

Bridge of Life



I want to tell you a story. It is a very different story, because it's not about a king or a queen or romance or victory or failure. The purpose is not to occupy your time or entertain you. There is a simple and beautiful reality, and it's the most magnificent story. It is about what *is*—this beautiful creation in an incredibly hostile universe.

We've been given an opportunity to be here. Is that good or bad? That's not the point. Let me give you an analogy. Let's say there is a very beautiful painting by one of the masters—trees, ocean, clouds, sun—but you have never seen it. Then one day you do. However, the painting was packed improperly, and it rubbed against the box. The greens, blues, oranges, and whites have all gotten mixed up. It almost looks weird. All that is left is the master's signature.

And you think, "He painted that?" Everybody looks at reality with a twist and wonders why reality isn't beautiful. When it comes down to this little thing called *peace*, I have found that nobody in this world has a clue what peace is—none, zip, *nada*, no idea. It's so sad that it's almost humorous.

Some people think, "Oh, the end of war is peace." So you mean that before the wars began, there was peace, and peace led to wars? Some say, "Eliminate the hunger in this world, and there will be peace." Listen, there are people who purposely go hungry trying to lose weight. If you created a "hunger detector" and drove down all the roads in the world with it, and anybody who was hungry would get food shoved in their mouth, would there be peace? You would have more wars.

So we have concepts. It's as though we have a film in front of our eyes, while reality is sweetly dancing. All that you see that is so beautiful will not always be there. This time you have is about the opportunity to be alive. It is not about the semantics of your life. It is not about the circuit diagrams of your existence. It is not about all the other things we allow ourselves to be distracted by. Peace *is*. And peace manifests within the heart of every single human being. That is the only place. Don't look at reality through the eyes of all these formulas. Look through the simplest eyes that you have been given, and what will you see? You will see a perfection, hear a rhythm, discover a magnificence greater than what you could ever imagine. That is what this story is about.



The viewpoint we have latched onto because of our ideas is so different that we are incapable of simply appreciating what *is*—just seeing, understanding the beauty of the breath that comes in and out. It is the simplest act that takes place. It happens naturally. And its existence verifies that you are alive. So powerful is this breath that as long as it is happening, all is well. And if it isn't happening, the story changes.

The coming and going of this breath is a gift. And absolutely, as long as the breath comes into you, all is well indeed. When you feel that simplicity, you can begin to hear the real rhythm of your life. You can appreciate what you have been given, and the story will be complete.

You will be set free when you understand that you do not need the support of all the ideas, that you can just stand on this bridge of life, and that it is solid, good, strong. You can jump on it, and it won't fall down. You will be able to appreciate its strength. And then your heart will fill with gratitude for all that you have been given. And when your heart fills with gratitude, you will have the answers without needing the questions. It gets better and better, because there is no limit to that better, and there is no limit to the ability you have been given to enjoy.

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