



Roses & Thorns, by U.G.

The handsome, smiling, humbly-clad man they called U.G. sat relaxed and friendly before me. Intent upon using my visit to get straight answers, I hurled at him my first question: "Are there any boots to walk on thorns." His reply came back crisp and direct, "There are no thorns." Unsatisfied, I pursued, "The thorns are very much there for me!" With quiet patience he answered, "Stop looking for roses and there will be no thorns." NOW THAT WAS REALLY SOMETHING! He had no

boots for sale, nothing to offer. Suddenly the man in the white kurta-pajamas sitting before me became a very interesting personality indeed! I kept on throwing questions at him for some time, and like a golden bell the answers came back clean, precise, and convincing. Pushing on, I asked him about the mysteries of the mind, and if it was not possible to control the thought process. "All that kind of thing is bogus. I found out for myself that there is no mind, nothing there to control," he said. It looked like a hopeless case. I was not getting the answers I wanted, but had no intention of giving up: "Can reading, study, and trying to understand help me?" "No, these things cannot help you in any way because they are only forms of entertainment for you," he said. -- U.G., from 'Sage and the Housewife' [<http://www.well.com/user/jct/sage1.htm>]