



The Sixth Man to step on the Moon Capt. Edger Michiel of NASA (USA) with Shri Dattabal sharing the experiences of Space and ESP at World Conference on Religion at Bangalore (India)



Capt. Edger Michiel, Mrs. Roselin & Shri Dattabal discussing on Psychiac Powers whilst in Bangalore

## Symphonies of love

By Shri Dattabal

It is a fine morning. Everything is silent. The sun has risen just now. Flowers are blooming, trees are silently radiating their inner calm. There is a mute music on the earth, it is an eternal music. Trees, mountains, stones, animals are all different notes of this music and man is an octave amongst these notes. The divine is humming in the music, this is the music of love. Everything here is trying to express this music of love.

From vibrationless silence the rhythmic music of love less manifests through our hearts and awakens our baby-souls from the eternal hypnosis. Only this music can awaken our baby-souls because they were put to sleep with this music alone. All our baby-souls are eternal stars and an interlinking light from these baby stars is love.

An attraction due to separation is not love; but that which transforms the attraction into spontaneous burning of self is love.

Love is an eternal seeker in the time and an infinite fulfillment in timeless eternity.

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Eternal awareness in infinity is love and eternal slumber in finity is love.

Love is manifestation of soul and soul in every manifestation is love. If love is not the manifestation of soul it will be a storm of emotions thundering a while and ceasing suddenly.

And if love is not the soul of all manifestations they will be merely illusions like ever receding mirage.

In your depth a sacred fire of love burns and flames of that fire are heaven-seeking. These heaven-seeking flames are trying to embrace the Supreme Father and their ultimate abode.

Love is not that which is revealed after the offspringing of inspiration and intuition i. e. knowledge, but that exclusively by which inspiration and intuition offspringings is divine.

Love is not a revelation but that which gives a revelation.

I don't know whether beauty is love and love is beauty but I certainly know that love is beautiful.

When love embraces passionately the supreme silence, it vibrates, trembles and surrenders, breaking its eternal virginity and then silence is pregnant with a child of manifestation of the world, thus the holy union of love and silence that always conceives and creates.

## The Messenger of Divine Love

When love loves herself without any reserve and bargain, then the lovers exclaim : "The Love Divine" !

There, where a typhoon of ego is silenced, love reveals herself uncovered.

There, where an inward steadiness listens to wordless prayers granting the being a profound depth like a fresh rejuvenating spring, love springs up from the depths and flows like holy Ganga over outwards granite self. And insatiable desire is quenched when one drinks the holy Ganga of Love.

**There in purity love dances;  
There in impurity love weeps;  
There in passion love itself burns.**

But remember, only your inward flame of soul is pure, and only your desire is impure.

When the Divine wants to be flowy, he becomes tears, shivers and maddening ecstasies in a lover and then he dances.

Only in blueness of peace, you cannot encounter the burning liveliness in atoms and molecules of this universe but can faintly glimpse it.

But in rosiness of love you can be one with it as if with the ocean of firelings a rosy star is uniting. In peace you get a glimpse and in love you unite.

Deep in you, deep in silence there is an archetypal

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image of love shining. The rays from this image are distorted when they come through the flesh.

The rays of love emanating from the flame white, distort at three places.

First, when golden cloud of mind comes before it.

Second, when red cloud of the heart comes before it.

Third, when dark cloud of the flesh comes before it.

**The first distortion is ego.**

**The second distortion is emotion.**

**The third distortion is passion.**

Indeed, love does demand sacrifice; but only the sacrifice of these distortions. Physical love, is an attraction between two bodies : but it carries remote memories of the world flamesouls.

Platonic love, is an attraction between two hearts, but it remotely carries a memory of the primordial unity.

Divine love is a simultaneous awareness of all the flame-souls, whose centre is everywhere but without circumference. It includes the whole universe.

When we become nobody, we listen to trumpets of love from inside.

Love is a lightning that suddenly illumines and strikes the castles of bondages and after their swift



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collapse without pausing even for a while she paves a path towards liberation, suddenly she comes, suddenly she breaks, suddenly she paves and suddenly she fulfils.

**These are the ways of love.  
Upon lively freshness of flowers,  
Upon secret heart of scriptures.  
Upon blood sacrificed  
A message of Love is written.**

Through gusting of winds, through roaring of the seas through chorus of music, love smiles and sings in soundless agony. Silent heart listens to love and follows her steps.

My inner eyes read the message of love in the light of the inner fire.

Union that is crowned with silence is the union of two flame souls. When you love somebody, let the two flames ignite a single fire of silence.

When you love somebody, let your speechlessness be bridged by rainbow bridge of love.

I can show you heavenly words.

I can show you the archetypal child in your inner flame.

I can make you listen to the wordless vibrant language of flowers.

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I can make you listen to angels.

But I cannot teach you how to listen to the humming of love.

Because when the humming is there, the listener vanishes. And when there is a listener, there is no more humming.

When you bathe in love, every cell and atom in your body is awakened and it becomes a miniature heart. Every particle in your body becomes the ocean of bliss. Every cell of yours becomes a heart that senses the colourful universe. Every cell of yours becomes an eye that is ever opened to the inner light, and every cell of yours becomes a song that has tuned itself with the inner rhythm of nature. Every cell becomes an archangel invoking ceaselessly the kingdom of light. Every cell becomes a ray of light of the inner sun. But I tell you every cell of yours becomes a ceaseless prayer and also a perennial answer to it.

Is love the call of the Divine ? Or is love only an answer to the call ? When you turn outwards and remain playing in the mansions of space and time love is a call. When you turn inwards and dwell in the bosom of your most beloved, love is the answer to that call.

But I tell you I have found love pausing for you between the call and the answer also. If love in you

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had not asked for me, I would not have come, leaving my permanent abode in the world of peace. ·

If love had not told me, I would not have come on this path, wherewith thorns pierce my feet at every step and wild animals mortify my flesh, leaving that great royal path upon which, whenever I used to step, flowers used to sprout up with smiling radiance.

If love had not told me, would my ears that ever listened to the songs of freedom in the realm of silence, have ever heard your dry and illusory tales of mundane existence ?

If love had not told me, my eyes, perennial seers of the vision of light in the kingdom of bliss, would have never suffered fleeting nightmares of the nether dreamland of yours, where owls of hypocrisy and wolves of greed and prophets of satan dwell ?

But I tell you my dear ones : If love had not told, I would have called all my trials in your kingdom 'My Mercy.' But love told me : "If thou sayest so I shall be bitterly insulted; so thou shalt call it love alone."

If your body be a flower and love be the fragrance then blessed are you. Then the Divine will choose the flower for the worship of His Universal Image.

Otherwise, the flower will be laid down there, where noses are being putrified with foul smell of passions.



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I shall go back to my kingdom, when I will fulfil my mission of love.

And the earth is singing. Love has linked my every cell with her atoms. Atoms and cells are singing a mute song of love, the Sun is radiating love and I am becoming love alone.

The Bharat Jyoti, January 9, 1972

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### The Moment of Transition

Moment to moment I live in  
Ecstasy of joy.  
Wine of the life taught me  
How to get intoxicated.  
There is no end to life,  
And end of body doesn't mean the end.  
It's not full stop to life,  
Rainbows of life do manifest  
After the full stop.  
Anyway to me,  
Moment and space and time  
All are great laughter of God.

