

MY FRIEND, THE INSECT.



By Carlos Adelantado Puchal

One night, like most nights, I was reading while lying in bed. It was a book of lectures by Professor Jorge A. Livraga.

It was the end of the day, darkness all around, silence....
By the light of the small lamp on the bedside table, my intellectual activity extended into the moments before sleep.

Reading, reflection, peace in my heart... Everything was perfect.

Suddenly, he appeared, a tiny insect. Bothersome, indifferent to my presence and incapable of sitting still.
I tried to get him away from my book, but it was useless; he kept coming back. Then I wanted to get it out of my mind, but I couldn't do that either. It was already an active part of the discomfort that penetrated me. The furtive guest would appear on the page I was reading and every time I turned the page, it would enter the scene again with a slight jump. Ufff, it was insufferable.

It was so annoying that I decided to give it my utmost attention.

That little creature had come to me attracted by the light of the little lamp. Of course! For him it was the right place to go, the only place. And I thought of all the beings who go towards the light, of all those who travel the long road of Life.

At that moment, the little insect became the representative of those attracted by the beautiful and the true, by the good and the just.

For an instant, the omnipresent law of evolution was revealed in its most authentic expression.

So, by mutual agreement, the insect and I shared Professor Livraga's wisdom.

Time passed, I cannot say exactly how much time, and just as it had arrived, the insect disappeared.

I looked for it among the pages of the book, truly fearing that it had suffered an involuntary accident. I didn't find it.
I looked around me among the sheets. It was not there.

I saw it no more. And I felt a kind of sorrow. For those who one day leave the presence of light and immerse themselves in dark unfamiliar places. For those who have marched by our side and one day, suddenly, cease to do so.

I can assure you that this tiny insect, a gigantic reference in its smallness, will be with me for a long time. In fact, several months have passed since we met, and I have not managed to forget it.

Nor do I want to.

It is of great help to me to remember that living beings are always moving towards the light, and that on that path of realization we will never be alone.

Along we go, the great and the small, the cyclical and the perennial, the slow and the swift, the conformists and the rebels, the sedentary and the adventurous, the elements and the potencies... everyone and everything!

The great symphony of life. △△△