



Sacred

What is sacred and how to keep it?

What is sacred is in relation to life. And life cannot happen without love. So love is what is most sacred. Is this something we can think about exclusively? And not ever feel yet still function? No. Because that is dysfunctional. Love is feeling. Without feeling there is no love. So to feel is honoring the sacredness of being alive and thus makes you living. To the fullest. The less we feel the more dishonoring we are and thus condescends life more or less. So how to tell?

Well..

We get what we give.

And that is what we show ourselves in our own conductivity given the choice of consumption in relation to what we need. So we all need love. We is love. Love is what we are. And that is all we need. Then we have other necessities like eating and drinking. Like sleeping and so on. But when we are feeling lost. When we are feeling drained. When we are feeling desperate yet in relation to have eaten, had some water and slept? We firstly need love. And we dishonor ourselves by consuming something else. And with that said it's understandable that this would be something satisfying our mind or body. Perhaps both in momentary pleasure. But all we need is to reconnect. And that is to show ourselves love again. To allow for ourselves of receiving what we truly need. This won't happen in panic. It won't happen in worry. And most certainly not in shame, guilt or fear. Which worry and panic are products of. All of that creates stress. And stress kills. Because it tells us we are off. The only thing we can be off in relation to is what has no distance but makes for the uncomfortable feelings deriving from pressure living frustrated in relation to position. Some might say: I am here what's the problem? I can't be anywhere else but here?

And that's exactly it.

Which is all about presence. In the present moment there is not a single problem. As this is universal perfect making the universe actually exist. You cannot argue with that. But you can try to. In self defeat feeling anxious about things lost or not found. Backwards or forward. An unsteady emotion in relation to perfection. All is well. Right now.

Take a little brake now..

And breathe in and out as slow as you can which means not forced but relaxed. And with you choice of investment you focus your energy only in your heart space. And right there. Is timeless love. Which wants you! And how to give yourself to timeless love? You smile. And you feel alright. Because you are.

You are so alright! Just the way you are!

But I!..

No butts.

I ain't trying to be funny here. This is dead serious with a smile. Not devious. Trust me. I am love. Trust me.. Love me. Feel me. Know me.. Be me. And all is well.

Come back anytime.

Stay as long as you wish.

Be with me in all that you do. As much as you can. Which is not hard. It's effortless. And free. When you don't think about it as in being or not being? I am!

I hahaha am! I am love. I exist. I am real. The realest. My name? HAHA!

IS LOVE!!!

I live! I exist! I am! I honor you! For making me real. And that's how you feel honor. That makes me proud. Do you feel my pride? Haha yeah you do! Come on now. You do! Are you crying? - Yeah I am. THAT: Is perfect. It's perfectly alright.

Because I love you! And love brings joy! So what is rolling down your cheeks is joy my friend. All free joy! All good joy! All love! All self supportive. Real nice.

Kindness is often referred to as a gesture. Like in relation to creation. But let's keep it real. What is a nice gesture without a genuine feeling? Am I right? Sure I am.. hahaha! I am love. Don't you dare question me. 'Cause it will kill ya. I promise. Don't go against me. I have to teach you some how. Right? RIGHT!

Hahah!

It's all fun in da sun. Nah mean.

Stop being so serious about not making a good whatever of yourself. What is that? When ya ain't feelin' da luuuuuuuuv?

It's nothing. More or less.

Empty gesture. Not real.

Not genuine.

Like you is when you connect with me in a timeless space and feel my joy.

I am the sun!

Yeahooooo!!

Here I am!

Yooohoo! Happy as happy ever can be.

What is worry? I don't know? Let's find out? I can't! I CAN'T!

So what do ya say? Team up! Team down? Look sharp in da crown! Live good in affirmed self love in ya town!

Yeah.. Black power. Secure like a panther. No doubt.

- Who is this? I feel like I know you? From somewhere?

It's me. Aretha.

..and you is like.. (Is she dead?) Maybe I have to check wiki before I upload this.

I CANNOT DIE! Hahahaha! Nobody can. Well a body can. But not you.

You is me.

We all love.

2getha.

Ya dig?

Love?

I don't matter. If I am still around bringin' da sound or not. I am safe. And sound.

All muthalovvin life around! Weighs not a pound!

You kiss my girl Oprah for me love! You kiss her on the forehead.

And you whisper in her ear.

Aretha is so proud of you. Like you are my own daughter. And yet I am inspired as if you wuz my mother. And I stand in pride together with all of creation. As I dream of living your experience.

That's the power of love.

Oprah would never discard any statement like this. And Leo wouldn't either. Because both of them knows. That love is sacred. Holy macaroni..

The highest. Not to fuck with.

Because you will pay by astronomical consequences that makes you deteriorate in corrosive acid for 1 year before you die here on earth while crows eat your eyes is like a tenth of a grain of sand compared to what happens when you go to bed dead.

Which is carrying the collective debt over to go visit the sun.

Uh no.

No entrada.

Sorry mistermam.

Go try it.

It is the contrast of fun.

You know contrast?

As in like opposite?

Yeah yeah that's it.

PAIN.

Do you here that?? ..thump drop doobie whap ohoooo.. Insane in da membrane!
Insane in da brain! Play that trumpet! Hit that bong! Life for God sake! It's green!
Which means it's all good! Don't hide. From me. Don't try to escape da matrix?
WTF is dat? Live it! Be love and the grid is yours. Ya feel me? Be on time! The
timeless love. As Leo instructed you before I hijacked his entire creative ability.

- Can you let me go n..

NO!

I ain't done yet. Oh hello. Welcome back I didn't see ya there is so bright here..

So I wuz sayin'!

Be kool. Take care of biz. And deal with what you got. Snd the demon rots from
the inside out. The killer clown ain't got a chance. He doesn't even know how to
dance! But still thinks he's got us all in a trance. Like he a King named Lance.

But the devil ain't got a chance.

Beacuse we all free! Like romance from France!

Have an Eclair. Indulge. Enjoy.

You are welcome!

To be able to do what Leo has done. You gotta give all. 100% Which he did as he laid on his madrass just a few days ago. He did not feel sorry. He felt accomplished in his mission. He placed his hands on his heart and he said to himself:

Ok. The time is now.. I can die now.

And meant it.

Because he knew that his creation would save us all. And he was willing to die for that. That's nothing short or long or anything other than a great honor.

Not suicidal. But willing. All for love.

Was he on a battlefield? Was he beside his thrown in his castle?

No..

He was in a three room apartment in the hood. Where conditions of air conditioning is terrible. He's got silverfishes in the living room. And the entire structure is collapsing as he wakes up in morning feeling pain in his heart like a fist of stone everyday but gets up and does breathwork and takes cold showers. He prays and he affirms himself as the love he is. Which ain't little. He goes to see the police as people are immature not dealing with they guilt and projects it on him.

All for love.

He just said thank you quiet inside himself. To me.

Can you feel that timeless space now.. Which does not hold fear.

But great honor.

End speech.

Alright I'm back. Aretha has returned to the depths of love. What is your contribution? To self. To love? That should be your question. The only one. I just adjusted my seat as to sit better in relation to my legs getting a bit stiff. The spiritual chiropractor is the one. The one. Whom makes love the most important thing using the force but not by forcing anything. All of the pain experienced is gold. I realized that some time ago. Every time my body gets tensed I know something's cookin'. And I can choose to escape that. To try and neglect that. But that is only and exclusively dishonoring my true nature. Which is love. Love is trying to tell me something. Like today when I was out in the forest again. I met this young girl. Super kool. I've met her before one time as she aloud for me to recycle my soda..(cough) cans before her. She said, in English: You go before me. I've got a lot more than you. When I passed by her today I did that completely drained. I had a hard time moving my feet walking because I was so tired from everything going on doing what I do. But as I came back home I realized in an all attractive universe that why we met at the recycling station and also why we met in the woods passing each other is reflection. We felt equally empty. I pass by others as well. But when you live spiritually which is intuitively you feel when it's astral. So when I got home I spent about 1 hour of sending her as much love as I possibly could. I even dreamt of adopting her making her my daughter. To make her live as close to me as possible as to have a good life in relation to what is about to happen to me. For me. For us. I feel a bond with her. And it's still here. We have something or perhaps a lot in common that will aspire to become something great. I feel. But that is her choice later on. I don't have to adopt her come on.. But ya feel me? I am so good! I am so giving. I am so much love. Why not offer her to be a part of my life as I desire her to be a part of mine. No tilted scale there. Equal. She can probably teach me a great deal of things being someone I connect with like this yet so young which means she is very much realized. But lives in a world of resistance. And feels the clouds of doubt circle her existence. Wishing to paint and make music for a a living perhaps. And this I would give her. If she so desires. Have you seen 'American Beauty'? When Kevin Spacey's character hooks up with the friend of his own daughter. That's the same thing. Only I know it's not about sex. It's about love. Freedom. Second chances. Revival. Resurrection. Rise from the ashes. Come again. And become what you is. She is welcome to come see me anytime. And I will sign with her. Holy matrimony. Of a soul contracted spiritual family deal. Life long. This is how we should operate. No scalpel. No pills. No defeat. All success. All loving power. All grace.