

Marsin

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lectures:
the mystical Path



introduction

a few words about the word

It so happens that we talk a lot. We talk a lot but listen very little. We do not respect words. They are, in essence, foreign to us. We use them automatically, unconsciously. But we can, and must, do otherwise. For ourselves. For our growth and understanding. Because words conceal so much. By listening carefully, we can discover true treasures. By listening properly, we will understand another person. We will understand ourselves. Because when we listen to ourselves, we see our reflection in a mirror. And it is these kinds of words that I have gathered in this book. Words to be heard, to be reflected upon, to be felt. Yes, feeling plays an incredibly important role here. It opens doors for us. The doors of knowledge. The doors of understanding. Understanding what surrounds us. Understanding who we are. Understanding what truly matters. Mere imitation and repetition do not enrich us. It is the living word that affects us. It is something we experience, something we will soon encounter in its proper form. To awaken. To bring change. To live within us and work. This is an incredibly powerful tool. For shaping, for transformation, for creation. But creation of what, exactly? Something alive! Because that is the essence of spirituality. That is what our soul needs. Life, motion, joy, happiness. That is what we are striving for, or at least, that is what we believe. Yet we do not listen. We only speak. Now is the time to listen. Now is the time to believe in the word. To believe that it has meaning, that it has the power to create. That it is not merely interesting, but useful. For us. For our happiness. To break free from stagnation. To awaken a dormant spirit. Because too often, that is how we are, we neglect our soul. We pay it no attention. It is there, so we let it be. But such an approach will not make us happy. Because happiness depends on the state of our soul. On those moments of uplift. On whether it is functioning properly. I take on the role of something like a doctor. A doctor for the soul. In the following lectures, I will provide therapy for your soul. I will give it what it needs. I will check on it, monitor its condition, see if the therapy brings the intended effect. These lectures are living words. Words that work. Words that enrich. You will feel their impact. You will feel how they influence you. I guarantee it. This is the therapy you need. This is a change that will benefit you. A spa for the soul. Treatments, massages, healing what is wounded, revitalizing, awakening. That is how it will work. That is how it will affect you. Perhaps you still doubt. Perhaps you think this is some marketing trick. That this book is trying to sell itself. That it's all about creating a wow effect. But I do not care for effects. My teaching is not about spectacle. There are no rabbits jumping out of hats here. No paid audience, no man bouncing on a trampoline. There are no attractions and no entertainment. I am not here to amuse the crowd. I am creating something different. I am sharing what I have. What has been given to me from above. A certain kind of gift. A gift to influence the soul. And this is what I am unveiling here. This is what I am bringing into being. And I invite you to do the same. To understand that what matters most is the spiritual realm. That we are not just skin, muscles, and bones. That there is something more, and our destiny is to discover it. To nurture our spirituality. Neglecting it will not help. Forgetting about it will bring nothing. Our soul will not disappear. It will only be forgotten. Unwatered. Withered. And that does not bode well for our future, our life after this earthly existence. Because in

the end, the soul is all that will remain. Nothing more. Forgetting it, placing it last, is setting ourselves up for failure. For a great downfall. Yet every soul has potential. Potential to grow. Potential to bring happiness. Here and beyond. But we must remember it. We must tend to it. Let us not be influenced by the rush of the world. By our family or friends. Just because spirituality is unimportant to those around us does not mean it is obsolete. That it is unnecessary. Our society has thrown itself into the pursuit of money, into obligations, into invented obstacles. "There is no time, no opportunity, too much to do." Everything is more important, except our soul. Except our spirituality. But I am telling you something different. I am showing you that the soul resonates perfectly with the melody of these lectures. With every note. This music soothes the soul. It heals wounds. It lifts. It elevates. It brings it back to life. Because the soul is like one of our organs. It functions, yet it requires our help. It requires the intervention of truth. The intervention of a doctor of the soul. It must encounter the living word that will awaken it, heal it, make it feel younger, by decades. It will return to the state of childhood. To a time when we were young. Because a child's soul is uncorrupted. Unburdened. Undamaged. It functions properly. A child can find joy in the simplest of things. A child knows how to be happy. We adults forget how that feels. Few things bring us joy anymore. Yet we chase happiness endlessly. We convince ourselves that happiness lies in money, in a new car. But that is not how it works. A child does not need a full wallet. A child does not need an expensive car. And yet, somehow, they are happy. They smile. So something is wrong here. Something is wrong with our thinking. With our perception of reality. With this "adult world" we have created. A self-perpetuating machine of desires and cravings. It does not work. It does not cultivate our spirituality. We are not growing, we are withering. And that is precisely why these lectures exist. That is why this living word is given. To contrast it with this rushing world. To compare. To see that things can be different. That life can be fuller. And that we can gain something from it. And what we gain is not knowledge. Knowledge gives nothing. "I know", and that is where it ends. Understanding is what matters. Understanding leads to wisdom. Let us replace knowledge with awareness. Awareness awakens understanding. And understanding gives birth to wisdom. That is how it works. That is how it nourishes our soul. Because understanding is not intellectual. It is of the heart. The heart is the mind of the soul. It never stops working. It whispers. It encourages. And here, it has its moment. These lectures. Here, it will come alive. It will be nourished. It will be satisfied. It will be full. So do not analyze every word. Do not overthink what each sentence means. Feel the text. Sense what lies between the lines. Between the words. The living word. It is alive within this text. It works. It influences the soul. Let it cultivate understanding. And wisdom will be born. Spiritual wisdom, the most important kind. Now is the time. To let something change. For the better. To bring joy. To sustain it. To keep a smile on your face. So now... I welcome you. With open arms. Welcome to spiritual therapy. To lectures that penetrate and heal. That transform and build. This is your time. The time to change. For the better.

green watch

a few words about time

People look at their watches to see what time it is. My green watch, however, has its time set randomly. It only shows one thing, that time is passing, second by second. That something disappears while something new appears. That we exist somewhere in between these seconds. Our lives, a moment borrowed from happiness. A moment to be, to desire, to live and to love. To understand what abundance truly is, the next second we see, the next second we feel. That's how time works. It makes many people idle, while others wait for their end. Some don't respect it at all, thinking it will last forever. My green watch only shows that time flows, our time, here and now. The time we experience, the time we can shape and adjust. Within the rules, within the framework of our existence. We can use it well, we can be grateful for it, through our decisions, our sighs, our dedication, our work. So that time is not wasted, so that it does not become idle alongside us. Because it is a gift. Time is a gift that must be used wisely. We are great builders. We create, new words, new thoughts, new fruits of our hands and minds. And that's how it goes. But why, you ask? Wouldn't it be better to simply live and rest? And once again, I refer to time, to the green watch, which speaks clearly, time flows, it does not stand still. If it stood still, we could stand with it. But it moves. It is in constant motion. And so we must be as well. We each have talents. Everyone has something. Everyone finds joy in something. Everyone is good at something. We must discover this and refine it. Work on ourselves, work on the next second, making it better than the last. That is what this is about. That is why time was given to us, to improve, to refine what is within our reach, what we can do, what we understand. It all leads to one thing, to creation, to the ideal. That is what we must strive for, to build as best we can, as precisely as possible. To overcome obstacles, to not be discouraged by setbacks. Everyone faces difficulties. Everyone has moments of doubt or despair. But these are temporary, as long as we appreciate time, as long as we understand that it flows, that it brings new opportunities, that it waits for us to build something. Together. Time provides the opportunity, we provide the action. A collective effort, one might say. And it is even better when shared with someone, with God, with the Creator. It is good to know that this is His design. That He imagined it, set it in motion. A structure that has lasted until now and will not end anytime soon. That is why it matters. That is why time must not be wasted or surrendered to as if everything were predetermined and unchangeable. That is not true. Everything is in our hands and minds. Our spirit is creative. We only need to listen to it. We can change, ourselves, our surroundings. By radiating goodness and love. By setting an example of how to create. We can. We must. We must play in harmony with time. Look at it the way I look at my green watch, which reminds me that time flows, and we flow with it. We give of ourselves, and it gives of itself, and we meet in the middle, in the gift of creation. Because this is one of the gifts. Because it is a responsibility. Not just for ourselves and those close to us, but for the world. And in this broader perspective, we must also understand ourselves. Where we are, why we are here. That every person is like a world of their own. The world cannot be changed through fire and ashes, through revolution and gunfire. Change does not come from destruction. We must build. With time. Hand in hand. More

creations, more ideas, more possibilities. But let us not build walls. Walls are easy to erect. They attract the lazy, the hesitant, the rebels, the ruthless exploiters. Walls destroy, divide, trap. And no one can feel truly safe in a cage. That is a distortion of happiness. A deception. Let's not go down that path. Let's respect ourselves. Let's respect time. Let's not waste it, nor the resources given to us, on meaningless things. We must spread our wings. Time is for us, and we are for time. Let's soar together. Let's show others how to fly. This is crucial, that time lifts us, that it gives us confidence. That what we do matters. That our efforts are not in vain. Someone will benefit from them. God will appreciate that we tried with all our might, that we created something beautiful. Like an opera aria with a surprising ending. Because the ending always surprises. The life-ending. The one that awaits us. When time will no longer be needed. When we will hang time on a hook. But not yet. Not now. Now, we have the opportunity. Everyone can look at a green watch and see that time flows. It does not fade, it does not tire, it does not complain. It moves forward and brings possibilities. It does not chain us down. It is not as if we must do things simply because we always have. It is not as if we cannot do otherwise. We can do everything. We can reassess our priorities, understand what this is all about, dance a glorious finale with time, so that later, we may tell the angels that we knew how to fly. That we had the chance to dance in the rain – and we did. And it was the most beautiful dance. That is the essence. That is what happiness is about. Understanding that time flows, for us, for the world. We don't have to pretend. We don't have to play a game that isn't ours, a game of appearances and distortions. That will not give us wings. Too often, we wade through the mud of daily life, failing to see ourselves in it. Failing to see happiness in it, only obligations and demands. That is not what life is about. Life is about understanding. Understanding what and why. Understanding why we strive. Why we are responsible for something. Why we are connected, to something, to someone. It is not emotions that build a person. It is relationships. Emotions are a distraction, a sugar cube for a horse. Too much will cause harm. Regular doses will disrupt. Occasionally, they suffice. But relationships – always and continuously. Let us nurture them. Because the world is built on relationships. Not skyscrapers, not temples – but relationships create the beauty of this world. Temples may help. Skyscrapers may help. But it is through our bonds with others that we build a better world. We strive, not for another person, but for the connection itself. For what exists between us. That is what this is about. That is why our goodness becomes someone else's goodness. And vice versa. That is why we are dependent on one another, not isolated, not pushed to the margins, not with nowhere left to go. Everything is possible. We interact with people. We live in a shared life. A shared time. That is what this is about. That is what the green watch shows. We are not lone ships. We are one. One living organism. All of humanity. Despite differences, despite perspectives. Despite different efforts, different beliefs. We all hold the same, shared time in our hands. We manage it together. Together, we plant, and together, we harvest. There is nothing in between. Life is condensed into our pages. But the question is, will the summary be enough for us? Or will we reach for the full book? Will we fully embrace this life, this shared creation, this shared dance with time? Will we give more, do better? Will we prove that it is possible? That it can be done? That it does no harm? Because many believe it does. That time and possibilities are a burden, too heavy to bear. That it is better to remain in the known. But the known confines us, it traps us within ourselves when we fail to see that we

are all playing on the same team. When we fail to hear the beautiful music, hearing only the noise and shouting instead. Yes, those things exist. But we can avoid them. No one has to live in a place where jet engines are tested. That does not help when we begin to believe that this is all there is. That goodness and beauty do not exist in the world. That people are bad, simply because someone told us so. But the watch says otherwise. The green watch repeats the same thing, time flows. Every time I glance at it, it tells me the same. It does not change its mind. It has no moods, no tea breaks. It does not demand a raise or paid vacation. It does not wait in line at the doctor's office. Time is for us. And we are for time. People are for us. And we are for people. Let us create before it all collapses. Let us serve, so that our God may praise us.

trunkless elephant

on the lack of what's important

It so happens that trunks fall off. Too often, and for too many. From us, from the members of the elephant herd. And how can one live without a trunk? How to eat and drink? How to scratch behind the ear when it itches? These trunks are our values. Hopefully the right ones, long and functional, not just for decoration. But it varies. New trends emerge. Golden trunks. Trunks encrusted with diamonds. Trunks as electronic gadgets. That's how it is. But an elephant needs little. The trunk is meant to serve, to be helpful. The elephant is not there for the trunk, but the trunk for the elephant. Yet things turn out differently. Sometimes values weigh us down, imprison us. Poorly defined, poorly chosen. Because it is we who decide what we focus on, what we devote our time and energy to, what is a source of true happiness or mere illusion. That's how it is. The world spins, and trunks change. And it is good to have a constant. Older people often know this. Raised differently, untouched by the West – at least not yet, not completely. But here and now, much is happening. The world has gone mad. Trunks for sale, in every color and pattern. Take the one you can afford. You deserve an expensive trunk. Treat yourself to a little satisfaction and luxury. Go for the golden one. And so it goes. Around it, commissions and hidden fees, guarantors, loans, interest impossible to repay. A madness of trunks. A simple elephant doesn't understand what's happening. It already has a trunk, it works. Yet they tell it that it needs another, a better one. One that shines, one that attracts attention. They say that without the latest edition of the trunk, it will never be happy. So it gives in and buys it. And then comes the disappointment, because the trunk doesn't work. But returns were never an option. So it struggles with it for life – or at least until it wises up. Who came up with this? The business of trunk trading. Who benefits from it? In truth, it hardly matters who profits, who gets richer. What matters is the elephant – us. What we need. What values are truly ours. Who and what helps us grow. Life is not as obvious as it seems. The world is twisted, screaming at us from every billboard, buy, indulge, you're worth it. But not always. Not everywhere. Not everything that glitters is gold. Sometimes the ordinary and unassuming works better. Sometimes the old and dusty is more fitting, perfected through years of practice. That's how it is. One must think, not just calculate. Maybe I'll buy the golden trunk and sell it later at a

profit. It won't work. It will stay with us for years, and we will have to drag it everywhere. Maybe a simple trunk is enough, plain, solid, without extravagant dents and modern distortions. Like those ripped clothes. A regular sweater has its price, but one full of holes? Twice as much, because it's "fashion." And it's the same with trunks. But what good is a trunk full of holes? Water will leak through, thirst will never be quenched. It's better to focus on what true value is and what it gives us. We weren't always taught this. Sometimes we must discover it for ourselves, what builds us, what belongs to us, what fits. What brings fulfillment. Which trunk works best in everyday life. Because trunks are not for display. That's another thing. We are not part of a runway show. No photographers run around us snapping pictures. That's why we must learn to appreciate the everyday. Our own ordinariness. Because ordinariness is beautiful, genuine, unembellished. It doesn't ask for much but gives a lot. If only we learn how to receive. To draw from daily life. To drink from our trunk, to quench our thirst, not just take two sips out of obligation. That's how it is. An ordinary day, yet extraordinary experiences. A sunrise. Mist over the forest. A child's smile. A wife bustling around, complaining about the price of bread. These are wonders. A beautiful start to the day. A day full of adventure, of nourishment. Because days exist to feed us. We must understand this in order to partake. To drink until our thirst is truly quenched. Life is not just about going in circles, repeating habits and behaviors, endlessly copying. That's not the point. The day is meant to fill us with energy, with good vibrations. We must rejoice in every new moment at the watering hole. After all, we are not alone. Other elephants are around us. There is something that connects us, something that divides us. Yet we stay together. We share our day. We share our efforts. But for what, exactly? Let me say it again. We feed on the day. We can't give anything of ourselves if we are empty. Giving from an empty elephant is an empty gesture, forced, out of habit. Such empty acts of kindness mean nothing. They don't come from the heart, they don't enrich us. We must first quench our own thirst. At the watering hole. With an ordinary day. A day of emotions and uplift. A day that is wonderful because it is ours. Because we have truly lived it. Yes, days must be lived, not merely ticked off the calendar while waiting for the verdict. That won't work. Because why? Why would it? Many claim to be rational, yet make irrational choices. They contradict themselves. That's how it is. Forever hungry, forever thirsty, for the beauty of another day. Or maybe for the beauty that has passed, now idealized, longed for. But longing gives nothing. The past is dead. Forget about the golden trunk. It was there, and you threw it away. It could have been, but you let it go. There's nothing wrong with that. What matters is today. You are here. You are now at the watering hole. Now is when you can drink from this stream. Not tomorrow. Not yesterday. Now. And that is how it should stay. We must find ourselves in this eternal now. There is no other way. No wiser way. The great masters teach this, but so does simple common sense. Yet we rarely think. More often, we act on instinct, driven by emotions. That is unhealthy and harmful. It distorts our humanity. For man is supposed to be a thinking being, or so they say. I would say, a feeling being. That is the higher level of thought. But not for everyone. To know, to feel, to understand, one must have a functional trunk. One must be full and refreshed, filled by this day, by this moment. Because it will never happen again. Because it will never be better than it is now. Even if you are in a ditch. Appreciate that ditch. It must be an interesting ditch, given how long you've been in it. You're stuck, but at least admire the view. But in all seriousness, the ditch will

teach you something. That is real wisdom. Learning from the miserable ditches we fall into. There's nothing wrong with tripping, with taking a fall. And it's a good thing it's an eagle's fall, because eagles have wings. And they don't need blue or gold feathers to be remarkable. They don't stand out with color or antics. Yet they are kings of the skies. And we, too, can be like them. We can learn to navigate the air currents, so we don't flap our wings in vain. To ride the wind, carried by a cushion of values. The right ones. The ones that build. Closeness. Perseverance. Self-knowledge. An open, loving heart. That is the path. The path of understanding, of one's own trunk. Of how to use it for its true purpose. They don't teach this in school. There are no lectures on it in temples or workshops. And even if we hear something, it is only theory. But that is not enough. This is about practice. The how-to of using the trunk, practical exercises. That should be the title of your favorite book. So that no more days are wasted. So that we are no longer burdened by an ill-fitting life. By an ill-fitting disguise. By a smile that is learned, not felt. That will not lead to happiness. That will not bring fulfillment. We need an ordinary, functional trunk. One we can afford. One we deserve. A simple trunk, but one that works. That is what this is about. That is what's at stake. And for that trunk, it is worth pausing. And starting anew. Learning to drink deeply from this watering hole. From the day that is ours. From a day that we can share. But only if we are full. Only if we live in harmony with ourselves. For the trunk, nothing. With the trunk, everything!

a view of the rye

on what we choose to see

A human being. What they can do, how much they are capable of. What benefits them, and what drags them down. What pulls them under, holds them in place, convinces them that there is no other way. And yet, there is rye. Not just weeds. There is goodness all around us. The question is – do we see it? Do we draw from it? Because that's how it is, our sight is selective. And much depends on what we choose to see. Sometimes we focus only on what stings. Sometimes we focus on what poisons. Other times, we stare at the weeds, unable to look away. It wears us down. It stresses us out. A view that destroys. And yet, there is rye. Rye that grows. Rye that forms an ear, bringing forth a beautiful harvest, useful, full, valuable, nourishing. Rye gives us life. It fills us with completeness, with fulfillment. It is a wonderful thing when we can see it. It is beautiful when we find rye around us, those good moments, those bright days. When we multiply them. When we realize it is worth it. Because we grow alongside the rye we choose to see. Good things build us up. We do not grow tired looking at the rye. We do not feel anxious or irritated. We feel great. It enriches us. That is why we must learn to see properly. To not focus on the weeds, on the poisonous plants. That is not the way. They release fumes, toxic visions, obstacles. And that is the point. That we, ourselves, create these harmful states of mind. Because we focus our eyes on them. Because we let them seep into us. We cannot stop them from existing. The world is what it is. The real question is, what do we take from it? What do we absorb, what do we claim as our own? That is what matters. That is what is crucial. To not overdo it. To not fixate

on just anything. On some foul-smelling weed, on rot. Because evil has a tendency to decay. It attracts flies. It announces itself with its stench. And stench draws attention, not just from flies, but from us too. Because something is happening. Because there's a spectacle. People are gathering, so I will too. Surely, there must be something interesting there. If others are running, I will run as well. But often, it is a race to nowhere. It leads to nothing. It does not enrich us. We lose not only time but also ourselves. We sow within us the seeds of anger or bitterness. We take in what we see, without an invitation. It enters on its own. Because we look. Because we give a part of ourselves to the world. The only question is, to which world? We can give ourselves to the good. Or we can give ourselves to the bad. Look at the rye. Rye brings peace. It sways gently in the wind. And when needed, it withstands the fiercest storm. It is resilient and asks for little. Because it is not true that we need much to be happy. That we need to prove this or that. To show that we can afford something. A life lived for display, for the audience, will not bring results. It will not make us feel better. It will choke us long before it helps us grow. It will build up our ego before it soothes our soul. Nothing in life is obvious. We must build. Ourselves. Create. Know what to look at, and transfer good patterns. Adapt them. Beautify. Ourselves. That is the point in this rushing world. We run without even realizing we are looking at something. We do it automatically. We do not know that we are absorbing the environment. That we are becoming one with what we see. That we are changing. That we are shaped by what we see, by what we draw from. By what we give ourselves to. That is why we must repeat what matters, not what is expected. That is why we must open ourselves to new experiences, seeing rye in them. There is no other way. Otherwise, we only waste our precious time. We must learn to recognize what is what. And go where we should. And look at what we should. It will make us feel better. We will understand that we are changing. We will notice. Because we will see. We will know that we are seeing. We will realize that we are looking. There is no other way. One cannot achieve happiness in ignorance. One cannot find fulfillment in blindness. It does not work. It is only a waste of time, a mockery of achievements, of possibilities, of wisdom. Because wisdom is seeing, not some analysis. The only question is, what will we do with this wisdom? What will we do with the image before us? Will it enter our being, or will we pass by it? That is why we must look at the rye. That is why we must remember this. To be filled with its beauty. To create, to overcome obstacles. To multiply, to flee from what is harmful. From what poisons us. From what leaves us no freedom of choice. From what tries to convince us that it is the only option. Because goodness does not convince. Goodness does not shout. It does not wear flashy colors. We must recognize it on our own. We must choose to stay with it. We must, by ourselves, come to the conclusion. To the realization. That goodness is good. It does not scream for attention. It does not shine. Rye is the jewelry of the fields. And that is the kind of jewelry we need. That is the kind of jewelry we deserve. The kind that should stay with us. Because it builds, not deceives. Because it creates, not complicates. Because it multiplies, not manipulates. Goodness is not deceptive. It does not calculate, what is better, what is profitable, how others will see us, whether we will profit from it. These are weeds. That is superstition, not wisdom. And if we listen to too many of these superstitions, it will not end well. Because we will take them for normal. But there is no such thing as normal. There are only even and odd paths. There are things that build and things that destroy. Things that nourish our spirit, and things that poison it. And everything depends on what we

choose to look at. That is why we must slow down. Because it is like driving a car. If we are speeding at 200 kilometers per hour, we see very little. Trees, bushes, people passing by, everything blurs together. If we drive at 50, we see more. The eye can fixate on something, even if just for a moment. And if we step out of the car and take a refreshing walk, we see much more. We do not need to rush. The eye can catch every color, every detail. That is how it works. That is why it is important to slow down. To not race. To step out of the car. Because if we are constantly rushing, we will not distinguish rye from weeds. They will blur together. But they don't have to. We have time. No one is chasing us. We can walk up to the rye and touch the grain. To make sure that it is what it appears to be. And that is how it should be. That is useful. That is beneficial. That is why we must, we should, we can live consciously. Not just watch the road, trying not to crash while speeding at 200. That is not life. Life is not a blur of motion, a flood of tears, a haze of memories, burdens that are not ours to carry, the clamor of the world. What do we need that for? It is just useless noise. Values do not impose themselves. Beauty remains humble. And that teaches us a great deal. We, too, should not crave attention. We should not be loud, explosive. Spontaneity has many advantages, but it can also imprison us. Especially if we add emotions to it. A life on the edge, jumping from one extreme to another. Spontaneity should be stripped of emotion. Calm, steady, thoughtful. Not chaos, not shock. Shock does not work. Many have tried. It grabs attention, but it does not build. Shock is shallow. Hollow. An empty life. What good are emotions if they only destroy? Rye is not emotional. It does not shock. But it takes in, calmly and naturally, what it needs to grow. And that is beautiful. And that is the point. To look at the rye. To know what we are looking at and why. To be filled by it. To be enriched by its colors, its presence. Not by loss, not by the latest trend. Everything is here. The whole world is in front of our eyes. We look. We see. And may what is beautiful stay with us. May what is beautiful build us. Rye knows. So why shouldn't we? Look at the rye. Cultivate life!

walking the railing

on how to walk

A person's life is like a journey. It's not always easy. The sun doesn't always shine above us. Sometimes the rain pours, the ground softens, and we trudge through the mud, slipping, losing our footing, losing direction. That's how it is. But what matters is that we follow the signs. We have them within us, all the wisdom, a gift from past generations. It flows in our blood, driven by a living soul. Wisdom. The directions worth taking. The paths that build us, that let us flourish. The only question is - do we listen? We have to learn to listen to ourselves because we know more than we think. Not intellectually. We analyze quite well, but it does little for us. Calculating is not a way of life; it's a way of withering. The soul, however, knows more. We can feel it. Sense it. With our heart. That something is right for us. That a certain path lifts us, gives us energy. It is crucial to seek, to want. Because without wanting, there is only drought and dying of thirst. For centuries, nothing has changed. People need the same things – closeness, tenderness, understanding. They need to give

themselves, to grow, to dedicate themselves to another, to create something out of nothing. But is that even possible, you ask? Not quite. The "nothing" we create from is energy, the energy that permeates the universe, the earth, the flowers, the plants. A divine form of happiness. A divine form of life. It is because of this energy that we create. That we can, and that we want to. It gives us wings. We are given possibilities, roads to choose from. But then, those damn railings. Why do we walk on them, you ask? And yet, we do. Often. Even though it's dangerous. We scold children for doing risky things, yet we do the same, just in a different way. We take risks, we step into trouble, out of boredom, or worse, out of neglect. Railings are meant to support us, to steady us as we go up or down the stairs. And yet, we deliberately climb onto them, thinking something good will come of it. It's simple but utterly foolish. That's how it is with people. With those around us, who are meant to be our support. We use them, time and again. We are selfish. Spoiled. Reckless with ourselves. The same goes for vices and so-called "fun." Instead of helping us, giving us a moment of respite, instead of being something we can lean on, something to catch our breath – we climb the railing, and more often than not, fall with a crash. Whether it's people, entertainment, or our petty habits, these so-called "little rituals", any of them can lead to a fall. Right off the railing we should have never climbed onto. Who came up with the idea that this would be better, that this would be wise? Climbing a railing instead of leaning on it. It makes no sense. We cannot live this way. The more often we pull these stunts, the more certain our fall. And that is unnecessary. Life is not about creating risk. Life is about creating peace. Peace is the highest form of human happiness. Silence. Unity. That is what builds. That is what drives us. That is why we must learn to draw from that peace. Yet, more often than not, people run from silence. Peace irritates them because it makes them hear themselves. And they are afraid of what they might hear. We are our own ghosts. Scarecrows guarding our own happiness, scaring it away. Chasing it off, so that it leaves us alone. We say we want happiness, but we do nothing to get it. It's just a catchy slogan, a nice phrase that boosts our mood. But nothing more. Because happiness is transparency. It is seeing ourselves clearly. It is understanding ourselves and the world. It is staying in dialogue with ourselves and with life. It is trying, receiving, and sharing. That is something magnificent. I call it Life with a capital L. A state of continuous happiness. A level that is incredibly easy to reach. All it takes is stepping off the railing and listening to yourself. To silence. Meditation helps. And I don't mean some mystical journey to Tibet or Thailand, more hassle than it's worth, and a headache with language barriers. Better to do it right here, at home. Sit down. Calm down. Practice silence. Develop engagement, in understanding, in feeling. I will repeat this often, feeling is the key concept. Feeling is the key to understanding and trusting yourself. You must feel that you are in the right body. Feel that you are more than just a body. Feel that you deserve trust. That you can love, yourself and the world. That you can stop screaming, stop rushing, stop running along the railing. That meditation is something beautiful. That you don't have to fear silence. It will not hurt you. It will not bite. And that is how it should stay. That is how it should be. This is practice. A deep dive. A movement of the heart. And a movement of the heart happens when we start to care about it. When we give it space. Because usually, we do not. At least most of us don't. Usually, we take up every bit of space for ourselves. Because we think we deserve it. Because we must. Because it's pleasant. But that is not what life is about. Life is not about grabbing for ourselves. About claiming words,

gestures, victories in petty arguments. Another win against a partner, a family member. Another time proving a friend wrong, oh, the look on their face! But this is not listening to the heart. This does not build us. And that is where meditation helps. It quiets us. And that is crucial. It elevates us. It lifts us up. And once lifted, we can move forward. Not stand still. Because nothing is worse than being stuck. Or running in circles along the railing. I cannot understand how deeply people get caught in that loop. Most believe they are logical thinkers. Nearly everyone will say they are wise. But what does our behavior show? The way we destroy instead of build? The way we keep running back and forth on the railing? That contradicts logical thinking. It certainly contradicts feeling. That is why we must believe in ourselves. That we can. That we must explore ourselves. That we must abandon cheap thrills and hollow attractions. We can feel happy, but to achieve that, we must welcome silence. Welcome peace. Welcome the tradition of release, because that's what I call it. We must free ourselves from illusions and burdens. From our faulty habits. Silence demands simplicity and lightness. But where is our simplicity? Drunkenly swaying in a tree somewhere, feet dangling. That's how it is with neglected simplicities. They go off partying. They drink until the last drop. And that is how it is with us. And our railings. People, habits, addictions. Not everyone and not everything helps. We must distinguish. We must think honestly, in harmony with our heart. Not attempt to climb a sheer rock wall in rubber boots, without chalk. We must be prepared. We must want. And that is why I write these words. To stir something within us. To make us realize, Maybe I really do have too much noise inside me. Maybe I should finally take a walk in the forest. Walk barefoot through the grass. Sit down. Meditate. Find peace. Meditation is beautiful because it does not turn us into fools. It is not some cultish talk or the latest trend from self-help coaches. That kind of talk won't change you. It won't bring anything but confusion. What I propose is something simple – something rooted in every great tradition. Finding yourself through silence. Meditation. It won't break you. It will enrich you. It won't tear you apart. It will mend you. You won't be a ragged toy with stuffing falling out. Feel yourself. Stop running along the railing. Lean on it instead. Use what is around you to grow, not to fall. The world surrounds us. We cannot change that. But we can choose whether we fall from it, or lean on it while climbing the stairs. This matters. This stays with us. And so, to the very end, let us strive to feel what is important. And we will shine. And we will feel needed. By ourselves, for ourselves.

bays of hunger

on the life beyond the bays

That's how it is, we drift, searching for a place to anchor. Every one of us, though few truly realize it. Often, we don't control the direction or destination of our journey. We don't pay attention to where the wind is blowing, whether it helps or hinders. And yet, that is crucial. Life gives us signs, guides us, makes our decisions easier, if only our eyes are open, if only we are willing to stop and reflect, to think about where we are and why. And yet, so many of us

have arrived at the Bay of Hunger and dropped anchor, believing it to be our final port. The Bay of Hunger. A place where nothing grows, where everything has withered. A place where people stagnate, not fully living, not fully dead, just existing, suspended in incompleteness. And that's the way it is. Bays that guarantee unfulfillment, which is hunger. Because an unfulfilled person will always be hungry, will always know deep down that something is missing, that something isn't right. But making the decision to leave the Bay of Hunger, to search for fertile valleys, is difficult. It overwhelms many. They prefer familiar hunger over unknown satiety. It's sad, but it applies to so many of us. Starving the soul. Suppressing our will to live, to feel fulfilled, to express ourselves – not for the sake of impressing others, but simply to be in motion, to be alive. Because only a soul that moves is a soul that is happy. Movement plays a fundamental role here. Stagnation acts as a sort of slow decay, numbing the truth. That's why we must take care of ourselves, of our conscience, of our awareness – so that we don't get stuck in the Bay of Hunger. It may seem harmless, easy even, but what is easy is often harmful. It lulls us into complacency, robs us of true satisfaction. When we invest effort and dedication into something, it strengthens us. The result brings us pride, and that joy fills the soul. But what joy is there for a soul trapped in the Bay of Hunger? There is no such experience. This is not a place to plant and cultivate. It is scorched earth, a wasteland. Let's not deceive ourselves into thinking we can build something here, that we can be useful to the Bay of Hunger. The bay will not appreciate us, will not repay us with kind words. We will only lose time and energy. It will drain us, diminish us. It will corrode our minds. And the human mind is delicate, deeply connected to the soul. Both need nourishment, need positive influences to thrive. A mind worn down by despair, blind to beauty, is in ruins. It doesn't help, it becomes a sinking ship. And that is exactly what the Bay of Hunger does. It affects us. It changes us. We become isolated, fearful. We see no meaning, no purpose in life. Only dark clouds. We all know this place. Each of us, at least once, has visited the Bay of Hunger. We've tasted the bitterness of anonymity, of being lost. But did we learn from it? Were we frightened enough by it to never return? To avoid the next bay, the next stop in this lifeless place? There is no time to waste on such detours. Let us stay in motion, not rushing blindly, but walking steadily forward. Running makes us prone to tripping, to falling hard. But walking calmly, with dignity, allows us to take in the world, to experience it fully. That nourishes us. That brings pleasure. That strengthens us. And that's how it should remain. Far away from the Bays of Hunger, learning to navigate the waves and obstacles. Storms will come, they always do. But they can be endured. Endured, not fought. One does not fight a storm, one waits for it to pass. Fighting will not bring victory. That's not how it works. Fighting leads to losses, to unnecessary sacrifices, to wounds we didn't need to suffer. And war, above all, breaks the mind. And since the mind is bound to the soul, it breaks the soul too. Which means it is not worth it. I will always repeat this, because the world teaches us the opposite. The world glorifies war, calls it honorable, something for strong men, real warriors. But war in life is just unnecessary baggage we impose upon ourselves, when we could have chosen peace instead. A person who truly cares for themselves, who values their own well-being, will never incite destruction. It simply won't be in their nature. We start wars in our weakest moments, and that is a striking paradox. Logically, war should be waged by the strong, those who feel in control, who stand above their challenges. But for us, it is the opposite. We resort to war when we feel powerless,

when we cannot handle our problems. We rush toward battle, craving forceful solutions. As if we could not simply wait. Humans are strange creatures. Irrational in their choices. And too often, we harm ourselves. But the language of love, which I teach, is the guarantee of a good life. Not good in the sense of luxury, but in the sense of a life that brings joy. Because that is the foundation of healthy living, joy in being alive. And do you have that joy? This is why I insist, without the language of love, it won't work. Some say it's a cliché. "Love, love – and what comes of it?" But no – everything comes from love. Life itself comes from love. Every animal and plant understands this instinctively. They know how to grow, how to care for what surrounds them, how to take only what is necessary to live. Someone might say, "But a cheetah kills an antelope, where is the love in that?" And yet, that is the highest expression of love. Love for oneself. Love that requires sacrifice. A cheetah does not kill for pleasure or to prove its dominance. It kills to feed itself, to feed its young. That is a beautiful struggle, for what matters. It is the choices we must make. But out of love, not greed. People, however, are more complicated. They are driven by darker motives, greed, the pursuit of gain, misguided ambition, a thirst for power, the need to prove superiority. All of it, meaningless. Such a person will never be satisfied, will never be happy. They are in the Bay of Hunger, and they have no intention of leaving. Because if the Bay of Hunger is deserted, it means we do not see other people. We do not care about their well-being. We think only of ourselves and our plans. We are willing to sacrifice anything and anyone to achieve what we have set out for ourselves. That is the true Bay of Hunger. Its darkest part. Because there are levels to it. Degrees of suffering. Or, if you prefer, different ways of drowning. But the result is always the same. That is what happens when we do not speak the language of love. When we are neither gentle nor compassionate. And the first step is compassion for ourselves. Without that, we will never sail away from the Bay of Hunger. No one will. Without self-awareness, without effort, all that remains is empty longing. And longing leads nowhere. It is a waste of time. Empty talk. It's like religion – many people know religious truths as if they were scholars, experts on the subject. They are specialists in theory, but they do not live by it. They do not practice it. And yet, I encourage practice over theory. And the only true, righteous practice is the practice of love. Of tenderness. Of gentleness. That is what builds a person. That is what allows one to fall asleep content and wake up eager to live. Because that is the change we strive for. That is the transformation we work toward. And that is what I sincerely wish for everyone. That this understanding shifts our perception and our actions. Because without understanding, we remain stuck. We do not even realize we are in the Bay of Hunger. And the world waits. Calls to us. Begs us to move, to reach it, to arrive and stay. We are worthy of it. Every person is unique. Every person has a story, a life full of experiences. They deserve kindness. But not from the world, from themselves. That is what truly matters. To stop expecting the world to become perfect. It is you who must love. It is you who must feel. This moment, this place, this time. That you matter. That you are valuable to yourself. That is what truly builds a person. That is what fuels life. That is what brings a smile. And that is the most wonderful part of life, the knowledge that we are growing. The certainty that we can.

the drugs of desire

on animal instincts

You won't win against desire. Many think otherwise. Many believe there's nothing wrong with it, that fulfilling one's cravings, as they call it, is natural. But the way I see it, these "cravings" start to imprison us. Over time, they treat us worse and worse, reducing our portions until we are left starving. I call this becoming animalistic, because I can't think of a better term. It happens when we lose control over our hunger, when we let it spread unchecked. And like a drug, it demands more and more, turning our lives into an endless chase for the next fix. Another desire, another craving, and still, we are never satisfied. We always want more. I don't mean to insult animals. In fact, they don't even know the word desire the way we do. They don't chase the latest gadgets. They don't pounce on the first available mate. For them, everything has its proper time and follows clear rules. To me, becoming animalistic is closely tied to dehumanization. A state of being out of place. Of behaving in a way that does not build us, that does not serve us. And that is exactly what desire does. It overwhelms a person. It doesn't let them think of anything else, only themselves. Today's world has capitalized on this. Desire has become the foundation of massive industries. They saw the money in it, and not just a little. And we fall for it, like naïve children. Sexuality assaults us from all sides, enticing, persuading us that it is of utmost importance, that a person's purpose is to satisfy their desires. And businesses fuel those desires, shape them, mold them, change them like fashion trends, this one today, that one tomorrow. And you, the consumer, are left in a state of perpetual dissatisfaction, addicted without even realizing it. The same goes for gadgets, technology, and other objects of desire. It is a billion-dollar business. That's why they convince us we need certain devices, cars, and luxuries. And what amuses me most is how easily humans are manipulated. Myself included. I, too, have been caught in this trap more than once. I am no better than anyone else. But I am no worse, either. I am unique, as we all are. And that uniqueness must be nurtured, not destroyed by addiction to desire, to endless hunger. We will not become better by giving in or by imitating others. That is crucial. We must not mimic. And yet, we do. Someone has something, someone does something, we want the same, or more, or better. It fuels our imagination, our competitiveness, our need to prove ourselves, to show off. It's all connected. One thing leads to another, multiplying and crushing us. Because to the giant corporations, people are nothing but numbers, statistics. No one considers how unchecked hunger and desires damage the human psyche, how many relationships they destroy, how many graves they dig. Perversion, greed, an inflated ego – all of these stem from the same hunger. A drug. What does it give us? What does it take away? And how does it relate to freedom? Because we can, because we want, or is it that they convince us we must, that it is worth it? That others do it, so we should too? At least try? And of course, it never ends with just one try. That's how it works. The rushed, overstimulated human acts on instinct, makes decisions without thinking. And only later, when they have hit rock bottom, do they reflect. When it is too late. And that is exactly what the entire industry counts on. Destroy your relationship with endless demands and lack of respect for your partner, and then the psychologists will profit. Divorce lawyers will make their fortune. And you? You will be left a wreck. And the children will go through hell. This pattern repeats itself. Over and over. But I'm not here just to analyze and criticize. What matters to me is drawing attention to this

trend, this system we are being sucked into. Not for our good, but for our attention. Every big business fights for our attention. With sex, things are even more complex, but in the end, it boils down to the same principles. Desire. Hunger. Craving. These forces are even stronger than the emotions we inject into ourselves. And they are even more dangerous. Because we do not control the addiction. The addiction starts to control us. And it likes that power. The entire pornography industry. The entire prostitution business. And we strip ourselves down, exposing that we have no control. We surrender without a fight. Because it is socially acceptable, we say. Or harmless, we tell ourselves. Pleasant, even. But that pleasantness turns out to be incredibly harmful. It lures us into places we should never go. Into a dark, endless forest where the signs disappear, and the trail markings fade. It's easy to get lost. In fact, getting lost is inevitable. And what do we receive in return? A fleeting thrill. A momentary satisfaction that only fuels the next hunger. And then the next. And the next. And the cycle continues. But there is another way. A healthier way. A way of knowing what truly builds us. A way of investing in what matters. So, invest in yourself! That is an investment that will never fail. You will be grateful for it. You will be radiant, knowing that you are multiplying happiness instead of misery. It is beautiful to recognize what is good. That is reality. A word we know well, but do we know its taste? Reality is a grand adventure. It is true freedom. But real freedom does not demand strong willpower, as some might think. No – real freedom requires understanding. Strong willpower will not help. Strong willpower is about forceful solutions. And I do not promote force. I promote peaceful solutions. Understanding. Seeing what builds, and what destroys. Only through understanding can we recognize goodness and beauty. Otherwise, we will wander aimlessly, mistaking ugliness for beauty. They are siblings, after all, though completely opposite in nature. Different personalities. Different priorities. So, what are your priorities? What are you closer to – beauty or its sister, ugliness? Questions like these help us achieve clarity. They stop us in our tracks. And without stopping, we cannot find the right direction. We cannot grasp how desire affects us. And it does affect us – not once, not twice, but constantly. But let's not fight it with fire. Let's not punish ourselves. That is not the way. We do not deserve whipping. We deserve compassion. Be compassionate toward yourself. Wrap yourself in understanding. Thank yourself for noticing. For looking inward. For caring enough to make a change. To discard what reeks and brings no benefit. It is crucial that change does not come from self-criticism or pressure or guilt. But from a smile, the joy of knowing that this no longer concerns you. From satisfaction, the pride of identifying the parasite. Because desire is like a parasite. You must first recognize it exists, that it is there, that it harms you. That's how it works. No one can tell you what is wrong. No one can convince you. You must see it for yourself, then step over it. You must believe that it is not difficult. And truly, it is not. It is a simple process. Understanding. Hunger tells you that you are starving, even when you have eaten. Desire convinces you that you are unsatisfied, even when you are full. All it takes is a simple check-in: What do I truly lack? So that you are not just a pawn in someone else's game. So that you are not a product of fashion, but of wisdom. A being formed by wisdom – that is a beautiful idea. An idea worth fulfilling. And you don't need to read 200 books for it. You don't need two degrees or a PhD. All you need is interest in yourself. All you need is compassion, and with it, comes understanding. A simple, efficient mechanism. It works. It will bring you immense happiness. If only you choose to try. If only you choose to

seek the truth. If only we all choose to love ourselves, in a new, free way. A way built on wisdom. For beauty. For eternal fulfillment.

empty juice are calories really necessary?

How is it really with these calories? Some say they make them gain weight, but I think, more often than not, we suffer from deficiencies. A lack of love, a lack of tenderness, a lack of knowledge about what is truly good. It's exhausting to live in ignorance, to keep drinking and hydrating yourself with empty juice. Because what you take in, you become. Why empty, you ask? Empty juice is juice without sugar, without flavor, without calories, without vitamins, without nutrients. In short, washed-out. And that dullness reflects in the mirror. You look at yourself and don't recognize who you are anymore. It's all the fault of the empty juice we drink, the juice we have come to like. But why? That's the real question. Because it's always served in a beautiful package, golden letters, shimmering barcodes. It looks like something special, a product from the top shelf, or so we think. But it doesn't work, it doesn't nourish us. We should be testing the product itself, judging its usefulness, its taste, its scent, its consistency, not just focusing on the advertising. Not just because the package is pretty or because someone recommends it. Justyna from the butcher's shop has been drinking it for years, she can't be wrong, right? That kind of logic convinces only fools. But then again, aren't we all fools at some point in life? That's how we've been programmed, to obey, to be at the world's beck and call, to behave as expected, to spend the right amount, to consume what is put in front of us. That's what they've drilled into us. But it can be different, it can be better. If you listen to your heart and fine-tune your mind. Because so much depends on the mind. It should be properly adjusted, like a radio, it should receive clearly, without static or interference. That's what it's all about. The meaning of life, the ability to be satisfied with what is, the ability to be clear, untainted. Static won't help us. And this isn't about personal development in the sense of brainwashing yourself into believing the world is wonderful and that we are wonderful. No, it's a call for clarity, a call to nourish ourselves with juice that has flavor, that gives us energy. Because that's how reality works, it charges the human spirit. People who live in illusions are always exhausted, always drained. Deep down, they feel something is missing, that something is off. That's how humans operate, puppets that see no meaning, no purpose. So they search for cheap thrills, for cravings, for false gods. They scheme, they scream over the silence. Because silence is unbearable to those who cannot see. But it would be enough to drink real juice, even if it's bitter. Because bitter has more vitamins. That's how it works, that's what strengthens us. Reality and all that surrounds us, what we absorb, emotions, messages, signs, thoughts, actions, the consequences of our choices. Everything that piles up, keeping us awake at night. Everything that multiplies without knowing why. These are interesting aspects, not for overanalyzing, but for feeling. Because they concern us. Because this is about practice, not

theory. We are not philosophers, even if we'd like to be. And to be honest, philosopher isn't much of a prize anyway. What matters is something else, the art of living. Being present, rooted in reality, absorbing what is good from the world, from people. Not allowing empty energy, or worse, harmful energy, to take hold of us. But it's not about ignoring it, either. Denial won't work. Pretending something doesn't exist, pretending it has no power, won't make it disappear. Reality requires awareness, seeing things as they truly are. Both juices are within reach, empty and full. It's up to you which one you choose, which one you save for later, or never touch again. And that's how people function in this frantic world. Some collapse onto the ground, others never stop running, some float just above the pavement, too weightless to need a couch. And me? I'm for floating. It's freeing when you know and understand, when you see through the social game, of the big players, of the small ones, of those who want to control us, of those who want to dominate us. It's all just entertainment to them, feeding us scraps, feeding us empty juice. But the label has to be appealing, it has to catch the eye. And it does. Without that, it wouldn't work. Without that, they wouldn't succeed. So can it be different? No, it must be different. Freedom, that eternal desire of humankind, demands it. But let's not confuse freedom with recklessness. Freedom means making the right choices, the ones that build our spirit, the ones that bring us joy, the ones that make life worth living. Recklessness, on the other hand, is deliberately getting into trouble, making foolish decisions that always come back to bite us. And recklessness is sold to us as freedom. They say, you're free, so do this stupid thing. Of course, they don't call it stupid. That's the trick, making us believe harmful things are beneficial. It's an old scam, but it still works. And many fall for it. That's the game, that's the dance club, where they tell you that without pills, you won't feel the rhythm of the music. But that's not true. Any stimulant dulls the senses, and it dulls anyone foolish enough to reach for it. That's how it goes, that's the custom. Life in society isn't paradise. Not everyone wants what's best for you. In fact, I'll go further, most people don't care what's best for you. They're too focused on themselves, on their gains, their fleeting pleasures. They feed on anything, and they're ready to snatch even that nothing from right under your nose. But we can't fix the world. We shouldn't even try. That's a nice slogan for election posters, nothing more. In real life, it only leads to harm. Trying to save the world? Trying to make people understand and wake up? That always ends in failure, in disappointment. And disappointment is useless, it spoils your mood. And your mood needs care, it needs real juice, not air pumped into a balloon. A balloon is an artificial thing, it doesn't live, it only appears to. Sure, it might scare someone, or make a child smile for a moment, but nothing more. We must focus on what truly matters, we must drink full juice, feed on goodness, and reject poison. That's how it works, when we are determined, when we don't allow ourselves to be harmed. Because some people spread harm, some people drag others down. We must be firm, we must cut ties with these energy leeches, we must set boundaries. Know what is good for us, tune in to the right frequency, be properly attuned. This is essential, for our quality of life, for our fulfillment, for our self-realization. Because we cannot thrive if the world around us constantly stings and suffocates us, if we feel trapped where we are. We need to clear the air, and if we can't, we must change where we are. Change the people around us, change our environment, we need to breathe. Sometimes, rejecting empty juice is the only way to make space for what truly feeds us. So let's remember that, let's pursue it, let's create goodness, and let's feed on goodness. And

let's stop pretending it has to be any other way. You are not anyone's prisoner, and if you are a prisoner, then only of yourself.

the color of bones

a few words about beauty

People often feel like they never have enough. They are dissatisfied with what they have, wanting to change something, to become someone they are not, someone they call exceptional. But this idea of exceptionality is quite amusing. Being ordinary is treated as an insult, an offense, while being exceptional? It sounds great on paper, but when someone truly is exceptional, they often feel out of place. It comes as a package deal. They stand out from society, their surroundings look at them strangely, they are not believed. Exceptionality comes with a sense of alienation. It is better for our mental health not to stand out too much. Life is easier when we understand the society around us and when that society understands us. Everything aligns. And yet, the desire for uniqueness is deeply rooted in us. We want to be different, we want to be special. But exceptionality is something you are born with. If you fake it, it's just an act, a clown's mask. That's how it works. We paint our bones, that's the whole thing. Our natural bone color isn't enough for us, we want something different, something more eye-catching. So we pick a shade and start painting. Some can't decide on one color, so they mix whatever they find. It looks ridiculous. But the color of bones is what it is, and it should stay that way. Why, you ask? Isn't this a matter of freedom, of choice, of personal decision? Shouldn't everyone be able to decide what color their bones are? Sure, but beauty comes from nature, it is inseparable from it. What is beautiful is what is natural, not what is distorted. We should feel this deeply and understand it. The beauty of nature, of a person's essence, of their original purpose, their connection to the land, to family, to caring for their loved ones, this all stems from nature. It is where humans are beautiful, where they are perfect, as long as they do not tamper with it, as long as they do not paint their bones. As long as they do not follow some new trend that destroys common sense, that kills a feeling heart, that tramples the soul. It is unacceptable to turn away from what is truly beautiful. Of course, there are no punishments for it, nothing immediately threatens us. But at first glance only. People with painted bones are unhappy. I know this from observation, I know this from my own experience. Painting your bones, turning away from what is natural, kills the joy of living, that deep, instinctive joy that comes from connection with nature. Because it is all connected. If we stay close to nature, nature rewards us. We feel important, like we fulfill a role, the one destined for us, the ordinary one. The fate of a simple human, without inflated ambitions or endless cravings. A simple life rewards and appreciates, it embraces us when we are weak, it gives us strength when we run out of our own. It stays with us through our highs and lows. We have a companion - nature, our true purpose. Because no one will convince me that their destiny is to be on a pedestal, to fight on the front lines, to risk a fast life and a quick death. That is a choice, not destiny. Destiny is something else, it stays close to humans, close to life, it comes from

nature. But too often we forget this and paint our bones, because it looks beautiful, because they shine in the sun, because they glow and whisper, "Good job." Listen to your bones long enough, and you'll end up as bones, empty, without a soul, with a heart made of stone. Who said the soul survives everything? Sometimes we manage to starve it to death. Sometimes we trample it down along with our conscience. Everything is possible if a person is determined enough. They can end up as a skeleton covered in flesh and skin, all for the sake of fashion, of what is expected. In the end, they will finally be exceptional. They will get what they wanted. People will remember them. The one with the painted bones, the one whose soul evaporated. That is how it happens. It is what it is. So don't paint your bones. Your natural ones are perfect. Everything natural is perfect, there is no need to fix or improve it, no need to keep changing, chasing an ideal that will never be caught. Because we keep moving the finish line for ourselves. That is neither beautiful nor beneficial. Pretending, posing, trying to impress, making sure people notice. Just so they see, just so they appreciate this supposed uniqueness, this status of being above others. But that's not how it works. We are meant to be grounded, with our feet firmly on the ground, while thinking with our hearts. That is how Balinese healer Ketut Liyer described wisdom. And that's exactly right. That's how it should be, and there is no other path to happiness. We won't find wisdom in colors and play, in shouting, in begging, in crying out. Living on the edge, teetering on a knife's edge, is a life of chance. Don't let your life be a matter of chance, don't swing from one extreme to another. Take control of it. That, surely, is what Ketut meant, hold the reins, don't let go, don't get lost in randomness and disrespect, especially for yourself. That's what reason is for, it represents the feet, the part of us that controls movement. We can walk in the right way, we can stand firmly on the ground. And the heart? It tells us how to avoid falling. This cooperation is important, it is key. And the worst thing, the most self-destructive thing, is painting your bones. By choice, by foolishness. That is not how it should be. That is the opposite of happiness. That is a choice for suffering. People with painted bones, and there are many, know what they are doing. But they stay that way, in the name of so-called uniqueness. Uniqueness is a Western construct, something that is drilled into us. In societies untouched by the West, like in Bali, what matters is being part of the community, being ordinary, fulfilling a function. Everyone has one. Everyone contributes to society according to their abilities. It used to be that way for us too, but it is fading. Now everyone wants to be someone. And when I say everyone, I mean most people. And most of them, in fact, paint their bones. The results are staggering. You could laugh forever, but laughter gets old. It becomes common. There is too much of it, too many painted bones, too many colors blinding the eyes. They are everywhere, exhausting the gaze. But we are not here to criticize others. We can speak up, once, occasionally. But our true influence lies in deciding what color our own bones will be. That is where our focus should be, that is what we should remember. Nature, the beauty of what is ordinary, what is meant for us, what builds us, what brings us joy. So that we smile like children unspoiled by the Western world, so that we enjoy every moment with those close to us. That is important. So that we help, because that also matters, helping not just our family but society as a whole. So that we create, build love and goodness. Because we are all creators. And instead of painting bones, we could create something meaningful. We could give someone our time, our knowledge, our attention, help them solve a problem. That brings people closer together, those with natural bones, those

who do not regret living, those who truly enjoy life. That is uplifting, knowing someone can help you, knowing someone can reach out with a selfless hand. Because this always works both ways. Today you help someone, tomorrow someone helps you. That is the beauty of community, that is the beauty of being ordinary, of not being painted, of not pushing people away. Because in nature, strong colors are a warning of danger. Fish, reptiles, they use colors to show they are poisonous. And people who paint their bones in such shades show the same. Their pose, their demands, their rejection - depending on the color. But why dwell on it if it does not concern us? What matters is beauty. Because it is something exceptional, something wonderful, something that fills the soul, that gladdens the heart and the eyes. And beauty is found in what is natural. Because beauty comes from nature and will remain nature. So let's stay that way too. Let's stay natural. Let's be beautiful.

temptation at the dinner table

or a hiccup that transports you to another dimension

Sometimes it just happens. A dinner, guests, and we don't know how to behave. We kind of know what's appropriate, but somehow it's not convenient. Somehow, it interferes with our plan. And those portions, who came up with that? They're definitely too small. We'd rather have more, eat two, three times as much. So we pile food onto our plates, taking from our neighbor's dish, paying no mind to the fact that our pants are getting tight. Never mind, we have to eat. We have to stuff ourselves. And we do, until the hiccups come. And they always come. But this isn't just any hiccup. It transports us to another dimension. A dimension without bones. A dimension of imagination. A world of illusions. A state of bewilderment. Because we know that something in this world doesn't add up, but we don't care to figure out what. We'd rather not dig too deep. And we don't. We leave things as they are. Hunger is an enormous force. It detaches us from reality, turns us into machines that chew and hiccup. A vicious cycle. From hunger to hunger, through hunger. And so on, without end. Without fulfillment, without satisfaction, without understanding what life is really about. Because, after all, if there's food, why think? So we eat. And we grow, plunged into our own neglect, our own rejection of what matters. Until we find ourselves on thin ice. Our excess weight doesn't help. It's not hard to imagine what happens next, what role the ice will play. Such is the fate of people. Such is the meaning hidden in the closet. And to top it off, our satisfaction, because surely, there's nothing better than endless eating. Because surely, that's the most beautiful thing the world has to offer. And so it remains. This loop. In our minds. In our souls. A disorder. Similar to anarchy. Where there is no king, and the police are on strike. So people feel untouchable. Such permissiveness. Such degradation. A case of extremes. And it all comes together. This is what modern times teach us, so-called progress, meaning a departure from what is truly important. From caring about growth and healthy nourishment. For the soul. For the heart. It is incredibly important to remember why we live. That we matter. That we are the ones building ourselves. That we give something of ourselves to the world. And we receive something in return. We are part of a spiritual

ecosystem. The world does not insult us. The world is not our enemy. It is an ally. It is help that we can use, in defiance of trends, in defiance of the intention to control us. Because only a free soul is a happy soul. Only understanding fuels us like fossil fuel. It is crucial to remember what is important. To set priorities. To follow them. Not to gorge on junk. Because you are what you eat. And you can eat just anything, or you can eat well. You can mix the two, but the results will be poor. That's why memory matters. That's why the desire to invest in oneself matters. To sometimes sacrifice something. To sometimes give something up. For the good of the whole. For one's own good. That is creative thinking, thinking that gives us wings, that does not weigh us down like sandbags tied to a balloon, that does not force us to put on masks and pretend to be all-knowing. Party, as some call it. That's a real party. And every one of us is a party. We are incredibly important as part of this spiritual condominium, as part of the collective. Because the Spirit of God permeates everything, everything that lives. It pushes us toward life. It nudges us in the right direction. This is not a matter of knowledge or faith, but of experience. The most observant among us can see and feel this movement. Because it can be felt. Because it can be touched. Tasted. And it tastes divine. It is a true joy to live on this earth, to have our time, our freedom of choice. But then, this wisdom, what will we do with it? How will we use it? Will it serve us, or will it harm us? Will it cause hiccups or rhythmic smiles? Satisfaction from the path we have walked? The desire for more experiences? It is beautiful when we can and want to, when we have goodwill toward the world. The world will repay us in kind. What you give, you receive. Karma exists. Everything is cyclical. Nothing rewinds. Everything flows forward. And so do we, as long as we haven't clung to some branch on the shore. As long as we don't convince ourselves that we are above it all, that we are more important than our surroundings. But that's not how it is. First and foremost is the life-giving force that drives all things. We must acknowledge it. We must yield to it. It is the mother-energy. Without it, we cannot walk through life with dry feet. We will drown somewhere in the middle of the lake. Stagnant water does not serve a person. It drowns them. That is why we must seek the current, the living source of life, the living revelation of truth. God, as some call Him. The Creator. The Demiurge. There are many approaches and many starting points, many paths to the goal. But the result is what matters, knowing who we are. A divine fragment, a soul separated from the whole. And it is to the whole that we must return, to oneness. And that is what life looks like, a perpetual search. For this, for that, for the other. For happiness. For family fulfillment. For a career path. There are many roads and motivations, many tables laden with food. But we must remember moderation. Remember boundaries. Restraint. To appreciate what is. To acknowledge what builds us. That is crucial, to be satisfied with ourselves, with the role we fulfill, that we have the opportunity to grow, and we take it. It is a great honor, a great thing, worth repeating endlessly. This ordinariness of ours, another day. It is beautiful to see the light in it, to have control over it. In terms of nourishing our soul, not just what is served at the table. We have no control over that. Fate serves what it serves. The world is what it is. Sometimes it hurts. Sometimes the hiccups don't let up. And yet, we've barely eaten, and still, they appear. We must read the signs. We must recognize the beauty in our journey. That enriches us. Seeing those small buds of happiness. Everything young and just beginning to grow is beautiful, the most beautiful. It moves us. Because it has a whole life ahead of it. We always look at children with longing, remembering what it was like to be

young, knowing that they will live beyond us, that they will see a world we will never know. And so it is with the buds of happiness. The young ones amaze us. Let us collect these moments of the soul's awakening. Gather them and hold them close to our hearts. They add so much to our lives. They ask for nothing, yet give so much. They are the treasure of everyday life. They lift us up, fill us with energy, keep us from being abandoned to fate, left in the middle of the lake, on thin ice. That moment is not now. That loss is not now. We must appreciate the moment. Life is short, after all. We will not live it a second time. We will not rewind to the beginning. Only the here and now remains. And that is what we must care for, nurture, and protect.

the golden log

on the strange behavior of humans

Many people take pride in acting logically. Or at least, they try to. They consider logical actions to be right and proper, without looking at the harm they may cause or the consequences that follow. Logic is the highest value. As long as an idea makes sense, as long as it seems structured, nothing else matters. But then, there are the consequences. Not everything that appears good and reasonable will actually be beneficial. Not everything we would stake our hand on will leave us with both hands intact. That's how this world is built. And those obstacles we encounter, especially the golden ones. They shine, they sparkle, they radiate. They catch our attention. And when something captivates us, it's as if an error sneaks into our calculations. Something doesn't quite add up. Our logic favors what glitters. It leans toward the golden side. And what follows? Consequences. They always catch up to us. They always bite us. Even if the log is made of gold. Especially then. That's how this world is programmed. And so is modern humanity. Even when faced with the consequences, people blame external factors. That it was just an accident. That something toppled over when it shouldn't have. They never see that it was the golden log, the one they embraced, the one they admired. That's how it works. You could even say it's an addiction. The collapse of losing. The avalanche of falling. And the echoes last long after. Yet we provoke it. Nothing happens by itself. We invite golden logs into our lives. We crave their presence. They bring us joy, even when they make us stumble. They attract us. And so the cycle continues. This is how we build ourselves, or at least, that's what we think. That even if we fail, there's still a silver lining, because the log was golden. It's the blindness of obsession. The rejection of true reason. We claim to be logical. Or so we think. But that's just it, our mind deceives us. The mind is not always our ally. That's why we have a soul and a heart. The heart is the mind of the soul. And that is precisely why we must use it. We must learn to feel, to experience, to act with reason on a spiritual level. That is what truly builds us. The heart is not greedy for gold. It functions differently from our mind. It gives good counsel. It doesn't deceive. It doesn't cheat. It doesn't turn everything upside down. And that is good. Everyone has this ability, to understand life on a spiritual level. But we must be aware of it. We must practice it. Train ourselves in feeling, in perceiving life through our heart. It must become second nature. At first, we will have to remind ourselves, not the mind, follow the heart. But over

time, we will learn to silence the mind. To quiet the constant chatter. Because the mind, left unchecked, never stops talking. It babbles nonsense, drowning out the voice of the heart. That's just how it is. The mind does it deliberately. It destroys. It doesn't try to help. It behaves like a spoiled child, always seeking attention, demanding that we focus on it, stay with it. That's the nature of our mind. That's how it operates, and it repeats the cycle over and over. That's why we must recognize obstacles with our hearts, especially the golden ones. There is no other way. Otherwise, we will only stumble. And in truth, we don't need much to be happy. A clear mind. A disciplined state of being. Because let's not fool ourselves, this isn't something that happens in a week or two. We must practice. We must meditate. We must learn to quiet the mind, to gain control over it. So that it serves us, rather than the other way around. So that it follows our commands, instead of leading us astray. And so that we don't lose ourselves. So that we don't regret. We have our hearts. Let's focus on them. On the inner voice that recognizes what is good and what is harmful. This is a great gift, to have such guidance. To develop it. To embrace it. Because we will never regret it. It will improve our lives. All our problems arise in the mind. Because we have unresolved matters with it. We must take action. We cannot sit idly by. We must remember. And follow the rules. The first rule is honesty. We must be absolutely honest with ourselves. The second is pure intention. We must know that we quiet the mind for our own good. The third is patience. We must have immense patience and give ourselves time. We cannot rush. We cannot criticize or break down when the mind resists, when it fights to prove its importance. We must remain calm. Because only peace can create peace. We won't win through force or fear. We need grace. A steady commitment. The right balance. The mind must be given a new function. We must teach it to control, to guard. To ensure that nothing harmful enters our actions. So that we remain pure in heart. This is a beautiful practice, and it always works. It elevates us to a higher level. Because we are not meant to disconnect from the mind and abandon it entirely. No. We must teach it to cooperate with the heart. To take on a new role, supportive rather than dominant. And it will work. It will build us anew. One day, we will be proud of ourselves. Proud that we did it. That we succeeded. It gives us wings. And that is right. And maybe you are wondering, why? After all these years of trusting the mind, of treating it as a best friend, why should I now detach from it? Well, I've already answered that. We must regain control of the mind. Because right now, it controls us. We are mere messengers at its command. It rules over us, convincing us that everything is fine because it operates logically. But there is no true logic in that. It doesn't warn us about the golden logs. Instead, it falls into them with premeditation. It trips, then delights in the glow of gold. That's how it is. That's how it works. And this is not a test. There is no deadline. No grades will be given. The only thing that matters is regaining control, for our own sake. That's the entire point of this effort. And it isn't even a great burden. It doesn't ask much of us. Only awareness and consistency. Even reading these words brings realization. The next step is applying them to yourself. It will be worth it. It will bring results. I promise. If you do what is needed. If you don't trip over your own mind. If you don't give up. Because the truth is simple. It's either you or the mind. There can be only one master. Right now, that master is not you. But you can change that. You can return to the right path. Just like in childhood, when you felt more, experienced more. It's only with time that the mind takes over. It calculates. And the way we are taught to think, especially in school, reinforces this process.

But this isn't about blaming anyone. What's done is done. The past is dead. We only have the present moment. Let's use it fully. Let's prove that we are in control. That the mind is simply one of our tools, helping us live consciously and fully experience life. This is crucial. To know where everything belongs. What sits on which shelf. What carries what weight. This helps us navigate the world. Understand others. Anticipate their steps, not through logic, but through feeling. Logic cannot do that. And that's how it should be. So let's focus on organizing ourselves. On becoming conscious beings. Feeling beings. Who follow the heart. Not so-called logic. Because logic misleads. It fails. It is artificial. False. Implanted and unreliable. But the heart, it gives certainty. A guarantee. A promise that never fails. Let's use it. Let's rejoice in the systems God has given us. Because that is the point. We can live a life of the mind or a life of the spirit. Which one brings happiness? I think the answer is clear. And so I leave you with that.

the element of one shoe

on the sense of lack

Sometimes we feel as if we have only one shoe. A certain lack, a misalignment. Others have both shoes. They are normal. They blend in. But we are different. The question is, should we really miss that second shoe? Sure, walking is easier with two. But maybe we should just take off the one we have and walk barefoot. Maybe that's better than endlessly searching for another shoe - one that fits perfectly, the same size, the same color. Perhaps barefoot is the way. But how will the world see us then? As eccentrics? Probably. That's likely. The real question is whether we are ready for that. Can we handle the social pressure, the mockery, the curious glances? Look at that weirdo. Yes, these are the choices we face. What do we do with one shoe on our foot, when the other is missing? And it happens, all the time. We experience it. We struggle with it. The dilemmas of fitting in, the weight of social influence, the judgment of others. And when it comes to judgment, the best thing is to stay away from it. That we will be judged is inevitable. But we don't have to judge in return. We don't have to create pressure, to contribute to mockery, to point fingers. It serves no purpose, it only corrodes us from within. Living without judgment is an incredible relief. If you stop judging others, you will also stop judging yourself. And that brings true comfort, true ease. To be free from your own criticism, the same criticism that torments you, that constantly whispers what is missing, what is wrong, what should be changed. We silence the inner critic if we walk this path. Even with just one shoe. It stops bothering us. So what if we have only one? So what if it doesn't match? Another might turn up, or maybe not. And if the one we have falls apart, we'll toss it away without regret. Because we can. Because we must. That is how it works. Our misalignment, our uniqueness. We don't have to be prisoners of our own criticism, our own calculations, our own supposed limitations. We can exist and grow on our own terms, according to our own will. Because we are the ones shaping ourselves. Sometimes it will be easier, sometimes harder, but we have the power to decide. And we must be conscious of this act of creation. Because we sculpt ourselves like a work of art. It is

up to us what style it will take, what details and attributes it will carry, what will suit us, what will feel right, what will bring us joy. In these matters, we cannot rely on others. The world around us should not shape us. Fitting in is not the measure of happiness. That's not how it works. The perfect, polished, brand-name shoes won't bring you fulfillment. Even if they match someone else's - someone you admire, someone who impresses you. Imitation leads nowhere. But shaping yourself does. Just like with that one shoe. Just like with the challenges we face. We can turn them into something valuable. A lack can inspire. It fuels creativity, sparks imagination. It becomes fertile ground for growth. We can build our motivation upon what we lack and create something beautiful, something unique. We can become the architects of a great life performance. The performance of one shoe. Use it as an asset. Flip the script. Realize that not everything has to be perfect, aligned, or symmetrical. There is another way. And if your heart tells you it's the right path, then why not? Why not stay true to your own beliefs? You can. You should. The truth is, not many people walk around with just one shoe. The question is, are you one of them? Do you see the gaps, the misfits? Do you feel the need to create yourself anew? Not everyone is ready for that. Many prefer to remain copies, molded by their surroundings, puppets of society, shaped by external expectations. And for some, that is fine. It's safe. It ensures a stable job, vacations under palm trees, a nice family life. Just ordinary, brand-name shoes. But some people aren't satisfied with that. It's not enough for them. They feel like they have only one shoe. Or rather, at least one shoe. I took mine off. But you can do as you feel. As seems right. As is expected. But what is truly expected? Is conformity really an obligation? Must we submit to it? Everything depends on the vision of the artist, the creator of the self. There is only one catch, taking off both shoes and tossing them away completely never ends well. That's the real issue. This is a lesson for those with one shoe, not for those with two. If you already have both, stay as you are. Otherwise, you might hurt yourself. Otherwise, you might make a mistake you'll regret. Trying to make yourself exceptional when you are not will bring only harm. If you don't feel it in your soul, if it's not in your nature, forcing it is dangerous. It's just jumping from one extreme to another. Either pristine, expensive shoes—or none at all. And the cycle repeats. You will always feel like you're missing something. Always dissatisfied, despite your efforts, despite the struggles and setbacks. That's how it is. It may seem like you're doing the same thing as someone with one shoe, but the effect will be different. Different from the state reached by the one who simply removed a single shoe. Such are the consequences of changing yourself for the sake of it. Or rather, such are the consequences of fashion. The fashion of walking barefoot. The fashion of wearing the most expensive, most colorful, most waterproof shoes. Examples are endless. These aren't theories. This comes from practice. From real life, from real dilemmas. The shaping of oneself and the influence of society. It has always been this way. And it always will be. Because human nature does not change in a generation or two. Or even in ten. Maybe the times are different, but the way we think, the pressures we face, remain constant. A person today is not so different from one who walked the earth three thousand years ago. Maybe they had different tasks, maybe they had different opportunities for personal growth, maybe they had expensive hobbies, but beneath it all, nothing has changed. Shoes are still just shoes, whether they are sandals or boots. They serve the same function. They stay with us. We use them as best we can, without gratitude, without appreciation. We expect them to serve us,

nothing more. That is natural to us. And they do, one way or another. Though not always to our benefit. Because heavy shoes suffocate the skin. If they are made of too many artificial materials. If they don't fit, they pinch and blister. It all depends. There are as many shoes as there are people. As many dreams of new ones, better ones, more interesting ones. As many attempts to stretch, to compare them with the shoes of others. But I don't encourage that. It doesn't matter whether you walk barefoot or in shoes that bite. Or maybe you have shoes that are incredibly comfortable. It makes no difference. Don't judge. Don't demand. Don't set expectations. That is a different approach from the modern Western mindset, where shoes must always be perfect, constantly replaced by newer and better ones. I don't believe that. I don't think life should be about working and striving for better shoes. You won't find happiness in shoes. They do not bring fulfillment. They can try to convince you otherwise, but they won't fool your heart. Because the heart is honest. It doesn't pretend. It doesn't twist the truth. It knows what strengthens it. What gives it air - clean and refreshing. That's why those with one shoe should listen to their hearts. What does it say? To take it off? To find another? To complete the missing piece? Or perhaps this puzzle was never meant to be solved? Perhaps comfort is overrated. Only you can answer that question. It is a matter of freedom. A matter of true reason. The voice of the soul. The decision of the heart. They should be our guides. They should drive us forward. Not hunger. Not pressure. Not conformity. Not the glorification of illusion. But the truth. However inconvenient it may be. The question is whether we are ready to accept it. Whether we will simply shrug it off. Or whether we will choose differently. Or perhaps we will remain forever in one shoe, changing nothing. The decision is yours. The decision of the creator. And what will the creation look like? Will it want to live? Will it thank the creator for bringing it into being? Because one must thank oneself. If there is a reason to. And there should be. There must be. Without reasons, there are no smiles. And without smiles, there is only a heap of sins.

how to ask for life

a few words about action

Sometimes it feels like we're standing still, stuck in place. As if every day blends into the next, a monotonous repetition that brings no joy. That's exactly the issue. We must find joy in life. And how do we do that? By shifting gears, pushing forward. We must ask ourselves for life, make that request real. Life must be stirred into action. How? Through deeds. Only our actions can awaken life, make us part of it instead of standing idly by. Standing still can sometimes feel comfortable, even convenient. We may get used to the monotony, letting laziness make it acceptable. Or we resent it, feeling frustrated with ourselves, unsure of how to react, what to change, or if change is even worth the risk. What if things get worse? What if it's not worth it? The mind floods us with doubts. But the truth is simple: if you have become stagnant, move. And move through action. There are many ways to stimulate life, but they all have one thing in common - engagement. We must dedicate ourselves to

something that builds us up, that brings us joy. It could be a hobby, an inspiring book, but the most effective way is to help others. Engaging in the care of the elderly, supporting the sick, getting involved in the community. Doing good for others is doing good for ourselves. It brings immense vitality. Giving a part of ourselves, our time, our effort, bears beautiful fruit. It might leave us physically exhausted, put us in uncomfortable situations, but we will endure them lightly. Because helping others fills us with warmth. It adds joy, reveals joy. It is easy to fall into repetitive routines, to live by a mechanical script. But breaking free from that, stepping outside the expected, allows us to see the truth. To experience it through another person, in the freshness of a moment, in a rhythm that isn't always structured. Beauty exists outside the margins, beyond the well-worn paths we call security. We chase after this security, work relentlessly to achieve it, only to realize that, once attained, it suffocates us with predictability. That is the paradox. The cycle. But we don't have to be prisoners of it. We can find balance - stepping out of the safe zone, giving something to the world, and receiving something in return. Compassion pays off. Human connection enriches us. There is no point in waiting, in debating whether it's the right time. We must act. We must take the first step, not wait to be invited, not wait for desperation to make us useful. We must go out into the world, offer help, offer time. Sometimes all it takes is listening to someone's story, helping with groceries, or cleaning an elderly woman's apartment. Small acts, but they bring immense rewards. These are the deeds that spark life within us, that leave smiles in our hearts, that shape us. If they did not, the heart would be made of waste. But it isn't. In most of us, it works just as it should. And for most of us, the heart needs action to awaken. Spending time with children, with animals, with nature also brings renewal. We should not trap ourselves in office buildings, drowning in overtime just to afford a new dress or a fancier vacation. We must care for ourselves, remember that our hearts need stimulation. Joy does not come from nowhere - it must be nurtured, cultivated. And a mechanical life does not nurture it. It does not bring meaning. And meaning - ah, we convince ourselves that work gives life meaning, that maintaining a household is the essence of our existence. The endless cycle of cleaning, cooking, organizing. Of course, certain duties are necessary. We must earn a living, we must maintain a home. But work and home cannot be the meaning of life. Not if we want a fulfilling life. We must remember our families, our friends. We must give them our time, our energy, our attention. It is not enough to ask How are you? We must truly care about the answer. What are their struggles? What last brought them joy? Have they recently achieved something they're proud of? The people in our lives must matter to us, because that is the real essence of daily life - being present for others. And our children. Life is not about instructing them to clean, to do their homework, to practice piano for another hour. We must live with our children, talk to them, understand them, earn their trust. They must feel safe confiding in us, believing that we will understand. That kind of relationship takes time and sacrifice. We must give ourselves to others, share pieces of ourselves. These small gestures, which are really not so small, are the very actions I speak of - the ones that move us forward, that bring life alive within us. Because there is nothing more beautiful than seeing a loved one smile. And nothing worse than retreating into bitterness, thinking only about how broken and cruel the world is. Yes, it is true that much depends on our outlook. We can approach life with a smile, or we can walk through it carrying the heavy burden of cynicism. The critic sees only flaws, refuses to understand,

claims to already know everything. Nothing excites him, because he is too serious. So unbearably serious. People like this forget what joy feels like. They remain stuck. Bitterness does not propel us forward; it binds us to the ground. And we can choose differently. We can choose something better. To open ourselves to the world, to others. To give them our time. Because that time will return to us, multiplied. These moments, these connections, remind us that we are needed. That our presence brings someone happiness. These are important things - things that cannot be ignored or dismissed. Yet, they are rarely spoken about. The media does not highlight them, or if it does, only briefly. It does not celebrate kindness, only disaster. Tragedy sells. Fires, accidents, destruction. There is not enough of the positive. The uplifting. The motivational. And yet, human beings do not thrive on a diet of fear. A dark world breeds more darkness. What we truly need is peace. Connection. Giving of ourselves. Offering our time. Because that is what comes back to us. That is what builds us. That is what lets the soul breathe. These are the acts that propel us into life. These are the acts that give life meaning. Not everyone is meant to lead a country, or become a great artist. But everyone has the power to change the world immediately around them. To improve it through engagement, through kindness, through service. We can all help another person. That is within our reach. And that is enough. This is the foundation. It shapes us. It brings joy. And let it stay that way. We now know the secret. The secret of action that draws us into life. So let us ask for life through action. Ask for growth. For fulfillment. And let us carry out the responsibilities we place upon ourselves, not the trivial ones, not the spotless windows that do not matter, but the duty of truly caring about another person. Not just small talk for the sake of politeness, but real, genuine engagement. We will feel the difference. We will sense a new meaning, a shift, an impact. The flow of positive energy. It is worth it. It deserves our effort. It deserves our attention and our commitment. So let us go. And let us move forward. Let us exist fully. And embrace the unknown. A mechanical life will never bring us happiness. But helping another person - that will. It will free us from the margins. It will nourish the starving soul. And that is how it should be. And that is worth it. And that is meaningful. Because every one of us deserves meaning. Because every one of us, with meaning, will feel truly alive.

the exam of awareness

a few words about opportunities

What kind of life do we choose? What kind of life is destined for us? Or maybe it all depends on whether we pass the exam. The exam of awareness. Before we pass it, we are merely students, growing into the ability to take the test, collecting experiences, gathering lessons. But the truth is, most of us are slackers. We don't care about living consciously. We don't want to see things as they really are. It doesn't concern us. We prefer our bubble, our illusion. We don't care that the bubble will eventually burst, leaving nothing behind. Awareness of collapse, awareness of impermanence - these things remain foreign to us. Because why bother? Who needs that? Awareness seems unappealing. No one advertises it.

No one tells us that it is a gateway to a fuller life. If someone promised that awareness would bring thrilling emotions, new sensations, a rush of adrenaline, everyone would chase it. But no, awareness does not guarantee cosmic experiences or visions. Instead, it offers peace and joy in every moment, because we understand that each moment is fleeting and unrepeatable. The transience of time - it should be obvious, yet it isn't. We live as if we were immortal, as if we were gods of Olympus or Titans of old. And we can. No one forbids us. But we can also choose to learn, to explore, to prepare for the exam. The exam of awareness. But who will conduct it? Our soul. To rise to a higher level, to truly understand ourselves, our need for growth, we must pass the test. We are both the examiners and the examined. Everything revolves around our way of seeing, perceiving, and understanding. How we interpret the world, how we treat ourselves. And the truth is, we treat ourselves poorly. Most of us do. We don't respect ourselves. We exploit, criticize, and belittle ourselves. Love for ourselves has been lost somewhere, abandoned in a ditch. Instead, we chase after shiny trinkets and expensive cars. We want brand-name clothes, high-paying jobs. That's all that matters. That's all we care about. And our soul? What soul? We don't see it, so why bother caring for it? And so, we delay our exam of awareness indefinitely. We prefer illusion. A paper-thin existence. It's easier that way. It's safer. No change required. And that's another interesting thing - we call the familiar "safe," even when it suffocates us. We convince ourselves that change is a threat, even as we wither away in this supposed safety. We starve our souls, but at least we know what to expect. Change, after all, might bring something worse. That's how we rationalize it. But we must recognize the truth: it cannot get worse. We are living in a swamp, and we will perish in it unless we reach for the hand of awareness. That is what truly matters. Only a conscious life is worth living. That is how it is, and that is how it will always be. Awareness of real beauty. Awareness of real value. Of virtue and forgiveness. Of our strength and wisdom. Of how to live. How not to waste time. How to respect what surrounds us, from our own being to the natural world. Everything exists for us - not for mindless consumption and disposal, but for understanding and appreciation. For experiencing life with reverence. That is how life pulses, how life smiles at us. We must only notice that smile. Without awareness, we remain blind. Without passing the exam, we will always be slackers. Talented, but lazy. That's what they'll write on your tombstone. On the grave of your soul. This is how it works, and it will not change. Because it has been this way for thousands of years. Awareness has always played the greatest role in human development. Only a conscious person can be truly happy. Only a conscious person does not fear death. They rejoice in life, and they will rejoice in death, because they embrace all that happens with open arms. They welcome it with a smile. That is possible. That is necessary. That is how you should be. That is how we all should be. Each of us is meant for this, chosen and invited to expand our perception, to feel life, to witness the soul's smile. And the soul only smiles when we know what we are and who we are. When we understand what a gift life is. When we make use of our time on Earth. That is what truly matters. To avoid a mechanical existence. A repetitive cycle that gives nothing but takes everything. The life of an emotional troublemaker. We've seen it before. And whom do we trust? Because without trust, there is no life. But people deceive and exploit, you might think. So whom should I trust? The answer is simple - everyone. Always. Lack of trust leads to endless calculations, endless doubts, endless second-guessing. But life is not about weighing and measuring. Life

is about something deeper. Something that touches and moves the soul. Life is about the manifestation of a truly living heart. A heart that trusts, appreciates, and loves, even when, in a rational sense, it loses something. Even when it misses a so-called “opportunity” to get its way. But what does our way even mean? That brings us back to the question: Who are we? What do we truly seek? What defines us? Profit? The desire to impress others? Social status? Religious devotion? All of these things build only walls. And on the other side of that wall is awareness. And now we must decide, should we try to climb over, or dig underneath? Neither. The answer is to dismantle the wall, brick by brick. Patience will be necessary. Patience with ourselves. Determination will be necessary. Determination to understand why we are doing this. To resist harmful whispers. To rise and see the world anew. To settle into it, to delight in what it offers. To perceive and feel with awareness. To achieve true understanding - of our own soul. To care for it. To nourish it. That is where our focus should be. Should we celebrate this realization? Not necessarily. This is not about forced optimism, about pretending everything is wonderful, about painting the world in soft colors. Awareness is about seeing things as they truly are, not about repainting what already has its own hue. So no, awareness won't make you crazy. Quite the opposite. Awareness will ensure that you are no longer crazy. Because right now, you are. You are someone who sees the world through the lens of self-interest. Someone who constantly asks What's in it for me? But what kind of life is that? It's an illusion. A vampire's existence. Hollow. Unconscious. And yet, we can choose differently. We can understand and rejoice in that understanding. We can see and be grateful for the sight. No one forbids us from doing so. We are our own brakes. But our hand rests on the lever. We can release the brake and move forward. We can pass the exam. And what joy it will be when we finally understand. That we are alive. That we desire. That we are capable. And may it remain that way. Let us live consciously. Let us desire with awareness. And let us learn to thank awareness itself. Gratitude will flow from a loving heart. It will uplift us. It will soothe us. And may it endure. We will thank ourselves when we finally see that it was all worth it. That awareness is what opens our eyes, what enriches the soul. Because that is the truth. That is how this world works. There are the aware, and the unaware. The unaware hurt. The aware give thanks. The unaware lose. The aware do not compete. The unaware refuse to learn. The aware are the lesson. And for that kind of life, it is worth striving. It is worth wanting. It is worth understanding. To live beautifully. Fully. Consciously. Because that is the essence of being human. That is what will make you real. Whole. Radiant. Divine.

less means more

a few words about overload

The modern world glorifies possession. We are taught to take pride in what we own, in what we can afford, in what we buy. It fuels the economy, it looks good, it presents well. New things improve our mood, but only for a short while. We don't know how to truly enjoy what we already have. A purchase brings a day of excitement, and then we return to monotony,

feeling the need to acquire something new once again. It works like a drug, and the world encourages it. This is life - consumption without limits, without reason, without true enjoyment. Pleasure is meant to be fleeting and expensive. After all, nothing compares to premium. Not for everyone - only for the special ones. Because we are exceptional, or so we are told. A marketing trick. You wouldn't admit to being ordinary, to being satisfied with anything less than the best. Or would you? And this is where we step into the real question: what brings happiness, and what only pretends to? What offers a brief thrill in exchange for lasting emptiness? Material possessions are obstacles. They distort happiness, offering cheap substitutes. The more expensive the object, the cheaper the illusion. Modern life encourages disconnection. It wants us in front of screens, addicted to games, scrolling endlessly, shopping online. It isolates us from real experiences, from authentic living. We are meant to be machines - machines that earn money and then machines that spend it. That's the system, and most people fall into it. If a friend has the newest phone, I must have it too. If a cousin wears only designer dresses, I can't be left behind. And the advertisements - celebrities wear it, so it must be in fashion. It's the latest model, so I have to be up to date. Endless tricks from corporate marketing, designed to shape our minds. The modern person thinks about little else - about desires, about chasing, about affording this, about spending on that. Life turns into an accelerating carousel, and when it spins too fast, the outcome isn't pleasant. But it doesn't have to be this way. It can be different. Smarter. What if I told you that real happiness could come from spending money to help someone in need, rather than upgrading to a newer phone? After all, your current one still works and will for years to come. What if I told you that you already own enough clothes to last the next five or seven years? The outfit that looked good on you yesterday will still look good in the future. Don't let them convince you that you must always be trendy, always be exclusive. You are unique without this entire spectacle of exclusivity. What matters is what's in your heart, what drives you, what you strive for, what values you hold. Because in the end, happiness is what truly matters. Less means more. It means ease. You don't have to spend time deciding what to wear when you own only a few good outfits. Clothes can be washed, and they'll be as good as new. Wardrobes need to breathe too - let them. And the same applies to everything else. Why own multiple cars, the latest gadgets, unnecessary distractions? Don't disguise addiction as a hobby. True hobbies are creative. Being absorbed in technology, television, or endless scrolling is not a hobby - it's a way to waste time. But no one will stop you. It's your choice. You can create something meaningful or kill time with cheap entertainment. Because all forms of "entertainment" that claim to distract you are, by nature, cheap - of little value, lightweight, designed for anyone to consume easily. And the more we immerse ourselves in consumption, the more we become just anyone, ordinary, replaceable, despite being sold the illusion of uniqueness. They tell us the more we own, the more we are worth. But the truth is the opposite. The less you own, the lighter you are. This rule always proves true. People who are not attached to materialistic demands walk through life with a smile. They do not fear loss because they have little to lose. They do not stress over what they need because they need very little. Humans, by nature, are not demanding creatures. When you truly understand yourself, you'll see that you don't actually need much. It is you, and only you, who creates new needs, feeding off the dialogue between corporations. Who offers more? Who sells cheaper? Who makes it more convenient? But not for you. Understand that

this world is not designed for your benefit. It does not exist so that you can live freely. It exists so that you run in circles, earning and spending, exhausting yourself. You don't have to be a submissive sheep, following the herd just to be accepted, just to fit in, just to wear the right shoes in the right social group. That is not where happiness is. Understanding true freedom is what brings happiness. And freedom is not the ability to do whatever you want. Freedom is always freedom from something. I am free from cravings. I am free from consumer-driven thinking. I am free from looking down on others. I am free from criticizing myself and those around me. That is real freedom. But the world teaches the opposite. The world says, You are free, so choose this, buy that, follow this trend. No, that's not how freedom works. True freedom is not needing to do any of those things. You are free, so you don't have to follow the next demand. The salesperson doesn't encourage you out of concern for your well-being. They do it for their commission. Everywhere, it's about profit, not people. They manufacture needs, dress them up in attractive packaging. But the truth is simple - these needs are artificial. Fabricated. Imaginary. False. Having less makes you lighter. It makes you realize that you don't have to do anything. It's not laziness - it's liberation. To be free from what they offer, from what they impose. Brainwashing is not for the wise. The wise choose differently. Everyone has been misled at some point. Everyone has been caught in the trap. But we can change our perspective. We can shift our approach. We can become wise. Walk through life with a light backpack, unburdened, and actually enjoy living. That kind of life is worth fighting for. That kind of freedom is worth smiling about. A life free from unnecessary burdens. Free from debt, endless shopping lists, expensive vacation plans made just to impress others. The constant cycle of earn, spend, show off, acquire more - it leads nowhere. It does not bring joy. And we must remember the oldest truth: happiness is linked to freedom. Freedom from, not freedom to. So let's be free. Let's strive for it. Let's avoid temptation. Let's not be convinced that the world knows better. It does not. The truth is in simplicity. The truth is in understanding what is truly valuable. What sets us free, and what shackles us. What liberates us, and what numbs us like an addiction. It is essential to see the world clearly, to make reality our ally. That brings relief. That brings joy. When we find happiness in small things - in conversation, in walking the dog, in taking a child to preschool, in watching a falling leaf, in seeing a flower bloom. Everything around us can lift our spirit if we don't drown it out with cravings. Because everything is beautiful. Everything inspires. But we fail to see it. We are too consumed by wants, too lost in expectations. That is not where joy is. That is not where fulfillment lies. Desires and expectations are like mud. They may make the skin smoother, but they erase the smile. They steal joy. Let's leave the mud for those who crave it, who feed off it. And let us, the wise, nourish ourselves with what truly brings happiness, fulfillment, and peace. In simplicity. In lightness. Because less means more.

the functions of a green watch

something about purpose

Let's go back to my green watch. I wear it every day. You might think that means it's useful. But let me remind you - it doesn't show the correct time. It's free from the burden of being practical. So maybe it's exceptionally beautiful, expensive, made from the finest materials? No, I'll disappoint you again. It's one of the cheapest watches, made of plastic and rubber. Then why do I wear it, you ask? Because it reminds me that a person, just like that watch, has only one function. A fundamental one. To be oneself. The watch only has to remain green. Nothing more. It doesn't need to prove it can keep time accurately. It doesn't need to convince anyone that it is better than the rest. It simply is, just like every one of us. It was created green, and green it will remain - until it is discarded or burned. But in all that time, it is true to itself. And that is what inspires me. That is what I admire in people who are like that green watch. People who do not feel the need to prove their worth through achievements. Of course, there are also those who, without accomplishments, feel incomplete. Can they be judged for that? That's not for me to say. I have chosen the path of the green watch - one that doesn't serve an important function, one that simply exists in its natural state. And that is enough. I rejoice in the color I radiate. So should you. It frees you. It lifts burdens when you realize that you don't have to do anything, that nothing is more important than simply being yourself. But then comes the question - what does it mean to be yourself? A person is created for love. That is our default setting. That is where we begin. A child smiles at a parent, wants to be held, wants to give a kiss, craves closeness and warmth. That is how we were made. That is our original state. And yet, as the years pass, we often forget it. We push it aside, make it seem less important - at least in our own perception. But that should never happen. Because this is what it means to be yourself. Nothing else. Pure love. Pure kindness. Helping others. Creating. Finding joy in every day. That is the state we must return to - as if resetting to factory settings. A person must stop, take a step back, discard all the so-called important functions, degrade them to the bottom of the list, and move authenticity to the top. To remain true. To live in harmony with the world - not the world of human games, but the world as it truly is. That is what brings peace. That is what brings clarity. Just like my watch - its only purpose is to be green. That is all it has. That is all it holds onto. And you should hold onto the color of love. That is the true purpose of a person. People search for meaning, for the task God has given them, for something they were meant to do. They believe it's running a business, being a manager, a milkman, a teacher, a road worker. But purpose has nothing to do with a profession. Our true purpose is to love. And when we love, those close to us will return that love. Because love creates love. And even if they don't, even if someone turns away from us, we must keep loving. Them and everyone else. The world around us. Because we are not slaves to our spouse, our parents, or anyone else. If your wife betrays you despite your efforts, that doesn't mean you've lost at life. Life continues. The journey does not end. Maybe she was not the right person. Maybe she wasn't ready to be a wife or a mother. These things happen. It's nothing terrible. That's just life. Many people get lost in the world, tangled in their own complications, in the chaos they create for themselves. But love untangles everything. When

we love, the puzzle solves itself. We don't need to think too much - our heart does the thinking for us. And that is enough. That solves everything. There is no need to impress anyone, no need to prove anything. Just be. Give people your time. Surround them with kindness. Trust them. Want to embrace them, and be someone who embraces. That is a great gift. A gift waiting for us. We once had it in unlimited supply - when we were children. We must return to that divine blessing. To that blessed state of human simplicity. Because simplicity grows and bears the most beautiful fruit. Because that is our purpose. That is the truth. That is what brightens our face and our soul. That is what makes us happy. Why are Buddhist monks, Catholic Capuchins, and Dominican friars always smiling? Why do they radiate such simplicity and joy? Because they know this rule: Love, and do what you will. And they live by it. And they draw from life. They live like children, yet they are not children. They have their duties, of course. But they fulfill them with a smile because they see that their work helps others, that it serves a greater good. They are not selfish. And children, by nature, are not selfish either. They share what they have - especially the youngest ones. But as we grow older, things change. Just as they did for us. Just as they do for much of the world. A world that encourages separation. That pushes the idea of mine and yours. Don't touch what's mine, but I'll take what's yours. Strange, unnatural behaviors. Dehumanization. A happy person must stop and return - to childhood, to a time when they were like my green watch. When color was enough. Being oneself is a beautiful skill. Unfortunately, we must re-learn it, because most of us have already forgotten. Compassion helps in this process. Without compassion, we will never understand the world. Because when someone deceives, manipulates, and gets away with it, it tempts us to do the same. When someone disrespects or insults us, it makes us want to strike back. And that is what happens - unless we have compassion. We must have compassion for those who have lost their way. For the blind and the foolish. Compassion is the first step toward renewal, toward becoming ourselves. It is a clear boundary - the division between those who criticize and those who show understanding. A vast gap separates them. A lot happens on either side. But the important thing is to stand on the right one. Once you embrace compassion, the rest is easy. The world no longer corrupts you. In silence and peace, you can step back into the innocence of childhood. You can try again, and rediscover the joy of a smile. It is beautiful, and it gives so much. It is not an act, not a mask. And speaking of masks - they burn well. I encourage you to use them as kindling. They serve no better purpose. Throw away the masks you have worn, and become yourself. No one else. Nothing more. It is an indescribable relief when all the burdens fall away. When all the pressure dissolves. What remains is pure, primal energy. The energy of love. The energy of compassion. And only in that state can you truly understand the world. Only in that state will you know your purpose. And you will fulfill it. And you will become useful to God. You will become His person on Earth. Without schemes. Without ambitions. Without selfish desires, without manipulation, without needing to have things your way. A child does not scheme. At least, not until the world corrupts it. But we are wiser than the world. At least if we listen to our hearts. Because all wisdom, all divine inspiration, is already in each of our hearts. The only question is - do we listen? Not everyone is content with simply being. Being someone ordinary. Joyful. Happy. Many choose to be somebody. Busy. Overworked. Frustrated. Because they can. Because they want to. And now, what do you want? Answer that for yourself. And listen to what your heart has to say.

Listen to its song. To its soothing music. It is honey for the soul. Because it is the voice of the soul. And it does not speak to itself. It speaks to you. Because it wants good for you. The soul wants you to be happy. That is when it flourishes. That is when it reveals the meaning of life. If you ask what the meaning of life is, you are already lost. If you believe your purpose is wealth, status, or recognition, you are lost. Life is already yours. Many years ahead. The question is - who are you? And are you truly yourself? Have you found your self? Because self is not ego. Self is simplicity. Self is love, expecting nothing, forgiving everything. Because it rejoices in life. Because it lives. Because it is.

the weakest link

something about practice

Human beings are not perfect. Even those who dedicate themselves to practice, who meditate daily and work on themselves, still have weaknesses. Everyone has a weaker side. The first and most important task is self-examination. We must understand ourselves, be aware of our flaws, recognize our weak link. And once we know what it is, there is only one thing left - work, work, and more work. Accompanied by learning. The goal is not to be perfect, divine, or flawless, but to be conscious. To be shaped by hours of practice - on ourselves, on refining our nature. Because human nature can sometimes be deceptive, lazy, or overly demanding. We weren't born this way. We acquired these tendencies over time, and now they feel like second nature. That is why we must practice wisdom and understanding. That is why we must meditate, cleanse ourselves. Meditation is nothing more than purification. Like shutting down unnecessary programs on a computer that consume too much memory. It works the same way. We disconnect thought loops, worries, disappointments. We clear the mind. And that is incredibly useful. Without a clear mind, we cannot truly know ourselves. Without a clear mind, we cannot understand our weaknesses. And that understanding is crucial. We must work on ourselves, knowing that we are not a finished product. Many older people fall into this trap, believing they know everything, have seen everything, and need nothing more. They consider themselves complete. But they are wrong. They stop learning, stop exploring, stop changing. It is a burial before death, a waste of the remaining days. Life is movement, life is dynamic. That is why we cannot remain stagnant. We must flow with life, move with it, stay engaged, observant, ever-learning. Every day is different. Yesterday will not repeat itself today. Maybe the changes will be small, but they will be there. Something will happen, something will provoke or uplift us, sadden us or push us forward. Everything moves. Life is pure dynamism. And where is the place for someone who does not grow? What is the purpose of a person who believes they already know everything? It's a fool's joke. Life is a river, and we must be like that river, flowing, changing, adapting. A person must blend into life, become one with it. There is no this doesn't concern me, I don't care, I live my own life, and the rest is none of my business. That is the wrong approach. It destroys us, clips our wings. And the worst part? We learn these behaviors from others. If someone else does it, why shouldn't I? But life is a gift, and we are inseparably connected to it. That is why everything concerns us. That is why everything

influences us. That is why we must be mindful of our choices. We must be aware of our responsibility, of the consequences. We must be aware of our weaknesses, of that weakest link within us. And just as important - it is essential to collaborate with others, not assume that we can or should do everything alone. Maybe we can, but we don't have to. Cooperation enriches us, builds relationships, strengthens bonds. Even small collaborations nourish the soul. But real relationships are not about authority or superiority. True connection is based on understanding. It is a language of love. Both sides should leave feeling uplifted. It's not about agreeing to something begrudgingly or feeling like we've wasted time on someone else. Time spent on relationships is never wasted - unless it's a toxic one. And toxic connections should be cut off before they even begin. But I am talking about healthy living, because that is what matters. No one is condemned to a toxic life. We always have a choice. We can always change our surroundings, rearrange our world so that we feel comfortable and safe. That is how it should be. That is how it must be. Our weakest link exists and will always exist. But we can strengthen it. Steel is forged in fire. Weak spots can be welded. But the quality of the weld depends on our commitment to practice. We must remember that. We must persist. There is no I tried, but I can't. No I am who I am, I won't change. That is a dangerous mindset. If we recognize that we struggle with being controlling, for example, we cannot just say, That's how I am, take it or leave it. We are who we choose to be. We shape ourselves. Our habits. What we repeat. And as I have said before, we are what we repeat. So let us be mindful of what we repeat. Let us introduce amendments, rewrite old patterns. Only a fool refuses to change. Growth is valuable. Refinement is valuable. It improves our lives. There is a deep satisfaction in knowing we have changed something for the better. It gives us wings. It makes us feel alive, moving forward, not stagnant. And that is a tremendous gift. Another crucial thing to remember - every day is not a copy of the last. A new day is a new life. We must live accordingly. What does that mean? It means we cannot rely on yesterday's methods to face today's challenges. We must remain fresh, open. We must appreciate what comes our way, even difficulties. Because difficult moments shape us, strengthen our minds, challenge us. And that is the beauty of life - new day, new challenge, new solution. We cannot apply old solutions to new problems. That is why we have minds - to be creative, to invent. We must encourage our minds to do just that. Nurture them. It is incredible how much we can influence our minds, how we can draw from them, use them to our advantage. But they must remain fresh, not stuck in repetition. Repetition is easy. It follows the path of least resistance. The simplest route. We do things the same way, and it's done. But life is not about getting things done. A conscious life is about engagement. About not checking off tasks mechanically. About truly understanding, fully experiencing. Each problem is an opportunity to think differently. To motivate someone. To inspire. Not to lecture. Not to criticize. Not to command. But to stimulate thinking. To encourage creativity. That is a truly fulfilling life. A life where we flow. Where we strengthen our weaknesses. Where we nurture relationships. Where we help, not hinder. Where we give thanks, not demand. That is the greatest gift we can bring into life. Practice. Not just meditation, but conscious living. We must practice creative thinking. Practice helping. Practice solving problems. Live by principles, not by rebellion. Because rebellion does not bring happiness. Creativity does. Refinement does. And in refinement, happiness thrives. So let us take hold of that happiness. Use it. A happy person wants. And

we must want to want. It is all connected. Everything matters. Every detail. That is why we must work on ourselves entirely, not just selectively. That is why we must embody wisdom fully. We must approach wisdom as if it were a summer breeze, gently brushing against our faces, leaving behind a sense of fulfillment. That is what we need. That mindset. That life. A life worth living. A life of action. A life of becoming. Because fulfillment is growth. Fulfillment is refinement. It is the endless rediscovery of each new day. It is a repeated smile, with only the reasons changing. Let us repeat our smiles. We are what we repeat. So let us be a smile. Every day.

closer to the sun

the art of brewing

That's how people are - we want. This or that. Quickly or immediately. But is it logical? We pride ourselves on our rationality, convince ourselves that we act with reason, yet this relentless want overshadows everything else. Want becomes the meaning of existence. People want too much - too close, too fast. It's like the sun - if we overdo it, it burns us, harms us. The same goes for our wanting. It clouds our vision, closes all other doors, leaving only one path: I want. I must. I will get. It limits the soul's perception, silences the heart's voice. And no logic will help here, because we want. It's worth asking ourselves whether what we want will truly make us happy. Whether objects, achievements, or opportunities will change our lives, give us more than they take away. Because there lies the essence - acquiring can just as easily mean losing. Possession can strip us of what is truly valuable. It happens so often. We choose to burn under the sun, convincing ourselves that a tan is fashionable. Literally and metaphorically. In all "hot countries," locals avoid the sun, cover their skin, stay indoors during peak heat. But tourists strip down, desperate to "absorb" every ray. And what do they gain? The same goes for our relentless wanting. We are like eternal tourists, blind to the balance of useful versus harmful. Not everything is good. There are two options - something brings more good or more harm. But we don't think that deeply. We don't analyze. We just want, and that's the end of it. Our thinking and feeling stop there. One lack chases another, in a race of crippled ideas. Where do they run? Who knows. But it's crucial to be alert and open. Wanting is a form of closure - closing ourselves off from the world's gifts and fixating on loss. Because we feed a machine, one want birthing ten more. It's a way of life without life. A way of breaking our own legs. And isn't it better to walk? To explore, to try, to taste different options? Or to reject them entirely? When was the last time we had an opportunity and chose not to take it? Think about that. Because we are taught to always take, to seize, to push forward like a raging bull, feeding our greed and stirring chaos. But that does not build a person. True building blocks are peace and silence, calmness - not insatiability. We don't need much. Not every invitation leads to something good. Not every offer is worth taking. The world can be deceptive, mischievous. But we don't have to be. We don't have to fall for its tricks. And here we return to the matter of freedom. Freedom from, not freedom for. Yet we seem to love being shackled to for. We want to decide where and when to be locked up. That is how for works. That is how want

operates. Closer to the sun, always closer. Because that mythical tan awaits. But this doesn't end well. It cannot. This approach has ruined many, yet many others follow a different path. Some do pause before leaping into a trap. Some stop before saying I want. And the choice is ours. Who do we want to be? Those who chase more, faster, or those who seek better, fuller? Because life's fullness awaits us - it invites us. It is found in connection, in growth, in understanding, and most importantly, in helping others. We must help if we wish to be free. Only a prisoner of the mind believes that others do not need help. That they should fend for themselves. A lack of compassion is a terrible disease, far worse than cancer, yet no one speaks of it. The media talks endlessly about those dying from illness, but about this disease - silence. And why? After all, many people with cancer are happy. Fulfilled. Many of them, upon diagnosis, finally realize the value of life. They start living anew. Appreciating. From a logical perspective, cancer is tragic. But for many, it is salvation. A moment of clarity. The terminally ill often undergo transformation. They see life differently. They finally understand what I speak of - how precious every moment is. How crucial the soul is, how important the heart's voice is. Loved ones are treasures. Family and friends are riches to be cherished. Those with serious illnesses know this. They learned it - though the price was high. You could say that death is expensive, but really, death has no cost. It simply is. It arrives. We shift states, like water. Sometimes liquid, sometimes vapor, but always water. We can name it differently, point out differences, but water remains water. The soul remains the soul. That's how it works. You don't need advanced logic or years of study to understand this. Children know it instinctively. But sometimes, we need reminding. We do not die when our bodies perish. We do not vanish into nothingness. We do not disappear because, as Tom Waits once sang, "God's away on business." That's not how it works. God is value. Every soul is value. It lives and does not die. It continues. That is the true essence of life. That is the real essence of growth. I speak so much of growth - but by that, I don't mean memorizing books or acquiring skills. Spiritual growth is the only growth that matters. The only one with high returns. Because it is us. Every language we learn will fade. Every skill we master will be left behind. After death, all that remains is what we carved into our souls. Essence, as my grandfather called it. Because we are essence wrapped in shell. Yet we obsess over the shell. We dress it in fashionable clothes, fill our speech with meaningless chatter. We fail to respect differences, reject opposing views. We refuse to invest time in what truly matters. We criticize. We judge. We crush our so-called enemies. We incite wars. And so it goes. Shell, shell, shell. But what about essence? When will we make time for it? When will we give it attention? Ask a hundred people if they believe in the soul, and ninety-nine will say yes. Most agree on this. But then what? Where does that belief lead? I have a soul - great. End of discussion. But it doesn't work that way. It can't work that way. Essence must be nurtured, cultivated, not abandoned. Not sacrificed for the sake of more, faster, closer to the sun. Where does that path take us? To whom? And why? The study of the soul is not complicated. It is rational and accessible. It is all about our happiness. And here's another question - ask a hundred people if they want to be happy, and all will say yes. Exactly. And if that's the case, then they should nurture their essence, their soul. Because without a developed soul, without tenderness, without love, there is no happiness. That is as obvious as day and night. As simple as the fact that we will die. That our body will perish, but the soul will remain. The ancient Egyptians knew this. The Sumerians, the Chinese, the Incas - all

ancient cultures saw it as obvious. Yet today, some people try to meddle, twist, unscrew the bolts. But a loose wheel won't carry us far - it will steer us straight into a ditch. And that's the key - to ensure that you do not end up in the ditch. Because people in the ditch are not happy. People in the ditch are consumed by envy. They want too much, too fast. And the sun burns. And it scorches. And it dries them out. So do not be a tourist. A lifelong vacationer, wandering aimlessly. Be a local. Someone close to people. Someone close to their own heart and soul. Someone who knows what they truly want. Someone who desires happiness and actively works for it - not by chasing more, but by growing, not by withering away. That is my wish for you all. And I truly believe that each of you can achieve this state of peace and fulfillment.

on this sharpness

the theory of the middle, without the theory

That's how choices work. Once we make one, we remember it and repeat it. We take a side, defend it, and build opinions that become part of our identity, making us predictable and stale. Just like with food - some prefer spicy, others bland. And we stand by our preferences, convinced they are right. But are they? How can a choice be meaningful if it's not actually made, only repeated? If it simply becomes part of our personal creed? Some say the truth lies in the middle, between extremes, and in that, I agree. Extremes lead to destruction. But the middle isn't so obvious either. The middle is wide. It holds many possibilities, and it doesn't matter which one we choose - as long as we choose. Each time, anew. We must continue discovering flavors, not rejecting them outright. Because if we only ever eat bland food, we'll never know what else is out there. The middle helps set boundaries, keeps us from going too far, but it must be understood broadly. It's like temperature - some enjoy winter and the crispness of zero degrees, while others love summer and twenty-degree warmth. That doesn't mean the ideal temperature is ten degrees simply because it's between them. Reality doesn't work that way. There are always ranges - safe zones that don't harm us, that offer security. But security doesn't mean staying in our comfort zone. It means expanding it. We can't be comfortable only in one outfit - what kind of life is that? Sticking to the same thing makes us monotonous, and in the end, we wear it out. That kind of life won't bring joy. And joy is the greatest reward life has to offer. It's worth seeking, worth chasing, but not through repetition - through discovery. Through broadening our horizons. Sharpness can hurt. It can burn. Blandness can discourage. It can make life unbearable. That's why we must seek what builds us - what remains alive and diverse, untainted by bias or rigid repetition. That's the real lesson - where we place ourselves, what we demand from life and from ourselves, and why we demand it. What's the purpose of our expectations? How do they serve us? Many of us surround ourselves with familiarity because it feels safe. But that's not true happiness. That doesn't shape us. Happiness is in the unexpected, in the fresh, in what surprises us and enriches us simply because it's new. Freshness is our fuel. It motivates, it transforms. Think of a person who lives in a huge house

but never leaves it, compared to someone who has no home. The first has comfort but no awareness. Nothing surprises them, nothing renews them. Their world is repetitive. The homeless person, though? They are always aware, even in sleep. Every moment holds potential - danger, kindness, unpredictability. Maybe someone will help them, maybe someone will hurt them, maybe the snow will fall or the rain will soak them through. One of these people is truly alive, the other merely exists. And that's what freshness is about. Not hiding in our homes, not locking ourselves away. Television, radio, the internet - these shouldn't consume all our free time. Not even half of it. Everyone has free time, even a little. And how do we use it? Do we forget about family, about friends? Do we neglect our spiritual growth, our self-discovery, our practice of kindness? It's easy to close ourselves off, to build walls. It costs nothing and even looks nice - paint it with some graffiti, call it art, find another excuse. But the soul knows better. The soul craves truth, craves life, craves freshness. Craves that vast, open middle ground, not a single pinpointed center. And that's good - because it means we have choices. We aren't bound to a single path. We aren't tied to one thing forever. Because binding ourselves to anything never ends well. A leash may give an illusion of security, but eventually, we tire of it. We grow wild, just like a chained animal. We become antisocial, aggressive, unpredictable. What a waste of life. We shouldn't limit ourselves. There is no single best taste. It's not true that we've already figured out what's good for us and that everything else is harmful. That kind of mindset doesn't enrich us - it traps us. And humans crave freedom. Every person does. We speak of it, boast about it, hold it up as an ideal. Yet at the same time, we shut ourselves off, repeating familiar patterns, choosing predictability over experience. But we can live differently. We can be curious - approach things with wonder, with openness. We can study situations, explore them, taste them. That changes everything. It deepens our understanding of why humans are unique, why we have minds and feeling souls. There's so much to learn from animals. They aren't stagnant. They don't cling to comfort zones. They don't mindlessly repeat patterns - unless we force them to. Feed them at the same time every day, take them for walks at the same hour, and they'll adapt. But that's our interference. That's our attempt to impose our world onto theirs. And it doesn't serve them. We must stay open, alert - to what we experience, to what we encounter. We must celebrate every opportunity, not simplify and reduce it to a formula. The world will thank us for it. We will thank ourselves for it. Because we will become better. More alive. More hungry for life - for all its flavors, not just sharpness and dullness. This balance helps us see that we have options, that we are not condemned to wasting time. No one tied us down. We can discover, and we can enjoy discovering. We can create surprises, both for ourselves and for others. Every now and then, we can serve ourselves something wild, something spectacular. Anything to push beyond the comfort zone. Anything to make life fuller, richer. And it will reward us for it. It will fill us, it will expand us, it will bring meaning to the empty spaces. And that is right, and that is beautiful. And that is how it should be. Let's embrace the possibilities and use them. The middle is wide enough to allow us to thrive at every level. To take and to give, to want and to be able. To live without regret. Because there is nothing worse than reaching the end and realizing we never really lived at all.

in the arms of a botanist

on cultivation and growth

We are like plants. Someone planted us, placed us in soil that predestines us for growth. And with time, we grow. At the beginning of our journey, our parents nurture us, but that ends quickly. They teach us only the essentials - how to survive. But how to live, we must learn on our own. Many of us are like farmers. Our mother and father showed us how to cultivate the land, and so we do the same, without adding anything of our own. It was done this way before, so it will remain. That's how farmers approach their fields. They may have better tractors or more modern plows, but they cultivate the land the same way. But we must be botanists. We must become botanists - experts in our own being. Without this understanding, no transformation will occur. We won't grow, we won't bear fruit. We need to be specialists in ourselves, and then watering and tending will come effortlessly. We will know what strengthens us, what brings happiness. We must embrace ourselves with this insight, this awareness, this understanding. It is crucial to stop being mere farmers and start being botanists. A botanist observes each plant carefully, dedicates time and order to it. A farmer does not attach to individual plants; they are just part of mass production, counted in tons. But a botanist sees each plant individually, cares for it, nurtures it with patience and attention, ensures it thrives. That is how we must care for ourselves - being both the botanist and the plant. There is no other way. Nothing else will make us grow. There is no greater gift we can give ourselves than attention. But so often, we forget about ourselves, distrust ourselves, fail to appreciate ourselves. And this isn't about rewarding ourselves with shopping when something goes well. It's about spiritual growth, about noticing our sorrows and joys, understanding their origins, learning how to guard against one and invite the other. So much can be changed for the better through understanding, introspection, and analysis. We are not metal castings, molded once with all our flaws and cracks, never to be repaired. That is not us. We are alive, breathing, feeling. We have needs, the ability to give, to share, to refine ourselves. So let's refine, let's cultivate, like the best botanists, until we are proud of who we are, until we feel comfortable in our own existence. Many believe the world is what harms them, burdening them with unnecessary responsibilities, problems, obstacles. That it's all the world's fault - other people, the system. They think, What can I do when everything around me is a struggle? But the truth is - we can do everything. We can refuse to worry. We can approach problems as challenges, as enrichment. It's like weightlifting - the heavier the weights, the stronger the body. The same goes for struggles - they harden us, shape us, make us resilient. But that doesn't mean we should seek out trouble. Many problems can be avoided, anticipated, resolved before they grow. And the key to this foresight is self-knowledge. Understanding. You don't need to be a prophet to know what provokes certain behaviors. You only need attention, awareness. You need to be a botanist - interested in your own growth. Because once you bear fruit, once you bloom, the botanist's guidance will no longer be necessary. That will be the moment when you become the botanist for others. This is crucial, and obvious at the same time. You cannot first be the botanist for others and only then for yourself. Nor can you be both at once. There is an order to follow: first you, then others. First, your own season of growth, blooming, and fruit-

bearing. Then, you extend your care and understanding to others. You help them grow, nurture them with knowledge. Everything has its sequence and purpose. Some things cannot be rushed. Only a complete person can truly understand the world. And without understanding, one cannot help the world. That is why you must first focus on yourself. Rebuild your life, redefine priorities, provoke your soul to evolve, allow it to speak through a loving heart. Let it advise, let it rejoice. This is the right path. This is what must be cultivated. Growth is part of human nature. It is one of the reasons we exist. To bloom. To bear fruit. And then, to help others grow. But just as importantly, we must not force others to bloom. We must not rush their process. With others, we can assist only in growth - they must bloom and bear fruit on their own. We cannot do it for them. We must not attempt it, because it could harm them. We must be wise botanists, not overbearing tyrants, not self-proclaimed gurus. People benefit from our help only when and for as long as they seek it. Not less, not more. We cannot impose solutions, convince or pressure. Instead, we must inspire through goodness, through love. Through the right examples. We must show the beauty of this world, its openness, the vastness of its gifts. We must show that we have time - and that our time is worth sharing. Because we do not live only for ourselves, but also for others. Let's not fear the challenges that others present us with. Maybe they will help them. Maybe they won't harm us at all but instead shape a beautifully sculpted soul. A soul that understands the world, understands itself, and is no longer a burden or an obstacle. A soul that no longer needs, because we want instead. We anticipate its desires. We welcome each new challenge with joy. It is wonderful to be at peace with who and how we are. It is wonderful to reconcile the soul with the mind - to witness the heart and mind dancing together, gracefully, endlessly, until the final separation. And for that dance, it is worth it. For that dance, become a botanist. The one who cares. The one who gives attention and understanding, not empty desires and impatience. Embrace yourself. Embrace the world. Become a whole person. Because that is the essence of human existence. To bloom. To bear fruit. But not to profit from selling it. That is why we must want to live, to draw from life. That is why we must devote time to ourselves. To change, to water, to nourish, to ensure there is enough light. To thrive.

calendar, as in calendar life

a few thoughts on predictability

Have you ever wondered why one of your days feels just like the other? Why vacations make us so happy - those moments when we do something different than usual? Why we truly rest when we're pulled out of our routines? Exactly. Why is that? We are a calendar. We lead a calendar-based life. Day after day. Moment after moment. Only the seasons shift, forcing upon us minor changes. Small, insignificant. From one monotony to another. Only those holidays. Only that vacation. We wait for it all year - just to escape this spiral of hopelessness. To finally do something else. Off the clock. Off the schedule. But what if - what if every day could feel like a vacation? What if we could surprise ourselves, live outside the

mold, act spontaneously? Or look at it from another side: who told us that our life must be so organized, so scheduled, so “calendarized”? Who sold us that vision, and what did they gain from it? Well, the truth is - we convinced ourselves. We shackled our own lives. We became our own tyrants. We control, restrict, and force ourselves into this dull, repetitive existence - and for what? You’ll say, “But I go to work. I have responsibilities.” Sure you do. But even at work, you’re stuck in a pattern. In a calendar rhythm. And yet - it could be different. Why do companies value creativity so much? Because it’s rare. It’s hard to find someone who thinks outside the box. We prefer predictable things, repeating until they lose all flavor. A sad life of a calendar. And yet, we could live spontaneously. Adapt to the ever-shifting flow of reality. Life is fluid - yet we strive to remain still. That can’t bring joy. That can’t reward us. At best, it can harm us. And it does harm us. We’re constantly tired, of repetition. A person who is open, who is alive, doesn’t tire so easily. They live in the moment. They don’t plan every detail. They follow loose intentions, and they flow - with the current. They don’t fear catching branches or falling down waterfalls. That’s future stuff. Not their concern. An alive person lives now. Delights in the present. And that is a life worth living. That is a life worth using. Like a vacation. At least for some of us. A vacation pulls us out of monotony. We realize: I can do anything. And that anything fills us with life. But the problem isn’t what we do. It’s how. Because this “I can do anything” can spill over into our regular days. Each and every one of them. We can choose to create, not just repeat. Creation brings joy. It lifts the spirit. Because creating means giving something of yourself. And giving is what drives us, much more than taking. When we take, we’re happy for a moment. Then it fades. But when we give - we feel great. We feel we’ve made something. That something came from us. That it might help someone. That someone might appreciate it. We feel proud. And here’s the thing about pride - it’s worth looking into. Don’t be afraid to be proud of yourself. I once heard from a friend that pride is vanity. That only Nobel laureates or Olympic champions have the right to be proud. Not regular people. That’s nonsense. Don’t go down that path. Be proud, when you do something differently. When you give something of yourself. When you help someone. Don’t beat yourself up. That’s not what life is for. Life is meant to be enjoyed. Experienced. Lived. Not to be a stage for endless guilt and critique. I don’t criticize myself - even when I mess up. I live. I know I did wrong. I’ll remember, so I don’t repeat it. But what will punishment give me? Self-flagellation? Whipping the soul? That leads nowhere. It’s outdated. Crude. That’s for fools, not for the wise. And a wise person is a happy person. Because wisdom leads to joy. And who, in joy, tortures themselves? If you’re happy, there’s no room in your head for sorrow. No place for regrets. “I failed at this.” “I could’ve done that better.” If you keep repeating these slogans - it means you lack joy. You lack tenderness. Self-intimacy. Soul nourishment. Let’s not be monotonous. Let’s not be so demanding. Not everything must be perfect. That, too, destroys many. The belief that everything must be flawless. The perfectly clean home. The flawlessly played game. The ideal meal. The crisply ironed clothes. But you know what? The home will get messy again. And that “perfect” person will lose their mind over it. The clothes will wrinkle and stain. And they’ll be upset, again. We torture ourselves. Our expectations tear us apart. We set the bar too high. Too greedily. But why? As if living a calendar-bound life weren’t enough, we keep asking more and more from ourselves. Instead of just sitting our ass down for a minute. Calming down. Meditating. Practicing yoga. Or simply being with silence. Silence is essential.

Balance is essential. But to even think about balance, we first need to crush our calendar life. Then trample our self-criticism. Next, our expectations. And only then, a space appears. A space we can build on. A space that can become the ground of balance. Because balance is the reconciliation of soul and mind. It's a state of inner agreement. When you feel good in your own body. The soul breathes. The mind isn't cluttered. They cooperate. That is balance. And it's not enough to pursue it. You must reach it. Without balance, there is no happiness. Without balance, no lasting joy. Sometimes we rejoice, sure. But it's just a preview of joy. A commercial break. We're happy for a moment, and then joy vanishes. What remains is sadness, self-torment. Because we lack balance. Because we live a calendar life. And there's nothing to squeeze from it. We won't feed the soul with repeated suffering. It won't work. The mind will tire. The soul will ache. I used to talk a lot about freshness. And really, it's the same thing. We must stay fresh. We must stay alive. Full of energy. And energy comes from abandoning calendar life. It's motivating. Like a vacation. Why do we feel more alive on vacation? Because we've left the calendar behind. But then, we return. And we don't have to. No one forces us to live that way. No one requires it. We can live our own way. Unscripted. Unstandardized. Not endlessly repeating the same actions. We can cook something different every day. Walk new paths. Spend time with friends in new ways. We don't need to copy just because it's comfortable. Maybe it is, but it always comes back to bite us. It wears us down. Calendar life is the life of a sad person. Unfulfilled. Because they're not fresh. And only freshness brings true delight. The kind that nourishes the soul. The heart cheers. The mind clears, because it's focused on creating, not rehashing or inventing problems. A creative mind has no time for nonsense. It's busy - being useful. Being alive. Being inventive. Being a creator. That's how it works. Calendar life versus the life of a fulfilled, joyful, and right human being. Because the one who delights in each moment is the one who's truly right. The one who values each day - each non-calendar day.

a conglomerate of imperfections

a few thoughts on inattentiveness

We try to do everything perfectly. So that when the work is done, we can say, "It's fine. That's how it was supposed to be." In essence, we set our own standards of execution, standards we want to reach, to fulfill. Someone else might have completely different standards that don't align with ours. And so what? If I asked you about the world, you'd probably say it's full of flaws. That much can be improved. But wait, how does that make sense? You try to do everything perfectly, and yet you judge everything around you as flawed? There's a contradiction here. Unless you're the only just person, the only ideal being in a non-ideal world. Is that not the case? That's the point. Every attempt at perfection is bound to fail. Of course, it's better not to be careless, but let's be honest: perfection destroys, it doesn't create. It's an illusion, a theory we invented. And we expect ourselves to submit to that theory. It becomes a false god - demanding and punishing for disobedience. What really matters is something else: attentiveness. Being present in this moment, in this

place, with both your soul and your mind. Unified. And that is enough. We do things as they should be done, not because we set goals or expectations, not because we strive for perfection. That kind of striving breaks us. It breeds guilt. Let's not go down the path of the rebel - the one who wants a perfect world. Because he'll never get one. Because he himself isn't perfect. And the world? It's nothing more than a mirror of our inner self. We look at it every day. The world we see reflects what's inside us. That says a lot. And it gives us a lot - tools to understand, to transform. So let's not rush to judge. Let's not rush to criticize or conclude. Ahead of us lies open space, the world. And within it, you. Me. Everyone. Each person creating their own world. And you might ask: "Then why can't it be perfect, if that's what we want?" And I'll say - look into the mirror of the world. See yourself, and you'll understand. That's how it works. Fire and water. Day and night. Angels and demons. Nothing has just one side. There are always two - just like the two sides of our personality. No one is one-dimensional. That's the nature of existence. And we should be concerned with foundational work - work on ourselves. What should occupy us is attentiveness. Whatever you do, do it here and now. Because how often are you doing something, while your mind is far away? Thoughts drifting, while your hands move automatically. And afterward, you call the result perfect, because it came from your hands. How often does that happen? I'd say nearly always. We need to be present, in body and in spirit. We need to know what needs to be done, and do it. Not just repeat mindless movements. It's essential to feel alive. To be present. But being here and now isn't so easy for the average person. We're always escaping. As if reality were burning us. Frightening. Our thoughts race. Our awareness lies sleeping in a deck chair, while the results run around screaming. You have to know what you want, from yourself and from life. What does the work entrusted to you require? The answer is always the same: attentiveness. Attentiveness is not the opposite of mediocrity. You can do something quite decently and still be inattentive. But it's a loss of spiritual potential. A wasted opportunity to practice, to heal, to educate the mind. Because attentiveness is all that. It's growth and practice. Seemingly insignificant, but only for those who've never truly tried it. For those who have, it's the foundation. The ground upon which everything else stands. Ourselves and the world. And as I said, they're the same thing. Simplified. A mirror is a mirror. You can't deny what it shows. Everything is visible in it. You can't convince someone that something isn't there. Not even yourself. So don't even try. Let's widen our vision. Expand our understanding. Bring attention into action. Even breathing should be conscious. Why don't you realize you're breathing? You're breathing, yet your mind is elsewhere, on a Caribbean holiday, perhaps. That's it, that's inattentiveness. But attentiveness isn't just about focusing on your work. It's about living consciously. Being aware of every motion, every sound. There's no other way to become someone who truly understands themselves. Who cares for themselves and the world. Who wants to grow, to be conscious. There is no other path but attentiveness. Not setting goals. Not striving for some ideal. Not spending hours in training courses that fill your head with hollow promises. That won't help, without attentiveness. Without being here and now. Without understanding that we are the reflection of the world. That we make this world. That we can stop complaining and finally come down to earth. Anchor ourselves. This is our place—not somewhere in the clouds of dreams. Dreams have yet to produce anything of true value. And yet we treat them like real life. We live in an unreal, self-made world. We give nothing.

We take nothing. We drift, far from shore, thinking about how we want things to turn out - our work, others' work, our employees, our family. Will they meet expectations? Will they disappoint? Just thinking that way is already the biggest disappointment. It's the failure of modern man. Because that's what modern man is taught - to think like the stock market. Hollow motivation. Corporate mockery. It won't work. The results will be forced. Fake. Unstable. Because they won't come from reality. Because they won't have lasting roots. Only that which arises from attentiveness is real. Conscious. Worthy of recognition. All the scheming, fearmongering, and manipulation, that's a missed opportunity. And each moment is just that—an opportunity. A quiet invitation to live attentively. To realize we can. That we are capable. That we can uncover what is true. Because truth is a way of thinking. Immune to the mind's criticism. Or its judgment. The mind has no right to criticize you if you are attentive. Not your mind, nor anyone else's. But don't fight with the mind. Just kindly show it the door. With all due courtesy. And then - get on with it. Do your thing. Be attentive. Be conscious, of what you do, how, and why. Not everything has to be rational. Not everything has to make sense. Sometimes we do something for someone. Sometimes just to do it. To fill time. To survive. To feel like we've used our time well. Or simply, to breathe. And that too is an art. To breathe attentively. To see attentively. To listen attentively. It's harder than it seems. And most of the time, we do it carelessly. Without understanding. Without care. Pure automatism. A conglomerate of imperfections. But it doesn't have to be this way. If we listen attentively, the world will respond. If we look attentively, we'll be understood. If we share what we have, we'll be heard. That's how it works. That's how it should be. And I wish that for everyone. I offer this attentiveness to all. The one we already have, but forgot to use. It's a different perspective. A discovery. A forever new day. Steady awareness. Being here and now. Attentive living. It makes sense. A perfect life - that is the mind's downfall.

another recharge

on how to be full

Do you sometimes feel empty? Unneeded? Unconvinced that life has any real meaning? You're not the only one. This touches many - especially in the West. People of the West. People of hurry. Of overwork. Of life without air. Without a moment to pause. That's how we chase things. So many of us. We barely think, and if we do, our thoughts are dark. Why does this happen? The answer is simple: we have no connection with God. With the spiritual oneness. With our nature. We bypass what is primal. We focus on making money, on our duties, on playing roles, socially needed or socially welcomed. Various roles. Doesn't matter what, as long as it's done "right." But I'm not telling you to quit your job. I'm not telling you to move into the forest. That's not the point. The point is: divine love is what recharges us. We are like batteries. We need to be recharged. We need closeness with the Lord - with what is intangible, yet deeply felt. When we're drained, we become irritable. We swing

between extreme emotions. We stop listening. We shut down. We build walls and barriers. It's a natural form of disconnection - a desperate attempt to protect what little divine energy we still have. But instead of cutting off, we should seek a recharge. We should surrender to God. Speak to Him. Go to a temple. It doesn't matter which religion you follow - God is one. His energy is one. And we must be aware of the power it brings. Of how closeness energizes us. How it fills us. And we mustn't waste the opportunity. We must draw from it. Give thanks. Ask for more. And what if someone doesn't believe in God, you ask. Are they doomed to live without divine strength? No. The answer is simple. They have just as much right to the primal energy as the faithful who regularly spend time in sacred places. But it's harder. They must seek this energy in nature - in what they see and feel. They must understand that divine energy permeates everything. And they must learn to receive it. To absorb it. Have you ever seen a bird worn out from flight? A wolf exhausted by the wilderness? Animals draw from this energy naturally. It is embedded in their being. But people forgot, because they've disconnected from nature. Now they must relearn. They must provoke the charge. Ask for it. Call it forth. That's what temples are for. To cleanse. To enter empty, and leave full. They work like batteries. Just like the forest, the mountains, the sea - everything alive around us that hasn't been fabricated. And sadly, many of us live that fabricated life. In concrete. Concrete homes. Concrete jobs. Lifeless cars. Store-work-home-work, and back again. From concrete to concrete. Without God. Without the will to recharge. Because we think change isn't necessary. Or we simply don't believe in it. That it could change anything. That there even is an energy. That God has something to offer. We repeat our mistakes in cycles. We don't learn from them. We get lost in this soulless concrete construct. And concrete infects. In time, even the heart turns to stone - just like everything surrounding it. And it's not worth it. Because life is more than checking off tasks. More than fulfilling the role of mother, father, boss, employee, or whatever else. Let us be ourselves. Do our part. But also find time for ourselves. For our soul. For recharging. For God. Let's not run away. Let's not rationalize. Let's simply ask - for strength. For a dose of energy. For the power to live joyfully. If we don't want it, it won't come. You won't lure the fox out of the den if you don't know it's even there. That's how it works. You must know and want. You must feel life on Earth. That you are a part of it. A piece in a vast puzzle. A divine plan. That there's something here for you to do. And you can't do it without God. Without acknowledging that He brings meaning. That He gives something real. But for this to hold, we must open our hearts. And we often don't. We grow sterile. We resist experiences we don't understand. That can't be explained rationally. That's how it is, people of the West want to examine everything with the mind. In Eastern cultures, it's the opposite. They care more about feeling. We, on the other hand, must learn to feel. Because through our upbringing, through school and later through work, we were taught to think in terms of analysis. Mental overproduction. And that's how we were programmed - to trust only what we can touch and see. That every question has an answer in math and logic. But that's not true. The matters of spirit escape calculation. They don't fit within its norms. And that's the great work before us. The transformation. The shifting of the clock's hands. We must do it ourselves. We must understand that by cutting ourselves off from the Creator's primal energy, we make ourselves easy prey. Drained. Starved. And that leads nowhere good. It won't bring us satisfaction with life. So many people know this. Many of us have good jobs.

We earn well. We own a new car, a beautiful house. We have children and a loving partner. And yet, we don't feel happy. Despite everything, life still seems incomplete. Something is missing. And that something is divine energy. We are drained. We are not full. Because we spend that energy every day. That's why we must remember consistency. Continuity. Ongoing recharging. Closeness to what is natural. To the power of God. To His grace. To the force that can be named in many ways - so long as we desire it. So long as we ask for it. So long as we pause. Without stopping, there is no charging. You can't recharge while running. You must sit down calmly. Shut off the mind and receive. Feel the beauty around you. Understand the perfection of the world. Of this great sphere. Of the circle. Of returning cycles. Of transferred energy. And fill your soul with a fresh dose of divinity. There's nothing more beautiful. You can feel it in a temple. You can feel it in the woods, in a park, gazing at a starry sky. Anywhere. What matters is the effect. The movement of the soul. Its longing. And our non-interference. That is, an open heart. When we are closed to the world, we feel nothing. We don't recharge. We must remember who we are and why we're here. We must know that the life of an energetic pauper is a sad one. So let us be motivated to reach out. To draw power. To take hold of that goodness. That strength of the soul. When we think of strength, we think of strength of character. A strong woman. A muscular man. Charisma. Or specialization. But there is a greater power than all these - the strength of divine touch. Of understanding. Of feeling. Of recharging. And that's what we need. That's the one worth remembering. It's not logic that brings happiness. It's not analysis that makes us wake with a smile. It's not financial incentives, but the power that flows from God. That's what we need to source ourselves with. It's what lets us function in a concrete world and not ask, "What's the point of life?" When you're happy, you don't ask. Only the unhappy seek meaning. Answers. Longing. Because they are thirsty. That's how it works. And that's how it will stay. So let's remember to care for our own recharge. Let us be full. Let us be happy. Because without God, without that energy, we're like a hollow shell. And that's a sad way to end. It's a shame not to take what we're already a part of. So let's not avoid what is ours by right. Let's not run from destiny - from life lived fully. Let us be full. Because without fullness, we are not ourselves. Something will always be missing. Let us be ourselves. Because without ourselves, we forget who this is really about. And let us rejoice that we can, and we want to. That we know how. To recharge and to complete our joy.

a healthy diet

a few words on feeding the soul

Ever wonder why your spirit has the shape it does? The figure of the soul is sculpted by how we feed it - what we take in and how much of it. Whether it's nourishing and light, or greasy and hard to digest. That's how it is. Just think - if you spend time with someone who's nervous, shouting, acting out, their tension becomes yours. All that unrest transfers onto you and you start getting agitated. Not necessarily for the same reasons, but the result is the same. It works the other way too, spend time with someone kind and smiling, and you start

to smile too. Their good energy flows into you. And that's what good nourishment means. Feeding the soul. Feeding it with kind emotions. With positive energy. With awareness of what causes what. Moving closer to those who feed us, and away from those who poison us. And what if we work with anxious, angry people, you ask? What if the workplace atmosphere is toxic? Then we try to block the negative feeding. Visualize a wall. Think of something pleasant. Defuse tension with kind words. Or cut the conversation short, say you're busy, that you don't have time for the stress. There are ways. But sometimes, even they don't work. If the atmosphere at work is really bad, I recommend changing jobs. Work is not a labor camp, nor is it a form of punishment. We should feel comfortable where we work. That doesn't mean the job has to be easy or pleasant, not every job is, but the emotional environment matters. The feeding matters. It must not harm us. It must not drain us. And we need to remember that. Sometimes, it's better to earn a bit less, but work in peace. Mental torment never ends well. So let's seek calm places, safe havens. Peaceful people, guides, helpers. It's important to nourish the spirit properly, with goodness, with smiles, tenderness, depth. Because forced goodness doesn't help much. Pretending, wearing masks - it harms just as much as shouting and stress. People who are masked are also carriers of negative energy. Hidden, but there. The soul senses it. We know when someone's faking it, when they're trying too hard to please, when they talk behind your back. It all hangs in the air. The atmosphere. What we breathe in. What feeds our spirit. At home, we have more control. Actually, all the control. You might say, "But my husband or wife comes home angry." That's what partnership is for - to help each other release the pressure. To support during hard moments. Through listening, through understanding, through kindness. But let's not play the role of the master who knows everything, who has a solution to every problem, who gives a lecture and expects their upset partner to listen and agree. That's not how it works. In a relationship, listening is everything. Understanding the other person - not converting them to our viewpoint. And what if the kids are acting out, you ask? If they don't want to study, if they cause trouble? Again, understanding is essential, but so is education. Without empathy, a child won't listen. Without guidance, they won't understand. Let's remember what we were like at their age. Kids are more alike than we think. Sometimes they create problems, show off, try to be grown-ups, or just slack off. That's part of childhood. We can't punish a child for being a child. But we can pass on the knowledge of what helps and what harms. The rest depends on the child - on whether they understand. Punishment and strict demands don't work. Let's not fool ourselves - discipline alone is not a method. The best parenting is rooted in friendship. If the child sees a friend in you - someone they can trust, confide in, rely on - you've already won. But trust has to be earned. There's no shortcut. We can't hand out wisdom like teachers. Kids don't like teachers. It's better to teach through play, through casual conversation. As part of a bigger relationship. You have to approach the child on their terms. Think like a child. If you don't know how your child thinks, you won't find a method that works. It's that simple. One thing is certain: the atmosphere at home and at work is key. Who we come into contact with. What relationships we create. How we handle failures. It all matters. Some people radiate goodness and humor. Others spread a bad mood. And then there's a third type- neutral, absorbing the mood of whoever they're with. That's how it often works. So first, let's look at ourselves. What emotions do we radiate? What triggers us, and how do we handle those emotions? Or

maybe we don't handle them at all. Maybe we just blame others for infecting us with their negativity, when in truth, we were the ones spreading it. In all of this, self-observation is crucial. Not just watching others. Few people do it. We go about life, working, walking, talking, judging the world around us. And we forget about ourselves. Somehow we don't find ourselves interesting. Or we assume we're doing everything just fine. That's a mistake. We need to observe - not just the world, but our own selves. What emotions arise. When. And how long they stay. Observing your own stress actually calms it. Seriously, try it. Observe your own irritation. Count the seconds. You'll see - it fades quickly. It's like grabbing something by the collar. When you say, "There you are! Gotcha!" to your stress, you disarm it. Awareness of what's happening is a powerful tool. It stops us from becoming part of the problem. How often have we become the stress? So many times. The stress was so overwhelming, we started identifying with it. We became stress. Our hands shook. Our voice changed. Our eyes blurred. We became the emotion. You can become fear. Excitement. Anxiety. Outrage. Guilt. And so on. Let's not allow ourselves to become an emotion. That's not who we are. Let's feed ourselves with nourishing food. And turn away from what poisons us. There is no price tag on toxic food for the soul. Nothing is gained by staying in a tense atmosphere. It's not about whether it's "socially acceptable." It's about the fact that it's simply not okay. We cannot poison ourselves. We cannot feed on scraps, or spiritual rat poison. The soul has limits. So does the psyche. They're deeply connected. The mind with the heart. The body with the soul. Nervousness leaves marks on the body. It leads to anxiety. To depression. There's so much to say about it, but the core message is this: let's feed the soul responsibly. Know what we're giving it. To know that, we must be conscious. We must observe. Not only others, but ourselves. Relationships are always mutual. Sometimes we provoke. Sometimes we get hit by the fallout. Both can be swept out. Removed. Tossed in the trash. That's the whole point. The key to peace and spiritual joy. The soul doesn't need to be prodded or persuaded. It feels best in silence. In calm. And that's what I wish for all of you - conscious living. And conscious feeding of your own soul. It helps. It improves the quality of life. Nervousness leaves its trace, but over time, it fades. So long as we don't keep topping it off with more bad energy. Over time, the soul quiets. You'll see. You'll feel it. It's worth it.

talk to the mountains

on conversations that truly matter

How many times have you felt lonely? How often did you have no one to talk to? And yet, there is always someone waiting for a conversation. That someone is nature. The space around you. What surrounds you. What you are connected to, though you often forget this connection. Nature is a beautiful teacher. You can confide in her. Entrust her with your sadness, your doubts, your confusion. She will accept it all. She will always understand. And she will answer. In her own way, she always responds. Because who speaks more beautifully than the mountains or the sea? Who keeps their rhythm with more grace? It's worth talking.

It's worth feeling like part of nature. Sometimes a forest or a park is enough to feel the life pulsing. Without the noise of the city. Without shouting and advertising. Without the push to buy this or that. Without the pressure to exchange yourself. No, you don't need to change yourself. You're already the perfect model. You're not missing anything. All you need is to get to know yourself. To understand your connection with the Earth. With our planet. With our purpose. Completion, that's the key word. We are here to complete one another. To overlap. One for another. Not to claim the right to reshape the world. To bend it to our preferences. That doesn't work. It never has. We're here for the world. For understanding. To coexist, not to speed the world up. It's already racing fast enough. And in all this rushing - us. Exactly. A moment to pause. Without stillness, there is no wisdom. Without stillness, there is only knowledge. And knowledge without wisdom is a useless burden. But we must be wise. We must anticipate, look ahead. We must be attractive to the world. That's what everyone teaches us, to know how to sell ourselves. To promote ourselves. The human as product. How far we've gone. But to nature, you are not a product. You are a valued part of her. And I choose that world. I recommend that world. Because it's better to be a precious part than a commodity. Every human being is priceless - a gift to this planet. And here's the point: it depends on us whether that gift will be a blessing or a curse. Who we are. Who we're becoming. Whether we understand that the Earth is not our property. Whether we'll use our own and her potential with respect and reverence. So far, we are far from that. But we're not here to criticize or throw stones. It's easy to find someone to blame and crucify. Or to stone. But those methods don't solve anything. What we need is education through love. Through respect and empathy. We need to show the young how much good flows from nature. From what surrounds us. We can't waste that chance. The chance for renewal. For reconnection with what we come from. With the great ecosystem. With the living planet that feeds us. And somehow, we've forgotten. We take it for granted. Food's in the store, so it'll be there. Water's in the tap, so it'll be there. But that's not guaranteed. The world is changing. We are changing it. People. We're drifting away from what is familiar. Forgetting our connection to nature. We don't care about tomorrow. We only care about today. A constant now - without consequences, without hesitation. We use the moment to profit. To double earnings. To get what "pays off." But truly, what pays off is getting closer to nature. Feeling her effect. An hour spent in summer, listening to birdsong, can give us more than a therapy session. I guarantee it. I recommend it. Nature soothes. And there's a reason for that. Because it is our home. We come from it. We should cooperate with it. Not rule over it, but walk alongside. Not be its executioner, but a compassionate friend. Not a parasite, but a caring sibling. These are our challenges. The difficulties and bonds ahead. We overcomplicate things. Things that are obvious. Things that need no deep thought. We complicate our decisions. Because - well, the world. The family. Business is business, and so on. But the truth is simple. Nature is nature - a mother. That's why she deserves respect. That's why we must give her our time. Care for her. Check what she needs. Offer medicine. Keep watch. She will thank us - we can be sure of that. And if not us, then who? We must remember - nature doesn't choose who to give to. She gives to everyone. What she has. That's why we shouldn't shift blame or responsibility. We must simply care. Simply stay close. Be the ones who can both give and receive. Who can rejoice in the goodness of nature. Because that's what many activists forget. They may be doing something good, but

they're not joyful about it. Because they're stuck in their heads. Always thinking. Calculating. Expecting outcomes. Debating and laying out arguments. But nature is about joy. Joy that it feeds us. That it quenches our thirst. That it touches the soul. The entire connection is based on joy. And if someone isn't smiling inside, how can they expect a smile from nature? That won't work. Coexistence. Enhancing. Bringing out the flavor of the air. Not shouting. Not doom-saying. Nature doesn't scream. So let's not scream either. Let's get closer. Let's give her our time. She'll return it tenfold. With clean energy. With the joy of simply being. Of existing. Of knowing that we are, and that we can. That we should. Nature is beautiful. Because she asks for nothing, but waits. She does not wait idly. She lives and gives life. She offers herself, and rewards devotion. She reveals her most beautiful side and shows it to the world. So let's live in a way that brings joy into this life. Let's feel, and show that feeling matters. Because that is true value. Not money. But a heart that feels. That has compassion. That gives. That understands. Let's go in that direction. And let's be helpful to that cause. Let's not over-theorize about how to be an activist. Let's simply stay close to nature. Support her. Simple actions, great benefits. Small steps, big meaning. Anyone can do it. Anyone can feel, if they haven't shut that feeling down inside themselves. Let's move closer to nature, and we'll feel relief. Contentment. Ease. It matters. For us, and for her. We are one. A shared part. Her children. So let's honor our shared joy. Ours and hers. Let our actions be our thanks. Let's share the same breath. And let's not try to monetize joy. That never ends well. It only causes loss. Let us live responsibly. Let us breathe life, not profit. For everyone. So that nature can raise future generations. So that she wants to. So that she's able. So that it's worth it for her. Because no one wants to raise parasites. Because those who destroy are not interested in her well-being. But those who care - can always choose the path of conversation. Let's talk to the mountains. Let's talk to the sea. They will tell us the truth. Everything begins with a conversation. So let's speak - and we'll know what to do next.

the flat hand alliance

on resemblance without barriers

Society has taught us to divide. Into good and bad. Rich and poor. Beautiful and ugly. Skin colors. Religions. Sexual orientations. Ways of thinking. Ways of creating. And so on. One division follows another. Where does it come from? Why do we want to position ourselves - and others? It stems from vanity. From inflated egos. We position ourselves as superior. We compare. We add judgment. We draw conclusions. Most of us do. Then there's the group with low self-esteem. They also compare, but always rank themselves lower. They hurt themselves with those comparisons. They highlight their flaws. Exaggerate them. One way or another, it's harmful. There's nothing wise or rational in it. And certainly nothing useful. The truth is different. The truth is, we are alike. And that resemblance isn't only about appearances. Eyes, mouths, heads, legs - we all have them. But that's not the point. It's about the soul, the heart, the mind, the desire for goodness. We all have that. We all seek

happiness. You'll rarely find someone who chooses misery and actively pursues it. Even those lost in addiction are looking for happiness - at least, that's what they believe. Sometimes we distort. Sometimes we get lost, stray from the path. But we share so much. Almost everything. And even if there is something that divides us, it doesn't really matter. What matters is not building walls. Not shutting ourselves off from others just because they don't match our personal value system. That's all illusion. Misperceiving reality is what creates division. It creates the "better" and the "worse." It pushes people to the margins for this or that reason. And that does not help us grow. Judgment burdens the one who judges. People who view the world through a critical lens are usually unhappy. Weak. Playing an all-knowing role in front of themselves. The role of someone who stands above the rest and therefore has the right to point fingers. I am better, so I'll call out your flaws. That is deeply toxic. A kind of inner sickness. And I believe it's time to form an alliance - The Flat Hand Alliance. Why "flat"? Because it's open. Not clenched into a fist. Why a hand? Because we need it to work together. To open hearts. To show that what makes us different can also bring us closer. Yes, we are similar, but we also have unique traits. Different temperaments, values, ways of being. And that diversity is beautiful. We need to uncover that. Understand that people are often shaped by their life experiences. Those who carry pain from the past may not be so open or warm. Life has wounded them - once, twice, maybe more. They see the world differently. It takes patience. It takes tenderness to understand such people. To earn their trust. To help them open up. To truly know them. We need hands to tear down the walls between us. Let's turn the world into one great construction site, or more accurately, a site of demolition. We won't be building grand structures. We'll be dismantling the ones that divide us. Brick by brick. And that's the right approach. That is added value. Because that's what life is about - focusing on what good we can do. For others and for ourselves, because really, it's the same thing. It all blends together. All the differences. The small-minded thinking. The prideful thinking. The fearful thinking. All of it must be undone. And that can only happen through the right attitude, through our own example. When others see us working on this great demolition site, they'll want to join. People are drawn to meaningful, unusual projects. That's what this is about, not just theory, not just words, but action. Because this is about action. About not judging. Not comparing. Not condemning. Everything beautiful grows from unity. From what's shared. From the longing to touch beauty. The pursuit of beauty can bring people together. The quest for salvation will unite others. The desire for justice, others still. The journey toward enlightenment, yet another group. And these will be what's left after the walls fall. Groups of connection. Because we like moving toward something together. So let's walk together. We like having someone at our side who understands us. So let's make sure we do. And let's treasure this shared time, without divisions or walls. Without complaining that someone beside us isn't perfect. We're not perfect either, so how can we point that out in others? So let's get to work. Let's take down the walls of division. Let's understand that more unites us than separates us. That we can find a common language. A language of tenderness. Of openness. Of understanding. That will be our true measure. Because the hardest wall to tear down is the one we built ourselves. But that's exactly where we must start. Without dismantling our own, we can't help bring down any others. And our hands are needed. Our effort will be recognized. We will be enriched. Lifted to spiritual heights. And there is no greater gift than feeding the soul.

Than freeing it from the chains of the mind. It's a complex topic, how the mind can harm the soul. But it's up to us. It doesn't have to be that way. We can take control of the mind. We can develop our sensitivity while quieting mental habits and boundary-setting. Let's not forget that the mind works for us. It's a tool. Nothing more. We are not the mind. And the mind is not our master. Often, it acts like our enemy. But it shouldn't. The mind must follow our lead. We have to train it. Re-teach it. At first, it'll resist, habits die hard. But over time, it will learn. We'll train it like a loyal dog. Because that's what the mind is for. In a wild mind, there is no peace. In an anxious mind, no freedom. In an arrogant mind, only filth. A clean mind is one that obeys. Without unnecessary beliefs or obsessive comparisons. So let's work on ourselves. Let's play with the mind. Teach through joy. Show it what to fetch. What results we expect. What it's responsible for. And what it's not allowed to do. Because a mind left unchecked will spin out. It'll feed us nonsense. Provoke us just to get our attention. That's its nature. That's why we must approach it wisely. That's why we must practice tenderness and clarity. That's why we must teach the mind how to cooperate. Let me repeat: We are the masters of the mind. If we don't show it what we want, it will disappoint us, and cause us problems. We have to train it. Show it what matters, and what doesn't. And reward it. The greatest reward for the mind is silence. Let's not forget that. Let's feed it with quiet and calm. That's what will help. In tearing down the walls that divide. In our great project. On the demolition site. In our alliance, the Flat Hand Alliance. Join us. You won't regret it.

the measurement booth

on the right fit

Fit. Many of us care deeply about it. About having the right outfit. One that's nice and shiny. One that draws attention. One that fits. Or doesn't stand out. It depends on the person. On their preferences. Which one they choose. Which one they can afford. Which one will benefit them. Social fit - that's what this is really about. Is it a challenge or mental self-flagellation? Who really needs it, and why? Exactly. There are many angles. But we want to look a certain way. More or less polished. We want to be liked. We want people to approve. Some choose the path of shock - they dress to provoke, to stir things up. That's valid too. It's one way. I'm not here to judge what's better or more effective. If someone has a goal, if they expect a result, fine. But I offer something else. What if you see yourself in a garment sewn by you, for you? Maybe it's not trendy. Maybe it's old-fashioned. It doesn't make noise. It doesn't deliver the wow. But it is - and it does what it's meant to do. It lets you breathe. And that's the thing. It's clothing that lets you remain yourself. Is it worth wearing? In my opinion, yes. But not everyone feels comfortable in it. Some are embarrassed. Some prefer to hide behind designer labels and pretend to be someone else. To strike poses. I get that. That's the world we live in - rushed and crowded. A world of money. A world of business. Image-making. Personal branding. If you want to wade into that, no one's stopping you. It's

your life. You decide. Always. Man or woman - what difference does it make? There's always some difference. But we don't always need to point it out. Just a little digression. Back to clothing - when you sew it yourself, it fits perfectly. It pleases the eye because you picked the colors. You made sure it's not too tight, not too loose. Just right. And that's the beauty of this approach. When you stay yourself, there's no need to perform. You don't have to remember lines, rehearse gestures, or maintain some learned persona. You can feel at ease. And ease smells like freedom. A wonderful scent. Like the lift of spring. Like a sip of water on a hot day. It lingers. It feels good. And it can be real. No one forbids you to drink the water. No one forbids you to be yourself. To wear clothes that truly fit. To take pride in having made them yourself. To hope they'll serve you for years to come. It's a beautiful prospect, and it works. It suits you. I guarantee it. Wearing your own clothing also means laying down a burden. Because when you commit to it, you stop worrying what others think. Why would you? It's done. It works. Clothing is just clothing. Why overthink it? Why compare it with someone else's? Which one is fancier? Which one costs more? The more expensive the outfit, the more hassle it brings. You need special dry cleaning. You need to care for it. That costs money, and time. Your attention. And attention should be focused elsewhere. Not on your clothes. There are more important things. More useful things. Like fulfilling yourself, not conforming. Like giving yourself joy, not demanding others to try harder. Helping and giving, not stressing over whether someone might stain your perfect outfit. Life isn't about smelling nice and looking flawless. Even sweat has its role. It shows you've done something. It signals your body is functioning properly. And that's good. That's valuable. People of effort, that's a worthy posture. And I'm not just talking about miners or steelworkers. The job itself doesn't matter. What matters is whether someone works for their own good and the good of others. Whether they invest in life, or merely use it for personal gain. That's the thing: always asking, "Is it worth it?" That's a tragedy for the soul. It's a beast-like way of living - for someone who is not just an animal, but tries hard to act like one. Who wants to be debased. And sure, you can. No one will stop you. No one will tear off the outfit you chose. You decide. You carry the responsibility. Care doesn't cost a thing. But monetizing care does. See the pattern? See the consequence? That's how it works. We live in a life full of choices. A marketplace of endless options. Pick this, pick that. This one glows, that one's polished. Possibilities and choices, a wonderful or terrible thing. It all depends on us. On our attitude. Our selection. Our application. And that's good. That's what makes life beautiful. As the saying goes: we are the blacksmiths of our own fate. But not just fate in the moment - future fate. What will become of us after death. What the final result of this life puzzle will be. It's fascinating. And motivating. But it's not a threat or a bribe. I won't say, "Be good and you'll be rewarded." Or, "Be bad and you'll be punished." That's not my way. But karma? Karma is real. Some laws do govern the world. Not to frighten us. Not to push us. But to be seen. We should be motivated by our own truth. By our lived experiences. They're the true lesson. Not fantasies of heaven or hell. Not stories of who we'll be in the next life. Whether it was "worth it." What will become of all this chaos. Or maybe the world will collapse and the factory will finally go quiet. Karma operates in the here and now. It doesn't wait three hundred years to tell you, "See? I told you so." It's not some cold enforcer. Let's remember that. Everything returns. Everything has a consequence. Life responds. The only question is, to what? What will we do with the opportunity? Will we use it, or bury it in the backyard?

Just remember - what's buried can be dug up. Someone might find it, and there'll be trouble. That's how it goes. We often think short-term. We act methodically, but without reflection. And that causes problems. And the valuable things, they vanish. They dissolve. Because yes, living in reality - living in the moment, takes effort. It's not all colorful. It won't lull you. It won't turn you into a sleepwalker. That's why it demands something. We choose how to walk. Where to go. How to carry ourselves, as my grandmother used to say. All these little wagers, puzzles, definitions. And in the middle of it all, us. Looking for peace. For relief. Advice. Illusion. Exaggeration. And yes, it is possible to sew your own clothes. It changes everything. When you no longer have to conform. Because society is not here to tell us who we should be. Society exists for cooperation. For mutual support. So things can work. So life can be more comfortable. But not too comfortable. Because over-comfort always tempts. It lulls. And then we end up where we end up. A lazy leopard won't catch its prey, and will starve. Let's remember that. As we wear our own clothes. Perfectly fitted. Perfectly suited. Because that's how we want them. It's our life, so let's shape it to fit us. To bring us joy. And that joy is what I wish for you all. In good spirit, ever-alert like a leopard - not to kill, but to stay nourished.

the art of handles

on opening things yourself

We often behave irrationally. We knock on all sorts of doors, waiting for someone else to open them. We count on others. On leniency. On goodwill. On compliance. We expect a lot. We offload everything onto someone else. It all depends on the situation, on our mood, but the outcome is often the same: many doors, and our expectation. Our hope that someone else will open them. But it doesn't have to be that way. We can create our own handles. Handles that open the doors we care about. Instead of waiting for someone to do it for us. Instead of relying on someone's whim. We have the ability. We know the art of crafting handles. We've got experience. We've lived. We've seen things. We know how to make life easier. How to take it into our own hands. So why do we so rarely use that ability? Why do we prefer to lean on someone else? Maybe we think that if a door is closed, it's improper to open it ourselves without an invitation. Maybe it seems like it would be too hard or too complicated. Or maybe we fear what lies beyond. That something will attack us. Or criticize us. Everyone has their reasons and their personal philosophy. And none of them should be judged. But we can encourage one another to make life easier, and that's what I'm doing. I'm encouraging you to open the doors yourself. The ones that matter. The ones that make sense. The ones that lead to something good. Because the art of choosing the right door is just as important. We can craft a handle for any door. We can open anything. But not every door is worth opening. Some leave a bitter taste. Some are deceptive, and destructive. Some exhaust the soul. It varies. It's all in our choices. Our lives. You, and only you, must know where you're headed. What you want to achieve. And I'm not talking about financial status. I'm talking about the pursuit of happiness, or disappointment. About the longing for joy, or

anger. And you might ask, who would ever long for anger? That's irrational. Exactly. We don't believe it at first. But life's strange. Sometimes we open doors that lead only to frustration, rage, and neglect. Accusation or judgment. It helps, sometimes, to think more coolly. What leads to what. Which landmines we're stepping on. How we treat those we live or work with. What situations throw us off balance. Those are the doors. One type of many. Because we can always open others. Create a new handle. To something else. Something more beautiful. A journey of calm and comfort. A journey of lightness. It's a great gift to move through life with lightness. We might think only a businessman can walk like that, so much money, no problems, right? But it's the opposite. The wealthier someone is, the more problems they have. Money attracts trouble like a flytrap. Don't ask me why, it just does. On the other hand, someone with less has a real chance to walk lightly. With life in their pocket. That's an enrichment. A blessing. And most of us have that chance. But do we use it? Often, we open the wrong doors. We invite problems in. We welcome them. We let them settle in like they belong. But they don't. They're uninvited guests. Brought in by mistake. We misjudged their intentions. That happens. But we can always ask them to leave. We can always show them the door. And we should. We should surround ourselves with the right emotions and people. Not everyone is good for us. Some feed on negativity. They provoke it. They press. They stir drama. They neglect. They look down. I'm not blind. This isn't criticism, it's clear-eyed observation. So don't be blind either. Don't criticize, just know. Know what and who is good for you. Know how to invite. Which doors to open. What handles to craft. And one day, you'll thank yourself for it. Because it really does open your eyes. When you realize you have a choice. You're not trapped in a life that doesn't fit you. That damages you. You're not a prisoner. You're not working in some Siberian labor camp with no escape. You don't need to run away. You just need to close one door, and open another. You have the power to make your own handles. Your own knobs. Your own keys - call them what you want. It's not a lockpick. You're not breaking in. You're not begging to be let in. You create the handle, and you open the door. It's that simple. Even a child could do it. And they often do. On a smaller scale, of course. They're still dependent - on their parents. But you, who are you dependent on? That's the thing. We often carry childhood dependence into adulthood. We want to rely on someone. On this person or that. But I say, that's a mistake. We should cooperate. We should walk side by side, in the same direction. Not be dependent. To be dependent is to be coerced. To have no way out. To be enslaved. I wish that on no one, but it affects many. We end up in toxic relationships. We control. We demand. One way or another. Let's not stay children. Let's finally leave the sandbox. No one buried joy in there. No one buried fulfillment. You won't find what you're looking for in that sand. What you seek is elsewhere, in conscious door-opening. In taking life into your own hands. In charting your own course. In choosing new beginnings. Better habits. Better patterns. Better opportunities. All of it is within reach. All of it calls to you, to use it. To draw from it. To build yourself. Because yes, good building materials matter. Houses made of paper don't last. Nor do houses made of plywood. But when you build on solid ground, when you remember the foundation, the reinforcements, when you use sturdy bricks, you'll achieve a lot. You'll feel a lot. You'll understand that you're resilient. That you offer shelter to others. That you fulfill your purpose. That you opened the right door. Because that's what this is all about. That we might create ourselves. That's what the handles are for. That's why we must choose the

right doors. All of it for one purpose: for us. For our own good. For our own becoming. For our own glory. The glory of a wise human being. Because only a wise person can be truly happy. A fool seeks happiness in places where it cannot be found. A fool expects others to make them happy. And that is the fundamental error. No one can make you happy. Only you can. Only you can become a happy person. That's how it's always been. Five thousand years ago. And still today. So open the right doors. Craft the right handles. Build yourself. Your surroundings. Your longing. Your becoming. Your understanding.

bold honesty on what truly pays off

Let's consider what kind of behavior is currently promoted. What's expected. What's seen as acceptable. Being measured and safe, that's what. Avoiding sensitive topics. Being careful not to offend. Making sure not to say the wrong thing about minorities. Not to mock or joke about what's deemed inappropriate. And it's that word, inappropriate, that's doing so much damage. It seems many people live just for it. For what's considered acceptable. We're not ourselves. We don't even try. We don't even want to be. We're constantly thinking about what others will think of us. How to fit in. How not to step out of line. How to score points. We play strange games. Maneuvers. Mutations of truth. That's how I see it. These are times where the wise are afraid to speak the truth for fear of offending the foolish. And that's exactly what's happening. Fools are the ones setting behavioral standards. Dictating what can and cannot be said. I don't see any spiritual or personal growth in that. No benefit to the soul. It's like wearing a yoke. Constant self-restraint. It's become a kind of religion. We worship political correctness. We worship a poorly understood form of tolerance. But true tolerance should first and foremost seat those who have something to say. People with their own perspective. With the ability to assess situations. How can you demand tolerance while being intolerant? While forbidding people from being themselves? From speaking their minds? From sharing their insights? That's not tolerance. That's the opposite. And what I'm talking about is simple and obvious, just being yourself. Nothing more, nothing less. That alone brings freedom. It gives you wings. When you say what you think. When you laugh. When you point out distortions. Problems. Things that need fixing. We can't pretend forever. Why would we? Because of some imposed notion of propriety? We have to think about what's good for us. For our families. For our communities. Not worry about the latest imported trends. Not be guests in our own homes. If we're the hosts, we make the rules. The same applies to our interactions with others. Let's be honest. Let's be direct. That doesn't mean deliberately hurting anyone, never. Hurting others always causes harm. But honesty doesn't harm. Honesty frees. So does directness. Let's stop sugar-coating. Let's stop obsessing over what's "acceptable." Here's what's truly acceptable: being yourself. And when you are, you'll feel relief. When we suppress emotions, they grow heavier. They weigh us down. When we don't speak our minds, when we wear imposed masks of pseudo-tolerance or pseudo-respect, we suffocate. Real respect means being fair to the person in

front of you. Laying the cards on the table. Making your values clear. Not turning a blind eye to foreign pressures. Every community operates by certain norms. Standards of behavior. Whether we like it or not, those were instilled in us. We grew up somewhere. We learned something. We know what not to do in order to avoid chaos. But that doesn't mean we have to accept those who deliberately break those norms and stir things up. It doesn't mean we have to stay quiet about, say, a brothel opening next door, or celebrate the opening of a gay club. We have a right to our opinion. That is what tolerance means. The right to our own view. Not showing contempt doesn't mean agreeing to everything. No contempt - yes. But everything? No. We can't let the world flip upside down. We have a right to co-create our environment. To shape it according to shared values. We have the right to speak up. To protest when necessary. When we're mistreated at work. When someone is emotionally abusive. The list goes on. Life brings many situations where a response is required. Silence can haunt us. The conscience stirs. Reminds. Calls out. And then, there's that damned political correctness. What's allowed, what isn't. Misunderstood respect. But true respect - yes, of course. What we reject is the imposition of foreign values. Being forced to accept things that are foreign to us. Tolerance does not mean embracing every indulgence and perversion. It doesn't mean our children have to be "modern." A world without barriers? Yes, but between people. Not between us and what harms us. We can't accept what causes harm just because it's "fashionable." Because it's "progress." That doesn't convince me. True progress should be about personal growth. Spiritual growth. We should promote progress in understanding and respect. In truth-seeking. In discovering beauty. These are the real matters of life. Humanity and progress are meant to walk hand in hand. And what comes as harmful, it's not progress. It's fashion. A trend. An attempt to impose a new canon of behavior. A celebration of chaos. A branding of self-indulgence as freedom, when it's not. Freedom is always freedom from something, not for something. Freedom from harm. From corruption. From lies and self-deceit. While self-indulgence is always for something. For power. For material gain. For controlling minds and imposing standards. That's how it is. And nothing will change it. We live in strange times. Times that offer much, but can destroy just as much. That's why we must be careful with that "much." Don't overindulge. Don't let yourself be fooled. Live with peace. Don't be a rebel without a cause. A lone madman. That doesn't pay off. It brings harm. A wise person seeks peace. A space for the soul. The development of the self and their loved ones. To be happy. And happiness comes from stillness. So let's not shout. Shouting won't bring us joy. Pushing people around won't either. That's what understanding is for. What tenderness is for. Those are essential tools. That's what practical care looks like. That's how we spread goodness. That's why we have communities. That's why we live among others. So they can benefit from our growth. From our progress. It's important not to isolate. Not to cut ourselves off. Not to forget people. Life in isolation is always incomplete. It turns inward. But we are meant to radiate. With positive energy. With what builds. We are meant to turn outward. To live not only for ourselves, but also for the world. To offer something to the world. That's the essence of being human. And I don't mean blind generosity. I mean conscious enrichment. That's why we build communities. That's why we have families. To support each other. To co-create a shared space. A better one. More refined. More in tune, with what truly pays off. In a spiritual sense. In an emotional sense. So let's live that way. Let's aim for that. So we can be satisfied

with what surrounds us. Because we do influence the world. We do co-create it. Let it be a world you can breathe in. One that invites deep breaths. One that promotes goodness, not decay. That's a world worth striving for. That's a world worth living in.

realists don't exist

on one's attitude toward life

This lecture is a kind of bonus. It wasn't planned. I hadn't intended to cover this topic. But here it is. It appeared. And it lives. So let's walk through it together. The idea came to me after a conversation with a friend. This friend criticizes everything and everyone. He curses this, blames that. Gets emotional, shakes his fists. I said: we can see the world in bright or dark colors. He responded, no - that he's just a realist. End of introduction. So let's consider: what is this all about? I stand by what I said. There is no other way. Either we see the world in bright colors, and life brings us joy, or we see it in black, and life keeps throwing us off balance. There's no real middle ground. But then again, who openly admits they see the world through dark lenses? Who stands up and says: "I'm a pessimist. The world irritates me, and I don't even know why"? No one. Such a person doesn't exist. Everyone who sees the world in a negative light considers themselves a "rational thinker." A realist. "I'm just being realistic", it has a proud ring to it. It suggests intelligence. At least in theory. It sounds noble, but it stinks of a mistake. And it is a mistake. Realists don't exist. Let me say it again: we either see the world in darkness or light. Life either lifts us up or weighs us down. It's always a duality. And that's how it works. If you think of yourself as a realist, then yes, you're seeing the world through shadows. Admit it. Become aware of it. Realism, rationalism, it's just a different name for negative judgment. For being affected by everything. For blaming, defending, attacking. It's a constant battle. And a battle that cannot be won. A guaranteed loss. Everyone who sees the world in dark colors believes that's how it truly is. And everyone who sees it in light colors also believes that's the truth. Realists versus joyful people. Realists versus those who smile and embrace life. These are the two sides of the same field: survival for some, recognition for others. But the core is the same: life itself. How we perceive it. How we choose to live it. What posture suits us best. You may ask, are we born pessimists or optimists? Here's my answer: optimism and pessimism are merely outcomes. Byproducts. They're not stand-alone traits, but side effects of how we see the world. If we see life in brightness, we become optimistic. If we see only shadows, we become pessimistic. The perspective shapes the emotion. Is our way of seeing forced upon us? No. We acquire it over time. Children don't come into this world pessimistic. They don't view life in bleak tones. It's often the environment that pulls them down. Emotional mismanagement plays a role, among other things. But this is the heart of it: we either see life as good, or as a burden. Now you might ask, can someone with a bright outlook still criticize others when something's wrong? And if they do, doesn't that make them a realist? But here's the thing - seeing life positively is a starting point. It's a mindset. We begin by trusting people. We assume no one

wants to hurt us. We appreciate our time on this earth. And the setbacks? Disappointments? Sure, everyone has their low moments, even those who see the beauty in life. Anyone can say, "This bothers me," or "That behavior hurt me." That's normal. Let's not fall into some kind of fake bliss. We can be joyful and still recognize that evil is evil, and must be called out. So, does criticism automatically make you a realist? No. A realist, in this context, is someone who believes they know better. A chronic judge. One who rarely gives high scores. The one who complains. Who is impossible to please. That's the kind of person who calls themselves a realist. That's the one who sees the world in dark hues. The world irritates them. Annoys them. Stands in their way. They're not happy, and they are far from ever being happy. Can one change? That's the key question. And the reason I decided to speak about this at all. Yes, you can change. You can shift your perspective. Someone who sees only gloom can experience a moment of awakening, see the beauty, and realize that life is a gift. So why keep complaining? It's really quite simple. And I speak of this awakening for that very reason. To recognize what builds, and what destroys. The one condition? You must first admit which side you're on. Do you see the world through light, or shadow? If you don't acknowledge your own bitterness and anger, you won't escape it. And of course, I speak only to those who feel this applies to them. So if you're someone who sees only what's wrong, admit it to yourself. Understand that this view is harming you. Constant blame and criticism lead to inner erosion. They're a slow self-destruction. A tiring way to live in your own skin. But it's not too late. Anyone who's alive can still change. That's what the soul is for. That's what the heart is for. To lead us. To guide us out of the mud. So let's not waste time. Let's not pretend we're "just being realistic" when we're simply angry. When we criticize everything. Everyone. The whole world. Realists don't just criticize a specific issue. They critique everything. The world becomes their enemy. A thing that works against them. Pushes their buttons. But here's the truth: the world cannot provoke you. If it does, you're receiving it through the wrong filter. Through a dark lens. The world is beautiful. It's blooming. Of course it has flaws, but flaws can be avoided. You don't have to wade into the swamp just because it exists. That's your choice. You can walk around it. Or just point at it with your finger, that's enough. We won't fix the world by criticizing it. As I've said before, we do have influence, on our environment, on those around us. But we won't convert people through critique. Everyone must find themselves on their own. Speaking your mind about something important isn't "doom-saying." Sometimes it's necessary. Sometimes we must step in. But those moments are rare. Life flows gently. It doesn't attack from every angle, as the pessimists believe. Life is a valley. And we can live in that valley, peacefully. Or we can choose to avoid it, wandering up rocky cliffs. Exposing ourselves to the cold. Starving the soul. The choice is yours. The choice is each of ours. So let's choose wisely.

the spitefulness of matter

on perception and its consequences

Perception. So much depends on it. And yet, how rarely do we wait for the results. Because that's how it goes - judgment comes quickly. Before things unfold. Before they bear fruit. We often cut ourselves off from certain people or situations. We seek those that are convenient, that sparkle just right, that have been advertised well. But not everything that looks appealing actually benefits us. Sometimes, it's the other way around. Sometimes the "spitefulness" of this matter turns out to be unexpectedly helpful. It shapes us. It strengthens us. It prepares us for what lies ahead. It binds us to life. That's often the case. We don't wait for the outcomes. We don't think about them. And yet fate can be surprisingly generous. Even when it touches us in ways we didn't expect. Even when it feels awkward or out of place. Everything happens for a reason. Everyone needs experience, not just the sugar-coated kind. Life in a bubble, raising children in cotton wool, leads nowhere good. We want to protect our loved ones - our spouse, our kids. We want to shield them from hardship. But it's fate that decides. And there's no hiding from life. We must face it - head-on, idea for idea. Because every obstacle has its solution. Every difficulty is there to awaken us. To stop us from curling up like a cat on a warm stove. And that stove... that's the problem for many. It's too comfortable. We don't want to get off it. Don't want to go out and hunt. Don't want to fill our own bowls. We wait for someone else to do it for us. Well, everyone decides for themselves how their life will look. But some behaviors are universal. Familiar to all, even if not often used. And that perception, that tendency to judge, to categorize what's "worth it" and what's not, is powerful. But let this be remembered: it's always worth it to live. To seize the chances fate offers. To make use of the opportunity to live another moment. Let's not shut ourselves off from those moments. Let's not run from life. Let's help each other. Let's spend time together. Even if someone complains - listen. Even if someone exaggerates, don't criticize. What matters is that you show up. That you offer something of yourself. Time. Attention. And the hard moments, they come. Don't be afraid to ask for help. Don't hold back from sharing your troubles. Sometimes, one good word from someone else can change everything. It lifts us. It shifts our perspective. And perspective... that's where it all begins. Watch yourself. Notice how you orient yourself toward what needs doing. That shapes everything. When we act against our will, when something brings no joy, we often go in with a negative mindset. And that's not strange, you'd think that's how it should be. But no, it makes things worse. A negative attitude adds weight. It makes us sloppy. We make mistakes. Everything takes longer. We suffer more. We choose that suffering by the way we think. "If someone makes you walk a thousand steps, walk two thousand." That's a profound truth. A wisdom hidden in the acceptance of what fate brings. We should draw from it. It helps us spread our wings. It lifts the spirit. Even when we're doing something we don't want to do, we can do it with a smile. That's possible. No one forbids it. And it spares us the suffering I mentioned. Because truth is on the side of those who refuse to suffer. Who won't sentence themselves to it. And here's the core: all your suffering is born in your mind. In your complaints. In your resistance to what life presents. And it's so simple, really. Accept it. Do what needs to be done. Without

complaining. Without comparing. Without telling yourself others have it easier. There's no "better" or "worse." Fate is fate. It's made for you. It speaks to you. And it's a conversation with God. God speaks to us through fate, we answer through action. How beautiful it is to know what to say. And sometimes - to improvise. That, too, has its own grace. It makes you want to live. When you stop running from what's meant to be. Because fate is our path. Not a Nobel Prize, not a lottery win. Fate offers us tools. It's up to us how we use them. What we build. Whether it serves someone else. Whether it leaves a mark. Because fate isn't just inheritance from a grandparent, it's shaped by relationships. By the way people affect us. By how we respond. Whether we build something good. Whether we reveal our true selves. And that's what matters, that we express ourselves in every relationship. Our uniqueness. Our creativity. Our willingness to help, to exchange ideas. In our own way. Not a rehearsed, sterile version, but the living one. Freshness. The world needs it. You can spot fresh people easily. They radiate life. There's a spark in their eyes. You can tell, they want to live. To build relationships. To nurture them. Because caring for the bonds between us is one of life's greatest responsibilities. It creates a loop - a circle. If we care, others will care too. It transfers, from soul to soul. It brightens everything. It gives meaning. It fills life with color. Something real is happening. Not politeness for show. Not artificial smiles. That's a path to burnout. To soul fatigue. To something grey and lifeless. But we can do it differently. And going back to the start - remember, fate isn't out to punish us. Fate is not our enemy. It doesn't want to sell us at the marketplace of vanity. What would it even buy with the money? No, fate wants us to build connections. To respond. To engage. Fate wants to exist. Everything alive wants to endure. And fate is alive. If it weren't, it wouldn't give life. That's why our attitude is everything. Not cold and calculated, but joyful. Why not? Every other stance is a waste of time. And we don't have as much time as we think. Life is brief. Earth doesn't offer us extensions and upgrades. This is it. We work with what is. We have what we have. Why ask for more? Why chase other friends - better ones? Why want a new spouse, a better one? You won't find better friends or a better partner if you're failing to create something good with the ones fate already brought you. Likely, you'll repeat the same mistake with the next. So don't swap people out. Don't trade souls like products. Focus on yourself. Learn to read others. To meet their needs. To offer something of yourself. To grow. To respond to the small challenges of each new day. To human imperfection. Because it's normal. We all have flaws. We and those we love. There's friction sometimes. You need to oil the gears. Sometimes send it in for repairs. But cherish what is. What fate gave you. It wasn't random. There are no accidents. Don't kid yourself. Fate knows exactly what it's doing. And it's doing it so we can respond. So let's respond. Let's rejoice in life. Fate is not spiteful - so let's not be spiteful either. One life. One fulfillment. A perfect outcome.

the brave man

on being human

There's a lot we believe. A lot that's been fed to us. We've been convinced. Offered solutions that don't work. That get in the way. I'm talking about expectations - attitudes imposed on us. A man is supposed to be brave. Tough. Decisive. He should do this and that. And definitely not that other thing. One is good, the other wrong. If he steps outside the mold, he's less of a man. Doesn't quite fit. And women? Same story. She's expected to be unbreakable. To do what's "hers," and avoid what's not "proper." These social pressures. After all, grandma was like that, and great-grandma too. But the world is changing. Evolving. And along with it, social roles. Our duties blend together. A healthy relationship is about complementing one another. Sharing what needs to be done. Why draw lines, why emphasize the difference? It serves no purpose. Today, or ever, dividing into "male" and "female" roles does more harm than good. It closes us off from understanding. It implies that we're fundamentally different. That women are meant for "lesser things", like raising children, cooking, cleaning. And here comes another downfall. Who decided raising children was "lesser"? That's one reason our society limps. We lack true cooperation. Mutual involvement. We've created a reality where some things are "beneath" men. And yet they shouldn't be. It should matter. It reminds me of colonial thinking: we conquered what's ours, now let them serve us, do what they must. We oversee. Many men are stuck in that mindset. But it has a cost. This masculine "bravery" doesn't allow you to admit failure. Or mistake. Or vulnerability. Men aren't allowed to show weakness. Someone once said, "Men don't cry... they hang themselves." And that's exactly it. That's the outcome. Men are raised so "manly" and proud, they'd rather die than admit they're struggling. It's a massive problem. One that begins with social roles, expectations, the need to maintain an image. But it's all nonsense. Let's open up. To others, and for others. To ourselves, for ourselves. It's incredibly simple. Yet few dare to do it. To speak openly about pain. To talk. Heart-to-heart conversations are deeply needed. They unlock doors. They show us it's not only possible - it's necessary. There's always a way forward. We've become experts. In judging others. In demanding from others. In talking about nothing. That's what our conversations have become. Sports, politics, the latest show, horror books, and the weather forecast. But where is the space for the real stuff? For asking about someone's mental state. For offering help. Asking how to add a brick to someone else's well-being. To let them know they're not alone. That someone truly cares. And instead, we talk nonsense. Fill the time with trivia. Just to say we talked. Just to avoid silence. Because silence is awkward, right? We keep the smiles going. But we speak empty words. Hollow phrases. A drawn-out exchange of politeness. That's one of the roots of our depression epidemic. The absence of real conversation. Of genuine support. And the damned social pressure - "Be strong. You're a man, so succeed. Earn well. Have manly hobbies. Be straightforward. Hard-cut." That military-style masculinity, what a model. Or the woman, the eternal Polish mother. Always coping, never cracking. If she struggles, she must be a bad mom. Doesn't fit the mold. More judgment.

More comparison. More pressure. It's devastating, this whole machinery. And it's costing us. Us - all of society. Imagine how much better we'd be without it. How much easier it would be to co-parent, to share responsibilities. Maybe then, we'd finally start talking to each other again. And these conversations, they're worth remembering. Because that's one of our biggest downfalls: hiding behind nonsense. Talking like salespeople, either trying to sell something, or get a discount. Weather experts. It's absurd. And meanwhile, the hunger for tenderness is enormous. It screams, can't sit still. But since a man must be "tough," we avoid soft topics. Emotions. Struggles. It's heartbreaking, this posture and its consequences. Too many have already died because of it. We should learn something from that. Let their blood not be spilled in vain. The blood of "tough guys" who couldn't handle the weight. Who broke under pressure. And let's be honest, it piles up on all of us. On nearly everyone. If you're playing a role. If you're pretending. If you take masculinity or femininity too seriously. It's demanding. It burdens you. Locks you into a prison that's hard to escape. But here's the thing, society forgot to lock the cell door. Many wonder how to break free. A tunnel seems impossible. Breaking down the walls is too hard. But few notice the open door. Because that's how it is. We are prisoners, but the door is wide open. We can walk out. We can care for ourselves and our loved ones. No one is forcing us to play those parts. You can opt out. Focus on your mental health. Spend time with your kids. Ask how they're doing. What troubles them. What brings them joy. How you can help. It's a huge responsibility to be a parent. But a true joy to be a friend-parent. Someone a child can trust. Open up to. And that's what this is all about - openness. There's one rule in this openness: if you don't open up first, no one will open up to you. That's how it works. It applies to everyone. Any person. First, you must open. Then, allow someone to open up to you. The art of listening is just as important. Don't interrupt. Don't judge. Don't lecture. Don't insert yourself. Just let them speak. Gently, patiently. The best invitation is your own openness. And once we start speaking, we'll realize, we share more than we differ. That we face the same struggles. That we're not alone. That we are seen and heard. And once we taste that, we'll never want to stop. Because there's something extraordinary about being honest. About sincerely wanting to help. But we've been taught "proper behavior." A good face for a bad day. Forced niceties. Forget all that. It's a waste of time. A waste of life. Open up, and you'll understand. Open up, and you won't regret it. No one will shame you. No one will laugh. Openness is felt. And it is respected. So yes, it's worth it. Let's do it together. To feel light, and become that lightness. So that walking through life isn't punishment. The cell is open. Welcome. Beyond its gates awaits life. Tenderness and understanding. Just on the other side. A few steps away, and you'll feel it. All it takes is willingness. And you have it. So what are you waiting for?

all the stars are reconciled

on living without conflict

We hold on to our truths. We cling to our beliefs. We defend them and bare our teeth when they're questioned. We attack by surprise. We trample others and wail in self-pity. But what

for? Are any of the illusions in our minds so important that they justify harming another human being? Political views, national identity, ideology, religion, sexual orientation, are any of these truly worth causing someone pain? Are there beliefs worth hurting for? Beliefs are like clothes. They wear out with time. They tear, they fade. And we put on new ones. We change our viewpoint. We shift our perspective. Life tests our convictions. We lose faith in some authorities. Others take their place. Everything in the human mind evolves, with age, with experience, under the weight of choices made. All is in motion. And yet, we remain the same. We want to hurt those who disagree with us, who walk a different path, who serve a different truth. But look up. All the stars are reconciled. So many in the sky, and none is lesser. None is mocked. None is beaten or cast aside. Somehow, they coexist. Each holds its place and honors the space of the others. That's the point. Order. Some call it tolerance. Some say respect. But I call it order. A state in which everyone has their place, and no one tries to take another's. No one insists that their place is more deserved. No one makes a mess of things. Each soul focused on their own fulfillment. Their own purpose. That's how it should be on earth. We want others to think like us. We want to walk in their shoes. To take what isn't ours. We appoint ourselves teachers because we think we're wise. So we correct and criticize. We slander and sabotage. We disrupt the order. For what? What do we hope to gain? Those who sow discord lose the most. Don't be a disturber. Don't be the one who shatters peace, for the sake of some principle you'll likely abandon in a few years. It's pointless. Look at the stars. All the stars are reconciled. And it can be so on earth. We are ready. As a society. As humanity. We only need to want it. To stop hurting. To stop persuading. What if someone argues? You don't have to join. Quarreling is contagious. But so is peace. Reconciliation, too, spreads from person to person. It radiates. It marks. It's a way of life worth promoting. Not a new shirt. Not the latest song. But reconciliation. All the stars are reconciled. So can we. We can find joy in the fact that others think differently. If they all agreed with us, wouldn't it be boring? A herd of nodding clones. It's a gift that one sees it this way, and another that way. And the wise man holds no opinion at all, and blessed is he for that. The greatest of blessings. But not everyone is ready to hold no opinion. Not everyone is so open, so understanding. Still, everyone can take joy in the diversity of others. In their different priorities, their different ways of life. There is no ideal life. No model to mimic. We each carry different experiences. They shape us like water carves stone. Changing us over time. Adjusting us to new forms, new depths. Let it be so. But let it be in harmony. Because harmony is the foundation of a healthy life. Many long to live long. There's this belief that the longer someone lives, the better. And we chase after ways to prolong life. New pills. Special diets. Exercise routines. And so on. I believe otherwise. What matters is not living long, but living well. Living well means not hurting others. If you don't hurt others, few will hurt you. That's how it works. He who wounds usually gets wounded back. But a peaceful soul is rarely targeted. They don't provoke. They don't impose. And that is beautiful. Peace. A healthy life isn't just the right diet or quitting habits. It's not a list of exercises to boost circulation. A healthy life is one without harm, where you do not strike and are not struck. Every act of aggression wounds us twice: once in what we inflict, and again in what it awakens within us. If we give in to emotion, to impulse, to the tyranny of belief, we lose more than we gain. Aggressive animals are put down. Aggressive people put themselves to sleep. Aggression breeds pain. And pain always ends badly. All the stars are

reconciled. We can be, too. You can be. In fact, you should. Why waste energy on arguments and conflict? Why try to convert someone to your view? What will it change? If they agree with you, all it does is feed your ego. And ego is a pimp. A wily little troublemaker. Best to let it sleep. We'll never evict it, but we can keep it quiet. Let sleeping dogs lie. If it stinks, don't pick it up and put it in your pocket. It's obvious, and yet how easily we forget. Yes. All the stars are reconciled. It's really that simple. They harm no one. They do not impose. They don't shift the heavens. They don't complain about their place. They don't rebel against natural law. And that's beautiful. We don't have to either. No one said we must convert the world. Stage another revolution. Sometimes it's enough just not to harm. Not to argue with the nature of others. With the fact that some will try to persuade us. We can always change the subject. Show disinterest. Demonstrate that there are better ways to spend time than fighting over differences. So much connects us. We want to enjoy time together. We want to explore new places. Meet new people. Learn from other cultures. Climb the peaks of whatever inspires us. Let's use that. Let's use what binds us to ease the tension. To show that we haven't given up on each other. That we don't care what divides us. That we care only for shared joy. Let's share our time. Let's show that we care about people, not their beliefs. The person, yes. The ideology, no. For the good of both sides. For understanding. For reconciliation. So that we might be like the stars. So that we might rejoice when we see another human being. So that we might truly see them, not just their opinions. A person is not their beliefs. A person is more. A magnificent being touched by the divine. A life we share. We walk the same earth. We worry the same worries. We hope the same hopes. We are more united than we are divided. Like the stars. All the stars are reconciled. Let us be so. Let us become so. Because it's worth it. Because it will make our lives healthier. Fuller. More beautiful. And that is a reason to smile. Not agreement in views, but shared being. Sharing time and presence. No matter what someone believes. No matter their stance on politics, economy, or faith. We are children of the same earth. Of the same God. We are joy. Not a kneeling conviction. Let us delight in life. Let us rejoice. Not sulk and sniffle with heads hung low. To be too serious is to be tense and unhappy. Joy lives in harmony. In peace. In the condition. The condition of fulfillment. And we fulfill ourselves only when we focus on what unites, not on what divides.

these borrowed colors on imitation

We often choose the easy way. We imitate. We copy. We paint ourselves in the colors of others, only to find them faded on our skin, stripped of their original glow. Why is that? Because we're meant to be creators. A creation is alive only when it is original. When it's unreplicated. Just like in art, so too in life, we must shape ourselves. Someone can be an inspiration, yes, but only that. You can't plagiarize someone's entire being and expect it to fit. That's not how this works. You can't wear someone else's life like a custom suit. You can't borrow their solutions. Young people especially want to copy it all, from their idols,

from those who dazzle them. But it's a waste of time. A waste of effort and scheming. It won't work. We must observe ourselves. Discover what is right for us. Learn how to introduce something new without destroying what already exists. That's the real challenge, self-work. But what a glorious accomplishment it is to one day look at what you've built and say, it was worth it. Because that's what this is about. We are to shape ourselves in the likeness of God. There is no better model, of compassion, appreciation, revelation. And revelation is key here. To draw power from the divine source. To become a mirror of God in which we glimpse our truest self. That is uplifting. That is magnificent. It allows us to open our wings and take flight. But by modeling ourselves after others, we remain grounded. Tethered to the earth by invisible straps. And that's not the point. The point is to become light. To rise into the sky. That is what we were made for. That is our purpose. Not to replicate. Not to settle for faded colors. What good does that do? What value lies in a clone, a copy of someone else? There's nothing divine in replication. But divine power, that's what we seek. We must become conduits of this power. Let it pass through us. Hold it only for a moment before passing it on. It's a beautiful experience. It gives life meaning. It reminds us that we are not here by chance. If we know how to draw from it, if we rejoice in the act of creating, then we begin to shine with color. But we do not cling to those colors. We do not try to keep them. Everything has its time, colors too. They change, deepen, and transform. On us. Within us. All is movement. So let us not try to freeze reality. Let us flow like a river. We are born of the source and we move toward the sea. What a vision! How enriching, once you understand. Once you bear fruit. For what is more beautiful in life than purpose? To some, algorithms. To others, solitude. For some, puzzles. For others, temptation. Let us show ourselves what we are capable of. Let us prove that we want to grow. Let us enrich ourselves, not through imitation, but through creation. Through something inventive. Radiant. Not made to be admired, but to be used. Because we are building the very tools we will later live with, our habits and affections, our whims and patterns. All of this is for us. Not just to polish, but to adapt. To the shifting demands of life. To the obstacles that declare they can't be moved. Everything is there to be overcome, by fulfillment, not by struggle. We are not here to fight. We are here to will. And to will rightly. We refine. And the work must be completed. Though for some, that work will never end, and that's good. A lifetime as an act of creation. How could such a life ever bore anyone? That's the beauty of it. We've been granted such freedom. We can add so much of our own. Our thoughts. Our insights. Our solutions and intentions. It doesn't all have to be ready at the start. Everything takes time. And time is what the act of building demands. That's normal. That's logical. So let us refine ourselves. Adapt, not simplify. There is nothing worse than cutting corners. Flattening. Living life in shortcuts. We are not shortcuts. We are intricate instruments. Creations of ourselves, not of society. That's why we don't always have to agree with it. But we must never fight against it. We are here to fulfill our purpose. And I don't mean finances or travel. I mean goals. The next stages of the building. Of adapting. Of progress. That gives you strength when you see things come together. And to see, you must look. So look. Observe yourself. But do not judge. Judgment serves no one. You can, however, assess how well the changes you made are working. Whether they give you a sense of time well spent. Whether they offer a guarantee of usefulness. That's the direction. Toward refinement. Not perfection. Perfection is the foolish dream of a fool. And we are more than dreams. We are fulfillment.

Completion. Power. And so it should remain. No more mimicry. No more convincing ourselves that what we have is enough. That we can rest on laurels. Resting is not what self-work is for. Don't hide behind the need to rest. To reload. Or any other excuse. It's weak to look for ways out. It's shallow to say this doesn't apply to you. It applies to everyone. And it will benefit everyone. So let's not just try, let's change. Let's take on color. Let our cheeks flush with life. Let's delight in the fact that something is happening. That we are producing results. Deepening meaning. That the quality of life is improving. Not in a new outfit or a phone, but in the soul. The heart rejoices and gives thanks. That's how it should be. That's where we must arrive. That is the meaning. A life that becomes a reward. A gift for the fact that we cared. That we observed. And that we built. That we chose to create rather than replicate. That we were not mere tinkers. So let us create, through love. Through understanding. Let us create ourselves so that we may become light and rise. So that we can see the world from a distance. From the right perspective. Not take everything personally. Not wear what no longer serves us. Let it fall. Leave it behind. Let the skin we wear be the same as the one we were born with, unstained. Unscarred. Without the grime and grease of vanity. Without the layers of foreign desires. We have our own. Let's create them. These beautiful dawns and dusks. The falls and the risings. Let us ensure they have meaning, even when they're uncomfortable. Let's rejoice that we can and want to. That we know how. That we are able. To change. To shape. To refine. So that life feels better. So that "better" means flight. For only those bound to the earth ask what the meaning of life is. We need not ask. We live. We want, and we can. So let us not waste time. Let us not wait for the perfect moment. Here and now, that is all you need. And you have it. We have it. We want. And we are, what we've created ourselves to be. What we've been given to refine. To grasp and embrace. Connection. Energy. Divine inheritance. These things help. They drive us. Let us not forget them. The divine mirror. The danger of imitation. The act of creation. The gaze turned inward. The gratitude for simply being able, and willing. Everything is in our hands. For the soul. For the self. Let us live better. More beautifully. With more dignity. Because it's worth it. Because we will feel the difference. Because it is better to be, than to count the hours until it ends. Time drags only for those who waste it. So let's not waste it. Let's play with it. Cherish it. Use it. And in time, time will thank us. We will thank ourselves. And we will cherish what has been created. This "I." This "we." This beauty of fulfillment. Of discovery and refinement. It is truly worth it.

to run, or not to run on movement

Most of us are looking for a safe harbor. Something that offers us "security." A kind of stagnation. A life where little changes, and nothing surprises us. Like early retirement on demand. But it's not an escape from work - it's an escape from life. We think that walling ourselves off is friendly. That it will bring us happiness. That no one will be able to hurt us. No one will be able to disappoint us. Because we've built our fortress. Because we've docked in the safe harbor. We're resting. From life. Or so we believe. But it's not that simple. That's

not how it works. Cutting ourselves off cuts us off from the Source. From the divine energy of life. From compassion and trust. From the multiplication of challenges and experiences. And we need experience to live healthily. I call it surprise. If life still surprises you, it means you love. That you want life. That it matters to you. And that's beautiful. To sail out into the open sea. To run. To move in a direction. But which one? The only one there is. The direction of growth, of spiritual nourishment. Of fulfillment. Of expecting the good. And you may ask, how can I expect anything, when you've said we should rid ourselves of expectations? Yes. Expectations often harm us. But waiting for something good, that's like knowing the sun will rise soon. It's natural. Predictable. Obvious. Expecting the good is the only worthy expectation. Because it always comes. Sometimes greater, sometimes smaller. Sometimes quickly, sometimes slow. You can't plan its arrival, but you can be certain that it will come. In one form or another. It's one of life's greatest motivators. One of those standing ovations that remind you - yes, it's here. It returned. It will leave again, but it will come back. And that's wonderful. Because goodness is the inseparable companion of our earthly journey. It enriches us. It strengthens us. If we were flooded with goodness all the time, we'd stop appreciating it. We'd start thinking we deserve it. That it's just normal. But when it comes and goes, then returns, we value it. And rightly so. We should play with the good. Nurture it. Goodness appreciates being cared for, and it returns more often to those who do. Like anything alive. So: to run or not to run. To be in the middle of the ocean, or docked in a safe harbor. Logic says choose the harbor, because it's "safe." But the truth lies with the sea. With the sensations. The discoveries. The experiences. It is vital that we gather new experiences. They shape us. Even the painful ones. Even the ones that sting. It doesn't matter. Experience is experience. It affects us. It builds our spirit. We grow through it. We feel alive. Not merely surviving. And about that safe harbor, the word "safe" is deceptive. It's false. There is no such thing as safety. It's an illusion. A state that doesn't exist. Like utopia. Someone invented safety and now uses it to lure people. To sell them something. To make them do something, or not do anything. Yes, you too can be safe. All you need is this and that... build a house, raise children, buy a bulletproof car, invest in life insurance. And so on. The list never ends. Safety is a myth. It doesn't work. Even if someone convinces you that you're safe, they're lying. And you've been misled. So let's let go of this illusion and sail. Let's run. Let's stay in eternal motion. Let life surprise us. Let it play tricks on us. Let's celebrate that something new is happening, and that we get to be part of it. That's it. Being part of life. It's incredibly important. You can't withdraw. People who withdraw are not happy. People afraid of tomorrow are not afraid of life, they're afraid of themselves. That's why it's crucial to be at peace with who you are. To become your own friend. To enjoy spending time with yourself. It might sound odd, but I know what I'm saying. That's how it works. If you don't like yourself, you're in trouble. Life becomes unbearable. But the problem isn't life. The problem is you. There's no one to receive the gift of life because you've closed off. Because you don't like yourself. Because you think you lack too much. Or worse, you think others do. That's another affliction. It's less common, but real. And equally damaging. Both of these cut us off from the world. And life is short. And contrary to what many believe, it offers immense possibility. There are people who say, "I don't have a life." Because it's just work and home. Home and work. "I don't have a life." No, you don't want a life. That's your choice. There is always free time. And if there isn't, change jobs. You must have time for

yourself. If you're underpaid and working two jobs, do something about it. Find a new job. Move to another country. Do something. Here and now. Make a decision. You can't live as a prisoner of your duties. Duties exist, we all have them. But they cannot be everything. We must separate work from rest. We must create time for ourselves. Even if we have children. Many parents fall into this trap. They have no time for themselves, because they give every spare moment to their children. Then they wonder why their relationship is falling apart. Why they're so lost. Children matter, yes. We must raise them. But we matter, too. The person we're in a relationship with matters. A bond is a bond. There are no higher or lesser ones. And our journey, our life, gets buried under the weight of duties. Duties can deceive us into thinking things are fine as they are. With no life. Just survival. Duty to duty. That won't work. Something will collapse. Eventually. And it won't be pleasant. So we must draw from life. Feed ourselves with the energy that flows through all living things. Let ourselves be moved by possibility. Because it's always there. Right next to us. All we have to do is notice. Possibility excites. It makes the effort worth it. Worth investing in ourselves. In family. In friendships. In creativity. In rest. In watching the sun rise or set. In being. In living. In running, rather than waiting for the world to change. For someone else to live our life for us. That won't happen. It's not right. That's how you know you've grown up: whether you know how to manage time. Whether you make time for yourself. For spiritual growth. For your interests. For creativity. Little children only play. Big children only work. Adults? Adults do both. They work and enjoy life. Because they can. Because they know it's better that way. It's the only way. That's how you keep from burning out. From falling into depression. From hitting rock bottom. If you remember to live. If you run. If you take joy in the possibilities and choose, now this, now that. Because that's what brings lasting joy. If you know how to surprise. Yourself. Life can surprise you, yes, but the ideal is when you surprise life. And yourself, too. Mutual surprise, that's the measure of a lasting smile. That's how it works. Now you know. Now you're wiser. All that's left is to live it. Nothing simpler. Anyone can do it. We all have this capacity. To be the little child and the grown one. To run. To be in motion. Because without movement, there is fall. Stillness wounds us. It's like a bird that stops flapping its wings and crashes to the ground. That's what your "safety" looks like. You stop moving your wings, and you fall. Enough with that kind of "safety." Go live. Let life bring you joy. Let it surprise you. And surprise yourself. Let's go. It's so worth it.

the art of learning

on conviction

Why is it that we think we already know everything? Everything we need. Everything we might ever use. We close ourselves off - this is certain. At some point we say "stop." We learn for a while, absorb knowledge, life, experience, and then we declare: I've learned enough. Why does this happen? It's illogical. It defies the meaning and purpose of life. Our destiny is experience. Absorption. Endless growth. And that's how it should remain. We must open ourselves again, to the world, to what comes our way. But to do that, we must

tear down the barrier. The one that insists we already know. That we've become someone. That we've been through enough. That we're seasoned and wise. That is illusion, and it's in the way. Life races forward. It doesn't stop. And we want to remain still. It won't work. It won't bear fruit. We'll be left behind while the race rushes toward the finish line. That's why we must keep working on ourselves. A spiritual renewal, that's what we need. That's why we must keep reminding ourselves that the finish line is still far off. That much awaits us. Much to see, much to live through. So much still to learn. Even lecturers and speakers are only here to pass on fragments of the world, and then move on. Even they, the ones who know much, are still in motion, or at least they should be. Even spiritual guides are merely a sliver of the experience waiting for us. You can't learn everything from one person. There are no gods among men. We are all human. Our paths cross, intertwine. We learn from one another. We share experiences. And then we move forward. That's how it should be. Don't let yourself believe that anyone holds the full truth. That you can learn from them, and become complete. No, that won't work. That's not how it goes. Wise people, sages, spiritual mentors, yogis, they are only people who've spent more time learning and practicing. They are like us. Only more. Deeper. And that should motivate us. That more is possible. That deeper is possible. So let us practice the daily art of learning life. Let it surprise us. Let it reward us. Let it frighten us. Let it punish us. But let it stay fresh. This thing we live. This life. This perception. This longing for happiness, in this very moment. In this very breath. Without pause or intermission. Let us grow. And rejoice in growth. Young people are thrilled when they learn something new. When they have an adventure. And you? When was the last time you were thrilled by something? Anything. Your choice. Think about it. That freshness, that's what I'm talking about. The one you used to have, and somehow lost. It needs renewal. You have to fight for it. Think less. Calculate less. Worry less. Adult life, it spoils things. I'm not saying it's bad. Adulthood is inevitable. But stagnation is not. We can skip that part. We can take another path. The path of growth. Of learning. Of experience. And that's what I'm encouraging. Because there is no other way to understand happiness. You can't "catch" it while dozing off during the lectures life gives you. We must stay awake and open. Open to the new. Not see the world through "old" eyes. Old eyes see the same thing over and over. Nothing surprises them. Nothing excites them. Everything's been done. Everything is just repetition, rearranged. But it doesn't have to be that way. "Old" eyes can be refreshed. They can shine again. That's what this is about, a new approach. A new way of seeing. The kind we had when we were young. When we were hungry for life. When life didn't bore us. Didn't wear us out. Let's learn that attitude again, but don't force it. Don't pressure yourself to change. Just notice what you're missing, and why. Freshness is the answer. It's all because of its absence. The repeating sorrows. We feel too much. We want too much. Our priorities spin around things that mean very little. Money. Approval. Satisfaction. Inflating the ego. The global circus. We're "grown-ups." And many of us will die from it. Because adulthood, the way we understand it, is a kind of disease. It destroys the soul. It drains our lifeblood. It breaks us. That adulthood we once dreamed of when we were young. We had such fun as children or teenagers, but we longed to grow up. And now, having tasted it, it's wearing us out. This mindset. This pressure. The sum of matters and facts to which we give too much weight. It doesn't have to be this way. We don't have to die from adulthood. We can heal, through practice. Through mindfulness. Through spiritual growth. Through being useful to

ourselves and to the world. We can open our eyes and see what is, not the “same old misery.” The same old misery wears us down. Because it’s always old. Because it’s not real. It’s imagined. Let’s not live in the imagined world. The world is alive. Let’s learn it anew. No matter our age. No matter what we’ve been through. What we’ve seen. We can and want to live happily. And no one can be happy in illusion. So let’s let go of it. Let’s focus on what’s real. What’s alive. What gives energy and shine. Life itself. In motion. And we must remain in motion too. So we don’t miss it. So we keep pace with life. That’s the whole secret. That’s what freshness is about. And seeing with new eyes. With a new gaze. One that is open and unjudging. The eye of someone who wants to, and knows they can. Because no one forbids it. Because it’s not a crime, to be fresh and rediscover the world. There’s no prison sentence for it. No lashes. Yet many people fear it, as if there were. No need. Life is waiting. Inviting you. To dance. To grow. To explore. To experience. There’s nothing to wait for. Nothing to postpone. Throw yourself into the whirl of life. Don’t worry about what’s appropriate. Let life surprise you. Let it show you every color and shade. Let it challenge and reshape you. Let it move. Because that’s what it’s about, this whole learning. This “newness” that’s not so new after all. Let us live it, then. Let us grow. Let the soul breathe. Let it play and laugh. Let it smile at the thought of another adventure. Because it’s worth it. Because it builds. Because I’m not lying. Not in what I say, nor in what I encourage. This is a proven path. A path where things go well. A path that welcomes and rewards. So it’s worth it. Try it for yourself. Taste it. Discover the world again. And never stop learning. Learn life. Learn yourself. For the good of all. For those who know. But knowledge alone is not enough. It must be made real. But knowledge is the foundation. You already have it. Now the fun begins. Experience. Change. Refinement. Surprise. So that it lives. So that it lingers. So that you love it.

the last pancake

on what tastes the best

That’s the thing about pancakes, they taste good. And that’s a good thing. But try this little trick: at some point, say to yourself that the pancake on your plate is your last. That you won’t be having any more. You know what will happen? That last pancake will taste twice as good as the others. It’ll become special. You’ll feel it, taste it more deeply. This isn’t about convincing yourself or playing mind games. It just is. When we know something is ending, it tastes better. The final moments are always the richest. So why not apply that thinking to every single day of your life? You can. You should! After all, we never truly know whether today might be our last. So much can happen. There are no guarantees we’ll live to be a hundred, or even fifty. Many die young. Maybe it’s the food, maybe it’s stress. Let’s not dwell on that. Every story is different. Everyone carries their own. But one thing is certain, bodies fail quickly. They can’t always keep up with the soul. The soul wants to bloom, to live, to expand, while the body often pulls the other way. Still, the last pancake, yes. Life could be just that. Life as the last pancake. It sounds beautiful. And tastes even better. That’s how it should be. That’s what makes sense. To experience life as if this day were our last. The last

conversation with your wife. The last dance with your husband. The last hug for your children. The last phone call to your mother. That's when it hits you. When you feel the "last." That's when life starts to matter. That's when you understand your worth, how much you mean to the people around you. And that is a treasure. To have loved ones, and to mean something to them. To impact their lives. To shape, to help. To be the reason someone smiles. When you feel that "lastness," you begin to see clearly. That's why people who've brushed up against death often cherish life in a deeper way. But you don't need to tempt death. That's not the point. All you need is to see life as the last pancake. No more after this. This is the end. Just those last two bites. That flavor that lingers on the tongue. That moment of contentment, when you feel full. And that - that is the beauty. To feel full. To have lived a full life and not demand more. Whatever comes, comes. If it's time to die - I'll die. If I get to live, I'll live and enjoy it. And it doesn't depend on how much you've done. You don't need to be seventy to feel fulfilled. I'm not even forty, and I know my life has been something wonderful. I don't regret a single moment, even though I've made many mistakes. But they shaped me. Strengthened me. Showed me another side. Happiness doesn't belong only to those who lived perfectly. With money and picture-perfect families. All experiences build us. The good and the bad. One way or another. What matters is to appreciate what you've lived, not to become a beggar. And there are many beggars. Death comes, and they tremble in fear, begging for more time. An extra hour, another day. They still have something to say. Something to divide. To remember. One more beach. One more drink. One more anything. Not me. And don't you be one either. Don't beg for time. For life. For a second chance. You won't get one. And it's a terrible thing to die unfulfilled. So let's appreciate what was. Even if you're only eighteen or twenty-five, cherish your life. And be ready for its end. Understand the last pancake. It could be served to you at any moment. You might be eating it right now. So be ready for it. Be content. Be fulfilled. Because you don't need more. You don't need to earn another million. Or reach another milestone. "Others lived longer", that doesn't help you. That thinking turns you into a beggar. And why beg? Only the weak do that. And do you want to make yourself weak? A beautiful life. The last pancake. And then, onward. That's life. You never know when it ends. So appreciate not just what you've lived through, but what's happening right now. This moment. That smile from your wife. That scream from your child who stepped on a Lego. Nothing worse, we all know it. What's death compared to stepping on a Lego? So don't fear death. It could've been worse. It could've been the Lego. That's how it is. The last pancake changes your perspective. Makes you cherish people. Loved ones. Strangers. Circumstances. Possibilities. And that's crucial, to use your possibilities. Life gives you so many. We could do so much. But we do so little. We waste time. Here's a thought. What would you do if a doctor stood in front of you, test results in hand, and told you: "You have one week left to live"? Just one week. Then it's over. I bet you'd make the most of it. Time with family. A trip. A reunion. A good meal. Sex or a synagogue. A church, or a beach. You'd have options. That week would be intense. Your last week. No one, after hearing that, would lock themselves in a room and watch TV all week. Exactly. We wouldn't waste time. So why do you waste time now? You never know when you'll be served the last pancake. Which bite, which moment will be your last. So don't waste it. Don't throw time away. A wise person doesn't scorn time, they befriend it. And it's a friendship until death. That's how it goes. And all our choices. And all our lack of

appreciation. As if we had ten thousand pancakes left. Unlimited. But trust me, you don't. So let us be wise. Let us understand that each day is the last pancake. There will be no more. And if more comes, be surprised. Ah! A bonus. Yes! Every new day is a bonus day. Something extra. A gift. How can you waste a gift like that? So let's use it. Because it's worth it. Because even one smile, ours or someone else's, is worth it. We don't need to do great things to smile. A grump will complain even under a palm tree. But the one who savors the last pancake will feel joy even in the frost. That's what I wish for all of you. The awareness of the last pancake. The awareness of how delicious it is. How delicious it always was, we just didn't notice. But now it's different. Now it's the last. So we notice. So we feel and experience it all. The taste, the scent, the texture of every moment. Every smile. And we don't ask for more. We rejoice in what we have. In the fact that we can. That the last pancake still has two more bites.

a take on life on fruitful seeking

That's just how we are, we lock ourselves in what we know. In the everyday. Even if we find no joy in it. Even if it's not what we once dreamed of, it somehow feels like enough. We're familiar with it, and we don't want more. We don't want different. And even if we do, we don't move toward that want. It stays in the realm of wishful thinking. A change. A stirring. A new sense of meaning. And that's what this is all about, meaning. In the sense of a "take on life." A source that bubbles up and fills us with energy. You'd be surprised how little it takes to change it. Surprised at how close it is. Because it's all about moving the soul. About the source of joy. And yet, we rarely deal with spiritual matters. We neglect them. There are always more "important" things, this eternal chase after the daily grind, which slips away anyway and even when we manage to catch it, it brings no satisfaction. We're not glad to have lived another day. We reduce everything to emotion, to the only kind of stirring we still recognize. But there is another. Greater. The stirring of the soul. We must learn how to influence our own soul. We must understand that without soul-stirrings, we'll be unhappy. Incomplete. There's no point in focusing only on the mind, or rather, letting the mind focus on us. We'll never feel fulfilled that way, because we are more than just a mind. The mind directs the body. The heart directs the soul. And it's the matters of the heart and the stirrings of the soul that should concern us. The mind functions mechanically. By repetition. The heart is spontaneous. It responds to what is, and what should be. That's why we must escape this mental machinery and lean into an exploratory, heartfelt approach to the world. It changes everything. Suddenly we see what the mind has always overlooked, dismissed as irrelevant. With the heart, we give ourselves freedom. Freedom to react genuinely, to be ourselves. To be tender, compassionate. That's where our roots lie. In our primal sense of what matters. In our need for love, to receive and to give. To not expect, but to receive. To not plan, but to offer. When we live through the mind alone, we miss these little gestures. These smiles of fate. These small offerings of human warmth. We exploit situations and people. We function like machines. Stamp forms. Adjust settings. But never change the

actual functions. And that never brings happiness. Not even contentment. Listening to the heart, we gain possibility. We know how to respond. How to unfold emotion. How to nurture connection. The heart cares about connection. And that's essential to our wellbeing. The mind, on the other hand, is task-oriented. It solves problems. It checks off items on a list. It knows what to do, and it does it, repeating the same behavioral sequences over and over. The heart wants, and is able to, do more. It is creative. It doesn't look at the daily schedule. It responds to what it feels. And that's how we should be. That's the take on life we must find. And stay with. Try it. See what it offers. A new perspective. A new way of seeing. A fresh reading of the world. Everything in a different light. Because it's alive. This take on life reminds us that life is living. It may sound obvious, but we forget. The mind wants us to forget. The mind prefers everything categorized, framed, modeled. Automated. It is a machine. It has no feelings. And if it uses them, it's superficial, "good," "bad," end of story. That's not a life worth living. The heart is our path. It feels. It sees. You cannot escape what is alive without losing something. A life in harmony with the mind will not bring fulfillment. It won't excite you. Real excitement lies in tenderness and understanding. In perceiving through the heart. In trusting the heart. In knowing it wants what's best for us. That it has so much to give. To help. To illuminate. It's one of the greatest treasures we carry within. And what it causes, the uplift of the soul, that is priceless. A soul doesn't like being still. Stillness makes it wither. We lose our drive for life. We lose desire. We lose motivation. And yes, it's a spiritual matter. But many are told: you feel down? Struggling with your mind? Go to a psychologist. So you get a weekly package, talks, guided empathy from someone paid to understand. And sure, that may help a little. But it's not enough. Psychologists say therapy takes years. That a few months won't work. It's a game of blind man's bluff. Let's be honest, so many fall for this. So many believe that therapy of the mind will somehow heal them. But how is the mind supposed to heal the soul? The problem doesn't lie in the patient's mind. It lies in neglect of the soul. That's the truth. The system pokes at the mind. Tells us life has meaning. That monotony is some people's dream. That we should be grateful. But it's not our minds that are unwell, it's our souls. Yes, minds can be unruly. Wild. They need reigning in. But that's another issue. Psychologists don't concern themselves with that. They're trying to fix people who've never been taught to care for their souls. And all they can offer is therapy for the mind. It doesn't work. It can't work. It's like treating pneumonia with a compress on the knee. Same result. Same logic. The truth is, we must help ourselves. We must care for ourselves. No one else will awaken what's spiritual within. Sure, we can turn to religion, to spiritual teachers, to books. And yes, those things help. But the practice, that's up to us. We alone must find our own take on life, and learn to draw from it. No book will do that for us. No teacher. They can point. But we must reach. Don't grab the finger, grasp the life it points to. The perspective. The perception through the heart. The stirring of the soul. That's a powerful gift, if we know how to use it. And it's astonishing, isn't it? We were raised by parents. We spent years in school. And no one taught us how to live. We learned about atoms. About hydrogen. About sunspots and rising sea levels. But no one ever told us: you have a soul, and you must care for it. You must help it bloom. This is common knowledge. And yet so rarely spoken. Maybe in a temple. Maybe in a quiet aside during a class. And yet, it is essential. It affects the quality of our life. The sense of fulfillment and joy. Without soul-care, we feel empty. Tired. Unnecessary. One day blends into the next. We lose track. We

don't feel good with ourselves. It's all connected. And it shares one root cause: lack of self-work. Lack of interest in the soul. And yes, it's sad. But it's one of the greatest problems of our age. They say depression is the disease of our time. Sleep disorders. Anxiety. And so on. But those are just symptoms. They come from neglect. The real disease of our time is spiritual abandonment. Our world progresses. Technology races forward. And the soul is left behind. At the bottom of the list. Because why bother? The soul doesn't complain, right? But it does. It complains through our exhaustion. Our sadness. Our lack of joy. Our constant questioning of meaning. That's the soul crying out for attention. Crying out for care. Crying to be moved. To be nourished. Through feeling. Through perceiving with the heart. Because spiritual experiences are unlike physical ones. They are contact with nature. With art. But above all, with honest conversation. With choosing what delights the heart, not the mind. With giving and receiving help. We could list countless examples. But without spiritual experience, we are weak. Incomplete. The foundation is this: a take on life. Without it, we will always thirst, for life. And yet it's so simple. Life is right beside us. Its stream. Its source. Reach out with your heart, and draw from it. Rejoice that you can. That you know how. Because everyone can, if they change perspective. If they let go of the mind, and begin to see the world through a loving heart. If they're willing to understand what life truly is.

in search of the green peacock

on wasting time chasing

It often happens that we want a lot. We expect much from life. We dream of a house with a pool. A villa. A private jet. Or something more grounded. We hope for a lottery win, an inheritance from a long-lost aunt, or simply for something to fall from the sky. There's another kind of expectation, though, the expectation of happiness, permanently tied to the act of seeking. And in this mindset of searching, we act as though we've got a guaranteed winning ticket. Sooner or later, we're bound to find it. There's no other option. But I'll surprise you: no, you never will. If you're looking for happiness, you can be certain you won't find it. You have better odds with that lottery ticket, though I wouldn't hold my breath there either. But in the case of happiness, I'm sure. You won't find it. Sounds dramatic? Not at all. It's just the truth. The issue lies in the starting point, in looking for the green peacock. We're searching for something that cannot be found. Why? Because you already have it. You're already happy, you just don't see it. You imagine the peacock as something remembered or dreamed. But this peacock is green! And it's already yours. Foreign holidays won't bring you happiness. Nor will a new partner, a new car, or a bulldozer. Whatever you imagine, whether in relationships or elsewhere, it's all sand. It slips through your fingers. Happiness is something else. Something steady. Something born from stillness. From silence. We have it all the time, but we drown it out with noise. Because we want this or that. Because we imagine happiness in a certain shape. Then we feel let down when it doesn't show up that way. But happiness is silence. Stillness. Not a lack of problems, but a lack of will. Life is constant trouble, or a constant adventure. Depends on who's looking. Either way, it's noise.

And happiness is about not getting sucked into that whirlpool of desire, that temptation that promises it's leading you closer to joy. To me, happiness seekers are like Indiana Jones, making a lot of noise. Except Indiana always got what he was after. Happiness seekers must settle for the noise itself. And maybe that's what they want, deep down. They're really chasing noise, not joy. But happiness is the opposite of noise. It's the ordinary day. The ordinary breath. But we don't like the ordinary. We crave the extraordinary. Something else. Something that stirs emotion. And there it is, those damned emotions. Always a problem. We're addicted to them like nicotine. And emotions, even the ones we call "good," don't offer much. Because we want them to repeat. We provoke them. We do foolish things just to feel that buzz again. But that's not happiness. Bungee jumping won't make you happy. It might give you a thrill, for a moment. Then it's gone. Buying a new outfit won't make you happy. You'll be excited, for a moment. Then it's gone. That's how it is. Your happiness is elsewhere. In a form you didn't expect. In a green peacock you didn't imagine. And happiness doesn't shout or pose or bargain. It doesn't make deals. Silence wants to be heard, but we don't want to listen. It doesn't excite us. Because we tie excitement to emotion. In our minds, happiness must be emotionally charged. We want to look at the world through emotion. Or maybe we don't even know we do, but that's how we judge. What feels good is good. What feels bad is bad. Like toddlers in a sandbox. Like a dog given its favorite toy one moment and having it snatched away the next. No complexity. No strategy. No mental Everest. Instead of feeling with the heart, we feel through emotions. It's a sad habit. The habit of happiness hunters, those eternally unhappy because they're chasing something else. Wouldn't it be better to just accept the world as it is? To enjoy who we are, our loved ones, our surroundings? A happiness-seeker doesn't accept reality. To them, reality causes pain, and so they search elsewhere. They're dissatisfied with how things are. And fine, let them search. But where's the logic? If everything around you is bad, how will it suddenly become good? A philosopher's stone? The Holy Grail? What will save you? Maybe the lottery ticket? At least you'll have enough pants. But that's how it goes. This grasping for the exceptional. And there's nothing exceptional about the exceptional, except the emotion. Emotion is always behind it. It's the culprit. If we need someone to blame, better blame emotion than the person. It sounds better. You decide. Seekers. But if their search for happiness actually worked, imagine what a spectacle it would be. A TV show! Interviews with those rare few who found it. "Sir, where did you find happiness?" "Oh, it was hiding under the doormat. I grabbed its hand and it said, 'That's not my hand.' Then it tried to bribe me with a vacation to Lampedusa. But I was determined. I didn't let it get away. And now I've got it. All mine. Pure gold. Look how it sparkles!" Come on. That's what we'd love, isn't it? That would be ideal. But that's not how it is. And it never will be. You can't train happiness like a puppy. It doesn't do tricks. It doesn't sit or roll over. It won't fetch. Happiness is here. Now. This moment, you're happy. Because you are you. Even if you're pretending. You're still you in disguise. But still you. Just wearing this lousy costume. It doesn't suit you. But still, you put it on and go out into the world. Pity. But that's life. And happiness is a fact. It doesn't shine. It doesn't sparkle. It doesn't shout, "Take a selfie with me!" Imagine that, "Me and Happiness." Better than a photo with Brad Pitt. But it doesn't work that way. Happiness is the opposite of that glitzy noise. It's in the beating heart. In flowing blood. In every breath. It's life. It's the soul at work. It invites. It collaborates. It's the

union of mind and heart. The point of connection. An engagement. Without it, we'll never feel happiness. Not until we tame the mind, and coax the heart into partnership. It's like the Northern Lights. You must be in the right place to see it. That's how happiness is seen, you must be in the right state. Ready. Your mind must be calm. Engaged to the heart. They must be one. Or at least have a meeting point. Like in a relationship. In an engagement. Man and woman, different, but united for a shared purpose. They care for what connects them. That point of contact. Because only from that meeting point can they communicate. Can they build something together. And so it is with the mind and heart. Only from that connection can we see happiness. From that view, we see the aurora. We see beauty. The world around us. Ourselves. Others. Everything is happiness. Even when dressed up in costumes. Even when noisy. Even when pretending. But don't try to imagine it. You'll only hurt yourself. You won't understand it with the mind. Enter the engagement. Clear the mind. Join it with the heart. Then look. Then you'll see. And you'll agree with me, there's no other way. There's nothing more beautiful than when there's someone to see. Because that there's something to see, that's a given.

the stray option

on being rooted and real

Where are you from? Where are you headed? Why and for what? Right. Among us are many cosmopolitans, "citizens of the world," as they say. They feel no connection to anything local. They drift. A little here, a little there. Eternal wanderers. Forever on the move. On a road to nowhere. That's the trend, the fashion. You have to keep up. Stay relevant. But that "nowhere" haunts us. It doesn't let us sleep in peace. Our conscience nags. And that's how an unhappy human is born. A stray. One without a home. And I don't mean a building. A home is where the heart feels best. Among your own. Where you don't have to pretend. Where you're familiar. Maybe they gossip. Maybe they've got some complaints. People are like that. But they're your people. You belong. You don't have to search anymore. You don't have to wander. It's unbelievably important to find that place. Some search for years. Others know it immediately. Often, it's where we grew up. Or where we studied. But there's something else just as important: on the way to finding that place, don't lose your family. Don't forget they're there. That they love you. Even if they don't always show it. It's a beautiful thing to remember your loved ones. The ones who raised you. The roots. The binding force. The fertile ground from which we grew. The reason we are who we are. We must thank them while they're still alive. They need to know they can lean on us. Family is a great treasure, but we often forget. We forget about parents, aunts, grandparents. Somehow they slide down the list of important people. They lose their charm. Because they're old-fashioned. Because they say silly things. Because they expect help. So many reasons. So many excuses. But they're all tied together, family. And that means something. If we want to live healthily, we can't ignore them. You can't live well, can't nourish your soul,

while cutting out your family. Just because you have a husband or wife. Just because you're raising kids. Doesn't make the "old" family less important. On the contrary. Cut off from your roots, you'll never bear fruit. That's just how it works. Even if you surround yourself with successful people. Even if you shine. All that glitter means nothing. All that modern thinking, meaningless. The conscience won't forget. The soul will demand what's been erased. And even if you cover the trail, the trace will remain. A wound that never heals. That's why we must not sever these ties. We must stay close. Let them know they matter. That we appreciate them and are grateful, for raising us, shaping us, showing us the world. Even if they made mistakes. Even if they hurt us. That doesn't matter. You were hurt? That's not a reason to hurt in return. That's short-sighted. When you hurt others, you hurt yourself. That's how it works. Revenge, or silence "as punishment," won't bring you peace. It won't pull you out of mental darkness. It only deepens the wound. Sometimes silence cuts the deepest. That's how it goes. So don't stay silent. Always have something to say, something kind. Always have something to prove, something good. That you can, that you want to. That you know how. To care for bonds. To tend them. Water them. Breathe life into them. So they last. So they fulfill their purpose. Because it's our duty, to care for family. For loved ones. For what connects us. What example will you set for your children if you forget your elders? You forget your family, your child forgets you. That's how it works. A common pattern. We show our children the world, and how it's supposed to look. So let's show it wisely. Let's show that we're rooted. That we honor where we come from, even if we no longer live there. Let's show that we respect childhood friends. That there's nothing wrong with honest work. With more than just household chores. Whether it's working in the fields, fixing cars with grandpa, walking through forests, or gathering mushrooms. There's so much you can do with grandparents. And a child should be part of that. City life has its lessons too. It teaches responsibility. Kids love being needed. Feeling useful. Being invited into family time. But we must show them. Give them the opportunity. Cutting kids off from their family is deeply sad. But it happens. It steals generations. Whole branches of the family tree. That's the way it goes. Sometimes we think we know better. We only wake up when something breaks. When it's too late, or nearly impossible to fix. I've seen it. Many times. And it hurts, even from the outside. But it could be different. It could be beautiful. To be rooted. Helpful. Needed. To care for your roots. That brings relief. It prepares the soul for growth. It's the foundation. There is no happiness without honoring your loved ones. Without intention and faithful fulfillment of your role. Of your duty. It's sowing love. It's passing on care and watching it grow. An essential, central thing. That's why we must stop making excuses. Stop dreaming of some perfect place far from family. In distant countries. Maybe you'll earn more, but what are riches without family? Don't try to outsmart the world. The world will outsmart you. You have to be simple in thought. Joyful in sharing what matters. Here and now. Because someday family will be gone. And you'll be left, old, frail, incomplete. With a hole in your soul no money can patch. Because you failed. Because you didn't use your time wisely. Don't fall into that. Nothing good will come of it. But there is another way. A better one. You can be from somewhere. You can belong. You can matter. Your soul will thank you for it. Your heart already smiles at the thought. And that's good. That's how it should be. Be for people, and people will be for you. Live only for yourself? Wisdom will turn you around. Because the wise are never strays. The wise don't preach naivety. Only the naïve believe

they can create the whole world on their own. The world is already made. Our task is to gift it a smile, not judge it, not despise it. Let's smile at the world, and it will smile back. And we will be where we are meant to be. We will feel at home. Not like modern wanderers. Not like eternal "takers" who never give. Life is too precious for that. There's a better way. A wiser one. And that's what the game is about. Don't give up. Don't fold in the middle of the match. It matters that you know it's worth it, to play and to win. And to smile with the quiet joy of fulfillment.

it splits like that on what it takes

This is an incredibly important topic. And yet, our feet keep getting tangled. And if they're tangled, it means we're standing still. That's never good, but standing still can still lead to movement. There's another condition I want to talk about. A state in which each of our feet goes in a different direction. One steps forward, the other back. It sounds comical, but it's not funny to the one caught in it. And I get that. On one hand, we want to grow. We want good things for ourselves. And on the other, we fall, we're pulled into darkness. It seeps in from every side. It grabs and won't let go. A grim situation. But how do we get out of it? I'll tell you. Our legs are our actions, our realized thoughts. Not our doubts. Legs carry out what the head or heart commands. And that's where we must begin. With the source of command. We need to sort things out in our minds. Understand the purpose of the path. Because a path must lead somewhere. And here's the point: if one foot steps forward and the other steps back, we get nowhere. Awareness is key. From there, things get easier. We have to choose a destination. We can't be a drifting ship. What's the point of that? It leads nowhere. Gives us nothing. And we do want something from life. Fulfillment. Appreciation. Or maybe something even greater, uplift of the soul. It's worth it. Everything we do must come from awareness. Unconscious life is bitter. Automation is the absence of life. A missed chance. A waste of time. A downgrade of quality. Sure, you can end up somewhere on autopilot, but it won't be a place worth envying. We must shut down the autopilot. Unplug the routines. We have a conscious life, and we want to live it. That must be the starting point. That's what lifts us and gives us energy. And energy is crucial. In autopilot mode, there's none. No hunger for life. Just ticking boxes. That never works. Never gives us that essential spark. And that spark must be there, to move us from stillness. To make us look at life with hunger. To see its beauty, its uniqueness. That's a big thing, to rejoice in every single day. But to experience such joy, we must live. And for that to happen, both feet must move in the same direction. That's how we were made. That's how it works. So that we want to. Otherwise, it's no wonder things fall apart. You can't fight nature. We have a nature. It's clear when we're young. Everything is simple, obvious. The world unfolds before us. That's what it means to move in one direction, to want to live another day. Because it may bring something beautiful. Or something painful. Joy or sadness. But it will bring something. And it will happen. Even sadness can be energizing. Invigorating. It can make us reflect. It can give

someone a reason to reach out. For life to wake life. For life to celebrate itself. That matters. A child doesn't stop running after a fall. They get up and run again. And yet we forget that. Sad experiences drag us down. We analyze. We stew in them. We don't release, we store them for later. For more analysis. More heaviness. That never works. It's not healthy. It's not in tune with our nature. We need to walk in one direction. Both legs, same path. Not torn. We need to stick to the plan. And the plan is simple: to be happy. So ask yourself, what brings you happiness? Maybe it's your family. A pet. A certain hobby. Time spent with a friend. Creative work. Whatever it is, we must walk in that direction. Use time wisely. Strengthen bonds. Rejoice in the fact that we can. That we're in the right place at the right time. Because that opens up possibilities. Possibilities for action. For choice. Some people complain life is all about choices. That it's exhausting. That they must decide a hundred things each day. But does a child get tired deciding how to play? Of course not. With joy, everything is easier. And happiness must awaken joy. The place we're headed to must be a home for joy. Without joy, we won't believe life is beautiful. We won't be able to say it out loud. Childlike joy. Simple joy. I'm not talking about the thrill of winning a million dollars. That's not joy, it's excitement. And excitement is a waste of time. Joy is deeper. Nobler. It stays in your mind. It awakens you. Refreshes. Cleans the head. When you're joyful, you don't dwell on worries. You don't forecast doom. You don't throw yourself into problems. Without joy, it's easy to drown in them. To focus on what hurts. To exaggerate. To inflate small things into major burdens. That's nonsense. We must trust that we're walking the right road - the road to peace, to understanding ourselves. The path we once walked as children. The path of renewal and joy. God plays a huge role in this. The sense that He exists. That He watches. That He gives us opportunities. People who don't believe in God have it harder. Because something will always be missing. You might say, "But children aren't born believers." True. But they feel. Children feel God. Through their pure joy and their love of life. Children sense that life matters. That it gives energy and options. They draw divine energy from everything around them. Every child is a mystic. Every child is close to God. It's only later that we start complicating things. Thinking with our heads. Looking for scientific evidence. Proof. That things are this way or that. Maybe it's all a lie? Maybe religion is wrong? Maybe it's a giant conspiracy to fool us? Please. Intellectualizing gets us nowhere. What matters is the child's approach. True mysticism. Feeling. Joy in what is. In what God gave us. The game board and the other players. Players, not rivals. People aren't here for us to compete with. To prove we're better than them. That's not how it works. The board has its demands. Social rules. Cultural differences. But one thing is always shared: responsibility. And all of it is for a reason. To give us more ways to choose. More doors to open. That's how it works. It's not random. Societies make sense, as long as they don't become our gods. As long as they don't crush us. And sometimes they do, you'll say. But I think it's our mind that crushes us. A free person is free even in prison. That's how it is. It's a matter of feeling or thinking. Head or heart. We always have a choice. And we can always change that choice. One helps with adjustment. The other with freedom. But can a free person still work obediently, you ask? Even if they disagree with their boss? If they're truly free, can't they just protest? That logic makes no sense to me. First, opinions and pent-up negativity come from the mind. Second, isolating yourself and going off to live in the jungle won't make you happy. We need people. We need each other. We give one another happiness. And yes,

sometimes we also hurt each other. That's true. But freedom is always freedom from something. Not for something. A free person doesn't sink in the mud. And with work, it's the same. If your job is mud, change it. No one is holding you down. Unless you're in prison or some other extreme case, then you know you earned it. Different situations call for different solutions. But the point is the same: walk in the right direction. Both legs. One path. Splitting yourself never ends well. It brings only harm. Drains you. Feeds the ground with your energy. But you won't benefit from it. And you should. You should use your chances. Rejoice in life. In the path. In the experience. In the fact that you feel, not just think. That you want to, because you can. That you are free, and determined. Determined to live this life in awe. Because that's the only way it makes sense. Because that's the only way it's worthy.

grasping the scar on giving it a try

Trying. But why? Wouldn't it be better to stick to what we already know? At least then, we won't get hurt. That's a harmful way of thinking. It shuts us off from the world. And it's something we have to fight. Something we must overcome. It's essential that we try new things. That we leave our comfort of stillness. We grow fond of our current state. We like it. We want to stay there. But by doing that, we miss out on countless opportunities. Experiences life tries to hand us. Experiences left unopened. Unlived. Unfelt. We have to step out of the comfort of stillness. Because it's a lie. It's not actually good for us. That state where nothing grows, where we don't try, where we don't taste anything new, that's not peace. It's stagnation. So let's open up to what's possible. Let's understand that "new" doesn't mean "worse." Just because we haven't tried something doesn't mean it won't be good for us. This can apply to so many areas and situations. To countless reactions and behaviors. But humans are like this, we often don't believe that something good might still be waiting for us. Something we've never tried. Something unfamiliar. And this isn't just about belief, it's about being open. About not being a closed door. Sure, sometimes we'll get burned. Sure, we'll catch a scar. But other times, we gain so much. We grow. And that's the point. That we stay in motion. Open. Positively tuned. I'm not talking about being naive. If someone tells you to invest in a scheme promising 300% returns in a year, don't believe them. Let's be smart, not foolish. Let's not let ourselves fall for nonsense. We have to tell the difference. But openness is key. A state where we don't say "no" to life. Where we don't block the chances it lays in front of us. That's a powerful thing, to use the opportunities that come our way. Scars are unavoidable. Everyone has them. From relationships. From failed attempts, in one form or another. But to stumble gracefully, that's an art. It's something we remember. Something that stays with us. And not always in a bad way. Scars come in two kinds, the ones that hurt, and the ones that look good. Women say scars are manly. That they add charm. And sometimes, that's true. As long as they're not too big. As long as they didn't hurt too much. The small, tasteful scars catch the eye. They say: "He's lived through

something.” “He’s not just anyone.” And that’s good. Let them speak. So let’s not be afraid of life. Let’s not be afraid to try. To get involved. But with involvement, there’s one thing, only full involvement makes sense. Don’t do things halfway. Either you commit, or you don’t. Half-hearted dedication is a wasted opportunity. A watered-down result. A distortion of reality. Later, we’ll blame it on this or that. Say it didn’t work out. But we didn’t give it our all. We weren’t all in. That’s important, to give it all. To be precise. To be honest. To keep things clear. Not to exaggerate. Not to throw in fear at the starting line. Honesty is its own topic, really. If we’re not ready to commit to someone, we shouldn’t start a relationship. We can’t mislead a partner knowing we’ll leave when the time comes. That’s not fair. Honesty matters. Also, honesty with ourselves. Let’s not promise ourselves too much from the world. Let’s not convince ourselves that this or that will happen. That we’ll be appreciated in this or that way. Let’s not try to make ourselves believe in things that won’t hold up. Honesty demands clarity. Straightforward thinking. Yes means yes. No means no. And no expectations. Because expectations only mess with emotions. Needlessly. Emotions rarely bring lasting good. When they get too intense, they exhaust the soul. Don’t let your soul suffocate. So remember what matters. Remember to try. To stay open. To not fear scars or tears. Tears purify. And scars? They can be handsome. As long as we don’t go overboard. With either. Excess never ends well. But we all know that, don’t we? The golden mean, such a cliché phrase. But is it possible? Can we actually find it? To be honest, it depends. But one thing is true in every theory about it. The golden mean means avoiding extremes. And that’s consistent. We can’t throw ourselves into radical decisions, opinions, or beliefs. We have to search within what lies between. Our own way. Our own solution. The golden mean isn’t a single perfect point. A single freedom. A single glittering option. It shifts with the circumstances. And it’s not about catching it like a prize. There’s no reward for “finding the golden mean.” But staying away from extremes, that lesson repeats itself. Always. And it’s always worth remembering. Extremes are cliffs. You can stand near the edge. But will anything good come of that? Standing on the edge is always a risk. The wind might blow. Someone might bump into you. And then? Disaster. Why risk it? What’s the point? It’s pointless danger we must avoid. So don’t lean over the cliff. Don’t say “everything is for people.” Extremes may be for people, but only the foolish ones. And being foolish is never worth it. Someone will say, “You’re talking about what’s worth it? Aren’t you supposed to be all spiritual, and here you are, talking like a materialist.” And I’ll answer: the good of the soul, happiness itself, has nothing to do with materialism, and yes, it’s worth it. That’s the point. It’s worth it to be happy, not to make money on the stock exchange. It’s worth it to care for your family, not to cheat on your spouse. It’s worth it to help others, not to look down on the poor. And anyway, a poor person isn’t always poor. Financial status rarely aligns with depth or understanding of the world. Just look at India. Many Indian thinkers, gurus, and spiritual seekers live at the edge of poverty. Money doesn’t help. More often, it corrupts. In the Western system, it’s different. We’re told money brings opportunity. I disagree. But I don’t glorify poverty either. I’m not saying, “Abandon everything and go meditate.” That’s not it. Again, the golden mean. You can spend money wisely. With purpose. You can find joy in the work that earned it. And that’s the difference. A small difference, but a big one. Some rejoice in money, because they have it. Others rejoice in the work they did to earn it. That’s the difference. Be the wise one. Work for the sake of work, not for money. Those who work

only for money waste their lives. That means they crave it. They're addicted to it. A wise person is addicted to nothing. Someone might argue, "Isn't a husband addicted to his wife? A father to his children?" No. A husband loves his wife. That's why he does things for her. A father loves his children. That's why he sacrifices for them. That's not addiction. That's love. And love isn't something to fear. Or search for flaws in. Love has no flaws. Love lifts us. Love breathes into us. It's a magnificent force, and it shapes the one who loves. It's worth investing in love. It's not worth running from it. Even if it can leave scars. Even if it can draw tears. That's life. So let's live wisely and responsibly. That doesn't mean "boring." A wise life is not a dull life. A wise life is open. When we don't run from life. When we don't hide from the world. When we care. When we find joy in it. There's nothing wrong with feeling joy. A fulfilled human being, that's something extraordinary. It's the best life has to offer. But to experience it, we have to like life. That's where it begins. So let's not complain about how awful life is. How much it's hurt us. Let's be glad it is. Because replays aren't included in the price.

fishheads on temptation

Human life is no easy journey. The world is a place of hidden snares. You can get hurt. You can regret. You can burn yourself, and it'll leave a mark. But there's a certain kind of person who falls especially often, those I call fishheads. People who leap for the glittering worm, the bait. But the problem isn't the worm. The problem is the hook. And where that hook leads. I'm not here to criticize anyone, I'm here to warn. To caution against what shines too brightly. Against anything shouting "opportunity!" or whispering, "I'm better than the rest." Whether it's a person or a promise, doesn't matter. Often it's people themselves who act as bait. Who bring with them consequences once you've let them close. Yes, I've spoken before about trusting others, about approaching people with openness, and I still stand by it. But there are people who cause harm. And they're not hard to spot. One type lacks respect for others. Another tries to "work you" for personal gain. These are the ones to watch for. They're not everywhere, but they exist. And when you cross paths with them, don't panic. Don't fight. It won't help. Just keep doing your thing, without getting pulled into their game. Don't take the bait. You're not a fishhead. You don't need to bite. This has nothing to do with intelligence, it's about discernment. About choosing what truly nourishes us. Because the good stuff? It rarely screams "I'm good!" And that's the beauty of it. We get to learn, to sharpen our intuition. To refine our taste. To choose wisely. To discard the fake. To become connoisseurs of what's right. Savor it. Share it. Recommend it. Surround yourself with people who respect you. Who are kind. Honest. Genuine. People who bring you peace, not drama. Because people shape us. They influence us deeply. And if we embed ourselves in toxic soil, we won't bloom. Like a flower trampled under foot, we'll fade. Because there are always those shiny worms. Business pitches, miracle projects, empty promises. People selling salvation if only you'll vote, click, invest. There are also those who crave admiration. Who

want you by their side, one step lower. “We’re friends,” they’ll say, “but let’s be clear: I’m the impressive one.” That’s not a friendship. That’s a performance. A stage. And you’re just their mirror. Those dynamics can be dangerous. Especially if you’ve achieved something. Success attracts opportunists. And they’ll cast their lines. They’ll bait the waters. Hoping to reel you in. And what’s left? Just another fish, flapping on the deck. Maybe they’ll toss you back in. Maybe not. But why rely on maybe? Why give up your direction for someone else’s game? Most people are good, I believe that without question. Goodness brings joy to healthy hearts. But some people are sick. Spiritually sick. And I’m not here to fight them. We can’t fix people by force. Some only pretend to change, just long enough to get what they want. Real change is rare. And even if you feel like you could be the one to help, don’t be so sure. “I’m so kind, he’ll change for me.” No, my dear. No. Don’t waste your time. You can lose yourself trying to rescue someone who isn’t ready. And worse, they might pull you down with them. Into bitterness. Into fear. Into something that isn’t you. And here’s something else worth remembering: people aren’t bad. Their actions may be, yes, but not the soul beneath. Don’t label people as “evil.” Don’t start a war. The heart wasn’t built for battle. It was made for love. For compassion. So when you see someone waving a shiny lure, don’t bite. But don’t attack either. What good comes from another fight? Every fight leaves you wounded. There’s no medal for trying to reform a villain. No trophy for proving a point. So keep to your path. And let those who want to listen, come. Don’t chase those who want to hurt. If we all walk away from people who bring harm, they’ll find themselves alone. And maybe then, they’ll understand why. That’s the best lesson anyone can get, to stand in silence, and hear the echo of their own noise. That’s the real cure. Not our lectures. Not our pity. Not our energy. Let’s save that energy for joy. For people who want to walk with us. For those who know how to be kind. Who don’t bait hooks. Who just bring bread. Let’s be those people. Let’s look inward, too. Let’s not be the ones who snap, just because we had a bad day. Let’s not bite others when life bites us. Let’s not be the fisherman. But let’s not be the fish either. Life is too beautiful to end up on a plate. Let them go hungry. We’ve got better waters to swim in.

many-headed

or on constancy

Life is demanding, and we often don’t respond well to that demand. We try too hard to fit in. We want to look good. Appealing. Show our best side. Impress. Blend into a conversation. And yet, a human being is one, and should have only one head. But the many-headed are everywhere. People who wear a different head every day. Sometimes several a day. Don’t be like them. Stick to one set of beliefs. The belief in goodness and growth. In respect and care for others. The belief that life is worth living and worth enjoying. That is the proper head. The one that breathes rightly. But there are also other heads. Ones that can’t breathe ordinary air. They run on different fuel. They feed on conflict, on the hunger to get richer, on disdain. That’s their energy source. Their drive. Don’t put them on. These heads harm the soul. They distort how we see the world. They blur the beauty that should reach the heart.

They exhaust us. And that's the worst part. Life with the wrong head becomes a torment. You're tired of yourself. Add people to that, and it gets even heavier. People confirm the darkness you already see. The wrong head alters your vision. Everything is tinted wrong. So why wear it, you ask. Exactly. There is no good reason for changing heads. But we do it. Too many of us do. Often for petty reasons. For comfort. Because the good head gets boring. For freedom. For the thrill of proving ourselves. But that freedom is also misunderstood. Many think it means doing whatever crosses their mind. I'm free, so I'll get drunk today. I'm free, so no one can tell me anything. That's the dark side. But freedom has two ends. Remember that. I'm free, so I'll help my neighbor today. I'm free, so I'll visit my grandmother. That's freedom too. Because freedom is the ability to choose. The choice to do right. To support others. To support yourself. To help because it matters. And freedom applies to our heads too. Whether we choose to stick with the original, the good one, or jump from one to another. That's our freedom. Our call. The direction we take. It matters to be coherent. To send the world a consistent signal. Respect is not given to people who agree with everything. It's given to those who stand their ground. That's what it means to keep your head straight. To not replace it in hopes of making it better. You can't improve what's already natural. Goodness and respect are built-in. That's the soul's default setting. And then? Then we start messing. Because we see others changing heads, and we want that too. Because freedom. Because we can. And it ends badly. As always. And why? Because we're dissatisfied. If we were happy with ourselves, we wouldn't be looking for other heads. But what is there to be dissatisfied with? That we're not like others? Not flashy, not spoiled, not rich? People set bad examples. That doesn't mean we should applaud. That doesn't mean we should follow. Often we do. They say people are easily influenced. That we're vain. I don't believe that. At our core, people are perfect. Beautiful and unique. They just wear out over time, like cars with high mileage. They need repairs. An oil change. New filters. And most importantly, brakes. Good brakes are the key. Always check your brakes first. If they work properly. Because without brakes, we'll keep swapping heads. And that's not living. That's wasting time. And asking for disaster. Accidents are inevitable without brakes. That's the package you get with a borrowed head. And why? What's the point? What does it give you? Nothing. Multi-headedness defies logic. Common sense. But we forget. Or don't want to remember. We'd rather show off. Find a place. Maybe there's something to gain. Maybe a profit. That's a dangerous line of thought. You're better than that. Capable of better priorities. Deeper fulfillment. But we often settle. For mediocrity. For less. For barely getting by. Sadly, that's how many people live. Without focusing on what builds them. What truly matters. People scorn spiritual growth. Religion. Philosophy. They scoff at the idea that life could be about something more than sex and money. But it can. And it must. Bury your spare heads in the yard. Six feet deep. No less, or the foxes will dig them up. Bury what you don't need. One head is enough. The original one. Natural. Ready for what comes. The head of a wise person. Everyone has one, but not everyone chooses it. Some prefer the others. And forget the first. The perfect one. The one that worked. Remember it. Because that one gives peace and joy. It knows how to act. The rest deceive. They want too much, too fast. They demand. They flatten. They leave nothing good behind. But you can live calmly. Naturally. You don't have to pretend. And if someone asks that of you, don't listen. Our default settings are beauty and brilliance. Refinement and clarity. Stay with them. Delight in them. They matter. They fuel

the soul. They are one with contentment. Don't look for success in the world. The greatest success is being yourself. Not pretending. Not changing heads. One is enough. The only one. And don't let anyone tell you otherwise.

break the ice well

or on distance, or the lack of it

Distance. Probably the buzzword of the "new world." That Western breeze. Keep people at arm's length. Don't reveal too much. Stay composed. Follow etiquette. Say what's expected. Smile politely, turn the other cheek. But that's not who we are. That's not our nature. Children are open. Warm. Eager to connect. That's our default setting. And then, we start tweaking it. Upgrading. Adjusting to expectations. But those upgrades never serve us well. Why change what works? What's naturally effective? I don't get it. I don't get this distance that's supposed to protect us from others. The assumption is that people are dangerous. Or maybe that we are. That we might say something wrong. Hurt someone. And to that, I say: why? Are we so bad? So mismatched? Or is it just laziness? We don't want to engage. Don't want the responsibility of connection. There are many reasons. Many roots. Intimacy, it's a word that scares people. Better not to get too close. Just in case. I've laid out these attitudes for a reason. Because they hurt us. Distance wounds us in subtle ways. It shuts us off from the world. We check out. Voluntarily. We avoid life. Choose isolation. We crave solitude more than we admit. Maybe this piece should be called *The Longing for Solitude*. But it's not. The title is inviting. Let's break the ice well. And let's do just that, break it with intention. Offer something of ourselves. Build relationships. Care for them. Be real. Be human. Don't fake it. Forget about political correctness, get closer to people. Most will appreciate it. They might be surprised. But they'll appreciate it. There's no value in hiding. No benefit in freezing the atmosphere. Cold never helps anything grow. Not a plant. Not a soul. Cold leads to stagnation. Let's not fall for these Western imports. They don't suit us. People need to talk. To complain sometimes. To laugh at silly things. That's life. And we should honor that kind of simplicity. Celebrate it when someone makes the first move. Breaks the ice for us. Whether out of kindness or curiosity, it doesn't matter. What matters is that we respond. That we reach out too. That we make peace with this world. With people. Not to show off. Not to prove anything. But just to be kind. Helpful. Gentle. Because it pays off. Because it returns to us. It reminds us we're not alone. We see the similarities between us. We enjoy the moment. That's worth a lot. Some people find joy only in animals. Usually cats or dogs. And while that's sweet, it's also a sign. A warning. If animals are your only safe space, something's off. "People are too much," you say. "Animals understand me better." No, they don't. They sense your emotions. That's all. They know if you're angry or relaxed. But they don't care about your story. You won't sit and talk to them like old friends. It's not the same. An animal can be a companion, but it can't be your only one. We need human connection. We need to stay open. Someone once told me, "If I said what I really think, I'd be in jail." Come on. Rarely does someone get jailed for words. What you need is to work on your inner

silence. Calm the restless mind. So that what comes out of you is good. That you radiate peaceful energy. Children do that naturally. That “silly” child, as people say: well, that silly child loves life. While the “smart” adult hides from it. Avoids others. Closes up. Something went wrong there. Logic failed us somewhere. Something broke. And I believe that true wisdom lies in simplicity. We’re born wise. But as we grow, we lose it. It leaks out through the seams. But does it have to be this way? No. No one can force us to be bitter. No one can convince us to look down on people. Unless we choose to. And that’s the hope. If we’ve chosen a path, we can also leave it. We can choose differently. Shift our perspective. Nothing’s fixed. Our beliefs and habits are fluid. We wear them like clothes. We can change them. So it’s not hard to do. You don’t lose anything by changing, except what needs to be left behind. And that’s a good thing. A sign of clarity. Of returning to what’s natural. To the freshness of spirit. To joy and affirmation. Because when we open up, the world responds. It smiles back. It applauds. That’s how it works. Why live like a gloomy, anxious soul when you can open up instead? Someone might say, “Anxiety is a disease.” Okay. But if you’ve been shut tight like a sardine tin for years, don’t be surprised your nerves are on edge. You won’t find peace locked inside. Pills won’t help you. Neither will endless therapy sessions. I’m cheaper anyway. And no, cheaper doesn’t mean worse. Don’t believe the market nonsense. Break the ice with the world. You’ll feel the difference. Trust me. Nothing feels better than stepping outside after years of isolation. Breathing in that fresh air. Seeing the sun and the clouds. The laughter of children. That youthful spark. It’s good. It’s necessary. To remember who you are. What’s good and healthy for you. Returning to your natural state. To what your heart has always known. Going against the heart is going to war with yourself. And wars aren’t won. Wars only tally losses. Wounds. Pain. Statistics. Numbers of what we lost and when. Don’t get into that. And if you already have, know there’s a way out. There’s always a way back. To clear thoughts. Kind words. A person is like a machine we configure ourselves. Once set, it works. But it can be re-set. Tuned better. Aligned. You decide how you live. What values you carry. How you share them. How you live them. Don’t expect others to adjust to your comfort. Instead, adjust your heart to appreciate the hand next to yours. Because one day, it might not be there. And you’ll have no hand to reach for. “I won’t change for anyone,” you say. “This is me, take it or leave it.” But I say this, without tenderness and understanding, you’re not really yourself. Without “adjusting” for others, you’re not truly human. You may disagree. But that’s my take. From experience. A human soul wants good for every being. For every person. And if you want good, you act accordingly. It’s all connected. One thing affects the next. Everything has consequences. But I’m not here to preach. I’m here to encourage what’s good. So let me do that. Let’s open up to the world. Let’s show it our loving heart. Let people feel comfortable around us. That’s the best test, if people rest in your presence, you’re doing just fine. And may you know the joy that kind of presence brings. Be well. A healthy soul wears a smiling face.

remote control's barely breathing

or on switching off the autopilot

Here's the thing, we lose control of ourselves. We stop steering our own lives. We make choices, sure, but they're cookie-cutter. Predictable. We fall into tracks, ruts we can't seem to get out of. But we should try. Because what kind of life is that, riding on autopilot? Remote control, but who's really holding it? Not us, that's for sure. And life? It flows on. Slips away behind the horizon. And we don't even ask where it's going. We just roll with it. "It's fine," we tell ourselves. But where to, and why? That cursed autopilot. Everything in the same rhythm. The same highs, the same lows. Over and over. Then we wonder why life feels flat. Why we can't seem to care. The engine's running on fumes. It's missing fuel, missing the spark that comes from variety. That's what it's all about: discovering the moment, again and again. Drinking in the world's differences. Its uniqueness. That's what fuels us. That's what gets us going again. We get to choose where we're headed. Where to slow down. When to pick up speed. That's the power of being in control. Not to punish ourselves for mistakes. But to choose the what, the where, the how. To explore. To uncover. Life is a jungle. We don't know what's in it. But we can go in. Map it out. Make notes. Remember the spots worth avoiding. Count the adventures. Taste the unknown. That's how you kill the autopilot. Rip it out and toss it in the river. It's useless. It dulls us. Turns us into batteries. Our job? Drain out each day. Sleep, recharge, repeat. But there's another way. A sharper way. Own your energy. Spread it wisely so the journey is possible. So you can move. Grow. Recognize that it's all worth it. Because it is. Life is an adventure. But we often act like nothing exciting will ever happen again. Like we've seen it all. That our best days are behind us. We look at the world and complain. We look at the adventure and say "no thanks." We bail before it even begins. That's autopilot talking. Its job is to repeat the same functions. Maintain the route. It hates change. It resists being turned off. It'll convince you that you can't do without it. That autopilot is safe. But that's an illusion. I've said this before, "safe" is a sedative. A cage. It seduces you into staying stuck. Makes you believe stagnation is the sweet spot. "Safety." What a lovely-sounding word. But what a dangerous idea. It lies. And convinces you to stop caring. To stop discovering. To stop living. Better to stay tucked in under a blanket. That's what we're taught. And so I'm not surprised most people struggle. Not so much physically, they cope. But mentally? They're drained. On edge. Snapping at each other. Yelling. Dumping their stress on others. That's the aftermath of living on autopilot. Of chasing that oh-so-precious safety. That's the life we chose. But we can change it. At any moment. We can take a step forward. Leave behind the rut. Go explore. Discover. And I'll always push for that. Always. And yes, I've said this before. But someone will say: "I've got kids. I'm tied down." Well, kids aren't a reason to give up. You don't have to repeat tired old patterns. Don't teach them this same passivity. Share wonder with them. Show them new things. Experience life with them. Every day is a gift. A new shot. It's up to us to use it well. It's up to us whether we go to bed with that feeling: "Today was a good day." I'm sure you've had that feeling before. But it's been a while... right? Exactly. It's worth fighting for. To make every day meaningful. A discovery. A step forward. Those are incredible moments. When you want and you can. When you're living your life, not just letting it run. Let me give you an example.

I used to travel quite a bit. Before every trip to a new country, I'd do my homework. Learn about its history. Scout out what could be discovered. Pick up a few phrases in the language. It was exciting. But I never made rigid day-by-day plans. Some people do. Every day mapped out to the hour. And then they're crushed when it rains and the plan falls apart. What's the point? Here's what I mean: be curious. Be engaged. Be prepared. But don't chain yourself to goals. Goals can hurt you. When they turn out to be unreachable, they break your spirit. Focus instead on the chase. Not the catch. That's the fun part. That's what life is. Chasing the rabbit, not catching it. Once you catch it, you lose interest anyway. So play. Grow. Throw yourself into your passions. But not to profit off them. Not to win some local competition. Don't inflate everything with meaning. Just enjoy it. Let it meet you. Without autopilot. Without draining your battery every day. Save a bit of charge, who knows what might happen tonight? What if something amazing shows up at the last minute, and you're already too tired to care? Stay alert. Stay ready. Give yourself to people. To passions. To adventure. Even small ones. You don't have to fly across the world to live something amazing. Some of my best adventures happened right here. Because adventures are tied to people. They're made for us. Shaped by us. Shared with us. And you don't need a full wallet. What matters is with whom and how you spend your time. It's easier now than ever. We've got the internet. Forums. Communities around every passion you can name. It's easy to find people who get it. Easy to meet. To exchange thoughts. To grow. To share time. And it's beautiful, if you're open to it. If you want to live something real. It expands you. It shapes you. When you live with the autopilot turned off. When you know what you're doing, because you chose it. That's what works. I know from experience. It can be done. It's worth it. And it doesn't matter how old you are. Or what your temperament is. Whether you have kids. Whether you're married. Widowed. None of that matters. What matters is wanting to live. Really live. The rest? Excuses. So stop reaching for them. Stop feeding yourself delay. Stop buying into "important things." You are what's important. It's your life. No one else can live it for you. And you're wasting time. Wasting what won't come back. So go for it. The world is open. The autopilot? Don't need it. This whole remote way of living? It's barely breathing. Let it die. And on its ashes, build something better. A home for adventure. For exploration. A place for movement. Because that's what we're made for. Flow with life. Feel it. And thank yourself, for saying yes. For choosing to live. For being. Because really, what's the point of being on "no"?

to cultivate the pause

or why the pause shouldn't be worshipped

You're probably wondering, what pause? What cult? Is there something in it for me? Well, no. There isn't. I'm talking about the pauses in our lives. Sometimes, they become gods. Pauses, as in the moments between. Between the good things. Because no, we're not always doing good. And no, we're not always doing bad either. There's also the in between. The pause. That space where not much is happening. Maybe nothing at all. Just being. Some call

it laziness. I wouldn't go that far. A pause is just a pause. It doesn't have to be lazy. It's a break between movements. But some people worship that break. They get used to it. They want to keep it around forever. Is that good? No. Is it comfortable? I don't know. I forget about my own pauses. There aren't that many, because why would there be? But they happen to all of us. And that's the point. They happen. They're not meant to be forced. Not meant to be summoned. Because pauses don't do all that much for us. Though sure, you can get something out of them. In the pause, you can actually hear what your mind and your soul are trying to say. Sometimes it's nonsense. Sometimes they're trying to tell you something important. That's why it's worth listening. Not believing everything, but listening. The pause can say a lot about where you're at. Mentally. Spiritually. You can draw conclusions. Tweak something later. So yes, pauses are natural. But worshipping them? That's a whole other story. That's when it gets risky. You get hooked. You start drifting downward, losing value. Because let's be honest, it is pleasant not to act. And people start saying, "Better to do nothing than to do wrong." Sounds wise, right? But it's sneaky. Because yeah, maybe a pause is better than doing harm, but the goal is to do good, not to stretch out a pause forever. Pauses are addictive. They start whispering lies. And for what? Humans are built to move. To do. Unless they're constantly fighting with the very idea of doing. Unless they keep whining about how hard it all is. But most people like action. Work. Hobbies. Household tasks. Raising kids. You name it. Doing is our natural state. And we need to remember that. The key is making sure our actions move in the right direction. Intentions aren't enough. "But I meant well!", we've heard that before. Sometimes, good intentions only blur the truth. Because life's not about what you think is good. It's about what someone else feels as good. And the magic happens when they send you a little light because you gave them something that truly made them smile. That's the whole "good comes back" thing. But if you're only doing good for yourself, who's it going to come back from? Exactly. Real goodness lives in relationship. In connection. In caring for someone else's reality. So ditch the intentions. Tune in instead. What does this person need? What's missing in their life? What could help? That's the stuff that actually matters. That's the kind of good that really does come back. As someone once said, it's the kind that "pays off." And a pause? It doesn't pay off. It's just there. A break. A breath. A lack of action. It can be used for listening. For hearing yourself. But too many people don't even do that. Instead of listening, they talk. To themselves. Loudly. What to cook for dinner. What to get the kid for Christmas. Should I get that watch? Do these earrings suit me? Maybe I'll wear a different dress today. It's a flood of thought-noise. Constant. Endless. Of course, I'm not saying don't think. Thinking's fine. But think, and then do. Don't live inside a permanent pause. Don't drown yourself in inner chatter. That's the whole problem with worshipping the pause, it's when we start loving that space too much. We live our lives inside it. An imaginary life. A fictional version of reality. Built on what we think might be. And it makes us feel important. Like we matter to ourselves. But it's mostly nonsense. Endless mental babble. Dreams of lottery wins. Inheritance from an aunt we've never met. It's always something. And we multiply these little problems. Over and over. That's the cult of the pause. It's sneaky. Hard to shake. It takes vigilance. Awareness. Knowing what you're doing, thinking, where it's leading you. But that kind of awareness is so important. Not all awareness is equal. But when you can stack one on top of another, now we're getting somewhere. That kind of clear-eyed consciousness

says a lot about you. And just to be clear. I'm not demanding perfection. That'd be boring. In fact, I don't demand anything. I'm just trying to pass on something useful. Something true. A bit about how humans are wired. How we operate. We should be taught this in school. But we're not. Apparently, the structure of a paramecium is more important. But really, what use is that if we know nothing about ourselves? Sometimes we make guesses. But we're not trained to study us. And for me, the human being is a magnificent machine. One that needs to be taken apart and put back together again to really understand how it works. And it's not as hard as it sounds. And the reward? Enormous. So yeah, I encourage self-research. It helps. It gets you through the rough patches. It helps you understand your pauses. Why they show up. Where they lead. And the "why" is actually simple, they're breaks. You can't go full throttle all the time. Everyone deserves rest. Everyone needs it. Everyone benefits from it, as long as it doesn't drag on forever. A moment is enough. Sometimes more. Sometimes less. Depends on many things. Personally, I think the pause should prepare you for action, or help you reflect on what you've just done. A pause before, and a pause after. A moment for yourself. To hear what your mind and your soul are saying. How they're feeling. It doesn't influence what I do. And it's not about overthinking whether or not to act. Just to be clear. A pause is not for stirring up new topics. It's for listening. I said that before, and I'll say it again. Listening, not talking. Action, not worshipping the pause. That's what it's about. The real core of the matter. Pauses aren't bad, unless you lose yourself in them. Unless you forget what they're for. But now we know. Lesson learned. Time to practice.

the crane stitch

on mending

That's how it goes, worldly things attack. They strike hard, both at us and at the bonds we build. The world doesn't sleep. It plots, it pulls, it presses. That's how it often feels. And we start to come undone. Our relationships begin to fray. Cracks and holes appear. Many can't bear it. They leave their partners, their spouses, looking for someone else. But I believe that's no solution. It's like saying: I'm torn, so I'll just step away from the world altogether. That's not the answer. And it's the same with relationships. Relationships are living matter. And what does that mean? That wounds can heal. Living organisms know how to mend. But sometimes they need help. That's when the crane stitch comes in. That is, living in line with our nature. In line with our heart. A heart that loves longs for peace. For reconciliation. For quiet harmony. So we stitch. We mend what's torn. We patch what's fraying. To help it knit back together. To heal faster. To hold. Don't abandon your relationship just because you've hit a rough patch. Every relationship is similar. You'll run into the same mechanisms, the same frustrations, the same stumbling blocks. It's not that your partner is the worst and everyone else would be a saint. It's not that she's too moody or too demanding. Anyone else will be much the same. So take care of what you have. Stitch it. Don't wait for the hole to widen. Don't let it start growing its own life. That never ends well. Time never works in your

favor. Those who say “time heals everything” are wrong. It’s not the illness that will kill you. Not the accident. Not the chaos. It’s time. Time is the killer. Loud and silent all at once. It shouts, but we don’t hear. We don’t want to hear. We tell ourselves: it’ll be fine. Give it time. Time will fix it. It won’t. Time stings. Time kicks twice. So stitch it now. Apply the crane stitch. Fix what can still be fixed. Start with yourself. Ask what the relationship needs, not just what you want. Many want to mold their partner into some perfect shape. To have someone who behaves exactly as they wish. Who does exactly what they believe is right. That’s where the trouble begins. If we’re only looking inward, we’re blind to what surrounds us. Reality isn’t inside you. It’s beside you. Wake up and see it. Think of what nourishes your partner. What strengthens your bond. What makes your connection whole. Take care of that space between you. Nurture it. Yes, I can already hear someone accusing me of preaching communism. “Shared goods,” they’ll scoff. But no. This is different. In communism, people stopped caring because nothing belonged to them. But in a relationship, everything is yours, and still, you don’t care? That’s the difference. You don’t mend. You get offended. You don’t ask what’s wrong, you just roll your eyes and walk away. That won’t bring you closer. That won’t fulfill you. And fulfillment is worth fighting for, with peace, not battle. With calm and care. Because struggles within a relationship can ruin a life. And almost everyone has them. Sometimes small, sometimes big. But they’re always there. We’re different. Man and woman. We’re wired differently. We’ve always had different roles, at least until recently. Now it all gets mixed up. Sometimes the woman’s more masculine than the man. She takes over his duties. That throws things off. It may work for a while, but long term? It weakens the bond. Still, people are free. Let them live how they want. But no matter the form, cracks will appear. Desires, temptations, hunger, they’ll all circle like shadows. Every one of us has weak moments. Easy to get hurt. Easy to fall. But we must remember what matters. And mend it. Keep it safe. Protect it. Even if you make a mistake, you can step back. Always. You can leave darkness and walk into light. Madness is not a way of life. It will exhaust you, or destroy you. But love, relationships, family, these are sacred. For them, we should live. Work. Care. Give our hearts. Because there is nothing more beautiful than the loving eyes of someone close to you. So stitch. Patch what’s torn. Don’t throw your family away like garbage. That’s not where it belongs. When you discard your family, you discard a piece of yourself. You are one. Bound. Inseparable. Listen to your loved ones. Most problems start from not listening. From shallow conversations. “Nothing happened at work.” “I’m busy.” That’s not enough. Take the first step. Start the dialogue if it’s missing. Show interest. Care. Stop preaching and start asking. Don’t think paying the bills is enough. That’s not what builds a relationship. Money doesn’t create closeness. People do. You have to give time. You have to give heart. And don’t play boss. “I’m the head of the house, you listen to me.” That kind of hierarchy ruins intimacy. Reduces love to obedience. That’s not a bond, it’s domination. And I don’t mean financially. I mean spiritually. That approach kills warmth. Kills love. We’ve got people to care for. So let’s care. We’ve got someone to try for. So let’s try. Think not just about you, but them. Think about us. About the space between you and the other. Take care of that space. Stitch the wounds. Don’t whine that the thread isn’t strong enough. Stitch with what you have. Be grateful. Say thank you. Say sorry. Praise each other. When was the last time you praised your husband? When did you last appreciate your wife? Without those moments, your relationship is just a contract. And life cannot be just a contract. Life is a test.

A test of love. A test of effort. Let's pass that test. Show that we can love. That we want to love. Because our happiness, and the happiness of those we love, depends on it. So remember the crane stitch. Remember that mending is always worth it. Throwing away something alive is a crime. Don't be a killer, of love, of bonds, of what once brought joy. If you built a relationship, it's because you wanted one. So hold on. And let it live.

the rebound syndrome

on what repels us

We think we know what's good for us. That we know what is what. After all, we've been living in this world for so many years. We've seen so much already. And yet, there is something that unites us all, despite the differences in our views and the positions we hold. The Rebound Syndrome. Yes, that's it. You'll ask what this syndrome is. It's the truth. The truth we're not yet ready for. The truth that shocks us, or terrifies us. The one that appears at the wrong time. So what is the right time, then? The truth is, there isn't one. Or rather, every moment is right. You choose the answer. The truth shocks us. But it stays within us. It plants a seed, waiting for the right moment to sprout and grow. That's why we shouldn't wait for the right time to speak the truth. Humans are never truly ready for truth, because truth is always uncomfortable. It stirs up our system of values. We have everything arranged neatly, and then truth comes along and says that money doesn't matter, that a person should live for others, that worldly things are merely background noise, that there is a God who expects something from us, that we're here on Earth to pass the test of love. That, and many other truths, torpedo us, and we don't understand. We doubt, or we get offended. But what about me, and my world? What about my good, my way of life, my habits, and so on? That's the Rebound Syndrome. On a logical level, we may even agree with the truth. But applying it to our own life is a different story. That's where the seed comes in. The one I'm planting. The one that remains in a person. It sprouts in the least expected moment. That's how truth works. That's how universal values live on, values inscribed in our soul. Sometimes they need to be awakened, shaken, stirred. Without values, a human would not be human. And yet we are, even when we break every rule, even if we trample over truth. We're human. And we never know if someone will not end up as a saint. Enlightened. Knowing and understanding. Feeling and touching truth every day. Sometimes it's easier to transform a wrongdoer than someone who believes they're a good person but isn't. Someone who thinks they're good, that they're doing everything right, closes the gate to truth themselves. They turn their head away. But the one who knows they've messed up in life senses that real life is somewhere else. They lack that true life. Openness and tenderness. They're missing something that lights up the soul. You can feel that. Many people have felt it. I have too. That's why it's a blessing to return from far away. Let's not judge those who've strayed. Let's not cross them out. Let's not point fingers. Let's not say they're wrecks. Let's not trample them. What we need is understanding and compassion. We need help, often the same kind they need. And that's good. That's beautiful. We are alike. Hierarchies bring nothing good.

"He is worse than me." "That one has fallen so low." That's no solution. That's a mistake. Labelling and tagging. Let's run from it. Let's first look within ourselves. What am I missing? What does the world need from me? What actions? What deeds? What elevations of the soul, and how can I bring them forth? Spiritual growth is a broad field. It's a path we walk. It's not a three-month course. Nor a year-long seminar. It's a lifelong journey. A way of moving through life. With tenderness and compassion. Without fear. With a touch of truth. Because truth is not something you can capture and keep. It can grow within us. It can bear fruit. But truth has many faces, and we can expand its applications. We can keep learning life. We must. If we want to be fully human. If we want to experience the unexperienceable. Now someone might say I'm speaking of mysticism. That this isn't for the average person. But no, closeness to God is the answer to every question. Our commitment is the remedy for that depression you carry. We must be. We must create. New elevations. Share love. Show what we're capable of. Be people of goodness on this Earth. In harmony with God. Not proving to Him our twisted definition of freedom. Distorted and confused with self-will. But we think that way too often. I'm free, so I drink to the bottom. I'm free, so I cheat on my wife. I'm free, so I exploit my workers. I'm free, so I lie to my family. And so on. A misguided freedom. Far from truth. And the eternal rebound syndrome. Truth burns. Some see it that way. Some can't even bear to hear it out. It enrages them like a red flag enrages a bull. There are those who call spirituality brainwashing. Talking about faith and God - nonsense. They call it medieval. Superstition. Backwardness. All religious people are part of a cult. All who walk the spiritual path are lunatics. Such voices exist. Such people exist. Who mock and point fingers. But often, they are the very ones who reach the light the fastest. Often, it's they who end up as evolved souls. Because when you've strayed far, it's easier to turn back. Because when you've been fed on hatred, there comes a moment when you've had enough. We often see such cases. Those critics who become seekers. But spiritual teaching isn't about followers. Not their number. Not whether or how they support the spiritual guide. Spirituality is about everyone becoming a guide. Everyone infecting others with the spiritual path. Everyone showing it's worth it, not through arguments, but through their actions. That's what I strive for. That's why I am here. And that's why you are too. Each of us. We are to help one another. Influence one another. Expand our perspective. Open our eyes. Not be sleepwalkers. Because that's not living. We must learn to distinguish between sleep and waking. We must develop a taste for reality. Reality and sleep have clashed since the beginning of time. Just like good and evil. Though good and evil, that's a worn-out theme. That's what Star Wars was about. That's what The Lord of the Rings was about. And hundreds of other films and books. But that other battle, everyone forgets. The battle between dream and reality. For me, it's a deeply important matter. And everyone must take a side. Everyone belongs to one of those options. Becomes it. It becomes their life. Each of us. That's why we mustn't fear truth. Mustn't fear reality. They're not frightening. They won't hurt you. They won't leave a bloody mark. Truth and reality enrich. They let you see your life anew. And life as a whole. To realize that we are not detached from the matrix. From the source. We are integral parts, even if we are asleep. But why sleep, when there's so much wonder here? In this life. In life in truth. In eternal revelation, not temptation. In constant illumination, not darkness. Everything is here, within reach. Everything is for you, and not a form of torment.

juice uniformity

or something about taste

There are people who seek extreme juices. Strange flavors. Intensely sour. Intensely bitter. Or spicy. And there are calm souls, content with simple sweetness. Not too strong. Not too weak. My task is not to convince you which taste is better. Which suits you more. Which makes us more valuable. The taste of juice is not to be judged. Everyone has their preferences. But one thing is universal: the juice you seek reflects who you are. Who you're becoming. I have only one firm belief in this matter: it is essential that we remain uniform in flavor. That we embody one specific kind of juice. Let's not divide ourselves into parts. Let's not draw from everything available. It will only end in aftertaste and dilution. Water is always within reach, yes, but it's better to be a concentrated juice with one distinct flavor. That kind of taste will find its seekers, people who will appreciate it, people who will delight in it. A mix of flavors often turns out excessive, vulgar, and unpalatable. It's as if we can't make up our minds. A blurring of life. Of being. Who needs that? It's not a sign of courage, it's a trail of poor choices. To blend and stir everything. Let's be uniform. It will serve us well. One flavor that awakens the taste buds. It's truly worth it. Now you may wonder, what flavor should I choose then? The answer is: be the taste that fits your path. A tangerine does not pretend to be a banana. A kiwi does not pose as a pineapple. Be yourself. Don't gamble on madness. Don't try to show off all you're capable of. It usually ends poorly. By being yourself, you'll naturally attract authentic people. Pretending, and shifting flavors, will draw attention from those with similar tendencies. It's a mirror, either toward light or distortion. People often complain they keep attracting the same type of person. That others don't care about them. That's precisely the issue of juice. It's the answer to what we are saying to the world. You can't fool reality. A promiscuous, forever-partying person will not attract a devout Catholic. A Muslim. A Jew. That's how it works. People seek flavors similar to their own. And that's good. That's logical. That makes sense. It's easier to find joy in the taste. Easier to make decisions together. Life becomes more coherent and calm, if life can ever truly be calm. But I return to the beginning and repeat: in our entire message to the world, the most important thing is this uniformity. That one taste we represent. Mixing brings neither glory nor satisfaction. Being in-between means endless struggling. Drawing in the uncertain. The counterfeit. The pretending. It brings trouble. Simply put, it's a waste of time. And we often waste that time. Spending our whole lives searching for our flavor. Constantly trying and changing our minds. Because you say, anyone can change their mind. Or, I'm bored with this one, I need something else. Sure, you have that right. But will it serve you? Will you be satisfied with endless experiments? Another issue is flavor that wounds the palate. Spoiled juice, or one exaggerated in tone. There are people like that. Constantly off-putting. And they don't even notice. It's like cutting your own wings. You can't grow from that kind of juice. You won't rise. You won't become better. You won't draw the right people into your orbit. You'll keep facing the same old problem. And I wish that upon no one. No one wants to taste like that. But many do. And they don't realize their own flavor. That, too, is curious, that we don't taste ourselves. And it's so important. To know what signal we're sending to the world. To have control over our flavor. To recognize when it nears spoilage, or

gets tainted with unwanted additives. Things that overturn the original taste. Exactly. We must remember that. It helps a lot. It gives us the ability to react. When from time to time we taste ourselves. When we check if the juice is still fresh. Because that's another essential point, may we always taste fresh. May we act upon others like a splash of refreshment. Such freshness is deeply appreciated. People look for it. Because it's not common. Many prefer to remain stale because it's cheaper. Less energy-consuming. A stagnant situation. A stagnant life. That's one way to see it. And that's how it usually is. And you? Me. Us. We know taste exists. We know we influence it. So let's ensure it is always of the highest quality. Uniform. Flavorful and refreshing. Leaving no bitter aftertaste. Causing no surprise with its immaturity. Yes, every taste is born of sunlight. So let us remember that, and move toward it. Let the sun wrap us in its rays. Let us always remember that its life-giving effect awakens us. Without the sun, the taste is false. Laced with artificial flavoring. Enhancers. Or whatever you call them. That's how it is. What's natural always tastes best. What's delicious invites you to return to that taste. Because it's worth coming back. Because it's worth being returned to. Because it has meaning and quality. Because quality doesn't have to be expensive. So let's not send the world a bill, instead, let's share our flavor. When we know it has value. When we know it brings something meaningful. Because we must have that conviction, if it's true. Exaggerated modesty is a distortion of reality. It brings nothing. At least nothing good. So let's not be excessively humble. Let's define ourselves. Let's judge our own flavor. And let's appreciate the taste of others. If there is something to appreciate. And usually, there is. And usually, we like people for what they offer. For their warmth and understanding. For how they fit with us. For laughing at the same jokes. That's a great value. Let's appreciate it. Let's praise it. It matters. Let's praise people for their flavor. Few do. Few make the effort. As if it were something wrong, when it isn't. It's worth saying a kind word sometimes. Offering praise. It lifts the spirit. Both the one praised and the one praising. It's like a seal on a document. It just looks better when it's there. And it gains extra power. So let's not tinker with flavors. Let's not mix too much. Let's not oversimplify. Let's not take shortcuts. Let's be ourselves, and share ourselves. Let's appreciate those who are worth appreciating. And let's delight in every ray of sunlight.

the weld dependency

on the fattening of the soul and connection

That's how it is, you have to care for the soul. Hence religions. Hence all the teachings. All spirituality. All understanding. You might ask: but what is it all for? The answer is: for connection. It's always about unity. But what happens when we're not ready for that unity? It's like with sheet metal. It can't be too thin. If you try to weld thin sheet metal, it will burn through. It won't allow for connection. Nothing can be done about it. But if you weld thick metal, the bond is possible, when the weld is good, when no one cuts corners. The soul is

that metal. And God is what we seek to reconcile with. To connect with. To understand. Spiritual understanding. Spiritual feeling. It is indeed possible. But the metal must be thick enough, and the weld, flawless. That's how it works. That's why we must care for our spiritual growth. Watch our soul. Observe its progress. Its steps along the path. It's important to know the destination we're heading toward. It's important not to wander like a child in the fog. People say everything's for people. That time on earth must be lived. That fun is part of it. I'm not a fundamentalist. I forbid nothing. It's good to enjoy life. To laugh and be glad. But not every kind of fun benefits us. There's a time for joy, and there's a time to tend to ourselves. To our growth. To the soul's growth. Life can't be one long spree. Of course, if that's someone's wish, so be it. But in the end, they'll be surprised. They'll realize they missed the chance. That they lost the one life they had. And that is no small blow. To realize, after all these years, that you've lost. That your life amounted to nothing. Because you didn't grow. Because you preferred to indulge endlessly. To mock all the rules. You might say that rules restrict. That all this "good conduct" is outdated. A ghost of the past. Perhaps, for some. Perhaps for those already sinking. That may seem so, but it's not the case. Old rules always hold value. Even though we like to say that our times are different. That everything needs to be re-evaluated and rebuilt to match the new era. I don't believe that. Every religion has its rules. Every path of spiritual growth is governed by similar laws. The foundation is peace. Then contemplation. Focus. Looking inward. Repairing damage. Creating a new self. Letting go of ego. Letting go of darkness. Releasing. All of it connects. All of it harmonizes with the human being. With the soul. The soul, through this, begins to work. Without it, the soul cannot taste joy. And joy is not a laugh from a clever joke. The joy of the soul is the feeling of waking up and being glad there is another day ahead. Knowing it will be wonderful. Knowing it will bring rich emotions. Not too intense, not too dull. Sighs. Liftings of the soul. That's what each day should carry. That's what we strive for. A state of soul-filling joy. Not the overhyped junk. Not fake emotions triggered by extremes. By foolish moves. By provocation or destruction. That's unnecessary. It doesn't return. It brings no true gain. True gain is the soul's smile. That's the real investment in yourself. They say, buy a camera, you'll learn photography. Sign up for a language course, you'll grow. Get a motorcycle license, you'll feel what freedom is. Invest in yourself! Everyone says it. That you have to grow and invest in yourself. And I agree, but I see it differently. We must invest in spiritual growth. That's the real investment that brings returns. What good is it if you take pictures and ride a motorcycle, but depression holds you down? What good are the photos? You won't drive out depression or anxiety with a pretty picture. That's where the modern development fad fails. All the workshops and webinars. They smell money and do what they can to get it. You're not important to them. Not your well-being. Only the money. You're a revenue stream, nothing more. I gain nothing from what I say. I don't take money if someone publishes my books. I don't ask for royalties. I don't want to be like those who work for profit. Those who pretend people matter to them. I don't monetize people. And I suggest you adopt the same attitude. Every person should matter to you. Because a person is a value. Not a bank account. A person is life, not a business opportunity. That's why we should rejoice whenever we get the chance to enter into a relationship. That's why we must do all we can to preserve connection. Not just with God, but with other people. The connection with God is like a feather in the wind. It's there, and we can grasp it. Then it disappears,

scattered by the breeze. And then it appears again, without warning. It gives no signal. It was gone, and now it's here again. It's something delicate and sensitive. In relationships with people, things are more visible. Easier to grasp. But we must honor them. We must put effort into them. Into every relationship. Without connections with people, it will be hard to touch that feather on the wind. Because we'll be too dulled to beauty. Too unfocused on what is fleeting. Human relationships teach us so much. And they deeply influence our spiritual life. Someone once told me his wife only irritates him. That he comes home and she has complaints, about this, about that. And I said: sometimes you need to see hell to recognize heaven. A joking conclusion, but it holds a grain of truth. That troubles have their purpose. To evolve the relationship. To rebuild it. To refine it. Though sometimes it truly doesn't work. Sometimes only one side wants it. But both must want. That's how it is. The weld dependency. A beautiful thing. And that sheet metal, may it not be too thin. That's what the whole game is about. The thickness of the metal. So the soul grows fat. So the metal thickens. So it can be welded. In connection with God, and in relationships with people. For example, in love. In marriage. That's another vital area of union. Try welding a relationship carelessly, and the weld will soon fail. And it does. Many have seen it. Divorces. Fights. Domestic violence. Terrible things. And all because the metal was too thin. Because we weren't ready. Our soul hadn't grown enough. And then the person suffers. Buddha saw suffering everywhere. But he forgot to add, it's only for those at the lower levels of soul development. For Buddha, the cure was enlightenment. For me, it's connection with God. Is it not the same thing, you ask? Yes, I think so. It's exactly the same state. Only Buddha kept it a surprise, that at the end of the road, it is God who waits. Buddha made sure we'd be surprised. And that's what it's all about. That surprise. Which must be cherished. For me, surprise is a measure of a person's freshness. If nothing surprises you, something's wrong. Your soul is not well. But if you're still surprised, by many things, even small ones, in everyday life, you're doing great. Let's remember that. I've wandered a bit, but these are crucial matters. These are warning lights. Everything comes together. Everything seeks union. So let's not wish to be divided. "Free" meaning alone. If you're connected, you will never be alone. If you're connected, you won't ask "why." You will know. You will feel. And you will thank yourself, for choosing the path of spiritual growth.

the moment of stretch

on vigilance

The world doesn't exist to be labeled as good or bad. We shape our own world. We are responsible for it. And what happens along the way? Yes, difficult situations arise. Deceptive ones. Two-faced ones. There are people who try to mold us. Brainwash us. Fit us into their plan. And that's what I want to talk about, vigilance. Because we have a sharp mind for a reason: to protect ourselves from such things. To withdraw while there's still time. To avoid forcing a connection that could do us harm. And yet, sometimes we seek it out. Sometimes we walk right into the trap. It's deeply harmful. Pointless. It won't give us satisfaction or

peace. The bait may be money, or beliefs. A new worldview. A revaluation of life. It varies. It depends on the setup. It depends on who sets the trap. But one thing unites them, the trapper seeks gain. The lured can only lose. So let's trust people, but stay alert. Sometimes something screams at us, flashes a burning color. A warning hue. And we ignore it. We walk past the sign and go deeper. Into the abyss. Into the vacuum. And in a vacuum, you can't breathe freely. I wish that on no one. No one should go through it, but it happens. That's why we must be careful - of cults, of too-good-to-be-true profits, of gaining from someone else's suffering, of shady or semi-legal ventures. Easy to get in, hard to get out. Meanwhile, peaceful life is right next to us. That's just it. It's worth befriending peace. Worth appreciating it. We don't have to seek thrills where there are none. Peace offers a lot: lack of rush, time, will, personal growth, time with family. Beautiful things. Things that lift us. We don't need unnecessary tension. And yet, sometimes it happens. People crave recognition, appreciation, or a good offer. And there are always those ready to exploit it. But the whole world isn't like that. Don't let anyone convince you that the world is war. Sharks and minnows. That it's all a fight. That only assertiveness matters. That you have to risk. That's not true. The world is a peaceful place, for those who seek peace. That's how it works. What you seek is what you'll find. The world contains everything, it depends which drawer you open. What you want to achieve, what you want to experience. I've had different life phases: the wandering phase, the seeking phase, the finding phase, the appreciating phase. In each one, I opened different drawers. The world gave me something else each time. It gave me what I asked for. That's how it is. That's what it looks like. So I put all those claims that the world is bloody and ruthless into the realm of fairy tales. It simply doesn't check out. Because the world is a mirror. It reflects what's inside you. It doesn't provoke, you provoke it. You provoke it to become what it becomes. So let's provoke for good. Let's want good for ourselves. But sometimes it's the opposite. We claim to want something good, but we provoke the world into darkness. And then comes friction. And what do we get? What we didn't want. Because it can't be otherwise. You can't trick life. That's how life is, driven by the world, chosen by people. One gets bored. Another demands a refund. A third wants to sell his own mother. A joke, but sometimes true. Still, not worth it. Not worth being offended by the world. Not worth complaining and calling for it to change. The world is us. So we can change it very easily. By changing ourselves. And that's the key to this entire reflection. A crucial realization. Because it works. As long as we become aware of the mechanism. The connection. A powerful one, because it doesn't take much to repair what's broken. But we must want it. We must work on ourselves. Act in full awareness. I believe I've already said something about awareness. Definitely. But it's always worth repeating. Conscious living. Conscious choices. That's the foundation of a steady breath. Being aware of what's in you. Understanding why you make certain choices. Why you react this way or that. Why the world is the way it is. These are matters of reflection. Resonance. Awareness. Immensely important. Incredibly useful. Without awareness, you can't work on yourself. Without feeling, you can't be aware. And that's the heart's job. Not just the mind, the heart too. It gives much. It helps greatly. It lets you unfold your wings. Because if you think you can understand happiness with your mind, you're mistaken. Only through feeling and the action of the heart can you grasp happiness. Embrace it. And take it out for a drink. Non-alcoholic, of course. But that's important. It gives so much. And attitude can ruin everything.

Sometimes we approach the world, people, or situations with hostility. That cuts off dialogue. It closes many doors. Unless we truly have reason to, if we know someone wants to harm us, fine. But attitudes work differently. On many levels. It's exclusion from certain spheres. Skipping, missing out on opportunities. Not worth it. And I know people like that. So firmly set. Who are unaware of the freshness of the moment. Only set in attitude and automatic reactions. You won't gain from that. No one will. It's the loss of a chance, and I think I've said that already. But it never hurts to repeat. And that's good. Some people have a rule, they don't repeat themselves. Like in the army. One command, and it's done. I move and see things differently. I like to repeat. I like to look at a matter from many angles. Shifting the perspective. It's good for your sight. Even better than carrots. And that's what we should stick to. Repetition is no sin. Demanding? I don't know. I only demand from myself. But in harmony with myself. I'm not harsh. Not merciless. I demand with tenderness, and that's what I encourage. Be tender with yourselves. Be understanding. Don't criticize yourselves. Don't say, I could've done that better. That kind of talk adds nothing. What's done is done. We can do it differently when the time comes. But what's past is past. Let's appreciate ourselves. Many people lack that. It's like training a dog, if you want to teach it, you have to reward it for doing well. A dog without a reward learns nothing. And you, when did you last appreciate yourself? When did you reward yourself? And I don't mean a visit to the salon. I mean a kind word, to yourself. A smile and a quiet "I'm proud of myself." Small gestures. Sometimes it doesn't take much, but it gives so much. It's a great power, to appreciate yourself. And to reap the fruit of it. Because the fruit always comes. But only by appreciating ourselves do we pick it ripe from the tree. If not, we wait until it rots in the grass beneath. The choice is yours. What world do you want to see? What world do you want to know? Know yourself, and observe how you affect what you see. This is a teaching of immense power, because it works. The mechanism is constant. Whether we understand it or not. And I wish that kind of understanding to you all. That conscious influence. That world-creation. That recognition and action. Because there is work worth doing. Because the fruit is sweet and nourishing. Because it keeps us balanced and joyful. That's why it's worth it. That's why it matters. That's why it's truly "profitable."

added objection on trampling

Whether it's about religion or spiritual growth, objections do arise. Questions for which we seek answers. Threads we want to unravel. There's plenty of it, because we are in the habit of trying to perceive everything with the mind. To analyze. To seek rational explanations. Everything must make sense. It must "hold together," as we like to say. Everything must fit. And sometimes it doesn't. Sometimes there's an objection that keeps us up at night. And those unresolved objections are a form of added value. Because they show us that the mind is not everything. They reveal that we must approach things differently. That we can. That

another kind of thinking pays off. Thinking with the heart. That is not a loss. That is not superstition. That is pure perception. Feeling. And it is exactly those objections that trigger the heart into action. They set it in motion. It's a fresh way of seeing. A new angle of understanding. Because in the spiritual world, not everything can be explained. Not everything can be stamped and filed. And it's good that way, because it reminds us that this is something unique. Something unlike the daily struggles with form and function. With the dos and don'ts. The rules of the spiritual world may be similar, but the level of feeling is different. From the mind, we move to the heart. You might say that the world promotes something else, that rational thinking is the standard. But to me, this rationalism is a kind of voluntary impairment. A rationalist world that seeks to trample us. That's the point. It tramples because it doesn't understand. It doesn't know there's another way. That you can think with your heart. That's why we must be cautious with rationalism. You can get hurt on its edges. It can cause real damage. As I said, it's a kind of impairment. Using only the brain. Only the intellect. Forgetting the heart. And what can come of that? A person without a heart. And that's how people turn out. Though they have a heart, they try desperately not to use it. To silence it. To drown it out. Rationalism has many tricks, but its purpose is the same. And it's not a good one. It doesn't grow anything. Rationalism shrinks the human being. The spiritual path is different. It shows that life has deeper meaning. That it's not just a sum of our actions. Not just a complication of repetitions. And it never will be. No matter how hard we try. No matter how much the mind insists. It's easy to trip. Easy to bump your head. As we move through life, testing out new theories and explanations, searching for God in humanity. And that is a tricky topic, God in man. Because in a way, yes, He is there. His divine force. Divine energy. The essence from which we are made. The most important part. The soul. It comes from God. But to say "I am God"? To claim there is no God higher than man? That's going too far. That's missing the point. Sometimes it's these subtleties that flip everything upside down. And that's exactly the case here. Too much brews inside us, and we make ourselves into gods. Or go the other direction and claim there is no God at all, because His existence cannot be proven by the mind. Yet the mind sees very little. And even what it does see should be enough. Life itself is the answer. Destiny, and the way things connect. The simple fact that something extraordinary stirs in us when we visit sacred places. There is something special in this world, easy to sense, even with the mind. But we come at it backwards. We begin with conclusions. We assume, for example, that God doesn't exist, and then seek evidence to support our claim. Or we decide "I am God" and try to justify how we got there. It should be the other way around. First, exploration. With the heart. Because when it comes to spirituality, the mind must yield to the heart. I say it often, because for many, it's difficult. They always try to push the mind in somewhere, and that's where problems arise. Despite the repetition. We have this tendency. These unnecessary solutions. But there's another way. A calmer one. One that doesn't weigh the costs and benefits. Because the rational lens can't tamper with irrational spirituality. These two don't mix. It's like asking fire to speak about the usefulness of water. Let's ask the fire. Let it speak. Let it list the pros and cons of water. Then we'll see whether we need it. Fire will decide for us. But a decision made by the mind is not your decision. You are not your mind. You have a mind, a heart, and a soul. The first is the least important. And the first often sabotages the actions of the second and third. But that's not worth it. It's not worth asking fire for an opinion. It

might have one, surely it will. But is it worth listening to? In my view, there are more important things. More effective approaches. What matters is that things fit. And if the matter concerns God or the soul, then what we have is feeling, our heart. Not the rationalist world. The rationalist world wants to stomp out everything else. Everything that is not itself. It wants to erase soul-thinking. That's the idea of evil. That's its greatest weapon. Evil exists. And sometimes it burns. And the mind is its battlefield. Whispering. Rationalizing. Undermining what's obvious. We must remember this. And avoid it. We must move in the right direction. Not every friend is a friend. Some want to stir up trouble. To muddy the waters of the pond. They stir the water and wonder why they can't see the bottom. They show us the murk and say it's the best thing we can find in a pond or river. They forget the fish. Forget the glorious bottom, full of life. They leave us with muddied water, and silt that covers everything else. That's how it works. Don't get caught in mental gymnastics like that. For Eastern people, this is normal. For the West, it's strange. In the West, we bet on the mind to explain everything. That's where evil got clever. In the East, they know you can, and must, do it differently. Though even there, the tide is turning. Times are changing. But we don't have to be trendy. We don't have to be "up to date." We don't have to waste time. Saying, give me a minute and I'll come up with an answer for any theory. That won't work. It won't give you what you expect. Life lived in the prison of the mind is a shallow perception. That silt. And what good does that do us? What blessing does it bring? It only hides the bottom. Nothing more. So let's not allow ourselves to be trampled by the world's rationalism. Happiness lies elsewhere. The mind is an unhappy place. That's why Buddha spoke so much about suffering. Because when you live in your mind, you suffer. Buddha's words were meant for those who forgot about the soul. Who didn't feel with the heart. There are many like that. Most, even. People weary of life. Who complain, and with reason. But that reason was invented by their mind. And they didn't allow correction by the heart. And that's how it is. The one led by the mind suffers. The one who wants too much suffers. The one who expects too much suffers doubly. Expectation is a cancer. Telling yourself "this will happen" or "this must happen" or "there is no other way." That's confusion. And twice the pain. That's a scrambled mind. A state without any reins. But some want that. Some see power in it. I see only pain. And disappointment. So I warn you and ask: don't fall into rationalist habits. Feel. And give thanks for what you have. Another day. Another smile. Another fulfillment. And so on, until the end. Which will never come.

lawmaking

on creating helpful laws

Do you think law exists to imprison you? To limit your freedom? Sometimes that's how it is with the laws made by nations. But I'm an advocate of different laws. Laws we create ourselves. Laws that come from the heart. We should create such acts of the heart. Binding ones. Ones we commit to. Not to restrict us, but to lead us somewhere. That's the difference between the laws of the state and the laws born of the heart. The law of the state says, you

are not allowed to do this. We forbid you. But the law of the heart says the opposite, it says, this should be done. It will serve you well. And that's the point, to develop certain behaviors that serve us. That ensure the return of karma. The spreading of goodness. Growth. Strengthening faith. Sharing yourself. Adding flavor to life. Like herbs in a dish. Like shortening the waiting. Because we often wait, for someone to act, for something to happen, for circumstances to improve. But we don't have to. Waiting brings nothing. We shouldn't be those who hunt for the one great opportunity. The opportunity is here and now, in the absence of waiting, in action, in creating laws of the heart. Helpful laws. Because that's what they're for, to help us walk the path we've chosen. The path to the Lord. That's how it looks and how it works, in practice, in what we've already encountered, in what repeats. It's easy to build the right reflexes of the heart. But they must be felt anew, because each situation is unique. What matters is what guides us. The absence of discrimination. The absence of disrespect. The absence of arrogance. A sense of superiority buried in the garden. And joy, spreading it and receiving it. Joy is like grain, if you don't sow it, it won't grow on its own. You have to be joyful for the joy of the world to return to you. Without joy, the laws of the heart won't bring the desired results. Everything rests on joy. And rightly so. Someone planned it that way. And planted it in us. In the heart. Bound together and asking for more. That's how a person works, or at least, can work. If they are free. And by free I don't mean lawless or defiant of the state's rules. That's not what I mean. Free, to me, means free from the stains of the mind. Free from mental terror. From distortion and inflated ego. That is true freedom. The kind of freedom that pays off, for the soul, for the heart, for us. Let's not forget about ourselves. Let's not focus on commands and prohibitions. If we are led by the laws of the heart, we won't become criminals in the eyes of the state. We won't stray from the path. The heart doesn't lie. It doesn't lead us into thickets. It doesn't twist things like the mind does. Some people perform every religious law. Without thinking about its meaning. Mechanically doing what's required, because religion says so. And I see nothing wrong with that. But there's a better way. A way of feeling. It brings better results. When you know why you avoid something. Or why certain behaviors are helpful. When laws come from your heart, they carry double the strength. You're not a horse with blinders on. You're not mechanically following prescribed directives. You know what's good for you, and you create laws of the heart. Helpful laws. Effective. Active. So yes, it's possible to do better than religion shows us. More effectively. But not everyone is ready for that. Those who created religious laws knew what was good. They knew people could be guided by the heart. But they chose to narrow it down. To codify it. In their own way. So the common person could simply know: do this, avoid that. And for many, that works. For many, it's helpful. But I encourage us to go back further. To a time when everyone was free, and acted according to the heart's guidance. Because only by listening to the laws of the heart does a person feel truly free. Other versions of freedom are just us convincing ourselves that we got to choose. We have laws from the state or religion and we tell ourselves it's our choice. It's not. It's the choice of those who wrote those laws. Not ours. That's why you must become a creator. You must create your own laws of the heart. Ones that concern you, not others. That relate to what you encounter. What challenges you, what provokes you. It is vitally important to learn to react with the heart. To draw lessons from those reactions. And to turn those lessons into laws of the heart. It's a beautiful feeling. A sense of freedom. Of decision-making. Of control

over your life. Steering your own ship. Because why should someone else be steering it? Why give them the helm? I don't understand it. I don't support it. People who feel a lack of freedom suffer in life. Often without knowing why. But they feel something chafes. That something's off. That they don't belong. That's how it is. And the answer is painfully simple. It's what I'm talking about. It's the difference between being a servant and being a master. Only in this case, the servant is always by choice, not by birth. Everyone chooses for themselves, what matters to them in life and how they want to live it. We can try to adapt. We can try to adjust. Or, we can create something new. And I'm a supporter of the new. For the progress of the heart. For the progress of love. To feel more and understand more. To learn to respond with the heart, not the mind. To infuse the world with tenderness and understanding. The primal forces of humanity. Primal wisdom. The gifts of nature. Because these sets of behaviors come from nature. And to live in harmony with nature is to remain open to the new. Following orders is not natural. Agreeing with everything designed by someone we don't even know is not natural. There is the heart. The conscience. The soul. We've been equipped with them not by accident. So let's use them. Let them guide us. Let them apply and expand their scope. It benefits the human being. It always works. Because what we create ourselves stands on our experience. Our mistakes, our missteps. Our wisdom. And that has nothing to do with IQ. You can have low IQ and still be a sage. A sage is a sage because he doesn't listen to the foolish mind. Because he is not a prisoner, he is a free man. It's simple. Ask yourself, what's the first thing a wise person would do, if they could do anything? The answer is clear and obvious. They would set themselves free from whatever binds and imprisons them. A sage would first and foremost become free. And that's not surprising. Not shocking. So be a sage. Be free. Create laws of the heart that will guide you through your journey to the Lord. Through the path of life. Always one way. Creation, not prohibition. Encouragement, not critique. Because the heart always encourages, it never throws insults. Insults are reserved for the mind. Accusations and friction, also the mind. All of it, the bindings, the prisons. Let's go as far from that as we can. Let's abandon it. Let's listen to the heart, and not negotiate. Don't twist, don't reinterpret. The heart will tell you the truth. And the laws of the heart you've written. And the wisdom you've clothed yourself in. And the freedom that is your mother. Because freedom raises you. Because freedom teaches gratitude. Because freedom is inscribed in every loving heart. So let's use it. Let it nourish us. Place it where it belongs, so it has a perfect view. Of all four corners of the world. Of all four corners of the human soul. That's how it will remain. And that's how it will feed us. Let's live beautifully. In harmony with ourselves. Because it's worth it.

botanical methods

on fertilizing the soil

It's not enough to listen to wise words in order to grow. It's not enough to think about doing good, this or that. Intellectual exercises. What's the point? They won't be of any use if the

soil is barren. If we don't take care of it. Fertilizing, such botanical methods, that's the foundation. The soil is the builder. The feeder. The creator in the context of healthy growth. That's why we must do good. Turn theory into action. That's fertilizer for the soil. That's the basis. Not just listening to lectures. Not just agreeing with their content. But actually acting on it. That's what it's about. Carrying the word into life. That's why it came to be. Why it was born. Why it endures. It reminds us of itself. And it will keep reminding. And it's up to us whether it becomes nourishment or dries up in the sun. Will you let it go to waste or will you make use of it? Another matter is protection, pest control. Various kinds of sprays. To keep the bugs away. To stay free of disease. That means daily care. Paying attention to ourselves. If we want to grow, we need to be healthy. In body and in mind. In mind and in spirit. It all has to work together. Not fight and trip each other up. Cooperation is essential. It fosters growth. It brings peace. And only through the effect of peace do we grow. Without it we feel lack. Confusion. A mishmash. And that's not the point. That's not what we're after. So let us be fertile. Let us grow. Bloom. Bear fruit. And sow new life. From us. For us. Through the world. For the world. That is the mission of a human being worthy of the name. A person in the fullest sense of the word. That is fulfillment. Some think fulfillment means raising children. Others think it's their chosen passion. Still others think it's attending religious services. Nothing could be further from the truth. Our destiny is to grow, bloom, bear fruit, and pass on new LIFE. Life means meaning. Life means wisdom. To be part of what we share. But before sharing, growth. That takes the most time. That is the hardest part. Because the world attacks from every side. Because the world threatens, and these are not empty words. We must be careful. We must stay alert. Not be fooled by fake goodness. Choose quality soil. Don't skimp on fertilizer. Practice, practice, and practice again. Kindness and understanding. Respect and dedication. It's vital. So that we remain firm in our convictions. In the one most important of all, that it's worth walking the path. And in the smaller ones, that we won't turn back. That we won't change our mind. That this is not a lonely road. Yes, you walk it alone, but you carry in your heart all those you help. Everyone you meet on your path. Someone once asked me whether it wouldn't be better to develop spiritually in solitude, in seclusion. I think hermits have it harder. It's not for everyone, and for most people, it can even be harmful. I believe better results come from cooperation and action for society. Actions that help others. The hermit's path has its purpose. They work on themselves. But where will they use what they've developed? When will they share their light? That's just it. I believe sharing is of great importance. Maybe years of solitude help someone. But permanent isolation leads nowhere. There'll be no one to show your levitation to. That's a joke, of course. But the point of my teaching is for the good of many. For sharing what we have. For radiating warmth and tenderness. Long-term isolation doesn't help with that. The recluse is no reward, but a sentence. For not understanding the meaning of life. For choosing survival and contemplation over building relationships. Over strengthening them and sharing what they give us. But silence, yes. Even daily. Disconnecting for an hour or two or three. That can do a lot. That can help. Time for meditation. Time for contemplation. But not abandoning social life. Such withdrawal by its nature prevents something new from arising in us. The fruits will rot, and won't yield a harvest. No new life will be born. The deer won't receive our wisdom, even if it's the purest ever. Humanity is for humanity. And that will remain. We must remember that. We must carry that into our lives. That posture. With a smile. With

reflection, not criticism. With appreciation, not scolding. Human for human. That says a lot. And shows a lot. Great wisdom in simple words. It leaves a trace. An invitation. Let's accept it. Let's live for others. That guarantees the fastest growth. That draws people to us as we bloom. That ensures we bear fruit. From our fruits, seeds will be born, and with them, new life. That's how it works. Let's not mess with it. Let's not try to perfect what is already perfect. There's no better way. You won't find another. Another way to find fulfillment. Another way to live your life properly. Someone might say, "but I have children, I live for them, isn't that what it's all about?" Yes and no. Living through your children is one thing. Living for people is another. Children are easy to love, because we think they are ours. Which is untrue. But we think that. We attach to them. Love them. Care for them. And so on. But the world isn't just children. We'll be judged for our love of people, not just our love for our kids. Devoting yourself to your children is a duty. Devoting yourself to humanity is the work of a master. Because only a master understands how much that gives. Someone with an open heart. Someone who doesn't judge. Because people means everyone. Those some call good. And those some call bad. No difference. It applies to all. That's why loving selflessly is a great challenge. The greatest of all human accomplishments. That's why I spoke of mastery. But that kind of mastery is attainable. By blooming and bearing fruit. But first, let's grow. Don't worry about what comes next. Don't fixate on this or that. That's not the point. Life is not about holding it in a vice. Not about digging into it with dirty hands. Freedom. God's freedom. That's what we need. That's what every plant needs. When it grows. When it's in the early phase. Don't let the wind take you. Don't let the storm defeat you. Don't cheat the outcome. It's not a contest, who's better, who's prettier. It's not a tug-of-war or a battle. Have you ever seen a plant fight another plant? Say, for water? For a sunbeam? At most, one might shade the other. But that happens in our growth, too. And yes, we must avoid those who suffocate us and clip our wings. But it's not a fight. It's not a reason to fight. It's an invitation to change your place. Your approach. We don't have to stay in connection with someone who wants harm for us. Who uses us to rise. To look better. To feed off us. The world is vast. The field of action, limitless. There are many ways to do what we do. Many places where we can leave our world behind. But it's best to build around ourselves. Easiest to act in your little homeland. Among those you know best. Some think fulfillment lies only far from home. Helping the needy in Africa. Grand plans. Dreams. The whole world, the whole world. But the whole world can be here and now. So let's not get carried away. Let's not spend all our means on intermediaries. There are plenty of middlemen of goodness. But here and now, they're not needed. Because we are here. And that here-and-now is the best foundation to build on. Growth comes quickest on ground we know. The land we inherited in our blood. Let's remember that. Let's nourish the soil. So that we may grow. So we may build ourselves. So we may influence the world. Share our light. Until we bloom. Until we bear fruit. Until we leave ourselves to the world.

cognitive leotards

on recognizing your own

You've probably noticed that people are different. Some draw us in. Others do the opposite, they push us away. Some might say it's our natural instinct. But I wouldn't mix it with instinct. It's more about the similarity of spirit. More a matter of heart alignment. Of the degree of development. A certain orientation that can be seen from afar. And yes, that's exactly how it is. We feel that pull, and we shouldn't resist it. Let's be drawn to one another. Let's meet. Let's spend time together. It's beautiful. It makes us grow. But let's not fall into the trap of respecting only those who fit us one hundred percent. And turning our backs on the rest. The truth is, those who repel us are actually working in our favor. They help us get to know ourselves. We observe our reactions. We practice patience and understanding. It's a different level of growth. Not like being with someone similar to us. Someone who understands us completely. Let's explore new regions, within ourselves. Let's expand our understanding. And those "your own" from the subtitle, who are they? In my view, everyone is "your own." Just in their own way. They help us grow differently. With those who attract us, we find comfort and rest. With those who repel us, we get a slalom of trials. A challenge to overcome. A chance to reach the other side. It's fascinating how encounters with others help us discover ourselves. Let us tinker with ourselves. Repair or refine. A wonderful thing. So let's use those opportunities. Let's not turn away from people just because they have a different "scent." Sometimes that difference can give us more than the soft and soothing aroma of a friend. As long as we don't go overboard. But that's obvious. I'm not suggesting we shun our friends and go hunting for villainous personalities. Because it's more and faster. Let's not go mad. Moderation is key. I always encourage balance. Everything, or nearly everything, helps, in the right doses. Unless someone's trying to sell you solar panels. That I'd skip. But seriously, it's beautiful how the world is right at our fingertips. And many forget that. Many spend time in front of the TV, or reading books. Don't get me wrong. I have nothing against books. I've read plenty myself. But you can't shut yourself away every day and disconnect from people. That's absurd. Where will we live out the ideas we've read about? Where will we experience those magical infatuations or epic stumbles? Only the world offers real sensations. Real accomplishments. Not a book or a movie. Even the best ones. Being closed off at home won't help us live life. And modern society tends toward that. Many of us work most of the day. And after work, we're so tired that we don't have the energy or desire to talk to anyone. So we "rest" by reading or doing something else, away from people. But maybe it could be different. Maybe we could face the problem head-on. Call someone. Or write a letter. Many have probably forgotten that form of conversation. Now we have computers and phones. Texts and emails. But once... yes, once. And maybe that "once" is worth reviving. Believe me (and now I'm addressing the gentlemen), there's nothing more romantic than a love letter to your girlfriend, fiancée, or wife. Every woman will tell you that if you ask. Every woman secretly dreams of love letters. And I see no issue with the fact that you live together. You can send a letter to your own address, with her name on it. It may sound silly, but try it. You'll see what happens. You'll be surprised. It's beautiful to share what we have. But then, what if what we have is fatigue and anger? I've

spoken about this before. We must work on ourselves. Learn to manage our time. Not waste it. Doing nothing is not the solution. We won't truly rest if we're "resting" while worrying about tomorrow. What they'll say at work. What task we'll get. And analyzing the past won't help much either. Unless you're reflecting on your own reactions for the sake of practice. In general, people think too much. Way too much. I believe that to live healthily, you need to cut down your thinking by about 90 percent. And I'm not joking. Thoughts bring us nothing. It's just worrying or creating scenarios that will never happen. It gives us nothing. Neither pleasure nor benefit. So reflect on that sometimes. Think about it. Try to quiet the mind. Meditation helps a lot with this. Someone might ask, who is meditation for? My answer: for everyone. But I mean simple meditation. Keeping the mind still. Nothing more. I'm not talking about mantras or other strange extensions. I don't understand them. I don't use them. I've tried, but they were useless. Just keep the mind unmoving. That's all. That skill is useful. We can call on it later. For example, in very stressful situations. Or when something demands a lot from us. A flood of thoughts doesn't help in those moments. That's why it's important to know how to control the mind. So let's meditate. Fifteen minutes a day is enough. Daily. Until we get the bug and want more. And that's great. Self-control, although, to be honest, that term doesn't sound great. As a slogan or something similar. I think the word awareness fits better. Control isn't about keeping notes or switching out employees responsible for something. Control isn't for criticism. It's for awareness. Of what we're doing well. Of what we could do better or differently. I wouldn't mix in the idea of evil here. Better to stick to the rhetoric of good. Better to pause there. Because criticism and blame only destroy us. They don't motivate. Self-work is a creative matter. An important task. And tell me, have you ever seen a painter spitting and swearing at their painting? That's not how it works. So let's not drag certain habits into the realm of spirituality and growth. The carrot-and-stick system, or fear, or even pleading. That's not the point. We've chased ourselves into a corner with all this controlling of life and others. This applies to many, I think. Many want to rule. Not just their own lives. Many think they're always right, about everything. These are a kind of flaw. They need to be ironed out. Literally, with an iron. Because they're wrinkled as hell. And looking sharp these days... just kidding. But jokes on serious topics. Not everyone finds them funny. It varies. At least mine don't make anyone laugh. Except me, of course. But that's fine. And maybe that's the answer, delighting in your own self. People who think they know everything don't laugh at themselves. They don't make their own soul giggle. Their heart doesn't chuckle. But it could. And it should. Joy and laughter come from something. From a certain ease and satisfaction. No burdened person tells jokes. Not even bad ones. So let's think about that. Maybe laughter is exactly what we need. Maybe it's enough to crack ourselves up now and then. Being too serious is curable. You can massage it out, or knock it out with a hammer. Let's remember that. Let's have the courage to care for our own well-being. Let's enjoy what we have. Free moments. The weather for friendship. A smile in the mirror. Anything. Everything is for you. Life is for you. Don't waste it. Live.

ways of knowing
on feeling things

How do I know if I've been enlightened? How do I know if I've united with God? How do I judge whether I've reached the goal? If you're asking those questions, it means the road ahead of you is still long. It's not about doing something to achieve a goal. I know, it sounds strange, but it's true. That's how the Western mindset works: we do things for outcomes. If someone tells you, "Do this, but there might not be any result," you'd think they're insane. Why do something if there's no gain? No tangible reward? That kind of thinking is destructive in spirituality. Many people became interested in it precisely because of the goal. Enlightenment? Sure, I'll take it. Union with God? Okay, I'm in. I'll try and see what it's like. But no, that's not how it works. These "results" are simplifications. Simplifications of the simplest. Names for the unnameable. It's only after walking the path that you begin to understand the truth. Only after much effort do you start to feel it. You'll ask, how so? There once was a monk walking the Buddhist path. For years, he practiced in solitude. His master sent him only short notes to check on his progress. Each note contained one question: Have you become enlightened yet? To the first, the student replied, "I've come to know the depth of nature." To the second, "I've come to know the nature of all things." And to the third, he didn't reply. After some time, the master went to the hermitage to see what had happened. He found the student sitting with a cup of tea and asked, "Dear student, have you reached enlightenment?" The student answered, "What difference does it make?" Exactly. It's not something to boast about. Union with God isn't a medal to pin to your jacket. That's the first thing. And the second, the most important, is that we already have everything. How so, you ask? Just like that. Then why the path and spiritual growth? To understand that we were born whole. That's the point of it all. But without the path, we can't feel it. We can't understand ourselves without walking the road. We can't unite with God without realizing we've always been connected. It's philosophically dense. Barely rational. And the point is not to understand it, but to live it. To grow the spirit. To practice. To train in tenderness and compassion. To understand how the world works, and how we work. We must train, and learn. Walk the long path. And what awaits at the end, I've already revealed. So does that mean it's not worth walking? If there are no fireworks? No "reward"? The reward will be the greatest possible. But we don't walk the path for the reward. We don't become and strengthen in faith for the prize. Nor in understanding or spiritual training. Nor through countless practices. Not for the reward. Whoever walks the path for the reward will never receive it. You'll ask, "But the one who walks the path won't get a reward either?" My answer: the one who walks it will understand. Will feel. On their own skin. Will learn how to live. Whether it's enlightenment or union with God, both change the person. And the words "you are now enlightened" will mean nothing to you. Nor the statement "you are now united with God." Not if those are your starting point. If you begin your journey from those words, you'll get nowhere. It's hard to explain. You have to live it. You have to walk the path. It takes years. And after years, the answer will find you, when you're ready. When you can receive the truth. But it won't be words. It will be a feeling. Because truth isn't the words "you are now enlightened." What would that change? What would it give you? That's not truth, it's just words. You have to walk the path to feel it. To let the truth transform you. Because both enlightenment and union with God are the same thing: transformation. Feeling. Experience. Reaching the highest possible level of soul development, possible here

on Earth. Possible to realize and to share. Because once you reach that level, you want to give what you've received. That's what unites everyone who has attained it. Hence the masters and their teachings. Hence the saints and their advice. Sometimes they teach with actions. Sometimes with words. Sometimes they point to the moon. And sometimes the moon is gone. And that's the whole point. It's fascinating that all the great teachers have experienced something similar. And there's ample evidence of it. Varies by culture. By predisposition. So, what should you aim for, you ask: enlightenment or union with God? Simple. Aim where you feel closer, culturally and spiritually. The road is one and the same. And the outcome similar. If you gain momentum, you might even touch both. I say this in jest, of course. But every joke has some basis. And yes, it's worth it. But worth it for the path itself, not the outcome. I'll repeat: don't focus on the result. Don't try to prove to yourself that you can and you will. Just walk the path. Of spiritual development. Of religiosity. Of experience in helping. Of effort. Of becoming better. Of falling in love with each day. With each person. For no reason. Because you can. Because that's where the path leads. Because it's worth it. It's hard to talk about outcomes that are indescribable. Hard to convince someone that something obvious is obvious. But it is. The path makes sense. That's why we walk this Earth. To walk the path. To travel the road and rise to a higher level. To climb Jacob's ladder to the very top. The world doesn't have it right. The world says religion and spiritual growth are overrated. That they offer nothing. That they're a bunch of lies, or superstitions. "Don't waste your time." That's the voice of the wicked, or the foolish. Never both. The wicked invented it. The foolish carry it out. Because they think they'll gain something, or they don't think at all. Just follow trends. Sad. And I feel sorry for them. And I don't understand why they criticize. After all, it's obvious that criticism destroys. It ruins. And whoever destroys is the spoiler. He degrades himself. I promote something else: creation. Building. Growing. Those two options are always before us. Always within reach. The question is, which will you choose? Will you be a creator, or a destroyer? Will you give your life to find life? Or give your life to trample life? These are choices. Decisions. Life postures. Not for checking off a list, but for fulfilling. And that's a good thing. There has to be the other side. Don't fight it. Don't criticize. Don't resent it. Everything has two sides. A coin. Two coins. Maybe even three. And it's worth counting to three, rather than spending on nonsense. But all right. Let's remember, and train ourselves, in helping. In experiencing. In living. And let's not judge. Let's not grade. We don't walk this Earth to keep score. Though many seem to believe that. Judging by their behavior. Time is too precious for preaching and converting, unless you've walked the whole path. Walk it first. Convert later. But don't burden yourself with that now. That's not the point. The point is the chosen direction and your effort. That you enjoy life. That you open what is closed. That you appreciate what is unappreciated. That you change what seems unchangeable. Not for revolution. But for goodness. Not for recognition. But for love. Because love is worth living for. Through love. And within it. And love never ends. It will cross with us to the other side. It will stay with us and lead us further. From light to light. From fulfillment to fulfillment. From one realization to the next. May that happen for everyone who wants, and can, and helps another.

the guilt of the radiant on being liked

What I'm about to say might be controversial, but it's worth hearing. What you'll face. What you'll encounter. It's about the world and its preferences. The world won't like that you're fulfilled. Your happiness won't be convenient for the world. You won't get a standing ovation. Your joy won't be well received. Of course, this doesn't apply to every corner of the world. But to most. Perhaps you've already noticed. When you're in a better mood one day, not everyone wants to share in it. Not everyone wants to see you jumping with joy. People are different. But most of them are unhappy. And when you're unhappy, someone next to you smiling from ear to ear becomes irritating. When someone tells you how wonderful life is, it stings. There are many such people. And you'll surely meet them. Your fulfillment. Your joy. Your soul's elation. All of it will be suppressed. Or at least the world will try to do something about it. Quiet your "case." Happy people are inconvenient for the world. The world prefers distinguished complainers, if that's even a possible mix. But a gloomy outlook suits it. That's when the world feels like itself. Happy people are oddities in the eyes of the world. What are they so happy about, after all? Exactly. That's why we need to be ready for it. Don't pay it any mind. Don't be surprised. Don't fight it. Don't try to convince others of your truth. Don't scramble the world's thoughts. Let it do what it wants. Let it say what it wants. What matters is that we stay true to ourselves. That the world doesn't ruin our fun. Because truly, life is a wonderful thing. You can laugh yourself silly. Try it in all kinds of ways. But the most important requirement? Be happy. No one can forbid it. No one can take that away from you. Remember that. I've seen relationships where one person was fulfilled, the other not so much. And it wasn't the relationship's fault, but a matter of approach and how they "felt" life. It happens. You can be in a relationship with a disgruntled complainer and still be fully fulfilled. There's no rule that we must mimic our surroundings. Even though, yes, it often happens. Everything depends on us. Whether we absorb, or radiate. Two very different states. Someone who absorbs steals the other's air. Corrupts them. As much as they're allowed to. An absorption mindset destroys the absorber themselves. It brings no glory or happiness. I suggest choosing the second option: radiate. You can. Everyone can. Shine. Illuminate. Brighten. It's not about being stunned. It's about feeling good with yourself, and showing it to the world. Not being susceptible to what the world suggests. Living your own life. When you live your own life, you store energy. It's visible. Such people stand out. They're noticeable. They don't beg for recognition. They don't show off. They are themselves, and they're happy about it. And that's how it should be. That's a beautiful thing. When we want to live. When we give others what we have, what's good and helpful. There are those who will appreciate it. We'll lift their mood. And there are those, like I mentioned before, who will be irritated by it. And that's no surprise. We can't blame them. They too absorb, so they feel best among other "absorbers." That shows them they're not alone. That their mindset is shared by many others. That they're not "strange" in their own eyes. And they do judge, constantly. Absorbers must judge. It drives them. Gives them a reference point. Placing themselves and others on a curve. And that's fine. Let them. No one can take that away from them. Let's do our own thing and enjoy life. Let's appreciate what we have,

and who we have around us. Even if they're imperfect. Even if they're different. And that's perfectly normal. No one is perfect, even if they seem to be. Imperfections are often hidden. Covered. We don't like to show them, once we're aware of them. It's not something we're proud of. But remember, imperfections can become strengths. Comedians and stand-up artists have mastered this. They laugh at flaws. And if not for flaws, they'd have nothing to joke about. That's their livelihood. Their mission. And that figure, the comic, both amuses and gladdens me. It proves that a flaw doesn't need to be criticized, rejected, or labeled as "bad." It can become a reason for laughter and a boost in mood. But to make that happen, we need to accept it. We need to love our flaws. And that's not hard, once we realize they're part of us. Often we think otherwise. That we're one thing, and our flaws are something off to the side. Like a growth that ruins the look of the whole. That's not true. Flaws can, and should, be loved. So we can laugh at them. It's the perfect material for jokes. Many people show us that. We should go with the momentum. Start, and don't stop. Smiling is a matter of great importance. Yes, the question remains, what makes us laugh? But usually, it depends on our posture. Absorbers laugh at different things than those who radiate. It's a different outlook on life. A different result. They say math is always the same. That results match. But I say that's not true. We provoke results. It's in our nature. We pressure the outcome. We expect a certain answer. That's why the result of an absorber's action will differ from the result of someone who radiates. And that's not surprising. What matters is that we choose the right side. That we feel good with ourselves. Absorbers don't feel that way. Neither good, nor in tune with themselves. But it's worth it. It's worth being positive and happy. Someone might say, "I'm in the middle. I don't absorb or radiate. I'm balanced. The middle way and all that." But that's not an option. If you pick something in-between, you'll always be pulled downward. You'll be pushed into absorption. It may start small, but it will grow. Awareness is crucial here. As always. We must consciously choose to radiate. To enjoy that state and not stray from the path. That's the whole point. Awareness, awareness, awareness. I repeat it often. In different contexts. With different meanings. With varying effect. Often, it's not enough. Because it's something we should always keep on our lips. Without awareness, we live in a fantasy world, without values. Without reality. In separation. Awareness is the foundation on which we build. Another thing, we must know what we want to build. We need a plan. A blueprint. And the materials. So let's build. Let's create. Let's share love. That always works. That always leads to radiance. And let's remain that way, regardless of what the world says. Regardless of how it judges us. If they laugh at you, laugh with them. That's the best advice I can give. It's easier to laugh in a group. And there's nothing funnier than ourselves. That's the right approach. It works. It brings results. So let's enjoy every day. Let's repeat kindness, on purpose. Let's brighten our horizon. With our smile.

the greed of a traitor
on what to avoid

So that's how it is. With traitors. With greedy people. And how is that connected? Naturally. Let us beware of greed. Greedy people have no control. They act on instinct. Like animals. They have no sense of consequences. They don't want to have that sense. They don't want to be themselves. In the sense of the true nature of man. They choose another path. A shortcut. And I don't say this to frighten you or curse anyone. I say it so that we may understand. Not judge. So that we may warn ourselves. Against greed. Against people who lack self-control. Greed is not something that just happens like a random day off on the calendar. It's not something that can just happen to anyone. It is tied to our psyche and our way of seeing the world. A very toxic way. Repellent. Unfit for consumption. But you can live next to such people. If you know the game they're playing. If you avoid them and don't provoke them. Although sometimes they don't even need provocation. It's a tough matter. I'm very sorry that this is how it is. But it is, and we must remember that. Not point fingers, just remember. Step aside and don't look back. But do look. At what lies ahead. At what we ourselves are creating. What we can influence. Rejoice that we can. That we know how to resist betrayal. Dante placed it at the bottom of hell. I once said he was wrong. That at the bottom of hell are the free-thinkers. Rebels by choice. That's a different matter. A different set of rules. Though over time, I think rebels might still be useful in hell. And traitors? What could we use them for? There's nothing. That's a joke, of course. Really, the bottom of hell is reserved for those who cheat on taxes. At least that's what the tax office would like. But they have little say in the matter, though the clerks think otherwise. But we were talking about greed. And the circle closes. It all lines up. So maybe the tax office is right. All jokes aside, we must be able to foresee. Anticipate. Know how easy it is to hurt another person. Yes, that's the most important thing. Let us not hurt. Let us not exploit. Let us not burn with reckless desire. It gives us nothing. Everything we send out comes back to us threefold. I'm talking about energy. I'm talking about matter. We give it life. We give it meaning. This way or that. We become our own action. We sign our name to everything that comes from us. Life is not a gathering of anonymous schemers. Nothing falls into a vacuum. Everything remains. Here on Earth. And it carries on to the spirit. Further. It moves. It carves. It builds or it destroys. Exactly. We must be aware of this. Every choice we make. Every pattern we are part of. We must remember. Develop what is good. Focus on what benefits us. Not say good or bad. Not hand out medals or criticism. But assess: does it build us up, or tear us down? How does it affect us? How does it affect others? This kind of foresight is very helpful. We don't have to be clairvoyant to foresee much. We don't need supernatural gifts to sense what has meaning and who is who. Our heart tells us all of it. We just need to listen. We just need to act accordingly. The heart can only speak. Warn or advise. But it's up to us whether we listen. It's worth a try. We'll see that it is worth it. The heart does not lie. I haven't seen it make mistakes. And everyone has the right to make them. But the heart doesn't take that right. We do. Mistakes exist to teach us. Without them, the world would be a dull place of perfect people. Notice how the great stars, the seemingly perfect ones, often lead sad lives. You can see it in their addiction to medication, in the number of suicides. Among those people others long for, this is common. So be careful whom you long for. Whom you admire. Whose life you want to imitate. I believe we don't need a role model. That it only adds unnecessary clutter. We should be our own role model. We should strive to be so. Refine the details. Change for the better. Prophecy. You ask, what kind of prophecy? The kind that

comes from the heart. About ourselves. About our loved ones. What will happen if things stay as they are. What will happen if I make such and such changes. It's simple. Not complicated. It's not a rocket launch with ten thousand variables. A human is really a simple construct. Soul and mind. Body and heart. And we must find the common ground. Quiet the mind and the body. Master them. That's where it touches us. Some say they fight constantly. I wouldn't encourage fighting. The mind and body can be quieted by peaceful means. Firm, but peaceful. And that's what I encourage. Meditation. Awareness. Understanding. Action. And repetition. And a circle. A loop that never ends. These are incredibly important things. Because what's more important than ourselves? This is our life. We've been given it. These years that pass so quickly. Our loved ones. Our families. Our relationships. And what comes next? Well, next is bliss. If we don't let the mind steer us. The mind is broken. Faulty. It's meant for practical duties. For math and physics. For designing projects on a computer. And similar tasks. We have a mind so we can earn a living. Provide for our families. And that's it. When it comes to relationships, family, and ourselves, we have the heart. And that's what we should listen to. That's what we should live in harmony with. I feel like I repeat this often. But if I do, it means it carries great weight. Sometimes from another perspective, to make it easier to understand. Sometimes for the sake of the art. Another lesson hitting us over the head. And good. That's how it should be. That's what spiritual growth is about. To grow. I won't become a philosopher of wisdom. Just pure obviousness. And that's how it is. Life is a collection of obvious things that we respond to in non-obvious ways. And in my teachings, I show that non-obviousness. Or obviousness, depending on the context. Because life is like a magnet. Plus and minus. They have to match. They must affect one another. Get close to one another. Bear fruit through interaction. Yes. That's what it's about. That's why it's worth repeating. So we can use it. So we know what fits with what. That's how it must be. That's what the world inside us demands. Confused people don't understand it. They blindly match pluses to pluses. Minuses to minuses. And it doesn't work. Sometimes they succeed by accident. Then comes a string of failures. Let's not be blind. Let's not stumble around like children in the fog. We have guides. We have resources and we know the ways. Let us grow. Let us practice. Let us do good. Let us not fall for cultishness. Let us not be convinced that greed is human nature. That having is better than being. Or even if it's not better, then it's best to be while having. These tricks never end well. Plus with plus doesn't work. The nervous system is the cry of the soul. For understanding. For sudden change. For a chance. So give yourself a chance. A moment you will use. Let yourself grow. Because it pays off. It pays off for the soul. And that's who we are. A soul, not a body. A heart, not a mind. The mind dies. Goes to the grave with the body. The soul remains. So where will we invest?

the supplement option

on graces

That's how it is, we are chosen. To unite with God. Here on Earth. If that connection doesn't happen here, it won't happen after our death either. But that's not what I want to talk

about. I want to develop a different thought, about graces. Because that's a wonderful thing. It's a sign of connection. When we unite with God, we receive a package of graces to use. The kind we need. To enjoy and rejoice in life. But it is not a reward. We shouldn't see it that way. It's a sign that we are God's hand on Earth. A sign that we serve goodness. Goodness rewards. Unlike evil. Evil does not honor its workers. And it has many of them. There are people who think they will rise through evil. That they'll make careers and get rich. That's how they see happiness. And not only will they not experience happiness, they'll also be beaten down. Because evil strikes its own followers. It could hardly be otherwise. Since evil is evil, how could it be good? How could it appreciate and reward? I don't understand the logic of those who see a chance in evil. They're not thinking rationally. Evil is evil. Good is good. The choice is yours. That's how it stands out. That's how it declares itself. And we go and decide. That's the fate of man. But knowledge has its good and bad sides. At least the knowledge of evil. Provided we bounce back. If we make it in time. Don't complain, just turn toward graces. Don't grumble, just do your own. Because what's yours is always good. If someone wants bad for themselves, if they're destroying themselves, something's wrong. Something's broken. Human nature is set up in a way that we don't want what's bad for us. That we don't move toward self-destruction. That's the factory setting. Later we can mess with it. And some people do. Needlessly. It worked just fine from the start, and we tinker with it. That's where suicides, self-harm, and murders come from. The result of tampering with that setting. So let's not try to improve a perfectly functioning organism. Let's be happy with what we have and live life to the fullest. Without scheming. Without accusations or doubts. What does it matter that someone isn't exactly as we'd like them to be? And what's the point of wanting that anyway? Let's not focus on others and fixing the world. Let's focus on the connection with God. On the graces we receive. On using them. On this moment here on Earth. Because that's the point of graces. Not to boast about them. Not to keep us busy. But to be God's hand. A divine trace on this Earth. So we clear paths. So we show the way. That truly matters. That's what this is all about. Great people. Those who knew. Those who experienced. They were chosen. But not through a lottery. They asked to be chosen. So ask to be chosen. With every part of your soul and your mind. You have to ask, and prove that this choice will be a good one. That it didn't fall on just anyone. Because sure, you can live anyhow, anywhere, with anyone. But what for? It's a waste of life. Let's strive to live beautifully. Correction, striving is not enough. We have to live beautifully. Even if, for some reason, you're not chosen. But that never happens. Those who deserve, receive. There are legends that someone somewhere once didn't. But those are just legends. In real life, connection means grace and burden. But a burden that is pleasant, because it's bearable. It's the burden of responsibility, not to be caught off guard. Not to derail at the final stretch. Few talk about it. But truly, it exists. Still, it's not worth worrying about. What matters is what comes before. What matters is that the word becomes a fact. And grace a matter. A matter to be used. To be worked through. Because graces are like in a production plant. Grace is a semi-product. A set of parts to be assembled. And we form it. And the production line runs. And a finished product is made. Not for sale, but for use. To be used as intended. Not just by us. But by everyone. Graces are not assigned to a person in the sense that you have a grace and only you can use it. It works differently. You have grace, you shape it into an act for the good of others. To testify. That grace works. That it exists. That it is sent from

heaven. That's the point. For the good of people. Not as a reward. It's more of an obligation. A duty. A way of radiating and "infecting with light." There's no other way. Once you've gone far enough. Once you've done enough. But much still lies ahead. The stage of grace is a wonderful state and time. It proves that we've been walking the right path. That it was "worth it." In a spiritual sense. In the sense of being chosen. And gifted. In the sense of harmonizing. And coexisting. So let's try. Let's do our part. Let's decide. Not because it will pay off. But because it is the fullness of humanity. The path we follow. The path of goodness and tenderness. Understanding and respect. That's how it is. The other path burns and scorches. The other one sweetens until it's sickening. Until you want to vomit. So let's appreciate what we have. Our times. Our salvation. Comfort. Values. And forward. Let's open the doors that must be opened. Let's acknowledge that we know we are doing good. And forward. Onward. Without stopping. Because life is motion. Life is a river. It has no beginning and no end. There is only connection. And that's very good news for us. That we don't dissolve. We don't fall into nothingness, as the atheists would like. It's not that easy, we must do our part. We must know from where, to where we go. And fulfill our destiny. For the good of the world. For our own good. And not for division and bitterness. Doubts and floundering. That doesn't help. That gives nothing. It's not that we can doze off. Stand still and wait for others. Maybe someone will catch up. It's a team game. But the team is with God. With no one else. That's how it works. That's how it opens. That's how it gazes upon us. Because it sees. Everything. If we think we can count on privacy, we are mistaken. Everything is seen like on an open palm. Every action of ours marks our soul. Leaves a trace. So it's not like we can sweep something under the rug. Forget it. The soul doesn't forget. But life is not a beauty contest either. Man is not perfect. Man is structurally flawed. Because of the earthly body. Because of the screaming mind. And its foolish ideas. So certain stumbles are to be expected. But that doesn't mean we should rejoice in them. Or knock ourselves down. To me, it's more like school. Besides doing our part. Besides having certain duties, we learn. Through examples. Through doubts and sensations. Through opportunities and limitations. All our lives. That learning never ends. Even when connected. Even when filled with graces. Assembled and functioning. We will keep learning. Unless you drop out. And it's not worth it. Since it works and brings benefit. Then why rebel? That's why we must draw from what is good. That's why we must arm ourselves with patience. Without patience, there is no meaning. Without meaning, no cheerfulness. Without cheerfulness, no connection. And without connection, no life. So let us live. Because why not?

image of the state on seeing the situation

Archaeology studies what once was. But who studies what is? Can one study something they are part of? I believe not only that it's possible, it's necessary. It's far more important than any archaeological find. Because what it teaches us a great deal. But to fully understand, we must be united with God. Without that union, our understanding is incomplete. Flawed. Let

me explain why. It's a matter of perspective. Everything changes depending on where we're looking from. If we look from a human perspective, the view will be distorted. Incomplete. Because the human being is flawed. And that flaw carries over into what we see. Into how we perceive. But after uniting with God, we gain divine perspective. Without distortion. Only then does it make sense to study. To examine what is. Why and how things function as they do. It's a kind of shortcut. Perhaps the only one. I haven't heard of another. One that lets us perceive reality untainted by error. Only unity with God provides that clarity. That seeing. That knowing what and why we are. And that matters deeply. Knowing. Understanding and experiencing reality. I think I've mentioned this before, but it's worth repeating. Living in reality. Not in a bubble we've created. A bubble of assumptions, "I think" and "I know." A bubble of promises and blind choices. Because it cannot be otherwise from a human perspective. We see and act. But we don't realize we're seeing only what we've created ourselves. And yet the things that truly matter were created by God, not by us. And to see them, understand them, live by them, we must be united. Divine perspective. It gives us everything. It opens the door to real life. To reality. To study, and crossing to the other side. These things matter. The results of them matter. Because only such people can truly appreciate life. In the deepest sense. As a divine creation. As the greatest beauty. Often they are monks or nuns. Often mystics. Those who have attained enlightenment. Those who teach from experience. Gurus and spiritual guides. Magicians in a world that doesn't understand them. That's how it is. We usually fail to appreciate such people. But rarely do they need to be appreciated. Because they have something far greater than recognition. They understand that appreciation inflates the ego. And they've left their egos in the forest. Abandoned them. They live differently. On their own terms. United with God. Enlightened. Understanding and grateful. Trying to show the way, though we don't see it. Because we look through the flawed perspective of a human being. Exactly. Perspective changes everything. So let's study the "now", but at the right time. Studying "now" before we're ready builds new walls. Imagines a world that doesn't exist. Leads to blaming and rewarding. Because that's what our looking becomes, judgment. Sorting people into good and bad. Taking sides. That is our creation. That illusion we wade through. That's why it's no good. That's why it doesn't work. We only hurt ourselves. Only a master may study. Because a master understands. Sees without distortion. Don't get me wrong. I'm not forbidding you anything. It's your life. You'll do as you wish. I only caution. I show how things are. I demonstrate, to the extent possible. For understanding. And again, it all comes back to the mind. And that's the trouble. That's what makes teaching so hard. Because teaching isn't about speechcraft. It's not intellectual mastery. It's about speaking to something that must be felt, but addressing a mind that cannot feel. That's the challenge. Between my words and your soul stands your mind. Twisting and filtering. That's why it's hard. Because your mind works. Not how you want, how it wants. Picking and choosing. Selecting what it likes, when it likes. That's why I promote seeing through the heart. Disconnecting the mind. Studying through feeling. It's a critical part of my teaching. But also of the teachings of many others. Those who knew. How people work. How the world works. And that the mind only causes problems. But that's how we are. We identify with the mind. With our thoughts. With our beliefs. And we create that bubble I mentioned earlier. That's our habit. But we can, and must, do things differently. Do things more beautifully. With dignity. With grace. Because

this is divine work. In divine work, you were called here. Because God wished it. To some He shows it's time to care for themselves. Time for spiritual growth. For rising. To those who are closer to the soul than the mind. That's how it is. People who don't feel their soul cut themselves off from religion and spirituality. They rely only on the mind, and the mind speaks in its own voice. Tells them it's a waste of time and money. That's the worldly mind. Intimate with what doesn't matter. Skilled at closing its eyes. Don't ask me why. I wasn't there at the creation of humankind. I didn't see how it all came together, or why the mind turned out to be such a rogue. Maybe it's an animal remnant. Maybe it's part of the trial. But that's just guessing. It is what it is, and it's worth knowing how people function. How the mind and soul work. Some balance can and must be achieved. But the mind must be silenced. When we don't need it. The heart is enough. The heart is the "mind of the soul." And it does just fine in today's world. It's not obsolete. It's not out of fashion. Seeing through the heart is the secret of the wise. How to live and draw wisdom toward you. Because you do draw it, when you truly see. And again we return to the idea of union. Union is also sight. But once you are united, no one needs to explain anymore that the mind gets in the way. Because you just know. Then everything makes sense. And I don't say this to divide people. Into the united and the searching. Into the wise and the lost. That's not it. That's not what I mean. I promote the best solutions. A collective outcome of wisdom from several religions. I promote the idea that it's worth it. To walk the path. To turn toward the Lord. To unite, because that is the meaning of our life. Because only then do we truly live. And truly mean something. So let's wear the cloak of stars and touch the sky. Let's try what we are meant for. Not what's forbidden. Evil is not worth approaching. It should be avoided. Not fought, avoided. Let's believe it's worth it. Let's believe we can do it. Because it's not a big feat. It's not an Olympic gold in the 100-meter sprint. Where only one person wins. There are thousands united with God. So many people. So many experiences. Paths. But each leads to the same place. Each brings the same fulfillment. If we want. And we can, who's to stop us? Evil? But we don't listen to it. Exactly. We have a free hand. Free will. So let's use it. Let's seize the opportunity. And not wait for some discount or a slot in a supermarket. You won't find God on the bargain shelf. God values Himself. But it's not about money. It's about a different price. The price of trust. The price of devotion. The price of love. Because without love, we'll never succeed. But that should be obvious. And if I'm speaking in obvious truths, then it's time to wrap up. So let love guide you! And you'll find your way.

views on being right or on the tug-of-war rope

An event, we like when it happens. Especially when it confirms that we are right. Yes, being right. So many hurts and stumbles. So much smoke in the eyes. Because being right is not easy. When we fight for it, we are constantly tired. When we feel we have it, we are vain. But something draws us to it. Something, or someone, convinces us it is more precious than gold. Being right. Dreamed up and polished. Or being right for sale. That's an interesting

topic too. But usually, it means a fight. Tug of war. Proving and wading through. And when you pull the rope with someone, there's always a loser. Someone hurt. The one who didn't manage to win. And that, perhaps, is the essence of being right. That it hurts. That it has no conscience. Because being right cleverly bypasses conscience. It's like a painkiller. Injected so you don't feel guilt. Because hey, I'm right. That absolves me. Because I'm right. But in truth, every "rightness" is pain and harm. Every "rightness" is fused with foolishness. Closes it in. A wise person never needs to be right. A wise person is above it. Being right is for the loudmouths and the pompous asses trying to prove they matter, that they're worth something. Because they're right. A wise person doesn't need to prove they are wise. That's why they are wise. It's that simple. We don't go around boasting, look, I can walk. Look, I can recognize colors. So why boast, "I know and you don't," "I understand better and deeper." It's not about convincing. But for many, that's the goal. A kind of game. Like ranking in search engines. Like a secret society of those who are right. They should at least found one. Those who win the tug of war. The infallible ones, because they sleep with rightness and bring her breakfast in bed. It's absurd, yet it always surprises me. How rightness affects people. How it ruins and destroys. How it turns a human into an energetic bomb. It doesn't take much for it to go off. Prisoners of rightness. That's how I see them. A very serious condition. Difficult to cure, but possible. You can do it. You should do it. Because how long can one wander like that? How long can someone suffer with such a person? I've always felt sorry for the spouses of those who are always right. It must be excruciating to be with someone who's the smartest. Who doesn't listen, just talks. Because they're always right. Infallible jerks. They're right about everything, but can't see how their rightness hurts and scars others. Their loved ones. They destroy more than they build. So we must be careful with being right. So we don't become its hostage. Where there is rightness, there is no tolerance. Where there is rightness, there is no understanding. Where there is rightness, there is no life. Only illusion remains. And people use it, more than one, more than two. I should probably add a third gender now. It's trendy, but I'm not sure how to address it. Not one "they," not two "she"? Spare me this newspeak. But back to being right, those bringing in new trends often believe they're right. And that's the result. Embarrassment. The lowest punishment. Or maybe a price. Either way, not worth it. It's not worth getting into. Into being right and its offspring. It's a waste of time and energy. Because we only have one set of energy resources. It's up to us how we use them. What we waste time on. Or what we build with it. Rightness ruins human relationships. And as you well know, I'm one of those who promote building. So let's forget what divides us. Let's forget the rope and the victory strategies. We have one life. And we don't need to prove it's better than someone else's. Every life has equal value. For the one living it. For those in relationship with them. For those who care. That's how it is. We feel the value because we are connected to it. And that's universal. Equal for all. And it should be. But it can be extended. We can feel connection with people we don't personally know. People we don't drink morning coffee with. We can. Empathy is great strength. It empowers people. Feeling responsible for others, for animals, for nature. So everything functions properly. That's a higher level worth reaching. But not with rightness. Let's not take it aboard. And yet rightness often sticks to the deck. We must scrape it off with shovels and throw it overboard. That's how she is. Look at climate activists. Prisoners of rightness. Look at eco-warriors who glue themselves to roads. Splash stores with

paint. Look at those who demand everything from everyone but themselves. This sad rightness corrupts people. Better to wipe with it, at least it'll be useful. At least not wasted. And that's what I encourage. To examine our relationship with being right. Everyone should do a soul-check. Because it's a fungus that feeds on the soul. Gnaws at it, nibbles. Numbs our alertness by convincing us it's how it should be. That it's what being human means. That without being right, you're dumb or uneducated. That a person without rightness is some freak. Or fit only for service. Cleaning and cooking. But it's not like that. Don't be fooled. Don't let them convince you that being right is useful, it isn't. No pros. No logical justification. It's ego inflation. Vanity on a fork. And we eat it. And it doesn't fill us. We always want more. Never enough. Never stop. What a waste. What an empty show. Why? Positioning is punishment. Like a caste system. I see many similarities. We create castes in our heads. Sorting people by their level of rightness. By its intensity and usefulness. I don't know why, but some do that. I know such people. You can feel it. But that's their business. Not for criticism, but to point out the better path. To show where the quicksand lies. To avoid it. Not to fall in. Life is too precious. Don't waste the chance for happiness. Joy and fulfillment. Being right is never fulfillment. It always wants more. Never satisfied. Never allows contentment. It only confirms: yes, you were right. Yes, it's on your side. Others are wrong. That's the game. That's how it works. And let it, but without us. Why should we get involved? Why play along? We don't have to. No one can force us. Or convince us it's the right perspective. Of a puffed-up person with rightness. I'm not tempted. Why should I be. Peace, the greatest value. Peace doesn't like tension and tug-of-war. Unless it's heart's uplift, then it's different. So let's not try to elevate rightness. Those are heavy weights. And they won't build muscles. No such chance. Only leave us sore. So let's value peace. Let's value silence. Inside us. That which lives. That which is life. Because it gives life. Because it fills us with love. And where love lives, rightness dies. That's what this is about. A principle that won't age. Always valid. So let us care about what holds value. Not what glitters and shines. Grabbing attention is a warning, not an opportunity. Let's remember that. Let's remember what matters. What benefits our soul and heart. What gives them strength and fills them with a smile. And let's stay with that. With what feeds us. With what's worth keeping inside. That's the point. That is the value. And rightness... always falls.

the results of battle

on how not to lose

Allied. But what does that really mean? And where does it lead? That's exactly the stance I care about deeply. It accompanied me at the beginning of my spiritual path, and it stays with me to this day. Yes, because we must be aware that the world promotes conflict. It promotes rivalry. Not always with fair play. Battle, struggle, we encounter it. Sometimes it arises from us, sometimes it lands on us. But it's not worth it. It's not worth stepping into the fight, even if there's much to gain. The gain from a fight is always partial, because the fight itself already implies loss. A person who engages in conflict is already diminished. They place

themselves in that role, a being who cannot cope and must resort to last resorts. It doesn't matter if you win or lose; the gain will sting, and so will the loss. Anyone who steps into battle loses. Anyone who believes that fighting is natural for humans is mistaken. Even animals only fight as a last resort, to survive, to reproduce. But we humans see in battle a chance, for profit, for something measurable, something to be taken because we'll be able to snatch it from someone else. An animal would not act like that. Fighting for gain degrades us below animals. It's terrible, yet we face it daily, in power circles, in business environments, even at a trinket market. Fighting for clients, for air, for understanding. Everywhere there is struggle. Everywhere some pushing and shoving. Who needs this? It's worth reflecting on. How much energy we lose. How poorly it aligns us with life. Such a perspective, such a desire, to win, to trample. But it doesn't have to be this way. We can be allied. We can understand each other. Yield, step aside. It's not a sign of weakness. Quite the opposite. It's a sign of wisdom. Of valuing oneself. Of self-care. Of preserving peace. Of winning without fighting. For the one who refuses to fight wins. For the one who doesn't shove others around is the one with sense, the one who acts rightly and thinks rightly, not to please others but to keep breathing space for themselves. Refusing to enter conflict is beneficial. We preserve our resources. We don't tangle with reality. And when the situation demands it, we diffuse the tension. Excitement and reaction fade, and what remains is steadiness. Constancy. So we don't make a mess. Chaos helps no one. Noise is unpleasant. Why remain in that noise? Though sometimes we must. Sometimes we're forced by position or obligation to endure activity on the battlefield. To witness destruction in action. Sometimes we have no choice. But let's remember not to get carried away by emotion. Not to join the pack. Not to stoke the revolt. It's not in our interest. Never is, from the soul's perspective, which values peace; from the heart's perspective, which empathizes. So we should not feel part of the turmoil. Let's not push ourselves into it. We have nothing to prove. Yes, exactly. Many battles are just attempts to prove something, to show our standing, our superiority. It brings nothing. The one who lets go is the one who's right, not the one who wins a skirmish, one among many. That's not proof of strength. That's not proof of worth. Battle is battle. Dehumanization. Mindlessness. People boast about their IQ. Mine is this, yours is that. Good, we're above average. Among the top ten or five percent. The brightest in society. But then comes conflict. Emotions flood in, and suddenly we're primal people hurling rocks at a mammoth. Doesn't matter how intelligent you are, if emotions take the reins, your IQ plummets to zero. You might have 180 IQ, but if you let emotions govern you, it's over. Your intelligence ends up in the trash. You degrade yourself below animals. So it's not worth it. Not even worth trying. Better to stay calm and sip your tea with your IQ. It's good for the joints. It soothes. And that's how it is. And it's good, if we remember, if we know what we want from life. And it's not the top spot in some race. Don't waste time racing. There's spiritual growth waiting. Family, friends. There's help for those in need. Religion. Engagement. Creation. Yes, let's be creative. It gives so much. It lets us relate to ourselves in the right way. It softens us. Caring for oneself. Caring for family. Not fighting for a better tomorrow. Not struggling with adversity. Even if it sounds logical, it isn't. Every fight is bad. It damages. Trips us up. We win but feel defeated, because we know we've lost something along the way. That's the world. That's the way things are. Whether we realize it or not doesn't matter. The rules still apply. We're part of this world, so it concerns us. A test

of love. I often repeat that, because that's what life is. A test of love. And where is love in hurling insults, in shouting and rage, in psychological abuse? Where is love in that? Love sits in the corner and weeps. Let's care for her. Ask her what she needs. Help her. Because we can. Because that's what we need, interaction with love, understanding of anger, turning away from what hurts us or others. Let's promote good manners. Let's nurture goodness. Customs and circumstances, because we create them. Both the customs and the circumstances. So much depends on us. Practically everything. So why take shortcuts? Shortcuts to destruction. Where fire rages and ruin spreads. Where a person is taken apart, piece by piece. Don't waste time on such places. On such "wisdom." Win it, and it's yours. Defeat it, and you'll feel like someone. Please. That's not the path for a wise person. That's not understanding, that's just impulse. At its worst. Impulsive wandering. Impulsive not-wanting. Let's feel and understand what matters for a person. What contributes to their growth. How much time we have left. Exactly. How will we use it? How will we show that it was worth it? Because it's worth making it worth it. That's uplifting and wonderful. Tear-inducing, perfect. Let's test ourselves, in the school of life. In acts of love. In honoring another person. Not in howling and snapping. So many sad people. They're everywhere. But you don't have to be one of them. You don't have to perform strength. Boldness. Determination. Western habits. The education of money. That leads nowhere. That dehumanizes. That shoves us aside. Yes. On the sidelines, you'll find plenty of so-called successful people, those who think they have it all. Who believe they lack nothing. Yet in truth they are hollow and empty. Because a person without love has nothing. You don't need to learn this the hard way. Be wiser. Learn from others. From what happened. From what has come to pass. So that it won't happen to you. Open your heart and love. Ally yourself, not ignite. Understand, not strike.

collective responsibility on who truly matters

Have you ever wondered who truly matters? Is it you? Your family? Your fiancée? Or maybe the president? The truth is, through our lives we build a shared responsibility that defines our collective weight. It's not that we should value some more than others. That's not how it should be. We can't assign worth based on a scale, giving out merit and recognition selectively. Many people do that, but it's a mistaken view of the world. We shouldn't treat some people one way and others another. That's how castes and divisions are formed. That's how illusions and rejections grow. It's a flaw in our perception. What truly matters is community. Shared responsibility. For what we create together. For the ecosystem we form. Humanity is at the center, not to reap rewards, but to maintain balance. It's a great responsibility: to ensure that our collective life, our world, leans toward harmony, toward empathy. Sure, some will say that's impossible. That many people are self-centered, focused only on money or status. Maybe so, but even those people are striving for what we all are.

They just call it by different names. They try to reach it through the wrong means. Human beings have common needs. We come from the same mold. We just scatter over time, chasing our own ways. But the core remains the same, happiness, balance, peace, fulfillment. And all of it is deeply tied to collectivity. None of these things can be truly achieved in isolation. That's the turning point: understanding what I just said. That is a great wisdom, the wisdom of people, of societies. The wisdom that says we need each other. Not just our families or close friends, but also the taxi driver, the rabbi, the police officer, the surgeon. We need each other because we complete one another. We do one thing, someone else another. It's one big mechanism. We fine-tune it, adjust it, realign it, but always toward the same goal: for it to function well. Yes, sometimes something breaks down. Someone rebels. Murders a neighbor, or rapes a woman. Or something less extreme. But that's expected, things break. And we must repair them, care for them. Make sure we're all still part of a functioning whole. And the results, those I've already named. The mechanism lifts us like a cushion. It reveals what matters. What allows us to feel fulfilled and to grow. Only by fulfilling our role can we rise to the next level, the level of the one who receives. The level of the outcome. And everyone wants to be that result, that product. But not everyone has enough courage. Most people just do their jobs, play their roles, and gain nothing from it, because they don't know how to receive. They don't understand that they can rise. That they can be more. For them, a monthly paycheck is enough. Dropping the kid off at preschool. Teaching them not to curse. That's little. Many settle for too little. But more is possible, and needed. But to receive more, we must understand how the system works. What it aims for. What costs it demands. What it takes to show up, to give of ourselves. To be yourself, that's a big thing. Many people see it differently. They think that being part of society is a form of slavery. That society crushes them. But I see it differently. Society relieves us. We don't have to do everything ourselves. We don't need to be experts in everything. That's convenient. Everyone handles their slice of the cake. But together, all the slices work. We can eat from any side. Because it's us, the whole organism and everything it creates. New chances and opportunities. And also, responsibility. Responsibility for our part. But also for the whole. Sometimes we must influence parts entrusted to someone else. Sometimes we have to intervene and fix. Shift and adapt. And that's beautiful, that internal movement of the organism. Clashing ideas and options. Possibilities and solutions. Getting to the essence. The punchline. And the punchline itself. It all works beautifully together. Only when we see people as one great organism do we begin to appreciate them. And there's no such thing as one being more important than another. Everyone is part of the team. Everyone has a role. Even those who don't work can bear children. Even the disabled can bring meaning to someone else's life. Everyone affects this organism somehow, contributes to it. Even prisoners. They offer a challenge for the healers. Every reformed prisoner becomes a sign to others that change is possible. That redemption matters. Even prisons are a warning for the organism. They remind us we all play by the same rules. That betrayal and shortcuts bring punishment. There's so much to say about this organism. So much to foresee. But one thing is universal: people work for the benefit of others, even if they don't realize it. And they should realize it. People should know their role matters. That without simple steps and tasks, the system would collapse. That it wouldn't work as it should. So let's influence each other consciously. Let awareness add a smile to our work. Satisfaction.

Understanding. That we're not just serving some politicians or billionaires. The world isn't like that. We serve ourselves. Because we have free will and awareness. Because this organism allows us to thrive. It lifts us up. It gives us hope. That this whole world won't suddenly fall apart. Won't enslave or depress us. That we won't wake up with a hand in the toilet. It's a miracle that we can give and receive. In a physical sense. Because it works similarly with the spirit, but that's not what I'm talking about now. I'm talking about the grounded things we often don't appreciate. That we don't feel part of. Because we don't think we or our actions matter. But everything matters. Collective responsibility. Shared weight. Because weight belongs to the whole organism, not one person. That's why we must influence how it functions. Not just sweep our own yard. That's why I speak to all people, not just to my family. To everyone. I have an impact. And so do you. And use it. Sometimes, you don't need much to make an impact. You don't have to write books or shout at rallies. Sometimes it's enough to show with your actions that it's worth it. That it's worth being in this organism, and drawing from it. Rising like on a cushion. That alone won't go unnoticed. That alone may become the foundation. The brick that others will use. Those who see. Those who watch you. That's power. To influence others. And every one of us has it. You don't have to be a prime minister or a president. You don't have to write laws. Just appreciate others. Understand the value of each person. Motivate and apologize when needed. Reward with a smile or applause. That's lubrication. That's the oil in the gears. A great, powerful thing. That's the influence we have. We can all apply it. And when you understand how it works, what benefits it brings, you'll be amazed. Let's cherish the organism we share. Let's not pretend one cog is more important than another. One cog won't work without the others. We are one, so let's remain one. And let's not curse the world. Let's not complain that it functions. Because without it, we couldn't function either. In joy and focus. In awareness and achievement. And we can. So let's be, who we want, how we want. Within this living organism. For its good.

the nostalgia of the defeated on what makes us stronger

Sometimes, we feel like crying. We break down. We feel defeated. We've fallen. We've bruised ourselves emotionally. It happens to everyone, moments of weakness, failure, and doubt. They hit us hard. But why is that? Why do falls hurt so much? Usually, it's caused by the level we've reached, an inflated ego, a status, and self-perception as someone special. Sad but true. Someone who's already low doesn't feel the fall that deeply. Only the one who thought they were someone loses sight of the ground, only to hit it hard. That's one part. But another is how we respond to falling, what we learn from it. And again, it depends on the person. For some, it's a meaningful lesson, a new experience. For others, a source of shame. Yes, it would sound wise to say that every fall strengthens us, that every one is a building block, something we'll eventually turn into golden fulfillment. That would be nice,

but it's not always the case. Sometimes, we just want to forget the fall, throw it out of memory like trash. But we can't. And that's where the lesson begins. That's where it gets interesting. Because it's up to us what we do with those memories, where we place them, whether they become useful. It's like shit that fertilizes the soil. Worthless on its own, but buried properly, it nurtures what grows. Exactly. No one's trying to convince you it doesn't stink. But bury it well, in the right place, and you'll grow from it, yourself. You'll rise from the shadow, joyful. But to do that, you need courage. You need to face what stinks. And if we think too highly of ourselves, that'll be hard. People who look down on others won't stoop to shit. Because it stinks. But we must. Before we learn to handle our downfalls, we must find the right place to stand. We need to develop a quiet mind. A stillness. We mustn't be puffed up, inflated, greedy for gain or blessings falling from the sky. We must change. Rebuild ourselves. So often it's a mismatch of values. If you have little real value, the value of the fertilizer will overwhelm you. I know that sounds strange, someone who believes they're full of value is often valueless, while shit, though valueless, holds so much potential value it overwhelms the empty person. Quite a mess. But let's think about it. It changes a lot. Yes, value. How much it adds to our lives. What it is. How it shapes us and guides our choices. The philosophy of value, I call it. It's the digging into what starts it all. The root cause. Because I believe only values motivate us, what we deem valuable. If something holds no value, we look away. So to understand ourselves, we need to understand what we value, what provokes us to act, what launches us onto our path. It's incredibly important. To understand. To believe. Because, yes, this collection of value-providers defines what kind of value we are ourselves. We are a sum of the values we've chosen, values that became our way of life. They not only influence us, they create us. Our way of thinking, perceiving, hearing, and seeing. What we choose to listen to, and what we reject. That's how it is. Values, a great treasure, or unburied shit. That's the truth. So, our choice. We can't blame others for feeding us certain values, or convincing us of their worth. We choose. We build ourselves. It's childish to blame others. So let's reflect. Let's dive into our values. Let them tell our story. Let them sing our song. Without understanding them, we'll never understand ourselves. It's vital. It gives existence meaning, if we don't have another meaning in mind. But everything can be improved. Everything can be reshaped. We can change in any direction. We can redefine our values, rearrange them as we like. Everything's in our hearts and minds. Everything's alive. And if it's alive, it needs nourishment. That's why we crave constant new stimuli. We add new values. Let the old ones grow. Like in a living organism. Because that's what we are. And that's why, yes, it's so important to understand. That's why, yes, it's so important to devote ourselves. To know and to understand. To be able to try. Let's strive not only for insight but for the idea of creation. Let's shape ourselves as we wish. Not randomly, as we do now. If I asked you why you are a mix of your particular values, why these and not others, you'd probably say, by chance. That's just how life turned out. And that's true. But we're aiming for something else, to consciously shape ourselves, as we wish, in the way we want, with the results we desire. It's crucial. But to become creators, we must understand ourselves. Understand love. Understand devotion. Only those who understand themselves can shape themselves, as they wish. As is fitting. A magnificent art. The art of doing good. The art of giving oneself to good. A wonderful thing. And I hope this art finds you. I hope it shapes you, a new, pure thought. Dedication. Intimacy. Unity. Life.

results of the battle

on what is peaceful

That's how it is with results, we attach great importance to them. We want results. We need them. They lift our spirits. They drive us to action. But what about the most important result? What about the outcome of the battle between our soul and our mind? Exactly. This battle carries meaning. Profound meaning. We must be aware of it. We must know what and why. Why the mind pulls in one direction, and the soul in another. It's simple. The mind is bound to the Earth, while the soul has divine origin. It is far from worldliness. The mind wants to be worldly. Inflated. Invincible. Or at least that's its goal. That's what it's chasing. And so it is important to step in between the two. To calm the mind and soothe the soul. So that the outcome of the battle is a draw. So that neither feels hurt in the conflict. And the heart, which is the mind of the soul, must work for both. For a quiet mind means an awakened heart. That's essential. That's how it should look. That's how it should function. I've mentioned something about it already. Don't be surprised. I'm not that young anymore. I might repeat myself. What matters is speaking with meaning. What matters is placing that meaning between the mind and the soul. Because only meaning can separate those warriors. If we don't give them meaning, they won't calm down. That's why we need meaning in our lives. Let's find it within. Something that builds us. Ideally something creative. It's a wonderful joy. I encourage it. I encourage us to want. To know what connects with what. Because not everything in this world fits together. We need to recognize. We need to choose. It's vital for us. The right choices. At least when it comes to the direction of our path. Mistakes will happen. But the direction must remain steady. Unshaken. That's what brings significance. That's what lifts and steers us. That's what leaves something for later. Because there is always a "later." It's worth having something ready. So we don't end up with nothing. That's incredibly helpful. And in general, directing. And applying pressure. On our soul. On the heart. So that they live loudly and splendidly. So that they care. The mind is needed for that too. With organized priorities. With neatly arranged rewards. Rewards we give ourselves. Because it's wonderful when a person rewards themselves. Does something meaningful, and treats themselves. Maybe it's something they enjoy. Maybe something useful. Learning a language. A good book. Meeting someone we haven't seen in ages. Rewards echo within us. They multiply their value. It's worth using them. It's worth being close to them. That is, to deserve them. That's uplifting. That we can, and that we do. That we live as we choose. As long as we want to live. As long as we care. As long as we see meaning in it. That works in our favor. It's a strong stimulus. So let's want and let's know how. Let's try and repeat. Let's reward ourselves for small victories. It's beautiful to see smiling people. Most often, they're the ones receiving their reward, even if they don't know it. But it's good to know. It's good to live consciously. That makes many things easier. That redeems and brings comfort. Not just complaining and cursing. Or chasing joy through endless shopping. That doesn't work. Believe me. There are better ways. More meaningful conclusions. Those are the mind's cravings. But brief. They don't touch the soul. But when we do something creative, it transfers and bears fruit. That's why it's worth practicing. That's why we should end the war. Between mind and spirit. Someone once said the mind and soul

should get married. There's some truth in that. Except marriages often end in arguments and divorces. So I'm not sure. Maybe a peace treaty is better. A clear boundary between what is mind and what is spirit. So we always know where things come from. That might work better. At least it works for me. In my management of this mental-spiritual mess. Because that's how it is. It starts with a mess. Then you clean. And after some time, the mess returns. From who knows where. It was tidy. I tidied up. And yet, again. Where from and why. Why such chaos and head-clashing. It needs vigilance. No such thing as cleaning once and being done. Unfortunately. We have to repeat it. We must keep watch over mind and soul. So they don't burn the peace treaty. So they don't turn it into flaming projectiles. Because they can. Believe me. I know from experience. And everyone else is the same. People are alike. Our minds and souls function the same. They expect the same. They have means of pressure and rebellion. We need to understand that and learn how to handle them. Otherwise we'll never know what peace is. We won't understand what our good is. Because we are reaching for good. Supposedly we know, supposedly we're familiar. But our good is not a moment of free time in front of the TV. Good comes from a quieted mind. And stepping in between mind and soul. From an awakened heart. And constant weighing. So that our ideas are balanced. Yes. We can't lean too far in one direction. We can't become intoxicated with a thought. However brilliant. However promising. A human life must be balanced. We can't jump from one passion to another. We can't take more than we can carry. Then we burn out. If we overcommit, we'll flame out and abandon the idea. Even if it was a good one. We just went too hard and burned out. That's a common case. Don't go down that road. Don't get carried away. In general, losing oneself is not advised. It helps nothing. Only backlog. Only leftover resentments. It's not worth it. Better to stick to what's good and avoid skirmishes. Avoid climbing big mountains. There's no food up there. The air is thin. Why go? Here, where you are, you have everything. With a calm mind. With a functioning heart. Why complicate and expect more. That is a great lesson. To let go of expectations. To stop pushing forward. People have this thing in them that drives them toward madness. I don't criticize. It's allowed. But is it necessary? Isn't it just a craving of the mind? Aren't we sometimes acting under its orders? Maybe so, let's think about that. Let's reflect. What leaves what trace. What provokes what. What fits where. It's worth pausing over that. In general, pausing is beautiful. Without a pause, there's no true motion. Without a pause, there's no reflection. No consulting the heart. Mechanical decisions are not the decisions of a conscious human. Consciousness is the art of pausing. The art of assessing. Of choosing. Of consciously selecting direction. It's a very helpful habit. If we cultivate it. If we want to use it. And it's worth it. It's worth wanting and trying. It's worth putting everything in place. It's worth enjoying what we have, instead of eyeing what we lack. That's the mind's deception. We lack nothing. We need nothing more. We already have everything. The only thing we need is work on ourselves. Understanding ourselves. Leading ourselves rightly. Wanting and understanding. Validating. Improving. And rejoicing in the results. For this is the only result that counts. The only result that stays with us. The result of self-repair. The result of awareness. The result of insight. In non-war. For the war is over. Because we said "enough." And good. And beautiful. That's how it should be. That will bring us joy. And may it stay with us. Joy that nourishes wisdom. It's good to have it. And good to delight in it.

the weather effect

on chasing away dark clouds

Sometimes you wonder what kind of weather I mean. What's going on here. What I mean are external forces. External forces are weather. They can bring sunshine. They can bring rain. Or a storm with thunder. External forces affect us. They reflect upon us. We are bound to them. As if on a leash. Because we lack awareness. Knowing how external forces affect us chases the storm away. You only have to look inward. You only have to look out into the world. And then we will be able to summon rain at will, as they do in Qatar. Or chase away the clouds like they do before parades in Moscow. And it's all thanks to awareness. That's the immense tool we possess. For shaping and changing. But often, it just sits there, gathering dust. We don't use it. And we should. We must. For our own good. For the good of our loved ones. Anticipating outcomes won't replace it. Predicting arguments won't resolve conflict. We have to understand why it started. We have to know that we don't need it. We have to know how to extinguish it. And that skill arises from awareness. From understanding why someone provokes. Why they seek conflict. Or maybe it's us, and our nerves. Our provocations. Through awareness, we see everything clearly. But is it worth it, you might ask? Sounds a bit like magic, doesn't it. But no, it isn't magic. Awareness leads to understanding. And understanding leads to letting go. Learning to let go is a tremendous thing. But without awareness, it won't work. Believe me, it makes life easier. But it's not like you just wake up and decide "I don't care anymore." That won't work. Sooner or later, someone will push your buttons. It starts with awareness. With knowing what is what and where it comes from. Awareness creates understanding. And understanding does not know how to judge or criticize. So it teaches us to let go. Have you ever seen aggressive understanding? Have you ever heard of understanding laying blame? When there is understanding, we have everything. Everything we need for a life of ease. Because letting go is great comfort. Comfort that doesn't make you lazy. I once said that awareness can turn a storm into sunshine. And yes, it really can. But not through rose-colored glasses. It's not that awareness convinces us that this whole mess is good for us. It's not that it tells us every fight makes us stronger. No, this is something else. Awareness lets us not get involved. Awareness shows us a broken person, someone who can't handle their own emotions, and that's why they attack. So we begin to feel compassion. Awareness gives birth to compassion. And that is awareness's greatest power. Not criticism, but compassion. Not an eye for an eye, but understanding. That is a powerful tool. Just like I said. It's the key to a beautiful life. The secret of a successful marriage. The secret to job satisfaction. The basis of a healthy life. If someone tells you "eat vegetables, they're good for you," say "I know something healthier, awareness." And I don't mean awareness of the harms of meat. Don't worry, I'm not going there. That was a joke. Eat what you like. But awareness is one. And we need it more than we need a diet. We need control over what reaches us from the world. What external forces affect us. How they influence us. And with awareness, we have that power. With awareness, we understand, and choose our meal perfectly suited to our taste. And that's why it's delicious. And that's why later, we praise ourselves. That was a good decision. At last, I looked at the problem from another angle. All thanks to awareness. It all comes from that.

From insight. Into what is what. Into the why, not the what for. That's an important distinction. Usually, when someone insults or angers us, we ask: "what for?" What was their motive? Did they target me on purpose? What did they gain from it? But we should ask "why." As in, what is the reason. What happened. Why can't they control themselves. Maybe something's going on at home. Maybe they're on the verge of bankruptcy. Maybe they just got a diagnosis. There are many "whys," but there is always a reason. Rarely does anyone attack without a reason. But even if they do, the reason lies deeper. Childhood trauma. Mental illness. And so on. I don't want to analyze imaginary cases. These are just examples, to help you grasp the idea. How it works. There's always something. And it can always be understood. If we've developed our awareness. If that awareness brought understanding. And if that understanding bore the fruit of letting go. Then we have what we're supposed to have. A shield and armor. A signal that deters the enemy. A smile. Yes. A simple smile is the best weapon against those who want to hurt us emotionally. A smile is the antidote to their schemes. It changes everything. It solves a lot. But to be sincere, it must come from understanding, the kind I've been describing. Otherwise it will come off as ironic or nervous. It won't work. That's why we must go through every stage. Not because I said so. But because it truly matters. Everything I say has meaning and reason. Nothing is random. This is a deeply meaningful topic, if only we treat it seriously. If we latch on to shortcuts and paths we're unsure of, we'll end up disappointed. Defeated. So it's important to know the what and the why. Why it all begins and ends with us. Usually, we see it differently. Usually, we try to change the world. When the world is aggressive, we tell it: "Stop being aggressive." We explain our annoyance. And for the world, those words are a red flag. Things get worse. The world senses that we're trying to change it. That we're telling it "you're wrong, imperfect." And no one likes being called bad. They reply: "I'm not bad, BUT." Maybe I got angry, BUT. And boom. Fire. The situation gets worse. We've seen it so many times. When we try to change the world, we make it worse. Awareness teaches us this is unnecessary. Our attempts to change the world are replaced by compassion. That's an act of love. And this teaching comes from love. But love isn't about running into trouble. Yet we often do. To save face. To win the argument. "I have to be right. I already started, now I have to finish." And so on. But those are not solutions. The solutions I've already listed. And I encourage you to stick to them. And I encourage you to taste those dishes that bring you joy. Because they improve your mood. They fill you up, with something good. With something meaningful. With something that leaves a pleasant aftertaste. And the aftertaste is everything. It's worth the effort. Because the aftertaste is a thank-you from your soul. And may it stay with you. The more of that "thank you," the better. The more often we can reply: "don't mention it."

a perfect mirage

on not getting attached to words

Words, words, words. People often go overboard with them. I'm not just talking about the fact that they can hurt, that's obvious. What I want to say concerns less extreme cases.

Promises. Assurances. Persuasions and advice. Exactly. People talk a lot. Sometimes too much. We love to speak. Words, in a way, define us. Without them, we wouldn't know ourselves, or at least, so we think. We wouldn't express ourselves, or so we're told. One thing is certain and delicate: we should not get attached to words. The ones we catch in everyday life. The ones that act as our emotional fuel. Too often, we are prisoners of words. Promises. Assurances. And that does us no good. It echoes back as disappointment. Words make us paint a mental picture. We cling to it. We want it to become real. And when it doesn't, we feel let down. Broken. And we go searching for the next "motivator." But the words of others are poor motivation. One of the worst. We should avoid it. We should listen in a detached way. Not glue someone else's words to our minds. Why should we? Why do we do this? Why do we bond with words? They're just words. Let's realize that. They are not sacred. People talk just to talk, and nothing comes of it. What matters is action. Action earns respect and admiration. And it is through actions that those around us should earn our trust. That's what we should pay attention to. You can read more in someone's eyes than in what they say. Another truth. Eyes and actions, an excellent combination. They sync beautifully. They predict, they reveal, or they offer themselves. And that's the beauty of life. That we have choice. That options stand before us. No one's chasing us. No one forces our hand. And if someone does, we should walk away from them. The ability to choose and decide is a tremendous force. We should be aware of its power. We should use it, because it pays off. Not financially. But in touch. So that the feeling of a given moment is soothing. And that's what this is all about. The sense of right choice. Not being a prisoner. Of people or their words. Of phenomena or fixations. Yes, fixations, you heard me right. There are those who constantly want to fix things. Tweak and repair. Always dissatisfied with what is. Perpetual motion and pointless change. That can exhaust you. Wear you down. And worry me. That's how it is. Sometimes we go too far. We must work on ourselves. Observe ourselves. Without criticism. Pure observation. What is what. What we're doing and why we're doing it. Why we make certain moves. Why we hand out words like chocolates, left, right, and uphill. Some irrational behaviors quickly come into the light. Why speak of self-observation? Because few of us actually do it. We live on autopilot. We don't question our actions. Just going through life. I've said this before. But it's worth repeating. It's a vital lesson. The lesson of knowing ourselves. And when you do know yourself, ask: do you like yourself? Yes. Do we like ourselves, or just tolerate? It's worth liking ourselves. Worth being proud of small wins. That's a cliché, but if you go deeper into it, it turns out to be wonderful. Practicing joy in small things makes us ten times happier. But to enjoy small things, we must first like ourselves. We must recognize that we've done those little things. Achieved this or that. And to know that, we must observe ourselves. And the cycle completes. One continuous inner gaze. That's what we need. That's extremely helpful. Not some substitute psychological theories. If I earned what a psychologist does, I'd spout nonsense too. Because wise things end too quickly. And wise things work. Which would mean the end of therapy. But psychologists want therapy to go on. For years. Because it's their income. That's how they live. I write this book for free. I'll send it to print without expecting royalties. So the publisher will invest in promoting it. Because they'll know it will bring in more profit than usual. A simple trick, but it works. Why turn away from money? It's not some grand ideal or vow. I believe in setting an example. In acting from the heart, not the wallet. You can make money

with regular work. But creativity and wisdom, those shouldn't be for sale. Yes, you'll pay for the book, you'll say. But I found a solution. All my books are available for free at www.wilusz.org. A wonderful invention, the internet. It gives us so much. Unfortunately, we often use it poorly. Social media. Funny videos. Shopping. More shopping. What a waste. There are valuable things online. Free books. Art galleries. Young artists to discover. Amazing possibilities. Without the internet, I wouldn't have discovered Ramakrishna's talks. Without it, I couldn't share what I have, my books, lectures, letters, and so on. More are coming, if health permits. But back to the topic, I digressed like never before. Probably from the number of lectures I've given. When one nears the end, there's always a bit of loosening up. And that's good. Relaxation is good for the soul. It's a kind of reward. We've done this much. We've worked through so much. The soul sways, and you can see it in the way we relax. That's beautiful. Those moments are worth cherishing. Some will say: "you've strayed from the topic." "You were supposed to talk about words, and now you're on Ramakrishna." Well, that's life. Eccentrics talk about whatever they want. You can't blame them. It suits them. But more seriously: words, we must look closely. Words that bind us. That obligate. That compel action. We must react to them. And here, the decision should stem from the speaker's eyes and actions. From what they've done so far. Let's not follow the logic of "they asked, so we must." "They encouraged, so we can't refuse." Some requests are harmful. Eyes and actions. In the eyes we see the soul, or its hiding place. In actions we see a history of choices. So let's combine and calculate. Though it's a strange word. Let's not calculate for gain. But to see if the person's intent is sincere. Let's analyze the data. Summarize and choose to act, or not. To change the subject, or continue. Yes. That's the right approach. As is not clinging to others' words. Women have a tendency to collect words that make them feel good. About their looks. Their sweetness. But are such words worth anything? Often they're part of a game. Or mere politeness. Eyes and actions. Then we'll understand where and why. With whom and for what. Surround yourself with valuable people. It matters. It reflects on us. On our mood. On our perception. A good person is not always sweet words. Though often it aligns. Care can take many forms. But we can always recognize it. Eyes and actions. Nothing more.

the exercise of power

on what a burden truly is

Power is addictive. It can change a person, influence them drastically. One must be cautious with power. Keep it at arm's length. Don't get swept up in its dance. Don't let it lead. Don't let it issue commands. And it's not just about the dance on the heights of political power, among the elites who can move mountains. On a smaller scale, power touches all of us. Everyone wields some power. Everyone governs something, even if it's only themselves. Every decision we make leaves a trace. It impacts life. The dance continues. And power, if mishandled, corrupts. Take, for example, the power of parenthood. Or that of a boss at work. These roles can easily pull us in and hold us tightly. They shift our thinking, whispering

that we know everything. That we have the power to reward and to punish. So we do. So we perform. But I oppose this binary. Rewards and punishments? These are shallow motivators. Harmful to both the giver and the receiver. We shouldn't work for rewards. Nor study out of fear of punishment. True motivation must come from within. From understanding the benefits of what we do. From wanting, not having to. A person who wants to learn, or contribute, will do so with joy. The joy of a reward is fleeting. But joy in the doing itself, that lasts. It's like walking a dog. Some do it because otherwise the dog will soil the apartment. Others walk their dog because they enjoy the fresh air, the movement, the bonding. The same holds true across all spheres. Let's stay in the "canine" analogy. Exercising power is a bit like being a dog trainer. One who teaches commands, shares joy, and spends time. It's a shared relationship. Mutual respect. Not "master and servant," but team. A pack. And in a healthy pack, the leader takes care of the others. This applies at work, in school. It should work that way. Relationships are slightly different. Partnerships should be based on equality, but that's another story. Still, caring for another person is universal. When you don't care, you don't enjoy. And we should enjoy what we do. Who can stop us? Think about it. Would you rather do something because you must, or because you want to? The word "duty" often carries a negative association. It reeks of obligation. But it doesn't have to be that way. We decide what brings us joy. We define our own standards of satisfaction. It's good to be content, every day. Life is better that way. Easier to breathe. Yet we are taught otherwise. We learn to act for gain. To fulfill quotas. School taught us to strive for good grades. Work taught us to chase bonuses. And in relationships, we learned to dress up for attention. Always chasing something. Let's change that. No one stops us. The system of rewards and punishments is exhausting. It breeds resentment. We feel used. Like serfs. Time to flee that system. Replace it with understanding. With meaning. With the idea that work can be fulfilling, and study enriching. Respect your time. Respect yourself. Treat yourself with kindness. Don't just measure performance. Don't let your self-worth hinge on output. Yes, elites are corrupted by power. They want us compliant. Earning, spending, not questioning. They know best, right? But we, too, create our own systems. Let's not become like them. Let's not pretend to be all-knowing. In a pack, there is no tyrant. Only a guide. A leader loved by the group. Connected. And that matters. We should be connected to those we influence. Give them our time. Be patient. People have good and bad days. Everyone has flaws. Everyone makes mistakes. The reward-and-punishment model is unforgiving. It punishes missteps. Sends a message. I don't buy it. But it's your choice. Know yourself. Understand what you can improve, adjust, or strengthen. There's so much good to bring in, so many ways to make things better. If we care. If we see the cause and effect. Yes, we have power. Even in our small systems. In the worlds we govern. We can make them joyful. Or cling to outdated systems of demand and punishment. One more thing: praise. Praise those who work with you, for you, around you. It connects to what I've already said, but let me linger. Some people don't see the obvious: praise matters. Not just quarterly for exceeding sales targets. Every day. As a gesture, not as a reward. Good words build trust. They affirm direction. Once, praise wasn't common. Then came the American way. And yes, it became trendy. But this isn't about fashion. It's about creating space that feels good. Less tension. Nothing is worse than a tense workplace or school. It's torture. Literal torture. But still practiced. Because of deadlines. Delays. Faulty espresso machines. Let's end this nonsense.

Let's move from "hard labor" to enjoyable activity. They tell us work must be hard. That study is grueling. Let's prove them wrong. Let's enjoy what we do. Celebrate each moment. Celebrate growth. Celebrate connection. The shared mission. The joy of helping. Of building a warm atmosphere. Let's put this into action. Let's smile more. Whether we're guides or members of the pack. A guide is still part of the pack. Let's not forget that. All the best.

warning signal

on how constant changes harm us

Change is not a bad thing, as long as it leads in the right direction. But how many times can we keep changing? How many times can we keep jumping from one extreme to the other? If that's what you're doing, that's a warning sign. That something isn't working as it should. That you're lost. Dozens of changes are not a point of pride. It's not about searching for a way out, it's about walling yourself off in the darkest corner. That should be avoided. Don't be like a little boat in the middle of the ocean, drifting aimlessly, hoping things will sort themselves out. Or like an eager rower on board who rows forward for a bit, then backward for a bit. That kind of rowing gets you nowhere. That's not balance. That's not the golden mean. If for a moment we go right, then go left, only to go right again, it becomes a loop. That wears a person down. It takes your breath away. As I said, change is something to be desired. Refinement. The crafting of a safe path. A path of purity and commitment. But we can't keep leaping. We can't wake up and do a 180 every day. A different person each day, a new plan for ourselves each morning. That's exhausting. Let's spare ourselves that. Let's focus on something worthy. Let's focus on development and allocation, of our means and our resources. Let's ground ourselves and move forward. No turning back, it only harms us. We need to know ourselves. We need to understand the world. But we can't let that stop us from being who we are. From walking the right path. Learning through stumbles is not the best idea. We already have enough of those. We don't need to keep adding more on purpose. We don't need to keep getting lost. Every religion leads in the right direction. That's why there are teachers. Gurus. Masters. Many say the same things. But we don't listen. Or we do, and we don't know how to apply it in life. Because of these heavy burdens. These challenges. These oppositions. And that's exactly what all this teaching is for. Hundreds of years of spiritual experience, to help us overcome adversity. It's always about adversity. And we think spiritual teaching is for an ideal world. That it's meant to guide us only when everything is okay. But no, that's not it. Spiritual teaching fights adversity. It makes us stronger. It removes fear. Because fear is our greatest enemy. I'm not saying we should fight it, though. We should recognize that it's in us, that it lives inside us. We must understand that it's natural. But we can't let it control us. We can't let it issue orders. Fear is just fear. Just delusions. Things that won't happen. A foolish dance of the mind. Useless. Stemming from our animal nature. From the fact that we have a body. A leftover from ancient times. But it interferes. Exactly. Often it behaves like it wants to take over. Often it

acts irrationally. It makes sense when we're staring into an abyss, afraid of falling, afraid of death. Yes, then fear can play its role. But when we're afraid we won't manage, afraid we'll disappoint, afraid our kids won't turn out right, afraid we'll be fired, that's unnecessary. That's not welcome. We should help ourselves through meditation. In hard times, there's nothing better than quieting the mind. Than listening to silence. It's a beautiful method. A key that fits many situations. Like a wrench. And it's good we have it. And we do have it in us. We have ways to silence needless fear. We just have to learn how to use them. In the right moments. At the right scale. Yes, it's very helpful. To stop drifting. To stop rowing forward and back, as I mentioned. It happens often. But it doesn't have to. Our habits are not fixed. We're not imprisoned. We're not drowning. We can always make it to shore. To the surface. To the sunlight. And be glad to see it. In the light, everything looks better. We know we're worth something. In the dark, a person can't do much. Not very useful. But in the light, oh yes. So let's remember the warning signs. If we're too often bouncing between light and darkness, let's open our eyes. Let's decide what's meant for us. In what light we want to live. Sunlight or moonlight. Let's ask ourselves. Let's listen to the soul. Someone once asked me how to listen to the soul. How to do it in practice. And here's my answer: through prayer. Through prayer as conversation. Talking to God is a beautiful thing. We don't have to only turn to Him when things fall apart. When all hope is gone. That says something sad about us. We should talk to God more often, and about everything. During that conversation, our soul opens up. It becomes easier to feel. Easier to understand. What it wants, what it seeks. In conversation with God, we're completely honest. That opens us up. That gives us strength we didn't know we had. It's a wonderful thing. Worth repeating. Talking to God. Yes. A truly important matter. You'll ask, He won't answer, so what's the point? But He does answer. Always. Through your heart. Thanks to it. When you ask Him a question, your heart will know the answer. You'll feel it. You won't hear it, but you'll feel it. That's how it works. All because of an open heart. A stirred soul. That's how it is. And that's why I'm not a fan of memorized prayers. Those recited lines. Many people settle their prayer duty like that. They recite memorized phrases, not even thinking about what they're saying. Just repeating what they were taught. And for what? What does it do? Why do we have hearts? Why do we have minds? Such recited prayers give us nothing. They bring nothing. Some may disagree, but I stand firmly for a creative approach. Only that opens the soul and heart. When we are the authors of our own words. When we create something of our own accord. When we present ourselves to God, rather than repeating old lines. Only then can it work in our favor. Only then can we feel contentment and say the conversation with God succeeded. That it worked. Questions, confessions, requests, reflections. And by "requests," I mean saying what we desire, not issuing commands to God, of course. But that's the thing with "requests." Same word, different meaning. One person recites learned lines and calls it prayer. Another has a deep conversation with God, and also calls it prayer. Prayer is not equal to prayer. That's how it is. Just like warning signs. Some are louder, others softer. But they serve the same function. At least in theory. To warn us. To show us something's wrong. So let's listen. To our soul and our heart. Let's listen to the warning signs. Whatever form they take. When we keep changing, spinning in circles. When we keep waking up a different person. With a different moral compass. With a different life plan. We need to be careful. With such restlessness. With such craving. Always wanting something new. Always chasing

something else. As long as it sparkles. That's dangerous. And useless. It's better to focus on values. And walk from them into the world. Universal values, because they come from what is good. And build on them. And never forget them. Yes, we must remember where we were when we started the journey. What we started from. How much we've achieved. How far we've wandered. But only to stay oriented. To confirm we're heading the right way. To praise ourselves for the work. And to move on. And forward. May it be farther. May it be more beautiful.

measuring guilt or on how not to judge

We like to judge. We like to criticize. And when someone gets under our skin, oh... we really go for it. But we shouldn't. Everything comes back to us. If we cultivate anger, it will double. If we offer betrayal to others, it will bear the fruit of betrayal. Everything we send out returns with doubled strength. All the energy. All the emotion. A familiarity with evil. It all circulates. It's all in the air. But we can provoke goodness. We can ask for it through our actions. We can choose not to judge people, even when they hurt us. Maybe they're struggling. Maybe they've accumulated too much bad energy. Maybe they want to boost their ego. The reasons don't matter. What matters is our response to what they do to us, to the harm they cause us. It is important to respond with grace. It is important to transform evil into good. A person should be like a plant, like a beautiful, grand acacia, transforming carbon dioxide into oxygen, transforming the harm we endure into something good. Photosynthesis of the mind. Because how we respond depends on the mind. The heart always suggests we love, respect, and forgive. It is the mind that is quick to fight, to strike back. But no. Let us stay calm. Let us be like the acacia, hard to topple, hard to deceive. It stands and does its work. It transforms harm into beauty. And that's what a wise person should be. One who follows the commandments of the heart, who listens to its voice, the voice of peace and goodness, the voice of silence and song at once. Because silence is a great singer, it sings what it has to say, the melody of calm. That's how it works. And provocations? False accusations? Punishments we don't deserve? Well, the greater the harm we endure, the more good we are able to create. These things are connected. So remember this, if someone wronged you, you can give good back to the world. Produce it. Send it out. And it will return, doubled. This is deeply encouraging. When we act this way. When we have something to give. When we don't fall into the trap of evil. Because that's what evil wants, for us to take the bait, to react in anger. But we can stay true to ourselves. We can keep our distance from rage and revenge. Only the weak seek vengeance. Only the weak. They think it gives them strength. That it makes them hardened. But battle wears us down. The mind suffers. Harm always leaves a mark on the heart. Even if someone hurt us first, when we return the pain, it lingers inside us. The heart aches. The soul covers its eyes. But that does little good. The feeling of defeat remains and leaves a trace. So it's not worth it. It's not worth letting evil unsettle us. It's best to pass it by without paying attention. Evil is and

always will be. Life is not about fighting evil. Many have tried and wore themselves out, wore their souls out. Because every fight damages us, even when it is blessed by the religious, even if it's a so-called "just war." There's no justice in war. Justice is the art of love, not of retribution or forced conversion. That's not how it works. That won't work. We must focus on what matters, on what impacts us rightly. We must think about ourselves. And this isn't selfishness, it's natural to want good for ourselves, to create it. Because good gives us life. Good makes life joyful. It lets us play with each new day, to smile at it. Yes, it's a beautiful mystery. Incomprehensible to many. But the wise understand it. What drives us. How it works. And it's so simple. The soul feeds on goodness, on love, on compassion. That makes us radiate. It's the simplest way to awaken the soul. And then it flows. When we catch the wind in our wings, we glide. And this time, in the right direction. The wind carries us. We use its currents. It all lines up. Maybe you wonder why some people seem to have everything going their way. Walking around happy and smiling, while we... Well. They've caught the wind in their wings. They've jump-started their soul engine. It's running now. Carrying them forward. Echoing. Encouraging. And it's working. That "somehow" needs help. "Somehow" isn't a force in itself. "Somehow" works when everything else is already in place. Then it has meaning. Then it's useful. So let's take care of our "somehow." Let's nourish it with love. Let's watch it grow. Let's cheer it on. That "somehow." And it will all work out. That's what we need, brave souls who know how to take care of themselves. Because that multiplies. Because people catch on. In a good, even wonderful way. Because then the world functions as it should. Even on a small scale, it's always worth it. Because we're in it. We're part of this motion we ourselves stirred. And that's what's beautiful. How we nurture and tend. How we try. How we see results. And how we don't let ourselves be provoked. The world can strike us, of that I have no doubt. But the wise don't strike back. The wise transform harm and pain into goodness and a smile. Which goes out into the world. Which multiplies. And returns to us. In beautiful form. Not just in fancy packaging. In real beauty. Not thanks to advertising. What needs advertising is already overhyped. Goodness and love don't need to be advertised. Because they prove themselves. They work on their own. If only we let ourselves be carried by them. If only we give them form. That changes so much. That has real effects. It won't let itself be forgotten. And this isn't about forced change. It's about understanding how a person is built. How we function. What we need. I spent years studying myself. And these are the conclusions. These are the facts. The prescription signed: take care of yourself. Think about yourself. You can't change the world unless you change yourself. You have to start somewhere. You don't eat a kebab from the middle. You start at the beginning and work your way through. Slowly. That's important. Once in Sri Lanka, a local told me I eat too fast. That it's unhealthy. That I should eat very slowly. Chew my food thoroughly before swallowing. That I should savor it. And that's exactly how it is with us. With our growth. With discovering what's good. With jump-starting our soul. Our being. You can't rush. You can't expect that after a few hours or days everything will work perfectly. That we'll transform in every aspect. A person is a long-term process. Changes have to settle. We have to be aware of that. So let us savor our spiritual path. Let us find joy in it. Let us change slowly, with full awareness. With insight and understanding. Starting at the beginning and taking bite after bite. That's how it's done. That's how it works. That's how it brings us joy. Because spiritual change should not be exhausting. This isn't physical training.

It's not like our soul has to sweat. The soul doesn't sweat, but we can still wear it out. When we act improperly. Too quickly, too impulsively. Expecting miraculous results in no time. That won't work. That won't bring joy. And the spiritual journey is about joy. Growth is joy. Because we become better. Because we return to the source. Because we know we're heading in the right direction. That enriches us. That guides us. That wind I mentioned. That desire, not force. And "somehow" it will be. Where "somehow" is our own creation. Cared for and beloved. Let's hold on to that. Let's be glad we're walking this path together. With the right zeal. With the right smile. Because that's how it should be.

choices of the ideal one on drawing from the moment

We usually wait. We wait for the perfect moment. We wait for better options. For different circumstances. But we shouldn't. The world is changing. Transforming. If the soul urges us toward something, it's so that we realize it now. In this moment. Without delay. In a few days, in a few weeks, it may already be too late. The effects will be different. The opportunities buried. That's why we have intuition. That's why we have the language of the heart. That's why we have the stirrings of the soul. All so they exert influence on us. So that we know what matters. And how to make use of that "what matters." Duly and boldly. Yes, it's a wonderful thing to know how to respond. Seems simple, yet for many, it's not. Because we involve the mind in all of it. If we have the feeling that it's worth making a move, we should follow it. Let's not dig up the story with the mind. Let's not mix in logic, and what's "worth it." Whether we'll trip. All that analysis. All that postponement. All that moaning. Like, I could have, but... Exactly. That "but" gets in the way of living. Turns life into some strategic game. Into a set of mind games. And games by nature are subject to chance. They're not dictated by logic or heart. They depend on luck. And we have greater tools. In life we have the heart, which guarantees success. We have intuition and new possibilities. That's something. That's a lot. That's far from randomness. We eliminate chance. Because it's worth it. Because chance is for people who don't listen to themselves. Who don't listen to their own hearts. They're like children in the fog. They're walking. Going somewhere, but don't know where or why. We can do it differently. We must do it differently. If the spiritual path is our value. If we want to walk it. Let's stick to the spirit. Let's not delay our decisions. Our opportunities. Our leanings. If we feel this is the moment. That we can. Let's not retreat. These are the choices of the ideal one. Without waiting for the ideal. Because the ideal conditions will not come. There will always be something. Always some unknown in the mind. And the mind loves to blow things up. The mind loves to generate new problems. It's not worth the time. Not worth the energy. It reminds me of a story. An old man, crying on his deathbed. Asked if he cried because death was near, he said no. He added that he was crying because of all the things he didn't do. He could have, but withdrew. And that's what we regret most. The chances we didn't take. If you like a girl, go after her. If you dream of

seeing the Taj Mahal, go to India. If you want to apologize for past hurts, apologize. If you want to tell someone you love them, say it. So simple, and yet so hard. Because the mind. Because it meddles. Because of millions of options. Because we get stuck. And we shouldn't. Life is simple, remember that. Short, but pointed wisdom. Let me repeat. Life is simple. Yes is yes. No is no. Everything else is mental noise. Unnecessary babble of the mind. It's worth living simply. It's worth making bold decisions. Not staring at them endlessly but acting on them. That's a great skill. Living in simplicity. And I'm not talking about possessions. Simplicity in life means leading with heart, not the mind. Yes means yes. No means no. Simplicity in feeling. Simplicity in responding. The ability to adjust to what's before us. Not to fight, but to flow calmly. Water doesn't fight the shore. The river flows quietly. Fire doesn't fight the tree, it simply burns. Because it can. Because its life and motion have begun. Because it lives. Let us live like flame. Let us live like flowing water. Let's not complicate things. Let's not give ourselves trouble. There's no pride in that. In overthinking and picking things apart. All the what-ifs. Maybe next time. That's all mind-talk. A simple person lives and decides simply. That's why such power radiates from people who get it. Because they're different. They stand out. Among the world, they are color. The simple ones. The heart-listeners. They're easy to spot. Spend a moment with such a person and you know, they're different. Right. These are people who have discovered themselves. Who know what it means "to be oneself." That's a great value. From such people we should learn. But not mimic. Let us unlearn mimicry. To be oneself is to be oneself, not to repeat someone else's gestures. Even if it's Mahatma Gandhi or Ramakrishna. Even if it's Martin Luther King or Nelson Mandela. Let's not repeat their gestures. Let's be ourselves. Just as they were themselves. That's very important. It will give us wings. That simplicity. Not the desire for it. That agency. Not the waiting. So yes. It's worth using the moment. Enjoying it. It's worth collecting accomplishments. And I don't mean climbing Mt. Everest. An accomplishment could be giving a cake to a grumpy neighbor. Telling a story to an old lady. Helping someone at work who's struggling. And so on. Hundreds of accomplishments. Small things. That cost us little. That don't require great sacrifice. But they come from the soul's nudges. From the heart's speech. That's a great value. To listen and to do. That lifts you. It's not just an impression. Because often we think, if we do something, others will look kindly at us. If we apply ourselves, they'll say a nice word. That's not it. That's something else. Not worth chasing. Though someone might say, "better to do a good deed under pressure than not at all." And there's some truth in that. But I'm talking to people interested in spirituality. That's a higher level. It's not about "forcing" anymore. It's about listening to the heart. So let's respect one another. Let's respect our own hearts. Let's not undermine what they say. Let's not argue with them. We don't need to be doom-speakers or sculpt monsters out of clay. Unless we're helping a child play. But let's help ourselves, too. Let's create beautiful moments and memories. We usually remember those little things. Those "perfect decisions." But I assure you, they weren't made by the mind. They were made by acting on a whisper of the heart. Because that stays with us. Those outcomes. That's what becomes beautiful. Those alignments. Because it's always about alignments. Because decisions always concern another person. Or us, and we are that other person. Doing something for yourself. Proving you can rise to the occasion. That's a different angle, but just as valuable. If a person had no dreams, they'd be half a person. Noble in body, but poor in soul. But we are, and we

can. We have wonderful moments ahead. Let's create them. Turn them into glorious memories. Ones we'll remember. Ones that will stay with us. That we'll return to in old age. That will show us who we are. Because our deeds show the personality beneath the skin. So yes, it's worth it. So let's do it. Let's want to be in those moments. When we're in them already, let's not say, maybe I should've stayed home. Maybe it was too risky. Maybe I overdid it. Let's be there, together, in every moment. With our loved ones. With ourselves. With the certainty that the heart gave the right answer. And let's rejoice in the chances we took. Because it's worth it. It's worth multiplying them, just like it's worth repeating certain truths. I'm a master of that. I repeat things often. But everything has its reason. And you, be your own reason to smile. And keep repeating what's beautiful. Make use of every chance you get.

epochs of mockery

on how one never truly fits in

That's how the world is, unyielding, judgmental, bending only to its own rules. And enlightened people? Those connected to God? They don't quite fit. They feel out of place. They stand out. The world doesn't like that. They walk their own paths, and it makes the world itch. So, it's not easy. There's friction. Misunderstandings. Between the sages and the world. Though it's always the world that picks the fight. But it's worth talking about. The difficult life of the master, or any enlightened one. But this "difficult" part only exists from the world's perspective. The master always feels at peace. And if the world pushes? So be it. We can still talk about this tension in terms of difficulty, especially from an outside observer's point of view: "he must have it hard." But he doesn't. All enlightened beings are light. And I'm not talking about their bodies. It's their souls. The soul doesn't care that the world pulls in another direction. The soul doesn't care if someone tries to convert it. The soul is itself and does its own thing. And its temporary host, ah yes, temporariness, enlightenment, not standing in the way of the soul's life, these are interesting topics. One thing is certain: someone connected to God knows this well. That time isn't our friend. But we still use it. A good-bad companion. Depending on perspective. The enlightened supposedly slip free from time's grip. And they do, really. They know their soul is eternal. They know they are soul, something immaterial. But the body, this sack of organs, remains. And it won't escape time. So here we have a juxtaposition, what we can control and what we can't. Some say that self-care extends life: exercise, healthy diet, mountain air, and so on. I think differently. I think - no, I know, that each person has a set time on Earth. We cannot extend it by even a second. There's no tampering with the lifespan of the body. What matters is something else entirely: whether we fulfill our purpose. Whether we give ourselves to the world. To others. To our loved ones. Whether we create something beautiful. Whether we become artists of love. What matters is how we use our time, not how long it is. Everyone has a clock. The moment we're born, we begin dying. We move toward the end. One dies at a few years, another at a few dozen. And average lifespan? What does that even mean? Hardly anyone dies at the statistical middle. Each has their own

time. Let's use it, not on curating our diet but on living. What's the point of having stuck to your diet all your life if you got hit by a car and died without telling your mother you loved her? What's the point? What's the point of the diet and the sacrifices? Don't get carried away with this health trend. Your "health" is just another currency. The healthy living fad is a multimillion-dollar business. Nothing more. And the soul is forgotten. Nobody talks about the soul. Or if they do, it's in temples. But people are leaving the temples. And even if they're not, they're half-listening. And certainly not taking it to heart. It's like I said. Usually. I promote something else. Something meaningful. Listening. Feeding on the word. Speaking and delighting in speech. I promote life. Enlightenment. Connection with God. In other words, being involved in what builds us. Conscious living. Creating. Composing the next verses the way we want. So there's something worth reading. So that we actually like the life we're living. That's really important. To be able to adapt. But even more important: to be able to enjoy. Adapting is bending. Joy doesn't bend. It just is. I'm not saying we should "always be ourselves" in the sense of ignoring what others need. Adapting can be helpful. We can do things for others. We can coexist in some way. But joy remains the key. Without joy, adapting isn't worth it. It only works when both are present. Like gentleness, which reconciles what's divided. Ever argued with your spouse? Of course you have. Gentleness heals. There's no better glue. It works. We work, just like that. We set goals and challenges for ourselves, thinking we'll live forever. Forgetting about death. About life's impermanence. We only remember death at funerals. But we should recall it more often. More deeply. Befriend time so we can understand it. What else are you going to do, watch soap operas? Understanding time is wonderful. Because once we understand it, we realize it's not that scary. It's just doing its job, like a clerk or a postal worker. If time could talk, at the end it would say, "nothing personal." Exactly. Nothing personal. Time doesn't scold us. Doesn't rush or slow us. We use it how we wish. And that's good. And beautiful. Hopefully consciously. Hopefully to good effect. But that feeling of not fitting in, you think, why connect with God if it'll make me an outcast? Not an outcast. It will make you fully aware. And awareness doesn't dance to the world's tune. It doesn't fall into traps. It isn't surprised by anything. And not every enlightened person is the same. We're different. Everyone is themselves. Everyone creates what they want. Everyone gives what they want. In their own way. The only shared thing is the source and the goal. Merged into one. So if I become enlightened, will I have no goals anymore, you ask? Being fulfilled doesn't mean you drop your dreams. Or your direction. A fulfilled person can do anything but needs nothing. So it's a kind of gentleness carried into further growth. No pushing or yelling. No cheering or gloom. Gentleness, yes, it distinguishes the enlightened, those joined with God. I don't know why, but it speaks from within a person. You can hear it. You can see it. But talk means little. Better to try for yourself. Better to experience. Because life is the art of experiencing, not intellectual debate. That's food for the mind. And the mind is overfed. It doesn't need more. It already causes enough trouble. So yes, try. Grow, blossom, and enjoy the outcomes. Take life seriously, not as a serious person, but as someone who seriously wants to take life. To taste it. To try it. To work through it. To season it. To salt it and pepper it. And sometimes even foolishness can be the spice. Fools have it easier. Nobody expects much. Honestly, I'd be glad if someone called me a fool. It means they expect little. And foolishness isn't so bad, at least the way I understand it. In fact, foolishness fits a master, an enlightened one,

someone joined with God. Because it's distance. Distance from the world. Not trying to prove your worth. If you're trying to prove your worth, you've lost your way. Don't prove anything. You already know who you are. You already know what you're capable of. Don't let this crazy world talk you into self-marketing, career-building, luxury living, showing off. It gives you nothing and takes a lot. Better to sit in silence and meditate. That's what I truly encourage. So maybe, instead of another soap opera, take a moment for yourself. Just you and you. Believe me, you'll thank yourself.

the coming of the mediocre

or: on what awaits us

That is exactly what awaits the earth: mediocrity, spiritual abandonment, the forsaking of the soul. That will be the beginning of the end, turning away from matters of the spirit and toward the body. The beginning is already here, and it will only get worse. Much worse. Don't ask why, it has to be this way. The circle must close, must complete itself. The end must touch the beginning. That's how it works, and that's how it is in this case too. That's why we must not look to the world, we must not copy it or be like others, ignorant. Ignorance may appear powerful, but only superficially. The ignorant believe they have control, but they cannot even control their own ignorance. They drown in it. They bubble and vanish. That's why it's not worth following that path. We have the matters of the heart that guide us. We should turn toward them. Begin again for them, in enrichment and experience, in giving and translating into effort. Because we must want. We must know what we need, what is good for us, what is sufficient. And sufficiency requires a lot, effort and work, not physical, but spiritual, to meet the demands of the path, not to stumble over a stone. Yes, we must not be like others, focused on appearances or politically correct speech, not on pseudo-respect or pseudo-tolerance that has nothing to do with true tolerance. No connection. There's a green trend, a black trend, colors everywhere, sparkles everywhere. What is this about? Let it go. Let's focus on ourselves. On inner work. On true enrichment, which is spiritual development. Though nature also plays a role, or rather, a change of place. That's why it's worth taking time off. Going somewhere quiet, forest, river, trees, mountains, sea, lakes or streams. It's worth seeking stillness. Without stillness, there is no inner work. Without devoting time to ourselves, there will be no results. We must remember ourselves. And our loved ones too, but always begin with ourselves. With the awareness that we deserve it. Diligence and intention. That we deserve peace, because we do. Stillness helps us. A healthy dose of solitude soothes us. We can't always be rushing around. Sure, most of us work. Most of us spend many hours fulfilling obligations. But we must be able to break away. Disconnect. Life can't be all about work and duty. What kind of life is that? Such a life leads to burnout, to depression, to other consequences. It's not worth it. It's not worth sacrificing life for money. We need balance. We must balance work hours on the job or around it. It is absolutely essential to remember that. To give ourselves moments of breath. Recharge. Refill our batteries. And not just passive rest. I'm in favor of active rest. It doesn't

even have to involve movement, you can meditate, settle the mind, write a poem, play the guitar or chess, build something with blocks, anything that calms us. There are many ways and tools. Many possibilities waiting for us. I don't recommend lying in front of the TV or spending time on the computer. Television and screens are not rest. They don't help us recharge; they bombard us with information. From every direction. And many of us choose this form of "rest." But we don't truly rest in front of a screen. We remain in a state of tension, of readiness. And that doesn't do us any good. After that kind of "rest," many still feel tired. And then it's back to work. And after work, media. Constant motion. No time for ourselves. No quiet. No reflection. Just endless rushing. That's harmful. We must understand what affects us and how. What benefits us. And repeat it. And be glad for the opportunity. The opportunity to catch a breath. To reset. Rest brings gentleness. It returns us to factory settings. Resting is an art. Many think it's simple, but that's only because they rest the wrong way. They stay on high alert. But we must come down from that, taste greenery and wind. It's good for us. It enriches us. Silence gives wings. A rested person is hungry for new challenges. And eager for more peace. Peace is a bit addictive, but it's good for us. A useful high. As for the main topic, let's not try to convert the world. If people want to live without spirituality, that's their choice. If they want to glorify spiritual disability, let them. That's what it will come to. Spiritual invalids, there will be many. But something ends, something begins. There will always be someone who values themselves, who knows who they are and why they are here, for whom, and at what cost. And there is no price worth abandoning inner work. There is no price that could replace the ecstasy of the soul we've lost. So let's not lose it. Let's not trade lives. Let's not waste opportunities. Let's be ourselves. Open and hungry for real experiences. Spiritual experiences. Not some needless chaos. Because many people have this urge, to make noise. To be loud. They think that without noise, they won't feel alive. So they make noise. But it's unnecessary. Better to be in silence. In discernment. Not in frenzy. And that's good. Let's try. Let's want. Let's use what we know. Let's be creative. Because it's worth growing in our own way. In a way that suits us. That brings us joy. So that we feel it's our growth. Chosen and refined by us. No one can do it for you. Teachers, spiritual guides, priests, they can only point the way. But the path must be walked alone. And how we form ourselves, what results from it, how we feel after the change, how it shapes us, it's all essential. Every detail. Every reason. Because the world is made of reasons. The world is reasons of words, and the sage is reasons of spirit. That's the difference. That's the gap. But it's a good gap to have. There must always be two poles. Though in this case, they're not balanced. And with time, the gap will grow. That's why change is needed. A great reversal. A shift of the poles. But that's ahead of us, in a few generations. Maybe more. It will take time. We must live in the now. As we want. In step with the spirit. In growth. In a smile. In effort and self-discovery. In bearing fruit. We must earn every smile. Because it's worth it. For the sake of the smile. For the leaning into the heart. For listening to its voice. That's a great thing and a great achievement. Not a burden. Let those who want suffering have it, they'll be pleased. Or so they'll think. But the spiritual one is nourished by something else. Something fulfilling. Something that creates. Each breath. And that is what I wish you all.

creations of chance

on making use of what happens to us

Chance is not meant to control us. Let us use chance. Let us become its masters. We are not here for chance, chance is here for us. To seize it. To process it. To turn it into fertilizer that helps us grow. There are people, however, who cannot handle chance. They get lost in it. They lack cohesion. They are not determined. Chance overwhelms them, surprises them, frightens them. But there is nothing surprising about chance. It's natural that it arises. That it multiplies. We need to know how to live with it. Accept its presence. We must not bristle against it or push it away. That's immensely harmful. The refusal to accept what comes. What appears. Let us thank God for what we have. For all those waves of chance we ride like surfers. Yes. That's a good image. We should be surfers. It doesn't matter if the wave is too big or too wild. We stay on the board and turn the moment into joy. We ride. Every wave. Without fear. Without backing down. We're on the wave. Not for the wave. Not because of the wave. We ride it by our own choice. We surf. We carry ourselves. Further and stronger. That's how it is with chance. With what torments so many. What so many complain about. That life is unpredictable. That it surprises us. But if it were predictable, it would be boring. There's nothing interesting in endless repetition. Staying in what we know is closing ourselves off to sensation. And chance loves sensation. It feeds on it. It serves it to us. So let's not turn our noses up. "I won't eat this today. And I'll leave the fatty bit on the plate." Let's not be children. Let's eat what's been served. So we don't starve. So we taste something new. So we fill our time. Because time likes to be filled. Those who don't want to fill their time begin to wither. Movement. That's what we're made for. Like a river that always flows. It never stops. It's always in motion. And we too must remain in motion. Filling time. Coloring the storybook. Filling outlines with color. Adding mustaches and glasses. A missing tooth. Because humor blends well with chance. It's good for it. It soothes. Humor is incredibly helpful. It gives us perspective. If we laugh at something, it can't be that scary. And that's good. That's the right approach. Soothing. Because soothing is good. Fear and other figments. Let's lull them to sleep. We don't need them daily. They do more harm than good. They irritate more than they help. So let's push away what gets in the way. Let's focus on creating. On coloring. On filling outlines with color. Because every chance is an outline of opportunity. The question is: will we dance with it? Will we play along properly? Opportunities love to be courted. They like applause. It's worth engaging. Worth satisfying the chance, feeding it. In other words, making the most of it. That's what excites it. So let's give it a spin. And we won't miss out on the reward. And how beautiful it is. Yes. Let's not fear chance. It's a beautiful thing. That it exists. That it gives us options. And we use them. That's what wisdom is built on. That's what it means to not hold back energy. To stay in motion. To enrich our space. Because around every opportunity, there's space. Surroundings. Circumstances. People connected to that opportunity. Let's not forget them. Let's not forget people. Let's share ourselves. Leave our signature on others. Yes, we influence each other. Human relations are not just buy-sell. It's more. Something far more interesting. More radiant. So let's stay with that. Let's be glad we're making it. That we can and we want. That chance engages us. And around us, people. Inside us, feelings. And

something is created. Something arises. Hopefully always something beautiful. Hopefully we'll keep wanting to want. Because that builds a person. That brings out smiles. So let's not be idle. Let's put the TV away. Let's stop hiding in our homes. The home should be a place of rest, not a place to live in. Life happens out in the world. The home is a pause. That's how it is. That's what looks back at us. Another opportunity. Another surprise. Like at a birthday party. Because life really is like a never-ending birthday. We get gifts. Better ones, worse ones, no need to judge. What matters is that they're there. That someone prepared them. Someone made an effort. And we're partying at our endless birthday. We're the stars of the night. Because in our life, we are the most important. We are the lead characters in this play of life. It's good to remember that. Not to shift responsibility onto others. Not to say, "That's not my concern." Everything that appears in your life is your concern. Maybe we don't have to engage with everything. But sometimes, even what we ignore affects us. So we must value and choose wisely. And the presents. Well, the presents. Open them! With a decisive hand. Maybe someone played a prank and gave us something silly. Maybe someone wanted to push us into action and gave us tools. Yes, gifts vary. Their uses differ. So do their learning curves. Because everything we do includes an element of training. A professional's touch. A life craftsman. Someone who can disassemble it in a thousand ways and put it back together so it works better than before. That's a great art. A real skill. Worth learning. Worth spending time on. It builds us. It governs us. Like they say, once you get hooked. Let's get hooked on life. On those surprises. On those chances. On those unknowns. Because there's always something around the corner. Always something new. Something next. And forward. To discover. To experience. To understand. Let's not calculate or weigh: "Will this serve me? Will it organize my life? Will I regret it or smile?" Let's create goodness. Let's transform chance. Let's follow principles, but in our own way. Let every act bear our mark. Authored. Signed "me." We leave such signatures on life. To attract people. To show we have something good to offer. At the right price, free. Yes, that's a good price. Free, just deliver it to my door. That's a joke, but really. It's an interesting approach. And actually not a bad one. So let's use it. Those opportunities. Those moments. That momentum. Because once we build momentum, there's no reason to stop. Better to keep taking chances. Filling blank pages. Coloring. For our own good. For the good of those around us. So things go well. So we feel happy about those unknowns. Yes. The unknown is a message. One to respond to. The unknown is a chance. I've said it before, but it's worth knowing. Worth using. In practice. Because my lectures are about practice, not theory. Everything I say relates to practice. To how to bring light into our life. That's what it's all about. Nothing else will bring us joy. So let's not forget our creative power. That we decide what the world around us looks like. What our life looks like. Whether we make use of the time we've been given. Whether we enjoy each new unknown. Each chance. Each gift. Each occasion. And we should. We must. Take a run-up, and never stop.

the age of conquest

on how not to give in

Difficult times will come for those who follow their hearts, for those who believe, for those for whom God holds value. God will no longer be fashionable, He will become a symbol of ignorance and superstition. It's already happening, but it's only the beginning. Much will change. Much for the worse. Too much contempt. Too much rule. And this rule will want to take control. But it will only succeed halfway. We must remember what is good and right. We must walk the chosen path, the path that does not come from the mind but from the soul. The path that will not be fashionable, but ridiculed. That's how it is. What is good is not always promoted. In fact, rarely is what is good something the world wants to see. The world has its whims and perversions, its frictions at the heights of power, its arrangements and behind-the-scenes deals. Because it's business. And spirituality is not business. That's where the problem arises. No one profits when you sit and meditate. No one profits when you spend time in a Zen garden. No one gains from you listening to the teachings of a master. No one earns from that. And it bothers some. It can't be changed, so they want to fight it. They want it to become outdated. Old. To be buried. That's how they see it. That's how they want it to be. But it won't happen. Spirituality will defend itself. We will defend ourselves. Because the soul gives strength. It doesn't convince with attractions and commissions. It convinces with a smile and the upliftment of the soul. That is so much more. That is a magnificent value. It is worth remembering. It is worth not only observing it but using it. Wanting it. Knowing how. Not adapting, but listening. Not yielding, but knowing what is right. Because everything is within us. Closed inside. So let us open this truth. Let us rejoice in it. And no one has anything to say about it. No one can forbid us to be ourselves. This is an important lesson because it concerns each of us. Because it's about something we will encounter. Yet we must not criticize the world. We must not go to war with it. Whoever fights, loses. The wise do not fight; they infect with wisdom, or they repel with it. There are people who flee when confronted with wisdom. In truth, it's not surprising. Truth terrifies the unready. Truth hurts some. That life could be different. That their life looks weak next to people of the spirit. That's how it is. It can't be otherwise. What matters is knowing what is good for us. What matters is being in constant training. Training in silence. Training in stillness. We are our own teachers. Each of us walking the spiritual path is a master. Exactly so. We teach ourselves. We experience for ourselves. We change for ourselves. We achieve the perfect polish for ourselves. Because it's worth it. Because it brings benefit. And there's no reason to ask the world for permission. This is not the world's business. We are of the world, but our soul wants more. Because it is different. Because it has a different origin. And it longs for the place it came from. We should not be surprised. We should not try to stop it. We should help it. Strengthen ourselves and follow it. The learning of the soul is a great experience. A great matter. Not for discussion. Not for persuasion. Pure truth. It cannot be denied. The mind is far from what the soul knows and can do. So let's listen to the soul. Let's listen to the heart. The heart is the "mind of the soul." The heart brings us closer to God. Because it comes from God. So yes, we must and we can. Move forward. Not look back. Not care what others think. Whether they accept our choices. Whether they mock us. It doesn't matter. These are the

questions of an enslaved person. Shackled by society. I've spoken many times about helping others. About how important human bonds are. That we must live for others. And I still believe all that. But social chains are something else. Something that enslaves. Something that doesn't let us be ourselves. The chains of society expect us to serve against our will. They don't ask for our opinion. Doing something for someone out of our own initiative, from the movement of the heart, that's one thing. Being forced to dance to someone else's tune, that's another. Entirely different realms. From the perspective of societal enslavement, I am a rebel. And every person of spirit is a rebel. I don't like that word. Rebellion reminds me of evil. Every devil in every culture was considered a rebel. But sometimes, rarely, rebellion is needed. Social enslavement is not for us. Social chains are not something we should wear proudly. We must know what is good for us. What we should oppose. What we should say no to. That is important. To live in harmony with our conscience. To have nothing to reproach ourselves for. That's what builds a person. That despite difficulties, we keep going. That despite the struggles, we want to and we can. We do not give up. Even in moments of breakdown or weakness. Because everyone has moments of weakness. When they ask themselves whether it's worth it. Whether it wouldn't be better to conform. To be like everyone else. To not stand out from the crowd. These questions sometimes return, under societal pressure. But believe me, every time we choose the path, we become stronger in it. Every time we overcome weakness, we grow stronger. It's beautiful. It's wonderful that it happens like that. Thanks to it, we can pick up momentum. Thanks to it, we want to move forward. To grow. To take new directions. For the path is one, but there are many ways to travel it. Many directions. Upward, downward. Tunneling. Flying. On an angle. Left behind the stall. And we go. Because we want to. And we believe, because we know faith helps. It is a great value. One we must remember. Water what is just sprouting. Like a tree. When it is a young sapling, it needs attention. We must remember it. Fertilize it. Water it. But when it becomes a great tree, it no longer needs our care. And so it goes. And so it creeps up. So let us be resilient. Like that grown tree. Resistant to what the world brings. Resistant to discouragement and boredom. Resistant to complaining and finger-pointing. Everything is for us. We must only choose what tastes best. A bitter taste will not satisfy us. It may be a fleeting craving, but in daily life, we want something that tastes better. Something that doesn't come with so many emotions. So many plot twists. Because every soul draws us toward peace. Toward silence. Toward bliss. So it's no wonder. That's why we choose the flavors we do. That's why we feel best around good, open people. Because that's what we consume every day. What we like best. And that's good. And that's how it should remain. And we should remember. To nourish ourselves healthily and tastily. To know what affects what. What the results of certain actions and decisions are. This is not secret knowledge. We've lived a while in this world. We have our experiences. It's worth remembering them. It's worth using them. Not to burn ourselves again. Not to shout if shouting has never worked before. Not to complain if complaining has never fixed anything. These are our experiences. And we have many more. Let's use them. Let's let what is good within us live. Let it graze in the meadow. And that meadow must be found. And that meadow must be tended. So let's take care of ourselves and never forget what builds us. Let us not fear the world or its attacks. Let's not try to convert it or force it to change. Let's be ourselves. In

peace and understanding. Let's enjoy being ourselves. Because very little is needed to be happy.

the traitor's guilt

on why we should respect ourselves

Yes. One must beware of betrayal. The worst betrayal is the betrayal of oneself. Of one's ideals. Of goodness. Of the path we walk. The betrayal of the defeated. For when we betray ourselves, we have been defeated, by ourselves. We have turned away from that divine spark. From the spirit that lives within us. Divine origin comes with responsibility. Divine origin drives us forward, keeps us walking, returning toward divine unity. That's more or less how it works. But there are those who prefer to betray, betray themselves. They walk the right path for a time, and then... surprise. A change of heart. A shift in priorities. Yes, it's painful. It's hard to watch. But we can't help it. We can only hold it in memory as a warning. We can be cautious and remember what builds us. No one can persuade us to betray. That's not how it works. The traitor betrays with premeditation. It is always a conscious decision. That's why betrayal is so severely punished. In many countries, it's one of the gravest crimes. Betraying oneself is something else. It doesn't carry physical punishment. But the principle is the same. Our spirit will suffer. So let's not try. Let's not seek goodness where it doesn't exist. Because that's usually how self-betrayal begins. With good intentions. With a search for good, but in the wrong place. In the wrong way. At the wrong time. There's even that saying about good intentions and a road paved to hell. That's how it is with intentions. "I meant well." "I thought it would do me good." And then, surprise. Exactly. A surprise. That's why we must anticipate. That's why we must stay alert. Know what builds us. Remember where our home is. That's important. That's where meaning is assembled into wholeness. Not just desires and experiments in unknown terrain. Unknown terrain can be treacherous. We might not notice the muddy ground. We might step into quicksand. Many things can happen. We can be ambushed and stripped, of hope, of motivation. Precisely. Because motivation is something we gather. Something we harvest like ripe apples. Motivation pushes us to act, to do good. And what happens if the situation we provoked knocks the motivation from our hands? Then it's grim. So let's stick to what's good. Familiar. Predictable. If something is beyond our grasp, it can wound us. We may not bear the weight. Besides, the world's temptations are often deceptive. They often lead us astray. They have an agenda. And we believe them. "But he was so kind." "I didn't expect it." That's the whole point. That we don't expect it. That we don't even analyze what we're getting ourselves into. These primal automatisms. Grabbing at chances without true opportunity. Stepping into the line of fire. It's not worth it. No one in their right mind steps in front of a loaded gun. That's a real loss. One we invite. One we fight for. These are elements and consequences. These are bulges and sleds. Let's not get involved. Sometimes it's not worth it. Sometimes withdrawal works in our favor. Yes. And we must weigh that. Understand it. Predict it. We must determine when to give our whole self, and when to withdraw. No one said it would be easy.

Life isn't obvious. Life can be deceitful and cunning. But let me repeat, and I'll return to this again, we are often the authors of that cunning. We lay the traps ourselves. Then forget where we set them. Lies are a good example. When we lie, we set traps we later fall into. The examples are countless. They can be used as warnings. But I'm not here to scare anyone. That's not my goal. Fear gets us nowhere. Pointing fingers doesn't either. What matters is encouraging understanding. Encouraging introspection. That's what I do. What matters is to plan and perform the right tasks. That's what I encourage. Few are bad by nature. Some adopt such a stance to gain something. Respect from their circle, or whatever else. But good people often lose their way. Exactly. Why does that happen? After all, we don't decide, "Today I'll do something bad." Sometimes it "just happens." But nothing just happens. We can anticipate. We can stay ahead of actions, of events, of outcomes. We can be faster. We have good reflexes. The soul and heart react in split seconds. But not on demand. We cannot control the soul. But we can learn to listen to it. Exactly. And for the thousandth time, that's what I encourage. Some call it "a feeling." "I feel this or that will go well for me." "I have a sense something bad will happen if I don't visit him." And so on. There are many types of intuition. But to purify them, our minds must be clear. Some feelings come from the mental junkyard. If our mind is a dump, it spews paranoia and worthless phrases. Meditation. Stillness. Contemplation. A face-to-face encounter with intuition. Sharpening it. That helps. That makes a big difference. We must learn ourselves to understand ourselves. To avoid self-betrayal. To respect ourselves. For not betraying oneself is self-respect. Let's not throw ourselves at trouble. Let's not ask for it. We have better things to do. We can grow creatively. We can enjoy what builds us. And trouble? What good is it? It helps in nothing. Rationally speaking, you'll agree with me. And yet trouble finds its way into our lives. We encounter it. We provoke it. We tease it, as if to coax it into buying us an ice cream. Not worth it. Not worth getting into. Pretending it will be okay. That it's worth it. Because it's not. That's not how it works. What works is something else. Pure intuition. Cleansed by silence. Listening to the heart. To the soul. And the judgments. For both intuition and the language of the soul and heart are simple. Yes - no. These are very clear messages. We must learn to respect them. Not to question them. Not to involve the mind. We must learn to live in silence. You hear more in silence. Eastern sages begin every training with silence. It cannot be otherwise. With a junkyard in the mind, life is hard. It leads to illness. To depression. To neurosis. To organ issues. If the head isn't quiet, the whole body suffers. It's all connected. Everything has a source and a purpose. And we, our betrayals, which we don't call betrayals. "But I meant well." "But my intentions were good." It's always like that. Or almost always. "I'm used to it now," you say. Exactly. Nothing worse than getting used to doing wrong. To the bad. To wandering. Let's not get used to it. Let's not give up. Let's not say, "I'm too old to change." Don't go down that path. Each of us holds the reins. Each of us should take control of our lives. So that it's fruitful. So that it pleases us. So that it brings joy. That's important. That comes back as a gain. And so, let's want and let's have. Let's try with effect. Let's ride that effect. And let's show that the effect need not only be striking, but also useful. For what's useful is beautiful. And shortens the road. The road home. Where we'll all meet. And tell each other it wasn't easy, but we made it.

results of choice

on the consequences of our decisions

Yes. We stand before choices. We make them every day. We call them decisions. That's right. But very often we look at them one-dimensionally. In the short term. And decisions are like that, they lead somewhere. They form a whole. Like a puzzle. They guide us toward a certain picture. The question is not what decision to make, but what kind of puzzle we want to complete. That's a very important issue, to realize that decisions are connected. That they stem from something. That there's a point of view that generates them. And that point of view gets built up. It leads us somewhere. It has its aims. Exactly. That's why it's worth looking closely at our decisions. Our choices. But not as if they're single moves. Not as if they're short-term outcomes. Decisions are a process. A directed phenomenon. So we must learn to recognize them. And consciously shape that puzzle. Normally, we lack that awareness. Quick reaction - problem - solution. Question - decision. But where did that point of view come from? The creator of the decision, where did it arise from? What does it want from us? Where is it taking us? These are matters related to understanding ourselves. And that's a very important domain. Understanding ourselves gives us a lot. And it asks for nothing. We lose nothing by understanding ourselves. And we gain so much. So it's worth spending a moment to go inward. To realize that our choices aren't accidental. There's no such thing as randomness. No far-fetched coincidences. I actually struggle to accept the idea of coincidences. Everything we call a strange coincidence is suspicious to me. Because many things we provoke ourselves. Many things we demand and claim. I'm not talking about randomly bumping into an old friend in the store. I mean something deeper. Like when two people suddenly think the same thing. Like when we wish someone harm and something bad happens to them. Or we worry about someone and then something really does happen. These kinds of coincidences are more than suspicious. Certain connections between people exist, and they're alive. We can sense a lot, if we develop those abilities. If we care to feel, not just analyze with the mind. Yes, it works. It functions somewhere in the background. Coincidences that aren't really coincidences. What more can I say? You may ask, can destiny be changed? If we feel that something bad is going to happen to someone, can we warn them? Yes, we can. But I've noticed it doesn't help. What is meant to happen still happens. Maybe that's just my experience. Maybe others have had more luck with their warnings. Maybe. One thing's for sure, it's always worth trying. It's worth caring about others. Warning them when we sense something. Advising when we can be helpful. These are always valuable moments. Insights and transmissions. Yes. Coincidences. They supposedly happen to people. But I wouldn't exaggerate their frequency. True coincidence is rare. We often meet or encounter someone for a reason. That's another thing. God places people on our path for a specific purpose. And it's up to us whether we recognize that. Whether we respond as we should. Whether we seize the moment. Yes, it happens. I've experienced it myself many times. But skeptics will call everything a coincidence. For a skeptic, everything is simple. There's no deeper meaning. I teach that there is. That life is not as simple as the skeptics believe. It's not just a sequence of days. Me and the family. Work, home, chores, shopping. There is more. There's something more. And that's what I always speak of and

show. The more. The fact that we can and should. That it's worth it. How the soul rejoices. How the heart thanks you for listening. Those are the beautiful moments that skeptics flee from. That they don't want in their lives. And to me, the life of a skeptic is a sad slice of bread. They live on blandness. On tastelessness. On lack of meaning. Because what meaning is there in the life of a talking monkey? From that perspective, you can drown. That point of view gives you nothing, and takes a lot away. Exactly. Or rather, we give a lot to that point of view. Because we do it voluntarily. That's how it works. Everyone is driven by something. By some perspective. I mentioned this at the beginning, and I'll repeat it. Let's examine that. The point of view that builds itself with every decision. Every choice. Because it always leads somewhere. It always wants something. And maybe what it wants is not what we want. Exactly. Maybe it needs to be stopped. Maybe we need to awaken a new point of view. Stir it up. Prove that we want things differently. Because it often happens, we think we want this or that, and yet it turns out differently. Nothing just "turns out." It's just that one thing is what we say we want, and another is the point of view making decisions based on where it's headed. That's how people work. Not always logically. Not always how we'd expect. That's why we need to observe. To explore ourselves. It's a great challenge. Even if it's not so difficult to do. It doesn't even take that much time. But it's great because only a great person has truly known themselves. And that's the kind of greatness worth striving for. That's the kind of greatness worth living for. I'm not saying it should be the meaning of life. I'm saying that anything great is beautiful. It's worth filling the day with great projects. They give us wings. Not everyone is cut out for it, though. That is, not everyone's time has come. Everyone grows at their own pace. You can speed it up, but it's hard. And not everyone is ready, for example, to explore themselves. It actually requires a certain spiritual maturity. Without the sense of soul, without listening to the heart, we won't truly know ourselves. It takes experience. It takes a sense of discipline. Sure, we can analyze ourselves scientifically. Count tendons. Look through a psychological lens. Study Jung. But I propose something else entirely. And I encourage it. Let's get to know ourselves through soul and feeling. Through understanding how the mind works. What its creations are. Through understanding where and how we're heading. These aren't unanswerable questions. Everything I encourage has answers. That's why it's worth it to examine ourselves. To search. To discover. To experience. It's worth it. It's not a waste of time. It's not about medals or recognition. It's something that helps us in ordinary life. To live consciously. To move toward the place we chose ourselves. To embody a certain attitude. The attitude of being ourselves. And how can we be ourselves if we don't know who we are? And that's what it's all about. That's why it's worth taking a good look at ourselves. And the decisions? The decisions will remain. And there will be new ones. Many old ones will be forgotten. Replaced by new ones. That's why it's worth making sure the new ones come from awareness. That helps so much. Life is better that way. Breathing is easier. Deeper. And I wish you all that kind of full breath. Stay healthy. A healthy soul means a beautiful life!

agency of the self

on taking responsibility

Yes. We hold our lives in our own hands. Yes. We are responsible for them, for ourselves, for the path and direction we choose. It concerns us directly. And only we can be blamed for our missteps. Shifting blame onto others is childish. Let's not do that. Let's not say, "if not for him," or "I did it for him." Of course, we can do things for others, but it has to align with the path we've chosen. It can't destroy us. It can't drag us down. It can't bring us headaches. Yet it often does. We often think, "it was because of him," or "he pushed me off balance and then it just escalated." That's no excuse. It's just a sign of our weakness. Of how we can't control ourselves. Of how we can't remain calm. And that's like a disease. It worsens over time. We won't overcome it without effort. Without working on ourselves. Without understanding and awareness. We won't make it. And the meaning stays the same. We are responsible for ourselves. That's a deep truth. We often say we are responsible for our children, or for the dog. That we're responsible for supporting the family. For bringing money home. But when did we realize we are first and foremost responsible for ourselves? For how we react. What triggers us. What brings us joy. What moves us. We are creators. We shape ourselves. We feed on experiences. And I advocate for conscious nourishment. Not just anything. Not haphazardly. But that's the thing, we rarely pay attention to what builds us and what tears us down. We just take whatever life hands us. Whatever's put in front of us, we stuff into ourselves. Good, bad, whatever. As long as we can grab something and have it. And this grabbing is a very bad habit. It stems partly from how we were raised. Grabbing is a vice of the West. Spoiled by the West. The East teaches "letting go." Not carrying things around. Not hoarding what we've internalized. An empty person is not someone lifeless, but someone without burdens. Still, we don't have to go to extremes. Letting go of everything is a beautiful teaching, but not for everyone. You want to be a master? Let go. You want to be better? Take things consciously. That's my advice. Because we can carry only the good things. We can feed on healthy emotions. Avoid the bad. Throw the bad into the trash. Not let them stick to us. We can do that, no one will stop us. After all, we are creators. We build ourselves from the ground up. We are responsible for what will emerge. For who we are now and who we'll be in a few years. What kind of person we'll become. Better? More aware? More joyful? It's all in our hands. We can "let go." Not cling to anything. Or we can pick up bricks of kindness and build the tower we are to become. Both options are worth keeping. Worth choosing. Worth the effort. Because nothing comes on its own. Everything must be worked for. Even letting go must be done consciously. It must be our choice. Same with building and creating. These are not random moves. Everything has meaning, as long as we engage. As long as we want to. But to want, we must know and see what's off. We must x-ray ourselves. Observe ourselves in everyday situations. Learn our weaknesses. Find the holes in the whole. I'm not one to tell you to drop everything and go live in a cabin in the woods. Sure, spend a month there and everything will seem beautiful, contact with nature, peace and quiet. But then you come back to the crowded city, and all the daily problems return. The losses. The pretenses. We have to face ourselves in our natural environment. In the challenges of everyday life. We can't be good only when

there are no people around. We can't be happy only far from civilization. People need people. And people need you. So let's analyze ourselves in the dust of the day. In the surprises that fate throws our way. That's our life. Among people. Which means it won't be easy. Which means no free rides. So let's stay, and enjoy the change. The building of our own being. Let's be glad we're giving ourselves time. That's important too. To remember ourselves. To praise ourselves. To allow ourselves small pleasures. To remember to meditate. To educate. To grow. A person who doesn't grow loses their desire to live. The desire to live is connected with the need to refine ourselves. To move forward. Mere existence has never done anyone any good. That's why I don't recommend isolation in the woods. Unless it's just for a few days. Then yes. But longer, it wears you down. The lack of people. The lack of daily life. Kids, family, friends. Separation is not helpful. So let's remember and repeat. Let's keep learning and observing ourselves. The results will be beautiful, even if we find a long list of flaws. We'll know what to work on. We'll know what's in our way. And that's already a huge insight. A huge step. After that, it's downhill. After that, we apply alternatives. Different reactions. A different approach. Different expectations. A new direction. In a different place. With a different person. Depending on the situation. Depending on the issue we want to improve. And improve we must. We must feel responsible for ourselves. For who we are. How we behave. How we respond. We need to know it's all in our hands. It's not like, "I'm old, I won't change." If you say that, it means you don't want to change. And that's a conscious choice. Maybe out of laziness. Maybe convenience. But discomfort is never truly comfortable. A choice remains a choice. I vote for choosing the good. I vote for building. Regardless of age. Regardless of religion. Of marital status or political views. None of that matters. Only you matter. And your creating. Of yourself. Your self-knowing. Your refining. Your joy in your own victories. And your refusal to complain, even when something doesn't go as planned. Even when something annoys you. Don't complain, walk around it. There's always another way. There's always another route. But we say otherwise. "It can't be done." Or, "not even worth trying." "We have to suffer through it." No! You don't have to suffer through it. You need to live consciously. To know yourself and shape yourself. In awareness. It's like learning to write. It's always hard at first. The first letters are shaky. But once you pick up the pace, with time, it becomes easy. Same here. You need to get the hang of it. Understand certain principles. Which will reveal themselves on their own. Which, during the process of fixing, will become stepping stones. So yes, it's worth it. And necessary. So let's enjoy the fact that we can. Because we can. And we'll manage. It's a miracle we've managed this far. Add awareness, and the rest will be easier. Smile. This is a new chance. Every day is a new chance. We don't wake up in a continuation. We wake up, and we can overcome what's bothering and tormenting us. We can focus and attract goodness. Or let everything go. The choice is ours. Which path will we choose? Which one will feel more natural? Let's try. Let's test. Let's explore. Self-work gives us many opportunities. But let's not do it the Western way. Let's not set goals. Let's not build our days around targets. Let's not listen to those who want to turn us into "success stories," into stars. That's not the way. I'm on the side of spirit, and I invite you to that side. Self-building, healing, it must align with what the heart says. Let's not forget that, and everything will unfold surprisingly easily.

the acridity of what's acquired

on the nature of foreign residues

Yes. Acquired traits can do damage. We adopt them from others. We don't filter them. We don't cleanse them. And with all their grime, they stay with us. Become ours. And yet they are only acquisitions. But they cause great harm. They change us. They veil the source. The true goals and decisions. Because they seem to be ours, we care for them. We nurture them. And they grow and hurt us even more. So it's not worth getting so attached. It's not worth giving them our time. If we stop paying attention to them, they'll fall away. We'll forget about them. They won't change us. But maybe some acquisitions are good, you ask. Maybe so. But what is foreign is not ours. We should cultivate goodness in ourselves, not learn it through acquisitions. We should take the initiative ourselves, not mimic someone else's moves. For there is no innocence in imitation. No purity. Only reflexes and calculation. The desire to please and impress. Acquisitions are not ours. We must remember this. Acquisitions affect us, and there is nothing good in that. It's like shopping. I'll grab this too. Oh, and that's on sale, let me take that as well. And at home, a full closet. You already have what to wear, so why buy more? Why collect more? That's exactly how it looks with acquisitions. What do we need them for? We already have all we need. We already look neat and elegant. We don't need more. We don't need different. Who are we trying to impress? It adds nothing. It brings no enrichment. Only blinds us. Corrupts us from the inside. So, it's not worth it. It's unnecessary. We have our own life and our own feelings. Our exploration of the world. Our experience. We don't need to dress up in feathers to impress. To please the trends. Trends are fleeting misery. A performance, like in theater. And we don't need to play a role someone wrote for us. We should be our own scriptwriters. We should decide what and how things work. Why do we listen to others? Why do we let ourselves be fooled? Because of fashion, acquisitions, performances, circus seals. Give it a rest. Where are you in all of this? In serving acquired traits, you forget yourself. You forget what's beautiful in you. What's valuable. That virgin adventure. Every next one. Every new desire. Because some desires come directly from you. And others are manufactured by the world. Imposed. Repeated. To trap you. So that the world's desires become your desires. But that's not how it works. Then they're no longer yours. Then they're foreign. Adopted. You become foreign to yourself. That's how it is. People don't recognize themselves after years. Why? Because they raised acquired traits within them. Clung to them. Forgot what lies beneath. Beneath the acquisitions. Forgot the beginning. How wonderful it was without them. Without acquisitions. People forget. They wrap themselves in them and move on. Anywhere. Any way. As long as it's what the world wants. And they limp along. And find no joy in it. Some even search for happiness in acquisitions. That's already a level of foolishness. But foolishness isn't necessarily bad, as long as it doesn't harm us. But this one does. You can be foolish and happy. But with acquisitions, you are forever unhappy. It can't be otherwise. Because you won't find yourself in something foreign. A person can only feel happiness when free from foreign influence. Happiness loves purity. Simplicity. Self-acceptance. Liking oneself. In that simple form. Primitive, even. You might say. Primitive love as a direction. Primitive virtue. Primitive simplicity. In today's times, that's a novelty. Something rarely

seen. Exactly. Why. Or rather, why does it surprise anyone? We're being swallowed by the world. Playing the role of slaves. Wearing someone else's acquisitions and begging for more. Because maybe this one will finally bring happiness. Because maybe this one is more promising than the last. But no. It won't. You're not waiting for that. You're waiting for the absence of acquisitions. That's what your heart wants. That's what your soul expects. Listen to them, and you'll become truly human. And it's hard to be human. Exactly. Because of the acquisitions. Only a person without coloration is truly human. I've described this and often mentioned it with the term "the color of bones." I very much promote this way of seeing. This way of understanding what it's all about. About coloring our own bones. About attaching to certain hues. But bones already have their color. The right one. Their natural one. They need no other. Colored bones look strange. We look strange. Because we are strange. Because we sell ourselves for pennies. For promises of better life. Happiness. Freedom. And yes. They promise us freedom, if we do this or that. So you'll be free... if you're enslaved. Who buys that? And yet, people line up for it. Give me a break. Think about the color of your bones. About this whole circus. About the world's acquisitions. And bring it back to yourself. Let's bring it back. Let's understand. Let's wash ourselves. Let's scrub off the paint that's clung to our bones. That made us belong. To this or that. So special, because we're in some group. Some way of thinking. Groups are corpses. And the only right way of thinking is the path of love. It's respect for others and helping. Giving yourself. Creating. Something beautiful. Something wonderful. Because a human is beautiful. So it's not hard for them to create beauty. As long as they've returned to the source. As long as they are truly human. Truly humane. And yes. This is an especially important teaching. One of the key ones. Without understanding this, we won't break the chains. We won't escape the trance. And it's worth it. Life is short. Life can be magnificent. It can be an experience, not a cheap imitation. What kind of life is it, if it's not ours? What kind of opinions, if we stole them from someone else? Took them and now defend them. Because we know. Because we invented. Great thinkers. We have no shortage of them. But they miss life entirely. They are far from happiness. They convince themselves it's just within reach. Just one more thing. One more person to persuade. I'll inflate my ego so much I'll glow with joy. But that's not how it works. It doesn't help. It pushes us off a cliff. And worst of all, we drag our loved ones with us. We teach this to our children. We feed it to our spouses. That's how it is. But it can be different. It should be different. Protected stupidity, that's what I call it. A kind of stupidity that's under protection. A kind of stupidity expected by the world. And in all that - us. Why, and for what? Exactly. Let's protect what's good and valuable. Let's protect what can help us. Not what suffocates the human. The humanity. The life. That life should be protected. That life should be a great value. But we don't respect it. Everything else is more important. We live for acquisitions. For what isn't ours. What isn't us. Let's live for ourselves. Let's create for ourselves. Let's sacrifice for ourselves. And let's rejoice, for ourselves. If we understand that, we will believe. If we discover that, we'll feel relief. With which it's good to live. With which it's better to begin. Anew. And delight in the start. The great adventure called life.

the squandering of the world

on missed opportunities

Yes. Humanity is wasting the chances it was given for growth. For the growth of the soul. For building ladders to heaven. We trade these chances for money. For comfort. For feasts. And the ladders wait. There are countless opportunities. Every life is an opportunity. Many of its parts. But no. We prefer it otherwise. Technological advancement to make more money. Advancement in disbelief to lose ourselves. Advancement in unfeeling to finish ourselves off. And so we function. That's how the modern world functions. Far from God. Far from tradition. From the accomplishments of those who came before us. In the field of spirit. In the field of understanding. We let it slip. We're rushed. We don't think. We don't feel. We drift away. Exactly. But what's the point? When there are so many chances. So many possibilities. Our entire lives. So many years. And we can't find a moment for ourselves. We don't understand what's good for us. What nourishes us. Calms us. What lights us up. Exactly. And it's worth investing. In ourselves. In our development. In feeling. It's worth seizing the opportunity and building a ladder to heaven. Like Jacob's. A connection. To take part in it. Not just stress about whether we're fulfilling plans. Whether the vacation will be at the proper level. Whether the family will be proud of another achievement. Another scalp. A trophy. That's what blinds us. That's what stands in our way. Of happiness. Of fulfillment. Of joy. And joy is the measure of the rest. But I don't mean a fleeting thrill. I mean true joy, the kind that builds. Daily joy, in the fact that there's a new day. That there are new chances and plays of light. New daydreams on the path to the Lord. While building our ladder. While testing its stability. How it feels to climb. How much joy it brings. Yes. That's something worth striving for. Something to practice. Spiritual connection. Stirring. Movement. Understanding. It gives us so much, if we seize the chances. If we want, we can. Every human being is born with a natural gift. Everyone can do it. All it takes is to look within. All it takes is to return to the source. That's why children are so joyful. They need so little. They're happy just to be alive. So we can be too. But more fully, because it's possible to be more full. Children are unspoiled, until we ruin them. And adults, well, they need repair. Muddy boots don't get you into paradise. With dust on your skin, you don't reach enlightenment. The body must follow the spirit. The mind must support the spirit. Otherwise we get chaos and war. Corpses and hunger. Hunger for spirit. And corpses of the mind. Which it creates. Which it feeds us, showing what it's capable of. Yes, the mind is capable of the worst. That's why fighting it is pointless. There will always be casualties. The mind must be tamed with calm. Like a dog. Trained. Mastered. And kept leashed for life. That's how it is. To seize the chances. To keep from drifting with the world. Life is too short for pretending. Pretending that everything's fine. That it's all working out. That we're living the life we chose. But that's like a blind man choosing the color of the jacket he likes best. That's what it's like. So we have to be clever and firm. Outsmart the mind and make it serve us, not sabotage us. We have to love ourselves and life. Ourselves and the world. Even though it's imperfect. It's our home. We live in it. We coexist with it. What kind of person doesn't love their own home? A poor soul. A wretch. But someone will say, maybe the home is hurting us, then we hate it. I'd reply: no one can hurt us. We hurt ourselves. If someone's words hurt you, it's you who hurt

yourself. If the theft of money seems a harm, you're harming yourself. What do money, status, or words really mean? What does any of it mean? Give it a rest. You're creating idols. Getting addicted to trifles. It's not worth it. It's not worth living a paper life like a frightened little man. It's not. A free person is unchained. From expectations. Wealth. Recognition. Judgment. It's all dust. What use is it to us? Word-addiction might be the most common, so let me add something on that. Someone calls you a fraud, you're outraged. Someone says you're intelligent, you're thrilled. Where does that come from? That dependence. We live at the mercy of others. Their words. And they often change their minds. Change their words. One moment they praise, the next they wound. They give and take. Let's not be addicted to dust. To what means nothing. We give words their meaning. If you call a chimpanzee a fool, he won't care. He won't hold a grudge. But we react differently. We become prisoners of words. We beg for them. Beg for encouragement, or a kind word. We beg for thanks or praise. It's sad when you think about it. Truly sad. So it's worth being ourselves. Being free. Away from addiction. Away from bondage. We must break free if we want to seize the chance. If we want to build our ladder to heaven. And I should elaborate here. The ladder to heaven, as I understand it, is not some mythical staircase to a posthumous realm. It's a connection with God. It's bringing heaven into our life. A spiritual exchange. That's how it works. That's what I mean. Because it's possible. Because it can be refined. Through learning ourselves. Through repair. Through liberation from what chains us. We can achieve much on earth in spiritual growth. Many have. But most people haven't even heard of it. They sort of believe. They go to places of worship. But they don't practice. They don't understand that every religion is meant to guide spiritual growth. That all the sages, the gurus, the teachers, said the same thing. Their wisdom came from the same place. From feeling. From spirit. From enlightenment. From communion with God. Because there is no other way. Otherwise, it's a wasted life. And life is too precious to waste on foolishness. And we do. We call anything a treasure. We call anything an achievement. We call rushing success. We call hunger satisfaction. What a waste. Truly. We have a great opportunity, let's use it. But to do so, we must start at the beginning. We must try for our own sake. For change. For freedom. We must learn to feel. To understand our heart. Our soul. We must learn to speak with them. To speak with God. To agree on the details and next steps. Because you are your own guide. You can listen to others, but in practice, you are alone. Practice is self-refinement. Polishing the gold until it shines. You are that gold. You are that precious stone. Clean off the grime. Polish the scratches. Until the ideal person emerges. One who listens to the spirit. One who touches God. One who knows their worth, not from ego, but from within. Because our inner being is that worth. The one we forget daily. The one we don't want to remember. Somehow we skip over it. Because you can't profit from it. Because you can't show it off. But that's not the point. There are greater values. And for those true values, it's worth trying. Working on ourselves and enriching our lives. Feeling. And planting the ladder. Achieving the connection and sustaining it. That is true transformation. Cleansing. Communion. That's what gives life its flavor and meaning. And then the existential questions fade. Everything becomes clear.

the current of memory

on how detachment begins

Yes. We live in memories. Most of us. We feel sentimental about them. And I'm not talking about remembering some overseas trip. I mean what happened in connection with other people. We form "established opinions" about certain individuals based on the memories they carry. We live in memories. We feed off them. But memories are an obstacle to living in the present. Someone once crossed you. But it was long ago. They're a different person now. Yet you still see them through the lens of past events. That's the norm. That's how we operate. We get used to memories. Herd them into usefulness. Try to make them serve a purpose. But memories aren't meant to be useful! At best, they should lift our mood. A proposal. A wedding day. The birth of a child. Worth remembering, yes. But we shouldn't live in the past. We shouldn't invite what was into what is. The present moment should remain pure. Untainted. We should have a clear mind. Free from residue. Free from memory. Because it ruins the moment. Memories pull the authentic apart. They poison the air. Don't live in memory. Especially because memories are exaggerated. They're not accurate recordings. They're emotional composites. Smoothed out or torn up. They agitate or soothe. But they yank us out of the now. There is no reality when we mix it with memory. It changes color. Gains false traits. Becomes tinted and warped. So why waste time living an unreal life? Why waste moments that won't come back? Memories are fine by the fireplace, a glass of wine in hand, in old age. A moment for what was. And that's the key, it was. Not is. What was, was. What is, is. Clean and unstained. That's why we should cherish the uniqueness of each moment. Celebrate every second in its unrepeatable truth. In its recognition and unfolding. Let's make new memories, not choke on old ones. Anyone who says their best is behind them is not truly living. And many say this. "I've lived my life. Now I'm just waiting for death." Or, "the good stuff is already over..." We've all heard that. A poor attitude. We put ourselves on the losing side. We reject the beauty of the now. From experience, I'll tell you, there is no more beautiful moment than the present one. Because we're further along than we were three or five years ago. And further means closer. Closer to the goal. That's the key. If we understand that life is a journey, that we're heading somewhere, we'll feel what I mean. It's not that youth was great and life after forty is stagnation. It doesn't work that way. Each age has its rules. Its influence. Its perspective. And in every age, we can be happy, if we understand that the further we go, the closer we get. That "further" gains meaning. The landscape of the path becomes more alluring. In childhood or youth, we're ruled by discovery, then by hormones. Only in adulthood comes peace. Comes contemplation and conscious decisions. All wisdom rests on what reveals itself only in adulthood. So let's not glorify youth. Let's not say, "those were the days." Because we drank more. Had more sex. That's not the point. That's not consciousness. Youth is fragmentation. Age is integration. We keep coming together. More and more deeply. Don't try to reverse the river. The river of integration flows one way. Always. And that's good. At least there are no dilemmas. At least it doesn't deceive. But it demands. It transforms. A person changes constantly. We don't see it, but it's true. Just like the river. To us, it looks the same. Like it did 20 minutes ago. But the water has moved on. And so do we. More

integrated. More experienced. But experience isn't a collection of memories. Of judgments. Of opinions. It's the ability to live the moment. The one that's happening right now. That's the gift. The miracle. That here and now exists. That it doesn't break. Doesn't fail. It lets us do whatever we wish. And yet we often say, "I have no choice." "That's just life." "I have to keep doing what I've always done." No. Doesn't matter how old you are, you have a choice. You can move to the other side of the world with your family. You can travel the Mekong by boat. Learn a new language. You can do anything, as long as it doesn't harm others. Harm, after all, is the waste of the moment. It's a missed opportunity. A spoiling of the perfect. Every moment is a conductor. A conductor of love. Carrying it from one moment to the next. And we mustn't interrupt that current. We mustn't break the flow. So whatever we do, do it with love. With feeling. With tenderness. Being a brute is not bravery. Being a brute is stupidity. A lack of respect for the present moment. Tearing it up by the roots. So let's appreciate and celebrate. Use the opportunity. Enjoy what we have. This moment. Because someday, our earthly hours will run out. So live in a way that you won't regret your life. Don't say, "I could've done this or that." "I feel unfulfilled." Fulfill yourself! Take risks, if they're tied to your dreams. If they make you sigh. You don't have to stay stuck in a "safe space." Safety is an illusion. Usually it means neglect. Neglect of the soul. Forgetting the heart. Its lift. Its rhythm. The soul rejoices when we're in motion. When we take on new challenges. Projects. Unknowns. That's nourishment for the heart. So don't fear risk. Don't fear trying. The moment is here to be used. To smile at. Not to grumble over. Not to say it could've been better. You create your "better." It's up to you what it looks like. Whether it grows. Whether you and it dance together in joy. And it's worth it. Worth repeating the good. In new settings. In new experiences. You can dance in the rain a hundred times, and each one will be different and just as magical. So let's make use of what we've got. Let's chase down more smiles. Let's enjoy without complaint. Without sorrow. Without telling ourselves that the best is behind us. Beauty is still here. And it's doing just fine. We're part of it. It feeds us, if we've got an appetite for it. And it's good to always be a little hungry. To want more beauty. To use more. To burn it like calories. Turn it into muscle. Enjoy and explore. Take more. And give even more. That's life. That's real life. Not the river of memory. Living in memories gives us nothing. Living in the now, on the contrary, is the perfect chance to rebuild ourselves anew. To delight in tenderness. To bring new tenderness into the world. So I wish you a smile. In the eternal now. For the eternal now. Not in a place where we no longer exist.

types of soil

on the matter of soil

The soil we plant in is varied. And it's not always about willingness. Let me give you an example, a certain married couple. Both were interested in spiritual growth. Both listened to teachings and practiced. Both devoted time to meditation. But she achieved great results, while he, even after years, still struggled like a beginner. That's exactly how it is. There are

different kinds of soil. And we have no control over that. We don't decide which soil we grow from. But we do decide whether we grow. Some people need more time. Some need more effort, more commitment. For others, things come naturally. Don't ask me why. I don't know. But I do know that spirituality is good for everyone. It doesn't damage, it nourishes. It doesn't tire, it hydrates. Precisely that. It hydrates our soil so we can grow from it. There are also other factors. Sunlight. Humidity. And so on. So let's not be surprised that everyone is different. Everyone grows differently. At a different pace. With a different kind of encouragement. But what matters is that we grow. That we don't get discouraged when it's hard. When meditation doesn't flow. When we can't quiet the mind. Everything is a matter of practice and persistence. Be it meditation, yoga, or understanding the scriptures. Applying them in life. It all requires effort. Time and energy. Because it's a kind of investment. We invest our life energy in spirituality. And in time we get a return. A greater one. But proportionate to the effort we put in. If you try a little, you'll receive more, but not much. If you give your full attention to the practice, you'll also get more, but that will be a great reward. That's how it works. What we put in reflects what we get out. That's why it's worth devoting yourself to spirituality. To growth. To climbing the ladder's next rungs. It has its own logic. This whole reasoning and striving. It's important. It's also important not to get discouraged. Not to give up when results are slow. Results always come. Sometimes you just have to wait. I also have a theory, from experience, from observation. That if someone waits long for results, they learn patience. And that's a lot. It builds a person in a special way. And it may happen that someone for whom everything always came easily becomes accustomed to that. Comes to expect it. But one day, they hit a plateau and lose faith. They give up. While another person, who always had to wait for results, has learned patience. They too face a standstill, but they wait it out. They don't give up like the first person. And so they go further. That's beautiful. Life isn't always obvious. Not everything we perceive as failure truly is. Not every problem is a burden. Sometimes it's even necessary. Sometimes it's for a reason. Because everything happens for a reason. And even if there are coincidences, they exist to be used. So don't give up. Don't say it's impossible. Thousands of people can, and you say it can't be done? And I'm not just talking about spirituality now. In general. A human being can do anything. It's all a matter of learning and preparation. But not everyone is ready for it. Some want to be at the finish line without running the race. That's not how it works. It doesn't make sense. We expect things, but not from ourselves. Right. And that's how it is, you have to try. Stumble, get up, and keep going. That's life. We won't change that. But if you're not moving forward, don't blame the world for standing still. The world has nothing to do with it. It's your choice. Your decision. Right. So many decisions. Not all wise. Not all timely. But even a sage can be wrong. That's human. As long as you turn failures into successes. As long as you don't trip over the same thing twice. I'm not saying anything revolutionary, but if we really think about it... most of us keep stumbling over the same molehills. The mole has long died of old age, and its spirit is laughing at us. Because it's always the same thing. As if someone were planting those molehills in our path. But no one is. Usually, it's because we focus on complaining. On anger. On frustration. We get upset instead of learning a lesson. We don't have a clear head. Just a storm of thoughts and curses. And that gets us nowhere. Exactly. What we lack is meditation. We don't control the mind, which is scattered. But we need peace. That's what we need. A person isn't a sage because

they were born wise. A person becomes a sage because they've silenced the mind. Because they feel instead of shouting. Because they use their knowledge to help, not to show off. It's a different thing altogether than the average person. Totally different. We do everything backward. Because we're ruled by emotions. They steer us. We're prisoners of emotion. We fight to feel them. We curse when we do. It's hard to please us. But what matters most is that the emotional gauges keep jumping, up and down. We want movement. Stimulation. That's what we love about emotions. That they stir us. A bit like drugs, only not forbidden. Emotions create a buzz in the head, and we go with it. We become it. Right. A sage, on the other hand, is distant from emotion. They just don't cling to them. Let's think about why. Right, because they're not good. Just pure stimulation that cuts off thinking. I think I've said this before, but I'll repeat it. It doesn't matter how high your IQ is. It can be 180. But if you get hit by strong emotions, your IQ drops to 50. And below 50, you probably can't even form sentences. Right. That's how it is. Emotions shut down thought. That's why we say, "I did it in the heat of the moment, forgive me." "I said that in anger, let's forget it." And so on and so on. Emotions are our enemy. We must learn to bypass them. And when they come, quiet them down. Emotions need to be calmed. It'll be hard at first, but in time, we'll manage. We'll train ourselves in it. It will bring us great joy. Calming emotions is the foundation of the spiritual path. You can't hear the soul through burning-hot emotions. You'll hear nothing. That's why you must be in control. You must learn to calm the shouting mind. Step back while you still can. Before emotions take over. Yes, it's crucial. Not to give away control over your behavior. Just like with drugs. After taking them, you're no longer yourself. You do and say strange things. The same goes for emotions. So we must get rid of them. Bury them in the garden. But what kind of life is that, without emotions, you might ask. It's a wonderful life. Emotions replaced with joy. No anger. No agitation. No frenzy. No disappointment. Only joy. Isn't that beautiful? Isn't it worth living with just joy? With wonder? It's possible. Truly it is. It's a matter of practice. Of quieting the mind. But also of surrounding yourself with the right people. You can't live among those who hurt you. That's for sure. So I stress it again, toxic people aren't suitable as friends or spouses. Stay away from them. Most people, however, have a positive attitude. And our joy is contagious. So we create a beautiful ecosystem. Beautiful moments. And I wish that you have as many of those wonderful moments in your life as possible. All the best to you!

ways of attainment

or something about criticism

Yes. Criticism lives among us. We use it often. It's our habit. Usually, it works like this: we believe the way we do things is the only right way. So we criticize those who do it differently. In another way. And this transfers to religion as well. There's no shortage of people who think their religion is the only true one. Some are even ready to fight for it. Yes. The one and only right path to God, my path. But that's not how it works. Not in religion. Not in spirituality. Not in any other domain. There is no single road and a cliff after that. The world

doesn't function this way. The world is open to possibilities. It multiplies them. Yes. Over hundreds of years, we've learned how to work out new paths. To clear and pave them. We've done well. And it works. We now have several major traditions or religions. Philosophical systems or belief structures. And that's good. Because they overlap, in a way. But it's worth choosing one path. To know the others, yes, but to focus on one. And only after reaching a certain level, to return and explore another, if we feel the urge. That's what Ramakrishna did. He attained fullness in Hinduism, his native faith. Then he turned to Islam and reached another summit. But the order matters. The choice. The decision. So we don't walk two or three paths at once. Because we get lost. It doesn't work properly. Maybe someone out there can manage it, but I don't recommend it. It's good to have a mother-religion. It's good to grow surrounded by a community. People who live by similar principles. That's the simplest way. Though I don't discourage the original. I know people in Poland who took up Buddhism and did well, even very well. So yes, it can be done. As long as we stick to one path. And avoid criticizing the others. Avoid criticizing people who chose a different set of methods. Because that's what religion is, methods. Methods to connect with God. Or methods to reach enlightenment. Which is the same thing. It works the same way. So let's remember it's worth it. Let's know that it helps. Without methods it's tough. You can try forging your own path, but it's exhausting. It's easy to give up. Easy to lose faith. To get lost. That's why we have religions, read: methods. And these methods work. So only a fool would ignore them. If you don't like one religion, pick another. Don't like that one, try a third. But often, when someone criticizes a religion, they won't succeed much in the second one either. Because religions are very similar. Closer to each other than we think. I've studied various religions. Practiced more than one. And I know they are more alike than they seem. The words differ, but the message of the heart is the same. The traditions differ, but the path is through shared goodness. Yes. Because goodness and love are one. The same everywhere. We express them the same way. We feel them the same. So if we feel the same, religion is only a method for amplifying. And amplification is a way to connect. To understand. That's roughly how it works. In simplified terms. But there are people who insist religions are bad. That they're all about money or something like that. But no. I haven't seen that. And even if, not on a grand scale. There's always a greedy priest somewhere. But the average one? Close to God. All the monks, or cloistered nuns, they're beautiful, prayerful people. And yes, someone may go astray for money, sure... It happens. What matters is seeing the good. That's extremely important. We stand before a religion, and how we see it depends on us. On our perspective. Some look at a religion and see only good. Something truly helpful. Another person looks at the same thing and sees evil and corruption. They see the same, but see something different. I think I've mentioned this before. But the conclusion is clear. And simple. The conclusion is a warning. If you see only evil in a religion, darkness is speaking through you. You've given it a voice. And it rages. Because it can. But if you judge, say, Catholicism harshly, then even if you look closer at Buddhism or Shintoism, you'll judge them just as harshly. It doesn't matter what you reach for. Flaws will appear before your eyes. Irritations. Visions that disturb you. Because that's how it is. Darkness repels us from religion. Light draws us toward it. There's nothing in between. And now it depends on what dominates within us. Which side is winning. If we are lit by light, we will respect religion. Any of them. We will use the methods. The support. But if darkness makes us sink, we will

criticize. So-called rationalists, they're a branch of darkness. A form of sinking into unstable ground. Into shaky footing. Because they themselves are unsure. They bring in uncertainty. They look for holes in the whole. That's how it works. Rationalists don't see where religion leads. They don't understand that it's just a method. A helpful hand toward something greater. Toward union. They don't believe in it. And they don't have to. Everyone believes in what they want. Everyone walks the path they choose. Comfortable or uncomfortable. Varies. And that's good. It makes the world colorful. Different views collide. Naturally, I'd love for everyone to be spiritual. To grow and dedicate time to what builds us. But it's not like that, and it won't be. The world rushes in one direction, religion in another. They somehow drift apart. All this progress and the race for money. Careers. Every minute filled with obligations. Promises that "someday I'll find time for personal growth." I don't like that phrase, but some call it that. Those who aren't too fond of religion. For them, spirituality is personal development. And to some extent - yes. But not entirely. Because spirituality must be anchored in one religion. Take your pick. So long as you color inside the lines. That's how it is. It helps. And criticism kills the spirit. "My religion is better than yours. Mine is true. Yours is fake." How many people have died for such thinking? How many ended up in prison? How many were mutilated? It's painful to think about. That's why I'm not a fan of digging up the topic. I'm not one to seek justice or punishment. Somewhere, for something that was. It happened. Let's remember it, as a warning. Nothing more. But for many, that's already too much. They remember, and do the same. The exact same thing from hundreds of years ago. It's hard to watch. But in every religion, there are people who go too far. Because that's their habit. Because they're not the wisest in the flock. So they show strength, criticism, and attack. That's how nature shaped us. If it didn't give us one thing, we overcompensate with another. One thinks. The other swings a club. What can you do? Just don't imitate such ignorance. But also don't fight it. You can't win against a fool. If you step into a fight with a fool, you must lower yourself to their level. There's no other way. So really, this whole lecture can be reduced to this: criticism is harmful. It destroys more than it creates. Hurts more than it helps. Let's avoid criticism. Let's look with kind eyes. Why not? If our eyes can't create kind images, it means they're broken. In need of repair. Like with the eye doctor. But what we need is a cardiologist of the soul. A healer who will wipe our heart clean, because maybe it's fogged up. Because the heart creates good. And doesn't burden us with critical judgments. Doesn't make us deny everything around us. Doesn't seek betrayal and deception. So let's clear our hearts, and walk together. In one direction. One path. Toward the light.

extraordinary etude or on listening right

From our hearts, music flows. We must learn to hear it. We must learn to recognize it. To understand it. It's a bit like being at a symphony. At a magnificent concert. A random passerby won't appreciate orchestral music if you seat them in the front row. Most people would choose pop music. Something upbeat. But we must become specialists in this one,

most important music. We must become connoisseurs of the music of the heart. We must let ourselves be intoxicated by it. Otherwise, our lives will be incomplete. Deficient. Just like with appreciating an orchestra, those who don't understand it live in a kind of poverty. They can live how they want. No one will force them to love orchestral music. But what kind of life is that? That's how it is. Conscious people choose conscious good. A good that is out there. That permeates this world. A good that waits for an attentive ear. To be heard. To be taken along. Hidden in the heart. To power the music of the heart. It's all connected. The good we "gather." That we feed our experiences with. That we use to water the heart. And to fuel it. To create. To make visible. To connect. Because so much depends on it. To connect with what is beautiful in another person. To connect with what affects us. To recognize how, and to choose. To decide between one or another. A third or a fourth. Yes, because we shape our own space. We have our own private concert hall. We oversee it. We refine it. We schedule its performances. These are very responsible tasks. We must carry them out well. We must love our job. Because what kind of music expert doesn't love music? Doesn't love its context? Working for its good? Listening to what it has to say? Yes, this concerns each of us. And not just in passing. It concerns us every day. Scheduling, encouraging, watering, and listening. Important matters. If we want to be healthy. If we don't want to deteriorate. A person is like the Golden Gate Bridge. Every so often, it must be repainted. Maintained. Because it rusts. It decays. And if maintenance stopped, it would cease to be useful. We would lose it for good. It's the same with people. We need to renew ourselves. Stand up straight. Take care of our mental well-being. Grow. Tend to ourselves. These are extremely important tasks that await each of us. Every tradition encourages it. That we not abandon ourselves. That we not shift our attention to trivial things. And that's exactly what the world encourages. With its palette of colors. With neon lights. With sparkle and shine. Distracting us from ourselves. Saying, "Buy me. You need me. I'll bring you happiness." But it doesn't work that way. Advertising is meant to dull us. And no one tells us time is precious. That we don't have that much of it. We're busy. We have our duties. Family, home. It's a lot of work. There isn't much time left for ourselves. And when we do get that time, we waste it. On shopping. On staring at the TV. On books about how to be a go-getter. And so on. Let's make use of the time we're given. Let's not waste it. Time is incredibly valuable. Maybe one day, when we're retired, we'll say we have too much of it. But when we're young, there's not so much of it. And it's a wonderful time. A great age. It's worth using well. To feel good in our own skin. To take joy in this existence. Let's not put it off until retirement. If we do, we'll regret the lost years. We'll complain that we could have done things differently. But we didn't. We didn't decide. Well, that's how it is. And they tell us that in youth, we have to go wild. That it's natural. So let's party until we drop. And life slips through our fingers. And we deteriorate. Like the Golden Gate Bridge left unpainted. Oh well, one might say. That's life. You have to live it up. But I think you have to be careful. You have to dose certain things. And recklessness brings no benefits. So even in moderation, it's too much. It's worth thinking about. Considering. And even more, it's worth listening to the music of your heart. The right way. With a clear head. That's the foundation of understanding the heart's music. If our mind is scattered, we don't hear it. Or we hear only every other note. And that's not music, just noise. It's not worth the time. It's not worth pretending that's how it's meant to be. That that choppy music makes sense or has quality. And quality matters. We say something is

high-quality. Made of good material. Designed with intent. But can the same be said of us? Are we high-quality? Tailored. Made of material that doesn't leak. Without holes and tears. It's worth striving for that kind of quality. To maintain it. Because nothing is given forever. We're flowing. I've said it many times. So we must remain alert. We must be ready for challenges. For problems and difficulties. They may come. That's life. But if we attract good, it's easier. We look with tenderness. If we attract, or in other words, gather, good, it's not that evil won't touch us. Evil will always be somewhere. Reminding us it exists. But if we accumulate good, it's easier to overcome problems. Easier to focus. To gather ourselves. We are more whole. More positively inclined, one might say. And that's how it is. In Taoism, there's yin and yang. Two balancing forces. You can also think of good and evil that way. And according to Taoism, they should be balanced. I think differently. I'm for consciously provoking good. For gathering it. For stirring it into action. Then evil fades. Shrinks. And life becomes easier. It can be done. It works. It functions. You don't have to be a wizard or have supernatural powers. I'm talking about everyday life. Notice. Sometimes you meet someone with a positive attitude. About everything. They walk around smiling. Blissful. Content. Rarely sad. That's someone with a surplus of yang. That's someone who attracts and collects good. And you can see it. It shows. You can't just tell yourself, "Tomorrow I'll smile all day. I'll be positive all the time." It won't work. It's not about convincing yourself. It's about cultivating and collecting what uplifts. About changing your perspective. Seeing the good, and turning away from evil. Not criticizing. Turning away. And in time, we develop this surplus of yang. What's wrong with Taoists proposing balance? They were like pharmacists. The equations had to check out. I'm like a coach. And I arrange the team to win. So they enjoy the beautiful game. So they enjoy playing. Because that's what life is about. Enjoying it. Celebrating it. Beautifying it. With memories and ideas. With challenges and achievements. That's the beauty of life. When good has the upper hand. When things are unbalanced. When evil is pushed into defense. Then life is better. Then we understand more. Feel more. Smile more. And for a smile, it's worth it. To listen to that beautiful music flowing from our hearts. It's a wonderful experience. A marvelous thing. Worth feeding on. Worth rejoicing in the beauty of another day.

in opposition to barking

on how to enjoy silence

We are capable of gaining momentum, sometimes too much. Provoking arguments, fueling conflicts on purpose, or making sure the whole world knows we're in a bad mood, trying to make up for it with jabs, quarrels, and excesses. That's how it often goes, but it shouldn't. The natural state of a human being is silence, calm. Sure, someone might say, it's better to feel joy than calmness. Maybe so. But a person isn't joyful all the time. There is a baseline state, a natural state we must not forget, one that can bring joy and comfort. Who says we can't be content in silence? Exactly. Stillness is a wonderful reason to feel good. We need to learn to see it, to sustain it. Not to fall into extremes, either anger or excitement, laughter,

or fake joy. Yes, we must be cautious not to fall for that trick, the one that keeps us from rest. Because peace is rest. Silence leads us to it. That's why you can, for example, work and rest at the same time. If we preserve inner silence, it's possible. It's not mountain climbing. It's just quieting the mind. A calm that envelops us. When we're not worrying about being on time, or what's for dinner, we can quiet ourselves and take pleasure in it. No need to bark, to lash out, to throw punches of words left and right. The short-tempered live a hard life, not only do they live in anger, they become addicted to it. They can't survive without nervousness, without that rush of tension, that mental high. It's a weak life, the life of someone who can't control themselves, who needs rest but doesn't give it to themselves. And a wise person rests all the time, even while working. Because it's possible. Because who would forbid it? Most of our exhaustion is mental, rarely physical. Even if we work on a construction site, we're worn out by problems we ourselves create, relentless thinking, constant doubt, insecurity, worrying that things will go wrong. We like to worry. I used to worry too. A little. But it passed. I realized it doesn't matter. Things always turn out differently than we expect, and worrying doesn't help. It only adds to fatigue. People who worry are always tired, always lacking something. Precisely, silence. Peace. I've heard the claim that peace is for the lazy. That a hardworking person is constantly focused, constantly busy. Yes and no. Focus is needed. We must know what we're doing. Not act mindlessly. But we can't be stressing while doing it. Rushing. Judging. The mind is a master at that. At making drama. At multiplying problems. It's their inseminator. And that's no good. Better to grasp silence. To rest in focus. Thanks to the peace it gives. Thanks to inner stillness, which can be trained. Everyone can learn to manage their mind. You just have to observe it closely, not scold or correct it, just watch it and understand what is what. Why am I frustrated? It's unnecessary. Why did I get mad about a queue at the coffee machine? Coffee tastes better without nerves. That's the point. Education. I've said it before, the mind must be trained. Like a dog. Slowly. Step by step. Patience is essential. The beginning will be tough, the unruly mind will show off what it's capable of, but we are wiser. Let's show it what we expect, how it should behave. Eventually it will settle. If we demand calm, we will receive it. I know this myself. I know from others, they've tamed their minds. Our saboteur. Yes. It must be mastered. Use tricks. Reward yourself with a treat for a day without irritation. Go to the cinema or theatre for a week without saying a harsh word. Many methods exist. The important thing is to know what we're aiming for. The goal is peace. A quiet mind. Without it, spiritual growth is impossible. Without it, we are only theorists. Experts in name only. But not practitioners. We won't change without silence. We won't be happy with ourselves. We won't be fertile in beauty. Because how can a delicious soup come from a dirty pot? The pot must shine. It must be spotless. Everything must be in order. First a clean pot, then cooking the soup. That's how it goes. That's how it should be. And it multiplies, because what's clean and good likes to multiply. But the bad and dirty also multiplies. It gets worse. The question is: which will we invest in? Which line will we stand in? The queue can be useful. To reflect on our strategy before we change. To refine the details. So it's a good moment of waiting. And yes, let's work on ourselves. Let's remember that silence is our natural state. That we should fight for it. Care for it. Sustain it. Because nothing is given forever. Even a wise man, if he stops working on himself, will fall back into problems. Into old patterns. They're always there, somewhere inside. Old bad habits. Forgotten behaviors that can easily resurface if we

stop practicing. If we think we've reached the goal. That's what ruins some people. After a few years of practice, they believe they've made it. That they're there. And suddenly everything begins to fall apart. And they return to the same misery. As if by itself. Without asking. It just falls apart. Because stagnation is the worst. Stagnation is deterioration. One must always move forward. Grow spiritually. If you say "I have what I wanted," you'll drown. That's how it is. Life is an endless journey. We don't set up camps. We don't build palaces. We are ordinary. Even if we have big houses and wealth. Even if we manage hundreds of people. We are ordinary. Not chosen. Not special. Ordinary. Because we walk the same path as beggars. Spiritual growth is for the tall and short, rich and poor, big and small. Nothing disqualifies you. You just need to want it and be determined. Because without consciously stepping onto the path, you will go nowhere. You need to take the first step. Build momentum, in a good sense. Gain speed. Rejoice in the results. Because they build us. Because results show us it's worth it. That the path has meaning and brings great joy. Spiritual growth is essential for every human being. Without it, we wither. Without it, we forget that we are human. So let's try. Let's quiet the mind. Peace will become our comfort and motivator all at once. A reward and encouragement. Let's rejoice, much peace awaits us.

brakeoholics

or on living without the handbrake pulled

We often find ourselves pulling the handbrake, slowing down, coming to a halt, not to reflect, but to stop living, to stop enjoying the marvelous experience that life offers. And yes, we do it far too often. We grow tired and disappointed too easily. We expect life to be magnificent, and instead, it's toil. It's hard work. It can wear you out, but not to the point of giving up. If you've had enough, it means you're not taking care of yourself. You're not working on yourself. You're not dedicating enough time and attention to your own being. And that's immensely important. To keep doing your thing. To keep smiling. To stop imagining some perfect life, drinks and millions in the bank. If you don't have that, you won't be happy? That's not how it works. Life can delight us with little things. Life can reward us, even with smiles. And that means a lot. Yet we don't notice. We bypass it. We turn our heads away, caught up in our fantasies and complaints. Why isn't it perfect? Why isn't it easy? If it were easy, life would be boring. Monotonous. And we'd be spoiled. We wouldn't want to strive. We wouldn't want to create. If we had everything. Everything our soul desires, or rather, what the mind desires. Because the soul only longs for love and tenderness. For effort and clarity. For ambition and work. That's what fuels the soul, the art of love, seen from many perspectives, lived in many ways. That's the essence. And the mind? The mind wants trifles, and we focus on them. We beg for them. We daydream about them. It's a waste of time. A waste of life. Let's not pull the brake. Let's not say it's all been done. Let's not pretend we're not interested in life. Sure, we all have bad days. Moods dip. That's

normal. But it can't become the rule. If it's happening too often, something's wrong. That brake is pulled to the limit. Maybe we're forgetting to pray. To talk to God. Maybe we're forgetting to show our wife and children love. Maybe it's time to thank our boss for the opportunity to work together. Or meditate. Or practice yoga. Or visit family or a friend. Or take a solitary walk in the forest. There are many options. Stimuli. And we need to remember them. To know that when the brake is pulled, we need a release. A trigger that frees us from the grip of hopelessness. The worst thing is to sit and do nothing, to claim that's how it is, that nothing will change, that life is meaningless and terrible. That's just the tantrum of a spoiled child. Pouting at life, thinking it'll be taught a lesson. But life doesn't sulk in the corner. It doesn't learn that way. We're the ones who have to. That's our task. To make life better. To enjoy it. To befriend it. To appreciate its efforts. Because often, life tries harder than we do. And it should be the other way around. We should be the ones making the effort. That's the point. But do we? How many of us would say we're truly satisfied with our life? And I'm not talking about salaries or poolside vacations. I mean genuine contentment with each ordinary day. That's a different matter. It's easy to say you're happy about your new car. But to say you're happy walking your child to preschool, that's harder. And yet those are the things that build real life. The kind that can truly bring joy, if we appreciate the time spent with our family. If we find joy in doing something meaningful. In working. And not for money, but for the work itself. If you work for money, you're a mercenary. If you work because you love it, you're a creator. You give something of yourself and find joy in it. That's the better choice. The second option. Because a mercenary is always unhappy. He knows he'll get paid, but suffers through every day. Because he must. Because there's no joy. No pleasure. No desire. And that's a real shame, to live that way. It's not a reward. And for me, life is just that, a reward. I don't know what I did to deserve it, but I have it. I have this life. And that's wonderful. I can use it, just like anyone else. I have influence over it, just like everyone else. I can be, and I am, free. That's my choice. And that's the beauty of life. The art of choice. We choose what and how. Not just what's for lunch or when to walk the dog. We decide everything, and we have influence over everything. Which continent we live on. Which country. What profession we pursue. Whether and how we exercise. What books interest us. Or maybe it's theatre. Or travel. Or some kind of model building. How we spend our time. How we live. We control it all. It's all a result of our decisions. But some people get offended. At life. They pull the brake and crash through the windshield because they didn't wear their seatbelt. That's how it goes. Accidents. Easy to come by. They happen. If we're careless. If we want too much, or too little. And here's where balance matters. In what and how we do. What and to what degree we choose. Don't overdo it, or you'll get sick, or starve. That's right. So live in moderation. It's a beautiful thing. Like driving 50 in a 50 zone. Not too fast to get a ticket. Not too slow to cause a traffic jam. That's how it is. So let's appreciate what we have. Let's strive to have, not material things, but family smiles. Time spent together. Building bonds and nurturing them. Taking care of ourselves. Because that's just as important. So don't give up. Don't surrender. Don't shove life into a corner. Don't pull the handbrake. Drive safe and wisely. Stay alert, there's always something that might leap into the road. Yes, it pays to be aware. To know where danger might lie. Which traps we fall into, and shouldn't. Addictions. What we call our weaknesses. Our little indulgences. They drag us down. They pull us away from life. We turn

away. And that's not what happiness is about. Happiness isn't grabbing at everything that comes to mind. Indulging ourselves. That's not happiness, and it's not freedom. Happiness is FOR. Freedom is FROM. So we should be free from weaknesses and addictions. And happy for someone close, or for ourselves. It's worth being happy FOR. It's worth being free FROM. Those are the right approaches. The ones that build and strengthen. That cement and unite. That's how life should be. Without the handbrake. Without slander or betrayal. Without setting traps or spying. Without envy or frustration. Avoid what's bad. Don't fight it. Don't criticize. Just avoid it. That's the healthiest, and it's enough. That's the right thing to do. Don't return defeated. Don't waste your energy on what harms. Don't waste time, life, abundance. Don't suffer through the tug-of-war. Learn to let go. Those who let go live better lives. Less stress. Less struggle. Fewer disappointments. Because every unconverted soul is another letdown. And we won't convert anyone. Because every unconvinced person is another failure. And we won't convince them. So let's enjoy what we have. Let's celebrate each day. Because it was given to us as a gift. Like our entire life. Only a fool doesn't rejoice over a gift!

connected with the light

about how it is possible

Connection is possible. This is not some bedtime tale. This is not smoke and mirrors dressed up as truth for one purpose or another. We are made for this, for returning to the Source, for uniting with the One, with the Spirit that fills all things. Yes, it is undoubtedly a good idea, but it's not a matter of ambition or plans; it's a journey to undertake, our own journey, leading toward connection, toward coming home. One might ask, what if someone never connects here on Earth? Will they connect in heaven? The answer is no. That's not how it works. The connection must happen here, on Earth. After death, there is continuation, remaining. And those who did not connect will return to Earth in another form, with another body, but their spirit will keep circling back, bound to this world. It won't leave. It will simply jump from one body to the next. What lives on Earth is, for the most part, constant. Souls move through it, often flowing into family lines, into descendants. It has always worked this way. But we can step out of this cycle. We can say "enough." Through connection. Through unification with God. It's a cutting away from what's earthly, from the gravity that holds us here, from the responsibility that binds us. Yes, we are part of God. Our soul originates from God. It is a fragment of divine life. But it is also uniquely tethered to Earth, bound to a lineage it continues. And so it holds on. It's not that we can return as squirrels or pigeons. There is no such thing as reincarnation. A human soul remains a human soul. There is no downgrade or regression. And reincarnation, strictly speaking, doesn't exist, because the soul never dies. So it cannot be born again. Souls simply pass through the world, waiting for the right moment to inhabit a new body. That's all. There's nothing exotic about it. That's just how it works. And then there's the connection, the enlightenment I keep mentioning. It's the exit from this cycle of life on Earth. The assumption of divine initiative. A return to

the Source. And the soul, or rather the liberated soul, truly returns to something akin to heaven. Not a heaven the mind can grasp, but one the spirit knows. From a wandering spirit, it becomes a creating spirit. Because God is the greatest Creator. The Spirit of Life. The Spirit of Beauty. The Spirit of Splendor. Everything that reflects the divine light becomes that light. That's why it's so important to grow spiritually, to earn the passage from wandering to belonging, from fragmentation to peace. It's a beautiful perspective, but it cannot be understood with the mind. It can only be felt, its truth, its presence. For the mind goes nowhere with us. When the spirit enters a new body, it must adjust to a different mind. It must learn to work with it. And so, the truth is that within each of us now lives a soul that has already lived through many lives. Most often, they are the souls of our ancestors. Our soul has "learned" through each of its lives, through every body it inhabited. It learned, experienced. But the soul alone can do nothing. It cannot connect with God. It has no such power. That step requires the mind, the mind that is stirred to action, that works to prepare the soul for this experience, for this motion. And no, when we connect with God on Earth, we do not lose our soul. No. What happens is a bond is formed with the divine spirit, with the One. A bond that endures. And it stays with us until the end of our life. Only after death does full connection occur. The soul no longer wanders, because it knows its place. The bond exists. It knows where to return. That's how it works. A soul cannot leave the body before death. But it can create a bond with the divine unity. And that truly happens. Many have succeeded. Many have experienced this. Someone might ask, how is it then, with more and more people on Earth, shouldn't the number of souls be fixed? Not quite. New souls are born from the divine One. Occasionally, we encounter them. But new souls are peculiar. You can recognize them in people. They often provoke the mind into submission. They are unfamiliar with the world. Oppressed by it. The world overwhelms them. It's like with children. When a child is small, the world is a terrifying mass. Something monstrous. They're not yet accustomed. And so it is with new souls, they are not used to the world. They are strange. You can spot them. Old souls, on the other hand, fit well into the world. They have their experience. Because the soul always leaves a mark on the mind, or maybe that's the wrong phrase, not on the mind, but on our inclinations. We each have a set of tendencies, both positive and negative, something that exists beyond the mind but manifests within it. Someone might fear crowds, loud noise, social gatherings. These things are ingrained. Encoded in us. And though they do not originate in the mind, they are reflected in it. In any case, we have old souls and young souls, and their influence can be detected. But that's more a curiosity than anything. In truth, it doesn't matter what kind of soul you have. Some say old souls have it easier. But I believe the length of a soul's time on Earth doesn't really matter. Whether old or new, any soul can connect with the One. Any soul can return to the Source, even the fledgling, if it finds a dedicated human. It may even be easier that way. For some old souls, too, are idle. They don't strive for union. They're rare, but it happens. Just like with people, some refuse to work, to collaborate, preferring laziness. The same occurs with souls. But I'm straying from the point, focusing on rare exceptions. What truly matters is this: are we growing? Are we listening to our soul? Are we working for its good? That's essential, not to abandon our soul, not to cast it off, but to nourish it, to let it lead us to our destination. There is something wondrous in being guided by the voice of the soul, by the heart. Because the heart is the "mind of the soul." That's why we must not corner it. Must

not fight it. Must not side against it. We must seek harmony between the mind and the soul, listening to the heart and not scorning the mind. Yes, that is the right connection. It gives us more than we expect. Because that's what happens when you focus on the good. Because those are the results when you turn away from what is wrong. The soul and the mind stop fighting. And that is the perfect state. Only in the absence of war can a smile be born. Only where pressure vanishes can understanding grow. It is crucial to understand both sides, to know where we are in all of it. To balance. To smile. And to say: we're heading in the right direction.

conscious reconciliation

on conscious striving

It is not the case that all good things happen to us by chance. Most often, that which is good must be earned. Cultivated. Or at least awakened. Given the opportunity. And the same applies to connection. To the bond with God. Sometimes we have to work toward it for years. Sometimes it knocks at our door, and all that's needed is to open it. That's how it is. We must be aware of this. Whichever option applies to us, our action is always required. That movement of ours. Precisely. We mustn't forget this. Conscious action toward a purpose. Without it, there is no outcome. And therein lies the issue. Many people have no connection with God because they do not even know it's possible. That's why their conscious effort in that direction cannot occur. It used to be different. Mystical movements were popular in every tradition. Take Sufism, for instance. But not only. There were Hindu mystics. Christian ones. The Tzaddiks. Yes, them too, we should remember them. Tzaddiks carved mystical paths in our lands. And in Catholicism, much was happening on this level too. There was movement, one must admit. Mysticism wasn't strange. It was part of culture. It took root and developed in every country. And now? Now mysticism is seen as eccentric, as something unfamiliar, dismissed, foreign. Not tied to the religious experience, not to worship. Mystics today are pushed aside, or at least not spoken of publicly. Because who knows, maybe they're pretending. Or might say something inconvenient for religion. Or attract followers, drawing them away from the church or synagogue. That's the current reality. And it should be the opposite. In these hard times for religion, mysticism should be championed. Promoted. Celebrated. That's how I see it. It should be open and beautiful. Priests should say: yes, we have mystics. We have those who are connected to God. Let's listen to them. That's what it should look like. But it doesn't. And religions lose credibility. They lose followers. Or the faith of their members weakens. That's the path they've chosen. The path of the mind. The path of explanation and rationalization. The idea that only the official voice matters. What mystics say isn't verified. Isn't proven. So listen to us, the colossus. Because every religion is a colossus. An institution with structure. And what I say is not criticism, it is fact. All mystical movements are covered with a cloth. So long as it's ironed well. So long as nothing sticks out. So long as nothing disturbs the official stance of religious leadership. And perhaps that's how it must be. But will it work for them? I don't think so. As

long as structure matters more than the word, it will be so. But eventually, the truth will unmask itself. It will replace pretense. Because truth is what people seek. Because they thirst for truth. And that truth can only awaken from mysticism. There is no other source. And yes, I have said before that religions lead to God. Yes, and I say it again. But by religions I mean their mystical roots. Their mystical guidance. Not their structures, their arrangements, or their wielding of power. That's another matter. Because every religion touches life, life at the top of power. That which must or at least wants to survive. To profit. To gain. To pressure. To be right. That's the sad side of every religion. And I say this with full conviction. I've had contact with most major religions. I've traveled. I've spoken with people. And always, one thing repeated itself: where there is religion, there is power. No one spoke of mysticism. Of what religion gives them. Only what it demands. How it controls them. How it divides the country. How it fights over elections. Politics and power ruin religion. That combination is toxic. It must be avoided. We must stay away from it. Yes. But still I believe it is better to be a member of a religion than its critic. Because religion holds tradition. Our family holidays. Our closeness. Our roots. It gives much. Much good. Being a rebel won't lead you to union with God. In every culture there is an evil spirit, called by many names. And it is that spirit who incites rebellion. Who undermines the laws and values that govern the world, the spiritual world. The cult of goodness. The cult of love. And that's what we should focus on. Not criticism. Sure, we must know how things are built. But don't throw stones at it. Use what religion gives. Rise from it. Awaken the soul. Because religious practices affect our soul. And not mildly. They were designed that way. Refined to nourish the soul. But one must listen sincerely. One must feel part of the "spectacle", of the soul's growth. To energize it. To remove fear and hesitation. To unblock. That's a great force, religious practice. The power of the group. Group prayer. Communal remembrance. And so on. Different religions, different forms. But the principle is the same. The effect is the same. The activity lives. It works. Exactly. So let's not be too harsh on these poor religions. Let's benefit from them as we can. Let's rise through them. The matter of union with God is individual. Religion helps at the start, but in advanced stages it offers nothing more. We must find the connection ourselves. Ignite it. Be illuminated. We must care for the quality of that connection. That it doesn't break. That nothing damages it. That it doesn't expire. Exactly. That's our task. No priest can do it for us. They can cheer us on, but that doesn't affect the result. It's not a cross-country race. Not a hurdle sprint. The fastest doesn't win. Nor the prettiest. Yes, it's also not a beauty pageant. The richest won't have it easier. You see, everyone starts at the same level. Everyone has a journey ahead. Must cross to the other side of the river. Yes. You might say, you said some only need to open the door. Yes, I did say that. But it's like the river I mentioned. Everyone must get to the other shore. One may have to swim. Struggle. Fight the current and wind. Another will cross in a motorboat. Yes, that happens. But we all start from the same place. This applies to all of us. Everyone who devotes themselves to the spiritual path has a road to travel. It's not that some are given more and others less. It's not that some receive special treatment and others don't. Spirituality demands. And that's an important statement. One to remember. One to carve into the heart. Spirituality demands. Yes. So we must be ready to work. We must be conscious of our actions and deeds. Our accomplishments and our neglect. We must be fully conscious. That helps. Without consciousness, we'll wander. Without consciousness, we'll get lost in the dark. Because you

must know, we are emerging from darkness and entering into light. That's how it goes. Now: darkness. Later: light. That's the purpose of the path. That's the reason for spirituality. For illumination. For connection. For union. May it be eternal. May it come with a smile.

assuming the worst or on how not to lose before you even begin

Some people lose right from the start. They judge conceptually, intellectually. They claim it's impossible. That connection with God cannot happen. And then, they're eager to prove it to you. They do something spiritual just to show it doesn't work. That it's nonsense. A waste of time. I've seen this kind of behavior, a mindset set on NO. On proving that apart from chasing money, there is no other meaningful life. That all religions are a joke. Yes. You can hear such thinkers. They're loud. They make noise around themselves. But then there's another kind of person. People who want to believe, but don't think it's possible. That spirituality won't bring any tangible effects. They engage in it just to have a clear conscience. To say they tried. That it didn't work. That nothing came of it. And that's a shame. A shame they started with a burden too heavy to carry. Don't do that. Don't put on such a heavy backpack when jumping into the water. It might end badly for you. Even from a logical standpoint, those who dismiss spirituality from the outset claim to be using common sense. Logic. But from a logical point of view, if you expect failure, you provoke it. If you anticipate a failed experience, there's little chance it will turn out otherwise. Exactly. And it applies more broadly. Not just in spirituality. Often we attract the outcomes we've predicted. Usually negative ones. Pessimism. Complaining and resentment. It drags us down and brings negative consequences, results of actions doomed to fail from the start. And in doing so, we harm ourselves. Provoking answers without knowing the full question. Why do we do that? I don't know. I don't have that habit, so it's hard to say what drives such people. Maybe it's an attitude. Maybe a habit, or a bad day. I don't know. Yes. It's good sometimes not to know. To admit it. And perhaps that's the core of this reflection, to learn to love the words "I don't know." They carry great power. The power of discovery. If we don't know something, we want to find out. What will happen. What results a given action will bring. Sure, you might say that after "I don't know" can come withdrawal. That "I don't know" can provoke giving up. A refusal to take a risk. Yes. That can happen. But I think far more often, the person who says "I don't know" will try to find out. Will want to experience this or that. Definitely. "I don't know" can be motivating. But notice how rarely we hear those words. You really have to go through dozens if not hundreds of conversations to hear them. "I don't know" is very rare. People generally want to know. They claim they know. Even if they don't, they'll spout nonsense. And when caught in a mistake, they laugh and say, "Well, I was wrong." But not "I don't know." Not the empowering "I don't know." Just a dismissive "I made a mistake." That's the wrong attitude. That's not self-respect. That's pretending to be someone experienced and worldly. Who can't "not know." Who's not allowed to "not know." But I tell you, it's okay. It's beautiful not to know. Because it means there are still areas left to

explore. That we can still grow. Learn something. Enrich ourselves. Strengthen. Yes. Not knowing is a blessing. Someone once said that. I repeat it, in a slightly different sense. My own. But meaningful. Let's explore. That's what we're made for. A child explores. The world is attractive to a child. New. Full of surprises. Sometimes good, sometimes bad. All kinds. But the child doesn't withdraw. It keeps exploring. And us? Why don't we explore? Discover? Because we think we already know everything. That everything important has already been seen. Understood. But it hasn't. There's still much ahead. Many surprises. Many experiences, if we open ourselves. If we don't seal ourselves off. Yes. There's great power in experiencing. Again and again. Every day a new adventure. A great thing. With that kind of attitude, life becomes exciting. We want to see what the new day brings. What will surprise us. What will scare us. Or trip us up. Sometimes we're put off by something. Say we went to Greece on a trip and got robbed. So we declare we'll never go back. That Greece is dangerous, and we warn everyone against it. That's how people can be. It's a sad attitude. One that closes us off from future experiences. And I'm not just talking about trips to Greece. I mean the principle. The principle of being offended by pain. And sometimes, behind pain, beauty hides. But we must endure a little. Overcome some obstacles. Not back down. And a reward will await us. Exactly. Yet we tend to run when things get tough. And just beyond the fire, there might be something beautiful and safe. Something extraordinary. Because if most people back out, that minority will experience something great. Great things are usually reserved for the few. For those who didn't back down. Who weren't scared off. Exactly. That's how it works. We must accept difficulty. Not get offended by it. Not develop a reflex of escape. Children rarely run from the unknown. It's not common. Because they want to see and understand. And we? We should refresh those skills. We should want to experience. And carry them through. That's extremely important. A life attitude. And what's yours? What reflexes have you developed? Because that's how it works. Older people act out of reflex. And by older, I mean adults, not just the elderly. Anyway, there's nothing wrong with aging. It concerns all of us. Even children age, though we don't notice it. We say they're growing. But they're aging. Like us. Who left childhood long ago. Somehow, we no longer want to grow. But we should. Spiritually. Learning anew. Experiencing and exploring. Exploring the world we don't know. And that's the key. To admit we don't know. Yet we claim we do. We know this city, we've lived here for years. We know the capital, we've visited dozens of times. But your city, or the capital, changes every day. New things happen. Surprises. People fall and rise. They fall in love and break up. They're born and they die. And you say you know it? No, you don't. Don't know, get to know. Don't say "I can", learn. Again and again. Every day. That's beautiful when we want to. It's beautiful when we find joy in it. And I guarantee everyone will find joy in it. In discovering. From the place of "I don't know." From the place of "I don't know you." But I'd love to. And so on. Every day. Anew. More beautifully. That's how we can discover the world. Who's stopping us? Our old habits? That we've seen and known everything? I feel sorry for people like that. But they can still change. They can realize there's another way. That it's possible. That it's worth it. The soul gains from it. It doesn't fall asleep, unless at a rest stop. But the active person doesn't take many stops. Don't be afraid to be active. We don't need to be perfect. It's enough that we want to. A soul's activity pays off. Discovering the world is something wonderful. Let's not be afraid of it.

the history of guilt

on why you shouldn't blame yourself

We should not blame ourselves, for what is now, for what has happened. A sleepwalker is not guilty of walking in their sleep. Air is not guilty of being what we breathe. Some things, automatized reactions, are simply part of who we are. They arise from unawareness. And unawareness is not a disease, it is just that: unawareness. A peculiar state of obscurity. We should not reproach ourselves: "How could I not have noticed?" "How could I not have acted sooner?" Whether it's in the context of inner work, spiritual practice, or relationships, most of our "mistakes" come from a lack of knowledge, from behaving out of habit. We don't reevaluate each situation, we repeat previous reactions. And on top of that, there's this obscurity. Yes, it's easy to get lost in it. But people tend to scold themselves. "How foolish I was." "How could I fall for that." But it was just unawareness, a reflex beyond our control. So let's not blame ourselves, let's cultivate awareness instead. Conscious living. If we live consciously, we won't have anything to reproach ourselves for, because we'll be part of reality. As of now, we avoid reality. We know the word, but do we understand it? That's the point, not to act automatically. To discover and experience anew. It's like a mirror: we assume we'll look the same every time. We glance and say, "Yes, that's me." But I see a different person every day. I see a new emotion, or its absence. Clarity. Yes. But it can also be superficial. And we often stop there. That's how we operate. Some people are still provoked by the mirror: "I've aged. Another wrinkle." But that's not the awareness I mean. That's not the reality I speak of. As you can see, the differences are subtle, at least in written language. In lived experience, they are enormous. Clarity, transparency, is the key. Without being transparent, we cannot be truly aware. We tend to distance ourselves from life, from certain matters or situations. "That doesn't concern me." Or "I know how this ends." We avoid reality however we can. But we could engage, with life. We could treat life as the greatest gift. But we live it like we're cramming for an exam, just to pass. We don't want too many complications. Preventive detachment. Disconnection. It's a sad way to be, and yet it's common. Removed from life. Removed from feeling uplifted. From defiance. And defiance is a mighty force. The ability to oppose what's been established, internalized, dreamed. The ability to say: a dream is just a dream. To wake up and not mourn what we dreamed. To move forward. That's powerful. It creates. It builds. And sometimes we think that if we change something in our lives, everything will collapse. Fear of change. Of the unknown. But reality is not the unknown. Reality greets us with a smile. But we don't look. We'd rather focus on habits, on repetition, on what's familiar. "I don't want any chaos," we say. But I don't see any chaos in awareness. I see observation and response, conscious response. In harmony with the heart and conscience. Openness. That matters. We mustn't block ourselves. We must open to what life brings. Some think being closed off is a form of safety. That if we're closed, nothing can harm us. But that's false. Closed people take double the damage, and never ask for help. It's a dangerous stance. Like walking into gunfire with no medic in sight. Avoid that. Avoid hermetic isolation. Move forward with a smile. Don't pretend. Don't strike a pose. Live, fully and naturally. Children do this instinctively. They smile and are ready for discovery. And somehow we forget this. We claim that smiling

doesn't suit adulthood. But I think it fits perfectly. Adulthood without a smile is defective, a loss of value. And the greatest value is feeling good in this world. Not struggling through life. That is of utmost importance. Finding yourself. Not fighting with yourself. Appreciating and rewarding yourself. Praising. In the U.S., it's currently trendy to praise employees. Supposedly, it makes them more motivated, more valued. And perhaps it's true. We like to be appreciated. And I wouldn't tie it to ego, unless taken to extremes. But in normal things, it's nice when someone even nods with a gesture of respect. It's beautiful. So let's nod like that to ourselves. "I did this well." "I pulled it off." "I had a great idea." Let's acknowledge ourselves. Don't leave yourself parched in a desert. Don't make yourself beg for water. It makes no sense to stand over yourself with a whip. That breaks a person. Chasing, demanding, interrupting, criticizing: "I should have done better." "I should have managed." No, you shouldn't have. If it didn't work out, then it wasn't meant to. The mistake was somewhere else. Maybe it had to be done differently, but it doesn't matter anymore. Don't dwell on it. Life is too short. Life is running. Moving forward. Let's go with it. Let's not torment ourselves over what was. The past is dead. Only the present is alive. Active. Only in this "now" can we change anything. Maybe this time it will turn out better, maybe not. That, too, is not of great importance. I see little value in ordinary achievements. Yet we often elevate simple things to Olympic level. We obsess and idealize. We assign importance to things that don't deserve it. Take laundry. Cooking. Cleaning. So what if the soup is too salty? You'll eat salty soup, nothing more. Don't beat yourself up. So what if the shirt shrank in the wash? You've got another one. So what if there's still lint after vacuuming? Tomorrow there will be more. Don't stress over such things. A calm person is a happy person. I've never met an anxious wreck who holds the secret to joy. Or someone who exaggerates and has mastered the art of eternal smiling. It doesn't work that way. Let's stop believing that striving for perfection is the proper way to live. That life should be like in a magazine, perfect home, perfect kids, perfect dog. That won't make you happy. Because it's built on expectations. And expectations always lead to disappointment, painful ones. Expect nothing. Live in the here and now. Live consciously. Fall in love with reality. Unlearn mechanical reactions. These are the challenges. This is the right direction. But not a race. We must not run, because when you run, you stumble. And don't get me started on exhaustion. Have you ever seen a runner who's fully rested? Runners are tired from running. It can't be any other way. I know, it sounds like a lot of rules. But it's all for our own good. Not everything is recommended. Like at the doctor's: if your knee hurts, you don't get morphine. Everything must be appropriate. In the right dose. At the right moment. So don't experiment on yourself. Learn from others. That's what they're here for. That's why we're alike, so we can draw from each other. From the wisdom of those who've walked far. So let's draw. And let's not criticize ourselves. Let's not judge. Let's experience.

holy diagnosis
on how to celebrate

Yes. Celebration is a beautiful thing. But we wait for it far too long. Usually, we set aside a few festive days a year. And I'm not talking here about religious holidays. We wait for a vacation, and vacation becomes a celebration. We wait for a visit to the hairdresser, and the hairdresser becomes a celebration. A new computer. A quarterly bonus. Final exam results. Celebrations can take many forms. We designate them ourselves. We decide which day will be special, different from the rest. And we wait for that day. As it approaches, we think of nothing else. Just when it will come. When it will happen. When we will experience it. And what if I told you that every day can be a holiday? What if I told you that the waiting for what is to come can be merged with the celebration of what already is? Yes. That is possible and entirely doable. The most beautiful solution we can gift ourselves. To designate each day as a celebration. We don't have to give ourselves presents. We don't even need to mark it in red. The notebook won't understand. The calendar will remain unmoved. What matters is that we move. That we rejoice in today. And in the fact that after today, there will be another today. An endless celebration. Doesn't that sound wonderful? And it can be done. We can set our lives that way. Enter into a forever-holiday mode. That's a brilliant way to live. Because when it's a holiday, we smile. We feel lighter. Happy just to be. And that's how it should be. So let's celebrate. Loosen the belts. Eat our fill. Read a good book. Walk with the one we love. Pat the back of someone we don't. On a holiday, we can and should do more. That time is to be used. Because it's a celebration! Every day! The best one. The long-awaited one. Just yesterday, I couldn't wait for today. And that's how it should be. And that's how it should sound. A smile of joy. Because joy loves to smile. Let's return the favor. Let's show we're not beneath joy. Let's prove that life brings us pleasure. And we'll feel the difference. We'll feel good. That we are in the right place. In the right body. That realization can truly propel us. So let's not fear unforeseen troubles. Let's not stack future struggles. The pyramid of troubles is for those who don't celebrate. Celebrators don't dwell on hardships. They don't care. They're too busy enjoying the celebration. So let's enjoy together. Let's not complain. Who complains on a holiday? Let's not turn our backs on others. Who turns away on a holiday? Right. I noticed this phenomenon before holidays in Poland. On the roads. People are kinder. They let other cars in, which is rare. They stop at pedestrian crossings, which is rare. They don't honk. They don't shout. They don't curse. That's the point. Holidays mobilize us. Let us feel mobilized. Let us feel special. A special time is coming. Tomorrow will repeat today. Repeat today's celebration. Like in Bali. They have holidays every two days. Can it be done? It must! But more often. Daily. Daily celebration. Daily joy in the sun or rain. A snowstorm or a hurricane. "I survived another hurricane!" That's something to celebrate. A celebration of the eternal today. Because we can. Because we must. Because it brings great benefits. Those who dislike holidays won't understand this. They exist. And I don't want to criticize them. It's their choice. But I believe it's something wonderful. That it's possible. That it works. Celebration in full swing. Relaxation. That's the essence of holidays. Every day we're often tense. But when a holiday comes, we loosen up. And that relaxation can happen even at work. On New Year's Eve, many people still work. We celebrate only at midnight. Before that, it's work. But it's different work. Relaxed work. Because we know today is the day. New Year's Eve. A holiday. Yes. And it can last forever. We can feel it every day. Who said we must be tense at work? Stressed. That's a strange notion that work gets done better under stress. I don't know what logic led to that, but

certainly not mine. I believe the most effective work comes from relaxation. From knowing what needs to be done and doing it. Just like that. Enjoying the opportunity to contribute. Grateful that work lets us live well. Not starve. Not walk around naked. That's a great value. So what's the point of stress? Stress doesn't help. When your hands shake, you won't complete the task faster. You'll do it slower. When your voice cracks, you won't convince the client. They'll sense your tension. And so on. Eternal celebration solves all these problems. Shows that we can enjoy what we have. What is here and now. That's important. Because some people live for the future. Plans. What they'll buy. What they'll see. Where they'll go. And when it happens, they're happy for ten minutes, then start planning again. Another spree. Another trip. But when you celebrate daily, you won't fall into that trap. You won't lock yourself in that whirlpool that swallows and devours. You'll be celebrating. You'll feel special. Because we are special. Just like each day is special. A new experience. A new discovery. So wonderful that hands fold themselves in applause. It's worth living that way. It's worth enjoying, not struggling. Some people are set to struggle. Everything drains them. Everything is a problem. The black thinking of a white man. Strange. It doesn't help. It doesn't empower. It depletes. What's the point? That's a defective product. A faulty life. A waste of time. Let's return it and choose a new one instead. A life of our choosing. One our heart points to. One that makes us happy. Because that's what life is for. To bring joy. What else would it be for? Life won't change your car tire. Life won't stand in line for you. The only thing it can do is bring joy. And it does. And it's up to us whether we take it. Whether we use it. Yes. We must seize opportunities. Be glad they're here. Every occasion is good for a smile. Even at ourselves. If something fails, laugh at your own clumsiness. If taxes burden you, laugh knowing money is worthless. It's just money. Those who think otherwise summon dark forces and curse the tax office. They call on evil to consume the revenue service. But the dark forces aren't interested. Why would they want that mess? The tax office would bankrupt them. So let's celebrate. Every day is wonderful. Every day is the greatest holiday. Let's not wait six months for one holiday. Let's not let someone else decide when we may celebrate. We are free, so let's celebrate when we feel like it. Celebrate daily. Try it, and you'll see it's worth it. Holidays are a beautiful time. And every day is a beautiful time, if we raise it high. If we cherish the uniqueness of this day. The next today. The next always.

hallucinations of the wronged

on certain delusions

Yes. Many people feel wronged. In one way or another. Someone got a raise, and we didn't. Someone's life is going better, even though they were never a hard worker. We are hurt by various circumstances. Hurt by people. By the way they treat us. By accidents. Who could keep up with them. Hurt by betrayals and escapes into addiction. Everything around seems dangerous. For some. Yes. But the truth is completely different. We hurt ourselves. No one can truly hurt us. Unless they do it physically. But that doesn't happen often. In the normal course of life, we are the ones hurting ourselves. Because we take someone's words and use

them to beat ourselves up. We strike ourselves without mercy. Because we blow small things out of proportion. Because we're jealous. Because we think too highly of ourselves. Because we believe we're entitled. Because we think we're made of finer clay. That's how it works. We fail to realize that life is ruled by chance. Sometimes we benefit. Sometimes we lose. Because we don't realize that people are usually only thinking of themselves. Because we're offended when things don't go our way. And then we fall into expectations. Unfulfilled plans. Fantasies. The overactive mind. What would we do without it. Maybe we'd be happy. But seriously, what we need is distance. We should look at ourselves from the outside. From a different perspective. As if the matter at hand did not personally concern us. So that we have room to breathe. Observing oneself is incredibly useful. We're not directly involved then. We're not part of the problem. Looking without reacting, we don't create new problems, we just watch the situation. Yes, this is important. To be able to step back. To preserve ourselves, for ourselves. Because in anger, we are not "us." There's just some unrecognizable creature spinning out. In emotions, we say and do things we never would otherwise. Exactly. That's why we must learn to observe ourselves. To understand that engaging in everything is deceptive. It causes damage. We've been taught to be involved in everything. To care. To take things personally. I'm an advocate of the opposite. The strategy of stepping back. Someone hands you a burning piece of wood. Blazing hot. You grab it without thinking. You burn yourself, and then you toss it away, screaming. I don't scream, because I never grab it. I push it away. I don't want to get burned. But I don't even analyze it. I don't weigh the thought, "maybe I'll try." No thoughts. Just a clear mind. A simple refusal. Let's learn to say "away from me," not "to me." We already know "to me" and it's not helping. We don't benefit from it. It's just a programmed reflex. To take in everything. From a logical point of view, it's nonsense. But we still do it. We bury ourselves in it. Because someone taught us this. Because we got sucked in. We recorded it as one of our automatic responses. But it's a waste of time. Let's stop letting ourselves get hurt. Stop getting lured into little mind games. It's not for our benefit. It's not a victory. There's nothing to gain. And we've even trained ourselves not to think about it. When "someone" hurts us, we get mad at them. We're angry at that person. But we should be angry with ourselves. That's what logic says. Because it's up to us what we take in from the world. We could have left the shit alone. We knew it stank. We knew we might get dirty. That it would make a mess. And yet we picked it up. Another "to me" when it should have been "away from me." Gathering junk always ends in disaster. A disaster of yet another day. So I'm not surprised so many people are unhappy. So many are irritable and discontent. Because they take in the world's garbage and feed themselves with it. It throws them off balance. They feel wronged. They feel betrayed. They feel all sorts of ways. But it's a result of their own choices. Their own decisions. Their own permission. Because it's always us who grant the permission for someone to hurt us. If we're not willing, it won't touch us. We are injury-proof. I believe that. Look at yourself from the outside, especially when something is happening. Especially when a problem arises. And you'll see I'm right. Don't get involved. Push it away instead of pulling it in. I'm speaking, of course, about what is bad. About what causes pain. When someone wins the lottery, you pull in jealousy. And now you've got a problem. That's pulling. But there could have been pushing. When jealousy knocks, push it away. Don't let it in. Every emotion knocks at our gates. It doesn't originate inside, it stands outside, trying to get in.

And usually, we let it in. We inflate it. Feed it. Brew it coffee and beg it to stay. But there's another way. We can be deaf to its knocking. It won't break the gate. It will stay outside and disappear. That's the right method. That's how it works. That's what I encourage. Not to be hospitable to evil. Because many emotions generate evil. Many of our mental analyses are aimed at loss. At the feeling of lack. Of injustice. If you say "That's not fair," then you've already let negativity in. You opened the gate. I can't think of a situation that's truly unfair. There's no such thing. Because we are owed nothing. By default. By design. We shouldn't compare ourselves to others. That's a trap. It creates problems and obstacles. We have our own lives. So live them in a way that brings joy. Not envy. Not demands. Demanding is the downfall. Because "I deserve it." Because others have it, so why not me? These are traps of the mind. This is taking in what is bad. Worse, it's creating evil. We often grow it ourselves. It comes from nothing. From what seems unprovoked. From our perspective. Our seeing activates the brain. The mind. And they plot how to bring us down. The human body is weak. And I don't mean that it gets sick and eventually dies. I mean it's weak because it tortures itself. It inflicts its own wounds. I don't know if it's an evolutionary flaw or a cultural issue. But we worry. We build obstacles. We delude ourselves. We expect and demand. From a logical standpoint, these are stupid behaviors. But we follow them. I don't know why. Maybe it's a form of self-control. Maybe it's punishment for being lazy. For not working on ourselves. That's how I explain it, because there's no other explanation. We bring punishment upon ourselves. We dig it up. We give it power. We let it torment us. That's like inviting vultures to pick at us piece by piece. Of course they'll take the invitation. We're not shooing them away. We're actually encouraging them. So why blame them? Let's not blame the vultures. Let's look at ourselves. Let's understand ourselves. The way we behave. The way we react. What we think we need. Because that's what it is, needs that seem real. The need for emotional pain. A very strange condition. But one that affects many. Too many. Let's work on ourselves. Let's observe ourselves. Let's get some distance. Let's love others and love ourselves. With love, it gets easier. Without love, there is no point.

decoction of diagnosis

on the matter of understanding

Yes. We must understand ourselves. We must understand God. Interchangeably. Doubly so. The diagnosis, then, is simple. We need change. Insight. Proper placement. We need ignition. Like old cars. We won't just drive off. It won't just work. Not if we don't take the right action. Not if we don't make the necessary step. And we can, and we must. It isn't difficult. What is misleading, however, are our hopes for fulfillment and happiness without the work of self-discovery. Without understanding God and ourselves. There is no other way. There are no shortcuts. Many have tried, none have reached the goal. Exactly. And we must, and we want to. And we can, and we know how. Become curious about ourselves. Become curious about God. Because if you are not curious, you will never know the inside. You will never see how it's built. How this world works. The world we carry in our hearts. What is

needed is desire, not knowledge. In daily life we rely on knowledge. We reduce everything to knowledge. It's a kind of language. A form of perception. Through knowledge. But here, that won't work. Knowledge is problematic. It adds an unnecessary layer. Alters the texture. Blurs the facts. We must put knowledge aside. When studying ourselves. When searching for God. Throw knowledge away. What remains is feeling and perception. Of the heart. Of the soul. There is no other way. Anything else will derail you. Will lead to nothing. Exactly. There is another way, and there must be. The system demands it. Credibility requires it. So don't try by force. Don't treat this as a challenge. As a mathematical riddle. Here, everything is transmitted through tenderness. Through devotion. Joy and recognition. You can't bulldoze your way through it. That is a doomed path. Diagnosis speaks and sets the tone. Diagnosis fuels us. If we are willing to be fueled. If we feel drawn to the truth. Truth is friendly. It can be loved. But to love it, you must first get close. First, you must believe. And that's where some struggle. They'd love to know God, but their belief is aimed in the wrong direction. Real belief is an open mind. Empty. Unburdened. Belief is an exploration. A discovery. Not a confirmation of memorized doctrine. Not cheating on an exam. My religion says God is this and that, so that must be Him. At least I know who I'm looking for. I've got His profile. No! You know nothing! You've discovered nothing, and you won't, if that's how you approach it. If you were spoon-fed something you're now unwilling to release. The spiritual path isn't only about discovering God and the self. It's about unlearning. About forgetting. All that gets in the way of sensing and touching truth. Of seeing with your own eyes. Exactly. First, we must unlearn. Then we can begin to see. To experience. To live it. There's no replacement. No layering one truth atop another. That won't work. It will hurt. We must become spiritual researchers. Pure, spiritually. We must cut off everything that divides us from understanding. Namely: the mind. Exactly. I've spoken of the mind before. But really, it must be mastered. We must learn how to turn it off. Because otherwise, how? Even with basic logic, how will you understand something that defies understanding through logic? How? All the great ones have said it. God cannot be understood. Exactly. God must be felt. We must understand His movement and influence. Understand connection and the fall of what is false. Not in hiding. Not under the covers. With full awareness. With total commitment. We must give ourselves to spiritual work. There is no other way. Otherwise, we'll be useless to ourselves. Inaccessible. We'll lose the chance. And though much can be forgiven, why risk it? Why waste it? Build your awareness through discovery. Rebuild yourself anew. I don't mean your habits. I'm not saying you must flip your life upside down. Fall to the floor and lie there for forty days. That does nothing. That doesn't help. You must do it wisely. And wisely means, without the mind. With experience, for experience. Because otherwise, we'll never understand. And let me tell you more. You won't be able to boast to your friends or family. Because these experiences can't be described. They must be felt. Understood. That's just how it is. If spirituality were a hard science, it would be easy. But it isn't. So you must put in some effort. You must leap over the fence of understanding. Of thought and assumption. Of your routine. Yes. Our "ordinary" isn't ordinary in the world of the spirit. It's another system of measure. It won't fit. So let go of the "ordinary." Plant the seed of understanding. Water it. Tend to it. Don't let it dry out. Don't overfeed it. Don't rip it up with the weeds. That's how it works. But the reward is worth it. It pays to be wise. But I mean true wisdom, not the one tied to knowledge. Yes. We prize knowledge so much, we think wisdom is just its

accumulation. But that's not how it is. In the East, wisdom means something else. It's not the person who wins TV quizzes. We judge by quiz shows. That's our yardstick for wisdom. How many questions they got right. Ridiculous. That's not how it works. It's unwise not to respect real wisdom. And real wisdom flows from the heart. From feeling. From experiencing. From inspiring goodness. From giving rise to joy and laughter. These are marvelous experiences. These are beautiful achievements. Achievements of wisdom. That's the direction. Toward experience. Toward manifest truth. And truth is singular. The one who loves is right. That's the irrefutable evidence. Love provides it. Love shows it. That's enough. To love. Enough for a peaceful life. But we want more. So let's discover. Let's seek. Ourselves and God. It's a vital aim. That we may find ourselves within it. That we may give it its rightful meaning. Don't fight yourself. Don't rebel when things don't go smoothly. It's normal. In self-discovery too. We need large doses of patience. We need gentleness toward ourselves. Because we fall so often. Because we create so many problems. Needlessly, but still. So. It's not about battling yourself. The point is to love yourself. And from that love, everything begins. If you are your own enemy, you'll never know yourself. You'll never reveal yourself to yourself. How would that even work? By force? It can't be done. You must do it gently. You must earn it. That's how it is. Nothing in life comes for free. If you waste your life on idleness, you'll get nothing from life. That's natural. I don't need to explain that. So, let's work. Let's seek. Let's experience. And the deepest dream will be fulfilled. Our desire. For understanding. For arrival. For greeting truth. For fulfilling the wisdom of the ancestors. Of all true sages. All sages have taken this path. The very path I speak of. The one I map out. In every lecture. Each lecture is a detailed map. Directions and nudges. Everything's stitched together for you. Laid out. Shown. Only a fool won't find the way. But it's not hard to be a fool. These days, it's practically standard. I show you how to become a sage. One who knows the self. One who has understood God. With a touch. A whisper. Not with drowning in the ice hole.

the nature of things

on what binds us

Yes. Things are not our friends. Things bind us. Each in its own way. Each pulling in its own direction. They want us obedient. They want to protect us from freedom. But there is no need to be protected from freedom. No need to run from it. Freedom draws us in and embraces us. But in front of it stands a barricade of things. Things that ruin. That stress. That don't fall into place. We fall into them ourselves. They don't just happen. We provoke them. Yes. We must be cautious. But not only that. We must be wrapped in kindness. An aggressive person will attract more things. Will attract more sluggishness and surplus. Harshness and recognition. And what for? Why would we want something that covers our true self? Why would we need ornaments on a summer tree? In our hearts it's always summer. We don't need embellishments. Cheap imitations of sufficiency. They give us nothing. They don't enrich us. So don't leap headlong into them. Don't adorn yourself with trinkets. With needless attractions. With distortions. That serves no one. From the heart's

point of view. From the world's point of view, it's different. It demands. It insists. But we must choose wisely. Stand against the beaten patterns. The burdens. Walk with a clear mind. Without a dozen legal misdemeanors. Yes. Legal misdemeanors. Self-inflicted harm. It happens often. Many promote it. Many profit from it. A whole business has grown around it. They make money off harm. And you delight in buying yet another. Another unborn tear. For why should it be born in a toxic world. A world of pain and torment we inflict upon ourselves. Not worth it, said the tear. And yet we are here. We live here. And we have the power of decision. We pack our own backpacks. We can fill them with what's necessary. Hearty sandwiches. Water. A map. Or we can fill them with stones. More burdens. The choice is ours. Yes. Each one of us makes it. At different stages in life. Backpacks change. So do our approaches. And that gives hope. That's good news. That errors can be replaced with the right paths. Good choices. That we don't have to dwell on them. Don't have to live in toxicity. Don't have to revisit and relive it. We can turn away from the bad and choose with the heart. We can possess the only true rightness. The rightness of love. Yes, it is possible. And it concerns each of us. It's about what we lean on. How fast and in which direction we move. Properly. Important that our journey brings us smiles, not pain. We must draw a clear line. We must honestly admit what leads to what. It can't all be mixed into one and we randomly pick the next sensation. The next attribute. Of what, exactly. Wisdom is not a lottery machine. It's not chance. A wise person directs their own life. Some make excuses with destiny. That it was written for me. What's written for you is that you decide your own life. And decide wisely. Destiny is what we encounter on our path. But what we do with it, that's our will. Our choice. There's no such thing as being doomed to suffer. To endlessly stumble and bleed. That's not it. If that's happening, it means our decision-making is flawed. We need to shake off the dust. Stand up and wash. Bathe. To begin anew with a clean slate. That is strength. Yes. In each of us. We carry immense power. Often unused. Enormous potential. We are truly gifted. Brilliant at feeling and experiencing. At creating love. If only we want to develop those skills. It's like muscles. Unused, they fade. That's how it is. And we should care about freedom. About usefulness. About readiness. Armed with creation, not with advice. Creation of beautiful thoughts and moments. Repeating what's beautiful. What brings joy. That's what happens. When you want, and when you're stirred. When a divine thought brushes you. It's worth seeking. Worth rising up, not begging for mercy. Not asking someone to live life for us. Because we're failing. Because it slips through our fingers. Yes. That's it. Self-governance. Self-responsibility. Stewardship of our own good. That is something magnificent. Something worth striving for. So that we may want and be able. So we may free ourselves from the clutter of things. From the backpack filled with stones. That's exactly how it is. We must know what we want. And to know that, we must want. And be able to describe the current state. I am here, I want to get there. That's very important. Because if we don't know where we are, how are we to reach anywhere? We get lost from the very beginning. Fail from the start. It happens. That's why we need conscious hardship. The hardship of letting go of what we're used to. What's ruining us. We must forget it. Erase it. So that the new can come. So it may go well. In pure goodness. Yes. It will be worth it. Our soul will thank us. With more elevations. More enrichment. For we collect soul-liftings like gold in a treasury. Each new one more beautiful. Each lifting us higher. That's why it's worth it. It's worth following my advice. It's been tested. Tried on a living body. But no animal was

harmful. I assure you. Incidentally, it's curious. We're banned from experimenting on animals, but experiments on people are entirely allowed. Allowed and repeated. Forced. With more things. More issues. And someone's always watching. It always serves someone. That's how it works. We are subjected to testing. On the utility of foolishness. Foolishness served in many ways. Wound after wound. And we even pay for it. That's how they make fools of us. But I promote awareness. The upliftment of the soul. Understanding. New consolation. I care that good gains momentum. That it thrives. Not torment. Not degradation. The side matters. The side and the outcome. What matters is that we want and try. That we take new steps. That too can be new for those stuck in stagnation. In inertia. That you have to move. That you have to do something. Yes, that may be a shock. But it's a shock worth experiencing. A wake-up shock. Though we usually don't like waking up. But every wake-up brings a new day. That's exactly how it is. A shock is the herald of a new narrative. A new narrative of our life. A new redemption. In the good sense. In the stride toward perfection. The perfection of being. Through spirit. For spirit. For what else would we fight? What else could build us? It begins with foundations. But it doesn't end there. So let's try and spread our wings. Learn to fly. Effectively. Not to fly away. But to possess the skill. One we can use. One we can delight in. Because it will nourish us. Because it will make us masters in our field. In conscious living. In experiencing. In recognizing good as a current of air. One we'll ride. One we'll use. Yes, these are beautiful things. Things that once bound us will be left behind. We'll already be far away. We'll be in adoration. Yes. It's uplifting. When true destiny is fulfilled. The destiny of will. Through will. From our own will. Just as we want. Just as we can. Built by love. Adorned by the freedom of flight.

stewardship of goodness or on managing a spiritual fortune

Yes, each of us possesses a fortune. One assigned to us. Destined for us. But not to flaunt it or hoard it. It is meant to be shared. A spiritual fortune. A fortune that flows from the heart. A great value. Our heart is incredibly sensitive. It produces immense amounts of love. It is up to us to transform that into action. It's like dough ready to become bread. It has been prepared. Now it just needs to be baked. It needs its time in the oven. The same goes for us, and the creations of the soul. Creations of the heart. They must be properly interpreted. They must be used for their purpose. Transferred to the soil of life. Transformed into deed. And for this, the mind is useful. For figuring out what and how. One thing is what we feel, and another is how we convey it. Whether it's done properly. Whether the results are satisfying. And it's not about setting a high bar for ourselves. It's not about maintaining certain standards. Though many do just that. They reverse the situation. They don't listen to the heart. They operate solely from the mind. For example, someone decides to donate five percent of their income to charity each month. No matter what, they put "five percent" into "help." And that's a poor motivation. A motivation of the mind. Of logic and a chosen strategy. We must be wiser. Our help must begin from a need of the heart. From the voice of

the soul. From inspiration and impulse. That is the right motivation. We feel that someone needs help, and we help. Sometimes with action. Sometimes financially. Sometimes with a word or a gesture. It depends on the situation. But what's important is that motivation. That really makes a difference. That builds a person. Following the voice of the heart. Mechanical helping yields little. Helping because "it's the right thing to do." Volunteering to have a clear conscience. I wouldn't bring conscience into it. This is a matter of our spiritual fortune. Of what we produce ourselves. Of what we can share. Because we want to. Because we feel it. Using conscience as a scarecrow is a poor choice. "I'll do this or that, or else I'll feel guilty." We're setting ourselves up for slave labor. Labor under threat of punishment. That brings no spiritual merit. No true alignment or understanding of the problem. If we truly understood the problem and the need, we wouldn't need to scare ourselves with guilt. Precisely. The whole trick is to understand. To be able to feel the situation and the needs of others. Their lacks. Their shortages. Their afflictions. Not everyone is starving. But how many are afflicted. Depressed. Excluded. We pass them by. Because they don't lie in the street like the homeless. But here, help is most needed. People truly need help. Many. But they're afraid to ask. Speaking about one's problems is hard. So we must understand. Be worthy of trust. So that someone opens up to us. So that we can respond properly. These are complex matters. We often walk past them and don't understand. And we don't notice. Why someone acted the way they did. Why someone cries, or yells out of frustration. Why someone is late on their rent, or other bills. Or can't afford a doctor or specialist. The situations vary. What matters is to respond appropriately. To notice what's around us. Yes. Sure. You can donate to children in Africa. Maybe your conscience will settle. Or maybe you'll convince yourself that it has. But help starts here. Around us. Among those we know. More or less. Maybe a neighbor. Maybe a distant aunt. Maybe a cousin. Or someone we regularly see at the store. Sometimes those "strangers" are closer to us than we think. Similar. Facing the same or similar problems. That we have. Or had. Easy to spot, if our eyes are open. Exactly. We must open them. We must look. Not just exchange pleasantries. We were taught something else. To be polite. To check people off. "How are you?" "Good." "Me too." "Bye." And that's the whole conversation. That's not how you build a person. That doesn't come from our soul. That's the mind's shallowness. Its reliance. Let's not rely on the mind. Let's use it. Let's rely on our soul and heart instead. These are true guides of love. They motivate us. If we listen. To hear and to see. These are great powers. And sharing our spiritual fortune. We won't be depleted. Because the more we give, the more we produce. That's how it works. Like a great factory. Inside each of us. The more attentively you listen, the more attentively you see. The more attentively you see, the more attentively you give. The more attentively you give, the more attentively you produce. And attention becomes your mother. It feeds you. It lets you grow. Become greater in spirit. Become more noble. And that brings joy. And you will have more and more of that joy in your life. And I wish that for you. And I wish that for everyone. That you help from the heart's need, not just anyhow. Not mechanically, but spontaneously. Not superficially, but to the point. Knowing what someone needs. Feeling you're doing the right thing. It's a great feeling. Incredible. When you know you're doing exactly what's needed. For someone else. So that they smile for the first time in a long time. Precisely. Let's not forget those near us. Everyone needs help. Sometimes more, sometimes less. Sometimes our presence is enough. Because loneliness hits many. Drains their life. So let's

read the signals properly. Let's care about the other person. That's an incredible power. When you're on a roll. When you give something to life. When you make it shine brighter. And that's how it should be. Our factory produces much. Our resources are nearly unlimited. We constantly replicate them. Multiply. Add. So why should they go to waste? Let's use them! Let's use the time we have. Let's not throw time in the trash. On junk activities. On junk habits. We can use ourselves better. We can be useful. We can be a source of smiles and comfort. It's not always about money. But sometimes it is. Sometimes you can't do without it. So ask yourself whether you really need that fourth coat. Don't the three you have suffice? Exactly. Proper allocation of resources. Both spiritual and material. They share a common trait. They create smiles. They lift burdens. So let's believe it's worth it. That we can be of use. That we can light up someone's face. That's a beautiful feeling. Let's not run away from it. Let's not turn away. Let's do good. Let's multiply it. We have the resources. We have the will. All it takes is listening to the heart, and responding appropriately. With the help of the mind. Directing it. Not the other way around. The mind should not dictate what's good for whom. The mind always takes shortcuts. Chooses the easiest way. So as not to tire itself. So as not to work too hard. And sometimes you can't avoid effort. Or diligence. Or persistence. Let's arm ourselves with patience. Let's inquire. Let's desire. Let's create goodness. And once we begin, we'll understand how much that goodness means to someone. We'll understand then that helping and sharing makes sense. So let's share. Let's seize the opportunity. Every moment. Because every moment is an opportunity. A possibility. An invitation. To remain in the discovery of ourselves. Through listening and looking. It doesn't get simpler than that. It can't get any simpler.

sowing fear on remaining yourself

Yes, some people sow fear. They spread dread, surround spirituality and inner growth with an ominous aura, sectarianism, superstition. They want people to be like everyone else. Conformed. Molded from one form. Far from liberation. Far from the idea of happiness. There's even a whole movement of so-called freethinkers, people who scorn religion, who are styled as fashionable, who point the way and say: follow us, this is the only path. Intelligence is with us, so, what, you don't want to be considered intelligent? Of course you do. You're smart. And smartness, they say, is far from religion. That's how it's sold. That's how it's promoted. And I think it's a scam. A kitsch of new-thought. A cheap trick, painfully obvious. Because happiness cannot be on the side of those who criticize, who see the world in black. They are not happy. They only want to pull you into their darkness. They want to burn your house down, the house within your heart. I don't know why this posture is convenient for the world. I don't know why it's promoted. Why their fire is stoked. I don't know. But I do know this: this is not the way. The path does not lead through detachment and isolation. And criticism and freethinking mean distancing yourself from yourself. Isolation. Far from goodness, freedom, and beauty. And it persists. But I say this: listen to

yourself. Let us all listen. And then we'll hear the answer. Those who sow fear listen only to their mind. And that's a deceptive road. A path through thorns and brambles toward a stream with no exit. You can sink. In some places, the earth deceives. And there they want to lead you. All of us. Right. But the wise will not feed that fire, kindled to destroy. Fire can also build. But not this one. This is another fire. This one is only ruin. Far from spirituality. Far from the roots. From what is traditional and forged. This is not a good road. Fear-sowers. Yes, a kind of illness. A kind of anger looking for a vent. But we can protect ourselves. Turn away from the rhetoric of evil. From plots and schemes. We don't have to take part. We don't have to step into it. Today, anyone can build themselves as they please. No one can forbid us to be ourselves. But they can try. Fuel uncertainty. Undermine us with "good advice." And so on. In many ways. Let us remember, not everyone wants our happiness. Not everyone wishes us well. Not everyone encourages fulfillment. Not everyone promotes growth. Some don't like it. And they fight. And they try. Any way they can. And we must know what is good for us. Which side is right. Without firm conviction, we won't survive. We'll break. Without the belief that only a fool turns away from good. Right. This whole turning around, reversing. We always have the option. We can leave the path we're on. Sometimes it's for the better, sometimes not. That's why attentiveness is needed. Commitment. Committed people are harder to sway, to turn around. And this goes for both directions. Someone committed to inner growth won't easily stray from their path. And a committed freethinker won't convert to listening to the heart and abandoning the mind. It's a different logic here, reinforced by practice. Freethinkers operate on the cult of mind. In every possible way. The spiritual-minded operate on the cult of heart. The cult of soul. Guided by other principles. Naturally so, because they spring from different sources. They have different origins and different aims. That's how it is. I advocate peace between these two perspectives. I believe neither should cross the other's path. We live in different worlds, why mix them? Why tamper with something that isn't ours? Let's respect our distinctness. Our choices. And not interfere. Don't try to convince the freethinkers that the spiritual path is the only one. It's enough that they see and know it's possible to live differently. They carry that in the back of their minds. They know their path isn't the only one. Maybe one day they'll discover the taste of a road other than the one they now travel. But don't force it. Everyone has to mature in their own time. Not everyone will, but that's not our concern. We won't save the world by force. Oppression has its rules, its tactics, its tools. It moves in its own way. Nothing to do with us. Just as they have nothing to do with ours. And don't misunderstand me, I'm not creating an "enemy." Freethinkers aren't enemies of the spiritual-minded. Even if they sometimes behave that way. I do not create enemies. I don't encourage that. If you care for your growth and listen to your heart, you won't have any enemies. An enemy is a construct of a battling mind. A projection of inner conflict. People at war with themselves look for enemies. We must not do that. We cannot. We are not at war with ourselves. Not with our own selves. We are far from toxic attitudes. Far from stealing anyone's chance. So let's not do it. To fight would only reinforce the convictions of the other side. Religions sometimes made that mistake. They sought enemies. They went to war. But that only strengthened the other side. Let's not repeat those mistakes. That's old. We don't need it. In these times, we can live in peace. Side by side. Respecting each other. Showing we can cooperate. That there are always points of connection. That despite differences, we

have much in common. We are human, so we are similar. No matter what path we walk through life. We can support each other and help, as long as it doesn't trample someone's independence. Independence must be guarded. We must remain ourselves. We can't let someone tinker with us, especially if their stance is far from ours. So let's stay ourselves and rejoice in that freedom. That independence. That well-being. Let's be glad we can build our way. That no one can shake our foundations, unless we invite them in. Unless we help them tear us down. For a person can only be destroyed with their own consent. Destruction without consent never works. When someone resists and says NO, they stay true to themselves. To their stance. But if they invite a hostile destroyer in, offer them tea, serve them cake, it ends badly. So let's not try too much. Let's be good neighbors, or colleagues. Let's help each other, in things that unite us. But in what divides us, let's keep distance. In our stances. In our values. We must guard our own. Water them. Nurture them. And not mock ourselves just to fit into certain company. No. It's not fitting. Mixing two incompatible dishes isn't fitting. You don't eat courses one after another that clash. That differ wildly in taste. It just isn't done. So let's not try it. We'll get burned. Let's stick with what's ours. What's good. What arises from light. From the sense of beauty and wholeness. Let's hold fast to God and the path to Him. Let's stay close to those who walk that same road. And let's be glad that we can. Remain ourselves. Not be at war with ourselves, like some are. Not fight. But appreciate. That we can, and that we want to. Let's remain unchanged. Because I am I. Not some strange game.

mitigating circumstance or on what not to get into

There is no leniency granted for our ignorance. It's not something we can hide behind. It's not a justification. Ignorance is a chosen obstacle. It is willful blindness. Everything around us cries out and screams of God's magnificence, and we respond with, "We didn't know." Everything reminds us of the possible connection, and we reply that it's not possible. Because we don't know how. Or at least that's what we claim. We cultivate ignorance. Many of us do. It's easier not to know. Then we feel no obligation. We are not faced with the one rightful choice. Because we pretend not to see it. That's our tactic. Of ignorance. Of denial. Of rebranding. But what does it really give us? We think it gives us a lot. We think it's the easier path. The more dignified one. But we will not enter the so-called heaven with a CV filled with ignorance. Started with ignorance. Kicked out because of ignorance. Moved on to another ignorance, and there was accused of stealing. Ignorance. A poor CV. It messes with our heads. Sometimes it's imposed. Sometimes provoked. But it's not something separate from us. Ignorance becomes part of us. We even end up bowing before it. Someone tells us it's convenient. Another says it's fitting for modern times. I don't buy it. I see no merit in ignorance. It's escapism. Living in a soap bubble. Avoiding real life. But someone might say, "But I'm doing just fine. Ignorance isn't stopping me. My life is in order. Compatible." But compatible with what? Ignorance has this quality of making us lazy. It shifts our focus to

unimportant things. It speaks its own language. It eats alone and never tips. Ignorance wounds with its ignorance. It cripples us. Breaks our knees. It's painful, but we don't feel it. We prefer our way. With ignorance in the background. At best. But often front and center. As a mother. And that breaks us. But these are our choices. No one can make them for us. No one knows better than we do what we need. But that "we" is our awareness. Our listening and seeing. And when we drown in ignorance, nothing reaches us. Only cravings and hunger. Only the accumulation of wealth, and betrayals. That's how it spreads. Whispering that life is meaningless. That it's just fun and duties. That it's just about multiplying and investing. But I believe there's always room to invest, in yourself. Differently than those who lean on ignorance. Investing in yourself is about understanding. About the matters of the spirit and translating them into action. Into practice. That's how it works. That's the invitation. So don't say, "This doesn't concern me. I'm not religious." No one demands that of you. Religion may be a tool. A simplification. But you can go without it. Though it's harder. But possible. You can delve into true knowledge. Not the university kind. But the knowledge of experiences and connections. The knowledge of discoveries, and the ashes of neglect. Indeed. Caring for oneself is essential. We're taught to care for a spouse. A child. A parent. But no one says we must care for ourselves. That gets overlooked. Yet it seems to me that's the foundation of truly caring for others. If you don't care for yourself, how can you know what someone else needs? What kind of understanding? What sort of repetition? Yes. We are all connected. We influence one another. We build ourselves for others. If we look and see. Otherwise, we fall into narcissism. Into thinking only of ourselves. With ignorance in tow. Because it's comfortable. Because it's easy to repeat. Because it demands little from us. And we like low-demand tasks. Things that don't ask much effort. The spiritual world, by contrast, seems complicated. Unreal. Full of allowed and forbidden behaviors. But that's not the point. It's not about rules and obligations. Not about prohibitions and faults. Spirituality is something greater. It's shaping oneself in the divine image. It's finding common ground. Coming close, and reconciling. These are wonderful things. Unimaginable experiences. That's how it is. If we don't try, we won't know. If we're too lazy, we won't get much from life. That's the fate of the lazy. They receive little from life. Because life is designed to shape and teach us through effort. Whether it's self-work, relationships, jobs, or hobbies. It's all meant to grow us. To add something beautiful. A beautiful brick. That's the fruit of effort. Something that strengthens. That harmonizes. That doesn't inflate. But gives honest profit. Not necessarily financial. Because work isn't about money. It shouldn't benefit our minds. It should benefit our souls. Our hearts. That's the truest motivation. I can't explain it any better. You have to experience it yourself. Conscious effort and its rewards. When you know why and for what you are working. When every minute brings joy. When you finally spread your wings. A beautiful idea, you might say. But how to achieve it? How not to be betrayed? Practice, practice, practice. I will always say that. Following the heart, not the mind. Forecasting and growing that forecast. Cleansing what is stained. And then you can begin. And it's worth it. Worth growing. Blooming. Bearing fruit. That's what we were made for. That's our label. For single-use. Exactly. Use. So let's use ourselves. Let's take the chances that come our way. Polish our circumstances. And go for it. Without unnecessary bloodshed. Without striking blows. Fighting with goodness is a beautiful idea. Easy to make real. Easy to domesticate. There are all kinds of animals. You

can't domesticate a panther or a leopard. They remain wild. And the same goes for our ignorance. We won't control it. It will do what it wants. It will tempt us with its detours. With burdens and downfalls. But there are animals perfect for companionship. Like dogs and cats. That is conscious life. Awareness. Discovery. Because all that is good must one day be discovered. Experienced. Tried. It's not enough to share dry knowledge. Without trying. It won't work. It won't bring benefit. So let's focus on what matters. Let's work on ourselves. Let's deepen what brings joy. Let's fine-tune what fails us. Sometimes all it takes is a small fix. A watchmaker rarely replaces the whole mechanism. He usually repairs what can be fixed. And enjoys helping. And growing in his craft. So we, too, must grow in our spiritual craft. Let's draw out the good. What catches our attention. What pays dividends. But also the hard stuff. To be fixed. To be repaired. They give us even more. Let us grow, dreaming of awareness in every act. Of being creative, not repetitive. Of not copying what hurts, or provokes evasion. Let us rejoice, because no one has condemned us to ignorance. No one forces it on us. So we can. We know how. So let's take advantage of this conscious arrival. Let it be the start of a series. A flock. A rush and delight. A delight for the soul. Because what else would delight be for?

the view of sleep

on what is visible

Only when we unite with God do we truly see that the world is asleep. In a deep sleep, a dreadful and seductive one. Were it not so tempting, so many would not sleep. Were it not so sorrowful, it would not be such an invitation to connect. And yet it is, the greatest possible invitation. For the attentive observer will notice in that sleep a lack. Will sense that something is off. That within this slumber, man suffocates. That there is no nourishing food, no hydration, no sunlight in the morning. Such are dreams. They live their own lives. They do not care for our well-being. They are designed to wound. The mind runs wild in them. Twisting truths. In the world's cacophony of makeshift ammunition. That's how it is, with this sleep and with this connection. This liberation. This release. Because this is what it's about. Freedom. And freedom exists only for those who are awake. For the connected. That is why it is worth the effort. Worth striving and toiling. Worth opening our eyes and knowing. It is an exquisitely attractive task. It brings grace. It brings wisdom. Worldly people speak of indulgence. That freedom is madness. Doing foolish things. Living wildly. All in. I think that's the deepest phase of sleep. The farthest from awakening. The very bottom. Indeed. And we think we know. And in our opinion, and we spiral in mental chatter. In academic debates. In trivial annotations. Yet life is about beauty and discovery. And how can one speak of beauty without seeing God? How can one discover if He remains a stranger? Then what have we discovered? What discovery could be greater? Precisely. And I believe, it's worth it. That this is why we are here. On this planet. To behold beauty. To discover. And not to sleep through life. For sleep too long brings sores. One cannot function. The mind is elsewhere. Still dreaming. Always dreaming. But what for? Why walk into it? Yes, you might

say, someone has already pushed us into this. So then leave! Who's stopping you? Anyone can end that dream and begin to live. To function as a sentient being should. Man is called a thinking being. And so it is. But he usually only thinks within the limits of his dream. I promote the escape. To become a feeling being, one who cherishes freedom. Who has come to know God and feeds on His power. It is possible. But not on intellectual grounds. On the grounds of spirit. For all connection is spiritual in nature. So what use is argument? Weighing the importance of things? Debating utility? That's not what this is for. These are not thesis materials. These are the pure emotions of survival. Because a man without God cannot survive. Even the feeling of the possibility of survival uplifts. And its fulfillment? That's something magnificent. The connection. It ennobles. It draws a distinction like between a piece of rusted iron and shimmering gold. A glinting morning. Yes. We must strive. We must want to awaken. It's like casting out a demon from a possessed body. When someone is possessed, they need help. But the exorcist can only act with the consent of the possessed. With a fully conscious decision. And so it is here. I offer certain solutions. Certain systems of awakening. But only your conscious choice can put the words in motion. Can turn words into soul's rapture. Into the stirring of the heart. Into prompts and callings to action. To practice. To deliver yourself from this sleep. To escape it. Nothing works by itself. The will must move. I only bring the spark. The ignition. But without your will, nothing will happen. My critics will say this is unproven. That it's fantasy. That it doesn't work, and only a fool would fall for it. Such is criticism. It criticizes. But what I say is backed by the experiences of many great ones who lived in this world. Who were close to God. Who felt Him clearly and understood. Who lived in Him. The spiritual connection is a grand thing. To understand it in simple terms, I offer the image of a mother. A mother like many. But one who shares a spiritual connection with her child. She feels when something is wrong. She feels when the child is in danger. Even when they are far apart. The mother knows when her child suffers, or when it is dying. This comes from spirit. From the spiritual bond between mother and child. You can't prove it scientifically. Science fails. But this bond exists and works in millions. Millions of mothers. Millions of children. We have the evidence. Every mother will confirm it. And the same applies to God. Connection with God functions in the same way. It is a spiritual bond and closeness. It is responsibility and instruction. That is why I instruct. And it so happens that anyone can feel it. Anyone can unite with God. You don't need children. You don't need wealth or education. You don't need expensive clothes or to frequent fashionable places. Equal chances have those in small villages and those in big cities. The capital, let's say. That's how it is. And God invites. Encourages. With His beauty. Which shows that beyond sleep, there is life. That there is something else. That there is freedom. Enlightenment. Adornment. Yes. God always adorns with wisdom. I have never heard of anyone connected with God spouting nonsense or promoting evil. It does not correlate. It speaks another language. With other meanings. It's a whole different game. It reminds me a bit of a video game. When we dream, we are like a player controlling athletes on a console. Playing a match of soccer. But virtually. Not truly. But when connected to God, we become the real players. Kicking the ball becomes a fact. We see it and feel it. In the virtual world, we only see. But we do not feel. And that's the point here, the feeling. The difference. Let us then learn to feel, not just to know. Let us learn to be, not just to appear. Only on holidays, because it's proper. That will not work. A win in such a virtual life is a loss in reality. Reality is a symphony of feeling. It is

experience. Immersion. And not turning over to the other side because it's more comfortable. And if more comfortable, then more profitable. Right. What matters is that it is profitable to the soul. That it is attractive to her. And for the soul, what is attractive is experience in reality. And not in the imagined motions. Constructed by the mind. In the game of the body. Yes. Our body plays its game. And some are utterly absorbed by this fact. They think only the body is real. What it says. What it shows. What it desires. What suits it. What hurts it, or excites it. These are wild skirmishes. Like in some jungle. The alternative is freedom. Freedom of the soul is total freedom. Freedom of the body is chaos and escape from destiny. From connection. From beauty and abundance. For true abundance is to feed on divine bread. Or, if you prefer, potatoes with buttermilk. What matters is the outcome. That the connection strengthens the soul. Ennobles. Gives it vigor. Lifts it high. Yes. For no one connected is a loser. Yet so many people say near the end: I wasted my life. I didn't make it. Something was missing. Too many bad things happened. That's how it is. That's how it goes. The final choice is ours. Which direction we take. Where we arrive. What the outcome will be. Joyful or derailed. A runaway train to ruin. It can happen, but doesn't have to. Water and a bit of bread.

the spontaneity of life

or on what changes

Yes. That's how it unfolds. After connecting with God, a person becomes spontaneous. They don't plan. They don't try to prove anything. They don't twist or plot. They have no enemies and no expenditures, no unnecessary energetic expenditures, to be clear. But this spontaneity, it is the way. A new beginning. We can't start our journey with it. It appears on its own, over time. When we reach the right level. Because it is a different way of seeing and noticing. A different configuration of the human being. A system of experience and response. A system of bending when necessary. An ordinary person thinks. Analyzes. Breaks everything down. Will it be worth it? Will it be accepted? Will there be a response? But here, no. In spontaneity, there's no time or desire for thinking. For unnecessary analysis. That simply evaporates. A drying out occurs, and one begins to live anew. It is an entirely different kind of perception and experiencing. In a way, we give ourselves to life. We become that life. We fuse with what's happening. We react as needed. As it should be. Depending on the need, not on expectations. Precisely. We can learn a lot from spontaneous people. But ordinary spontaneity may be linked with emotions, and that's dangerous. Basing life on emotions, I wouldn't wish it on anyone. It's a battle with oneself. A jump from one extreme to another. Nothing good. I'm speaking of a different spontaneity. A complete one. Experienced. Resourceful. A spontaneity that asks for attention. Yes. A connected person is attentive. Conscious. And this attention plays a great role. Noticing the needs of others. Sensing unwanted states. Avoiding unnecessary turns. It gives us much. Being attentive. Being focused. Because distraction distances us. Living in a made-up fairytale gives nothing. If we're only interested in ourselves, same result. We drown. We must reckon with

resistance. But here, it's different. In full spontaneity, life is joyful. Because it requests itself. Because it demands itself. It says, "I'm checking," and you're constantly checking. You constantly see those heels. Weak points. Neglect. But you won't fix the world. You can set an example, nothing more. Through your behavior, not your reasoning. Through your repetitions, your spontaneous dance. Because yes, spontaneity can be repetitive. That's the highest level of habit. Of repetition. For spontaneity regularly shatters arrangements. Bonds dissolve, and what remains is her. Perfect. Fully human. Yes. Because being human is connected to spontaneity. It is the outcome of perfect development. The result of self-work and illumination. Entering into the light. Becoming the light. Yes. The situation demands it. Life demands it. It helps. Opens pathways. To happiness and understanding. Not to bloated desires and opinions. "Everyone has their own," says the proverb. But I believe true humanity is their absence. For who needs them? Why flaunt or prove anything? It brings nothing. Yet these opinions are always around us. Mostly. They tangle beneath our feet, and we trip over them. That's how it works. That's how it substitutes. And we could spread our wings and rise. We could prove to ourselves that it's worth it. Because it truly is. Because it pays off. The soul rejoices. Lives on its own terms. Yes. With spontaneity, much changes. Sometimes it is inborn. A rare trait, but magnificent. I have met such a person. It's possible. Some people are naturally spontaneous, and it's not based on emotion. A fascinating case. But most of us must develop it. If we wish to enjoy life. If we wish to be independent. Because this lifestyle is complete independence. Far from norms and appearances. Far from calculations and advice. We are led purely by the voice of the heart. And nothing else. That's spontaneity. Combined with rejection. Of what the world demands. Of what serves the world. The highest level. It's not about listening to the heart once in a while. On important occasions. But dropping everything and flowing. With the current. Allowing life to carry us. And simply staying alert to avoid harm along the way. And enjoying the sensations. The journey. The weather and the water. Everything. Yes, that gives us wings. But without letting go, it won't work. It just won't. Because this is the highest level. There's no place for tourists here. Who want to peek and then return to their usual ways. Spiritual tourism is fluff. It's shallowness. They understood nothing. They don't know what they saw. But they got what they came for. They formed their opinion of spirituality. It's pathetic. A downfall. A waste of time for such acrobatics. We must practice. Develop. Not doubt. And doubt, yes, it happens. It's visible on all kinds of retreats. People want too much, too fast. They want results now. Because "I'm trying!" So why does someone else have jhāna and I don't? Why is it easier for them? How does this work? Exactly. Everything is for us. All problems and conclusions are for our strengthening. To stretch us. It's like warming up before a match. It must be solid. It must take time. Every muscle must be warmed up. And so it is with spirituality. Before we begin to Live, we must adapt to the reception of that life. To its demands. To its sensations. So we find ourselves on the field. So we play for joy, not for the result. But beginners often cling to results. It has to be. It has to reflect the effort we put in. Every effort must produce a result. But in spirituality, it doesn't work that way. In spirituality, there are no results for merit. There is progress. Each day. Each practice stretches us. Prepares us for the real match. For life after connection. In unity. In oneness. Those are entirely different sensations. Familiarities. "Results," someone might call it. I don't. Because a result must be pursued. Connection with God, or enlightenment, however, is not the effect of pursuit. It's something

else. It happens spontaneously, because it is built on spontaneity. It arrives when we don't expect it. That's when it "gets us." That's when it appears. Exactly. There is no such thing as a spiritual experience unfolding according to plan. There is no checklist. No ticking off levels. Though I do have an idea that may one day be realized, a breakdown of the path into stages. But its purpose is only to awaken, not to be followed rigidly or to meet quotas. My writing plan might still find its moment. But your development plan should already be underway. We must not stand still. Like with my writing, "lectures," "letters," or "the mystical journey", they never stood still. They always worked. Always filled and pursued. And that's the pursuit I'm speaking of. "31 levels of union with God", that's what the short book will be called. It's something meant to awaken. To show the path. To show that we flow like time. Like a river that carries us. So let's flow. Let's get to know ourselves anew. Let's practice. Let's grow. Because we'll come up with nothing wiser. Nothing more beautiful than the path can meet us. Because all people, connections, experiences, and surprises are part of the path. They animate it. Because the road to enlightenment, or union, is alive. Let's not forget that. Let's live with it. Rejoice in it. Be nourished by it. And fear not, we won't grow fat from this. We won't lose our energy or drive. And what's left behind us, wasn't needed. Because to walk the path, you need very little. Except for commitment. Except for wonder and openness. To all that meets us. To what the wise never avoid.

message to the depth

on what comes after

Yes. Many wonder what comes after. What follows enlightenment or union with God. What one feels or thinks then. What one says. The answer is simple: you live. Fully. You enjoy this life. You experience every moment. But there's something more. You start encouraging others to work, to pursue spiritual growth. You inspire people. You teach, or help. There's always a way. You ask where that comes from. It comes from fullness. When you experience it, you want others to feel the same. Because you know this is the essence of being human. This is the heaven they speak of. That's why I encourage, just as many others have encouraged. Not because others did, but because it happens naturally. It clings to you. This light that radiates. That wants freedom. That wants to share that freedom. To take it out for a walk. Of course, some, after enlightenment or union, retreat to mountains or remote solitude. But that's the minority. A different path. A sacrifice of self. A total devotion to the work. Without end. But many remain. Most do. And they teach or help. One way or another. One thing is certain, after reaching the goal, you're free. You can do whatever you want. Nothing limits you. But not everything is fitting. Yes. Some behaviors are harmful. And they no longer amuse you. Usually that's the case. And it's a great relief. Because we always struggle with what harms us. Harm gives us nothing. It dims our light. It makes us fade. And vitality is what life is about. Activity. Lack of it is a waste of resources. And that's a real loss. We have strength and desire. It's up to us how we use them. For the benefit of others or for ourselves. Yes, it's all part of the path. It's connected. Everything is connected. Just as we are

part of a certain puzzle. And because of that, the enlightened or united act for the benefit of all. Someone always has to lead the way. Someone always has to point the direction. It's a kind of responsibility. Not to disappoint. To do what can be done and use the time to its fullest. That's how it is. Waste is the worst of treasures. If we assume everything is a treasure. But we can learn much from the connected. For instance, how not to waste. How to stay engaged. Without engagement, one becomes hollow. Yes. Some people do things half-heartedly. They slack at work. They help reluctantly. It happens. But they hurt themselves greatly. Even if they don't know it. One day they'll find out. Honest living means active living. Helpful. Sometimes falling, but even from such a dive, you can recover. You just need to want it. To try. To give your whole self. It doesn't matter what the task is. It doesn't matter if you're paid for it or not. What matters is your approach, which should always be the same. Always give your best. Because what's the alternative? Pretending and cheating? We need to be honest with ourselves. Honest with the world. Simple life. Yes is yes. No is no. I'll do it right, or not at all. Anything else is a game we're bound to lose. And intentional failures aren't character-building. They only enrage. Those that are deliberate. Yes. But it can and should be otherwise. We should feel responsible. That's a beautiful word. We should feel responsible for many things. It stems from understanding people and matters. From good upbringing. And good upbringing means motivation. It means not putting things off. Not saying "I don't feel like it." Not thinking "someone else will do it." Good upbringing is a system of actions, not a slogan. It's a system of obligations. Of good schooling. Of good outcomes. Because why settle for weak ones? People who live carelessly are not satisfied with their lives. They don't feel fulfilled. They know they could and should do better. Sometimes they turn back. Sometimes they change. It happens. Because of free will. You can always turn around. You can always start over. Remember that. Keep it in mind. Yes. It's worth it. It's worth following the heart and doing what's right. Otherwise, forget about reward. About happiness. Here on Earth. Not somewhere far off after death. Happiness is available here and now. Ready to be taken. If someone tells you there's no happiness on Earth, they're lying. If they say you can only be happy after death, they're deceiving you. It's not true. It's nonsense. You can and must. That's what spiritual growth is for. That's what fulfillment and connection, enlightenment, and arrival are for. All of it. Not made by humans, but by God. Yes. It's a divine path. And even if you don't believe in God, you can walk it. It makes no difference. You'll believe once you experience. You'll understand. That's how it works. It changes people, for the better. For the glorious. For the beautiful. Because that's what this is about, beauty. There is no happiness without a sense of beauty. If you don't find your surroundings beautiful, you won't be happy. It's a different way of seeing. Of appreciating. Of noticing. Yes. And that's why we're to listen to the soul, or the heart. They cultivate our sensitivity to beauty. Without them, we wouldn't know what beauty is. It's all encoded within us. Inside. We just need to brush off the dust. To open the little chest. The chest of experiences. Of soul's ecstasies. Yes. To hear them. To appreciate them. To fulfill and multiply them. It's all within us. It's all at work inside. We just need to learn to listen. To listen and transfer it into vision. There's no other way. Otherwise, we're just wasting time. And we don't have much time on Earth. Even centenarians... what is a hundred years? A blink of an eye. May it be a beautiful blink. May it give us much. Yes. A blink can be magnificent. If we make it so. Nothing happens on its own. Nothing is granted. You may

inherit money, but what are money? You can't inherit wisdom or happiness. You can't inherit how to use your time. Just as you can't inherit tenderness, smiles, kindness, or other beautiful acts. You can't inherit them. So don't act like you can. Earn them. Through your efforts and practice. By taking care of yourself. Your growth. A beautiful life. In awe. In wonder. I've said it before, there's nothing more beautiful than being in awe. You're of a certain age, and the world still amazes you. With its beauty and uniqueness. With its motion and complexity. Yes. It's beautiful to be in awe. To marvel and to cherish. Not to try to change. Wrestling with the world is not awe. It's rebellion. Horror. Displacement. The world doesn't need that. And neither do you. It can do without. There's a better way. A more beautiful one. A more glorious one. Yes. And I'm not talking about tattling on your friends. That might surprise some. What matters is carrying beauty to the finish line. To marvel at it. That fulfilled opportunity. The glory of the wise. Maybe no one will praise you, but the glory will remain. Yes. In awareness. In eternity. In experience. Some are worth it, and some, expected. Let us experience beauty. Let us brighten. In the only rightful motion, forward. Because why go backward. Why lose the way. Everything has been served. All we have to do is eat. So enjoy. Let us cherish the moment, for that's why it's been given. We didn't have to pay for it. We don't have it on credit. So may we be free, and certain, that we'll do what's right with it. That we won't disappoint the hope of the Most High.

added value on the beauty of everyday life

Yes. There is such a thing as everyday life. But it doesn't have to be a negative word. Something bland or burdensome. It has somehow become a custom to think of "everyday life" as something dull. But it doesn't have to be. Without boredom or monotony. With work and discovery. With creation. When you begin to create a new version of yourself, you will understand that everyday life has meaning. That it is beautiful. Because we have plenty of it. That is its greatest asset. We never run out of it. It is there, every day. Within arm's reach. So let us reach out. Let us stretch out both hands to everyday life. Let us grasp it and not let go. Let us use it for our growth. And the results will thank us. That is what it's all about. About working on ourselves. About growing. About shaping ourselves like carving stone. It won't happen overnight. But the effect will be stunning. And that's a good thing. And it's beautiful to work like this. For ourselves. For the greater good. For what surrounds us and affects us. It is a magnificent illumination. Everyday life in a new light. A gift. A wonderful opportunity. Because how we use it is up to us. No one is pulling the strings. No one is demanding anything. We have this time. We set the terms. And I'm not talking about dropping everything and plunging headfirst into self-development. The best growth happens close to people. Because they are a vital part of it. People fuel us. We do a lot also for them. We grow in order to feel better and to find our place among them. That's how it is. And so it should remain. You don't grow only for yourself. But through and for others. So let us value those who surround us. Even their irritation or anger. Even their cunning or manipulation. Everything happens for a reason. Everything reveals something. Sometimes we get a kick just

to mobilize ourselves. To remember how much work still lies ahead. Yes. All of this everyday life. All of it ours. The added value. What a beautiful word. What beautiful acts to remember that we can. And to use that memory. And to win more and more smiles. Because something has worked out. Because someone who used to throw us off balance now doesn't anymore. Because we are calmer. Because we have control over our emotions. Because we remember what truly matters. I've heard words like these many times. It's normal. When you work on yourself, you see the results. You see the effort. That it works. That it's moving in the right direction. Because nothing comes ready-made. No one arrives on this earth fully formed. And that's the beauty of life. That we get to shape ourselves. The worst thing is shaping yourself unconsciously. When society imposes your appearance. When you have no say, because you don't want to. Because you've handed over the reins. Because you allow things to happen as they will. At random. According to the motto: it'll all work out. The world will shape me somehow. When you go that route, there's a lot to fix later. A lot to change. That's why it is how it is. That's why awareness matters so much. And control over what we let into ourselves. What begins to shape us, and burrows. Or clogs. There are such stories and experiences. People closed off to growth. Because of some event. Because something blocked them. That can happen. But effort overcomes all obstacles. You can peel away any armor from the heart. No matter how tight. No matter how it hinders. You can, and must. For your own good. So that life regains its taste. And that's very important. That brings light. And that's the whole point. What else would it be about? So let us work on ourselves and thank the Highest that we can. That He shows us the way. Because it's a beautiful path. A path of perfection. Of light. A divine path. Only that one is worth walking. Only that one is worth honoring. Without falling. You ask, is it possible? The answer isn't straightforward. You can, but is it worth it? Sometimes when it goes too easily, we lose vigilance. We might get cocky with the results. Become arrogant or boastful. Because we're doing so well. So perhaps it's better when it's moderate. With ups and downs. That's easier on the soul. Negative movements also serve a purpose. Hopefully, not too many. Hopefully, they don't become the norm. And still, it's worth it. To work and to give thanks. To gain momentum on the right path. For the right cause. In the right environment. Because let me remind you, your surroundings also matter. The people you spend time with. Who and how you devote your time to. The world can spoil even the purest of people. If they are not careful. If they are not perceptive. Because it's not as though we don't know what awaits us when we do this or that. When we waste time on destructive habits. You don't need to be a prophet. Foresight. Anticipating outcomes. That is the awareness I'm talking about. And we're often unaware. When we fall into the rhythm of the day. When we act like robots. Repetitive and thoughtless. Without thought and without feeling. Then the soul's protective barrier doesn't work. It can't, because we drown it in automation. We move along some side track. Overgrown with weeds. We remember, we think, there used to be a path here, so I'll somehow make it. Somehow. But we don't have to. Not at all. That's why attentiveness is so important. That's why to be aware is to be vigilant. Awake, not just a repeating system. Of failures we don't notice. Of highs that aren't significant. Because they vanish. We don't follow through. We don't go with the momentum. Yes. But we should. It's worth seizing the moment. Riding the wave and building good habits. And I'm not talking about food or sleep. But about what truly matters. About what concerns us and the other person. Us, in the

context of growth. And the other person, in the context of relationship. Of building and sustaining. Effectively filling with love. Because a relationship must be filled with love, like a pastry filled with cream. Without the cream, the pastry is worthless. Without love, every relationship is incomplete. It will be from, not to. It will be return, not reward. Because a relationship exists for something. You don't enter relationships for convenience. But to strengthen. To strengthen yourself and the other person. It works both ways. It shines and gives energy. If the relationships are well maintained. We must remember them. Devote time to them. Nothing is more precious. Every relationship is built on time and love. Time is the pastry, and love is the cream. Time alone does nothing. Love alone has no place to flow. It needs time. Everything is interconnected. So let us care for ourselves and for others. Let us remember relationships. Let us remember everyday life. Which can be wonderful. Which can feel good. If everyday life feels bad to you, then you've got a lot to fix. But it can be fixed. Everything can be repaired. If we're willing, and devote time to it. Not just willpower, mind you. But what comes of it. The movement and the kindling. The positive one. The lighting of the flame of love and understanding. Supported by practice. Meditation and orientation. The great duo. Meditation alone won't get you far. We must be oriented toward the goal. Toward peace in stressful situations. Toward sustaining meditation even while working. Even while struggling with loved ones. Inner calm gives a person so much. There is nothing more wonderful than calm and relaxation. When we calm the mind, the body rests too. We need less sleep. We no longer require it so desperately. Because we rest even while awake. And that is the right direction for development. And that's the direction our everyday life should follow. The everyday life of practice and gratitude that we can. Of strengthening in action and calming. Of quieting. Of understanding. Through love, for love.

dread of the day

or on what wears us down

Yes. Some people are weary of life. I'd say most are. It comes from a lack of unity. From the absence of union fulfilled. That emptiness morphing into pain. That longing for happiness hidden somewhere beyond the mountains. Exactly. One thing is common to all who are weary of life, the sense of lack. The lack of this or that. The absence of what truly matters. Without God, there is no happiness. We can call it whatever we want. We can focus on smaller lacks, on the details, this or that, but it all comes down to one thing: we are not connected to God. We are not enlightened. We have not touched Heaven. And from that perspective, we see Earth as something bad. As something that hurts us. A source of torment. But it's not like that. We torment ourselves. We assign ourselves such a fate. We choose it. It's our decision, not the doing of external coincidences. We're not worse or different from those who live happily. Nor are we dumber than they are, whatever that may mean. IQ and university degrees don't matter here. Experience doesn't matter, nor sophistication, nor the number of countries visited, or appearances at fancy events. None of it matters. It all boils down to our effort, or the lack of it. Spiritual effort. Experiencing and

feeling. All happiness is hidden in those few words. Connection. Union. Enlightenment. Everything must be worked for. Nothing happens on its own. When it does, it means trouble. Because when something comes by itself, we'll have to pay for it, one way or another. There's no such thing as manna falling from the sky. It happened once, and we won't see that story repeated. God doesn't tell the same joke twice. That's how it is. That's how it plays. And we keep thinking about experience, about preparation, about what we're missing, and we blame that for the pain, for the difficulty. But no. We hold everything in our own hands. We can grow. We can meditate. Embrace silence. Quiet the mind. Practice kindness and understanding. Help others. It's obvious, after all, that good returns, twice as strong. So let's produce goodness, not sit idle with folded arms. Let's not complain about how bad things are, let's act. A true human is a human of action. Inaction is stagnation. It's falling. It's wasting the time we've been given. And we don't have much of it. So it hurts to see people doing nothing with their lives. Losing to time. And that's quite a feat. There's nothing easier than outrunning that old man. Time isn't fast at all. Time is tired of being itself. We, on the other hand, are fueled by being ourselves. Being ourselves lifts us. Finding ourselves brings joy that lasts. That multiplies. So let's appreciate what is. And squeeze all the juice out of life. Instead of being tired from simply existing. Tired from complaining. It's sad. Hard to watch. But sometimes we can whisper something to such a person. Not convert them. Encourage them, but not criticize. Criticism is never constructive. Because it comes from negative emotions. And the fruit of something negative can't be positive. That's even logical. But we often think otherwise. We think that lecturing and correcting will change someone. That criticism is meant to trigger change. It usually has the opposite effect. By criticizing, you reinforce a sense of anger in yourself and the other person. Disappointment. And everything negative must be ironed out. Yes. Negative emotions remind me of wrinkled clothes. They just don't look good. They hurt the eyes. It's not something that pleases. It repels more than it invites a smile. Exactly. But clothes can be ironed. Then they're beautiful. Just as they should be. Neat. Right. So let's remember that what comes out of our minds must be ironed out too. Even more so, what comes out of our mouths. We pay attention to how we look. To what we wear. That catches our attention. So if you care about a neat appearance, also care about the neatness of your thoughts and the words that come out of you. Yes. I'm deliberately adding "thoughts." Because it's not true that thoughts don't come out. They do. That's one. And second, they hurt us from the inside if they are bad. If they degrade us. If they fester in their negativity. You can see it often in someone's eyes or facial expression. Words say one thing, but the eyes and face say another. It's obvious when someone is pretending. When they're not transparent. Not honest. Exactly. The whole must be aligned, not just the surface. You wouldn't just iron the front of your shirt and leave the back crumpled. That's just not done. It doesn't work. It makes you feel off. Because you know something's wrong. You're aware of it. Yes. Not just words, but also thoughts must be pure. And to keep them pure, you need practice. It's something you can train. To break away from bad thoughts. From negative views of the world and others. It's a kind of illness. But a curable one. Practice, practice, practice. Quiet the mind. Help others. Work on yourself. Reduce stress. Change your approach, to many things. Yes. Because usually we trip up at the very start. In our approach. We approach negatively because of this or that. I've got memories, associations. I believe nothing good will come of it, and so on. A negative

approach is a cancer. It eats us from within. That's why I often say: live in the present. In the here and now. That's what it's all about. Don't bring past experiences with you. Don't be prejudiced. Don't look at people the wrong way. Sure, there are exceptions. If someone's beaten you three times, you don't go back for a fourth. But that's rare. Those are extreme situations. Usually, it's different, and our prejudices only harm us. They slam shut doors right in front of us. Opportunities. Yes, because we think. Because we know. Because we feel it. And those are usually poor judgments. Not worth much. Destructive. It's another thing entirely when someone has a good attitude, lives in the moment, appreciates people, and then once, a feeling. That something might happen. That maybe it's better not to meet that person. Sometimes it's true. And in that case, I recommend listening to it. But for those who are constantly full of bad omens, who are prejudiced toward many things, retreat isn't the answer. Yes. You have to stay open. Very few people want to hurt you. Very few want to use you. We're not the only righteous ones. We're not good and the world bad. That's not how it works. I don't agree with such thinking. And I don't encourage you to issue such judgments either. A positive outlook changes a lot. I'm not talking about putting on rose-colored glasses. That everything is lovely and we're skipping across rainbows. Let's not overdo it. But there is a lot of beauty out there. And it's a shame not to see it. It's a waste of time not to enjoy it. Not to appreciate it. Exactly. And here's that dread of the day. That gloom. Like a tick sucking our blood. Only with more power, because in this case, we see the loss. Yes. Let's not lose, let's gain. Those are big words. Important words. Think about how much you lose and how much you gain each day. On any given day. This one. The next. Reflect on it, in real time, while it's happening. Yes. Then you'll understand what beauty is. And why it's pointless to look for it in loss. Because it's not there, someone will shout. And I'll say, positive thinking reduces the number of losses. No prejudice. No expectations. That all trims the fat from what we lose. And it's not worth losing. Why would you? On your own volition? Exactly. Don't rob yourself. Strengthen yourself with what is beautiful. Build yourself with what is wonderful. And that, I wish for you.

visiting the needy or on helping to understand

Yes. The world surrounds itself with barricades. Endless walls. It closes in on itself. It flees from God. From light. From truth. And somewhere within all this, we are. How to find our place? How to respond? Well, as I've said before, not by converting, not by fighting fire with fire. But by visiting the needy. That is the only right way. To help them understand. Those who do not understand but want to. Those who are drawn in, curious about all this goodness, all this beauty. We can and must help. Those in need. Who ask what life is for. Who ask for explanation. We must shine. The soul glows with its own light. We must show that. Through ourselves. Through the facts. Through presence, not arithmetic equations. Simple speech. The speech of the heart. The language of kindness. Of understanding. For nothing can be more beautiful. Nothing more magnificent. To show how to live. And why we

live. For what kind of radiance. For what kind of repetition. Because it is worth repeating what is healthy. What builds us. Lifts us. These are wonderful moments that need no waiting. We are used to the idea that good things require months of waiting. But it doesn't have to be that way. Beauty can be here and now. We can draw from it. Be strengthened. Apply it. Beauty is not in short supply. It's an excess. But it is excess only because no one lines up for it. It is bypassed. Overlooked. Indeed. And yet it doesn't have to be. We don't have to reject it. To choose positions far from beauty. We don't have to lose it like yet another opportunity. Because helping the world is, in large part, helping ourselves. We are the ones in need. We are the ones perishing. That's exactly why it matters. That's why it's worth it. Every act of help. Every hand extended to ourselves. A marvelous thing. A step forward. Toward light. Toward understanding and soothing. For they go hand in hand. There is no soothing without understanding. And we have much to soothe. Because we've overturned many chairs over the years. We had time and opportunity. And we used it, without paying attention to the consequences. Without realizing we were hurting ourselves. That becomes clear after years. We begin to see that things weren't as colorful as they seemed. That we achieved little in the field of self-development. In other words, spirituality. But nothing is lost. We can rise. We must. And use the new opportunities. The current ones. Not the past. Not the ones yet to come. Only the current opportunities are alive, and offer us something. So then, let us go that way. Let us make use of them. Let us visit the needy. Teach them wisdom. Because only through wisdom can one grow rich. Not through expensive cars. Not through grand apartments. Wisdom gives strength. What good is wealth if you are powerless. Outwardly a shark devouring minnows, but inwardly trembling and tearful. Unable to face yourself. What was it all for. What was the purpose of all those years of work and climbing over others. That's it. So let's help ourselves. Let's repeat what matters. What flows from the heart. From the soul. All this wisdom about the world. About the art of love. Of creation. Of beautification. Of setting things in motion. For the good within us must be stirred. Set in motion. To act. To yield a result. To add, rather than slumber. Everything we need, we already carry within us. We are not lacking. Nothing stands between us and happiness. Or wisdom. Or understanding. We just need to pull the right strings. But to do so, we must become aware. Aware that we are in need. That we are the needy. Yes. Without need, there is no movement. Only stagnation. I once met someone who constantly said, "I don't have to do anything. I'm free." Sometimes they did something, but always claimed they had no obligations. And to me, it seems quite the opposite, we must. A great deal. As humans, we must show our humanity. Draw from fullness. From understanding and motion. Again, movement. I have spoken often of this. It is essential. To keep going. Not to lose pace. Not to slow down or race ahead. Like a river carrying a branch. The branch does not fight the river. It doesn't resist, doesn't try to alter its course. It surrenders to it. And we too must surrender to life. To God. To what fills us. With grace. With talents. With opportunities to seize. Because we are in motion. It cannot be that we occasionally rise from the couch and do something out of pity. That is stasis. I speak of activity. In all things. In development. In beautifying. Without movement there is no result. And without result, no beauty. At least not for us. For beauty must be worked for. Created. Sure, we can say this or that is beautiful. But that's not the point. Real beauty flows from us and returns to us. It circles. It spirals. That's right. We stir it. We awaken it. And set it in

motion. With our actions. Our talents. Our possibilities. Our repetitions. Our activity is the engine of happiness. If we don't set beauty in motion, we won't be happy. And we should be. That's why we live. To touch God. To connect. To live in joy. In understanding of what is human. Truly human. And that which is human, obliges. It comes with duties. We must surrender to them. Flow. We must keep our heads above water. We have to breathe somehow. Yes. So that we don't lose ourselves. So we don't drown in what suffocates. In worldly dilemmas. This or that. But there's another way. And our entire journey should be grounded in peace. Otherwise, it's not worth it. No emotional outbursts. No extremes. We are far from those. We should steer clear. Those are the near-drownings, the moments of gasping. But why? Better to drift peacefully. Better to understand ourselves. Without judgment. Without reports and lashes. Let us observe without controlling. People don't like controllers. They just nag. And what's the point of nagging. We should like ourselves. We should be glad we are who we are. Understanding but demanding. That's the best definition of a person. Without demanding something of ourselves, there can be no happy existence. That's the issue with "I don't have to do anything." A lack of demands is not care. It's indulgence. And I speak of care and understanding. Of why and for what. Why we are here. Why we have our goals. Our mountains to climb. Our problems to overcome. That is life. Let us not wish for a different one. Let us not wonder what it would be like to have been given a different skin. We have the one we have, and we must make use of it. Not fantasize about things that will never happen. And fantasizing has another downside. It pulls us away from reality. It makes it vanish. Because we live in "maybe," in "wouldn't it be nice," and "someday it'll be different." But if we do nothing, nothing will change. And certainly not for the better. Indeed. "Better" must be earned. It must be developed. And I mean the state of the soul. I mean the satisfaction of life. Through boldness. That's the only way. We must be bold and decisive. We must know what we want. What we want to create. So let's create. And let's help the needy. Let's make the needy into creators. They will build a beautiful performance out of what they needed. From the surplus. The surplus of beauty. That's what the surplus is for. To build from it. That's what I meant. Because that's exactly how it is. Because it cannot be otherwise. Because otherwise, it won't work. We must seize the moment and fulfill our destiny. And it is our destiny to be happy. And fulfilled. A fulfilled creator. Without that, we will remain eternally needy. And there is no need for that. It is better to choose the path of beauty. Of beauty and creation. So let us choose. And let us rejoice in it. Forever.

a closed chapter on beginning anew

Yes. That's how it is. And it all connects. A chapter to be closed. By us. For us. Precisely. Every story exists to be closed. Our failings and slip-ups. All that didn't go well, and even what did. We must gather everything into one story. A story to be closed. And close it. Leave it behind. So we may rejoice in God. So we may live in union. A new life. More beautiful.

More profound. Not for entertainment, but for fulfillment. Not to be liked, but to be proud of ourselves, for what we create, not what we can boast about. That's the whole meaning. A new opening. Toward goodness and understanding. Toward the music of the heart. All of it in one. Like a tablet for love. To awaken it. To return stronger. Yes, because we had so much of it before our earthly birth. We were made of it. And then came life, and disorientation. Some struggle and wandering. Confusion entered. But we can return to it. To pure love and understanding. To connection. No one forbids us. No one lays claim to our soul. We can do with it what we wish. We can trample it, or raise it up to the surface. That's the beauty of life. The beauty of free will. The multitude of choices. The quality of our memories. Because true quality comes from doing good. From creating. Not from avoiding. Not from pretending goodness doesn't concern us. That we don't care. That maybe there's another way. That maybe a shortcut would pay off. Nothing could be further from the truth. It won't float in that form. It will sink. Like a poorly designed ship. Yes. We need to mind the blueprints. The structure. The execution. Everything. Not to nitpick, but to define what brings safety. A safe journey is very important. So we don't miscalculate. Better not to count at all. Just to watch attentively. Observe. Know more. And comply. If goodness is universal, if it is confirmed by many religions, then we need not tinker with it. The heart will say the same thing. For all great religions were built upon the word of the heart. If they got lost along the way, that's their issue. Their problem. Let us not dwell on their mistakes, but on the wisdom that flows from those who feel. From those who care about the good of others. Who call for labor and compassion. For helping and multiplying goodness. Yes, that is the only right path. The path of working on oneself. So we may begin anew. So that our story is no longer a burden. Because it doesn't have to be. Throw it away. Let us remain with a new self. A self that is devoted and discerning. That feels and receives. It is a wonderful thing to find oneself. But you can only find yourself without the baggage. Without the story that smears us. Grinds us into dust. Irritates. Accuses and punishes. Yes. That's what stories tend to do. They like to punish and humiliate us. To remind us of every misstep. To show us how far we are from perfection. They are flawed, and so we don't need them. They are vengeful, and won't do us any good. And we must focus precisely on what is good for us. What leaves a beautiful mark. The mark of being touched by the Lord. The mark of illumination. Of lifting. Of listening to the soul. And it has much to say. It speaks through the heart. Loving and forgiving. It gives much. Takes nothing away. I once heard someone say that the heart steals freedom. That it told him to marry a woman who later stole all his freedom. I say that jokingly. And the person saying it said it jokingly too. But yes, the heart is needed. Heard. Tended to. Stirred. Yes. A well-functioning heart is a great ally. It gives us a degree of freedom. Of choice. It doesn't say, "If you don't do this or that, I'll be offended." We can cross-reference our "I know" with the mind. We just need to remember that the mind muddles things like no other. But sometimes it's worth it. If the girl is already beating you with a stick, she probably won't stop after she becomes your wife. That's for the mind to consider, not the heart. Exactly. Someone once asked me if the heart learns from its mistakes. I answered honestly: the heart doesn't make mistakes. But we may test it. Why not. If it makes us feel better. If we need reassurance. Yes. We can. But we don't have to. That's the point. What matters is resisting the belief that the mind knows better. Not thinking the heart is under-educated. That it's just a "gut feeling." Who knows what will come of it. Try those "gut feelings" and

you'll see the power they hold. How deeply they impact us. How decisively. How accurately. So let's stay with them. Rejoice in them. In those stirrings of the soul. In those whispers. But to walk the path with quality, we must do as I say. Bury the story in the garden. Leave it behind. Abandon it without murder. For murder is never worth it. It wouldn't work anyway. But leaving, it can be done. Abandon it, let it rot. And move forward. With an empty backpack. Ready to be filled with magnificent experiences. Born of God. Of union. Of understanding what is what. I've said this many times. To know what builds us and what harms us. What harms, depletes. What builds, is for the spirit. We feed it. And by feeding it, we hear it more clearly. Its whispers. We understand it better. We better carry out its words. And that is the essence of the path. To grow. To build. To be more majestic along the journey. And later to bear fruit. To yield. That is the meaning of human life. To bear fruit. To live for others. For that is the highest possible strengthening. Our proper place in the ecosystem of love. In that energy that permeates all things. In the divine energy of love. Which fuels. A mother, for example, giving her strength to raise her child. A doctor, enduring a long operation to save a life. The examples are many, but that's not the point. I'm not here to prove I'm right. I'm here as a signpost. A road sign pointing the way. I point to the heavens. But to the heaven on Earth. Not some cloudscape of virgins and cold beer. Those who count on that will be disappointed. I point to what is real. Here and now. What good we can do for ourselves. For our loved ones and strangers. For those we know well and those we'll never meet. The power of prayer, the power of compassion. The power of meditation. The longing for peace. The silence that fills. The silence that gives us meaning. And our stirrings. The language of the soul. The wondrous nudges in the right direction. Sometimes they are essential. Sometimes nothing works without them. So let's not try. Let's not attempt to write happiness anew. Pretend it's where it is not. In money and indulgences. In frivolity and loss of self. Only silence and contemplation. Only the melody of love. The trembling of the heart. Compassion and an outstretched hand in help. That is the way. Without burdens. Not mechanical, but spontaneous. Not repetitive, but one-of-a-kind. Alive. Yes, we may repeat acts of goodness. No one forbids that. But what is alive acts spontaneously. Reacts in the moment. Fills us with new energy. Because we saw this or that. Because we can respond like this or like that. In line with the situation. Yes. One must be alive. And to be alive, one cannot carry the burden of old stories. Of what irritates and harms. We must walk lightly and with a smile. We must be content and fulfilled. Fulfillment can come even after a few steps on the path. We don't have to wait twenty years. Because it's easiest to walk the path when fulfilled. When we see and feel, it's good. I'm doing the right work. I've arrived. I've connected. And I'll stay. And I won't stray from this path. For there is no better one. Because better is not possible.



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Marsin

born December 2, 1986 – present

What might occur, when one helps oneself for sure. Author of books that move the soul. Sometimes written in rhyme, sometimes not at all. But can we survive, without the rhymed kind? Marsin's books are available for free online. You can find them at: wilusz.org Under the cycles section. There is also an "in English" tab.

Everything might unfold, when we look into the soul, out in the cold. The court belongs to the Lord, and the story will be explored. You can read two beautiful spiritual guides by Marsin: "lectures. the mystical Path" and "letters. a journey into the Self." A great addition to these works is a set of parables under the title "tales with Meaning". In English, Marsin also published a poetry collection about Love: "the centipede they called Love" and four debut short stories gathered into one work titled "with a touch of Irony". It's worth it, the pages are still wet

with fresh paint. And so it shall remain, the
human task, clear and plain.

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