

# Background Joy

It's funny. There's something pushing me to make videos. This would be the first video I make. And filming, suddenly, not a word comes. Not a word comes. It's as if silence spoke louder than words.

I'm here in a place very near my home, where I come every day. It's not even that I decide to come here, but each time, I find myself here. It's a walk uphill and downhill of about—a little less than two hours, nonetheless. And it's magnificent, actually. It gives this feeling of vastness that is there all the time.

I could show you the landscape. I don't understand how to flip the image... it doesn't work in video mode, maybe? No. So, I'll just turn the phone. Hop. And every day I come here. And every day it's so "goûteux" (tasty), so very tasty. Each time there are small details, levels of light, an expression of the living that moves me—that touches me deeply every time. I really want to share how... how everything... everything is beautiful.

It probably sounds a bit like the talk of an "enlightened" person to say that. But everything... everything has its place, everything is right, everything is there. At the right moment. And just perfect as it is.

And we are perfect as we are, with all the vicissitudes of life. Actually, "vicissitudes" are just concepts. It's a concept we add to something with a value judgment. And when there is... openness to what is there. But "being" openness. And it's not even willed, actually. Because it's already like that. It's what we are, in fact: this openness. There is like a welcoming "upstream" of everything. Of everything, even... even of not wanting to live at a certain moment, a resistance. That too is already welcomed at the source.

So, what I want to say is... there's no need to intervene in how life unfolds, on the living. There's no need to change one iota of what is already there. And what is already there is completely perfect, completely sufficient. It's everything we need, actually. That's what's extraordinary. And how do we know? Because it's "this." Because there is nothing else. There is nothing else to live in the moment, actually. Or rather, there is only the moment to live. What else can we live than this "here and now"? What else could possibly be lived?

So it's about tasting it as it is. But that too is without will. If there is contraction, if there is resistance to what presents itself, that too is what there is to live. And not to

touch it. Because often we add stories to that, saying, "Oh no, I must be in acceptance, it's not okay to resist." And resisting the resistance is a vicious circle.

What's extraordinary is that everything is changing all the time, all the time, all the time. Two days ago, I came here in the rain. I was in boots, with an umbrella, we couldn't see anything. But there were... well, I didn't have my panorama, but that's not a "must." There were lights, drops on the leafless branches—since it's winter—like little sparks. Like little sparks, as if every branch lit up. Like a spark. I was moved, so moved, actually.

It's a continuous spectacle. But not only in nature. Even a screen where we watch a video—where does it come from? How? It's quite miraculous, quite incredible. Everything is "tasty" in the end. Everything is tasty through its multiplicity, through its infinity of possible tasty possibilities. As I was saying, it rained. I didn't feel like going out. But I went out anyway, because every time, once I'm out, I like it. I know that. But every time, I still didn't feel like going out. It required an effort? Not really, but because it really needed to come out anyway. There wasn't the same enthusiasm.

Today, I saw the sun everywhere in my house warming me, and I had a kind of call to go out. So that was different. And because the last two days were so cloudy and the weather was bad, today I see how I adore this sun. It warms things up. This sun on the skin is just so good. But it's also the contrast that makes everything good. Everything is good. There's no need to want anything. It's this diversity of contrasts where everything can be tasted. In this presence to what is there. In this awareness that there is only this. It cannot be anything else.

And in fact, we can put passion into what is there. It doesn't need to be "objectified"—objectified passion. This intensity of the living can be lived at any moment. It is not conditioned by anything. Sure, there are preferences and all that, but it doesn't stop the character from discovering things it doesn't like so much—the characteristics of the organism not liking it so much. It's amusing too. There's an aspect of discovery every instant. Every instant is completely new. And at every instant, we don't know what it will do. There's no one at the controls. It happens on its own.

The moment to go out to come to my "summit" here... it's never programmed. It's according to the needs and necessities of the day. And it unfolds so naturally. In fact, it's following the flow of fluidity on things to be done. Not getting stuck on "Oh, I have to do this, I have to do that," and then there's this, and that... without being stuck to a list. Truly letting the day unfold, discovering as you go how everything falls into place like a masterpiece. But without anyone being there to orchestrate it all. I find that "Wow." I'm noticing this more and more, and it's just "Wow."

When we can let ourselves live without wanting to control everything. And it's the most ordinary things: it can be washing the dishes, or whatever imposes itself at the moment. Everything arises from what we are, from *êtré* (being-ness), from silence. So it's a discovery, a surprise at every instant. And it's miraculous at every instant. This "living" that traverses us—it breathes. No one is breathing. It grabs something with the hand. It wasn't premeditated or anticipated. It makes gestures, like I'm making gestures now. Because did I "know" I was going to make this gesture? No. It doesn't "know," in fact. It doesn't know, and it's full of life at every moment.

I wanted to express something about that. About how it marvels me. And how all the states we traverse are lived because they are there, and there is nothing to touch. Nothing to judge. Nothing to change. And how restful it is, actually. And how everything passes, everything passes, everything passes. There can be more joyful moments, more heavy moments. But there's nothing to intervene with. And it's so relaxing, actually.

It's the way I live. And I have more and more of this... a "background joy". That doesn't mean everything is always joyful or exuberant. No, no, no. But everything settles on a background joy. It's as if everything were deposited onto a background joy. Yes. A background wonder. Life recognizing itself like that. I don't know. Yes. There are so few words. But there. I wanted to share that. Good... everything. See you soon.

Thank you.