LIFE, LOVE AND DEATH GO TOGETHER

Unless one understands living, merely to find a way out of death is utterly meaningless. Then when one understands what it is to live, which is to end sorrow, to end struggle, not to make a battle-field of life, then it will be seen psychologically, inwardly, that to live is to die — to die to everything everyday, to all the accumulations that have been gathered, so that the mind is fresh, new and innocent each day. And that requires enormous attention. But this cannot be unless there is an ending to sorrow, that is fear, and so the ending of thought; then the mind is completely quiet — not dull, not stupid, not made insensitive by discipline and all the rest of those tricks that one plays through the study of yoga and all the rest of that business. Then life is dying, which means there is no death without love. Love is not a memory. Life, love and death go together — they are not separate things. And so life consists in living every day in a state of freshness and to have that clarity, that innocency, there must be the death of that state of mind in which there is always the centre, the 'me'.

Without love there is no virtue, without love there is no peace, there is no relationship. That is the foundation — for the mind to go immeasurably into that dimension in which alone truth exists.

Talks in Europe, 1968. p. 97-98