

# The Flute Player Of SASNAK

## *SPIRITA*

From SPIRITA, the voice in all of us speaking from our soul.

Who is Spirita? What is a Spirita?

Spirita is Twinkles.

Spirita is the Twinkle you see when you connect with someone.

Spirita is the Twinkle you feel when you get excited inside or gooey all over.

Spirita is the Twinkle you hear when a voice or music or nature communicates in special ways.

Spirita is not a person or a face or a shape or an object to see or hold.

Spirita is your Soul announcing your presence and welcoming inspirations.

Spirita is Awareness Transformed to Being.

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Printed in the United States of America.

Published by TumbleBrush Press  
4860 Joliet St., Denver, CO, 80239  
<http://www.tumblebrushpress.com>

ISBN 13:9781456350864

## *Introduction*

No  
conflict  
when the flute is playing  
for then I see every movement emanates  
from God's  
holy  
dance.

Hafiz – Shams-ud-din Muhammad  
(c. 1320-1389)

## ***A Simple Flute Player***

In the land known as SASNAK there were many villages.

The People in and around these villages were mostly farmers and merchants. The farmers grew crops in plots surrounding the villages, but they lived in the villages and had central “squares” or “plazas” where the People would gather to visit and exchange goods.

In the village squares, meetings were often held, and occasionally someone would entertain the People with singing, juggling, poetry, or playing an instrument.

A flute player known as Haim began to visit the villages in the spring one year. Haim’s flute was a simple wooden one, but the melodies from it were beautiful and enchanting.

Haim said very little as he played his flute, but sometimes he would be asked, “Why do you play your flute so much, old man?”

“The flute and I are one,” he would reply. “It is how I express who I am.”

“What do you want for playing such beautiful music for us?” they would inquire.

“I need nothing,” he would reply. “By listening to my music, you share with me, and I am grateful and fulfilled.”

In some villages the People would listen to the flute music, and a few would begin to complain that it was too loud or too screechy or too much of this or too much of that. Then other People would hear those few complain about the music, and they too would

begin to complain that it was “too this” or “too that.” Soon Haim would leave those villages because the People were not happy about anything in their lives.

In other villages the People would hear the same music played the same way, and sometimes a few would complain, but in those villages other People would say to the few, “Oh, you complain about everything. To us the music is lovely and makes us feel good. We want this village to be a place where strangers are welcome and where we share goodness and happiness. Take your complaints elsewhere so we can enjoy the beauty this flute player brings to us.”

In those villages, Haim would stay and play his music until he felt it was time to move on.

Traders, entertainers, gypsies, and travelers who moved from village to village would remark to each other that the villages where People complained about everything were not prosperous. Those villages had empty buildings, the People were grumpy, the crops were said to be poor, the streets were unkempt, and nothing much happened that was joyous.

In the villages where the People embraced travelers, shared happiness, and discouraged the complainers, there was an energetic Spirit that seemed to make everything prosperous.

One day Haim came to a village named Yelkoa. He sat in the square and began to play his flute music as he always did.

A young man approached Haim and said, “Oh, your flute music is so beautiful, but I can’t stop to listen; I have to go here and then I must go there and I must hurry because I have appointments and schedules and they are important to keep.”

And so, the young man scurried away as Haim asked one of the People, “What is that person’s name and why is he in such a hurry?”

“Oh, that is Nodrog. He wants to organize everything. He means well, but he is always going from here to there and is so busy that nothing gets done.”

“I see,” Haim replied. “There is a Nodrog in every village.”

Haim played some more music, and a young woman came by and said, “Oh, your music is so beautiful and it makes me feel good, but I can’t stay because if the other musicians in the square saw me stay here too long, they might get jealous and not talk to me or play their music for me.”

And so, the young woman rushed away and Haim asked one of the People, “What is that person’s name and why is she so concerned about offending People?”

“Oh, that is Eigram. She means well and wants to please everyone, but in doing so, she pleases no one.”

“I see,” Haim replied. “There is an Eigram in every village.”

As Haim played on, another woman, older, approached him and said, “Your music is so beautiful. I am telling People to come listen to your flute playing because it is music that will join their Spirit and they can be together with it.”

After the woman parted gracefully while enchanted, Haim asked another person, “What is that person’s name, and what makes her so special?”

“That is Atinod,” a villager replied. “She encourages us to seek the goodness around us and to share with each other.”

“I see,” Haim stated. “May there be at least one such Atinod in every village.”

The next day, Atinod again approached Haim and asked, “Where did you learn to play the flute so beautifully, flute player?”

“From God,” Haim said simply. “Everything I know I learned from God.”