

**LOOKING FOR LOVE.
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MOTTO.

“The dream is a human form of disobedience to a hostile destiny.

For the docile, the courage to dream, is a form of useless madness. For the uninitiated, having to dream is the only form of survival. ”

Corina Chiriac.

Suppose a man is unhappy with the conclusions of his existence from a certain period of life. Suppose that man is an actor. One day, buy a DVD: say, the movie "The Wall" with the splendid Sofia Loren. As the movie runs, it relaxes, feels good but the movie ends at some point. Put it once more. And one more time. He understands that the state of Well he is trying to become an emotional addiction, but it is too late: he dreams of what it would be like if he met Sofia Loren and a beautiful love story was born between them! And as the heart begins to beat faster when blood pressure drops in the body, his unhappy soul has

already begun to make a beautiful love story that can never be realized.

He understands that he fell in love with his own invention as a drug that caught him. He understands, but he does not sleep until he revisits his favorite scenes and drinks his coffee in the morning until he puts a kiss on the TV screen with two fingers.

The hope in his love story is utterly absurd.

It's just ridiculous.

But it helps him to get out of the discontent of his life.

He forgets that he has no roles, that his girlfriend left him because he is poor and that the little money he collected ends up with every single bread he bought.

Forget about any misfortune, being charged with an absolutely new, unexpected Good, and even more especially with his invented love story is an

Unfathomable Ideal. In fact, even though he might approach her to make her the declaration of love that fills his life, Ms. Loren would at most give her an autograph. Maybe he would thank her for the flowers and smile at her. Both.

He knows that his amorous fantasy is just an Ideal that he cannot reach.

However, he wants nothing more than to be left dreaming.

He has the right to dream incessantly. And he's right to be happy.

An impossible Ideal cannot disappoint. An impossible Ideal will not contradict you in any way: you live the perfect love story between yourself and a Dream. It is the right of all of us to dream with our eyes open, because an untouchable ideal will never leave you. If you do not leave it, the Ideal will travel with you through life, arm by arm.

After all, it matters that in the Unknown Time, of God, somewhere between the Parallel Universes of the Cosmos, you are truly in love. It matters that you produce, nourish, shelter and send this sincere soul love, like a meteorite, to the distant constellation in which the Star shines.

It matters that the Love in your soul crosses the dark spaces between the Worlds well and that the Cosmos of Love is replenished.

And since no one can take away your happiness, this unusual Good will continue to live in its own cocoon hidden in your heart, like a too beautiful future butterfly. And the butterfly chrysalis from your dream of perfect love, has only to come out of the cocoon, to dry its wings in the sun of sincerity and to fly undisturbed through your most beautiful thoughts.

Precisely the fact that the ideal you have fallen in love with is unfathomable, it makes the love of your soul perfect.

Fabulating further, it may be that with the Absolute Goodness of your secret dream, any of us, may regain the lost courage and restart one day on the road. Just like the hypothetical character in this dissertation, you face the window of Hope. You open it and take a deep breath.

Just like an actor hoping for a new one, he runs for the artistic printmaking agencies who had thrown his advertising photos in the garbage.

Someone notices a special light on his face, is impressed by that light and proposes a role for him. Full of perfect love from his untouchable ideal, he will play extraordinary; critics, audiences and viewers alike will notice it. Thus a new star can be born. A new friend will appear in his life, who will open the door of his new villa with appropriate keys. A new life full of Good, can be born from the Good of an impossible dream.

Because in fact, someone has met Love.

Someone made contact with the sincere feeling of being in love.

Someone drew to him the Good, from the Good of God. And, in loving his state of Goodness of love, he gave love itself to the inadequacy through which he had gone. And the chance, like any difficult woman, does not resist in the face of the real love: it flatters, it softens, it becomes the most docile lover. Therefore, he begins to praise, to defend, to support the very island he had just besieged. I'm not saying it has to be this way. I'm not even saying that it is. But I say that it can very rarely happen. I say that it is sometimes useful to leave yourself in the arms of a splendid Dream, be it untouchable.

Sure, you'll tell me it's crazy what I'm saying here, and I'm not going to contradict anyone!

The upside of this beautiful self-injection mechanism is that you can then reject the reality. That you may not like anything around you anymore. In reality, you are not at the height of your Ideal. You're no better than any other ins. And then, you will look with patience at everything that is as imperfect as you are around and try to help, with the Good that you have proclaimed from the lesson of the impossible Ideal. You will give Love. And she will return to you on the Way she finds fit, at the right time.

It is possible that our life is a series of practical lessons: we are given the opportunity to find out what it is like to be young, healthy, beautiful, rich, famous, tired, successful, full of opportunities, encouraged by opportunities ... But find out how it is The reverse, on our skin, on the skin of our friends, of those around us. From what I observed, when we share the suffering of those we feel attached to: family, friends, neighbors, occasional acquaintances or celebrities we admire, we find a state of compassion. Our souls shudder from indifference to unhappy examples. If they blink. And if they blink, in the happiest case, I would call the movement of the heart, compassion. No love . Because looking at another's unhappiness, we feel sorry for ourselves, if we were in the place of the one touched by evil. If we have little fear of God, we help to be there and help when it will be just as bad. And it's still something! It is still better than the overwhelming indifference wished around us.

But how do we find out what Love is? In what way can we agonize the love that does not seek for pity, marriage, children of interest, or the flight of loneliness? How do we find Love itself, the feeling of a sudden need sometimes, to belong to a man, to a comfortable home, to an impressive profession?

I think it's just in love with us.

Then, at the beginning, we "make illusions". We imagine different happy scenarios. We dream with our eyes open. But, if we are simply in love, we also find the love I refer to. The one I'm looking for. Love sung by poets, musicians, artists, the great non-religious religious mystics of the Faith. Love that does not consider plans and benefits, so it does not offend, it does not hurt, it does not take revenge. Love that does not claim.

Love that only asks to be offered, because it cannot do otherwise.

The love of which the Apostle Paul speaks in the Letter to the Corinthians. To date, I have only met this love in dog-loving eyes. In the black eyes of my dog, which I love with the truest Love.

But is there a recipe for moving the love you can share with your dog, in a relationship of two people, five hundred, of a completely alienated human society?

For me there is the same "recipe" of 2000 years old: the words of Christ. It is the words that Love teaches you. Those who dream how to reach the kingdom of the Big Car, the full of Stars ... But I can not always apply them.

I think this is the lesson hidden in the Dream of Love: to live the feeling of pure spiritual love, in itself, without even expecting something in return. Learn it through live experimentation. To feel it, to know what it is. To know it, to recognize it. To connect to the Divine Love, the only Force that creates and revolves the Galaxies, each in its place.

That's why I think it's good to dream of something Beautiful, Great, Perfect, Impossible for the time being for our Human limits. That if we dream only to the extent we are made, we will choose less even than we have. It's like the luxury stores that offer discount. Like the auction rooms. It asks a lot from you, so you still have something after "negotiation". Extend your hand to the highest shelf, so that you can take something from the one in front of you. It takes courage to search with hope. And do not be disappointed if you do not find from the first attempts.

Ask from yourself more, to prove yourself capable of receiving.

Ask for life: it will give you whatever it is scheduled to give you, but sometimes, impressed, God will make exceptions!

If you ask a little, the one who buys your own opinion about you will also despise you! And so you won't ask anymore. You will no longer receive or offer anything to anyone. You will exit the Live Circuit of the Continuous Pulse. But do not ask thinking you are right! But consider that the answer to your request, if it arrives, is a deliberate Gift, a special Gift, an exceptional Goodness, full of love, from God.

So I say that the future can be built and so on. Dreaming. Maybe, that's the way it is. "Mind is the builder" said Edgar Cayce. The mind is the builder of a holographic image. Create a Dream, make it an Idea and design it three-dimensional, directly in the amorphous space of the middle of an anonymous day. Amorphous place and anost like a tree fungus, brown and dry. An lasi. Injected with a beautiful Dream, the fungus explodes. They are annihilated. And the Dream, reached in the Unknown Space of God, is self-propelled as a possibility. There, the projection of your thought will perhaps find an "architect" to consider it interesting, to propose it to a "commission". If you have the chance to "approve" your dream, you will also be "borrowed" the resources necessary to prove your dream, which is apparently impossible.

No one laughed louder than the world's academics a hundred years ago, the idea that a heavier object than air can stand in the air. That he can even fly. Not a bird. An item.

And yet, thanks to some dreamers, today we fly across the oceans of the planet by plane, place beyond Earth international orbital stations and send an astronomical observer into the cosmos, on the big Hubble, to see what Star we will save, when we will make our lives. much more impossible on Earth ...

I say that I dreamed and some of my dreams came true.

I say I'm the hypothetical actor.

I say that the state of Good is created like: as an actor, you imagine for a few hours that you are Richard the 3rd, or Violetta from the Lady with the Camels. You will never become the everyday life of Ingrid Bergmann and you will never play in her place in Cassablanca with Humphray Bogart. It is precisely this that helps you to reach your state of Good: the truth that you handle an impossible situation! You have endless space to dream. So that you can put into practice as much as it fits the reality of everything you dreamed.

***You have the space to build a possible reality. What to put in practice. To have
What adapts to reality, from dreaming to an impossible situation.***

***Being impossible, the situation remains constant, the pure territory of the pure
Imagination. If you extend your hand of thought to Good, this territory will
become the meadow in the middle of a forest where there are no storms, no hail
and no hungry wolves, theoretical meadow, used in many meditation exercises.
You can of course wander in the woods, if you forget that not all dreams are
destined to become reality.***

But, it is worth dreaming. We have to dream.

***I agree, the Dream is a human form of disobedience to a hostile destiny. Even if
it were true that we chose that destiny before we were born to pay for mistakes
in other lives, to learn new states of existence.***

***Some, more docile, submit to the chosen tests without any difficulty. She lifts her
breast to the fate of her spine, and carries it with or without tears to her
"destination." I do not intend to release the spine. She can't imagine how she
would feel without the weight of the carrying burden. I do not allow the thought
to imagine a radical change of existence. Also, people need selfish parents,
beaten spouses, hapless heads or totalitarian governments. Also, people need
social arrangements that experience forms of communism, forms of religious
fanaticism, or democracies brought to the absurdity of freedom. The real
problem is that not only our skin, meat or milk are wanted, but the control over
the thoughts that can be released. We are saddened by the debt of bank debt
and the fear of staying on the roads. That is, if we do not agree with each other
with ruthless traditions, locked in counterfeit Stories meant to denounce you:
"What do you want, that's how we got from ancestors, so do we"!***

***For the docile, the courage to dream, is a form of useless madness. And maybe
they're right. It's quite a heavy task for a hostile destiny. The effort to really
change something, often tires the reviled one in vain.***

***And even if it is true that we choose our own fate before we are born, others of
us oppose our own choice. He seeks by any means to change it and if they see
that they cannot escape the "compulsory obstacle course", Dreams.***

For the uninitiated, the need to dream is and remains the only form of survival.

For the Roman public prosecutor Pontius Pilate, Jesus was a Dreamer. For all the officials of His time, Jesus was a dangerous revolutionary. Because he was a Dreamer and a rebel at the same time, Jesus opened to our mind the wide door of courage to think, submitting at the same time to the destiny for which he came down to Earth: to teach us what spiritual love is. With the price of having to take upon Him our sins. Here's an Ideal that I can't reach yet. But His words and earthly activity, offered by dream, the prospect of a Kingdom in which such Love will reign, that the sheep will walk with the lion in perfect friendship. Thus, not only a new Religion was born, but a definitive solution to change the destinies of our future lives, in a Good that is still not accepted by most of us. Jesus spoke of the future destiny of our etheric entities, those who return to Heaven after leaving the material shell of our earthly bodies. That entity that is Created after the Image and likeness of God. That "astral body" that will live forever. That purely spiritual individuality that, purified and wise, could become a permanent collaborator of God in the continuous Creation of the Worlds of the Universe. Worlds created with such Love ...

That is why, I am rightly asking myself:

Is there a greater dream than that one day you will exchange clean Love with the selfless Love of the one who offers EVERYTHING ?!

Did He not teach us that it is only through Love that we can rise to Him ?! Isn't the Faith in God's Eternal Life the Greatest Dream?

It is worth the burden of the Absolute Good of a seamless dream. Ideal.

As when your Trabantul battery dies, someone comes with a Mercedes and connects you with two pliers to his battery. The two batteries are connected, each in her car, as long as necessary. No more. After your battery has been charged, you will no longer be bound to the one who helped you, as his man would have, as you have yours!

It is enough that your empty battery has been charged.

It is enough then to start the engine, to give the alternator time to do the rest of the work, so that you can travel with your own car.

This is the case with the impossible dream. The Dream helps you, if you respect the game, the individuality, the role of a loaner battery, to charge you with the necessary "electricity". If you can use the good that a beautiful and impossible dream charges you, then you have to leave it for a while. Make or buy her a

beautiful box, pick the most fragrant drawer in the house, and keep it there. It is never known if it will not happen tomorrow.

Therefore, go and thank him from time to time, that he has helped you in your time of need.

The big risk, in fact, is not that you will wake up and the Dream will crumble.

But the very fact that a Dream can come true! That you can wake up with Sofia Loren at the door in the Cidul costume! That a director can come to you to propose you play Humphray Bogart ... That's hardly the problem.

It gets you unprepared. Or get the dream itself unprepared that he thought he would not wake up from the dream ... Only then you have to worry, and for this situation ... do not know if I have advice!

We must be well prepared for the hypothesis that a Dream can become a reality. We must be ready to be very happy.

I had a few dreams and some came true.

One of them was when I was a little girl, about how to become a great artist.

The other was about a great love. Long ago.

When my dream love came true, I was overjoyed.

And great happiness is more destructive than great sorrow. The other person didn't understand why I was so unhappy and scared. He probably had never dreamed before. He had not befriended the Great measures ... He preferred something simpler, which was familiar to him.

It was an impossible love, not because it did not end with a marriage, but because the Vibration of Dreams in our souls were incompatible. However, today I am glad I dreamed then. I understood the substance of my dreams. I learned what I can do with my own dreams.

So do you: if you are interested in a Dream, try it. Risk.

If not, forget everything I say here.

I say I rediscovered an extraordinary Dream.

That I remembered to dream. I say that just when I wasn't expecting it, my heart fluttered and fell in love with an Artist I almost didn't know, always and always watching a DVD.

I fall in love with the fact that he does not save his inner burning to get us out of the drab, gray. Because this is what I have tried to do in my career: to sing with joy, for the joy of others. I did it and I enjoyed the others. But, you couldn't compare me to the incredibly sentimental Offer.

I fall in love with the Ideal that I had forgotten to look for in the meantime. This Artist Burns, emptying himself to fill us with great measures. Enormous. Impossible to reach. I do not doubt that the Good God fills his soul with His Grace, so that he may burn again for our need for Love! That's what a true artist needs. This is what any human being can share in other Love from his soul.

That is why God gave us each one of us a use. So that we can be useful to each other, connecting each other with Love.

But when you meet someone who is walking with his Heart hot on the palms, lean in front of his full hands. It's obligatory. Thus, you will receive the Love from your full hands, you will awake to Life and respond with love. What gift !

You will tell me that I am wrong, that I am just full of admiration, and I will answer that personally, if I do not admire ...

All I want is for nobody to blaze me: the candle of perfect romance I send to the artist beyond Dvd, has just started to burn. And it will burn even when it may be better for me, out of gratitude. I know, I found out what a Dream is for. In filling you with Hope in empty moments, as a deep Prayer.

This is why I began to write the story of my life: I connected with someone who filled my soul with the Wonder of Coma Return! Because not to love is equal to clinical death. I healed myself again of a certain death. The death of the soul.

Now I can give myself the love I have found, taking advantage of some premieres in my life. Because I feel in love, I found the courage of a trip in my own memories, not verbally to a friend in the comfort of the living room, but on a public paper.

I will seek to write not just to publish but to ask my stories to speak for me. Be a vindicator of the word. Reach out to others on my side.

***I hope she says everything I couldn't say until today:
the fact that all my life I have been looking for Love.***

It may not have been written in my fate that I will find Love in this life. Not the one I was looking for ... However, failing or succeeding, losing or winning, changing my mind or deceiving me, hoping again or falling into despair,

regretting and giving up looking for me, lifting me up later again, above all the craziest dreams, all my life I have been looking for Love. That is probably why I am still looking for the deepest Love of the soul.

That Love that without any restraint, you share with the dog you love.

That Love whose happiness hurts you in the secret heart!

I help myself in this trip of other premieres in my life: I am for the first time alive in the Southern Hemisphere of the Planet. For the first time on the balcony, the sun rises in front of South Star instead of Luceafăr; for the first time I am 55 years old; and for the first time I think it is possible to reborn your soul from his own sleep in the form of an unexpected love, at any age.

After all, if I didn't fall in love, what would I need to dedicate to the Dreams a chapter with so many pages ?!

I am glad to experience a Love that springs like hot water from a randomly hit pipe. It rises free and glittering like the water of the unknown thermal springs, until the moment when it was dug in that place for a completely different reason.

Because I happily remembered what I was looking for all my life, I started writing again. And as long as this Seamless Good will do me good, there will continue to be enormous tenderness in my heart for this great Artist.

I envy the hairdresser who touches it to trim it, the woman who strokes his shirts when he treads them, or the filter of the microphone he sings to ... I am the glass that leads to the lips ...

Does that mean being in love again?

Tenderness goes crazy in my soul, like his DVD from the heart of my leopard.

In Spanish, "seeking love" is called "seeking love."

This book will be called dedicated to those who consider Love to be a Treasure, buried on an island. You search for it without a map, running across waves to an unknown island.

I will then dedicate it to those who will in turn seek the same Treasure, because of those like him, like me, of all those who plead for Love. At least from what they heard, and they'll still find out. And maybe they'll look for it too! Because of how many will look for it, someone will still find it.

At least as I found it.

Therefore, this book is dedicated especially to the one who all his life sang about the need to love, at any price, with any sacrifice, with all his soul. I will look for him so I can thank him that he exists for me. Because I owe him the existence of these lines. It is the one that my soul fell in love with because he loves sentimental.

You're going to tell me that you can't love each other, and I'm going to contradict you.

Love is born by comparison. This is why Love is always confused with the ambition, the sensual desire, the need to leave the descendants of your parents along with what you have achieved in life.

We do not love because we do not recognize ourselves in the soul of another, but very rarely. Our heart does not tickle and we no longer reach for the benevolent plasma of the Feeling. We people do not love each other because we do not recognize each other in the need to love. Precisely here would be the realization of a true "human family": to love ourselves without resembling otherwise than in the need to give our Love!

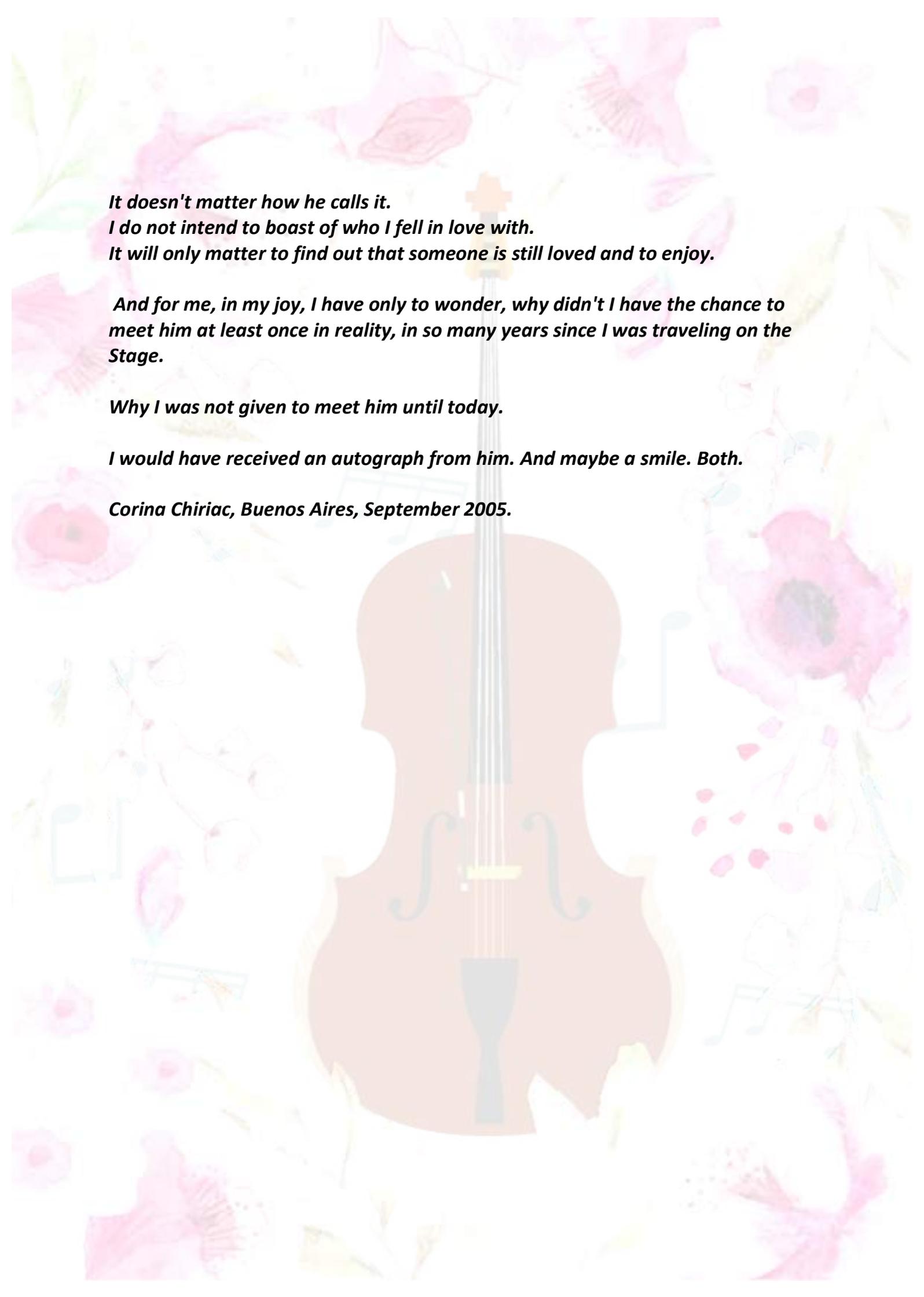
In fact, who suffers from the need to love, can fall in love with his own need placed as a reflector to someone randomly chosen. And if a deception is fatal, it will be dedicated to the destruction of the "myth of love".

Because he will come to hate any reference to Love. At her Dream. He no longer speaks to his children about love and word for word, from generation to generation, the Feeling of Love becomes an outdated, embarrassing notion, a verbal pretext for ambitious, pretended and skillful political or religious leaders. A lie-tool in the arsenal of vocational manipulators.

There remains a chance: sometimes someone yells from the crowd, "I really love. That's why I sing, that's why I dedicate myself to the poor, that's why I find life-saving vaccines"! Maybe that's why a living and loving Soul willing to Love becomes known by attracting admirers around him. The crowd remembers what they were looking for: to have whom you love!

And some will thank God that it is warm in their hearts!

***My artist Loves sweet, like a scented mango ice cream prepared with cane sugar, decorated with fresh mint leaves and served on the Cuban beach of Varadero, under a palm tree soaked in the sun!
Offer a Love that you can almost taste delighted!***



***It doesn't matter how he calls it.
I do not intend to boast of who I fell in love with.
It will only matter to find out that someone is still loved and to enjoy.***

And for me, in my joy, I have only to wonder, why didn't I have the chance to meet him at least once in reality, in so many years since I was traveling on the Stage.

Why I was not given to meet him until today.

I would have received an autograph from him. And maybe a smile. Both.

Corina Chiriac, Buenos Aires, September 2005.