

By Basile Catoméris

On Religion

Religion does not consist of lifeless words or dreary preaching, nor is it found in superstitious rituals or ballets of conformist behaviour staged by decadent institutions and performed by servile and guilt-ridden people, condemned like Sisyphus ceaselessly to wander between the poles of good and evil.

Religion is not a subject of instruction, nor is it science's arch-enemy or history's irreplaceable protagonist. Vain are Man's claims to possess religion, which is nothing but a universal tool, solid as mountains and fickle as the wind !

The first sinner is he who gave name to religion and claimed an exclusive right to it. Religion is but the most intangible of all treasures on earth.

Religion is both journey and destination. Limitless and timeless, it lies beyond time and space. Deeply concealed in the holy moment of silence as in the God-lover's winged word.

Religion is to be found in true friendship, in those who rediscover the genuine and dazzling light of childhood and in those who succeed within to reach the deepest foundation and heights of their being. Invisible and magnificent, religion lives in them whom in a unique moment are able to forget their ego.

Religion is the musical glory of life, the pause that separates two notes, a child's genuine laughter and the mystics' tears of love.

Religion is found in the hand that reaches out to another.

Religious is the soul that abides, even for a while only, in complete calmness.

Religious is the Hindu from Calcutta who falls in trance when seeing an image of Jesus.

Religious is s/he who is able to see God in physical beauty. And in all those devotees who drink the nectar at the source of inspired words.

Religious are also all those who see the divine in every thing.

And religious are the nature lovers who perceive the breeze of eternity beyond a grandeur beyond description in Mother Nature.

The singers' tears of beauty are but a reflection of Religion.

And religious is the young man who is able to catch a graceful beauty in the gazelle leap of a pony-tailed teen who runs in Kensington Garden by an early morning of autumn after her orange-coloured greyhound.

Religion is to be found in two lovers united in heart and flesh, who become one in a fugitive moment of eternity.