

rites of love by Vladimir Megré

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Chapter 3: “Why does love come and go?”

Oh, how many poems and philosophical treatises have been devoted to this very feeling! In fact, it is hard to find a literary work where it is not touched upon to some extent. Nearly all religions talk about love. It is considered to be a great feeling imparted to Man by God.

The reality of our current human conditions, however, portrays the feeling of love as a most sadistic phenomenon.

Let's face the truth. Statistics show that sixty to seventy percent of marriages are doomed to failure. The failure comes after years of an uneasy coexistence on the part of two people who were once in love. Sometimes these years are marked by mutual insults, scandals and even face-smashing.

The original beautiful and inspired feeling vanishes, only to be replaced by years of anger, insults, hatred and, ultimately, unhappy children.

This is the sad result of what we call love today.

Could such a result be considered a gift from God! No way!

But perhaps it is we ourselves who turn aside from some kind of way of life inherent in Man, and that is why love vanishes, telling us, in effect: *I can't live in such conditions. Your way of life is killing me. And you yourselves are dying.*

Remembering my conversation in the taiga, I recalled how unusually the grey-haired recluse talked about love. “Love,” he said, “is the greatest and most powerful energy in the Cosmos. It is never thoughtless. It has thoughts and its own feelings too. Love is a living, self-sufficient entity, a living being.

“By the will of God it is sent to the Earth, ready to bestow its great energy on every Earth-dweller and make their lives eternal in love. It comes to each one of them, endeavouring to tell them, through the language of feelings, about the Divine programme. If Man doesn’t listen, it is forced to leave, not by its own will, but by Man’s.”

Love! A mysterious feeling. And even though almost every Man who has ever lived on the Earth has managed to experience it, love remains largely uninvestigated.

On the one hand, the theme of love is touched upon in most works of prose and poetry, and in most artistic genres. On the other, all the information these contain merely establishes the existence of such a phenomenon. At best, it describes but the outward manifestations of love and variations in behaviour on the part of different people under the influence of the feeling as it has appeared in them.

But is it really necessary to *investigate* the feeling of love, which everybody knows?

The extraordinary and brand new information I received in the Siberian taiga confirms that investigation is extremely necessary. We need to learn to understand love.

I believe one of the most accurate answers to the question as to why love fades is simply that it vanishes when it finds no understanding.

People in the past understood love.

Judge for yourselves: more than ten thousand years ago the Vedruss people possessed knowledge enabling them to carry out actions which not only strengthened love but made it everlasting. One such action was the Ancient Vedic wedding rite. After the description was published in one of my books, many academic researchers came round to affirming that this particular rite was capable of transforming an initially flaring feeling into a permanent one. Comparing it with the rites of various peoples both past and present, I began more and more to draw the conclusion that the Ancient Vedic wedding rite was a rational deed thought up by the wisdom of the people, which is capable even today of helping many family couples find lasting love. However, let’s go through everything in order.

And let us begin with the most important thing.

Should we seek out our ‘other half’?

‘My other half’ — ‘my *soulmate*’ — it’s a popular expression. Let’s see what it means, exactly. I think many people will accept the following definition: *a man or a woman close to you in spirit and their views on life, a pleasant communicator, someone you feel attracted to (including their appearance), someone capable of inspiring you to love.*

Should we seek out our soulmate, or let our ‘other half’ be found all on its own, through the will of destiny?

As many centuries of mankind's experience has shown, a determined search is essential. This is attested in multitudes of stories in which stout-hearted young men have set off on long quests in search of their intended.

There are a number of ancient rites which can aid this most important search of one's life.

There are ancient rites, too, which can help determine whether one has made the right choice. What if that 'other half' has come to you straight from the devil himself?

Some of these rites I have already described in my previous books. I did not touch upon well-known rituals, but mostly introduced rites that are not commonly known and have not been encountered heretofore. The present book focuses on the wedding rite and, at the same time, the rite for determining whether one has made the right choice of partner, which I shall go over again in a different context.

"Then get on with it — show us these miraculous rites," some of my readers may be thinking. "Why bother with all these expositions?" But the expositions are absolutely essential! We need a vision of our reality today, otherwise we shall not understand the tremendous signification of the wisdom of the people. Everything in the world is relative and, hence, comparisons are crucial.

So let's now take a look and see which life situations in today's world can facilitate a meeting and which may just get in the way.

Strange as it may seem, in our present so-called 'information age', situations favouring a meeting of two 'halves' are getting harder and harder to find.

People living in large, densely populated megacities are virtually cut off from each other by invisible barriers. Someone living in a modern multi-storeyed apartment block is often unacquainted with his next-door neighbour.¹ Passengers on public transport, even those standing jam-packed shoulder-to-shoulder in the aisles, are all absorbed in their own individual problems. Pedestrians walking along the same street have no reason to communicate with each other.

And in America, for example, you can't even look closely at a woman without being suspected of sexual harassment.

And so, just sitting in your flat or travelling to work or studies, there's practically no opportunity to find your soulmate.

Let's say your work involves contact with a lot of different people. Let's say you're sitting at a cash register in a large supermarket. But none of the customers passing by you every day thinks of striking up an acquaintance with you. It's more likely they see you merely as an adjunct to the cash register.

A college or university where a whole lot of young people congregate, though it indeed offers opportunities for conversation and coupling, is not a place for general selection of one's soulmate, since an educational institution is designed with a completely different function in mind.

Today the most acceptable locales for meeting people are generally bars, restaurants, discotheques and resorts. But encounters here, even those which end in marriages, do not, as a rule, result in a happy life in love and harmony. According to statistics, ninety percent of such marriages end in divorce.

The principal cause lies in a false image. And what might that be? Well, here's an example.

¹For a description of what this means in Russian apartment blocks, see footnote 1 in Book 8, Chapter 13: "A new civilisation".

False images

Back before I met Anastasia I took a two-week cruise on the Mediterranean Sea.

Each day in the ship's dining room my mealtime companions were three young people — two women and a man — who worked in a design institute in Novosibirsk. Each day the girls appeared in new and stylish clothing, with intriguing hairdos. It was a delight to chat with them. Nadia and Valia,² as they were called, were always cheerful and outreaching. One time I found their male companion in his cabin, and I asked him:

“What pretty and pleasant girls we have at our table! Maybe we can make some time with them?”

To which he replied:

“I have no desire to make time with riff-raff like that.”

“Why ‘riff-raff’?”

“‘Cause I work with them in the same institute and I know what they're really like.”

“And what are they really like?”

“In the first place, they're rowdies. Secondly, they're lazy and slovenly. It's only here that they try to keep up appearances and make people think they're nice and smart. It's quite clear they've come here specially to find themselves husbands among the wealthier class. You've noticed how they play up to the Armenian men on board.”

I had an opportunity to see for myself the discrepancy he mentioned when I paid a subsequent late-afternoon visit to the design institute to see my table companions from the cruise ship. To put it mildly, they weren't nearly as impressive as they had been on board, and all their former cheerfulness and pleasantness had somehow vanished.

Which means that back on the ship they were putting on a false image.

Many men and women in the world today try to find their ‘other half’ with the aid of an external image which doesn't correspond with their real nature. Perhaps such a sad phenomenon is due to an obliviousness to other possible methods? In that case both parties end up being deceived.

A man will give flowers and expensive gifts to an image which has taken his fancy. He may go so far as to offer her his hand and his heart. Then, after marriage, all of a sudden he sees her real character, which doesn't appeal to him at all. He feels a sense of irritation and a yearning for the earlier image which has now vanished.

A woman all of a sudden sees that the suitor who only recently was so kind and attentive to her doesn't love or understand her at all. How did this happen? But he never did love *her* — he only loved the image.

The striking discrepancy between the artificial image and the real person is particularly evident in the case of entertainment celebrities, especially if you should happen to see them in their everyday lives.

A situation no less unfortunate arises from the fact that women often change their outward appearance after marriage.

When a man falls in love with a woman, especially at first sight, it is difficult to say what, specifically, has aroused the feeling of love in him. Perhaps it was the colour of her hair or the way she plaited

²Nadia — an informal variant of the name *Nadezhda* (the Russian word for ‘hope’); Valia — an informal variant of *Valentina*.

her braid, or maybe her eyes. It is customary to think that the feeling of love is aroused by the whole gamut of external and internal traits. And when a woman changes her external appearance, she thereby takes away part of her appeal and weakens the love between them. Even if following a radical change of clothes, hairdo and make-up, everybody around tells her how beautiful and attractive she's become, and even if these compliments ring true, and even if her husband gets excited over his wife's new look, it may be only a matter of time before his love begins to fade or disappears altogether.

After all, he has glimpsed a great many beautiful women who are a lot more attractive than his wife at present. Still, he has fallen in love specifically with *her*, and with the appearance she had when they first met. And all of a sudden that previous image is no longer there. And you will, no doubt, agree that in falling in love with the new image, he thereby betrays the image she presented before.

Why were people in ancient times so cautious about changing their clothing? Perhaps they didn't have much in the way of a selection of fabrics? But they did. They imported silks from far across the seas, and they themselves knew how to weave cloth, either coarse or fine. They could do all sorts of designs on the cloth with different colouring agents, or embroider them.

Perhaps they were lacking in imagination or finances? They had plenty of imagination — an abundance, in fact. Practically every other person was a fine artist or designer. You only have to look at houses from those times — how they are all decorated with wood-carvings.

And every woman was a master of embroidery. As for finances, both people of modest means and even those well-off were very conservative when it came to changes of clothing or hairdos. They were extremely cautious about altering their own appearance, being careful to preserve their image.

The current fashion world, especially women, is wont to change their image like a kaleidoscope.

Such extreme fashion swings are extraordinarily profitable to the clothing manufacturing industry, when people throw out things that are still perfectly serviceable and buy new fashions in the hopes that they will bring something new in the way of a semblance of happiness. But no, it never comes. In its place appears only a new artificial image someone has created — an image people put on under the influence of aggressive propaganda.

In all the round of modern life I never have discovered any efficient system of measures designed to help people find a life-long companion. Not only that, but I have been getting more and more the impression that our modern living — indeed, our whole way of life — is designed in such a way that we shall never meet our true soulmate. Maybe this situation even works to somebody's advantage. A Man who is dissatisfied with life, who has no goals or meaning in his life, can be a profitable catch for many a man out to make money. Not to mention profitable to the powers that be.

As to the question of whether or not we are actually seeking out our 'other half', I think the answer will be: no, we are not. We don't know how to. And there are no favourable conditions to facilitate the search.

I attempted to discover sagacious hints on finding one's soulmate in the rites of bygone centuries. I shall cite a few typical examples of wedding rites. Let us examine just how sagacious — or primitive — they are. I shall include my own commentaries as we go along, but if you don't happen to agree with them, you can always cross them out, or white them out and write in your own, right here in the book.

I find myself tapping more and more into the feeling that Anastasia's grandfather is right: if we don't start thinking for ourselves, we'll go on accepting any sort of crap as the wisdom of life.

I shan't even name modern weddings. Apart from drunkenness, tripping around in cars and laying flowers at the so-called 'eternal flame',³ there's precious little worth saying.

Let's take a closer look, then, at some earlier wedding rites.

³*laying flowers at the 'eternal flame'* (i.e., at tomb of the unknown soldier) — a common practice among Russian newlyweds which takes place shortly after the wedding ceremony.

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