



Surrender 2nd station - A hot spring in the desert

Let the 7th stanza of Župančič's 'Our words' prepare us for the continuation certainly one of the least understood phenomena on Earth.

"There was a man among us, as a grain strong and healthy,
He knew how to read people, like we do books.
So He immersed himself in secrecy of our man,
that the imprint of his deepest dreams
burned the burning stigma into Him."

It was only years after the desert experience that Prudence and Order emerged, which regulated the events on this path. Today, I know that the Will of Life cannot lead with words, but with action. It's a really vivid reference to read from the sequence of events and it couldn't have happened in any other order. It has been reported clearly who Life is and how it behaves. I was not aware of this, only intuitively, after returning, this understanding was rolled out like a red carpet of certainty before the next step. The absence of me, my intervention in the unfolding of the path, was necessary for everything to happen in the Order, behind which stands the Balancer of Life.

Saying goodbye to the Divine Beloved, my heart should burst, wanting to stay, but this heart was not attached to either the experience or the person. It is absolutely overwhelmed and grateful in a way beyond anything I know. Clinging and the desire to repeat pleasures is learning dictated by thought without Power and Freedom. Some may think that I had the advantage of solitude and an unknown country, but it really does not matter whether I know the place and whether I am surrounded by people or not. Every day is new all over again, unless I think it isn't and I create a loop of repetition in which new things can't happen. From the point of view of understanding, however, I am alone and no one can understand anything for me.

When I do not have a plan and when I do not direct the Event to my advantage, the Impersonal Will of Life can materialize and bring about the best possible scenario of the Event, otherwise we prevent It with our interference out of fear and ignorance. I didn't need to know that, nor would anyone need to know the Workings of Natural Law, until we don't interpret the Happening. Since this is not the case and we are taught to think about the Happening that it is of human origin, that man is the author of the Stream of Life, we lose the Clarity of the view and in the Happening we no longer see the Perfection, but rather the reflection of this thought. I was saved by the effect of the forest retreat, I was protected in the highest and only way... by mental silence.



This makes the Event flow unhindered, it does not get stuck in judgments, fears, prejudices, opinions, attachments..., in one or another entrapment of mental structures, which swirls energy in repetitive ones, but rather the energy tuned with the Course of the Event, becomes whole and healed. Likewise, sadness cannot arise from inner silence when parting from this spiritually beautiful man. Surrendering to the Will of Life consecrates oneself, it maintains the integrity of energy. There is no way it can be taken from me, I can only overshadow it by rejecting the commands of this Will. I could have listened to the people before the trip who advised me that the trip was too dangerous, how will I get a job if I leave the one I have now, to be raped by truck drivers and thrown into opal pits... and reject the invitation never knowing what I'm rejecting.

If you saw me at the beginning of the release of control, you would read the same questioning look on this face that you probably have yourself. We are taught to rely on what we know and are familiar with and know nothing or little about the Law of Life. When mentioning that 'I' has nothing to do with the Happening or it would be better if it didn't think it had, we look like calves at a new door.

The purpose of the program discussed in the Natural and Artificial Intelligence collection is to tap into your ego. Now you will begin to recognize in your behavior the entanglement in the feeling of 'personal doing', in the root of everything ill that you are experiencing. This is the beginning of a true birth into spiritual awakening that physical birth cannot give you. It has to come with willingness to leave the little world of self with which you oppose the High Solutions. As the feeling of personal doing drops your perspective, attention naturally settles into the Tranquill zero point that centers all things and through which you come alive to the Light Web of Life.

With this introduction, we enter into the continuation of the Surrender, as it unfolded on this journey through Australia, which I unfold exactly as it was given. When it unfolds, we will 'read' it with the eyes of a seer to equip us for Understanding.

After saying goodbye to the Divine Lover, I again carelessly step onto the path of unplannedness. Towards the end of the Great Ocean Road, I notice how the notion of 'big' takes on a new dimension. Truly, the view has no end until, due to the curvature of the globe, the visibility falls below the horizon. Spatial boundlessness puts the feeling of 'me' in relation to this Greatness in a more proper place. Soon I'm standing on the edge of the desert. The loneliness of the road continues to be even more evident than before, yet not a day goes by that at least one vehicle is not heading down this inland road that runs 3,600 km straight, without turning from Adelaide to Darwin.



The time before the transport appears, there are hours and hours of really strange solitude, which I could not experience in densely populated areas. It opens perception and invites it to diffuse and expand to capture the subtler certainty that the body understands while the self knows nothing about. An indescribable feeling of freedom embraces me all day.

Late in the afternoon, a small school bus with native children drives by and they take me 150 km deeper into the desert, from where they turn off the main road and drop me off. The curious and astonished looks of the children watch me continuously the whole way, so that with the intensity of their attention, not a single thing escapes my notice. With asymmetrical faces and raven black skin, hair and eyes, they act like some kind of desert trolls, frozen by the strangeness before them. I learn that the nights in the desert are cold and I should prepare for a rapid drop in temperature as soon as the sun drops below the horizon. The sun travels its length in about 5 minutes, during which time the temperature drops by 30 degrees or more until it begins to crack with frost. It is not easy to find fuel, but some drier is found to kindle a short but beneficent fire that softens the sudden cold.

Too busy preparing for the night, I don't notice the magic that rises up around and around. It lays me on the back as mowed, at the first sight of the twinkling Beauty of the starry cobweb that stretches from horizon to horizon. So densely strewn, light upon light, great and small, over the whole surface of the sky, unobstructed by even the smallest bush or hill, all pulsating and winking like the nervous system of the enormous Being of which I am a cell. And that silence. I feel inexplicably alone on the planet, while at the same time feeling deeply embedded in the constellation comforts that loneliness is deceptive. The first desert night did something that unfolded into recognition over the years. It connected me to the Oneness of the Universe and thereby awakened me to feeling. The ground beneath me, sharp stones, without a cloth of softness and green of Life, I feel like a wound on the delicate tissue of an Earth being calling for trees, rain, winds and birds. The experience of her pain is expressed as a distinct pinch in the womb and to this day remains a stark reminder of my callousness, which, until that night, did not notice the plight of the Earth and the creatures on it. This is where The ForestLover, Hosta, as you know it today, was born.

In the middle of the next day, I hear a noise, I see a truck in the distance. I quickly put things away to get ready and wait... . I realize that the sound in the desert announces the vehicle an hour before it actually appears. It is a huge three-box truck, the likes of which I have never seen in my life. At its approach, an unpleasant flush comes over me, as if from some foreignness that I should run away from. The surprised driver stares at me, sees the thumbs up and starts to brake.



The metallicity of braking paralyzes my body. I'm holding on to the straps of my backpack and I can't move. The sheer size of the vehicle would send me running if it could move, and now its howling... biological sensitivities are really not made for this kind of experience.

Finally it stops, but I don't see the driver until he leans out the window from a height and speaks to me. He says he's going to Darwin, delivering mail and groceries on the way there. I go around to the other side and realize that getting to the cabin will not be easy. The tire is almost twice my height, and the first bar is at chin height. In addition to the shock, which took away the authority over the body, the backpack also disturbs. However, I scramble up to the first bar with the support on the tire and climb into the cabin, from which I now look as if from the 2nd floor. The driver is smiling and open-eyed. He is full of questions and I answer him patiently: What am I doing here? Where am I going? To be fair, I would answer him that I follow the Mysterious Invitations, that I have no idea why I'm here, where I'm going, he knows better than me... but he wouldn't understand that, and I'd come off as weird, so I answer that I like to travel through the wilderness and meet genuine people, which is also true. He nods in agreement. He offers hot coffee from a thermos and cookies. I take a deep breath, collapse with relief into the soft seat of the heavy, long road train and wait for the shock of meeting it to wear off.

The 800 km driver talks almost continuously about desert life and I listen with interest. I learn about the pitfalls of the desert and how to equip myself to travel through it. He pulls a small rear-view mirror out of the drawer and hands it to me, telling me to use it as a sun reflector for small planes in case I get lost. The pilots report this to the desert patrols, who rush to help. In the first settlement of Cooper Peedy, I say goodbye to him. The town is as mysterious as can be. It lies in the hottest part of Australia, where, despite winter, it is still very hot during the day. It was created near the site of opals, which were dug from the bowels of the Earth by immigrants from predominantly poorer Eastern European and Balkan countries. Now this area is interspersed with many abandoned tunnels, which the residents have transformed into residences, shops, a school and other local infrastructure. The city is moved below the surface like an anthill. The hostel is a network of tunnels with caves without doors. There is a bunk bed in each cave. I choose the upper bed, put my backpack on it and walk around.

I find a church that charms me with the artlessness of the bare, red stones that reflect the candle flames. The altar, the table, the sitting area, the cross without Jesus, the vessel for the blessed water..., everything is made of living rock, nothing added to it from the outside and perfect for my taste. I linger a long time. Returning to the sleeping cave, there is a plump and pimply Japanese man who doesn't notice me.



At my greeting, he raises his head and clumsily flops onto the top bunk and now, clutching his head, moans in pain. We make friends and spend the next day exploring the town. We agree to visit the spring together, a good 200 km away from the main route. After a long wait for transportation, it turns out that the drivers in the jeeps do not have room for more than one person with a backpack. We agree to meet at the thermal spring, where, as we are informed, most of the travelers are headed. To show the seriousness of the reunion, the Japanese man hands me a saxophone that he carries in a black box, even though he can't play it. We agreed and I get the transport first. The path is actually off-road, with no ruts or visible road signs. It took the whole day and it was already evening when, after many digs in the sand and punctured tires, we arrived at the thermal oasis and had just enough time to prepare for the temperature drop. That evening I was served a warm meal.

The transport moved on at dawn. Travelers convulse me that it is madness to be left without transport and provisions so deep in the desert. There was no dilemma for me, I had to stay, it was agreed that I would wait here for the Japanese fella. After the jeep drove off, and as dawn broke, I looked around to see where I was. The greenery of modest trees, bushes and grasses rises like a ring around a medium-sized thermal spring. The view of the greenery and unusual birdsong soothes me and lulls me into comfort. I dip my palm into the water and sigh at the pleasure of the warmth. Stiff from the night cold, I throw off my clothes and sink up to my neck in the warm spring. I treat myself to a long, unusual desert bath.

In this comfort, I do not yet know that it will be days before the transport arrives. I'm reassured by the thought that I have plenty of water, and at least a week's worth of food if I'm frugal, and I also have a mirror and a comprehensive lecture on desert survival as last resort. I'm kind of 'tricked' into this experience, I have to believe that the Japanese will manage to get to the oasis that I stayed, even though he didn't. I don't risk anything from my vantage point, I have everything I need so I don't have to worry about anything. This is the power and beauty of inner silence, from which no harm can arise.

I have convinced myself of the High Protection of Peace of Mind many times. Where there is surrender to the Happening governed by the law of Natural Intelligence, everything unfolds in such a way as to lead to the Higher, and it is not possible for anything to happen that would diminish Life. I know this now, I didn't know here, when I'm sheltering from the night cold in the thermal spring, which lies tiny and lonely in the center of the deserted continent and clearly communicates who a person is when he is sensitive to Life's guidance on Earth. I do not know the power of mental silence, nor the practical value of Jesus' instruction 'Father, Thy will be done', I just think not and am not aware of it.



It is enough to keep me manageable and protected in a way that exceeds the sum of all human minds. At the right time, I learn what I need and get what I need to stay in the carefree cycle of life and not act on my own.

The body creaks as the spasms of the cold subside, yielding to the warm touch to spread it like butter in the sun. Expressions of bliss, contentment, and peace flow over the face until they finally dissolve into a complete expressionless of thoughtlessness. My body floats on the warmth of my body temperature, so I can no longer feel the water. It started with the first bath, and after the third day of thermal-desert care, in which I had no idea of what was going to happen for a second ahead, I was invited and strengthened into the Fullness of the Eternal Now. The detachment from myself that I am in the human world permits the dispersion of the Understanding, which I cannot know and will. It communicated that the body is more dreamed than made of matter. I am high and low, near and far at the same time. I am a dot on the glittering ring of the spring, pressed from all sides by the drought and heat of the desert. Fresh water, warmth, trees and birds create an impenetrable shield against the harshness of desolation and lift me to the same heights that I entered together with the Divine Lover, only this time I enter them alone, directly loving with the Ultimate Lover whom I simply call Him.

A vivid parable of a soul awakening spiritually on Earth. As a thermal spring springs from the center of the Earth, so the soul that remembers Him and itself takes root in the inexhaustible Source of the greens of Life in its own center, which accompanies it wherever it goes like a bubble of the impenetrable Light. It is obvious that I survived the experience, and with it I received another priceless gift of Surrender, which remains an indelible imprint in the Flame of Consciousness to this day.

I hope that the story gives you a breath of fresh air and invites you to the mysterious adventure of Surrendering to Him or Her, who Loves you more than you can imagine. Every incident is a conversation with Him, every feeling is His communication. As intensely as the eyes of the native children were fixed on me, so unshakably anchored in Him be from now on also you. Train yourself to sink your roots into the Still Center, from which no judgement, rejection or coercion of your force can arise, and see the flawlessness of His working in everything. The Happening leads from discord with Him to Health and Contentment, even though you are in the midst of spiritual desert. It is very likely that you are. It cannot be otherwise from the position you are waking from. We all come to understand that you are this Thermal Spring and it cannot dry up, even if spiritual desolation presses in on you from everywhere and you seem to be alone. You really aren't.

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