



What am I breathing or When I mature for healing?

The custom of saying that it's easier to breathe after a storm because it washes away stuffiness is as old as man, but I wonder if I know what I'm breathing. Am I breathing air, gases, atmosphere? If that's my answer, then I know I haven't started silencing yet, I still don't have personal experience of breathing and thinking about it. Silencing erases the learned interpretation of Life, it is a mental eraser. Silencing and solitude are the ancient holy grails of healing and still the last thing we cling to when we're in need. We are taught to look for health outside, in professionals and medicines, in body movement and food. Every now and then someone notices that this is a failed investment, turns to himself and calms down.

Teachings that breathe a mixture of gases stands between me and what is, like a boulder in a river. Does anyone remember from the first part of the Matrix movie, when the New Man (Neo) stepped out of this world and, now disconnected from it, wakes up for the first time from a freed mind with the Dreamer (Morpheus), in a completely empty, white area of mental silence, while his body still in meditation? After a short training session, New man is on his knees gasping for breath, and the Dreamer calmly and enigmatically asks him: "Do you think that's the air you're breathing?"

This scene alone shook my learning so much that its foundations never recovered. There is nothing in the reality of Life that I know as the building blocks of this world, not because this reality is shaped differently than any other, but because I am taught to think about Life, but not to experience it. The meaning I attribute to a certain phenomenon is the one that decides whether I am dominated or I dominate myself.

When I am saturated with silence, there is no explanation, there is no translator or judge behind my eyes to respond to the Happening from what I have learned. In order for a creative answer to come out of me, I need innocence, I need the awareness that I don't know. Innocence has nothing to rise above the Perfection of Life. What is Perfection? Perfection is everything that is put into Life, that happens. It's not what I think of Happening. This is the humility of the Living, which does not bow to human knowledge, but instead consents to Love, which governs the fate of all beings. The experience of this pure presence of the Intelligence at work and consenting to Its Happening, is all the instruction, Guidance and Protection I need. It is the only Guru, the only dispeller of darkness.



I know that Life is governed by Rules, it can be new to discover what that means in practice. The fact that there is no way to prepare for the present ordeal beforehand, at least not in the way I think, can be daunting. It can seem that I am unprepared for life without human knowledge and guidance, so it seems that I need a bit of madness to not rely on what I know to heal.

The beauty of this world is that I only mature for healing through a series of disappointments, when I try everything I know and think, when it lets me down and I give up, burnt out by my own efforts. Only now am I willing to let go of control and try something new. It is this crack into the staleness of personal energy, breathed in by the freshness of newness, that the healing begins. As long as there is no openness to new things, the nullification of energy creates all possible deviations from natural health.

When I begin to see more and more clearly the true face of my efforts, it loosens the belief in my right, so I dare to enter into this great unknown called naturalness. I know it a little, although it pulses in my genes. That's why I'm grateful when I meet it, even the hard way, when I'm already reaping the weight of the deception. Naturalness makes sure that the pain is immediately forgotten, just as the pain of childbirth is forgotten the moment the birth is over. It's more than forgetting the pain, it's the bliss of tranquility that I wouldn't appreciate without the pain.

Naturalness is not something I add to myself, so I give up trying to learn it. I rather get full of sincerity that I don't know how to reach it, I stop trying. Now it can happen. By naturalness, I see what I read in nature, with this excess, that as a human I have the ability to know the Creator who creates it and to co-create with Him. This brings me such joy that my current efforts turn out to be a kind of simulation with toys, which is just preparing me for real creativity, in which I am the highest masterpiece. Trust, peace and health, courage, consideration and compassion, rapture and creativity... are natural to me. When I don't live these Divine virtues, the reasons don't matter, I choose an existence without life juice, I am a log destined for furniture and toilet paper, no longer a tree.

Because naturalness doesn't need my efforts, it comes by itself, mental silence and solitude are reliable revivers of naturalness, they are an infusion for a starving soul. It needs the will for it, it cannot impose itself on me. It is not possible to advise how to be natural. What prevents me from being natural right now and therefore accepting the Happening is the very thought that judges It. So I see, I don't need learning, time, many incarnations to be natural. What I need is the experience of silence that loosens the mental turmoil.



How much pressure is needed for this depends on how much I resist the Happening, how much I command it, set rules, forbid, punish or otherwise tailor to myself. Losses, hardships and illnesses are the cuts to mental turmoil that I lovingly give myself in order to rise from under the ruins of foreign impositions.

So what am I breathing? When they teach me I breathe so-called 'air', in which there is 78% nitrogen, 21% oxygen, 1% argon and in small quantities a number of other gases, I do not think of the weight that this explanation has on my perception. Due to the early intrusion into the sanctity of the intimate, which in respect of the law of Life would have remained untouched by foreign hands, I have been brought up from birth to neglect the inner Source of Knowing and I do not live the natural Life program that would otherwise express itself through me without learning it

Having no experience of authenticity, I do not distinguish the foreign from my own. I don't see that I wouldn't have come up with this information on my own. Now I easily believe that I need external extensions in human knowledge and devices so that, once later, I can know who I am and what Life is and experience fulfillment. I'm fooling myself into ingenuity, naturalness can't deny itself.

Remember the stories of orphans who grew up in nature, without humans, what super strong natural beauties they grew into. I can be deceived for a long time, even for a whole Life, it doesn't matter, sincerity cannot be erased from the Life Program. My body tells me about my well-being, satisfaction and health, always in a way that I can understand, that something is missing. I can shut up and listen to it, I can ignore it and think my own way.

I mature for self-love when I have nothing left to lose, then no thought can distract me from it. The experience of deception is the necessary cry of the soul that cures me of participating in the delirium of this world. I accept the uncertainty of not knowing. I accept the vulnerability of being betrayed, unloved, cheated on... .

Now the world is no longer dragging me between its mills and the healing can begin. In the morning, several times during the day, before going to bed, I put aside the devices and tasks of this world and rest in Being. Every day I sink deeper into the gratitude of what it means to be human, a child of Light. I am truly realizing what a multi-dimensional and mighty masterpiece of Natural Intelligence I am. Every drop of Peace is more Self-Love and nothing can stop me from silently loving myself. Silencing makes it increasingly clear how much influence I have on what happens to me, not by how I pull the strings to get my way, but by how I sound. How obedient is the organicity of Life to what I want.



Soul and nature experience me as I am, not as I think I am, so I recognize my own echo in the Happening. I know who decides my sound. As a child of God, I inherit the duty and honor of lordship over the paradise garden of the divine virtues of my Soul. I step into my rightful place of divine naturalness. I choose the dignity of the breathing. I want to feel the softness of the greens of the Earth with my bare feet, to see it shining in its lushness and color. I want to sway with its steady breathing. I want to forget the delirium of achievement once later. My story is an active soul and Living Earth here and now.

I receive the experience of Life through the only possible way, through an active soul. It is a direct and true fullness of experience, in which there are no names and definitions, no information about the material aspect of Life. Because of the complexity of the elements, researching things can give the impression of knowing. The feeling of knowing without really knowing drives me away from a natural need for direct experience of Life. As the explaining loosens and the first rift opens into the Eternity of my being, I notice breathing for what is... .

What I really breathe is the Grace of Life, which Lives me.

I breathe the charm of Light, which magically unites spirit and body.

I breathe the harmony of Love, which glues Light cells into a single Light organism.

Breathing connects me intimately to the Living Light Field of Life.

Breathing is unspoken gratitude for the opportunity to Live as a Human.

Breathing is an enchanting love-making

with the Source of Eternal and Everlasting Light.

Breathing supplies me with the qualities of the Source of all possibilities.

Breathing merges the inside and outside into a flowing Oneness.

Breathing is the highest consideration of coexistence.

Breathing is a continuous exposure of sacred intimates.

Biology that is not energetically static, such as things that do not breathe, cannot be replaced synthetically. When the body pushes this Grace that it breathes out of itself under proper pressure through the trachea and over the vocal cords, the vocal cords vibrate, even when I am silent, in accordance with my current vibration. With each exhalation, I create an acoustic pattern that translates the energy frequency and imprints it into the conscious field of Life.

What a wonderful, finely calibrated Natural Intelligence technology this is! The experience of breathing is different for you than it is for me, but it is always a living, flowing and ever-changing experience, not a static piece of data. The vocal cords and other body parts are the embodiment of the highest Intelligence, God.



The body, which is condensed light, perfectly perceives the vibration, without the limitations of space and time. Body, skin, hair, organs..., every cell and genes, mine or from other organic beings, including the Earth, the universe, naturally communicate with the Field of Omniscient Light, flow energetically with the Whole. At the same time, the Life Program, which is unique for every form of Life, ensures an appropriate translation of what is experienced. All creatures have a limited, well-defined range of perception, except for man, who is a universal perceiver of energy. This translation is always approximate, no two experience the same Event in the same way, yet living beings communicate with each other without conflict.

How could I not be speechless at this behavioral beauty of nature, its harmony and consideration? How could I not convince myself to deepen into nature and be it? Just paying attention to it tunes me to the effortless naturalness, without merit, without process, without system, without invention, without thought... . As a natural, I am always ready for whatever happens, nothing shocks me, nothing surprises me, nothing hits me at the wrong time. Like animals before a storm, I am alerted and strengthened for whatever comes.

The explanation that I breathe some gases castrates me spiritually, prevents direct communication with the Source of my existence, with My Originality. It takes away my independence of perception of energetic reality, it takes away my personal experience. In silence I know, I have everything I set my mind to, I just have to achieve it.

Blessed are the peaceful. Blessed are the silent. Blessed are the strong. The three are my answer to all...

Peace + Silence + Power

Peace = softening of personal energy
Silence = communion with silent Knowing (Gyana)
Power = expansion of Light, growth

The best possible response to the current Happening

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TheForestLover