

WHEN RABBI BIRNHAM LAY DYING, HIS WIFE BURST INTO TEARS.
HE SAID, 'WHAT ARE YOU CRYING FOR?
MY WHOLE LIFE WAS ONLY THAT I MIGHT LEARN HOW TO DIE.'

RABI BIRNHAM ALIPOKUWA AMELALA AKIFA, MKEWE ALILIPUKA MACHOZI, YEYE
AKASEMA, 'UNALILIA KITU GANI?
MAISHA YANGU YOTE YALIKUWA NI TU KWAMBA INGALINIPASAJE KUJIFUNZA
JINSI GANI YA KUFA.'

LIFE is in living. It is not a thing, it is a process. There is no way to attain to life except by living it, except by being alive, by flowing, streaming with it. If you are seeking the meaning of life in some dogma, in some philosophy, in some theology, that is the sure way to miss life and meaning both.

UZIMA upo katika kuishi. Si kitu, ni mchakato. Hakuna namna ya kufikia kuupata uzima isipokuwa kwa kuuishi, isipokuwa kwa kuwa mzima, kwa kutiririka, kupita mkondo mmoja na huo. Ikiwa unatafuta maana ya uzima katika dogma, katika falsafa fulani, kwenye teoljia fulani, huko kwa hakika ni namna ya kuvikosa vyote viwili uzima na maana.

Life is not somewhere waiting for you, it is happening in you. It is not in the future as a goal to be arrived at, it is herenow, this very moment -- in your breathing, circulating in your blood, beating in your heart. Whatsoever you are is your life, and if you start seeking meaning somewhere else, you will miss it. Man has done that for centuries. Concepts have become very important, explanations have become very important -- and the real has been completely forgotten. We don't look to that which is already here, we want rationalisations.

Uzima hauko mahala fulani ukikusubiri, unatukia kuendelea katika wewe. Hauko kunako mbele wakati kama vile lengo la mwisho lakufikiwa, ni uko hapa-sasa, wakati huu huu – katika kupumua kwako, ukizunguka damuni mwako, kudunda moyoni mwako. Chochote vile ulivyo wewe ni uzima wako, na ikiwa utanza kuitafuta maana kungineko, utaikosa. Mtu amekuwa akifanya hivyo kwa makarne. Dhana na dhana zimekuja kuwa muhimu sana, maelezo yamekuwa muhimu sana – na kile halisi kimesahaulika kabisa kabisa. Hatuangukii kile kilichopo tayari hapa, tuna kule kutaka kujiuliza uliza na kujijibu jibu akilini.

I have heard a very beautiful story.

Nimepata kukisikia kisa cha kupendeza.

Some years ago a successful American had a serious identity crisis. He sought help from psychiatrists but nothing came of it, for there were none who could tell him the meaning of life -- which is what he wanted to know. By and by he learned of a venerable and incredibly wise guru who lived in a mysterious and most inaccessible region of the Himalayas. Only that guru, he came to believe, would tell him what life meant and what his role in it ought to be. So he sold all his worldly possessions and began his search for the all-knowing guru. He spent eight years wandering from village to village throughout the Himalayas in an effort to find him. And then one day he chanced upon a shepherd who told him where the guru lived and how to reach the place. It took him almost a year to find him, but he eventually did. There he came upon his guru, who was indeed venerable, in fact well over one hundred years old. The guru consented to help him, especially when he learned of all the sacrifices the man had made towards this end. 'What can I do for you, my son?' asked the guru. 'I need to know

the meaning of life,' said the man.

Miaka kadhaa nyuma bwana mmoja Mmarekani mwenyemafanikio alikuwa na tatizo kubwa la kutojing'amua uyeye wake. Alitafuta msaada kote kwa matabibu wa maradhi ya akili na hakuna chochote kilichojitokeza, kwani hakukuwa na hata mmoja ambaye angaliweza kumwambia maana ya maisha – kitu ambacho yeye alitaka kujua. Kidogo kidogo akaja kutia akilini kuwapo kwa guru anayeheshimiwa sana na mwenye busara aliyekuwa akiishi maisha yasiyojulikana vizuri na sehemu isiyofikika ya milima ya Himalayasi. Ni guru huyo pekee, yeye alikuja kujisadikisha, atalimwambia maisha yana maana gani na yeye nafasi yake katika hayo ni inapaswa kuwaje. Hivyo akauza kila kilicho chake cha kidunia na kuanza kumtafuta guru mjua-yote. Aliitumia miaka nane akitangatanga kijiji hadi kijiji kote kwenye milima ya Himalayasi katika jitihada za kumpata yeye. Na kisha siku moja kwa bahatisha tu kwa mchungakondoo ambaye alimwambia aliko guru na namna ya kukufikia mahala. Ilimchukua karibia mwaka kumpata lakini mwishowe alifanikiwa. Hapo akafika kwa guru wake, ambaye kwa hakika alikuwa akipewa sana heshima, ambaye kiukweli apata umri wa kuzidi miaka mia moja. Guru aliridhia kumsaidia, hususani alipotia akilini yote ya mtu kujitoa muhanga hadi mwisho wake. 'Nikufanyie lipi, mwanangu? Aliuliza guru. ' Nahitaji kujua maana ya maisha,' alisema bwana.

To this the guru replied, without hesitation, 'Life,' he said, 'is a river without end.' 'A river without end?' said the man in a startled surprise. 'After coming all this way to find you, all you have to tell me is that life is a river without end?' The guru was shaken, shocked. He became very angry and he said, 'You mean it is not?'

Kwa hili guru akamjibu, pasipo kusita, 'Maisha.' akasema. 'ni mto usio na mwisho.' 'Mto usio na mwisho?' akasema bwana huku na kigugumizi cha kutatizwa na mshangao. 'Baada ya kuja kote huku kukutafuta, ulichonacho kuniambia ni tu kwamba maisha ni mto usio na mwisho? Guru alitetemeka na kushtushwa. Akawa na hasira na kusema, 'Unamaanisha hayako hivyo?'

Nobody can give you the meaning of your life. It is your life, the meaning has also to be yours. Himalayas won't help. Nobody except you can come upon it. It is your life and it is only accessible to you. Only in living will the mystery be revealed to you. The first thing I would like to tell you is: don't seek it anywhere else. Don't seek it in me, don't seek it in scriptures, don't seek it in clever explanations -- they all explain away, they don't explain. They simply stuff your empty mind, they don't make you aware of what is. And the more the mind is stuffed with dead knowledge, the more dull and stupid you become. Knowledge makes people stupid; it dulls their sensitivity. It stuffs them, it becomes a weight on them, it strengthens their ego but it does not give light and it does not show them the way. It is not possible.

Hakuna mtu awezaye kukupa maana ya maisha yako. Ni maisha yako, maana haina budi kuwa ya kwako vile vile. Himalayasi haitasaidia. Hakuna mtu isipokuwa wewe mwenyewe awezaye kuikaribia. Ni maisha yako na inaweza kufikiwa na wewe. Ni kwa kuishi tu fumbo lake litafunuka kwako. Kitu cha kwanza ningependa kukwambia ni: usiitafute kungine kokote. Usiitafute kwangu, usiitafute kwenye maandiko, usiitafute katika maelezo mahiri – yote hayo huelezea mbali, hayaelezi. Yenyewe yanashindilia tu akili yako tupu, hayakufanyi uwe macho ni kitu gani hasa. Na vile zaidi akili yako inavyoshindiliwa na maarifa mfu, ni zaidi unakuwa mzitomzito na aliyepumbaa kiakili. Maarifa hufanya watu kuwa waliopumbaa kiakili; hudhoofisha nguvu ya uwezo wao wakuhisishika fahamu. Huwashindilia, nayo yajakuwa uzito kwao, huimarisha nguvu mabichwa yao lakini lakini haitoi nuru na haioneshei wao njia. Haiwezekani.

Life is already there bubbling within you. It can be contacted only there. The temple is not outside, you are the shrine of it. So the first thing to remember if you want to know

what life is, is: never seek it without, never try to find out from somebody else. The meaning cannot be transferred that way. The greatest Masters have never said anything about life -- they have always thrown you back upon yourself. The second thing to remember is: once you know what life is you will know what death is. Death is also part of the same process. Ordinarily we think death comes at the end, ordinarily we think death is against life, ordinarily we think death is the enemy, but death is not the enemy. And if you think of death as the enemy it simply shows that you have not been able to know what life is.

Uzima tayari uko hapo ukipovukapovuka ndani yako. Unaweza kuwasilinanika hapo tu. Hekalu haliko nje, wewe ni madhabahu yake. Kwa hiyo kitu cha kwanza kukumbuka ikiwa unataka kujua maisha ni nini, ni: itafute nje yako kamwe, jaribu kuitafuta nje ya mwingine yeyote kamwe. Maana haiwezi kuhamishishika namna hiyo. Watu wakuu wakubwa kabisa kamwe wamepata kusema chochote kuhusu maisha – daima wamekurejesha kukutupia kwako mwenyewe. Kitu cha pili kukumbuka ni: Ukishajua maisha ni kitu gani utajua mauti ni kitu gani. Mauti pia ni sehemu ya mchakato ule ule. Kwa kawaida huwa tunafikiri mauti huja mwishoni, kwa kawaida huwa tunafikiria mauti ni hasimu wa maisha, kwa kawaida tunafikiri mauti ni adui, lakini mauti si adui. Na ikiwa wafikiria mauti kama adui kwa namna rahisi inaonesha kwamba haujaweza kujua maisha ni kitu gani.

Death and life are two polarities of the same energy, of the same phenomenon -- the tide and the ebb, the day and the night, the summer and the winter. They are not separate and not opposites, not contraries; they are complementaries. Death is not the end of life; in fact, it is a completion of one life, the crescendo of one life, the climax, the finale. And once you know your life and its process, then you understand what death is. Death is an organic, integral part of life, and it is very friendly to life. Without it life cannot exist. Life exists because of death; death gives the background. Death is, in fact, a process of renewal. And death happens each moment. The moment you breathe in and the moment you breathe out, both happen. Breathing in, life happens; breathing out, death happens. That's why when a child is born the first thing he does is breathe in, then life starts. And when an old man is dying, the last thing he does is breathe out, then life departs. Breathing out is death, breathing in is life -- they are like two wheels of a bullock cart. You live by breathing in as much as you live by breathing out. The breathing out is part of breathing in. You cannot breathe in if you stop breathing out. You cannot live if you stop dying. The man who has understood what his life is allows death to happen; he welcomes it. He dies each moment and each moment he is resurrected. His cross and his resurrection are continually happening as a process. He dies to the past each moment and he is born again and again into the future.

Mauti na uzima ni ncha mbili za nishati ile ile, ya finomena ile ile – kupwa na kujaa, mchana na usiku, kiangazi na kipupwe. Hazijatengana na si mkabala, si hasimu; hizo ni kamilishianifu. Mauti si mwisho wa uzima, kiukweli, ni ukamilisho wa uzima wa mtu, kibinuko cha juu cha uzima cha mtu, kilele, fainali. Na pale ujuapo maisha yako ni mchakato, basi tena wajua mauti ni kitu gani. Mauti ni kiungo kifanyacho sehemu ya uzima kamili na msimamo wa uzima, ni kitu rafiki sana na maisha. Pasipo hicho maisha hayawezi kuwepo. Maisha yanakuwepo kwa sababu ya mauti; mauti huipa mgongo wa picha. Mauti ni, kiukweli, mchakato wa kujiupyaisha. Na mauti yatokeo kila mmoja wasaa. Wasaa upumuapo ndani na wasaa upumuapo nje, vyote viwili vyatukia. Pavutwavyo pumzi, uzima watukia; patolewavyo pumzi mauti yatukia. Ndiyo maana mtoto azaliwapo cha kwanza akifanyacho ni kuvuta pumzi, kisha maisha huanza. Na pale mzee anapofariki, cha mwisho akifanyacho ni kutoa pumzi, kisha uhai waondoka. Kutoa pumzi ni mauti, Kuvuta pumzi ni uhai – hivyo ni kama magurudumu mawili ya mkokoteni. Unaishi kwa kuvuta pumzi kadri sawa na kutoa pumzi. Kutoa pumzi ni sehemu ya kuvuta pumzi. Hauwezi kuvuta pumzi ikiwa wasimama kutoa

pumzi. Hauwezi kuishi ikiwa wasimama kufa. Mtu ambaye kaelewa uzima wake ni kitu gani huruhusu mauti kutukia; huikaribisha. Yeye afa kila mmoja wasaa na kila mmoja wasaa yeye afufuliwa. Msalaba wake na ufufuko vyatukia kiuendelevu kama mchakato. Afa katika kila mmoja wasaa na azaliwa tena na tena kunako mbele wakati.

If you look into life you will be able to know what death is. If you understand what death is, only then are you able to understand what life is. They are organic. Ordinarily, out of fear, we have created a division. We think that life is good and death is bad. We think that life has to be desired and death is to be avoided. We think somehow we have to protect ourselves against death. This absurd idea creates endless miseries in our lives, because a person who protects himself against death becomes incapable of living. He is the person who is afraid of exhaling, then he cannot inhale and he is stuck. Then he simply drags; his life is no longer a flow, his life is no longer a river.

Ukiuangalia uzima utaweza kujua mauti ni kitu gani. Ikiwa waelewa mauti ni kitu gani, ni hapo tu utaweza kujua uzima ni kitu gani. Vyenyewe ni viungo vya kimwili mmoja. Kwa kawaida, kutokana na hofu, tumefanya mgawanisho. Tunafikiri uzima ni mzuri na mauti ni mbaya. Tunafikiri uzima hauna budi kuwa ni matakwa na mauti kuepukiwa. Tunafikiri kwa namna fulani inatubidi kujikinga dhidi ya mauti. Fikara hili la kipuuzi latengeneza bila mwisho unyonge mwingi maishani mwetu, kwa sababu mtu anayejikinga dhidi ya mauti aja kuwa asiyejiweza kuishi. Ni mtu anayeogopa kutoa pumzi, na basi hawezi kuvuta pumzi na amekwama. Basi yeye anajiburuta tu; maisha yake si utiririko, maisha yake si tena mto.

If you really want to live you have to be ready to die. Who is afraid of death in you? Is life afraid of death? It is not possible. How can life be afraid of its own integral process? Something else is afraid in you. The ego is afraid in you. Life and death are not opposites; ego and death are opposites. Life and death are not opposites; ego and life are opposites. Ego is against both life and death. The ego is afraid to live and the ego is afraid to die. It is afraid to live because each effort, each step towards life, brings death closer. If you live you are coming closer to dying. The ego is afraid to die, hence it is afraid to live also. The ego simply drags.

Ikiwa kweli kabisa unataka kuishi hauna budi kuwa tayari kufa. Ni nani anayeogopa mauti ndani yako? Je, ni uzima unaigopa mauti? Haiwezekani. Uzima unawezaje kukiongopa kilicho mchakato wa mwili wake mmoja kusimama? Ni kitu kingine chenye kuogopa ndani yako. Bichwa lako linaogopa ndani yako. Uzima na mauti si hasimu; bichwa na mauti ni hasimu. Uzima na mauti si mbili zinazokabiliana; bichwa na uzima ni mbili zinazokabiliana. Bichwa liko kupingana na vyote viwili uzima na mauti. Bichwa linaogopa kuishi na bichwa linaogopa kufa. Linaogopa kuishi kwa sababu kila jitihada, kila hatua kuelekea uhai, yaileta mauti karibu zaidi. Uishipo unakuja karibu zaidi na kufariki. Bichwa linaogopa kufa, hivyo basi linaogopa kuishi vile vile. Bichwa linajiburuta tu.

There are many people who are neither alive nor dead. This is worse than anything. A man who is fully alive is full of death also. That is the meaning of Jesus on the cross. Jesus carrying his own cross has not really been understood. And he says to his disciples, 'You will have to carry your own cross.' The meaning of Jesus carrying his own cross is very simple, nothing but this: everybody has to carry his death continuously, everybody has to die each moment, everybody has to be on the cross because that is the only way to live fully, totally.

Kuna watu wengi hawako hai na wala hawajafa. Hili ni baya zaidi kuliko chochote. Mtu aishiye kikamilifu amejaa mauti pia. Hiyo ndiyo maana ya Yesu msalabani. Yesu kuuchukua masalaba

wake mwenyewe haijapata kueleweka vema hasa. Na anasema kwa wafuasi wake, 'Itawabidi kuchukua misalaba yenu wenyewe.' Maana ya Yesu kuchukua msalaba wake mwenyewe ni rahisi sana, si chochote ila hivi: kila mtu inambidi kuichukua mauti yake kwa kudumu kuendelea, kila mtu yampasa kufa kila wasaa, kila mtu yambidi kuwa msalabani kwa sababu hiyo ndiyo namna pekee ya kuishi kikamilifu, jumla jumla.

Whenever you come to a total moment of aliveness, suddenly you will see death there also. In love it happens. In love, life comes to a climax -- hence people are afraid of love. I have been continuously surprised by people who come to me and say they are afraid of love. What is the fear of love? It is because when you really love somebody your ego starts slipping and melting. You cannot love with the ego; the ego becomes a barrier. and when you want to drop the barrier the ego says, 'This is going to be a death. Beware!' The death of the ego is not your death. the death of the ego is really your possibility of life. The ego is just a dead crust around you, it has to be broken and thrown away. It comes into being naturally -- just as when a traveller passes, dust collects on his clothes, on his body, and he has to take a bath to get rid of the dust.

Kila ambapo unakuja kwenye wasaa jumla wa uishivu, ghafla utaiona mauti hapo pia. Katika penzi hutukia. Katika penzi, uzima hufika kileleni – ndiyo basi watu wanaogopa mapenzi. Nimekuwa nikishangazwa wakati wote na watu wanaonijia na kusema wanayaogopa mapenzi. Hofu ya mapenzi ni kitu gani? Ni kwa sababu pale unapompenda hasa mtu bichwa lako linaanza kuteleza na kuyeyuka. Hauwezi kupenda ukiwa na bichwa; bichwa lawa kizingiti. Na pale ambapo unataka kutupia chini kizingiti bichwa lasema, 'Hichi kitakuja kuwa mauti, kuwa macho!' Mauti ya bichwa si mauti yako, mauti ya bichwa ni hasa uwezekano wa uzima. Bichwa ni tu udongo wa juu kukuzunguka, hauna budi kuvunjwa na kutupwa mbali. Huja kuwa katika sura kwa asili ya kawaida – kama vile tu msafiri apitapo vumbi lajikusanya katika nguo zake, mwilini mwake, na yampasa yeye kuoga ili kuondokana na vumbi.

As we move in time, dust of experiences, of knowledge, of lived life, of past, collects. That dust becomes our ego. Accumulated, it becomes a crust around you which has to be broken and thrown away. One has to take a bath continuously -- every day, in fact every moment, so that this crust never becomes a prison. The ego is afraid to love because in love, life comes to a peak. But whenever there is a peak of life there is also a peak of death -- they go together.

Kadri tujongeavyo katika wakati, vumbi la mapitio, la maarifa, la maisha yaliyoishiwa, hujikusanya. Vumbi hilo laja kuwa bichwa lako. Kujilundika, lajakuwa udongo kukuzunguka ambao hauna budi kuvunjwa na kutupwa mbali. Mtu yampasa kuoga wakati wote unaoendelea – kila siku, kiukweli kila wasaa, ili kwamba dongo hili la kumzunguka kamwe kuwa kifungo. Bichwa laogopa kupenda kwa sababu katika mapenzi, uzima waja kileleni. Lakini popote panapo kilele cha kuishi pana poa kilele cha mauti – huwenda kwa pamoja.

In love you die and you are reborn. The same happens when you come to meditate or to pray, or when you come to a Master to surrender. The ego creates all sorts of difficulties, rationalisations not to surrender: 'Think about it, brood about it, be clever about it.' When you come to a Master, again the ego becomes suspicious, doubtful, creates anxiety, because again you are coming to life, to a flame where death will also be as much alive as life.

Katika mapenzi unakufa na unazaliwa upya. Hicho hicho hutukia unapokuja kwenye umiditishifu au uombevu, ama unapokuja kwa Mkuu ili kusalim. Bichwa lafanya kila namna ya magumu, maswali swali na majibu jibu ili kutosalim: 'Kukufikiria, kukuwaza na kuwazua, kuwa mjanja

mjanja kuzunguka hilo.' Unapokuja kwa Mkuu, bichwa tena linaanza kutilia mashaka, kujaa wasiwasi, kufanya kutotulia akili, kwa sababu tena unakuja uzimani, kuja kwa moto ambako mauti itakuwa kadri hai sawasawa na uzima.

Let it be remembered that death and life both become aflame together, they are never separate. If you are very, very minimally alive, at the minimum, then you can see death and life as being separate. The closer you come to the peak, the closer they start coming. At the very apex they meet and become one. In love, in meditation, in trust, in prayer, wherever life becomes total, death is there. Without death, life cannot become total. But the ego always thinks in divisions, in dualities; it divides everything. Existence is indivisible; it cannot be divided. You were a child, then you became young. Can you demark the line when you became young? Can you demark the point in time where suddenly you were no longer a child and you had become young? One day you become old. Can you demark the line when you become old?

Ikumbukwe kwamba mauti na uzima vyote viwili vyawa kuwaka pamoja, havijatenganika. Ikiwa wewe uko chini chini sana, chini hasa, basi unaweza kuona mauti na uzima kama vimetengana. Kadri unavyokuja karibu na kilele cha juu, kwa nguvu zaidi vyaanza vyaja. Kileleni kabisa vyakutana na kuwa kitu kimoja. Katika mapenzi, katika miditisha, katika aaminio, katika sala, popote pale maisha yanapokuwa jumla, mauti iko hapo. Pasipo mauti, maisha hayawezi kuwa jumla. Lakini bichwa daima hufikiri kwa mgawanyiko, katika uwiliwili; inagawanya kila kitu. Uwepo haugawanyikiki; hauwezi kugawanywa. Ulikuwa mtoto, halafu ukawa kijana. Je, unaweza kuweka mpaka pale ulipokuja kuwa kijana? Je, unaweza kuweka mpaka, nukta ile ya wakati ambapo ghafla haukuwa tena mtoto na ukaja kuwa ni kijana? Siku moja unakuwa mzee. Je, unaweza kuchora mstari wa mpaka pale ambapo unakuwa mzee?

Processes cannot be demarked. Exactly the same happens when you are born. Can you demark when you are born? When life really starts? Does it start when the child starts breathing -- the doctor spans the child and the child starts breathing? Is life born then? Or is it when the child got into the womb, when the mother became pregnant, when the child was conceived? Does life start then? Or, even before that? When does life start exactly?

Michakato haiwezi kuchorewa mstari wa mpaka. Ndivyo hivyo hasa hasa kinachotukia ulipokuwa unazaliwa. Je, unaweza kuchora mstari wa mpaka ni lini ulizaliwa? Je, ni lini hasa uhai ulianza? Je, huwa unaanza pale ambapo mtoto anaanza kupumua – daktari anamzabua mtoto na mtoto anaanza kupumua? Je, uzima ndiyo basi unazaliwa? Au si je, mtoto anapoingia tumboni, pale mama anapokuja kuwa mjamzito, pale mtoto anapotungwa? Je, uzima ndiyo basi unaanzia hapo? Je, uzima wapi ile kihasa hasa?

It is a process of no ending and no beginning. It never starts. When is a person dead? Is a person dead when the breathing stops? Many yogis have now proved on scientific grounds that they can stop breathing and they are still alive and they can come back. So the stopping of the breathing cannot be the end. Where does life end?

Ni mchakato usio na mwisho na usio na mwanzo. Kamwe huanza. Je, ni lini mtu awa mfu? Je, mtu awa mfu pale ambapo pumzi yake yasimama? Mayogi wengi wamethibitisha katika misingi ya uwanja wa kisayansi kwamba wanaweza kusimama kupumua na hali wao bado wako hai na wanaweza kurudi kawaida. Kwa hiyo kusimama kwa pumzi hakuwezi kuwa ni mwisho. Je, ni wapi uzima unafikia mwisho?

It never ends anywhere, it never begins anywhere. We are involved in eternity. We have

been here since the very beginning -- if there was any beginning -- and we are going to be here to the very end, if there is going to be any end. In fact, there cannot be any beginning and there cannot be any end. We are life -- even if forms change, bodies change, minds change. What we call life is just an identification with a certain body, with a certain mind, with a certain attitude, and what we call death is nothing but getting out of that form, out of that body, out of that concept.

Hauishiagi kokote, hauanziagi kokote. Tumeingiliana na milele. Tumekuwapo hapa tangu mwanzo mwanzo hasa – ikiwa kulikuwako na mwanzo wowote – na tutaendelea kuwapo hadi mwisho, ikiwa kutakuja kuwa na mwisho. Kiukweli hasa, haiwezekani kukawapo na mwanzo wowote na hakuwezi kuwapo mwisho wowote. Sisi ni uzima – hata kama namna za kimaumbile zabadilika, miili yabadilika, akili zabadilika. Kile tukiitacho ni uzima tunakitambulishanisha na mwili fulani, na akili fulani, na namna fulani ya hali za kitabia, na kile tunachokiita mauti si chochote ila kutoka nje ya namna za maumbo, nje ya ule mwili, nje ya hiyo dhana.

You change houses. If you get too identified with one house, then changing the house will be very painful. You will think that you are dying because the old house was what you were -- that was your identity. But this doesn't happen, because you know that you are only changing the house, you remain the same. Those who have looked within themselves, those who have found who they are, come to know an eternal, non-ending process. Life is a process, timeless, beyond time. Death is part of it.

Unabadili nyumba na nyumba. Ikiwa utajitambulishanisha na nyumba moja, basi kubadili nyumba kutakuwa ni uchungu sana. Utajifikiri unakufa kwa sababu nyumba ya zamani ilikuwa ni kile wewe ulikuwa – hiyo ilikuwa ni utambulisho wako. Lakini hili halitukii, kwa sababu unajua kwamba wewe unabadilisha tu nyumba, unabakia yule yule. Wale ambao wamejiangalia ndani yao, wale ambao wamejipata wao ni akina nani, waja kuijua milele, mchakato usiokuwa na mwisho. Uzima ni mchakato, usio na chembe ya wakati, kupitilizia mbali wakati. Mauti ni sehemu yake.

Death is a continuous revival: a help to life to resurrect again and again, a help to life to get rid of old forms, to get rid of dilapidated buildings, to get rid of old confining structures so that again you can flow and you can again become fresh and young, and you can again become virgin.

Mauti ni uendelevu wa kuinuka kutoka udororo: msaada wa uzima kufufuka tena na tena, msaada kwa uzima kushughulikia namna zake za maumbo mazee, kushughulikia majengo chakavu, kushughulikia maundiko mazee yanayobana ili kwamba uweze kutiririka na unaweza tena kuja kuwa kijana, na unakuja tena kuwa mwanamwali.

I have heard.

Nimepata kusikia.

A man was browsing through an antique shop near Mount Vernon and ran across a rather ancient-looking axe. 'That's a mighty old axe you have there,' he said to the shop owner. 'Yes,' said the man, 'it once belonged to George Washington.' 'Really?' said the customer. 'It certainly stood up well.' 'Of course,' said the antique dealer, 'it has had three new handles and two new heads.' But that's how life is -- it goes on changing handles and heads; in fact, it seems that everything goes on changing and yet something remains eternally the same. Just watch. You were a child -- what has remained of that now? Just a memory. Your body has changed, your mind has changed, your identity has changed. What has remained of your

childhood? Nothing has remained, just a memory. You cannot make a distinction between whether it really happened, or you saw a dream, or you read it in a book, or somebody told you about it. Was the childhood yours or somebody else's? Sometimes have a look at the album of old photographs. Just see, this was you. You will not be able to believe it, you have changed so much. In fact everything has changed -- handles and heads and everything. But still, deep down, somewhere, something remains a continuity; a witnessing remains continuous.

Bwana mmoja alikuwa akitupia tupia macho duka la vitu vya zamani karibu na Mount Vernon na akagotea pilika kwenye kama shoka fulani la kale kale. 'Hilo hapo shoka bab' kubwa la zamani mnalo hapo' alimwambia mwenyeduka. 'Ndiyo', bwana akasema, 'wakati mmoja nyuma lilikuwaga la George Washington.' 'Eti Kweli?' akasema mteja. 'Ama kwa hakika lilikuwa limesimama kweli' 'Ndiyo hivyo hivyo,' akasema mshughulika na vyazamani, 'lilikuwa na mishikio mitatu mipya na vichwa viwili.' Ila hivyo ndivyo uzima ukoje -- unasonga kwa kubadili badili mishikio na vichwa; kiukweli, ina onekana kwamba kila kitu kinaendelea kubadilika na kubadilika na hali hapo hapo kuna kitu milele yote ni kile kile. We ona tu. Ulikuwa mtoto -- nini cha huo kimebakia kwako sasa? Kumbukumbu tu. Mwili wako umebadilika, akili yako imebadilika, utambulisho wako umebadilika. Nini kimebakia na cha utoto wako? Hakuna kilichobakia, kumbukumbu tu. Hauwezi hata kufanya mbainisho kati ya kama hivi ni kweli ulitukia, ama uliona njozi, ama uliusoma kwenye kitabu, ama mtu fulani alikwambiaga kuhusu huo. Je, utoto ulikuwa wakwako ama wa mtu mwingine? Wakati fulani tazama alamu ya picha za zamani. Ona tu, huyu alikuwa ni wewe. Hautoweza kuamini, umebadilika sana. Kiukweli kila kitu kimebadilika -- mishikio na vichwa na kila kitu. Lakini bado, ndani ndani sana, mahala fulani, kitu fulani kinabakia kwenye mwendelezo; ushuhudiaji unabakia kuendelea...

There is a thread, howsoever invisible. And everything goes on changing but that invisible thread remains the same. That thread is beyond life and death. Life and death are two wings for that which is beyond life and death. That which is beyond goes on using life and death as two wheels of a cart, complementaries. It lives through life; it lives through death. Death and life are its processes, like inhalation and exhalation. But something in you is transcendental. THAT ART THOU...that which is transcendental.

Kuna uzi, kwa namna iwayo vyovyote vile kutoonekana. Na kila kitu kinakwenda kubadilika lakini huo uzi unabakia ni ule ule. Uzi huo ni wenye kupita mbali uhai na kifo. Uzima na mauti ni mbawa mbili kwa kile kilicho mbali kupita uhai na kifo. Kile kilichombali kupita chazidi kwenda kikitumia uhai na kifo kama magurudumu mawili ya mkokoteni., yenye kukamilishana jitihada. Waishi kupitia maisha; waishi kupitia mauti. Mauti na uhai ni michakato yake, kama kuvuta na kutoa pumzi. Lakini kitu fulani ndani yako ni chenye kupitilizia mbali. ILE YENYE KUVIKA NAFSI... ile ambayo ni pitilizishi.

But we are too identified with the form -- that creates the ego. That's what we call 'I'. Of course the 'I' has to die many times. So it is constantly in fear, trembling, shaking, always afraid, protecting, securing.

Lakini sisi tumezidi sana kujitambulishanisha na maumbo ya sura -- hicho kinaumba bichwa. Hicho ndicho tukiitacho 'Mimi'. Hapana shaka 'mimi' haina budi kufa mara wakadhaa. Hivyo muda wote imo katika hofu, ikitetemeka, kuogopa siku zote, kulinda na kuweka salama.

A Sufi mystic knocked at the door of a very rich man. He was a beggar and he wanted nothing but enough to have a meal. The rich man shouted at him and said, 'Nobody knows you here!' 'But I know myself,'

said the dervish. 'How sad it would be if the reverse were true. If everybody knew me but I was not aware of who I was, how sad it would be. Yes, you are right, nobody knows me here, but I know myself.'

Sufii misikirifu aligonga mlangoni pa bwana mmoja tajiri sana. Alikuwa ni ombaomba na hakutaka kingine chochote ila mlo wa kumtoshia. Bwana tajiri akamtamkia kwa sauti na kusema, ' Hakuna anayekufahamu hapa!' 'Lakini mimi ninajifahamu,' alisema daruweshi. ' Ingalihuzunishaje ikiwa kinyume chake ingekuwa kweli. Ikiwa kila mtu angenifahamu lakini mimi nisiwe najifahamu mimi ni nani, ingalihuzunishaje. Ndiyo, uko sahihi, hakuna anifahamuye hapa, ila mimi ninajifahamu.'

These are the only two situations possible, and you are in the sad situation. Everybody may know about you -- who you are -- but you yourself are completely oblivious of your transcendence, of your real nature, of your authentic being. This is the only sadness in life. You can find many excuses, but the real sadness is this: you don't know who you are. How can a person be happy not knowing who he is, not knowing from where he comes, not knowing where he is going? A thousand and one problems arise because of this basic self-ignorance.

Hizi ndizo hali halisi za namna mbili kuwezekana, na wewe upo katika hali ya kuhuzunisha. Kila mtu anaweza kufahamu kuhusu wewe – wewe ni nani – lakini wewe mwenyewe kuwa usiye na kabisa, jicho la kuuona upilitizaji wako, la kuiona asili yako halisi, ya kuuona ukuwa wako wa ukweli. Hili ndilo huzuniko la pekee maishani mwako. Unaweza kutafuta kila sababu ya kupakazia, lakini huzuniko halisi ni hili: haujijui wewe ni nani. Je, mtu anawezaje kuwa na furaha pasi kujua yeye ni nani, pasi kujua ni kutoka wapi yeye atokea, pasi kujua ni wapi yeye anakwenda? Matatizo elfu na limoja yainuka kwa sababu ya ujinga-nafsi.

A bunch of ants came out of the darkness of their underground nest in search of food. It was early in the morning. The ants happened to pass by a plant whose leaves were covered with morning dew. 'What are these?' asked one of the ants, pointing to the dew-drops. 'Where do they come from?' Some said, 'They come from the earth.' Others said, 'they come from the sea.' Soon a quarrel broke out -- there was a group who adhered to the sea theory, and a group who attached themselves to the earth theory. Only one, a wise and intelligent ant, stood alone. He said, 'Let us pause a moment and look around for signs, for everything has an attraction towards its source. And, as it is said, everything returns to its origin. No matter how far into the air you throw a brick it comes down to the earth. Whatever leans towards the light, must originally be of the light.' The ants were not totally convinced yet and were about to resume their dispute, but the sun had come up and the dew-drops were leaving the leaves, rising, rising towards the sun and disappearing into it.

Kundi la siafu walitokezea nje ya kiza cha kichuguu chao kutafuta chakula. Ilikuwa asubuhi na mapema. Siafu wakatokea kukatiza karibu na mmea ambao majani yake yalifutikwa na umande wa asubuhi. 'hivi ni nini? Aliuliza siafu mmoja, akinyooshea kidole matone ya umande. 'Vinatoka wapi?'

Baadhi wakasema, 'vinatoka ardhini.'

Wengine wakasema, 'vinatoka baharini.'

mara ugomvi ukatokea – kulikuwa na kundi lilikuwa likishika nadharia ya bahari, na kundi lilikojifungamanisha na nadharia ya ardhini. Ni mmoja tu, siafu mmoja mwenyeakili na busara, alisimama peke yake. Yeye akasema, 'Hebu tusimame mara moja kwa ajili ya kuangalia ishara, kwa

kuwa kila kitu huwa kinavutikia kuelekea kwenye chanzo chake. Na, na kama inavyosemwa, kila kitu hurejea kwenye asili yake. Haijalishi ni mbali kiasi gani unalirushia hewani tofali laja chini ardhini. Chochote kinachopindia kwenye mwanga, lazima kitakuwa na asili ya kutokea kwenye mwanga.'

Siafu bado hawakuafiki kukubali jumla jumla na walikuwa karibia kuendelea na ugomvi wao, lakini jua lilikuwa lishakuja juu na matone ya umande yalikuwa yakiondoka majanini, kuinuka, kuinuka kuelekea juani na kupotelea kwa hilo.

Everything returns to its original source, has to return to its original source. If you - understand life then you understand death also. Life is a forgetfulness of the original source, and death is again a remembrance. Life is going away from the original source, death is coming back home. Death is not ugly, death is beautiful. But death is beautiful only for those who have lived their life unhindered, uninhibited, unsuppressed. Death is beautiful only for those who have lived their life beautifully, who have not been afraid to live, who have been courageous enough to live -- who loved, who danced, who celebrated.

Kila kitu hurejea kwenye chanzo chake cha asili, hakina budi kurejea kwenye chanzo chake asilia. Ikiwa wauielewa uzima basi wauielewa mauti pia. Uzima ni usahaulifu wa chanzo cha asili, na mauti ni tena ukumbukio. Uzima ni kwenda mbali na chanzo cha asili, mauti ni kurudi nyumbani. Mauti si kitu cha sura, mauti ni kitu cha sura ya kupendeza. Lakini mauti ni kitu cha kupendeza kwa wale tu walioishi pasipo kukwamishwa, pasipo kuzuiwa, pasipo kukandamiziwa chini. Mauti ni kitu kizuri kwa wale tu ambao wameyaishi maisha yao kwa sura yenye kupendeza, ambao hawajaopgopa kuishi, wale ambao walikuwa majasiri hasa kuishi – waliokuwa na mapenzi, waliodansi, walio sheherekea.

Death becomes the ultimate celebration if your life is a celebration. Let me tell you in this way: whatsoever your life was, death reveals it. If you have been miserable in life, death reveals misery. Death is a great revealer. If you have been happy in your life, death reveals happiness. If you have lived only a life of physical comfort and physical pleasure, then of course, death is going to be very uncomfortable and very unpleasant, because the body has to be left. The body is just a temporary abode, a shrine in which we stay for the night and leave in the morning. It is not your permanent abode, it is not your home. So if you have lived just a bodily life and you have never known anything beyond the body, death is going to be very, very ugly, unpleasant, painful. Death is going to be an anguish. But if you have lived a little higher than the body, if you have loved music and poetry, and you have loved, and you have looked at the flowers and the stars, and something of the non-physical has entered into your consciousness, death will not be so bad, death will not be so painful. You can take it with equanimity, but still it cannot be a celebration.

Mauti huja kuwa kile cha juu cha sherehe ikiwa maisha yako ni sherehe. Wacha nikuambie kwa namna hii; chochote vile maisha yako yalikuwa, mauti hukifunua. Ikiwa umekuwa ni mtu wa kujitaabikia maishani, mauti yaifunua dhiki. Mauti ni mfunuaji mkubwa. Ikiwa umekuwa ni mtu wa furaha katika maisha yako, mauti yaifunua furaha. Ikiwa umeyaishi tu maisha ya faraja za kimwili na starehe za kimwili, basi pasi shaka, mauti itakuja kuwa yakukosesha sana raraja na raha, kwa sababu mwili umeachwa. Mwili ni makazi tu ya muda, madhabahu ambayo kwa hayo tunakaa kwa usiku mmoja na kuondoka asubuhi. Si makazi yako ya kudumu. Si nyumbani mwako. Hivyo ikiwa umejiishia tu maisha ya kimwili na kamwe kupata kujua chochote kupita mbali mwili, mauti itakuwa ni kitu cha sura mbaya mbaya hasa, isiyofurahisha, yenye kujaa maumivu. Mauti itakuja kuwa ni mateso. Lakini ikiwa umeishi juu zaidi kidogo ya mwili, ikiwa umepata kupenda muziki na ushairi, na umepata kujaa mapenzi, na umepata kuyaangalia maua na nyota na kitu fulani kisicho

cha kimaumbile kimeingia fahamuni mwako, mauti haitakuwa mbaya kihivyo, mauti haitakuwa ni ya maumivu. Unaweza kuipokea kwa akili yenye utulivu, lakini bado haiwezi kuwa ni sherehe.

If you have touched something of the transcendental in yourself, if you have entered your own nothingness at the centre -- the centre of your being, where you are no more a body and no more a mind, where physical pleasures are completely left far away and mental pleasures such as music and poetry and literature and painting, everything, are left far away, you are simply, just pure awareness, consciousness -- then death is going to be a great celebration, a great understanding, a great revelation.

If you have known anything of the transcendental in you, death will reveal to you the transcendental in the universe -- then death is no longer a death but a meeting with God, a date with God.

Ikiwa umekigusa kitu fulani cha upitilizaji ndani yako, ikiwa umeingia kwenye utupu wako mwenyewe katikati – katikati ya ukuwa wako, ambapo wewe si tena mwili ama si tena akili, pale ambapo raha za kimwili zimeachwa mbali kabisa na raha za kiakili kama vile muziki na ushairi na uandishi na uchoraji picha, kila kitu, vimeachwa mbali mbali hasa, wewe ni tu fahamu-macho safi kabisa, ufahamu – basi kifo kitakuwa ni sherehe kubwa, uelewa mkubwa, ufunuo mkubwa.

Ikiwa umekijua chochote cha upitilizaji katika wewe, mauti itafunua kwako chenye upitilizaji katika ulimwengu – basi mauti si tena kifo ila kukutana na Mungu, kutaniko la kubarizi na Mungu.

So you can find three expressions about death in the history of human mind.

One expression is of the ordinary man who lives attached to his body, who has never known anything greater than the pleasure of food or sex, whose whole life has been nothing but food and sex, who has enjoyed food, has enjoyed sex, whose life has been very primitive, whose life has been very gross, who has lived in the porch of his palace, never entered it, and who had been thinking that this is all life is. At the moment of death he will try to cling. He will resist death, he will fight death. Death will come as the enemy.

Kwa hiyo unaweza kupata madhihirisho matatu kuhusiana na mauti katika historia ya akili ya mwanadamu. Dhihirisho moja ni la mtu wa kawaida anayeishi kushikamana na mwili wake, ambaye kamwe kupata kujua kitu kingine chochote kikubwa kuliko raha za chakula ama ngono, ambaye maisha yake yamekuwa ni ya kikale sana, ambaye maisha yake yamekuwa yenye kukosa ladha, ambaye ameisha pochini mwa kasri yake, kamwe kuingina, na ambaye amekuwa akifikiria ya kwamba haya ndiyo kila kitu maisha kuwa ndivyo. Wakati wa mauti yeye atajaribu kung'ang'ania. Atakinzana na kifo, atapigana na mauti. Mauti itakuja kama adui.

Hence, all over the world, in all societies, death is depicted as dark, as devilish. In India they say that the messenger of death is very ugly -- dark, black -- and he comes sitting on a very big ugly buffalo. This is the ordinary attitude. These people have missed, they have not been able to know all the dimensions of life. They have not been able to touch the depths of life and they have not been able to fly to the height of life. They missed the plenitude, they missed the benediction.

Ndivyo basi, kote duniani, katika jamii zote, mauti imekuwa ikipewa taswira ya kiza, ya kishetani. India huwa wanasema kwamba mtume wa mauti ni mwenye sura mbaya hasa – wa kiza, mweusi – naye huja akiwa ameketi kwenye linyati kubwa baya. Hii ni hali ya akili ya kawaida. Watu hawa wamekosa, hawajaweza kuzijua dimensha zote za uzima. Hawajaweza kuvigusa vina vya uzima na hawajaweza kupaa kwenye vimo vya uzima. Wamekosa uwingi, wamekosa mbaraka.

Then there is a second type of expression. Poets, philosophers, have sometimes said that death is nothing bad, death is nothing evil, it is just restful -- a great rest, like sleep. This is better than the first. At least these people have known something beyond the body, they have known something of the mind. They have not had only food and sex, their whole life has not been only in eating and reproducing. They have a little sophistication of the soul, they are a little more aristocratic, more cultured. They say death is like great rest; one is tired and one goes into death and rests. It is restful. But they too are far away from the truth.

Na halafu kuna aina ya pili ya udhihirisho. Washairi, wanafilosofia, wakati mwingine wamesema ya kwamaba mauti si kitu kibaya, mauti si kitu kiovu, yenyewe ni pumziko – pumziko kuu, kama usingizi. Huu ni bora kuliko wa kwanza. Walau watu hawa wamekijua kitu fulani mbali kuliko mwili, wamekijua kitu fulani cha akili. Hawa hawajawa wa chakula na ngono tu, maisha yao yote hayajawa tu katika kula na kuzaliana. Wanako kule kuinuka fulani kidogo kimwangaza kwa sonafi, wako kidogo kiaristokrasi, waliotamadunika zaidi. Wanasema mauti ni kama pumziko kubwa; mtu amechoka na anaingina kwenye mauti na kupumzika. Ni upumziko. Lakini wao wako mbali na ukweli.

Those who have known life in its deepest core, they say that death is God. It is not only a rest but a resurrection, a new life, a new beginning; a new door opens.

Wale walioujua uzima hadi ndani yake hasa , wanasema kwamba mauti ni Mungu. Si tu pumziko ila ufufuko, uzima mpya, mwanzo mpya; mlango mpya wafunguka.

When a Sufi mystic, Bayazid, was dying, people who had gathered around him -- his disciples -- were suddenly surprised, because when the last moment came his face became radiant, powerfully radiant. It had a beautiful aura.

Bayazid was a beautiful man, and his disciples had always felt an aura around him, but they had not known anything like this; so radiant.

They asked, 'Bayazid, tell us what has happened to you. What is happening to you? Before you leave us, give us your last message.'

He opened his eyes and he said, 'God is welcoming me. I am going into his embrace. Goodbye.'

He closed his eyes, his breathing stopped. But at the moment his breathing stopped there was an explosion of light, the room became full of light, and then it disappeared.

When a person has known the transcendental in himself, death is nothing but another face of God. Then death has a dance to it. And unless you become capable of celebrating death itself, remember, you have missed life. The whole life is a preparation for this ultimate.

Sufii msikirifu, Bayazid, alipokuwa akifa, watu waliokuwa wamejikusanya kumzunguka – wafuasi wake – ghafla walishangazwa, kwa sababu pale muda wa mwisho ulipowadia uso ukajakuwa wakung'ara, wakung'ara hasa hasa. Ulikuwa na aura ya kupendeza.

Bayazid alikuwa ni mtu wakupendeza, na wafuasi wake daima waliisikia aura yakumzunguka, lakini walikuwa hawajapata kukijua chochote cha namna hii; chenye kung'ara haswa.

Wakauliza, 'Bayazid, tuambie ni kitu gani kimekutukia. Nini kinakutukia? Kabla haujatuacha, tafadhali tupatie ujumbe wako wa mwisho.'

Aliyafungua macho yake na kusema, 'Mungu ananikaribisha. Ninaelekea kwenye kumbatio lake, kwaherini.'

Aliyafunga macho yake, pumzi yake ikasimama. Lakini ule wakati pumzi yake ilisimama kulikuwa na mlipuko wa mwanga, chumba kikajakujawa na mwanga, na halafu ukapotea.

Mtu anapokuwa amekijua cha upitilizaji katika yeye, mauti si kingine ila uso mwingine wa Mungu. Basi mauti ina kudansi katika huo. Na mpaka pale unapokuja kuwa ni mwenye kuweza kusheherekea mauti yenyewe, kumbuka, umeukosa uzima. Maisha yote ni maandalizi kwa ajili ya hichi kilichopo mwishoni juu.

This is the meaning of this beautiful story.

Hii ni maana ya kisa hichi chakupendeza.

WHEN RABBI BIRNHAM LAY DYING, HIS WIFE BURST INTO TEARS.

HE SAID, 'WHAT ARE YOU CRYING FOR?

MY WHOLE LIFE WAS ONLY THAT I MIGHT LEARN HOW TO DIE.'

His whole life had been just a preparation, a preparation to learn the secrets of dying.

All religions are nothing but a science -- or an art -- to teach you how to die. And the only way to teach you how to die is to teach you how to live. They are not separate. If you know what right living is, you will know what right dying is.

RABI BIRNHAM ALIPOKUWA AMELALA AKIFA, MKEWE ALILIPUKA MACHOZI, YEYE AKASEMA, 'UNALILIA KITU GANI?

MAISHA YANGU YOTE YALIKUWA NI TU KWAMBA INGALINIPASAJE KUJIFUNZA JINSI GANI YA KUFA.'

Maisha yake yote yalikuwa ni maandalizi tu, maandalizi ya kujifunza siri za kufa. Dini zote si chochote ila sayansi—au sanaa—kufundisha jinsi ya kufa. Na namna pekee ya kukufundisha jinsi ya kufa ni jinsi ya kukufundisha namna ya kuishi. Hivi havijatenganishika. Ikiwa wajua kuishi sahihi ni kitu gani, utajua kufa sahihi ni kitu gani.

So the first thing, or the most fundamental thing is: how to live. Let me tell you a few things. First: your life is your life, it is nobody else's. So don't allow yourself to be dominated by others, don't allow yourself to be dictated to by others, that is a betrayal of life. If you allow yourself to be dictated to by others -- maybe your parents, your society, your education system -- your politicians, your priests, whosoever they are - - if you allow yourself to be dominated by others you will miss your life. Because the domination comes from outside and life is within you. They never meet.

Kwa hiyo kitu cha kwanza, ama jambo la msingi kabisa ni: jua kuishi. Wacha niwaambieni vitu vichache. Kwanza: Maisha yako ni maisha yako, si maisha mtu mwingine yeyote. Kwa hiyo usiruhusu utawaliwe na wengine, usiruhusu uelezwe kwa kupangiwa cha kufanya na wengine, huko ni usaliti wa maisha. Ikiwa unaruhusu uelezwe kwa kupangiwa cha kufanya na wengine – labda wazazi wako, jamii yako, mfumo wako wa elimu – wanasiasa wako, makasisi wako, yeyote yule – ikiwa unaruhusu kutawaliwa na wengine unayakosa maisha. Kwa sababu utawaliwo waja kutokea nje na maisha ni ya ndani yakwako. Havikutanagi.

I am not saying that you should become a no-sayer to each and everything. That too is not of much help. There are two types of people. One is an obedient type, ready to surrender to any and everybody. They don't have any independent soul in them; they are immature, childish, always searching for a father-figure, for somebody to tell them what to do and what not to do. They are not able to trust their own being. These people are the greater part of the world, the masses.

Sisemi kwamba ujelikuja kuwa msema hapana-hapana kwa kila kimoja na vyote vingine. Hilo pia si la msaada sana. Kuna makundi mawili ya watu. Moja ni kundi la watu wa utiifu, lililotayari kujisalimishia kwa mtu na wengine wowote. Hawa nafsi yeyote ya kujitegemea kiuhuru ndani yao; hawa hawajakomaa, ni wa mithili ya mtoto mdogo, daima kutafuta umbo-baba, kutafuta mtu wa kuwaambia wao kipi cha kufanya na kisicho cha kufanya. Hawa hawawezi kukuaminia ukuwa wao wenyewe. Watu hawa ni sehemu kubwa ya dunia, kundi la kuswaga.

Then there are, against these people, a small minority who reject society, who reject the values of the society. They think they are rebellious. They are not, they are only reactionaries. Because whether you listen to society or you reject society, if society remains in either way the determining factor, then you are dominated by the society. Let me tell you an anecdote.

Halafu kuna, wa kinyume chake, kundi la kuwakilishwa na wachache ambao huchomolea nje jamii, wenye kuzichomolea nje siha za thamani za jamii. Wanafikiri wao ni waasi. Si hivyo hawa, wao ni wa ule uitikio kinyume ya jambo. Kwa sababu iwe unaisikiliza jamii ama unaikatalia, ikiwa jamii inabakia katika vyovyote ya kigezo cha tathmini, basi wewe unatawaliwa na jamii. Wacha niwaambieni kisa fulani cha mtu.

Once Mulla Nasrudin had been away for a while and arrived back in town wearing a long beard. His friends naturally kidded him about the beard and asked him how he happened to acquire the fur-piece. The Mulla with the beard began to complain and curse the thing in no uncertain terms. His friends were amazed at the way he talked and asked him why he continued to wear the beard if he did not like it. 'I hate the blasted thing!' the Mulla told them. 'If you hate it then why don't you shave it off and get rid of it?' one of his friends asked. A devilish gleam shone in the eyes of the Mulla as he answered, 'Because my wife hates it too!'

Mulla Nasrudin alipokuwa ameondoka mbali kwa kipindi na kurudi mjini kwake akiwa na ndevu ndefu. Marafiki zake kwa mazoea wakamtania kuhusu ndevu zake na kumuuliza imetokeaje akapata kipande cha manyoya. Mulla wa ndevu akaanza kulalamika na kuanza kuzitupia maneno mabaya kwa sura isiyoeleweka eleweka. Marafiki zake wakastaajabishwa na namna aliyokuwa akiongea na kumuuliza kwa nini alikuwa anaendelea kuziacha usoni ikiwa hazipendi. 'Sikipendi kinachosemwa semwa vibaya!' Mulla aliwaambia. 'Ikiwa unazichukia kwanini usinyoe na kuachana nazo moja kwa moja?' mmoja wa marafiki zake aliuliza. Jicho la kuazimia shida liling'ara katika macho ya Mulla na yeye akajibu, 'Kwa sababu mke wangu anazichukia pia!'

But that does not make you free. The hippies, the yippies and others, they are not really rebellious people, they are reactionaries. They have reacted against the society. A few are obedient, a few are disobedient, but the centre of domination is the same. A few obey, a few disobey, but nobody looks at his own soul.

Lakini hilo halikufanyi kuwa huru. Mahipi, mayipi na wengine, si watu waasi hasa, wao ni wa ule uitikio kinyume ya jambo. Wameitikia kutenda kinyume na jamii. Wachache ni watiifu, wachache si watiifu, lakini kitovu vha utawalo ni kile kile. Wachache watii, wachache hawatii, lakini hakuna hata mmoja mwenye kuiangalia nafsi-roho yake.

A really rebellious person is one who is neither for society nor against society, who simply lives his life according to his own understanding. Whether it goes against society or it goes with society is not a consideration, it is irrelevant. Sometimes it may go with the society, sometimes it may not go with the society, but that is not the point to be considered. He lives according to his understanding, according to his small light. And I

am not saying that he becomes very egoistic about it. No, he is very humble. He knows that his light is very small, but that is all the light that there is. He is not adamant, he's very humble. He says, 'I may be wrong, but please allow me to be wrong according to myself.'

Mtu muasi hasa ni yule asiye aidha, kwa ajili ya jamii wala kinyume ya jamii, yeye ambaye anaishi tu kulingana na uelewa wake. Iwe labda unaendana kinyume na jamii ama unaendana na jamii si la mjadala, haihusu. Mara utaendana na jamii, mara nyingine unaweza usiendane na jamii, lakini hilo siyo sababu ya msingi kujadiliwa akilini. Yeye anaishi kulingana na uelewa wake, kulingana na nuru yake kidogo. Na sisemi kwamba yeye ajakuwa kuwa mtu wa mbichwa kuhusiana na huo. La hasha, yeye ni mpole. Yeye ajua kwamba nuru yake ni kidogo sana, lakini hiyo nuru ndiyo mwangaza wote uliopo. Si mtu mgumu kukubali kuelewa, ni mtu mpole hasa. Yeye asema, 'Ninaweza nisiwe sahihi, lakini tafadhali niachie niwe isivyosahihi kulingana na mimi mwenyewe.'

That is the only way to learn. To commit mistakes is the only way to learn. To move according to one's own understanding is the only way to grow and become mature. If you are always looking at somebody to dictate to you, whether you obey or disobey makes no difference. If you are looking at somebody else to dictate to you, to decide for or against, you will never be able to know what your life is. It has to be lived, and you have to follow your own small light.

Hiyo ndiyo njia pekee ya kujifunza. Kufanya makosa ndiyo njia pekee ya kujifunza. Kusonga kulingana na uelewa wa mtu mwenyewe ndiyo njia pekee ya kukua na kuja kukomaa. Ikiwa wewe ni daima kumuangalia mtu mwingine akuambie la kufanya kulingana na maneno yake, iwe unatii ama kutokutii haina tofauti. Ikiwa unamuangalia mtu mwingine akuambie la kufanya kulingana na maneno yake, kuamua kwa ajili ya jambo ama kinyume chake, kamwe utaweza kujua kujua maisha yako ni nini. Hayana budi kuishiwa, na inakubidi kufuatisha nuru yako ndogo.

It is not always certain what to do. You are very confused. Let it be so. But find a way out of your confusion. It is very cheap and easy to listen to others because they can hand over dead dog mas to you, they can give you commandments -- do this, don't do that. And they are very certain about their commandments. Certainty should not be sought; understanding should be sought. If you are seeking certainty you will become a victim of some trap or other. Don't seek certainty, seek understanding. Certainty can be given to you cheap, anybody can give it to you. But in the final analysis you will be a loser. You lost your life just to remain secure and certain, and life is not certain, life is not secure. Life is insecurity. Each moment is a move into more and more insecurity. It is a gamble. One never knows what is going to happen. And it is beautiful that one never knows. If it was predictable, life would not be worth living. If everything was as you would like it to be, and everything was certain, you would not be a man at all, you would be a machine. Only for machines is everything secure and certain. Man lives in freedom. Freedom needs insecurity and uncertainty. A real man of intelligence is always hesitant because he has no dogma to rely upon, to lean upon. He has to look and respond.

Si daima hakika jambo lipi kufanya. Unachanganyikiwa hasa. Acha iwe hivyo. Lakini tafuta njia ya kuchomokea toka kwenye kuchanganyikiwa. Ni kitu chee sana na rahisi kusikiliza ya wengine kwa sababu wanaweza kukukabidhi masadikifu mfu kwako, wanaweza kukugea amri kuu – fanya hivi, usifanye vile. Na wako na hakika sana na Amri zao kuu. Uhakika wa jambo usitafutwe; uelewa ingalipaswa utafutwe. Ikiwa unatafuta uhakika wa jambo utakuja kuwa mhanga wa mtego fulani ama mwingine. Usitafute uhakika wa jambo, tafuta uelewa. Uhakika wa jambo unaweza kugewa kwako kwa gharama chee, mtu yeyote anaweza kukugea. Lakini katika uchanganuzi wa mwisho

wewe unakuwa ni wakupoteza. Umeyapoteza maisha yako kwa ajili ya kubakia salama na kuwa hakika wa jambo, maisha ni si yenye uhakika wa jambo, maisha hayako salama. Maisha ni ukosa usalama. Kila wasaaa ni kusonga kuelekea kusiko zaidi usalama. Ni kamari. Mtu kamwe kujua jambo lipi litakuja kutokea. Na yapendeza kwamba mtu kamwe kujua. Kama ingekuwa yatabirika, maisha yangelikuwa hayana thamani kuishi. Ikiwa kila kitu kingalikuwa kama vile ungalipenda kuwa, kila kitu ni hakika, usingalikuwa mtu kabisa. Ungalikuwa ni mashine. Ni kwa mashine pekee ndiyo kila jambo liko salama na hakika.

Mtu aishi katika uhuru. Uhuru wataka utosalama na utohakika. Mtu halisi wa usifa akili daima ni wa kusita kwa sababu yeye hana masadikifu ya kuyategemea, kuyaegemea. Inambidi kuangalia na kuitikia.

Lao Tzu says, 'I am hesitant, and I move alertly in life because I don't know what is going to happen. And I don't have any principle to follow. I have to decide every moment. I never decide beforehand. I have to decide when the moment comes!'

Then one has to be very responsive. That's what responsibility is. Responsibility is not an obligation, responsibility is not a duty -- it is a capacity to respond. A man who wants to know what life is has to be responsive. That is missing. Centuries of conditioning have made you more like machines. You have lost your manhood, you have bargained for security. You are secure and comfortable and everything has been planned by others. And they have put everything on the map, they have measured everything. This is all absolutely foolish because life cannot be measured, it is immeasurable. And no map is possible because life is in constant flux. Everything goes on changing. Nothing is permanent except change. Says Heraclitus, 'You cannot step in the same river twice.' And the ways of life are very zig-zag. The ways of life are not like the tracks of a railway train. No, it does not run on tracks. And that's the beauty of it, the glory of it, the poetry of it, the music of it -- that it is always a surprise.

Lao Tzu asema, 'Mimi ni wakusita, na ninasonga nikiwa macho wazi maishani kwa sababu sijui ni jambo gani litatukia. Na sina kanuni yeyote ya utaratibu kuifuata. Inanibidi kuamua kila wasaa. Huwa kamwe kuamua kabla ya la kufika. Inanibidi kuamua wasaa unapowadia!'

Basi mtu yampasa kuwa ni wa kuitikia hasa. Hicho ndiyo maana ya wajibu. Wajibu si mfungamano wa kazi, wajibu si jukumu – ni uwezo mkononi kuitikia. Mtu ambaye ataka kuyajua maisha ni nini inampasa awe mwenye uwezo kuitikiaga. Hicho chakosekana. Karne na karne za kutengenezewa mazingira ya kiakili zimewafanya zaidi kuwa kama mashine. Mmepoteza utu wenu, mmejipatanishia kutosheka thamani yake kwa usalama. Mpo salama na faraja na kila kitu kimepangiliwa na wengine. Na mmeweka kila kitu katika ramani, wamepima kila kitu. Haya yote ni upumbavu kabisa kwa sababu maisha hayawezi kupimwa, hayapimiki. Na hakuna ramani inayowezezana kwa sababu maisha ni mpapatiko. Kila kitu kinakwenda kikibadilika. Hakuna cha kudumu isipokuwa mabadiliko. Asema Heraclitus, 'Hauwezi kutia maguu kwenye mto ule ule mara mbili.' Na namna za maisha ni kona kona hasa. Namna za maisha si kama njia za kupita reli. Hapana, hayapiti kwenye njia. Na huo ndiyo uzuri wake, utukufu wake... ushairi wake, muziki wake – kwamba daima huwa ni ya kushtukiza.

If you are seeking for security, certainty, your eyes will become closed. And you will be less and less surprised and you will lose the capacity to wonder. Once you lose the capacity to wonder, you have lost religion. Religion is the opening of your wondering heart. Religion is a receptivity for the mysterious that surrounds us.

Don't seek security; don't seek advice on how to live your life. People come to me and they say, 'Osho, tell us how we should live our life.' You are not interested in knowing what life is, you are more interested in making a fixed pattern. You are more interested in killing life than in living it. You want a discipline to be imposed on you.

There are, of course, priests and politicians all over the world who are ready, just sitting waiting for you. Come to them and they are ready to impose their disciplines on you. They enjoy the power that comes through imposing their own ideas upon others. I'm not here for that. I am here to help you to become free. And when I say that I am here to help you to become free, I am included. I am to help you to become free of me also. My sannyas is a very paradoxical thing. You surrender to me in order to become free. I accept you and initiate you into sannyas to help you to become absolutely free of every dogma, of every scripture, of every philosophy -- and I am included in it. Sannyas is as paradoxical -- it should be -- as life itself is. Then it is alive.

Ikiwa unatafuta usalama, uhakika wa jambo, macho yako yatajakuwa kufungwa. Na utakuwa ukipungua kushtukizwa na utapoteza uwezo wa kushangaa. Pale utapoteza uwezo wa kushangaa, ushaipoteza dini. Dini ni kufunguka kwa moyo wako wa kushangaa. Dini ni upokevu kwa mastaajabu yenye kutuzunguka.

Usitafute usalama; usitafute ushauri wa juu ya kuyaishi maisha yako. Watu waja kwangu na kusema, 'Osho, tuambie inatubidi tuishi vipi maisha yetu.' Huna mapenzi na kujua maisha ni nini, unapendezwa kufanya sura-ua ya kufanyizwa mkazo. Unapendezwa zaidi kuyaua maisha kuliko kuyaishi. Unataka nidhamu ibebeshewe kwako. Kuna, pasi shaka, makasisi na wanasiasa kote ulimwenguni ambao wako tayari, wameketi tu wakikusubiri. Fika kwao na wao wakotayari kukubebeshea nidhamu. Wanafurahishwa na uwezo wa nguvu kwa kukubebeshea fikra zao kwa wengine. Sipo hapa kwa hilo. Nipo hapa kukusaidia uwe kuwa huru. Na nisemapo nipo hapa kukusaidia uje kuwa huru, mimi kujumuishwa. Mimi ni kukusaidia uje kuwa huru na mimi pia. Usanyasi wangu ni kitu cha kiparadoksi sana. Unajisalimisha kwangu ili uje kuwa huru. Ninakukubali na kukutoharisha kwenye usanyasi ili kukusaidia uje kuwa huru kabisa kabisa wa kila masadikifu, wa kila maandiko, wa kila falsafa -- na mimi kujumuishwa katika hicho. Usanyasi ni wa kiparadoksi -- inapaswa kuwa -- kama maisha yenyewe yalivyo. Ndivyo basi u hai.

So the first thing is: don't ask anybody how you should live your life. Life is so precious. Live it. I am not saying that you will not make mistakes, you will. Remember only one thing -- don't make the same mistake again and again. That's enough. If you can find a new mistake every day, make it. But don't repeat mistakes, that is foolish. A man who can find new mistakes to make will be growing continuously -- that is the only way to learn, that is the only way to come to your own inner light.

Kwa hiyo kitu cha kwanza ni: usimuulize yeyote uishije maisha yako. Maisha yana uthamani sana. Yaishi. Sisemi kwamba hautofanyaga makosa, utayafanya. Kumbuka jambo moja tu -- usifanye makosa yale yale tena na tena. Hivyo yatosha. Ikiwa unaweza kuyapata makosa mapya kila siku, yafanye. Ila usiyarudie makosa, huo ni upumbavu. Mtu ambaye anaweza kuyapata makosa mapya kuyafanya atakuwa akikua hali ya kuendelea -- hiyo ndiyo njia pekee ya kujifunza, hiyo ndiyo njia pekee ya kuwa mwangaza wako mwenyewe.

I have heard.

Nimepata kusikia.

One night the poet, Awhadi of Kerman (a very great Muslim poet) was sitting on his porch bent over a vessel. Shams-e-Tabrizi, a great Sufi mystic, happened to pass by. Shams-e-Tabrizi looked at the poet, at what he was doing. He asked the poet, 'What are you doing?'

The poet said, 'Contemplating the moon in a bowl of water.'

Shams-e-Tabrizi started laughing, with an uproarious laughter, a mad laughter. The poet started feeling uncomfortable; a crowd gathered. And the poet said, 'What is the matter?'

Why are you laughing so much? Why are you ridiculing me?

Shams-e-Tabrizi said, 'Unless you have broken your neck, why don't you look directly at the moon in the sky?'

The moon is there, the full moon is there, and this poet was sitting with a bowl of water and looking into the bowl of water at the reflection of the moon.

Usiku mmoja malenga, Awhadi wa Kermani (Malenga mkubwa sana wa Kiislam) alikuwa ameketi barazani pake kainamia chombo. Shams-i-Tabrizi, msikirifu mkubwa wa Kisufii, alitokea kukatisha kando. Shams-i-Tabrizi alimuangalia malenga, kwa kile alichokuwa akikifanya. Akamuuliza malenga, 'Unafanya kitu gani?'

Malenga akasema, ' Nautafakari kwa kina mwezi kwenye bakuli la maji.'

Shams-i-Tabrizi akaanza kucheka, kwa kicheko cha makelele, kicheko kichaa. Malenga akaanza kujisikia vibaya, umati ukaanza kukusanyika. Na malenga akasema, 'Nini jambo? Kwa nini unacheka sana hivyo? Kwa nini unanifanyia dhihaka?'

Shams-i-Tabrizi akasema, ' Labda iwe umevunjika shingo, kwa nini usiuangalie mwezi moja kwa moja angani?'

Mwezi ule pale, mwezi mzima ule pale, na malenga huyu alikuwa ameketi zuzu na bakuli la maji akiangalia bakulini mwenye maji mwakisiko wa mwezi.

Seeking truth in scriptures, seeking truth in philosophies, is looking at the reflection. If you ask somebody else how you should live your life, you are asking for misguidance, because that man can only talk about his own life. And never, never, are two lives the same. Whatsoever he can say or impart to you will be about his own life -- and that too only if he has lived. He may have asked somebody else, he may have followed somebody else, he may have been an imitator himself. Then it is a reflection of a reflection. And centuries pass and people go on reflecting the reflection of the reflection of the reflection -- and the real moon is always there in the sky waiting for you. It is your moon, it is your sky, look directly. Be immediate about it. Why borrow my eyes or anybody else's eyes? You have been given eyes, beautiful eyes, to see, and to see directly. Why borrow understanding from anybody? Remember, it may be understanding to me. but the moment you borrow it, it becomes knowledge to you -- it is no more understanding, Understanding is only that which has been experienced by the person himself. It may be understanding for me, if I have looked at the moon, but the moment I say it to you it becomes know.ledge, it is no longer understanding. Then it is just verbal, then it is just linguistic. And language is a lie.

Kuitafuta kweli katika maandiko, kuitafuta katika mafalsafa, ni kuuangalia mwakisiko. Ikiwa unamuuliza mtu mwingine ni jinsi gani yakupasa kuyaishi maisha yako, unaulizia kukoseshwa njia, kwa sababu mtu huyu anaweza kuzungumzia tu maisha yake mwenyewe. Na kamwe, kamwe, hakuna maisha mawili kufanana. Chochote awezacho kukisema ama kuhamishia akilini pako italikuwa kuhusu maisha yake mwenyewe – na hilo tu kama ameishi. Inaweza kuwa amepata kumuuliza mtu mwingine, anaweza kuwa amemfuatisha mtu mwingine, anaweza kuwa ni muigizaji yeye mwenyewe. Basi ni mwakisiko wa mwakisiko. Na karne na karne zapita na watu waendelea kuwa kuakisi mwakisiko wa mwakisiko wa mwakisiko – na mwezi halisi daima uko angani ukikusubiri. Ni mwezi wako, ni anga lako, tazama moja kwa moja. Kuwa wa moja kwa moja toka kwa huo. Kwa nini uazime macho yangu ama macho ya mwingine yeyote? Umepewa macho, macho yakupendeza, kuona, na kuona moja kwa moja. Kwa nini uazime uelewa kutoka kwa mwingine yeyote? Kumbuka, inaweza kuwa uelewa kwangu, lakini mara tu uniazimiapo, yawa maarifa kwako – si tena uelewa. Uelewa ni kile tu ambacho kimepitiwa na mtu mwenyewe. Inaweza kuwa ni uelewa kwangu, ikiwa nimeuangalia mwezi, lakini mara niusemeapo kwako waja kuwa maarifa, si tena uelewa. Basi wawa ni maneno tu, basi ni mambo ya kuzungumza kwa lugha. Na lugha ni ulaghai.

Let me tell you an anecdote. A chicken farmer, dissatisfied with the productivity of his flock, decided to use a bit of psychology on his hens. Accordingly he purchased a gay-coloured, talking parrot and placed him in the barnyard. Sure enough, the hens took to the handsome stranger immediately, pointed out the best tidbits for him to eat with joyous clucks, and generally followed him around like a bevy of teen-age girls following a new singing star sensation. To the delight of the farmer even their egg-laying capacities improved. The barnyard rooster, naturally jealous of being ignored by his harem, set upon the attractive interloper, assailed him with beak and claws, pulling out one green or red feather after the other. Whereupon the intimidated parrot cried out in trepidation, 'Desist sir! I beg of you, desist! After all, I am only here in the capacity of a language professor!' Many people live their life as language professors. That is the falsest kind of life. Reality needs no language, it is available to you on a non-verbal level. The moon is there; it needs no bowl and no water, it needs no other medium. You have just to look at it; it is a non-verbal communication. The whole of life is available -- you just have to learn how to communicate with it non-verbally.

Wacha niwasimulieni kisa kifupi cha mtu mmoja. Mfuga kuku, kwa kutoridhishwa na tija ya kundi lake la kuku, aliamua kutumia saikolojia kidogo kwenye kuku zake. Kwa namna hii alimnunua Kasuku mzungumzaji wa rangi kama zile za kupendwa na mashoga, na kumweka uwanjani pa banda. Hakika kana kutosha, matembe wakamkong'otea mgeni mtanashati mara moja, wakamuoneshea punje punje bora kabisa za yeye kula kwa kuparua parua chini, na kwa ujumla kumfuatafuata kote kama vile kundi la vigoli wamfuatavyo kinara mpya atambaye wa kuimba. Kuja kumfurahisha mfugaji hata uwezo wa kutaga mayai ukaongezeka. Jogoo la uwanjani mwa banda kama ilivyo asili ya wivu kwa kupuuziwa na kundi la majike zake, akategeshea mdukizi wa kuvutia, akamvamia kwa mdomo na makucha, kung'ofoa nyoya moja kijani ama jekundu moja baada ya jingine. Na kwa kutishika Kasuku akalia kwa kung'aka, 'Acha kunitafuna bwana! Nakuomba, uache kunitafuna! Tangiapo, nipo hapa tu kukamilisha majukumu ya Mwalimu wa lugha!'

Watu wengi waishi maisha yao kama walimu wa lugha. Hiyo ni aina ya uongo kabisa ya maisha. Uhalisia hauhitaji lugha yoyote, unapatikana kwako katika ngazi ya upasi maneno. Mwezi uko pale; hauhitaji bakuli yoyote na maji yoyote, hauhitaji chochote cha katikati. Inakupasa tu kuuangalia; na mawasiliano yasiyo maneno. Uzima wote maisha unapatikana – inakupasa tu kujifunza jinsi gani ya kuwasiliana nao kwa namna isiyo kimaneno.

That's what meditation is all about -- to be in a space where language does not interfere, where learned concepts don't come in between you and the real. When you love a woman don't be bothered about what others have said about love, because that is going to be an interference. You love a woman, the love is there, forget all that you have learned about love. Forget all Kinseys, forget all Masters and Johnsons, forget all Freuds and Jungs. Please don't become a language professor. Just love the woman and let love be there, and let love lead you and guide you into its innermost secrets, into its mysteries. Then you will be able to know what love is.

Na hicho ndicho kila kitu kuhusiana na miditisha – kuwepo katika unafasi ambapo lugha haiingilii, ambapo dhana zilizofunzwa haziji kati yako na halisia.

Umpendapo mwanamke usisumbuke kuhusiana na kile wengine wasema kuhusu penzi, kwa kuwa hilo litakuwa muingiliano. Unampenda mwanamke, penzi liko hapo, sahau yote uliyojifunza kuhusu penzi. Sahau yote ya akina Kinsey, sahau yote ya wakina Masters and Johnson, sahau yote ya wakina Freud na Jung. Tafadhali usije kuwa mwalimu wa lugha. Wewe fanya penzi kwa mwanamke na liache penzi liwe hapo, na liache penzi likuongoze na kukuoneshea njia kuelekea kwenye siri

zake za ndani hasa, kwenye mastajabu yake. Basi ndiyo utaweza kufahamu penzi ni kitu gani.

And what others say about meditation is meaningless. Once I came upon a book written by a Jaina saint about meditation. It was really beautiful but there were just a few places by which I could see that the man had never meditated himself -- otherwise those places could not be there. But they were very few and far between. The book on the whole, almost ninety-nine per cent, was perfect. I loved the book.

Then I forgot about it. For ten years I was wandering around the country. Once in a village of Rajasthan, that saint came to meet me. His name sounded familiar, and suddenly I remembered the book. And I asked the saint why he had come to me. He said, 'I have come to you to know what meditation is.' I said, 'I remember your book. I remember it very well, because it really impressed me. Except for a few defects which showed that you have never meditated, the book was perfectly right -- ninety-nine per cent right. And now you come here to learn about meditation. Have you never meditated?'

He looked a little embarrassed because his disciples were also there. I said, 'Be frank. Because if you say you know meditation, then I am not going to talk about it. Then finished! You know. There is no need. If you say to me frankly -- at least be true once -- if you say you have never meditated, only then can I help you towards meditation.' It was a bargain, so he had to confess. He said, 'Yes, I have never said it to anybody. I have read many books about meditation, all the old scriptures. And I have been teaching people, that's why I feel embarrassed before my disciples. I have been teaching meditation to thousands, and I have written books about it, but I have never meditated.' 'You can write books about meditation and never come across the space that meditation is. You can become very efficient in verbalising, you can become very clever in abstraction, in intellectual argumentativeness, and you can forget completely that all the time that you have been involved in these intellectual activities has been a sheer wastage. I asked the old man, 'How long have you been interested in meditation?' He said, 'My whole life.' He was almost seventy. He said, 'When I was twenty I took sannyas, I became a Jaina monk, and those fifty years since then I have been reading and reading and thinking about meditation.' Fifty years of thinking and reading and writing about meditation, even guiding people into meditation, and he has not even tasted once what meditation is!

Na kile wengine wakisemacho kuhusu miditisha hakina maana yoyote. Wakati mmoja nilikutana na kitabu kilichoandikwa na santi wa ki-Jaina kuhusu miditisha. Kilikuwa ni cha kupendeza sana lakini kulikuwa na sehemu chache ambazo niliweza kuona kwamba mtu mwenyewe hajapata kufanya miditisha kamwe – vinginevyo sehemu hizo zingeingekuwapo. Lakini zilikuwa chache na zimeachana sana. Kitabu chote kizima, karibia asilimia tisini na tisa, kilikuwa kamili. Nilikipenda kitabu.

Halafu nikakisahau. Kwa miaka kumi nilikuwa zunguka zunguka nchi. Nilipokuwa kijiji cha Rajasthan, santi yule alikuja kukutana na mimi. Jina lake lilisikika kama si geni masikioni, na ghafla nikakikumbuka kitabu. Na nikamuuliza santi mbona amekuja kwangu. Akasema, 'Nimekuja kwako ili kujua miditisha ni kitu gani.' Nikasema 'Ninakikumbuka kitabu chako. Ninakikumbuka vizuri sana, kwa sababu kilinipendeza sana. Isipokuwa kwa mapungufu machache ambayo yalionesha haujapata kufanya miditisha kamwe, kitabu kilikuwa sahihi kamili kabisa – asilimia tisini na tisa sahihi. Na sasa waja kwangu hapa kujifunza miditisha. Haujawahi kufanya miditisha kamwe?

Alionekana kujisikia aibu kidogo kwa kuwa wafuasi wake walikuwepo pia pale. Nikasema, 'Kuwa muwazi. Kwa sababu ikiwa unasema unajua miditisha, basi sitaiongelea hiyo. Basi kwisha! Unajua. Hakuna hitaji. Ikiwa unaniambia wazi wazi – walau uwe mkweli mara moja – ikiwa wasema haujawahi kufanya miditisha kamwe, hapo tu ndiyo ninaweza kukuelekeza kuelekea

kwenye miditisha. Ilikuwa ni pendekezo kwa mapatano ya mathamanisho ya kubadilishana, hivyo ilimbidi kukiri. Akasema 'Ndiyo, sijawahi kulisema hili kwa mtu yeyote. Nimevisoma vitabu vingi kuhusu miditisha, masahafu zote za zamani. Na nimekuwa nikiwafundisha watu, ndiyo maana ninajisikia aibu mbele za wafuasi wangu. Nimekuwa nikifundisha miditisha kwa maelfu ya watu, na nimeviandika vitabu kuhusiana na hiyo, lakini sijapata kufanya miditisha kamwe.' Unaweza kuandika vitabu kuhusu miditisha na usiwe kuwa kufikia kwenye unafasi wa miditisha kamwe. Unaweza kuwa mwenye ufanisi wa hali ya juu katika maneno, unaweza kuja kuwa mahiri sana katika dhahania, katika malumbano ya kiakili ya hoja, na unaweza kusahau mazima ya kwamba wakati wote ambao umekuwa ukijihusisha na pilika hizi za kiakili imekuwa ni kupoteza wakati patupu kabisa. Nilimuuliza mzee, 'Kwa muda gani umekuwa ukivutiwa na miditisha?' Akaema 'Maisha yangu yote.' Alikuwa takriban miaka sabini. Alisema, 'Nilipokuwa na miaka ishirini nilichukua kiapo cha usanyasi. Nikawa mtawa wa kiJaina, na hiyo miaka yote hamisni tangu hapo nimekuwa nikisoma na kuandika na kufikiria kuhusu miditisha.' Miaka hamsini ya kufikiria na kusoma na kuandika kuhusu miditisha, hata kuongoza watu kwenye miditisha, na yeye hajaweza hata kuonja miditisha ni kitu gani!

But this is the case with millions of people. They talk about love, they know all the poetries about love, but they have never loved. Or even if they thought they were in love, they were never in love. That too was a 'heady' thing, it was not of the heart. People live and go on missing life. It needs courage. It needs courage to be realistic, it needs courage to move with life wherever it leads, because the paths are uncharted, there exists no map. One has to go into the unknown.

Lakini hichi ndicho kile kile na mamilioni ya watu. Wanazungumza kuhusu mapenzi, wanayajua yote kuhusu mashairi ya mapenzi, lakini hawajapata kupenda kamwe. Ama hata kama walipata kufikiri walikuwa katika mapenzi, wao hawakupata kuwa kwenye mapenzi kamwe. Hilo pia lilikuwa la 'kichwani kichwani' mno, halikuwa la moyoni. Watu waishi na kuendelea kuyakosa maisha. Inataka ujasiri. Inahitaji ujasiri kuwa wa kukabiliana na hali halisi, inahitaji ujasiri kusonga na maisha kokote kule yakupelekapo, kwa sababu njia hazijapata kukatiziwa na watu, hakuna ramani iliyopo. Mtu inambidi aelekee kusikojulikana.

Life can be understood only if you are ready to go into the unknown. If you cling to the known, you cling to the mind, and the mind is not life. Life is non-mental, non-intellectual, because life is total. Your totality has to be involved in it, you cannot just think about it. Thinking about life is not life. beware of this 'about-ism'. One goes on thinking about and about: there are people who think about God, there are people who think about life, there are people who think about love. There are people who think about this and that.

Maisha yanaweza kueleweka ikiwa tu uko tayari kuelekea kusikojulikana. Ikiwa wang'ang'ania yajulikanayo, unaing'ang'ania akili, na akili si uzima. Uzima ni upasi-akili, upasi-fikra bayanifu, kwa kuwa uzima ni umazima. Namna ya umazima mazima wako unahitaji kuhusishwa na hayo, hauwezi tu kuyafikiria. Kufikiria kuhusu maisha si uzima. Kuwa macho na huu 'ukuhusu kuhusu'. Mtu anelekea tu kufikiria kuhusu na kuhusu: kuna watu wanaofikiria kuhusu Mungu, kuna watu wanaofikiria kuhusu uzima, kuna watu wanaofikiria kuhusu upendo. Kuna watu wanaofikiria kuhusu hiki na kile.

Mulla Nasrudin became very old and he went to his doctor. He was looking very weak so the doctor said, 'I can say only one thing. You will have to cut your love-life to half.' The Mulla said, 'Okay. Which half? Talking about it or thinking about it?' That's all. Don't become a language professor, don't become a parrot. Parrots are language professors. They live in words, concepts, theories, theologies, and life goes on

passing, slipping out of their hands. Then one day suddenly they become afraid of death. When a person is afraid of death, know well that that person has missed life. If he has not missed life there cannot be any fear of death. If a person has lived life, he will be ready to live death also. He will be almost enchanted by the phenomenon of death.

Mulla Nasrudin alikuja kuwa mzee sana na akaenda kwa mganga wake. Alikuwa mdhaifu sana kwa hiyo mganga akamwambia, 'Ninaweza kukisema kitu kimoja tu. Inakukubidi kuyakate maisha yako ya mapenzi kuwa nusu nusu.' Mula akasema, 'Sawa. Nusu ipi? Kuizungumzia hiyo ama kuifikiria hiyo?' Ndiyo yote. Usije kuwa mwalimu wa lugha, usijekuwa kasuku. Kasuku ni walimu wa lugha. Wanaishi katika maneno, dhana na dhana, nadharia, teolojia, na maisha yanasonga, yakiwateleza mikononi mwao. Kisha siku moja ghafla wanakuja kuwa na hofu na mauti. Mtu anapokuwa na hofu na mauti, jua vema mtu huyo ameyakosa maisha. Ikiwa hajayakosa maisha hakuwezi kuwapo hofu yoyote ya mauti. Ikiwa mtu ameyaishi maisha, yeye atakuwa tayari kuiishi mauti pia. Atakuwa kusema kabisa ametekwa fahamu na finomena ya mauti.

When Socrates was dying he was so enchanted that his disciples could not understand what he was feeling so happy about. One disciple, Credo, asked, 'Why are you looking so happy? We are crying and weeping.' Socrates said, 'Why should I not be happy? I have known what life is, now I would like to know what death is. I am at the door of a great mystery, and I am thrilled! I am going on a great journey into the unknown. I am simply full of wonder! I cannot wait!' And remember, Socrates was not a religious man; Socrates was not in any way a believer.

Somebody asked, 'Are you so certain that the soul will survive after death?' Socrates said, 'I don't know.'

Socrates alipokuwa akifa alikuwa pia amegubikwa na furaha kiasi kwamba wafuasi wake hawakuweza kumuelewa ni kitu gani alikuwa akijisikia furaha kuhusu. Mfuasi mmoja, Credo, akauliza, 'Mbona unaonekana una furaha hivyo? Sisi tunalia na kutoa machozi.' Socrates akasema, 'Kwa nini niwe pasipo furaha? Nimekujua kuishi ni kitu gani, sasa ningalipenda kufahamu mauti ni kitu gani. Nipo mlangoni pa staaajabu kubwa, na nasisimuka! Ninakwenda safari kubwa kuelekea kusikojulikana. Nimejawa tu jicho la kushangazwa cha kuona! Siwezi kungoja!' Na mkumbuke, Socrates hakuwa mtu wa dini; Socrates hakuwa vile kusema ni muumini. Mtu aliuliza, 'Je, unahakika hasa kwamba nafsi-roho yako itaponea mauti?' Socrates akasema, 'Sijui.'

To say, 'I don't know' takes the greatest courage in the world. It is very difficult for the language professors to say, 'I don't know'. It is difficult for the parrots. Socrates was a very sincere and honest man. He said, 'I don't know.' Then the disciple asked, 'Then why are you feeling so happy? If the soul does not survive, then...?' Socrates said, 'I have to see. If I survive there can be no fear about it. If I don't survive, how can there be fear? If I don't survive, I don't survive. Then where is the fear? There is nobody there, so fear cannot exist. If I survive, I survive. There is no point in getting afraid about it. But I don't know exactly what is going to happen. That's why I am so full of wonder and ready to go into it. I don't know.'

Kusema, 'Sijui' huchukua ujasiri mkubwa sana duniani. Ni vigumu sana kwa mwalimu wa lugha kusema, 'Sijui'. Ni vigumu kwa makasuku. Socrates alikuwa ni mkweli na muungwana sana. Alisema, 'Sijui.' Halafu mfuasi akauliza, 'Basi ni kwanini unajisikia furaha hivyo? Ikiwa nafsi-roho yako haitaponea, nini baada ya hapo? Socrates akasema, 'Itabidi nione. Ikiwa ninaponea kubakia kutakuwa hakuna hofu kuhusu hilo. Ikiwa sitaponea uzima, hofu inawezaje kuwepo? Ikiwa sitaponea, sitaponea. Basi hofu iko wapi? Hakuna yeyote pale, kwa hivyo hofu haiwezi kuwepo. Ikiwa ninaponea, ninaponea. Hakuna chakuhofia hasa kuhusiana na hilo. Lakini sijui hasa ni kipi

kitakachotokea. Ndiyo maana nimejawa na hamu ya kuyaona na kuingia hiyo. Sijui.'

To me, this is what a religious man should be. A religious man is not a Christian, or a Hindu, or a Buddhist, or a Mohammedan. All these are ways of knowledge. A Christian says, 'I know.' And his knowledge comes from the Christian dogmas. The Hindu says, 'I also know.' And his knowledge comes from the Vedas and the Gitas and his dogmas. And a Hindu is against the Christian, because he says, 'If I am right, you cannot be right. If you are right, then I cannot be right.' So there is great argument and there is much dispute and much debate and unnecessary conflict.

A religious man, a really religious man -- not the so-called religious people -- is one who says, 'I don't know.' When you say 'I don't know' you are open, you are ready to learn. When you say 'I don't know' you don't have any prejudice this way or that, you don't have any belief, you don't have any knowledge. You have only awareness. You say, 'I am aware and I will see what happens. I will not carry any dogma from the past.'

This is the attitude of a disciple, the attitude of one who wants to learn. And discipline simply means learning. A disciple means a learner, one who is ready to learn, and discipline means learning.

I am not here to teach you any dogmas; I am not imparting any knowledge to you. I am simply helping you to see that which is. Live your life whatsoever the cost. Be ready to gamble with it.

Kwangu, hicho ndicho kumpasa kuwa hasa mtu wa dini. Mtu wa dini siyo Mkristu, au Mhindu, au Mbuddha, au Wamuhamedi. Haya yote ni ya namna za maarifa. Mkristu asema, 'Najua.' Na maarifa yake yaja kutokea kwenye masadikifu ya Kikristu. Mhindu asema, 'Na mimi najua.' Na maarifa yake yaja kutokea katika ma-veda na ma-gita na masadikifu mgando yake. Na Mhindu anapingana na Mkristo, kwa sababu anasema, ikiwa mimi niko sahihi, wewe hauwezi kuwa sahihi. Ikiwa wewe uko sahihi, basi mimi siwezi kuwa sahihi.' Kwa hiyo kuna hoja kubwa za mahojiano na kuna ugomvi mkubwa na malumbano ya hoja na mizozo isiyo ya lazima.

Mtu wa dini, mtu hasa wa dini – siyo wale waitwao kana watu wa dini – ni yule asemaye 'Sijui' usemapo 'sijui' upo wazi, upo tayar kujiifunza. Usemapo 'Sijui' hauna kasumba yoyote namna hii ama ile, hauna chochote cha kusadiki, hauna maarifa yoyote. Una kule tu kuwa macho fahamuni. Unaweza kusema niko macho kichwani na nitaona kipi kitakuja kutokea, sitabeba usadikifu mgando wowote kutokea nyuma.'

Hii ndiyo nidhamu ya kiakili ya mfuasi, nidhamu ya kiakili ya mtu atakaye kujifunza. Na nidhamu kwa lugha rahisi yamaanisha kujifunza, Mfuasi yamaanisha mjiifunza, mtu aliyetayari kujifunza, na nidhamu yamaanisha kujifunza. ([Mfasiri] :Kulingana na etimolojia na mapelekeano ya maneno *discipline* na *disciple* kwenye lugha ya kiingereza)

Siko hapa kuwafundisha masadikifu mgando yoyote; siwajazi vichwani maarifa yoyote. Ninawasaidia tu mkione kile kilicho. Yaishini maisha yenu kwa gharama yoyote. Muwe tayari kucheza nayo kamari.

I have heard about a business man. He was walking from his office to a restaurant for lunch when he was stopped by a stranger who said to him, 'I don't think that you remember me, but ten years ago I came to this city broke. I asked you for a loan and you gave me twenty dollars because you said you were willing to take a chance to start a man on the road to success.'

The business man thought for a while and then he said. 'Yes, I remember the incident. Go on with your story.' 'Well,' remarked the stranger, 'are you still willing to gamble?'

Life asks you the same question again and again and again: 'Are you still willing to gamble?' It is never certain. Life has no insurance to it; it is simply an opening, a wild opening, a chaotic opening. You can make a small house around you, secure, but then that will prove to be your grave. Live with life.

Nimepata kusikia kuhusu mfanyabiashara. Alikuwa akitembea kutoka ofisini pake kwenda mgahawani kwa ajili ya mlo wa mchana wakati aliposimamishwa na mtu mgeni aliyemwambia, 'Sifikiri kwamba unanikumbuka, lakini miaka kumi iliyopita nilifika mjini hapa nikiwa kapuku. Nilikuomba mkopo na ukanipatia dola ishirini kwa sababu ulisema ulikuwa uko tayari kubahatishia mtu njia ya kuelekea mafanikio.'

Mfanyabiashara alifikiria kidogo na halafu akasema. 'Ndiyo, ninalikumbuka hilo tukio. Endelea na kisa chako.' 'Sawa,' akajibu mgeni, 'je, bado uko tayari kutia kamari?' Maisha yanakuuliza swali hilo hilo tena na tena na tena: 'je, bado uko tayari kutia kamari?' Hayako hakika kamwe. Maisha hayana bima yake; yenyewe ni nafasi wazi tu, nafasi wazi kichaa, nafasi wazi ya kuibuka vovvyote. Unaweza kujifanyizia kanyumba kadogo kukuzunguka, salama, lakini hako katathibitisha kuwa kaburi lako. Ishi na maisha.

And we have been doing that in many ways. Marriage is man-created; love is part of life. When you create marriage around love you are creating security. You are making something which cannot be made -- love cannot be made legal. You are trying to do the impossible, and if, in that effort, love dies, it is no wonder. You become a husband, your beloved becomes a wife. You are no longer two alive persons, you are two functionaries. The husband has a certain function, the wife has a certain function: they have certain duties to fulfil. Then life has ceased to flow, it is frozen. Watch a husband and wife. You will always see two persons frozen, sitting side by side, not knowing what they are doing there, why they are sitting there. Maybe they have nowhere to go.

When you see love between two persons, something is flowing, moving, changing. When there is love between two persons they live in an aura, there is a constant sharing. Their vibrations are reaching to : each other; they are broadcasting their being to each other. There is no wall between them, they are two and yet not two -- they are one also. The husband and wife are as far away as it is possible to be, even though they may be sitting by the side of each other. The husband never listens to what the wife is saying; he has become deaf long ago. The wife never sees what is happening to the husband; she has become blind to him. They take each other absolutely for granted; they have become things. They are no longer persons because persons are always open, persons are always uncertain, persons are always changing. Now they have a fixed role to fulfil. They died the day they got married. Since that day they have not lived.

I'm not saying not to get married, but remember that love is the real thing. And if it dies then marriage is worthless.

Na tumekuwa tukifanya hivyo kwa namna nyingi. Ndoa ni chakuundwa na mtu; upendo ni sehemu ya maisha. Unapofanya ndoa kuzunguka upendo unauunda usalama. Unakifanya kitu ambacho hakiwezi kufanywa—mapenzi hayawezi kufanyika halali kwa sheria. Unajaribu kukifanya kilicho ni muhari, na ikiwa kama, katika jitihada hizo, upendo wafa, si la kusangaza. Wawa mume, mpendwa wako awa mke. Ninyi si wawili tena mlio hai, ninyi ni vitumikavyokazi viwili. Mume anakazi fulani, na mke anakazi fulani: wanayomajukumu fulani ya kutimiliza. Basi uzima umekoma kutiririka, umeganda barafu. Tazama mume na mke. Daima utawaona watu wawili wameganda barafu, wakiwa wameketi ubavu kwa ubavu, pasi kujua ni kitu gani wakifanyacho hapo, kwa nini wameketi hapo. Labda hawana kungine pa kwenda.

Uonapo upendo kati ya watu wawili, kuna kitu kinatiririka, chatembea, chabadilika. Palipokuwepo na upendo kati ya watu wawili wanaishi ndani ya Aura, kuna kushiriki moja na moja kwa mwingine wakati wote. Vaibresha zao zaishia kwa: kila moja, wanarushiana habari ya ukuwa wao. Hakuna ukuta kati yao, wao ni wawili na hapohapo si wawili – wao ni moja pia. Mume na mke ni wako mbalimbali kadri kusema kuweza kuwa, hata kama wanaweza kuwa wameketi ubavu kwa ubavu. Mke haangali kamwe ni kipi kinachotukia kwa mume; yeye amekuwa kipofu kwa yeye. Wamechukulinana poa poa; wamekuwa vitu. Wao si tena watu kwa sababu watu daima wako wazi,

watu daima hawako na hakika, watu daima wanabadilika. Sasa wao wanamgawanyo wa majukumu uliotegeshewa namna kutimilizwa. Walifariki siku waliyofunga ndoa. Tangu siku hiyo hawajawa hai.

Sisemi usioe, ila kumbuka mapenzi ni kitu halisi. Na ikiwa huyo yafa, basi ndoa haina thamani yoyote.

And the same is true about everything in life, about everything. Either you can live it -- but then you have to live with this hesitation, not knowing what is going to happen the next moment -- or you can make everything certain about it.

There are people who have become so certain about everything that they are never surprised. There are people whom you cannot surprise. And I am here to deliver to you a message which is very surprising -- you will not believe it, I know. You cannot believe it, I know. I am here to tell you something which is absolutely unbelievable -- that you are gods and goddesses. You have forgotten

Na kitu hicho hicho ni kweli kuhusu kila kitu maishani, kuhusu kila kitu. Aidha unaweza kuyaishi – lakini tena inakupasa kuishi kwa masito sito, bila kujua kipi kinakuja kutokea wasaa unafuatia – au unaweza kukifanya kila kitu kiwe na hakika yake.

Kuna watu wamekuwa na hakika sana kuhusu kila kitu hata kwamba huwa hawashtushwi mlangoni na jambo. Kuna watu usioweza kuwashtukizia chochote mlangoni. Mimi niko hapa kuwaletoa mlangoni ujumbe unaoshtusha sana – hamuwezi kuuamini, najua. Hamuwezi kuuamini, najua. Niko hapa kuwaambieni kitu ambacho hakiaminiki kabisa kabisa – kwamba ninyi ni miungu waume na miungu wake. Mmesahau.

Let me tell you an anecdote.

Harvey Firestone, Thomas A. Edison, John Burroughs and Henry Ford stopped at a rural service station on their way to Florida for the winter. 'We want some bulbs for our headlights,' said Ford. 'And by the way, that is Thomas Edison sitting there in the car, and I am Henry Ford.'

The fellow at the service station did not even look up, just spat out some tobacco juice with obvious contempt. 'And,' said Ford, 'we would like to buy a new tire if you have any Firestone tires. And that other fellow in the car is Harvey Firestone himself.'

Still the old fellow said nothing. While he was placing the tire on the wheel, John Burroughs, with his long white beard, stuck his head out the window and said, 'How do you do, stranger?'

Finally the old man at the service station came alive. He glared at Burroughs and said, 'If you tell me you are Santa Claus I will be damned if I don't crush your skull with this lug wrench.'

He could not believe that in one car Harvey Firestone, Thomas A. Edison, John Burroughs and Henry Ford were travelling. They were all friends and they used to travel together.

Wacha niwasimulieni kisa cha watu fulani.

Harvey Firestone, Thomas A. Edison, John Burroughs na Henry Ford walisimama katika kituo cha sevisi cha nje nje ya mji njiani wakielekea Florida kwa ajili ya msimu wa kipupwe. 'Tunazitaka balbu kwa ajili ya taa zetu za mbele.' alisema Ford. 'Na kwanza hapa hapa, Yule pale ni Thomas Edison mule garini, na mimi ni Henry Ford.'

Mtu wa kituo cha sevisi wala hakuinua macho kutazama, alitema tu mate ya ugolo chini kwa dharau ya wazi. 'Na' alisema Ford, 'Tungalipenda kununua tairi jipya ikiwa una matairi yeyote ya Firestone. Na yule mtu mwingine garini ni Harvey Firestone mwenyewe.' Bado vile vile mzee hakusema chochote. Alipokuwa akilipachika tairi kwenye gurudumu, John Burroughs, na ndefu zake ndevu nyeupe, alichomoza kichwa chake nje na kusema, 'Vipi hali yako, mgeni machoni?'

Hatimaye mzee wa pale kituoni akachangamka. Alimwambia Burrough na kusema, 'Tkiwa utaniambia wewe ni Santa Klausi nitalaaniwa ikiwa sitokuponda fuvu lako na hili tarimbo zito.' Hakuweza kuamini kwamba katika gari moja Harvey Firestone, Thomas A. Edison, John Burrough na Henry Ford walikuwa wakisafiri. Wote walikuwa marafiki na walizoea kusafiri pamoja.

When I say to you you are gods and goddesses you will not believe it because you have completely forgotten who is travelling within you, who is sitting within you, who is listening to me, who is looking at me. You have completely forgotten. You have beengiven some labels from the outside and you have trusted those labels -- yoUr name, your religion, your country -- all bogus! It does not make any sense if you are a Hindu or a Christian or a Mohammedan if you don't know your self. These labels make no sense at all except that they may be of a certain utility. What sense does it make whether you are a Hindu, or a Christian, or a Mohammedan, or an Indian, or an American, or Chinese? How does it make sense, how does it help you to know your being? All are irrelevant -- because the being is neither Indian, nor Chinese, nor American; and the being is neither Hindu, nor Mohammedan, nor Christian. The being is simply a pure 'is-ness'. The pure 'is-ness' is what I call God. If you can understand your inner divinity you have understood what life is. Otherwise you have not been able yet to decode life. This is the message. The whole life is pointing at one thing, continuously -- that you are gods. Once you have understood it, then there is no death. Then you have learned the lesson. Then in death gods will be returning back to their homes.

Nisemapo ninyi ni miungu waume na miungu wake hamtoamini kwa kuwa mmesahau kabisa ni nani anasafiri na wewe, ni nani ameketi na wewe, nani anisikilizaye, nani aniangaliae. Mmesahau kabisa kabisa. Mmepewa vibandiko vya majina toka nje na ninyi mmeviamini hivyo vibandiko – jina lako, dini yako, nchi yako – vyote hamna kitu! Haileti maana yeyote akilini ikiwa wewe ni Mhindu au Mkristu au Wamuhamadi ikiwa wewe hauifahamu nafsi yako. Vibandiko hivi vya majina havileti maana yoyote isipokuwa kwamba ni kwa ajili ya matumikizi fulani fulani. Ina maana gani akilini ikiwa wewe ni Mhindu, au Wamuhamadi, au Mhindi, au Mu-amerika au Mchina? Inafanyaje maana akilini, inasaidiaje wewe kuufahamu ukuwa wako? Yote hayo hayahusiki – kwa kuwa ukuwa si Wa-kihindi, wala Wa-kichina, wala Wa-kiamerika; na ukuwa si wa-kihindi, wala wa-kimuhamadi, wala wa-kikristu. Ukuwa ni tu 'Ulikilicho' safi pasi mawaa. 'Ukilicho' safi pasi mawaa ndicho kile nikiitacho Mungu. Ikiwa unaweza kuelewa umaanani wako wa ndani umeuelewa uzima ni nini. Vingine nevyo hutoweza kulivunja fumbo la kung'amulia maisha. Huu ndiyo ujumbe. Maisha yote yaoneshea uelekeo kwenye kitu kimoja, wakati wote – kwamba ninyi ni miungu. Mara mlielewapo hili, basi hakuna mauti. Basi mmejifunza somo lote. Basi katika mauti miungu wakakuwa wakirejea makwao.

WHEN RABBI BIRNHAM LAY DYING, HIS WIFE BURST INTO TEARS.

HE SAID, 'WHAT ARE YOU CRYING FOR?

MY WHOLE LIFE WAS ONLY THAT I MIGHT LEARN HOW TO DIE.'

The whole life...just a training for how to go back home, how to die, how to disappear.

Because the moment you disappear, God appears in you. Your presence is God's absence; your absence is God's presence.

RABI BIRNHAM ALIPOKUWA AMELALA AKIFA, MKEWE ALILIPUKA MACHOZI, YEYE AKASEMA, 'UNALILIA KITU GANI?

MAISHA YANGU YOTE YALIKUWA NI TU KWAMBA INGALINIPASAJE KUJIFUNZA JINSI GANI YA KUFA.'

Maisha yote... ni mafundisho ya kivitendo kwa jinsi ya kurudi nyumani, jinsi ya kufa, jinsi ya kupotelea mbali. Kwa kwa muda upoteleapo mbali, Mungu atokea katika wewe. Uwepo wako mahali ndiyo kukosenapo kwa Mungu; kukosekanapo kwako ndiyo Mungu kuweko mahala.