

"Love was rebellious and blood-soaked from the start, so that the outsider would flee from its heart."

Host Seyed Mohammad Hosseini takes us on a journey through the "Sufi Empire," contrasting the perspectives of the giants of Persian mysticism. While Hafez saw love as something that "seemed easy at first," Rumi and Saadi understood it as a battlefield that demands the sacrifice of the ego.

- **The Science of the Soul:** Understanding the "Universe of Existence" vs. the "True World" through the lens of Quantum Physics and the "square root of two."
- **The Mysticism of the Breath:** A scientific and spiritual breakdown of Saadi's *Gulistan*—why every inhalation sustains life, but every exhalation "delights the essence."
- **Thought Corrects Thought:** Why the freedom of speech is a cosmic necessity and how every thought finds its correction in the collective consciousness.
- **The Daughter-Plants:** Unlocking the hidden botanical secrets in Saadi's poetry and the male/female balance of nature.
- **The Trap of Racism:** Why racism is the ultimate state of "lack of consciousness" and how a True Human transcends borders.
- **The Breath of the Sufi:** How the "breath" of a Master (like Shams) can transform a "dead" mind into a Rumi or a Sheikh Bahai.

Join us as we "plunge our heads into the collar of meditation" and navigate the ocean of revelation. Whether you are a seeker, a scientist, or a soul looking for the exit from this virtual world, this episode offers the "gold leaf" of wisdom required for the journey.

#Restart #SeyedMohammadHosseini #Sufism #Mysticism #Saadi #Rumi #CompleteHuman #QuantumMysticism #PersianPoetry #SpiritualAwakening #Philosophy #EsotericWisdom #Gulistan #Mindfulness #TruthSeeker

You and I are facing a massive test; because **Restart** has come after 700 years.

"Love was rebellious and blood-soaked from the start so that the outsider would flee from its heart."

If a command is issued from **Restart** in a challenge, in any place, or in any movement, and you do not listen, we will have—so to speak—a dangerous world on that side, this side, or both sides. You must be very careful, truly; because now you understand **Restart** and you know. Those who do not know the **divine reality** have not heard **Restart**; they do not know, they are ignorant. But those who know the **Truth** and do not act upon it are criminals. Seven hundred years later, **Restart** came to show you and me the border between criminality and ignorance. Welcome to the 118th **Restart** program, welcome.

Very welcome to episode 118 of **Restart**. Love was rebellious and blood-soaked from the start. Although the attitude toward love from the perspective of Mr. Hafez says: "*Pass the cup and proffer it*", for "*Love seemed easy at first, but difficulties fell*". The degree of difference between Hafez, Saadi, Khayyam, and many others compared to Rumi and Attar is completely visible in this. Whereas Rumi never calculates love by its first stage:

"O Saki, pass the cup and proffer it. For love seemed easy at first, but difficulties fell."

Throughout his life, Hafez points out that we realized later how hard love is. Whereas Rumi does not even account for this "ease" or this "beginning"; he says: "*Love was rebellious and blood-soaked from the start so that the outsider would flee from its heart.*" Seeing ease or difficulty in this matter depends on our perspective. Until **Restart** was broadcast, for 700 years no one knew anything. People didn't pay attention to this "Mendeleev's Table of Religions." But now, the subject of the **Complete Human** has been leaked. A situation has emerged that occurred a few times in Iran's history, even during Saadi's time, after which the Mongols invaded.

Every time **Sufism** and **Mysticism** were attacked—whether by a Jurist Guardian, or a Pharaoh (meaning someone who considers himself from God), or a President who thought he was from God and the people believed him—it was in that same history that **Mysticism** and **Sufism** triggered strange events and turned everything upside down. In essence, whenever a Pharaoh rises, a Moses will surely rise from the other side; and it is the voice of Moses that is heard in the **Restart** program. It is the voice of the **Complete Human** you are hearing. This voice is being broadcast through this program; for this reason, you and I are thinking about the **Complete Human**. Iran's conditions are exactly as they were during the time of Mr. Saadi. Saadi holds a very great and strange station, and we have begun to see how he thought.

Many find the **Complete Human**. Religious conditions are hard. You are a Muslim, a Christian, a Jew, a Zoroastrian; but you are not a Believer. A Believer is one who finds the **Complete Human**. Interpretations of the thoughts of a **Complete Human** can only be done by other **Complete Humans**. If a **Complete Human** states something, only a **Complete Human** can explain it. You and I are not at the level of this thought; we aren't even at the level of broadcasting the thoughts of a **Sufi**. We cannot interpret the words of Plato, Rumi, or Saadi. Only **Sufis**, with permission, can do such a thing.

You see throughout history, Aziz O-Din Nasafi says, "They asked me to do this." Saadi and Rumi say the same: "In **Sufism**, they asked me and gave this permission." And then every word that comes out of their mouths is worth billions and has billions of states within it. This is why Saadi says in his poems:

"Saadi's expression is not superficial / Like the paintings one sees on the bathhouse door; Rather, it is lightning adorned with rubies and pearls Dropped over the witness of beauty and cloth."

He explains simply: do not look at my words this way. If you read it and just nod your head saying "Bravo," shake your brain instead, so you can feel your stupid stone-head, Hosseini! This sentence is stated directly so you understand that every word from Mr. Saadi is a clear and dangerous revelation. He says:

"The goal of the People of the Path is not the outward robe Gird your loins in service to the Sultan and be a Sufi."

The words of the **Complete Humans** are divided into three parts: they relate to the Universe of Existence (the real world with electrons), The divine reality, or they are personal to you. If you ask a **Complete Human**, "Is it good to drink water?" He might say "Yes." He tells the person next to you "It's very bad." He tells the third person "Water doesn't exist." This is because every element has its own atoms; if he tells someone who shouldn't drink water to drink it, an electron might shift, and they will fall out of orbit. The goal is to bring us to that pure element—our hidden nature.

If you ask if you should kiss Plato's grave, and he says "It's very good," it has multiple meanings. It's like asking to kiss a lion in a cage. If he says "It's very good," he means: "If you have the courage, go do it." When you talk to a **Sufi**, think of yourself in a lion's cage. Do you have the courage?

We bring physics and quantum so you can understand something from the square root of two and other "irrationals" or equations; but all this is to understand the core. In the "Universe of Existence," every action has a reaction. But in the "True World," thought corrects thought. Every action consists of action and reaction together. Later, when we break the quantum and give you a new quantum, you will understand this.

So Newton's "every action has a reaction" is basically up in the air! Every action has an action and reaction together. Every thought corrects thought. This is why you have no right to close the press or stop people from talking, whether they are right or wrong. Because every thought is a thought, and every thought is corrected by other thoughts or by itself. If we were to write this on the gate of the Constitution of the **Sufi** Empire, a **Sufi** would have to talk for millions of years about this: **Thought corrects thought.**

That's why **Complete Humans** came one after another. In appearance we are with our mothers on Skype a meter away, but in reality, where is Mom and where am I? "You are in Yemen but with me; you are with me but in Yemen" Only someone who is **with it** while in Yemen, and **in Yemen** while with it, can truly understand this...

Let's go to Saadi... the most polite man who, with his literature, has set everyone's place throughout history! He knows he is a giant, and everyone else knows it too. He has no hesitation in saying it. He arranges word-photons so that the light of one photon is the light for the next to display a tree of a different shape. Whatever comes from Saadi is either scientific, or it makes you think you understand.

"Generosity belongs to God, the Exalted and Glorious, whose obedience brings proximity and whose gratitude increases bounty. Every breath that goes down sustains life, and when it comes out, it delights the essence. Thus, in every breath two blessings exist, and for every blessing, gratitude is mandatory."

It explains very simply that every breath you take is for this world of yours. Therefore, breath has two faces: one toward this world, and one toward the true, "other" world.

So, this breath that you and I draw... a human breathes approximately 12 to 13 times per minute; that is the normal rate. I don't have a medical degree, but the norm is 12 to 13 times a minute. However, some might breathe 15 times, others 9 times. The latter is called "slow breathing," and the former is called "fast breathing." And for those who snore—what they call "shortness of breath" or apnea—it is a cessation of breath for several seconds. It is very important for you to know that for those who snore, it is extremely difficult for the breath to return.

And when the breath no longer comes out—meaning exhalation does not occur—death is produced. In a sense, Sadi himself is explaining this from a scientific perspective here; he says that every inhalation is for life, meaning oxygen enters. This oxygen enters the cells for the body's divisions—I won't get into how some relates to tissue and capillaries and how it goes there and some doesn't. We won't worry about those conditions for now. But it causes your life; meaning, when a human breathes, it produces life.

And "when it comes out, it is a delight to the essence". When it leaves your body, it pleases an "essence"—whatever that may be. It delights the essence; it no longer has anything to do with your physical body or mine. On the surface, it's just oxygen in and carbon dioxide out, but inwardly, there are billions of things expanding and contracting—from the left and right ribs, the sternum, the diaphragm, and other scientific matters—it is just like a sneeze.

For example, Sufism is the only place in the world... as soon as you sneeze, they say, "May it be healthy". A sneeze is one of those deep scientific and mystical topics that needs to be discussed; I think it will take several thousand more years before they can truly reach a conclusion about the sneeze. Scientists still do not understand the sneeze; they only understand the outward appearance of it. But if you go to Germany, they say *Gesundheit*; when you go to America, they say "God bless you"; when you come to Iran, they say "May *it be healthy*". Every person uses a word because the sneeze itself is a very deep mystical, Sufic, and scientific matter.

Therefore, every breath requires two acts of gratitude that must be performed. Here, he begins to give explanations regarding the start of the movement.

He hasn't said what it is yet; he says...

"His boundless rain of mercy has reached everyone, and His table of unstinting bounty is spread everywhere. He does not tear the veil of his servants' honor for a blatant sin, nor does He withhold the daily bread for a forbidden error."

As I said before, this throws religions out the window. If you confess in church, you are tearing this veil. If you speak politically, the government cannot cut off your food or fire you. These are the things he explains: sociology, psychology.

"He commanded the spreader of the morning breeze to lay out the emerald carpet, and ordered the nurse of the spring cloud to nurture the daughters of plants in the cradle of the earth."

Saadi uses the term "Daughters of Plants" Well, then the 'Chamberlain' (the Creator) has commanded the Wind to go forth and spread the carpets. And He has ordered the 'Nursemaid of the Spring Cloud' to nurture the '**Daughters of plants**' in the cradle of the earth... There is a very subtle point here. I don't want to get into medical, veterinary, or alternative healing perspectives, or what some friends call the 'scientific' aspects of Sadi's work, but every single word he uses is vital.

He says: He ordered the nursemaid of the Spring Cloud to nurture the '**Daughters of plants**' which literally means 'Plant-Girls' or 'Daughter-Plants.' Right here, Sadi is stating that the concept of male and female exists within plants as well; every plant in the world has a male and a female aspect. And he calls them 'daughters.' He is essentially telling the Wind: 'Go and bring the males to propose to these plant-daughters in the cradle of the earth!' They are like girls waiting for their husbands. And some plants are picky—they don't just choose any husband! Thirty suitors might come by; the plant rejects twenty-eight of them, keeps two, and thinks about two others. This is the meaning of the Daughters of the Plants. There is so much depth in this..."

"Trees have donned the green robe of leaves as a New Year's gift, and the children of the branches have placed the cap of blossoms on their heads at the arrival of spring. The sap of the cane by His power has become refined honey, and a date seed by His nurturing has become a towering palm."

He clothes the **lofty palm** in a robe of green leaves and places the 'cane-reed' in the cradle of the earth to produce honey-sweet sugar.

"Clouds and wind and moon and sun and firmament are at work So that you may gain a loaf of bread and not eat it in negligence."

As we explained in previous Restarts: everyone and everything is at work so that you may earn your bread—just ensure you do not consume it in heedlessness.

"All are bewildered and obedient for your sake It is not the condition of fairness that you do not obey."

It is not fair, dear Mullah, that the **Complete Human** has put the world at your disposal, yet you are not obedient to the **Complete Human**.

It is related in the traditions of the Lord of the Universe, the Pride of all Beings, and the Mercy to the Worlds... this is how he speaks. He is talking about Muhammad son of Abdullah. Firstly,

when Sadi speaks in Arabic, it is because of the era he lived in—if you didn't write in Arabic, your work simply wouldn't be 'published.' Furthermore, Sadi had two strokes of luck. One was that a ruler of that period was actually a 'Restart follower'—not just a Sufi, but a Restart follower. Secretly, and without others realizing it, he allowed mystical teachings to flourish during that time. That is why you see so many great figures publishing their books in that specific era. If Sadi includes Arabic words or verses, it's because, without them, his work wouldn't have been allowed. Moreover, back then, there weren't these divisions of Arab, Persian, Afghan, German, and so on. People were far more enlightened than they are now; because borders are synonymous with idiocy—borders mean ignorance. When you create a border for yourself, you are building a wall between one consciousness and another.

Those who are racists are essentially the most ignorant people in the world. Racism is the worst state in the universe—you can't claim to be superior or inferior even to your own family, your mother, or your brother; let alone to the people of another country. The moment you think 'Death to this country' or 'That country is such-and-such'—you can cut ties, you can do many things—but the moment you insult a nation, a people, or an ethnicity, you are deep in your own ignorance. You must explore this deeply, because racism is among the worst forms of historical 'lack of consciousness.' We have many specific types of ignorance, but the most ignorant of all is racism. He says...

"What grief for the wall of the nation which has a supporter like you? What fear of the ocean's waves for one who has Noah as the helmsman?"

If someone knows the **Complete Human**, they will not be saddened by the turbulence of this world. Whenever a sinful servant raises a hand in repentance, the **Complete Human** might at first turn away, until the servant's heart breaks and they cry. Then God says, "I am ashamed not to grant this prayer." When we say God, we mean the **Complete Human**. Because this has nothing to do with "Hu". "Hu" is the essence.

"The dwellers of the Kaaba of His Majesty confess to their deficiency in worship: 'We have not worshiped You as You deserve to be worshiped'; and the describers of the beauty of His charm are attributed to bewilderment: 'We have not known You as You deserve to be known.'"

Saadi categorizes people: Mullahs who say they didn't worship enough, or those who say they didn't know Him enough. He mocks them politely.

"If someone asks me to describe Him What can the heartless say of the One without a sign? The lovers are those slain by the Beloved No sound comes from the slain."

I can't speak at all when you say things like, 'We have not known Thee as Thou ought to be known...' Sadi isn't exactly mocking, but in a way, he is. He's saying: you are there claiming, 'O God, we didn't recognize You the way You deserved; O God, we didn't perform our prayers and fasting the way You were worthy of. But he says, 'I am the opposite of these two groups.' He

says **If anyone asks me for a description of Him, what can a person without a sign say of the Signless? Lovers are the slain of the Beloved; no voice rises from the slain.**

He's saying the very fact that you are talking right now—saying 'God forgive me, I wasn't worthy of You'—means you should be beheaded! (He's using a metaphor). He means if you were truly 'slain' by The Beautiful One, if you had truly recognized and understood the Perfect Man and that Beauty, you wouldn't be able to speak at all. Because you are the 'slain of the Beloved'; you should have disappeared into this love. You have no voice left. You're still talking? The fact that you're talking means you're just making empty claims about that other world. Look, there is a 'Socratic' question-and-answer style here. Up above, he explained how politely people talk. He mentions the 'devotees of the Kaaba of His Glory'—those who circle the House of God, who always go on Hajj and even perform animal sacrifices. They kill a poor, tongue-tied sheep, cut its throat, and think they understand—think they are saved by killing a sheep. In Sufism, not at all! Sacrifice—Eid al-Adha—means reaching a level where you sacrifice the greatest and best thing you love in this world. Eid al-Adha means: put the knife to your own throat and see if you'll cut! Leave the sheep alone! Eid al-Adha means / am the sheep. You are the sheep, Hosseini! You're killing a sheep? Killing a sheep is supposed to be a reminder that you were meant to kill your own ego.

Even the story Muslims and Jews tell: Abraham wanted to kill his son, his child. Then a sheep came and said, 'Kill this instead.' It means: put the knife to the neck of your son, yourself, your life, your wealth, your status, your rank. See if you can cut it? Then, if you are willing to cut, the sheep was sent as a sign that you 'passed' the test. You passed the test of being willing to cut, so then you could sacrifice the sheep. But instead, you pin the sheep's legs to the ground, pull its tongue, give it some water... and you stare at the sheep like an idiot while it dies! It struggles, it dies, and you think you brought this to God and God liked it? You think God says, 'Well done, what a sheep you killed'? You can only kill that sheep when you are able to cut off your own head. So, put the knife to your own neck first. Can you cut it? I can't. That is why Sadi arranges these words so politely...

I don't want to say that Rumi is being insulting or anything. Truly, become Rumi first, and then use such language... Rumi is a great Sufi. Now, Sadi says: **'The devotees of the Kaaba of His Glory confess their shortcomings in worship.'** We should read it like this: 'Oh, look at these people... look at them going on Pilgrimage! Look at them praying! They are fasting and all that.

And then: **'Those who describe the beauty of His presence are charged with bewilderment.'** This refers even to those who are very close and meticulous in their worship. In other words, Sadi just threw both *Sharia* and the mystical path up in the air—he dismissed them.

Now he is speaking about **divine reality**. He is saying, 'I am a man of Truth; I am a Sufi, Mr. Hosseini.' He says: **'Lovers are the slain of the Beloved.'** A Sufi is one who is 'slain' by the **Complete Human**. **'No voice rises from the slain.'** A person who has been killed doesn't make a sound. They die and have no voice left to say... 'Um, excuse me, sir, did you just kill me?

In literature, Sadi is truly a God; he really is. His arrangement of words is like a dance, and the waves of his language are extraordinary. He says: **'One of the men of heart'**. Not a priest, not a rabbi, not a mullah—a 'man of heart.' He had gone deep into himself, 'plunging his head into the collar of meditation.' He had folded into his own neck; meaning, he was looking at himself, not others. He held himself responsible, not others. He always thought he was the problem, not the rest of the world. He was deep inside himself, **'submerged in the ocean of revelation'**. He was having visions. Look, we have proof; Sadi says he was 'traveling.' Just like Attar and the others who travel through different realms, Sadi was traveling and seeing the world. He was 'submerged,' meaning he was drowning in discovery.

Discovery here means unveiling. For example: what is behind Saturn? What is beyond the Milky Way? That is revelation. I want to say, every single word he uses is strange and deliberate. That's why I keep interrupting myself to emphasize this. He says: **'Submerged in the ocean of revelation.'** Look, revelation is different from ordinary discovery. It means these things already existed, but they are being 'unveiled.' The universe existed, and the **Complete Human** is discovering it. To the extent that these 'Complete Humans' discover more, our space in the future becomes wider and our pleasure increases. They are discovering new 'cities' in existence; they call them the Milky Way. Meanwhile, all the tyrants, clerics, and governments are producing 'Hell' to frighten you. Their Hell is becoming wider. Anyone who attacks the 'Perfect Man,' Sufism, or Mysticism—well, God willing, their place in Hell is expanding. A Hell that didn't even exist before is now being 'discovered' and expanded by them. This is explained very simply in **Quantum Physics**.

One of the "Possessors of the Heart" was submerged in the sea of revelation. When he returned, a friend asked: "What gift did you bring us from that garden?" He replied:

"I intended that when I reached the rose bush, I would fill my skirt with roses as a gift for my companions. But when I arrived, the scent of the rose so intoxicated me that the skirt slipped from my hand."

He says: "Believe me, I wanted to bring a gift, but when I saw that beauty, I forgot you!"

"O bird of the morning, learn love from the moth For that burnt one lost its soul and no sound came."

The moth circles the candle until it burns. The one who comes back to tell the news is a preacher. The moth that goes and doesn't return is a **Sufi**. If a "moth" talks to you without permission, hit him in the face!

Sadi says it not I Sadi says it; oh, may I be sacrificed for you, Sadi! Sadi is the God of thought. The **'best in Eloquence'**, the **'Greatest Master'**

O bird of the morning, learn love from the moth, For that burnt one lost its soul and no voice emerged. These pretenders are ignorant in their search for Him, For he who gained news, no news ever returned."

Forget the mullahs, the rabbis, and the priests. These "pretenders" in search of Him—in search of the **Complete Human**—are ignorant. "For he who gained news, no news ever returned." No news comes back. The one who truly becomes informed cannot bring news back at all. Furthermore, even if they are permitted to speak, they can only speak within the limits of that permission. Sadi was told: "Release the entire *Gulistan*, and that is it." He gives one book called *Golestan*. Now, if someone else were to give a book and call it *Golestan 9 for example*, no one would read it; they wouldn't even know what it is, and besides, it has boundaries. You might hear the word of the **Complete Human**, but you cannot tell it to the person next to you; you cannot express it. You have only heard the word of a Sufi... and even then, the person next to you hears something entirely different. Imagine five thousand people listening to the words of a **Complete Human**. If you put them in a room and ask, "What did you understand?", you would find that 4,999 of them understood something different. Perhaps two might say something similar. The Master speaks to each person according to their own capacity and delivers the message specifically to them. You might ask, "Mr. Hosseini, isn't this claim of yours strange?" No, it isn't strange; it is scientific. Oxygen is the same everywhere in the world, but how does it reach the body? An obese person consumes one amount, and someone with respiratory distress breathes another way. Everybody is "Oxygen-esque"; everybody has its own oxygen requirement. Oxygen is one thing, but the "word" of oxygen for the people on Earth is seven billion—seven billion different finger-printed ways of breathing oxygen, each with different conditions and metabolic outcomes. One has high bile and one thing happens; another has liver issues and something else happens; another has shortness of breath and it takes forever to exhale that carbon dioxide. So, there are seven billion versions. Now:

"O Thou who art beyond imagination, analogy, doubt, and whim, Beyond all we have said, heard, or read. The assembly has ended and life has reached its close, Yet we remain at the very beginning of describing Thee."

This "The Beautiful One" of mine is far greater than anything we could hear, or read, or say. The assembly ended and life reached its close, yet we remain at the "beginning" of describing You. Sadi says "We"—meaning himself and all those who are meant to understand. He uses the word "We." He could have said, "I remain at the beginning of describing Thee," but he didn't; he put everyone into one bag.

"The whole world speaks of Sadi's beautiful remembrance, which has fallen into the mouths of the common folk, and the fame of his speech has spread across the expanse of the earth. They carry the fabric of his words like gold leaf..."

He begins to praise himself... do you see why Sadi's voice is so loud? Do you see why he speaks so "beautifully"? Do you see why my [Sadi's] words are everywhere? Do you see that it is all "gold"? My words are like gold leaf. Go to a goldsmith; you'll see he doesn't let even a tiny grain go to waste. It's not a fruit leather that you just slice off! Gold is handled so precisely that not a speck is wasted. He says, "This is how they carry me—like gold leaf." All of this is because a "Restar follower existed who allowed these words to be published in that era. He explains this and then says:

"Since the moment Your gaze fell upon me, the wretched one, My works have become more famous than the sun."

He is explaining a very important point here. He says that the praise Sadi receives is due to the era he lived in. He says a "Restart follower"... I was lucky that a ruler recognized the **Complete Human**. Even though he became a ruler or a minister, he was gracious. But here is the big secret; he says: (الناس على دين ملوكهم) meaning "*People follow the religion of their kings*". This is very insulting! It means all the people of the world are slaves and servants to a deity called the King, the President, the Minister. It means the people have no religion; their religion is money, their religion is their kings, their property, their water. It's a very harsh thing to say.

He says that because people follow the religion of their rulers, you are lucky this program is being broadcast, because this "Mr. Restart Follower" allowed this message to be spread. Sadi says it and you read it now. People only have this chance because the ruler allowed Rumi to be published and didn't censor him, or didn't censor Sadi. If another ruler comes, he censors, he massacres, and you will hear no voice from us. Why? Because the people follow the religion of the King. Even here, he doesn't say the "people" understand; it's very bad, very bad. This sentence is too heavy to fully unpack.

The masses—it doesn't mean the grocer, the mechanic, the dentist, or the doctor. No; "The masses" means the one who does not understand the subject. This is the commoner. Specifically, one who is ignorant of the hidden literature of that country. For example, I am a "commoner" in English. Why? Because I cannot read Shakespeare. When I don't understand Shakespeare, I am part of the masses. You might say, "Mr. Hosseini, you speak so well, you know 55,000 words!" No; you only exit the state of being a "commoner" when you understand the words of the Greats of that language—when you understand Shakespeare. All foreigners in Iran are "commoners" unless they can understand Sadi or read and grasp the poetry of Hafez. I've been in Germany for thirty years; do you understand Goethe? Can you read him and truly get it? No. Then it's over. You are a commoner; you have no mastery over the thoughts of the Greats there.

"Since the moment Your gaze fell upon me... my works are more famous than the sun."

He says as long as The Beautiful One gazes at me, my works will be more famous than the sun. I can be sure my name will echo through the world because The Beautiful One gave me permission.

"If this servant is filled with every fault, Any fault the Sultan approves is a virtue."

He destroys everything with this. I swear, everything! Every single line is something else. He says whoever the "Sultan" approves is the artist, the lead actor in the cinema, the host of the TV shows. The Sultan must approve; then the Sultan brings him in. There are fifty others who wrote poetry, fifty others who are great artists, but those poor souls find no path to the Sultan's national broadcasting! The Sultan chooses the one he likes and "shoves" him into the heart of

society. He focuses on you so that you become famous, so that you fall in love with him, so that if one day he says "the Defenders of the Shrine" are great people, you will listen. Why? Because he wants you—the people—to become the "religion of the King." This is what an "artist" means in that context. "Any fault the Sultan approves is a virtue." That's it; we've just explained the whole of society.

"One day in the bath, a piece of scented clay, Reached my hand from the hand of a beloved. I asked: Art thou musk or ambergris? For I am intoxicated by thy delicious scent. It replied: I was but a lowly piece of earth, But for a time, I sat with the Rose. The perfection of my companion had its effect on me, otherwise, I am the same earth that I am."

He says if you think I am a different kind of flower... do you know what he is explaining here? He is talking about the **Origin of Man**. Soil and clay mean "Human." If we want to explain it, there are fifty mystical states here. It says He created Man from clay. Then Satan saw this clay was fragrant. In his heart, Satan asked, "Why is this clay fragrant? He created this being from mud and slime..." The answer of the **Complete Human** to Satan was: "The perfection of my companion had its effect on me, but I am the same earth that I am." He said: "Because The Beautiful One breathed into me—Hu—because He breathed into me, I am just a piece of clay that sat with the Rose."

He said this to Satan, a spiteful one. We became Sufis because God willed it. In Sufism, it is said: we didn't become mullahs because we saw that path as easy. Why do you act out of spite? This is the "perfection of the companion." Go find a Sufi. There are only 7 or 8 of them in the world. Find one and ask. He will say, "Sir, I am the earth that I was; I just sat with The Beautiful One. The scent of the **Complete Human** has stuck to me, and that is what you are enjoying."

"The realm of Pars has no fear of time's decay, As long as the shadow of God, like thee, is over its head."

As long as you—the **Complete Human** and the great Sufi—were there in Sadi's time, the realm of Pars had no problems.

"Today, no one on the expanse of the earth can show a threshold as peaceful and pleasing as thine. It is thy duty to care for the hearts of the wretched; It is for us and the God of the world to provide the reward. O Lord, keep the soil of Pars safe from the wind of sedition, As long as the earth and the wind endure."

Wherever a **Complete Human** is, God has shown mercy to the people there; otherwise, things like this wouldn't be broadcast for you to understand in two lines. If it were that easy, everyone would have been an expert on Rumi and Sadi for the last seven hundred years. They would have said even once: "Therefore, in every era, a guardian is present" . " And in every age, there is a Beautiful One. He is here now.

"From that height no pigeon comes, no single girl comes!" (**pipedream**). This is the very reason this program is being broadcast to you from that "Beautiful One." If anyone else said this sentence in the last seven hundred years, put it on the table! You don't need to call me; just say, "Someone else also said that the **Complete Human** is the same as the Imam Mahdis, the poles, the Prophets, Jesus, Moses, and Muhammad." Who said it? No one. The secret was in the fact that you didn't know.

I'll read one line to prepare you for next week.

"One night, I was reflecting on days past..." I was thinking... from here, Sadi explains how he became a restart follower."

"One night I was reflecting on days past, regretting my wasted life, piercing the stone of my heart's small house with the diamond of my tears, and reciting these verses suited to my state:

'Every moment, a breath of life passes; When I look, not much remains.'"

Meaning his "clock" was his breath. He didn't need a watch at all. He said, "With every breath I gave..." Then he would say, "Twelve breaths have passed, so one minute has gone." "Every moment, a breath of life passes"—meaning he had counted them and was saying, "I have 66,000 breaths left! Oh, we are doomed. We reached fifty years of age and we are still this..."

"O thou whose fifty years have passed in sleep, Perhaps thou shalt grasp these remaining five days. Ashamed is he who departed without finishing the work. They sounded the drum of departure, yet he hadn't packed his load."

Wretched is the one whose breath the **Complete Human** no longer allows to come out. Now, let the doctors blow air into his mouth; you can push it in, but it can't come out. The secret of your death is in the breath that doesn't come out, not the one you take in. You can argue "mouth-to-mouth" with a mullah, but you can't give them "breath." For a mullah... that breath must be given by a Sufi to shake him so he becomes a Sheikh Bahai. You and I can't argue them back to life; this "dead mullah" won't come to life. This dead mullah only shakes suddenly with the breath of Shams and becomes Rumi... I must breathe into this dead mullah so that the Sheikh Bahais of the world come out, my beautiful one. He doesn't come to life otherwise, because he must "give out." Meaning, the Sufi must give the breath to the mouth of Mr. Sheikh Bahai so that he exhales his filthy carbon dioxide; only that oxygen saves him.

If it were that simple, then anyone who died, you could just blow into their mouth, fill their lungs... would they come to life? No. He blocked it there because "when it comes out, it is a delight to the essence." There is nothing left; He took that "Essence" away and won't let it be exhaled. The root of the problem is there. Trapped toward the heights, toward the true world—not toward the virtual, lower world.

"The sweet sleep of the morning of departure keeps the traveler from the path."

From here, he opens the secrets one by one... I will tell you in the next program. He says, There I realized that in the morning, before the sun rises, if I don't get up, it keeps the traveler from the path. He said, so there is something in the morning—something scientific, something we don't know, or perhaps someone is there in the morning; it's quieter above you, doctors see patients earlier! What is in it?

Thank you for listening to this program. I leave you to the God of Sadi's words, whose wave-like words plunged into the heart. Naturally, because "that which comes from the heart, sits upon the heart." If you surrender yourself to Sadi's words, you will be saved. Forget Sadi. Forget the Sufi. Forget the **Complete Human**. Just surrender yourself to the words and waves of Master Sadi and do not struggle.

One shouldn't row; one must let go. One must give the heart to the sea... Farewell

