



My Experience at Home Farm

Thoughts from Vitvan,
Impressions from Students
near and far
about the headquarters of
the School of the Natural Order

December 2017

Work, Work, Work

An excerpt about Vitvan's perspective and pioneering work at Home Farm from the biography, *Vitvan: An American Master*, by Richard Satriano

"I have said goodbye to Eschatologia," Vitvan said. Then, indicating where the fire had swept, he continued, "The Great Mother has told us it is time now to sack the grain that is the fruit of our labor and find another place to do our planting. We will go where only the strong and stalwart can seek us out. And we will wait and watch for the crop to grow." He turned, and without looking back, left the mountain and the Ashram behind him. The School found temporary quarters in San Marcos. Work began packing and moving the remaining goods from the Retreat into storage. Vitvan continued his daily activities as usual, unperturbed by the change in locale. Some around him were amazed at his continuing enthusiasm and sense of joyous well-being after the loss of Eschatologia.

He told them, "Read your Good Book. It says, 'Not a sparrow will fall without your Father's will.' There are no accidents in life. All events are ordered and are but the working out on the objective plane of those greater patterns conceived in the archetypal world. It is the limitation of our own consciousness that we cannot understand their direction or accept their necessity."

One morning a student sought Vitvan out. Some years earlier, she had purchased land in Snake Valley near Baker, Nevada. She came to persuade him to drive out to that area with the thought that the School might relocate there. Vitvan's first reaction was to say that he was "too old to pioneer again." But eventually he agreed to make the trip to "reconnoiter and feel the pulse of the land."

In June of 1957, he and a handful of students drove to Nevada. They set up camp near the National Forest. They had barely staked their tents when it began to snow and they huddled through one of the worst summer blizzards recorded there. Vitvan wrote of the incident, saying, "I suppose at 73, I should have evidenced more concern over our plight. But the food was good, the company excellent, and I knew from years of observation that eventually the sun would shine again. Besides which, any old yogi worth his salt can control the effect of the elements on his physiological being."

The storm was weathered and the group camped out through the summer. Vitvan occupied his time studying the history of the land, perusing records available to him at the county seat in Ely, 67 miles northwest of Baker. He familiarized himself with what acreage was available for purchase and in his words, "generally acclimated myself to the Field and those around me who would be my neighbors."

At the end of August he announced, "We will pioneer again. And considering my years, I think it safe to say – for the last time." The land they purchased was to demand much of all of them.

Snake Valley had once been a paradise of blowing grass, churning springs and a great natural reservoir. Wagon trains had wound their way through this valley and many settlers who stopped to camp had stayed on to claim the land. They knew that no territory ahead would likely match the superlative beauty and resources of this fertile valley. But in the last 50 years over-grazing had changed the land. The reservoir was gone. The grasses had disappeared. The land was arid and unproductive. Topsoil was thin and hard caliche underneath was a barrier to cultivation.

The School had purchased the old John Fielding property. It covered 320 acres. The buildings that remained upright were dilapidated and crumbling. Fences were down, the orchard was overgrown, deer and rabbits had stripped the garden. There was no inside plumbing and no electricity. But to Vitvan the challenge of the place was exalting. On the day they took possession of the property he told them, "Now we begin. You may look around you and tell me that you see broken-down buildings, a withered orchard, parched fields and a barren garden. If this is what you see, then raise your consciousness and see with my eyes. I can only see the Mother – the Great World Mother. She is asking us to hold out our hands to her, to sow her earth, to channel her springs, to prune her fruit trees, to direct the strength of our limbs to building. She will share in every task. Her love for us is boundless. She calls to us to thrill with her to the pulsation of the eternal genetrix."

The task was begun. Two prefab cabins were raised; a trailer house was brought in from San Diego. A tool shed and workshop were erected. Tools and heavy equipment were purchased. For the next few years, hardship and hard work were the rule. The old buildings came down and new ones rose in their places. Fences were mended; rocks were cleared from the ground. Alfalfa turned the fields green, grass was planted and gardens bloomed.

Vitvan worked with the vitality of a man half his age. He shared the chores, taught his students, and gave unstintingly of himself to a constant stream of visitors. When the main house was finally completed, the large dining room was utilized as a classroom and lecture hall, along with its regular functions. Eventually the perennial schoolhouse was built and class work and Sunday talks were conducted there.

Vitvan always spoke without notes or references. The context of his ideas flowed spontaneously from the high level of consciousness functioning in and through him. But Vitvan no longer transcribed his instruction. "I consider the hours already spent hunched over a writing pad to qualify me for retirement," he said. However, it was thought that the inestimable value of the 'family talks' and Sunday lectures must somehow be preserved. It took a great deal of persuasion, but Vitvan finally agreed to being "plugged in like some kind of damned automated toaster" and all the subsequent sessions were recorded on tape. His living words – over 100 hours of recording – remain with us: a priceless addition to his library of work.

Time passed and the living became easier. There were daily chores, teaching continued and every Sunday brought visitors, but most of the building and reclaiming was finished. Vitvan enjoyed these years. He loved the land. It held a constant fascination for him. He could walk for hours over the hills without tiring. Each rock he picked up or wildflower he stooped to touch was a new and thrilling experience. He wrote to a friend, "I was not certain how I would adjust to my new environment after so many years in the effortless climate of California. But I guess I am a country body at heart. I like the change of seasons. I delight in the great expanse of space around me. From the front porch, I can look down across the valley and see for fifty miles, and then I can turn my head and look up to the majestic peaks of Mt. Wheeler and companions. There are growing things of every variety and animals of many species. It makes me remember a benediction my mother taught me: 'Blessed is the Lord for He is bountiful.'"

Of course, there were other dimensions to Home Farm particular to himself. "I wish everyone here," he wrote, "could experience Home Farm as I am able to experience it. There are so many worlds to know if one can get loose to know them. It is a matter of breaking identification with the configurational self – the 'I am the body' idea. Under hypnosis, it is a simple procedure to draw an imaginary circle around a subject and suggest to him that a force field has been set up that he cannot penetrate. The poor fellow will struggle to the point of exhaustion trying to break through it.

"Much in the same manner is consciousness identified with the 'body' idea. It thinks it is captured within. In reality quite the opposite is true. The configuration or body is within consciousness, not the other way around.

Needless to say, our identification with the physical vehicle has been focused for millenniums and the idea is extremely difficult to disconnect. But once it is broken the limitations that are restrictive on the objectified level, that is, the dimensions of time, space, etc., are overcome. There are myriad worlds to explore here."

The routine of Vitvan's life did not alter, but with the passing years the thrust of his dharma was diminishing. He took time now for rest and reflection. His writings were available to anyone who knew him or had heard of the work, but no effort was made to publish. The time had not yet come.

One summer evening as he sat with the others under a shade tree on the lawn he said, "The day is approaching when the many will seek what the few have found. When that time comes, make the work available. Take it out from here and see to its dissemination. Home Farm must remain as the hub of the wheel but spokes must be extended in every direction."

Then he paused and let his gaze wander out over the valley below. He continued, "I will not live to see it happen. But the grain was threshed, we have seen to the planting of the grain, and one day soon the harvesters will be plentiful. You will see its beginning in 1974. You will know that the work has found its time.

"Until then, accept the privilege of working at your own salvation, that is, your realization of the Essential Self and the ultimate consciousness of Be-ing. It is beyond anything you have in mind now. So work, work, work, until you can stand in it with the Greater Ones. You will join a mighty brotherhood."

INSPIRING

It had been a long time since my last visit to the School of the Natural Order and Home Farm. And I finally made it back this year for Summer Seminar. It was wonderful to see old friends and make new ones, interacting in class and during free time. The group field at SNO and Home Farm is inspiring and uplifting. The classes on Vitvan's work... well, it just makes you want more and more. Some of the highlights for me during my visit came from intuitive dance, mess painting, tai chi and group meditation. Every moment you can feel/register the intent of the teachings and what it embodies. I will definitely be back for the 2018 Summer Seminar and look forward to meeting all who are ready for the adventure of expanding one's state of self-awareness!

Corry Dodson

A GIFT

Prior to visiting Home Farm I only experienced Vitvan's teachings intellectually – by reading the words, shared with me by my friend Alan.

At Home Farm I was able to experience the vibrational energy behind those words. I felt it in the air, smelled it in the garden, heard it in the winds and saw the colors in the sunset. For a brief moment I was able to function in the knowing that the gap between how you function and how you think you function are truly concepts – an abstraction of reality.

What a gift for me and for my friend Alan! To experience the place that still resonates with Vitvan's energy and achieve the realization that we needed on our paths at the time. The teacher has passed on but the flame he lit lives on in each one of us who carry on the work. Thank you for keeping the place and his teachings alive...

Hugs, Anik Bose

...We become whole by stopping how the mind turns...

FRESH ENERGY AND VIEWPOINTS

My very first stay at Home Farm was when Vitvan was moving the headquarters of the School from San Marcos, California to Baker, Nevada on Labor Day 1957. A small group of us moved into the old board and batten farmhouse and began the transformation of the property from a farm/ranch to the current headquarters of the School.

Now residents of the School live in comfortable quarters and share in the work required to keep the School of the Natural Order going. I live up the road a ways from the School, but I still consider myself part of Home Farm. I love meeting students who come to Home Farm, especially if they come to attend our seminars. It is exciting to me to learn their stories of how they came to discover the School and what all they have studied, both before and since then. Visitors share wonderful fresh energy and viewpoints as we all participate in various activities together. Whether it is for seminar or just a chance to visit Home Farm, we are always happy to welcome you. Students, new or old, are what keep life interesting at the School.

Marj Coffman

Peaceful

I enjoyed sitting outside in the mornings sipping coffee and viewing the nature activities - jack rabbits, insects, birds and the occasional deer.

It was delightful and peaceful. It was so quiet I could almost hear the sound of butterfly wings flapping.

Greg Nielsen, Ph.D.



BUILD YOU A TEMPLE....

My most recent trip to Home Farm, HQ for the School of the Natural Order, was for Summer Seminar 2017, an exceptional time of year. The desert valley and golden sunshine welcomed me, as did friends and loved ones. I was privileged to meet new friends, explore deeper levels of Self, and Play! Painting, Dance, Tai Chi, Walking, Hiking and Exploring were available to all. I enjoyed many conversations of substance and depth, along with Silliness and Joy. The Group Meditations were most pivotal for me....Falling into Dynamic Stillness. A part of my Heart will always remain in the Desert, at the School of the Natural Order and Home Farm. It is my intention to return for Summer Seminar 2018.

There is deep Gratitude to the students and teachers who organize and orchestrate all that goes into the preparation, travel, and follow-through for Summer Seminar.

Blessings,
Laura Rankin

Bounty

My experience at Home Farm this year was one of beauty and bounty. The surroundings, the garden, the people, and especially the conversations provided large measures of both these things.

Don Morris

I Remember

My earliest childhood memories begin with living at Home Farm with my family.

I remember Alice, with her long silver hair coiled on top of her head, smiling down at me while she formed the round cinnamon rolls in the old farmhouse kitchen.

I remember Connia sitting and talking with me in the trailer she shared with Vitvan while we peeled pie apples (I felt so honored and that is still my favorite pie).

I remember Vitvan letting Dave, Brian and I ride in the tractor-trailer while he drove so fast that we went flying up from our perches with every bump. We loved it and it is amazing that one of us didn't fly right out.

I remember climbing trees and, finally, falling out of an orchard apple tree when a branch broke. Dr. Gozzi set my broken collarbone. Playing in the fields on the old farm equipment for hours. Attending first and second grades in the Baker schoolhouse. And on and on... many happy memories.

Now, at any given moment, I can close my eyes and 'magically' transport myself to Home Farm. I walk through the farmhouse and stroll the grounds and pause to gaze out over the desert. I love being at Home Farm, my true home. The frequencies are still there and I miss it acutely at times.

Thanks to all of you who live and work at Home Farm to maintain the field's physical configuration and to offer us a safe and peaceful retreat. Thank you for your diligent efforts to remain current with technology and to continue offering Vitvan's Teachings for those who are interested and ready to receive them.

Yes, I do remember that we are only 'seemingly separated'. I wish a Happy Holiday Season for all of you.

Love, Kimmer Morrison

The Basis

I lived at home farm for five years and have studied since moving away. This gave me the basis with which I have my personal design for living.

Patricia Mau

Grateful

I am grateful for the many opportunities at Home Farm to use and perfect the various skills that I have acquired in this lifetime and to learn new ones.

Jay Sawicki

Home Farm Visit

My ten days last summer at Home Farm was a welcome respite from the noise of the American conversation and from my work life as a psychotherapist.

After twenty some years, it was an enormous joy to be with my dear friend, Charles Davis... who was the purpose of my visit. It was pure delight to sip coffee together on the porch morning and afternoon, and witness his creative process in high gear... manifesting an entire symphony (called Sunrise) for children in a matter of days! I also heard many stories of Vitvan, attended classes, and learned how Home Farm came to be.

I fell in love with the high desert peace and simplicity of life. A highlight was a community dinner where I met extraordinary humans who greeted me with great warmth. I hope to visit again sooner than later.

Best,
Sheila Mohn

My Home Farm Experience

Home Farm, being a location on the map, I experience as beautiful, quiet and a great place to retreat and sit in meditation.

Home Farm, meaning the buildings, I experience as a good place to stay, comfortable, clean. Always happy to lend a hand to keep them in repair while I'm there! Thanks for giving me a place to sleep and eat when I visit.

Home Farm, meaning the persons that live there, I experience to be mostly friendly, mostly in their mental and in reaction. I find myself mostly in that same state. My experience of this Home Farm is nice when I recognize and consciously observe this state and its qualities and not react and project it out on to others. I believe that would be called the 'purificatory process', growth and development of the 'Higher Self'. The word 'Humility' comes to mind, when I catch a glimpse of my 'configured self' as one of many. I understand my basic state of development that much more, when I visit Home Farm.

I have visited Home Farm three times this year to work on the Pavilion. My experience of sitting and meditating in the Centrum each morning while there is profoundly wonderful. The relatively deep, deep stillness I experience to be timeless and placeless, though it happens often in the Centrum at 7:00 am during my visits. The company of those that share their feelings and understandings is one of the best parts of my visits.

Home Farm, the place, buildings and people, I thank you! I would not visit if even one of you Home Farms were not there!

Love sincerely,
Steve Anderegg

2017 School Observations

Excited, creative, functional, new building, frequency change, encouraged, up-lifting. Different, unusual, fear, pause, dis-engaged. Re-engaged, focus, raise forces, pause, self-reflection. Appreciation. Look forward, look forward, look forward! Freedom.

Robert Cozzie

Home Farm to Me

The sunlight changes.
The sky and the clouds change.
The breezes change.
The trees and plants change and grow.
The people change and grow.
The school changes and grows.
The Field changes and grows.

Home Farm holds a special place in my heart.

All is Sacred. And that's the Truth.
Hari Om. Tat Sat.

Love to all, Lynne Hoffman

Home Farm Favorite Memories

Every memory I have of Home Farm is a favorite memory! I feel as if I am visiting my grandma when I drive up the dirt road to Home Farm. I know I will have plenty of quiet time and will learn from the wisdom grandma always had to offer!

Bringing eight children from the local school in Ely is a favorite of mine! They set up their tents on the front lawn of Home Farm and we spent the week working and learning with many of those who live at Home Farm at some point during our week. The students enjoyed their many outdoor lessons during the day and the entertainment at night was always enjoyable!

– Mary Flanagan

At that same week, I enjoyed hatching an off-the-cuff plan with Robert to eradicate the vegetation down at the pond so work could be done to construct the new dock. We ended up burning the edge at nightfall. It was fun to outfit the kids with shovels, rakes, and hand tools. I held a briefing with all involved. Robert and I were equipped with two-way radios. The kids had a lot of questions about what to do about the fire. I did a small demonstration about how to safely engage with the fire if need be. They did not really understand the fact that the way the plan was formulated, success meant that we would not have to take any action on the fire. We spread the kids out around the pond and I told them to watch intently and not do anything unless directed. "Follow my lead," I said.

Robert made his way through the reeds with his propane torch and it ignited readily. The contrast of the fire against the vast dark sky captured the children and no one uttered a word. The whole firing operation lasted about five minutes and the kids buzzed about how cool it was to see a fire in its natural state. They had not ever thought much about using fire as a tool. It all went off without a hitch. It was a great night for the kids and tactile lesson on the natural order of fire.

– Jimmy Flanagan

My word....

Balance



Dan Hathaway

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