

# Peace

## *Its Inner Hiding Places*

by Alan Harris

THERE IS A PEACE in the world of forms to which all earnest students of the spirit aspire. That peace finds favor with each heart that loves.

When the mind keeps quiet and speaks no inner word, peace floods the area where this silence prevails. A heart which feels the flavor of peace needs an outlet for its pulsing effervescence. Peace is an explosively subtle state. It seems quiescent, yet it needs to spread its wings and fly to the edges of the universe.

How can a state of peace be achieved in this world of flimflamery, jostling bombast, and uncivil greed? Where is the sanctuary to be found? The office has noise and veiled hatred; the factory has hurry and fear; the very fields with waving grain are viewed as a perishable commodity under a capricious sky. When, where, how is peace ever achieved?

Between pulsations in the heart there is peace. Between days of toil, in the still of night, there is peace.

In the smile of an infant, in the breeze-tossed tree, in the cumulus cloud, in the patient grass--in all of these there is peace. There is peace in every nightly flourish of the moon across the sky, and in the drone of a lawful of crickets.

How does our humanity fail to partake of this peace which is ubiquitous? We are like fish swimming in a sea of peace, refusing to acknowledge it as we breathe its very essence. The time will come when we will know what we breathe, when we will enjoy this gift which we now fail to notice. A fineness of character will gradually evolve, and we will eventually transmute the lead of our current selfish crassness into the glorious gold of peace by employing the fire of love.

Find a flame in your heart, and the gold will be nearby. Find silence, and peace will come close behind. Find blessings in the sky, and the mind is blessed. Where can you not find peace, if you open the door of your self and allow air to come in? A breeze entering through an open door perfumes the whole house. When the door is open, there is peace.