

*A Buddha
Was
Born*

*A Lighted
Way
The Spiritual
Garden*

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Synopsis

All people are born are light in human form, and potential Christs beings or Buddha's. But few are those who visit the Plan's death, and in consequence thereof return life to tell this testimony. In this remarkable work as well as in all others, the author and writer have revealed knowledge gained not only experience but also the last in its previous Incarnations. Again it serves their own abilities to narrate the birth of a baby simply like many others, that the life that led attains full enlightenment in his lifetime, thus becoming a living Buddha.

After all the works ever written, leaving many people incredulous with their contents, while others make use of them as self-help or personal development, or as a point of having ascended into the Spirit World. Whoever knows the earlier works, only one might expect this to be an enlightened book like this?

Because all beings possess a Sacred Garden ended in his heart, just by opening the eyes of the Spirit to dazzle more colorful and starry. But for this there must be someone describe how it is possible to anyone who feels the sacred calling, to get rid of the last frontier of human thought, leading to surpass herself and to discern for itself its Real Spiritual Garden, coming one day to achieve the so desired Ascension into higher level with respect to the Universe, and so one can become a self or Holy Buddha and perhaps a living God.

Grateful you all

Part 1

The Tempest

It was a stormy night it rained very much, the thunder shook the earth accompanied by large lightning that illuminated all their forms electrifying. One of them was felt so strong and so close that all the houses on the outskirts cheered, it seemed that the World would collapse. People prayed to God more credulous or Ms. Fatima, so that time to subside. But this was not so giving you to God so that confined them. In these houses lit by an antique oil lamp, was a woman with some already advanced age to give birth to their first child.

The pain has long been made to predict the birth, but when the waters broke and that was worse. Not giving time, and time did not allow otherwise would be coming to this small World. At that time it was customary for older people, who already had children in such cases be helpers of the newest. One was precisely the neighbor who lived next door, called her Aunt Belmira nothing belonging to the family. The mother said oh my rich aunt Belmira help me I'm dying. Which answer, you will not die no child, because God is with us. And this time it is happening is the testimony the own before this Holy Birth.

It is what this winter's night between screams, blood and tears of the mother, taking with just a bucket and a bowl of water and some towels to clean the blood. In addition to his hands and ancient knowledge, could help give birth to a new being born already wide-eyed. Unusually at the time, was little more in the middle of the nineteenth Century.

The mother felt that something had been torn from within, exhausted and sore but somewhat relieved to have already fulfilled the mission of giving birth, that child without having wished, by virtue of being a sexual accident. He came to feel faint so the effort spent to expel the baby, and because he failed to drive out some debris that was still inside. She fell asleep! But after some time coming around, he noticed that everything was calm and felt excruciating pain in her womb, and was involved in a Turkish towel with legs overlapping not to take more blood that belonged to an internal hemorrhage.

She was dazed and confused, he asked in a trembling voice low and husky Aunt Belmira what happened?

The witness of all that had happened he cried!

Do you remember the bad weather increasingly got worse as he approached the moment when the boy was to be born?

Answered!

I have a vague idea!

For with much effort and pain do not you realized that soon after being born and when I could indulge in my hands, he shouted so loudly to breathe for the first time, towards the window where you could see the lightning completely illuminated the room through curtain, which as per your order immediately it was calm as you can see.

At that moment the cry was higher than the Lightning, making me vibrate with him also that for some almost dropped.

Although you did not have full consciousness of what was happening, that it was a unique moment in my long life that has never felt and witnessed. It was as if God had just been born and sent to silence the entire Universe came to watch his own birth. Now what asked the new mother?

For the rest but now I must warn you that the boy will be very restless.

And that since he was born until recently kept moving the eyes, seems to want to understand everything that is happening around him now.

But he already has his eyes open Belmira aunt?

The eyes open and well!

All my life I have helped and attended the birth's as you know, that has not been so few; I've never seen anything like it! And I tell you to throw it more; I never felt something like, a vibration coming from his little body that I went round from head to toe. At the same time it seemed that enveloped me in a beam of Light. You have here a nice guy. Congratulations!

And something tells me it will be different from others, I had given birth or who are helped to be born. It makes me have the feeling that he already knows what is born!

Well for now continues to rest with the Angels. Come on now talking about you, exclaimed Aunt Belmira!

You had an hour long and a very difficult birth; I was gone see this for the better but always trusted in God to accompany us to the three. And here we are!

I do not know, since repair for you just cannot move much and you are all bandaged from the waist down. You have internal bleeding and I do not much I can rely on. The boy is good and completely free of danger, but you have to be treated in a hospital to get you out yet you still have something inside you to need stop the blood.

For being so there is going to call the fire department.

Said the mother!

Aunt Belmira immediately picked up the phone and called the Fire Department asking for an ambulance. Then the middle of the night when everything was quiet only saw huge puddles of water on the street that reflected the moonlight. They heard the distant roar of an old engine of a car, which he entered the road that connected to the house, the light from his headlights mirrored the torrents of water that ran through the edges of the road.

They have arrived, said Aunt Belmira!

They who asked the mother still dazed.

Who would be the fire brigade!

Mother and son were transported there to the nearest hospital. Upon arrival were immediately separated and the mother watched. After being out of danger had to be hospitalized, and he handed the baby back to breastfeeding.

In the days that followed the baby sucking but never felt satisfied. And then cry with hunger. Then came to find that mother's milk was not, only more or less water not quenched the baby. Then someone who had also given birth at the hospital and after giving to nurse your baby, noting that he still had some milk in the breasts, gave the baby crying for mama.

Since then all other new mothers followed his example, they also offer what was left for their anticipated future life.

Then the baby began to take another color for the children. When was the hour of the breast, he even guessed a bit before you start. Were it not for your little ones eyes give this signal through a brighter glow, which would disappear as it would in other nursing mothers who were offering him the breast.

Until one day the good feeling of walking in the nursing mothers of the other ended. He had been given discharge the mother. Although he was one winter morning more resembled a beautiful spring day. The rays of the sun seemed to be more welcoming to be small, in the form of light that penetrated through the branches of shade trees that lined the garden of the Hospital.

On that day the mother returned home with the baby in her arms. But after reaching the baby was hungry already started looking breast, the mother's womb, but that did not give anything. Aunt Belmira it was the closest neighbor, was there helping and teaching the new mother, as she had little food, through other foods that could replace breast milk. They tried to milk powder, but he rejected the cow mixed with water to not be as strong, took the same path. And the child continued to cry with hunger. Until after fifteen days after its birth when the mother was preparing to eat a bread soup, the baby began to look at the plate and began to lend an air of grace. The aunt Belmira who was nearby noticed and told his mother not tells me that the boy wants to wake up?

I'll try said the mother.

There was seeking an empty beer bottle and a teat which served to feed the little's kid when they were separated from their mothers (goats) for their milk is sold. And so there bread soup introduced into the bottle and put the teat gave the baby that sucked all so comforted.

Who would have exclaimed Aunt Belmira?

Never seen anything like this with only two weeks and already eat bread soup! Well the future was beginning to emerge for Jose, that's how we identify. With the offer by the grandfather of a goat newly calved, to give milk for the little things started to improve even more.

Until about six months of the way who was not very strong but energetically so after drinking a bottle of beer, milk and finding that it contained nothing more to eat. That flung her against her mother's head, which went crashing through the floor is starting.

This was his first major revolt in a gesture felt in action.

The mother in turn with a lovely bump on the head distressed by the loss of the bottle and suffered with pain, still got up the guts to sing him a lullaby to sleep. Starting with the bottle that bottle called, had no choice but to pass the spoon to feed him.

Part 2

The Clairvoyance

The guy there was growing healthily before our eyes, but his figure was clearly that of remember a little Yogi despite its two years of age. Everyone kept on touching the felt even more so, because it was not immediately accepted by his father after his birth. But despite playing with what was offered him, and that he discovered through an attraction he had for certain specific things. It was a life of toil and sacrifice for his mother to maintain, because she does not have an appreciable health. His maternal grandmother already of advanced age contributed what they could. Stone had a sale of vegetables to the public. But profits were few who came from their meager sales.

Times were hard, all the pennies were counted. Little Jose from an early age accompanied his grandmother there such treks, everyone who knew the caress enough, because the boy after getting speak quite early, but with his grandmother. What was the person, with whom he most identified, understood and satisfied in their still small knowledge needs. And the sympathy that was felt by both there was no need of many words. But for those outside had to develop quite early this ability to express what he felt and needed. As him begin to develop speech began to give evidence before the people closest, certain capabilities that only exist in some adults, rarely.

One was that he loved to play when someone including his mother would say something; he tried to cover her mouth to say nothing.

And she asked him why?

And the little man replied.

I already know what you'll say! He exclaimed.

And she asked him what it was?

He replied that he was always smiling this or that, so always correct in their perception. She did not believe this to be possible for the little she had to be given to the World.

His grandmother that was so nails him with meat. Because your Spirit was more turned on and awake to these things Sacred. It was she who took the call to the evil eye of envy or ill people, who sought through water and oil followed with Catholic prayers as the Sun, something that was free of charge.

It was felt that this was one of their obligations to others, besides containing also the knowledge of Clairvoyance, which applied only for your personal or family. As time was increasingly coming to realize that there was a grandson who could give him some of his knowledge, which ended in its deepest depths.

Because the facts together before his birth that she had previously thought. As anyone who saw time his coming to Light of the Moon and the World. Or the fact that his daughter have commented just after birth, because she heard the older people, wise and experienced tell you, if you ever hear the baby crying inside you never told anyone. Because it means he has Special Gifts. Listen, shut up and feel what he has for you because he wants to communicate with you, and can do it in the form of crying. And the child was heard by his mother that way.

As he grew up he was becoming increasingly different from the other children the same ages. Even before starting the primary, he looked older people to talk, socialize and learn whatever it was awakening to its attention. Thus already had great conversations with these people without losing the thread, which led him to feel while chatting, some health problems that people are still unaware of in them.

But he was not alone out there. Went further and penetrated the Souls of those people who felt they were faced with a strange kid who has not read or write. But he spoke and made him feel so grown enormous knowledge of things from beyond. Some were amazed, did not believe in anything other than the kid said. But later had to give to fess up because of what he observed before, and telling the same for that event.

Well there was obliged to go to school to learn to suffer!

Because it is too attached to the principles of those who dealt with him more, that was exactly his grandmother, who gave him all the love that a human being can offer to another. This felt right from the first moment after my foot inside the school, what would be a real pain in all aspects to it.

They were ancient and moralistic people lived to the base of wedges. As the boy did not have a wedge in school. The same felt thrown into a lion's cage like a piece of meat to be devoured. In addition the environment is to cut with a knife and ice cream both by the teacher, who beat more than taught. Who had a long-cane from India who had a thimble on the tip of metal that was used when the guys a little distracted in class, and it did wake up to this physical reality that everyone tried to somehow avoid.

But this was rarely possible due to the vast years of this barbaric practice that had developed over the years that he taught. Without having to get up from your desk chair, agreed with exact precision at the top of the jig head with the tip of it. Such an act so inhuman was felt that the head was cracked in half, producing a hollow echo and painful, leaving their brains to swing completely, as if they wanted to jump out. Besides the horrible headaches that made him feel!

The others all older and repeaters with two and three years of delay, also made his delight to the young and beautiful example with the famous teacher Gaeiras. The kid was able to survive there before all those fine novelties, which were presented under the guise of education.

Lead of the first primary in part with the help of his mother, who was illiterate and tell the teacher if he does not want to learn beat him hate her ass. For the poor was not new. Due to its beautiful mommy does not feel or understand that the kid was a little different from other children.

The solution to his lack of appetite as a mother was just one. Beat until you drop, but not with the hand she said that was hurting him, but with a saddle or a bent hose. That was the way the mother pours the bad heart that had given birth to whom. Yes bore! Because at this time due to the poor people, who expect to have a child, were rated on a par with animals that were pregnant and later gave a birth as boy or a girl. While wealthier people in Society, or were pregnant or of hope, and they would give birth to a boy or grill.

Still, the great protagonist of this true story, never lead beyond the first class. Later when he went to third grade teacher found a very nice, with which his mother gained some confidence through private gifts that her would offer.

It was a quite in vogue at that time for those who had no clout, indirectly, to think of a little extra help, especially at the level of evidence. Well at least this teacher was a little more human is not applied to the cane-India., but wet soup at your leisure, a pretty accurate feel for his pupils.

His favorite subject carrying religiously in your home directory, for this purpose, it was about two feet in length, a width of four inches, and a couple thick solid oak wood round at one end where it was taken up by hand to have a perfect handling and a complete mastery over their application. At the other end stood out a small hole, which in principle do not quite know what it means. But after that is expected to have the privilege of experiencing the first time. We already knew what its purpose was. This utensil was used to warm your hands on the coldest days of the small and red-hot in warmer weather, anywhere in the body.

If called rule!

How does this kind of teacher that his mother saw as such, was the introduction into the subject in school through this rule?

It was the simplest way in the World!

She had a rule in the classroom that each error was entitled to a bonus of a ruler in hand.

So every mistake, every rule!

This rule applied to errors that were daily massacred students psychologically and physically crushed. Stretching the so-called works that were taken to make at home and present them later in the day. As that in the course of the day was the kindly correcting the defenseless students were called in front of it. And after giving them a great first washing the insides, they commented that the total error was x what if the little Jose as a rule were always enough. Due to turn over the Nature of Real things of life than the constant onslaught of those matters that he is not felt in terms of affection.

Unless the reading aloud which was always done standing, with book in hand to listen to the whole class as well, and had to echo.

It was one of three things he loved learning in this institution called education. That the only thing I had was that as the walls and recreation. Because the fact that right from the first class learned to master this technique of communication perfectly, due to the vibration that the words contained. Giving him the freedom to feel and identify them as part of her being, long before he was born. The second was related to creativity, the so-called crafts. Only by talking and interacting with physical matters too, in which was completely absorbed, that when he was somewhat startled by some noise outside himself or by someone else. This is frightened and seriously hurt many times without realizing it or having some pain. Only when he saw the blood is that it became aware of what had happened.

The worst pain that existed for him was that he was suffering through the psyche, an unorthodox moral, which he tried to instill in the Spirit. Or cries that gave him in the form of communication that did vibrate a lot in their magnetic structure, coming to feel destabilized and hurt in their humble as well as physically intimate. The third matter was that which was given orally, or dictation.

Because it preceded the words that the teacher has dictated before they are expelled through the mouth. This reading he was unconsciously led him to write faster than others, staying always waiting for the next word that entered the mind of the teacher to move to the role. Only this form of writing was unfortunate for him. As he wrote across the message that the teacher received the Spirit, he wrote that message quickly, not letting lose the real meaning of the texts, but had some spelling errors.

It was about these goals that the little Jose felt wronged, because for all that he had written with such love and dedication and also understand in his little mind, that the general context required that the saying was perfect, for the Spirit to bear witness to a mind-reading of others, just based on the total of all the words that form a text, and never one in particular. As a general rule was every mistake every rule. The teacher just filled his belly with delight.

She was even comprehensive!

And always ask, before you begin the fateful scene of the distribution of rules.

In which hand do you want? She asked.

Rarely beaten only one hand

Then it said before undergoing such punishment!

Can be divided he exclaimed!

The kind there took the fingertips so that the hand was not to escape out of the classroom. And there before the little Jose would be tiring to remind you that physical body had to take a beating. What unfairly he accepted wholeheartedly and with a slight smile on his lips, in the form of forgiveness for those who will materialize the Spirit, through the rules that made him a terrible vibration in its magnetic field.

The millimeter far such holes made by an expert in the art of carpentry, said colleagues who were to increase the pain, but he just left him for several hours the marks on the palms. Very similar to those that some older monks and lamas present at the top of the head, after the marks of burning sticks, as a sign of having passed a test of total ignorance, for what felt burning at the site. Such that after having passed the marks were marked for life there, as the meaning of higher beings, in terms of Spirituality.

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