

'RESURRECT' while you are alive. If you don't, death will claim you!



The 'Hour Glass' on my office desk constantly reminds me that *life is slipping away moment by moment!* Growing age, declining health, rising anxieties, pending worries; of mine as well as of my loved ones, push me to the edge and make me question **the validity and substance of life!**

Very often, I have a repeated dream, in which I see a long ladder that has its upper rungs lost in the clouds. Urged by an irrepressible desire, I begin to climb and it's a difficult climb; with each rung requiring greater effort. I realize that I am not the only climber, but **there are an infinite number of ladders and endless number of people climbing upwards.** My breathing grows strained as I climb higher...a feeling of suffocation and choking overtakes. And finally when I reach the last rung and turn around, I find that there is no one around and there is no ladder either. *And then the fall, the descent from that great height begins!* And sure enough, it is my death. **And the shock of that death invariably awakens me.**

Since the first time I have had this dream, life has seemed nothing more to me than an extension of that dream. The mad rush, the tensions, the worries, the disappointments, the useless achievements...it's nothing, but death stalking me! *Is this what LIFE is all about, I wonder? There must be more to life than this, my soul cries!*

"Truly, truly, I tell you, unless a grain of wheat falls to the ground and dies, it remains only a seed; but if it dies, it bears much fruit." (John 12:24) We are unable to grasp the meaning of life because we have confined all our efforts to **perfecting the seed alone.** But realizing the true nature of life by experiencing what is inside is a question of the utmost importance. A seed has a hard outer shell to protect the fragile, living seedling inside. The outer covering is not the living sprout and because we mistake the outer wrapping for the inner seed, we never come to know the real fountain of life that is encased inside the shell. **The fact is that if the seed has to sprout, the outer shell has to break open and vanish into the earth.**

A human being is the seed of God, but how can a seed know the fullness of its realized potential, unless it grows into a tree? The seed can never know that the rays of the rising sun will dance on its leaves and that the gentle breezes will sing through its branches. That the flowers will grace the branches, surpassing even the beauty of the stars that twinkle in the sky. That the birds will joyfully nest in its branches, singing their songs of happiness. That it will give peaceful shade to weary travellers. **The seed is unconscious of all this joy, of all this satisfaction, until it becomes a tree.**

Once a Guru dreamt about some people he used to know who had died. They were wearing the same clothes they had been wearing when they died, and they were surrounded by the same thoughts and had the same prejudices in their minds as when they died. Everything in life had changed, but they had not changed at all. The Guru asked them why it was so. They laughed and said, *"Dead people never change. We are always constant in our thoughts. In the world of the dead, there is nothing like change; our doctrines are forever. The concept of change exists only in life."* The Guru said, *"But in life too, there are people who never change. Their doctrines are forever and they too have their eyes closed toward change, so that they are not affected by the concept of change. So, in the same way, aren't there some people in your world too who might be changing?"* All the dead people said in unison, *"No, no, no. How can that happen here? Here, we are all dead, no one is living. But, yes, this can happen in the world of the living, because some people die before dying."*

Friends, each moment is taking us closer to death's victory. And no matter what we do, unless we decide to live a **RESURRECTED LIFE**, this victory is already decided. Property, power, fame - all these count for nothing in the wake of death's triumph. This Easter, the Resurrected Lord asks us **to AWAKEN while there is still time**, to experience the light of spiritual awakening and to let our seedling rise upward like a tree and know that Life never ends and Love never dies! **HAPPYEASTER!**

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