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## Surrender 4th station

### With natives - an invitation

A song of a famous musician...

The Presence is alive and full, it has its intelligence.  
The Presence is warm and gentle, it is love in the purest form.  
It is what I crave for being seen in the divine beauty, that I am loved by It.  
The Presence wants to be accepted and lived, heard and appreciated,  
expressed and seen, recognized and thanked.  
But It wants most to be nurtured on Its spontaneous paths.  
It rejoices when It is touched with admiration and wonder.  
It slows me down to find out what it means to be loved without conditioning.  
In order to finally allow myself to relax and return home to the innocence of being.

In the continuation of the solitary desert adventure, I enter into an inadvertent turmoil that crashes the perception that I have built as a child of the civilized world. Summer is a time when we can take a rest, indulge in unplannedness and allow ourselves to be. The way of life presented to me on this path did not want to leave me. Since then, it has been looking for channels so that it could be lived even here, where obligations and punishments for disobedience, seem like chains made of steel. After visiting these wise people, for me as unusual as it gets, as a bee to honey, I am greased to surrender to naturalness behind which God himself stands. I wanted to forget what I thought I knew and enter certainty, how little I really know. I didn't have to do this to humiliate myself, but to open up for the growth that awareness of ignorance triggers.

I matured as a trapped animal, which is in the vastness of the desert, forced to forget the dressage if it is to survive. It wanted me a flexible such as any freedom that does not know attachment and ownership, fears and doubts. We call such lifestyles intuitive or instinctive, and we only associate it with uncultivated nature and perhaps unconventional leave in which I can free from systemic pressures. Today I know, it is straightforward the only healthy alternative that is available to me and what, as a civilized person, I know nothing about..., not even knowing that. That is why, as the experience of purity of relationship with a divine lover, it is also a stay with natural people, a mirror in which I just recognize the alienation from the innate naturalness.

You can imagine what thorough blows in education I receive from these simples that are nature-like. What kind of mental and spiritual cleansing I need to be able to bloom in naturalness, is the story of my life. Again and again, the teacher says that I have to practice silencing for so long, that I am not aware that I am silencing and silencing just am. Also, the indigenous people, that are natural by givens, are not saved from this. It is not enough to live in accordance with life unconsciously as animals, it should be their choice. Is that why they had to suffer the terrible genocide?



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A leap from the unconscious, instinctive harmony with life, in a consciously selected, needs some kind of pull from the established current, needs an experience of contradiction and choice. Finally it is the choice what raises us above the instinct of a non-free nature, into the awareness of the free. Only such we mature for coexistence with the planet and life. In this light, this is not a choice, it is a necessity to survive.

If I could only depict you the quality of living that opens when I allow myself spontaneity, it would be easy for you. When I know that there is an Order in which mistakes can't happen, that it does not have to be regulated by the efforts of self, but is rather unimaginable wisdom and love I cannot even imagine being raised by separate thought. What kind of Intelligence is presented to me, when I allow myself to let go of control. The enthusiasm and experience is what I have and what I can give, the false luster of personal effort must be recognized and undressed only by you.

I determine how much naturalness I allow myself by who I am, by the quality of a personal vibration, with which I flow through the field of life and attract whatever I emit. This personal vibration is a difference between the indigenous people and the people of the Western world. Indigenous people know that through their attitude towards the world, they determine how it should behave towards them.

Be lenient to this message so as not to irritate you to disprove it, should we return to the caves to become in harmony with life again? This is cynicism that refuses to change. It doesn't matter what circumstances I am in, just how I behave. When my plan falls about what is supposed to be and how, when I realize that I cannot shape my reality by transforming circumstances, but with the quality of personal energy, it is an expansion of loving people who drop a personality and open up for the impersonal Will of Life. I do not know Its specificity, but I know It is lovingly intelligent.

This is a true story that washed me from the false luster of our society and invites me to the simplicity of the natural that I have to go back to if I should exist as a man, a child of God. So, already touched by many gifts of surrender along the way, I find myself again in the middle of the red desert with a raised thumb and indulge in a high order of unplanning. When I open my eyes in the morning, I have no desire or need to determine what I want to see and where I want to get. Planning is disabled by the unknown, such as life in every now and with solitude, which is not influenced by the companion, managing the agency, established routine or my program.

I wake up like wild desert horses that are galloping through the vastness with a wavy mane. In untamed beauties, I recognize the newly born spirit in me, in which I naturally fall in love and find that freedom is innate to me. I just didn't experience it until this journey, so I couldn't know that I was already free. My normality is that I am managed, so it is to experience natives who have no identification numbers, money, a government who writes their laws, decision-making and judgments organs, police and hospitals ..., a series of rams' blows in my thought construct, which seems real only because it is pushed into physical existence by the efforts of self.



Time here runs in an unnoticed way. Many times the sun rises and sets before someone comes along and stops. He is a young tourist guide from Canberra, intended for the Aboriginal reserve east of Darwin. It takes 14 days before, with stops on each cloth of water and other attractions, we arrive there. After three days of travel, it is clear that it is dragging us to more than co-passengers.

The experience with the divine lover is almost two months away, but still fresh so that it gives the impression of hope of reliving this beauty. Everything is right, I do not push anything, it goes by itself, but the desire to repeat the experience is getting in the way, which, as I soon find out, is not possible in the uniqueness of life. Making love with a tourist guide is a sport that leaves a trace of emptiness behind. I should enter into a relationship without anticipations and desires and indulge in entertaining, I could be smart afterward, but the purity of the relationship is indelible and forever sets new criteria of satisfaction. Every day we are sporting like that at least once, on the really fascinating scenes of nature, but with an ever stronger feeling that I am trading in payment for transportation. The feeling of worthlessness is becoming unbearable. The solution is offered when we enter the Aboriginal area with the permit he obtained from the government.

In the hours of waiting to do his job, I spend walking through the rare forest. As I walk through the bush, the two fists large snake head lifts from the droughts. I freeze on the spot. It lazily lift its head to check if it is threatened. We look at each other calmly from a distance of three meters. After a short, non-bumpy meeting, I walk slowly in the opposite direction. Later, I found out that it was not a snake, it was a two-meter long legvan, but I did not see its legs, who prefers to rest on the tree trunks of the same color as itself, and you don't notice it if you don't know it. So, a little afterward, I almost leaned against it before I distinguished it from the tree by its eyes. I head to the river and sit two meters away from it on a slightly steep embankment. My attention is attracted by a large water skater, which I observe with interest. Like a skillful ballerina, it slides along the calm surface of a cloudy river, with legs thin as hair. Surprisingly, it does not sink, at the end of the legs is a static tension that creates a recess on the surface and holds the skater over it without touching it. I wonder if Jesus also walked on the water according to this principle?

Thus, immersed in the elegance of the scene, without the waves and the noise from the cloudy tranquil water, a huge crocodile's jaw snaps out and grabs the skater with sound of a truck door shut. On all four uphill backwards, it takes me away, as if something would pull me from behind. I had enough walking around the Australian bush. I head towards the car and notice that my driver is just finishing and saying goodbye to the Aboriginal people. When they see me, they stop talking, and all eyes stay on me. I smile and say hi. Despite the sharpness of the desert soil, I walk barefoot because I save shoes for walking on hot asphalt roads I do not stand barefoot. Thus, barefoot and with scattered hair from poor travel care, I appear in front of these hermits, who do not know shoes and shampoo as a kind of white-skinned relative. The kids run to me, touch me with wide smiles and talk one over another.



They pull me by the nose, by the hair, they touch the skin and clothing, and are most impressed by the blue eyes, which they spike with their fingers so that I have to close them and the light hair color. They jump on my backpack, turn it to the last underpants, and have a lot of fun while exploring.

Behind them is slowly approaching the dignified tall man. I find out he is the chief and with whom we get closest. Only he spoke a little English. He observes me penetrating and examines with his eyes in a way that reads through. I don't mind being naked in front of him. Today I know, the shaman pressed me with his will and checked whether I withstand the pressure of real, and I have no shady intentions.

My driver is becoming impatient and wants to go. Just when he wants to urge me to leave, the shaman overtakes him with an invitation to stay with them. I did not know why the driver is surprised, but later I learn that no white man received such an invitation. He was considered a lucky man because he obtained the permit for a one-day entry into their area by knowing the right people and services.

I couldn't be surprised because I didn't know it. I do not know the backstage that manages my destiny, I just consent to what is Happening, without doubt and fear, let It lead me where it wants. Except for the shaman, for these people, I am the first whitish to see, except for a tourist guide, who left them uninterested. He was here with the intention of bringing tourists, which was certainly not a pleasant promise. Similarly, as an experience of a divine lover, staying with these people indelibly marks me..., from here on, I could not agree to less than that. The limit of quality of being and satisfaction has been imprinted on this body and remains an inspiration to everything I am and do.

Their English is poor, it doesn't help much. But that doesn't matter, talking does not have much weight where they speak with behavior, glow in their eyes and doing. They take me to everything they do. Barefoot, with only a piece of clothing on ourselves, we wave to outback. With women and children, we collect fruit in the most unfruitful space, which from afar does not give the impression of fertility of anything. We find tubers, berries, roots, flowers, grasses and the species of other freely useful and edible plants. In the village, they have a fence-free modest garden where they produce vegetables.

I am impressed by honey ants that have a rear filled with sweet mead. When we come across them, they are delighted that the rear is full of sweetness, for which they thank and carefully choose the biggest, squeezing the rear with their fingers and picking up a mead. They invite me to try it. I hesitate, then I carefully grab a huge ant and, while moving between my fingers, vacuum its honey, then return it to its run. Is like a living candy. Among trees are many dried ones, where we find for the thumb large larvae of a bug, which they also eat delicious. Also, with careful choice and thanks, they only collect the largest. I have a bigger restraint here, but I try one anyway. It tastes unpleasant, but it is even more uncomfortable in appearance and that it is alive. My cracky face puts them in an infectious laughter.



Other day, with men and children, we go hunting. We spend all day for this, without looking at the passing of time and physical needs, without complaining about hunger, thirst or fatigue, even the smallest children. They have careful rules, which animal can catch so that they do not demolish the peace of nature. So we had many opportunities to catch, but still waited for the right one. Towards the end of the day, we would return empty-handed, if the opportunity did not appear, we come across an old solitary legvan, in which they recognize the gift from above. How much respect and love I read in this, easily labeled as a bloodthirsty act. Legvan is not scared and does not escape, it even acts as honored to serve a man as food. This experience really touches me and at the same time offends by the fact how we treat the animals we eat. It is here that it meets me who is really bloodthirsty here.

The hardiness and the extremely low need of the body for any attention is certainly a characteristic of spiritually evolved people. They give the impression as they wouldn't have bodies at all. They don't even have words to describe it. They are skinny but strong and durable, they do not brush their teeth, but they still have crystal white.

We eat very little, by the way, but mostly in the evenings around the hearth, which is lit only on special occasions. They have no refrigerator and do not make supplies differently than by drying the leftovers. We sit on low benches with our knees higher than the seats, there are no chairs and tables, they are just surfaces to do things on. The day runs spontaneously, as it dictates, from moment to moment, but it flows smoothly as an oiled clock, consistent, without rush and lack of time, without hunting and chasing. No one tells anyone what to do, or not to do. I don't notice a warning of danger or fear of anything.

After eating, they like to socialize, play on didgeridoo, they bit with sticks, dance, laugh and relive the adventure of the day. They behave like they wouldn't have one concern. They speak little, children receive experiential lessons by working and lifestyle, and as an informal form of teaching, they use the educational stories they tell when the opportunity present itself. Without talking about morals and ethics, they are considerate to each other and to nature in every mode of lifestyle. They radiate childhood innocence that does not know self-interest or harmfulness. Skilled at knowing the forces and laws of nature in great detail, I learned about my true spiritual ugliness as a child of the civilized world.

The shaman, from unknown sources, knew about my meeting with the crocodile and said that my peacefulness was a command of inviolability that animals faithfully obey. I encountered a similar understanding in the Siberian Vedrous people who learn from animals and plants, as well as about the conditions they need to succeed in order to understand the law that is ruled and respected in their attitude towards everything. It is the third time on the way that my body opens. I am un-threatened by anything and therefore blend with the environment. Already suspicion of fear, care or doubt, would close it and prevent coexistence with it.

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