

A WORD FROM OUR TEACHER

For some days we had been away. Meanwhile the long dry spell had culminated in a beautiful rain. While yet the skies were bestowing their rich offering upon the thirsting earth, we returned to our dwelling place. On all sides, almost hiding the house, were our old friends the trees; eucalyptus, pepper, orange, olive, avacado and palm, with a variety of shrubbery between. That night after the hour of human communion had passed, and the soft darkness had assumed its reign over all, the trees spoke, and their voices were heard.

They spoke, not as men speak, nor as animals, but in so very soft and gentle voices, such as may be heard only in the matrix of a deep silence. The stillness was humming its ever-beautiful song with the muted orchestral accompaniment of the rain. Then within this music I became aware of another song, and I knew it to be the pean of the trees. And a very sweet music it was, reverberating upon the sounding-board of the heart. It was very nearly like the Voice of the Great Silence, easily lost, hard to distinguish. It sang of an age-old life fluttering at the edge of consciousness, thrilling with a gently excited expectancy while facing the adventure of outward-born life. It sang the song of deep brooding, as of a mother of endless patience bringing forth a child of unutterable tenderness, and of a sweetness that needs must melt the heart of all who heard. It sang of a strength well able

to guard and sustain even the older children of life, and this with a benevolence, knowing no measure. Within the song was a yearning, ever-spreading and upward-reaching toward the supernal and limitless fount of the Diviner Life. This song sang through me and enfolded me in a joy not unlike a faint undertone of the Great Joy of the Eternal.

Yogi
12-12-37

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9-8-1942