

Me, the liar

I often feel like a liar in company. As I cannot speak the Truth, I cannot just give 'myself' like I feel I would like to and in a way 'should'. And this is so because people cannot deal with Truth, with Reality, with *Me*. So I belittle Myself in some almost idiot 'me'. If I don't do that, I can hardly meet people anymore. And that wouldn't feel Natural to Me. That would not be My Way – and not because it would make me lonely or something. Reality is not lonely in Itself. Although not all, by far the most people, instead of being relieved when finally the Truth is being said and given, feel uncomfortable with it. And in this discomfort they start to look for ways to get rid of me. It's *Me* (their 'Own' Deeper Truth) or their own 'me' that they have to get rid of when meeting *Me*. One of us is too much. As Ego is strong on earth, it is usually *Me* Who has to be escaped from.

I am a liar keeping silent when Truth is attacked as usual and I know the Truth and I don't give it. I am a liar as well when I would Show the Truth and no one wants to meet *Me* any more. True is Being in Relation. Therefore, I am a liar. There's no escape from it. I would lie by denying being a liar.

Consciousness or let's say the Heart Needs to meet people. Or else it cannot Meditate Unconsciousness. Well, via internet, email and so on it is possible, but usually not to the extent or especially depth that is possible when meeting people personally.

I always have double feeling about meetings. On one hand 'I' am satisfied that I managed to not scare people off that much that the meeting would have been impossible anyway or soon interrupted and stopped, satisfied that I feel 'my' Body Absorbed again the world, via direct contact and is not unemployed, so to speak. On the other hand I hardly ever can give Myself fully, full power, full Consciousness, full Love. I always have to keep *Myself* in – which is inherently dissatisfying for the Body, even though not problematic in itself. And, naturally tuning into the persons I meet, the holding back happens automatically, by the way. It is not some big obvious struggle I would be in.

I always feel where the 'other' is and say what I can still say given the circumstance of people's protection mechanism, I test here and there a bit and respond according to the reaction. In a Free Open Meeting I would naturally say to anyone that now this is happening and now that cramp in or of him or her manifests through resonance in my body, now that Dark Force is becoming activated, feelable, visible, ...and so on. This would be a normal meeting. But it is not considered normal – by Ego. 'We' don't want to Feel, we want to talk about. Even about truth sometimes. But not Feel, be Conscious of what is *really* happening.

The good thing is that I don't have any shame to let 'Myself' or 'My' Consciousness, 'My' One Heart be humiliated, by other 'people' (by their fragmented Consciousness) – even though I can respond something, of course. Holding back doesn't make me a dummy. The pain of 'a' trampled Heart is not easy not to feel, impossible. It's not a personal humiliation. It's the humiliation of the One Heart, the denial of our Oneness, of the Truth Beyond self, of our Nature, of Love.

To become a liar on earth is going into the mud. Still, this being so, the overview doesn't have to be thrown away because of it. 'The liar' has its place in the Whole – and it has to be so.

A Conscious liar is not a threat for the Truth. The lies in the Dark screw up a human being and his life.

In a meeting where I have to hold myself – sometimes extremely, it is true – I feel sorry that 'I' – Always Responsible – screwed up in regard to giving people their chance on having a Deeper View or Feeling of Reality. It was so close, I was so close, and we didn't manage to make It Happen. The resistance was too big, I felt, so I didn't even try. Sad.

I'm not attracted to anything, including to not feeling sad. So I just go on. And always aware of the Fight between different types or layers or depths of Consciousness.

When I meet a woman – long before she notices (if at all and usually not), from the beginning there is a fight between *Me* or '*My*' Consciousness and the man or usually men who she allowed in or forced themselves into her belly. Even though the fight doesn't need to obviously manifest immediately, it is there. Men – or: their different consciousness-structures – fight about Woman's Body or Bodies, about Reception on earth.

In exceptional cases I can bring up this subject in the meeting, but Woman doesn't like this Fight to be clear. It has to happen in the Dark (or even better, supposedly not exist at all) and let's all be happy and loving and not fight and more of that True Life denying babble. So (the) woman escapes. She doesn't want to know what form of Man('s Consciousness, with all its limitations and cramp) is in her belly. If she manages to keep the subject in the Dark she *seems* to be in control, the one who rules and plays with the different men, tuning into the one, to the type of consciousness that she seems to need or anyway want at any point, taking what she thinks she needs or is attracted to this moment and tuning into another one next moment.

The conversation is not nice any more – which is in itself not necessary anyway – when I bring the already existing and totally Natural (and even Divine and Necessary) Fight into the Light. Just recently, I went a bit into this direction by suddenly, after feeling the Fight very well, saying in the conversation with a certain woman: "There is a huge Fight going on between the Male and the Female Force." This was a woman I had never met before but who gave tantric like workshops to big audiences of men, strangely (and unnaturally). What I said was, despite her tantric association and interest sphere, totally *not done*, I felt. I felt this already before I said it actually. I said it nonetheless. I couldn't bear her resistance in the dark any more, it weakened me too much, so I had to bring the reality, our Fight, to the surface.

The unexpected and funny follow up was that within a few seconds I was offered a sort of healing session to get me and us away from Consciousness about the Fight. I accepted the session, so as to have still an opportunity to (secretly) Meditate the Dark longer. Or else, if I persisted in my Awareness of 'Fight' and had wanted to involve her in it against her real consent, the meeting would have been over already. Regarding the session – and supposing, for now, that she didn't practice black magic on me – it's anyway nice to have the body cleaned again from the current cramps still present in the body from the last period up to that

moment. But it's also a pity that the Fight cannot manifest further, come further into the Light when we escape from it as was the case now.

Am I lying in accepting the offer, to be distracted, and not to go further in (revealing and fighting) the Fight so obvious to me – in which Woman Fights with Unconsciousness, whereas Man Fights with Consciousness, It being a fair Fight, in Principle. I'm flexible in using this word 'lying' as to its meaning, which has, of course, got to do with different layers of reality. In one layer something is true that in another layer appears to be lie, while in the next layer there seems to be again a Deeper Truth in turn.

The fact in this case was anyway that I was not really distracted away from the truth. I rather allowed her to redirect the manifesting consciousness, away from where she by no means wanted to go. An unwilling woman should not be 'bothered' by Truth, usually – unless you'd feel that, beyond what she shows, she would like to get a kick from Truth, and gives a hidden consent.

It goes without saying that the woman could not come any closer to me, despite the interest she had shown. You can lead tantra workshops as a woman, but Finding Man is Something Else. I knew at the goodbye hug that we would never meet again. I am too much.

If a man appears to be tamper-proof, he stays attractive for Woman, but he's out anyway, to be avoided. He would spoil the Game, that is: crush Her illusion of having control. In such a world, Man feels like a liar. Truth is His Beloved, and He 'has to' pretend that it is Woman.