WHY AM I AFRAID TO LOVE???

LEARNING TO LOVE

The whole process of maturing depends on how we react to the difficulties and challenges of life. The immature sees only the difficulties and problems and pays very little attention to his own reaction which is what is really important. Difficulties pass, but our reactions to them don't. Each reaction, mature or immature lingers on as the beginning of a habit. Repeated mature reactions tend to produce habits of maturity

Each person must always accept himself in his present human condition, which will inevitably involve failure. Failure is not critical, our reaction

t o it is. A person must become bigger then his problems.

All of us experience at one time or another a feeling of loneliness and isolation, a great void inside ourselves. We have all felt at some time alienated from others, separated from the group, alone and lonely. This loneliness focuses our attention on ourselves. We seek to fill the void and so we go out to find others who will love us. We may do things for them in an obvious attempt to gaim their love. We may come with arms outstreched. In one hand is our donation to them and the other hand is open so they can give their donation to us. We may even be deceived into thinking that this is love.

We know that loneliness can only be filled by the love of others, we must feel loved BUT

if we try to fill our emptiness by seeking love from

others, we may never be freely loved and find no consolation.

Most of us driven by our own aching needs approach life from the stance of seekers. We become those pathetic people who simply want friends and can never make any.

IF WE SEEK THE LOVE WHICH WE NEED, WE WILL NEVER FIND IT!!!!

If a person is seeking love to satisfy his own needs because he is selfcentered and concentrating on HIMSELF his ability to love will be stunted. BUT...

If a person seeks not to receive love but rather to give it, he will most certainly be loved in the end.

Cocern for ourself can only isolate self and intensify loneliness. The ONLY way to break the cycle of loneliness is to STOP being concerned with CURSELVES and to BEGIN to be concerned with OTHERS. Of course this is not easy. To shift the focus of one's life from self to others means a lifetime of work and struggle. We all need to respond to the needs of others without seeking satisfaction of our own needs. If anyone seeks his own happiness he will not find it. If one does find his own happiness and fulfillment, it will be because he has forgotten himself to seek the happiness and fulfillment of those around him.

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The problem is that we are all clutching to our own liferafts. Everything we do is somehow designed to achieve our own safety and happiness. We can be selfish in very refined and subtle ways.

PREOCCUPATION WITH SELF IS AN ABSOLUTE OBSTACLE TO HUMAN HAPPINESS AND FULFILLMENT. BECAUSE THEY CAN ONLY BE FOUND THROUGH GENUINE LOVE.

Each of us must make a basic decision about how we intend to spend our lives We cannot ever use others as means to our own happiness and fulfillment-that will keep us in the vicious cycle. Others must always be the OBJECT of love. The focus shifting from ourselves to concern for others.

If a person truly loves, he will be loved, and should accept this love of others. The delusion to be AVOIDED at all costs is to love IN ORDER to receive this return.

L ve is a concern for, acceptance of and an interest in the others in my life whom I am trying to love.

I can find myself only by forgetting myself.

Love is demanding, because of the pains inside all of us. Because of the competition of a self-grasping world, it is difficult for us to make the sacrifices of ourselves that is involved in loving.

So often we demand that others love us without being willing ourselves to make the sacrifice and abandonment of self that is necessary to love others.

We learn to use all our talents for love.

When we ask the question: "what have you done for me lately?", we have ceased to love. LOVE asks that we lay down our lives for others.

To love one must have enormous motivation. In a world grasping and clawing for riches, by loving we must stand forth as exceptions.

WE MUST SEEK ONLY THE GOOD, THE FULFILMENT AND THE DESTINY OF OUR BROTHERS.

True love will always be the greatest power in the world, the greatest argument and most effective means.

The Skin Horse had lived longer in the nursery than any of the others. He was so old that his brown coat was bald in patches and showed the seams underneath, and most of the hairs in his tail had been pulled out to string bead necklaces. He was wise, for he had seen a long succession of mechanical toys arrive to boast and swagger, and by-and-by break their mainsprings and pass away, and he knew that they were only toys, and would never turn into anything else. For nursery magic is very strange and wonderful, and only those playthings that are old and wise and experienced like the Skin Horse understand all about i

"What is REAL?" asked the Rabbit one day, when they were lying side by side near the nursery door, before Nana came to tidy the room. "Does it mean having things that buzz inside you and a stick-out handle

"REAL isn't how you are made," said the Skin Horse. "It's a thing that happens to you. When a child loves you for a long, long time, not just to play with, but REALIX loves you, then you become Real."

"Does it hurt?" asked the Rabbit,

"Sometimes," said the Skin Horse, for he was always truthful. "But when you are REAL you don't mind being hurt."

"Does it happen all at once, like being wound up," he asked, "or bit by bit?"

"It doesn't happen all at once," said the Skin Horse. "You become It takes a long time. That's why it doesn't often happen to people who break easily, or have sharp edges, or who have to be carefully kept. Usually, by the time you are REAL, most of your hair has been loved off and your eyes drop out and you get loose in the joints and very shabby but these things don't matter at all, because once you are REAL you can't be ugly, except to people who don't understand."

"I suppose you are REAL?" said the Rabbit. And then he wished he had not said it, for he thought the Skin Horse might be sensitive. But the Skin Horse only smiled.

"The Boy's Uncle made me Real," he said. "That was a great many years ago. But once you are REAL you can't become unreal again. It lasts for always."