanity how to return to the center of transcendent reality.

*O flaming Presence of the Central Sun,  
 Spiritual source of all life,  
 O flaming Reality, thou Cosmic One,  
 O God, the All-in-all,  
 How can I impart the quickening, the awakening,  
 The awareness of the Enlightened One  
 To those here below?  
 They have forgotten the immortal fount—  
 Its taste, its soothing waters, its bliss.  
 Do they remember standing with Christ  
 On transfiguration's mount?  
 Do they remember beholding  
 The hand of God on Horeb's height  
 Or bearing witness to Elijah's flight?  
 Do they remember the kindness of your face  
 In bodhisattva's grace  
 Or in the shining eyes of arhat, adept, avatar?*

*To those who would return to thee  
And yearn to glimpse eternity,  
I would bring the light,  
I would bring remembrance  
Of the vastness of their origin.  
I would bring a cup of living flame  
From the altar of the Most High God.  
I would offer the cup of liquid gold  
To those who honor thee and would hold  
Thy light, thy being  
And the realization of thy law  
In mind and heart and soul  
That they might reach the goal.*

*I give my life, my energy  
For the fusion of humanity  
With sacred fire, with mind of God,  
With love compelling and wisdom telling  
That the way, the Eightfold Path,  
Is the means of cycling  
To the center of the sun  
Of God consciousness.  
The way made plain  
Is for the humble in heart,  
For they have prepared  
To enter in.  
The way made plain*



*Is the way of selflessness,  
Desirelessness, all-inclusiveness.*

*I am the Buddha come again.  
I am the Buddha come to win  
Souls for freedom, for individuality,  
Souls for God, for hierarchy—  
Transcendent orders of Buddhas and bodhisattvas.  
I am the Buddha.*

*I come quietly as all-pervasiveness,  
As gentleness and sweet caress  
Of God enfolding life with tenderness.  
A thousand petals of a thousand-petaled rose  
And of a lotus that blooms and grows  
In the swampland of life  
Is a symbol of the alchemy  
Of dissolving karma  
And transcending pain and suffering.*

*One by one the petals of the law  
Will reveal a soul without flaw,  
A jewel in the center of the lotus.  
Enter the heart of Buddha-nature,  
Of redemption's fires of Holy Spirit,  
And welcome the initiation  
And the process of extrication  
To be purged of all illusion.  
This is the testing and the tempering*

*Of a soul that is born to be  
The Christ, the Buddha,  
To be free.*

*I am the Buddha.  
I come quietly.*

Bidden by cosmic teachers, I come to tutor bodhisattvas East and West, to take you by the hand and lead you to Mount Everest. High in the Himalayas we shall stand, your hand in mine and mine in thine. We hold the hand of hierarchy.

So learn from me, if you will, of hierarchies of Buddhas and bodhisattvas, of worlds within and worlds beyond, of galaxies of light, of brothers and sisters you have known, now a part of cosmic consciousness. They know Shambhala, where the doves have flown.

The path of the Buddha is also the way of the Holy Spirit, of caduceus rising from the base to the crown<sup>1</sup> and fourfold mastery of planes of consciousness—etheric, mental, emotional and physical sheaths around the soul.

The way of the Buddha is the adoration of the Mother. It is the child adoring the Mother, the Mother adoring the child. It is God enveloping the soul and the soul enveloping God, the Lover and the beloved uniting as one. The way of the Buddha is the Knower becoming the known and the known becoming the Knower.

I would teach you of wholeness, of God as one and

God as twin flames, of God as three-in-one, as four, and on and on, until God as numberless numbers transcends all numbers and becomes the Infinite One. I would teach you to give birth again and again to realms of infinity, realms of God-realization.

I come that you might experience God as a Buddha experiences God. I come to prepare you so the Divine Mother can pass to you the torch of illumination, as I have entrusted it to her care. May you also transfer that torch of illumination, illumined action, and the experience of being God to all sentient life.

Enlightenment for this age is realizing the Buddha where you are. Let wisdom be the divining rod of love. Let your actions and experiences be reflections of all you have learned on the bodhisattva path. Prove the love of truth that reveals itself in eyes that shine for God and in a face transparent with the image of the Divine Mother smiling through.

Let enlightenment be upon souls who are free, free to win God-mastery. Let enlightenment be the mark of those who love and keep on loving still in the face of adversity and every thrust of tyrant's will. Let enlightenment be the love that consumes the poisonous dragon in his lair. This love is the rushing, crystal stream flowing on to a roaring waterfall of light, Iguazu's torrents<sup>2</sup> drowning out the screaming and the screeching of the denizens of night from the unconscious mind. Let enlightenment be God's

government on earth, God's vision on earth and God's victory on earth for a planet and a people.

*I am the Buddha.  
I come quietly.  
Let the devotees of the Buddha listen well,  
For I have a tale of attainment to tell.  
Step by step I shall unfold  
The glory of your becoming sevenfold—  
Masters of the sacred law  
And possessors of the forces ten.  
Listen well, for I shall tell  
The story of becoming  
The Buddha where you are.*

I am

*Gautama*

seated in the flame of peace



PRAYER FOR ONENESS  
IN THE BUDDHA-NATURE

*Om Buddha*

*Om Christos*

*Om Trikaya*

*O Buddha, come forth to be thyself, myself,  
as one. Awaken now the Buddha-nature within  
me. Come now from out the great Central Sun,  
focus of thy threefold light, threefold conscious-  
ness. Enter my heart and be the All-in-all as  
universality, potentiality, realization, integration.*

*O Mother—wisdom of your heart, power of  
your action, fire of your compassion—come forth  
now. Precious jewel in the lotus of being.*

*Om Mani Padme Hum*

*Now I call to thee, great Buddhas—  
Dipamkara, Gautama, Maitreya and Jesus.  
Show me the way, the truth, the life everlasting.  
Prepare me for the initiations of the heart that  
I may become that jewel in the center of the lotus.*

*Om Mani Padme Hum*

*Om Mani Padme Hum*

*Om Mani Padme Hum Hrih*



# Notes

## CHAPTER 1

1. Mystics throughout the ages have pursued spiritual liberation through purifying and then raising their feminine and masculine energies from the base-of-the-spine chakra to the crown. In India this is described as the yogic weaving of the *ida* and *pingala* energies up the *sushumna* in the spine.

This divine dance of feminine and masculine (yin and yang) is represented through many symbols, such as the T'ai Chi in Chinese Taoism. In the West it has been symbolized in the caduceus, a staff of two intertwined snakes topped by a pair of wings. The Greek god Hermes is shown holding this staff, and physicians have adopted it as their symbol.

2. Imagine being surrounded by a vast arc of cascading waters over two miles wide. That's the width of four Niagara Falls. These 275 waterfalls known as Iguazu plummet hundreds of feet, driving expansive mists into the air. Some of the falls deflect off rocky ledges, creating myriad rainbows that play upon the rising mists.

*Iguazu*, which comes from Guarani for "great water," also refers to the Iguazu River, which plunges into the falls on the border of Brazil and Argentina before joining the Paraná River at the nexus where Brazil, Argentina and Paraguay meet.

In the esoteric tradition *Iguazu* means "I am! I was! I shall be!" "I was" symbolizes the water before it reaches the break. It's the past. "I am" signifies the water when it breaks into the falls. It's the now, representing the descent and release of energy from God into the heart chakra of the devotee and the planet. The future, the "I shall be," is depicted in the waters flowing out from the bottom of the falls. The mists represent the crystal fire mist—the spiritual energy of precipitation, transmutation, creation and innovation through union with God's consciousness.

Visualizing Iguazu Falls can become a meditation on the victory for one's soul and all sentient life in the eternal now.

## CHAPTER 2

1. The utopic Shangri-la in James Hilton's novel *Lost Horizon*, also made into a movie, has inspired many a heart and imagination. Perhaps Shangri-la stirred

ELIZABETH CLARE PROPHET is a pioneer of modern spirituality. Her books and tapes include *The Lost Years of Jesus*, *The Buddhic Essence*, *Studies in Alchemy*, *Kabbalah: Key to Your Inner Power*, *Reincarnation: The Missing Link in Christianity*, *Mysteries of the Tao* and *Kuan Yin's Crystal Rosary*.

Since the 1960s, Elizabeth Clare Prophet has been lecturing and conducting conferences and workshops throughout the world on such topics as the bodhisattva path, the aura, reincarnation, soul mates, spiritual psychology and the ascension.

She has been featured on NBC's *Ancient Prophecies* and A&E's *The Unexplained* and has talked about her work on *Donahue*, *Larry King Live*, *Nightline*, *Sonya Live* and *CNN & Company*. She lives in Corwin Springs, Montana.



KAREN Y. LeBEAU has been studying and writing about Chinese culture and philosophy for over twenty years. She has a B.A. in Chinese language and an M.A. in Religious Studies from the University of Minnesota.

As an undergraduate she explored the roles of Maitreya in China, the parallel paths and teachings of Jesus Christ and Gautama Buddha, and the canonization of Gautama Buddha in the West in the form of saints Barlaam and Josaphat. She also identified and compared *blanc de Chine* porcelain images of Kuan Yin. As a graduate student her research focused on the Buddhist art and ideology of the Tangut Hsi-hsia kingdom in northwest China (982-1227 A.D.). She also has a Master's degree in Print Journalism from the University of Southern California and has published in the *Los Angeles Times* and in *Ability* magazine.

Karen was involved in Tibetan resettlement in Minneapolis and sponsored and shared her home with Tenzin Chodon Yarphe. She lived in Taiwan for two years, where she frequented the National Palace Museum and the temples of her best friend, Kuan Yin.

# Quietly COMES THE Buddha

"This devotional text, firmly grounded in Buddhism but reaching out to embrace other teachings, has the potential for awakening in the heart an ardent desire for enlightenment. It both comforts and challenges." —SONJA ARNTZEN,

scholar of Zen poetry and Japanese literature,  
author of *Ikkyu and the Crazy Cloud Anthology* and *The Kagero Diary*

## Take a moment and commune with the heart of the Buddha.

Discover peace, transformation and divine solutions to your everyday problems through the creativity of the Buddha-nature in your heart.

You can realize your Buddha-nature by cultivating its qualities known as the Ten Perfections. See them as ten habits of highly effective Buddhas to be:

- Giving of yourself (alms)
- Attaining enlightenment (precepts)
- Centering in ultimate reality (renunciation)
- Transcending the human mind (wisdom)
- Overcoming fear and unworthiness (courage)
- Refining the soul through communion (patience)
- Freeing yourself from the effects of errors (truth)
- Conquering self-destructive habits (resolution)
- Integrating the divine into your daily life (goodwill)
- Sustaining intensity and equanimity as you fulfill your goals (indifference)

*Quietly Comes the Buddha* is an offering of meditations, poetry and prayers for developing your Buddhist nature to bring wholeness into your life and the lives of others. Includes meditations on the heart for resolving conflicts and chakra meditations for purification and healing.

About the cover: The devotee sits by the river of life and contemplates the lotuses of the Ten Perfections.

Cover illustration by Chris H. Foleen

Art direction by Karen Y. LeBeau

SUMMIT UNIVERSITY  PRESS®  
\$9.95

