

## SELF-REALIZATION

Time has made you old my friend. Youth and its beauty will come to an end. The soul will be dissolved into a state of "Being, Non-Being." Its essence was there while you were living.

This essence existed before we were born and will exist after we die. This essence was there when we built the pyramids. With the strength of our arms we lifted the columns of the temple, and upon our backs we carried the stones that built the Great Wall.

This essence was there in the teachings of Confucius, Socrates, Plato and Aristotle. It was there when Christ was crucified.

There is in everyone of us the essence of infinite goodness out of His very nature which caused us to exist. And when we leave the earth we are reabsorbed with it, as a raindrop falling from heaven is at last reunited with the ocean which gave it birth.

I AM the Spirit of past, present and future. A Spirit that blows across the water, stirring up the waves as a heart is stirred by the thoughts of love. Moving the ocean to the shore with waves that pulsate a desire to be.

I sat by the seashore and heard the Muses singing the song of eternity. I listened to the Brahma's wisdom; I sat by Buddha under the Tree of Knowledge. Yet here I AM, the breath of life, existing among you.

Hearing your voice is an echo of my voice. Seeing your face is the reflection of my face. The eye with which I see God is the same eye with which God sees me. My eye and God's eye are one eye and one seeing and one knowing and one loving. Love is endless and today's happiness is only a part of it.

The Spirit never dies. The Forest Goddess blooms for a night and then disappears but is not dead. She blossoms again in another part of the forest and exists for another night to bloom again and again.

My sins will be washed away as the autumn leaves fall and are blown away by the spirit of the wind, and disappear. To be lost into the deep calm of eternal "Being, Non-Being."

God who did my soul create, in Thy presence thou refuge take. With this glorious love I swear, youth's beauty is only but fair.

A soul immortal shalt thou awaken to rise youthfully alive from the ashes of death, to live in another time. A resurrection; ever becoming. To wake eternally and death shall be no more.

I shall return, with a gift of love, not hate, a gift of hope not despair, a blessing, not a curse. A gift from the breath of life itself.

We are the essence and the Spirit of the world. We existed before and since time began. You will find this essence everywhere. You and I are the hope of all mankind.

George Rapanos  
( b. 1933 )