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Asheville, North Carolina, USA, August 31, 2014

Beauty is, when thought is not!

Thirty years ago Indira Gandhi was killed by her body guards who were very much trusted by her. Such were the “religious” convictions (contaminated shits) in their brains (containers). Let sacred energy of understanding prevail and be prominent in human brains.

Today is also the birthday of Lokmanya Bal Gangadhar Tilak, who was a venerable close associate of Mahatma Gandhi during the turmoil of the Indian Freedom Struggle from the horrible British rule of the past.

A devotee’s writing about nature is clear evidence that beauty indeed is when self is not, which means ‘thinker’ is not as also ‘thought’ is not! His e-mail is presented below to enable readers to perceive in a state of holistic awareness which is not in the network of our ideas or ‘I’, ‘I’, ‘I’!

“One was standing alone on the roof at night. The moon was hidden somewhere behind the clouds and it was very dark everywhere. In the darkness only the silhouettes of the trees could be made out. There was no movement among the trees and they stood absolutely still. The whistle of the wind or the rustling of the leaves were all quiet now. There was an all pervading silence that seemed to include the hum of the distant traffic. A solitary black bird flew and sat on the electrical wires hung between two posts. The wires began to sway as the bird sat on it and it adjusted its tail to maintain balance. Eventually the swaying stopped and all became still again.

“One was aware of an indescribable pain as one was tired of running and escaping from what is. One was acutely aware of the all pervading nothingness that was there, both within and without and also of the various escapes one resorted to in order to avoid it. There was no comfort to be had from a companion or wealth or knowledge or television or anything else. Then even this one was no longer there. With this end, started the immeasurable, un-nameable, un-knowable. The continuity of mind was broken and renewal of Life could reveal itself!

“Silence is all pervading and there all the time. Noise has a beginning and an end. When there is noise, silence recedes to the background but it is still there! Only when noise being aware of itself finally stops, can the silence surface.

“The new cannot be if the old continues. Anything is new only in that moment, the next moment it is old. Let one die from moment to moment to noise of the mind for Silence of Life to be!”

Jai Silence