

SATSANG BY GURURAJ ANANDA YOGI

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WHAT IS THE PURPOSE OF LIFE?

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Editor: The chela asks, if all of this is an illusion, then is there any purpose to it? Of all of our many cravings and attachments that bind us to this illusory play of the world, none is more subtle and persuasive than our need for a purpose. We want to know, why is all of this happening? Why is it all happening to me? Isn't there some higher meaning and purpose to it all? Don't all my troubles and struggles have some ultimate purpose and some ultimate goal? Gururaj answers us with a paradox. Life itself has no purpose. But it is not purposeless. The purpose we create in our hopes and fantasies are what we add to life. But life is its own purpose. Life just IS. And in it's IS-ness, we find our true purpose.

GURURAJ ANANDA YOGI:

If none of this is really happening anyway, what is the purpose of life? Could life be purposeless? And should we try and find purpose in this purposelessness, so that the nothingness of life becomes something? After all, who makes life into something? Isn't it we ourselves, with our mental meanderings, who add importance to living, life and to existence? There lies the purpose in purposelessness. Without purpose you cannot exist. Yet this existence by itself, in its own beingness, does not have any pretense of a purpose at all.

Purpose is added by ourselves to all the things we do, and then we get messed up trying to find too much purpose in it. It is our own thoughts and thinking that makes a purpose out of nothing. When we go beyond this stage we can regard life just to be life, without any purpose. According to our imagination, the greatest purpose we have is to reach a goal. But imagine this: where is it that you can reach? You have already reached there. You are here. You are already the totality of all existence.

If you would say, "I have to realize that I am all existence," then purpose disappears. Then there's no purpose at all to life, because you are it all. But when you find the shortcoming within yourself to say I have a goal to reach then you indulge in the factor of purpose. And the factor of purpose is factoring purposelessness into purpose. So, we are chasing rainbows, aren't we? The rainbow's there, so beautiful, with all its seven colors that begin nowhere and end nowhere. But within your thoughts, you think there is a golden pot there, where there's no golden pot at all. The rainbow is only seen through the prism of your mind, for it does not exist. So, those that think that life is purposeful are chasing rainbows. But behind it all, there is that white light, and through the prism of that light, we see all the varied colors of which life is constituted.

So, where do we go? From purposelessness to purposefulness and then back again to purposelessness. That's the cycle. But I do not think I would be able to exist if I can't hold Sujay in my arms or mother there or my beloveds here. To hold them so close to my bosom and make them feel the beat which is beating within me, and to merge, at the same time, into the beating of their hearts-- so that there's a beautiful unity in which I will flow and flow and flow to express that divine love, as Loretta expresses her divinity in her paintings.

When some of you express your entirety in cooking a dish to feed yourself and your guru, who are you feeding really? You are feeding divinity. You are feeding none else, none else, none else. You are the one which is the sustenance of the embodiment of divinity. Thou, Lord, the sustainer may thou be-- but remember this, that I sustain thee. So, where is the problem of the sustainer and sustenance? When you melt away into that beauty, you just float away, and you do not care where you are. Then the entirety of all the oceans and the vast blue sky, the swaying grass, the trees, the flowers, are all sustaining you. Look at those trees out there. They are absorbing all the carbon dioxide, all the poisons that you breathe out. And by breathing the tree is sacrificing itself by taking in the carbons and exuding from itself the oxygen that makes you live.

Where is the difference? You see, there is no difference in anything. There is always a dependency from one to the other. Everything that seems to have no meaning becomes meaningful to us because we are mixed up in meaninglessness and meaningfulness. So, where is your attention? You have these do-gooders, and what are they doing? Ego feeding. The true doer of good does not make himself apparent at all. He just does what is to be done without even being conscious of what he is doing. So from the vast Jungian collective unconsciousness, we

find conscious existence. And yet Jung just talks a lot of bull. When everything is conscious, where is the place for collective unconsciousness? We could never exist and the entire universe could never exist without consciousness. The very existence of oneself, or all that is around you, is composed of nothing else but consciousness. Everything is conscious.

Would you believe me if I tell you that even this chair is listening to me? It has its own consciousness, although it might not be able to imbibe the wine of my song as you would. With my words, I'll make you drunk, intoxicated, with the glory of that which is existence itself. You live only in the reflection of true existence. You are only a reflection of that which is. You're looking in the mirror, and you think things are wrong. Do you know why? It is because in the mirror image your right side seems to be the left side, and your left side seems to be the right side. And I've seen mirrors that make you seem topsy-turvy. These are the mirrors you must install in your hearts to realize that you are damn topsy-turvy. Just stand up straight, that's all! Know the beauty of the little child's voice there. How beautiful! What a symphony it is! Just to merge away in the gurgle of the mother's breast or in the cry of the babe.

The child does not cry because it is unhappy. The child cries because it is happy and it recognizes the happiness within. Yet it has to cry, having been brought into so-called unhappiness. Look at the conflict that exists within the boundaries of its own particular formation of consciousness, limited though it is. But that little baby is more conscious of divinity than you are. There is that innocence, there is that purity. Forever I will pray that Lord, regress me back to my childhood, so, child-like, I could just be and find that beauty. I do not need to think about it. I do not need to analyze it. I do not want to ask the wherefore and why of my existence. In the beatitude of the child's innocence, I would recognize my divinity within me. That is what it's all about; that is the secret of life. Everyone carries within himself a baseball bat, but they have not learned how to conk their heads with this bat they carry with themselves. Get conked, and the beautiful stars are there. Get conked from your unconsciousness to true consciousness, wherein you will cognize that everything is divine.

I don't know if you've noticed, but whenever I look at your faces I just melt away in you. I do not feel my existence, but I just feel the existence of thee. So, let me die to be alive in you, and therein I would find true consciousness within myself as well as within you. Do you blame this boy for loving you so much? There's the height of your creative ability. There is the height of your love, which is forever creating and re-creating yourself. There is the power of my pen to

write immortal poetry or my painting. Because I am lost; I am not there. I'm merged into my brush and the paint that flows from it. I become unconscious of the colors that I mix. So, what am I doing? I'm just portraying myself, through these various mediums, to find one thing; and that one thing is me. Then a whole train of questions follows. Who is this me? Who am I? What am I? Where do I come from? Where do I go? In the final realization, I will find, as you too all will find, that you have come from nowhere and you are going nowhere. You are eternal, immortal. The immortal self (that is) totally conscious of the entire universe. Just climb the steps and to go upstairs and see the vast panorama around you. You get taken in by its beauty. You get taken in by its solitariness; in your own solitude. That is where everything has to reach.

Life is illusory and yet not illusory; illusions are created by ourselves. With illusion there is disillusion; so dissolve and there are no illusions. Dissolve within yourself and become disillusioned.. Move away from illusion into reality, which is forever and ever-existent within you and outside of you. For everything is true; even the opposites merge at a certain time into their own truthfulness, where all illusions cease-- where the lover and the beloved just merge into oneness, keeping me up till six in the morning in a divine mergence. Where even time is lost, space is lost. What is there but that loving embrace that takes you away, away from yourself? There is the secret of non-existence in existence, for they are the same. It is where you put your emphasis. This chair exists for me and at the same time, it does not exist. If I break it up into its molecular structure, this chair will not have form. But having created the structure, I can appreciate the form. When I think deeper, I still realize and know the formlessness in form, the nameless in the name, the love in the beloved.

That is what you are, that is what I am; nameless with name, formless with form. To find the beauty of the co-existence of the name with the nameless, and the form with the formless; is the true Maya of existence. Maya does not only mean illusion. The true meaning of Maya is the attachment that one has to anything. For that matter, I'm attached to my Sujay, seeing his form and his beauty, radiating and so vibrant. Then at the same time, I forget the form; I only imbibe within myself his vibrancy, and that is love. That love requires no form and no name if you reach the core of that pulsation. And all things vibrant are pulsating all the time in name and form, the outer appearance. So, what is Maya and what is not Maya? What is illusion and what is not illusion? To have a deep belief that nothing exists, all is Maya, does not make the world turn. Take everything to be Maya in its own particular form of reality. Appreciate the Maya-ish reality,

and yet be above it all. Say that this existence is not created by me at all, that it has found its own existence, within itself, and I am a part of this Maya-ish world and I am above it all.

These are simple secrets of life and loving; I wonder why people suffer? It needs just a slight turn of the attention. Maya, I accept you as my beloved. But at the same time, I see within you a greater power, a greater force, a greater Maya that attracts me more than the outward Maya. So, do I love you as your outward form? No. That is the by-product of my love for you, of your inner form, the formless form, that exudes itself and forms itself into the outward-ness of yourself so that I can hold and cuddle and kiss and worship at your feet. You are that which represents: the form represents the formless. First, I am in love with the formless. But to bring it down in tangible terms there is the creation of form, which begins with my mind creating your form. You are not creating it by yourself; that is why people find someone so beautiful and another person so ugly. With me it does not work that way; everything is just beautiful. Look at my beloved one there; so self-composed and so beautiful. Look at my other beloved one there, look at every one of you-- so, so, divine and so beautiful. Can this boy help it if I just merge away into you? I can't help it. Because it is me, knowing the formless, to be able to merge into the formless; to keep you happy. My mind creates the form to make you realize that you are the form and the formless, as I am too. Do you see how much we have in common with each other? We combine the form with the formless and each has its own particular existence.

Who is it who can recognize, who can discriminate the form and the formlessness, the existence and the existence-lessness? It is the one who has conquered all the universes. That person takes a step at a time. When he is in existence, he lives like existence, and when he is in non-existence he becomes non-existent, too. That is self-realization. In everything, existence or not, there's so much joy to be found in its own particular self. So, therefore, I just cannot understand why some people are unhappy. There's no necessity for you, my beloveds, to be unhappy at all. What necessity is there? Dive into those beautiful, cooling waters of ecstasy and all else shall be added unto thee. That which others have called the Kingdom of Heaven I call the kingdom of ecstasy. There, everything is found; the minuteness of things of that which is minute-lessness.

Do you see the meaning of it all? Meaninglessness is a bit different from meaningfulness. In the first word, you are taking with the “less”, you are taking out the “fullness” which is there. But it is only in the fullness, like the full moon, that you can see the shadows in the moon, those

crevices, the mountains existing in the moon-- and yet it is shimmering and shining bright. It would not do that if the mountains in the moon were not there. For they act as deflectors to be able to give that shimmering light, to give it its own personal character of beauty. Therefore, the moon needs its mountains and crevices, its hills and valleys and dales. It needs them, so why should you not need them also? You need them too, so enjoy them; enjoy the joy of everything existent. It is all alive.

And remember this, it first must live in you to find its existence outside. The observer sees his own mental creations around him all the time. Two people can look at an object and they will not see the object in the same light. There will be some differences because everyone's perceptions differ according to their own personal patternings. All existence is within yourself and is subjected to your personal interpretation. So, it is not you who is looking outside. You are looking in and finding the reflection outside; you're looking in. When a clear reflection is not found, then what should you do? You sweep away the dirt of samskaras; you clean the mirror of your mind. And when you do that, the entire existence assumes a different form.

What I'm saying is that through the form of appearance we try and make ourselves happy, and that is not the basis of happiness. It's a conception of happiness and not happiness itself. Do you see that? What we regard to be happiness is just conceptions. Let's say that you buy a new car which is brown, and you change your mind and want to buy a white one. What was the difference between the brown car and the white car? It's the same model. It is just a question of appearance. That one is colored brown and the other is colored white. One has a light brown upholstery, the other one has a blue one. But you're still going to sit in the same damn seat! And one is just as comfortable as the other because it's the same make of car. And what purpose does the car serve? Is to take you from point A to point B. That is the purpose of the car and not the purpose of its appearance. Do you see the truth that lies here? But you might buy the car for the sake of its appearance and after three or four weeks of driving it you do not notice the appearance anymore. It's like giving a child a bicycle. He'll enjoy it for the first few weeks and after that it's just a bicycle. That's all it is, and that's how it should be, because then you are not forming an attachment. All appearance is a reflection of your attachment to appearance and not to reality. That is maya. That is the greatest illusion. People say so many things about maya. Appearance is maya; nothing else. Appearance is the greatest illusion. It's like a piece of crystal. You put a pink flower behind the crystal and the crystal appears pink, a yellow one and it appears

yellow, and something blue and the crystal appears blue. Yet, the crystal in itself is colorless. So, maya, or illusion, comes about with the things you attach to it. Otherwise it's just all clear. Pure in its own purity, in its pristine purity. That's how it works.

Tell me the truth about time or space. What do you mean by that? How can you take time? How can you take space? Isn't this also a form of self-deception or a misconception of eternity? When you are dividing time up into fifteen or twenty minutes, isn't that again just another illusion? Existence itself knows of no time, space or causation. Time, space, and causation are creations of your own thought patternings. There is nothing there. The truth of existence is the void. But on the blankest screen of the void, your projector, with the film in it, produces all the images. And you get sucked into these images, which the projector of your mind projecting upon a totally white screen. You get sucked into it, and you cry with these imaginary non-existent characters and their heartbreaks, and the togetherness and even samurai fights! While some of you go on space odysseys where there is no space at all!

It is we who are doing all this. We actually make the world function. We are the creators of this world, nobody else, and we create it according to our own personal understanding. Otherwise, the screen is blank. And that is reality; the void that you merge into, where there are no reflections or projections, nothing to make you feel attached with your feelings or emotions. You become devoid of feelings and emotions because they are superfluous, on the surface alone, superimposed upon the void of life. Happy is the one who can say to himself, "*I am nothing; from nothingness, I came to merge back again into nothingness.*" And that nothingness is the everythingness, the reality of life. For all your feelings, emotions, and thoughts, and the patternings and the samskaras and impressions, they are all created by the stupid little mind. I don't know why they gave such a high position to the mind to be up there; it should instead be in one's backside. It stinks!

Nirvana, self-realization, or merging into divinity, is to find again that void that is devoid of all the superimpositions and all the trappings that are constituting your world in its non-reality. That is your illusion. How much am I real to you? Tell me that. This body, this soft flesh, this beating heart, that smile, that gesture. Is that the reality you seek in me or in anyone else? They are the creation of your mind. That's how you see me—through the colorations of your mind. But you do not see me in my true essence, just as you do not see anyone else, either. I'm just using me as an example, but what I see in others is beyond any verbal description; it is beyond

verbalization. How can I verbalize all that which is so, so divine? How can I verbalize it? I would be insulting it to put it in verbal form. Verbalization, too, is the coloration of the mind, and all the colors that the mind produces are illusionary. The colors are real, but the production of them is unreal; and how they delude you.

I remember an example of how we get so confused. There was a blue backdrop where I was sitting to be photographed, and when the photograph was developed, it looked green. The people there were puzzling their little heads over it. How come in the photograph the blue backdrop turned green? I let them go on, and let them have their little fun; the boys must play with their toys. Then I said, "*It's so simple. The emanation of the gold light, which is there all the time, mixed with blue would produce the effect of green.*" So simple! But we give the boys a run for their money. It's fun. Let the mind work; let it work. Let it think; until the mind can become thoughtful in thoughtlessness. Remember this! Functioning at its highest speed and not knowing of its function. Only then can you stand apart from the functioning and watch it play. How beautiful it is to stand outside a children's playground and watch the children playing, while you are sitting on the bench there. How beautiful; some laugh, some cry, some fall, hurting their shins and their knees, scrapes and bruises. But it is nice; in spite of the scrapes and bruises, there is the joy in the twinkle of their eyes. They shine with that extra-terrestrial beauty of childlikeness. Wonderful! That is the beauty that has to be captured within yourself and not in your imaginings.

To know one's true self is to know the entirety of this little universe we live in. There are universes upon universes; there is not only one universe. When we use the word, *universe*, we are using it more figuratively to mean the All-ness of manifestation or creation. They all work in cycles; universes and universes. All existence becomes beginningless and endless. They are all there, all the time, functioning within themselves. They function by the primordial power that they possessed at the beginning. When this power slows down and the motion slows, it goes back into *pralay* until it regenerates and rejuvenates to become alive again. Whatever is happening out there is happening within you. It is the same principles; the same inevitable, immutable laws, forever (happening) in that which is known to be existence. The only thing we must know is existence in its own true value and not in our imaginary values of existence. When we go into our imaginary values, we are creating illusions. That's what it is all about. You look so beautiful, my beloved; so lovely. How can I tell you all how much I love and love? I think the beauty of it

is not being able to tell you how much I love. There lies the beauty. The greatest things in life will always remain unsaid.