

GURURAJ: ...Gururaj on the road. You got to find whichever deity, or your object of worship, within yourself.

BALOO: Guruji, how do I surrender now? How do I surrender? Blow me away. Show me how. I'm sorry for showing you any disrespect.

GURURAJ: Do not surrender to me. Surrender yourself to yourself. And you can start with drinking less.

BALOO: Oh, shucks!

GURURAJ: Start regulating your life in such a way where you do not harm yourself, and you do not harm others.

BALOO: This world is not real. How can I harm myself?

GURURAJ: This world is?

VOICE: Not real.

GURURAJ: Not real. I suppose scotch is real, is it? Of course this world is real to you at your stage of evolution. So live in conformity to look after yourself and to those that are dependent upon yourself. There you will find reality. But when you reach that upper echelon, the upper stage, then everything is just but a dream. Every dream you have, were you not real in the dream? Everything you found real in the dream. But when you wake up then only you will find the unreality of the happenings in the dream, and that is the Buddha, the enlightened soul who has awakened. Then to him everything is a play, unreal.

BALOO: May I ask you about a dream?

GURURAJ: You are dominating the whole question. You're not giving other people a chance.

BALOO: [INAUDIBLE]

GURURAJ: The more I look at you the more do I seem to believe in birth control. [LAUGHTER]

BALOO: Blow me away. I don't care. I don't...

GURURAJ: [LAUGHING] I'm joking. I'm joking with you. I'm teasing you.

BALOO: I am... the [truth?]. I know, you are my spiritual master and blow me away. I don't give a damn. Go for it.

GURURAJ: No, never. You are my beloved, always. You are my beloved, always and forever. So let the prodigal son come home.

BALOO: Please do, I'm so tired.

GURURAJ: And we'll kill the fattest calf (is that what?), the fatted calf, right.

VOICE: Or our vegetarians decide to eat fatted tofu. [LAUGHTER]

GURURAJ: Yes. To me it is a great joy for the prodigal son to come home. For he has come home. And I will celebrate his homecoming by barbecuing the fatted calf. Hm? Whoever. That's how it goes. You are always welcome in our family, my son. You are never far away from me or to our family here.

BALOO: [INAUDIBLE] Then what the hell can I ask you?

GURURAJ: Of course, you must ask me anything you want to.

BALOO: [INAUDIBLE]

GURURAJ: So try ten times more, a hundred times more, a million times more; because I have greater capacity of love than you have. Love me one percent and I will love you one million percent.

BALOO: Does that mean you'll help me find my car?

GURURAJ: I what?

VOICE: Would you help him find his car?

GURURAJ: Help him find his car?

VOICE: If you love him will you help him find his car?

GURURAJ: Oh, yeh, sure, sure. Come on. Come on. Let's find your car. [CHUCKLES]

VOICE: [INAUDIBLE]

[END SIDE 3]

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