

Inner Call Podcast #134 The Word of Truth July 23 2021

There was once upon a time a certain seeker who restlessly pursued the truth, leaving his homeland and travelling far and wide through the dusty world in order to find someone who could tell him the secret of existence.

At last, one day, guided by hints and tales and rumours, and perhaps a few grains of intuition as well, he arrived at the cave of a hermit who had lived in the wilderness for forty years or more.

The seeker greeted the hermit with great respect, and said, "Master, after many years of seeking, I have come to know that there is a hidden word, a word known only to a few, the mystical word of truth that bestows illumination on those who hear it. I have been guided to your feet by a thirst to know this word for I am certain it is yours to give. Humbly I beg you, tell me how I may earn the privilege of hearing this pearl of wisdom from your lips."

The hermit studied the seeker for a time, observing his eager face, his foreign clothing and his manner. At last, with an effort to awaken a voice that was almost never used, he said, "The problem, my son, is this – I am not able to say the word of truth in your language."

The seeker said, "Then permit me to learn your language, Master. I have crossed many lands, hearing many forms of speech along the way. I am sure that I can learn your language, and then you could confer upon me the word of truth for which I am longing."

After a moment the hermit nodded assent, and so the seeker found a shelter somewhere nearby, and began to attend the hermit every day. He did whatever small tasks he could, though the needs of the hermit were minimal, and when these were accomplished, he would sit, waiting patiently to be instructed in the language of the master.

Weeks of this routine went by, and then months, and months stretched into years. Then one day the seeker asked permission to address the hermit.

"Master," he said, "I have dedicated myself to learning your language, but I am beginning to lose hope. I don't know how I will be able to learn your language if you never speak to me."

The hermit looked at the seeker compassionately and said, "My son, I believe you do not have the gift of languages. I have been speaking, but you have not heard."

The seeker stared at the hermit in astonishment.

"You see," the hermit concluded sadly, "my language is not words. It is silence."