

TRUTH OR ILLUSION?

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The remedy for suffering is kept in the basement of our unconscious, in a chest protected by guards who do not allow forgers to enter and steal the formula that only the Divine Physician manipulates to cure humanity, shaken by its impotence in the face of the challenge of a proposal based on love and fraternity.

This chest will only be opened if the owner of the house allows the entrance of the One who holds the key to the chest, and only He will know how to read the root of the suffering that affects not only the holder of it, but also everyone with whom he or she interacts. A question cries out in the soul: how to find the solution if two paths open up in an unequal struggle, the solution of which depends on the one who needs to take one of them so that the suffering calms down and allows the soul to run freely and without shadows that could hinder the race and cause falls that should have already disappeared, because the remedy had been applied.

Ah, the world would be different if all creation were loved and respected in recognition that everything was created by a loving God who conceived everything in function of His Masterpiece: the human person in whom He placed gifts in His image so that they could expand the project imagined by Him.

Ah, humanity would be different if gratitude were the center of relationships and there were no weeds of envy, authoritarianism, and power that destroy the dignity of those who wish to be faithful to the only Power that recognizes fraternal, loving authority capable of forgiving the sufferings that lie deep in the chest.

Ah, what the world would be like if Love spread its roots until it reached the nucleus, the Mother cell of the family, the founding thought of a God who planted a paradise so that human relationships would produce fruits of equality, fraternity and, even in the conflicts, fruits of the first hour in the garden, would not be obstacles to peace.

Ah, what the world would be like if Life in its fullness began here! The burial of fear, of psychoses that destroy the soul and lock people in ghettos where despair and disillusionment do not allow them to glimpse the medicine that is in their chest.

Ah, if only there were no weapons that kill! The weapons of distrust, of disbelief in the values that indicate safe paths to Truth; of unnecessary secrets that tie up the doors through which true communication should circulate; of power even though camouflaged by the power of illusory structures of outdated rules for a world that is increasingly questioning and of urgencies that disregard the capacity for a search based on discernment of what would be good or less good.

Ah, if the creative Archetype were recognized by humanity, human relations would be based on the value of GRATITUDE, and the possibilities of a world of Good would be coming out of the chest.



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