

## Home Sweet Home



In this life, there's so much to understand, so much to learn. There are so many things that we measure ourselves by—whether it's age, accomplishments, things that are done, or things undone. But that's not the purpose of this life.

Things happen. People move on, and new people come. It is like the analogy of a home. We all know about home: "Home sweet home," "Welcome home." But what *is* a home? Home is where wonderful things happen. And it is also a place where horrible things happen. If you are lucky, home is where you will take your last breath. This is where, hopefully, you have cultivated a happy environment where you thrive, where you're not inundated with problems. It is truly a place of comfort—not only physical comfort but mental comfort and

the comfort of knowing that you are at home. And the only way a place can become home is if you work on it. It is not which way the door faces. I have seen happiness, comfort, and joy in a hut built of mud, with a thatched roof and a little door that doesn't lock, but the people who live there are comfortable.

Why am I talking about home? This existence is your home. And it is incumbent upon you to make this home as comfortable, peaceful, beautiful as possible. Because in this home, the truest nurturing takes place. Good things happen, and bad things happen. You have to make sure that good things happen there, nurture them, and bring forward the true joy that this home can offer.



This home you have—there will be nothing like it again. I know it is hard to believe that you will be allowed only 15 minutes or so on the most magnificent stage of life. The curtains will not drop shut, but you will be asked to leave, and somebody else will come. And there will be another and another. For most people, this is extremely hard to believe.

I tell people who have lost someone close to them that it's okay. They have not gone anywhere; they are still with you. They live in your memories. You can see them, feel them, think about them. They dance with you; they are with you. Maybe it's not the same, but the companionship continues. Nurture that. Understand that. There is no shame or agony in that. It is the nature of things. Water is happy when it flows. It can play with life. It can harbor other life forms. When water is static, when fresh water is landlocked, it becomes saltier and saltier, and everything in it begins to die. All water wants is to flow, to go back again to being that clean, pure water.



Understand it. Don't fight it. Don't ask, "Why?" because it will never be answered. This gift of life unfolds effortlessly. You don't have to pull on a rope or push a button. This is the time that you have, the consciousness, the opportunity to know. The challenge is to understand the obvious. How? Listen to what the heart has to say. It is not a big philosophy or a big drum; it is a very short little statement: "Be in that existence." Be. Be.

Accept what you have been given. Could there be a miracle in just acceptance—that I simply accept my existence, and something great will happen? Yes. That's the obvious. Accept this breath that you have been given. Look in your heart and see and feel the desire to be content, to be in joy, to make this home as beautiful as you can. You will have to work on this. Garbage *must* go out. Begin with resolving

not to bring the garbage in, because otherwise, you will keep throwing garbage out and bringing it back in. This is what we all do.

This home is so fragile. And yet, it is the very place that will protect you from the storms. It is so delicate and yet so strong that it is almost unbelievable. You may think that all you have to do is decorate it to make it look good. Decoration is okay, but first make sure it is a happy home. The day you find your home within is when you realize you can live without a lot of things. I want your home to be the best for you, and that you really feel at home there. You are here because the blessing of breath comes in and out of you. How magnificent is that? That is the core. And then to be able to feel, to be able to go inside. And let this home be beautiful.

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