

NOTEBOOK ON EVOLUTION

encounters, the entire organization of things, its entire life, is the negation of what it sees as the Beauty to be realized.

Nothing Impossible

I seem to be encompassing all the world's resistances.

They come to me one after another, and if I stop calling the Divine for a single minute and intimately feeling His presence within me, the pain becomes unbearable! To such a point that I now hesitate to speak of "transformation" to people, because if that's what it is, one really has to be a hero.

But the body has a single prayer, always the same:

Make me worthy of knowing You
Make me worthy of serving You
Make me worthy of being You.

We are on the threshold of something truly marvelous, but . . . we don't know how to keep it – it comes like a breeze, and we just don't know how to hold it.

Never before have I had such a sense of ignorance, of impotence, of being a jumble of frightful contradictions. Yet I *know* deep down, beyond speech, that it's because I don't know how to find the place where they harmonize and unite.

I can do absolutely nothing, I know absolutely nothing – in fact, I am nothing but a false appearance.

I don't remember anything. I even forgot what I said earlier.

And strangely, almost at the same time, there's torture and bliss.

All our old ways of understanding things are worthless. All our values are worthless.

There's a sort of soaring of the whole atmosphere toward an almost inconceivable splendor, but at the same time the feeling that the body could dissolve any moment. Both things