

## Incomparable



You have heard about peace in many different ways. Maybe this is just one more perspective, but it is a perspective that comes from the heart.

Peace. We think, "Peace. Yes, something over here called peace." When I travel around the world and mention the word "peace," everyone has a different reaction. It ranges from "I've heard about that" to "It's a waste of time" to "I am interested in peace."

The most significant statement is: "I am interested in peace." I, as an individual, a person—not a label, not a box, not a globe—but a living, breathing, human being whose existence is priceless. This is the opportunity each one of us has been given.

Peace is a feeling—a feeling of non-duality, a feeling away from doubt, a feeling of *me*. Me understanding *my* existence. Feeling peace—not in turmoil, not in war, not in controversy, but in the serenity of existence.

There is more to you than you realize. There is another chapter here that hasn't been opened. Maybe there is a treasure trove that has not been tapped yet. Maybe there is another room to this villa, this mansion, this house, that has not been looked at.

The desire for peace transcends every barrier. Even those who have been incarcerated desire peace. Those who have little to eat also desire peace. And those sitting in giant mansions desire peace. Peace is one of those things: after a bowl of food, I still want to be in peace. The worst war is the war within a human being because there's no ceasefire to it. You can't put a brake on it; you can't negotiate with just one party. And the trouble with the war that rages inside is that, even if you win it, you lose because it's with yourself.



This is your life. Sometimes we forget what is being created here. This is no ordinary construction site. Done well, it will be better and more beautiful than the Mona Lisa, more grand than the Statue of David, more magnificent than the Sistine Chapel.

Who will be the admirer? Admiration and simplicity are the guardian angels of this beautiful experience called peace. They are the towers. In no uncertain terms, know the value of this existence, the value of this breath, the desire for peace that we carry in our hearts. There is a part of us that has beckoned us to be in peace again and again, that when we are in turmoil says, "This is no good. You don't want to be here. This is not acceptable."



I'm talking about the peace that can be even experienced in the middle of war. It's not about the new or the fancy. It's about the good old heart

that's always been there. It's about the good old breath that is as old and fresh and new as nothing I've seen. I cannot compare it to dew or to the rising sun or to a new star, because when that breath comes into me, it is so new that it is incomparable. That's my potential. I can be fulfilled like you can.

*Maharaji*