

# The Unlived Life



## DAAJI

Message on the occasion of the  
127th Birth Anniversary of  
**PUJYA SHRI BABUJI MAHARAJ**  
April 29, 30 and May 1, 2026,  
at Kanha Shanti Vanam



# The Unlived Life

## How Faith Carries What Fear Has Abandoned

Dear friends,

In the series of Bhandara Messages that were released during Basant, 2026, we explored six obstacles to our evolution: what happens when desire and aspiration pull the heart in opposite directions; what happens when energy loses its reason to move; what happens when experience arrives but trust does not follow; what happens when attainment crystallizes into identity; what happens when the eye wanders to someone else's life instead of tending to its own; and what happens when the mind closes around inherited conclusions and mistakes its colored glass for clear sight.

Now, we come to the deepest obstacle of them all that has been hiding inside all the others.

There is an old parable about a man who spent his entire life guarding a door. When he was young, he was told that behind the door lay everything he ever wanted, but also everything that could destroy him. So he stood guard and kept the door locked. He grew old standing there, and when death finally came, he asked the angel,

“Was it true? Was destruction really behind that door?” The angel opened it and the room was empty. It had always been empty.

Fear does not always protect us from real dangers. It also protects us from imagined ones, and in doing so, it prevents us from entering the room where our life is waiting.

## The Thread That Runs Through All

The following statement may reframe everything we have explored so far: fear is not the seventh poison; it is the first. It was there all along, wearing different costumes and operating under different names.

Let’s look again at the divided heart: Why does a seeker keep feeding the lower wolf even when the higher wolf is clearly the one worth nourishing? Because choosing the higher wolf means releasing what is familiar, stepping into territory where the outcome is uncertain. The divided heart is not truly divided by desire, it is divided by fear; fear of what will be lost if one side is chosen, and fear that once we cross the bridge, we cannot cross back.

Let’s look again at the sleeping fire: Why does a young person with every skill, every opportunity, and every plan, remain in bed unable to move? “Something inside me simply won’t let me,” she said. We called it laziness or *tamas*, but what smothered that fire? Fear: fear



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of responsibility, fear of what happens when you actually wake up, fear that if you try and succeed, you will have to keep succeeding, and fear that if you try and fail, the failure will confirm what you have always secretly suspected about yourself. The sleeping fire did not go out on its own. Fear smothered it and then stood over the ashes, calling them laziness.

Let's look again at the cracked foundation: Why did the woman who had meditated for eleven years, and who was transformed in ways visible to everyone around her, still ask, "Is this real? Has anything actually changed?" Because trusting her own transformation meant becoming vulnerable to the possibility that it could be taken away. Doubt is not intelligence, it is fear of the past; fear that what was given can be ungiven, and fear that the ground beneath our feet is less solid than it seems. We named it doubt, but its real name is fear, wearing a lab coat.

Let's look again at the ceiling created by the ego: Why does the ego refuse to break through the greenhouse it has built? Because the open sky has no walls. Outside the greenhouse, there is real weather: real wind, real storms, and real unpredictability. The ego's enclosure is not really about pride, it is about protection. When

the glass is broken, we are exposed. Ego is fear wearing the robes of achievement.

Let's look again at the borrowed wound: Why does the jealous heart keep glancing sideways at someone else's life instead of living its own? Because living our own life means confronting the terrifying question of whether what we have been given is enough, and whether we ourselves are enough. Jealousy is not really about the other person's gifts, it is about the fear that our own gifts are insufficient. Envy is fear wearing the mask of comparison.

And let's look again at the walls we cannot see: Why does the mind seal itself behind inherited conclusions and refuse to let fresh light enter? Because openness is terrifying. To admit that our view of the world might be partial is to admit that the ground we have been standing on might not be the whole ground. Prejudice is not really about the other: the other religion, the other community, or the other way of seeing. It is about the fear that if we open the window, and let in a color we have no name for, everything upon which we have built our identity might have to be reconsidered. Prejudice is fear wearing the mask of certainty.

At the root of these seven poisons is the same trembling.



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## The Anatomy of Paralysis

Fear operates by exaggeration. It takes a possible outcome and inflates it until it fills the entire horizon. In fear's hands, "What if I fail?" becomes a certainty of catastrophe, "What if they reject me?" becomes an unquestionable truth, and "What if I am not good enough?" becomes the final verdict on a life that has not yet been fully lived.

The *Katha Upanishad* tells the story of young Nachiketa, who walked willingly into the abode of Yama, the Lord of Death, to seek the highest truth. When Nachiketa's father performed a sacred ritual, he gave away possessions that were old and useless, keeping the best for himself. The boy, recognizing the hollowness of this gesture, asked his father three times, "To whom will you give me?" His father, in a flash of anger, said, "I give you to Death."

And so the boy went. Here was a child, walking toward what every adult fears most, not because he was reckless but because his longing for truth was greater than his fear of extinction. Yama, the Lord of Death, was not present when Nachiketa arrived, so the boy waited three days and three nights at Death's door, without food, without shelter, and without anyone to comfort him. When Yama returned, impressed by this courage, he offered three boons.

The first boon Nachiketa asked for was to let his father's anger dissolve. The second was to learn the fire ritual that leads to heaven. Both were granted readily. But the third boon shook even Death: "Show me what happens after a person dies. Does the soul continue to exist? Tell me the truth."



*This is faith in its most distilled form, the refusal to accept a smaller answer when the soul is asking a larger question. It is not fearlessness; it is longing that has grown so large that fear, by comparison, has become small.*

Yama tried to distract him with everything fear would have accepted. He offered riches, kingdoms, long life, beautiful companions, and pleasure beyond imagining. Every gift the world considers worth pursuing was laid at the boy's feet and Nachiketa refused them all, saying, "These things end. You are the Lord of Death. You know this better than anyone. Tell me what does not end."

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Chariji once reflected on this story and observed that death is the greatest teacher for those who are willing to learn. Nachiketa did not conquer his fear of death, he simply wanted truth more than he wanted safety. And this is the key that unlocks the guarded door: fear is not overcome by the elimination of fear, but by the cultivation of something that makes fear irrelevant. A mother who rushes into a burning building to save her child does not pause to conquer her fear of fire. Her love is simply larger. The fire has not changed, she has.

## The Samskaras of the Unlived

Every dream that dies without being attempted haunts the dreamer

more persistently than any dream that is lived and fails. This is the wisdom the traditions have always taught. The samskaras of incompleteness cut deeper than the samskaras of failure. A completed action, even one that ends in sorrow, has an integrity that brings peace, whereas an abandoned dream has no such integrity. It remains alive in our consciousness, unresolved, and perpetually asking the question that fear refuses to let us answer.

In the Heartfulness practice of evening cleaning, we sit and allow the impressions of the day to leave from the back. We release what we did, what we said, and what we experienced. But let's consider something that is rarely discussed: What about the impressions formed by what we did not do? The conversation we avoided, the truth we did not speak, the step we did not take, and the love we did not express also leave impressions. They may all be harder to clean than the impressions of action, because they are not events but absences. They are shadows, and how do we sweep away shadows?

Each time fear prevents an action, the unlived action deposits a samskara of incompleteness. Over months, years, and decades, these deposits accumulate, creating heaviness. They create the very *tamas* that looks like laziness but is actually grief for the life that was possible and was not lived.



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Each time fear prevents you from doing something, the avoidance becomes slightly easier, and your courage becomes slightly weaker. The unlived life grows heavier with each avoided step, and the weight of the unlived is what eventually makes the next step feel impossible. It is not that you cannot move, it is that you have been standing still so long that the ground has grown around your feet.

## What Carries Us Through?

Faith, in the spiritual sense, originates in trust born of experience, not belief without evidence. The person who sits in meditation and feels an unmistakable presence greater than themselves, encounters something that fear cannot explain away. This encounter, repeated day after day, year after year, builds a foundation beneath the dreamer's feet that fear cannot erode.

In the Heartfulness system, *pranabuti* dissolves the trap that fear creates. So, when this Transmission enters the heart, it does not argue with fear, or present counter-evidence, it simply fills the space with something so real, and so palpable that fear loses its authority. You cannot be terrified of the dark when someone has turned on the light. The darkness has not been conquered, it has been made irrelevant.



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The Guide also has a role here. A child who holds a parent's hand will walk into a room they would never enter alone, not because the room has changed, but because the hand makes them feel that whatever is in the room can be faced. The spiritual Guide offers the living assurance that the path has been walked, that the room behind the guarded door is not empty or dangerous but full of what you have been seeking, and that a hand is extended for as long as you need it.

Babuji once described humanity with a tenderness that reframes everything we have discussed. He said that all human beings are like children who need to be reassured. Whether we are conscious of it or not, we all keep within us a deep-rooted fear that has come down through the ages. Being far away from our true homeland, we feel an emptiness, and sooner or later the need will be felt to fill it.

Please read that paragraph again. In Babuji's vision, fear is not a character flaw, or a weakness to be ashamed of; it is an existential condition of the soul that has wandered far from its source. The fear you feel is not cowardice, it is homesickness. And the dream you have been guarding behind a locked door is not a fantasy but a memory of where you came from, calling you home.



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## The Dream That Refuses to Die

What is it that fear does not want you to know? That the dream you thought it had killed is still alive. It is alive in the restlessness you cannot explain, in the dissatisfaction that persists despite external comfort, and in the strange stirring that comes at three in the morning when your defenses are down and your heart speaks without permission. That stirring is not anxiety, it is the dream, knocking from the inside, asking to be let out.

And what is the secret that fear guards most jealously? It is that you do not need to conquer the entire distance, you only need to take the first step. Fear says that the distance is infinite, whereas faith says it is just this step, just this breath, and just this morning's meditation.

Every spiritual tradition tells the same story: you were made for more than fear allows. The soul's capacity is infinite. The cage is self-constructed, and the door you have guarded all your life was never locked from the outside, it was locked from within.



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## The Full Circle

We began this series of messages in February, with a heart divided between what it wanted and what it knew was right. We moved through a fire that forgot its purpose, a foundation that could not trust itself, a ceiling built from the very attainments that should have opened the sky, a wound borrowed from someone else's life and mistaken for our own, and walls of colored glass that we had forgotten were colored at all.

Now, we have found the thread that connects them all: fear. Desire divides because we fear choosing, inertia remains because we fear waking, doubt corrodes because we fear trusting, pride encloses because we fear the open sky, envy borrows another's wound because we fear our own insufficiency, and prejudice seals the windows because we fear what the unfiltered light might reveal. And fear itself, the mother of all six, locks the door from the inside because we have forgotten that what waits behind that door is not destruction but the life we were always meant to live.

The key turns with a single act. It is not a grand gesture that conquers all fear at once, but a small, irreversible step of doing one thing today that fear told you not to do. So, sit in meditation when fear says it is pointless, speak the truth when fear says it is dangerous, love fully when fear says you will be hurt, and take the step when fear says you will fall.



*The key turns with a single act. It is not a grand gesture that conquers all fear at once, but a small, irreversible step of doing one thing today that fear told you not to do.*

*Himmat e marda, madad e Khuda.*

When you take one step of courage, the Divine covers the rest of the distance.

Fear says, “What if...?”

Faith says, “Even if...” to live the life that awaits.

With love and prayers,

**Kamlesh**



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to go a little deeper

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