



Letter to A Friend in A Hurry, by Pierre Pradervand

You are at a crossroads, sensing there are less worldly paths you can follow, paths that feed on profound inner peace, a more encompassing joy, ever-renewed freshness of vision and inspiration, a more rhythmic sense of quiet progression. There is, deep within you, a spring so pure, one cup of its clear waters will refresh you more than all the soda fountains of the world.

For twenty nine years I lived under the hour by hour pressure of time. Its shadows closed in on me – at work, at home, on outings, at mealtimes, everywhere. Then, one day I decided to abandon all this rushing and running. If I achieved a little less, never mind! What I achieved would at least be done with joy. There and then, I composed a little poem to put on my desk:

_Spirit of Truth, I thank you
That I have an abundance of time
To accomplish all I need to do
Today
Calmly, peacefully
With unhurried grace_

Within twenty four hours, twenty nine years of headlong rushing slipped off my shoulders like an old, tattered cloak, because I no longer clutched it around me.

No one can –be–™ in a hurry, I mean –be–™ in the sense of living from the centre of one’s™ real inner being. One can either rush –“ or be. Never both at the same time. Most people in the West have decided to rush. It does not mean you have to follow the same path. You are the one who chooses. You make for yourself the life you wish to live. So take possession of your life.

Learn to possess all things –“ your time, your pace of work, your moments of rest, your privacy –“ all. Life gives us dominion. All we need to do is exert this dominion which is ours.

–“But how do I take possession?–™, you may ask.

Realise in the stillness of your inner being that, despite any outward chaos, all ideas have an order. You are a thread in a universal weaving. It is like a Persian rug: on the back side of the rug, strands of wool hang in a mess; there are knots here, knots there –“ knots everywhere. But from above, what a pattern you see, what order. [...]

There is in us all a deep sea of calmness.

Rest therein.

Your friend, Pierre

--Pierre Pradervand, from 'Letter to A Friend in A Hurry'
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