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I am Jim Natichioni of RightLivelihood.com and I have written the inspirational book: **Finding Your Path, Tales of Right Livelihood**. This excerpt is from Chapter Sixteen: “The Power Of Intuition and Wisdom” and relates to how both ordinary and extraordinary experiences put you in states of higher awareness. To read more please visit RightLivelihood.com.

**Finding your path and right livelihood:** Executives attribute the failure to heed their intuition as the prime cause of some of their worst decisions. Don't we all. Unrestrained by limiting themselves to conceptual thinking the great ones learn to think freely and creatively. But like right livelihood, intuition is not so much about what profits you but what brings good things into your life and into the world. Thus more than relating accounts of business experts this chapter tells about methods that intuitive experts have used to both demonstrate and increase their powers of sharp insight. Dreaming, meditation, refinement, states of euphoria, humor and paradox are just some of the catalysts. Since finding your path can be a delicate journey, and matching up with your one and only right livelihood as much an etheric pursuit as a physical trek, the more intuitive one is the more apt they are to vibrate with that subtle almost spiritual frequency.

## **Transcending this reality by invoking your intuitive powers:**

**Heeding your intuition as a prime cause for making good decisions:** I believe a separate reality exists beyond our physical perception of reality. It is a state many of my friends have experienced. Intuition is simply one of the many higher states of reality, unbound by logic and the physical laws that effect nature. Professor Weston Agor interviewed over two hundred senior executives; the majority overwhelmingly pointed to a failure to heed their own intuition as the prime cause of their worst decisions. Intuition can be as valuable in business as any amount of intellect. But we are going to talk less about executives in this chapter and more about experts of a different nature.

Many people have fears about thinking outside *this* reality, especially in the world of business. Often, it is a fear of being labeled different by the status quo. But Microsoft's Bill Gates looks for those very free thinkers who do not have fears when hiring the next wave of brilliant inventors and strategists. Even those who feel instinctively that a separate and higher reality exists rarely honor that part of themselves. As a result, it becomes hard to differentiate one 'suit' from another in today's predictable business environment. Focused on the one material reality of the almighty dollar, the exceptional businessman may not otherwise be exceptional. Except the great ones. Mozart said he wrote his finest works when: “I am completely myself, entirely alone and of good cheer.” If we learn to listen to our introspective workings, we may or may not become millionaires, but we will more likely end up happier and more fulfilled.

### **Induced states of euphoria help us find where we are needed:**

Induced states of euphoria and trances provide other sources of increased awareness. When Blofield once gazed down on a fantastic medley of temple roofs and mystical grottos, experiencing the enchanting aroma of votive candles and hearing the sweet tinkle of Tibetan dorje-bells, prayer drums and a flutes, his “senses were flooded by such unearthly sights and sounds that he remembered secrets typically forgotten and reached that elated point, where fallible logic gave way to wordless intuition.” It is also possible to become one with some beautiful and limitless natural wonder. From the human perspective, the oceans are an unfathomable mystery, but by the mere act of gazing on the sea, the Taoists had fantastic dreamlike visions.

### **How ordinary moments and epiphanies gave shape to my path**

As I look back, I remember four distinct flashes of instant inspiration. These moments put me in touch with my roots and to this day give me direction. I remember each one clearly. The second came as I read the book Siddhartha for the first time, the third came on a trip back from Amarillo (the Oprah Winfrey trial) while listening to my favorite “Rascals song called, “Place in the Sun,” and the fourth came while watching the British sitcom, “Last of the Summer Wine: as it brought me back to a simpler time and to my mothers English roots.

The first occurred around Easter time, 1958. I may have been, as my friends called me, “the dirtiest kid in the neighborhood” but at Easter time I put on my snappy suit, shiny brown shoes, and dapper hat. The day started as most Sundays did: Mom woke up late, put on her slippers and robe and managed to get us kids to the welcoming bells of Saint Bridgett’s in the nick of time. After church, Rick and I skipped Sunday school and took the long way home past the donkey farm in order to avoid suspicion. I knew Sister Mary Margaret would be disappointed, but pastoral settings were my element, my spiritual path. Free to roam those hallowed grounds I was bolstered by a bouquet of sensorial pleasures. Along side the dark waters of ‘Stony Brook’ I noticed clumps of incredibly soft white buds on the pussy willow, my favorite of all plants. In the sublime beauty of the anatomically perfect pink blossoming apple tree, in the plethora of fragrances and in the songs of the birds, dormancy was springing to life.

After our usual Sunday dinner my family took a stroll down the lovely avenue. I vividly remember spectacular flowers blooming on bushes. I turned my brand new transistor radio on to try to catch the opening day ballgame, and on comes Judy Garland singing Irving Berlin’s lyrics, “*In your Easter bonnet with all the frills upon it, you’ll be the grandest lady in the Easter Parade... Oh, I could write a sonnet.*” And this silly song hit me in a funny way. This day, this song was the 50’s in its purity and bliss; walking side-by-side with my family I could feel it down to my marrow. It was as if the roses and manicured lawns throbbed with life and vibrated with indescribable energy, much like that author Daniel Quinn described in a childhood fantasy.

In a dream, young Dan encounters a wild beetle in the wilderness of his own mind. It is a beetle who points out that the universe does not need our consciousness because the forests and rivers already thrive with the divine fire; the thicket and underbrush as imbued as the saplings and majestic trees. After the encounter, and for the first time, ten-year-old Daniel sees the world that lay hidden behind the apparent. He sees that “All was burning from within in a rage of joy.” So Daniel wants to save the world

before the beetle once again sets him straight, saying, “*you are not needed here...But you are needed somewhere else.*” “Where am I needed?” Daniel wonders. This is the question many of us ask ourselves when wondering how we can best serve a world in dire need, not of human dominion but of human love and cooperation.

To me there was no interlude sweeter than springtime, no dalliance more blithe than the vernal seasons of ones life. The urges of spring signal that it is time to live and grow, reminds us that living is an adventure. Like the ten-year-old Daniel, as an eight-year-old child I had intuited that something magnificent stood behind and invested in reality.

These four moments in time, which all heightened my state of awe, have shaped my life and told me more about me than perusing one hundred books has ever done. All of these instances evolved from ordinary events; a stroll, reading a book, a drive, watching a show and somehow thrust me into another dimension. I had become so absorbed in these experiences that I merged with them. This is creativity: to become so absorbed in your work that you become one with it. Some people can do well at many things and cannot decide which profession to choose; others can merge into the one thing they want to become and then master it. I aim in this book to take you on a journey that will help make you feel as blissful as those four moments made me feel, or at least to spark a flash of inspiration in you and in so doing help you get in touch with that part of yourself that you cherish and wish to pursue further.

The immense accumulation of human knowledge has built up over thousands of years. Those who place less stock in knowledge have less clutter to *transcend*. The energy projected from an individual’s own mind creates his or her experience, not some outside force. True intuition or ‘immediate cognition’ occurs when the mind withdraws from the conceptual process and she or he experiences ‘objectless awareness.’ Only by preventing the rise of conceptual thought can The Way be achieved. Even after eons of searching, one will not attain tranquility through the accumulation of knowledge or logic. Although it may take lifetimes of determined effort to eliminate conceptual thinking, enlightenment will most likely happen suddenly, completely. The striving may last years, but with a lightning bolt of intuition, the reward may happen in a flash.

***You may travel many paths but never step foot on the way:***

**The Way:** People’s goals or aspirations vary, so they travel different roads. Some take the road less traveled; others follow the pack. Some go by mule or by foot to their sacred spots abounding in mountain torrents, jagged peaks, limpid pools and ancient cedars; others travel by subway in the city. Still others hitchhike or take a cab. When needs change, as they always do, some people change course and some do not. Those burdened with the baggage of ambitions, especially selfish ones, may travel many paths but never set foot on *The Way*.

Following The Way does not so much involve a physical journey as it does a realization or an epiphany in one’s own mind. It does not so much involve a discovery of some external thing or place like a book or classroom, as it is a rediscovery of the hidden realizations within yourself. The word ‘Tao’ means *The Way*, and like Buddhists, Taoists look no further than the stillness of their own minds. Not that they act like bumps on a log. They live enchanting lives in mystical places conducive to cultivating subtle energy;

places resplendent with natural phenomena such as magical portals shrouded in the mist concealing sacred grottos hidden in “curious folds of rock.”

The Taoists’ main prescription for attainment demands frugality, selflessness, and stillness. The true secret to power lies in stillness. To penetrate such inner powers they practice mindful breathing to open “The portal that stands in the region known as the precious square inch just behind the mid-point between the eyes.”