"Love is an endless mystery
for it has nothing else to explain it."
- Tagore

"Whisper words of wisdom:
let it be."
- Lennon/McCartney

In the beginning of his book, The Final Truth, Ramesh writes,

"The final truth cannot be accepted unless the mind is empty of the ‘me’ and the heart is full of love."

And a few days ago, in our conversation, he told me,

"david – do you want to know how to live life? Let it be! Let it happen. Everything that everyone is ‘doing’ – let it happen!

"Be still, ‘do’ whatever ‘you’ want, and don’t bother about the world!

"Be still. Be still means, don’t think! You see? It’s so simple!"
The past few days, I have been sitting listening during the morning talks; and much of the time there is not even putting meaning to the words. Listening intently, but not with the intellect.

Just being here, in what I call Presence, the one Presence that I am. Reflecting itself in itself without a mirror.

Ramesh talks about ‘the Understanding,’ but This has nothing to do with the mind comprehending anything. I am learning different words, names for Presence; but the knowing, the felt truth, is that it is much, much more intimate, more familiar, than the words ‘Consciousness’ or ‘Truth’ or ‘Source’ can convey. It is the most intimate thing, not in any way separate or distant.

The realization is that even in the many years when I thought I was david, and this intimate Presence was covered, layered over with thinking and with the sense of being an individual self, still even then it has always been here.

Not other. Under the conditioning, around the edges, barely perceived, but nonetheless here. Like a sort of haunting; if I would in any way look at it I would not see it, yet it was here.

Now it is clear and present, always here, always has been, always will be, is not other, is at no distance whatever. This Presence I feel always here, reflecting. It is the thing with which I am most intimate, most familiar. It is my own heart, the Heart of God, overwhelmingly beautiful, overwhelmingly compassionate, overwhelmingly loving.
"You stand inside me
naked infinite Love...

we’re lost where the mind can’t find us,
utterly lost" (Ikkyu)

The human race has no idea what love is.

The other day one of the seekers here was talking about prayer; about the feeling of emptiness or even a feeling of being lost, that comes with a certain intellectual understanding of “Consciousness is all there is,” when it is realized that there is no one to pray to.

There cannot help but be a smile and the feeling, “So what?” Can you see? This realization, and the feeling of emptiness, are perfect love, gift. The sense is that there is always immense gratitude overflowing, pouring, there is no longer any need of anyone or anything to be grateful to. Presence is here. Where else? In Presence, there is the upwelling of love and gratitude pouring in Presence. Reflecting itself in itself without a mirror.

Nothing is wanted. Everything is absolutely perfect. This does not know ‘end.’ Tomorrow David leaves to return to Vermont, but this does not end, because there is nothing separate. Even when David dies, it does not end, because this Presence is more intimate to what I am than ‘David’ is.

It is my own heart, the Heart of Presence, pouring infinite beauty love compassion bliss. The Heart of Infinite All, radiant Brilliance, more intimate than any imagining, is the only reality, the only truth.
Perfect Brilliant Stillness

I am not present;
    what Presence is, I am.
I am not aware;
    what Awareness is, I am.
I do not love;
    what Love is, I am.

There is no 'other'
    which can be liked or disliked.
There can be no 'Other'
    to either thank or implore.

And so I cannot say 'I love'
    but rather 'I am in Love,'
        inside Love.
Where else could I be?
Where else is there?

This book and much more is available free at www.PerfectBrilliantStillness.org