

The logo features a stylized window icon on the left, composed of several blue and white rectangular panes. To the right of the icon, the text "Window to the World" is written in a large, elegant, black cursive font. Below "World", the word "review" is written in a smaller, bold, black sans-serif font. The entire logo is set against a background that transitions from green on the left to blue on the right.

# Window to the World review

**Volume 1, session 14 Blog: Eckhart Tolle Made Simple Class**

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## The Swami and the Girl in the red dress

My husband is from New York so he will often say to people, “Don’t mind her she’s from Minnesota.” Then we all laugh. I guess this is supposed to explain why I am different. My husband says, “They will not know that you are the real thing. You cannot trust everyone.”

He often says when we go out together, “Now don’t talk to anyone Renee.” He is the kind of guy that has everything planned out and I am spontaneous. I never know if I will meet someone who needs a kind word or inspiration or help with a problem. He is always tapping my leg with his foot under the table to get me to quit talking.

My husband works a lot in his business so we are happy to be together whenever we can. We laugh a lot. He is funny—very dry humor.

One day he told me that Jeffrey, a friend of his, was in Palm Desert, Ca. for a seminar and so was our friend Chuck, a psychiatrist, who was giving part of the seminar. Would I like to go and stay over-night. “Yes,” I said. Not knowing anything about the seminar I packed for an elegant evening (my little red dress) and two days of dress. I like to dress elegantly and be in elegant surroundings.

My husband is not forthcoming about details that are not equations: he is a scientist.

We arrive at the seminar and I find the people very interesting: the subject of the seminar is my topic or some variation thereof: get rid of your ego and be. Each speaker is giving his or her version of how to do this.

Dinner came and I put on my little red dress and high heels and red lipstick. Little did I know that I was having an “ashram” dinner of vegetables and rice and we

were seated in a huge hall in this hotel: No elegance. Oh well. The conversation was great.

I told the lady sitting next to me about my game, *Who's Talking*, which brings to life my book *Unraveling Your Past to get Into the Present*. It helps people get rid of their egos and helps them be the soul that each was born to be. I told her we are test marketing *Who's Talking* in the fifth grade classes of Southern California. She told me "The people here at this seminar have so much money." She said "Millions of dollars have been pledged just this day for projects." She was determined to help me get some funding for my game.

I had a sample game and after dinner some gathered to play a round. Chuck's wife, is a psychologist herself and she said that the game was affecting the players on many levels and did I know this. "Oh, yes, I know this." Just then my husband told me that we were invited to the President of this organization's hotel suite for a party.

We arrived at the suite and found people sitting on chairs in a large circle discussing my topic: the ego and the soul.

My husband and I with his friends and their wives all sat down. They sat outside of the circle. I took a place on the circle of chairs and so did my husband. "There is only beer to drink, do you want a beer, Renee?" "Oh, yes." I told him. He came back with a bottle, and told me there are no glasses. Well I would usually never drink out of the bottle but I was thirsty and it was a hot night and a beer sounded good.

So there I sat in my little red dress, high heels, red lipstick and a bottle of beer in my hand. No one else appeared to be drinking.

The man who was doing most of the speaking stopped me from entering the conversation every time I raised my hand to say something. He quieted me with his own hand, palm facing me. So I waited.

The discussion came around to having to suffer in order to get rid of your ego; then to the Afghanistan women who had been severely abused and the psychologist who worked with them to heal them. They suffered and were egoless soul people. She was sitting next to the man who quieted me. She and he carried most of the conversation along with an African American woman.

Then the Swami arrived with his group. They took seats on the circle.

Just then I took the opportunity to speak. "I don't think you have to suffer to get rid of the ego. I have a game that helps people get rid of the ego and be the soul. We have been test marketing it in the fifth grade classes of Southern California. It

is a *game* that helps the players get rid of their egos and be the soul. Even the fifth graders get it in one session of playing the game.”

The man who had been leading the discussion then said confidently, “I believe you can be the soul and still have an ego.”

I rose up in my chair and said resoundingly, **“NO! YOU—CAN—NOT!”**

Rattled—confused he said almost under his breath, “But who *are you*?”

Then someone asked, “What is the name of your game?”

“Who’s Talking.” I said.

People then turned to someone who asked H.H. Pujya Swami Chidanand Saraswatiji his opinion. “Do you have to suffer to lose your ego?”

“No” he said. And I nodded agreement as well.

The evening ended shortly after this and the people stood and so did I. First I spoke to the woman who had helped the abused Afghanistan women. “Did you use EMDR with the women?” I asked her. “No” she said and could not get away from me fast enough. Those of you who have been reading my book know that that is a technique that removes the emotion from the brain caused by tragic happenings. You remember the incident but have no emotion associated with it.

Then I spoke to the African American woman, who wanted no conversation with me.

I turned and looked around and saw the H.H. Pujya Swami Chidanand Saraswatiji leaving so I went to him and gave him respect—and then said, “Thank you for saying what you said, it is very hard for the Americans to get rid of the ego.” And he said to me, “Keep doing what you are doing.” “Yes, I will.” I said. We nodded and parted.

My husband then came up, “You’re not supposed to talk to him.” “Why not?” I said. “I don’t know—you just don’t go up and talk to them.”

Did anyone follow up with me to learn more about my game? No.

Yet people there were obviously interested in the ego and the soul. They had come to that seminar. Some famous, others certainly rich came to support this group.

Could I have interested them if I was in the Swami’s flowing garments? I do not know. I felt comfortable in my little red dress and heels. I was not self-conscious.

What did I look like to these people? It does not make any difference what a person looks like.

Look at the soul! Listen to what the soul of a person may say to you.

So who am I? I am the soul—and that is who you are too.

Reference #75 in the comparison table: *A New Earth*, chapter: Finding Who You Truly Are, p. 186 First ask the most fundamental question of your life: Who am I? .....Others may appear to be more evolved because they think of themselves as an immortal soul or divine spirit. But do they really know themselves, or have they just added some spiritual-sounding concepts to the content of their mind?

Reference #75 in your comparison table: *Unraveling Your Past to Get Into the Present*, chapter: The Soul/Sole Personality versus the Ego-Personalities p. 24 “If I am not me then who am I?” The real you is your soul/sole personality who has been hidden away, staying quiet for fear of reprisal.

Reference #39 in your comparison table: *A New Earth*, chapter: Ego: The Current State of Humanity, Feeling the Inner Body, p. 52 ...you are not your body, but by shifting your attention...to feeling of aliveness inside it

Reference #39 in your comparison table: *Unraveling Your Past to Get Into the Present*, chapter: What Are You a Body or a Soul? p. 85 The body is just a house for the soul in which to live.

P.S. Of course I was unaware of the stature of the people who were at this “party” but the next morning Jeffery’s wife told me who they were and what happened after the discussion broke up. She told me at breakfast “I was never so proud to be a woman listening to you talking to them.” Wow! I thought.

**Thank you for taking my class sessions. Paulette Renee Broqueville**

### What's in this issue?



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