STREAM OF LIVING WATERS -BEYOND YOUR OLD WELL (BD002)

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How far would you journey in search for the fountain of living waters? What if it's less about "where" and more about "how" — in how we open ourselves to the ever-present stream, flowing effortlessly into riverbeds of truth and purity.



Living in the murky well of your little self — holding the lid on tight. How will you ever drink from the fountain of life?

Surrender your world of hollow desires. Let go of your distorted creations. An ocean of spirit will engulf you.

#BibleDrops #LivingWaters #FountainOfLife #WellOfJacob #WaterOfLife #SamaritanWoman #HolySpirit #WaterFall #Christ #Crowned #AnandaICU

That we might drink from the spring of living waters — and never thirst again in this world. Now what be this magical spring of the living waters? We can't damn well drink from a parable to satisfy our thirst.

Must we now journey to the land of two rivers? Only to discover that those rivers did not quench our thirst. In quest for a third river, perhaps in their midst. Find the good old Baptist midstream — ask for a proper plunge, wait for the dove of the spirit to descend from the heavens.

So all of it is much closer to home than that. In fact, closer to what you think of as your home. For the stream of living waters flows freely in awareness unveiled from your self-deception, untwisted by your subjective desires.

So here we are at the well, like an old Samaritan woman. "Please give me water." "But Rabbi, how would you have water from a Samaritan?" And true that, the water from your murky well is not a fit offering for someone who drinks freely from the immortal grail of the spirit.

This stream is ever liberated, flowing from beyond your prison sphere, untangled by the shackles you assert for yourself. Like a pure white dove, soaring across the fabric of creation as it is — undistorted.

Then, take the lid of your well if you wish to drink from the spring of living waters. The fountain will open once you stop holding the lid in place. Then yield before the truth and radiance of what is — surrender your little self. Let go of your distorted creations.

The riverbeds are the truth of the forms of creation itself. The current of the river is the energy flowing freely. What other river do you seek, when you are right in the midst of it, as it is? Simply open your eyes, rise beyond your little self. Not a mere stream. All of existence is an ocean of spirit. Waves, flows, currents abound. How blind you are to all of that in your finite little shell.

Then is there a waterfall of spirit from the Christ — the crown of David risen again? Perhaps there is. Go look for it. Deconstruct and dismantle your stinky little well. The river of life will flow in abundance.

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