



The Divine Truth is arising in our hearts! That glorious moment is not far off my Beloved Ones!

Once again Mind and Soul were chatting in the celestial dining room. With patience Soul smiles gently as he listens to Mind's reflections on various topics. Let's listen in on their conversation:

"My dear Soul, companion of mine!" said Mind. "I have created so many concepts in my universe, one for each cause and effect and then I divided all these concepts into 'I like it' and 'I don't like it' categories. I can predict everything because, in the end, events are repeated and feelings fall into the same old patterns.

I have lost my curiosity, I have everything but I am sad. I miss that – hmmm – how does your Master call it, oh yes guilelessness. I don't want to know the effects any more; I want to be free from these concepts of my own creation. I want to be free! I want to see everything as for the first time; not to be worried about results."

"In other words you'd like to be like a child," said Soul with a twinkle in his eye.

"Hmmm — yes you are right maybe, be like a child; free, simple, free to love everything without the expectation that love must be returned. Yes, like a child."

Mind stopped for a moment and then jumped from his seat as if having discovered something very important and exclaimed:

"Ah, I realise now! That's what I have missed: being. Yes, being free from expectations; not judging and analysing the world. Dear Soul, how can I again become guileless?"

"Don't worry my friend," said Soul "we'll ask my Beloved Mother. She is busy creating the new drama for the Divine theatre to entertain Her children, but She will find some time for us."

And so Mind and Soul walked towards the Divine theatre.

"Mother, Mother, here I am."

"Mischievous little child, where were you? You told me you wanted to be on the stage for the new role." Divine Mother smiled hugging Her child.

“Yes, yes, Mum, I am ready for that but you know my friend, Mind, is sad. He is missing something and he is not quite sure how to find it. Can you help him?”

“Where is our dear Mind? Always wandering from place to place and never resting. Come here Mind and relax for a moment. You are so restless and in your state you might not understand what I am going to tell you. So my dear, breathe deeply, relax and focus on Me. Very good!

Now listen to this story:

One day, Wind was gently blowing through the mountains. He was carrying heavy thoughts and emotions collected in the cities, to take them to Heaven to have them cleaned and purified of anger, anxiety and hate and then release them back again, for the celestial beings to catch and play with.

“Ah!” thought Wind, as he was carrying his load, “these people still think they are the mind and body and always want something in return for something they give. I don’t understand how can they love only if their love is returned? Hmmm - and they call it love.”

“It’s so sad” Wind continued to reflect. “Millennia have passed and they still haven’t learned. Their feelings and thoughts become heavier and heavier and I am not so young now to carry them.”

“But, I mean, they are still young souls, drawn so much by the play of the Divine Mother which they enjoy with the help of their companion, Mind. Souls love the games of Mind and are so absorbed in them that they think they are the body. They eat, they work, they make merry, and even think that they love. They call it love. They need to go back and become children again.”

A big smile appeared on Wind’s face.

“Look at the thoughts of children. What sweet thoughts! So light because they are free from expectations which are always so heavy!” Wind was rubbing his back

while deep in his monologue.

“Look at children; they don’t say ‘this is good’, ‘this is bad’, ‘I love you because you love me’. Ah, how sweet they are and how sweet is their love! That is real love given free, free, without conditions. They love because their mind is at one with the heart where there are no concepts, just pure love - love that comes from the Source.

But as they grow they soon forget this joy. I know that they will go back again to Mother when they are tired of Mind’s play. I know. I know what happens: Mind is the first to stop. There comes a point when he becomes tired of the colourful, restless world he creates. Yes, I have seen this scene; I have seen it many times before.”

Wind continued with his monologue while dragging with difficulty the heavy load he was carrying.

“There will come a time when Mind stops for a moment and the Soul stops with it and, ah! I love this bit, how I love it! Tears come to my eyes when I see these moments. They both stop and the Soul recognises His Light, His Bliss, His Divinity. What an explosion of ineffable bliss comes in this moment! The Soul recognises He is Love. And Mind becomes absorbed in the beauty of this Love, which comes from the heart, and finds peace. Mind finds his lost joy and recognises that his abode is not out there in the world but is and always was in the lotus of the heart.”

Tears were flowing down from Wind’s eyes. He was so absorbed that he didn’t realise he had arrived in front of the celestial doors.

Two gracious angels greeted him warmly and took his heavy sacks. Wind was still lost in tears.

“Dear old Wind is thinking of Enlightenment again. It always happens when he goes into the city,” the angels remarked to each other.

“Dear Mind, I can see you liked the story of Wind. Are you looking for a tissue?”
said Divine Mother smiling and wiping the tears from Mind’s eyes.

“Oh, Mother Divine. Am I still that old fellow wandering in the universes of my
creation? Yes, I’m afraid I am. You know Mother,” said Mind with a peaceful
voice, “this old fellow knows where to go now. I’m going to find my lost joy.”

And with that Mind turned and walked towards the golden doors of the Heart...

