

## A Minute with Krishna

Aśocyān anvaśocastvaṁ

(You weep over things that do not call for any grief) – Geeta Ch. II—9

Can there be an event in your life that deserves grief on your part? Can you name one, just one event? Try.

A bodily affliction? .. No. – it is a painful affair, no doubt, but definitely not a cause for sorrow, the affliction being a fact to be faced.

Loss of property? No. – even when you got the property, you knew that it was subject to loss. That was the reason why you wanted, did you not?, to protect it. The expected has happened; no room for sorrow.

Loss of friendship? Well, friendship lasts—it is never lost. The one you lost was no friendship at all. How? Because of the fact that you lost it. Indeed there was no friendship to be lost for you to weep over.

What about the death of someone close? No. – not even death can be a case for sorrow. You weep as though you might have stopped it had you been given a chance! You weep as though you are going to revive the dead. The only thing that you can, that you should, do immediately to the dead body is to cremate it before it decomposes.

All right, for the dead weeping is useless. For the dying? My God, the dying wants not your tears—he wants you to do all that you can for his survival. Your tears make no medicine, please! No, here there is no time or case for sorrow. The occasion calls for action, all action from you.

Then, at least I can weep over my own death? Dead once, you won't be there to weep! While dying? Dying, you need all your resources to survive!

Indeed it is unfortunate that you can't weep; there seems to be no legitimate excuse at all for sorrow.

Then what shall I do? Laugh; yes, laugh.



—DAYA

October 1, 1968

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.....agamāpāyino'nityāstāntitīkṣasva bhārata  
Bhagavat Gita 2.14

Time is a cosmic tramp under whose ubiquitous feet things change and go out of shape. Born in time as all things are, they are of time. And they must change as time moves on. Hence it is puerile to expect permanency in things that you see, that you love to see always.

But then, puerile you are. Otherwise, will you wear such a long face for the losws of your fortune? Will you weep over the death of one you just happned toknow or live with?

The trouble is this. Whatever the object you love, you want it to be permanent. You don't like to grow old, albeit the time turns your hair white and beats your face out of its blush. The result? Worries!

You lovve to have your kith and kin around you. And time, the unsummoned intruder, snatches away one of them. The result? The blues!

You crave to hold on to your titles, but one day, in time, you find yourself dispossessed of them. The result? Gloom!

You long to live in the same climate, but the whirling spindle of time spins seasons. The result? Discomfort!

And because of this: you have omitted to recognize the unerring law that all under the sky, being in time must change, pass, perish and become. It is in your asawareness of this law lies the release from all worries, gloom and discomfort. If only you can take things as they come, leave things as they pass....! Yes, that's living.



—DAYA  
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