

Easter Greetings

Over and over my Murshida gave me the lesson, but I heard her not. Far from her present she sent me, and there I heard her every word.

God with all His Majesty and Beauty is most humble. Even by His Love and Self-sacrifice were this world and all that is therein created.

Words of mirth come seldom from a jokesmith's mouth. The more from his tongue, the less in his pocket. There is a lesson in this for thee, man!

Spiritual growth comes from attunement. We are the vinas, meditation is the method of adjusting the strings and God Himself is the player.

My Murshida instructed me: if anyone knocked on the door, not to open it; but when one knocked I did.

Metamorphosis. The caterpillar is the ugliest even among worms, but after he has gone into the silence (pupal stage), he emerges a beautiful butterfly.