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## Surrender 1 Divine Lover

The synchronicity is seen again between the continuation of Our Word (O. Zupančič, stanza 6) and the message of this drop, even though it is not planned.

"Sentenced to silence, in the council of nations,  
we watch from afar as they build a new world.  
In Freedom of the Holly Song  
it is not given to weave with our melodies,  
Blow, Virtuous Blower, the Storm...,  
shake off the chaff that we are, what do I care?"

There are many who have received the same upbringing as us, where we are told by words and behavior that the mind is the judge. Neither they nor we, like Tarzan or Anastasia, lived without human parents, but in nature away from the unnatural man, they once again placed the mind in its rightful place. It's not impossible. Anastasia said that it is easier for her because her spirit was not defiled and she herself has no merit in spiritual purity. It is different with us, when invasiveness into the spiritual intimacy is a legalized practice, therefore every breakthrough into a freed thought is a miracle that the whole creation rejoices in, as the value of an active soul is vividly described by Jesus. Not because it would be difficult, but because it is almost impossible to convince us not to take action and solve things in our own way, we don't have a relationship with God and we don't know His Doing.

This collection is devoted to the practical aspect of surrendering to the Will of Life, God's Will or Doing, Natural Intelligence. The names don't really matter, which one suits you depends on the program that rules you. The scientific mind cannot accept the name God, it is closer to the term Energy Law or Zero point Law, but still we are not talking about two different phenomena. The indeterminacy of Understanding and Love should reach your heart and mind so that the message can be understood and felt at the same time.

With every insincerity that disappears from behavior, the Loving and Redemptive connotation of God's Doing, or Natural Intelligence, is drawn more clearly. No matter when you find out about It, it won't be the right time, you'll still have a lot of plans you want to accomplish before you're ready to let go of control. Regardless, it is time to take seriously the illusion of 'personal doing' and allow ourselves the high gifts of Lightness, Protection, Guidance, Health and Abundance that the Surrender bestows upon us.

The collection invites you to take an honest look at yourself and portrays a mirror in which you may see a forgotten domesticity. Awareness is the magic of Natural Intelligence that liberates the sense of 'personal doing'. Allow yourself complete relaxation, listen to the message as a feeling, not a thinking being. The body/mind needs training and only with regular immersions in mental silence, it lowers the protective shield and opens to the Current of Life.



Life needs its own conditions in order to Be. Under what conditions Life is in you, It knows exactly, but you do not. It is not fooled by your thought and guides you accordingly with the Happening, which aligns itself with the prevailing vibrations, which you take as it is given to you, without explanation. You never know where you are being led and what awaits you there, but you trust the Happening or God, not mammon, who interprets Life as it suits him and therefor always lies.

Honesty is truly terrifying to the mind, like exposing a worm to the sun. Experiencing someone who has taken off the mask of sociability is always a shock to an mind person. Whether it drives him to flight or shakes him into a work of art depends on personal strength, which accumulates with the mileage of inner silence.

The Toltecs, as well as other spiritual currents, emphasize that without inner silence, there is no game. Do not think that you are bad in the eyes of the Living One, because he sees you as you are. He is not in the mind, and the presence in him cannot judge. What makes your knees shake with him is the feeling that he sees you through something you're not used to. You cannot be prepared for the deception you are living, but you are here to overlook it. There is no higher mission. The so-called the achievements that this world values, by the side of it, wither like plucked flowers.

Experiencing the Current Flow of what is happening, without interpretation, judgment, agreement or rejection, is the attitude that brings the energy to life for Experiencing. Now let's get to know the Divine Lover that I experienced a few days after starting a solitary 6-month journey through Australia. Through Him, you will understand how the standard of a quality man rose for me and 'spoiled' me in the sense that I was not satisfied with anything that did not at least remind me of this beauty of relationship. From then on, without wanting to, I recognized the rule of alien thoughts in people and instinctively avoided close encounters with them, just as forest animals flee from humans.

Not 14 days have passed since the 'invitation' to Australia, which happened on the first forest retreat, when I was already hitchhiking along the Great Ocean Road on the southern edge of Australia. I already told you about this retreat, but I didn't tell you how the drift turned into a sudden transformation from a sleeping bug to a Butterfly dancing with Life again. On the 11th day of retreat, when I didn't eat, talk, think, or engage in activities for the same amount of time, not because of some kind of conviction of what I would achieve with it, just spontaneously, day by day the body felt the need for a thorough rest, I experienced an energetic revival, as if plugging me into the electrical grid of Life. I have never experienced anything like that, as before I only looked alive because I was moving my body and only with inner silence could the Current of Life Force flow through me.

In an early May evening, I am sitting in front of the fire when a wave of energy overtakes me and, from sitting on the floor, lays me on my back. Because of my inner peace, I could not be afraid of this energy flow, I just let it be, run and do its thing.



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Engaged in this experience, which was reminiscent of hanging between overhangs, which I only touch with the tips of my fingers and toes and all that remains for me is to let go, I hear a strange flickering of flames, which made me raise my head. In the flames I see the name AUSTRALIA written in capital letters. In this state, I did not wonder how the flames could write, I just silently stared at the inscription, which was only a meter away from me, and I was now watching it, leaning on my elbows, waiting for the clarification of what Australia was for. Where there is no program that dictates what is possible and what is not, the threshold is where miracles begin.

The reason we humans experience them so rarely is because we think through a mindset that trivializes Life into an easily understandable thing and rejects what is not in accordance with it. To convey the belief of how magical and mysterious the fabric of Life is, and how infinitely loving and benevolent, is the silent hope of this collection.

By the standards of 'common sense', there was no way for me to go to the other side of the world, without money and possessions to redeem, and yet nothing can rise from the inner silence, except a quiet wonder and interest in continuing to unfold this Awesomeness. It seems that the invitation to travel could have happened precisely because of the favorable conditions created by peace of mind. I haven't experienced it yet, I couldn't want it, it's just that everything I called 'my' Life ended and I was in a kind of vacuum, what now? For a few days, but it was clearly enough, I was without a plan for my Life and precisely because of this I was driven by an impersonal Intention of Life, about which I knew nothing at the time.

I did nothing but agree to the unfolding of events. A buyer was found for the old car, for which I got 5x more than it was worth and had just enough for a return ticket. Faster than I could follow, everything was arranged so that within 14 days I was already sitting on a plane to this Martian continent.

Now it's easier to empathize with the twist that has so suddenly placed me on the other side of the world without notice. With a backpack, no preparations, I didn't have a book guide yet and with 50 dollars, I had 100, and the taxi driver from the airport to Melbourne collected half of it, now I'm already hitchhiking along the famous ocean road, which was protected on the right by high rocky cliffs, on and the left caressed the ocean and adorned the coast with sandy beaches.

It was June (1994) when it is winter in Australia, close to zero during the day and below zero at night. I walked on the road all day without a single vehicle passing by. Since I had no money, I couldn't think of anything about transportation, and I was already so far from other options that I didn't worry about the loneliness that accompanied me on this road. I had a tent and too much to do with news that I couldn't help but wonder and admire the unfolding of Events again. I rejoiced with the whales, who carefully splashed jets of water into the air, experiencing these mighty creatures for the first time, setting my face to the ocean wind and, I remember well, breathing a hitherto unknown quality of relaxed unplannedness.



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It was late in the afternoon when it dawned. I was looking for a coastal nook where I could set up my tent before I got soaked. In that, however, I hear a car engine and a white van drives by. I look at the driver and give a thumbs up, but he drives on. Around the next bend, I notice the same white van on the bank of the road and realize that it is waiting for me. Through the open window I look at the driver, then at the small bulldog on the seat next to him, both of them looked at me kindly and with closed mouths. And muzzle, which was unusual for a dog, as if it was not breathing at all. A rosary is hanging on the mirror, there are ropes on the floor, and a surfboard in the back. The driver is about my age, with dark brown long hair and blue eyes, which immediately put me at ease to sit down. He said there were only a few bays ahead to surf and he could save me a few trips.

I kept silent, mainly because of the pleasantness around this stranger and the dog, which was a kind of extension of his energy and which was cutely nuzzling my arm with its snout. Before we reach the bay it starts to rain. He says there's going to be a downpour and I can sleep at his cottage, he's going to dip into the ocean a little bit first and I can wait if I want.

I like to accept. While he struggles in the waves that are too low, the dog and I walk along the sandy shore playfully and at home, as if we have always done this. It starts to rain harder and the surfer soon gives up. He comes out of the water, sits on the rock that is the deepest in the ocean and watches us. I feel his gaze tingle in my stomach, like the first glass of champagne. I approach him and sit beside him. We quietly observe the horizon, in no hurry to escape the rain. His indifference to the rain fascinates me as much as his silent presence, which did not invade me curiously, but timidly caressing, like a forest animal sparkingly sniffing an unknown area that does not threaten it. In this, a perfect double rainbow appears on the horizon of the sea. It happened so quickly that my breath is taken away by this sudden beauty and more than obvious reflects the feelings that rise in me at this stranger, with heavenly calm eyes and a rhythm that does not know the next moment. I could not explain the bouquet of high moods, nor could I deny them. The body worked in its own way and it was pleasant. Again, I couldn't help but wonder and allow the Happening to be.

Silent even on the way to his lovely house on the shore, with the embers still smoldering in the fireplace and everything arranged exactly to my taste, it is not too meticulous, nor neglected. No one needs to talk about themselves, explain who they are, why they are here, we don't even exchange names until we are dressed in dry clothes watching the flames. It's a pleasant silence, eloquent in feeling, we didn't try not to talk, it was natural for us as long-time lovers who know everything about each other and all they have left is love-making, which speaks with gestures, actions, looks, touches, atmosphere and exhilaration.

I have never met such a pure man, whose invitation to sleep over did not contain a shadow of trade. A man of the mind works with the prospect of reward... when he offers something, he wants something. He is ruled by a hunter's mind and is not aware of it. That's just the way he is and he doesn't know anything about it.



He behaves like someone who has no Power and has yet to get it, through his own efforts and cunning. This man was Power personified without trying. He lived cleanly, content in inner silence and its fullness. Time passes more slowly with him, like a 'slow motion' movie, in which I have time to notice the nuances of feeling, somehow uninvolved, but still fully engaged.

I had a head injury when I was nine, nothing serious, just a cut scalp, but the impact caused me to see energy for months, whether my eyes were open or closed. Anything but a pleasant experience. I see how behavior creates glowing threads that emanate from the body and grope, perceive continuously. The body cannot but perceive, it is its nature. From the people I was used to, hunting threads came out, hungry, wary of prey, property, benefit, pleasure, any kind of food.

There are threads radiating from this man that are looking for an opportunity to give himself. Like wild deer and wolves, who only visited me during forest prowls when they felt there was no danger. It is truly unearthly to experience a close encounter with an undomesticated forest creature, which tells me that man is still served by all of nature without subjugation, he just needs a trusting relative naturalness. I feel the same way about this stranger, who is more of an exotic wildness than a man.

We feel so richly without a word spoken that it flutters in my stomach and raises the hairs along my spine. How handsome this man is, how pure his eyes are, how pleasant it is to be around him. I have never felt so unthreatened, he waters me like a flower and literally feeds me with himself. He doesn't take, he gives himself, cautiously at first, then without any reservations.

He offers his bathrobe and discreetly retreats to the bathroom so I can take of my wet clothes in peace. He laughs heartily when he sees me eating some kind of fruit I don't know, which I cut into pieces so I can chew them. Turns out it's actually a pumpkin. He prepares the grill net to soften it over the fire. He says with a smile that I act like someone who has never been to civilization.

Lenny Kravitz's melody sinks quietly into the silence. At some point, without warning or preparation, our eyes meet and we no longer look away. The moment we looked at each other, I felt warm as if he had physically touched me. His eyes revealed that he reads me like an open flower. The feeling was mutual. There was nothing to hide. We caressed each other for a long time with a look that pulls us into look-kissing love-making. His eyes love as I am making love with God. The experience of the body is nullified in the depths of this gaze, which makes love to the soul and is sustained only by a spotless innocence that knows no lies.

The nakedness next to Him was not threatening, it was a surrender without any inhibitions, and only in this non-threat was the fusion able to take us to the heavenly heights. There is nothing more than that.



I could not be prepared for the revelation of a Truthfulness  
in which there is no human mind. It is sealed in this body, I  
could not even want It from the poverty of known experiences.  
There is no way by which I can reach It by my own efforts.  
Truly, heaven is not a place, and with what I know, I have no access to it.

The next morning, as quiet as animals, we hug and kiss goodbye with a glance. I continue my journey into the unknown, enriched by a glow that acts as a shield of light. The fear of how I, as a young girl, without money or devices, which at that time did not exist anyway, would survive the lonely desert road among truckers and other so-called predators, was annihilated by this great Gift to which the High Will of Life led me, freed of 'my doing'.

If the man I hitchhiked had an unchaste intention, he became helpful when he came into contact with me and served me like a queen. So I received what I needed at the right time and in the right way without searching or worrying about anything.

I hope the story helps you understand what it means to Surrender to the Will of Life and how much you lose when you rely on what you know. Life behaves exactly like this Divine Lover..., it silently experiences you and communicates with you through Events, behavior and feelings through which It leads you to its Gifts and Beauties. Like an untamed animal, It is lured by the violence of low moods into waiting for favorable conditions to be created for It. All the while, It knocks on the heart with almost inaudible sighs, so that it would want It.

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By Hostarka