



The Gift of Pain

To live - to die... is destiny of ours,
but our goal is set high!
Look at this tree, for its destiny it does not ask,
but for its purpose it eternally fights...
(O. Župančič)

Just before dawn, in the silence of the expectation of the day, the Soul speaks most clearly. This is the moment when the heart trembles in new hope, when the Soul is in the purest remembrance of Itself, it is the occasion of the dawn of the Soul. Then I must not sleep, then I must not consent to the comfort of oblivion. Before the day seizes my attention, I listen to the Heavenly whisper. Through the vigilance of silence I feel that the smallness of behavior does not befit the Grandeur of the Soul... that I am Life in inspired movement. This is not self-deception, it is the dissolution of the illusion that covers the Splendor and Power of the Soul.

I am Life incarnate, I am an inconceivable miracle that a person does not notice. I am Boundlessness materialized by breath. I am in an uninterrupted series of opportunities for self-knowledge. I must not lose myself in the pain of oblivion. At some point, pain becomes a medicine, it is an alchemy that turns forgetting into remembering, that transforms the everyday into the extraordinary. The wound..., open and fresh or an old scar, is a crack through which Love enters my space like a river of Light. I surrender to it, to imbue me with its primordial sighs for the Grace of tranquility, older than the body, older than my name, older than the world that these eyes see. It does not long for the embrace of man..., it longs for merging with the Presence that precedes all things.

The unfulfilled longing of the Soul hurts more than words can say. As long as the Soul is not at peace, the unfulfilled longing boils through the spectrum of pain to purify the spirit and crystallize into a Clear sigh for returning Home. Pain overcomes my choices to leave only what happens by itself. Pain erases the cultivated needs and relieves the Soul of the dependencies that bind its wings. Pain is not a punishment for transgressions, it is a caring friend who teaches Being.



Pain is incomparable and has no final limit. Pimples on a teenage girl's face can be more painful than an empty wallet, guilt can be more oppressive than the loss of a loved one, obesity can be more suffocating than the tyranny of a fellow human being... . The pain of not having a place for myself anywhere, of not having a firm ground under my feet, the pain of not belonging anywhere, the pain of being pressured from everywhere by the futility of our actions and choices.

In the space that hangs between sleep and wakefulness, there is no learned ignorance, no pain of selfishness, no death of forgetfulness. This is a space where there is no error of interpretation. Here I am pure Beauty, I am the Freedom of Life, here I am all the possibilities embraced by the vastness of silence. Here I can see Perfection even in these limitations that encourage me to transcend. How can I be satisfied with less than this now, how can I still attach myself to anything else?

When I pay attention to the more subtle nuances of experience, to the rhythm of Being, to the dynamics of Life's unfolding, to Truth..., to the background of silence against which all this happens, to my innermost Being...,
I notice an energetic hint that Love, Peace and spiritual Abundance are present.
A body under stress does not have the strength
to notice the finer nuances of Truth, which are the permanent Background
of existence..., are the ever-present Depth of existence.

What does it not feel like an arrow to the heart when a child, overwhelmed by the sky and a lonely tree in front of the school window, is treated as an oddity that needs to be fixed? What does it not feel like a cut in the soft tissue, bribing children with devices to obediently attend school? And yet the Soul matures through precisely such cuts into an increasingly sensitive heart, which grows into deeper Understanding and wider Love. Longing for permanent peace, it finds fewer and fewer reasons to step out of it. Filled with the depth of Peace, the Soul no longer finds imperfection even on the surface. It does not allow itself to break out of compassion, nor to be arrogant out of knowledge..., it only shines even more powerfully precisely where Souls are most darkened.

The greater the darkness into which the Soul is placed, the deeper it must sink its roots into Peace, lest it be lost in the shallows of the multitude. Every attempt to judge the actions of others, the Soul must expose to the Eternal Sun, to melt it like snow that does not resist the warmth of the Sun... only to surrender and become part of the River, the eternal cycle of Life. The awakened Soul Shines and that is enough. This is all that is needed for Love to Live through It and also raise the environmental vibration. It is enough to withstand the pressure and not let itself be dragged into the lowlands. It is enough to be detached and Aware.



The presence of the awakened Soul is enough. As the Soul reflects its naturalness more and more crystallinely, the stains of attachment disappear. The Soul loses its shallowness and haste, it gains its rhythm, reminiscent of the slow change of seasons. It becomes like a tree that inhales in the morning and exhales its calm breath in the evening. It discards along the way what does not serve Its upliftment and faithfully accompanies the sighs of the heart, out of the pure necessity of survival.

The purer the Soul is, the more clearly it sees its mission,
which is not in stability and permanence,
but in the complete transformation from a material man into a spiritual being.

The sighs of the heart are like hammer blows that throw the Soul out of the stagnation of lukewarmness and laziness, they are like katana swings that cut through every possibility of attachment..., to acquisitions, to knowledge, to one's own life, to children... . The Soul is freed from every human agreement and blood kinship does not have Its signature. This is an attempt to preserve immortality through name and earthly possessions, but the Soul is broader than humanity and does not know death. The Soul Is immortal precisely in the absence of name and temporal possessions. It mourns with dignity for the lost illusions that tied It to smallness.

Mourning is part of healing and growth, which is not about avoiding
and killing pain, not about compromising for the sake of preserving an illusion...,
it is about consciously being present with pain until all pretense falls away.

The driving force behind every move made by the Awakened Soul is the depth of Peace from which it looks out over the changes on the surface. The Soul of a deepened Peace naturally sheds social conventions, like dry leaves from a dormant tree that have served their purpose. Everything the Soul releases from itself is an amplification that raises Its and the environmental vibration.

Pain tears the person apart and allows Life to flow through the Soul to shine in its might. Pain is the threshold of Surrender, where the Soul lets go of control and allows Life to happen to it. The Soul, clinging to the hardness and unforgiveness of the person, remains barren, but stripped of the social mold, can become fruitful for all kinds of Life's abundance. Comfort, routine, predictability, repetition, control... maintain the mold, so the Soul takes each step into the complete unknown, in which there are no guarantees. Recognizing the present moment as a complete puzzle is a step towards dissolving the person who is only kept within one-and-the-same mental parameters.



The Soul feels best when it does not cling to anything. Its humility is not beggarly..., that bows to the stronger and oppresses the weaker, it is Royal, that accepts its shortcomings and walks in the presence of God. Life can only be in complete freedom from the ephemeral, from every human agreement that was made without Him who lasts.

No pain is too heavy, no thing too tempting to distract the Soul from overcoming any low point. The Soul is not a body that passes, it is not a story that a person tells himself to remain good in his own eyes. These are leafs falling from the Soul that remains a silent witness, an eternal Awareness. The person passes away, therefore it is in eternal fear, the Soul Is what It Is, therefore it is eternally free.

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