

Perfume of God

I go to many different places, and what I talk about is peace. The other day I was thinking, "What is peace?" And I understood something: Peace is the perfume of God. When God is close to you, you smell this perfume. And this perfume is exquisite. It is beautiful. The senses dance, and life in that moment becomes complete. This beautiful aroma, this beautiful perfume, is what this heart desires — again and again and again. Peace and love are funny. The more you have, the more you want. You cannot satisfy yourself by saying, "I felt love once, and so that's enough."



Now, having spoken about the perfume, let me say something about God. Somebody was talking to me about how many religions there are and asked if that is a problem. I said, "Excuse me. God is not the problem. The definitions of God are definitely problematic."

Look at the flower that blooms in the garden. This is what you are. If you desire peace in your life, it is not an accident. If you require fulfillment in your life, it is not an accident. I know there are people who ask, "How can there be peace?" Do you have any options? What I am talking about is real. It's viable, and it can last for the foreseeable future. It's called *peace*.



War is *not* a viable option, and it is *not foreseeable*, because if people keep fighting there'll be only one person left. One. And that's because he was hiding. So, what is this peace I talk about? What is this fulfillment I talk about? The peace that I talk about is the peace that resides in you, that resides in your heart. The reality of your existence is *not* what you think it is.

Some have said, "This body is dirt. And this dirt will one day become dirt again." I know nobody likes to think like that. I don't either. But it puts me in my place. You see, one thing I understand: This is not about me. This is not about my ideas. I want to be the voice of those millions and billions of silent people who pray in their own little way every day and hope — hope and hope and hope silently that one day there will be peace on earth.

The day you begin to accept the sweet reality of *your* existence—underline the *sweet* reality of *your existence*—is the day you will understand the importance of peace.

That day you will begin to understand the simplicity of being alive. That day you will understand what this is about.

You understand the value of money, and you understand it even more these days, now that some of it is gone. When will you understand the value of breath? Why is it that we understand the value of a person only when they go away? Why is it that we understand the value of this breath only when we cannot take one anymore? What *is* the value of this breath? The value of this breath is that it is what allows you to be you and not dirt.

Is that valuable? Yes. And what is it? It is a gift. From whom? From God—the one that cannot be defined. *That* God. So my question to you is this: This breath is a gift from God. In this breath, have you smelled God's perfume? Do you want to? To feel in this breath the presence of peace? To feel this heart rejoice? To see with the simplicity of a child? To understand—not the question, but the answer?



What you are looking for is, and always has been, inside of you. Not somewhere else.

What I am saying did not come from a book; it comes from my heart. And it is not for your mind, but it is for your heart. If you want to know more, you can. If you want to find the peace that I have found, you can. It's all simple. When it gets dark, light the lamp. That's not rocket science, is it? But you've got to know where the lamp is and how to light it while it's still light. Be still. Be still, and you will understand, because with all the movement in this world, there is a magnificent stillness inside of you. You don't have to give up anything. You don't have to give up your religion or your family or your job to find peace inside. It's already within you.

You light incense so that your house will smell good. There is another incense already burning in this house. Smell it. It is the perfume of God. And be content.

Prem Rawat