Happy Birthday, Dear Sister, by Parag Shah

Happy Birthday, Dear Sister.
_Welcome to the festival of this world.

I pray in silence on this day,
That you are bestowed with the gift of Nothingness!

That Nothingness which is full of space,
Like the universe that holds this cosmic life.

That Nothingness which resides without an address,Â
amidst a world otherwise full of visiting cards.

That Nothingness which knows no identity,
but whose presence is enough to be a present.

Where every stride is a grace,
Every smile is a blessing.

That Nothingness._

_Nothingness, whose action doesnâ€™t flow fromÂ completeness,
but is wholeness in itself._

_Nothingness, whose essence is not something to be respected,
but is reverence in itself._

_Nothingness, whose love isn't racing towards a destination,Â _
_but is service in itself.

Nothingness, whose movement isn't in want of peace,
But is stillness in itself.

That Nothingness, which is not in relationship with others,
But a connection without any sense of another.

This Nothingness is what the world needs today._
_For the gift of Nothing is the love of everything,
And the love of everything is a gift of Nothing._

Happy Birthday, Dear Sister.

_I pray in silence on this day,
That you be bestowed with the gift of Nothingness!_