

Spinoza: The Substance of God

God would say:

Stop praying and giving yourself blows on your chest, what I want you to do, is go out into the world and enjoy your life.

I want you to sing, have fun and enjoy everything I've made for you.

Stop going into those gloomy, dark and cold temples that you built yourself, and that you call my home. My house is in the mountains, in the forests, the rivers, the lakes, the beaches. That's where I live and express all my love for you.

Stop blaming me for your miserable life. I never told you there was anything wrong with you or that you were a sinner.

Stop reading alleged sacred scriptures that have nothing to do with me. If you can't read me in a sunrise, in a landscape, in the look of your friends, in your son's eyes... you will find me in no book!

Stop being so scared. I do not judge you, nor criticise you, nor am I ever angry with you - nothing bothers me - nor do I devise punishment. I am pure love.

Stop asking for forgiveness, there's nothing to forgive. If I made you, I filled you with passions, limitations, pleasures, feelings, needs, inconsistencies of free will. How can I blame you if you respond to something I put in you? How can I punish you for being as you are, if I'm the one who made you?

Do you think I could create a place to burn all my children who misbehave for the rest of eternity? What kind of god can do that?

Respect your peers and don't do to others what you don't want for yourself. All I ask is that you pay attention in your life, that your alert status is your guide.

Life is not a test, not a step on the way, not a rehearsal, nor a prelude to paradise. This life is the only thing there is, here and now and the only thing you need.

I have made you absolutely free, there are no prizes or punishments, no sins or virtues, no one carries a marker, no one keeps a record. You are absolutely free to create in your life a Heaven or hell.

I couldn't tell you if there's anything after this life but I can give you a tip. Live as if there is not. As if this is your only chance to enjoy, to love, to exist.

So, if there's nothing after, then you will have enjoyed the opportunity I gave you. And if there is, rest assured that I won't ask if you behaved well or not, I'll ask. Did you like it? Did you have fun? What did you enjoy the most? What did you learn?

Stop believing in me. To believe is to assume, guess, imagine. I don't want you to believe in me, I want you to feel me when you kiss your beloved, when you play with your little girl, when you love your dog, when you bathe in the sea.

Stop praising me, what kind of egotistical God do you think I am? I'm bored being praised. I'm tired of being thanked.

Do you feel grateful? Prove it by taking care of yourself, your health, your relationships, the world around you. Do you feel overwhelmed? Express your joy! That's the way to praise me.

Stop complicating things and repeating as a parakeet what you've been taught about me. The only thing sure is that you are here, that you are alive, that this world is full of wonders.

What do you need more miracles for? Why so many explanations?

Don't look for me outside, you won't find me. Find me inside... there I'm beating in you.