

Sanacion Book

## Sanacion - The Art of Healing

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### CHAPTER ELEVEN

# The Mystery of Love

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We began with love. We end with love. Not because we have exhausted the subject, but because the subject is inexhaustible. After all these pages, all these words, all these attempts to map the territory of healing and service and spiritual truth—love remains what it always was: a mystery too vast to contain in any book, including this one.

The Infinite wanted to know itself. This was the first movement, the original impulse from which everything flows. And what the Infinite discovered, what it continues to discover through every star and every creature and every moment of your existence, is love. Not love as sentiment or emotion, though it includes these. Love as the very fabric of reality. Love as the force that creates and sustains and draws all things back toward unity. Love as what you are, beneath every role you play and every mask you wear.

We have spoken of many things. Energy centers and their balancing. The mechanics of how healing flows through a human channel. The importance of forgiveness, of service, of prayer and intention. The help available from dimensions beyond our sight. The daily practice of showing up, of offering what we have, of caring for ourselves so we can care for others. All of this is true. All of this is useful. And all of this is finally just fingers pointing toward something that cannot be pointed at directly.

The moon does not fit in the finger that points to it.

If you have read this far hoping to fully understand healing, to master the techniques, to arrive at certainty about how it all works—we must disappoint you. Or rather, we must free you from the burden of thinking such mastery is the point. The point is not to understand love. The point is to love. The point is not to perfect your channel. The point is to offer yourself, imperfect as you are, as a willing vessel for something that will always exceed your grasp.

There is a kind of peace that comes from releasing the need to understand everything. The mind wants answers. It wants maps and mechanisms, causes and effects, clear instructions that guarantee results. And there is a place for the mind's work—we have honored that place throughout these chapters. But beneath the mind's activity, beneath all the figuring out and the

trying to get it right, there is a stillness that already knows. Not knows in the way the mind knows, with concepts and categories. Knows in the way the heart knows, with immediate recognition that requires no proof.

You have felt this knowing. In moments of unexpected beauty. In the presence of genuine love. In the silence after the noise stops. In the instant when helping another, you forgot yourself completely and something else moved through you. These moments are not exceptions to your normal life. They are glimpses of what your life actually is, beneath the surface turbulence. They are the mystery showing itself, briefly, before the veil falls again.

The veil will fall again. This is not failure. This is the nature of being human in this density of experience. You will forget what you have glimpsed. You will get caught in fear and smallness and the endless concerns of daily existence. You will wonder if any of this is real, if love is truly the foundation of things, if your service matters at all in a world so full of suffering. These doubts are part of the journey. They are not signs that you have lost your way. They are the territory through which the way passes.

And then you will remember again. Something will break through—a moment of grace, an unexpected kindness, a flash of recognition in another's eyes. The mystery will touch you, and you will know once more what you keep forgetting: that you are held, that you are loved, that you have never been separate from the source no matter how separate you have felt. This rhythm of forgetting and remembering is not a problem to be solved. It is the dance itself.

What we have offered in these pages is not a system to master but a permission to trust. Trust what you already sense in your deepest moments. Trust the love that moves you to serve. Trust the healing that wants to flow through you even when you doubt your capacity to channel it. Trust that your small offerings matter, that your imperfect efforts count, that the universe receives your sincerity even when your execution falls short.

The healing you offer others is real. And it is also not yours. It comes from somewhere beyond you, passes through you, and reaches whom it reaches in ways you may never see. Your job is not to control this process but to participate in it. Your job is to stay open, to keep clearing your channel, to continue showing up—and then to release. To let the mystery do what the mystery does, without needing to take credit or assign blame for the results.

Jesus did not explain love. He demonstrated it. He lived it so completely that two thousand years later we are still trying to understand what he showed us. And perhaps the point is not to understand but to follow—not in doctrine but in practice, not in belief but in action. To love as he loved. To serve as he served. To forgive as he forgave. To trust the Father he trusted, whatever name we give to that infinite source.

The techniques are useful. The understanding helps. But in the end, love is not a technique. It is not something you do. It is something you are—something you have always been, something you will always be. The journey of healing, of service, of spiritual growth, is not a journey toward love. It is a journey of discovering that love was the ground beneath your feet all along, the air you were breathing, the light by which you saw.

We do not know all the answers. We have shared what we can see from where we stand, but the mystery extends far beyond our vision. There are depths we have not fathomed, heights we have not reached. And this is as it should be. A mystery that could be fully explained would cease to be mysterious. It would become just another piece of information, another concept to file away. The living mystery remains alive precisely because it exceeds all our attempts to capture it.

So we leave you not with conclusions but with openings. Not with a map complete in every detail but with an invitation to explore territory that no map can fully represent. Not with the satisfaction of having figured it all out but with the peace of knowing that the figuring out was never the point.

The point is to love. To let yourself be loved. To recognize love wherever it appears, in whatever disguise. To become, more and more, a transparent vessel through which love can flow into a world that aches for it.

You are capable of this. Not because you are special or advanced or have mastered the teachings. Simply because you are made of love, created by love, destined to return to love. The capacity is built into your very being. It cannot be lost, only forgotten. And every moment offers the chance to remember again.

The circle closes where it began. The Infinite that dreamed creation into being is the same Infinite that reads these words through your eyes right now. The love that set the stars in motion is the same love that stirs in your heart when you reach toward another in service. There

is only one love, wearing countless faces, playing countless roles, forgetting and remembering itself in an endless dance of separation and reunion.

You are that love. You have always been that love. And when the last word of this book fades and you return to your daily life—to the healing work that calls you, to the people who need you, to the challenges that shape you—you carry that love with you. Not as something you acquired from these pages, but as something you recognized. Something you remembered. Something that was yours all along.

Go in peace. Serve in joy. Heal as you have been healed. Love as you are loved.

The mystery continues. And you are the mystery, knowing itself, one precious moment at a time.