



Peregrinar

Félix Páramo

I was struck by a section of the book *Principles and Precepts of the Return to the Obvious* by Lanza del Vasto and I wanted to rework, in my own way, some notes summarised below.

It is not easy to lead the daily life of a pilgrim, but the joy of the fountains illuminates it and the grandeur of heaven is never lacking. For a long time now I have been carrying a staff, a rucksack and wrinkles on my forehead. By balancing on one foot and the other, I have forgotten what books and teachers taught me, and my thoughts have dried up in the sun and the air, and have been reduced to almost nothing.

In fact, now, I know nothing but such obvious things that an intelligent man – such as I considered myself – would scorn to declare. However, I have learned the rudiments of the trade, the rules of the pilgrimage and the itinerary of return: return to the obvious and to myself fundamentally.

Where are we going on that road on which we have been walking since ancient times without asking anyone where it leads? On their journey, some go to try their luck, others to forget their worries, others in search of wisdom, the majority to end up returning to their old routine, but How many will end up finding themselves? How many will return to the obvious? That is the primary purpose of the pilgrimage. The barefoot walker wants to return to the obvious and will always show a wry smile in the presence of bicycles, buses or vehicles..., because walking barefoot is to feel the pulse of nature and to immerse oneself in the evidence of what, free of charge, is freely given. Just by mimicking nature, the pilgrim's feet make his longings, desires and thoughts stop and question his inner self.

If the life of the pilgrim is not equivalent to the search for a truth in which he stops and ends, we must conclude that it was all a mistake and all the steps of pilgrimage would only be equivalent to the multiplication of that mistake: tourist, pilgrim-tourist, parachutist of the road... And the fact is that he who walks, never arrives. The pilgrim is neither a wise person nor a saint. He is simply a seeker of infinity and wisdom. The truth that is sought is not at the end of the road. It is everywhere, but, above all, it is in you, it is you yourself that you seek. With this in mind, it is not necessary to go too far, even if it is necessary to get off the beaten track and daily schedule.

It is your body, which drags you into the outer world, that ignores even what your intelligence has perceived. You must tread in the footsteps of your thoughts, because you want to feel with your hands what your inner self knows. In other words, you want to gravitate with your weight upon the promised land of spiritual certainties that your return to the obvious is beginning to show you.

Go, walk, set out with your whole life and let your path make your body of dry staff and your legs of wind sing. Teach your body to die walking. Teach your body and heart, step by step, the nature of all that exists, which is nothing but to pass, to go and to disappear. And let every existence or desirable thing say in your eyes: I do not belong to you.

All day long make your body work, make it walk. Do not stop it except to sleep. If you cease for a moment to occupy your body, it will occupy you.

And, finally, do not forget, pilgrim, that while the landscape at your feet unfolds and your legs and knees complain with silent cries, you must always keep your heart steady and full of joy. Sharpen your spirit in an idea and rest that thought on a point of your nascent and new horizon, because you –we– will always, always, be pilgrims; you will be and we will always be passing through.

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