

Foundation of Reality



What does it mean to live, to exist? To feel every day the solidity, the firmness of this breath? To many people, breath is just air going in and out. There is more to it. There is a firmness. And within its simplicity, tremendous solidness has been placed.

What is your foundation made of? Does your house rest on that which is solid and real? Or does it rest on assumption after assumption? What is your safety net? You venture, you think, you imagine, you go out, you do things. You weigh realities, and your realities change from day to day: "Right now, this is real; right now this is what's happening, this is what's important."

Somebody said to me, "I just became a grandfather." I said, "Congratulations." And I started thinking, "You *became*?" One day you became alive. That's the main day. After that, things have happened, and things will continue to happen. They will be what they

are. Some you will call good because they will fit perfectly into the little shell that you have created.

How many days do we live paying attention to the sweet call to be content? People talk about peace; I talk about peace. I say peace is possible. Some people like that. Some say, "No. That's not the way the world is." Why? A picture has been painted of what peace is.

There is a reality. And that reality is bright and it is beautiful. It's more beautiful than any one of those pictures you could ever make. Every day, it is fresh and real, and it is dynamic and beautiful. It has no constraints. Is there sorrow? No. Is there joy? Yes. Is there darkness? No. Is there light? Yes. Is there discontentment? No. Is there contentment? Yes. Is there complication? No. Is there simplicity? Yes. Is there hate? No. Is there love? Yes. And that is the foundation that is the reality of your existence, of the gift you are given every day.



What does it cost to have all that? Nothing. All you have to do is open this heart and let it in. That's all it takes for the sunshine to come in. When the sun is shining, open the window and let the light come in. Let that breeze come in, because it is blowing, because it is happening.



Peace is dancing inside of you, waiting to be felt. People create expectations. The world's definition of peace is: "Everybody's always smiling, nobody's fighting each other, they're saying only polite things to each other." If that really happened, this would be a weird place.

What about the heaven here? This is where heaven makes the most sense. This is where I have the simplest ambition from my heart to be content. This is where I have the opportunity to build my house in which I can be content. It is not a house of imagination, but a house built on very, very real foundations.

That safety net is made out of breath. When even your power to speak goes away, this is the only thing that will still rumble through you, and it will be the last thing you know as it fades away. The challenge is to be in peace in the middle of all the turmoil. For as long as you are alive, you can experience the joy that is within you.

Maharaji