



The Gospel of the Stone

Teachings of the Singing Stone

Volume One: Coming Home

*"The Way of Great Spirit is not a single place where we can stop.
It can only be discovered as we renew and expand our experiences.
That is why as children, we are taught to create a New Prayer every day
and to always find a new way to sing the Song of Creation."*

Swami Ramananda

edited by Yogi Sean Thomas & Kerani Marie Devi

THE GOSPEL OF THE STONE

Teachings of the Singing Stone

by Swami Ramananda

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Introduction

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT of Swami Ramananda

What wealth have I
To leave the world
Before I Die?

Not wealth in gold
Or mansion great,
No lands untold.

No wife or son
To bear my name
When life is done.

Not one Dinar,
No stocks and bonds,
No rich man's car.

Though poor, I still
Before I die
Must make my will.

What I possess,
I gladly give
In humbleness.

To that sublime
 Posterity;
 To endless time.

The love I knew
 I leave mankind
 When life is through

What's left of me,
 My poems, I leave
 Eternity.

For life unfurled,
 I leave my thoughts
 To all the world.

To will and plan,
 I sign my name;
 ~ A happy man.

Ramananda, 1940

(this poem was found August 2004)

Happy! Happy! Happy!

June 30th 2004

We are sitting in the shadows of Ramananda's dimly lit room. The walls are lined with books collected from around the world. Pictures of Mahatma Gandhi and Rabindranath Tagore are on the wall above Ramananda's head, and the stained glass Sadhana symbol with the flute player at his feet. The sound of the oxygen tank keeps us aware of the present moment amidst this rarefied atmosphere as we are transported into new realms of experience. Tenderly holding Ramananda in our hearts, he lies quietly, taking his last journey in this body. We are filled with the grace of the cascading memories of our experiences with our beloved Teacher, gripped by the reality of his passing.

We were told that he would be gone within two days. Is this moment really here? It has been a long journey; at times we felt he would be gone by morning, and now we are told he is leaving. We began preparing ourselves to sit in vigil with him. It is dinnertime and Ramananda is resting comfortably. We decide to eat and then sit all night with him. A monitor is by our side so we can hear him at all times. The meal we are creating is an offering to him and his life. As we are preparing the meal, Shankara says, "Traga Rinpoche is doing a Powa practice tonight." Hearing the word Powa ignites a light within me: this is the practice of catapulting consciousness at

the time of death. Shankara and I both look at each other in recognition of this.

This is when I hear Ramananda call to me. There are no audible words, just a knowing. I run to this room. His eyes are open after having been closed for over 14 hours. I feel a moment of excitement and say with great joy and anticipation, "Hi Ramananda!" There is no response. His eyes are glazed, and he isn't breathing. I call to Shankara to come quickly. Then I place a kleenex under his nose to see if there is any sign of breath. At that moment, he takes a deep gasp of air. It is startling to realize that his consciousness is leaving his body. We light a candle, and as we sit by his bedside, he takes two gasps of air.

This is the moment of Ramananda's passing; this moment is Ramananda's gift to us. He calls us from the other realm, to sit with him as he takes his last three breaths. We stand there in grace as the room is permeated with a glow and softness that directs our hearts and souls beyond the constraints of time and space. The world we knew just turned inside out and evaporated into the mystery.

We cover his body with his chettar (his prayer shawl), then we place his beloved singing stone upon his heart, the very stone that revealed the prophecies of the Hopi to him a half a century earlier. This is the stone that continued to tell him stories throughout his life and inspired him to write the *Gospel of the Stone*. This stone is a reflection of humanity's heart throughout time. It belongs on his heart, it belongs to his soul. I place flowers around his body, and from our hearts through our voices come the words of his personal mantra: "Hee Ram Jai Ram Om Namoh Brahma."¹ This mantra is a combination of the mantras of Gandhi and Tagore.

Ramananda was present at the passing of his teacher, Gandhi, and now, here we are, two devoted students at our

teacher's passing, singing the mantras of those to whom he was a devoted student. Then we chant the Native American chant he taught us, and it fills the air with hope and happiness. We are chanting: "She Wanee la-la-la-sha he te yah" (Walking the pathway of the stars, following the path of the bear paws). We know Ramananda is walking a new path, and our hearts are filled with the blessings of having such a great being as our teacher. Ramananda died as he lived, with no fanfare nor drama.

Thank you Ramananda, our dear friend and precious Teacher,

Kerani Devi and Swami Shankarananda

¹ "Hee Ram Jai Ram Om Namo Brahma" was Ramananda's favorite chant, a combination of chants sung by Gandhi and Tagore. It is an affirmation to the infinite self-arising Godhead and the recognition of our communion with the divine.

PRELUDE

ARCHIVES OF INFINITY

Surrounding me on all sides is the Song of Creation. It is Beginningless and Endless.

Conceived in Perfection, its Goal is Eternal Perfection.

The Divine Song, Endlessly Becoming, Endlessly Changing, and Eternally Preserved within the Archives of Infinity.

It is that Undefinable Oneness imprinted upon all things and dimly perceived through a veil of illusion called past, present, and future.

Thus, all of Creation becomes the shadow of the Undefinable upon which the Song is played.

It is the finite, Infinitely revealing Man as the Instrument of the Song and the Perfect Echo of the Divine.

Within the Hidden Archives of Creation on layer after layer of Endless Cosmic Shelves, the Sacred Manuscripts of God and Man are stored.

Sought for in Love, the Perfect Record pervading all that is and was and must forever be, will to the Seeker of Truth, reveal the Ancient Wisdom of all recorded thought.

In tree and stone, in river and sea, the Divine Song within some half misleading volume is revealed.

In Mother Earth and Father Sky, all living things must move in Harmony with the Perfect Cause.

Day becomes night and night becomes day.

The endless galaxies rotate, and with each cycle they relate a Message for the Soul in the Whisperings of Creation.

Author's Note

This material has typically been passed from Master to Student within the Native American tradition. As such, it has not been published previously. In recognition of the Time of Great Change, I, Swami Ramananda, am revealing these Ancient Traditions and Teachings of the Gospel of the Stone, for the Beginning of the Fifth World.

All written Scriptures originated from verbal teachings, which in turn had their origin in the dim and distant past. The Legends and Religious Teachings of every Continent seem to reach beyond recorded history to a time when the World was young, a time before all known languages came into being and before all known civilizations existed. On a worldwide scale, there are archaeological mysteries that appear to give validity to the existence of the Ancient Myths of Atlantis and Lemuria. Inscriptions and Symbols recorded in the geological history of every Continent speak to us of happenings and Human events long forgotten.

Each Continent has its Hidden Mysteries that speak of a time when Ancient Faiths gave meaning to the life of a forgotten People. Legends may change and histories may be rewritten as nations rise and fall, yet the underlying Truth is that nothing in life is permanent—except Man's Endless Quest for Truth and the Divine Calling of the Land.

The written history of Man barely amounts to a scribble on the pages of time. All scholars and historians agree that the twenty-five centuries represented in

the written record of Human history is only an infinitesimally small portion of the true story of Man's existence on Earth. It is only in the last five centuries that anything at all has been written about the American Continents.

Because of its isolation from Europe and Asia, the story of the Western Hemisphere and its People was lost in the annals of history. Geologists tell us that the separation of the Continents took place eons ago, before there ever was a written history. Because of this division, the People of each Continent developed their own unique cultures and traditions.

The Legends of the North American Continent trace their origin to an Ancient People of Peace, who were the ancestors of the present-day inhabitants of the Hopi Villages of Northern Arizona. Among all Native American Tribes, these present-day People of Peace are recognized as the Guardians of the Ancient Truths and the Spiritual Caretakers of the Land. There was no written language; therefore, the story of the People, including their Ancient Traditions and Truths, was handed down by word of mouth from generation to generation. This tradition of oral teaching exists even today.

As a long-time Student and Teacher of Religious History, I have traveled the World extensively looking for the Source of Truth that seems to underlie all the Religions of the World. In an attempt to unravel the Mystery of this Continent, I journeyed to the Ancient Villages high on the mesas and listened with great interest to the Traditional Leaders as they told stories about the People and the Land.

Each trip was a new revelation, and I was soon encouraged to extend my excursions into the mountains and canyons which were described in the Stories and Legends as the Sacred Lands of the Ancient Migrations. On several occasions, my companions and guides were members and leaders of the Blue Bird Clan.

Traveling with these Traditional People, I soon discovered that very little information was offered unless I first asked questions. I was surprised to find that many of the ancient petroglyphs carved in stone contained symbols and pictures that were similar to those which I had seen in other places around the

World. The most prominent of these was Kokopilau, the Flute Player (see illustration on next page). Kokopilau is represented in many forms, but is always shown playing a flute and carrying a bundle on his back. The music of the flute is the Song of Creation, and the bundle contains the Seeds of Abundance, which he scatters across the land in his travels. This Ancient American Symbol reminded me of another Flute Player I have read about in Hindu literature and frequently saw carved on the walls of many Asian Temples. I could not help but wonder whether the similarities found in so many stories and symbols were simply a coincidence.



Kokopilau, the Flute Player

Cautiously at first, my companions answered questions, echoing the many stories I had brought back with me from my journeys around the World. But for each answer given, a hundred more remained, as silent and illusive as the barren land upon which these Ancient People live.

Whenever my questions probed too deeply into the Sacred Traditions of the

People, the Blue Bird Chief would temper my impatience by evasively saying:

"When you are prepared, you will understand. Be patient. Everything of True Value is learned only by great testing and great patience. In time perhaps, you too will know the Secrets that are kept Sacred by Mother Earth."