



Among the Douglas Firs

I have almost forgotten the sound of the big trees when these giants embrace me and remind me of how precious big trees are. They immediately awaken the primal feeling that is persistently stifled by countless insignificances that take away my attention. Beside the slender Douglas Firs, whose tops are almost unreachable to the eye, I am suddenly enveloped in peace, as if I had never left the peaceful shelter of the forest. At their profound presence, I am overwhelmed by a strong longing to follow everything that lifts me up, supports me, nourishes me and nurtures me. They encourage me not to lament the disapproval of someone who does not understand me. To remain faithful to the heart that feeds on beauty, order and service and to allow authenticity to draw me closer to myself. Even if I do not yet know myself, I always know what nourishes or takes away from me. And that is enough. Douglas firs, great strong friends, support me in this important discernment, to lead me safely to the naturalness I so long for.

Life and its breathing creatures speak with energy. My body, purified enough by 4 days of fasting, solitude and silence to understand them, gave me rich messages that gathered into a single certain feeling that old, uncultivated nature is the only church I need. In the deep silence that I am no longer used to, my body detects the drumming of a distant airplane, which I feel like a chainsaw in close proximity. The hum of the industrial zone below the hill shakes me like a wired rock concert. I cling tightly to the greatest Douglas fir, to give me its strength to withstand the madness in which I live and work. It opened its glow and wrapped me in it to protect me. A tiny teardrop was about to spill from my left eye as I was comforted by the certainty that I would be able to remain calm and detached in my silence. I knew that I had been heard and strengthened.

I almost fell into the feeling of loneliness caused by self-forgetfulness. I firmly resolve to strengthen the certainty that I need nothing to be completely present..., not even the lovely forest and its softness and freshness. I have never existed as a separate self..., this is the oldest deception: to convince the mind that I exist as a small, fragile person trying to reach a distant God. This belief is the foundation of religions, the fuel of government systems and the motive for endless searching. This is the original error. There are no two... me's. There is only One reality... God, appearing in different forms. Glass may be a glass, a jug or a window, but it remains glass.



Consciousness works the same way... it is One, undivided and without boundaries. What I call illness, lack and suffering has no content. It is an illusion, like railroad tracks supposedly meeting on the horizon. Perfection is not a promise of the future. It is here, now. This is what my socialized mind does not want me to see. If this illusion falls, the entire systemic machinery falls with it. Religion loses its function, governments lose fear as currency, the economy of scarcity no longer makes sense. There is no need to travel, nothing to conquer, no reason to worry. All that is needed is the One, the insight that all that sees, breathes and Lives has always been Divine in the form of an individual.

Although this knowing lives within me, it often remains unlived. It seems that I need trees, great trees, mighty giants, to remind me of this and to be able to live the knowing. It is almost frightening that I do not notice it until I am already strengthened. I needed a vacation, fasting, solitude, silence and giant trees to notice my surrender to weakness with which I create and live an illusory world and do not know it. Thank you Douglas firs, may Life be favorable to you and may your Light help man to remember his Power as well.

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