

Avyakt BapDada 15th March 1984

The Holiest Father has come to celebrate the Holi day with the holy swans. The whole of the Confluence Age is called the holi day: the Confluence is itself the Holi day. The Holiest Father has come to celebrate the Holi day with the holy children. The Holi of the world lasts for one or two days, and you - the holy swans - celebrate Holi throughout the Confluence Age. They throw colours, but you are influenced by the colour of Baba's company, becoming like the Father - that is, holy - for all time.

By changing from the limited into the unlimited you become *holy* for all time: that is, you become *pure*. This festival of Holi - that is, of becoming pure - is the reminder of having enthusiasm in celebrating the festival to become pure. The essence of all these memorial customs, which are celebrated within those systems, is that of becoming pure. When they celebrate Holi, in order to become holy, firstly, impurity and all that is bad has to be burnt: it has to be destroyed by fire, the colour of purity cannot come until impurity has completely finished.

The vision of purity is: celebrating the festival of being able to colour each other with the influence of forgetting all other feelings; remembering that we are of one family, that we are all the same; and having the attitude of equality, that is of being brothers. The memorial of this is also part of the celebration. The lokik (*worldly*) form is also that they celebrate together - the young the the old, the men and the women - to experience this feeling of equality. In fact, the reality is that there should be the experience of the equality of being brothers, and the consciousness of the eternal form, so that there is then the eternal colour. When you become stable in this form of equality, then you experience the sparkle of eternal happiness, and then enthusiasm stays for all time. And there is also the thought of wanting to influence all other souls with this eternal colour.

They spray colour with a spray gun. What is your spray gun? Your divine intellect is filled with this eternal colour. You have a variety of experiences, and so these are the different colours that your spray gun is filled with. You experience different colours through different company. Through the spray gun of the full intellect, through your drishti, through your attitude, and through your lips, you are able to influence other souls with the colour of this company, and so make them holy, and you make every day become Holi.

They have a celebration to create a mood of happiness only for a limited period of time, but you have a celebration for all time, by being holy, and by maintaining a happy mood all the time. You don't have to create that mood, but it remains forever. If your mood is always holy, then no form of other mood can ever come. A holy mood means one who is constantly light, one who is automatically carefree, constantly full of all treasures, and who has claimed the right for unlimited self-sovereignty. You had many different varieties of mood: sometimes happiness, sometimes of thinking too much, sometimes light, and and sometimes heavy. So all these changing moods finish, and the mood becomes one of constant happiness and of being holy.

You have come to celebrate the festival with the Eternal Father in this way. First you erase, then you celebrate, and then you experience the happy meeting. The memorial of this is that they burn bonfires, they throw the colours, and then they have the happy meeting together.

All of you are influenced with the colour of Baba's *company*, with the colour of *knowledge*, with the colour of *happiness*, with the colour of *variety attainments*, the colour of the *powers*, and the colour of the *virtues*. In this way you play Holi with so many different colours.

When you are coloured by each one of these colours, then you becomes equal to the Father.

When all are equal, and meet together, what is the experience of that meeting? Physically when they meet they hug each other, but how do you experience the meeting ? When you become equal, then you become merged in that love, and so the experience of merging is the experience of meeting.

Where did all those customs begin? Whereas your celebration is imperishable, they just create a perishable memorial, and are happy with that celebration. Just consider, your enthusiasm should be imperishable, because you experience how to maintain enthusiasm constantly. And they just simply celebrate the memorial day for this, and even with that they experience happiness. The memorial of your enthusiasm and happiness will still be able to give innumerable souls the experience of happiness, until the very end.

Now you have created a life that is filled with enthusiasm, a life that is completely full of joy. This is the wonderful part of the Confluence Age in the Drama: that you celebrate your imperishable enthusiasm, and you are also able to see your own images. On the one hand you become the embodiment of remembrance, and on the other hand you are able to see the memorial of each one of your elevated actions. You become worthy of the praise of the last kalpa. This is the wonder.

In fact, every soul always sees the memorial image of his own elevated actions in a different name and form, but he doesn't know it. For instance Gandhiji, in a different name and form, must also be seeing his memorials, but without recognising them. You are able to see your images with recognition. You understand that this is your image. You are able to know that they celebrate the memorial, in the form of a festival, of your own days filled with so much enthusiasm. All knowledge comes within this.

Do the temples carry the images of the double-foreigners? Have you seen your own images in the Dilwala Temple, or only the images of the children of Bharat? Has everyone seen their own image? Did you recognise yourself in that image? Just as there is the example of one Arjuna, in the same way the pictures - the images - which are the memorial are just a few, but they are the memory of all of you. Don't think that just because there are only a few pictures, they cannot be of you. Although only a sample has been shown, they are the memorial of all of you. Each one who stays in remembrance definitely has a memorial created for him, the memorial of remembrance. Do you understand?

Is the spray gun full of everything for all, or is it just a tiny little spray gun that is emptied on using it just once, so that then you have to refill it again and again? There should not be any labour in this way. Let everyone be coloured by *eternal* colour. Celebrate Holi to make others

holy. Has Holi already taken place for you? Or are you still going to celebrate it now? To be holy means to have celebrated Holi: that the colour has come completely and can never be washed away. In the physical way, when they throw colour, then they do it with great happiness, and yet still everyone wants to be protected from it also. But this colour of yours is such that each one should say: "spray me with even more of this". No-one will be afraid of this. There, they are afraid of the colour: perhaps it may come into the eyes. But here they will say: "colour me as much as you... the more, the better!" And so, celebrate Holi in this way.

You have become holy, and this Holi is the memorial for being holy, and for making others holy, pure. Here, in Bharat, they have created many stories about this, because they are interested in listening to stories. So, every festival has many stories associated with it. Your own life story has been made into all these different stories. Some stories have been spoken about Rakhi, and some stories have been spoken about Holi, but all of these are the stories of your life, your birth. There are other things which have been remembered as the days of the Kingdom, but all these are the stories of the things from your life now.

In the Copper Age, it wasn't necessary to give so much time to business. People were free, and even the population - by today's standards - was a lot less, and wealth was also in its rajopradhan(*middling*) stage. As the consciousness was also rajopradhan, they kept themselves busy in creating these stories and legends, and in singing hymns. Something was needed for entertainment, and so they made all this. When you people are free, then you do service, or you sit in remembrance. But what could they do at that time? They started to have stories and legends. Because the intellect was free, they created many wonderful, beautiful stories. This at least was better, because they were saved from going too much into impurity. Nowadays, there are such things that cause even a five-year-old child to become vicious. But at that time there were at least some disciplines.

All these things are your memorial. Let there be such intoxication and happiness: that they are celebrating your memorial, and they are singing your song. They sing songs with so much love. You have become the embodiment of love, and this is why they are singing songs with such love. Do you understand what is the memorial of Holi? Always be happy, always be light: this is the celebration. Achcha.

Never let your mood go off. Let there always be a holy mood, a light mood, a happy mood. Holy, light, happy. All of you are becoming very sensible. Take a photograph of the first day when you came to Madhuban. And now, when you are ready to leave, take a photograph of that also. Both photos should be taken. You understand just simply from a signal, yet still you are the decoration of Bapnada's home. When you come, just see: the sparkle of Madhuban becomes so beautiful. There is such beauty, as if there are angels everywhere one looks. BapDada knows that you are the decoration. Achcha.

To all those who are coloured with the colour of gyan... to those who are coloured with the colour of love... to those who are coloured with the colour of imperishable attainments... to those who always stay in the colour and company of Baba... to those who become complete like the Father, and influence others with the imperishable colour... to those who always celebrate Holi... to the holy swans... to such souls, BapDada give congratulations for remaining constantly happy

and holy. Congratulations for constantly making yourselves complete, and for constantly maintaining hope and enthusiasm. To all the children in all directions, who constantly remain lost in love and celebrate the happy meeting: to such special children, love, remembrance, and namaste.