

January 3, 1991

Dearest Father,

You who have GIVEN EVERYTHING,  
YOU CONTINUE TO GIVE. YOU ARE  
GIVING! My heart of hearts bursts with  
seemingly unbearable love, ~~steps~~, ~~ecstasy~~  
WHAT CAN NEVER BE NAMED! You know  
this unspeakable, unqualifiable, unmeasurable  
LOVE that <sup>is</sup> you, (I, ALL) ~~is~~ In your knowing,  
I KNOW; in my knowing, THE WORLD KNOWS,  
even in its pretense of separateness. Oh  
Father, these words make sense only  
in the sublime realm beyond sense and  
nonsense!

Our life here on Maui is exquisitely  
ordinary. I clean the house, wash the  
clothes, cook supper, answer letters, and  
I occasionally have guests who come to  
hear of freedom. Setsang is all times all  
places.

Please give regards and love to known  
and unknown friends with you in Lucknow  
your devoted servant-daughter,  
Janisa