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It is enough that I am

(Toltec)

There are five requests for a solitary bird:

First... to soar to dizzying heights.

Second... not to long for the company of other birds.

Third... to aim its beak at the sky.

Fourth... not to flaunt its sparkling colors.

Fifth... to sing its song quietly.

I remember countless nights when I take comfort in this Toltec mantra. It is like the Hand from above to sustain the fall of its child. It lets me know that solitude is not loneliness, that pain does not cut the wings, that the recluse bird is not exceptionality, but the natural unfolding of the liberation of the Soul. We must all ascend, and we must all do it ourselves. It is not my duty to point out the faults of others from above, it is in keeping my own purity and quietness. The Toltec compassionately guide the disciples with the mantra "to sing their song quietly". That is enough, that is the most they can do.

If I want to resolve my relationship with my child, i.e., to release my excessive attachment to it, free myself from the urge to control its life, or otherwise heal our relationship, I don't need to do anything. I just need to understand that there is no blood relationship in the Truth of Life. Then everything is put in its place. My energy threads let the child's consciousness go, it senses the liberation, and the Life Intelligence once again takes the child under its wings.

In order to improve any relationship, there is no need to cut anything, do nothing in terms of correcting yourself or others. Through the detachment of the expanded Consciousness, I only allow another to be his own. My closeness should not bind the wings of another, but exemplary awaken them, support their ownness, different from me, no matter how backward it may seem from my point of view.

I must not forget that we are all children of the One Parent, who is not flesh and blood. The teacher broke his tongue as he repeated that there is no blood parenthood. This detail is taken from the known Bible, but it is a very important omission that completely changes the starting point of the parent - child relationship, as well as the relationship to everything in general. The morning after giving birth, Mary offered Jesus to the Father's Will.



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She did not own Him, she did not need to manage His life. She did not think of educating Him because of such a habit. It hurt her, but she did not worry about village slandering because Jesus did not go to school. She did not worry about how she would survive if her Son did not earn money, if He was disfellowshipped from the community, mocked..., there was no stain of concern for her because of Jesus unconventionality. But she was his fearless spiritual guardian, thus she deserved the place of His Mother.

The soul finds nourishment only in the core of Being. It is the space of that which cannot be negated. It is the un-artificiality under the additions from the outside. Where it survives only purity without make-up. This Splendor is so intense that the Soul is preparing for it for the whole of Life. Too shallow, too superficial and too lazy, its Splendor can damaged the unprepared Soul, tangled up its bowl or take away the mind if It has been in the dark for a long time. The Soul may forget its origin for a long time, which makes it fragile, weak and timid. I recognize It if I only fall into the embrace of Presence. Its place is here..., not as a geographical place, but here where I am Present. It is the communion of spirit, the realm of intangible Reality. It is the energy body of Love. I am an unworthy being of Life until this unfashioned naturalness brings it to life.

Although I do not need to make an effort for it, my stay on Earth has burdened me with a program that automatically interweaves between me and this pure Being. This existential Truth, which alone feeds the Soul, is before thoughts, between them and behind them. This gap, through which the Soul takes root in an area that transcends time and space, is the door of the Heart. When I say Heart, I do not mean the carnal organ, which beats sometimes faster, sometimes slower, until it stops completely. To open the door of the Heart means to allow love to reign over oneself.

Again, the word rule of the Heart does not mean ruling by military discipline, it speaks of mental purity and emotional sweetness, where there is nothing to control, it is only the mildness of the non-judgeable Presence. It is the rule of the Heart, the perfect guard against the traps of the mind, the judgment and the non-decisive heart that follows it. Silence cannot think and judge, it can only allow the Heart that knows to work and to remain silent. To be under the rule of the Heart is the Power of All Powers.

A person who does not identify with earthly gains and is not threatened by the attack or loss of them, is a person who remembers himself. One Governing Heart is a Force that inspires with the speed of Light. Although I can easily admire such a Man, I often do not notice that admiration deprives me of the power of realization.



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It puts me in the position of a tourist, who photographs this Wonder, hangs it on the wall and remains unchanged. To Him he lifts his hands, but the Heart remains a slave to the judgmental mind. So I take this Heart off the wall, close my eyes and feel Him in the chests. This Heart is a Power that is caught up in my dwarfness, which needs me now more than ever, obedient to its innermost impulses.

If I feel too old for thist, I do not despair. My heart says that I do not need to believe it, I do not need to understand it, I do not need knowledge, energy drinks, dietary supplements, amulets from dead trees..., I do not even need time. I just give myself to Love, which controls my destiny... and keep quiet. Let me gather at least enough strength to see in Life, however meagre, the Higher Order, touchable only with the translucent touch of Love.

All I need to do is listen to what remains  
when the world outside and inside stops talking.

Inner silence is the finger of healing. Behind the name of the person is the nameless Presence, waiting to be called to It..., the Self that sighs at the contemplation of the Beloved, the Self that I am before my first and last memory. That is how I find myself only when I am silent. Silence is the terrain of the Soul, here the Truth is born and blossoms, here the illusion dissolves that I have ever been separated from It. Silence under the trees or in the room is the Supreme gift that can be given to me.

In Silence I notice, which I do not notice... a quiet distress behind a smile, thoughts that are flapping like butterflies in a cage, parts of me that I do not know yet... Here I do not have to force myself into a social mold, here I am Presence, which lies behind everything and embraces everything. The stories I tell about who I am, what I lack, what I need, what others have done to me... go out like a candle flame with a slight exhale. What remains is something raw and as natural as possible, where I am not split into you and me, before and after, right and wrong. I am a collected Wholeness.

Only here can forgiveness take place. Only the fullness allows the insight that I am untouchable in Being and have never lost the Wholeness. Here I recognize that I am not a wound, that I am not pain, that I am not successes and defeats, that I am not history..., I am the one who Sees all this. I am the Presence, which is here before the pain and is here after the healing. It blossoms when I stop fighting against my own company. I resort to it in order to dispel the noise that I have exchanged for Life.



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Here I feel that being is enough.  
I do not need to work, reach, or prove.  
I allow myself simply to be. This Being is sacred and is enough.  
If I can endure the pressure of Presence, if I can endure the end of my world...  
out of its ruins rises something majestic,  
what is not emptiness... is celebration, it is the timeless Fullness.  
I can't reach It by thinking, by personal efforts,  
There is nothing I can do to add or take away from It...  
I can only surrender and, like a feather, fall into It.

The surrender to Love, which governs the destinies of all beings..., tongue fails at any attempt to describe it. There is no fiction here that I think I am. Here... I cannot lean on any affinity that resembles it. It is an all-embracing Presence without compare. Can I stand in It without the urge to define it, to verbalize it and understand it? Can I allow there to be something truer behind all thinking? No one can lead me there. The path to It is not enlightened, nor can Love lessen its pressure on my lie. It can only be I. It is not a reward for spiritual efforts, it is a natural entanglement as the dawn is natural at the rising sun.

Inner silence is not a metaphor to point to something else, nor is it a midlife crisis in which I lose the orientation of my surviving beliefs... it is a confrontation with the Truth that appears when the false luster of the mental image about myself falls away.

It presses violently on my Consciousness, now exposed before It without the cushions of lies. Silence is not comfortable at first, it is a disembodier of illusions. It is terrible because it takes away the explanation in which I reign. But 'I' have nowhere to go, because here and now is all what Is. All that remains is a silent invitation to stay, to surrender, to dissolve into It like an ice cube into warm water... In the end, I see that trials are here to break the lie that I am not. When I divorce myself from the messages that this person offers me, the resistance disappears against Life that is Happening.

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