

The Sage and His Writings - Swami Omkarananda

Be Thou such a Sage !

The Sage is accustomed to live constantly in the context of the cosmic Being;

articulate in loneliness the words of his wisdom and his experience, even to what the ordinary eye would dismiss as inane nothing;

adjust himself to the standpoint of the all-seeing, because self-seeing Light within, of the omnipresent Reality that has everywhere the resting ground for the infinitude of its existence, its consciousness, its delight.

The Sage finds the core of his own luminous being in the embodiments of all living things, and partakes of the ecstatic delight born of such a life, lived in such an all-dimensioned divine environment, by such articulation, by such an adjustment, and by such a discovery.

How, or what, will such a Sage write?

The towering Sage, who has for his mansions the forests untrodden by man, finds in stones a Deity, in trees a Presence, in stars a Soul, in all that lives the very vortex of the life of his own life.

How, or what, does such a Sage write?

He is the Friend, whose each movement breathes Peace to the East, Peace to the West, Peace to the North, Peace to the South,

whom all Nature acknowledges as its beloved,

whose heart has not known a single wrong impulse,

whose mind is a pool of pervasive Light raised above all possibilities of casting a shadow.

He owns a wealth which none, not the hand of Time itself, can deprive him of, but which shall announce itself through all the ages.

He commands such a fund of fundamental goodness that makes him have in the worst of his enemies the best of his bodyguards, find in the dacoit what he is, a dispenser of Justice, a tool, an instrument in the hands of a Judge who does not err, and whose error would mean the annulment of the law that sun shall rise in the East, that gravitation shall govern all things that fall, that each action shall have a reaction.

He sees in the robber his own menial, fulfilling a task demanded by a circumstance in the world of limitations, shades, errors, evils, of self-limitation in knowledge and in goodness.

The Sage receives, at worst, from the very idea of death itself, the thrill of joy consequent upon a sudden intimation of the change into a better circumstance that permits fuller action to the play of his Goodness, his Sageliness, his Light, his Love, his Life.

He has for his coat-of-arms the transforming power, the compelling force he exercises uniformly on all.

Even in the most repulsive face, he gazes on the beauties of the Divinity with which he is constantly in touch and in contact, and experiences in all women the quintessence of all motherliness, personified love, service, tenderness, grace, auspiciousness, art, beauty.

His life is lived in such a plenitude of the consciousness of the Divine, and by such disciplines of a mind uplifted by wisdom, of a heart ensouled by all-embracing Love, of an action ruled by austerity and Truth,

that he is empowered to affirm that nothing can happen to him save what he wants should happen to him,

that he would find himself in no circumstance except the one that he has always willed, and always wanted to live in;

that none could speak to him anything except what he would want them to speak to him;

that none can do to him anything except what he had wanted, or will have, them do to him.

Wherever he may live, there can be found for himself, and for others, peace, enlightenment, power, prosperity, progress, benediction, blessing, beatitude, grace, greatness.

How, or what, will such a Sage write?

- Swami Omkarananda