Beloved Osho,
I've been with you for twelve years, listening to you answering thousands of questions. The questions all sound very similar, yet your answers to each of them are so new, so fresh, so crystal clear. Even though you have said everything that is possible to be expressed through words, I hear everything as if it is for the first time, as if I have never heard it ever before. Even though words repeat, it never feels like repetition. It is like floating in a cool, clear, mountain lake, that I come out of totally fresh, clean and clear. Osho, you are such a wonderful mystery to me, always catching me by surprise and in awe and wonder.

You have heard many people, you have read many people; but hearing me or reading me is a totally different experience, for the simple reason that I am not a speaker, an orator, nor a lecturer.

Your questions may be the same, but my answers cannot be the same for two reasons. First, I have forgotten your questions and my answers -- I cannot repeat, I am not a gramophone record. Secondly, your questions may be the same, but the questioners are different -- and I answer the questioner, not the question.

Naturally, words will be repeated. Somebody has counted that I have answered fifteen thousand questions, and I
am not a learned man; my vocabulary is very limited. But because I am not answering the question, even though the words may be the same, the answer has a different nuance every time. Not that I am making an effort not to repeat myself... I don't remember at all, I have never read any of my books.

Each time I answer you, I am never prepared for it. I don't know myself what is going to be my next sentence. It is not ordinary speaking; it is a communion, not only communication. I have nothing to communicate. I am not trying to convince you about something -- because if I try to convince you, then the only way is to repeat the same thing again and again so it becomes a conditioning in your mind.

My words are not important. What is important is your silent listening. What is important is that my words are not coming from the mind, but from my deepest silence. Although they cannot contain silence, when they come from the deepest silence something of that silence surrounds them. They cannot contain it, but something of the silence surrounds them. It is as if you have taken a bath in a lake; you cannot contain the lake, but when you come out of it, something of the lake -- the freshness, the coolness -- comes with you. The lake is left behind, but some quality of the lake is carried with you.

You are listening in silence; I am speaking in silence. My words reach you with some freshness, with some fragrance; and because you are silent, that fragrance, that silence, deepens your silence -- makes it fragrant.

It is very difficult for intellectuals to understand what is happening. It is a very non-intellectual, heart-to-heart communion. Words are only excuses.

I would love to sit silently with you, but then you cannot be silent. If I am silent, then your mind will go on: yakkety-yak, yakkety-yak. Just to save you from trouble, I have to speak, and because I am speaking, your mind becomes engaged in listening. It forgets its own yakkety-yak, or postpones it.

It is certainly a miracle. And these are authentic miracles, not miracles like Jesus walking on the water.

I have heard a story: Two rabbis and one bishop were very great friends. All three had gone fishing on the same lake where Jesus used to walk -- Lake Galilee.

The bishop was an American; those two rabbis were local Jews. Talking about Jesus, one rabbi said, "You Christians make too much of small things. Here, everybody knows how to walk on water."

The bishop said, "Everybody...? You can walk on water?"

The rabbi said, "Of course," and he stepped over the side of the boat and walked on water.

The bishop could not believe his eyes.... He is a Jew, he does not even believe in Christ! These are the people who crucified Jesus. This is absolutely unfair of God -- that even rabbis should be allowed to perform miracles.

The first rabbi came back. The bishop asked the second rabbi, "Can you also walk?"

He said, "Everybody can walk. You have unnecessarily made too much fuss about Jesus -- that he walked on water. In Israel, everybody walks on water."

The bishop said, "This is a new thing; I have never heard of it. Just show me that you can also walk on water." And the second rabbi stepped out of the boat and walked on water. The bishop looked with unblinking eyes -- he even forgot to breathe.

And the second rabbi came back, and both of them said, "Now, you are a follower of Jesus; you can try. Do you trust Jesus?"

The bishop said, "Absolutely."

Then they said, "You can try."

So the bishop stepped out on his side -- this was the other side of the boat -- and started drowning. One rabbi said, "What do you think, should we tell that American idiot where the stones are?"

Local people know where the rocks are. These are not miracles. The real miracle happens almost invisibly. Your being silent here... just listening to the birds: tweet, toot, toot -- it is a miracle.

-Osho: The Rebellious Spirit, Chapter #14