

The Temple of Master Hotei

A Unique
Past Life Memory



Denise Le Fay



The Temple Of Master Hotei is a fascinating story based entirely upon the past life memories of the author. Most people are familiar with the book's main character, Master Hotei, but as the Laughing Buddha. The story begins with the young boy, Ivory One, entering the mysterious Temple of Master Hotei at the age of seven where he then spends the rest of his life living with, and learning from the great Master Hotei.

The Temple of Master Hotel

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**THE TEMPLE
OF
MASTER HOTEL**



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THE JOURNEY

The early morning sunlight filtered down through the tree tops making intricate shadow patterns dance across the ground. The air was cool and humid as the young boy trotted along behind his father's longer and unyielding stride. The child panted from the effort of trying to maintain a respectable distance between himself and that of the larger adult man. He could hear his father's breath laboring also, but did not dare to suggest a slower pace. The decision had been made; One Like Ivory was to enter the Temple of Wise Ones today and his father would see the boy there regardless of the difficulty and length of the journey.

Farther and higher the young son and father followed the narrow dirt footpath snaking back and forth up the mountain. It was a seldom-traveled path and because of this was overgrown in many areas with patches of dense bamboo and thick ground covering. It was a difficult, dangerous journey for a full-grown man, but a nearly impossible trek for a small boy of only seven years.

The local villagers had little reason other than sheer curiosity to risk the dangers of climbing a mountain merely to view the famed outer walls and golden gates of the legendary Temple. Besides, no one was allowed entrance into the Outer Temple gardens, let alone the Inner Temple, other than the occasional carefully selected young neophyte. Beyond the treacherous and physically painful pilgrimage up the mountain, the villagers were mostly superstitious about the activities that went on behind the high walls that surrounded the entire place.

There were wild rumors, mostly all incorrect, as to the supernatural activities of the Master Teacher and his students who lived behind the Temple walls. Rumors concerning the longevity of some of these holy men were alleged to have spanned a few hundred years, and that alone intimidated the villagers for many miles in all directions. It was another of several reasons why outsiders simply did not bother to make the difficult and lengthy journey up the mountain to view the outer Temple walls and only entry gate into the place.

A family whose young son was selected to enter the Temple of Wise Ones was greatly revered and respected by all, even though the relatives and villagers knew next-to-nothing about the Temple, the Master, or what the students learned while there. The chosen student's family name would live long and be uttered by many in their own village and the surrounding villages as well, and this great honor helped considerably in dulling the deep pain of losing a son. Therefore, the false and naïve rumors would flourish generation after generation, aiding in amplifying the distinction of having one's young male child selected for such a renowned yet mysterious life.

On the seventh birthday of all male children in each of the villages, the local astrologer would carefully review the boy's natal planetary positions. If the natal chart indicated the child was ready and receptive for a life of focused spiritual teachings, then

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the boy's father, grandfather and town elders were gathered together for council. The astrologer would interpret the child's birth chart for them and they all then made a final decision.

It was a mixed blessing having a male child chosen for Temple life, but it was also a burden for the family. It was a very serious, difficult, and far-reaching choice to make. Give up a young son to a lifetime of spiritual education and dedication when that son would normally work with his father and grandfather to help feed and protect the entire extended family. Three days earlier Ivory One's father had told him of the families' decision.



“I, your Grandfather, the Astrologer and the Elders have decided that your responsibility in this life is to walk a different and difficult path my youngest son. I cannot prepare you for this journey, nor can I tell you much about the place we are sending you, or about the Holy Men that live within the sacred Temple,” the father said slowly and as unemotionally as he could.

“You greatly honor our family by being chosen to live behind the Temple Gates of Gold Ivory One. I can tell you that you will learn mysteries of the ancient Deities and will grow to become a man unlike any man of our village,” he said smiling proudly and straightened his square shoulders.

“What are the Temple Gates of Gold Father, and why must I learn of the mysteries of the Deities? I want to remain here and become a great Fisherman like my honorable Father and Grandfather. Why must I leave when my brothers can stay and work beside you, the uncles and Grandfather?” Ivory One questioned, his dark eyes filling with pools of tears. His father clenched the long edges of his sleeves awkwardly and looked away from his youngest son.

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“Your birth planets speak this message One Like Ivory; the stars themselves indicate it child. They say you have reached this lifetime where your purpose is to become much more than a Fisherman my son. You are to learn of great mysteries, not of fishing, boats, and endlessly mending nets. You are to learn of wondrous spiritual things my son, not of the tides, the winds, and sailing like your older brothers Ivory One.

“The Temple Gates of Gold are the only entrance into the Temple of Wise Ones my son. I know you are frightened by this startling change but you must understand, and never forget, what an honor it is to be chosen and to be found ready for a life of spiritual training as this,” his father said trying to be brave for them both.

“If this is your heart’s desire Father, then I will go to this place and learn from those men to be more than a Fisherman. And when I have grown wise behind those Temple Gates of Gold, I will return to aid my honorable Father and Mother so that you will be proud of your youngest son too!” the little boy stated bravely looking up at his father. The father lowered his head and closed his eyes, falling silent for a long and painful few minutes.

“One Like Ivory,” he replied slowly, raising his eyes to meet his youngest son’s, “those who enter the Temple of Wise Ones never step outside its walls for the remainder of their day’s my son.”



The warm golden sun was now directly overhead and the little boy’s outer shirt was damp from the prolonged physical exertion executed at an adult pace. His legs and lungs aching for a reprieve, finally reached their destination six long and difficult hours later. Exhausted, the boy gratefully plunked himself down on a large rock to rest. His father slowly inched towards the huge

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gold Temple Moon Gates and apprehensively inspected them, but from a respectful distance.

During the entire six-hour journey up the mountain, Ivory One's father had not spoken a word and the child dared not to break the silence for fear of being disrespectful. At times the boy thought his father was angry with him and that that was the reason for his prolonged silence and unrelenting pace throughout the difficult journey up the mountain. Yet he knew he had not done anything to cause his father's unhappiness, so, he humbly struggled to keep up with the man all the way up the mountain. It had been a difficult and painful journey for the both of them.

The father stood looking at the famous and mysterious Temple Moon Gates for many long minutes as his son sat motionless upon the rock watching him. Eventually the boy realized his father was past the point of curiosity and was actually struggling with the unavoidable act of turning around to face his youngest son and say his good bye. Ivory One's heart skipped and thudded heavily in his little chest at the thought of what the two of them would have to do in the next few minutes. He strained, unsuccessfully, to hold back tears of love and tears of fear. Hearing his young son openly crying caused the father to turn around and take his child up in his arms for the last time. The father held his crying son tightly while he fought back his own aching tears.

"As I told you before, there will soon be someone to greet you my son. Do not weep over this great honor that is all of ours One Like Ivory," he struggled to say. "Remember that you, my youngest son, bring great honor to our Family and Village for being chosen to live and learn within the Temple of Wise Ones. We will not forget you Ivory One, and you will live in all our hearts forever," the father declared, now openly crying himself.

He placed his young son on the ground before him so he could look him in the eyes for one last time. The boy dried his

eyes with his long sleeves and tried very hard to appear strong and mature for his father.

“I will work hard to bring honor and respect to our family and village Father,” the boy said with a quivering voice, “but I miss all of you already.”

His father smiled through his tears, nodded and said, “You have already honored us all greatly my youngest son.”

Abruptly his father turned with an artificial air of aloofness and rigidly walked away from his son. Watching his father’s stiff, awkward movements and staggering steps, the boy realized that this parting was much more painful for his father than he realized. He stared intently at his father’s back as the man struggled along the narrow dirt trail leading down the mountain. The boy quickly tried to burn the memory of his father’s form into his mind and heart so he would always have it to draw upon in the future. When the man was completely out of sight, the young boy walked back to the rock, sat down, and began crying again.

After a half-hour or so, the seven-year-old stopped crying because his attention was drawn back to the massive golden Temple gates. He got up and slowly walked over to them to get a better look at the mysterious, sacred gates that literally altered his young life overnight. They were huge, beautifully carved gold and red colored Moon Gates attached to the thick, high Temple walls that stretched out east and west and disappeared behind enormous trees and shrubs. The decoratively carved gates allowed one to peer through open portions of them into the visible outer edge of the opulent gardens inside.

The child stood outside the massive gates and waited. No one came. Occasionally he could hear footsteps shuffling along inside the walls but he never actually saw anyone. With his face pressed up against the Moon Gates, Ivory One viewed the most beautiful, lush gardens he had ever seen. His eyes poured meticulously over

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every tree, every flowering bush, and every strikingly combed gravel pathway he could see from his limited position outside the Temple gates.

Enormous lush trees and multicolored flowering bushes were everywhere. Species of plants and flowers the boy had never seen before sprawled out before him in a glorious display of colors, scents, and shapes, giving the impression that it was a foreign garden in a foreign land.

The unique sounds of unseen birds singing were equally unfamiliar to the young boy and added to the overall magic, mystery, and unusual beauty of the place. The boy could also hear the sounds of moving water and smelled the moisture in the fragrant air, hinting of further beautiful mysteries hidden deeper inside the sacred gardens. Numerous massive gray and white flecked boulders sat looking as if they had been strategically placed within the garden grounds, giving it the feel of ancient earthy strength, impeccable balance, and deep grounding.

Unknown hours passed as the young boy sat watching, waiting, and wondering at the Temple gates. At times, he became fearful, but his fear would quickly transform back into deep fascination over the otherworldliness and outstanding beauty of the place. In addition, there was the thought of those mysterious Wise Men who lived within the sacred Temple and his heart would suddenly race with excitement and doubt all over again. How he could hear their footsteps so clearly and yet not see anyone intrigued him immensely. The young boy squinted his eyes, hoping that clever maneuver might possibly reveal whoever was creating the footsteps. He strained to see behind and around trees and flowers, visually searching in those shady areas between the dense foliage but to no avail. One Like Ivory saw no one inside the garden even though he could clearly hear footsteps moving about in there.

Suddenly, a few feet directly in front of the boy was a man standing in the garden staring at him. Ivory One did not see the man walk to this position but simply appear there before him. The boy jumped back away from the gates as he considered this phenomenon and stared, awe struck, at the silent man staring at him. He was round and wore deep golden colored full-length robes. His eyes were black and shown with a peculiar, otherworldly light. He stared at the young boy for a very long time without speaking or moving at all. Ever so slowly a grin began to spread across the stranger's full, round face transforming it and the unusual light in his eyes into something very different.

"To enter here means to never leave here. To enter here means great sacrifice, but even greater rewards. To enter here means to die many times, only to be reborn many more. Think well before you enter here or leave here. You alone may choose to do either Little One," the mysterious robed man said and then dissolved back into the Temple garden again.

Ivory One stood staring at the empty space where the odd round robed man had been moments before with his mouth hanging open. He blinked his eyes three or four times hoping that would help him comprehend what had just happened. There was such an ethereal feel to what he had just seen and heard that the child fleetingly wondered if it had actually happened at all. The boy straightened himself and closed his mouth finally, wondering many different things for a good long while. He walked back up to the gold gates and sat down, propped his little chin on the ledge of the carved Moon Gate and stared into the lush, mystical gardens once again.

"What strange words. What a strange man! Did that really happen?" Ivory One thought to himself as he viewed a large orange butterfly float from a pink to purple flower.

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“To enter here means death and rebirth? How could I die in there? It is so beautiful and safe looking in that garden,” the boy pondered. “What could possibly be hiding in that wonderful garden that could kill me? What sacrifice and great reward could I experience in a garden like this one? I wonder where that strange man went and if he will come back soon?”

“I could go back home and work for my Father. No, I cannot. I would bring unthinkable shame upon my Family and Village if I returned now. No—I cannot return home now,” the child understood with a serious frown.

“What great sacrifice could that unusual robed man ask of me? I am only seven years old and I own nothing to give up. I do not understand anything that peculiar round man said, and I am not even certain that he did indeed say those curious things to me! Maybe I just imagined it all...,” the boy thought to himself with considerable confusion, weariness, and growing hunger.

In the middle of the boy’s mental and emotional conflicts, he noticed a large black iridescent beetle crawling its way out from under a thick shrub inside the garden and head straight for the gates. One Like Ivory watched the insect intently paddling along in a direct line towards him sitting on the ground just outside the Moon gates. Its shiny black body changed colors in the sunlight as it moved along, first black, then emerald green into royal blue, and finally, a deep purple color. The boy was mesmerized watching the magical transformation of rainbow colors shining off the beetle’s hard body.

The closer the beetle came to the boy, he observed it was pushing and rolling something large and round in front of itself. As he worked to identify the beetle’s mysterious round possession, he finally recognized that it was a good-sized ball of dung. Ivory One smiled to himself as he continued watching the silly beetle nimbly maneuver his round load closer to the Moon

Gates. He was immediately very fond of the amusing beetle pushing its ball of waste towards him.

The beetle rolled his dung ball right up to the Temple gates in front of the child, turned deep blue-black then shining emerald green and then proceeded to heave its round dung package under the Temple gates directly at him. After depositing its dung outside the gates, the beetle immediately turned and hastily returned to the same large bush it had originated from. Ivory One stared in utter amazement because he had never seen an insect offer a human a gift before. The boy began to giggle aloud watching the beetle watching him. Carefully he picked up the dry dung offering and rolled it around in his palm grinning widely. He looked back at the beetle and then held the dung gift up between his finger and thumb and waved it at the watching insect through the Moon gates.

“I suppose I should thank you little beetle for your gift!” Ivory One said aloud to the insect watching him from a few feet inside the Temple garden. “I do not know what I shall do with this treasure Beetle, but I thank you all the same. At the moment I feel I have a more than adequate amount of this material already!” he confessed and laughed at himself. The beetle shuffled its legs around while watching the boy, which caused its black body to turn deep iridescent blue again.

After a few moments, the large beetle turned away from the watching boy on the outer side of the Temple gates and headed back to its hidden home under the shrub. The child watched the beetle scuttle away with its hard shell-like body shining orange, green, black, then purple, and finally disappear completely under the bush. With the beetle now gone, Ivory One returned his attentions to inspecting the beetle’s dung gift and honestly reflected that the insects in this place were as peculiar as everything else there was! Rolling the dry dung ball in a small

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circle on his palm again, he questioned why the beetle would do such a strange thing.

“Maybe it was not a gift after all. Maybe the beetle was simply getting rid of its dung outside of his garden?” the boy considered while gazing at the dung ball circling in his child-sized palm. “Maybe he was just cleaning out his house to make room for more food or something?” One Like Ivory speculated. While watching the dung ball rolling in little circles in his palm, he suddenly gasped aloud and became motionless. He stared wide-eyed at the now stationary dung ball in his hand, then back at the base of the shrub where the beetle had disappeared.

“Little beetle,” the boy excitedly cried, “am I supposed to clean out *my* house before I enter this Temple?” Ivory One questioned with the first sign of hope all day. He sat very still and stared intently at the dirt floor beneath the shrub where the beetle had returned. He watched, he hoped, he waited, staring intently as if calling to the beetle with his very heart and soul.

Many minutes later, the shiny blue-black rear end of the large beetle reappeared from under the shrub and backed its way out from underneath it. The insect waddled around and then stood motionless watching the young boy whose face was pressed firmly against the carved openings of the Temple gate. Seeing the beetle reemerge from under the shrubs caused the boy to giggle aloud and squirm while waving excitedly at the large black insect.

“It *is* true is it not honorable beetle? I must leave *my* dung outside these Temple gates before I enter!” Ivory One questioned with enthusiasm and optimism.

“First, a very odd robed man appeared and told me riddles about the mysterious things I can expect if I enter here. Next, he told me that the choice to enter or leave is mine alone—not that of my Father, the Elders, or the villagers. I like that strange man

for telling me it was my choice alone to make,” the child said with his heart feeling warmer and larger in his chest than normal.

“Then you my unusual little friend, give me this fine gift of yours!” the boy said to the beetle, smiling as he rolled the dung ball around in his palm once again. “A gift that I think might be a message for this confused, tired, and hungry boy! I am not certain, but I believe that this is the secret behind your unusual actions little beetle,” the boy declared, staring at the dung ball in his hand. When the boy looked up, the rainbow black beetle had disappeared again. One Like Ivory smiled happily to himself and respectfully placed the hard dung pellet in his coat pocket for safekeeping. It had unexpectedly taken on the mystical qualities of a sacred and potent amulet and he wanted to keep it close and keep it safe.

Ivory One stood up and dusted off his pants. He turned around and viewed the surrounding terrain for many long minutes; he was saying goodbye to the world he was familiar with. As best as he knew how he released his own emotional ball of dung—those of fear of the unknown, doubt, loneliness, homesickness, and mourning.

The seven-year-old boy had finally decided that between the peculiar round robed man who had shown him more respect than anyone previously—and the mysterious iridescent gift giving beetle—that this place might not be so awful after all. So far this beautiful, curious place had shown him only kindness, respect, and captivating magic which were exactly the correct combination of ingredients for one little seven-year-old boy named Ivory One. The child turned back towards the sacred Temple Moon Gates of gold and eagerly let himself in.

11

THE SOUNDS OF BALANCE

Weeks effortlessly and quickly became months, and the months rolled into multiple seasons as Jade One grew and further developed his different higher perceptive abilities. Master Hotei had successfully trained the young man to develop a high-level of perceptual awareness, reception, and telepathic transmitting that ultimately made physical contact and conversation obsolete.

Three full months passed the first time in which neither of them uttered one word to each other physically. Then suddenly one afternoon Master Hotei came out of his Temple and wandered through the garden to where Jade One was silently working, sat down beside him and unexpectedly began to physically talk.

Traumatized and overcome by the foreign sounds of actual physical speech, Jade One reeled back in pain and shock at the

loud, unrefined, and highly intrusive noise. Hotei was actually speaking very softly, yet the unanticipated sound of physical speech after an extended period of silence crackled and reverberated like great claps of thunder inside Jade One's now ultra-sensitive skull in waves of offensive misery. Tears of physical pain filled his squinting eyes while he frowned at Hotei hearing the Master ask him what he was doing and remark about how beautiful the day was.

Seeing Jade One's profound physical discomfort over his spoken words automatically caused Hotei to start laughing. Frantically he fumbled with trying to stuff his robes into his face to muffle his laughter. After his giggling fit subsided Master Hotei continued to speak physically, but repeatedly would have to stop and cover his face with his robes as he lost control and started laughing again at Jade One. Eventually Jade One adapted to the sounds of Hotei speaking physically again and his tearing stopped which caused Hotei's laughter to stop as well.

"I am truly sorry Little One," Hotei genuinely apologized, "but you looked so funny with your face all red and contorted with tears of pain running down your cheeks and all merely from the physical sound of my voice. Do you see how quickly we can become out of balance? Most people are out of balance due to their dependence on physical speech as their only means of communicating. You became just as out of balance however, due to your lengthy period of no external verbalization.

"Little One, I did this to you deliberately to teach you this and to have you experience it within your physical body," Hotei confessed and Jade One threw his teacher another stern frown.

"Students all too often and much too easily reach the erroneous conclusion that silence is somehow more spiritual, more befitting a person in search of expanded awareness and greater wisdom. What benefit is it for a person who lives in silence receiving internal wisdoms, if he then cannot externalize

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and share it?" Hotei asked with an exaggerated shrug of his shoulders and shook his head in disapproval.

"We seek deeper truths to apply and share them in our daily physical lives on this plane of manifestation as well as the finer levels. Do not forget this important insight you have learned today Jade One. We are beings of spirit expanding that spirit while endeavoring to manifest it within this dense physical realm and bodies," Hotei said and smiled warmly at his now young adult disciple.

"I understand Master Hotei," Jade One replied and instantly swayed from the effort and effect of speaking physically. Hotei quickly grabbed up his robes again to muffle his uncontrollable erupting laughter.

Jade One started to laugh too, which further imbalanced him and caused him to tip over on to his side. His own laughter had literally destroyed his equilibrium and he tumbled over and into the dirt. This of course was far too much for Master Hotei to endure, and he howled uncontrollable into his robes, causing them to become wrinkled and tear stained. Bunches of golden silk fabric popped out between Hotei's chubby fingers as he desperately smothered his laughter in the colorful folds of his robe.

At this point Hotei's emotional bedlam was nothing compared to Jade One's. He also could not stop the laughter that unbalanced him so terribly. The more he laughed, the worse his dizziness and spinning head became. He was reduced to pathetically rolling on the ground, clutching at rocks and plants in hopes of not falling off the earth!

"If this continues," Jade One thought to himself, "I am going to become nauseous all over myself." Sheer pride, vanity and fear abruptly halted his laughter. Naturally, Hotei heard the young man's thoughts, which only caused him to wail with laughter even harder.

“For once Jade One,” Hotei sputtered with much difficulty, “your pride offers us a positive and highly constructive result; not getting sick to your stomach on yourself and my beautiful gardens!”

Master Hotei eventually subdued his mirth and demanded that Jade One quickly recite aloud some words of power he had taught the young man many years earlier. They were short prayer songs spoken with very precise tones and inflections that, when uttered correctly, produced instant internal balance of polarities within the one speaking or singing them. They helped to greatly realign one’s inner frequencies and energetic fields very quickly.

Within moments of speaking them, Jade One was in control again and well-balanced with all signs of nausea dissipated. Together Master Hotei and Jade One joyfully sang aloud the ancient sounds of power and balance. They filled the garden with sounds of spirit triumphantly expressed and balanced throughout the physical human body and voice. Hotei smiled broadly as they sang together, and in that special moment, Jade One realized the complexity and necessary duration of his teacher’s impeccable and highly elaborate three-month-long spiritual lesson.

After so many months of physical silence, Hotei had intended this particular spiritual lesson to end in this manner; lengthy physical silence leading to and finally being balanced by physical spiritual song. This teaching and experience was for Jade One to discover the importance of balance and integration in all that would ever be thought, felt, spoken and done on multiple levels.

The two of them continued to happily sing the sounds of aligning together which caused the Outer Temple garden to come alive in a manner Jade One had never witnessed prior. As the young man sang, he blissfully observed and felt his much-loved garden singing right along with him and the Master. Hotei glowed lovingly at his rapidly developing apprentice as they

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sang, and nodded his head, acknowledging that the garden was indeed reacting to and participating in their spiritual songs of harmony and unity. The two of them sat radiating and singing enthusiastically until the sun sank well below the distance mountain range, as day balanced itself with night.



The Temple Of Master Hotei is a fascinating story based entirely upon the past life memories of the author. Most people are familiar with the book's main character, Master Hotei, but as the Laughing Buddha. The story begins with the young boy, Ivory One, entering the mysterious Temple of Master Hotei at the age of seven where he then spends the rest of his life living with, and learning from the great Master Hotei.

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