



Surender - 4th station

Among the natives - Shaman's power

The first time I met the black Aborigines, I was afraid of them. If I reacted with fear, I would refuse the shaman's invitation to stay with them. At the same time, the thought of continuing the journey with a horny tourist guide gave me greater resistance. I was looking at their bodies, but the cuteness of the children and the purity of their looks calms me down. Already on the first day with them, I could no longer see their bodies, only the indescribable beauty they radiate and the lightness of their movement, reminiscent of fluttering butterflies.

With them, I enter a dimension of being in which I immediately feel at home. These people Love so practically that love could take hold. In the weeks that follow, I am infused with experiencing a naturalness that has nothing to do with waste sorting, organic food production, and sustainable development. Their trust in the Dreamtime and in Its Law is unblemished. They have no words to reflect being threatened by nature, by anything really. Although they have worse conditions for coexistence with nature than we do, who live in an abundance of greenery and animals that are childishly innocent by the side of those who live there, their relationship to nature is warm and trusting like that of a caring mother.

I receive many revelations among these spiritual beauties. The insight into the false progress of my society is all the more distinct the more I understand the spiritual background that dictates how they should behave and what they really need. I can't convey to you the gift I received, but you can let yourself be tempted to dare to experience it for yourself. You don't have to be among the natives, it's enough to want to know who you are when you don't think.

How could something so simple be so devastating to my falsehood as explaining why they don't put shoes on their feet. Not because of poverty or lack of technology, but because of the connection with the Earth and one's fluidity with it. They love the earth, they feel its touch beneficial, so they leave it as it is given to them. Barefoot people sense the mood of the Earth and know about oddities that happen, myself included. The shaman knew about me before he saw me. He showed the shoes that he puts on when he goes into the human world, but he says that they must be made of free-growing material and with the hand of a connoisseur who imprints on them the stamp of understanding the symbiosis between man and nature. He will not wear rubber-soled shoes made in a factory and bought with money.



For the same reason, in simple dwellings, they do not have artificial floors, which remain smooth and warm soil or sand. We call it primitive, something we have to leave behind and 'progress' into what we have. We blindly settled for this explanation, without personal conviction whether it was really the case. The indigenous people who survived the genocide and returned to nature are the Focal Points of Light that raise the collective consciousness of humanity. Their value to us is invaluable. With these eyes, I truly read living Love in every detail of their way of Life. These are true lovers who do not utter words of love, they only treat Life as a Holyness.

I am most impressed by the ovalness of their buildings. A semi-circular dugout, dug into the steep slope of the hill, still stands on the first piece of forest intended for forest retreats. It kind of came about by itself, because we looked at the fact that no trees fall, and that we interfere with the landscape as little as possible. When the dome was finished, we covered it with soil and the undergrowth grew back so that the dugout is almost invisible, except in winter and from below.

The natives know what in the East they call feng-shui, that there are no corners in nature, because the circularity of light movement cannot create them. Angles are energetically non-flowing, they retain static and therefore low energy. With some exceptions, which are the fruit of this understanding, our creations are angular. Even the water system is made in such a way that the water flows from the source to the tap through darkness, through artificial materials and in sharp turns, so little of its vitality remains, if I do not take into account the chemical additives that additionally burden it with low energy.

The Aboriginal settlement is ruled by material minimalism and order, which we too quickly classify as 'poverty'. And yet material minimalism is a sign of understanding the natural Order. So I don't find things that are not used and will stand untouched for a long time, rot or staleness, garbage or piles of useless things that fill our homes and gardens and look like dumps of plastic and metal. Our understanding of material tidiness can be found mainly in the residences of monks and nuns, whose rooms are filled with only the most necessary furniture, but are always clean and tidy. Even in spiritually awakened people, who are simply disturbed by clutter, because of the high personal frequency, you can see that everything is in its place, not dusty, not rusted and in a regular circulation of usefulness.

This is a distinctive sign by which I can recognize how much spiritual purity is in me or how much work I still have to do. That's why when I enter a house, I can see exactly who I came to, according to the tidiness.

Behind material tidiness is the energetic rule that dirt and disorder, long untouched corners, crammed with things, rot and mold... are portals through which negative energy enters this world. Therefore, if you would like to close this door, thoroughly clean your residence, remove what you do not need and do it regularly with great care and grace. You don't need garlic, salt, sage, holy wood, or holy water to protect you from negativity.



In addition to personal and residential cleanliness, order and beauty, nature, especially trees, also has a major role in energy protection. Aborigines know every tree in their area, as do members of the community. The shaman talks with great knowledge about the role that trees play in maintaining the harmony of the community. There is no instance of cutting down a tree in clan lore. They watch them carefully to notice when the tree, according to the natural order, offers itself to them. He says that trees are magical because they harmonize the atmosphere, which was new to me, but at the same time familiar, as I have always known, because of the pleasantness of being under them.

He continues with an amazing story about the lush forests of Australia, which once inhabited this continent. This mention makes my hair stand because it confirms the experience of the first desert night in which the Earth speaks to me with its pain of desolation.

I ask the shaman on occasion what diseases they suffer from and encounter a real barrier of perception. I can't tell him what I mean by sickness, illness and disease. He doesn't know the names I list to him. Any disease I can think of doesn't know what I'm talking about. He can see that something is really biting me. He carefully reads the movements and facial expressions and finally connects what I want. He explains that selfishness is the only disease that exists. I couldn't have gotten a more naive answer, but something doesn't allow me to refuse an explanation and I listen to him with interest. Today I know that if I refused to answer, even if only quietly in my heart, the shaman would fall silent. Reluctance to spiritual revelations would command him to remain silent out of respect for my level of maturity, which he must not cross. I regulate how much Truth I allow myself by whether I am in acceptance of the Happening, no matter how it fights with current beliefs.

As long as I cling to illness as a physical condition, we do not understand each other. When he realizes this, he corrects me and says that all bodily defects stem from separation from the Dreamtime, as they call the Divine Source. It assures that separation from the Source is the only thing that is ill and sick. He nods in satisfaction that we finally understand each other.

He goes on to say that when something happens in the community that is the result of selfishness, someone steals something, doesn't share, quarrels or fights, the shaman takes that community member into the wilderness with him or leaves him there alone. In this repulsion, he realizes the true nature of his action, often supported by hunger, thirst, fatigue and abandonment, which create the perfect circumstances for experiencing the selfishness he has realized. When he understands what he has done, he comes back in a new respect and is cured, not only of selfishness, but of all the diseases created by indifference and callousness. He says that these are stories that they tell each other, that there was no case of illness among them.

It breaks me apart to see that these people do not know the disease, while illness is the most profitable business in our society and the driving force of our so-called progress.



Education tells me that the causes of illness are either unknown or beyond my control. So I began to understand our world as being made to breed sickness, because it is built without understanding the rules of the game of Life. We live the idea of personal powerlessness over what happens to us, and that nature is a threat that must be forcibly subjugated to our interests, whether it is outside or within us, or is only suitably tamed.

As a collective, we do not yet know that with such an attitude we are losing our natural health, but as individuals, we are already emerging from artificial thought and the world it creates. This is how the energy bubble of healthy and beautiful people accumulates, returning to nature by realizing Unity Consciousness. You can also achieve a temporary impression of health and beauty with the help of technology and chemical supplements, while at the same time increasingly separating yourself from the Source of true health.

Despite the oppressive desert conditions pressing in from all sides, Aboriginal territory is green, rivery and populated with animals. Crocodiles, iguanas, snakes, spiders and other, known to us as unpleasant animals, are free and not attacked. When I was sitting by the muddy river watching the water skater, the crocodile grabbed the skater and left me alone. As I rested under a tree, a palm-sized tarantella approached my head and calmly went away as I looked up and nearly buried my nose in its belly. When I was walking in the desert, snakes and scorpions regularly crossed my path, but they moved out of the way like grasshoppers in our meadow, which bounce away my step.

I could uneducatedly conclude that I took a risk and was lucky, but the tameness of animals is a given when they are not hunted and threatened. The rule that respect begets respect holds true among all living beings. They know that this is their highest protection, which they have not only been convinced of through personal experience, but it is an oral tradition that has been passed down from generation to generation since the very beginning. Friendship between man and nature is a given that does not need to be built.

It took me more than 20 years before I started 10-day forest retreats knowing what I'm talking about. Fear of nature and animals, lack of need for peace and understanding, threat from endless sorts of things..., rule us strongly. I overcome this steel armor that keeps me in non-fluidity with the Oneness of Life when I genuinely recognize the fallacy of my own mind. Fear is the projection of the worst future scenario, which is negated by trust in the Order of Life and the experience of surrendering to Its Will.

I overcome fear when I go into it with this understanding and recognize it through experience as the reason for my unwillingness to grow beyond the boundaries of self. I can fail, I can run away in panic at the rustle of leaves at night, thinking it is a wolf that wants to eat me, or at the tick I find on me, I run away because I believe it is deadly. In this panic, I hit my leg, trip over blackberries, tear my tent or experience other inconveniences, then conclude that nature is threatening and decide, never again. I can submit to fear, knowing that I have chosen it because I am not willing to let go of control and be open to the Love that controls my destiny.



Do I need courage to overcome it? Sure, at least in the beginning. Then I understood the rules of the game of Life and began to implement them. In this way, I can see firsthand that I am the creator of what happens to me. We all come to the Clarity that peace of mind is the highest protection available to us, because it attracts the impersonal, and with it the highest Will of Life. I realize that the things I protect myself with against nature are a spit in the face of the Power that I am. So I finally surrender, I allow what must happen, because I see that Life is Intelligent omnipresence. If I experience discomfort, I know that by accepting it, I take away its charge. I attract them until I recognize them as an echo of the charges I unconsciously gave off. That's why I don't resist, I don't panic, I don't run away from them. I understand what's happening, I don't react to the discomfort, I stay still knowing that acceptance pushes unconsciousness into annihilation.

I cannot believe this, nor agree with it. It's just something I figure out when I'm mature for it. Nothing can convince or force me to do so, I can only enter the Surrender of my own free will. In fear, on the other hand, I can allow myself to be conscious of not knowing who I am and how exactly I attract myself. The ego cannot bear to have its hand in the bad that he judges, but he can't bear the same thing that he doesn't have merit in the good that he judges.

How simple and supreme is the Law, what I give, that is what I reap! It also explains God's word that the creatures of the Earth are subject to man. No matter how animals or nature behave, they are always being obeyed by beings of free will. Natural phenomena, weather disorders, natural disasters, extinction of plants and animals, disappearance of forests, poisoning of soil, water and air..., is a manifestation of the attitude towards Life of someone who has the freedom to say no to Life. The way we protect ourselves with shoes, clothes, lubricants, chemicals, fences, poisons, traps, shooting, genetic manipulation, etc., does not communicate that nature is threatening, but rather how little we understand the Natural Law and how deeply we are forgotten in naturalness.

The Aboriginal way of life has no need for the institutions that we take for granted to keep us within the limits of sane and not killing each other out of envy, jealousy and greed. Understanding and respecting the rules of Life is all they need. So the shaman begins to ban the story of my world and I realize how broad-minded and wise he is, even though he is uneducated and has no devices to relay news from the world. He knew more about us than we know about ourselves.

He says that humans are eternally longing for contentment, joy and love, because this is our nature. Dissatisfaction, despair and fear remind us that the path we are on is not ours. We all have a threshold up to which we can bear the weight of a lie, then the lie breaks and invites us back to be true to ourselves. The world we build is a projection of this oblivion, an inanimate replica of the natural abilities we are given. He says that we will continue to make devices until we remember that devices disreputably mimic our natural abilities. Where do I think we get the ideas for them from, he asks me with a piercing look.



At this moment, many loose ends come together for me...., Jesus' rule over the elements of nature and bodies, His resurrection from the 'dead', the examples of people who were thrown to the lions to tear them apart, but because of their peacefulness, meekly sat next to them. Biblical stories, full of incredible phenomena which I did not know where to put..., are put in the right light at this moment. When I returned from my trip, I came across Anastasia's story, which I swallowed like a pill of enlightenment. She lives abilities of a light being, which I could not accept without the shaman's revelation. How precisely the sequence and time coordination of the Happening is regulated, is revealed to me at this moment by the reaction of the body, which is tingling as if connected to a wider flow of energy. The sky opened above me. The shaman seems to have torn the veil that was clouding my vision. A thin man with gray hair and a long beard, suddenly became power incarnate, no longer a primitive poor man living at the mercy of the government, forced into a reserve like an animal to be seen by safari tourists.

How humiliating the behavior of the tourist guide was I only now see and understand why our love-making did not cross the threshold of physicality. Nevertheless, he was the means through which the Will of Life brought me here, and he was exactly as he had to be for me to be gifted with the gifts of Surrender again. He was a perfect tool in the hands of the Will of God. I remember the words of Jesus, with which he answered the apostles about the persecutions that forced him to withdraw from his native land, so that he would never reach souls who are not Jewish, but who are more devoted to Love than the souls at home.

I know that with this gift, what started with the invitation is completed, and the farewell is coming. Changed to the depths that, over the years and with my willingness, slowly but steadily pushed to the surface to bring them to life in this world.

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