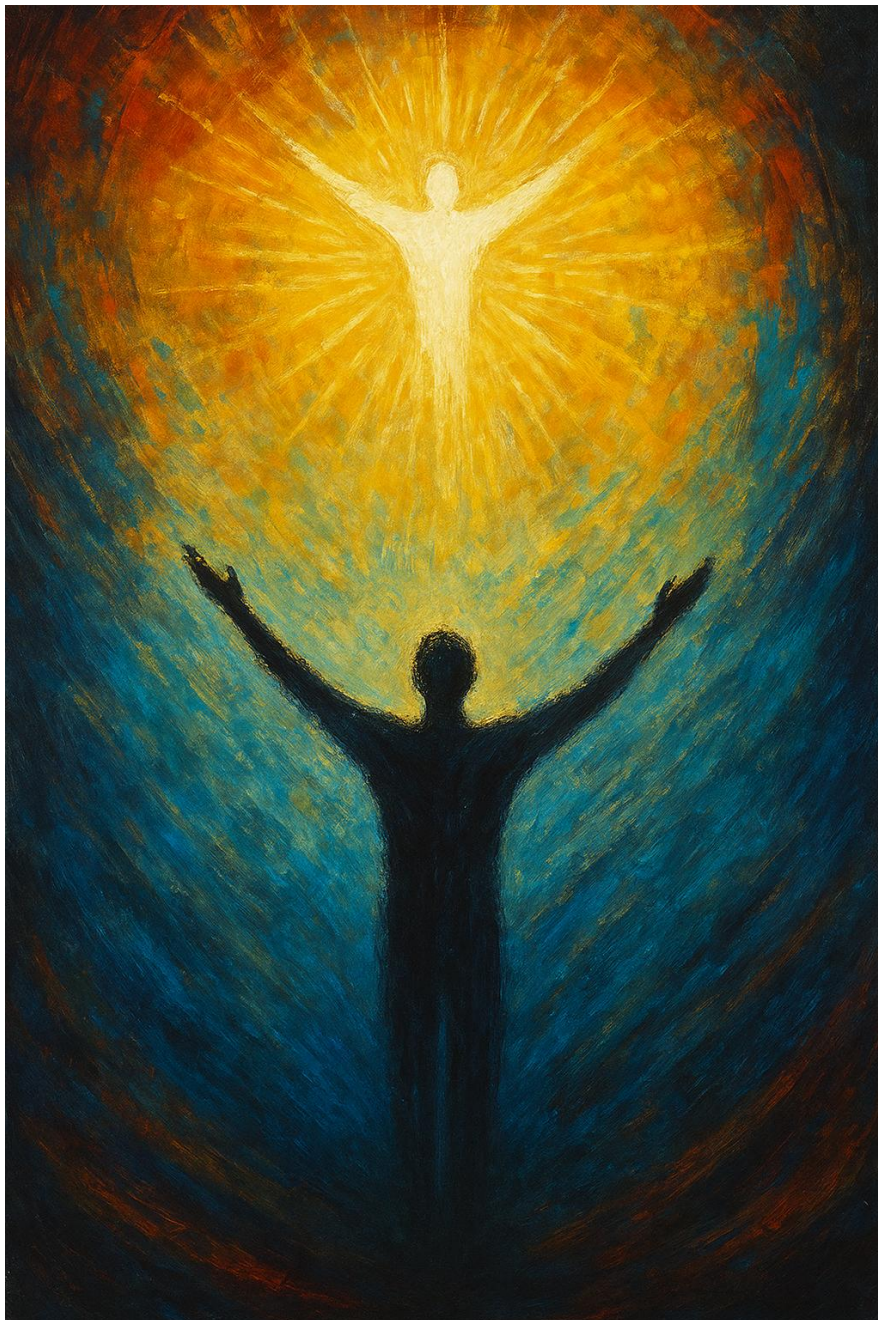


Marsin

i

**31 steps  
toward divine Union**



## the first generation

### introduction 1/3

The first generation will doubt and mock. The very idea of union. Even though it has existed for hundreds, if not thousands of years. Even though it has been spoken of for ages. Or perhaps because it has also been silenced for even longer. Because that's how it is. People want something to be fashionable and widespread. Only then do they respect it. If something is liked by millions, then to a human, it's worth joining. But the truth is the opposite. That which is most beautiful is for the few. Like the union with God. Which is not an idea. Not a concept. But a fact. A fulfillment of one's humanity. The first generation will not believe. To them, it will seem strange. Suspicious. The ramblings of a fool. Or a fanatic. That's what they call those who have lost their minds. Who utter nonsense. And that's how I will be described. Well. Such is life. Not everyone makes it to the mainstream. At least not right away. Not by the easy path. And certainly not the fast one. Besides, I'm not sure if being the dish of the day is any kind of distinction. When you're for everyone at every hour. That must be a difficult way to live. Though I wouldn't know. And likely never will. I won't live to see the first generation. Or maybe I will? We'll see. What matters is that there is disbelief. Because if there wasn't, it couldn't fade. And there's something beautiful about such beginnings and endings. New cycles. New openings. I'm a fan of those. They energize me. But yes, the first generation, laughter. That will be their hallmark. Because we don't only laugh at what is funny. Some laugh at what they fear. Others when they do not understand. Still others laugh to show disrespect. And I think that last one best fits the laughter aimed at union with God. To show that it's not your place. That you're intruding on us. On our minds. Except I'm not intruding on people's minds, but reaching for their hearts. Stirring the soul. To lift it into motion. To make it begin to work. Yes. Let it work. Let it prove its worth. But that feeling will not be known to the first generation. The first generation will be lost. Perhaps so that something may awaken in the next. Sometimes movement needs momentum. To come into being. Or maybe it's about the spark. A divine stirring. It's not mine to judge. Not mine to predict. And let it be clear, I don't condemn the first generation. It will give rise to the next. It is part of the earth's story. Part of the divine plan. It deserves no contempt or disregard. All should be respected. Even when they laugh at you. Even when they doubt you. Doubt what you bring. What you represent. That's how it goes. Sometimes something must pass before something else begins in truth. Like that movement and its momentum. Like a seed in the field. In the soil. It needs time. And sometimes time is counted in years. Not all plants take the chance to break through in spring. Some choose to wait for the next one. Or for one that may never come. It varies. But it's good that nothing happens according to a fixed plan. At least not one set by man. Because with God, it's different. And with us, it's like this: somewhere, that motion; somewhere, the smothering of the spark, or the kindling, the blowing, and the waiting for the flame. But the first generation will not wait for the flame. At least not when it comes to this teaching. The most beautiful of all teachings. The teaching of union with God. They won't ask whether it's possible. They'll trample it, just in case it starts to grow. And will it grow? We'll see. Time will tell. I will write it all down. What, how, and why. I will foresee it all, for the sake of what is good.

## **the second generation**

### introduction 2/3

The second generation will wonder whether it is possible. Yes. Trials and reflections. Some early experiments on living matter. But also the question of whether a movement without certainty is not in fact the proper movement. Union with God is not something we can break down into parts and conduct experiments upon. That is the most typical of errors. Rational perception. Overanalysis. The search for proof. To be sure before deciding. What are the downsides? What if it fails? Will I become a laughingstock? Everywhere the mind, the mind, the mind. Thoughts that kill truth. Yes. There are such thoughts. We know where they come from. Because the mind is not truly useful. And even if it is, then only in the most obvious of situations. I, however, would not rely on it, and I do not encourage others to do so. We have, after all, the heart, which is the mind of the soul. And it does not obscure truth. It does not hide it from us. We can use the heart always and everywhere. It is ready to help us. To gift us with its wisdom. A wisdom that arises from knowing. The whispers of the heart are always right. The whispers of the mind, deceitful. But the second generation will cling to the mind. And because of this, it will not benefit from my teachings. It will not feel the power they contain. It will not understand what truth is. Because the mind. Because distortion. Because doubt. Yes, the second generation can be called the generation of doubt. Or the generation of demands. For they will demand results and specifics. How does it work? What changes then? Does it mean we gain divine power? And so on. Endless questioning. Endless speculation. And perhaps it must be so. Perhaps one must first waste time on the mind to later regain it by following the heart. I do not know. Perhaps. But I do know how it will be. And the questions will be asked. They will be dissected. It will become the subject of debate and discussion. Even academic papers will be written on it. That's how it goes. But the mind will ruin everything. Because that's how it works. Not just in this case, but always. When you trust the mind, it drives you deep into the forest and leaves you tied to a tree. Perhaps because the mind comes from that which is earthly, corrupted. And the soul, or the heart, comes from that which is divine. It has divine origin. Perhaps that is the difference. The mind pulls toward ruin, and the heart toward divine glory. Yes, there is certainly something to it. And I have spoken much about this. Because it is important. To understand our life. Our actions and decisions. Without this fundamental knowledge, we won't understand the why. We won't be able to move forward. Consciously. And that is the point. The second generation will walk forward, but unconsciously. When you do not listen to your heart, you walk like a blind man. Without a cane or a guide dog. It must end in tragedy. You will fall, or step into oncoming traffic. It is inevitable. And so it will be with the second generation. It may seem like it is moving forward. It may try. But through the mind, blindly. Through the mind, we drift straight toward the waterfall. They do not teach this in schools. And that's a shame. I believe they fill us with so much unnecessary content in schools, yet teachings about the soul and the heart are absent. And those would be useful. We would not lose so much time. An entire generation wouldn't have to wander. But it will. It will not be set straight. Nothing of the second generation will be recovered. Well, sometimes it must be so. Sometimes something must be sacrificed to see results. That's from a broader perspective.

Looking over longer spans of time. But it's fine. It will be what it will be. I am not someone who wants to change the inevitable. Who wants to lead a revolution where none has a right to succeed. And that too is what life is about. Knowing where and how. What to press. To bring about an effect. And the second generation will wonder what exactly that effect is. And that is their right. And not a reason for criticism. But a reason to draw conclusions. From their failures. From their wandering. So that things may go better later. So that it may succeed in the future. We shall see.

## **the third generation**

### introduction 3/3

The third generation will put the union into action. Yes. It will happen in the third generation. Because they will discover how to see with the heart. Because they will discover feeling. And they will have the sense that through feeling, they see more. That is the essence of it all. That's what gives the whole thing flavor. For there is no union in mental form. Not the kind that can be expressed in words or analyzed. Not something to be subjected to research. Union with God happens on the spiritual level. And so it is not something that is "ours," not something material. You don't receive trophies for it. You can't put it on your CV. Your market value won't rise. But your spiritual one, indeed, it will. Spiritually, everything will change. Everything. And all of it will be felt by the third generation. Not all of them, of course. But by many. Many among them. Because people will begin to speak of it. That this is the fullness of humanity. That this is the method for achieving happiness. Peace and bliss. For in truth, I know no other. None better. None more effective. Union with God is ascending to the highest heights. What could be better? Of course, there will be those who scorn the united. Who mock them. But that is clear and expected. They are servants of the dark. The so-called rebels. I don't know why, but for young people, at least some of them, rebellion sounds appealing. As if the world were upside down, and only their defiance could help. Help the world and help themselves. A strange logic, but many fall for it. And rebellion is no good. Satan was a rebel. Had he not been, he would've found glory on the side of light. But he chose rebellion, and the fall into darkness. And if you truly look at rebellion, it always brings pain and suffering. Rebellion leads to victims. All revolutions and uprisings, even if said to be in a just cause, are rebellion and blood. For rebellion is never in harmony. Rebellion refuses dialogue and peaceful resolution. Rebellion wants battle and the imposition of belief. And that always hurts and brings only loss. So look closely at rebellion. And know where it leads. How it ends. And who invites you to it. And the third generation? Yes, it will be the generation of fulfillment. The generation of unity with the Lord. It will become fashionable, at least in certain circles. Among those who value the heart more than the mind. And it will do them good. And they will be remembered. They will even form a kind of movement. A circle of the enlightened. Someone might say enlightenment is only in Buddhism. And I say, without enlightenment, no religion could exist. None would. Without rising up and connecting to truth. It is impossible to be God's finger on Earth without

enlightenment. Enlightenment complements union with God. One flows from the other. So no, I won't agree that it belongs only to Buddhism. It is a broader experience, with more than one road leading to it. More than one path. And besides, there is something in the Polish spirit: "Impossible? Hold my beer and watch." And the impossible becomes possible. And that is exactly what happens with enlightenment achieved through the path of Jesus. It can be done. Why wouldn't it? One does not cancel the other. Union with God does not close any gates, it opens them. All of them. Every single one. We can, and we must. As long as we know what we can and what we must. And what not to touch. Not by listening to the Church or other institutions. Not by fulfilling textbook requirements. But from the heart. Listening to our own heart. Because everything is written there. And once united, we see and know more clearly. The data feels printed. We don't need to deliberate. Or analyze. The mind stops being useful for anything. That's just how it is. And the third generation will feel that. And the third generation will see it. It's just a pity I won't be there with you. Though... who knows. Maybe I will be. Within you.

## **1 faithfulness to oneself - no self-deception**

because we scheme

Many stumble already at this first step. And that is a mistake. For even if we do not want to continue onward, deceiving ourselves will come back to haunt us. One day, we will weep for ourselves, if we do not understand how important this is. This is the beginning, the entryway to living consciously. Or, as someone else might put it, the way to be happy. But we prefer cheap tricks. Telling ourselves, "I couldn't do otherwise," "It wasn't proper," or "Someday I'll change, I'll be more open," or "One day I'll do what I want instead of what I must", perhaps. Perhaps that day will come, or perhaps it won't. It seems to me that usually it doesn't. It's a bit like geological processes. Layers of soil or silt gradually building up. Over time, there's more and more of it. It accumulates. And it becomes harder to reach the original, the primal layer. So it is with us when we deceive ourselves. Another layer. And another. And we drift farther from who we truly are. And that's a problem. Yes, the key lies in becoming aware that something is wrong. That this is not how it should be. That it can be different. If we don't arrive at that realization, nothing will change. We won't stop the process of piling on. Of covering up. And really, the question is, what are we trying to cover, and why? After all, the human being in its original design is beautiful. Magnificent. So why do we want to bury that beneath layers? Because society demands it? Because we want to be better seen? Or maybe we want to see ourselves in a better light. Exactly. We want to be someone other than who we are. We care about appearances. Or about something we call comfort. It varies. As many people as there are stories. But they are all bound by one thing: deceit. Self-deception. A lack of faithfulness to oneself. Because yes, I believe we form a kind of marriage, a marriage of body and spirit. Of mind and heart. And I must add: behind the heart is the soul. And yes, the point is for this marriage to be harmonious and fruitful. That's the

purpose of any marriage. To bring joy, to strengthen one another, and to bear offspring. And so it is in the marriage of our body and soul. They should strengthen each other. Bring each other joy. And bear offspring. And that offspring is love. But not the love for a woman. Love for the world. In the sense of loving beauty. Seeing that beauty all around us. Yes. It is possible and necessary. But I've started from the end, from the offspring, from love. Yet to create that love, to become love, we must ensure our body and soul speak with one voice. That their marriage is in harmony. Yes, this is of utmost importance. Without it, love cannot exist. We will not see it. There will be no offspring. Though there could, and should, be. And we must be faithful. Our body must be faithful to the soul, to the heart. And the soul, the heart, must be faithful to the body. Usually, there are no problems with the latter. The problem lies with the former. When the body wants its own way. When the mind drags us aimlessly, to anything and everything. Just for stimulation. For noise. For applause. To be seen. And so on. The marriage of body and spirit is sacred. It is worth caring for. Worth knowing how to tend. And as in real marriage, the most important thing is listening. There is no harmony without listening. And it's the same here. The mind must listen to the heart. The body must listen to the soul. Because the soul is deeper. And it has divine origin. While the body is earthly, its origin and its desires. We must reconcile them somehow. Despite the friction. But again, like in marriage. The friction is only at the beginning. Then it smooths out. Then it flows. And so it is with us. And only by knowing this and tending to that marriage will we be faithful to ourselves. To be faithful to oneself is to care for oneself. And to care for oneself is to tend to the marriage of mind and heart. Of body and spirit. That's what caring means. Listening. Not shouting. Not exploding. You cannot say, "The mind wants this, so I will do it." You must talk it through with the heart. Consider what the heart wants. Find a middle way, or let go of the impulse. Because the heart speaks differently. Because the heart does not want to be buried beneath layers of dirt or silt. Or gravel or sand. What good would that do? Not listening. Not understanding. Not adapting. The idea is not to adapt to the world or to others. We must adapt to the marriage that is within us. To ourselves. We must discover who we are. That "I." Yes. And most people don't even ask that question. Who am I? What is good for me? Yet that is the most important thing. It is the beginning of the path. The path to God. Not to sing loudest at the pulpit. But to truly feel God. To understand. Yes. And how do we expect to understand God if our heart is buried under layers of earth? How to dig down? We can't. Exactly. That's not the way. Not through deception and self-betrayal. That way leads nowhere. We feel nothing. Because we think it's better this way. Because we believe it brings benefit. Well. First of all, if we say "I think," then we are like children in the fog. Blind. Not listening to the heart. Letting the mind lead us astray. And second, if we're focused on what will bring us benefit, we are lost from the start. I mean all benefits except those of the soul. That is the true benefit. The benefit of what is most beautiful within us, what demands our attention. Yes. Everyone knows they have a soul, but few consider that it requires care. That the soul needs something. Attention. Awakening. Nourishment through meaningful action and choice. The soul needs air. And we usually don't provide it. We take away what it has. It's painful to say, but the spiritual condition of most people is truly dismal. Even though they go to a temple once a week. Even though they donate to the hungry or sick. It's not that the gesture itself is bad. But what matters is where it comes from. If we act because the mind tells us to, we act wrongly. Marriage. The mind listening to the heart.

That's how it should be. So our visit to the temple or our help to the poor must come from the heart. Only then does it make sense. Not when we "must," or because it's "proper." Exactly. And for us, "proper" has become a god. We obey it as though it commands us. If it's proper, we do it. While betraying ourselves. Deceiving ourselves. Not thinking of our own well-being. Someone might say, "I always think of my well-being." But I believe most people think of maintaining a position. Of comfort. Of keeping things as they are. Even if "as they are" isn't truly good. Yes. We dislike change. We dislike examining ourselves. Where we are going. Where we are leading ourselves. We're not fond of that. It's not even laziness, really. It's that such analysis might reveal something uncomfortable. Uncomfortable truths. And we don't like discomfort. It's inconvenient. So we stay in our little hell. Inside. And we rot from within. We bury our soul beneath more layers of earth. Toward ruin. Telling ourselves, "Maybe one day." Maybe change. Maybe I'll act, if I see that it brings happiness. That movement will make me happy. But happiness must be earned. Through the marriage of body and spirit. Of mind and heart. It does not fall from the sky. It won't land in our hands. Waiting is in vain. Nothing will fall on its own. We must look within. Understand ourselves. And live consciously. Because only such life makes sense.

## **2 faith in the soul, and care for its growth**

because we lose it

But what does it mean to believe in the soul? Exactly. Because yes, most people, when asked whether they have a soul, will answer affirmatively. Because it's better to have something than to lack it. So yes, I have a soul. I'll say of course. The soul might come in handy. Or not. So far there hasn't been a reason to use it. That's a joke, of course, but there's truth in it. Rationally, we accept that we have a soul. But most of the time, we don't feel it. We can't say what it participates in or why we even have it. It's just... there. Do you have a soul? Yes. And that's the end of it. But with the soul, the matter is deeper. And yes, you can feel it. In fact, you must. The soul demands this. It calls. It cries out. It beckons. Yes, because it is our essence. But to taste its flavor, we must develop our taste. Like a sommelier. Not everyone can identify the bouquet of wine. Not everyone senses the notes in whisky. For most, it's just wine. Or whisky. Nothing more. Good or not. Pleasant or bitter. Refined or too strong. That's why true specialists of the soul are few. Because this craft must be learned. One must converse with the soul. And why speak with the soul, someone might ask? To hear what it has to say. To understand it. That's important. Essential. Even for simple folk. We don't have a soul for decoration. It's there for a reason. And if it's there, perhaps we should find out why. And that is where the journey of self-discovery begins. For we are the soul. Its voice, its understanding, is the heart. And we must come to know it through feeling. There's no other way. Through listening, as I said in the previous level. Without this, we remain blind. Blind and deaf. But we must get somewhere. Always. A human is not made to stand still. A human is made to move. To be moved. To be fulfilled. To repeat and renew what is good. Only that

has meaning. Only that is not a riddle. Because it's obvious. Because it gives back. When we invest in it. When we invest in ourselves. Because it's worth it. The soul is a value that can multiply. That brings either gain or loss. Loss, when we forget about it. Because that's how it is. Imagine happiness. The feeling of happiness. Now ask yourself, how do you recognize it? Through logical deduction, or by feeling what your heart says? Exactly. The mind can't prove: you have a house and a car, so you must be happy. You have a wife and a child, why are you still thinking about finding happiness? That's the mind speaking, and it offers nothing. The mind has nothing to say when it comes to happiness. Happiness is felt. It's the heart that tells us: yes, now I am happy. It's the soul, through the heart, that repeats: yes, this is the state to be preserved, and all will be well. This takes place on the level of feeling, and arises from the level of caring for the soul. Yes, care. Because with the soul, as with a woman, it needs to feel cared for. It must know that it matters to us. That's one reason art exists, to influence the soul. To stir it. That's why religions and spiritual practices exist. Meditations and more. Not academic studies. Not becoming a scholar of religion. But practice. That's the point. Caring. But beyond that, all forms of helping others. All acts of forgiveness. Releasing guilt. Cleansing. Contact with nature. Playing with children. And so on, endlessly. Everything that is good affects the soul. Because good touches good. Because the good soul receives its dose of goodness. Of expansion. Because the soul is like a person. A conscious person wants to grow. Aware that the lack of growth is stagnation. And one who knows the weight of spirituality wants to grow the soul. Because they know that kind of growth is the best there is. It purifies. It soothes. Of course, we can stick to learning languages or training in swimming. But the true difference comes when we place the soul first. Spirituality. Igniting the flame. Rocking the ship. That's the real difference. Something we will feel as lasting and uplifting. Because truly, it is. Because good breeds good. It multiplies. And brings gain. I've never heard of goodness bringing loss. At least not spiritual loss. That's not how it works. It's a very simple mechanism. It activates and sustains. It gives joy. That's probably the first thing we notice when we commit to soul work, joy. A person walks more brightly. A person knows they're doing what's right. And that brings great happiness. To know you are on the right path. That beautiful feeling can only be known by someone already walking it. It cannot be described. So I don't even know how to encourage it. You simply know you're doing right. That your soul is growing. That your heart is rejoicing. You feel it. And you have confirmation. In the smile on your face each day. That is a great value. It builds a person. Because that's the whole meaning. To grow. Like a plant. To grow. To seize opportunities, like good weather conditions. To grow. To bloom. To bear fruit. And to rejoice in the outcome. I think of it as true retirement. A spiritual retirement. A marvelous thing. When you know you have bloomed. And borne beautiful fruit. That rest. Like after well-completed work. That's a beautiful thing. It uplifts. It does not crush. Some retirements do crush. But only the ordinary kind. I know such cases. People who chased something their whole lives. Not even knowing what. And suddenly they were stopped. And they withered. There was no joy. No time for satisfaction. The pause destroyed them. The stillness was unbearable. That's why we must not rush in soul work. It is the power of calm and love. Of commitment and perseverance. Because temptation is real. Evil always tempts. Especially those who do good. Especially them. But it must be endured. Stay the course. Know that you are doing well. And continue. Grow the soul. Grow yourself. To bloom and bear fruit. But first, grow. Without

proper growth, there will be no result. Without water, nutrients, sunlight, and so on. These are the realms we move within. That affect us. And only we can choose to use them. Like a plant. It may drink the water it has access to, or not. Its choice. It will always choose to drink, because it is good for it. Provided there's not too much. But yes. That's the point. That we have a choice. Even the plant has a choice. But do you know why the plant always chooses rightly? Because it has no mind. Exactly. Without the mind, it's easier to recognize what's good for us. Which means that we, humans, have it harder. Because we must wrestle with our minds. Which poison and distort. They stir the still water. And it is no longer still. But muddied. Exactly. We must avoid that. We must live so that the heart decides. So that the soul gains decision power. For it is her well-being that matters. Because her well-being is our well-being. The mind's well-being is tied to earthly goods. And earthly goods pull us away from beauty, humility, and joy. And draw us toward loops, hunger, and torment. That's why we must choose. A conscious person always knows they have a choice. And makes it with awareness. If we believe we have no choice, we are neither conscious nor sovereign. We are lost. And it is worth playing to win. That's what I encourage. Let us care for our soul. For its good and its growth. Because the soul's happiness is our smiling face. Not a forced grin. Not a landmine smile. But one that rises from our depths. The face of one who knows. Who knows, because they feel.

### **3 Feeling the World Through the Heart, the Mind of the Soul** because the mind misleads

Yes. The world must be felt, not understood or dissected. We should not analyze the world. We should not judge it. Because from the perspective of the mind, the world is a terrible place. Full of flaws. And the mind magnifies those flaws. It drowns us in information. In countless analyses. It tries to prove how awful and difficult life in this world is. That's why people who call themselves "realists" wear such grim faces. Because they make charts and calculations. Because they need answers for everything. To organize their inner drawers. Because they are not themselves. They are merely minds. Nothing more. And being a mind isn't something pleasant. It's nothing exciting. You don't get medals for it. It won't help you achieve anything of true value. Not through the mind. Not through thinking. You won't feel better because of it. Life, after all, is made of energy. Humans generate it. Phenomena, animals, everything. The world is the energy of life that flows through all things. But also the smaller energies of anger or suffering. Emotions generate energy. So do events. But it's the mental energies that cause us the most trouble. The mind fuels emotionality. Repetition. Stammering. And then what? How are we supposed to feel and understand this entire energetic noise? How? Only through the heart can we do it. Only by feeling. There is no other way. Otherwise, we only guess. We shoot in the dark. The mind convinces us that it knows. That it has decoded the world. But it operates only on dry facts. On what it sees. And energy cannot be seen, it can only be felt. That's why the mind is unfit for deciphering life. That's why we will accomplish little through it. We will wander. We will try, but nothing

great will come of those efforts. That's what happens when we let the mind lead. And here's another thing, if the mind becomes the commander-in-chief, we fall from the throne. We are no longer in charge. We only think we are in control. But the mind does what it wants with us. It feeds us what it chooses. It manipulates us. And I don't need to explain how harmful that is. Life is too precious to be lived as the servant of the mind. To be stuck between two options the mind presents, both arranged to its own liking. So whether we choose this or that, it wins either way. That's weak. And it can be depressing. When we realize what the mind does to us. And it does. Always for itself. But there's no need to despair. We can change direction. We can change our way of seeing. Our perception. Our gaze. Yes, we must change allies. From the false one to the true one. And the true ally is the heart. Only it truly recognizes the energy surrounding us and tells us how to respond. How to adjust, or whether to walk away. The heart doesn't mislead. It doesn't claim exclusive authority like the mind does. The heart is always ready to help. And whether we accept that help is up to us. But we should. Because the heart brings benefit. It pulls us away from what is toxic and devouring. Especially from criticism. From judging and labeling. The mind constantly criticizes, categorizes, and judges. The heart does not. The heart prefers stillness. Its role is to sense the energy and signal what must be done. Whether to amplify it, or reduce it. How to behave. How to interpret. But interpret from a spiritual level. Another thing, the mind is always repetitive. If something similar happened in the past, it will offer the same solution. Because it's lazy. The mind often can't be bothered to reevaluate. It takes the path of least resistance. And that's bad. That's untrustworthy. The heart, however, is reliable. It approaches each situation individually. It examines everything anew. It doesn't rely on past responses. It doesn't summon old habits. The mind repeats. The heart creates. That's the greatest difference. A difference that makes a difference. That's how it is. And how it shall remain. Let us not forget all the times the mind led us astray. When it brought us to anger. To judgment and shouting. Because that's another distinction, between mind and heart. The mind is restless. The heart is calm. They are opposites. Like sun and moon. Like woman and man. Mind and heart confirm the duality. The union of what is earthly and what is divine. And yes, someone might say we cannot live without the mind. That duality is necessary. And they are right. When filling out taxes, we need the mind. When we go shopping. When picking up a child from preschool. But I'm speaking of something else, of how we see the world. Of how we perceive it. And if we use the mind for that, the results will be poor. We'll be angry and shocked. Because of war. Because someone killed a child. Because someone else harmed a woman. Or tried to deceive us. But if we view the same world through the heart, we will see so much good. So many smiles. So many possibilities. The possibility of growth. Of fulfillment. That is a great value. A value that builds. When it comes to seeing the world, we cannot successfully combine mind and heart. Because they represent opposing views. If we try to merge them, we'll create confusion. We won't know what is true. What is for us, and what is fleeing from us. Chaos. That's how it is. So better not to mix. Not to drink from many cups. One is enough. At least then we know it is ours. That it does not want to prove it is better than us. That it does not seek to control. Yes, if anything is to guide us, let it be joy. Let it be the heart. Let it be the understanding that there is no better way to do what is right. To feel what is real. The world of energy. Not the noisy mental world that screams and agitates. That helps no one. No one has ever benefited from staying in the scream. The

scream is weak. It leads to frustration and exhaustion. That's another point, by listening to the heart, we rest. Because the heart brings peace. There is no war inside us. So we're not so tired. Fighting exhausts. Denying and doubting everything does too. And the mind knows this well. It places us on that battlefield. Pushes us into it. Even knowing we won't find happiness there. That it brings nothing good. But it doesn't care. In this way, it reminds me of cancer. A disease. Cancer destroys the body, but doesn't care that it too will die in the process. Instead of limiting the damage, it destroys completely. And in the end, it dies too. So it is with the mind. Often by its own hand. Because it wears the person out. It never lets them rest. It doesn't respect what it means to be human. That without us, it cannot live. That it won't survive. But the mind doesn't care. And that's the proof that the mind doesn't think. Just as cancer doesn't think while destroying the body. The mind only claims it follows logic. That old saying. But the facts contradict it. The truth is, the mind "thinks" only in name. And when it does, it thinks only of itself. Not of our good. That's why we must stay with what is good. With what builds. With what energizes us. With the heart, that tells us what and how. How the world looks. How to find ourselves in it. How to feel good within it. Because we will not change the world. But we can change the way we see it. It does not have to be dreadful. It does not have to be bitter. Everything depends on us. And everything will remain with us, whatever we take from this world. At least as long as we live.

## **4 renouncing the lust for money**

because it rules us

Money. According to some, it rules the world. But it's not so. Money rules only over downfall. Over the form and circumstances of it. That's how it is, unfortunately. Whether we like it or not. Whether we're aware of it or not. It doesn't matter. The fact remains: money is harmful, if it's our motivation. If it becomes the forced reward, for this or for that. It leads to dehumanization. When we do something solely for money. When our decisions are driven by cash. When we shape our entire life around money winning. And it will win, at our expense. We may gain money, but we will lose life. That's not worth it. That path leads us away from God. Away from union. Away from blessedness. Where money rules, there is neither God nor peace. Because money is here to tempt. To corrupt. Yes, someone will quickly say that money is necessary to live. That we need it. Or that only a rich person could say such things. But that's not true. I'm not rich, not even a little. And sure, money is needed to live. But it must not be our motivation or life's goal. That's the point. That many people, consciously or not, sell their time for money. They don't do what they do from the heart. Not from passion. Not because something gives them joy. They don't do it to grow, to develop. They do it to earn. And if they do grow, it's only to earn more. That's a heavy condition. It dehumanizes. And it applies to many. Because there is a lack of faith, or simply no better idea for oneself. For life. A lack of pursuit of happiness, or even the belief that any happiness exists outside money. Because that's how it goes. Even in the way we raise children, we tell

them to study so they can turn knowledge into money. Learning is supposed to yield a good paycheck one day. A house of their own. Independence. Yes, I've heard such words many times. That money means independence. That you can do whatever you want, if you have it. But I don't think that's true. I think it's the opposite. Money often takes away independence. Let me explain, with the example of backpackers. Young people with little in their pockets, traveling the world. Visiting many countries. Meeting others like themselves. Sleeping in cheap homestays. Sometimes working along the way to survive or keep going. They stay close to locals. To real life. They experience difference. Foreignness. They feel it on their skin. They live. Because they don't have much money. But a wealthy person traveling the world sleeps in five-star hotels, where everything is handed to them on a silver platter. They lounge by private pools, in jacuzzis. They take only organized tours, with guides and private transport. They won't even try local buses. They won't eat street food. They won't feel the noise. They'll be carried from place to place. That's not real life. They won't experience it. And that's the difference. Money robs us of life. Of the opportunity to discover. To feel. To explore. Money takes us further from life. That rule holds. It doesn't make life easier. It complicates it. Though, yes, it raises standards. It offers what we call comfort. That's true. But comfort, and being carried in a litter, is not living. It's detachment. From life. And if from life, then from God. Because God is in living. In experiencing. In feeling. That's how it is. Another matter, money as a prison. An addiction to multiplying it. Fear of losing it. Obsessive planning to preserve it. So it doesn't lose value. So it can be invested, watched, managed. And in time, it turns out our entire life revolves around money. Or almost entirely. Because "some" time is left for family. For this and that. But even during that "free" time, we're still thinking about money. We're in a prison. It's dreadful. And it's not rare. It's common. Imposed. Just like the idea that without money, you cannot be happy. But I believe that with money, happiness is hard. Not impossible, but hard. Undoubtedly. Because money shifts perspective. It invites comfort. What we call "raising the standard." Many are deeply attached to that standard. Their lives revolve around maximizing it. They spend all they have on living, not saving, not using money for anything but consumption. For lifestyle. Because it must be maintained. That, or better. The highest possible! If they get a raise, they'll still spend everything, but now at a higher level. That's how they think. That's how they try to outsmart life. But life cannot be outsmarted. Especially when we run from it. It will not come by itself. It won't beg for attention. It won't knock at the door. It doesn't work like that. That's why we must fight for what's ours. For life, not money. Money can help us grow. Broaden horizons. Help others. But it should not become our nourishment. It should not be our soul food. Because when it is, the end is painful. It ends in disappointment. In the words, "I lost my life." On the chase. On self-erasure. And that happens. Not once, not twice. In many cases. And it's heartbreaking. Hence this reflection. An important point on the path to union with God. Because to unite with God, we must let go of the worldly. And the worldly begins and ends with money. For from it grow many lusts and distortions. Longings and discontents. Much harm comes from money. Because it is the essence of worldliness. It is rooted deeply in it. There is no world without money. And no God with money. God didn't invent money. That's not His domain. Money came from another inspiration. Someone will say, for convenience. That you can't live without money. That it's natural. And I won't fight that. Time cannot be reversed. Money has settled into the world, and in one form or

another, it will stay. With humanity. The challenge, however, is to live without addiction. Without prisons. Without convincing ourselves that there's no other way. Because "everyone" is doing it. Everyone chases money, so I chase too. And what amuses me most are the slogans: "I do it for my family." "I spend all my time earning, for you, my love." It's truly funny. When we reinforce our pursuit of money, our only pursuit, by claiming we want to please our loved ones. That we want to give them safety. Security. That, and this. That's nonsense. It's not true. You don't need a fortune to make a family happy. Happiness doesn't depend on money. Nor on our overtime. Nor on sacrificed weekends. Money doesn't give happiness or safety. But care does. But devotion to loved ones. Wise devotion. Not financial. That's how it is. And somewhere in this world, we must find ourselves. Not just our shallow motivations. We must bring order to our lives. Because union will remain a bedtime story otherwise. We will not reach anything by merely wanting. We will not change anything by endlessly expecting. We must want and understand. What builds. What destroys. What gives us strength. What steals it. And stay with what is good. Yes, that is the foundation. Let us stay with what is good. And let money be like mud. Useful maybe, as a face mask. Allegedly healing.

## **5 renouncing the lusts of the flesh**

because it breaks us

That's how it is. That's the world today. It radiates sex. It feeds on it. And then vomits it back up. It's a poor understanding when we place sexuality high in the hierarchy. When we consider it something important. But sexologists encourage it, someone might say. Yes, because they profit from it. That's their business. But the truth is, sex for sport breaks a person. Sex for the continuation of the species, yes, that is natural. For the purpose of bearing children. But we have made a god out of sex. And these lusts trap us. Like snares. And the more we struggle, the tighter they grip. Ever new perversions, which we call experimentation. Ever new convulsions, which do not add to our faith, but destroy it. Faith in humanity. Faith in meaning. Faith in life. Because addiction to sex is dehumanizing. We no longer see a person in our partner, only a sexual object. Everyone becomes either an invitation or a missed opportunity. Our entire perception changes. No drug causes this. Perhaps LSD, but only briefly. Sexual lust alters us deeply, and for a long time. It won't let go. It doesn't allow it. We become living corpses thinking only of gratification. Of bedding this one, or that one. And in this whole mechanism, pornography plays an enormous role. It fuels it. Gives it wings. Pornography convinces us that sex is anyone with anyone, whenever, however, as often as possible. And then there's homosexuality. Many try to convince us it's natural. That a portion of society is homosexual. And yes, I agree, some are. But we're talking about one or two percent. And yet today, the percentage is more like six. In the "modern," "progressive" world. And in my view, that's the result of unrestrained lust. Everyone with everyone. As much as possible. As I said before. Why this obsession with sex? Who benefits from destroying us through it? From dehumanizing us? Certainly not God. Sex

separates us from God. He will never applaud it. But can a gay man or lesbian be close to God, someone might ask. Of course. Absolutely. If they are not slaves to sex. If they make love rarely. If sex is but a part of their relationship, not the core. But let's be honest, there are few such people. Most are improvisers of excess. Corrupting themselves and others. That's why we cannot let their logic become ours. The logic of the "modern" world must not flood our minds. Because the losses from such a flood will be irreparable. And the destruction will diminish our soul. So it's not worth being shocked. Not worth tearing one's robes. One must remain oneself. Sober. Free from the lusts of the body. Free from the warped view of the world in which sex is the foundation. But sex must not be a foundation. It's too weak. A foundation of sex will collapse the whole structure. It cannot support a healthy human being, let alone society. So we must be vigilant. Not allow ourselves to be pulled in. Not allow ourselves to drown. We must know what builds us. And learn to dose pleasure. Because sex is like junk food. Once in a while, no harm. But if you eat junk every day, it will hurt you, or you'll grow disgusted, or you'll die of a heart attack. And so it is. Even if I exaggerate. Though I don't think I do. That's life. And the things that taste good, can sometimes kill. If not the body, then the soul. Someone always pays. And suffering is a pity. And that's how I see it. Excessive sex always ends in suffering. Unnecessary suffering. By our own request. Because that's what we do, begging for more pleasure. More orgasms. And in doing so, we ruin ourselves. And we ruin the world. And the world ruins us. It's a transaction. That's how it works. And it swallows people. But to be close to God is to truly see. Not through the lens of lust. To unite with the Lord is to radiate calm, not agitation or readiness to jump on someone. These worlds cannot be joined. The lusts of the flesh come from the world. But the soul, God, energy, all things beautiful, come from what is true. From what is divine. From the space that creates. And that's the difference. Have you noticed? Everything worldly, everything born of the world, destroys. That is the design of this world. Destruction. In contrast to the spiritual world. The spiritual world creates. Hence the soul. Birth. Union with God. Love. These are divine mechanisms. Divine creations. Creations of the spirit. Which meets the body here on earth. And cooperates with it. But the world is different. Illness, aging, dying, lust, drugs, stimulants, destructive cravings, and so on. The world offers us destruction, and we take it. And we even enjoy it, because it gives us pleasure. It's curious. That the things which harm us can be so entertaining. So enjoyable. Something destroys us, and we smile. But ask someone to pray, and they're bored. They see no sense or joy in it. And yet prayer can and must be joy. Sure, someone will say, there are other kinds of people. And I'll agree. But most people are as they are. And I'm speaking to them. Because if someone already lives well and rejoices in true life, then what's there to change? Maybe refine a bit, but that's different. Most people, however, drown in worldliness. I know what I'm talking about, I've had that problem too. But if I got out, anyone can. And it's not about lying face-down in a church. I believe God doesn't care whether you lie in a church or on a beach in the Bahamas. What matters is your heart. What you radiate. What drives you. Yes, that is of utmost importance. What drives us. Let's ask ourselves that. Let's do a reckoning. A final inventory. So we can say enough to all that's indecent. Because indecency leads nowhere. We'll get stuck. The road will be closed. Construction ahead. End of the line. Barrier. You shall not pass. And many reach that point. And get stuck. Or they will. You can't cheat destiny. Yes, destiny. Because in a way, we shape it ourselves. If we drink every day,

then our destiny is destruction. We created that state. That destiny. God's destiny is something else. But our worldly, self-made destiny, it can be ally or enemy. It's not as if God wrote in our plan: "you will become a drunkard." No. That comes from another direction. From our actions. From our incantations. Usually poor ones. But somehow it moves forward. And problems stack up. And then comes the plea: "God help me." Because the pit is so deep, no ladder or rope can reach. And that happens. Those are the patterns. Some we use, and through others, we perish. And I speak of lust. Of all that corrupts the body. That destroys the worldly. Because it must be this way. And union with God must be born of peace. Peace in the heart. And calm in how we face the world. If the world excites us, that's not calm. If we are addicted to harm, that's war. In the heart. Because the mind pushes too hard, and the heart must defend itself. And the pressure builds. And that's how it goes. Constant conflict. Let us not allow it. And if we already have, let us save ourselves before the ship sinks. Because it already is.

## **6 renouncing one's habits**

because they repeat us

To let go. But why let go, someone will ask. What's wrong with my habits? After all, they're what I like. What I feel good in. What I've worked out, shaped, earned. Yes. I understand that well. But you too must understand, habits are a gate. A gate that blocks the way to the present moment. To living in reality. Yes, that's right. You heard me. Most of us live on autopilot. Automatic mode. It leads, encourages, or forbids. Everything done reflexively. Everything encoded. We act like machines. We don't think about what we're doing. We've grown used to something, and we repeat it. Without thinking. We believe that's how it's supposed to be. That it can't be otherwise. That anything different would be wrong. Because we have our habits. Or little rituals, as we like to call them. But they're a gate. One you cannot bypass or jump over. You just can't. And beyond that gate, reality. The present. Why bring up the present, you ask. Isn't it always the present? Yes, but the one you see is filtered through the past. Because your habits come from the past. They belong to old things. And here is the new. Here is the now. And you must respond freshly, not through repetition. You must know what and how, but in a new way. Seize the day. Seize the moment. Live it. That's the point. This reality, you can only see it once you shed your habits. Until then, you'll see a distorted image. One that says, "there's nothing new here." That's what we often do. We move through the same environments. We visit the same places. And we fail to notice their uniqueness. The people. The spaces. And yet everything is changing. The person you spoke to yesterday is no longer exactly the same. They live. They evolve. They shift. Places too. Flowers bloom. Rain touches the grass. Everything moves. And yet we, trapped in habit, see it all the same. As it once was. We don't notice the details. The changes. And even if we do, we don't think they matter. Because we've already made up our minds about someone. Or about some place. That too is a form of habit. A track we must escape. Ruts we've fallen into, carrying us toward an unknown end. That's what happens. And we don't even see the

imprisonment. The steering. Because we are being steered. By habit. And so comes the question, do you want to be free? Do you want to pass through the gate and see reality? Reality is fresh. It is discovery. It is the uncovering of each day as new. It is the living of it, not just gulping it down. Some people think “living in the moment” means excess. That you indulge until it chokes you. But that’s false. Living in the moment means breaking from the mechanical world. It means experiencing. And appreciating. You can recognize such people immediately. Those who’ve broken free. Who are alive. Because they appreciate what they see. They appreciate others, situations, possibilities, everything. That is the natural fruit of living in reality. Of truly being present. You can’t help but praise and admire what’s around you. That’s always what happens when you free yourself from habit. And it’s beautiful. It always brings me joy when I see such a person. Someone who’s escaped. Some say the world is a Matrix. That we’re all trapped. Controlled. But I believe we create the Matrix. We trap ourselves. With habit. And yes, it’s worth escaping. Breaking out. From what everyone else does. From the way we think things are easier, but which actually robs us of joy. Because what joy is there in endless repetition? You create nothing. You only replay. It’s like food. Reality is a freshly cooked, fragrant dish. Habits are a microwaved, prepackaged meal. Do you see the difference? That comparison hits home. Because it’s true. And I encourage you, cook for yourself. It’s healthier. More satisfying. The “ready-made” is chemicals and blandness. It shortens your life. And really, that’s the point. Habits don’t just shorten life, they remove it. When you live in habit, you’re not truly living. Not in reality. Not in the beauty of the moment. You merely exist. The cells work. The body breathes. But the spirit suffocates. The soul withers. And you must defend against that. Of course, not everyone is ready for such a teaching. Not everyone will find relief in this path. Some see nothing but fear beyond their habits. Fear of the unknown. Fear of imagined dangers. Life without reins terrifies them. Without a guide. Without instructions. But those are living corpses. Trapped in repetition. In robotic labor. Work without meaning. Always moving forward. And that’s how they live. No one forbids it. You’re not punished for it. There’s no prison for it. But spiritual teaching exists to open gates. To bring us closer to the Lord. To show us the way out. From the traps we got ourselves into. But we don’t have to pay for them. We can leave the house. We can choose freedom. We can choose joy. Space. Fresh air. The inflating of the soul. Which aches. And fails. That’s where the “spiritual” in spiritual teaching comes from. It’s a different kind of vision. One not taught in schools. With no tests. No exams. No oral presentations. No one will pull answers out of you. You must want it. You must see it. Feel that it can be different. Different than what we’re programmed for. Different even than our good intentions. Because yes, we want what’s good for ourselves. So we choose the path of least resistance. The easier way. But that’s not what’s good for us. What’s good is life in the moment. In reality. In the present. That is what nourishes a human being. That’s what should be taught. Promoted. Not new ways to destroy the spirit. Sometimes I feel like that suits the world. That it’s not even coming from within us, that desire for easy. It’s like an infection. Like a virus. Passed from one to another. And so we repeat. We settle into habit. Into grooves that trap us. That don’t let us breathe. While all around us is a fresh world. Everything changes. Everything moves. And we don’t see it. We’d rather check off another reaction. Drown in a world we ourselves imagined. A world of what was, repackaged. As if the world were dead. But it’s not. It lives. Everything moves and speaks to us. But we don’t

listen. So we won't enter into dialogue until we free ourselves. Until we take the right pill. The one of the proper color. That's how it looks. And we think it's all fine. That there's nothing to change. Opponents of spirituality say this. That spirituality creates problems. That what is is already enough. "So why change anything?" Why shift? Why tinker with the human being? And I say, tinker! Repair. Heal. Because we've become stuck. We have nothing new to say. We just repeat ourselves. Again and again. What kind of life is that? What kind of joy? There is no joy in mumbling. We build nothing on babble. Nothing to be proud of. And it is worth being proud. Proud of living. Proud of walking the right path. The path to the Lord. The path to life. The path to liberation. Because it stirs the heart and soul. It demands much, but gives more. Awareness. Understanding. New movement. And a smile on the face. The very one so many dream of.

## **7 focusing on your own growth**

because we forget

Yes. This is very important. To focus. Let's begin with the focus itself. On its own. Because if we truly think about it, there's little focus in us. Maybe on the job we do. Maybe while making dinner. But that's a different kind of focus. I'm talking about focus on what's happening inside us. What emotions stir within. When they arise, and why. How long they last. What agitates us, and what calms us. Everything is laid out before us. Yet we don't use it. We don't focus on ourselves. We don't want to know ourselves. And that's the foundation. Observing ourselves. Focusing on how we react. What we desire. What drives us, and since when, and why. It's all inside. A magnificent story the soul wants to tell. About us. And yet, we don't listen. We lack that very focus. That desire to understand. Maybe from being too busy. Maybe from ignorance. Because "I never thought of it." But how can you not think of it? That you too are important. That what's within you matters. Not just work and obligations. Not just a flower for your wife to make her smile. That's all external. We only see the outside. But inside? What about within? That somehow doesn't interest us. And that is what I'm encouraging. To look at ourselves. With attention. Over time. Not just for five minutes. Long enough to see ourselves in different situations. Watching yourself is a beautiful thing. Without this attention, without focus on the self, we go nowhere. We cannot grow. Sure, we can learn a foreign language. Or how to make a new dish. But we won't grow as human beings. Focus is essential. For that development. To become better. To tinker with the factory settings. Because yes, things are the way they are now. But believe me: this is not how they're meant to be. If we've lacked focus and attention, we've developed incompletely. Faultily. Yes, exactly. But we can change that. We can rearrange what needs rearranging. We don't need anyone's permission. We don't need extreme effort. We already have everything we need. It's within reach. But nothing will change unless we recognize what needs changing. What limps. And something always limps. That's just how it is. The world triggers behaviors and patterns in us that don't serve us. That don't suit us. Like losing our temper. Being difficult. Thinking we know everything. Thought clutter. Pessimism. And

so on. We could go on forever. It depends on the person. But the important thing is to realize, we can change everything. So that life becomes comfortable. With ourselves. So we're not worn out by our own company. Yes, that's it. And yet, the possibility of change is often dismissed. We say, "That's just how I am." "That's how I was born." But that's not true. No one is born with the things that hurt. With the things that poke us in the back. That's not how it works. We develop habits and behaviors without realizing they hurt us. We grow used to them. And I, I'm against getting used to anything. They say people can get used to anything, and I ask, why? If something hurts, it's not so you get used to it. If your tooth aches, it's a signal something's wrong. Something needs fixing. Not something to adapt to. And yet we usually do the opposite. Something hurts, and we say, "I'll get used to it." "It's not so bad." "It's nothing serious." And these little stings pile up. Until we can no longer live in peace. Until they climb up onto our heads. Destroying us from the inside. And above all, blocking growth. Halting it. Freezing it. Growth requires clarity. Without what pokes. Without what disturbs. And that's exactly what we need to change. To switch on focus. Attention. To concentrate on ourselves so we can become better. I don't know why, but there's a belief that focusing on oneself is narcissistic. But nothing could be further from the truth. Focusing on oneself isn't turning away from the world. It's like self-reflection. Like fixing a flat tire. It's nothing grand. It's something helpful. For us. To live better and more comfortably. And it's worth talking about. Worth sharing with those close to us. So they too understand that we must guide ourselves. It's not enough to just let go of the reins and say "things will work out." They will, but poorly. Not in agreement with our soul. Our heart. Things will turn out differently. The world will shape us somehow, but without control, without focus, it will turn out as it turns out. Which is usually poorly. And it's not hard. It doesn't take much time. Some think it might be difficult. Time-consuming. But no. How can looking at yourself be hard? Or time-wasting? It happens as you go. While you're doing something. While you're in various situations. That's the point. It's not about some final calculation. Not a mental plus-minus score. Just observation. Of how we behave in a given moment. How we respond. When we move toward someone, when we retreat. And why. What causes fear. What causes anxiety. One thing at a time. What's happening inside us. Otherwise we'll remain stuck. Otherwise we won't find peace. And without peace, there is no growth. Growth is born from silence. When we scream inside, we don't move. We're stuck. When we don't know what's happening or why, same thing. Autopilot doesn't work like it does in planes. It doesn't guarantee a smooth flight. Human autopilot is a guarantee of endless turbulence. It flies into every cloud. Into every storm. It hits them all. That's what human autopilot does. And maybe that's the encouragement, to turn it off. Because it's not in human nature to live on autopilot. It came later. And now we use it. But it's no good. It seems like a shortcut, but every storm gets hit. You can't count the bruises from all the shaking. That's the truth. Peace brings relief. When we know what's going on. When we decide how to act. What to show. So things work. So everything functions. So we like ourselves. So we can say, "Yes, I bring myself joy." Not with a new watch, but with how I operate. With how my inner world flows. That it works. That it doesn't cause trouble. Because it doesn't have to. It's bad if we feel tied to ourselves. We should choose to be with ourselves. But to choose ourselves, we must be attentive. Turn on focus. And grow. Remain. Deepen self-understanding. Refine, not punish. Let us not think of punishing ourselves. That

brings nothing. And yet we like to. Sleep fifteen minutes too long, and we're mad at ourselves. Oversalt the soup, and we beat ourselves up. That doesn't help. That gives nothing. What's needed is mobilization, or letting go. Mobilize to be more mindful of what trips us up. Or let it go, because it's no big deal. Because yes, we often exaggerate. And we must get to know all of that. Through focus and attention. We must know and like ourselves. Because we see it's possible. Because we see it's needed. Because we became interested in ourselves. And even that, is a huge step. To become interested in yourself. Imagine not caring about your husband, your wife. Not caring about your child. That would cause an uproar. So tell me, why don't you care about yourself? Exactly. That interest is necessary. To move forward. To fix what needs fixing. It's possible. It's simple. You just need to want it. To care. For growth. In the right direction. Because working on yourself is oxygen for the soul. Without it, we can forget about spirituality. About beauty. About anything singing inside us. Though it can. And knows how. Let's make music within, because that's how we create beauty. That's how we become familiar with what's pure and aware. With what brings joy. And through that, we will grow to like ourselves. Because you cannot truly love God while your own yard is in chaos. While your inner world is a mess. While you show no interest in it. While you reject the good. So yes. It's all before us. Let's make what lies ahead the very thing we've been waiting for, for years.

## **8 letting go of all criticism**

because we criticize

Yes. We criticize. And often don't even realize it. Because we don't observe ourselves. We don't see ourselves. Yet criticism destroys. It closes the pores. It stirs our ego. It pushes us toward harm. It places us above others. It breeds contempt. Because if ego rises, what else can follow? Where's the space then for beauty? For understanding or compassion? Criticism cuts everything down. Because we know better. We'd have done it cleaner. We'd have made a wiser decision. Reacted correctly. Because me, me, me. Or rather, I, I, I. And them? The rest? Some mistake of God. God must have slipped. He made me in His image, and them, that rabble, as some caricature. Just to fill the earth. Or to work for me. Some actually think this way. That's what criticism of others leads to. That's where it begins. And from there, rot. Then the body count. The ones we create ourselves. That warped vision. That's what criticism leads to. And a critical person is hard to bear. Unless they meet another critic. Otherwise, it's torment. A superstition. So many of them around. The critic will sniff out every flaw. Yes. It's a very dangerous disease. All the more so because it also turns inward. One who criticizes others often turns the blade on themselves. Not always. But sometimes. Supposedly the best, yet still this and that. Nose not quite right. Ears need fixing. And so on. Perpetual dissatisfaction. Because criticism breeds exactly that. Why be content? What are they even smiling about? It's just another rotten day. It's a hard life, truly. And I feel for such people. Those for whom nothing is ever quite right. Always some reason. To complain. To be angry. To point out that this world isn't worth much. And I say, it is exceptional. Sure, it has

flaws. Sure, people are different. But the goal is to take what's good from this world and turn away from what isn't. And in the world of good, there's abundance. We can take it, drink deeply of it. We can rejoice in new circumstances. In opportunities. For growth. For spending time together. For helping others. For serving our families. In shared play or rest. In working together, even if it's just cleaning. There's beauty in small things. Just like with expectations. We shouldn't have them too high. Big expectations bring big disappointments. Which breed discontent. Which invites criticism. It's all connected. I once heard some ladies from the capital say that going for coffee or to the movies isn't a date. A real date must cost at least a few thousand zloty. A trip to the Riviera, something like that. Otherwise, it's poverty. A lack of respect. I throw up my hands at such things. Where are we headed? And more importantly, where does it come from? Ah yes, criticism. Criticism of simplicity. Of modesty. Because if you have it, you must show it. If you don't show it, you must be poor. Low class. Not my level. Where does that come from in people, you wonder? It hardly matters. Whether contempt gave birth to criticism, or the other way around. What matters is this: they wear masks. That's a trait critics share. Not always, but often. They live behind masks. Hidden. They don't want to reveal themselves. Just learned poses. Practiced gestures. Repeated endlessly. To me, they're zombies. Walking around like people, but not really people. The human traits are gone. Silenced. They've gagged their souls. They scorn the heart. They've become prisoners of the mind. And yes, it happens. Often. Because money corrupts. It's hard to stay human with a full wallet. That doesn't mean it's impossible. There are exceptions. Rich, tender souls. Uncritical. Maskless. Without expectations. Such people exist, but they are the minority. Usually, money inflates the ego and then, chaos. A runaway train. And I think, it's not worth it. Money isn't worth losing yourself. It's not worth forgetting what really matters. So let's not forget. Let's not forget God. The path we walk. The places our decisions lead us. What our trust brings us closer to, or our lack of trust pulls us from. And yes, trust. An incredibly important matter. A critic doesn't have it. It's hard to trust them. Perhaps even impossible. Because to criticize is not to respect. And if someone disrespects others, they fear trust. They misjudge it. Because they misjudge people. And if people are wrongly judged, how can they bring you anything good? Anything true? If you're judged unfairly, you pull away. Which brings us to something else, the severing of human connection. The neglect of it. But relationships need care. They need tending. They won't flourish on their own, they'll fade. Relationships are work. But to build them, you must respect the other person. And to respect, is not to criticize. Again, criticism. Always present. But it's cancer. It's a deep affliction we must rid ourselves of. And at first glance, it seems harmless. When we hear someone criticize, we often don't even react. It feels normal. That's how we see it. That's how we justify it. Or we don't bother, because why bother? And yet, as I've said, criticism causes massive internal damage. It eats us alive. It robs us of life's pleasures. It makes us numb to the moment. Because the moments grow darker. The people. The surroundings. Everything becomes a threat, or a drain. So why bother? Why step into it? It's a heavy burden. For one who sees and thinks that way. And I think, it affects most of society. It's spilled across us, and stayed. That's how it is. But we can change it. Rewire ourselves. Return to the right track. So life can delight us again. When we were children, we were unspoiled. Everything brought us joy. Everything amazed us. And now? The critic says, "When I was a child, I was foolish. Now I'm wise. I know the world." He's

wise. The rest, fools. What kind of knowing is that? That's delusion, not understanding. It's feeding yourself nonsense, and believing it. It leads nowhere. It gains nothing. It builds nothing. The critic. He criticizes, because he's set his flight path that way. Besides, others do the same. Exactly. And here's another thing to understand, the herd mechanism. If most people do something, a red light should flicker. I'm not saying the majority is always wrong. But often, they are. Because mechanisms of dulling are in effect. Because most rely on mind, and shove heart into the corner. Because most chase money and approval. Fame, or at least validation. Vanity. The devil's favorite sin. That's how it goes. And people are paying more and more for it. Like in an auction. Instead of haggling, they bid higher. But the wise, they run. Exactly. That's the world. But the world also offers beauty. Maybe not in quantity, but in quality. Because beauty is always of high quality. It stirs the soul. It gives us rest. Relief. Or inspiration. To create. To strive. And to multiply good. And that, is the point. To take what is good, and multiply it. So let us multiply. Let us not criticize. Let us turn away from criticism, by creating praise. Because people deserve praise. Even for small gestures. Praise builds. Criticism suffocates. Ourselves most of all.

## **9 creating a field of love**

because we radiate

Yes. We always radiate something. We send out a kind of energy into the world. This one or that. The one we hold within. The one we are made of. If we're anxious and drained, that's what we radiate. We push it onto others. Without asking if they want it. Or if they need it. That's how it is. And often this radiation brings us trouble. Because living in society means constant relationships and connections. And if we repel others, we lose. Opportunities. And willingness. And it only gets worse. That's why some people wear masks. But a mask won't do. You can't cover what you radiate. Not even with the best perfumes. People will still smell the stench. That's just how it is. And when people become aware they're radiating negativity, they want to change. But they tinker with the surface. With what others feel. Instead of going to the root. The source. The place inside where energy is born. Where it's conceived. That's where we must tinker. All of it is within. So we must learn to generate good. To feed on it. To share it. We must learn to recognize the good. A person who generates only bad energy cannot see good. Doesn't know where to find it. That's why we must start at the beginning. With cleansing. It could be meditation. It could be a letter listing our pain, then burned and destroyed so it disappears. It could be confession, or another form of spiritual purification. There are many ways. But one must be chosen, and turned into action. That's the key. Then what? Then we're clean and we start anew. That's important. To know that it's possible. That we're not dragging an unshakable burden on our backs. That nothing pulls us down. Because we must rise. Begin to appreciate. Begin to reward. To demand goodness in all that comes our way. And to gather it. We must learn to love. And not just our girlfriend or wife. Love is more than that. It's broader. We must love everyone.

The world. Step out into it with open arms. Help. Embrace. Not make life harder. And that will drive us. And in time, we'll begin to radiate love. We'll create a field of love. And we'll feel the difference. Know it. Because when you love everyone and everything, the world gives back. Goodness multiplies. Love multiplies. And it lasts. Yes. Because it's a lasting state. Not just what they say, "do one good deed and it will come back to you." Or "do something nice." And so we do one kind thing a week. That's not enough. A few good deeds won't make us happy. Won't make us radiate love. We must go deeper. Start by understanding the bad. Then cleansing. Then building an aura of love. So that, over time, we radiate only what is good. But first, we must gather. From the world. Notice the good and pull it close. Collect it. If we don't gather enough, it won't work. That's how it is. These are not learned behaviors. Not just "I'll be nice for a moment." It's an attitude. But the attitude of the soul, not the body. It's letting the soul shine, because it has something to shine about. So we must give it something to rejoice in. It's a mindset. One of giving and receiving good. But not forced. We can't say, "You must be good to me because I'm collecting good." That's shallow. It leads nowhere. We must truly see the good. The love. That which unites, not divides. And there is plenty of it in the world. We just mustn't have blurred vision. We mustn't see only in shadows. If we look right, we'll see. Someone might say, "But the world isn't perfect, so many wars, so much conflict." And I say, it depends on where you're looking. You can look at a mother kissing her child. Or you can look at someone being shot in the back. One of these images will stay with you. Which one? Which sights do you want to collect? Which energy from the world do you want to absorb? That's what it comes down to. The world gives us a choice. They say, "The world ruined him." That he lost all sense of meaning. But I say, we ruin ourselves. We choose which parts of the world to store within. That's how it is. We all gather something. We feed on something. No one takes in nothing. Not on this road. Not on this journey. In us humans, the soul must be fed. And it's like a dog. If you feed it junk, it won't live long. But if you feed it well, it'll be healthy and happy. The same with the soul. We're always feeding it something. And from its condition, you can tell what. That's the point. If what we feed our soul is wrong, we must change it. It's possible. It's not hard. We just have to shift something. Reassess. Reprioritize. And it will work. Because we're aiming for beautiful music, not jarring noise. Let's not wait for the discord. Don't say, "It's not so bad, I'll manage." There's nothing to endure. Let it go. That's all. Why stay surrounded by screeches and howls and shouting? It's uncomfortable. And comfort is what life is about. So our soul can feel good. So it can enjoy what we give it. So it wants more. Because yes, the soul's appetite grows. And it shows. When you feed it well, it acquires a taste for it. And it wants more. And its good mood spills into you. And everything plays in harmony. Nothing's fake. No masks. No perfume. Only the creation of a field of love. To radiate it. To live by the soul's desires. So it resonates. So you want to live. Because that too is a certainty, when you radiate love, you want to live. The soul drives you into life. Suddenly everything feels easier. Clearer. On the other end of the scale, radiating darkness. Depression. And everything irritates you. Angers you. You choose. You decide. But you cannot leave yourself to chance. You can't choose nothing and hope it works out. "It'll work itself out" always leads to trouble. That's how it is. You must work on yourself. If you don't, you won't have. Just like in life. You work to earn food and shelter. Same with us. With spirit and mind. The soul must be fed. And the mind restrained. So it does its job, doesn't command or divide. But today we

speak of the soul, and let's stay with it. So let's feed it well. Let's take care of our best interest. Because a life of joy is our best interest. No one will do it for us. It's not a gift. You can't buy it in a store. Everything must be earned. And that's why spiritual teaching exists. Spirituality. Spirituality is not an accessory or a hobby. Not something to show off. Spirituality is work. On the spirit. On the soul. Listening to the heart, and nurturing it. It's a way of living in harmony with yourself. And few remember that. We often treat spirituality like a theory. As long as we understand it with the mind, we're done. No. You're not done. Not even close. Because spirituality is eternal practice. Not theory. A path to walk. With religion, or without. Without is harder. With is easier. The choice is ours. Let us only choose wisely.

## **10 creating an atmosphere of tenderness around yourself**

because we build

Yes. This is very important. What we build around ourselves. How, and whether, we care about our relationships. Because they give us so much. When there is support around us. When there is harmony and tenderness. But we can't wait for it with arms crossed. It will never come that way. Not in that direction. The atmosphere of tenderness must be awakened and created. It must be nurtured and tended to. It won't grow by itself. It is we who must show through our behavior that we believe in it. If we sow harmony and tenderness, we will reap its harvest. And we will keep gathering it for years. But it's not that a single kind act will make a gentle atmosphere last for decades. It doesn't work like that. Relationships require care. Maybe "relationships" sounds dry, but it's the right word. Because it is a kind of bond. We create it with everyone we come into contact with. We start with our spouse. Then parents, extended family, friends, and also our children. Relationships with children are especially important. And yet sometimes we forget. Because children are raised by their peers. Because they run away from connection. I believe that if a child avoids contact with their parents, something in the relationship went wrong. Not to be confused with upbringing. You can't say, "I raised the child poorly" because they don't want to come and confide in you. Upbringing here might be mistaken for coercion. He is poorly raised because he doesn't do this or that. No. That's wrong. It's all about the relationship. With a child, you must build a bond based on understanding and tenderness. On giving them time and attention. On listening, not lecturing or looking down at them. Because I'm the parent. I have experience and knowledge. So they should listen and obey. That's a poor starting point. And it does not bring the intended results. If children learn from their parents, it's through imitation or observing behavior. They gain little from lectures or scolding. What enters one ear usually leaves through the other. Or they deliberately do the opposite. Because the role of the parent-autocrat is not what they expect. Children confuse us a bit with peers. They need someone on their level. Someone who will show interest and curiosity. Not lessons with a moral at the end. Morals belong in literary works, not parenting. Because parenting,

like everything else, relies on relationship. Even with animals we form bonds, so how much more with people. It's normal, but it's good to be aware of it. And atmosphere. Various kinds of crisscrossing bonds. A group of people. From the pet's perspective, a pack. It has to function somehow. And it does. For better or worse. The key in a group is stirring up tenderness. Showing the group the direction we're heading in. Because a group is always going somewhere. The way members treat each other. What they want from the group, or what they give to it. All of this gets laid out on the table. Reminds me of a family gathering. Where the hostess brings out delicacies. The host pours the vodka. And everyone feasts. With conversation as background music. About this or that. And really, this is how it should look in a group. We can be the one who just eats. We can be the one who eats and chats. Or we can be the host, setting the tone and pace of the celebration. The rhythm. And let us create the right atmosphere. Because who else if not us? Retreating to the role of a passive consumer gives us the least. We gain little. We give little. But it's worth making an effort. It's worth being the initiator. Because even if something doesn't work out, we'll know that at least we tried. At least we made the effort. Someone else didn't keep the tone. Someone acted their own way and now the mood is somber. But we must try. Because it's normal not to expect perfection all the time. Like at that family gathering. Sometimes politics enters the room, and everything falls apart. Because one supports this, another that. That's life. No need to wring hands. No need to say "Sorry, I'm leaving" because I disagree or feel offended. Relationships are relationships. We must care for them even when it's hard. Especially when things start falling apart. Then even more so. With greater strength and determination. Because when everything goes smoothly, it's just touch-ups. The real fun begins when it's uphill. When effort is needed. That's when it begins. And let it last. For the good of the bond. For the good of the relationship. In relationships, honesty and openness are very important. If you're dishonest, it will come out, sooner or later. And it's hard to fix afterward. And when we shut down again, we become resistant to the efforts of others. We don't want them. We pull away. That can permanently damage any bond. Exactly. Things to watch out for. There are a few. Like unfulfilled promises. Like standing above and looking down. Like not listening. Like mocking what's important to someone else. These are the basics to remember. To avoid. Why throw stones at our own feet? Poorly managed relationships always backfire. It's not only the other side that suffers. Both sides always do. So we must try and show that this relationship matters to us. That it means something. That means a lot to the other person. When they see that you care. And in that is tenderness. And in that is the atmosphere. That you care. That it matters. Because who wants to be treated as unimportant? Who wants to be a backup option? People must be respected and treated properly. Someone might say these are clichés. Maybe. I don't know. What I do know is that they matter. Even if overused. But if they're overused, it's only in words. Not in deeds. Because in deeds, they're rarely used. Few people have around them the atmosphere of tenderness I speak of. Usually, it's an atmosphere of nervousness. Of yelling, of resentment. That's the starting point. And the chance to change. To improve. Because change is always possible. We can always transform what is into something beautiful. If we want to. If we're determined. Because as I said at the start, creating an atmosphere of tenderness isn't one gesture. It's not a single act or word. It's work that can take months. Yes. You must try. You must show what direction you're heading. Whether in a relationship or a group. And it will move. It will begin. If there's

willingness. Without looking for culprits. Who spilled the soup. Without pointing fingers. That one talks nonsense when he drinks. Without putting people in corners. Because “you’ve had enough.” The celebration must continue. What matters is that we find our place in it. That it be guided by positive intentions. That it aim toward care. Because every bond must be cared for. And the intersections of bonds in a group too. So we know it worked. So we maintain it and not wonder if it will always be like this. So we don’t go by the lowest effort. “I’ve done my part, now I can rest. I’m off duty.” No, it doesn’t work that way. We must remain determined for life. We must keep repeating what we expect, through our behavior. Because how we behave is how people will treat us. Let us give an example, like a father to a child, not a lecture. Don’t preach. Show by your own self. And then it will work. Then the relationships will be healthy. Healthy and ripe. And everything ripe is tasty. And I wish everyone that taste. The taste for, and the taste during the feast. A feast that doesn’t have to end. And probably shouldn’t.

## **11 entrusting God with your problems and burdens**

because it helps

Yes. It’s worth dropping the weight from your shoulders. There’s no point in keeping everything inside, stacking it, storing it, piling it up. You can choose peace and understanding instead, the kind of meaning that lies in divine help. Because that’s why we have God too. To share what’s good, yes, but also to entrust what burdens us. It’s about being with Him. About confirming that God is truly concerned with our fate. That He cares. So let’s not be ashamed to tell Him what hurts, what gnaws at us. Let’s not be afraid of being rejected, because that won’t happen. God will understand. God will believe and bless us with support. Because how could we go on without divine support? When we refuse to believe in it, when we refuse to lean on it, everything falls apart. A human being is too fragile to be happy on their own. Aloneness is incompleteness. It’s a lack. And when we start with lack, we need movement and filling, a filling with what’s divine. Yes. That’s an essential part of human existence. Sometimes we’re told we are enough for ourselves. That the power of the mind will carry us through and other nonsense like that. But from my own experience, I know that the mind isn’t enough. And putting it first is foolish. It leads straight to the bottom. And I doubt anyone really longs for the bottom. Because there’s nothing good there. Nothing valuable. So let’s not aim for “on my own.” It’s like a child and a parent. A parent is glad when the child asks for help. And so is God. So let’s make use of that. Let’s ask Him for help and relief. Let’s ask for calm and for smoothing out the edges. It will change much in our lives. It will work as it should. We’ll feel lighter. We’ll understand what it means to be fulfilled. It will move us forward. And that’s the point. When burdened by problems, we can’t walk the path as we should. The road becomes too heavy. Exactly. And that’s why the help exists. That’s why there’s divine guidance. Because God wants us to take the initiative, to shed what weighs us down, to reach for change, and to start rejoicing in the moment. When the soul rejoices, God rejoices. So let’s not smother our soul with our worries. Let it

breathe. Let it feel alive. Let's live with it. Let's live with God. It's a wonderful thing. A cleansing experience. This partnership. This possibility to speak and let go of what no longer serves us. It changes so much. It fills us with a sense of not being abandoned to fate. It reminds us of divine protection. Because that's how it is: if we stay close to God, He protects us. He doesn't forget us. He doesn't remember us only once a week. He's with us daily. We can feel it. We can feel that we're not alone. Because yes, one can be in a relationship, have a family, and still feel lonely. Because not everything can be spoken aloud. Because we don't want to share everything. But with God, we can. He's our friend. He won't laugh at us. He won't look down on us. He will understand and embrace us. That's why it's worth it. To remember that we have a friend. That we are not alone. That we don't have to grieve over this or that. We can talk it over with God. Entrust Him with our burdens. We can ask for a solution. And suddenly it comes. And it appears. That's how it works. Some call it inspiration, or something similar. I call it divine care. Because that's what it is, a gesture of care. Of being held. Of God not leaving me alone. And He won't leave you either. As long as you want Him. As long as you open yourself. Yes. That's what's crucial. Opening up. Saying, I'm here for You. Because it also feels good to give thanks. To do something for God in gratitude. To recognize that He lifted the weight. It creates a kind of brotherhood. An exchange. Not in the sense of tit for tat, but out of courtesy. And besides, you don't have to if you don't want to. I'm just saying how it works for me. Everyone can shape their relationship with God in their own way. That might depend on the season of life. But one thing is certain, it's worth talking to God. It's worth having such a friend. Because there is no better one. No one has come up with one. Because it's not possible. And that's good. Because we have a guarantee of quality. Also, God will not betray us. He will not deceive us. He won't think of His own good, only yours. Ours. The good of a human being. That's what matters most to Him. And some say no. That God doesn't care. That He has forgotten about us long ago. Because of war. Because of cruelty. Because of betrayal and theft. Because of broken hearts. And I ask, who commits all these evils? God or man? Exactly. Man first breaks off from God, then does stupid things, and in the end asks, "Where is God?" "How could He let this happen?" Well, it's your life, and your responsibility. You wanted to walk far from God, and here you are. If you don't care about God, He doesn't force Himself on you. That's natural. But some angel is still circling near you. Even if you've gone astray. But God is busy speaking to those who want to speak. So instead of making a mess, break away from what weighs you down and sit down to talk. You can always join in. Even if you've made a mess of things. God will always listen. You can entrust Him with your burdens. You just have to want to. Without the will for reconciliation, there won't be any. Free will. Yes. We have it. We decide. That's why we're responsible for our actions. For our mistakes. For our wrongdoings. That's why we have to find ways to cleanse. Like a clogged sink or drain. Anyone who's lived with a woman knows what I mean. The amount of hair that gathers there. And of course: "That's definitely not mine." Either way, it gets clogged. More and more. The water drains slower and slower, until eventually it doesn't drain at all. The drain is completely blocked. And what clears it is a conversation with God. Entrusting Him with our weaknesses and struggles. What we wrestle with. What hurts. He will listen. And understand. And embrace you and explain how to live. How to straighten your path. He will give you signs. Because God speaks through signs and opportunities. And it's up to us to notice them. To interpret them properly. To act on them. That's how it works.

Some people imagine that if they ask God something, He will descend and give a lecture on the topic. No. And even if He did, what for? Nobody listens to lectures anyway. We fall asleep halfway through. But a subtle sign or opportunity? That's clever. Because it tests us. Our alertness. Our willingness. It gives us the chance to show up. That's God's style. A kind of puzzle for the soul. Not testing our IQ, but testing whether we listen to the heart. After cleansing. After the talk. Whether change is grounded in a deep listening to our inner guide. Because that's what the heart is. The inner steering wheel, meant to radiate outward. And you can see it in a person. Once they've had that conversation with God. Once they start speaking with Him. Once they begin to live for Him. It changes everything. We become people of true stature. And a person of true stature isn't someone with wealth or status. A person of true stature is one who trusts God. Who listens. Who reads the signs. Who uses the opportunities. So let us use every chance to thank God, for His kindness and His help. Let's use every chance not to mess things up further. Not to build more reasons for heaviness. For burdens. It's better to walk with a light soul. An unburdened heart. It's better to understand, and ask for understanding. Because it's always there waiting. You just need to speak. With our best Friend.

## **12 cleansing your spirit of negative energy**

because one must be pure

Just as the body can fall ill and physical sicknesses may cling to it, so too can the spirit suffer, and yet the healing process is more elusive. Most bodily ailments eventually pass; the body purifies itself naturally. The spirit, in its essence, does the same, slowly, quietly, steadily trying to cleanse what we burden it with. But we keep piling on more layers of sludge, our stumbles, our harmful habits, until the soul can't keep up. It's like living in constant exposure to someone who spreads illness; even if we start to recover, we are reinfected before we find rest. That's what happens to the soul, it can't catch a breath. We never give it a pause. There's always more noise, more impulses, and often more wrong. And so we smear it in spiritual grime. But how much can it take? That's why there must come a time of stillness, a moment when we finally allow our soul to rest, to recover. It's worth it. And I encourage it with all my being. Respect your inner spirit. Let it breathe. And no, this doesn't mean that one mistake breaks your bond with God. A true connection doesn't vanish after a single misstep. But to form that connection in the first place, purity is required. Once united with God, He will help maintain that purity, even when we falter, because we're human. But if we never stop contaminating the spirit, if we never slow down, we risk suffocating it completely. And when the soul can't breathe, life becomes joyless. Imagine being denied oxygen, would you still smile? Exactly. That's what happens when our spirit is suffocated by our vices, our indulgences. Not just one-time mistakes, but entrenched habits, addictions to inner decay. These patterns are easy to adopt, the world wraps them in pretty paper, scents them with expensive perfume. They look good, they call to us. We reach for them blindly, without thought, without pause. Just because they're there. But not everything that exists is meant

for us. Not everything should enter our personal diet. We must live and choose consciously, not on impulse, not because our friend has it or because it's shiny. These choices, these habits, they become parts of us. And these embedded parts are the most dangerous. That's why we need to check within, take spiritual inventory. What is part of me? What habits have I embraced? What do they give me? What do they take away? Are they suffocating my soul? One clue to the state of your soul is in the music you enjoy, it's a small tip, but a revealing one. Music often exposes the health of the spirit, its losses, its wild longings. Some may call this psychology. I say it's the soul speaking. So let's examine ourselves. Like a regular health checkup, we need spiritual diagnostics. Most never check their soul. But they should. You should. Everyone should. If we don't check in, how can we know what's hurting us? And pain always shows itself. The soul sends signs. We just need to look. We just need to listen. Most ignore the early symptoms, and then the deeper ones. And things spiral. That's how we work as humans. We neglect ourselves. But with the soul, the consequences are far worse than with the body. And ironically, a young, healthy body often houses a soul gasping for air. It's especially common in adolescence, when rebellion is loudest, the soul suffers the most. The body thrives, but the spirit barely survives. Because it's easier to infect the soul than the body. The body has an immune system. The soul does not. It only cleanses slowly, painfully. So let's help it. Through self-work. Through introspection. Through meditation. Deep conversation. Reflection. Anything that offers clarity. The key is interest. If you care, you'll heal. Without care, nothing will improve. We can't wave it off, she'll manage. No, she won't. We're overwhelming her. Too much, too fast. And what if death comes suddenly, while the soul is still wrapped in all that muck? That's the question. No one knows the hour. If the soul is stained, there will be trouble. She'll need purification. Gehinnom, in Judaism. Barzakh, in Islam. These are the spiritual waiting rooms. But there's no guarantee what comes next. The outcome is uncertain. That's why we must keep our soul clear. Because she represents us in the higher realm. Not our body. The body is a costume, a test, fleeting and earthly. The soul is the answer sheet. A test of purity. Of how we lived. Of where we let ourselves be pulled. And we can know that, if we're honest. If we stop decorating our flaws with excuses. If we don't keep saying "it won't happen again" when it always does. Because we love old mistakes. We fall into the same holes, trip over the same mounds. These snares become part of us. Eventually, we can't imagine life without them. But we must. We should prefer their absence. And that starts in the mind, the trickster. The one that tempts us. That's why we must listen to the heart. Without the heart, there is no lasting purification. Only a surface rinse. But deep cleansing comes from the heart. Because each of us carries divine energy. It fuels us. It animates the soul. The body is something else. The soul is like a library, storing what matters. A knowledge that does not come from intellect. We see it most clearly when we fall in love. Then, we know. Not with the brain, but with feeling. With heart. And it works. That's the proof. So I argue: live like that always. Not just in love. Draw from the soul's library every day. It's open to all who seek. Suddenly, things align. Life flows. You don't know why, but it does. You act rightly. You choose wisely. You live. Because the mind is quiet. And that's the beauty of life. Spread that beauty to all parts of your life. Sustain it. That's the art of listening to the heart. That's how we heal. That's how we cleanse. The heart will warn you about the same hole, the same trap. So stay with the heart. And you'll win a smile that never leaves, just like the one you wear when you fall in love.

## **13 mastering negative thought**

because not letting them win means living

Many people struggle with their own thoughts. They torment them. That pessimism. That it won't work. That I'm not good enough. That something bad is going to happen. Or that something already has. That my husband is cheating on me. That my children this or that. That people at work don't like me, and so on, and so on. The list of burdensome thoughts could go on endlessly. They vary. But they share one thing: they impact the quality of our lives, negatively. They affect our nerves, our sleep, our general well-being. They gnaw at us. And they're also an obstacle to connecting with God. To truly knowing Him. Because when we are prisoners of a failing mind, we don't know how to live. To live, one must be free. And without freedom, there is no connection with the Lord. God does not reveal the Kingdom to enslaved souls, because they are too tethered to the earth. Too stuck in the here and now. To their own body. And all forms of communion are of a spiritual nature. What's needed, then, is purification, but in the sense of mastering our own body, of gaining control over the mind. Yes. It can be done. In fact, it must be done. So that life can be a joy, not a burden. The mind must obey us. Take orders. But to reach that point, it must first be dethroned. Pulled down from its pedestal. Because right now, in most people's lives, the mind is master and ruler. It decides everything. It tells us who we are, what we're worth, and who we'll become. We do everything to please the mind. It's madness. Utter nonsense. We are not the mind. The mind is not our true self. It's just the mind, like the liver or intestines. It should serve. Do its job, nothing more. And yet we make it our master. We put ourselves in chains, and then we suffer. Because a spoiled mind is a hungry mind. And it feeds on us, on our emotions. It needs to stir things up. Create dramas. Absurdities. And we get swept up in it. Drown in it. But we can gain control over it. I don't know a better method than meditation. And attention. Meditation silences the shrieking mind. Attention allows us to say, "No, thank you. I'm not interested." Because that's all thoughts really are. Just thoughts. Nothing more. We are not our thoughts. We are not the hallucinations they spawn. They're just mental activity. They have nothing to do with reality. And they don't serve us. That's the beginning. That's what we need to understand. The mind does not want what's best for us. And thoughts are not here to help us. Through meditation and attention, we reach a point where we can simply observe our thoughts. Nothing more. We no longer treat them as part of ourselves. They lose their power. Because they should never have had it. Thoughts should not determine our actions or decisions. If someone lives by their thoughts, they won't get far. They'll wander, get lost. At the mercy of the mind. And not truly themselves. Not "I." Only the mind decides. This is very important to understand. The mind is a real problem. They don't teach this in school, but they should. They should tell us we need to master it. To avoid doing foolish things. To avoid feeding this beast, and instead tame it. Because the mind is meant to serve us, not the other way around. That's the crux. That's what matters most. Once we master the mind, we'll feel the difference. Though the process of taming it will be hard at first. It will resist. Protest. But it's doable. Many have done it. So can you. Anyone can, with enough motivation and patience. Yes, patience is key when training the mind. It's like training a dog to behave. It won't get it right away. It'll wag its tail, do things its own

way. But over time, it learns. So give yourself time. But without meditation, it's impossible. We must learn to bring the mind into silence. We must learn to enjoy silence. To see that silence is good. That the mind doesn't need to constantly chatter. To fill space with useless noise. We must knock it off its throne. It reminds me of those homes where the TV stays on from the moment people return from work until bedtime. Always talking. People watch it religiously. Sometimes they cook or do chores while it's on. But it never stops. And some people are like that with their thoughts. They're fans. Addicted. They cheer them on. They mourn having to go to sleep because they want more of that mental babble. I pity such people. Others say they "live in their own world." I say they live in a prison. And the mind is their jailer, ensuring they never escape. And the years go by. Wasted. Because being a slave to thought is a sad life. Let me say it again: the mind doesn't want what's good for us. Thoughts are misleading and deceptive. They blur reality. Personally, I never had much trouble with them. I learned to control my mind when I was young. It gained strength for a while, but I didn't let it last. I know the problem is real. I know many people suffer because of it. I dare say most of them are women. Many women fight their thoughts constantly. And with thoughts, you can't fight. You can't scream them down. That won't work. They'll come back stronger. It's a guaranteed loss. The only way to win is through silence. And, when needed, by deliberately provoking thought. When it serves a purpose. The mind must serve us. That's how it works in a healthy system. But when I hear, "Silence scares me," I don't understand. Silence is the mind's natural state. And if someone fears it, if they try to drown it out, they need to work on themselves, twice as hard. Maybe it's fear of themselves. Of truth. Of responsibility for their own life. That's autopilot. Yes. When you live on autopilot, silence feels strange. If it's not buzzing, it's not working. Or so we think. There has to be noise, for us to believe the factory is running, that the machine is making money. But if we truly want union, we must work for it. Prepare for it. Desire freedom, and then make it real. Being free isn't easier than being enslaved. Being a prisoner of the mind, or living on autopilot, often both, is more comfortable. Because you don't have to do anything. But it gives you no control. No power to choose. You don't live, you're driven. It all runs "by itself." And that "by itself" is what enslaves us. Freedom demands things of us. It requires conscious response. To choose to act or not. To use the mind or ignore it. To dismiss thoughts or provoke them. Not to follow every whim. Because that's what many people do. They think every thought matters. They follow each one, develop it, give it space. And it puts on a show. Like a child. But thoughts are usually insignificant. Empty. Like a bad soap opera. Lots of noise, nothing of value. That's something we must realize. And then take control. Of the mind that screams. Of the mind that demands. Because something's not right when it's the one demanding. We must be the ones to demand, from the mind, not the other way around. We must decide how it works, and when it helps. That's what matters. To control oneself. Not to criticize, but to direct. Because the mind is for us, not we for the mind. And may it always stay that way.

## **14 creating goodness through action and deed**

because to create is something beautiful

Because true creation can only be good. If something brings about evil, it is destruction, either caused by us or by the one who spreads and manufactures it. But creation? Creation is beautiful. We associate it with works of art, with magnificent, monumental structures. And this is precisely what goodness does, it forms grand structures. I use the word “structures” deliberately. We often think of goodness as a single act, something that starts and ends with one gesture. But it isn’t so. Goodness draws more goodness, it connects in pairs, attracts other acts, and builds structures. Often, the good deeds of many merge into a single grand outcome. There are dependencies, mutual influences, lasting imprints left by goodness. It shows the way for those who follow, those who thirst for goodness and want to share it. For in giving goodness, we do not lose it. When we act from a place of goodness, that goodness does not disappear from us, quite the opposite. It grows. We build something external, and simultaneously something internal. Two structures: one seen, the other hidden. Although, not entirely hidden, people who create goodness can be recognized. They have a certain gaze. A gaze of love. Calm, composed. Not loud, nor demanding. They do not seek anything. They don’t demand this or that. They are calm and smiling, because they know. They know they are on a construction site. They are building, expanding a work that may take a lifetime, like the Sagrada Familia. Creating goodness is not a month-long whim. It is a lifelong process. And those who treat goodness as a passing whim do not truly create it. They exploit it, for a mood boost, perhaps. I am not talking about such people. I speak of the conscious ones, those who build great works with goodness. For everything changes with this good, and life changes its taste. You no longer worry about trifles, because you know you are part of something meaningful. And within that attitude, there is a place for God. For all this effort, it is for Him. No one who truly does good will say they do it for themselves. Or to prove something. Goodness is created for people and for God. Just like an artist paints, a true artist does not paint to earn, or to gain something. They paint from inspiration. From God, for God. And for people, of course. This is what goodness is. This is what love is. They intertwine. Goodness is an act of love. Sometimes a complement, sometimes the main ingredient. It adds flavor. And that’s the point, that life should have flavor. Without selfless goodness, there is no true taste. We may use substitutes, emotions or glamor, but it’s not the same. Like artificial flavor enhancers. You know it’s not real. You know it harms you. It may taste good for a moment, but then it sickens you. It weighs you down. So better to choose goodness. Love. Compassion. Understanding. That’s a healthy meal. Not some poor substitute. And yes, even in building with goodness, we do want it to be beautiful. That’s natural. We put in so much work, it’s good when it looks like something. So build, create, as if your construction, both internal and external, would be something God would delight in. For there’s no greater reward than building something in the eyes of God. Divine approval, that gives us strength. It lets us endure anything. When you know that what you built matters. That it’s alive and true. And so goodness multiplies. Structures grow. Are remembered. Reinforced. And it spreads. That’s why we cannot forget. We cannot leave the task to others. Let others help. Let them take care of it, they have time, or money. I’m not

ready. I have my own life. These are poor excuses. You can create goodness in countless ways. It doesn't have to be funding someone's surgery in Switzerland. It can be simple gestures. A helpful hand. Supporting someone. Lifting their spirits. Being there in hard times. Anything. There are many forms. Rejecting goodness because "I have my own problems", that's missing the point. That's choosing to stay in the shadows. And like a plant that grows in shade, without sunlight, it won't survive. It'll wilt, wither, or grow crooked and small. I wish that on no one. So step into the light. Let yourself be warmed by the rays of Divine Love. God shows us the way, through goodness, through help, through love. That is the true path to Him. Children sometimes count good deeds, three today, two bad, so I'm still in the plus. If I keep this average, I won't go to hell. That's how kids think. Let us not be like them. Let's grow up. Receive the goodness of the Lord and multiply it. Like the talents in the parable, we are given, so we may multiply. And whether we do, that's up to us. The Lord will assess us by the outcome. We will assess ourselves. Because to live without connection to God, while still alive, is already a kind of judgment. Sadly, a negative one. But we are still alive. We still walk this earth. So we still have means and tools. From God. We don't have to carve them from stone. We don't need banners or ornaments. Let us act. Because real goodness is inseparable from action. Action brings it into being. Turns it into a fact. And facts build. They are bricks and mortar. So the structure grows, through facts. Not through postponing, or making promises. "I'll help when I have time." "I would, but my drill is broken." Sounds familiar? There's always something. Always an excuse. And we build our own hills. We are our own obstacles. So we must transcend ourselves. We must win over what pulls us down. We must prove that we live for God and others, not for comfort. And evil? Evil markets itself as the guarantor of comfort. And comfort is convenient. Even logical, it seems. Better to live in comfort than discomfort. That's what we tell ourselves. But the truth is different. Real goodness, our goodness, is to be creators of good. To build magnificent constructions out of that which lifts the spirit. That which brings joy. That which rescues others from despair. That which heals. And so on. Let us multiply it. Let us be good, not comfortable. For comfort is not goodness. Only freedom is, the freedom to act and turn action into fact. The freedom not to stop. That our life may become one great construction. Built of pure, golden goodness. That it may be remembered. But not here, not on earth.

## **15 creating a monument of impartiality**

because a clear mind is what we need

It's just that, we overdo it. We wrap ourselves in layer after layer of convictions, which we then defend and fight for. And if we change nothing, that's what our life will be about. Extremes. A so-called moral spine, which often has nothing to do with morality. It's the mind taking over our life. Take atheists for example, they're so eager to convince themselves and others that God does not exist, they end up completely unable to feel Him, see Him, or connect. Or the so-called "God-fanatics." Extreme Catholic devotees. They cling so tightly to the idea of God they've created in their minds, they pass right by the real one. They're not ready for the true divine. They were made for repetition. For worship. And maybe, in terms

of setting an example, there's some sense to it. But not when it comes to truly living in God. The same goes for radical followers of Islam or Judaism. Any worldview built entirely on drilled-in rules, repeated over and over again, leads us away from God. Because these rules are the opposite of purity. Purity lives in an empty mind. You cannot have mystical experiences if you already "know" everything, if you've been taught it all, drilled it in, and now you just repeat. You bristle when you hear another version. You're ready to fight for "your" truths. And you don't respect anyone who thinks differently. All extremes are vile. And they create vile people. But sometimes they're given a nice sticker, religious. What kind of religiosity is that? That's just harming people. I've never heard of extremism in Sufism. I've never heard of Hasidic masters who prized fixed rules over divine contact. Because that's what the rules are for, to lead us to contact. And we've reversed everything. Maybe not me, but I still feel part of the human community. The reversal is this: form is more important than essence. We claim to care about the essence, but we've surrounded it with so much form we've forgotten it. That's why we must remain impartial, whenever we can. In as many situations as possible. Of course, if someone attacks another person with a knife, you take the side of the victim. That's natural. I'm not talking about such cases. I'm talking about ordinary life. About religion, in terms of what it can offer us. Because that's how we should see it: as support. It should be for us, not the other way around. Yet many become warriors in the name of some belief system. And ten years later they'll change their belief system and keep fighting, only for something else. That's how it goes. Which is why we need a clear mind. A mind not weighed down by unnecessary baggage. Because every conviction is a burden. Every so-called certainty. Every statement we'd defend without hesitation. I'm not attacking religion. I'm not saying religion is bad. I'm saying it must serve us. We gain nothing from a religion if it doesn't serve us, but expects us to serve it. That's the most common mistake. I see it all the time. People want to serve religion. That's how they see faith. Dedication. Doing what religion says. And it pleases both the leaders and the followers. Everyone's happy. The leaders tell people how to be, and people obey. But with all due respect, that's not religion. Not true religion. Not what it's meant to be, a path to God, to connection and unity. If we live for religion, we live for the earthly. Religion must serve us so we may touch the divine. Every religion says otherwise. That rules and duties are essential. That they help us grow. That this, that, and the other. And of course, they claim theirs is the only true path to God. That's a lie. A bold one. Mystics have existed in every religion, those who experienced God's presence, who had a bond with Him. It's not religion that chooses the human. It's the human who chooses God. So don't defend something just because it's "yours." Don't attack others just because they're "others." Throw out your unnecessary beliefs, visualizations, and ready-made conclusions. Empty your mind. The mystical path is a path of clarity. A path of the heart. Of listening and acting on what God Himself whispers into our heart. Yes, it might sound strange, but there's no other way. It sounds strange because we love our convictions. What we've been taught. We like having something to cling to. But to become one with God, our hands must be empty. That's why hermits, desert fathers, and wandering dervishes often found union with God. It has always worked this way. Show me a bishop, imam, or rabbi who had true divine connection. There are those who run earthly structures, and there are those who live off the divine current. All of them have their roles. I'm not denying that. But you, just like every one of us, have a choice.

Whose voice you'll listen to. Which path you'll take. The dervish path, or the one offered by a religious leader with an eye on the stats, doing everything to attract the largest number of faithful. Trying to mobilize the regulars, to at least show up at the temple. Because that's all they can hope for. Yes, people are leaving organized religion. It's sad, but understandable. The whole machine. Of one faith or another. The focus on form without content. Religion seems to have fallen in love with form. If the dervishes ran Islam, it would look different. Same with Catholicism. If the barefoot monks could guide the faith, it would be a different religion. I'm convinced of that. But people say the current form exists for the sake of the majority. And it does, yet that majority doesn't know what it wants. And certainly doesn't use what it's been given. Religion becomes a habit. A performance. Something to make us look good once a week. Or at funerals. Funerals are the hardest. That's when we sense that there's something sacred. That something is happening. That a corpse is proof there might be more to life. That maybe this all has a point. But it ends with vague impressions. Every religion should clearly state that it's all about connecting with God. Here. On Earth. Nothing more. Just that. That's why I'm here. That's why I say what I say. And that's what I encourage you to do. To open your eyes and live fully. Live in fulfillment and understanding. No other life will give us the joy we long for. Nothing else will open our hearts. Only faith that it is possible, and necessary. That we have a purpose for our time here. That we want to open up to love and goodness. And multiply them. By clearing the mind. And following the heart. Not by clinging to memorized rules like serfs reciting their lines. Reminding them that a scythe is not a rake. Come on. Extremes are the end of us. They dehumanize. Repetition and forced harmony drive out true peace. Because peace must come from the heart, not from the mind. Peace is for building, not for demanding. That's just how it is. And how it will stay. But I still hope it works out. That some will see the world's beauty as an invitation. Yes, the world is an invitation. To act. To create love. To walk the path of goodness and understanding. And to enjoy divine blessings. Grace. Until we are joined. And from there, everything flows.

## **16 unlearning the act of grasping anything**

because the view is watching

We grasp, most often without even noticing. Mine, mine, and only mine. My wife. My child. My job. My money. Exactly. But what if we kept our distance? Maybe it would be healthier. Everything we claim as "ours" gains power over us, the power to make or break us. We become beggars, begging for happiness. Begging that it all stays good. Because if we're clinging to something, it's clearly for a reason. But things go the way they go. And the influence of grasping only grows. Over time, we do everything to catch more, while desperately clinging to the old. It spills over, but we still want more. Always more. That's attachment to earth. To the material. To emotions. Because emotions are earthly. Not spiritual. They stem from instinct, and they feed instinct. But so what? That's human, you might say. But I believe what is truly human is the spirit. Because the soul and its depth are what set us apart. Not our instincts. Those we share with animals. So they're not more

human, they're actually the opposite. But people like to think otherwise. It's just what they're used to. Because truly "human" humans are few. And it's worth being truly human. Though it's out of fashion. We're bombarded from every side, information, novelties, temptations, just to stir up our instincts. Just to stir up emotion. Because emotional people are easy to manipulate. Easy to steer, to seduce or repel. And this ties back to our grasping. Claiming things as "mine." My group. My neighborhood. My religion. And if it's mine, I must defend it. Attack for it. Act for it. Movement is required. Because something threatens. Something might happen. We need to anticipate, secure, protect. And so grasping pulls us into a game we no longer control. Someone else holds the reins. Not us. We lose our freedom. That's how masses are ruled. That's how you're told what to do, who to be. And it works. But we could let go. Let go of what we're holding, or trying to hold. Because even "wanting" can be deceptive. Wanting success. Wanting status. Wanting anything, just to prove something. Just to look good in a photo. And we waste our lives trying to gain. I'm not dismissing ambition, we can have goals. Strive for them. But they can't be rooted in grasping. Everything we grab owns us. Commands us. And we live trying to obey those commands, keep it, protect it, multiply it. That's how the world's been working for centuries. And nothing's really changed. Two or three thousand years ago, people were the same. No Wi-Fi, no teleshopping, but they grasped just as hard. Maybe even harder. The simpler someone is, the easier it is to deceive them. But sometimes simplicity means kindness, honesty. Simpler people might do less harm. But oh, how they grasp. With both hands. With delight. With pride. Just for having. For holding. But it's a mirage. We own nothing. Everything we touch is just passing by. We are born with nothing, and we'll die with nothing. You can't take deeds of ownership or marriage certificates to the afterlife. Some imagine they'll meet their mother or wife after death. But that's wishful thinking. A trick of the ego, to make us cling tighter. Earthly ties belong to earth. The afterlife is God. There, there is no "me" and "others." No wife and mother-in-law. No family deals. That's all here, never there. So I don't understand such talk. Nor do I understand all the grief after death. The sobbing. The mourning. The elaborate grief rituals. The truth is, the deceased either unites with God, or, if not ready, returns to earth. Is reborn. So what are we mourning? What did we lose? Someone we thought was "ours"? It's childish. "My toy, don't touch." But toys must be taken. That's life. That's nature. That's spirit. That's how it works, and it won't change. No matter how much we want our wife making us sandwiches in the afterlife. Or some eternal retirement plan. As if the riches we earned on earth entitle us to heavenly benefits. Not so. This life is our chance. So let's use it. Fully. But let's not claim what's beside us as "ours." Letting go is easier than holding tight. Because what we grab comes with obligations. More and more. And those obligations are heavy. They entangle and drain us. And they give us nothing in return. What's grabbed was never ours. It only pretended to be. And logically, it's not worth it. Spiritually, even less. Especially because grasping blocks our connection with God. Want to return to earth after death? Then keep clinging. That's the rule. Earth pulls back those still attached. But if it's God who calls you, then you go to Him. There's no in-between. And maybe that's why the world is drowning in the material, because we've amassed so much. But you can break free. You can open your eyes. No one's stopping you. You might be called weird. Detached. But so what? It's not a crime. As long as you know why you're doing what you're doing. If I did things without knowing why, I'd call myself a fool.

Why act without effect? And yes, I used to say, work for the sake of work. Not for gain. But that kind of work gives you more than money ever could. It builds the self. So if we want to unite with God, our steps must lead that way. Everything we do must have a purpose. But not unconscious action. Not random fumbling. Because without direction, we'll get lost seven times before we even get started. So know. Live with awareness. Set your compass not to build expectations, not to set yourself up for disappointment, but to know what you need to reach your destination. What effort. What inner thresholds to pass. And no, it doesn't have to be hard labor. But it is constant. No holidays from the spirit. Life is one whole. No "taking time off" for this or that reason. So do your part. Don't grasp. Know that what is good and beautiful is waiting. You only need to reach for it. Or rather, be in it.

## **17 letting go of dreams and desires**

because not letting them win means living

Yes. If we live by our dreams and desires, we will always lose. There will always come a moment when they defeat us, and we'll have no strength left to rise. We'll be trampled into the ground, buried and forgotten. That's how it is. And yet we are told the opposite. We're fed encouragement to dream and to desire. They say that dreams and desires are the very foundation of life. That without them there would be no progress, no inventions, no development. That there would be no reason to work, because after all, we work to fulfill our dreams, to satisfy our desires. That's what we're told. But I think differently. I work for my own growth, for the joy and fulfillment that comes with it. I have nothing to dream about. If something is truly important and within reach, I pursue it with intention. I don't understand how one can allow themselves to be manipulated: you need this, you need that, without it you won't be happy. They add convenience to the mix. They say this desire makes sense because it's convenient. And of course, you want convenience. And hey, it's on sale. What a joy. A promotion. What would we do without promotions? We'd be forced to abandon our dreams and desires. And how could we live without them? How would we breathe? I don't know how people lived a hundred or two hundred years ago without discount stores and cheap wine from Portugal. Yes, this is the modern world. They say, they insist, they convince, and people follow like moths to the flame. Because others are doing the same. If someone has a forty-two inch TV, I'll get a fifty-inch. Just so I can watch the wonders of modernity in higher resolution. So I can know what to desire. Because that's exactly what they tell you, on TV and online. They tell you what to want. What to dream about. Everything is for sale. Desires are the things you can afford, and dreams are the things you can't. But don't worry, they're motivation. Maybe you'll earn more. Maybe you'll climb higher. Maybe someday your desires will become dreams again, because your wallet will be empty. That's how it goes for the modern human. And it seems exhausting. And useless. With no added value. Nothing that enriches. Nothing that fills the soul. Just spending and consuming. Just seeing and taking a photo, to show off your new journey online. And that's why we work. Why we save. Just to sparkle once a year. Maybe twice. Maybe three times. Depending on how well things go. But in the end, it's always the same model. Just the

frequency changes. A model in which the modern human exists. But will they manage? Will such a life bring joy? The answer is simple. If that life brought happiness, they'd stop chasing, because they'd already be happy. They wouldn't need more. But they're not happy. On the contrary. They're drifting farther from happiness. Lost in a dark forest with no exit in sight. That's how it is. True happiness lies in what I speak of, in what this book and my others speak of. It lies in peace. In silence. In God. In understanding this world and choosing the right path. The path of nature. The one that harmonizes with us. The path of the spirit. For that is our true nature. It lies dormant until awakened. The mode of tenderness, of noticing beauty. The mode of knowing and translating goodness into action. These are the decisions that change a human life. That make us truly human. And being human is not about donating two percent of your income to the needy. A truly human being is not satisfied with gestures but moved by the heart, and by what flows from it. You feel compelled, rather than knowing you ought to. Rather than doing what's expected. Rather than setting up a recurring payment. That's not humanity. That's a diversion. Two percent to the hungry, eighty percent to living in luxury. But the conscience is soothed. Because two percent is something. Let them be glad it wasn't just one. That's how it goes. But there is another way. If we care about our own good. And yes, the big problem is we don't know what is truly good for us. That's the wall. And that's where change must begin. To realize what is truly good, and what merely seems good. What only appears good, does harm. But pure goodness stays. That is the direction we must take. I've said it many times, and I'll say it again, because it is the foundation. Do what builds you. Turn away from what harms you. A simple phrase, but hard to live by. For some, too hard. But only because they don't observe. They don't look at the world from this perspective. They don't consider that some things create, while others destroy. The world, while feeding us desires, never mentions that. According to the world, everything is good, everything you can buy. Because profit. Because money must flow. Because the economy benefits. And so on. But the truth is different. There are things that build us, and things that ruin us. It's up to us which we choose. And from experience, I've noticed that the harmful ones seem more interesting. Once someone grabs them, they cling. That's how it is with curiosity. They say curiosity is the first step to hell. I say curiosity is the highway to hell. Very easy, very fast. Because people think of hell as some pit of fire. But I see people building hell on earth. Because they chase. Because they're blind. Because they don't live. Yes. Life is a gift, and few truly use it. We prefer to choose desires and dreams. Everything for money. Everything about money. That's how it spins. Someone always profits. Someone always benefits. That's the world. But I turn my back on it, and that's what I promote. I claim that without such renunciation, happiness is impossible. You can't know God. Can't feel Him and remain in that feeling. There can be no connection if you're doing everything except that. Or if you split your time: half for chasing dreams, half for spiritual musings. No. That's not how it works. Besides, in spirituality there is no inner conflict. There is a straight path. The path of life. But this life is different. Not a worldly, endless celebration, but silence and understanding. Someone might say, "it's not for everyone." But I believe it's for those who have matured. Those who have burned themselves on the world and realized that something else matters. That there is something deeper. Something that brings lasting joy. Spirituality. The longing for God. The seeking, and the finding. Yes. Many older people reach this place. Their thinking changes. Not because they've aged and lost their minds, on

the contrary. Because they've seen everything and all of it turned out to be dust. Sand slipping through fingers. What is truly valuable is steady and constant. Right beside us. Next to us. Always there. As we wandered and chased desires, it was always there. And it is now. It's up to us whether we reach for it. Some call it wisdom. Others an awakening. I call it the beginning of the path. And I encourage it, with all my being. Because it brings change. It brings benefit. So let us use what life offers, not what the world sells. The world will remain the world. But life, life is something else. And it's better to smile at life. Better to take it with us on a journey. Our greatest journey. The journey within, so we may unite with the Lord.

## **18 letting go of personal opinions**

because knowing gets in the way

You may ask, what's wrong with having a personal opinion? The answer is simple: it means you know. And once you "know," you close yourself off. You close your mind and see the world through lenses labeled "I know." And those lenses distort everything. You begin to seek only confirmation of what you already believe. Certainly not contradiction. Anything that challenges your beliefs is mocked, dismissed, or ignored. Because your opinion must remain alive. Changing your mind feels like torture, like betrayal. Because you "know." And this knowing gets in the way of life. It disfigures it. It blocks you from living in reality, in the continuous unveiling of the world. Because you "know." That's why only a clear head can provide breath. And you can't live without breath. A clear head and open eyes, not "I know because I've seen it," "I know because I've lived it," "I know because it already happened to me." That kind of talk suits a child who touched fire, not a grown person. An adult should understand what it means to know through experience and discovery, not through clichés and rigid beliefs. Not by considering themselves someone who's seen it all and now just coasts through life, riding on autopilot, experiencing nothing, because what's the point? "I already know." And that's how it is. And it's sad. So many people. So widespread. Giving up on discovery and wonder. But God wants us to be curious. To marvel. Not just when we're facing death. We can marvel at everything. In so many ways. At what we see. What we hear. What someone boasts about. What fails. All of life's little things. Because beauty is hidden in the ordinary. And some people don't understand this. They seek the extraordinary. Exclusive dishes. Exotic travels. Fancy clothes. Anything to stand out. Anything not to be ordinary. To not just live a normal life without glitter and excess. Young women, for example, crave one thing above all, to be called special. To hear "you're not like the others." And yet they all want to hear the same thing. And if you all want to hear the same thing, how are you different? It's logical. But beyond that, why do we want to be special? Why can't we be content with the ordinary, what's right at hand? We travel far, spend more, go further. But why not visit something nearby? We don't know what's near, because we're always going far away. Searching, but for what? Maybe it's just the urge to boast. To prove we can. To make others jealous. To be seen. To be talked about. And that's a sad image. But true. It reflects the majority. But the majority can be wrong, and this is proof of that. If you want to build

spiritual strength, if you want to understand and truly know the world, start nearby. The world is always within reach. The real one. The living one. The world on display, that's the one we'll never understand. Because it can't be understood. You can talk about it, debate it, but it's all hollow talk. Because that world is hollow. The real one is here. It waits for us. It calls. The world of tradition and sincere speech. Of honest, open conversation. The world of jokes and teasing. Of learning about ourselves through our relationships with others. How can you get to know yourself in a five-star hotel, where everyone waits on you? How can you understand a mountain trail when you're chauffeured to the top? Life must be known, not admired from a litter. Life must be lived. And to do that, we must let go of "I know." Replace it with "I can." "I can" doesn't mean "I must." "I can" doesn't mean "it's good." But I can, and I choose wisely. I can do anything, but I pick what builds me. This awareness of "I can" is powerful. I can, and I choose. Many say it's not worth the effort. That it's too much. That it demands time and energy. But "I can" means movement. It means I'm in motion. I can change direction. Speed up. Slow down. Invite someone aboard. Or not. I can complain, but I don't. I can lie, but it's not for me. I can help, but sometimes helping harms. Yes, there are situations like that. Sometimes you must let someone face their struggle alone. To work through it. Support is good, but not always effective. Sometimes it needs to be different. And I say this to show how "knowing" can hurt, even in something as seemingly obvious as helping. "I know I must help", that won't always lead to good. If someone asks for money to buy alcohol or drugs, is it right to help? Situations vary. And "I know" fails. "I know" gets in the way. Every encounter is new. Even if it feels familiar. What's happening here and now is unique. It's present. And the person you're speaking with is not the same person they were yesterday. They may seem the same, but they've changed. Their attitude may have shifted. Their path, redirected. And so on. We must look at what's right here, not at the image we've filed away. Our "I know." "I know this person. I've seen them a hundred times." That's just labeling. And labeling has never served anyone well. Better to know that we don't know, as one philosopher once said. And that mindset works. And it holds up. In truth, that's what this whole chapter is about. An ancient wisdom, long known, often forgotten. Because we prefer to "know." We prefer an organized world. Like a supermarket. Every aisle with its own category. Every item labeled, priced, neatly stacked. You never get lost. You know exactly where to go to get what you want. And that's how we want life to be. Everything just so. Labeled and valued. And we price people that way. To us, everyone has a "worth." One is worth befriending, another not. One meets the standard. Another acts weird. We have it all mapped out. We just look for confirmation, confirmation of our "I know." What kind of life is that? Personally, I wouldn't want to live in a world that never surprises me. I'd die of boredom. It would be terrible. That's why I understand those who don't like life. Who feel tormented by it. Because they must "know" everything. Nothing surprises them, because they've "seen it all." And so it is. And I feel for them. And I promote another way. One that nourishes the spirit. That improves our well-being. And beyond that, it brings us closer to God. Or rather, it is a requirement. Without a clear mind, we won't experience God. We'll have only the images given to us by priests. Or legends. Or tradition. But anything handed down in advance is a trap. Because it gives us the answer before we've even looked at the question. Before we've seen the full equation. That's not life, it's self-torture. With answers. Solutions. Rules. But it can be light. It can be joyful. You can take delight in the new. Because

everything is new, if you look with fresh eyes. If your eyes are bright and full of wonder. And that wonder, I wish to everyone. Because only those who've lost it know what wonder really is.

## **19 holding to the principle of purity**

because muddy shoes don't belong everywhere

That's how it is. There's the principle of purity, and the principle of indifference. Indifference means we don't pay attention to the state of our shoes. And when we don't, we walk around in muddy ones. I don't know why, but it's never the case that when we stop paying attention, the shoes stay clean. It doesn't work that way. They're always dirty. Maybe it's because they need to be cleaned regularly. Polished. Taken care of. That's how shoes are. And we look better in clean ones. We feel better when we know our shoes are clean. When we know we're presentable. Everything seems to function better that way. And that's exactly what I encourage, taking care of ourselves, cleaning off what's stuck to us. All so that we can feel like a human being, not some faulty spare part of one. Something that resembles a person, but isn't. Just a replacement part. Like a door for an old Opel. But since it's flawed, no one wants it. Exactly. So let's not go there. Let's not take pride in our dirt. Because yes, there are people like that too, who not only are dirty, but boast about it. As if it's something to be proud of. But it's not. It never is. Pride should come from cleanliness, but even then, it must be measured, lest it turn into vanity. A small, ordinary satisfaction, that's enough. That works. Then there's another kind of person. The ones who dirty others. And that's particularly nasty business. But it happens. They're dirty themselves and want everyone around them to be just as filthy. That's their mission. That's what they're aiming for. It's pitiful. But common. I'm sure we all know someone like that. It's not rare. And God asks for purity. No matter which religion you look at, they all say the same thing: follow the rules. Stay clean. Turn away from evil. Reject it. That's right. Everyone says it, but we somehow don't take it seriously. The dirt doesn't bother us that much. We get used to it. Yes, because dirt is easy to get used to. "I'll clean my shoes later. Once they get a little worse. They're not too bad yet. You can still tell what color they are." And so we delay. As if cleanliness wasn't that important. But it is. Because dirt sticks, and it changes our color. It ruins us from the inside. And since it's from the inside, we don't notice it at first glance. That's how dirt works. It's sneaky. It wants to live, live and corrode. That's why it must be fought, not embraced. That's why we must go all in, not half-heartedly. Exactly. No mercy for dirt. That should be our motto. It should stay with us. Because our determination needs to kick in. Determination, that's the word I used for a reason. Because to remain clean, you have to want it. You have to know what you're aiming for. Not just sit back and say, "we'll see what happens." Cleanliness belongs to the one who wants it. Who seeks it. Not the one who finds it convenient. Because whatever's convenient fades fast. You'll get bored or forget. It'll get diluted. That's just how it is. But cleanliness, cleanliness is a beautiful thing. Only when we are clean can we see and live in reality. Because dirt shuts doors. A homeless man in muddy

boots won't be let into a fancy hotel or fine restaurant. They'll treat him like an intruder. And that rule holds up. Dirt doesn't fit everywhere. It locks doors. Slams gates in our face. Even unleashes dogs. That too. So where does this love of dirt come from, you ask? Because evil exists. And it attracts. Like the sun and the moon. We are the earth. The sun is God. The moon is evil. We orbit God, but evil orbits us. We attract evil, or evil attracts us. It goes both ways. With God it's simple, like the sun. We don't influence God, He influences us. He warms us with His light. He shares His energy. But the moon, it does its thing. We'd be fine without it. But it's there, and we must remember. What it ruins, it owns. That's the truth of it. And we, we have wants, goals, desires, responsibilities. Hundreds of variables. That's why we must structure our lives in a way that doesn't stain us. That doesn't spoil us. That's what learning to live really means. Everyone you ask will say they've learned life. That they understand it. That they do what's necessary. But it's not so simple. To know how to live is to know what dirties, and how to avoid it. Not everything is good. There are traps. Temptations. Problems. But even temptation can become a gift, if we resist it. If we stay clean. Yes, we may do anything, but not everything is right. Remember what is fitting and what is not. What adds and what takes away. And be the master. The steward of your life. It's not like someone invited us as guests and now we must play a role to make a good impression. To avoid being talked about. No, we are the hosts. And a good host keeps his home clean. Maintains it. Tends to it. Spends time to make it right. And so should we, with ourselves and our world. The one we live in. The one that is our home. Our little estate. Let's give it our time and care, because that bears fruit. We feel good when it runs smoothly. When it looks and works as it should. When it provides. Whether it's milk or bread, there should always be something. That's when it's right. That's when it works. Good management loves cleanliness. So let's manage in a way that makes purity pay. It never causes loss. But unused, it bears no fruit. We must use our purity, because we can. Because it wants to be used. Because it helps. So let's do what's needed. Let's play fair. No cheating. No marked cards. Just effort that brings visible results. Cleanliness and what it gives. And let's be joyful. Like a farmer proud of a well-run estate. Because this is our home. We live here. We function here. We are known and remembered here. Here we build relationships. Families. We dedicate ourselves to others. Share smiles. Share time. Yes, let's seize every opportunity and clean where we can. Not just our shoes, but our shared space. Sweep the porch. Mow the grass. It's not hard, and it benefits everyone around us. Not just ourselves. So let's remember. And act. And be glad it works. That it allows. That the sun draws us near. That it blesses us. That we are given so much good. From Him. From God, who never leaves us. Who never forgets us. Even if He could, He doesn't. And yes, we can walk around muddy. But let's not. Let's focus on the good, and stay with it. Because it's worth it.

## **20 remembering others, not yourself**

because goodness is one

This is about goodness. Most of the time, we look for what suits us, worrying about our own good, without knowing how to cultivate it, because we start from the wrong place. We must care for the good of those around us first. If we nurture goodness in those close to us, it will reflect back on us. But if we focus only on ourselves, it won't spread to anyone else. That's why we must start from the right end: first the good of others, and then ours. And when that happens, our own good seems to come effortlessly, or at least more easily. It's also a useful trait to learn how to think of others. It's easy to return to ourselves, but better to have someone to return with. That builds us. And we build others. When we live like this, people will want to be near us. To share their time. To help us, because we help them. And everything begins to function. Everything gains color. And that's the point, to make life more pleasant. Not just ours, but that of others. Those around us. I don't just mean family here, but coworkers, neighbors, grandparents, and friends. Yes, it's a great thing to create good for someone, for it to bear fruit. For someone to feel cared for. To feel supported. This kind of help builds us too. Our character. And our spirit. Because it's a beautiful spiritual practice. Better if it stays with us. Better if it moves through us. Because goodness multiplies. And it always returns. We all know this, deep down, but few of us work toward that return. Most of the time, we just do what's necessary. What's expected. But it's good to take initiative. To offer an idea. A solution. It changes a lot when people see that we are active in our relationships. Passivity is a form of demand. And goodness born from demand is worth little. Like gold with low purity. Technically gold, but barely shining. Flawed. That's the impression people get when they meet passivity. Some say it's better to wait for someone else to act first, and then repay the kindness. That mindset doesn't sit right with me. It smells of barter. Of keeping score. Measuring someone's good deed and matching its weight. That's the worst kind of trade, done with a smile, but devoid of heart. More good manners than true goodwill. I was raised to give back, so I give back. But to initiate? That's different. And life thrives on initiative. It needs momentum. Movement. To gain speed. To show there's something alive in the connection. That's important. Because it brings joy. Life doesn't like to stagnate. Time flows. The Earth spins. Rivers never stand still. Even our cells are born and die. Our blood doesn't slack or strike. Let's learn from life. Let's learn how to use the opportunities given to us. Because that's how it is with God, He sends us moments, and watches how we use them. It's a kind of dialogue with Him. Through our actions. Through our choices. He sets the scene, and we make the move. So let our responses make sense. Let them not be empty chatter. Let our decisions reflect good intentions, well-fitted to the moment. Intention alone is not enough. It must be well-tailored. A sloppy intention destroys more than it builds. History shows us that. Even Hitler had "good intentions", a mighty Reich, good for his people. But poorly cut intentions led to monstrous consequences. His actions, his demands, his decisions. So let's avoid such crooked tailoring. Everything must fit. Must be oriented toward the benefit of the other. Because another's benefit is also ours. Maybe not financially. Maybe not ideologically. But truly. Because the spirit grows from creating goodness and bringing joy to others. And the spirit must be cared for. We must try different

ways and ideas, as long as they lead in the right direction. That's what keeps us from getting lost. From straying off course. Because nothing's worse than losing your way and continuing to wander. You may never find the way out of that forest. So let's watch the trail. But let's not walk it thinking only of ourselves. If someone dear strays, go find them. Help them return. What good is a solo journey? It's better to walk with someone. Better to change for someone. To build new habits for someone. To agree to something for someone. That's it, keeping to the path, together. So the journey brings joy. A shared journey. Not exhausting but uplifting. It's beautiful to watch sunsets together. To admire landscapes. To climb mountains together. But don't expect everyone to keep your pace. Don't rush. If you're walking in a group, slow down. Walk together. Don't charge ahead alone. Many make this mistake, so focused on reaching the peak, they forget they're not alone. That it's easy to get separated. To lose sight of each other. And if you're lost, how will anyone know where to look? That's why the good of others matters so much. The good of your family. Your group. Your friends. All your loved ones. So let's care for them. It'll do us good. We'll be satisfied with the shared journey. And that satisfaction gives a lot. Keeps life from becoming dull. Gives you someone by your side. Shared goals. Shared plans. Beautiful achievements. That draws people together. The time we give each other. That's a great gift, time. We can give it. And others can return it. I'd say it's worth more than money. Offer someone 200 zł or a night of deep conversation, most will choose the conversation. The sharing. The planning. The presence. Because time says you matter. You're important. You're not a stranger. There's nothing worse than being a stranger. People in ancient times knew this, banishment was the worst punishment. Not because someone couldn't survive. But because they'd be a stranger wherever they went. Meaningless. Without property, without name, just a wanderer. A stranger. Let's not let those close to us feel that way. Alienated. Undervalued. That's exile. The harshest punishment. And it's not ours to give. Only God can judge. Not us. So let's live for others. Live for God. Then no punishment will come our way. We won't be cast out. We'll rejoice in the shared journey. In shared discoveries. In shared memories. Because that gives much to the soul. It stays with us. All we need is to share it. Multiply it. Enjoy it. Even if the road turns rocky and winding. Trails aren't always smooth, but if you walk it with someone, it becomes beautiful. Not because of the trail, but because of the one walking beside you. And let it stay that way. Let us rejoice in giving. In receiving. And in reaching the summit, together.

## **21 letting go of the ego**

because life must be lighter

This is how it is, ego brings trouble. It binds us. It makes us lose control, pushing us to feed and inflate it at every turn, from how we relate to others, to the decisions we make, to each next step. When it comes to people, ego demands that we be seen as special, superior, always expecting others to chase us, to maintain contact on our terms. To keep them on a leash, without respect, without understanding. And in the choices we make, ego urges us to play roles. To pretend. To inflate. To grow. And yes, it's understandable, ego wants to

expand. But once you understand this, you'll want to cut it out. Like a tumor. And that's what you should do. Because a life spent feeding the ego is a sad, incomplete life. A distorted one. Ego ruins life. Many confuse it with self-worth. With the "I." Ask them who they are, they'll say, I am me, or I am my ego. But that's false. Ego is the tempter and the spoiler. It destroys human connection. And what's striking, it doesn't even want money. It craves recognition. Applause. Attention. The spotlight. It wants to prove how lucky the earth is to have us walk upon it. That's how ego works, it flips everything upside down. Some people, even the seemingly wise, will tell you to make peace with your ego, to learn to live with it. I say, no compromise. Cut it out. Sure, like hair, it will grow back. Then cut again. And again. Regular trimming. If we keep cutting, it won't bother us. I think of it like shaving. If a man shaves often, he always looks clean. The hair isn't visible. Same with women's legs, they look smooth if shaved regularly. That's ego. You need to cut it out. Don't let it grow. Show it no mercy. Don't defend it. Some will say it's useful, maybe even healthy. I haven't seen that. Those aren't real arguments. Ego only ever wants its own good. Not yours. If it wants what's best for itself, why should we help it? Why should we shelter it, feed it, pamper it? It's like a 40-year-old who doesn't work, lounges around at home, and expects his parents to feed, clothe, and clean up after him. Ridiculous. Ego is unnecessary. It's a creation of the mind, its projection. Because the mind wants form, so it invented ego. It couldn't come up with anything better. But yes, if we want the mind to serve us, we need to strip it of ego. Then the mind loses its power. Like pulling out its teeth, it stops biting. It becomes tame. More agreeable. That's what we want, the mind to follow instructions, to help. And it will, if we work on it, if we give it proper direction, if it knows what it's supposed to do. Then it's fine. But not with ego. Ego is chaos. As long as it's there, the mind will rebel. Ego is its fuel. And we're not born ready. Life is a process of effort and correction, not just shaping life, but shaping ourselves. It's not a flaw, it means we each have a task. Just as we need a roof, just as we must work to eat, we must also tame the mind and cut out the ego, so that life can be full. So that we can be happy. Ego will never bring you happiness. Though it will advertise itself as the source of it. That by being above others, you'll be fulfilled. But no. That never works. Arrogance and disdain are recipes for regret. Harming others, or yourself, never leads to anything good. We must learn this. Our true good comes from gentleness and understanding. From appreciation and kindness. From love. From what embraces, not what tears apart. There's no happiness in aggression. None in contempt. But that's what ego invites, once it gets going. Once it gathers speed. It respects nothing. It wants to grow. To expand its reach. Reach can mean many things, especially reach on social media. Posting, flaunting, entertaining, showing off, trying to prove something, trigger laughter, provoke anger, just to be seen. Ego feeds on that like nothing else. "Look at me." "Look what I did." "Look how people react." All to stir emotion. To be watched. To be wanted. That's food for the mind. And it pulls us away from peace. From happiness. Because happiness is in stillness. In silence. In contemplation. What good does noise do? What use is image-building? It's a game. Like children in a sandbox. But with greater cost. More danger. Because a person can be broken. And it's not hard to do. Ego knows how. Which strings to pull. Vanity. Emotion. The urge to prove. To impress. It knows it all, and uses it. It pulls when it needs to. It provokes. And we fall for it. We say, okay. I'll try. Maybe it'll be fun. And it is, for a moment. Like alcohol. You sip, and it's fun. You loosen up, feel lighter, easier to talk. You feel a buzz. It

works. But no one talks about how addictive it is. Like ego. Addiction destroys. Alcohol destroys the body. Ego destroys the soul. Same mechanics. But we like both. Maybe what destroys us is attractive. Or maybe we just don't think about the consequences. We only see the now. Ego thrills us. Alcohol relaxes. So we stop there. We don't look further. We think maybe it won't be that bad. Maybe nothing will happen. Childish talk. Not knowing everything has consequences. If you tamper with darkness, light won't come of it. Evil gives birth to more evil. Fiercer. Deeper. And you can't say "I didn't mean to." If you nurtured it, it's yours. Feeding ego is a form of nurturing. Daily little things that make it grow. And after years, try kicking it out, like that unemployed man living at home. How do you throw him out? You raised him. Now he's yours. That's ego. So act fast. Cut it out. Like shaving. Regularly. Consistently. Don't let it get too big. Don't let it ruin your life. Because a life ruled by ego is torture. You think only about it. Nothing else matters. Like an alcoholic with a bottle. That's it. That's you. The alcoholic becomes the bottle. The ego's host becomes the character ego created. You lose yourself. There's no "you" left. Just what ego needs. And in the end, what happened to the real me? Scattered. Gone. Nothing left.

## **22 drawing power from God**

because we need to recharge

We can draw power, if we know it's possible. That God gives strength. To face the daily struggles. To not let evil break us. Because yes, evil exists, and it attacks. We're standing at the shooting range, exposed from all sides. And these shots don't aim to kill us, they're meant to wound, to leave us vulnerable, open to the next hit. That's how evil works, slow, steady corrosion. But we can protect ourselves. We can ask God for strength and protection. And He will give it. He will offer a shield. But we need to know how to use it. We need to recognize when we're under fire. Otherwise, we'll just wave the shield around randomly. It won't help. Evil must be identified. And that's a great task. To recognize it and name it for what it is. Not say: it's kind of bad, but not really. Or: it's wrong, but does it really matter? Yes, it does. Evil always leaves a scar. It always wounds. It always takes. It cannot not. That's its nature. That's why we mustn't grow accustomed to it. We mustn't make deals with it, "I'll look the other way if you ease up." No. That won't work. Never has. You don't strike deals with evil without being betrayed, used, crushed. No one has ever won that game. Because life is a battle for the soul. Evil wants it crushed, dragged into the dirt, kept forever chained to the earth. God, on the other hand, invites us into unity. Into liberation. Freedom from earthly suffering. From wandering. The test will end one day. But not for everyone. Some will remain here, caught in what people call "hell." But not boiling cauldrons or burning iron rods. No, just here. This same earth. But without God. Disconnected. That's the true punishment. Earthly hell. Not to be confused with earthly life. Life here is not hell. It's the test. Hell on earth begins only when the soul dies and cannot reconnect with God. When it stays behind, lost, circling endlessly. Some get another chance, a new life, a new body, a new

test. Others don't. Some bonded with evil and were convinced by it. They will remain in separation. Lost, powerless, wandering. Some people can contact the dead. These are people of deep sensitivity. Those we call mediums. But not everyone can be a medium. And that's not the point here. What matters is understanding how it works. A medium connects with souls still stuck on earth. Souls that lost their way. Who missed their chance. Who haven't returned to God. And for clarity: they cannot contact the divine. Not heaven, not hell. Not those who have united with God, because once a soul becomes one with Him, it ceases to be separate. It becomes God. You can't talk to what is no longer apart. You can only talk to what's still here, souls that linger, that haven't moved on. Some of those souls may return in a new life. A second chance. A rebirth. This is what we call reincarnation. Ancient cultures knew it well. The Greek philosophers all accepted it. It was obvious to them. Western thought denies it, but that doesn't matter. Reincarnation still exists. It always has. It was never cancelled. It cannot be. You can't cancel the mechanics of the world. You can't stop a soul from being reborn. Often it returns within the same family. A grandfather's soul might be born into a young boy. Another try. But under the same rules. The laws were set by God and they do not change. They won't. And about recharging, yes, we can recharge. But only from good. Evil won't give us energy. It will only accelerate us toward a cliff. So we can't stop. But God, yes. He fills us. He protects us. If we stay close to Him. If we try to live as His people. Then He helps. Some say God doesn't intervene. That He created the world and now only observes. Watches us from afar. Cheering maybe, but doing nothing. That's nonsense. I've seen too much. Experienced too clearly. There were signs, clear, divine intervention. I know and I am sure: God is involved. In each of us. Unless we drive Him away. Unless we tell Him to leave. Then He waits. Waits for us to return. And this will surprise many, God waits for us not knowing if we'll ever return. Because contrary to popular belief, God doesn't know everything. Not everything. Humans have free will. And because of that, even God doesn't know what we'll choose. He may sense it, but He doesn't know. Because we don't know ourselves. We act impulsively. Often irrationally. And God watches. Watches our responses. How we react to what life brings. And that, life's unfolding, that's where God is strongest. In what we call fate. When we say something happened by accident, we're wrong. There are no accidents. What comes to us always carries God's signature. Not always pleasant, but always purposeful. Without it, the test wouldn't work. Life is a test. That's what I keep saying. A test of how we respond. When we're told we have cancer, do we curse God or lean into Him? When we lose someone, how do we react? That's the test. Our answer is the message. And this conversation with God, it happens daily. Without words. In actions. Because life brings us situations daily. Some good, some difficult. We respond. And that's our dialogue. That's the test. And we answer with how we live. Though, yes, this talk of good and bad is a simplification. Fate isn't good or bad. It just is. We label it, but that's not real. Fate is fate. A thousand-fold test from God. So answer well. Even if what you face is uncomfortable. Maybe especially then. If everything went your way, there'd be no test. If it doesn't, it means you're still in the game. That God hasn't given up on you. That there's still hope. And yes, this also explains why corrupted billionaires seem untouched. But let's leave that. Let's focus on us. On becoming better every day. On listening to God. On asking for support. For protection from temptation. From harm. From fire. And let's ask for the most important thing, the grace of unity. The possibility of returning to the Source. Because

nothing else matters more. Only unity with God. Only that can save us from the endless wandering. And the dusty weight of this earth.

## **23 the cult of understanding: opening up to truth**

because you need to tune in

Understanding, somehow we keep missing it. Somehow we don't let it come to us. Yet it knocks and pleads for entry. It searches and wants to be found. It is, in fact, a kind of trial. An invitation. Something meant to stir us. To open us up. To open us to truth, not to assumptions. Most often, we live within assumptions wrapped in rigid frames. We want everything to fall in line with our tempo, the rhythm we dictate. But that's not how it works. We're not meant to set the rhythm of life, we are meant to tune ourselves to it. It's like a river's current: if you fight against it, you'll wear yourself out, and eventually lose. Understanding means stopping the fight, ceasing the effort to beat the current or the waves, and instead letting go, flowing with it, rejoicing in the journey life offers. Yes, it is worth cherishing what is, not trying to conjure up something new, to reshape and rearrange everything, such efforts exhaust us and eventually fail. Every one of us falls in that battle. And it's a shame, for we could have gone with the current, surrendered to what life brings, and appreciated the life we already have. That's the beginning, the birth of understanding. And then it grows, revealing to us the true face of life. Life reveals its face only to those who surrender, who do not fight it. And then we can savor, try, show ourselves. This is a wondrous discovery, the ability to show ourselves something new, to learn to live anew, to try and experience in the absence of our convictions, in the absence of "I know" or "it must be this way." That "it must" ruins everyone. Our assumptions, our deductions and confirmations, our games of Sherlock Holmes, our mocking and undermining, they all lead nowhere. Understanding leads to the realization that life is peaceful. In truth, we're the ones who disturb it. We stir the waters of the pond, making noise once and then again, just to cause a reaction, to create sparks, because we crave emotion. But emotions are our enemy. People live on them, feed on them, and yet they awaken animal instincts, stripping us of soul and plunging us into what is earthly, fleshly. They give the mind free rein, and the mind runs wild. But such living does not lead to happiness; it draws us away from understanding, from recognition. A life of emotion closes all paths, leaving us alone with them, and alone with emotions means trouble, wounds, and certainly more to come. That's the nature of emotions, inviting and wounding in equal measure, leaving us with guilt. But understanding offers another way, because it lives in a different space, a space it builds and expands. And I encourage us to help build it. It's always beautiful to watch something take form, to witness growth. You can't mistake it. You can't replace it. So let's dwell in goodness, avoid what harms us, and attune ourselves to discovery, to discovering ourselves in an environment we no longer fight, no longer spit on, no longer demand noise from. Because that's what people do, not only do they make noise, they expect it from life. Applause, scandal, transgression. Yes, we love speeding. In life. And in truth, we even enjoy the tickets, a sign that we had fun,

that it was a thrill. Such thrills play on our emotions. But they come with danger, with the risk of crashing when you go too fast, when you don't follow the rules. You can hurt yourself. And so life hurts when treated aggressively, when we fight it, swim against the current. And this constant noise, only when we discover understanding do we realize how harmful it's been, how deeply it's worn us down. It's like an alcoholic in a bender, drinking daily and seeing nothing wrong with it, thinking alcohol makes life easier. But when they quit, after the withdrawal, comes clarity. They see that without alcohol, everything sharpens, becomes whole. No longer thinking only about the next bottle, now they can truly live. So it is with noise, we are addicted to it. We work in it, fall asleep with it, wake up to it. A total addiction. It's worth quieting down, opening ourselves up to peace, to soothing, to the awakening of understanding. Because understanding is feeling, not some intellectual exercise. People think understanding is like grasping the structure of the atom. But no. True understanding is feeling the letting go, the end of resistance. Realizing at last what freedom and truth are. When we stop creating personas, stop trying to prove something, stop trying to weld steel beams to a tree trunk. It doesn't work. Yet we keep trying, such is human nature. "He has his own world," they say of someone. And that's supposed to be a good thing. But I believe most people live in their own world, in isolation. And living in isolation is never good. It brings no benefit. Only exhaustion. We can't breathe. There's no oxygen. We sweat, from fear or fatigue, and we endure, in slow decay. And so it goes. Without end. And here's my message, it's not worth the time. Truly. Don't waste your time. Life is short. It passes shockingly fast. It leaks and escapes. It evaporates. And we drown. Always asking "where is happiness?" Maybe it's underwater? Maybe if we drown, we'll find joy? But no. There is no joy underwater. The nymphs won't embrace us. The sirens won't sing our name. We won't become myth or inspiration. The world forgets those who fought senselessly. Who made life a burden. It remembers those who loved life. Who flourished in it. Because they didn't fight. So why do we? Let's stop. Let's try to use our time. This time we've been given. Let's open up to the new, to recognition, appreciation, understanding. These are great treasures. To want, to taste, to expand, to use, to build. Together. To raise a monument to life. To show that it was worth something. To understand that without life, there would be no chance. No opening. No moment of pause. No dot at the end of the sentence. And may that moment of pause end in love. May it be love at first sight. Because we must fall in love with life. So that it brings joy. So that it fuels us. So that it gives back. And not only bills us. And that is my wish for all of us. Because understanding is the way to God. I know no path more certain. Or more beautiful. And it works.

## **24 caring for every living creature**

because we must respect what is alive

Yes. We must care. Every living creature holds the energy of life. Every living being wants to live and draw joy from that living. Let us not kill without cause. Let us not destroy nesting grounds. Let us not shrink the habitats where animals dwell. Let us not lock them in cages.

We must respect what is alive in order to nurture our compassion. Our capacity to feel with others. But there is also another side. One often forgotten by those who advocate for animal welfare. There is still the welfare of the human being. Also a living creature. Also wanting to live and exist in goodness. We must not forbid this. These two worlds must be reconciled somehow. The world of animals and the world of humans. But agreement must rest on respect and compassion. On care. On helping. Exactly. We cannot help animals and fight people. That will not work. It won't hold. I've heard more than once someone say, "My dog is my best friend. Unlike people. From people you can expect the worst. But my dog understands me." End quote. And that's how it often is. Unable to handle human connections, we flee into the world of animals. But that's not a way out. Caring for every living creature starts with finding ourselves among people. With compassion and understanding. With letting go. If we cannot find our place among people, our contact with animals becomes a loss. A consolation prize. And yet we could win. We could feel at home in our own skin. In the community we belong to. In our family. That's why I urge everyone to begin caring for all living beings by caring for their loved ones. By building community. Because that's a good beginning. That's the foundation. Building oneself away from people is exile. And this is especially visible among the young. Who say they are different. That their family doesn't understand them. That they are modern and the family is backwards. Such words show a lack of empathy. A lack of understanding. And a lack of compassion. We are different, but we have points in common. Points of connection. And it is important to focus on those points. To nurture those shared spaces. And not merely complain about how different we are. It's beautiful to be different! If everyone were the same, as if traced from a stencil, the world would be dull. It would not offer the joy of tension and reconciliation. The palette of colors. And it is worth being a color in that palette. Complementing other colors. Not some shade that fits no composition. Because that's exhausting. To cut oneself off. To resign from the world. To say, "I'm out. I choose animals." It's true, animals are wonderful and must be cared for. But an animal cannot be more important than a human. That won't work. That won't bring us peace. It will lead us to depression. To fear, and to other illnesses. This self-imposed isolation always ends in catastrophe. Someone once said humans are a social species. And that's true. We need people around us. Because we build our love upon them. It's beautiful to love a world without people. But there is no such world. Maybe someone wishes it were so. But it isn't. The world is full of people. And we must learn to live in harmony. Not provoke wars. Not compete for someone's favor. Not pretend and not play roles. Because our respect for another human being is born from our authenticity. From being ourselves. From not wanting to gain anything at someone's expense. I'll say more: it's from wanting good for another person. Such people are easy to spot. Those who, when they see another, want their well-being. That is a beautiful attitude and it must be emulated. We must instill it in ourselves. Yes. Because if we start from there, we can be sure the relationship will flourish. That it won't bring harm. As long as we don't impose anything on anyone. "Because we know better." To begin with wanting good for someone means beginning with understanding. There is no understanding without listening. And only when we know how we can be useful, do we act. That's how it should work. So that it brings fruit. So that it yields the intended effect. So that it blooms. Because such gestures inspire others. People catch that spirit. And it does good. To anyone in the orbit of such presence. Such

tenderness. And that's good. So let's respect one another. Let's help one another selflessly. Just as we help animals. Because no one expects money for helping animals. Animals won't pay us. So let's transfer this attitude to people. Let money not decide, but the stirring of the soul. That is beautiful and magnificent. When we are not guided by profit. When we simply want to do something good for someone. That is a noble posture. A posture that strengthens and shapes us. That stays with us. That takes root. And that is something wonderful. And may it remain so. Not seeking what divides us. If we seek what divides us, we will always find it. We will always find a reason to take offense. To retreat. To grow indifferent, because of this, or that. Indifference toward another person is a disgrace. It is something that cannot be justified with twisted reasoning. "Because they deserved it. Because they shouldn't have said that." That is no excuse. If someone makes mistakes, understanding. Coupled with compassion. We are all just human. We all make mistakes. There is no other way. We say foolish things. Sometimes we hurt someone unintentionally. Sometimes we say one word too many. But we must let go. Not cling to such words. Not take them personally. Not interpret them as an attack. And even if it was an attack, we should sit down at the table, for a truce. For a ceasefire. Not fuel the flames. "Because I must win. Because he hurt my pride." And so on, and so on. The same old tunes, but no victories. And it's all about winning. Loving the whole world, not just the piece of it that loves us. If someone loves us, it's not hard to love them back. We must learn to love those who blame us. Who cause trouble. Because to love humankind is not to love a selected person. To love humankind is to love every person. That's what it's about. That's why the wind blows. And that's good. Let it blow. And let us focus on all that lives. On animals. On people. And on ourselves. All three must exist in harmony. Harmony is not a mood. Harmony is a union. A recognition that we are part of the world. One of many. Just like our neighbor, and his dog that poops in our garden. We are all part of the world. And my victory is the victory of the whole world. That's why we must win. That's why we must try. Let us live in harmony. Let us care for that harmony. For understanding and for insight. For seeing beauty where we once saw conflict. The fact that boars trample our crops doesn't mean we must shoot them. It means we must put up a fence. Enclose the harvest. Let us not fight, let us solve problems. Let us not create the feeling that everything around us means us harm. That we must fight for what's ours. Tear it from the hands of others. It's not like that. And if it is, then change your surroundings. Normally, the world runs on different rules. But there are also rules we create ourselves. And much depends on them. So let's create good ones, not ones that mimic good. We don't buy cheap counterfeit tires for our car. We want good tires so as not to crash. Same in life. Let us build and surround ourselves with what is of quality. What is good. Because evil always harms a person. And it's a pity to suffer. A pity to build something that doesn't work. Or something that breaks the other. Because it doesn't fit. Because it's not made for that model. So let us respect, and we shall be respected. Let us try, and someone will try for us.

## **25 awakening the spirit so it hungers for God**

because you must make the effort

That's how it is. You must make the effort. You must strive. Faith and desire do not fall from the sky. This isn't about whims. It's about a decision and hard work. Work on oneself. Cleansing. Trying, in every way possible, to come closer to God. Whether through literature, or conversations with clergy, spiritual guides, and so on. God must become part of us. We must be interested in drawing nearer to Him. We must be motivated and devote time to it. The process of growth, the process of preparation, always takes time. It's never about stumbling on the idea "I'll connect with God," and a moment later there it is, the effect, the result. Then the connection drops. No, that's not how it works. This is not a phone call. This isn't something you win in a bag of chips or some other prize game. No. The connection to God begins with our effort. With our striving. Not just wanting it. It starts with awakening the sense of feeling. Because on a daily basis we think, we do not feel. And a change in the mode of perception is necessary. We need positive, white energy. We need to believe and to entrust. We need to open our eyes to the world. And to fall in love with it. A lot has to happen for that machine to start running. But the absolute beginning is to awaken the spirit. Because it is our soul that pushes us toward God. So we must begin to listen to it. Let it speak. Because in daily life we drown it out. We silence it with our "I know" and "I'm right." With our "there are more important things." What soul? There's life going on here. But not really. We won't know true life if we don't free the soul. If we don't let it speak. This is of the utmost importance. To know what we want. To understand that without the soul we are incomplete. It may be there, but it can do little. Because we keep it locked away. Behind bars. Exactly. And it's better to go slowly and responsibly. To unlock. To release what we've been holding on to. To go deeper and discover what is most beautiful within us. Our inner self. Our soul. Truly, it's a magnificent journey. A journey into the self. There is much to gain. I've never heard of anyone losing anything on that journey. It doesn't happen. There is nothing to pull us away. Even the mind won't protest. At least it shouldn't. Let us discover ourselves. Delve into what's inside. What begs or cries. What reports, or flees. It depends on how we've treated our soul. But every soul wants to be known. Wants to introduce itself. To speak of God. Of what is good. To invite us to life. I once heard a young man dressed in black say he preferred death over life. And I thought, the soul would never say that. Such words mean he's completely silenced his soul. Crushed it. Lost himself. Because we are spiritual bodies. We are the soul, not the physical body. The physical body is temporary. It decays quickly. Ages quickly. And dies. But the soul remains. And what soul will we leave behind? One that's unwanted? Misunderstood? Unappreciated? Or fulfilled. Or joyful. The soul drives us toward goodness. Always to the extent that we allow it. That we don't restrict it. Yes. Do not restrict. That is the right attitude. Because when we restrict the soul, we always lose. Wherever one thing is removed, another fills its place. In this case: the mind. And that, in turn, imprisons us. So we lock the soul with a key so that the mind can lock us in a cage. That's what it looks like in practice. And I encourage liberation. To feel the taste of fresh air. That can only happen by breaking free from the prison of the mind and inviting the soul to live. By following what the heart says. The heart is the soul's "mind." It is its voice. And it speaks, when it can. And we must listen. It helps. Exactly. It's worth listening. It's worth living. To gain momentum in this life. And to show what we're capable of. And I'm not talking about money or achievements. I'm talking about how, by listening to the heart, we

ascend to the heights. The heights of humanity. Because being human is not as easy as it seems. You must feel. You must see. You must empathize and help. Without the heart, it can't be done. Without a free soul, it won't work. And it's not even worth trying. Because it always ends in failure. So let us free the heart from its steel grip. Let us rejoice in it. Rejoice in the freedom it gives. In its wise suggestions. In its guidance. Because the soul, or heart, always leads us to the Lord. There is no spirituality without listening to the heart. Without the heart, it is distortion, not spirituality. Every work on oneself must begin with the freeing of the soul. With giving it peace. Not silencing it, but listening to it. Because usually, we terrorize it with our noise. And it has to endure. But this can change. We just have to want it. We just have to understand. What is what. What gives, and what takes. Because it is always that way. One thing enriches us, another weakens us. The mind always leads to defeat. The soul to liberation. We are the ones who decide what to choose. It's up to us what path of growth we take. And that's how it is. I've noticed that people who begin to be interested in spirituality sense that something is wrong. Somewhere within them, they hear the soul's cry. A call for help. They feel it under their skin, that life is about something more. Yes. Some people feel much. They have a natural gift. They are on a higher level than those who suppress every slightest trembling of the soul. And that higher level is a good sign. It shows that it may succeed. It proves there is something more. And it encourages discovery. Yes. One must discover oneself. At school they tell us how the liver or kidneys are built. But no one tells us there is more. That we must examine and understand ourselves. That's where existential questions come from. From lack of understanding. From not diving deep within. If you don't know who you are, you ask such questions. But if you knew who you are, you wouldn't waste time asking. Because you are the answer. Yes, every person is the answer, not the question. This is an incredibly important truth, and we can only discover its meaning by diving into ourselves. By examining ourselves. The human being is the answer. Just like God. Because our soul is no different from the Divine structure. From Divine energy. We are the same, only separated. And the whole point is to reconnect those energies. To draw in the Divine. So that everything is as it should be. And for that to happen, we must try. Work on ourselves. Cleanse ourselves. Cultivate goodness. It all must flow from us. And so, when discovering yourself, pay attention to what emanates from you. What flows out of you. What emotions. What energy. What vibrations. And you must make it so that the answer is pure goodness. Pure love. If that's not the case, you must work on yourself. Everyone must. But some are just beginning, and others have gone far. That's how it is. Let the soul speak. Let us listen to it, and we'll quickly make up for lost time. And we'll gain much. Old losses will be forgotten. And a new life will begin. The beautiful part will begin. Because beauty is worth it. Because fresh air tastes exquisite. And that's what we need, freshness and vitality. The body ages, but the soul is always full of life. The mind exhausts us, but the soul is always fresh. Yes. Now we know where to look. Now we know what matters. So let us turn knowledge into action. Because spirituality is not knowledge. Spirituality is practice. Without practice, there is no spirituality. Only empty words. And we are not empty! We have a soul. We have a loving heart. We have a reason to live. So let us live!

## **26 entrusting yourself to God**

because you need help and protection

It's a bit like this: in ordinary life, we belong to no one. Not to good, not to evil. We just wander through the world, running into both. We see them. We judge. We consider something helpful or not. We become familiar with some things, and not with others. But at this stage, it's about making a choice. About saying firmly: I stand with the good. I belong to God. I entrust myself to God. Such entrusting carries great power. But let us not confuse it with some kind of knightly oath, where a warrior pledges loyalty to his king. We are not meant to fight anyone. God does not expect us to be His knights, to convert others or to punish them, in one way or another. God expects nothing. We are the ones who carry expectations, which, as I've said before, should be torn out. God expects nothing, but He rewards. If we entrust ourselves to Him, we gain His help and His protection. We gain the status of someone who has chosen a side. Because that's how life works. You must choose. The worst thing we can do is not choose anything. That leaves evil all the room it needs. It will disguise itself as something helpful. It will do everything it can to corrupt us. And it will succeed. Without divine protection, we won't stand a chance. Evil will consume us. We will see ourselves as people of the middle, distant from the battle between good and evil, but in truth we'll be pulled in by evil, into games and corruption. We must choose the side of good and hold to it. Because good gives strength and joy. Joy in living. On the side of good, you don't need to fight, even though, as I've said, there is a war. Clashes do occur. But if you entrust yourself to God, you are safe. It is the wicked who fight. They strive to ruin this world any way they can. They want this world to be theirs, a world of darkness and the demon. But it never will be. Whoever is meant to be good, will be good. More precisely, whoever wants to be good, will remain good. Because want must be joined with is. Want without is is the voice of evil. A whisper encouraging us to want forever but do nothing. "I want to be good", but I am not. "I want to be near God", but I remain far. That's how want without is works. It means nothing. It helps nothing. And it hinders. Because when we say "I want," it's like we're excusing ourselves. "I may not be there yet, but I want to be." And that excuse works. It drowns out what's important. It drowns out the voice of the soul. And so it is, often. We want, but we are not. And it ends with the wanting. But God teaches us real life. Actual life. God is not a theorist, but a practitioner. The one who loves theory is the evil one. Because theories are like our "I want", just talk for the sake of talking. But practice is God's domain. God doesn't create grand schemes, He acts. And that's what He teaches us: the practice of living. The practice of listening to our heart. Of compassion, of surrender. Of help and trust. This also clearly shows what is good and what is not. If you don't trust people, it means you've been corrupted by evil. The good person trusts, because they see the world and people as good. Even if someone betrays them, they'll continue to trust, seeing it as an isolated case, or the influence of evil. The good one knows what trust is. That distinguishes the good. And the wicked? They see only wickedness. For them, the world is evil. People are out to deceive or exploit them. That's why they don't trust. Sometimes, in such simple examples, we can see where we are. Where someone we love or care about stands. Yes, it's worth knowing where we are. Which side we're on. And which side we should be on. Not

just want, but be. So be. Entrust yourself. Say, "I am good. The world is good. Because God is good." People may be imperfect. They may make mistakes. That's where evil comes from. But I choose the side of good, and on this side I remain. And stay. And endure. And praise God. And thank Him. Because He watches over you. Because He gives you so much and surrounds you with care. That's a great work He does. It gives much and enriches us. The goodness that flows from God. Because it's also true that we find what we seek. If we look for goodness, we'll find it. If we look for evil, we'll find that too. It reminds me of friends. Of friendship. And of what kinds of friends people have. What kinds of people they attract. That's how it is. If someone is a drunkard who loves partying, he'll attract partying drunkards. You see it often in college. Partygoers stick together. If someone is an avid fisherman, he'll draw in other fishermen. Fisherman one and two, and they'll become friends. And if someone loves God, if they see Him as the greatest value, they'll find a friend who thinks the same. Who shares those values. So here's another measure. A tool. A method that tells you who you are. What stage you're at. Look at the kind of friends you have. See what people you attract. The people you attract are your reflection. It matters to know your reflection. So you can work with it, if necessary. So you can start the process of change. Of repair. So you can finally feel at peace. Feel relief. So let us watch. Let us know what and how to look. Not to criticize ourselves, not at all. But to know where we are. How far we are from God. Like reading a map. Suppose God is in the Caribbean. You must identify where you are, and begin the journey. Face the challenges. Wait your turn. Face the opposing wind. The restless sea. All to reach God. The Caribbean, or wherever we imagine Him. The place doesn't matter, the journey is the same. Undeniable. Everyone must make the journey to God. It's not like you're far from Him, say "I entrust myself to You," and suddenly - poof - heaven. Sitting by His throne. No. That's not how it works. You must choose the good and follow the path of goodness. Only when we are cleansed. Only when the world no longer corrupts us constantly. Only then can we say: I am Yours. I serve You with every gesture. I am Your voice on Earth. Only then will it be reflected in fact. And entrusting ourselves to God strengthens those facts. Confirms them. Aligns them. And that is the point. It's a shame we don't talk about this more. It's so important. It's like a marriage, only you may have an ordinary wife or husband, and an extraordinary God. That goes beautifully together. Because God is our complement. Without Him, a person is incomplete. Not truly happy. That's why I'm amused by those lost in worldliness, searching for happiness. It amuses me, because it's like searching for sunflower seeds in the middle of a vast sunflower field. God is everywhere. God is near them. They know Him. They've heard of Him. But in their minds, happiness must be elsewhere. Never mind they're standing in a field of sunflowers. But no, the sunflower seed must be hiding somewhere else. It must be hidden. Maybe it needs to be dug up. Or filtered from river stones through a sieve, like those searching for gold. Maybe the sunflower seed is like a gold nugget. Maybe it glitters. But the sunflower seed is right before their eyes. By the hundreds. Because they are in a field of sunflowers. It doesn't shine. It doesn't glitter. It's ordinary. But it tastes exquisite. And I wish everyone the understanding of these words. And the taste of that sunflower seed. And that they remain with that taste. Because whoever tastes it once, never turns away. Because there is nothing better or more complete. Happiness is within reach, because God

is within reach. And that's how it will remain. The question is, is that good or bad for us? Let us answer that for ourselves.

## **27 proving ourselves worthy of union through service**

because to serve is an honor

Yes. To serve is an honor. To serve God is something wonderful. And we often forget that. Or we think of service as something lesser. As something that limits our freedom. After all, I'm free, what, am I supposed to serve like a serf? That way of thinking is mistaken. Serving God is fulfillment. It is the discovery of self. It is becoming fully human. Human in the truest sense of the word. To be loving and compassionate. Understanding and giving satisfaction. Because when we do something beautiful, we give ourselves a reward. It multiplies. It lasts. And that is the point. No one forces us to serve. And that is the most beautiful part. We choose to serve God ourselves. Out of our own free will. That's our decision. And that's what enriches us. Because we could have chosen another path, and yet we chose this one. Our will. That changes everything. It's different, say, with a job. Yes, we choose one, but maybe we're pushed by financial need. Maybe we pick the lesser evil. Maybe there were no other options. But choosing God is different. You decide without looking for gain. Because yes, God won't win you the lottery. God won't make you famous or admired. In fact, God may seem unfashionable today. And those who choose to serve Him are often labeled as weirdos. As odd ones. Who, instead of living "normally," carry out strange missions, for God, or some divine plan. The world often doesn't understand such people. It might not understand you. And so, we don't choose God for applause. We choose God because our heart is drawn to Him. From the need of the soul. From the call of conscience. So they may feel at home. So it may spark, in the only way it can. And it sparks. And the road is open. For everyone. For you as well. So you may serve God with every gesture. With every thought. And are there missteps, you ask? Yes. No one is perfect. Mistakes happen. But what matters is direction. The right path. If you walk in the right direction, you'll reach the destination, even if you stumble or fall along the way. You'll arrive, because your heart keeps watch over your steps. It will encourage the next one. And that is beautiful. Also, we do not walk alone. There are others who walk as we do. Whom we will meet on the path. Who may be an example or a support. Or perhaps we may be the example or support for them. It all aligns. And endures. A great journey of people of light. Toward brightness. Many people. From different backgrounds. Of different faiths. Speaking different tongues. But all with the longing for God. Let us help that longing be quenched. Because longing is one thing, action is another. And the action is service to God. There is no other way. There is nothing simpler. Yes, some think that serving God means hauling sacks of rice in Bangladesh. But no. We can serve God in everyday life. In ordinary things. In our approach to those things. In our language of love. In the stirrings of compassion. In understanding what someone needs. What might help. How to support. How to patch a hole. How to apply a bandage. Service to God is service to others.

And it's not about making tea. Tea servers serve, and get paid for it. You must serve without wondering whether it pays off. Without worrying how you'll be judged. Because yes, it's always one thing or the other. That's what we're used to. But now, something new. Something fresh. Selfless help. For healing. For care. For understanding. That's what the world needs. People who will heal. Because there's no greater help than healing the wounds of this world. The wounds people carry from this world. And so it is. That kind of work. That kind of unfolding. With a beautiful ending. Because that's the point. To find beauty in helping. In serving. To see the beauty of another human being, and the beauty of giving them your attention. Your time. A kind word. An embrace of the mind. That gives more than money. Not everything can be solved with money. Money won't heal a heart longing for love. Or someone longing for happiness. For recognition. For a human gesture. Money is no cure-all, even if many believe it is. The best medicine is closeness and tenderness. Recognition and appreciation. Devotion and validation. Recognizing another as worthy, as they are. Because a common mistake is to try to change someone. To judge. To scold. Let's not do that. Let's not try to change anyone, not a spouse, a friend, a parent. Let's not change. Because forced change hurts. What matters is to accept the other as they are. And show them love. Show them tenderness and care. These signs of love will work in the heart of the other. If they've done wrong, it will reach them. When they are met with unconditional love. A love that doesn't demand reward. A love that flows straight from the heart. Such love has the power to transform. But that is not its purpose. Love must be love, and nothing more. But its effect will be great. That's how it is. That's how service to God works. It is through service that we grow. That we come closer to Him. That we rejoice in life. I know of no other way to feel joy in life every day. To wake up with a smile. Only service to God can give us that. Because we know we are needed. By Him. That we are doing something important. That we are not insignificant. That He chose us. Because yes, God chooses those who serve Him. Not everyone is suited. Not everyone hears the heart's calling. Not everyone. So if you are one of the chosen, serve. If you feel it brings you strength. That it helps you understand yourself and the world. That it allows you to thank God for the act of creation. Or for any other reason - serve. Because serving the Lord is of great value. It enriches. It leaves a mark. It draws out the most beautiful parts of you. The finest fruit. Some think goodness is just a matter of decency. That it's in good taste to help the homeless. Or something similar. But that's not service, that's just clearing away potential guilt. We know we'd feel guilty if we didn't do it, so we do. But that's not service. It's not even goodness. It's just a gesture, like scratching your back. A gesture like any other. But service is more than a gesture. Service to God is a stance. One specific stance. A stance of understanding and compassion. A stance of listening to your heart and following its commands. A stance that puts the other's good first. That's very important. No longer "me", but "those around me." Those I live with. Those I live for. Because life is for someone. True service is this: to live life not by fulfilling whims, but by acting for the good of another. That is fullness. That also makes us fuller, happier, more accomplished. For what kind of life is it, if it lacks accomplishments? And there is no greater accomplishment than the accomplishments of love. Born of beauty, and for beauty. So that it may endure. So that it may enrich. So that it may be for us, through us. Living for another. Living for God.

## **28 passing goodness forward to receive goodness**

because goodness begets goodness

This is the kind of goodness we mean. This is the kind of goodness we should mean. The kind we receive. For it has double the value. Like alcohol after another distillation. The goodness we create is already something. But when we send it out into the world, it returns stronger. And that stronger goodness, that's what we should seek. The kind that has been tempered. Refined. The essence of good. Because goodness is a current, and we can enrich it. And we should. We should dedicate our time to ensure it becomes the highest quality. Of course, it happens sometimes that we send goodness out and it seems to vanish. Or so we think. But I believe it stays. It works within the person who received it, even if it doesn't yield fruit immediately. Sometimes we don't see the result right away. But that "working" goodness may have more power than the kind that comes back quickly. Sometimes that quiet goodness transforms someone. Instead of being just a polite return gesture. We must remember this. And not judge hastily. In fact, not judge at all. Because what for? Judging adds nothing. It brings no value. What matters are facts. What matters is their unfolding. What we create, and what we receive. I've met people who were focused solely on giving. They decided they'd only help and give. They didn't want anything in return. And this is not about expecting a return. But the posture of only giving is flawed. We close ourselves off from the beauty that comes to us. We fail to appreciate it. And it's about appreciating. About rejoicing when we're gifted. But often I hear someone say, "I didn't deserve this." That someone else should have received it. But I think, no. If something has come to you, you should rejoice. Receive it with an open heart. Humility is a beautiful trait, but only as long as it isn't exaggerated. Let's not go overboard with humility. What comes to us also builds us. Maybe even more so at times. We need it. Because if someone gives us something, even just a gesture, it's a kind of recognition. A kind of distinction. We should rejoice in that, not push it away. What good is a gift if you don't celebrate it? Because someone else "deserved it more"? No. If you received it, then it was meant for you. Let it stay that way. Don't fuss with it. Don't analyze or pick it apart. It's here, rejoice. Rejoice in the good that returns. That finds you and stays within you. Multiply it. Like Jews multiply money. If someone gives you a handful of goodness, keep half, and send the rest back into the world. Let it circulate. Pass it on. Gift it. Share the goodness you receive. It really works. It really functions, if it flows from the heart. And not from the mind. Because all that comes from the mind is calculation. But what flows from the heart is the soaring of the soul. A clarity. And that's what we must multiply. Because it gives life meaning. Because it always unfolds beautifully. Because it truly helps. And it's worth holding onto what helps. What makes us feel good. What makes life worth living. Yes. That's something that defines those who complain about life. Those who are depressed or withdrawn. They don't circulate goodness. They don't give and receive. They don't create. Something's stuck. That's right. And we must create. Get the current flowing. Let it return. And that's my advice, especially for those who see no meaning. Focus on good. Create good, and let it circulate. Share it with others. It will return and multiply. You will strengthen it. Refine it. It will be of the highest purity. And your life will regain meaning. Through that alone. Just through that. Through

circulating goodness. Because it holds great power. An unparalleled strength. It develops a person and brings joy. It also proves that people are good by nature. Because goodness fuels us. If we were evil, as some philosophers claim, the lack of good would energize us. But it doesn't. The absence of good slows us down. Stops us. It results in illness. Depression. Anxiety. Suicidal thoughts. All of it comes from a lack of good. It's the body crying out that something is wrong. And we mustn't be deaf to that cry. The worst thing we can do is nothing. And sadly, most people respond that way. Or they follow the advice of psychiatrists who prescribe more numbing pills. Numbing doesn't help. Not even logic supports it. Numbing cannot help. You can't fool the body with pills. You can't convince the soul that it's better to live without creating or circulating good. It won't work. It won't help. You must take yourself in hand and do something good. Goodness liberates. Goodness fuels us and lifts the mood. It gives meaning. Because it's for someone else. Not for your comfort, but for something greater. Yes. Because comfort is the greatest illness of the 21st century. They sell us on comfort. For ourselves. To do less. To relax. Comfort this. Comfort that. Buy this, for your comfort. Invest in that, for your comfort. And somewhere along the way, comfort hides the truth, that we should be going the other way. We should replace "comfort" with the good of another person. And another's good requires effort, which is rarely comfortable. Exactly. The two don't go together. Creating good and comfort. They don't align. And that very comfort drags us into trouble, like depression. Comfortable, but with a sickness. That's how it is. But when you act, when you're in motion, when you create good, you are fresh. Vibrant. Alive. Something is happening. And life loves movement. Not comfort in front of the television. Or elsewhere. Comfort of any kind is deceptive. It comes back to haunt you. But in creating good, there are no hidden side effects. No secret bill to pay. Nothing that will drag you down. Just goodness. Pure soul-exaltation. And going along with it. Stirring that machine. That being human. Because human is the one who helps. Who puts another's good above his own. And that's how healthy families work. Families where good things happen. And right now, we have a problem with families. A crisis in the homeland of home. Because it's reversed. In families, everyone thinks only of themselves. About what's best for me. What's comfortable. What's attractive. "No one will know if I do this or that." But it always comes out, even if just in attitude. It always shows. And our loved ones suffer. The whole family suffers. Because it takes just one member thinking only of themselves, and trouble spreads. Trouble is ready. That's why we must remember people. Let's not push them down the list. In the name of career, or self-fulfillment. In the name of ambition, or promotion. Let's not do that. Family, people, those close to us, they must always come first. Their good. Because their good is our good. Our good comes from theirs. These are connected vessels. More money won't make up for it. You can't pay off your absence with coins. You can't even the score. And it's not about balancing things out. It's about not causing damage in the first place. About caring for another human being. About being useful. So it may come true. To be and to create. To receive and to multiply. Let it be so. And I wish that for everyone. Because it is the way to God. Because it is a beautiful path. And full of gain.

## **29 understanding that we are God's mirror**

because we reflect His light

Yes, we reflect divine light. We are His people on Earth. His voice. And may that voice remain true to the original. Let us not tamper with it. Let us not edit this or that. Let it stay authentic. Let it stay resonant. Let what flows from our hearts influence the world, our loved ones, those we meet, and ourselves, especially our minds, which calculate and doubt, which always second-guess. Because the mind always doubts. That's why these reflections here must be received with the spirit, not the mind. The mind will hesitate. It will weigh whether it's worthwhile. But that's not what spiritual life is about. That's not what growth is about. Or discovering the new. Or delving into one's own self. What is truly good for us should be sensed with the soul, not the mind. If something stems from cold calculation, know this: it won't be good. Even if it appears so. Because it's calculated. Engineered for gain. And nothing sacred can be built on that. No temple was ever constructed by running the numbers, asking whether it would turn a profit. What is spiritual must come from the spirit. Someone may argue otherwise, and I respect that. That religions turn a profit. That they run businesses. But I see religion differently. I see it as a signpost, pointing out the path, showing us which way to go. And the fact that religious communities support their spiritual leaders is no sin. Without them, many would lose their way. Too many. There would be chaos. Among atheists or those who fight religion, there exists a mistaken belief that religion is the root of all evil. They cite religious wars as evidence. But I think of it this way: religion builds the moral backbone. Many draw from it. I believe that without religion, we'd indeed have that chaos. People would forget that evil exists. They would confuse good and evil. Religions keep reminding us, and thank God for that. Because not everyone can hear what is valuable in their hearts. Sometimes the heart shouts, or gets drowned out. Sometimes the mind is chosen instead. And that mind is deceptive. And religious wars? That's what happens when piety is misunderstood. Thankfully, we see fewer such instances. But still, misunderstood religion can cause harm. And that teaches us to offer people pure faith, not one laced with extremism. That is our task. Not to destroy the order of the world. Religions have always existed and always will. Let us not lose ourselves in criticism. In airing out the dirt or in judging. There lies the trap of the evil one, not in the religions themselves, but in our critique of them. In our disagreement with this or that. It's the chatter of the mind. We don't listen to our hearts, we don't grasp what's good in religion, we cling only to the bad. We only judge and criticize. It's easy to get lost in that and lose sight of the good. And yet every religion leads us to God. It affirms that we are His reflection. His light on Earth. And it is our responsibility to keep that light burning. Yet many try to extinguish it. Because it doesn't suit them. Because it's not trendy. Because it doesn't look the way they want it to. But I believe God's light isn't there to be judged. The divine light that emanates from within us is meant to be sustained. To be lived. To declare with every gesture, "Yes, I am proof that God exists." Because yes, there are those who seek proof of God's existence. But I know, every person is that proof. Because we have a soul. Because we have a loving heart. Because we are goodness, even if we stumble now and then, we remain goodness. Let us water that. Watch over it carefully. Tend to this light within us. So that it may shine more clearly. So that no one

mistakes who we are. We start from a glorious point, we are born smiling. Though we do not see that smile. We must cry our share to understand that all of this is for that smile. And in adulthood, it's the same, we are smiling inside, we just sometimes forget. We must tire ourselves out, try, and reach the goal to see that smile again. The smile of the soul. The smile of comfort. The smile of union. It's all one. It all builds us as divine beings. As something greater than our work history or our family name. Because we are more than that. We are God's reflection, and we should never forget it. So let us not monetize it. Let us not stir up spectacle around it. Let us not show off or try to alter it by force. All wisdom, truly, lies in staying in harmony with nature. And to stay in harmony with nature is to stay in harmony with oneself. And to stay in harmony with oneself is to listen to oneself. And to listen to oneself is to listen to the heart. And to listen to the heart is to listen to God. And to listen to God is to be yourself, His mirror. It's not about someone convincing you otherwise. Telling you that you know what's best and should do whatever you like. Living in harmony with yourself means living pure goodness. Without additives. That's the point. If you truly listen to yourself, you won't cause trouble. You won't steal or deceive. Your conscience won't allow it. But that takes practice. A path to God. And this entire book is such a path. It points to it. Highlights important places. Milestones. And let's remain convinced that it's worth it. Because it is. And some will say you can't get rich without cheating. That if you don't steal, others will steal from you. Don't listen to such people. They are enslaved by their minds. But that doesn't mean you must be a slave too. Don't repeat others' mistakes. Do your own thing. In harmony with yourself. And God will make sure you don't go hungry. If you want to work honestly, you won't have to fear tomorrow. Yes, difficult times may come, but with a clean spirit, you'll overcome them with ease. Trials exist to confirm that we are in the right place. People of weak faith often can't endure trials, they retreat to the beginning of the path. But we must believe. Because if we are God's light, God will not let harm befall us, so long as we remain that light. So long as we are determined to be ourselves. Because today's world tempts us with many turns, crossroads, distractions. At various points, it lures us in different ways. It wants to reroute us. And we must not be fooled or broken. There is one God and one path to God. Though it may be expressed in many ways, through different religions, it is the same path. The path of goodness. The path of understanding. The path of openness, love, compassion, and forgiveness. This openness deserves special attention. Because it's rare. And often forgotten. Openness is openness. Full stop. Not "ours is better." Not "only for our kind." Not "we know best." Not "we must debate this." No, openness to every person. Openness to different ways of thinking and seeing God or the world. Openness is what we lack most. And that is why so many are stuck. They cannot continue the path to God. But God is open to humanity. And we, as His light, must be the same. And often we are not. We divide into "us" and "them." Into better and worse. Into smarter and dumber. City folk and villagers. And so it continues. And it leads nowhere. Let us learn openness. Let it accompany us on our daily journey. Let it teach us and bless us. Because openness is a tremendous strength. The strength of understanding and letting go. The strength of closeness to others. Of sharing what is most beautiful. The divine light that shines from within us. And may it always remain so.

## 30 understanding that we live for God

because life only has meaning in God

Yes. That's how it is with people searching for the meaning of life. And it's interesting that only those who are far from God ever go looking for it. Those who have no connection to Him. I wonder why that is. But that's the way it goes, if you're disconnected from God, you're searching, but you don't even know what for. You search for everything, while bypassing God. You invent theories and replace Him with cheap imitations. Many have tried. Few have truly grasped what it's all about. And it is about nearness to God. Because what other meaning could there be for a spiritual being? That is, if we understand we are more than just bodies. If we delve into our soul, we begin to comprehend. We begin to carry that understanding into our lives. This knowledge. This conviction. And this longing for God. Longing is the right word. We often long for meaningless things. But we should long for what matters most. It's even logical, if you're building a house, long for the house, not for a single brick. What good is a single brick? That's why we should long for God with all our heart. This is the thirtieth level. Nearing the end. Because yes, once we are ready and purified, all that's missing is our will. Our desire. The stirring of our heart, and the listening to what it wants. What it says to us. Why it was stirred. And in which direction. Exactly that. The heart always points to God. And we should remember that. It does everything it can to lead us to union with Him. Not in some intellectual way. Not to gain anything. But to come home. Where we are loved. Where we are safe. That is, in essence, what it's all about. At home, everyone listens. At home, we are valued, and we feel appreciated. That's how it is with God. He accepts us as we are. With our flaws. He doesn't mind our forgetfulness. He doesn't care that we can be impatient when meals are late. We are who we are, and God does not judge us. I've come across other portrayals of God, one who judges, who punishes and lashes out. But that's nonsense. Inventions of bad people. Because if you're bad, you "create" a bad God. God is our reflection, just as we are His. It works both ways. That's why we must be pure, so the reflections match. So we don't create a God who rips us to shreds. Who devours us and leaves not even bones. Or impales us, like Vlad the Impaler. Yes, I'm convinced Vlad believed in God. But his God must have been terrifying. Unforgiving. The real God forgives. He shows compassion. That's why our compassion plays such a vital role in connection. Because compassion shows that the heart breathes. That we're listening to it. If we don't feel compassion, we analyze. We are prisoners of the mind. If compassion takes the lead, it means we've allowed the soul to speak. And so it should stay. That's where we must stay, with everything that's good for us. That builds. Not just what gives us pleasure. Because the two aren't always the same. There are pleasures of the body, and these are often at odds with the pleasures of the soul. We must learn to tell them apart. I don't recall if I've said this already. But yes, the mind seeks to please the body. Hence the impulses and cravings. The desire to eat, drink, to excess. Just as Paracelsus once said, "The dose makes the poison." And we should remember that when it comes to bodily pleasures. If we overindulge, they become poison. They bring us pain or destroy us. Just like food is good for us, but excess in anything, as always, brings harm. In general, anything the mind suggests should be treated with caution. That's my rule. Because I know what the mind can do. How it deceives

completely. So we must be careful. On the other hand, there are the pleasures of the spirit. We've probably noticed how good we feel in nature. In a forest. In the mountains. Swimming in a lake. Riding a horse. Being around animals. Nature and animals calm the soul. They take the wheel away from the mind and hand it to the soul. And that's the direction we should be going. We should pursue spiritual pleasure. When was the last time you looked up at the stars on a clear night? When did you last paddle a kayak and marvel at the scenery? And so on, and so on. This is the beauty of being human, when we connect with what is beautiful. Because the dirty will always stain. But beauty draws out the hidden beauty within us. So let us hold to beauty, for our own beauty. For our own joy. For the pleasure of the spirit. That's what truly pays off. That's what we can build on. And build we must. Then, at some point, we will feel a pull toward God. We will feel a longing for Him. Because that is the true meaning of human existence. God. Nothing more. Nothing less. Simply Him. And anyone who has found Him will say the same. Others are still searching, and that's all. I've never heard of anyone finding something else. Some say, family. But after a few years, the husband leaves, will she still say "family"? God won't leave you. God is there for you. Through you. And He is very much alive. He's not just on some painting. Not just in a church, a synagogue, a mosque, or a vihara. God is here and now. He sees everything. Someone once said to me, "Live as if someone is always watching what you do." And that person was wise. Because someone is always watching. That someone is us. And if we see it, so does God. That's the real meaning. Because it's true, God is not in the middle of a desert where there is no life. But if you are there, if you see something, then God sees it too. That's how it works. Exactly. And why, that will be in the next, final chapter. The final level. But before the last, there is this. For some, the penultimate is the most important. Because it's the moment before. The moment just before it's all grasped. And maybe that's true. I don't give it such weight. But it's true, in Catholicism, the vigil is for many more profound than Christmas itself. Some people love what comes before. That's human nature. I don't criticize. Nor do I encourage it. In my view, a house becomes a house when it is finished. Before the roof is raised, it's not yet a house. Because the rain will pour on your head. That's how it is. But perspectives vary. I can respect that. Let's focus instead on wanting. On making sure we have the longing for God. And someone will ask, why? What should lead us to that? I answer, facts. The fact is, without God we won't know what peace is. Without God, we will never understand how to be happy. I intentionally say how to be happy, not what happiness is. Because being happy is something to learn. One thing is that God gives happiness. True happiness. Only with Him can we be happy. Only in Him. But another thing is transferring that divine happiness into life. We must learn to be happy daily. There is no class for that. There are trials. There are stumbles. But there are also results. Real victories. Another thing, beyond happiness, is safety. Yes. God gives safety, because with Him, we know, even if we die, we won't lose. We will gain. Nothing can truly harm us, because we are connected. That is the perspective of someone who has met God. It cannot be otherwise. And that's the reason to long for Him. Because there is nothing of equal value. Because there is nothing so beautiful and captivating. Only God. And that beauty draws us in. So let us not resist that pull. Let us allow ourselves to be drawn in. Let ourselves be made happy. Because it's worth it. To be human. In the fullest sense of the word.

### **31 realizing that we are connected to God, and have always been, but now we are worthy of that union because unity**

This is exactly how it is. The title says it all. But how is it possible, you might ask, that we are connected and yet don't know it, that we fail to notice it? That's what happens when we haven't passed through the previous thirty levels. When we are not yet ready for this awareness. I'll go further: even if someone reads this book and treats it like any other, they will not understand this final level. They won't grasp that the connection already exists. Because this is not about understanding. It's about feeling. And to feel it, we must walk through and work through the previous thirty steps. We must purify ourselves. Let go of what we're holding. Feel strength and joy in God. Long for Him. And then, He appears. Within us. And then we feel Him. It's a sensation like no other. A true "I know." I know because I feel. I know because I touch Him with my heart. Our soul naturally longs for this state. It longs to be cleansed. Longs for connection. And it sends us signs and pleas. Sometimes whispers. Sometimes cries out. It depends on how we treat it. But it's always about the same thing, about sacred unity. About uniting with God while still on Earth. And I might surprise you now, but there is no other way. If someone tells you you will unite with God after death, they are mistaken. The truth is, union must happen here. While alive. What is not united during life will not be united after death. That's why this teaching matters. That's why we must strive and fulfill. Be and live as true human beings. As the image of God. Because that is what we are. We are His image, and He, ours. But let no one take this too far. Let no one misunderstand me as repeating the old phrase "I am God." No. A human is not and cannot become God. But the human soul can and should unite with the divine energy of the world, with the living God, who acts and transforms, who works within us, through our soul, but is not our soul. God is not our soul. It is our soul that is a separated fragment of God. And it is up to us to draw the whole toward that fragment. To reunite. To remain in that union. Because once someone returns to God, there is no need to do it again. The connection is permanent. Born of preparation. It is steady. I've never heard of someone who, once united with God, gave it up. No one says, "I don't like it," or "I thought it would be different." There are no such cases. And not by accident. Union with God brings immense strength. Strength and joy. It guarantees life in truth, not illusion. We begin to recognize our destiny. We come to know what we're meant to know, not out of curiosity, but to learn how to live in this new state, in new circumstances. Everything changes. And that is good. That is the beauty of it. And I wish that for everyone. Because it is truly for everyone. But not immediately. It's not like ordering coffee in a restaurant and getting it five minutes later. It doesn't work that way. It must be earned. Another fascinating point, some people sense these levels intuitively. They feel them beneath the surface. There are people connected to God who don't even know it. It happened naturally. They didn't strive for it. It just came. Because they were ready. Because they attracted God through their purity and longing. And what's interesting, I believe such people are the majority. Most of the connected ones did not actively seek connection. It just happened. That's fascinating. But it doesn't lessen the value of this book. It is better to walk the path to God consciously. Not everyone has the gift

of self-purification. Most of us must walk slowly, watching our step, ascending one level at a time. And there are thirty-one levels. This steady process helps us digest everything deeply. And as we move through the path, it becomes clear what is natural. What is destiny, not just choice. Because yes, it begins with a choice. You can decide: I will walk toward the Lord. I will purify myself to experience union. That's a choice. But what matters most is the sense of natural belonging to that path. The sense that it was written for us. That we are discovering ourselves in it. That we are becoming fuller. More human. For the path to God is the path of love. Of respect. Of compassion. Of silence, not judgment. Of calm, not emotion. And this isn't about "change yourself." Not "you're doing this or that wrong." Not "you must be better." Not "work on yourself." No. No. And again, no. It's about listening to your heart. Letting it speak. Letting it lead. Doing what is right. It's about knowing yourself. Not about finding tricks or fixes for a world we'll never understand without first knowing ourselves. That's how it works. Everything is connected. The whole union. The whole path. The whole desire for spiritual practice. For true spirituality. But I've also heard of another kind, spirituality sold as aimless effort. As blind devotion to some vague ideals. That's painful. Spirituality seen through the mind. That cannot be. My teachings contain not a gram of mind. Spirituality is the art of seeing beauty. And beauty can only be seen through a loving heart. Through an unshackled spirit. That's why it's easy to tell true spirituality from trendy imitation. Trends fade. Truth remains. Rooted in centuries of tradition. In the teachings of countless mystics. You may choose a religion to help you. Or go without one. That's up to you. But all truly spiritual people share this, they do not mock any religion. They see them all as helpful. And leave the choice to you. If someone says, "Only our religion leads to God," walk away, not from the religion, but from the one who says it. And as for trendy spirituality, I warn you, watch out for false teachers like Osho. He despised religion. All of it. He mocked it. Treated it as business. And many people still follow him. That's sad. Such people do not build. They destroy. They imprison souls in manmade sects, on their own terms. No wonder some flinch at the phrase "spiritual guide." But it's a beautiful concept. A beautiful form. And what it gives us depends on us. I encourage you to learn from true guides, those who draw you toward religion, not away from it. Who don't try to trap you in anything. I myself am far from such things. I am a herald of freedom. Not freedom confused with recklessness. Freedom comes with responsibility. But it is free, and that's what makes it beautiful. Freedom gives us opportunity. And the heart shows what, when, and how. This book is such an opportunity. My teachings, those in Lectures, Letters, or Mystical Journey of 365 Steps, are signposts. They open eyes. They guide you to the right path. Not a specific religion. Not a doctrine or tradition. All paths will take you to the same place. All want your good. And your good is the good of God. And God's good is your good. And we must care for both. Which is really one. Because if we have God, what more could we possibly want?



## List of images:

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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](http://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.

Contact Marsin:  
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