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## The Path to Eternity

One night, my attention is drawn to a reliving of the experience of writhing in the grip of guilt. I am twisted in a loop of self-blame, that I am to blame for another's misfortune, for an act I did, even though I was told otherwise. I went against the Happening and my actions have caused irreparable regret. I am eating myself alive, but it is already done. My rebellion is realized and I reap its fruits. The days pass, but the guilt does not subside. I am fading, losing weight, without the will to Live, in rejection of all advice and consolation, 'Why didn't I listen!', 'Why did I have to be smart?' 'Why did I force it?'

It seems like a hopeless situation... when I know everything in theory, but I still don't know when I am challenged. How much water must flow over this mill, no one knows, but enough to soften me and permanently transform me. At some point, a Beam of Light reaches into the darkness and brightens my view a little, that I am not entirely responsible for the damage that has occurred, that the Happening encompasses many destinies, over which each has their own will... when I proposed the idea, everyone was enthusiastic about it, no one objected. The Darkness jumps in with its inconsolability, 'you optimism, you look at everything on the bright side, you always find the right words, but they do not erase the fact that I defied the advice, and twisted it for others in such a way that they could not refuse it'.

Now two Beams reach out to the Soul and clarify the view even more strongly, that the Light is not here to comfort me, that all this is not my fault. The Light is here to tell me that It needs a Soul with a conscience that recognizes and regrets its mistake. It needs a brave Soul that knows how to look into its own eyes, even when they are cloudy, so that it can pour Itself out into the world through them and clear them again with Itself.

I ask It, 'Does the Eternal, Almighty Light really need me, insignificant?' The Light answers with dignity and certainty... 'You have never made a major mistake, so you have not yet received a lesson from it. I have a lot of experience.' Here It pauses a moment, seeing that I am amazed at Its weakness, 'how can the Almighty Light make a mistake?' 'Don't think that Perfection is infallible, Perfection is only unbreakable. Once I took a step in the wrong direction and caused much sorrow. I was left to wander in the darkness for a long time. Step by step..., for a long time I had no other choice. Many times it seemed almost eternal, but I did not allow the darkness to take over Me. That would be a true betrayal of Me, the Light that I Am. The greater the darkness, the more I must persevere so as not to give way under it.' The darkness does not yield, 'Wouldn't someone carrying such a heavy burden easily stumble and fall and be laughed at?' The Light firmly and gently replies 'If you fall, you get up. If people mock you, let them.'



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Once the Light has completely penetrated the darkness, past difficulties will seem insignificant, little frosts on your Path.' The last doubt comes up with the question 'But who can do it?' The Light falls silent, with a smile that leaves no doubt, looks deeply into my eyes and warmly takes my hands. It imprints Its Shining Seal on me and dissolves into the Eternal Presence.

Now I want to let go of control. Now I want to Surrender and allow Life to happen to me. Now I no longer interfere in the decisions and destinies of others. Now I want to know myself naked, without social roles and programs? Now I want to be free and give myself and others the freedom...., to fall too. Now I want to know who I am, who experiences? This is how I know... I am not a child seeking praise, I am not a teenager needing attention, I am not a worker fulfilling the norm, I am not a mother raising 'good' people, I am not a wife needing recognition, I am not an artist living it up, I am not an entrepreneur managing resources and capital, I am not a traveler curious about the sights of this world, I am not a lover longing for fulfillment.... . Who Am I that remains when I take off these temporary clothes? Why is this the only question worth finding an answer to? Why is this a question that no Ph. D. dissertation has ever addressed and will never address?

The Presence wants me Whole, so that in It and with It I may be True.  
Presence is a Transition.

Through It I cannot take names, beliefs and convictions..., nor wounds.  
Through It I only slip naked, unartificial, primal...,  
stripped of the personal identification number with its attachments.

This is not the end of Me, it is the end of what I am not. Hasn't this world robbed me of playfulness and squeezed me into a serious uniformity in which you are strange, if with a child, you jump around the aisles of supermarkets to escape their soullessness? The soul needs non-artificiality to be able to breathe at all. Unimaginable pressure is exerted on It to keep It tamed, but the Power that wants to tame it is invincible. It is reminiscent of a delicate sprout, pushing through a thick layer of asphalt, on which megaton steel monsters are raging. If only they don't drive over its head, it will squeeze through the smallest crack and manage to align its short existence with the Sun.

The life of a sprout does not rely on physical strength, but only silently and unwaveringly yearns for its own fulfillment. Its secret is an unbreakable purpose to flourish. For it, it sacrifices its opinions about the injustice of Life, which has given it such unfavorable conditions. It sacrifices resentment towards the asphalt, which makes it difficult for it to germinate, it sacrifices its comments about savages, which do not give it peace, it sacrifices anger towards the indifferent, who do not even notice it, it sacrifices loneliness, in which only the Sun, the wind and the rain notice its Beauty.



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Whole and composed, it only stretches towards the Light. It does not look at anything else, it cannot be distracted by anything. This is the invincibility of Life, which is not placed in the body, but the body is placed in It, from which also comes its physical toughness.

This is the atmosphere that allows Life to relax and expand. In it, the Soul can embrace all my contradictions..., my beauty and shame, my joys and sorrows, my longings and fears..., not to judge me, but to absorb every shade of Me, and to reflect my Being, in the Happening, not my image. The Liberated Soul strips off the imaginary and places itself in what has always been here..., in Pure Awareness, untouched by time and the personal story that unfolds within it. Awareness is not mine, it does not belong to me, I am not Its creator, I am not Its owner, nor its mistress..., it is Me.

This is the Truth in which there is nothing mine, only Am It.  
In It is the Life Stream, flowing through all things with great Grace  
and with a Clarity that shatters lies like shells, so that from its fragments  
It can come alive into Its Truth, into Living Experience.

Because of It, through Life, I do not move rapaciously and threatened, but Radiantly. I need nothing from people because I am Healed, I seek nothing because I am found. Now It can no longer abandon me. Even when I fall, even when I forget myself, It calls me back through dreams, pain, inspiration, silence... . It knocks on the Heart asking, will I open myself to It and surrender until I annihilate myself in It to the transparency where only Light resides.

But It is not satisfied with awakening in this Heart..., this is half of the Loop.  
It wants to spread, to spill... to be shared, expressed, realized.  
It cannot dwell only in the rooms of meditators and the words of poets.  
It wants to Live, to incarnate itself through Living things.  
It wants to Live through my hands, in my gaze, in my works.... .  
It wants to give itself to the world without holding back,  
not with pompous actions, but with Presence,  
with Patience, with listening and,  
with an open heart, even when it hurts.

This is the beginning of Love, which does not see me broken, in need of repair, it sees only Its own reflection. Thus Love rounds and closes the loop of Shining Eternity. It walks through the world as Silence that heals, as Presence that accepts. There is nothing more that it could seek, no doctrine that it could know, no ritual that it should perform... . It is this Breath and the silent Knowing that Holiness is already here and Lives only as an Offering.

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