

Commentaries on Silo's Message

**The Sacred,
the Experience
and the Meaning of Life**

Testimony of a personal experience
and related reflections and discoveries on the human

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The Conditions

At a time of profound crisis for humanity and in a personal condition of limit and despair with no apparent way out of suffering around, what I really needed was a center to sustain me in life, a reason for being, a source of joy. As I have spent years in this "bardo," it was clear to me that no agonizing search and no intellectual attempts can provide answers to such a need. All I could do was to remain a careful observer of such a situation and ask.

The Signs

1. The Sacred

"Learn to recognize the signs of the Sacred within you and around you"

When studying this phrase from the Path with the friends of the Tuesday Message Community in Athens, the following question had arisen: "we, the Sacred, how have we experienced it? What were our coenesthetic registers when we once felt we were in contact with it? How do we recognize that we are in contact with the Sacred, what is happening to us?"

Some personal registers that seem to also describe common experiences were: Connection, Heart Opening, feeling One with All, Love, Serenity, Joy, Meaning in Life, Inspiration, presence/affirmation of a Divine Plan, Protection, Union with something else which is intangible, returning Home.

We also noticed that we were facilitated to have these registers when being in nature, where sensory stimuli and contact with our inner self is clear and where we feel relaxed, inspired, connected and part of a whole.

2. The Experience

A few days later, in a physically difficult situation, I had a special experience: I was lying in bed, trying to calm my body that was in trouble, exhausted by the pain and the suffering it experiences every day for a long period now, with the feeling of a closed future where there is no sign of a solid hope for a change towards improvement and, at the same time, without an answer for the meaning of it all, nor the meaning of continuing a life in distress.

In this difficult moment of great need, I unexpectedly felt something moving within me. An energy came alive in the productive plexus and began to develop on its own. Out of instinct, the mind stopped trying to figure out what and why it was happening and the whole body fell silent to listen. I raised the energy plexus by plexus and soon it spread everywhere in me. It was protective, affectionate, comforting, touching, inspiring.

I felt like I was where I wanted to be. Slowly I was no longer in pain, but the most important was that, if I could live within this energy, my body hurting or its limitations would no longer matter. I was "at home" and it was clear to me that this is where I ought to return to. I was thinking that this is the experience I want to live in, it overcomes the body's suffering, it fixes it, or rather it transcends it. It has a meaning.

I felt the "presence" of a Force. A Force of my own as a self-existent, separate presence. It was the experience of a Force in whose presence I felt I wanted to live. My home.

3. The Meaning of Life

The next day the seminar of the Inner Guide was scheduled. Regardless of the mental difficulties of the configuration, I could listen to his answers:

- What is the Meaning of my Life?
- "The Experience of the Sacred."

"Only rarely do I perceive reality in a new way, and it is then that I realize that what I normally see resembles sleep or semi-sleep".

Through my own memories and reflections, the wisdom I have read or the faith that guides me through life, a comprehension was composed with clarity in that moment that gave me meaning and joy, that "fit well", that transcended my suffering and even made it unimportant, that tied it all together like in those movies of the ancient treasure hunt, where that little key that fits into its lost base reveals the ancient city, the hidden mystery, the greatness of the Gods of another era...

The Meditation

In the study of the wise men on the nature of the Masculine and Feminine, the male and female Principle, for some, the Masculine is attributed to the Mind and the Feminine to the Matter. The Mind is the invisible instigator and creator of all things, but it is a fact that without the Matter it has no possibility of manifestation.

With this as a basis, I reflected on a comprehension of a staggering importance for my life:

We come to life as human beings in order to be able to register the Sacred, to experience it. Such a register can only take place through the senses. Thus, "the meaning of my life" is not but this very possibility of manifesting and experiencing the "divine", the Sacred. Just like that, without the agonizing research and the big and complex expectations that the human mind assumes.

It is true that for each person what evokes the experience of the Sacred may be different, but it is even more true that the coenesthetic register of Connection, Union, Love, Commotion is a common experience for all humans and experiencing this register gives meaning to life, so as anything that promises the repetition of such an experience.

Human life is precious for its very existence, because only it brings one "in contact" with the Sacred. As I learn to recognize the Sacred within me and around me, I fulfill the meaning of my life and it is not by chance that I have an experience of wholeness, connection, love and joy in these moments. Or of Inspiration, where the Spirit flows within us (greek: εν-πνέω /en-pneo, latin: in-spirare, the spirit blows inside) and of Enthusiasm, where God manifests in the human (greek: εν-Θεώ /en-Theo, with God inside).

Having comprehended this, the importance of the Experience for Silo as the path for a profound and essential inner change took on a new meaning. And so did the importance of Thanking as an acknowledgement for having had the experience of the Sacred and for the growing fulfillment of the meaning of Life.

I felt profound gratitude for all that I can feel, the wind and the sun, the cold and its clear colors, the humidity and its smells, the deepest darkness before the dawn, the pain and its relief, the suffering and the inspiration that conquers it, the daily little deaths and their transcendence.

I felt a profound gratitude for this ship, my body, in all its psychophysical dimension that is vindicated every time it transforms the difficulty of its dense frequency into beauty and awe from another world. And I felt there a Purpose to fulfill, in defiance of the limits and in recognition of the Greatness of the Human Being.

And there, in the space-time of a universal tragedy and a personal lament, the human being acquired a reason for being in the life of senses despite the pain and suffering they entail and despite and beyond the limits they impose: the whole human mechanism of the senses in the fulfillment of the meaning of life: the experience of the Sacred.

Profound Gratitude...