



Talking to TREES

The most environment friendly people on this earth are the mystics

For thousands of years that mystics feel closer to the trees, closer to the mountains, closer to the rivers, even closer to the animals than to man, because man is the only sick animal on the earth.

**His psychology is beclouded, his mind carries junk, his senses are dull,
-Osho**

It has been observed for thousands of years that mystics feel closer to the trees, closer to the mountains, closer to the rivers, even closer to the animals than to man, because man is the only sick animal on the earth. His psychology is beclouded, his mind carries junk, his senses are dull. If you say something, he hears but he does not listen.

In the dictionaries both words mean the same thing -- but not in existence. Hearing is a simple phenomenon -- just because you have ears you hear. Listening is a profound change. When you hear without any thoughts in your mind, in utter silence, then hearing becomes

listening; otherwise whatever is said to you, you hear it, but your thoughts get mixed with it. They interpret it according to their own conditioning.

One night it happened... Gautam Buddha had told his disciples that the last thing and the first thing in the morning has to be meditation. Begin the day with meditation. As the sun rises, rise to the heights of meditation, of silence; and as the sun sets, go deep into meditation in your own inner depths where even sunrays cannot reach. This way you will know your heights and your depths. A man who knows his heights and his depths becomes complete.

This was a routine thing, so

Buddha did not need to repeat it every day. He simply used to say when he gave his evening sermon and the sun was setting and darkness was descending.... Rather than saying go and meditate, he would say, "Now is the time to do the last thing before you go to sleep... disperse."

One night a thief was in the congregation, and a prostitute. They all heard the same words: "Now the darkness is descending -- go and do the last thing before you go to sleep." All the sanniyasins went to meditate, and the prostitute suddenly remembered that this man is certainly a magician, "How has he discovered my profession? -- that the darkness is descending; go now, do the last thing before you go to sleep."

And the thief said, "My God! I was thinking that nobody knows me here, and this man" -- there were almost ten thousand sanniyasins, and the thief was hiding in the crowd -- "how has he managed to know about me? It is true, darkness is descending and this is the time of my profession. I should do it first, before I go to sleep."

The next day in the morning Buddha said, "You hear the same words, but you interpret them according to your own mind." This is not listening.

Listening is when your mind does not interpret, does not interfere, when it stands out of the way and lets the words reach directly to the heart; the heart does

not know any interpretation. It simply has one capacity and that capacity, is of recognition. If something is true, it recognises it as true; if something is wrong, it recognises it as wrong -- without any deliberation, without any thinking.

Just as you open your eyes, if it is light there is no question of deciding; you know, you recognise. If it is dark there is no question of thinking; again you recognise. The heart has an inbuilt capacity to recognize the truth, but the mind comes in between and does not allow things to reach the heart.

Psychologists say today that whatever you hear is almost eighty

per cent changed by your mind. It is not a small percentage. And with eighty per cent of it changed, the twenty percent remaining is also in a different context. It has lost its old context; its meaning cannot be the same.

Hence, the mystics feel it is easier to talk to the trees or with the animals or with the birds. Saint Francis, one of the most authentic men Christianity has produced, used to talk to the animals. He would come to the bank of a river and he would call to the fishes, "Listen, I'm here..." and the fishes would jump out of the water to greet him -- this has been observed by thousands of people. He would go to a tree, hold the tree like a friend holds the hand of another friend, and would talk to the tree.

People used to think that he was somewhat insane -- this is nonsense talking to the trees. But now modern research about trees says that trees are more sensitive than you are. Of course their sensitivity has a different dimension.

If a woodcutter arrives with the idea of cutting a certain tree, that tree goes into a nervous breakdown. And now we have only the idea, but the idea in some mysterious way is transferred to the tree even without him having spoken. The cardiogram



Saint Francis

The mystics feel it is easier to talk to the trees or with the animals or with the birds. Saint Francis, one of the most authentic men Christianity has produced, used to talk to the animals,

-Osho

developed machines, something like cardiograms, which are attached to the tree. It has baffled the scientists because the man has not said that he is going to cut a certain tree, he has only the idea, but the idea in some mysterious way is transferred to the tree even without him having spoken. The cardiogram which was going very smoothly, suddenly becomes disturbed. The tree is freaking out! And if the gardener comes to water the same tree, even before he has reached the tree, the cardiogram becomes even smoother, more symmetrical -- a friend is coming!

It seems that trees are sensitive to your innermost thoughts. There is no need to say anything, they understand; they listen to the subtle vibrations in your mind. Certainly, soon the whole science will be clear... but as I see it, every thought is nothing but a vibration, and you are radiating, broadcasting certain vibrations around you. Because people are dull; their minds are retarded. They have thick skulls; and those vibrations don't reach them.

It happened in Switzerland, after the Second World War.... A man had been shot in the head. The bullet was removed, but as they removed the bullet, a strange phenomenon started happening: the man became sensitive to the nearest radio station. Without any radio, he was listening to the music, the morning news, and he had no way to turn it off. He was going crazy. From early morning till late

at night, he was continuously listening to the broadcast.

He told his nurses and doctors, and they wouldn't believe him; they thought the man had gone mad. But he said, "Please, just give me a chance to prove it. You can keep a radio somewhere in the hospital, fixed on the nearest radio station, and I will say what is being broadcasted. You can listen on the radio to see whether I am saying the same or not."

The suggestion was perfectly intelligent. The experiment was conducted, and the doctors were amazed. The bullet had somehow changed the mechanism in his ear. It had become so sensitive that the thought waves.... They are passing just by here, now, from all over the world, from all the radio stations, and it is good that you cannot hear all of them; otherwise you will go insane, so it is a protection. But that man was asking to be helped; otherwise he would go insane.

His ear was operated on, and although he became deaf in one ear, he was happy that the radio station had stopped. But it has given the clue that it is possible not to have to carry your transistor, keeping it close to your ears, moving on the road.... Just a small mechanism may be possible soon which you can fix into your ear. Nobody will know -- just like an earplug -- and it may have certain stations on it. Whatever you want to listen to, you can listen to, and whenever you want to stop, you can take the plug out.

**In the East,
because
mystics have
been working
on every
possible
mystery for
thousands of
years.... This
was the reason
why Mahavira
and Buddha
both said that
unless a fruit
falls on its own
accord, you
don't have any
right to pluck it
off the tree.
That is
violence. When
it falls on its
own accord, it
is a gift. The
tree is giving to
you out of
abundance.
Don't cut a tree,
-Osho**

The possibility now exists that any day your ears can be made very sensitive. But that man showed another possibility, that ears are already sensitive. Somehow, just to save your sanity, nature has closed them to subtle vibrations that are passing by. Trees don't have any ears; they feel those vibrations all over their body, each leaf, each branch, the whole trunk, feels it. Don't think that trees are dead; don't think that you can cut them and you are not harming them. Even when you pluck



That man is crazy saying good morning to the tree, and he never bothers to say good morning to the Vice-Chancellor

a flower, you are unaware that you have hurt the tree, you have created a wound in it. If the mystics have been holding counsel with the trees of the forest, there is nothing to be surprised about. The mystics have always been aware that anything that grows is alive, and anything that is alive must have some ways of sensitivity.

alive must have some ways of sensitivity.

You try to befriend a tree -- go every day to talk to the tree, sit by the side of the tree, touch the tree the way you would touch your beloved -- and within a few days you will see a great transformation happening. When you come, even if there is no wind, the tree starts dancing. When you come, the tree releases its fragrance for you. When you touch it, you can feel that there is no longer the same feeling of coldness; it is warm, it is welcoming you.

In the East, because mystics have been working on every possible mystery for thousands of years....

This was the reason why Mahavira and Buddha both said that unless a fruit falls on its own accord, you don't have any right to pluck it off the tree. That is violence. When it falls on its own accord, it is a gift. The tree is giving to you out of abundance. Don't cut a tree.

You will be surprised... because of this experience of Mahavira, the followers of Mahavira even today don't cultivate. They stopped cultivation completely,

because if you cultivate, you have to cut the trees one day, and that will be great violence. People have laughed about it, and even the Jain monks have no answers which can convince people. What I am saying is according to my own experience. I have lived with trees, and strangely enough, they have a tremendous sensitivity.

is according to my own experience. I have lived with trees, and strangely enough, they have a tremendous sensitivity.

When I used to teach in the university, there was a long row of beautiful trees called gulmohars. It has red flowers, and particularly in summer the flowers are so profuse that you cannot see the green foliage. It is all red, as if the whole tree is afire.

There was a great row, at least twenty trees on both sides of the road approaching the college. I had chosen one tree, which had the biggest shadow -- which was perhaps the most senior tree -- and I used to park my car there. But I never forgot to touch the tree and to say hello to it, good morning to it. People thought, "That man is crazy saying good morning to the tree, and he never bothers to say good morning to the Vice-Chancellor."

The Vice-Chancellor's room was very close to the tree, so he used to stand up whenever he heard my car reaching the tree and he would look and he would giggle to himself, "That man is crazy. I wonder what he is teaching to the students. He is saying hello to the tree, he is saying good morning to the tree, and yet when I pass him in the corridor, I have to say good morning to him; otherwise he simply goes on silently."

But a strange thing happened... out of twenty trees, nineteen trees died from a certain kind of disease. The only tree that survived was my tree. Even the Vice-Chancellor



began to think about it... that when all the trees have died, and they are without leaves and without flowers, dead wood, why does that particular tree continue to blossom, grow, have flowers?

One day he said to me, "I don't believe it, but my wife said to me that it is because that tree has a friend. And just as man cannot live without love, no tree can live without love." He said, "I don't believe it. It is all nonsense, it is just a coincidence. What do you think?"

I said, "I cannot say anything about it. It is a secret between me and the tree."

When I resigned, my car stopped coming to the university, and for the last time I said goodbye to the tree. After one year, I was in the city and I wanted to see the tree... how it was. When I went I come? I went directly to my tree. I said hello to it, I said good morning to it, but there

there, it was dead. And when the Principal heard my car, he could not believe that after one year... why have I come? I went directly to my tree. I said hello to it, I said good morning to it, but there was nobody to hear, nobody to listen. I touched the tree and felt no vibration, no warmth.

The Vice-Chancellor was looking from the window. He came out, stood with me by the side of the tree, and he said, "Just forgive me. I never believed -- still there is suspicion in me -- but the fact is, that when you left, that tree started dying. We cannot understand how it survived for nine years when the other trees died, and it could not survive even one year. Perhaps I am just a suspicious man, but there is something to it. I had to concede, seeing that tree dying every day... I have remembered you, and if anybody can save that tree, it is you.

have remembered you, and if anybody can save that tree, it is you. But you were not in the city." For the whole year I had been going around the country.

I said, "I also feel immensely sad. If I had known that that tree would die, I would not have resigned. Just for the sake of the tree, I would have remained in the university, but I did not think that it was going to die."

Mystics have been laughed at. But remember, slowly science is coming very close to mysticism -- and the last laugh is going to be that of the mystics.

-Osho
The Messiah, Vol-2, Ch 22.

Read or Listen to
Full Discourse on
www.oshoworld.com