

## Introduction

# My Teacher

Excerpt from the Book by Mary Senter

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November 1, 2007

There is joy in searching. Searching creates a great anticipation of new discoveries. The beauty of searching is endless. As a child I searched for wild flowers and berries, unusual rocks, and in later years petrified wood in the desert. I searched for shells on the shores of the ocean. Once concentration is geared to search, ever looking, prying for whatever I could find would highlight my day. The anticipation of something new, something different propelled me to dig deeper, search further. A search is energizing and propels us to search for more discoveries.

As we mature, searching takes on another dimension. There are intricate qualities to be discovered in our fellowmen, even our own innermost qualities, not yet perceived or recognized. We always search for love and understanding and mutual relationships. Yet, there is far more in this world to search for.

With the help of my spiritual Teacher, Torkom Saraydarian, the search for endless discoveries within ourselves and outside of ourselves started. A new never-ending search began. For twenty-five years I had the immense opportunity to work for and observe this fabulous teacher who through his writings and lectures established an inner search within myself. Who am I? What am I going to be? What is real and what is unreal? He states that all material goods are just illusions. That means the chair I am sitting on is just an illusion. It is unreal. So what is real? What made us the way we are? What compels us to do certain things? Great surprises and greater discoveries emerged about the human spirit, about Higher Worlds, the kingdoms beyond the earthly kingdom, and the immensity of progression of each spirit, that each man can accomplish through many lifetimes. The new discovery that life is never ending and we have the spirit of God within us that can propel us into higher destinations. We learn that we have a Guide to help us through life to gain a higher momentum. When we reach a certain degree in our lifetimes, this

Guide leaves us. We are then on our own to continue our progression to higher dimensions. Our time on Earth is limited but our time is unlimited in the vastness of the Universe. We are travelers learning our lessons as we progress forward to higher dimensions, to become immortal souls seeking our divine destiny.

Our Teacher always suggested that we study the lives of Great Ones. The study of Abraham Lincoln enthralled me, the self-made man from the humblest of upbringing, and how he became a President. The lives of Saints and Great Ones, who sacrificed for humanity, give us lasting impressions. When the history of such Great Ones are researched and discovered, we are encouraged to follow their footsteps. They set forth high morality, ever challenging us to reach to their level of beingness.

What were the elements living in such Great Ones that contributed to their success? What eternally endeared them in the hearts and minds of those who worshipped them or appreciated their contributions of the past? Far more reaching than rare flowers, shells of the oceans, or shiny rocks, is to find the rare gems that have kept alive the names of blessed ones who once tread this earth in rare beauty.

It is hard to realize that our spiritual Teacher has left the Earth. He was a rare beauty, a fathomless person, the depth of which I could not begin to describe. His storehouse of esoteric knowledge was endless. Very rarely would he give an answer, "I don't know." And even if he did say that, he would later find an answer and if we were worthy of his insight, we would hear the answer. Or sometimes the answer would come during the hours of sleep or during a moment when the mind was still and receptive. If our thoughts were along the same line as his, we were open to his wisdom. But if our mind was closed and occupied with mundane things, we would not benefit from his wisdom. His wisdom was sent on the airwaves and those people on the same wavelength would be beneficial recipients.

He taught us that thoughts are real forms and once dispersed they can be attracted to their likeness on other planes of existence, or can be attracted to an individual on the other side of the world who is thinking along the same lines. Thoughts are instantaneous. What a masterful wireless communication system we have in our own capacity to think and spread the Ageless Wisdom. What a waste when the mind is spent on triviality. How thrilling it was to be given this realization.

After hearing his voice upon awakening, giving words of wisdom, it was always a special treat to enter his office the next day and have him affirm whether what was heard was correct or not. As a real Teacher, his teaching never stopped on the physical plane but he also taught on other planes of existence. Anyone experiencing such teaching can affirm this statement.

Sometimes after attending class on the inner planes, a person awakens full of energy and ideas. What was given was never for entertainment but given to expand our consciousness, to inspire us to strive and perform our duties with love and joy, to be examples for others, to be selfless and sacrificial. Sometimes a pertinent message would come as a warning of danger. Sometimes a message would be a method of making us look at ourselves. This increased our sensitivity to our Teacher.

It was not always what he said that taught us, but often what he didn't say. His silence would confirm this feeling. His silence was most uncomfortable, for we knew that it was up to us to search the cause and remedy it. Attention seekers would be given this silent treatment. Some of them would stay and conquer this hindrance or they would seek attention elsewhere. I was often hit with this insidious side of my nature and when he retreated from my overzealous ego, I knew I once again had to fight. It was a part of my nature that had to be dominated and put under control. Ego seekers had no place in his office staff.

One of the most memorable impressions of my Teacher was whenever anything struck him as being beautiful – whether it was the scenery, mountains, sunset, Grand Canyon, ocean, a little flower, or a thought, a deed, a happening, or an action stemming from the heart, he would say, “BE-OO-tee-ful” with such emphasis and inner feeling that you became part of whatever he saw or expressed. You were with him in beauty. From his awareness of all that was around him, it would open your own eyes so that you stretch and study to see more. And to see through his heart brought out our own love nature. His love of beauty was unsurpassed. His writings and lectures continually stressed the importance of bringing beauty and love into our lives.

Torkom once told us that while his mother carried him a tall stranger on a white horse stopped by and told her she was carrying a great being within her. He didn't broadcast this on the pulpit, but told to us in the privacy of the office. We believed him. The proof was in the way he served, his frugality, his sincere respect for all of Nature, in his love and compassion for all life, always thinking of others before himself.

His love of Nature was revealed in how he would never waste any part of her, especially paper which contributes to the disappearing forests. We were disciplined if we tossed out paper that had been used on one side only. His lecture notes were always written on discarded paper with typing or notes on the other side. Old folders were used time and again. If close to extinction, they were repaired for further use. Envelopes were patched and reused. It was more than frugality or to save money, it was due to his respect and love of the trees.

To fool with Mother Nature was a grave sin against our Creator. While Torkom was driving from Sedona to Flagstaff, Arizona, a beautiful highway of

many trees, he observed a telephone man injecting something into a tree. He stopped and asked what he was doing. He was told the injection was to inhibit the tree's growth so it would not interfere with the telephone lines. This embroiled him. He couldn't imagine doing something to retard Nature's beauty.

As he related such stories, you could feel his indignation against any intrusion that prevented Nature from reaching its destiny. Man's interference went totally against the creations of God, and His intent and purpose for each little seed.

Torkom never stood still. Even in his inaction you could see action, for he was ever watchful, attentive, noting actions and reactions of all who were around him. Anyone who was near him sensed this. They could feel his ever watchfulness, his sensitivity. His presence made us more respectful of his actions, thoughts, and feeling. He was not critical. It was his all encompassing love and compassion that exuded a tremendous understanding of our nature.

We all experienced a closeness that went beyond the physical. Could he read our thoughts? Yes, he could. One day at lunch I thought, wouldn't it be wonderful to come back next life time as his daughter. He looked at me grinning and said, "Mary I think you will be my mother next lifetime." That was his sense of humor, purposely reversing my thoughtform. I told him, "You have that wrong; I want to come back as your daughter." He laughed. Another time my thinking was not up to par and he came to my office and advised me to change my thinking.

No matter what Torkom was writing or studying, if a person needed his attention, he would immediately divert himself to the person's problems. He advised and helped people in their spiritual studies, their progress on the Path, their future dreams and achievements but was then able to continue the task he was diverted from.

Another best memory of Torkom was his complete joy. No matter how bad things were, still emanating from his being was the energy of joy. He nourished us with his joy. It uplifted us and left us with the feeling that we could do greater and better things in life. He made us feel that there was something higher in us than what we were expressing. He used his tools of constant encouragement and challenge, especially in his lectures and his books. He never gave us the feeling that we had reached the highest peak in our being. He challenged us to look to the Great Ones, Higher Beings, even to the far distant stars to let us know that we have a long ways to go. He inspired us with high visions so that we would strive to reach Them.

His emanations of joy would encompass a whole audience. With smiles on our faces we could better assimilate what he had to tell us when presented with joy. With his joy was complete love and understanding. How well he knew

all of us. Sometimes in his lectures he would neatly expose the negative side of our natures. Often a student would say, "He was talking to me." But was he? Yes, but not to just one person, he spoke to all of us. He could in his joy poke fun at our shortcomings in such an extraordinary way to make us see ourselves in a different light. Not always pleasant to be awakened but we were given tools to overcome these shortcomings.

Sometimes he would come down real hard on us pointing out our vanity, pride, greed, gossipy behavior, and hypocrisy. During one lecture hypocrisy was seriously discussed. Pangs of guilt hit me. When I appeared for work the following morning I accused him, "You were talking about me in your lecture." He smiled and said, "Yes, guess I did give you a bad time." This Teacher was never afraid to expose the pupil's shortcomings. He knew us for what we were and never let us revel in grand illusions, thinking we were something that we were not. He knew how to expose our limitations and weaknesses. Then he would give us extraordinary means of how to overcome them through his lectures and books. More than once we heard the story of the raven adorning itself with the feathers of a peacock. And if we couldn't face the truth about ourselves, we were the losers. All was delivered with a smile of joy.

Learning to do multiple tasks together as a group was part of his Teaching. In this way it helped to create group integrity. Every year we had a Christmas Party. A Committee Chairman was assigned and certain individuals assigned to handle various functions of the party: entertainment, menu, cleanup crew, etc. It was a well thought out program. After the party a complete report had to be made along with the list of expenses. Most important the chairman had to analyze the party from the perspective of how it could be improved. No matter what was done, ideas had to be presented as to how it could have been done better. We learned to judge our own performance with scrutiny but never with criticism. We were not allowed to think we had reached the ultimate. This always put us in the position of thinking we can do better and be better than what we presently are. Based on previous Christmas parties, we set up a rhythm of always doing better than before. The Christmas parties became the highest delight of the year.

The eating areas in Agoura and then in Sedona were familiar daily settings. Torkom always insisted that the help be fed. But to feed the help someone had to cook, so each day a different volunteer would bring food to cook. It was during these lunch hours that the volunteers and office help raided more than the icebox. They raided our Teacher's wisdom. We felt very special to be feasting not only on food but feasting on his words and gaining more insight to the Teaching. Our desserts were served with words of wisdom. How fortunate we were.

Although this book is called *My Teacher* it represents the real teachers of the world. From the Teachings of Master Morya, through the Agni Yoga books, I made a compilation of the Teacher. Recitations from this compilation influenced me to associate them with our Teacher.

Not everyone has had the opportunity to put forth into words the compelling influence he had on our daily lives. He was our diamond, a shining star, ever glowing in great magnitude. His words still ring in our ears and in our consciousness. Because of his influence many lives were dramatically changed. He stood for the future, not just our immediate future on earth but also our future incarnations, and to the time when we no longer have to incarnate. By the energies we utilize to our extreme optimum we build toward our eventual future beingness.

We all have that Spark of God within us, the divine seed that is supposed to open and bloom. In that seed are many opportunities for us to become greater than what we are. He showed us the way.

This book is written in extreme gratitude for the legacy he left humanity. His many published and unpublished books contain words of wisdom that explains not only the life and death of the human constitution, but also planetary, galaxy and lives beyond. There is no end of accomplishments to be made that propel us on our Path to higher dimensions. Planning and becoming in our earthly life is our warranty of a greater future. He laid out the means for accomplishment. He is our Teacher; we are his students.

The most vivid part of my life was the 25 years I spent working with this Teacher. Very few words passed between us during that time. But always I could feel his energy, his love, his joy, his uplifting atmosphere. It was glorious to be with him, and my gratitude is endless.