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HU: An Ancient Mantra

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Riley Carson

HU:

An Ancient Mantra

by Michael Avery

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HU: THE MOST SACRED SOUND

The grand symphony of the Universe has been poetically called “The Music of the Spheres.” It is also known as the “Audible Lifestream,” or “Sound Current.” This “Golden Thread of Divine Love” binds together all life in every dimension of this Universe, atom to atom, galaxy to galaxy, Soul to Soul.

At the core of every being is a unique resonance signature, also called an *electronic keynote*. Everything in existence is constantly proclaiming its identity, adding its note to the song of creation. Each group of minerals, each family of plants, each species of animals, together with the human family, all add their keynotes to the chorus of the planet. Planets harmonize with galaxies, galaxies with universes. Even the individual planes can be identified by specific sounds.

Beginning with the physical world, these sounds include thunder, the roar of the surf, the tinkling of bells, running water, and the buzzing of bees. In the higher realms of undivided light, these sounds become even more enchanting: the single note of a flute, a heavy wind, a deep electrical hum, a thousand violins, the music of woodwinds, the sound of a whirlpool, the music of the universe, and the music of the creator.¹

The melding of all sounds together make the most sacred one of all, the sound of *HU*. The Supreme Being has been called by various names in different languages, but the mystics have known him as HU, the natural name, not man-made, the only name of the Nameless, which all nature constantly proclaims.²

Jelaluddin Rumi, the 13th century Persian poet, echoes this statement:

I have put duality away
and seen the two worlds as one.
One I seek, One I know.
One I see, One I call.
He is the First, He is the Last.
He is the Outward, He is the Inward.
I know of nothing but Hu, none but Him.³

HU is known as the true name of the Creator by spiritual travelers who have explored the highest dimensions of life. It is also recognized as an ancient name for God. The etymology of the word *God* (the Creator) can be traced back to HU as the name people use to call upon God.⁴ HU is sometimes called the “Voice of God,” the sound that comes from the Ocean of Love and Mercy beyond all worlds.

1. Paul Twitchell, *The Spiritual Notebook* (Illuminated Way Press, 1971) 106.
2. Hazrat Khan, *The Sufi Message of Hazrat Inayat Khan, Vol. II* (Barrie Books LTD, 1962, 1973) 64.
3. Tr. by Kabir Helminsky, *Love is a Stranger* (Shambhala) 36-37.
4. The etymology of the word god in English has been traced by linguists from Old English meaning "supreme being, deity" to Old High German *got* to both the Proto-Indo-European (PIE) root **gheu*—meaning "to pour" and to *ghut*—meaning "that which is invoked," which comes from **gheu(e)*— meaning "to call, invoke," which connects to Sanskrit *hūta*—"invoked," an epithet of the god, Indra, and *hū* meaning "calling a god by pouring an offering onto a fire," as described in the oldest Sanskrit text, the Rg-veda. Sources: (1) The entry "god" in *Etymology Online Dictionary*, www.etymonline.com, and (2) *Sanskrit-English Dictionary* by Monier Monier-Williams (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1960), 1300-01 (*hū*), 1301 (*hūta*), and 1308 (*hve*).



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DISCOVERING HU

I first learned about HU indirectly from a friend who had returned from the Service. He pulled up in front of my house in his faded red Volkswagen with a flyer taped to his passenger-side back window. As I read about traveling in the Soul body and exploring the heavenly worlds while still living in the physical body, skepticism turned to cautious fascination. The idea was far

afield from the sermons to which I had been accustomed at my grandmother's church.

My friend graciously deflected my offhanded remarks and offered to loan me a book called *Eckankar: The Key to Secret Worlds*, by Paul Twitchell. It was in Twitchell's books on Eckankar that I learned about HU. Harold Kemp, Paul Twitchell's successor and spiritual leader of Eckankar, has written over a hundred books including *HU, the Most Beautiful Prayer*. His other writings may be found [here](#).

Twitchell recommended sitting in quiet contemplation for approximately twenty minutes each day with the attention focused gently on the spiritual eye. Singing the word *HU* reportedly attuned one to the stream of Light and Sound, most commonly known as Spirit, or the Holy Spirit. I learned later that, by singing the word HU silently or aloud, a deep feeling of love and peace would wash through me. Although many of the concepts I read about in Twitchell's books seemed familiar in a way, I kept one foot safely in my grandmother's church while I tested the spiritual waters and sang *HU*.

In God's Hands

An individual I met at an Eckankar seminar soon thereafter mentioned a few of the spiritual exercises she practiced and suggested one I might try if I ever found myself in need of help. I don't recall the official name of the exercise, if there even was one, but I call it "In God's Hands." It involves trust and surrender: trust in the Higher Consciousness and surrender of our problems after we've done all we can to solve them.

I had only read a few books and had developed little trust in the Higher Consciousness when I decided to return to college after dropping out after my sophomore year. At that point in my life, I encountered a big challenge and HU was put to the test.

I borrowed a twelve-foot camp trailer and hauled it down to Ashland, Oregon, behind my dad's old Dodge pickup. A friend named Claude had generously agreed to let me park behind a house he and a couple of friends had

rented who were also attending Southern Oregon College, as it was called back then. This arrangement was a sweetheart deal for me, except for a couple of things. I had no running water and no electricity. The 50-foot extension cord, my life support line that plugged into their house, kept blowing their fuses; so, I was obliged to disconnect. But I got by with showering at the college and a lot of cold meals. And below-freezing nights during the winter term ensured they were extra cold.

I'd made the decision to continue with my college education at a time when my father had been diagnosed with cancer. Before the middle of winter term, his health deteriorated. I withdrew from my classes and prepared to move to Portland where he was undergoing treatment.

Moving day came, and it was time to hook up to the trailer and return it to the good Samaritan who had been kind enough to loan it to me. I was in emotional turmoil, thinking about my dad. To make matters worse, when I reached in my pocket for the key to the truck at 9:00 a.m. that morning, my hand came out holding only a few pennies, which was pretty much my life savings at the time.

I searched everywhere for the key—the truck, the muddy path leading from the trailer to the house, and every pair of pants I owned, which was three. I asked Claude if he'd seen it and also his roommates. I even considered confronting the neighbors who had needed to squeeze past my trailer in order to access the back of their property. Thankfully, I did not. Then I remembered the spiritual exercise called “In God's Hands.”

As I reported, I hadn't developed the trust in the Higher Consciousness that I have today, but I decided that singing *HU* to connect with Divine Spirit would be worth a try since I had exhausted every other option. It was time for a leap of faith. I spoke my request out loud: “I've done all I can, God, please help me locate the key to the truck.”

Stilling the mind and keeping out the fearful chatter proved difficult. Finally, I reached a place where I felt moderately calm as I sang the ancient

mantra, *HU*. A subtle wave of love washed through me, easing the tension a bit. This told me I was not alone in my misery.

The exercise called for singing *HU* for a few minutes and then imagining a pair of large, cloud-like hands. These symbolized God's hands. In these hands, I placed my problem, my thoughts, my feelings, where I'd been searching, and the people whom I had contacted. Lastly, I imagined holding the key in my hand as I breathed a sigh of relief. At the end of the exercise, I brushed the cloud-like hands together and watched as they dissipated in the air. "Well, that's done," I said out loud, ending the exercise with an air of trust.

I sat with my eyes closed for about five minutes. Nothing appeared in my mind to tell me where to look next or what course to take. I felt disappointed in myself, taking valuable time away from my search, which I immediately resumed. By now it was nearing noon, and a single shaft of sunlight had found a break in the winter clouds.

As I was walking back toward the trailer, a glint of light caught my attention on the far-right edge of the path. I reached down and dug my key out of the thick, brown mud. I drove out of Ashland ten minutes later with a new appreciation for singing *HU* and the spiritual exercise, "In God's Hands." Today, I still rely on this exercise when faced with challenging situations.



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UPLIFTING OUR ENVIRONMENT

When I began practicing my spiritual exercises, I did so with an attitude of expectation. Little by little, I let go of old religious beliefs and sought to replace them with firsthand knowledge of the spiritual worlds. HU played a major role in both cases. Singing it helped break up old thought patterns and

opened my consciousness to accept more expansive concepts. Yet, still, I wanted more tangible proof that the vibrations of this ancient mantra were as powerful and real as others had claimed.

I was relieved to discover that a friend also wondered about the power of HU as he progressed along his spiritual path. I've included the following story by Dennis Ernst who recently shared his experience with my wife, Pichaya, and me on our blog.

Echoes of HU by Dennis Ernst

Have you ever wondered what influence you have on the world around you? We sometimes forget that singing *HU*, the ancient love song to God, leaves a powerful impression on our environment. We're not always around to see its effects, but one experience from many years ago brought home this realization and left a lasting impression on me.

I was working as a Land Surveyor on a remote portion of an Indian reservation in northeastern Oregon. My coworkers and I were camping out in order to be near our job during the week. It's hard to find time or a quiet place to be alone and practice your spiritual exercises when you work, eat, and sleep in such close proximity to others.

As I am a natural "early bird," I would get up just before dawn and hike about half a mile cross country to a small lake I had discovered on one of my first days on the job.

The little lake was beautiful and totally isolated from the rest of the world. High rocky cliffs surrounded the lake on three sides, and on the wooded side there was a nice smooth rock knob located near the water that caught the first rays of morning's light. This was an ideal spot to soak up the warmth of the early morning sun and do my spiritual exercises.

I soon learned that the three surrounding cliffs provided wonderful echoes as I softly sang "the *HU*." I loved this spot immediately and immensely enjoyed listening to the seemingly endless echoes of *HU*.

It was a few weeks later that an unusual comment from one of my Native American crew members led me to discover that I was not alone at the little lake.

As I was the only “white man” in the camp, this young Native American had thought it was unusual for me to get up so early and hike to the lake to chant. Upon talking to him, I learned that after I would leave each morning, he would sit in my place and listen to the echoes of the HU that he could still hear long after I had gone.

He asked me about the word I chanted and the echo that seemed to never die. I told him about HU and explained that it is a love song to Mother Earth, the Great Spirit, and to the Grandfather to all life; even to him.

I asked him to join me some morning if he chose, but he never did. Nothing more was ever said, nor did I ever learn of any of the other crew members knowing anything about this.

It was almost a year later when I ran into this fellow again. He immediately wanted to take me aside and talk, for he had many questions. He had continued to go to the lake after I had left, to listen to the echoes of the *HU*. As the days passed, the echo diminished until it got too faint for him to hear.

“What happened?” he questioned. “Why did the power of HU leave the lake? Did the Great Spirit not like him or did he do something to offend It?”

I asked him if he had ever sung the *HU* as I had done. No, no he hadn’t. He didn’t feel he was a man of power or had any right. I suggested that he do as I had done and sing the *HU* loud and long, filling it with all the love he could possibly muster. I told him that he could sing the sacred song anywhere, silently or aloud, and that he, too, could share it with others, with the animals, and with all life.

I never heard from him again, but I have never forgotten him or this special experience. We all influence the world around us with the thoughts we think and the words we say. None are more powerful than the ancient love song to God—HU.



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THE PROTECTION OF HU

Our friend, Dennis, kindly shared another story recently about the power of HU and a test of belief he faced. This test happened during the same surveying job that he mentioned in his previous story. Dennis writes:

Can Singing HU Protect Us from Harm?¹ by Dennis Ernst

Have you ever believed something but weren't really sure how much you believed it? Tests are a natural part of life. They give us a chance to put our beliefs on the line and see if they really have meaning.

For a few years before my beliefs were tested, I had practiced singing a sacred mantra called *HU*, an ancient word for God. I often sang it in contemplation or when problems came my way. I had read accounts of the HU doing phenomenal things for others, and I believed in its power, or at least I thought I did. It's funny how easy it is to say you believe in the HU and casually practice it, and how difficult it is to totally rely upon it for survival.

My test occurred on the Spokane Indian Reservation while doing a survey contract. The company I worked for at the time was hired to survey an existing road and the surrounding land. Everything had been going quite smoothly and my crew had been making good time until one particular day.

They had surveyed along a road for several miles and now needed to occupy a point in a field not too far off the road. This point was in a large fenced pasture occupied by about twenty horses. After a little probing, my party chief mentioned that the horses were wild. Well, that's not so bad, I thought. Maybe they will be afraid of a human waking through their field and stay down at the other end which was a half mile away.

Mine was an all-Native American crew, and I wondered about their reluctance to work around these wild horses. My party chief reminded me that I had once told him I would never ask him to do anything I wouldn't do myself. This seemed to be a little odd, I thought, since there was nothing in the field except a few horses and they showed little interest in us.

Finally the truth came out. Both Native Americans and white people had tried to break these horses with no luck. They were considered very dangerous, and no one would go into their field for fear of being trampled.

There was nothing else I could do but enter the pasture myself. I sent my crew to occupy other points that I needed to tie and crawled through the fence

with my gear. I cleared my mind and put my attention on what I was doing while softly singing *HU*.

I glanced toward the far end of the field, and I could see the horses were bothered by my presences. I tried to erase all signs of fear and went about my work continuing to sing *HU*. Another quick glance confirmed my worst suspicion. The herd had banded together and were coming my way at a full gallop.

Pay attention, I told myself. I kept working but sang *HU* a little louder. The horses were coming. I could feel the ground shaking now. I didn't look at them, but focused entirely on my work.

The ground was shaking my surveying equipment. Seconds later, the horses arrived and abruptly stopped. They began mingling around me, snorting and pawing the ground and checking me out. I kept working and singing *HU*.

The horses seemed to sense the sound of *HU*, its calm, loving energy and knew there was nothing to fear. Some came up and almost touched me. The herd stayed with me until I had finished and packed up my gear to leave.

When I got back to the road, I was met by a very shaken crew.

“We tried to signal you and let you know those horses were coming. We called the tribe and asked for emergency assistance. What did you do to the horses?”

A few minutes later, a group of Native Americans showed up, including a medic. They too wanted to know what I had done to the horses. I told them I had sung to the horses which seemed to put them at ease.

A few days later an invitation came from the medicine man of the tribe. I had the opportunity to share the *HU* song with him and explain how its vibrations of love touch the hearts of all living beings. The *HU* became more than a belief to me that day; more than a word; more than a sound. It was now part of me. I *knew* the power of *HU*.

1. This article originally appeared [here](#).



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ATTUNEMENT AND INNER GUIDANCE

Singing *HU* over time opens the inner channels of communication between ourselves and all life. Subtle inner nudges and impressions become clearer and more easily understood. Once we experience the joy of serving and uplifting those around us, we blossom as spiritual beings.

Pichaya is my teacher in many ways. When she says, “It’s all about love,” she backs up those words with kindness in action. By singing *HU* daily and declaring herself a vehicle for Divine Love, she is able to flow with life and follow her Inner Guidance even when it appears irrational. She received one of those seemingly illogical directives when she stopped by a market one evening on her way home from work.

The Hug by Pichaya Avery

It was around Christmas time, and the grocery store was fully packed with impatient shoppers. One of those customers who felt irritated with the long lines at the checkout stands happened to be me. While silently complaining, I received a specific message from my Inner Guide: “Go to lane six.”

Why was he telling me to go to the longest line which had three more customers than any of the rest? I wondered.

Nonetheless, I followed the inexplicable instructions. As I studied the face of my cashier, I heard my Spiritual Teacher whisper, “When it’s your turn, ask her, “How is your day going?””

All staff members of this store are trained to greet each customer with, “Did you find everything okay?”

Before she could speak, I inquired, “How is your day going?” She looked at me with tears in her eyes and responded, “Not so good. I just broke up with my boyfriend.”

I suddenly realized why I had been directed to her lane. “Can I give you a hug?” I asked the woman.

Stepping out from behind her checkstand, she wiped her tears. With her arms open wide, she reached out to me. “Yes, please. I really need it,” she sobbed.

Singing *HU* helps me stay connected to the stream of love flowing through the Universe. This attunement also benefits my Inner Teacher who was able to share his love with this woman in the form of a hug.



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ANIMALS LOVE HU

Animals and birds sense the vibrations of HU, even when they are beyond the sound of our physical voice. Pichaya and I experienced this phenomenon recently. A stream meanders through a series of ponds where we walk most evenings. We've made friends with the crows, ducks, frogs, squirrels, a great

blue heron, and a vulture, whom we call George. Fluffy the Crow and Chelsea the Ground Squirrel are my favorites. Pichaya won't choose a favorite.

Claire and “The Godfather”

We also enjoy watching a large black, grey, and white, well-traveled duck who always seems to be in everybody's business. If he's not chasing another duck with his head menacingly low to the ground, he, himself, is escaping from an angry mother duck who took offense at his unsolicited advice. We call him “The Godfather.”

While reflecting on a chapter about animals recently, Pichaya and I sat on a wooden bench overlooking a pond and sang *HU* quietly. We didn't direct our thoughts; we simply allowed the energy, consciousness, and the love of HU to flow through freely. I noticed a lone female duck floating in the water well beyond earshot range. I nudged Pichaya, as the duck began swimming our way, moving her head from side to side as if searching for something. Finally, Claire, as we named her, emerged from the reeds at the edge of the pond and cautiously walked up the bank in our direction.

Claire approached to within a few yards, looked up at us singing *HU*, and then returned to the water, apparently satisfied that she had located the source of the love she felt from across the pond. We interpreted this as a confirmation that a chapter on animals deserved a place in this e-book. I'm sure Claire would agree, with the Godfather's approval of course.

Shadow's Gift

I sometimes sing *HU* to the feral cat at the river where we feed jays and squirrels. Shadow loves attention as much as she loves the food people bring for her. I befriended Shadow more than ten years ago, when she was first abandoned, and fed her each morning while working at the water treatment plant adjacent to the park. Winters are especially difficult for Shadow. I grew to admire her survival skills and strength of will. She has been an inspirational teacher.

Shadow provides a wonderful service—she allows people to love her. Some of those frequenting the river have no other avenue for giving and receiving love.

A friend of ours named Sharon is an animal communicator who works with animals on the spiritual level. Once, while Oi and I were asking questions about our cats, JJ and Peaches, I happened to mention Shadow. To my surprise, a message came through from Shadow's Higher Self. She thanked me for singing that special song to her over the years—HU. It made her feel warm and loved.

Sharon related afterwards that all Souls recognize and respond to HU as a source of love and comfort, no matter what body form they inhabit. When I asked Sharon for permission to include this message from Shadow in our e-book, she told us more about the monumental role the HU can play in the lives of animals.

HU Brings Us Home

“Live above the words. Learn the HU as a bridge for Soul to go to the Light and Sound. The HU brings us home.” These gems of wisdom came through from Sharon's cat, Leo the Lion, during his translation from this life. He purred softly on the bed while Sharon's husband played the HU Song. As the recording ended, Leo the Lion made his transition peacefully.

The song of HU is the golden bridge upon which Soul finds Its way to the Light and Sound, the twin aspects of Divine Spirit. Sharon also gave us permission to pass along the following examples of how HU enhances her work with animals.

When Pichaya and I took a three-day mini vacation to celebrate our anniversary, a neighbor attended to our cats' needs conscientiously. However, when we returned, JJ and Peaches were visibly upset that we had left them alone and let us know by their standoffish behavior. Other pet owners have reported similar experiences. Sharon offered a solution which evolved from a

question she had asked her Inner Guide: “How can I use Divine Creativity with the HU and the animals?”

Surprisingly, she was told to invite pets whose owners had left town, either on vacation or for business, to a morning HU. This invitation is also extended to animals with behavioral challenges. Roll is never taken during the morning HU, where the animals play, socialize, and connect with Divine Spirit.

Sharon always asks permission from the owners before working with their pets. She informs the animals how many “lights and darks” their “parents” will be gone, who will be caring for them, and whether they will be staying with them or coming and going; if the latter, how often? Pets want to be assured that the person attending to them knows about food, treats, play time, and walks. Sharon answers all of their questions and tells the animals about the love song of HU. They especially enjoy meeting with other animals in the morning HU each day when their parents are gone.

Parents report coming home to happy and welcoming pets. Sharon suggested another option—play the HU Song for your animals while you’re away. (A HU Song MP3 or CD may be found [here](#).)

I was curious to know how Sharon presents the idea of inviting pets to a morning HU to their owners. She explained that she asks them if they would be willing to try a spiritual exercise which could help their pets while they are away. Some owners are interested in learning more during their conversation, while others agree without questioning her further.

When these owners return to happy, calm, well-behaved pets, they ask Sharon to tell them about the morning HU. She usually recommends a video called, “HU: Experience the Sound of Soul.” In this popular YouTube clip, the benefits of singing *HU* are enumerated in concert with the song.



Claude Gruffy

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THE UNIVERSAL SONG OF HU

It came as a surprise to find out that the song of HU is known far beyond this earth realm. This realization struck me when I found myself in a semi-dream state during an afternoon contemplation. I have heard HU sung by as

many as 5,000 people at an Eckankar seminar, but that memory was pale by comparison to the Inner-world experience which follows.

The Most Beautiful Sound¹

Why had I been singled out to receive such a rare and meritorious gift? Was it because of my devotion to the spiritual disciplines? I smiled—not likely. Was it because many years hence I'd be writing about the reality and universality of HU?—perhaps.

I was twenty-six at the time, happy to be playing softball on weekends and socializing most evenings. Since my father's passing the year before, life had been kind to me and occasional naps were an added luxury. But when I drifted into the twilight area between sleep and waking consciousness one afternoon, I felt lost, lonely, and afraid.

I had closed my eyes for only a moment when I found myself in a vast, dark cavern system. *Am I dreaming?* I wondered. The emotions felt so real. A narrow pathway led upward, hugging one wall, to an unknown destination. I kept moving higher. The oppressive environment below had become intolerable. The path emptied into a huge open area which reminded me of the receiving hall of a large indoor arena. Only this time, I was not entering the facility to enjoy a game, I was escaping from the depths of a prison-like matrix.

My heart was beating rapidly as I rushed for the bank of doors leading outside to freedom. Suddenly, several malevolent beings emerged from the shadows when they detected movement. No Soul was allowed to break free from their control.

As I neared the doors, I could see sunlight streaming in through the windows above. I pushed down on a door handle and threw all my weight against the solid metal door. My heart sank—it was locked.

To my astonishment, a luminous being emerged from the shadows, to my left. The guards stepped back and looked away when he approached. The "Wayshower," known in Eckankar as the "Mahanta," pushed gently on the door handle next to mine. It opened easily.

“Allow me,” he said graciously, holding the door open for me to pass.

Feelings of absolute relief swept through my body as I breathed in an essence of which I had never known— freedom. I thanked the Wayshower profusely, who was immediately recognized and greeted with adoration and respect. The crowd around us had overflowed from an outdoor stadium that was concealed beyond an elevated rim nearby.

When my eyes had adjusted to the light, I received a shock. These beings were nothing more than globes, each one approximately six feet in diameter. Yet, each one was different with distinct facial features comparable to those on earth. Horizontal bands of color, perhaps twelve in number, danced and shimmered when they spoke. I could understand their words as impressions within my consciousness. When I turned my attention to my own body, I was surprised to discover that my form mirrored theirs—a perfect sphere of light.

My senses were inundated with millions of colors. There were flowers of every shade and variety imaginable, including islands of iridescent roses. The grass was carpet like and trimmed to perfection. Pools of living water fed streams which emptied into singing rivers. What struck me most was the feeling of tranquillity permeating this resplendent world. How could I tell those languishing in the caverns below about such wonders?

The most beautiful sound I had ever heard emanated from the stadium and echoed throughout the land. It was the Song of *HU*, sung by a multitude so vast that it exceeded my imagination. From horizon to horizon, the sweet sound of *HU* filled the peaceful atmosphere with the purest of love.

A wave of joy flowing out of my heart prompted me to join in, but, as I sang the word *HU*, my voice cracked. Several beings glanced in my direction upon hearing the inharmonious tone. An individual to my immediate right responded with an understanding smile, “You must have been away for a very long time.”

“Yes,” I answered quietly, holding back the tears, “A long, long time.”

1. An abbreviated version of this story called “The Song of *HU*,” first appeared in *The Secret Language of Waking Dreams*, p. 126, under a pseudonym.

Riley Carson



“HU is the golden bridge
upon which Soul travels
to reach its home.”

CONCLUSION: CONNECTING WITH HU

For those interested in connecting with Divine Love on a deeper level, please consider singing *HU* for a few minutes during the day. Although you may not be aware of it at first, the vibrations of this ancient mantra will link you directly to the heart of the Universe.

As a spiritual exercise each morning, Pichaya and I play a 20-minute YouTube clip called “HU: Experience the Sound of Soul,” featuring several thousand people singing *HU*. We close our eyes, sing *HU* in a long, drawn-out manner and, at the end of the song, spend a few minutes in silent contemplation. If time is an issue, you can simply sing *HU* for 5 or 10 minutes.

One may sing *HU* silently while at work, while driving in the car with friends, or in crowded outdoor settings. When *HU* is sung or chanted on a regular basis, it purifies the consciousness and opens the heart to ever-greater flows of Divine Love. In the end, it’s really all about love, now, isn’t it?

Additional Resources

Free, Downloadable HU Song App

HU Song MP3 or HU Song CD

YouTube Clip: What is HU? by Harold Klemp

YouTube Clip: How to Do the HU, by Harold Klemp

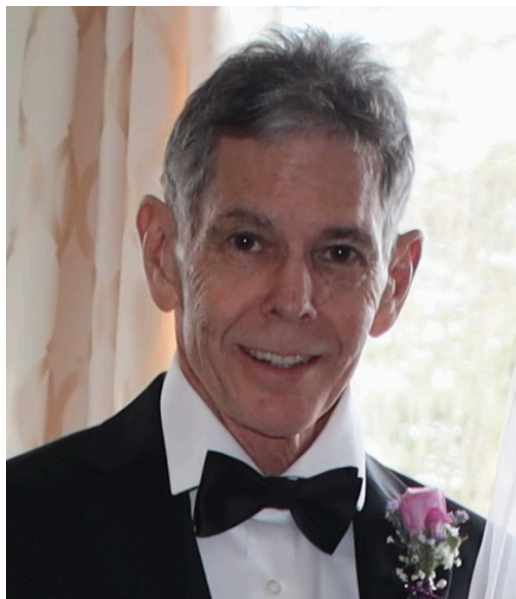
YouTube Clip: Singing HU Can Protect, Give Love, Heal, by Harold Klemp

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