

21. The rare chance

The one advice that I give you is this: Do not foul a single moment of your precious life. Spend it in the most useful manner, to earn joy for yourself and others unsullied joy. You have come in lakhs from all the villages of this Delta to this Amalaapuram. There are many among you who are too old to come to Puttaparthi to have My *darshan* (audience) and many are suffering from bodily ills, which do not allow them to push forward to the front lines here. Have some consideration for them; stand where you are; do not push and try to rush forward. I am on this high terrace; wherever you are, you can see Me.

There is work now only for the eye and the ear; not for the tongue. When you have the chance, it is wise not to miss it. I have come in order to confer *aananda* (bliss) on you. I am prepared to stand here, until all of you have your fill of *aananda*. Why then should you raise this clamour? God can be felt and experienced only in the deepest silence. All noise must subside; then, His Voice can be heard clearly.

The tongue is the token of true breeding. "Hey! you clout! Did you hear soldiers march this way?" a man asked a blind farmer. Minutes later, another person accosted him, "Blind man! Open your mouth and tell me whether you heard the noise of soldiers marching this way." Later, a third voice approached him, "Sir, did you hear some soldiers marching along this path?" At last, another person came near and placed his hand upon his shoulder, "My tear man, please tell me whether you heard men marching along this road?" The blind man correctly described his interrogators later in the order of their appearance as a soldier, a Captain, a Minister and the King himself. The words reveal the breeding of the speaker.

The silent man has no enemies

The tongue is the armour of the heart; it guards one's life. Loud talk, long talk, wild talk, talk full of anger and hate--- all these affect the health of man. They breed anger and hate in others; they wound, they excite, they enrage, they estrange. Why is silence said to be golden? The silent man has no enemies, though he may not have friends. He has the leisure and the chance to dive within himself and examine his own faults and failings. He has no more inclination to seek them in others. If your foot slips, you earn a fracture; if your tongue slips, you fracture some one's faith or joy. That fracture can never be set right; that wound will fester for ever. Therefore, use the tongue with great care. The softer you talk, the less you talk, the sweeter you talk, the better for you and the world.

When you crowd so thick and rush round, pushing people forward and backward, it is a good chance for thieves and pick-pockets. You stand lost in your own luck; your attention is concentrated on Me, while the attention of those others is concentrated on your purse or golden necklace.

I know the agitations of your heart and its aspirations, but you do not know My Heart. I react to the pain that you undergo, to the joy that you feel; for, I am in every heart. I am the dweller in that temple. You must know Me better, for how can a telegram sent in Morse code be understood by the receiving office, when the receiver does not know Morse? The *prema* (love) that you give is of the same Morse Code, as the *aananda* (bliss) I give you.

Bhakthi must be directed along the channels laid down by reason. Your *bhakthi* is making you behave wildly like the furious flood of a river. You crowd round this place where I am residing,

night and day, in sun and rain and raise *Jais* (cries of victory), to persuade Me to come and give *darshan*. This is not correct, My dears! This is not *bhakthi*; this is not *prema*. Of course, even without your making all this noise, I gladly come on to the terrace and give you the *darshan* you ask for, in your heart of hearts. That is the voice I hear most; not the voice coming out of your throats.

Use your life to spread joy, not grief

Most of the clamour that you cause is due to wrangling for space, the stronger ones insisting on their rights and even robbing others of their rights. This is a place where you must try to help, not hinder; this is the atmosphere of perfect *peace*, *prashanthi*. Do not behave here as you do when you gather elsewhere. There is no scope here for envy or malice, hate or competition. When *kaama* (intense desire), and *krodha* (anger) are rising in hot flames from the heart, how can the cool rays of *shaanthi* (peace), *sathya* (truth), *ahimsa* (non-violence) and *prema* (love) emanate therefrom? This human birth is a rare chance! Use it for spreading joy, not grief. Of course, it is natural for man to resent, to grow angry. But you should not allow anger free and furious scope. The raging floods in the Godavari have to be restrained by bunds, anicuts and dams, so that the water may reach the sea, without scouring the fields on either bank. You too must set limits to your own anger and hate, and honour those limits.

You know that first you have to plough the land, feed it with water; then, sow the seed, pluck out the weeds, guard the crop by a fence from cattle and goats and wait patiently for harvest time. So also, the heart has to be ploughed by means of virtues fed with the water of Divine love, before the seeds of Divine Name are sown; later, the field has to be watched and weeds have to be destroyed it is best to prevent the cattle of unsteadiness and doubt, by putting up the fence of Discipline; then, the Name of the Lord will flower into Meditation and the rich harvest of Knowledge can be reaped.

Now, you are allowing the precious fertile field to lie fallow; the field of the heart is infested with thorns and weeds; it yields no joy to any one. Cultivate the heart and garner the grain of *Aathma-aananda*. That *aananda* is your heritage; it is yours for the asking. But, you do not know how or whom to ask. Ask grief to quit and *aananda* is patent, as the very basis of your "I-ness", your *Sath* (existence) and *Chith* (consciousness) It is very simple. Grief will disappear as soon as you discover its real origin, for it has arisen out of ignorance only.

Amalapuram, 9.30A. M. 29-3-1965

*Let no one suffer
the slightest pain
as a result of your
thought, word or deed.
Let this be your saadhana.*

SHRI SATHYA SAI