



Body instinct

The experience of free-life horses in the desert of Australia, I was deeply marked. In the presence of this unearthly Beauty, all eloquence is speechless. Their untamedness is the embodiment of Divinity. What dignity, what inspiration they are! Their bodies are bursting with Power. God looks out of their eyes.

Then I saw how they domesticate these beauties, who should only be admired with respect. They exhaust them so much that they break their spirit and stop longing for freedom. Before they are caught, they are chased for hours by large jeeps until they are exhausted, then forced into small enclosures from which they cannot escape. The particularly disobedient ones are beaten and whipped, burned and isolated. The horses of the first captured generation lose their glow of Liveliness, their uprightness as free spirits fades, the shine in their eyes withers, and every now and then they raise their heads and look into the vastness beyond the fence. The generation after them, born in captivity, has no such symptoms. Immediately after birth, they cling to their mother, happily hopping and missing nothing. Their eyes never sparkle.

Until I met the desert horses, I did not know that horses in our country are so far from Life, that now, when I see it, they resemble more a living mechanism, forced into the service of unhealthy human appetites...., domesticated, tamed, confined, spiked with this and that chemistry, ridden and trained to trot, walk and farm work. There is no way to imagine Liveliness until I experience it with my body. It was a shock from which I never recovered, a shock that exposed my falsehood. When I experienced the domestication of free horses, my heart broke... but what pain when I experience it in our children?

A few years later, on a farm in the northern part of my country, I met people who lit a spark in my heart and who had wild horses living in a beautiful piece of forest. The horses had a simple wooden shelter covered with hay to provide shelter from the winds and rain in the winter, but otherwise they were untouched by humans. When their man called them with a whistle, four horses almost flew from the edges of the forest, across the large meadows, at such a gallop that I was numb from the power that, with the shaking of the earth, rolled towards me... as if they could hardly wait to receive the attention of their man. When we meet, they caress each other touchingly.



We spend hours with them. We walk to the stream and drink..., we with our hands, they with their mouths, all of us permeated with the primal spirit that binds us into One. It has been proven time and time again that all of nature, more than food, is hungry for the loving attention of man. We do not need to tame them to serve us. Everything is already designed to sustain itself, bringing us only Beauty, joy, inspiration and all-round help.

Although horses born in captivity no longer crave freedom, the instinct of the body is indelible and comes to life the moment it is needed again. If we open the gate of the fence, they will neigh and invite each other back home, stand on their hind legs with joy and storm off into freedom. When they are on the hill, far from the old confinement, they will turn briefly, say goodbye to it and never look back. Although I was born in captivity, it is enough for me to come into contact with the primal spirit of Aliveness to stir within me and begin to guide me along the path of Life. Now I know its voice, now I distinguish it from the noise that has settled in me, now I hear what it needs.

Only as such do I see why the force of deception drives me so violently into a sense of lack of time and a rush, so that I would not afford to move away from it and from a relaxed detachment realize who I am serving. I knew a New Yorker who bought an apartment at the train station, on Dunajska in the center of Ljubljana. He says he can't fall asleep without the screeching of bus brakes and the city noise. He is a horse of the nn-th generation of the first captured horses. He has not yet experienced nature as an environment in which he lives, works and sleeps. His body does not even crave it, it is numb from violence. Nature and its sounds are high frequencies that the body absorbs like a balm, like a healing sound bath, like a forest lullaby, like a high Gift, through which it instinctively knows that he is Loved, Protected and Fulfilled. Nature and its voice are food for the body and Soul, from which it receives the Wisdom of the Source. Nature is the first book of revelation and its sounds are outpourings of Love and Wisdom.

It is no coincidence that one of the most effective methods of torture is precisely torture with noise. We humans are immersed in it all the time, only with a slightly lower intensity and from birth in it, so that we do not notice its foreignness. The more peace there is in me, the more unbearable it is to live in it. If you feel the sonic violence of this world, you are enduring indescribable torment in which you almost wish you would never come to life. The noise, especially from large vehicles, is so intense that it cannot be overwritten by a recording of the sounds of nature, even on headphones at the highest volume. The body perceives it even if the ears are tightly sealed. It shakes it to the depths.



At every turn, buses and trucks rumble, various machines, sirens wail, helicopters fly over..., in closed spaces, fans or air conditioners drum, computers, servers, printers, coffee machines, vacuum cleaners, mixers, slicers..., lights hum quietly. On buses and in public spaces, and increasingly in homes as well, the radio or TV is constantly on, mixing incomprehensibly with the noise of doors opening, talking, washing machines, dryers and other household appliances. All of this creates a humming background that slowly and subtly tames even the most free spirit.

We are literally bombarded with noise. We send our children into it and keep them there for years as if it were nothing. No one notices this violence and will not notice it until they experience the beauty of living in nature. If they did, their bodies would know it and they would know too, which all the words that speak of Liveliness cannot give them. May this drop invite to take courage and allow yourselves to shed the insensitivity of physical numbness.

How many of us grew up with nature, without plastic and mechanical toys, and how many of us still live like that today? How many of us knew nature and free play in it as children and preserve it for our children? The body's instinct is a Divine guide and doctor. It needs not only nature, but also its own rhythm, content, purpose and quality of everything it touches.

I cannot emphasize enough how important it is that we spend the first years free in nature and in the quiet, active love of the family environment.

It doesn't matter how much we talk about Love and naturalness,
only the length of time spent in the benevolence of nature
and the atmosphere of the energy of Love counts...,
the vibration to which the body is exposed counts.

The first condition for the flourishing of the Soul

These are the conditions for the flourishing of Divine gifts, which are only stirred in their own vibrational environment. The Soul is a sensitive, subtle and insightful natural technology, in the continuous perception of energies.

The first thing that is needed for the Soul to feel at home when it enters the body is that it is as unlimited and unthreatened as it was before entering it.

The teacher had this privilege. For the first seven years he lived with his grandmother in a country without parents. He had no set time when he had to wake up, he did not go to kindergarten and set times when he had to eat, when to leave kindergarten, when and what he was allowed to play within the walls... .



He grew up without artificial structures, and outside dictates that are not necessary for the natural development of the Soul. He spent his days free, immersed in the magic of Living Things, eating when he was hungry and serving himself. The grandmother spent most of the day gardening and doing housework in the surrounding houses, but her silent presence glowed from the fire in the stove and from the warm food on it, which caressed her grandson all day. He was allowed a natural rhythm in everything, closely connected to the body, which had been nourished by the sound of natural elements all these years. He knew no concept of time, limitations, haste and rush... His commitment to the present remained intact. He was athletically perceptive of the nuances, signs and language of Life. He repeatedly mentions that his childhood was the only brightness of his Life. Then he moved to his mother and stepfather in the city, and quickly and painfully grew up.

Nurtured by the instinct of the body and in undisturbed attention, the child without learning recognizes lies, unpleasantness and harmfulness as untamed animals that avoid danger from afar and even in advance. This pure connection of Soul and body, this untainted fusion of both levels of our existence, is necessary for the flowering of the Soul. Now the Soul can safely be launched into growth. It is immersed in high, gentle vibrations in which it feels at home. This is the first natural condition for the flourishing of the Soul.

The Second Condition for the Flourishing of the Soul

The second support for the flourishing of the Soul only happens if the first is fulfilled..., this is the security of order, it is Reasonableness, which separates the True from the False. When a child experiences, that is, recognizes with the body, the freedom of naturalness, he is equipped with an inner distinguisher. Only now is he properly equipped to enter the alienation of this world and survive. His Teacher is not man, it is Life itself. Because his body grew in Freedom and Love, he notices their absence without thinking. If your parents gave you to strangers and locked you up behind walls before you recognized the Beauty of Divine Naturalness, you had no chance to escape socialization.

Entering the world of unfreedom and unlove is a shock for the Soul, but it is necessary for it to want and choose the natural Givens even as an adult..., or reject them. With entering an environment that is not in accordance with the Law of Nature, the path of thorns begins. This tests the Soul in its inclinations and helps it to understand its unconscious patterns that were not challenged and recognized in the freedom of Love.



Thus, the Soul, when faced with its own contradiction, if it is equipped with the experience of Love and Freedom, recognizes the falshood and increasingly crystallizes in its Naturalness. Without the Power of Love and Freedom, however, it usually collapses under pressure and fails.

The inclinations with which we are born have the greatest weight in creating pressure on the flowering of the Soul, the environment and other people who are alongside these inclinations, tiny torturers who only reveal our inclinations, play a smaller role. The continuation of the Soul's maturation is, from here on, subject to the right pressure, which is determined by our choice in the present moment..., are we faithful to our Truth, Free and devoted to the commands of Love, have an experience of the Greatness of Life and a built relationship with Him, do we trust Him as an omnipresent Ally, are our responses to trials in harmony with Him..., or are we immersed in our own right, cut off from Life, crushed by a mentality of dependence and threat, do we succumb to the pressure of low consciousness and play its game?

People as One Soul, we are predominantly young..., naive and curious, right now at a point of development that forces us to decide between one and the other. Will we persist in the belief that human thought and his law are the authority and rely on the breadth of our understanding..., or will we let go of control, listen to the body and the longing of the Soul?

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