

A ship for the journey on the sea of suffering

Suffering is unavoidable. It is not a physical place that you can stay away from. Suffering is not a wall that you walk around or a path you don't choose to go.

Suffering is part of everything. In relationships, and in your skin and your thoughts. Suffering is even in the beautiful things, to love, to do a painting, to write a poem.

Suffering is in the fact to have kids - or not to have kids, to see them grow and to change. Suffering is in my eyes that see my mother getting old, in the memory of things that I didn't do, in the wish to travel, to have a garden, a house.

Suffering is in my body, that has fever, is getting older, is getting sick, in nostalgia. Suffering is in life itself.

And Suffering can be useful, it can help to give sense to things - or it can be useless, sterile, an obstacle and nothing more.

We say ofte we meditate to be happy. But we forget to say that happiness is not the absence of pain, it is not a fairytale. Happiness is not the possibility to be immortal, never be sick, not get old. It is the skill to age well, it is learning that death is just another aspect of life, and that being born, to step into life again, can have all the joy of a journey that we decide to undertake.

For us and for others, to prove with our body and our words how wonderfully real and true all this is. How everything, even the most painful and terrible fact carries in itself a sense and a joy, manifesting the universal law.

It is our mind that changes, that perceives our environment as a hell or as a place where we experience the joy to be and to live.

Because Suffering, which we think to come from bodies or our experiences, comes from illusions.

From the illusion that nothing makes sense, that everything is dark and without hope, that the bad things, the painful things are not also carriers of life's magnificence.

Often suffering is based in the illusion that we will never understand this magnificence and that we will never learn to accept it as what it is. That is why, even if it takes surely a lot of dedication, we can remind us that we can be a buddha, that actually it is nothing special, because being a buddha is in us, is part of our potential.

Happiness that grows and that stays, as a living memory, as a wealth, doesn't fear pain. It is not afraid to face pain and to pass through it.

And it is not just the joy over a good grade in an exam, over a newly aquired house or the freshly flowered love, nor the feeling of being content for a compliment, an approval, nor is it the excitement for a streak of luck or smething good that others have done to you.

All this feels good, but the joy that stays has a different colour, it never ends, it never dies. It has the colour of the effort that was needed to open our clouded eyes. It has the colour of the courage that we can discover in us each moment, the subtle taste of something unchangeable, from that we can draw whenever we need, because we know it is there.

It has the taste of our belief, a belief that stays and with which we continue.