



The Human Experience

We Walk Together

ABSTRACT

This work shines a light to support your movement through life. By engaging Spirit, Mind, Body, and Emotion, you learn to navigate your journey with clarity and inner coherence.

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The Human Experience

Imagine charting the course of your life with a trusted guide right beside you.
What would you ask that guide?

What if the guide didn't tell you where to go, but instead offered a map, shined a light along the way, and helped you see the path clearly enough to chart your own course?

This is **The Human Experience** - an exploration of the four phenomena that shape how we experience being human:

Spirit. Mind. Body. Emotion.

A Chaplain's, A Veteran's, A Warrior's Sequence

This is more than an idea, it is an order of operations I have come to live by, forged in the discipline of the Chaplain, the Veteran and the Warrior within me.

Spirit comes first, for it is the ground beneath everything else. Then Mind, where education, knowledge, and hard-won wisdom discern the next right step. Then Body, whose own mind must be consulted, what it truly requires and what it is actually capable of.

Only then, only last, does the Warrior in me stand down long enough to let Emotion arrive, to be acknowledged, felt, and integrated, rather than simply survived.

This guide will help you to see the landscape within yourself, shed light to understand the journey you have traveled, and perhaps discover a path forward with an approach that works for you. Each path is unique to the individual and there is no *"one size fits all,"* however, once you have the sequence of phenomena aligned to your existence, well then ...

"Yours Is The Earth And Everything That's In It"

Rudyard Kipling "If"





Spirit

This is the ocean of love.
The Divine presence of God Almighty.
The One Spirit, The One.

I'm not as bold as to give it a name, similar to the opening verse in the *Tao Te Ching* by Lao Tzu, but it is where essence "is" it is where "there" "is" it's the where, the what, the when, and the all-encompassing nature of whatever description or value love has.

For me, God's Grace is real.
The presence of Grace is real.
I call it Love.

I've come across many aspects of Love. Some good, some that tore me apart.
Hopeful Love. Grateful Love. True Love. Joyful Love. Happy Love. Passionate Love. Sexual Love. Spiritual Love. Familial Love. Unrequited Love. Tough Love. Greedy Love. Jealous Love. Sad Love. Sorrowful Love. Lost Love. Remembering Love. and on and on and on.

I often interchange the word Love with the following descriptors, Divine, Eternal, Infinite, Beloved, Essence, Force, Energy, Almighty, Lord, God, Atma.

To me, it's all Ik Onkar, as in the opening line of the Sikh Holy Book the *Guru Granth Sahib*, It's all one.
It's the vast, never-ending, sea of love. Or the mystic sky and heavens. The vast cosmic soup within. It's all things, "every thing" and in "no thing" simultaneously.

It is the Darkness. It is the Light. It is the gap between Dawn and Dusk. It is the ether, the glow, the ember, the flame, the drop of water, the ray of sunshine, the snowflake, the breadcrumb, the atom, the particle, the molecule, the string, the harmony, the sound, the note, the music, the vibration, the rhythm.

It is that which Jesus the Christ spoke of. It is that which Guru Nanak spoke of.
It is that which Lord Shiva spoke of. It is that which Lord Buddha spoke of.
It is that the Lord of Abraham and Mohammed spoke of.

It is that which the Mystics, Gnostics, Alchemists, Shamans, Druids, Yogis, Heretics, Apostates, Pagans, Atheists and everyone else in this cauldron of cosmic soup speaks of.

It is "I"
It is "US"
It is "WE"

In order to express this universal Love, I've chosen poetry and prose. It's in accordance to the morning ray of light, the morning breath, the glimpse of something new awakening in the morning dawn. It's the cosmic embrace of night's energy turning into day's energy.

It's an embrace that says, "I AM"
It's the birth of Love physical and the destruction of body eternal.

So as the flower blooms, touched by the summer sun, may this light remind you that you are also a beloved flower in God's garden, so today, let the summer sun, shine on you.





Mind

Why. Why. Why?

It's so simpler if Adam had not eaten the fruit from the forbidden tree. Life would have been simpler if I had not taken and just received.

So I took what was not mine.
Borrowed and never returned.
Exaggerated but never delivered.
Cited but never authored.
Lived but never experienced.

I was living the shadow version of the infinite, always poking around near the light, but not in light. For then I would completely disappear.

What did my shadow observe?

It said remain a mystery, somewhat hidden so that no one could pinpoint you ~ like a target to be killed.
Was it pure survival instinct at the animalistic level of the brain?
Fight, flight, freeze type of moments ... my answer would be Yes.

Looking back with hindsight, eyes in the back of my head, hindsight. I see the wake left by the boat I'm on. My *Egoic Mind* is the boat, sailing forward as I'm leaving all my thoughts as the wake behind me. Ahead are the future waters, perhaps blue ocean water, thoughts yet to manifest.

I'm in the present moment. I'm the *Egoic Mind*, the Brain's Mind, Self-Aware that I'm in the boat. I am the boat. It's devoid of space and time ~ I'm just here.

I, yes, that "I", the identified "I" of my given name, is present in its unique state of thought consciousness.

Why. Why. Why? Did it, yes "it" my *Egoic Mind* always operate from lack, from fear, from resentment, from jealousy, from envy, from greed, from hate, from anger, from lust, from anxiety, from depression, from despair, from looking for numbing agents like alcohol or drugs.

Looking for escape agents, like just continually watching movies, going on long drives, avoiding people, just reading books, just learning about everything so as to not face the version of "hell" the "devil" within that had come to live in my *Egoic Mind* as a never-ending stream. Stream of demonic entities, negative energies, pessimism, unhealthy criticism, lack of respect for anything or anyone, manipulative, thievery, grandiosity, just a glorified blowhard.

Why. Why. Why ... Me?

I once loved.
Then it was gone.
And I was left alone in my *Egoic Mind* with no idea of how to ... how to ... just how ... how ...

For who can talk to the shadow? Who whispers sweet nothings to the shadow? Who can even see the shadow because the person I have become is so lost, confused, a danger to everyone, that I have become the thorn in the rose bush that hurts you and no longer can protect you against external threats.



So my *Egoic Mind*, hardened, like the thorn. Anyone who got close got cut and bled. Better to stay away, keep your distance, better yet, lock him up with all the other crack pots. Ah yes ... the crack pots, cracked pots, a play on the English language but the association with shattering, smashing, breaking, and finally broken.

I had to be broken. Alcohol tried its best, until it gave up. It couldn't kill me, though it tried and came close on many occasion. Drugs were like putting on a wrong size of shoes, hurt first and no relief no matter how much I took or "Walked"

So what does the *Egoic Mind* do? Go to the extreme. Go fast, Go hard, Go Ballistic, Go Bold, but the Egoic Bold, not the "from the sane mind" bold. Do I know the difference? Yes now, today I know.

Shattered I. Smashed I. Broken I.

The price. Lost it all. Family, Wife, Kids, Friends, Colleagues, Humans, Health, Home, Career, Wealth, Money, Job, Freedom. Lost it all.

Just me and my shadow.

Then the sun moved, the earth rotated, the light disappeared. And in the night ... my shadow was no more.

All that remained was this *Egoic Mind*, stuck in a negative state.

Why. Why. Why me?

I once Loved.

Now, who could love this beast?

Don't know ... but from "*no where*" and that "*some where*" the shattered, smashed and broken fragments of the *Egoic Mind* were picked up, and pieced back together with the gold bonding of Kintsugi.

Now the mind, the reframed *Egoic Mind* works for me by alignment with Spiritual Grace.





Body

“I” thought this body belonged to me.

I didn’t know that it was life’s expression during the four seasons of the cosmic dance.

The body in spring, the dawn, the child, the youth, the energy.

The body was soft, malleable, forming, shaping, emerging, basking, eating, sleeping, playing.

It, the body, was touching, feeling, smelling, tasting, hearing, yes the five physical senses, they were alive without requiring the labels of any language.

There was no symbolic meaning, no religious meaning ... spiritual wasn’t even known, for the body was just “bodying.” Functioning as breathing, inhaling, exhaling, eating in, excreting out. Nails, hair, bones growing. Balance, coordination and equilibrium being sorted out as it went along.

Meeting other bodies. In play, In sport, in love.

Then the seasons changed. Full Bloom in Summer. The body took shape, appeared as in the “likeness” of the imagined “Gods.” Much noise was made to exalt the beauty that could sink ships, slay monsters, play in the Olympics, melt the heart of loved ones, and all done with a smile of love or the conniving smile of a fox with ulterior motives.

Yes, the body sang, danced, loved, cried, broke, healed, and imagined itself as “the Mountain Top.”

It knew some of its limitation through trial and error.

Sit too close to fire and get burned.

Stay out too long in the cold and it will freeze.

Go too long without food and water, then it will become a ravenous animal and devour its own.

The summer body attracted. It smiled like heaven. It spoke and sang about the fragrance of the rose. It imagined a world, a life full of possibilities, for the vitality of the summer age was alive, its energy palpable and all things were possible. And on many an occasion, they were.

The Fall. The Autumn Body.

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,

Old Time is still a-flying;

And this same flower that smiles today

Tomorrow will be dying.

The poem by Robert Herrick, says it all as the harvest is now collected, the toils and spoils of the summer body have run their course and now, the body begins that age of decay. The posture, the vitality, the vivaciousness, like the changing of the hair color or just hair simply beginning to “fall”

The eyes look at the hand and wonder where did the wrinkles come from. The Legs look at the Belly and say where did you get that extra luggage? The feet look at the head and say “seriously” you want me to do what?

And the song plays ever so slow ~ so that the ear can hear each note. The morsel of food eaten a little slower so that each bite can be savored a bit longer. Eyes either soften or harden depending upon the vibration of energy during the day.



And if one is lucky ... they'll accept the season without too much fuss or bother, otherwise, all the augmentative surgeries, juices, injections and make-up will only provide temporary satisfaction and perhaps, for some, that is all this is needed.

Thus each flower, starts to lose its petals, one by one, they all "fall"

The Winter's Breath is cold. There is no warmth in it as the body enters the final turn. It may be diseased, malformed, broken, in pain or it may be at peace, at rest, breathing in and awaiting the final breathing "out"

If one is lucky, they'll find out that the Body has its own mind. Separate from the Egoic Mind. One could almost say that it is the "gut instinct"

The Egoic Mind says, Yes! I can do that! However, the Body in Winter along with the Body's Mind, says hold on ... I'm no longer in the seasons of Spring or Summer ... I'm no longer even in Autumn ... It's Winter.

So it says to the Egoic Mind ... I've listened to you, watched you as you kept overstuffing the body with too much food, too much drink, too much sunlight, too much darkness, too much alcohol and drugs, too much exercise or not enough ... etc. etc. etc.

Now the Body's Mind, says no more. I don't need constant feeding, drinking, movement, and on and on and on ..."I" the Body "I" just need to be.

So the Body in Winter takes a nap and eventually goes to sleep one final time.

The four seasons are complete. The cycle has run its course. Nature's vessel made of flesh and blood are no more and from whence it came so it returns.

Did anyone care to see, acknowledge, or join this body in a dance, song, or work? Or play? Was the body expressed as one can express, with fashion, sculpting, dressing, talking, walking, marching, gliding?

Did my body get to hold hands? Did my body get to love? Did my body just get to "body?"

The Spirit evokes the positive Egoic Mind which now synchronizes with the Body's Mind. All aligned, all in harmony, all one.





Emotion

Mother I do not remember the first time my body's eyes saw you. Father I do not know when you first held me up to the heavens ... but deep in the infinite unknown, "I" felt "it."

Now my Egoic Mind has a language, a vocabulary, a label for "it"

Now my Body Mind has a sensation, felt by the five senses, that resonates of "it"

And my Spirit does soar, like an eagle knocking on heaven's door, The Spirit of the Universe, that cosmic embrace as it touches down onto this planet we call Earth. Mother Earth with Father Sky who both flow and flow and flow through my Egoic Mind and Body while playing the Chords of Love.

The Body remembers and becomes passionate. The Egoic Mind emits the thoughts associated with the arrival of the Chords of Love. Sometimes the Body leads, sometimes the Egoic Mind leads, sometimes they are synchronized and the thought and emotion align.

But when Love arrives...

When the Cosmic embrace of the Universe arrives...

The Egoic Mind surrenders

The Body Mind melts

The Emotions become feelings...of happiness, joyful happiness, Graceful joyful happiness.

The Spirit, The Mind, The Body and The Emotion become One. Yes that Universal One...the Divine, the Infinite eternal...God Almighty.

When I had too much of the negative Egoic Mind ... living in the silhouette of the shadow, fearing, worrying, praying from the Egoic Mind with sounds that mimic a chirping bird ... only mouthed and not felt. My emotions became hate, anger, jealousy, envy, revenge, self-sabotage, imposter syndrome, despair, sloth, procrastination, greed, lust, rage, abuse of alcohol and drugs, depression, until death do us part.

The Mystics knew and know. The Gnostics knew and know. Religions knew and know. Alchemists knew and know. Philosophers knew and know. Atheists, knew and know.

Scientists ... if left only to scientific principles ... using the language of the Egoic Mind ... don't know, unless they have a "lived" experience connected to one of the aforementioned personas.

What is this knowing? Where do emotions emerge from? Are we not the boat, sailing on the body of the great ocean. Are we not in the Egoic Mind, looking back at the wake and in front looking at the possibilities and in the present moment aware of our season in life?

Who controls the oceans, the sky, the wind, the body, the mind, the boat?

Who is alive to experience the moment?

Where will you go if your life body was to expire, die in that moment? Overboard into the Ocean?

Into that Ocean of Love?



As I aligned the Spirit with the amassed knowledge, experience and wisdom of the Egoic Mind ... tuned it to the season of the body and its functional, five-senses self-aware capabilities, then the emotional state and feelings arose that matched the vibration of love everlasting.

I was no longer the boat on the ocean but aligned with the Spirit that soars in the infinite, eternal ... the vessel is no more, the boat has run through its use as the mechanism of reality, and now the feeling of love is expressed from the emotion of joy singing, dancing and soaring with the Spirit of the Divine.

Not just imagined in the Egoic Mind, not just experienced in the physical body, but felt. The feeling of Grace.

The feeling that you were once embraced.

The feeling that you no longer remember with the eyes from yester year ... just like when you were born.

The feeling that you no longer remember with your body as it was held up high from the days of your arrival.

But the feeling that was there before you arrived, the feeling while you are here if you so choose to recognize it, and the feeling that will remain long after your physical body is gone for you are now soaring with the angels ... no need of wings, majestic is your flight, for you are home in the embrace of love.

What will you remember from your brief time of sailing on the ocean? Will you remember the sensations of the Mind and Body? What will you tell your "Living" self now?

Ah yes, I feel the earthly sensations of the five senses, but guess what ... I also "feel" Heaven's Sensation!

Heaven's Sensation

Honor The Moment
With Light





Heaven's Sensation: Your Potential Path Forward

Children: Subject to your interpretation of identification

They are just bundles of pure energy i.e., just bouncing around from that source of spirit. They lead with emotions, laugh, cry, angry, happy and they will let you know it. Their bodies follow suit by jumping around and rolling down a flight of stairs or throwing stuff and if you ask them for a logical, Mind-Based, explanation ... well, I rest my case.

Women: Divine Feminine - Subject to your interpretation of identification

This is just my personal opinion, and just a guess. Please do not take it for facts but just as an opinion or an observance. For those women who are not leading from the Spirit-Based approach, the potential is for the Emotion-Mind to lead the way, followed by the Egoic-Mind and eventually the Body-Mind. Those who are leading with the Spirit-Based approach may encounter a different sequence of how they discern the phenomena.

Men: Divine Masculine - Subject to your interpretation of identification

Similar approach and understanding to that of Women ~ if a man is not leading from a Spirit-Based approach, then the sequencing of phenomena may be predicated on their environment, upbringing and level of education. Observations like phrases "Man-Child" whereby they may not be able to discern between a thought and emotion. Thus the Body reacts to whatever the moment requires without the discipline of discernment in place. Not stating that one approach is better than another ... just comparing my observations and trying to understand why I made the decisions that I did.

Unified Human Experience: Integration of the Divine Masculine & Feminine Energies

My personal approach is to lead with Spirit. Love energy. All is love, and to use that Beatles line ... "*Love is All You Need.*" Love blends, weaves, harmonizes my thoughts into possibilities within my Egoic Mind, possibilities for positive and good. My Body-Mind then conducts its discernment, based upon the given reality of the moment, my ability to perform and harness the energies of love, thought into words or physical action. The Spirit, Mind and Body automatically flow into the Emotion-Mind and there is a moment of discernment that allows the Joy to be expressed as feelings of happiness. It's not control, it's actually "letting go" and allowing the cosmic dance take shape, unified in phenomena, integrated with the rhythm of life and expressed as love.





About the Author

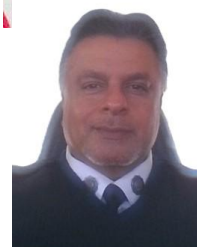
I'm *Sher Ranjit Singh Dosanjh*. Family and friends call me “Sunny” or by my military nickname “Dos” and have embarked on a journey to help Military Veterans. Multiple Veteran organizations assisted me when I hit hard times, essentially everything in this workshop, and this is my attempt to share what worked for me and now I’m in a position to pay it forward.

I have been fortunate to be helped by the counselors at the VA, San Jose Vet Center and Kaiser’s CDRP, Chemical Dependency Recovery Program.

At the San Jose Vet Center, the counselor introduced a writing class for us Veterans to share our thoughts and feelings. What started out as a few scribbles turned into eight Veterans co-authoring the anthology “[Permission to Walk in Peace](#)”

As I recovered, I ended up volunteering in Veterans Hospice with Pathways and sat by the bedside of many a Veteran in their last days over the past ten years. My next step was to volunteer with the American Legion Honor Guard where I served as Captain for District 13 Santa Clara County & Post 419 City of Santa Clara, California. Eventually, I was appointed Chaplain and have had the humble honor of conducting invocations, benedictions, speeches, eulogies and various other ceremonies.

I started [Veterans Courage](#) to collect my thoughts and I’ve dabbled with high tech tools for my other initiative called [Dosanjh USA](#). My hope is that I can combine the tools of high tech (Quantum, AI, Extended Realities, Data, Cybersecurity & Cloud) in [an easy-to-use mobile application](#) that is Veteran specific.





VETERANS COURAGE

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