Upon earth. I do not see who will gather
The precious gems. The tiny sprays
Upon whom will they fall? If only I could
Carry home the Heavenly Gift.”

HEAVENLY GIFTS
(DIARY LEAVES)

By
PROF. NICHOLAS DE ROERICH

Reprinted from Prabuddha Bharata, July, 1936

ADVAITA ASHRAMA
MAYAVATI, ALMORA, HIMALAYAS
HEAVENLY GIFTS
(DIARY LEAVES)

By Prof. Nicholas de Roerich

Joyfully we followed all the news and articles dedicated to the glorious celebrations of Sri Ramakrishna's centenary. How wonderful that here on our confused and disturbed earth such unanimous devotional reverence and admiration was possible. And this recognition of the Great Attainment came from various countries, from many entirely different people. All dedications to the Blessed Bhagavan were permeated with a profound love from the heart—it means that the message of the Paramahamsa deeply touched the very soul of humanity.

People should rejoice at every such unanimous manifestation, for in it is expressed the striving towards the Good and in this common bliss is already contained a real Heavenly Gift, which mankind should cherish above all ages and nations. And did not the Bhagavan himself, in his goodness, show the example of tolerance and all-containment? If people would only evince more care and reverence for all heavenly sendings, which continuously illumine our dusty earthly life!

Heavenly Gifts in human consciousness are always connected with lightning speed. Everything from the Highest, everything from Above naturally directs human imagination towards light, towards sparkling, towards urgency. And so it is. The greatest realizations can come like lightning, instantaneously. But yet another condition has to be cognized in our earthly understanding. For in these high manifestations was revealed a heavenly language whereas ours is an earthly tongue. Even for the highest conceptions we have but poor clumsy expressions.

If around the concept of Heavenly Gifts we shall gather all our conventional definitions, it will yet be but a weak and limited expression about the Ineffable.

Only the heart will give life to such expressions as solemnity, greatness, ecstasy, tremor, joy. Without a transfiguration through the heart all these best words will remain but dead sounds. Therefore it had been ordained since antiquity that the best gifts should be reverently accepted and dignifiedly introduced into the earthly life. Love is like lightning, but it must be educated and affirmed in full consciousness, or even this heavenly feeling will be but the tremor of a mirage.

Many epics tell of the sending of Heavenly Gifts into earthly surroundings. By such legends the effort was made to warm human light-mindedness and to introduce into the consciousness a worthy understanding.

Heavenly Gifts, if not introduced lovingly and with care into earthly life, will be as torn-off wings, which even despite their magnificent beauty will yet remain cut off. But by the Highest Will wings are given for blissful flights. Without a genuine ardent striving towards spiritual flights man will forget about the wings, which will become dusty amidst the household rubbish. Tiny grey entities will creep out from dark corners to clothe the God-sent magnificence into morbid grey rugs.

Stuffed birds with motionless spread wings always arouse a sad thought that the symbol of movement and highest flights has been nailed down and is thus condemned as a worthless thing in the dust.

The culture of Heavenly Gifts in earthly conditions is a difficult science. Precisely difficult, for this realization is born in labour. And precisely is it a science, because many experiments, many tests had to take place until the Heavenly blossom unfolded itself unharmed in its entire predestined grandeur.

Not only the rare chosen ones are called to care for the blossoming of Heavenly Gifts on earth. In every home there should be a sacred garden, into which the Heavenly Gifts should be brought with the greatest love and surrounded with the best offerings which only the human heart is capable to render.

At times people in despair imagine that Heavenly Gifts have ceased to be poured out. But they do not ponder whether their own eyes are vigilant enough to discern the Invisible Light amidst the glare of the sunshine. Do not people take refuge from blissful rain under an umbrella? And do not people flee into dungeons from purifying thunder storms and from majestic waves of Light?

Do not people try to make a small thing of the Greatest? And how sad it is when Heavenly Gifts—these generous beautiful treasures are cast to derision or locked up in the safe of a dozen tests had to take place until the Heavenly blossom unfolded itself unharmed in its entire predestined grandeur.

Heavenly Gifts are multifarious. Generously and magnificently are these beautiful helpers sent to assist humanity. The shower of Bliss is poured in benevolent generosity but only drops of this treasure reach. But every thought about Heavenly Gifts already strengthens the heart. Especially now when human hearts are in such confusion and deep pain, one should strive after the highest panacea—after Heavenly Gifts.

"Thy benevolence fills My hands. In profusion it is pouring Through my fingers. I can not Keep all. I am not able to distinguish The glowing streams of richness. Thy Benevolent wave pours through the hands