

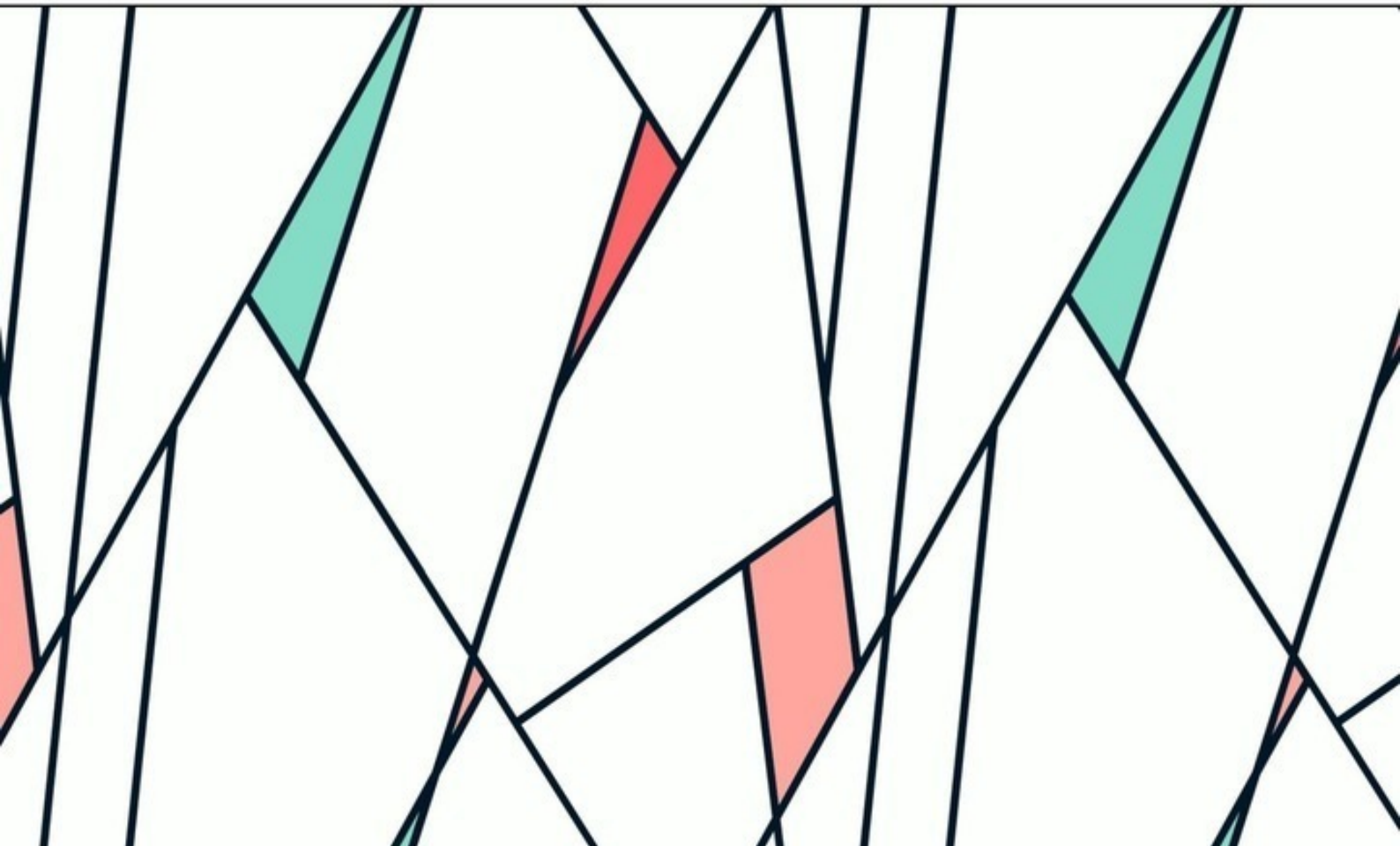
Anna Delenn

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*Thinking out  
loud...*

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Or who decides?



Anna Delenn

**Thinking out loud... Or who decides?**

«Издательские решения»

**Delenn A.**

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In this book the author describes her stories and thoughts on how to find ourselves, how to see habits and rules that prevent us from being ourselves, to find our meaning. To think and understand who decides: we are, ourselves, or the world around us? Everything that happens outside serves only one purpose: to distract us from ourselves.

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# Содержание

Foreword	6
How It All Began	7
Simple Meanings Inside And Around Us	8
Error Does Not Exist. Awareness. Happiness	9
Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.	10

# **Thinking out loud... Or who decides?**

**Anna Deleenn**

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## Foreword

I dedicate this book to those who seek the awakening of their souls. Each of us has a dormant angel. He is compassion, love, patience, understanding for everything. He is the true light, awareness, fulfillment and value of everything.

Every day we look for answers anywhere but not in ourselves. Solving more important issues, as it seems to us, and having completely forgotten about the most important thing, about Ourselves, each time we postpone the awakening of our souls further and further, someday later.

So the years go by... but the most important question is why I was born, why I came to the earth and what the meaning of this remains unresolved. Maybe to dig a hole or wash the floor well or to swear with a neighbor? Was I really born for this?

Who am I? How often do we ask ourselves this question? Or do we ask it at all?

Very often I hear from people: I am bad, I have nothing, life is pain, I hate people and so on. And what to do with all of this? In which suitcase I can cram it? And where is such a place to change it for happiness?

There is always a way out! And only the seeker will contemplate the truth that is bestowed upon him, having called his soul angel, having reached the absolute and uniting in himself everything inherent in man as a destiny for himself. And having gained freedom in the knowledge of himself as a soul and self-awareness.

Sometimes it seems to us that reality is what it really is. Or maybe reality is what we really want? And what can we want and what do our desires and wants consist of? If we look at every tiny moment of a tiny desire, then it turns out that desire is a need without which we cannot move on to our great basic desire. But what is desire?

Thinking about this, ideas come to me that true desire is only a state of goodness, silence, happiness. And it doesn't matter how it was achieved. This is a moment between the past and the future in which lies the elusive mystery of being. Each such moment advances us towards awareness, despite the piles of endless memories and already non-existent realities.

## How It All Began

My mom became pregnant at the age of forty when she was conducting serious scientific work and, of course, did not expect such a surprise. The first reaction was rejection: third child, career. But my fate was predetermined by the decision of my dad who said: We will give birth!, and he brought my mom into their country house, so she wouldn't think of anything bad.

Before the already desired birth of the baby, a homeless cat scratched my mom and gangrene began. She refused to take any antibiotics or surgery until she passed the birth so as not to harm the fetus. One of the nurses seeing what was happening said that this infection was caused by *Staphylococcus aureus* which normally dies from eucalyptus.

And who would have imagined that infection began to decrease, and my mom's hand was saved. This is a miracle and not in vain! She took a chance, not even knowing where the help would come from.

March ninth is my birthday. Sometimes it seems to me that I remember it even better than the events of a week ago. I was a happy child with an exorbitant share of curiosity, imagination and assertion of my rights, brought a lot of trouble and worries to my relatives. And the world around me was filled with the sun, joy and carelessness.

The only thing that always bothered me in childhood was why I know what my family does not know. And because of this, I thought maybe I was adopted or tossed to this family. I always wanted to do everything faster as if I could not have enough time or might forget.

With age, this has not changed as if time is a second in which I need to succeed. And if I don't do it now, then there will be no opportunity or something will be lost, or it will become unnecessary.

To freeze and do nothing is to do too or to do everything at the same time. The main thing is to do what is now possible or conceived, or according to a schedule, or the way everyone does it. One way or another, we can only do what we can!

In any case, there is only one task – to become happy. After all, we have such simple tasks that we don't notice them and it seems to us that happiness is somewhere else. To do something, to conceive happiness... But what if, enjoying what was done, we stop and see that this happiness is already achieved? And if we think about it, then this combination of what we made and happiness is a couple, like a man and a woman, in the absolute of the physical and spiritual world, balance and harmony.

## Simple Meanings Inside And Around Us

Seeing and trying the simple thing we can comprehend anything. Evaluation and attaching labels are the cause of the interfering and helping definitions.

The doubt is in the truth and the Truth is wisdom, the source of the realization of desire, the attainment of happiness. After all, everything that each of us does is only the achievement of happiness by any means, and this is wonderful.

I know one thing – never stop, keep forward for happiness by any means! Happiness exists, and every second it is ready to envelop us from within with its warmth and joy. We just need to allow ourselves to accept it for a second.

There was a sweet, carefree day for me. I was nine years old. And for the first time I stayed over for an extended activities at my school. As I usually helped my sister take care of her little daughter, who was born with a sick heart.

After school it was fun to play with my friends and we were just missing my favorite toy, a huge teddy bear. All my girlfriends stopped playing waiting for me to be back with it. I ran home filled with ideas, joy, and did not even think about how there was my little niece.

Running into the apartment, everything was strange. There was no teddy bear of mine anywhere.

– Maybe my teddy is in my sister's room? – I opened the door.

– Here it is! – I thought seeing that something on the bed was covered with a sheet. – Exactly, under the sheet!

But no. It was not my teddy bear. It was a little girl. She was died. I knew exactly what it was.

In that exact moment it seemed I forget forever what joy is, what happiness is. Everything has become darkness. And then I started to believe that everything that had happened on that day with my little niece was because of me. From that moment on, my thoughts were only about one thing: to blame myself and I can't rejoice. And of course, in my little head there was a new attitude, a new stereotype: my joy and happiness brings death to others. Many years have passed in this state.

Without knowing sadness, we will not recognize joy – the balance that occurs in the small and the large. Everything makes sense.

Be an educator of ourselves to torment, but never lose ourselves.

What have I learned in life without joy and happiness? To be patient and attentive to people, to stop and watch, to be an example for others, to be a soldier, only so that no one will ever suffer. And most importantly – to understand that if a person acted badly, then this is from unconsciousness, he could not otherwise.

We always have a choice. Each has two ships – black and white, joy and suffering.

I decide – Who am I! This is my choice, this is my life, in which I can't throw out a single line or replace a second.

## **Error Does Not Exist. Awareness. Happiness**

And right now describing the events of that day and plunged into my memories, echoes of pain, suffering and doubt come to me again and again that I could still do something then. Something in me says: No! That's it, I don't suffer! And something else shouts: Guilty! Knees fell ill, grief seized, as if there was already no more joy and happiness.

## **Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.**

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