

The Most Beautiful Garland in the Universe

I told you in the past how I enter the Court of the Beloved in Heaven.

Usually I cheat or bribe the Gate Abdal; Abdals are totally obedient, but not really smart. So each time I come up with a new trick to deceive them. They learn my old tricks, but cannot figure out the new ones. Therefore, I continue sneaking into the Court of the Lord; not once I was caught by Upasni, who threw me (with a good kick in the butt) back to the harsh physical plane. But the wonders of Beloved's Court are such, that I am willing to pay any price just for a glimpse of His beautiful Face, which is million times more fantastic than what we could witness when He comes to this coarse plane. (And, of course, to tell you all kind of stories). Of course, the Lord knows about my criminal activity, but it seems that He is amused by that mischief amidst the most Perfect place in the creation – it is hard to describe the serenity, the absolute centering of all concerned, the beauty, the dancing angels, the Divine orchestra playing the celestial music, etc., etc. Actually, all that I am trying to portray here is like a shallow pudding. There is no language that is capable of expressing the wonders of the spiritual realms.

The Highest Court in Heaven comprises of the Divine Beloved as a Center, surrounded by the Lords of creation – Almighty Beings who create and destroy Universes by thought only. The Divine Beloved – the Center of all that is happening actually does nothing. He IS. However, what He really does is to keep on creating new states of consciousness, which usually He does when He comes to planet Earth, what we call an Avataric Advent. His real mission on Earth has been to create a new state of consciousness, which did not exist in the Universe before. Humanity has become a challenge for the entire Spiritual Hierarchy, and only the Highest of the High has ways of dealing with it. The consequences of His work are new states of consciousness which affect all realms in creation. Why on Earth? It is due to the fact that currently planet Earth is the school where souls can advance, learn and achieve the highest goals of creation.

Every new Day¹ Mehera used to come and adore Her Beloved with a garland made of the most beautiful flowers in the creation. She used to travel with her gopis from Universe to Universe, visiting their most wonderful gardens, and from each Universe, she would pick one flower, and thus, would weave eventually a garland for Baba, which would please him very much. Actually, the Lords of the Universes compete between themselves, who would plant the best garden in order that Mehera will choose a flower from it. This is actually the real "Celestial Wars" in heaven. The Universes are on a constant drive to create the most beautiful gardens for Mehera; but, of course, this is not happening in what we see through our physical eyes as the physical universe.

So a New Day has announced, and Mehera walks into the Court of the Beloved with a garland in her hands. The Court of heaven is the most resplendent place you can imagine,

¹ A day is a period of Divine activity meant to create a new state of consciousness which didn't exist before

but, unfortunately, we do not have the capabilities of envisioning it, we have to be there and experience it. This is the driving force beneath all our efforts – to merge with the Highest of the High.

And when Mehera walked in, the splendour of the garland in her hands actually shadowed the brilliance of the Heavenly Court. Such a beauty was never seen before.

The Lords of the Universe, who surround the Beloved, looked at each other with utter amazement – they did not know from which garden it came.

They just looked at each other embarrassed and did not say a word.

The Beloved looked at His Lords with sweet face and asked: "I didn't know that you created such a beautiful Universe without letting me know! That is a beautiful surprise!"

(What I love the best about our Beloved is that complete ignorance which He sometimes displays. We know that He knows everything, but when He asks such an innocent question, you are convinced that He does not know. His expression at such a time is simply amazing)

But the Lords of the Universe only looked at each other with embarrassment and didn't say a word.

"No Baba", said Mehera curtly, "this garland didn't come from any of these Universes"

"From where did it come?"

"This garland has been woven from your most dedicated lovers who gave their lives on the altar of serving You".

(Over the Ages Mehera was collecting all the martyrs who lost their lives on the altar of Truth. She not only did not miss one single soul, but also collected all the tears, all the drops of blood. But in this case, The Lord of Love REALLY did not know what Mehera has been doing. And to see His expression, when the first time in creation He Did Not Know – worth all the troubles in creation)

Baba looked intently at the garland, and sure enough, these were not ordinary flowers, but faces of countless persons. Their faces were exceptionally beautiful, and their collective glow shadowed the overwhelming splendour of Heaven.

"These are my lovers from planet Earth?"

"Yes Baba".

"And you great Lords keep on telling Me to dismiss this wretched humanity, it is of no use, too much suffering, too much ignorance – a hopeless case. How did planet Earth have generated such a garland? I have never seen such beauty from Day One of the creation"

But the Lords of creation only looked at each other with total embarrassment and didn't say a word.

Then Mehera started to recite the name of each face – and the list was very long, I think there were thousands of such faces, maybe millions – who could tell. And each name Mehera announced, Beloved was kissing that particular face; from my little hiding nook I barely heard the names, that Divine Orchestra was playing at full volume due to Beloved's pleasure, but somehow I heard a few names – the tears of Moses, the seven sons of Hana, the blood of prophet Zachariah, the first Christians who were made torches by Nero, Al Halaj? I think Baba kissed his face twice. The endless martyrs of the Inquisition, Giordano Bruno, William Tyndale, and endless names I have never heard of.

This took some time, since Beloved was concerned to give His special attention to each face, but this is a timeless zone – nobody was rushing anywhere. The Beloved was glowing with pleasure – which is the purpose of creation.

And all this time, He kept on sending from time to time sharp glances at His Lords which said – would You keep on harassing Me to dispose of humanity?!

But the great Lords of creation just looked at each other with utter embarrassment and didn't say a word.

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