Remembrances

WE ARE so fond of remembrances because they already belong to the Universal; they bear in themselves something of the sap of Infinitude.

That which in the daily events has been perceived by the exterior sensitiveness, egoistical and limited, — the sensitiveness which suffers and rejoices, — vanishes rapidly as a cloud of illusions. But behind that ignorant perception, — often veiled by it, — lies the other, the perception of the real Soul which communes, through all things, with the Universal Soul and enjoys in all Its perfect bliss.

These perceptions are kept in the depths of our being as remembrances, and when one of them emerges to the memory, it comes back dressed with the golden garb of Divine Felicity.

What we at first called, in our ignorant perception, suffering and pain, reappears embellished, transformed, glorified, adorned with the same dress of magnificence as that which we had called pleasure and happiness. Indeed, sometimes the splendour of the former memories is even more intense and vast than that of the latter, the joy they give us much more profound and pure.

So, little by little, we learn to distinguish between the Reality of things and the false interpretation of our blind senses.

That is why remembrances are such precious teachers; that is why we are so fond of remembrances: by them we come in touch with Eternity.