



The Commands of Love

In my late twenties, I first encountered the expression The Commands of Infinity, which are some kind of signs, hints, signposts of Life that the awakened Consciousness understands and wants to obey. I remember well what French this was to me, not yet equipped with an understanding of the Nature and Will of Life. Every pebble in the mosaic of human society builds the belief that man and his law are the only authority that I must obey. Of course, I want this man to be wise, and that the laws are just, so that I would want to respect them, but the breadth of my understanding did not reach beyond these frames.

Unlike these, the Commands of the Will of Life are not of a mental nature, which I can put down on paper in advance for memorization and use later. They are energetic laws, written into the very fabric of existence and non-existence. Life, because of Its Life-giving and nurturing support to all beings, is another name for Love. It does not lead according to the physical limitations of the mind, but according to the perception of the boundless Spirit. It does not lead according to pre-established rules of behavior that I enforce unrelated to the current situation, they are Commands of service to Love, which use every situation as an opportunity for their own fulfillment.

Because I was raised by a society that people build in oblivion of this, I must, through the pain of error and by my own will, break through the parameters of selfishness and cowardice that legislate this society under various veils of 'good'..., as love for oneself,, social good, management of masses and capital, as progress, as healthy, eco and natural... . When I delve deeper, I notice that every peg of legislation is a mooring to the dependence of unlove.

Society and its regulation are not here to determine my limits and goals, but to test the Soul's buoyancy. It forces the Soul's aspiration for Freedom and Love into smallness and narrowness in order to create the appropriate pressure for spontaneous expansion and independence.

Thus I am exposed to the suppressed primality of my Being, not to learning, imposed on the mind as a series of words and definitions. Only in this way do I cross the threshold of moderation, the true limits of something and exaggerate, go astray and make mistakes. Only in this way do I recognize with my body the healthy limits of everything, restrain myself in my drives, take them under self-government and live in such a way that I do not need restrictions and punishments. This is Life Independence, which through experience enters into the recognition of what is useful from what is harmful and, out of Love for oneself, maintains itself in the behavior that Life permits and in which Love can work.



Every prohibition thus increases exaggeration and lack of independence, because it uses prohibitions as a means of salvation and only increases lack of freedom. If you want to protect someone from alcohol and drugs, never forbid them.

Love is the most demanding Ruler. Once I recognize the falsehood of the social person, once I realize that I obey the commands of death, not Life, fear, not Love..., then the Soul is moved to awakening, and the will of Life sets trials before me that, through actions, strengthen me in this High Choice. There is nothing in Life that is memorized, thinking that I am Loving counts for nothing. Everything must be put into practice, everything must be lived, brought into Life by the Happening. Not by my efforts, but as a natural echo of this inner shift.

The demandingness of the commands of Love lies in the fact that they contradict the learned knowledge of what Love is supposed to be and what it means in practice. I think about It when at the same time I do not even know that I know nothing about It. Therefore, talking about Love does not move me, as long as I am suffocating under a mental lie. What I understand by the words Life-important, Life-achievement or success, means nothing to Love. Getting to the point where I can sit by the fire and burn everything that means something to me..., photos of loved ones, dear letters, certificates and diplomas, gifts that remind me of someone... any memory of personal history, is the first sign of awakening to the Commands of Love.

It is not enough to just want to Love. Within myself, in the Light Body,
I must make space and cleanse myself of attachment to everything
that keeps my boundlessness in the ephemeral.

This is how it begins. Then opportunities arise to detach me from actual people, children, partners, friends, jobs, careers, hobbies, activities, environment..., everything that I think I cannot Live without. What kind of detachment is needed depends on the level of attachment, just an inner movement of liberation may be enough, sometimes physical detachment or complete cessation is needed. The Commands of Love are merciless, not cruel, just relentless for the bound spirit and provoke a range of unchaste reactions that exhaust me, but also cleanse me. A rotten branch cannot be healed, it must be cut off. The sharper the cut, the less painful it is. When something is taken from me, it tells me that it is in the way of Love and that I should not resist.

Surrender to Love requires great trust and fearless surrender.
Fears of what I will do if... have no place in the Commands of Love.
It is all that is, obedience to It is the guarantee of Victory.

But before I let go of control, I must allow these Commands to strip me naked and Love remains my only refuge. Clinging to relationships, possessions, position and ultimately Life..., all of this must fall like torn scenery that darkens the Soul's Shine.



Loving is no joke. Being awake is not easy, especially among asleep. But what would Wakefulness mean if it were given without the agony of dying the false? Herein lies the sign of the Perfection that rules Life. The experience of the lie is the only way to renounce it of my own free will. There is no other way for the will of Life to draw me to Itself than by wanting It myself.

I must want to Love by my own will, knowing that this means the end of relying on all things and people, their cleverness and solutions, starting with my mind, which is not really mine anyway. Love wants me absolutely obedient, blindly trusting, like a dog that serves its Mistress unconditionally and without hesitation jumps to its own death if She so wishes. I am moved when a movie hero is allowed this high expression of devotion, in which he places his body between the Beloved and the arrow. Although the Heart sighs for the lost opportunity to be together, in this moment of Life, the "thoughtlessness" of Love reminds me of Its burning transcendence, that originate from the Reality beyond.

Countless were the hours when I wondered, would I rather Love and lose than never Love at all? The pain of losing a loved one is indescribable, but what immense emptiness must rule my being if I accept the cowardice of unlove? That is why I am not afraid to surrender, I am not afraid to trust, I am not afraid to expose myself in my vulnerability..., regardless of the fact that I may be betrayed, deceived and heartbroken. It does not matter to me what others choose, even though I myself am the target of their unloving choice, it is only important to me that, especially in their presence, I can hold on to Life and not become a ping-pong ball, powerless over my shadows.

There is truly no end to the opportunities to live out My Truth and break through the parameters of a cowardly mind. I often allow myself to say "no" to selfishness, laziness, fatigue, greed, stinginess, arrogance, anger, dissatisfaction... .

Every "no" I say to weakness is a Victory of Love over this passing person and is like setting the body before an arrow. The body with its needs, weight and dependencies is a convenient "self-survival" excuse not to jump to the commands of Love as a devoted servant.

Bound by the physical parameters of my perception of myself, I do not reach my True Face, which is nourished precisely by actions devoted to Love. And as if Its threads were being pulled by Someone who knows the slightest nuances of my psyche, these Commands will come at the "least convenient" moments and put me before the decision of whether to comply with the captivity of the body or Surrender to Love. If I set out on the path of Love in self-pity, in which only I give, only I renounce, only I endure injustices, only I remain without consolation, only I do not get my turn to repay my kindness..., now I prefer to jump in front of the arrows, grateful that I have



enough courage to serve this Supreme Ruler of the Universe. At the same time, with each jump, the feeling that I am giving up 'my' Life, which I called the sum of what remains when Love is absent, subsides.

Love wants me to meet You, not with judgment,
not with curiosity, not with suspicion, not with fear...,
but with the Presence that Sees Your Perfection.
It wants Me to be Strong in solitude, vigilant in Peace,
True in courage. And if I forget,
It reminds me with a blow to return here,
to the One who always listens... to be silent and know who I am.

When I look into this Heart, I notice that, from the very beginning, Love has been the only faithful companion of my Soul. I recognize it in the people who have helped the unfolding of Events, that I am where I am today. I recognize it in the inconveniences that have thrown me out of my comfort zone and invited me to reassess my beliefs. I recognize it in the 'coincidences' that have thwarted my plans. I recognize it in the scoldings of loved ones, in the abandonment of friends, in the departure of loved ones, in accidents, breakdowns and illnesses... every incident is the Hand of Love, inviting me to appreciate Life.

Love is wings that appear on my back when I hover over the abyss into which I jumped without them. It strips away the illusion that by manipulating things, circumstances and people, I achieve the desired result. It clarifies the judgment to stop defending what may be threatened, saving what may be broken, protecting what is not True.

It allows relaxation with myself as I am here and now. It encourages me to trust the Flow of Happening that carries me into the Ocean, where I want to go anyway. It breaks down the dams of fears and self-forgetfulness to burst through in an unquenchable Desire to heal my spirit and body.

I close my eyes and feel the quiet tone of the Presence that embraces everything,
a subtle pull that has been calling me all my Life,
a wordless whisper that hints at my boundlessness.
I breathe into It, so that it swells like a Luminous Radiance behind my breastbone.
It embraces me with its infinite arms
and carries me on the Holy pain of longing to merge with Love,
ready to face the dams and walls
that stand between me and It.

* * * * *

TheForestLover