



## Who are you without your problems?

**Mooji, I am unable to concentrate on the inquiry, I lose focus easily.**

Yes, you would rather walk to the moon than inquire into yourself!

**My problem is...**

Your problem is not the problem. We love our problems and cannot bear to be without them. They are our illegitimate children, demanding so much attention and we readily give it to them. Perhaps we feel bored without them. Who are you without your problems?

Mind makes all this fuss. You are neither the mind nor its activities.

**How do I stop the mind?**

Don't stop the mind, leave it be. Ignore it and remain as Self.

**It won't allow me.**

Listen to this: A man has been taking driving lessons and can now tackle the main road. One morning, he is driving on the highway alongside his instructor and it begins to rain.

The instructor advises the man to switch on the windscreen wipers, but as soon as the wipers start moving, the driver's attention begins to follow them and the car is now swerving from side to side along the road. Other drivers begin tooting their horns thinking the driver is drunk!

"Can we turn the wipers off? They are distracting me," asks the learner.

"Keep your eyes on the road alone and the wipers will not distract you," the instructor advises.

"I think I need to at least go to the slow lane," requests the driver.

"No," says the instructor firmly. "Only focus on the road."

"I can't!" says the man frustrated. "My eyes go involuntarily with their movement. Could we switch them off?"

"No. You must learn to drive with them on," the instructor points out. "Focus only on the road."

"But it's too dangerous! I can't keep the car straight!" says the man.

"No. Stay focused on the road only, ignore the wipers."

"But it's too dangerous! I

will crash!" the man exclaims.

Other drivers are now shouting and swearing at the man, "Get off the road, you drunk!"

The rain is now torrential, and the instructor pushes the wipers up to full speed.

"Simply focus on the road alone. Relax."

The driver, although very anxious, trusts the instruc-

**Remain the neutral observer rather than focusing on your thoughts or apparent problems**

tor's calm voice. Gradually, the car straightens up as the driver is somehow able to hold his attention on the road despite the wipers swishing at full speed. The driver relaxes; now there is no distraction caused by the moving wipers.

It is the same here with you. 'Focus on the road' means to stay focused as the neutral observer rather than focusing on your thoughts, surrounding conditions or apparent problems. Remain as the observer. Don't follow the mind flow. You are not this mind flow. Keep the attention inside the awareness.

**What a beautiful example!**

The driver did not learn to focus by adopting a technique, by chanting mantras or by practicing yoga and meditation.

He simply trusted his teacher's advice, applied it, and focus simply happened. Initially, trust, effort and grace are all required for the attention to remain merged in the Self. Now you carry on by doing the same.

Excerpted from a discourse by Mooji (Anthony Paul Moo-Young), a disciple of Sri H W L Poonja or Papaji. More on [www.mooji.org](http://www.mooji.org)



## The four stages of pain

**T**he servant of God was born in Judaea, but he came to maturity among the Arabs. India's joy is in the servant-lover.

416. Perfect love casts out fear; but still keep thou some tender shadow and memory of the exile and it will make the perfection more perfect.

417. Thy soul has not tasted God's entire delight if it has never had the joy of being His enemy, opposing His designs and engaging with Him in mortal combat.

418. If you cannot make God love you, make Him fight you. If He will not give you the embrace of the lover, compel Him to give you the embrace of the wrestler.

419. My soul is the captive of God, taken by Him in battle; it still remembers the war, though so far from it, with delight and alarm and wonder.

420. Most of all things on earth I hated pain till God hurt and tortured me; then it was revealed to me that pain is only a perverse and recalcitrant shape of excessive delight.

421. There are four stages in the pain God gives to us; when it is only pain; when it is pain that cause pleasure; when it is pain that is pleasure; and when it is pain that is pleasure and when it is purely a fiercer form of delight.

422. Even when one has climbed up into those

levels of bliss where pain vanishes, it still disguised as intolerable ecstasy.

423. When I was

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mounting upon ever higher crests of His joy, I asked myself whether there was no limit to the increase to bliss and almost I grew afraid of

God's embraces.

424. The next greatest rapture to the love of God, is the love of God in men; there, too, one has the joy of multiplicity.

425. For monogamy may be the best for the body, but the soul that loves God in men dwells here always as the boundless and ecstatic polygamist; yet all the time — that is the secret — it is in love with only one being.

426. The whole world is my seraglio and every living being and inanimate existence in it is the instrument of my rapture.

427. I did not know for some time whether I loved Krishna best or Kali; when I loved Kali,

it was loving myself, but when I loved Krishna, I loved another, and still it was my Self with whom I was in love. Therefore I came to love Krishna better even than Kali.

428. What is the use of admiring Nature or worshipping her as a power, a Presence and a goddess? What is the use, either, of appreciating her aesthetically or artistically? The secret is to enjoy her with the soul as one enjoys a woman with the body.



Excerpt from the book *Essays Divine and Human* by Sri Aurobindo

## Be the master of your time

**I** have always found it ironic that so many people say they would do anything for a little more time everyday and yet they squander the time they already have.

Time is life's great leveler. We all have the same allotment of twenty-four hours in a day. What separates the people who create great lives from the rest is how they use these hours.

Most of us live as if we have an infinite amount of time to do all the things we know we must do to live a full and rewarding life. And so we procrastinate and put the achievement of our dreams on hold while we tend to those daily emergencies that fill up our days. This is a certain recipe for a life of regret. As novelist Paul Bowles once wrote:

...because we don't know (when we will die) we get to think of life as an inexhaustible well. Yet everything happens only a certain number of times, and a very small number, really. How many more times will you remember a certain afternoon of your childhood, some afternoon that's so deeply a



**Don't let people waste this most precious of commodities (your time) and invest it only in those activities that truly count**

part of your being that you can't even conceive of your life without it? Perhaps four or five times more. Perhaps not even that. How many more times will you watch the

full moon rise? Perhaps twenty. And yet it all seems limitless.

Commit yourself to managing your time more effectively. Develop a keen sense of awareness about

how important your time really is. Don't let people waste this most precious of commodities and invest it only in those activities that truly count.



Excerpt from *Who Will Cry When You Die* by Robin Sharma. [www.robinsharma.com](http://www.robinsharma.com)

## The pattern of an idea

**I**f you say, "How am I to save energy?" Then you have created a pattern of an idea — how to save it — and then conduct your life according to that pattern; therefore, there begins again a contradiction.

Whereas if you perceive for yourself where your energies are being wasted, you will see that the principal force causing the waste is conflict, which is having a problem and never resolving it, living with a deadly memory of something gone, living in tradition.

One has to understand the nature of the dissipa-

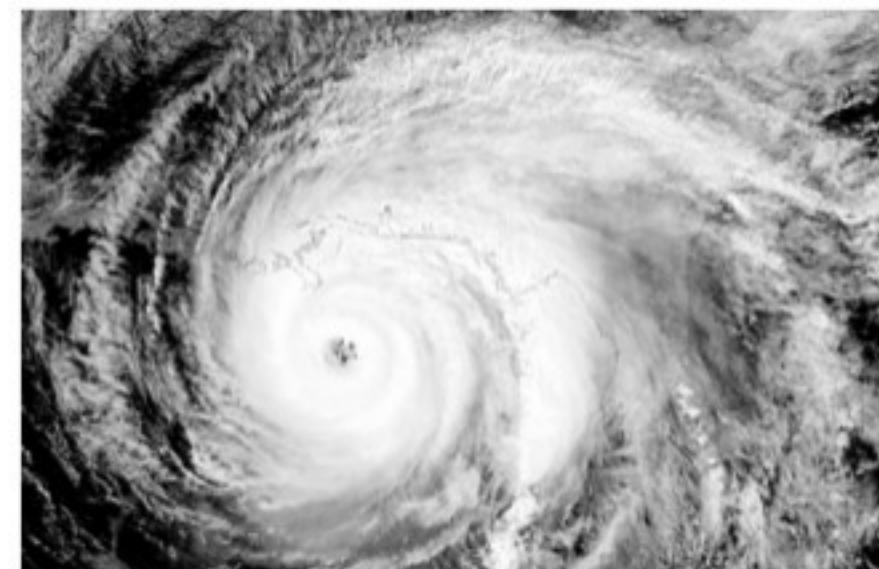
tion of energy, and the understanding of the dissipation of energy is not according to Shankara, Buddha or some saint, but the actual observation of one's daily conflict in life.

So the principal waste of energy is conflict which doesn't mean that you sit back and be lazy.

Conflict will always exist as long as the idea is more important than the fact.



Excerpt from *The Book of Life* by Jiddu Krishnamurti.



### WORDS OF WISDOM



"Is it possible for home to be a person and not a place?"  
— Stephanie Perkins, *Anna and the French Kiss*



"I live in my own little world. But its ok, they know me here."  
— Lauren Myracle



"It was good to walk into a library again; it smelled like home."  
— Elizabeth Kostova, *The Historian*



"How often have I lain beneath rain on a strange roof, thinking of home."  
— William Faulkner



"Perhaps home is not a place but simply an irrevocable condition."  
— James Baldwin, *Giovanni's Room*



"I love cats because I enjoy my home; and little by little, they become its visible soul."  
— Jean Cocteau