

Eternal Fragrance

And time stood still, on the banks of reflection,
Long enough for a reunion;
Of the present with the past;
A time when memories became alive, and felt so real and true;
A time when love traveled through time;
A time when purity sparkled through many years,
Embracing and caressing each soul,
Returning them to the One Light.



They were stories of the past,
But for us they represented the present,
Because the stories were more than mere words.
They were experiences in reality,
Integrated deeply into the fabric of the being,
And translated into a way of life.
And so when they were told, they carried feelings,
Deep enough to evoke an experience;
Visible enough to believe,
And strong enough to survive the journey of time.



In this auspicious time, we sat,
Like little children, cradled in God's light,
Listening to the stories of then.
And our eyes glowed with wonder,
And hearts bloomed with beauty,
As we too began to feel,
The current of divinity and spirituality.



In eternity we were transported,
On the plane of pure love, that was built and fueled,
From the days of Baba and Mama.
And now as we see the sky from above,
We plan to take this divine love with us, forever,
To the hearts of others,
So they too can feel, what we felt, when you shared.

*Thank you Baba... Thank you Drama... Thank you Bro. Mohan.
From the divine family of Puerto Rico*