

Some General Reminders from the text of Thaddeus Golas'
A Lazy Man's Guide to Enlightenment

<http://freespace.virgin.net/sarah.peter.nelson/lazyman/lazyman.html#contents>

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We are equal beings, and the universe is our relations
with each other.

Love as much as you can from wherever you are.

Whether I am conscious of it or not,

I am one with the cause of all that exists.

Whether I feel it or not,

I am one with all the love in the universe.

Go beyond reason to love: it is safe. It is the only safety.

All states of consciousness are available right now.

It's always within us to relate this way.

Enlightenment doesn't care how you get there.

Whatever you are doing, love yourself for doing it.

There is nothing you need to do first in order to be enlightened.

“When you drop off into infinity, you can't retain any guidelines so as to shape that infinity. You just have to melt and merge into that infinity and lose yourself in it, so that you are not anything but the whole thing. I am everywhere; I am nowhere. In reality, there are no beings; there is only Being.”

O. B. Ray

“Grieve not, nor speak of me with tears, but laugh
and talk of me as if I were beside you. . .

I loved you so – t'was heaven here with you.”

from *To Those I Love* by Isla Paschal Richardson

A Celebration of Bishop's Life

April 15, 1952 — March 16, 2006



Bishop on his Wedding Day, Wheeler's 1989

THAT is not born, neither does it die. It sprang from nothing, nothing sprang from it. Unborn, eternal, everlasting ancient, THAT is not killed although the body is killed. If the slayers think they slay, THAT slays not nor is slain. . .

How can one . . . understand THAT through mere knowledge? How shall an ordinary person conceive THAT being, for whom both a buddha and a warrior are as food, and death a condiment?

from The Katha Upanishad

Bishop was born to Ed and Bonny Saltzman in Oregon City, Oregon, 54 years ago today. Despite rumors to the contrary, little Randy Less Saltzman was not wrapped in a tie-dyed receiving blanket! He grew up, third of five children, in California, Florida, Georgia and finally back to California again.

Bishop was born with a club foot for which he had surgeries from 8 months until ten years old. His earliest memory was of awakening from anesthesia when he was five. His growing-up years were rough, and he started running away at age fourteen. Because of this, he was placed in Juvenile Hall in the East Bay. He kept running away until, at 17, he was given a choice of enlisting in the Marines or CYA camp. He chose the Marines and made it through boot camp although the boots never fit him because of scar tissue on his heel. Because of this, he was given a general discharge – which saved him from Vietnam, where he would probably have been killed.

That same year (1969) he came to Wheeler's for the first time, an ex-Marine and emancipated minor, a shy 17-year-old skinny kid wrapped up in his music but always ready to pitch in when something needed doing – and ALWAYS ready to play his guitar or harmonica or the drums. If he wasn't playing music, he was whistling while he worked on various crafts projects using wood, leather and beads. He and Peggy first met in 1973, at first just good friends. He hung out at O.B.'s a lot, Peggy recalls. "I'd be in O.B.'s tent chatting, and Bishop would come whistling through the trees. He wasn't a group person much – just a shy kid. I was living in Orpheus's A-frame at the top of the West Canyon trail, and Bishop had the A-frame on the pretty steep trail below it. A creek ran under it in the rainy weather, and he

used to come by my open kitchen to drink coffee. Later he built a house for Alix in the west canyon where they lived together for a while. "

Bishop continued to live on the ranch off and on for the next 21 years. In 1982 Bishop and Peggy met again at Denise's birthday party.

"Bishop hadn't brought a sleeping bag," Peggy remembers. "I got the couch for the night, and felt sorry for him. 'You can share the couch, but don't touch me, okay?' I told him. Well, the minute the lights went out he felt so delicious I couldn't resist. During our years together, he really spoiled me rotten. We finally married under the Maypole on the ranch in 1989."

"Chess was another important interest." Peggy added. "He always led with his bishop – and that was how he got his nickname. One time he did this whole rap about how the bishop serves the queen. 'Without the bishop, the queen isn't much, and without the queen, the bishop isn't much.'

The couple finally left Wheeler's to continue their tie-dye business, selling at crafts fairs for eight years, then on the street and in a store in Guerneville, and then finally at his website. "The tie-dyes started after we got together" Peggy recalls. "I had already been tie-dying for a while, but Bishop took it over. He was a perfectionist (Virgo rising)."

Regarding his health, Peggy said, "I lived with him 23 years and all those years he only had 2 or 3 colds – no flu or bronchitis, until he got cancer. It started with hepatitis C, which developed into tumors in his liver."

Bishop is survived by his wife, Peggy, his sisters Donna, Julie and Nora, and his cousin Rick.