



## To Survive as Love

This drop may seem at odds with Love and Its respect for free will, full of must dos and don'ts. But the fact is that both Love and fear have their own conditions for flourishing. This drop looks into the inner soil that is necessary for Love to flourish.

As soon as I wake up, before I open my eyes, I must allow Its warmth to lure me away from the things of this world, to a place where there are no plans, no mental associations, no forms..., to a Presence that Is me. Before the first thought arises, I express my gratitude to It, fervently like a Lover, gathered once again in the Embrace of the Beloved. Not with words, only with recognition... here I Am. What an embrace! The embrace of the unwavering Peace that comforts, nourishes and nurtures me. Through It, there is no return to the old confusion and restlessness. Now nameless and formless, I no longer enter the world as I was, I enter as Presence itself. That is why I breathe It in, so that we can trustingly exchange our deepest intimacies.... let what is not truly mine depart with my exhale and let me, gazing into the cross with my name, stand over the grave of this lie. Now I am again the Lightness that has always been here.

When I face the next trial, I will no longer need to understand or control it, resist or manage it. Beneath its waves I will feel the same Presence, unfolding according to the Will of Love. Therefore, I surrender to it, to peel away yet another layer of falsehood from Me, that I may be even more True.

Now I face a trial greater than any I have ever faced.... the next step must come from this Presence, to still me, to slow me down, and to compose me. The Current of Life must flow through me as a Miracle of Pure Presence..., gentle, unstoppable, enduring..., to transform my movement into divine Loveliness that does not falter.

The breath slows down in the certainty that I am Safe, Loved and Cared for and I finally allow my body the deep relaxation of immaculate fearlessness.

This is quietly bringing me closer to an ever-increasing intimacy  
with the Radiance that I Am, and equipped with eyes  
that see the same world completely anew. I am here... and that is enough.



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Only from here I notice how often I fail in a single day! How many times do I leave the Life Present and travel along the psychological timeline to the past to justify my actions or to the future to manage what is Happening. I notice how I allow fear to dictate my actions, arrogance to jump on the necks of others, how small joys slip by unnoticed... Only then do I notice how much sublimity bubbles up inside when I lose myself in looking outwards.

There is no need here, I am Fullness. There is no ambiguity here, I am Knowing.

There are no desires here, I am the Wholeness.

There is only One..., an unquenchable urge to stay here,  
washed of my plans, opinions and concerns, ready for the Commands of Love.

Here I am not interested in anything of this world, except what comes to me according to the Will of Love. I must devote myself to it wholeheartedly and to the best of my ability, fearlessly, as if it were my last act. I have to ignore everything else that tries to distract me from it. As long as there are no commands, I stand still, when the Command comes, I jump, joyful and willing, regardless of whether I feel like it or not, whether I think I will be able to do it or not, regardless of whether I myself think it is good or bad, right or wrong.

Truly, Love finds very few heroes who, in a position where they have to decide between themselves and the Command of Love that opposes them, would choose Love and renounce themselves. A simple example would be if someone close to me asks me for something, in my opinion, an unimportant thing, right on the morning after a tiring night and I'm all run over, sick and crushed... or invites me to something I have an aversion to. Will I listen to the Command of the happening or myself and my weakness?

At such a moment, I know that Love is demanding, but this really isn't necessary, maybe another time... and again and again I succumb to weakness. At the same time, I am telling Love that I do not want It, that I am not ready to give up my weakness for It. The flawlessness of Happening is God's Will, which I must not judge, not correct in my own way, and I must renounce myself in order to allow It to Be. I must give up the separate thought that has power over me. I know its 'author', who interprets and judges and comments and corrects and evaluates... God's Happening... in order to lure my spirit into reactivity and win me over to his army of bewitched minions.

I must stay here at all costs, in the Present,  
from which this person and its program emerge and re-penetrate again.  
I must remain here, at a safe distance from the turbulent surface,  
and Be the Knowing.



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The more silence I allow myself, the easier it is to notice when it is not there, when I am under the control of the unconscious forces of darkness. This is enough to make me fall into the Presence at that very moment. That's the only and All I have to pay attention to..., watching the one who is experiencing. Only from here I can see what's happening and I'm ready for anything. I don't allow myself the slightest self-talk..., 'that it's easy to say that, as long as it's not as bad for you as it is for me. I have to withstand the pressure of 'poor me'. I cling to anything that can pull me out of his entanglements.

I remember a wise story that tells of a mother who had a deathly sick child and it may be an example of the deepest pain, but it is more true that all pain is the worst for the one who is going through it. She went from doctor to healer and no one could help her. Finally, she comes to an old sage, who tells her that he will cure her son if she brings him a mustard seed from the village. It must come from a house where death and pain are unknown. After weeks of knocking on the door of every house in the village, she returns to the sage with new maturity and replies that such a house does not exist. Faced with even worse fates, she awaits her son's farewell strengthened and understands the lesson of experience, not to become attached to the things and people of this world and to plant her roots in the depths of impermanence, in which there is an inseparable One with All.

Saturation with silence is Discernment, it purifies spiritual sovereignty.  
Only with It am I equipped to confront the intentions of a trapped thought.  
Discernment separates the false from the True, I cannot learn It.  
Silence blurs psychological boundaries  
and enters into the One Happening, which unfolds according to the Will of Love.  
Silence sees the Hand of Love in every movement of Life and trusts it,  
even though it screams otherwise within me.  
Discernment distinguishes the Happening from the explaining.

To be One with It requires only my attention, the soft attention of Love, reminiscent of the attention given to a child when it first stands on its feet... gently, patiently and without demands. When I allow this attention to flow into this moment, Life speaks with Its Doing, which needs no explanation. From here, in every word, in every action, mine or anyone else's, I see It who controls the destinies of all beings. Man disappears, I disappear.

I ask for the Power to see in everything the Hand of Perfection and to recognize the judgmental thought that drives me into arrogance and rejection of the Commands of Love that are given by the Happening. Thus my step is increasingly free from noise and increasingly permeated with the silent Presence that consents to the Commands of Perfection without concern for itself.



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It uses all kinds of blows to shatter the insensitive armor of the heart. The Presence is merciless, it is brutally frank and uncompromising. But I am at peace because the Presence does not judge, does not correct me..., it only illuminates the unconscious, so that I may See myself through the Truth. And just being Seen transforms me. Thus the Presence burns more and more in the Heart, to keep me in the Real.

When the last doubt burns away and I open myself to what Is,  
I am embraced by an immense Warmth, a warm Current that flows through all things.  
It murmurs a quiet ommmmm, the song of the Present in the Presence.  
It feels like Love. that does not strive, that does not demand and does not hold back...,  
A Love that simply Is, silently Dwelling behind all that comes and goes...,  
that ignites when the seeker dissolves in It and only what has always been Is remains.  
Something that is untroubled by the passing of things,  
something that embraces and loves me,  
that feels like a timeless pulse that animates worlds and worlds..

It has no voice, but speaks through every mouth, it has no face,  
but looks through every eye, it has no body, but Lives in every body.  
Not a person, not a doctrine, not a philosophy, not a religion..., but a divine Presence,  
which reveals itself to those who shake off everything that is not Love.

Thus I mature for the Fusion, in which there is no friction, no conflict between Me and the Happening. The shedding of old skin, the peeling of lies burns, stings and hurts. Thus the Flow of Life begins to push through mental boulders and emotional knots, dams of trauma and shields of fear, not with caresses, but with a hammer and chisel. Every grudge, every wall that I have erected to protect myself, must fall. I must forgive myself and everyone, not out of religious conviction, but out of spiritual necessity, to survive as Love.

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