

When Spring Comes

Here we are in spring. And the tussle is on. On one side, winter does not want to let go of its hold. On the other side, the warmth of summer wants to break in. And this is played out in the skies, the clouds, the lightning, the rainbows, the sun. And on the ground are delicate little plants. They're fragile. Last fall, they gambled. "To survive the winter, we will need to shed our leaves." And they did. The gamble was, "Summer will come again and, when it does, we will be able to put out our leaves and once again become whole."

Now they are prepared, and the slightest hint of summer coming has spurred them to start putting those delicate leaves out again—ready to make that commitment to being complete. My question is, are you ready for the spring in your life? If you are, I have some very good news for you: Spring indeed has come. Bloom! This is not the time to reason or question or argue whether spring has come for real or not. It is not the time to lament that leaves have to be shed again, so what's the point. Do you know that every day you are alive, spring comes? Yes, pain comes, too. What is pain saying to you? "Hello, haven't we been a little unconscious lately? Awaken." When pain comes, people think, "Let's look at this. Let's analyze it." That's not what pain is for. The grinding of the gears inside is because something isn't right.



As a human being, you have a rhythm. And this rhythm says, "Move. March. Go. Move. March. Go." Move. Understand your mortality and be inspired to move on, not stop. Understand also that a part of you is immortal. You're like a sandwich. One part of you, that you have paid a lot of attention to, is the wrong slice of bread. You should have paid attention to the other slice, because this one will disintegrate. That is its nature. Don't let that scare you. Let that inspire you to focus on the part that is truly delicious. And the inspiration to do that resides in your heart. Within you is the drum that plays the beat to know, to understand, to dance to the rhythm of the dance of understanding. "I understand what a gift I have been given. I understand my urge to blossom." The beauty is, spring will come. And when I look at those tiny bright green leaves emerging, I say to myself, "Go. Do it. Don't be threatened. Don't be disheartened because it is cold today. However strong this grip of this cold is, it *will* be broken."



For you, however strong the grip of ignorance is, it will be broken, because the seeker within you is stronger than the sum of all the questions and confusion there is in this world. Such is the drive from inside. And this is the most beautiful drive—to search. If a person searches, I say, "Good. If you search genuinely, you will find the person who will fulfill that quest." It's called the thirst, the thirsty, and the water. Because there is a thirst, there is the thirsty. And because there is the thirsty, water will be found.

Some people go through a lot to find the water. And it will be found, because the water you are looking for is within. You don't have to go to a particular place. You don't have to look for an oasis or a well or birds or anything. Anywhere you are on this desert, every breath is pumping the most incredible water that will quench your thirst, day and night. Look within your heart, and you will find the truest essence of your existence. Look within you, and you will find the most

beautiful waters. Look within you, and you will find your answers to which you don't even have questions. I'm talking about the passion and compassion in this universe and beyond, the most incredible energy that created the sun, the moon, the Earth from dust. From nothing to create everything. To create this Earth with ceilings without pillars, incredible textures of carpet, alive, beautiful, ever-changing. To create a magnificent light, made up of every shade. To create night lights that are unimaginable—the moon, the clouds, the stars, all of it. And for you to have the ability to witness this, not only to see but be able to admire. To make every day and never to make two alike—this is craftsmanship. To make the trees and snowflakes and never two alike. And to make human beings and never two alike.

When the rain pours and pours, remember the magnificence that you have been blessed with. Remember what the possibilities are. Remember that you're part of it all. You're not some abstract, good-for-nothing thing that just happened to be. When the craftsmanship is so good then every bit needs to be looked at and admired, nothing is frivolous. Not a grain of sand, not a leaf, not a snowflake, not a raindrop is out of place. And if you accept that, then you must also accept you're not out of place. See and understand the reality, because it is more beautiful than anything you have imagined. And as spring comes every day in your life, without hesitation, sprout.

Prem Rawat