

The Grand Miracle



I'm not here to try to point out all the problems of the world, because there are too many. But, despite all the problems, all the things that are wrong, there are some things that are really, really good. Despite all the ugliness, there is something very, very beautiful. Despite all the mistakes, there is one thing that is perfect. And that perfection, that beauty, is in you.

There are people who like to point out all the problems, and in a way, I'm glad they do. But I think there should be some people who point out the good, the beautiful, because this life, despite all the problems, is beautiful. And sometimes, caught up in our troubles, our turmoil, our ideas, our concepts, we forget what we have been given. Who are we? Are we just the sum of all the things that happen around us? Are we just people who wake up in the morning and realize our responsibilities, "I have to do this,

I have to do this"? Or is there something more, something inside each human being that wants to smile, to be thankful, to feel gratitude, to feel joy?

I speak from my own experience. I have responsibilities. There are good days, and there are bad days. In the good days, I want to be happy. I want to feel peace. I want to feel connected to myself. Then there are the bad days. And even then, I just want to be happy. Nobody can explain happiness. You know what it is. It isn't just smiling or laughing or a time of day when you become happy. Happiness comes because you feel good. We think it is feeling happy *about* something—our child graduates from college; we win a lottery ticket; we get a promotion. We think our happiness is associated with all these things.



There is only one person who can make you happy, and it happens to be a person you know very little about. Strange. You know about your friends, other people—your associates, your colleagues—but very little about yourself, who *you* are. And you are that one person who can make you very happy. I see people driving on the highways honking their horns, yelling, screaming. Somehow I get the feeling that they don't really think life is important. They just want to get to where they're going. I want you to take a moment and understand something—that your life is incredibly important. You're not a number. You're not a name. You are more than the sum of all your goods and bads. So many people live in fear. But there is a place inside of you that cannot have fear, where you can feel freedom. When somebody has to tell me I am free, I'm not free.



We have our formulas. Happiness has nothing to do with formulas. "This plus this, minus this, equals happiness." Either you feel happiness or you don't. Either you feel joy in your life or you don't. What do you feel in your life? Because this life is the stage where peace will dance, where happiness will sing a song for you. This life holds promise after promise after promise, gift after gift after gift for you.

I have been watching spring come. Ah, it is so beautiful to watch spring come. Right outside my office at home, there is a tree, and in the winter, it shed every leaf, down to just bare branches. And then slowly but surely, spring began to come, and not a day was wasted for those green shoots to start appearing. This I call *dedication*. This I call *life*. This I call "the grand miracle." If that tree was human, it would say, "Why are we doing this? Winter will come

again, and I will have to shed these leaves again. So forget this—just hibernate."

It is not logic, but something that transcends logic. Love is not logical. These little shoots wait and wait. They can't forecast the weather. They don't think: "These two days are warm, but then the next two days it's going to rain again, so just wait." No. For them, it is: "Here it is. The warmth has come. The sun is shining. The temperature is right. Let's go." And as tender and delicate as those shoots are, even with two days of cold and rain, they keep on going. There is a drive that is more powerful. And this scene plays out for billions of trees every year. Your spring has come. It is time to reach within and allow the hope for peace in your life to resurface, to see the good, to understand that good, to once again know and to once again say yes to what you have ignored for so long—you.

Prem Rawat