

The Tale of Sands

**A Storyteller's Advice to his audience
(Extracted from Kalila Wa Dimna Vol.1 – Ramsay Wood)**

I must emphasize this point: my stories require, at this stage, no extra commentary, wretched imaginings, or vapid guesswork by you, me, or anyone else. The very worst would be that of moralizing away the effective substance. Thus the urge to tag tidy little rationalizations, persuasive formulas, intellectual summaries, symbolical labels, or any other convenient pigeon-holing device, must be steadfastly resisted. Mental encapsulation perverts the medicine, rendering it impotent. It amounts to a bypass around the story's true destination; to explain away is to forget. Thus, let the stories which you can remember do their own work by their very diversity. Familiarize yourself with them.

A Stream, from its source in the faraway mountains, at last reached the sands of a desert. Just as it had crossed every other barrier, the stream tried to cross this one, but it found that as fast as it ran into the sands, its waters disappeared.

It was convinced that its destiny was to cross this dessert, yet how was this to be achieved?

All at once, a voice came from sands: 'The wind crosses the desert, Allow yourself to be absorbed by the wind, and it will carry you across in its arms.'

This was not acceptable to the stream. It feared it would lose its individuality. Once having lost it, what guarantee was there it could ever be regained?

The voice of the sands said: 'You cannot in any case remain the same stream you are today. If you allow the wind to take you, your essential part will be carried away and will form a stream again.'

When it heard this, certain echoes began to arise in the thoughts of the stream. Dimly it remembered a state in which it, or some part of it, had been held in the arms of a wind. It raised its vapour to the welcoming arms of the breeze, which carried it gently above the dessert and dropped it as rain upon the roof of a mountain, many miles away.

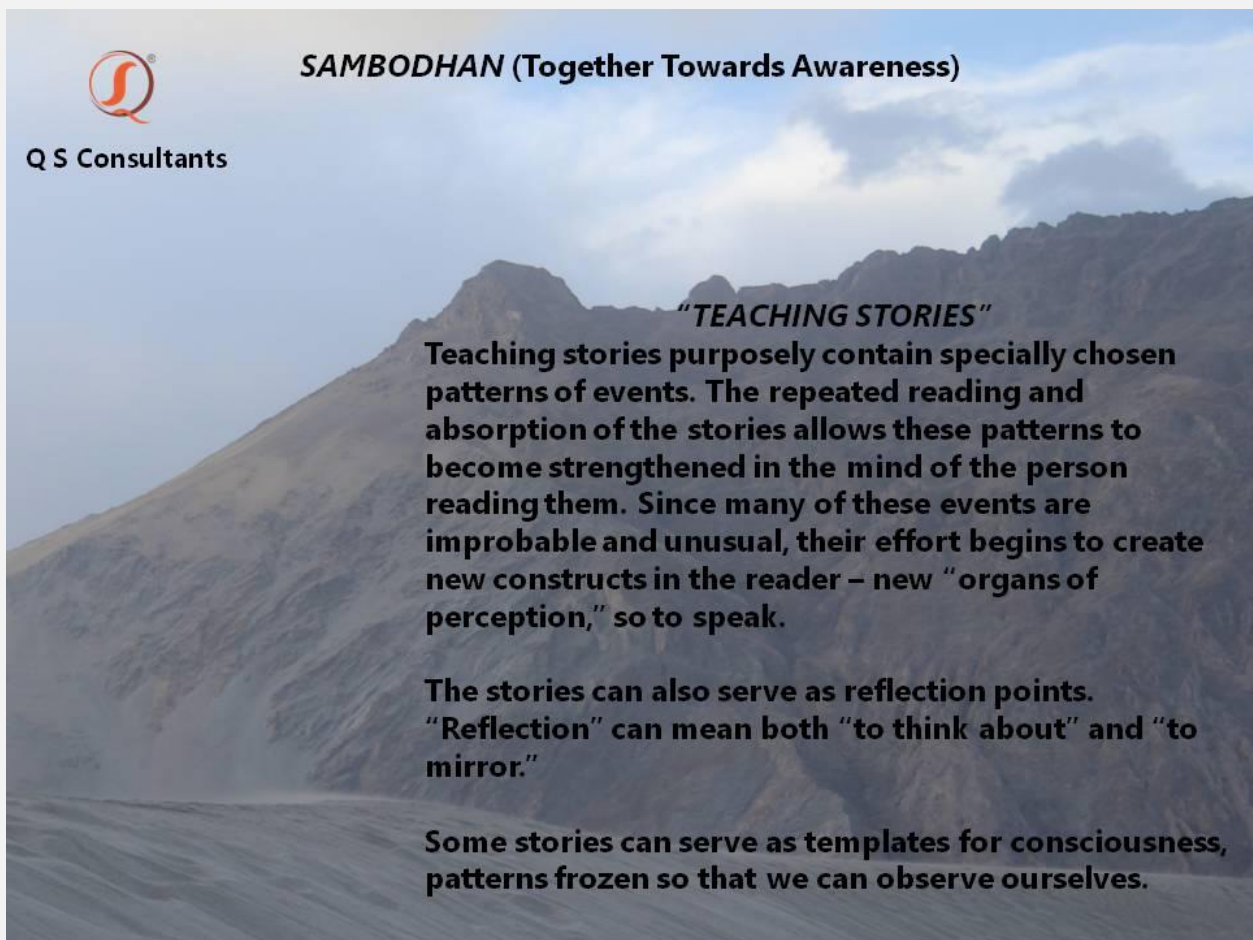



And because it had its doubts, the stream was able to remember the details of the experience more strongly. It reflected: 'Yes, now I have found my identity.'

But the sands whispered: 'We know, because we see it happen day after day and because we, the sands, extend all the way from the desert to the mountains.'

And that is why it is said the way in which the stream of life is to continue on its journey is written in the sands.

Story from – Tales of Dervishes – Idries Shah




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SAMBODHAN (Together Towards Awareness)

“TEACHING STORIES”

Teaching stories purposely contain specially chosen patterns of events. The repeated reading and absorption of the stories allows these patterns to become strengthened in the mind of the person reading them. Since many of these events are improbable and unusual, their effort begins to create new constructs in the reader – new “organs of perception,” so to speak.

The stories can also serve as reflection points. “Reflection” can mean both “to think about” and “to mirror.”

Some stories can serve as templates for consciousness, patterns frozen so that we can observe ourselves.