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## The undressing of a person

Social code is an agreement we have made without God..., without nature, without Life. Exit from it is essential for the birth of the soul. It is a liberating experience that I initially experience as a pain of the worst kind. It hurts because I don't know myself and I think I am this social agreement. Divine naturalness is not part of a social offer, so it seems that losing this agreement is to lose self. It does not hurt to lose people and things, position and image in my own and others eyes..., it hurts tearing of the attachments, it hurts resisting of the tearing. What is the irony of this is that attachment aren't real, they exist only at the level of thought, there are no attachments in the Truth of life. There is only life independence and freedom.

The Will that governs the Happenings knows when I am ready for the cuts of these imaginary bonds. I have no need to liberate from them because I do not know life's freedom, so I'm never ready to part from them. Therefore, if there is a command of Love, to let go of something, then I have to trust that It is working for my highest good. A person is afraid of pain, has no attitude towards the body and its messages, seeks a solution and solace outside, until he or she is stumbled into insight that any rescue of a person is fruitless. What I am cannot be taken away, but what can be, I have to lose that I could be (real).

This drop will fall into the heart of those bright souls who do not have a profitable cunningness of this world. Let it support them in the devotion of love and acceptance of those unfortunate acts of others that prove to be a relief of the weight of a person and its addictions. Let it be helpfull to those souls who are still comforted by the trees, and the forests are still giving them hope that artificial intelligence will not deceive us into the final destruction of the Soul, the only real Treasure of Earth and Heaven.

In order for the Soul to be born, a person must die. The displacement of Being and interpretation is constantly taking place in the energy bodies. When the Soul is ready, it begins to attract experiences that purify it in its intention to expand. So, soon after the teacher said I was ready, the attacks on this person... on this name, on this image that exists only in my mind began, in order to rid the Soul of the weight of attachment to people and things that do not allow the Soul to grow. After returning from Australia, for only a few years, but long enough to sober me up, like Little Red Riding Hood, I strayed from the path of picking the 'flowers' of this world. I got caught up in flattery and in the desire to belong. I naively let myself be lured into an experience that the body's instinct immediately recognized as harmful.



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I ignored the message, thinking I would escape the feeling of not belonging by connecting with others. I did not yet know that it is impossible not to belong. We all belong to God Life, the Soul is God's property. However, I do not regret the experience, it was my spiritual bottom and at the same time a birth. It gave me the breadth of understanding that all experiences, no matter how regrettable, are in the service of Love and finally robbed me of mental naivety or spiritual immaturity.

Spiritual birth is painful, but continuing the path is even more difficult. I want spiritual birth because I do not know what it means until I am in the middle of it, bloody and battered from the fall. Then I begin to understand and I want to return to the ignorance of the person, but birth already illuminates enough false grandeur that I can no longer hide behind it. As a social person, I have no relationship with Life, I do not feel It as a caring Parent, I do not see Its loving hand and impeccable Intelligence in all Happening. As a person I am castrated from Life, I think it stand alone, so I rely only on myself and my efforts. Hence the feelings of not belonging, rejection, loneliness, which cannot appear in an awakened Soul.

Wounded and confused, I was given to me the lovely shelter of the forest where I could lick my wounds. If I thought that the birth, from which I barely crawled out, was tiring, I was wrong. A precise plan of resolving my lostness followed, which finally pushed me in the right direction - towards myself.

Here I already knew that people are not behind the attacks, but still the knowing remained at the level of the mind, not experience, and they raised many shades of darkness in me..., defense, pity, anger, resentment, reproaches..., which I did not know were there until I was provoked. I was suffocating from holding back, but I did not obey them. How much power was involved in inhibiting the reaction from these darkneses..., as if I had a pack of wild dogs on a leash, with my heels on the ground and leaning back with weight so that they did not drag me along. Pride screamed not to let me spin around the little finger, addiction advised that the law was on my side, selfishness, to have at least a little respect for myself and other thoughts that force me to assert my right and rebel against the Happening. I was hurt, surprised by the actions that the awakened Soul expects..., stripped of the person, It knows what rules people. There is no other way to overcome naivety than to confront my own darkness, reflected through the Happening.

Without the possibility of taking action, as the Teacher guided me,  
I had to gratefully accept the attacks of greed, treachery and hatred,  
from several sides at once and willingly, without resistance or complaint,  
let myself be stripped of the false sheen of a social person  
and its unworthy attachments.



I had to live the Knowing that the Happening reflects my unconsciousness, that I am what is Happening, that acceptance nullifies the karmic charge and becomes a step of Soul Ascent. So rather than a thought, I grabbed champagne and read the Gospel of Jesus through a stream of tears under a large beech tree by the house in the forest where I lived at the time. So I drowned judgment after judgment in the attacks that followed. I felt like I was tied up in front of a firing squad that was throwing bullets, knives and spears at me from the front and back at the same time. Although I was not yet ripe for the answers of Love, with the support of the trees and the word of God, I managed not to react from judgments and accept the attacks without retaliation.

No matter how many arguments this person found to not listen to the Teacher,  
how much human justice was on its side, how many papers spoke  
of the injustice that was happening..., I was not allowed to use anything  
to save myself, defend myself, protect myself or demand justice for myself...  
nothing to manipulate the Happening in my favor.

All I could do was bow my head, gratefully endure what was flying towards me and trust that so much negativity was not too much for me and that I would be provided for even if everything was taken away from me. A trial is never fatal, but it can be the answer to it.

Like Little Red Riding Hood, saturated with the 'flowers' of this world, I was not true to my Truth, I did not love myself. I was lost in achievements and relationships... and was unequipped to confront the ugliness of my fellow man and my own. And it crushed me. But it did not crush the real Me, but the idea of who I am. This stripping of the person, the lie that I am not, takes years, the pain of tearing off the attachment to it hurts because it must be reflected in the Happening, not only at the level of 'I think I am free'. This person was deprived of everything that built it, what it loved..., family, friends, family forest, work at the forest school, a house in the middle of the forest... and last but not least, the indispensable atmosphere of nature for a healthy spirit. It had no way of buying another forest. Even the rented green grove, which consoled it after this loss, is disgraced by the horse park, cut down, fenced off, scolded, noisy.

As a person, I have been betrayed, deceived, robbed.... stripped of the ballast that covered Me and began to expose the Radiance that I am when I cling to nothing. I have a privilege that I would not exchange for all the lost things, a spiritual Lighthouse that illuminated the path of stripping a person, without which my own blackness, if I had realized it, would have thrown me out of Life.



In this stripping, I gave myself, like a strawberry on cream, an awkward injury that finally forced me into freedom. My body suffers great pain, without ceasing. There is no end and no end. I have long ago crossed the threshold that I thought I would not be able to withstand. For a long time it seemed that I would break any time.

Despite the pain, I want to live as if there were none..., in good spirits, light, happy and grateful, even for these torments that will pass. At the sound of the neighbor's rock crusher, which shakes my body as I write this, its violence pushes me more and more into the certainty that behind all the callousness there is a gentle Depth, untouched by the turbulence of the surface.

It is into it that the Soul more and more skillfully pushes its roots to survive in this desert of unlove. It is not easy, I correctly say, that the Surrender to love is the Living Burial of a person. Is that why there are so few heroes of Surrender, because we fear the pain of tearing of a lie? Have we invented a society of unlove only to drown the cry of the Soul in the strong stimuli of violence?

At a quiet hour, when, with coffee in one hand and the Gospel in the other, I was reading Jesus words intended for the moment when he was condemned to martyrdom, I was deeply moved: 'Do you think I could not call down legions of Angels to save me?' But when I am not threatened with crucifixion, only more or less petty attacks on what is, in the Eyes of Life, worthless anyway, I resist and throw arrows at my fellow being, in the pure faith that he is ugly because he fired the first shot. I was deeply ashamed of the thoughts that the ugliness of others raised in me.

The ugliness of others raises the sediments of my heart to recognition and thus to healing, not so that I can multiply them by returning them.

If there were no sediments, I would remain in Peace.

This is shamanic magic, it is Divine alchemy, it is the portal of Love.

Only from this purity of heart do I notice when a person keeps me helpless, I also notice when a person rules over someone..., by insensitivity, by encroaching on the freedom of another, by commanding, by disrespect, by ill will, by whining, by addictions and excesses, by being threatened, by talking about things that are not there, by phrases that belittle oneself or other, by the inability to be silent..., by self-pity and attention that looks at others and judges.



The Soul is the Holiness that Revives Me for sensitivity to Life. The Active Soul awakens the need for Peace, harmony, respect, loveliness and Beauty. It frees the entanglements in the things of this world by understanding that the things of this world are here to test the Soul's willingness to Surrender to Love and are not ends in themselves. Am I really so cowardly that I do not even want to try and see for myself through actions how nourishing and grateful it is to Love?

Thus Love teaches me to be silent. Silence is a sign that I am aware of the person who has taken up inner space and this takes away its power. It awakens royal humility and opens the portal of the heart. We are all in the hands of Love and there is nothing but Love. A thought that contradicts this Truth is not the opinion of someone who does not agree with it... it is defending of the person and attacking everything that threatens it. Love is not defended by speaking, but by Being Love. The solution is not in what I do when I am tempted, it is in what I Am.

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