

Love.

I'm very careful of the people I love. I'm cautious because I can't undo my love. When I love, I love. It's that simple and it's always been like that.

Except for that so many years ago, yes, I meant that word; I needed to install filters along the perimeter of my boundary.

If love doesn't emanate from the soul, then love won't work.

If love doesn't emanate from the mind, then love won't work.

If love doesn't emanate from the heart, then love won't work.

Love is a vibration found throughout the self. It can be everywhere and it can be nowhere. Love is not a learned behavior like hate.

But there are so many mind, heart, and soul-numbing aspects to living in today's society that without solid filters strategically placed, we lose, or could lose, our ability to love.

Decades ago while confused about love, I made three scales. One for acquaintances, and one each for friends and loves. The scales for Acquaintances and Friends range from one to ten, with ten being the highest. An Acquaintance can rise to ten and easily move to the Friends list if they haven't been mean. Being mean is how one gets delisted. Friends and Loves have scales from one to ten, with ten again being the highest. The ten on friends is nearly the same as the one on love, with the difference being whether I feel love for that person, place, or thing.

After my father died, I would take my thirty-foot ocean boat on trips from its harbor at Sausalito out past the Continental Shelf, some fifty miles offshore. Once there I would turn the engine off and enjoy the sacred beauty of my surroundings. I experienced love at those times as pure as I ever have. I knew I was blessed in every way at those times. And no one ever got to go with me.

Since then, I have experienced the Quiet Forest, my dog, and I continue to experience the love of living on Earth, a few friends, and, of course, my memories.

I apologize to the world and society for failing to be curious about the trivia I found so inherent when trying to participate with you.

I'd rather sit alone in nature because all that entralls me.

I've never sat in nature and been bored.

Written by Peter Skeels © 11-2-2024