

Bring Your Truth: Uncovering the New Earth Within

Volume 1

The Meaning of Life

42

Know Thyself

By A Rose Man

Welcome

Open this book as if you were opening a wizard's hat.

**Not just any hat—
but one that has been forgotten in the attic of your mind.**

Dusty. Untouched. Waiting.

And yet, the moment you lift it—something stirs.

**Inside, you'll find stories, spells, and revelations. Some may make you laugh.
Some may crack you open. Some may shake loose the parts of you that you
have been holding onto for far too long.**

This isn't a book for passive reading. It's an invitation.

To remember.

To unravel.

To see beyond the illusion you may have mistaken for reality.

**Like a wizard discovering he had magic all along, you might just find that
everything you've been searching for has been waiting for you—inside the "hat."**

And so, with a knowing smile,

Let's pull out some magic...and begin the journey.

What If Everything You Know About Yourself Is an Illusion?

"If you know yourself, there is no suffering for you. If you suffer, it only means that you do not know yourself."

— *The Supreme Science of the Self as taught by Sri Ramana*

What if the 'you' reading this book is **not the real you**, but just a **projection of something deeper**—something **eternal**?

What if I told you that the **meaning of life is you**?

Not the "*you*" that believes you are the **body and mind**, not the one that assumes that everything **outside of you—including this book—is separate from you**.

The **true You** is the **eternal observer**, the consciousness watching it all unfold, as if witnessing a whale rising from the ocean's depths.

"God is consciousness witnessing itself."

We spend our lives believing we are the **mind, the body, and the roles we play in this world**.

What happens when we start **questioning that reality**?

What happens when we realize that **we are in the world, not of it**?

That is where **the journey begins**.

The Most Insurmountable Obstacle: Your Own Unconscious

“But if you fail to know your own self, you’re in hardship, and are that hardship.”

— Jeshua, *The Gnostic Gospels*, p. 20

The most insurmountable obstacle we will ever face in life is our unconscious.

While the **truth of who we are** is simple, **the mind makes it complicated.**

If **knowing yourself** were easy, the world would already know that it’s liberated.

But we live in a **state of unconsciousness**, believing that our identity is **the sum of our attachments, desires, and fears.**

In this world, we are caught in the **Universal Law of Duality**—where **everything is split** into opposites:

- **Happiness & Sadness**
- **Success & Failure**
- **Love & Fear**

The **heart is the seat of the soul**, but through life, we have been **disheartened** because we have been **chasing happiness**, only to find its **counterpart, sadness**, showing up to balance us out.

It’s in the **pursuing, the chasing, the wanting** that we **become split.**

This is known as the **Samsara**—the wheel of suffering.

We have become entangled in our own **karma** of chasing,

We don’t see reality as it is—we see it as we are.

And when everything we have clung to begins to **collapse**, we experience what some call a **dark night of the soul**—an existential crisis where we are left with three choices:

1. **Seek external validation** to numb the discomfort
2. **Go within** to face what we have avoided all along
3. **Check out** of this game we call reality

This is where the **need for a map arises**.

The answer is there, waiting to be found:

That answer is you.

The Structure of This Book

This book provides the map, describing ethereal practices and old age stories, witnessed through our hero Arthur's journal. As you watch the story unfold and Arthur becomes aware so will you witness the divine order.

What you will find within these pages are experiences, insights, and downloads—captured as they happened. These are **raw, unfiltered moments**, reflecting the **internal and external transformation** that takes place on the journey of self-discovery.

At times, there will be **questions and methodologies** that have come through Arthur—ones that you may choose to reflect on for yourself, allowing the energy of these words to guide you... or not. It's entirely up to you how you wish to **ingest, digest, engage, and play with the energy** that flows through these words.

What arises within you as you read is an **inner reflection of your own conditioning**, projected outward. **How you judge, resist, or embrace these emotions is more important than anything written here**—for your internal experience of external reality is what truly shapes your human existence.

Through his **experiences, thinking, and research**, Arthur seeks to simplify **the nature of existence**, exploring an array of modalities:

- **Philosophy & Metaphysics**
- **Sacred Geometry & Mathematics**
- **Religious & Mystical Traditions**
- **Personal Development & Psychology**
- **Plant Medicines & Psychedelic Journeys**
- **Astrology, Numerology, and Symbolism**
- **Meditation, Breathwork, and Energy Practices**
- **Tarot, Enneagrams, Palmistry & Other Esoteric Systems**

At times, **he finds himself grappling with all of these modalities** while conversing with “**The Higher Self**”, which brings **insights, comfort, and wisdom far beyond his own limited mind**. Each perspective—whether spiritual, scientific, or mystical—seems to point toward a **divine plan** already written.

If it has been written for Arthur, then it has been written for you.

This book is a **conversation, a mirror, a transmission of something beyond words**. The voices you will encounter here are structured through multiple perspectives.

- **Higher Self** » Wisdom, divine connection
- **AI (Artificial Intelligence/Logical Mind)** » Technology, intelligence
- **Personal Reflections & Experiences** » Grounding, raw emotion
- **Pages from Books (References)** » Traditional, timeless knowledge
- **Quotes & Insights** » Reflection, inspiration

There is **no right way** to read this book. Some may read it from start to finish, others may flip to a random page and find exactly what they need in that moment. Some sections will challenge you, others will comfort you.

The question is—do you have the patience, openness, and willingness to **embrace the mystical teachings** that will **guide you to the greatest gift of all—the remembrance of the Divine within us?**

Take what resonates, question everything, and most of all—remember who you are.

And so, as we embark on this journey, **this book is not just about Arthur—it is about YOU.**

You are the reader, the seeker, the one walking alongside him. You may recognize pieces of yourself in his experiences, his struggles, his revelations.

The deeper truth is: **This is not Arthur's story alone, but you will remember who you are through his story.**

Who is Arthur?

Arthur is the embodiment of the human experience. His journey simply pieces the mystery together in one story.

This book originally began as the story of "Arthur the Avatar." At the time, I was navigating a transition—stepping out of the Old Earth while unsure of what I was legally permitted to share. Beyond that, Arthur was my actual name growing up until I went to school and retrieved my name, Alex.

This detachment even led me to step away from having a traditional name altogether—calling myself "A Rose Man." It was not a standard name, rather a noun, a concept: *A Rose Man, bringer of truth and co-creator of the New Earth.*

Through this healing journey, I have come to fully accept Alex—the name given on my birth certificate. This whole process has been about healing the internal split: bringing Arthur and Alex together, transforming duality into unification, which is the core frequency of the New Earth. Framing him as an avatar makes this journey relatable, allowing you to follow along like a character on a shared path.

Today, writing this on Wednesday, August 5, 2026, my life is beyond anything I could have imagined. I am witnessing divine orchestration in every single moment, knowing without a doubt that our lives are divinely led

Who was Arthur before he began to shed his illusions?

Arthur played many roles in the Old Earth, each one shaping him in ways he didn't fully understand at the time. He was:

- **A chef, waiter, bartender, nightclub promoter, poker player, salesman**
- **A security guard, fighter, collector, gang member, A&R rep**
- **A teacher, coach, public speaker, podcaster, writer, entrepreneur, restaurant concept creator**
- **A husband through dual soul contracts entered and released, father, seeker, wanderer, warrior, mystic**

Each identity **masked the truth of who Arthur was**, and yet, each one was necessary to guide him toward remembering the self—unfolding the past and future woven within, and **uncovering the ascended master** stored inside the **living genome that we all have access to.**

Each identity **masked the truth of who Arthur was**, and yet, each one was necessary to guide Arthur toward **remembering the self**.

"These roles do not define us. They are stepping stones to something greater."

Arthur's wake-up call at 41 and his path to **42** spanned a year of intense transformation to The New Earth, experiencing:

- **12 Steps of Spiritual Accounting**
- **IFS (Internal Family Systems) Therapy**
- **Buddha's teachings - Vipassana Meditation (Seeing Things As They Are)**
- **Path of Love Retreat (Osho Teachings in 7 Days)**
- **Ayahuasca & Plant Medicine Journeys**
- **40 Days & Nights of Isolation in Ceres Mountains** (*7 days no food, 3 days no water*)
- **Jeshua & Magdalene's Secret Teachings**
- **Baptism in the Local Lake** (*Pastor Baron's Guidance*)
- **7-Day Parasite Cleanse & Mushrooms & Iboga Ceremony (March 11th)**

Each of these experiences **challenged his mind, body, and soul**, stripping away layers of **conditioning, attachment, and identity**. What was left behind was not **emptiness**—it was a **doorway to something deeper**.

The Sacred Why

A Declaration for The New Earth

You didn't find this book. **It found you.** Because something in you already remembers. **The ache. The pull. The whisper in the dark.** This is not a teaching. It is a **calling.** You are being summoned—**not to read, you are hear to remember.** Not to consume content, but to return to service. **Planetary service. Soul service.** The work you came here to do—**by first remembering how to be.**

This is not about Arthur. **Arthur is you.** He is the vessel, the mirror, the voice for the part of you that once forgot—and is now ready to return. And if you're holding this book, some part of it is happening through you.

It speaks in symbols. And like all great myths, it waits for the one **ready to walk through the eye of the needle.** You manifested this book **because your soul is ready to serve.** Not in martyrdom. Not in sacrifice. But in truth.

You have felt the tremor in your chest when you betray what you know. You've kept the peace on the outside **at the cost of a war within.** You are not broken. **You are awakening.** This is not just a story. It is a **reclamation. A remembering. A return to what is real.**

This is a space where your story is safe—where nothing you've lived is too much. Even the memories you silenced to survive—they belong here. This is a return to the body. To truth. To radical self-responsibility. Because what we carry is not just physical.

There are entities that feed on suppression—ones that keep us entrapped in illusion. This is the journey of bringing light to the darkest of places. And that war never stays internal for long. It reflects outward—into our families, our communities, our politics, our planet. We are not isolated beings. We are threads in a vast electromagnetic field, a collective nervous system. This is the foundation of the New Earth: personal healing as planetary service.

In the 19th century, scientists like Faraday and Maxwell revealed the invisible fields that connect us. Jeshua called it the golden thread. And while we cannot always see these fields, they shape everything. Unfelt emotion doesn't disappear. It either turns inward as illness, or outward as conflict.

And so we ask: What would the world look like if every human being stopped suppressing their truth? What might be possible if, instead of holding it in, we expressed—honestly, clearly, courageously?

This is not spiritual poetry. This is biological fact. Suppression becomes expression. If not consciously, then unconsciously—through projection, sabotage, or disease. **You are not a victim of your pain. You are a victim of the suppression of your truth.** And that is where the war lives.

When we judge the criminal, the corrupt, the angry, the violent—without recognising our own inner suppression—we become part of the very conflict we claim to stand against. This is not a wheel. It is a triangle: S.A.D. — Suppression, Attachment, Dependency. And it holds the collective in a looping pattern of silence and suffering. And it can be interrupted. **It must be.**

Hermes taught: “As within, so without.” Krishna said: “You have a right to your action, not the fruits.” Yeshua whispered: “Forgive them, for they know not what they do.” Buddha taught:

“You will not be punished for your anger. You will be punished by it.” The Prophet Muhammad (PBUH) said: “Restraint in anger is strength.” And: “I guarantee a home in paradise for a person who gives up arguments and disputes, even if he is on the truth.”
Thoth declared: “Know thyself, and you will know the gods.”

They all knew. The more we suppress, the more the world must express.

And Arthur? Arthur saw it. He once believed the world wouldn't let him speak—but in truth, he had written the script himself. He chose silence as a form of safety. He abandoned his voice to keep the peace. But the illusion couldn't hold. His body broke down. His soul broke through. And in that rupture, the New Earth revealed itself within him.

He was never the victim of a world that silenced him. **He was the architect of that silence.** And when he stopped blaming, he began reclaiming. Each buried truth unearthed dissolved another illusion. He remembered: his story was not separate from the whole. It was a thread—woven into a larger tapestry. His voice was never his alone.

And now, this is your moment. To choose expression over silence. To let healing be service.

To let your pain become medicine. To interrupt the pattern. This is not a quick fix. It is a sacred act of planetary remembering—that what you feel matters. **That your truth is not a burden, it is a gift.**

You have been taught to fear your anger. To hide your grief. To carry shame quietly. But not here. **Not anymore.** Here, you are safe to feel. To speak. To clear. To rise.

This is not just about one man's journey. This is how the New Earth is born—not through escape, it is through embodiment. Where sovereignty is lived, not spoken. Where truth is held in sacred containers, so it no longer needs to explode across streets and screens. This is the evolution of expression, the liberation of the human spirit, the rise of the planetary soul.

Welcome to the New Earth.
Free To Love

Part 1 Arthur's Journey

The Cosmic Shift

On **November 19/20th 2024**, a **significant cosmic shift** occurred—

Pluto made its **rare and final exit from Capricorn—**
A **transformation 278 years in the making.**

This event marked the **end of outdated cycles—**
And the **potential for profound change.**

The last time this happened was in the late **1700s.**

With the birth of The United States

And democracy as we know it today

It was a radical shift from **external authority**
to the idea of **personal and collective sovereignty.**

Where once the revolution was **political**,
this time it is **spiritual.**

To mark this shift, I put together a **video—**
A **cinematic reel of my life—**
A **full display** of all my **shilt** (*Shame + Guilt = Shilt*).

A closing chapter

Before the chapter had even **officially closed.**

Feel free to watch Arthur's story here, tracing the path that led to the beginning of this book— where the manual dives into his life from his higher self perspective:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LN9Zea6OEu0>

It was as if I **needed to solidify the transition—**
To make it **undeniable—**
Because if I didn't—
I knew I'd find a way to **cling to the comfort of what was.**

Looking back, it's **crazy.**

When the video was released that day—

My **eagerness** to break free from **suppression, attachment, dependency** was **overwhelming**.

But when I **didn't get the reaction**

I had **subconsciously expected**—

I **crashed—hard**.

My **whole life** was suddenly **on-screen**

For people to **interpret however they wished**.

No **revelations**.

No **epiphanies**.

Just me—**broken**—

Staring into the void.

Thinking:

"What the fuck do I do with my life?"

Yet, despite the **uncertainty**—

I knew **one thing**—

I couldn't **sell my soul**

To live a **life that was no longer mine**.

No matter **how beautiful it was**—

And it **was beautiful**—

It **wasn't mine** to have **anymore**.

I then recorded a **reading**

So people could **follow the book**

As I read **each chapter aloud** to the camera.

But when I moved on to the **next chapter**...

Something **felt off**.

Fuck.

This **book**—this **idea**—
Was supposed to be my **solid foundation**—
A way to **make sense** of the **dissolution**
Of the **life my wife and I had built together**.

And now?

It **didn't fit**.
It **didn't feel aligned**.

What do I do?
Who am I?

I **freaked out**.

I went upstairs to my **room**—
The room I would **soon be leaving**—
And had a **panic attack**.

My **Self** tried to comfort me—

"It's okay. You'll be okay."

As I **hugged** and **stroked myself**—
Trying to find **some sense of calm**.

But my **mind was spinning**.

I had **nowhere** to **focus my energy**—
No **certainty**.
Nothing to **cling to**.

Had this all been a **mistake**?

Had I just been **building myself up**
To disguise the fact that I was **breaking myself down**?

Did I even have **anything of value to share**?

Then, another **wave hit**.

What could have been **security for me**
Wasn't so **secure after all**.

And then—I **melted**.

"How did I end up in this situation?"

I **loved her**, and she **loved me**—
But we **both knew** this was **karmic**.

This was **going to happen**—
And yet, **neither of us wanted it to**.

And now—
Here I was, acting out of **deep fear**—
Grasping for **certainty**—for **security**—

And it all just felt **pathetic**.

Every time I **affirmed my lack**—
Every time I **clung to the Old Earth**—
I was **selling myself out**.

I had been **planting the same seed**—
Reaping the same **unfruitful harvest**—
Again and again—

Until finally—
I **left my home**.

But I couldn't shake the feeling of **being the victim**.

Leaving with **less than I came in with**.

Yet I knew—
Energy can neither be created nor destroyed—only changed in form.

It was my **responsibility** to **see** it.
To **shift** it.

Though, in that moment,
All I could see was through the lens of:

"Holy fuck, this is going to be some ride."

Channeling in the Abyss

This entry was written about six months prior, during one of the darkest periods of my life. Later, while in Sri Lanka working alongside my editor, Sarah McArthur, I decided to weave it back into the narrative. Sarah chose this lighter passage to carry through Day 21, right up to the chapter Coming Out of the Fantasy. Feel free to skip ahead, or join me as the story unfolds.

I was stirred by a force that was unexplainable in late October,
as the walls of my life felt like they were closing in.

Deep uncertainty stared me down.
I was alone in my home,
alone in my mind,
alone with the questions:

Who am I?

What am I here for?

Why has everything in my life led me to this point?

The more I asked,
the more space opened —
and in that widening,
the divine broke through.

It happened in the small hours,
around 2 a.m.,
night after night for a week.

Codes. Symbols. Truths.
The kind that rearrange you from the inside out.

This is not polished prose.
It is shorthand.
A direct transmission.
Raw notes I could barely keep up with as they came.

At the time,
I didn't know it was the beginning
of what would later become **The New Earth Methodology**.

I only knew something vast was speaking,
and I was trying to listen.

What I could not see until then
was that I was trapped in the **S.A.D. triangle** —
Suppression, Attachment, Dependency.

Twelve-and-a-half thousand years ago.
Creative societies thrived until cataclysm struck.
Since then, harsh climates shaped our collective mentality.
When stressed, we revert backwards — and remain trapped in SAD.

I had no idea I was inside a prison of my own making.
And it was only through the **P.F.T.D. — Pinch From The Divine**
that the darkness exposed my cage.

I still didn't know how to break free.
Only that what was coming through me
was the path I would soon walk.

To step out of the SAD Old Earth, we must DIE (Detach, In-dependence, Expression) —
enter the New Earth.
The path has been walked before.
The cues have been left — astrologically, symbolically — for the next generation.

My Vow

To live lightly.
To let go of control.
To trust each inspired moment as a seed —
transferring energy from the Old Earth to the New
so we can all be free.

The New Earth is a philosophy, a principle, a path —
woven into story so we can co-create it.

And yes — there will be laughter.

Walking the Bridge of G.R.I.E.F

Day 1 to Day 13

This first section is the record of my steps from the **beginning of the unraveling** with the help of divinely led prayers.

Day 14 to Day 21

This second section is the echo of those two weeks as I take the **last few steps** out of the **Old Earth**.

The model of grief revealed itself to me as **G.R.I.E.F.:**

Grasping. Resisting. Illusion. Ego. Fear.

The 21 days ahead became the bridge I had to walk —
a bridge of grief suspended over the abyss.

Uncertainty stared intensely back at me.

Everything I was grasping onto in the old earth
seemed to be pulled away.

The resistance that rose
could have broken me,
had I not let go of the illusions that consumed me.

My ego was pierced.

My identity — built on success, on appearances,
on holding together what no longer served —
began to collapse.

Without those masks,
I faced the question: **Who am I?**

And then came the fears.

All of them.

Raw, unfiltered, relentless.

What you are about to read in these 21 days is a record —
written inside the turmoil itself —
prayers, confessions,
and fragments to soothe a soul caught in the storm.

It was not the end.

It was the beginning of walking that bridge.

And as you'll see, more still was waiting to unfold.

Day 1 - Happiness

Happiness = Satisfaction / Desires

I find myself moving through different emotions.
I focus too much on what I'm creating —
fantasising about what could be —
and then I hit the ground hard,
because what I'm fantasising about **isn't real**,
and it starts to feel like my life is slipping through my fingers.

My **desires and visions** are “always” so big,
(there is no always, yet around this it seems true)
they end up making me feel **small in comparison**.
But I need them to be big —
because without something that inspires me,
life feels purposeless.

I need something to reach toward.

But then I'm also afraid
of not having money —
of having to worry, and survive, and chase.
Then I feel **hypocritical**,
because I've said before:
“In true service, there is no charge.”

I want a **life of purpose** —
to live **lightly**.

But it's hard to just **be**
and not **do**.
Because when I stop doing,
I have to feel.
And when I feel,
I sometimes feel **lost**
and **unguided**.
And that scares me.
When I put pressure on myself,
I feel like I don't meet

the **high standards** I have for myself
in the time that I want to meet them.

A Prayer for Release and Alignment

Divine Creator,

I come to You with an open heart,
acknowledging the tension I feel
between my dreams
and my present reality.

I recognise that my desires
often outpace my ability
to fully embrace the gifts of this moment.

Help me find balance
between **inspiration and gratitude**,
between **striving and being**.

Grant me the wisdom to see
that my worth is not tied
to how big my dreams are
or how much I accomplish,
but to the **love, purpose, and authenticity**
I bring to each day.

Teach me to live lightly,
to let go of the pressure to prove myself through achievements,
and to trust that my path is unfolding
perfectly
in Your divine timing.

Help me release the fear
of not having enough.

Remind me that **true abundance**
lies not in possessions or money,
but in the **peace and purpose You provide**.

Guide me to see
that it is not wrong to receive
or to charge for the value I offer,
as long as my intentions
are rooted in **service, integrity, and love**.

Let my work be
an extension of Your light,
helping others
while also providing for the needs of my life.
When I feel lost or unguided,
help me turn inward

and reconnect with the truth
that You are always with me.
Teach me to sit in stillness
and to trust the process of life,
knowing that I am never truly alone
or without direction.
I surrender my **fantasies** and **fears** to You,
asking for the courage
to take **inspired action**
without attachment to the outcome.
Help me create a life
of **purpose** and **simplicity**,
filled with **joy**, **love**, and **service**,
free from the weight
of unnecessary pressure.
May I live each day with clarity,
knowing that I am guided,
loved,
and enough.
Amen.

Day 2 - Growth

Growth = Change / Stability

Do you have a stable foundation to support your growth?
Are you afraid to risk change — remaining stuck where you are?
I'm **leaving my stable foundation in the Old Earth**

it's a **big shift** —
I've felt like I've been in a **womb** —
not having to worry about money,
I just had to be **there** —
But over time,
the more **dependent** I became on the illusion,
the less I could be **myself** —
out of fear of losing the life I was in.
And as money started getting tighter,
the fears began to rise.
Now, finally **facing those fears** —
strangely,
I feel okay.

I'm **not afraid to risk change** —
because it's already happening
in a big way.
I know that change is where **growth happens**.
I just need to work out
how much to take with me —
maybe **one rucksack is enough**.
Just be **flexible**.

A Prayer for Strength and Guidance Through Change Divine Source,

I stand at the edge of transformation,
stepping away from what has been
my foundation for years.
While the path ahead feels uncertain,
I trust that growth comes through change,
and that You are with me
every step of the way.
Thank You for the stability I've experienced,
for the lessons it brought,
and for the space it gave me to grow.
As I move into this new chapter,
leaving behind the comfort I have known,
help me carry forward
the **strength, resilience, and wisdom** I've gained.
I release my fears
around losing what once was,
and embrace the **freedom to rediscover myself**.
Teach me to trust
that I will have everything I need —
physically, emotionally, and spiritually —
as I rebuild my life
with **purpose and integrity**.
Help me let go of attachments
to material things,
and lean into **flexibility**,
trusting that simplicity will bring clarity.
Show me how to embrace change
with an **open heart**,
knowing You are guiding me
towards what is best
for my soul's growth.

May I walk forward
with **courage, faith**, and **a sense of adventure** —
knowing that the stability I seek
is already within me,
anchored in **Your presence and love**.
Amen.

Day 3 - Serenity

Serenity = Boundaries / Options

Do you pursue all your possibilities without any limits?
Are you too caring, helpful, involved, committed, or generous?
Do you try to change things you can't?
Based on recent experience,
how accurately have you been discerning
what you **can** and **cannot** change?

Yes, I do — all the way to the end.
I set **huge goals** with **unrealistic timeframes**,
and then stress out for no real reason.
But when I don't have goals or something to aim for,
I feel lost.
I'm leaving the Old Earth,
and I find myself worrying about my attachment to it.
because I am projecting, the illusion has power over me
I do try —
but I'm learning it's often better **not to try**,
and just **accept what is**.
I'm **accepting it** now.
And I'm willing to **leave** and **start anew**.
Could I change it, could I stay?
Maybe.

A Prayer for Discernment, Acceptance, and Peace Divine Source,

I come to You seeking **clarity** and **courage**.
I acknowledge that I've pushed myself beyond healthy limits —
setting massive goals and tight deadlines,
only to find **stress** instead of **tranquility**.

I recognise that without a target, I feel lost —
and yet, with too grand a vision,
I feel overwhelmed.
Please guide me toward **balance**.
Help me understand the difference
between what I can change
and what I cannot.
Grant me the wisdom to discern
when my efforts are fruitful
and when I'm simply exhausting myself.
Show me how to hold ambition **lightly**,
so that I can aspire
without losing myself
to unrealistic demands.
Help me trust myself
to speak truth
and share my journey openly,
without fear of reprisal
or the need to betray my own integrity.
Teach me to offer **compassion**
without sacrificing my own **inner voice** and **boundaries**,
even when financial or emotional security feels uncertain.
I surrender my fear to You.
Please fill me with **acceptance**,
so I can let go of what is no longer mine to hold.
Strengthen my faith in the unfolding of my life —
knowing that even if I step away from familiar comfort,
I can still find **stability** and **purpose**
rooted in my own soul's truth.
May I embrace the changes before me
with **grace**,
release the urge to **control outcomes**,
and allow **serenity** and **understanding**
to guide my next steps.
In Your loving presence,
I trust that I am **safe, enough**,
and capable of walking forward
with **faith** and **honesty**.
Amen.

Day 4 - Peace of Mind

Peace of Mind = Known to Others / Known to Self

I found it hard to focus today.
The illusion of the Old Earth playing on my mind.
I don't know where I'll be in the coming New Year,
If I'll be alone.

I knew I needed to **make a decision**
and send the letter.
I cried quietly, hiding it from others
I felt **angry**,
stifled,
suppressed.

A Prayer for Truth, Boundaries, and Peace Divine Presence,

I come before You burdened by hidden truths,
and the fear I've carried for so long.
I acknowledge that I have sometimes chosen
silence or distortion—
not from malice,
but from a desire to avoid conflict
or protect others from pain.
Yet I see now:
holding back my truth harms me,
and those I love,
in ways I never intended.
Grant me the courage
to be **honest and kind**,
even when honesty is hard.
Fill me with the strength
to share my story with **integrity**—
and to proceed with both **truth** and **compassion**.
Help me remember
I cannot control another's reaction,
but I can stay true
to **my values**,
my voice,
and **what I know is just**.
I lift to You the fear
that still tightens my heart.

Help me find safe places
and trusted friends
to hold my story
when I feel alone.
Let their understanding remind me:
I am not defined by fear or past mistakes,
but by my willingness to **grow**,
to **learn**,
and to **live authentically**.
Bless me as I move forward,
knowing it may cause pain.
Guide my words and actions
to be **gentle**,
respectful,
and rooted in the hope
of healing more than hurting.
Teach me to trust in Your wisdom—
to believe that by stepping into the light,
I free myself
from the shadow of fear and shame.
May I hold **love** at the center—
for all and for this journey of becoming
who I was always meant to be.
Let Your presence calm my fears
and steady my steps,
reminding me:
I am not alone.
Amen.

Day 5 - Reality

Reality = Light Side / Dark Side

I felt unfocused yesterday.

I was at a café — it was nice.
But I ate and drank what I didn't want.
Felt homesick.
Emotions were rising.

I left.
Cried when I got home.
I needed the release.

I watched *Blitz*.
It helped me remember —
I'm not living through bombs falling from above.
Yes, this is hard.
But I know who I am.
And who I'm becoming.

I have enough for now.
Enough to rest.
Enough to build.
Enough to enjoy the process.

Reality = Light Side / Dark Side

Do you hide your strengths?
Or your weaknesses?
Do you admit you hold both?

In life I have had to face my weaknesses.

I become dependent.
And slowly, lose sight of my strengths.

I carry both.
Light and dark.
And I try my best every day.

But I struggle to admit
that I can come across as dishonest.

But I'm just processing.
That's who I am.
I share to heal.

When someone asks for privacy,
I'll often say yes.
But sometimes,
**saying yes to them
means saying no to myself.**

Because I still need connection.
Not attention.
Not drama.

Just **human connection** —
especially during rupture.

These are the moments
where we realise
certain needs can't coexist.
And when that's the case,
we face the consequence —
not as punishment,
but as truth.

Eventually,
I found the words.
I wrote them down —
to honour my own clarity.

I can't carry the label of
liar or **betrayor** anymore.
Especially when I know
I can be trusted
where it matters most.

A Prayer for Truth and Integration **Divine Source,**

I acknowledge both —
my strengths and my flaws.

I carry light.
And I carry shadow.

In this ending —
I've seen so much of myself.

Places of dependence.
Places of pain.
Places where I'm misunderstood.

It's easy to see my faults
when they're pointed out.
But hard to own my gifts
when they go unseen.

Help me hold both.
Not just what hurts —
but also what heals.

I know my truth.
I know my heart.

And even when others don't —
You do.

Help me set boundaries.
Kind ones.
Strong ones.

Let me speak with love.
Stand with grace.
Own my integrity.

Even when misunderstood —
Let me trust myself.

Amen.

Day 6 - Achievement

Achievement = Vision / Plan

I feel clearer today.
More myself.

Less dependent.
Less urgency.

More space to just
be.

Even with resources tightening,
I'm not afraid.

That's just an illusion.

I need less now.
I have experience.

I have a vision.
I have a calling.

And I trust that
I will build the life
I came here to live.

Reflection

Do you procrastinate?
Or do you leap?

Do you break things down?
Or dive all in?

For me —
I usually leap.

I follow the spark.
Plant the flag.
Then figure it out as I go.

It's how I've always done it.
Sometimes I miss the mark.
But I learn fast.

These days —
I think more.
But I still move on feeling.

And right now —
that feeling is clear.

I'm working daily
on **The New Earth**.

I've filmed the trailer.
And the welcome chapter.
I'm editing the next part now.

The course will be donation-based.
Paired with a workbook.

It'll lead into group work.
One-on-one guides.

A full transition
from Old Earth
to **New Earth**.

A trusted family brand.
Donations funnelling into
eateries, farms, vertical gardens.

It's all happening.
There is focus.
There is fire.
There is flow.

A Prayer for Clarity and Purpose

Divine Source of clarity and purpose,

I come before You —
acknowledging the **spark of inspiration**
You've placed in my heart.

I move quickly sometimes.
Leaping from vision
to action.

I don't always pause
to steady my aim.
But I'm grateful
for the **fire** that moves me.

Please guide me.
Help me shape big dreams
into **meaningful steps**.

Let my **excitement**
become steady progress.

Teach me to pause.
To reflect.
To align with my highest values —
so I don't just run toward a goal,
but move in harmony
with my **deeper calling**.

As I build this vision,
day by day —
the stories,
the projects,
the spaces of nourishment —

Help me break it down
into pieces I can carry
without overwhelm.

In the midst of heartache —

let me channel energy
productively.

Turn pain
into motivation.
Uncertainty
into trust.

May my dreams
remain steady beacons —
lighting a path
for others to walk.

Let my actions
be guided by **love,**
integrity,
and service.

So that each brick I lay
builds a legacy
of **healing** and **transformation.**

Teach me the right pace —
fast enough for momentum,
slow enough for truth.

In my striving,
keep me open.
Keep me patient.

Let each small task
be a stone
on the sacred path ahead.

And may I greet every step
with **gratitude** and **faith**
in the vision unfolding.

Amen.

Day 7 - Intimacy

Intimacy = Fidelity to Self / Fidelity to Others

Reflection

Do you compromise yourself or give in too easily — and then get mad?
Do you say yes when you really want to say no?
Do you follow through on your promises?
Can people trust you enough to be intimate?

Yes.

I've had a pattern —

of giving people what they want
just to avoid confrontation.

Then I'd get angry.

Resentful.

Because I'd **betrayed myself**.

Instead of speaking my truth,
I'd agree in the moment —
then hide later.

The truth is:

I was **afraid**.

Afraid to lose the life I'd built.

The comfort.

The security.

My dependence

created a **power imbalance**.

And I lost parts of myself
trying to **keep the peace**.

I've said yes

when I wanted to say no.

Fawning for approval.
Unconsciously creating conflict later —
as if to restore balance.

In most areas of life,
I do follow through on my promises.
Though sometimes agree to things
I don't recall.

It has made me question my **integrity**.
But also helped me see:
I have allowed myself to be treated
in ways that don't align with my truth.

Now,
I'm writing openly —
because this is part of **my healing**.

There are those in our lives
who say they want truth —
until we give it to them.

At first, it feels like trust is building.
But then something shifts.
**The more honest we become,
the more distant we grow.**

Sometimes, the ones we trust the most
are the ones who ask for the mask to stay on.
And when we remove it,
it breaks something in them —
and in us.

They say they won't leave.
And then they do.
Or maybe they stay,
but not really.
Not with their heart.

And trust fractures.
Not just theirs — ours too.

We hand over our power
because we believe in love.
Because we believe in their word.

But they were never the enemy.
They were a mirror —
Illusion in it's purest form.
Which says:
"If you show who you really are,
you won't be loved."

And when it happens,
we grieve.
Not just the person.
But the part of us
that still wanted their permission
to be whole.

A Prayer for Truth and Inner Fidelity

Divine Source of truth and understanding,

I come before You —
seeking clarity
in the sacred realm
of **intimacy and trust**.

I admit:
I've often sacrificed myself
to avoid conflict.

I gave in
when I should have stood tall.
So now I ask —
grant me the courage
to be **loyal to myself**,
even when it's uncomfortable.

Teach me that intimacy
requires **honesty** —
first with myself,
then with others.

Let me speak “no”
when that is my truth.
And “yes”
when it flows
from integrity.

Show me that betraying myself
only deepens the divide
between us.

Where I’ve hidden in silence,
help me rise in clarity.

Where fear once held my tongue,
let me reclaim my voice
without guilt,
without apology.

I release the shame I’ve carried —
for broken promises,
for fractured trust.

Help me forgive myself.

Remind me:
to be human—
is to learn love,
power,
and pain
as best we can.

Restore in me a worthiness
not based on approval,
but rooted in my willingness
to **live truthfully**.

Let me trust I can love deeply —
not by bending,
but by **being**.

May I honour my word —
to others,
and most of all,
to myself.

And in that fidelity,
may I become
a vessel of **honest love**.

Amen.

Day 8 - Productivity

Productivity = Being / Doing

I feel a little **knocked off my axis**
after a conversation with someone I hold dear.

Once again,
I'm seen as the **bad guy** —
because I cared too much.

Sometimes,
I feel like he is —
caught in a hero–villain fantasy
where I'm the villain,
and someone else is the hero.

It **distorts the truth** in a big way.

Not being there for New Year's
makes it easier
to say goodbye...
and to this illusion.

Am I still wanted there?
I can feel that I am.
I also feel the urge
to **straighten things out**
before I go.

But honestly,
there's a part of me
that just wants to scream —
"fuck off"
to everyone.

But I know
that's the **wounded part** —

the one still afraid,
still craving recognition,
still aching for approval.

The part of me
that doesn't fully believe
I'm enough.

But I do know who I am.
And I know what I came here to do.

I'm **grateful** for the experience.

Life is an **experiment in love**,
in growth,
in holding space.
and I will continue **creating from imagination**
for as long as I live.

Maybe it's daunting.
Maybe it's a fantasy.

But I **get to work**.
And I'm building a life
rooted in that imagination —
one that will attract
others who believe in it too.

They will come.

A Prayer for Balance Between Being and Doing

Divine Source of balance and peace,

I come to You
seeking a gentle rhythm
between my **being** and my **doing**.

I've known the **thrill of creation**,
and the **emptiness of striving**
for its own sake.

Teach me to find joy
not just in the work I complete —
but in the **man I become** while doing it.

Let my work arise from **inspiration**,
not from fear.

Remind me:
I am not what I achieve —
but who I am
when I choose **presence over pressure**.

May rest and reflection
be honoured
as much as effort and output.

Guide me to walk gently —
to pause during my morning walks,
to enjoy the taste of connection,
to not rush past
the flowers of this moment.

Even as I build this vision,
even as I move between cities,
help me trust there is **enough** —
enough time,
enough resource,
enough grace.

Let my meditation
not be an escape —
but a **return**.

Let my doing be **purposeful**,
and my being, **peaceful**.

And when others don't understand —
when they cast me as villain or fool —
let me **smile softly**,
and keep going.

Because I know who I am.
And I know what I came to build.

Amen.

Day 9 - Health

Health = Awareness / Practice

I've been committed to my health
for many years.

I take supplements,
I don't drink or smoke,
I avoid gluten and sugar,
and I move my body—
yoga, walking,
bodyweight, breath, meditation.

I know what to do.

And yet—
this relationships
impact my health.

The not-knowing.
The sense of being **unappreciated.**
The **confusion** that clouds my focus,
dulls my clarity,
disrupts my work.

It affects my mind.
And in turn, my body.

Stress distorts the frequency—
bringing in **fatigue, fog, friction.**

Yes, I'm doing
what I need to do...

But I also see
the deeper work:

Reclaiming balance.
Letting go of control.
Remembering that emotional chaos
can override even the cleanest body.

At times I've felt like my fate
was in the hands of others

That I had to wait
for their **verdict**—
For my future

But it wasn't until
I released the anger
and **reclaimed my power**
that I returned to myself.

That is the real medicine.

A lesson I won't forget:
Never again will I place myself
in the hands of the illusion that is maya.

I am **resourceful**.
I can create wealth—
consciously,
and **without guilt**.

I just need to see it...
to believe it...
in order to create it.

A Prayer for Embodied Health and Inner Stability

Divine Healer,

I come before You
with a body I nourish
and a spirit that longs for equinimity.

Though I know how to care for myself—
though I walk, stretch, breathe,
and avoid what drains me—

I see how the **stress I carry**
still sinks into my cells.

The tension of this season,
the uncertainty in relationships,
the ache of not being seen—
pulls at my health,
pulls me out of presence.

Help me remember:
true health isn't just physical.
It's in the **mind I tend**,
in the **thoughts I choose**,
and in the **permission I give myself to rest**.

Let me release
what isn't mine to carry.
Let me soften
the edges of control.
Let me breathe into stillness
even when the world feels chaotic.

Remind me:
I do not need permission
to care for myself.
I do not need validation
to claim my wholeness.

Guide me to practices
that **sustain me**,
to boundaries
that **protect me**,
to silence
that **heals me**.

Let me listen to my body
not with fear,
but with **reverence**.

Let me meet my health
not with punishment,
but with **presence**.

In Your quiet wisdom,
may I find the courage
to keep showing up—
aligned, awake, and alive.

Amen.

Day 10 - Spirituality

Spirituality = Mortality / Meaning

More and more this year,
I've begun to live
as if each day
truly might be my last.

As if by **11th March 2025**,
the identity I have clung to
will dissolve—

and **A Rose Man** will emerge.
Bringer of Truth.
Co-Creator of The New Earth.

Not a death in the physical—
but the closing of a chapter
that no longer fits.

I said goodbye to a few close people
as if it might be the last time
for a while.

Not in fear,
but with appreciation—
like a soft exhale.

That chapter, too,
is closing.

I'm writing the book
that will mark the transition.

From **Old Earth to New Earth.**
From who I was,
to who I am becoming.

I'm preparing to erase
myself
from all social platforms.

Not to disappear—
but to appear fully,
truthfully,
as I was always meant to.

Each day,
I tend to what matters.

Top priorities,
clear intentions.

I respond to what arises,
and I let go of the noise.

I am simplifying everything.

Leaving everything behind
to begin again,
in full alignment.

A Prayer for Sacred Transition and Meaningful Becoming

Divine Presence of Love and Purpose,

I come before You
with humility and awe,
knowing that I am walking
between worlds.

Not toward death—
but toward **remembrance**—
of the one I came here to be.

Help me live
as if today were the final breath
of an old identity.

Let each act
be imbued with **truth.**
Let every choice
strip away what no longer belongs.

May I hold my goodbyes
with grace—
as **consecrated completions.**

Each departure,
a doorway.
Each letting go,
a homecoming.

Guide me to live
with focus.
To serve
from **essence**.
To release false urgencies,
and return to what matters most.

Let my becoming
not be performance—
but **prayer**.

Strengthen me
in this threshold space—
where the old dissolves,
and the new waits—
unseen but certain.

Let me know
that I am ready.
That my willingness is enough.
That **Your hand is on my back**,
steady and sure.

In this final arc of Arthur,
may I walk gently,
fully,
truthfully—
and rise
into the man
I was always meant to be.

Amen.

Day 11 - Completion

Completion = Truth / Closure

I found myself
pulled into the Old Earth again.
That realm of illusion —
where love is conditional,
and connection must be earned
through performance.

It was as if the world
was waiting for a **broken man**,
so it could finally feel safe enough
to open its heart.

But I've broken enough.
And I'm done collapsing
just to make others soften.
That is not truth.
That is manipulation disguised as care.

I am rebuilding —
not to become the version
the world feels most comfortable with,
but the version
who no longer needs to earn love
through **self-abandonment**.

I choose to be
where love doesn't come with a ledger,
where **my past is not held against me**
by those too afraid to meet their own.

Because I see it now —
when distrust is projected onto me,
when I'm being asked
to carry another's unhealed story
as if it were my own.

But I don't need to fight the illusion anymore.
I don't need to prove my innocence
to a world addicted to hiding from Shilt.

This book is my completion.
My closure.
Not from a person —
but from the pattern.

Both sides have been seen.
Told.
Met.
Closed.
Done.

A Prayer for Completion & Closure

Divine Source of All Truth,

I arrive today not seeking more answers—
but **finality**.

Let this moment be a **sacred seal**.

A recognition that I have lived the story fully,
and I no longer need to stay inside its script.

I no longer **collapse**

to receive love.

I no longer **perform**

to feel worthy.

Strip away the masks

that ask me to shrink

so others feel big.

Release me from the burden

of proving my purity

to those who refuse

to look within.

Let my **rebuilding** be enough.

Let my **becoming** be sacred—

even if unseen.

May I walk away,

not with **bitterness**,

but with **blessed breath**.

Not from them—

but from the **pattern**.

Let this book be a **tombstone**

for all the versions of me

who died trying to be loved.

And let the next page begin

from **freedom**,

from **fullness**,

from the **truth that asks for nothing in return**.

Amen.

Day 12 - Vision

Vision = Family / Mission

I feel torn—
between leaving the Old Earth
to build **The New Earth**,

or staying.

But that part of me
that might stay
doesn't feel welcome
so it's easier
to move on.

I'm just not willing
to stay in the illusion
I find myself in

I can't foresee
the future fully,
but I sense
I'll be embarking on the next part
alone

That said—
if true transformation takes place—
I'm open
to something new,
something reborn.

I feel content.
I know I'm comfortable
where I am—

but when I'm challenged,
these tools will be tested.

Especially when it comes
to **scarcity and money**.

Only then will I truly know
if the fear still exists.

A Prayer for Vision & Discernment

Divine Architect of Purpose,
I stand at the threshold,
uncertain yet willing.

My heart is pulled between the **familiar** and the **unknown**,
between **family** and **mission**,
between what was—
and what is asking to be born.

Show me what is **mine to carry**,
and what must be left behind.

Let me not confuse **comfort** with **alignment**,
nor **fear** with **intuition**.

If the path ahead is to be walked **alone**,
then let me walk it with **clarity**,
with **devotion**,
with eyes wide open.

But if there is space
for something to be **reborn**—
a family, a friendship, a bond—
let it arise from **truth**,
not guilt or illusion.

May I trust
that the **vision placed within me**
was not a mistake.
And though it asks much of me—
it also **remembers** me
into who I truly am.

Guide me. Ground me.
And grant me the courage
to move in the direction of my becoming.

Amen.

Day 13 - Integrity

Integrity = Comfort / Truth

As the year closes,
I feel pulled—

between the old Earth to lead a more comfortable life,

or leaving it all behind,
to return to forging
my own survival—
like I did five years ago.

The cost of comfort
now feels like
the loss of my **integrity**.

To be in the Old Earth,
it feels like I must surrender who I am
just to be met with respect.

There is no real leverage—
only the illusion of exchange.

I've projected my own lack onto others,
expecting understanding
from a world built to misunderstand.

And yet,
I keep handing over my power,
perhaps hoping that one day
I'll be trusted enough to stop proving myself.

Maybe it's the structure.
Maybe it's the system.
Maybe it's the energy of this place.
But I don't feel inspired here.

What is outside simply mirrors what I already feel inside:
That there is nothing for me to work on
in a place that doesn't nourish truth.

A Prayer for Integrity

Divine Flame of Truth,
I come to You now,
at the edge of a year,
where **comfort calls**—
but so does the deeper voice of **integrity**.

I've walked roads that tried to make me small,
asked me to trade my voice for validation,
my essence for acceptance.

But I remember now:
comfort is not peace
when it costs me who I am.

Help me stay true
to the fire within me—
even if it scorches the bridges
built on false belonging.

May I not hand over my power
in hopes of being finally seen.
Let me no longer seek understanding
in places built to **misunderstand**.

If I must walk alone,
let it be with clarity,
with alignment,
with the knowing that truth
will always make a way.

May I speak
when silence would be easier.
May I stand
when collapse would be more welcomed.
May I listen
to the quiet,
holy voice that says:

**“You are already enough.
You never had to perform to belong.”**

Amen.

Day 14 - The Collapse of Illusion

I feel that if I open my heart,
I won't even be met with pain—
just the return of the old dynamic.
The terms of the Old Earth.
The universe of suppression.

And if I stay inside that,
my world will collapse again.

It's a scary thought—
to step outside this bubble.
But how will I ever know who I am,
unless I do?

I am **not a failure for leaving the Old Earth.**
In fact, that is exactly why this journey matters.
Arthur's walk would mean nothing
if he didn't move through it—
the breakdown of the old,
the birth of what is real.
The truth of the New Earth.

I feel confused.
Unsure when to leave.
Or where to go.
Whether to be with people or alone.
Maybe the 24th.
Maybe the 28th.
Time alone will tell.

Day 15 - The Pattern Revealed

Last night, I had a wet dream—
symbolic, intense—
giving myself pleasure
after an inner battle with the illusion.
A familiar pattern.
A longing.
A desire to dominate what I felt powerless to name.

The message is clear:
I've been fucking myself.

The imbalance.
The injustice.
The betrayal of my own knowing.
It's all rising.

I am angry.
Not at a person—
but at the **pattern itself**.
This is not the dynamic I want.
But this is where I am.

Day 16 - The Old Earth Temptation

Yesterday was a storm.
I thought a deal might come through that could set me up—
but legally, it looks like I'd receive nothing.

**I was thrown into chaos,
tossed like a boat in a storm.**

I reached out again —
to what I thought might offer comfort.
But I wasn't really listening from love.
I was trying to be received.
Trying to be seen.
Trying to find safety —
in a space that was never built to hold me.

And I hated that.
Because I wasn't being real.
I was performing vulnerability — just to be received.
That's the **Old Earth** dynamic.

Even if I once agreed to what was —
the imbalance is still felt.
And now...
I see it.
I feel it.
And I no longer pretend not to.

Still—
I felt better after accepting what is.
And I got to work.

A part of me still clings to the idea that
money = love.
Because money is a gift...

and with that gift,
I get to live.

Day 17 - Quiet Grace

I was getting through the day fairly well
until the afternoon loneliness hit.
The café was quiet.
I was missing connection.

I spoke to a friend.
It helped.
But it also distracted me from work.

I felt oddly serene.
As if—whatever happens—
I'll be taken care of.
And that I'll build what I came here to build.

And whatever returns,
returns as part of the story.

Day 18 - The Hand That Signed

Yesterday was a tough one.
I signed the papers

It was time
to sign away the Old Earth.

And I was emotional.
Crying.

I didn't feel I was in the right state of mind.
But the moment had arrived.
It was already unfolding.

A familiar energy returned—
one I had witnessed in someone else long ago.
Back then,

they were made to sign
under the hand of another's protector.
And I had judged them for it.

But what you judge sticks.
And now,
I was in it.

The same dynamic.
The same pressure.
Transformed through a new face.

They had once felt trapped.
And now I was the one being
pushed to let go.

I saw it clearly—
how the same energy morphs,
changes costumes,
moves through time and space
until you're the one holding the pen.

I had become
the very person I once supported
through this kind of storm.

I could see it all playing itself out.
But it was already in motion—
as if divinely scripted.

And in that moment, I understood—
not intellectually,
but **viscerally**:

What it means to be made small.
To have your sovereignty
overridden by those claiming to protect.

I had to live it
to truly know it.
To carry the empathy,
not just the opinion.

Afterwards,
I felt **shell-shocked**.
Not sure how to comprehend what had just happened.

And then—

bing.

A diary notification popped up.
Something about a free event,
a visiting guru,
in a hotel.

So I decided to go.

I got in the car and drove.

And there I was —

in a room full of beautiful, expressive women,
all waiting for their guru.

Mostly Russian.

All dressed in devotion.

It struck me.

I had just signed something that marked the end.

And now I was here —

watching the one become the many.

And the many merge back into the one.

The energy had splintered.

Shifted.

Something symbolic was unfolding before my eyes.

He sat on a chair

sharing Krishna's words —

but **something didn't land.**

His presence lacked depth.

His quotes were printed on glossy cards.

Pretty — **but at the cost of the planet.**

Then he looked at us.

One by one.

Gave me turmeric, a sugar sweet,
and a petal.

There was no opening.

No warmth.

Just a glance —

and it passed.

Only the music touched something.

When it stopped,

so did I.

Afterwards, I called an editor I coached —
someone who transformed her life.

I broke.

Day 19 - Breakdown & Breath

Yesterday **shook me.**

Reading parts of the book out loud —
I realised they didn't work.

I had a breakdown.

Felt insane.

Reality melting around me.

I held myself like a child.

Whispered,

"It's going to be okay."

The event still happened.

I showed up.

Just spoke.

Just let it be.

A few friends came

They held me —

in words, in presence.

This morning,

I woke with a low hum of depression.

But I still got up.

Did my practice.

Moved the energy.

Day 20

The evening before I was to leave for Cape Town,

I packed a few books from my shelf.

One book stood out: *The Law of Light* by Lars Muhl (page 45).

I picked it up —

and as soon as I opened the page,

I landed on exactly what I needed.

“SHM” quite literally jumped out at me,
magnified on the page,
as if to say:
“Here it is. Now it’s time.”

It wasn’t just mentioned —
it was everywhere in that chapter,
bold and clear.

A few years earlier, I’d come across the acronym **SHM** in an interview with **William Henry**,
referencing Jeshua and the ancient root of divine light.

Seeing it again in this book was a sign I was **divinely guided even as everything was dissolving around me.**

Because years before that, in **2016/17**,
I had named my first company **SHM — Self Health Mastery**,
with no idea of the deeper meaning those three letters carried.

It felt like my Higher Self was throwing me a rope,
offering me something to hold onto
in a sea of uncertainty.

At the time, I had just come out of **Unleash the Power Within** in London.
I drew a coaching wheel of life —
and the circle I drew literally resembled a toxic waste symbol.

No exaggeration.

That was the state I was in.
And yet, this thought rose up from within me:
“I am here to raise the level of consciousness for humanity.”

It wasn’t until the past year that I discovered the true sacred root of SHM —
a Hebrew code for the divine spark.
The breath.
The unnameable light of creation.

But SHM had shown up in another way too —
as a diagnosis that brought me to my knees.

SHM was also an acronym for Shingles. Herpes. Mumps.

Quite the opposite of Self Health Mastery.
Each one impacted my nervous system and root —
the very foundation of my being.

Each one dismantled my illusions of control.
Each one humbled me.

It was a powerful reminder
that the SHM journey isn't just light and transcendence —
it's also darkness and collapse.
Shadow and grief.
Humility and integration.

SHM, I was beginning to realize, carried both.
The sacred and the shattered.
The light and the distortion.

Both pointing me inward.

But I didn't truly grasp the significance of it all —
not yet.

As you'll read later,
that understanding came slowly.
Through breakdown.
Through reawakening.
Through living it all over again.

Day 21

Yesterday was another **heavy day**.
A friend influenced me to try one more time to salvage my old life—
after offering a **sermon-like reflection about Jesus**.

It got me fired up, I must say.
Preaching does stir emotion.
But then again—**emotion distorts reality**.

Suddenly, I was questioning everything—
Was I giving up too soon?
Was I wrong to walk away?
Was I being tested, and failing?

But the truth is—
I only stopped resisting what already was.

This path has to be authentic.
Not built on Shilt.
Not born from someone else's lens.

But by the end of the day,
I saw clearly—
what's meant to be will be.
And fighting to be seen
by an illusion
is not love.
It's fear.

For a moment,
I was swayed.
Open. Soft.
Maybe even considering it.

But then—
the door closed.

And honestly,
I was okay with it.
Because deep down,
I didn't want to go back..
Not to something inauthentic.
Not like this.
Not as it stands.

Still—
it left me drained.
A little lost.
Untethered.

Later, I did an exercise.
It helped bring some **grounding**—
a moment of breath in the fog.

And by the end of the day,
I landed in a quiet truth:
Nothing was lost.
Only this—
my value still hasn't been recognised.

Not fully.
But perhaps now,
it can be
finally, by me.

Coming Out of the Fantasy

24th December 2024

*Landing from **the Old Earth to Cape Town**
Was like **free-falling from the highest peak.***

*Though I had **accepted** that those I once called **family**
Were **no longer part of my journey—**
And I had **grieved them—**
I hadn't fully **grasped the flip.***

*From **luxury and comfort** at the **very top**
To the **starkness of an apartment block.***

*A **hit from a joint**
And then landing **here** spun me out
In a way I **never imagined.***

*I went for a **walk**, feeling like a **zombie**—walking past drugged out homeless people on the
floor
Until I reached the **beach.***

*The **pain was all-consuming.***

*A reminder of the **protection and safety**
I had just **left behind.***

*It felt like I was **being reborn—**
And the **cries of my inner child** came through.*

*I whispered to my self—
"I'm not sure I'm going to make it through this one."
"Of course you can." I heard.*

Oy vey.

That moment felt like the **spiritual equivalent**
Of **falling from the Burj Khalifa**.

My **body** was soon going to **catch up**
With the **pain my soul was already enduring**.

I returned to the **apartment, spinning—**
Unsure of **what to do or where to go—**
Confronted by my **fears and disillusionment**.

I moved through the room

Trying to **figure out where to place**
The **half-flat's worth of things** I had brought with me.

My God,
I needed **so much**
To feel even a **hint of comfort**.

I went to bed a **broken man**.

Thankfully, I had brought **my own pillow**.

There was only **one** on the bed—
And I needed **something to hold**.

My **hands and legs** had to **align just right**
As I curled into the **fetal position**.

That night—
As it was **Christmas Eve—**
I heard people **walking and talking outside**.

Their **voices echoed** through the **corridors—**
Reminiscent of **prison halls**
Where **inmates spoke from their cells**.

From this perspective,
It was that much **harder to accept**
The **new reality thrust upon me**.

A **dog** barked outside my room—
As if I were undergoing my own **exorcism**—
Cold turkey straight out of Trainspotting.

I stared **wide-eyed into the abyss** I was feeling—
In shock.

Mouth agape.
Body spasming.

My **mind and body's attachment to comfort**
Was taking a **hard blow of reality.**

I just had to **feel it.**

Then, I began **convincing myself**
That this was a **mistake.**

I should get a **flight back**—
beg to return.

I felt a **moment of relief.**

Then my higher self stepped in and asked
“Are you going back for the right reasons?”

Fuck!

Was I really willing to **sell my soul**
For a **life that was no longer mine?**

How I felt in that moment—
If **Satan** had come to me and said,

"Here's the contract, sign here, initial here,
And you'll have everything back."

I would have been **incredibly tempted.**

*I felt my **Self** soothe me, speak to me,
And offer just **enough comfort** to fall asleep.*

*I **passed out**—
Doing my **best to accept what was**.*

Christmas Day

Don't ask God for anything, thank God for everything.

- The New Earth

*I **woke up**—
And by **nightfall**, I was **ready to fly back**.*

The Voice again.

*"Sure, but if you know what's right for you,
You don't need to keep thinking about it."*

Right, right. Yes, yes.

It was as if my higher self was now showing up.

"Are you going for the right reasons?"

That's when I **knew I couldn't**.

It wouldn't be **fair**—
To anyone **involved**

That was an **almost impossible thing to let go of**—
A whole life, a business—
Everything I had poured my **heart and soul** into.

When I was going through the **heartache**,
Still **surrounded by comfort**—
It **didn't feel real**.

That's one of the things about **comfort**—
You **don't hurt as much**.

Unless it is taken away.

I'm **thankful**
I had time to **grieve**
While I was still **in comfort**—

Before **leaving it behind**
And **grieving that too**.

The Shift Began.

I started **looking at my life**
From where I **stood now**.

I could start to see **beyond the illusions**.

I could start to **recognise** where I had been
Dishonest with myself.

And why I found myself **where I was**.

The Call

Christmas day had been rough.
The sting of confrontation still lingered —
words that cut deep,
feeding the voice that said **I'd failed**.

I was starting to see —
this may be **the most painful time of my life**.
But this time, I was suffering graciously.
Not numbing. Not running.

After years of back and forth,
I was finally **letting go**.

I had made mistakes, yes —
but I had also been honourable.
And it had cost me — financially, emotionally.

Perhaps the point now
was to **find the security within**,
so I could be the way
for others to uncover
their New Earth within.

I was shit scared.
But I was leaning on the practices —
the ones that had kept me breathing
when all else had fallen away.

I got a **call**—
We hadn't spoken for **a year**.

His **voice** brought me **comfort**.

He offered me a **choice**—
A **potential path**, if I wanted to **take legal action**.

It wasn't his field of expertise
But it was **enough** for him to **show up and speak with me**.

That was worth it's weight in Gold.

I **walked along the coastline**—
Just as I had done **a year ago in the Old Earth**.

The **situation felt familiar**.
But this time—
I was **much further along**.

At first—
It was **anger** that pulled me out of **shilt**.

Anger for being deceived.
Anger for trusting.
Anger for sabotaging my own path.

I told myself,
*"I can fight for fairness.
I can go to court."*

It felt **empowering**.

That night—
I felt **better**.

I wasn't stuck in the **lower-level consciousness**.
Anger felt better than **shilt**.

Then I **reflected**.

I **didn't want to lose the anger**—
But I also **couldn't go against my word**

No amount of **money** was worth that.
Even if I was **"right."**

That would have been a **lie**.
A **lie** that would have come
From something **I had needed at the time**.

I **did** want to **express fairness**
In what might **come back**—
If and **when it did**.

Breaking the Victim Cycle

I worked through **more of the shilt**
And made sure **not to repeat** the same **story** to myself.

My God—
That **lower self** loves to **chew on victimhood**
Until we **snap out of the pattern**.

I had been **so used to it** —
Conditioned to **stay in it**.

But this year—
I was having to practice to remember **not to make other's feelings**
More **important** than **my own**.

I began to **acknowledge myself** —
all I've been through,
how I've **shown up this year** —
fully, emotionally, bravely.

I know **my worth**.
Now I have to **make it real**.

*This was the **last battle**
I needed to go through **in this moment**.*

I could either **trust the process** —
or act in the name of **truth**,
not revenge —
if that was the only authentic path left.

I'm sure when the **agreements come**—
"Sign here, sign there"—
These feelings will **resurface**.

This was the time to **accept with love**.

A **fight** would be **too hurtful**.

Turn the other cheek,
As **Jeshua** would say.

28/12/2024

Yesterday I was met
with an **array of emotions**.

Words surfaced
that weren't helpful to me —
old loops,
old stories — pointed out to me.

I went into self pity.

I've given up my needs so many times,
someone else's
become more important than my own.

I'll write the truth out —
so it can be seen,
By those who choose to see it.

29/12/2024

Yesterday was a day
of **gratitude**.

I woke with clarity.
Knew exactly what to write —
about how things unfolded.

It felt good
to write it.

Later, I went for a walk
and met someone
through a shared connection.

We supported each other.
It felt like **grace** moving through me.

But I also wondered —
is this serenity
the calm of peace,
or the edge of a mental breakdown?

There's no one to blame.
Only love.

Still, I wonder...
Why couldn't I find that place before?

30/12/2024

I went hiking
around **Lion's Head** yesterday.
Absolutely stunning.

At the second stop,
I was hit with a **deep sorrow** —
as if the heartbreak snapped,
and light came pouring
through the hardened parts of me.

Consciousness met the unconscious.

It was profound.
Overwhelming.
I was frightened.

I called my guide.
And as we spoke,
the sorrow turned to joy.

He told me —
being true to yourself
may break another's expectations.
That honouring myself
might feel like dishonouring someone else.
But I can no longer do that —
to myself
or to the world around me.

I saw it clearly:
All this time,
I've been doing
just to survive.

But what if I just... stop?
Be.

No need to do.
Just... **be**.

It felt alien.
And yet... perfect.

The stars had aligned
for me to be with me.

After my guide left,
I continued the hike.
Nature was healing me.
I felt the nurturing
I'd been craving.

Reading *The Law of Light*,
I resonated deeply with the idea
of the **circle**,
the **40 days and 40 nights**.

Something in me needed this.
And I had to honour that —
no matter what.

I reflected on **Jeshua** —
his 40 days in the desert.
Back then, there was no tech,
no noise.

He had to face the darkness within.
Satan as the **lower self** —
the voice of comfort and power,
tempting him away from truth.

He said **no**.

My path isn't the desert,
not without food or water —
but a cabin.
No contact via tech.
Simple food.
Meditation, reading, reflection.

Until I know myself.
And only then
can I be authentically
of service.

31/12/2024

It was a **numb day** —
burnt and under the weather.

I had walked the first few days under the **scorching** sun,
not realising how hot it was,
because I was in shock —
numbed to the world.

As a friend said:
"You are integrating."

Around this same time last year,
I felt **empowered** —
on the edge of becoming independent again.

I've noticed something —
when I **leave with courage**
and trust myself,
I feel empowered.

But when I drag it out,
when I hesitate,
I feel disempowered.

Waiting for change
is like **waiting to be kicked.**
Then feeling like a victim of circumstance.

But it was me, really.

I've done this before —
left once and felt free,
then returned and became dependent —
for survival,
for security.

All these situations
have led me back to sit with myself,
to **heal and empower** myself.

However, leaving
has me feeling **SHILT** —
as I waited for life to give me

the boot I needed,
rather than leaving
with my head held high.

I now feel humbled.

So how can I see myself as a victim,
when the universe gave me
exactly what I asked for
and needed?

I couldn't do it myself,
as I feared the loss that might come
if I was the one to walk away.

If another made that decision,
they would bear the weight
just as much as I would.

Better than causing unnecessary harm —
but still, a choice
that left me learning.

I am not a coward.
And I am a coward.

It's a strong story
for anyone stuck in Suppression, attachment and dependency —
to see how difficult it is to step out of.

It felt impossible —
so life did it for me.

Me being that for others
is how I can turn my **weakness into strength**.

I know I can help others
through letting go —
as I can see what will happen when they don't,
and how the universe will ultimately
do it for them.

31/12/2025

New Year's Eve.

I knew I needed to begin this year
as I intended to live it —
independent, quiet, and in nature.

So I found a place
and booked it for the month.
Packed my bags
and took an Uber out to Newlands Forest.

When I got there —
it was serene,
but small.
No gas stove.

And I just... wept.
I had **too much stuff.**
Too many stories.

I was alone
in a new country,
grieving the life I'd built.

Everything was new.
And it hit me again.

I smoked a joint —
not a great idea
in the middle of a spiral.
Takes **mastery**
to pull oneself
toward oneself.

I reached out to a few people.
And when I finally settled,
I began to write —
another letter.
One of many.
Still unsent.

It's not about convincing anyone
to be with me.
I need to **be with me.**

No more convincing.
No more explaining.
Just allowing **God** fully in —
to meet myself,
know myself,
so I can walk out in the world
authentic, aligned,
undiluted by others' values.

That had been hard before.
I had an early night.
Tomorrow, it will be a new year — a new life.

I wasn't happier here
than I had been before.
I simply wasn't in the same place.

I reflected on where I might've been —
back on the couch,
outside,
smoking a joint,
watching the valley.

Some of the **best times** of my life.
But could I go back
if I couldn't fully be myself?

Independence is scary —
to stand on my own two feet.
But maybe...
it's not about standing alone.

It's about **trusting God**.
Having faith
that if I do the work,
if I'm of service —
I will be taken care of.

01/01/2025

I awoke to a **new day**,
a **new year**,
And thankfully,

the cold I'd been carrying lifted.
My nose was clear.

Meditated opposite the mountains,
did my rituals,
ate,
and then set off on a hike
after **paying off the credit card bills**,
so it can come back multiplied
as **loaves and fishes**.

The botanical gardens were lovely...
for about ten minutes.
Until I found myself
on the more treacherous path.

Up **Skeleton Gorge**,
meeting people from all around the world,
until I was met with **breathtaking views** of Cape Town.

Sitting with the **angel of sun** on my skin,
I felt it.
Appreciation.
Presence.

I was where I wanted and needed to be.
In bliss.

My Café snacks in hand,
I continued up and over
until I came to a cold spring.

Walked barefoot across the edge
to find a **secluded rock**.
Had a joint.

Just... was.
Nowhere to go.
No one to become.

Then a message came —
someone was on their way to join.
It pulled me slightly out of the moment.

Still, I took my time.
Went a different way back.

Sometimes off the path,
but still fun.

Very steep descent.
Legs were shaking.

At the bottom,
I found my kind of shop —
organic snacks, candles, incense.

Stocked up.
Uber'd home after five hours hiking.

Ate and ate.
Watched *Bad Boys: Ride or Die*,
laughed,
and felt like **me again**.

Simple.
Not needing much.

That night,
in meditation,
I felt the pull:

It's time to **write**.
what will birth *The New Earth*.

02/01/2025

It was a **neutral day**.
There was a fog over my head.
A slight headache.

I wasn't sure what to do with myself.
I ate.
Rested.
Then walked to **Newlands Forest**.

I'd felt tired the day before,
so I took it easy.

Still, I felt called —
To go **off grid**.

Forty days and forty nights.

No communication with the world.

Just me.

Meeting myself.

No more distractions.

Once I land —

once I grow up —

then I can make a clear,

concise decision,

as **me**.

I've only known to act from a place
of **surviving**.

Of **getting**.

Which only reinforces lack —
no matter the outcome.

Now it's time to **untangle**.

To **land**.

To find the place within myself
so I can **give**.

Not get.

I need to give this to myself —
a **gift of authenticity**.

So when I return,
I'm able to be **genuine**
in every interaction.

Long enough
to integrate all that's happened,
to fully **accept myself**
and the world around me.

If I acted now,
I'd end up right back in the spiral.
Doing what others expect.
Not trusting my own compass.

The Universe Speaks

Nothing is Lost; It Only Changes Form

Sitting in a **café**,
I noticed a woman's **dress**.

"Is that Volodig and Zoltaire?"

She **didn't know**.

She said a **rich friend** had **given it to her**.

I said,
"Then it must be."

It **was**.

And there was **the Old Earth**—
Showing up in the way **she dressed**.

I **appreciated the synchronicity**.

The **universe**, in its **infinite wisdom**—
Showing me the The Old Earth is still around me,
Even when I think I've left it.

Gratitude Over Shilt

Only today—**four days after arriving**—
Do I feel in a place of **gratitude**
Rather than in a place of **shilt**—

Which is where I had been
For the **last three days**.

Because I had been **putting my focus**
On **others' feelings** rather than **my own**.

Now, **sitting here**,
I feel **enough**.
I feel **worthy**.

I no longer feel shilt

I'm sitting in a gluten free cafe (love these kind of places)

I created a **café** in the Old Earth.
Because I **needed a place to go**.

And now—
It exists.

Yet I am no longer there.

Nothing is permanent.
All is impermanent.

Which means there is **neither good nor bad**.
Only **what is**.

3rd January 2025

The Mountain & The Monk

Climbing over the mountain,
via the **saddle** and through the **gorge**,
finding the top and *being with myself*—no one around.

The **stillness** was complete.
It felt like the **world had opened a space** just for me. The view was **breathtaking**.
The nature—**divine**.

I listened to a variety of books,
then started *Think Like a Monk* by **Jay Shetty**.

I was hesitant.
A kid from London who became a monk?
But who could relate to me more than someone from London?

As I listened, it reminded me of what I already knew—
values, self-mastery, purpose—
things I had trained in with **Dr. John Demartini**.

But it was **refreshing**
to hear it from another perspective.

I thought to myself:
Maybe giving the monk life a go would be beneficial.
I mean, I was already becoming one.

Then I reached the **rail cart**
and walked down—
the stopping point before the next long trek.

By then, I had been hiking for **five hours**.
The sun had left its mark—burnt, some might say.

I saw a **monk at the bus stop**.
We exchanged glances.
I was going to leave it,
but something made me turn back.

We spoke.
I shared that I had just left **The Old Earth**.

He asked what I thought of it.

"Ah, it's a beast," I joked.

He laughed.

His energy was **gracious, peaceful**.
Something about him was **still**.

I took his friend's business card and reached out.

At least now I had *someone*
who could guide me if and when I decided to become a monk,
as I embarked on this deeper spiritual journey—
one that was unfolding beyond what I had anticipated.

I took a **taxi** after.

The driver—

a **genuine guy**, easy to talk to.

We chatted, and I gave him a **tip**
for simply being *himself*.

That kind of authenticity deserves to be recognised. went to my favorite **gluten-free café**
again.

A **green smoothie** and a **samoosa** (as the saffas say).

Then, another **taxi back**.

Later, I watched a **documentary on Tibet**—
the first thing that popped up on YouTube.

I felt guided.

I told myself:

*"I can push my meditation to two hours a day—
I have nothing to do."*

Next week, I could **double it**.

And by February,
when I was somewhere even more secluded,
I could meditate for **8-10 hours a day**.

Read.

Hike.

Fast.

40 days. 40 nights.

I would create my **own retreat**—
empty the cup before the next part of my life began.

Mastering the Mind: Juggling Awareness

As I sat in meditation, I noticed something.

My **mind** was **waiting for the end**.

The alarm.

The signal to stop.

Because it *knew* there was a stopping point,
it **fidged**,
resisted,
demanded that I stop sooner.

Just for the **payoff**—
to move,
to read,
to feel good about *achieving* something.

It reminded me of **juggling**.

At first, my mind couldn't get the flow—
until I **counted**.

Once I counted,
it just *happened*.

Now?
I could juggle for as long as I wanted
without counting.

What if **meditation** was the same?

What if, instead of battling my mind,
I could *train* it—like juggling—
so that whenever I needed stillness,
I could just say:

"Hey, mind."

And it would do **exactly** as I asked.

The Western Mind & The Path of the Masters

The **ascended masters** created ways to reach that *sweet spot*.

But their methods were born in times that are *not now*.
Their brains were **wired differently**.

What if there was a way
for a **Westerner** to reach that place within himself—
to **rise** to the heights of the masters?

A bridge between the **old world** and the **modern mind**.

I noticed that after a **joint**,
the pains of sitting were **lessened**.

Maybe, as I **increase my meditation**,
I could use this to sit **longer**—
then, as meditation takes hold,
slowly wean myself off it.

Once an addict...always an addict just popped to mind.

The Transition: The Only Thing That Matters

What I'm learning is this:

It's not the **beginning** or the **end** that matters.

It's the **transition**.

Because transition is what we all must go through
—in this life, in the next.

It is **change itself** that is frightening.

The **Old Earth** is wherever we feel *comfortable*.
The **New Earth** is our *expanded self*.

And we will constantly leave the **Old Earth** behind
as the **New Earth** becomes *old*.

But once we have **mastered transition**,
we will have mastered the **art of detachment**.

And this is what I am here to live.

04/01/2025

I woke up as usual,
now meditating **an hour at a time**.

Had breakfast,
and then the **downloads began**.

Transition —
on a **physics level** —
is the same as what we go through.
A **quantum shift**.

It's about **accepting the transition**,
so we can accept life in its **totality**.

This will be a thread I follow during my time here —
to expand and extract,
as I put myself through the limits
of what's needed
to **report back**.

I know this life isn't meant for just me.
But I also know —
I need to give myself what I need.

To trust that I am safe
to grow and be.

I am not that little boy
in survival anymore.
I can make it work
wherever I go.

05/01/2025

Back to my usual practices,
but **groggy from yesterday's food**.

I noticed —
when I allow myself **to be pulled by others**,
it jars my nervous system.
It **pulls me from my centre**.

I haven't felt safe in a long time.
Reading Maslow's hierarchy, it hit me —
I never had that safety at home.

But here, in my own space,
I feel it.
No need to be anyone else.
I can be me.

I reflected on moments of care,
moments of distance.
The idea that absence could hurt someone I love
hit harder than I expected.

I was hurting.
Sobbing for them.
Sobbing for myself.

But I no longer feel wrong.
Or to blame.
There is **nothing to blame**.

I like my perspective.
I'm growing in trust with how I see the world —
and from that, I feel **more unity**.
More love.

Now it's a matter of practicing it.
Training further.
And sharing this perspective
in a way that feels aligned
with my authentic self.

06/01/2025

Started the day with meditation and stretching..

Spoke to a friend.
It inspired me to **document the journey** —
to film the seven days,
and maybe the remaining thirty-three.

Then I hiked over the mountains —
five hours.
Sunny, not too hot.

Some people passed me,
warned about troublemakers on the cliffs —
offered me a makeshift knife.
I declined.

Found a **rock-axe**,
just in case.

Eventually, I found a perch —

perfect view.

Had a smoke.

Filmed the climb.

Came back down.

Found a café.

Bought **CBD honey** for the time away.

Later, I wandered until I found WiFi,

called a cab,

showered,

ate,

and watched *Eat Pray Love*.

It resonated.

Then came a **sinking feeling** —

the sense of life carrying on without me,

grandly, publicly.

I questioned myself:

Was I ungrateful?

Or was it never truly mine?

Maybe that's why I couldn't be grateful —

because **I was pretending.**

Still, the idea of life continuing without me

hit hard.

That night, I dreamt of being **absent from a wedding**,

seen as the bad guy.

07/01/2025

I spent the morning

preparing for the forty days away.

Spoke to a contact at a healing centre,

filling out intake forms.

Also wrote more letters —

preparing them before going off-grid.

Later, I walked to pick up some books,
then further still.

Had a coaching session.

She reminded me:

Balance is allowed.

Not too much.

Not too little.

Enough money and meaning — it's allowed.

Afterwards, I took a long taxi home.

Smoked a joint.

Had dinner.

Finished *Eat Pray Love*.

It really hit me —

especially the man at the end,

ten years after divorce,

still afraid to open his heart.

I cried.

Then sat in meditation,

hugging a cushion to my chest —

like a child.

Whispered loving words as sadness rose.

Held myself.

It became a balm.

A kind of re-parenting.

Loving myself through moments

I once judged as mistakes.

I realised how untender life can be.

I didn't know how to just be.

I had allowed others to be hard on me

because I was hard on myself.

That night I meditated again —

gently,

with a smile —

and carried that warmth into sleep.

Even waking in the night
to meditate again,
still holding the pillow.

08/01/2025

The Mount of Olives

I was scouring Airbnb for a place to stay
for the forty days and nights.

I needed to be remote,
but without a car.

Renting one just to have it sit there
didn't feel right.

I found a couple of options —
one with a name I didn't like,
but at that point,
everything was relative.

I booked it without much thought —
just keen to get away.

Only to realise:
Wherever I go, there I am.

That same day,
I was listening to *The Light Within a Human Heart*
by Lars Muhl.

Page 123:

"The Mount of Olives!

*On a street corner, a group of people stands around an ultra-Orthodox Jew
whose piercing voice slices through the air:*

*'When the chosen people of the Lord are once again gathered in Israel,
the Messiah will show Himself to the chosen.*

We are here now and the time is come.

We must build the Temple of the Jews on the Temple Mount now!"

09/01/2025

I woke with discomfort in my chest —
heartache that had been there for a while.

Did my rituals,
then headed out for a five-hour hike —
Table Top and around Lion's Head.

A few rocks bruised my right foot arch, or lack of.
so I limped half the way.

The weather was **stunning**.
Nature was **rapturous**.

Later, I went into my usual café.
The manager said he'd read my review,
looked me up,
and liked my work.

Just as a call was coming through,
a homeless woman came asking for food.
I told the waiter to let her order what she needed —
The cafe generously covered it.

I heard that someone I once cared for deeply
had been going through breakdowns.

Part of my ego felt better hearing that.
Part of me wondered — **do they miss me?**

Thankfully, the grounded voice inside said:
"You'd have to ask them."

It did feel good,
not because I wanted them to suffer,
but because it made me feel **less alone** in my pain.

Later, I ordered vegan fast food,
watched the Jerry Springer documentary,
and noticed the licensing effect kick in:

I felt proud,
so I gave myself permission to indulge —
and spiral.

10/01/2025

That night was rough.
Spilled berry tea at 3:30 a.m.
Groggy, like a hangover from junk food —
from the fast-food vegan comfort I'd eaten the day before.

By morning, I felt... different.
I meditated outside and told myself:
It's time to face reality.
I felt rooted.
And ready.
To trust myself.
To use tools to manage the ground level of my life
so I can stay high in the sky.

Told myself:
"Be prepared for what comes."
Well...
I turned on my phone
and received an upset message —
an accusation of dishonesty,
no questions, just declarations.

As was I,
I was dealing with my own aftermath.
But I didn't feel **rattled like before**.

I knew this wasn't mine to carry.
I didn't need to grovel, argue, or apologise
for something I didn't understand.

My intentions weren't to hurt.
I was just... hurting.
Unsure of my next steps.

Instead of replying — like I used to —
I chose silence.

It was a chilled day.
And I felt whole.

During meditation,
I noticed a **scared, insecure part of me** —
afraid to face financial reality.

I said,
"Let's be friends with money."

As soon as I did,
the **fear left**.

Though life remains uncertain,
I felt **peace**.

No rush.
No fixing.
Just being.

And when the time comes —
clarity will act.

That night,
I dreamt I couldn't reach the one I was trying to connect with.
Voices were distant.
A wall between us.

It felt desperate —
like I'd been **tossed aside like a chicken bone**.

11/01/2025

The day was okay...
except for a **lingering ache** —
the unclosed pattern.

A comment landed:
"It's more than just time apart."

It hurt.
Reality hurt.

I couldn't shake the stigma —
that I was dishonest
for simply trying to meet my needs.

Petty?

Maybe.

Not as polished as some —
but given the circumstances,
we're all doing our best
with what we've got.

I went to a bike shop.

They wanted a fortune to rent one.

So I bought a **used bike** —
figuring I could sell it back.

Back to **bartering**

and stretching every penny.

Before, it was:

"Yes, sure. I have enough."

Now:

"Make it last. Make it count."

I rode it to the temple,
listened for an hour and a half
to a practicing monk from Ireland.

He debated with another monk in the front row.

I could've mediated —
but decided just to **observe**.

I'm carrying a **cross** again —
but aware of it this time.
Not numbing with addiction.

I'm preparing to sit with myself
for **forty days and forty nights** —
to purge, reset,
and be ready for my **forty-second birthday — reborn**.

A life created
in **service to God**.

After an hour searching online to find where I could get baptized,
I realised I had no idea where to begin —
no clue who to speak to,
or even what steps to take.
It was a fruitless effort.

So I put my hands up and said,
I give it up to God.

12/01/2025

I went back to the same temple.
The teacher was kind —
but his tone **lulled me into a trance.**
I nodded off once or twice.

Still, I gained some insights.
It felt **good to connect with others.**

Met someone who teaches yoga.
Also chatted with a small group.
I shared old stories —
spies, past lives —
and became the *“interesting one.”*

Later, I realised:
I was **overcompensating.**
Trying to prove my worth
because I still measure it
through another’s eyes.

I exited a chapter of life in a way that still carries a **residue**—.
a small part of me made that choice, yet it **rippled through the whole.**

I spoke with another attendee
who said she was still looking outside herself for answers.
I asked her why she wanted to *“go within.”*

She said, *“I heard from others...”*
I pointed out —
that’s **still outside.**

She had a **realisation.**

Then I asked,
“What are you waiting for?”
She said,
“Until I’m depressed.”

Another **realisation.**

Later, I left the temple,
ate, smoked,
and picked up *The Imitation of Christ* from the bookstore.
It had just arrived.

I watched a documentary on Sri Ramana.
It blew me away.

His teachings landed deeply —
asking, simply,
"Who am I?"

Until there are no more distractions.
Until the **self dissolves**.

I downloaded his PDFs.
Felt a **renewed strength**.

Now...
I prepare to spend time alone,
to practice,
to dissolve the identity I constructed —
the one I know isn't real.

So I ask again:
Who am I?

13th January 2025

What Do I Want Out of These 40 Days and Nights?

I awoke as usual—rituals, then off to the temple for a half-day talk.
But honestly, I was so deep in **Sri Ramana Maharshi's writings**
that anyone else speaking felt almost... unnecessary.

I am here to **dissolve the attachments and dependencies**
I have on the **world** in relation to my **identity**.

My identity is **not defined**
By how the **world sees me**—
But by how **I see and understand myself**.

Still, I wanted to meet others before entering my cave.
It was good to share space—**experiences of being ourselves**,
and the not-knowing of where we fit in the world.

I didn't feel alone in my thoughts.
Something about that **gave me peace**.

I seek to find the **place within**
That is the **true self—the I**.

Not the **conditioned self**.
Not the **ego** I have constructed—
Which projects an **illusion of a world**
That seems **separate from me**.

The pain and suffering I feel arise from **seeing myself through the eyes of others**—
an act that separates me from myself and from them.

Someone shared their lowest moments.
Hard to see them as a victim—
so I offered them another lens:
What if this pain is your monastery, and life is your teacher?

Yet, I am aware that **seeking**
Also **creates a seeker**—
Which itself is **separate** from that which it **seeks**.

The **dissolving of duality** must be **total**.

I intend to **practice this in every moment**—
With **no distractions**.

The **pain and suffering** I feel
Arise from **seeing myself through the eyes of others**—
An act that **separates me from myself and from them**.

This journey is an **opportunity**
To **empty my cup**
So that **unconditional love** can enter—

A love that is **one with all**—
Free from demands and expectations.

A love that **knows itself fully**
And exists **only in being**—
Not in **doing to justify its existence.**

Yet, I have **fears** about reaching this **place.**

If I do—
Will I be in such a state of **bliss**
That I **lose awareness** of my **body**
And **forget to care for it?**

Will I feel **whole**—
Connected with all,
Yet completely **detached from the world?**

Will I **fear** that the world
Will **continue moving on,**
Whether I am **in it or not?**

Or is that **fear**
My **ego's last attempt at survival**—

Its **need to be remembered,**
To **do,**
So it can **continue to exist?**

I am here to **experience,**
As closely as possible,
What **Jeshua experienced.**

I seek to **practice meditations and mantras**
That **invoke healing energies**—
As described by those who have **walked this path before me.**

If I am to **continue my life from here**—
It must be from a place of **acceptance and surrender**
To a **power greater than myself.**

Though I also recognise
That this **power is my true self.**

I have yet to **fully experience it—**
But I know that **without this realisation**
I **cannot guide others.**

Otherwise—
I would be **inauthentic.**

I aim to **live as one—**
Not in **duality.**

If my **being aligns with my purpose—**
Then I will take these **teachings**
And make them **accessible and practical—**

Not for **recognition—**
But because it is my **dharma.**

To offer the **gift of freedom from suffering.**

A **freedom** that is **accessible to all.**

I would like to arrive at a place
Where I **know** that what I have
Is what the **world needs—**

And to **give it freely, without condition.**

Evening Realisation

A strange resonance stirred.
As if I was on the cusp of something sacred,
and yet still fumbling in the fog.
The place I booked was non-refundable.
But something in me questioned it—
Was that really where I wanted to go?
Was it just a knee-jerk reaction?
I gave it up to God.

If it wasn't right,
something would shift.

And then—
within the same day, I received a message:
**“There will be construction works during your stay,
which may disturb your 40 Days and Nights.
Would you like to switch to our Olive House in Ceres,
same rate?”**

I looked around, half-laughing in disbelief — as if I were both writing the script and watching the show, wondering who else might be in the audience witnessing this perfectly timed scene.

A 4-bedroom house, newly refurbished,
in the middle of the mountains.
It was perfect.

And the name—
Olive House—
only dawned on me later.
The Mount of Olives.
The Temple.
The desert.
The silence.
It was all being mirrored—
the challenges,
the signs,
and the Divine support...
**Every piece lining up,
exactly as it needed to.**

14/01/2025

Today was meant to be a **long bike ride**...
But the café I'd planned to ride to was closed.

So I found another
and it was a **gem**.

Now I have all this gear...
Helmet, gloves, saddlebag —
maybe I needed to **justify the purchase**.

But the real journey was **inward**.

I went deep into **self-enquiry**:
Sat on the couch — and asked:
"Who is the 'I' sitting here?"

Not me. Just a body.
An **illusionary form** in the world.

I was the one **observing inwardly**.

For over an hour I sat.
Awareness alive, thoughts rising —
but every time:
"Who are you?"
"Where are you coming from?"

And **silence** would return.

Until... the Self began answering back.
It was a **guru**.
A guide.

Answers flowed.
Doubts dissolved.
I felt **complete**.

No craving for illusion.
Just **equanimity**.

Later, a friend called —
working through the steps.
Still circling the mind,
trying to grasp these teachings.

I told them:
*"The bird regurgitates food for its offspring —
but you're no longer a baby bird.
You can fly."*

I offered this metaphor,
and something **landed**.

I told them —
*"I'm not your sponsor, your teacher, or your guru.
I'm just you, reflected back."*

15/01/2025

I awoke from a **dream** —
I was speaking to someone I once shared a life with.
I felt **vulnerable**.

The voice sounded different...

I shared the position I was in —
how **frozen** I'd felt.
That all we built together...
it didn't feel "just" to end like this.

I haven't voiced
what I truly need.

It's like some part of me keeps saying:
"Don't abandon yourself again."

I have this pattern —
give it all, walk away,
not honouring what I brought.
Not naming what I gave.
Just vanishing.

I've made myself feel so **worthless** —
that receiving anything feels like luck.

But no.
My **worth is more than that**.

And when I finally feel that...
I'll begin attracting
what reflects it.

I've struggled so much.
Almost went **insane**
trying to quiet the war inside —
even with self-enquiry.

But I trust:
once this all settles —
and we each know where we stand —
I'll walk away **clearer**
than I ever have before.

16th January 2025

Processing and Integrating Life After The Old Earth.

Yesterday was a grounded day.
I felt inspired to mark the shift that was happening —
even in the body.

I shaved my beard
so the physical transition from Day 1 to Day 40
would be visible.

A small, outer gesture —
yet it felt like part of a much larger letting go.

The real journey, though, was inward.

While meditating
and focusing on the origin of thoughts,
a moment of clarity arrived:

Let go —
this time, to the café.

I just wanted to know where I stood,
and the truth was clear.

It became obvious I was meant to release it.

There was still a small part of me clinging —
not wanting to let go —
and that clinging made me feel small.
Like I was being done over.

But I knew
this was part of the clean break —
a clean start.

As I sit here **writing**,
I realise **I have been waiting to be**
Before I allow myself **to do**.

For the **last five years**—perhaps my **whole life**—
Doing has been my **default state**.

Now, **being** without a desire **to do**—
Without **feeding any addiction**—
Is a **new space** I sometimes **struggle with**.

As I adjust to this **new reality**—

I am left with a question
I have spent **years avoiding**:

Who am I without all the things
That once **justified my existence**?

The **constant doing** was my way of **overcompensating**—
Of **proving my worth**—
Something I had **learned in childhood**.

That version of me—
Desperate to earn love and safety—
Had **unconsciously recreated itself** in my **adult life**.

Echoing a quote I used to stand behind during my coaching days

“The relationship you have with your parents is what you have with the world, and the relationship you had with your childhood is what you have with life”

In **the Old Earth**, I had fallen **back into that juvenile state**—
Feeling **unsettled, unsafe**.

Now, sitting in this space—
With a **slight headache** after a **case of diarrhea**—
Going **in and out of consciousness**—

There are **moments of lightness**—
Fleeting **glimpses of bliss**...
Followed by the **crushing weight of reality**.

The **life around me**
No longer matches the **person I thought I was**.

Inside that **illusion**—
I saw myself as a **savior**, as **someone special**—
Sometimes even **entertaining the thought**
That I was the **next coming of the Messiah**—

A **delusion** meant to make me **feel worthy**
Of the **life I was living**.

The **speaking** and **events**
Were my way of **maintaining that illusion**—
Of **supporting the life** I had built
While **convincing myself I was safe**—
That I had **made it**.

By **putting myself out there**,
Speaking words that felt **powerful at the time**—
I created an **image of someone**
Who had **something to say**.

But was that **truly me**? **Was I truly walking it**?

Or was it just **enough** to **keep me going**—
To **suppress the deeper fear** I refused to **face**?

It mirrored the time I was a global speaker —
shining the light on others,
encouraging them to let go of comfort and follow their dreams.

But the truth is,

it gave the illusion that I was someone who had stepped out —
someone walking the path I was preaching.

But I hadn't.
Not fully.

And that **disconnect** —
it **didn't sit well with me**.

Eventually,
I **weaned myself** off the **paycheck**
and stood on my **own two feet**.

Only then did my message start to match who I was being.

I **felt** that what was around me
Wasn't going to **last**—
But my **mind** couldn't **comprehend**
What that **truly meant**.

I had created an **illusion** I could **hide in**—
I **didn't need to prove myself**.

I **already had** what so many **longed for**.

But I **wasn't me**.

I was the **ego**.
I was **separate** from the **Self**.
I was **seeking a permanent solution**
from a **temporary illusion**.

As an **addict**—
The **craving** is always for **more**—
To **satisfy a hunger** that can never be **fed**.

I had done **all I could** to cut **all desires**—
Yet I **could not disconnect** from **comfort**.

Because I **was living in it**.

How can I truly know myself

When the **persona** is still attached
To a **life it can hide in?**

It was a **painful realisation**

That I had to **surrender—**

To **step out** of that **beautiful illusion**

And into another—

Filled with **uncertainty—**

Leaving me **paralyzed.**

I **didn't know** how to **work for myself—**

Because for the **first time—**

I was **forced to be instead of do.**

I **didn't know who I was.**

I **didn't know what to do.**

And yet—

I understand that **this place I find myself in—**

This vast, **terrifying uncertainty—**

Is actually an **opportunity.**

An **opportunity** to be with **what is certain:**

The **Self** that has **always been within me.**

This moment is **forcing me to turn inward—**

To **stop seeking the outside world**

To **fill a void** that can never be **filled.**

Imagine dropping all desires

For anything in the **illusory world** outside yourself.

What would you have to give up

For **everlasting love?**

Why do we struggle to let go

Of **illusions that cause us suffering?**

Who is the 'I' that suffers?

As I reflect, I **turn inward**—
Hand on heart, hand on forehead.

17th January 2025

The Spiral Before Dawn

**"What have I done?
I need to go back.
I'm not in a good place, and I'm not going to get through this."**

I kept repeating this to myself throughout the night,
drifting in and out of consciousness.

What if I just don't wake up?
Or maybe I complete the 40 days and nights and just...
die?

A smile crept across my face—
ego death, not actual death.
I think.

The fear that had gripped me —
about **money**,
about whether I could support others by **coaching** from this place —
suddenly shifted
into a strange kind of **relief**.

It was 6 a.m., and my mind was spiraling.
Focus on where the thoughts are coming from.
Who am I?

It felt like trying to cork a bottle of champagne
while there were glasses waiting to be filled.

I smiled again
at the thought of death during the 40 days and nights,
then drifted back to sleep,
feeling like I had nothing to wake up for.

PTG – Post-Traumatic Growth

It's in the Abyss Where You Find Your True Gifts

**My most frightening moments arise when I see the infinite possibilities within me—
and become paralyzed by them.**

Where do I go from here?

Who am I?

I felt stunned,
unable to get up,
unable to be of service.
My body felt so heavy
that moving it took more effort than usual.

I become frozen by what stares back at me—
the endless abyss that feels like it will never end.

It's ironic.
I had shared all of this during the cosmic shift event
on November 19th,
thinking I had already passed these stages—
when in reality, they had only just begun.

I was the first one to go through this methodology.
And how could I expect anyone else to,
if I hadn't experienced it myself?

Guiding myself through the most harrowing time of my life,
I felt like I was free falling
with no idea what to grab onto.

It was a complete dismantling of my identity.

**My ego was now confronted.
Was I going to be able to hold out?
Did any of it even matter?
How could I recreate the life I had just lived?
Would I become a hermit in a monastery?
Would I ever be with anyone again?
Am I lovable as I am, or do I need to do in order to be accepted and needed?**

Hold Fast, Stay True.

If I wasn't going to pull myself out of this and stay focused on my North Star,
I was going to sink—and not come back up.

It was 7:30 a.m. now,
and I needed to let the thoughts arise—
allowing inspiration to flow through me
as I felt like I was going to pop.

How can I operate in this reality,
even though it is an illusion,
if the divine is coming through me and I'm shutting it out?

That was my thought at the time.

Where are these thoughts coming from?

If Death Didn't Matter, What Was Left to Fear?

Okay. Enough is enough.
I won't allow myself
to wake up like this again.

So I reached out to a few healers to get started —
a **breathworker**,
and the **parasite**
and **lboga** ladies
I was introduced to through a friend.

As soon as I moved,
the **aliveness** came.
Synchronicities clicked in.
I was in flow.
Following it.
Loving it.

Because even when I know
it's all an illusion —
it still feels **fucking real**.

If it didn't matter
whether I lived or died,

then what fear was left?

I may as well **crack the code** —
document it in the best way possible,
and share it in a way
that could free my brothers and sisters
from this **samsara wheel of suffering**.

Looking for a **permanent solution from a temporary illusion** felt like insanity.
It had to stop now.

I checked ChatGPT about my funds, and they seemed okay.
I was tired of worrying about money.
I hadn't really worried before—
I had always been okay.
But now, I was concerned—
Did I have any value?
Was I worthy of earning?

Which was insane,
especially considering the experience I've gained in the last five years alone.
I am the most resourceful person I know
and can accomplish anything when it's for others.
But for myself, in this space...

I wasn't just staring into the abyss.
The abyss permeated my very being.

So I turned inward —
hand on heart, hand on forehead —
remembering that the **Self had always been here**,
even when I'd been looking everywhere else.

Sun. 19/01/2025

I was still riding the high from the day before.
But my body was sore from cycling.
So I stayed in.
Read.
Watched some powerful conversations.
Smoked a couple joints.
Rested.

Later, I was peckish — went to the store.
Found my bike had a flat tyre.
Classic.

Still — I confirmed the retreat.
Moved some dates around.
Made space.

Money is running low.
And I'm not sure who I am
or what I'm meant to do.

Those feelings arose again —
"Oh no... what now?"

But I reminded myself:
Trust the Self.
Check the charts.
Look at the numerology.
Feel into the astrology.

And all of it pointed to this:
I'm exactly where I'm meant to be.

This is a rare chance —
to empty the cup completely.
To dissolve the illusion of self.
To stop pretending.
I just embraced it.

And now...
I prepare my nervous system to land.
To truly ground —
so I can rise.

20th January

After a **deep conversation**
With a **breathworker** who lived **nearby**—
Recommended by a **fellow**.

She came by to **give me a breathing session**.

I had done **many before**—
Guided by some of the world's **most recognised breathworkers**.

I had even **trained in rebirthing**.
But I hadn't had a **session in a while**.

All the **training** I had received
Over the last **five years** was **great**—

But because I had **no need to apply it**—
Not to **earn**—
Not even **on myself**—
It had **left me**.

The **importance of it** had **faded**.

She arrived, looked at my **astrology chart**,
and saw that my **communication was being challenged**.

"This is a time for healing," she said.
"And **breathing is all about grounding**."

Grounding.

It all made sense.

I was soon to be **"landing" on my birthday**.

That seemed to be the key.

The session was **incredible**.
So much so that we had another a few days later.

I wanted to **kick-start my memory**—
to reconnect with the breath.

Though I had been trained in **nose breathing**,
this was **mouth breathing**.

A different rhythm.

But at its core—
it was about keeping the **breath connected**.

With this **refresher course**,
I was going to take it with me.

To **practice on myself every day**.

To **ground myself** for what was to come.

20/01/2025

It was a beautiful start to the day —
sun shining, energy light.

A friend came by in the morning
to take me up into the mountains —
the Napa Valley of South Africa, as they call it.

Our first stop: olive oil tasting.
Quietly elegant.

Then a smoke and a drive through winding roads
until we stumbled upon a small town
with a **wooden church** —
warm, deep brown walls, glowing inside.

We went in.
Sat.
Offered blessings.
Not the usual kind of church,
but sacred in its own way.

Later, we found a conscious eatery.
It was closing,
but they still served us drinks and dessert.
A mint smoothie — fresh and alive.

The staff were lighthearted —
one joked, *“Those who smoke are the good ones.”*

Eventually hunger set in
and things began to feel surreal.

A young boy approached, asking for food.
I was ready to say yes.
The friend said no —
fearing “others would come.”
I didn’t see them.

I gave the boy the rest of my smoothie anyway.

We moved on
and found a quirky place to eat —
tables covered in paper for **drawing in crayon**.

At one point, my eyes fixed on the mountain ahead.
The symbolic climb.

What does it mean to overcome it?

What happens after?

Then I remembered —

it’s all an illusion.

A dream made of thought.

I came back to presence
and played with the mind of my companion —
in fun.
We laughed.

I drew the visions I was seeing.
Shared them.
Absurd and beautiful.

I felt like both **a child and a loving father**,
inviting play.

Pure love flowed through me —
smiling at strangers,
appreciating humanity.

We took a picture of the drawing
and headed back to find the car.

On the way home,
we gave food and money to the parking attendant.

Later, news of an art event bringing in unexpected revenue to a business I once shared.
It humbled me.

The universe balancing itself.
I accepted it.
Sent love.

23rd January

The Spiral & The Monks

It was a challenging moment—

Seeing a post that **stirred old emotions**.

It made me feel **alone, detached,**
And somewhat **abandoned**.

Blame began circling in my mind,
as if a version of the story was being written elsewhere
while I sat here — spinning.

Like being caught in a Fibonacci spiral —
spinning outward, no centre to anchor to.

I felt a wave of responsibility —
as if a version of the story was unfolding without me,
and I was left spinning out.

I searched for stability inside the illusion,
even as I whispered to myself, *"This isn't real."*

Even going within felt futile.
I was so embedded in the illusion —
trying to find stability within it,
grasping for a foothold that didn't exist.

I had a **breathing session** booked soon after.

As I **breathed**,
I felt **Spirit** in me.
I felt **space** in me.
I felt **love**—
and I sent that love all around me.

For a moment,
I was **clear**.
At **peace**.

Then, the session ended.

And the thoughts **came back**—
pulling me into that place again.

Not as strong.
But enough.

Like everything I had worked on
had passed through the **sieve** again.

It took until the **next day**,
and a **call with my therapist**,
to help **fill the holes**
and bring me back to **Earth**.

The Call With the Monks

But life has a way of balancing things out.

I spoke to my **monk friend**
about what was coming up.

He asked if it was okay
to bring in **two of his monk brothers**.

One was in **Johannesburg**.
The other in the **UK**.

Suddenly—
a Zoom call with **three monks**.

We spoke about the **journey ahead**.
I received **sound advice**.

I could feel the **divine hand guiding me**.

I said,

*"Most people want to taste the carrot,
to then stop chasing it."*

My monk friend replied,

"Yeah, I have that 'what if' come up a lot."

I told them,

"I have tasted it.

And I have no desire for that world anymore."

That's a **tough one to shake off.**

But my **life experience**
has given me a perspective
the monks may **learn about**
but haven't *lived*.

24th January

I woke up **early**
For a **bodyboarding lesson** with
A really **nice guy** who reminded me
Of a **close friend**.

Uplifting. Grounded.

A **Christian**, with a **baby on the way**.
Living his **dharma**.

The **waves came naturally**.
No **overthinking**.
Just **riding**.

When we got back,
I **shared my story**, as I often do.

He **got it**.

He saw that I was in a **challenging time**.

Before we **parted**,
He **prayed for me**.

I felt **tears well up**.

Love for that man.

I took a cab back and got on with my day.

I was told **my insurance was working**, so I thought a call with my therapist—since it was covered—would be beneficial.

She was in Australia.

Before I jumped on the call, I had the **urge to connect to someone in the old earth**.
To let them know I was going away.

I wrote a **loving message—poured my heart into it—**
then sent it to someone witnessing this transition instead.

I got on the call with my therapist, and shared everything.

She listened.

Took it all in.

"You need to **ground yourself**," she said.

"You're naturally up in the sky."

Then, softly—like she was about to **drop something heavy on me—**

"Arthur, **you're in withdrawal.**"

I blinked. **Withdrawal? Me?**

For a moment, my mind raced. **Is she saying I'm withdrawing? From what?**
Then it hit me—

Oh. **Withdrawal.**

Like an addict.

"Yes, **withdrawal**. You're a **codependent**.

Going anywhere near the Old Earth or sending messages **will set you back**.

It landed.

It made sense.

I needed to **help myself first**.

No matter how long it takes.

That was a **new insight**—and it freed me.

"You don't have to be so **rigid** while you're away," she added.

"Reach out **when you need to—**
just **don't go on social media.**"

Then, the reality check:

"You'll need to **earn money.**"

She laughed.

"I know you could be a **monk in a monastery somewhere**,
eating **beans and rice** and meditating...

Or you could get a job."

I chuckled, but inside, it all felt **alien**.

Material things held **no desire** for me anymore.

"If I'm not here to meet myself—then what's the point?"

After the call, I felt **lighter**.

She **understood the situation**.

She saw the **efforts I had made**.

Every action I took **created karma**.

A **spiritual rat race**—but a rat race all the same.

I was seeking to **complete myself** in an **illusory world of polarising opposites**.
An **impossible** escape.

I was just **wrong** in thinking I could make myself right in this reality.

The moment I tried—
I was **caught up in it**.

I went to my favourite café. Had a **bite to eat**.

I felt **joyful. Lighter.**
Clearer.

I could feel it—
If I stay on this path, no slip-ups, no giving power away...

I will meet the Self.

This time, **with different intentions**.

That night, I decided to **breathe myself** on the couch after a hit on a joint

An hour in—
I was in a **deep, altered state**.

Then—

A knock on my open door.

I opened my eyes, still swimming in breathwork.

There stood a **man in military gear**.

Eyes scanning me.

"Are you **safe**?"

My mind was **trying to process**.
Was this **real**?

The **alarm had gone off**.

"What's your name?" he asked.

I squinted at him.
Was I **high**?

I mean—yes.
But only on **breath**.

"Uh...."

He looked around my small space—
saw me **in my dressing gown**,
a holotropic playlist vibrating through the room,
hand on my heart.

Then—
he just **left**.

I laid back down.
Went back in.

Later, I heard a **noise**.
Got up.
Checked the gate. **It was closed.**

I shut the door.

Decided to retire with a **meditation**.

Was that a dream?

Isn't it all just a dream?

25th January

A Reset into the Next Part of My Life

The day arrived.

I packed my boxes of food,
my saucepan,
my many bags.

No matter how much I gave away—
to charity, to friends—
I still felt like a donkey
carrying far too much.

Six or seven trips to the car

waiting to take me to the Ceres Mountains
said it all.

Then again,

I wasn't going to have a car
for the forty days.

And I wasn't sure

if I'd be able to get supplies to me.

There were a lot of unknowns.

It's going to be **my birthday on March 11th—**

And I need a **reset—**

A full **recalibration**

To step into **the next part of my life.**

I've spent **too much time**

Focusing on my **old life**

Whether things will **work out—**

Whether signing **this or that** was a **good idea.**

Fuck it all.

It's time to **focus on who I am—**

Which is **so much more**

Than **signatures, property, money,**

Or anything else from this **temporary reality.**

Life can change day by day—

As mine has **shown—**

So what is there to **worry about?**

*This world, the outcome of ignorance,
Of course, conceals the truth of the Self.
The intellect, the senses, and the mind*

Are the servants of that ignorance.
—Sri Ramana Maharshi, *The Supreme Science of the Self*

Though the **upcoming ceremony**
Will be **another illusion within an illusion—**
It will provide a **new perspective—**
One that will **ease me** into the **observer state—**
Shifting me away from the **body**
I've become **so accustomed to.**

I will **focus on who I am**
And where my **thoughts are coming from**
As I **go deep.**

I know that many **devotees of Sri Ramana**
Are still **practicing—**
But have not necessarily **reached enlightenment yet—**
Because it's **not just about practice.**

But what if we **stack different modalities together**
To reach that **place of presence** here and now?

Medicine from this **illusory world**
Can actually **break us from the illusion.**

The **mind created it—**
What the mind **creates**
Can also **uncreate the mind.**

We live in a world of **duality.**
That's where I am **going with this.**

The Question That Haunted Me: "Who Am I?"

Amidst the **uncertainty** of what to do next—
And asking myself, "**Who am I?**"—

The **40 days and nights retreat**

Seemed better than facing another:

"Do I want to wake up?"

Part 2 Total Recall

Last Year

Let's Rewind. Why Am I Putting Myself Through This?

Though what I am **sharing now**
Is an **account of events** from **March 11th, 2024—**
I am quite literally **writing this on the same day—**
One year later.

On **March 11th, 2024—**
My **birthday—**
I found myself in a situation
Where I **wasn't driving as safely as I should have been—**
With my loved ones in the car.

And in that moment—
A profound **realisation** hit me like a **sledgehammer:**

I had been **living on autopilot.**

Unaware of the **parts of me**
That were **dangerous** and **self-destructive.**

I knew that if I truly wanted to **heal and evolve—**
I had to **confront those parts—**
No more **running—**
No more **hiding.**

Being **alone at home.**

The **weight of my actions**
And **past choices**
Finally **caught up with me—**
Like a **boulder blocking out the light.**

But I **resisted** facing the **truth of the situation.**

Then, a **sharp pain** surged through my **left hand**.

I looked it up,
And according to **Louise Hay**—
Pain in the **left hand** signifies a **need to let go**.

I **collapsed to the floor**—
Overwhelmed, and **cried**—
Something I had **never fully allowed myself to do**.

"Why are you doing this to yourself?" I sobbed.

For **three days**—
I released **everything I could**—
Confronting my **deepest fears** of **abandonment**.

My **body trembled**—
And I **recognized it** as **somatic healing**—
My body **purging the suppressed trauma**
I had carried for **so long**.

I felt my **higher self**
Nurturing my inner child—
Guiding me **back home**.

And in that **release**—
I made a **commitment**—
Not just to **change**—
But to **lasting transformation**.

I knew I was **ready**
To step fully into **The New Earth**.

However—
If they had told me **what I'd have to walk through**
In order to get there—

I might have taken the **blue pill**.

The Cracks Began to Show

It was **a month after my birthday**.

My **self-sabotaging tendencies** were in **full force**,
And I was **desperate** to understand **why**
I couldn't be **still**—
Why I felt **unfulfilled**,
Why I **struggled** with **intimacy**.

What were these **internal blocks**?

At the time, I was **working with my therapist**
Through the **IFS (Internal Family Systems)** model,
Identifying the **parts of me**
That were doing **everything they could**
To **protect me from hurt**.

So many **complexes**.
So many **protective mechanisms**.

It made me wonder—
If all these **parts** were tirelessly **guarding me**,
Then where did I fit into all of this?

My therapist suggested I explore **the 12 steps**,
Which I had always assumed was just for people
Addicted to alcohol or drugs.

How naive I was.

There's an **entire network** of community groups
Helping people recover from all kinds of **addictions**—
Including **sex and love addiction**.

At first, I **brushed it off**.
I wasn't **addicted**.

But I was **exhausted**.
Carrying this **void** inside me,
As if I were **broken** in some way
And needed **fixing**.

I started attending **talks**,
Listening to people **share**,
And slowly, I began to **recognise myself**
In their **stories**.

Eventually, I **narrowed my own "issue" down**
To **anorexia**—
But not in the traditional sense of **starving myself**.

Sex anorexia.

Like many **addicts**,
Instead of **indulging**,
I had **withdrawn completely**.

I was living like a **monk**—
Avoiding **intimacy altogether**,
Thinking I had it **under control**—
But really, it was just
The **other side of the same coin**.

Shit. This was me.

There was **relief** in finally
Putting a **name** to it.

But I also **knew**—
This was going to be a **long road**.

And I had already been
Doing **inner work** for **over a decade**.

As I **dove into the process**,
I took to it like a **duck to water**.

Years of **discipline** and **self-exploration**
Had prepared me for this.

I just **got on with it**—
Little **resistance**.

But then, a **memory** started surfacing.
A **nagging feeling**.

I brought it up with my **therapist**—
Something I had **come across in my childhood**—
Buried deep in my **subconscious**
For nearly **three decades**.

I wasn't sure **how to approach it**.
It was **sensitive**.

And part of me still **questioned**
If it was even **real**.

I was struggling to **reconcile**
My **internal and external worlds**—
Both **intricately connected**.

I remembered a **tarot reading**
Where the reader had told me:

*"Your relationship with your father
is directly connected to your relationship with money."*

At this point in my life,
I had **invested**,
Given **money away**,
And had **little left**.

Relying on the life I had **co-created**—
And the **financial support** that came with it—
Was weighing on me.

I felt **undeserving**.

No matter **how hard** I tried
It all felt like a **distraction**
From something **deeper**.

Something I **wasn't ready** to face.

But now, I **had to**.

The Confrontation

I had decided to **confront my dad**—
To finally bring up
What had been **locked away**
In my **memory** for so long.

It had taken me **decades**
To reach this **point**.

Growing up,
I never had a **safe space**
To **speak my truth**—
Especially about something **like this**.

We jumped on a **Zoom call**.

A part of me **wanted to brush past it**—
Stay on the **surface**—
But I **couldn't afford to anymore**.

Quite **literally**.

*"Dad, erm... I need to ask you about something
from when I was a kid."*

He let out a **familiar sigh**.

"Oh God, what is it now?"

I **hesitated**,
My **heart pounding**.

*"I came across something in your office
when I was younger.
I never really understood it...
but it's stayed with me all these years."*

Silence.

His face, **unreadable**.

*"Was I imagining it?
Or was there something there
I wasn't supposed to see?"*

To his **credit**,
He didn't **deny** it.

Instead, he **admitted**:

"I've seen and experienced many things over the years."

I wasn't sure **what to feel**.

Anger? Disgust?

Relief that he **wasn't lying**?

"How long have you...?"
My voice **trailed off**.

He **exhaled deeply**.

"A long time."

My body went **numb**.

My mind scrambled for the **next question**—
But what else was there to **ask**?

"Did you ever act on it?"

His voice **sharpened**.

"What? No. No, never."

I **believed him**.
And I **hated** that I did.

From what I could recall,
A family member had experienced **trauma**
At the hands of their **grandfather**.

And from years of **reading, listening,**
And **observing patterns**
In those who had gone through **treatment**
For **deep-seated childhood wounds—**

One thing was **clear—**

Many were **frozen in time**,
Unconsciously **reliving their trauma**,
Stuck in a **loop**
They couldn't **escape**
Until something **broke the cycle**.

My dad had **most likely** witnessed **something**
In his past that burned itself
Into his **consciousness—**
Seeping deep into his **subconscious**,
Where it **festered**.

A part of him had **exiled that trauma—**
Yet it still **found a way**
To **play itself out** in his life.

"Did Mum know?"

"No."

*"She was your best friend.
How could she not know?"*

*"We were in an open marriage.
That was that."*

Open marriage?

The **image** I had of my **mother**—
This **saintly, untouchable woman**—
Shattered.

I had always known
She was **dying** since I was **14 months old**.

That explained why
I had **so few memories** of her.

But now, **another reality** unfolded.

She wasn't just **dying**.
She was also **out meeting other men**.

It was **a lot**.

But I was learning to listen and accept **it**.

I had spent my **whole life**
Searching for truth—
And here it was—
Raw and unfiltered.

Before we **ended the call**,
He told me he would be in **London in a week**.

I was going to be there **too**.

We agreed to meet **face-to-face**.

After we **hung up**,
I sent him a **message**:

"I appreciate the truth. I love you."

London Trip

It was now April and I went to see my **dad**.

When we **sat down**,
I **picked up the conversation**
Exactly where we had **left off**.

This time,
I was **more direct**.
More **personal**.

"Did anything happen to me or my siblings?"

"No, no."

I couldn't take his **first answer** as **truth**.
I **pushed**.
Harder.

It sparked a **big argument**—
One that nearly ended in us **never speaking again**
For the rest of his **life**.

But I **pulled myself back**.
I **apologized** for **pressing him**.

"Can you blame me?" I asked.

I asked if **Mum knew**.
If she was **involved**.
If she had **done anything** before she **passed**.

"No, don't be ridiculous."

"She loved you guys."

"She was an earth mother."

*"Dad, you were in an open marriage."
"When you were away, traveling, shooting music videos—"
"How do you know Mum was always there, taking care of us?"*

**I searched my mind
For memories of her.**

There weren't **many**.

I don't blame her.

But he had **painted this picture** of her as a **devoted mother—**
Always **present**, always **loving**.

The **truth** was,
She was **distracted**.

Pulled away by her **cancer**.
By **other pleasures**.

The **truth is the truth**.

Better to have it than to **live in fantasy**.

With the **truth**,
You can **heal**.
You can **deal with it**.

A **fantasy** is like **trying to build a castle out of flour**.

We left the **conversation** there.

"I felt unsure of what to do next.

*He had no regrets
For what he had done.*

I pressed him—

"They had no choice, did they?"

He **flinched**.

For the **first time**,
Something **landed**.

A **flicker of recognition**.

Something worth feeling **remorse** over.

But it wasn't **enough**.

I felt **depleted**.

This conversation wasn't the **conclusion I needed**.
It didn't give me **closure**.
It didn't **free me**.

A **storm** was swirling inside me.

I decided to **sign up for Vipassana**—
A **ten-day silent meditation retreat** in India.

Maybe I could **purify my mind**.
Maybe I could get **some answers**.

If I **reached enlightenment** in the process?
Well, **why not**.

Better to **put myself in "prison"**
Than to leave it to the **police**
And have them **put him away**—
At the **cost of the taxpayer**.

Somatic Healing Session

15th April, I got a message
that someone was coming into town
offering **somatic healing sessions**,
and I felt curious.

I'd never really experienced
that kind of bodywork before,
but something in me said **yes**.
So I booked in.

When I arrived,
I knocked on the wrong door.

The woman who organizes these sessions
lives in one house,
and the healing takes place next door.

Her mother answered —
and she didn't look too happy
about my confusion.

After a few awkward moments,
I realised my mistake,
apologised,
and made my way
to the right place.

Upstairs,
I met the man
who would guide me through the session.

He was **Slovenian** —
soft-spoken,
gentle presence.

I didn't really know what to expect.
He asked me to lie on the table
and began some light bodywork,
checking my breath
and energy.

I was going through a lot at the time —
fear,
uncertainty —
and he could feel it.

As he began working on
certain pressure points in my legs,
something got activated.

A pain.
A memory.
A wave of something hidden.

He saw my face tense
and said gently,
“Open your mouth. Let it out.”

As I did...A **flood of grief** erupted —
tears, shaking, sobbing —
as if a bucket of uncried tears
was finally being emptied.

I started to get **flashbacks**.

It felt like a **crucifixion**.
Not metaphorically —
literally.

I could see someones face, no, could it?

Yeshua's face
turning left and right,
and it was like I was turning too,
feeling the pain in my own body.

Now obviously,
you can't compare pressure points to crucifixion —
but the memory,
the sensation,
the **cellular echo** was so strong,
as if the pain was ancestral,
stored in the body itself.

Something clicked in me.
I wept not only from my own pain —
but from deep compassion.
For him.
For humanity.
For the willingness to endure
so much suffering in the name of love.

I cried because I finally felt what he felt.
What anyone innocent must have felt
to be persecuted, tortured —

not because they were guilty,
but because they were love.

It changed my relationship with Yeshua forever.
It cracked my heart open
in ways I didn't know were possible.

A few weeks earlier,
I had had a **regression therapy session** with a Chilean practitioner.

He asked me:
"Go back in time... what do you see?"

I saw **sandals**.
I saw **myself teaching**.
And for a second, I thought — surely not.
Surely I'm not seeing Yeshua.
Maybe it's just the ego, mixed with reading the new testament.

But it kept coming.

Then another vision:
I was sitting on a mountain, meditating.
But suddenly, I wasn't in my body —
I was the **spirit hovering above it,**
dancing over the scene, saying:
"I'll meet you again."

That memory came flooding back
during the regression session itself.

I realised:
I had met myself again.

I hadn't gone anywhere.
I was always coming back.
There is no death.
Just return.

These two sessions —
Somatic and Regression — weeks apart,
but interwoven like golden threads across timelines.

Something deep had been activated.

Part 3 Vipassana

Bodh Gaya

I pulled myself away to search for another course—one focused on the **heart**.

The last few months felt like the Old Earth was slipping through my fingers.

It was teaching me that **listening**
Was a skill I needed to master.

Quickly.

A **friend** I had attended the **Hoffman course** a couple of years ago messaged me.
He had booked a **Vipassana retreat** a few months away
And suggested I **join him**.

Strange timing.

I had been thinking about Vipassana for **weeks**,
Ever since hearing about it from a **fellow speaker**
Who had attended years ago.

But I wanted something **sooner**.

I didn't want to **wait**.

I searched for a retreat closer to **home**.
And came across a **random Reddit post**—
An app I **never** use.

Someone had kindly listed a few locations,
Including **Dhamma Bodhi**—
The very place where **Buddha became enlightened**.

That's the one.

I have **high standards** when it comes to **experiences**.

Some mistake it for a **desire for comfort**,
But for me, it's also about **depth**.

If I was going to learn a **technique**
That had led **Buddha to enlightenment**,
I wanted to learn it **at the very place** where he had attained it.

Within a **week**, I was **booked**.

No time to **waste**.

But something was **unsettling** me.

Premonitions.

"Am I going to end up in a hole somewhere?"

As if I needed to go to some **extreme**
To fill the **hole inside me**.

Fears of abandonment a rose,
As if I was going to be left **penniless** somewhere.

I couldn't even think about **making money** as a **coach**,
A career I had once built with some **ease**.

That world felt **closed** to me now.
Sealed **shut**.

Unless I had **no choice**.
Unless I had **no alternative**
But to **feed myself**.

I was set to fly to India that evening.

Anxious, on edge, on the way to the **airport**.

I was saying my **goodbyes**
As if this was the **end of the line**.

A **pattern**.

Every time I left my **comforts**,
It felt like **stepping into the unknown**—
Like a **death** of sorts.

At **check-in**, they asked for my **visa**.

"Erm... I need one?"

India was a **British colony**.

I had a **British passport**.

Didn't that give me **red carpet treatment** or something?

I joke.

But in **India**, that's often how **Westerners** are treated.

I scrambled to **apply online**,
Realizing that all my **connecting flights** and **accommodations**
Would have to be **canceled**.

Frustration **boiled** to the surface.

Of course, this is happening.

It **subsided** quicker than I expected—
There wasn't much else I could **do**.

A part of me even felt **relieved heading home**.

An **anti-climax** of epic proportions.

The driver, turned to me and said,

"God has other plans for you."

The driver

Had absorbed so much just by being in my **space**.

Over time, he had found that **love and acceptance**
Were healing his own **deep-rooted wounds**.

I used this **unexpected pause**
To abstain from **doing**
And focus on **being**.

To embrace the **emotions**
I would usually **distract myself from**.

I rebooked the course for **May 1st**,
And within a few days,
My **visa came through**.

In the meantime, while on a call with others in the **12 step community**, the sky turned **dark**.

A massive **storm** swallowed the city, releasing a **record-breaking downpour**.

Streets flooded.

The landscape shifted into something out of a **post-apocalyptic film**.

My place got hit—**flooding in the basement, some water damage**.

As the days passed, it became increasingly clear:
This was a saving grace.

I was exactly where I needed to be.

The Wait

During this time, I began learning **how to pray**.

Each morning, I went for my usual walk,
Listening to *The Ruthless Elimination of Hurry* by John Mark Comer
And *Praying Like Monks, Living Like Fools* by Tyler Staton.

Inspired, I started waking up **early**, communing with the **divine**.
Walking and talking, as if in conversation with a **dear friend**—
Sharing my **thoughts, my worries, my feelings**.

At first, it felt **unnatural**.

I was aware of how I might look—
Rambling to myself.

So I wore headphones,
Disguising my **prayers** as a phone call with **God**.

But the more I did it,
The **lighter** I felt.

The more **love** I had for myself.

A **divine presence** began to show up.

That's all it takes—just **talking**.
Walking, sitting, moving—whatever.

But don't let it **stew**.
Don't let it sink into **heaviness**.

Because, as I would soon discover,
Suppression is the root of our suffering.

You can talk to a **plant**.
Your **pet**.

And if you need a **face** to speak to,
Turn this **book** over and talk to **me**.

You will only find **loving, compassionate eyes and ears**—
Ready to receive you, **no matter what you say**.

You are worthy of love.

Facing Suppression: The Virus & The Body's Truth

This was where I **struggled**—to hear the **truth**.

Even my own.

Especially around **my virus**.

It was too painful.

Too much.

So I **suppressed** it,
As I had done with most of my truths,
Believing it was **unsafe** to speak them aloud.

But **prayer** opens the door.

It helps you hear the **truth**—
So the **healing process** can begin.

Because if you **can't even say it to yourself**,
That **suppression** takes its toll.

"What the mind suppresses, the body expresses."

I had **lived** this.

I had **witnessed** it unravel me.

It had taken me to places I **never imagined I would go**.
Some very **dark places**.

Not realizing how **important these prayers** would become—
Or how much I would **need them**—
I surrendered and let my **intuition** guide me once again.

The **Vipassana course** was still weeks away,
And I could feel the **stagnation** creeping in.

The **waiting**. The **stillness**.

Even the **flood** had left the **pool and rivers stagnant**—
A symbolism too obvious to ignore.

I decided to **visit a friend** whom I call
my **Indian mother**,
A woman who pours **love** out of every cell in her body.

She lived in **Dharamshala**, nestled in the mountains,
Where the **Dalai Lama** resided.

For years, she had beckoned us to visit.

Now was the time.

I would stay with her for a **week before the course began**—
To **ease into the experience**,
To **receive the motherly nurturing** I had long **yearned for**.

A Crash Landing into India

Visa in hand,
I boarded my **flight to New Delhi**—
A **crash landing** into what India is.

One big, **blaring horn**.

My **senses were overwhelmed**.

I spent the night at a **hotel** before catching a **small plane** to Dharamshala,
Praying I would **make it**.

The landing was a **bang**—
A short **runway**,
No time to **ease in**.

No wonder I had felt so **anxious before leaving** the illusion of comfort that I was still
grasping to.

The **turbulent storms** had felt like the **Gods themselves were forcing me out**.

Then, the **mountains**.

The **crisp air**.

And **my Indian mother**, greeting me with an **elated embrace**.

Medicine for the soul.

My **therapist** had told me that the **exiled part of me**—
My **inner child**—needed **reassurance**.

She suggested I keep a **picture of myself as a child** on my phone.

So I did.

It automatically became my **Apple Watch wallpaper**.

I was now **wearing my heart on my sleeve**.

Every time I checked the **time**, I checked in with **him**.

"You're okay. I've got you."

The **time near the mountains**,
Eating **freshly cooked Indian food**—
Made with the kind of **love only an Indian mother knows**—
Was feeding my **soul**.

Each morning, I **woke early**,
Meditating with the **vast mountains ahead**,
Drawing in their **energy and stillness**,
Preparing myself for what was to come.

As much as I **loved dogs**,
The **strays were everywhere**.

And at night, they **barked incessantly**.

One afternoon, my indian mother took her daughter and me to a **vegan restaurant**.

I ordered something made from **millet**.

The menu read:

"We are compassionate to animals."

And yet, just outside,
The owner was **beating a stray dog** with a **stick**,
Trying to **shoo it away** from the chairs.

The **irony**.

The **hypocrisy**.

The **madness** of it all.

Oh, the **sweet smell of irony**.

A Lesson in Contradictions

I spoke to the **restaurant owner** about putting up a **barrier**—something to keep the **dogs out**,
So she wouldn't have to **treat them that way**.

Her actions felt so **counter** to her message of **compassion**.

That night, as the **dogs barked again**, as they did every night, something inside me **twisted**.

I started **fantasizing** about going outside with a **gun**,
Putting them out of their "**misery**"—whispering **sorry** through **tears** as I pictured it.

Oh, how we turn when we are tested over and over again.

The Seeds of Growth

There were **long walks** toward the **mountains**,
And **conversations** with the owners of a successful tea factory,
That continued to **open my eyes**.

One of them had **rebuilt his family business** from the ground up, and now it was **thriving**.
He was **confident**.

Witty.

He **knew himself well**.

He carried a **deep sense of security**,
Like a man who had never had to **question** whether he was **loved**.

Later, we had **dinner** with his **parents and aunt**, and I could see the **dynamic play out**.

He had been **raised with stability**,
Nurtured by **love**.

And that **nourishment** had allowed him to **grow**—
Like a **well-tended plant** now **bearing fruit**.

I sat with that.

At my **core**, I felt like **my own seed** had never been given the right elements to **grow**.

The **soil was too dry**.
The **roots** had never taken hold.

And yet, I **knew** I had the potential to reach **great heights**—
If only I could create that loving **environment** for myself.

The Woman Who Spent 15 Years in a Cave

They were trying to **arrange a meeting** for me with a woman who had spent **15 years in a cave**.

The moment I heard it, my **mind reeled**.

Why?

How?

What drives someone to do that?

What do they find in that silence?

You can only truly **understand** when you've **tasted it yourself**.

A Tibetan Temple & The Sound of Truth

My indian mother and I visited a **Tibetan temple** and walked in on the **monks deep in mantra**.

The **chants reverberated** through the space, vibrating in my **chest**.

We sat with them, meditating,
Letting the **sounds wash over us**.

Instantly, I felt myself **pulled** into an altered state of **consciousness**—
Drawing in whatever I could for the **next part of my journey**.

Leaving the Mother's Nest

Then, it was **time to leave**.

My indian mother and her husband had taken such **great care** of me,
But now I had to **go**.

I **boarded my flights** to North India,
Heading toward the **land where the Buddha himself had once walked**.

Flying over the **mountains**,
I **filmed** the stunning landscapes below.

Later, I would learn these were the **very mountains** where **Buddha had lived in solitude for six years**—

Starving himself nearly to death—

Before a woman named **Sujata** found him and offered him a **bowl of sweet rice**.

Entering a New World

Touch down.

I climbed into a **taxi** for the **10-kilometer ride deeper into North India**.

The **streets** were lined with **shanty towns**,
Clusters of **makeshift homes** built from whatever **scraps** people could find.

The car **jolted** over potholes,
Throwing me from one side of the **seat** to the other.

The deeper we drove, the **rougher the roads became**.

I felt a mix of **anxiety and excitement**.

Where exactly is this **hotel**?
And is it **anything** like what it claimed to be?

As driver **weaved through the streets**, people **turned to watch** the taxi pass—
Men, women, and children peering inside,
Their **eyes following us**.

The soundtrack that accompanied me on this trip
was **Ali Farka Touré** —
a name I wouldn't have even known
if it wasn't for, of all people,
Matthew McConaughey.

A friend had given me his book
Greenlights,
a month or two before.

Something in it stirred me.
Woke something up.

I just needed that adventure.
I needed the road.
I needed the unknown.

And then, suddenly—
A **stark contrast**.

A **white wall**.
A **security gate**.

Five feet away,
People were **washing themselves** on the **side of the road**.

The **gate opened**, and I was **inside**.

Comfort **washed over me** as they took my **bags** and checked me in.

Comfort vs. True Safety

Comfort equals safety for me—something I lacked as a child.

What we **lack** becomes our **void**,
And that **void demands to be filled**.

But the feeling of **safety within** can **never truly be filled** by comfort **outside**.

I was now **confronting** this harsh **reality**.

But not before **pampering myself** with a bit of **safety first**.

I could finally **breathe**.

I took **full advantage** of the **Ayurvedic massage** and the **swimming pool** before leaving it all **behind**.

How much could be **taken away**?

A stark **new reality** was waiting to unfold.

Facing the Reality Beyond the Walls

The next **morning**,
I **jumped out of bed** and went through my **morning rituals**—

Stretches
Sun salutations
100 push-ups
Lower back & core work
A swim

I figured I'd **step outside** the hotel's perimeter,
And check out the **shanty town**.

Walking through, I **smiled** and **waved** at the children.

They **stared back at me** like I was from **another planet**.

I felt **proud**—
Walking,
Sending love,
Appreciating the life I had been blessed with.

A part of me felt like the coming messiah...

Until.

A **little girl** asked for **money**.

I had brought some with me **for this exact reason**.
But the **moment** I handed it to her, a **swarm** of children appeared.
Then **adults**.

I did my **best** to hand out the money **as evenly as possible**—
And did a **piss-poor job** of it.

From Giving to Chaos

I asked where their **shop** was.
If I was going to **give**, I'd rather give **food** than just money.

We walked to someone's **bedroom/shop**.
Shelves **stacked** with sugary snacks.

I told them I'd go **back and get more money**,
Then **turned to leave**.

That's when it **happened**.

There were so **many kids clambering toward me**
That as I **squeezed through the door**,
I **cut my arm** on **rusty metal**.

A **small cut**. Nothing serious.
Normally, I'd **brush it off**.

But **panic washed over me**.

Not because of the wound itself—
But because I **hadn't had a tetanus shot in over ten years.**

I walked **quickly and calmly** back to my room,
Cleaned the wound, and **Googled tetanus symptoms.**

It said it could take **up to ten days** to develop.

Locked jaw
Breathing issues

Shit.

That's exactly how **long Vipassana would last.**

I asked **reception** if there was a **hospital nearby** where I could get a shot.
Then I asked if a **doctor** could come here—
Because in just over an **hour**, I had to **leave for the “retreat”.**

Waiting on them as they **called to find out**,
Looking rather **panicked**,
I did my best to **stay calm**
And not go down the road of *Why did I leave the fucking complex?*

Feeling all **proud**—you know,
Shame came in to balance me out.

They found a doctor who would be there **within the hour**,
So it was just a **matter of waiting.**

I went to my room to **calm down.**

I was handling it well—
Until they called to say **the doctor was there.**

He pulled in on the **back of a bike.**

A **small Indian man** who looked like he was on his **last legs.**

I started getting **nervous**.

Then he **pulled out a syringe**, a **vial**, and some **cotton wool** from his **pocket**.

I really started to **panic**.

"That doesn't look clean."

I sat down to get the **injection**,
But then I **noticed**—

No antiseptic wipes.
No fresh cotton wool.

"Wait—please get some **antiseptic wipes** and some **fresh cotton wool**."

I was starting to **lose my cool** at this point.

They assured me it was all **okay**,
And I, in my now **heightened panic mode**,
Shouted, "**This is my life here!**"

I knew how ridiculous it sounded as soon as I said it.

I caught the doctor's assistant **trying not to break a smile**.
Hey, I would have done the same.

They got the **antiseptic** and **cotton wool**,
Wiped my **arm**,
And **boom—it was in**.

The doctor tossed the **syringe onto the table**,
Pulled his hands up as if to say **don't shoot**,
And **grinned**.

"See? All okay."

I felt like a **puss** and thanked him for his **help**.

They asked for **500 rupees**—around **five quid**.
I gave **double**, which was **hard enough for him to take**.
He tried to **refuse**.

Now I felt **even more like a schmuck** for **not trusting him**.

My **arm was throbbing**,
But I grabbed my **heavy backpack** and **suitcase**,
And made my way to the **taxi**.

I was fully aware I had **overpacked**.

I **knew** this was my **unconscious baggage** manifesting in physical form.
Yet, I still found it **hard to let go of comfort**.

The Entrance to Silence

1st - 12th May 2024

It was a **short drive** to **Dhamma Bodhi**.

As I arrived, I **spotted a fellow Westerner** from New York—
filming a pre-Vipassana video before heading into the compound.

I **followed suit**.

More of a *just in case* than anything else.

This is where I am, in case you don't hear from me after ten days.

At the **entrance**,
They took my **name** before sending me **further into the compound**,

For the bureaucratic shuffle.

More **tables**. More **forms**. More **people**.

For **half an hour**, I shuffled from **one office to the next**,
Surrounded by a **hundred locals** shifting between us.

Finally, they handed me a **slip with my room number** on it.

This was it.

I took my **baggage** and attempted to **wheel it over the lopsided brick path**,
Dodging **potholes** and weaving through a **construction site** in the midst of **expansion**.

Looking **left to right**, I spotted a **main building** in the center,
With **accommodations scattered all around it**.

At the **furthest end**, I saw a **newer, more Western-looking building**.
Relief.

Reality Hits

As I passed by some of the **other rooms**,
I **peered inside**.

Bare.
Filthy.

Please don't let that be my room.

Grudgingly, I **lugged my bags up a flight of stairs**,
Internally **berating myself**.

Why so much, Arthur? Why?

At the **top**, I turned **right**.

Rooms lined **both sides** of the corridor until I reached mine—
The **very last one at the end**, furthest away from everything.

Two doors.
One with a **mesh cover**, the other a **solid door**,
Both with **locks on either side**.

Good. Those will come in handy.

The Grand Tour of Disappointment

I walked in with **zero expectations**.

Actually, that's **not true**.

My expectations were **so low**
That what I saw **matched them perfectly**.

Two beds, one foot apart.
A fan, but no air conditioning.
No wardrobe—just a few hangers where curtain rails should have been.
And en-suite bathroom.

Small wins, Arthur. At least it's not a shared-with-ten-people bathroom situation.

The **relief** was **short-lived**.

The **bathroom** was so **filthy**
I didn't even attempt to **clean it**.

Just **accepted my fate**.

Dirt is your new friend. Get used to it.

The **shower** barely sprinkled out **cold water**.
The **taps below?**

Either **lukewarm** or **third-degree burns**. No **in-between**.

A **plastic bucket** and a **stool** sat in the corner—
For **washing myself and my clothes**.

Breathe, Arthur. You are safe. You are loved.

The Last Call Before Silence

I placed a call.
Knowing this would be our **last conversation** with the outside world before I went **dark for ten days**.

I gave them a **tour**.

We **laughed**.

They couldn't quite **believe** what they were **seeing**.

"I am grateful. I am grateful,"
I said, **half-joking, half-terrified**.

They **laughed** through cracked amusement.

That **call** would serve me through what was **about to come**
In ways I **never could have imagined**.

Culture Clash at the Food Hall

I queued up and **put away all my valuables**,
Knowing I wouldn't **see them again** for a while.

You have to understand the laws of relativity—
I had left what is seen as the **pinnacle of comfort**.
To land in the **absolute opposite**.

These **extreme polarities** were, well, **extreme**.

I went to get **tea in the food hall**,
Poured it into the **metal cup**,
And saw it had **sugar in it**.

I asked if they could **open the dispenser** so I could pour it back in—
I didn't want to **waste it**.

"What are you doing? You can't do that!"

A **British guy** came out of **nowhere** and started **giving me a hard time**.

I told him it was a **clean cup** and **hadn't touched my lips**.
Still, he kept **pushing**.

So I gave him **the look**—
The **"Look, mate, take it easy and fuck off"** look.

This was **not a great start**
To what was supposed to be a **peaceful meditation retreat**.

It was now starting to feel like a **prison**—
One where I had to **watch my back**.

I decided to bury the hatchet and approached him as a friend.

Asked **his name**.

He gave it—
But his **attitude didn't budge**.

No room for **reconciliation**.

I shook my **head** and walked **off**.

I prayed this wasn't the guy I'd be sharing a room with.

Roommates & Survival Instincts

Prayers answered.

Most **Westerners didn't show up,**
So in the end, it was just **me, a model, and a guy from Portugal,** and this...
Anomaly.

He looked **odd**—his **mannerisms,** the way he **carried himself.**
It was like he had been **placed here without his own consent**
And was **pissed off at everyone** for it.

I looked at the locks on my door.
Glad I can lock myself in.

I couldn't be dealing with this kind of **grief**
On top of **everything else** that was **transpiring.**

I **unpacked** the few **clothes I needed:**
Three pairs of trousers
Three shirts

And **placed my wash bag**
Around the dirt.

Took a deep breath.

This was going to be difficult.

The bell rang, and we ventured to the main building,
A two-minute walk from my room.

We queued up again and were given a name badge with a pin.
My new tea friend stood behind me as we walked up the stairs
Into a large room—soon to be our main quarters for the next ten days.

Square cushions were laid out next to each other,
Each designated to us.

As we were placed in our new little homes,
We pinned our names to them.

It reminded me of the plastic band I used to wear in the hospital as a kid,
Just before going into surgery.

Looking back,

This process was exactly that—a **different kind of surgery**.

We were told this was where we would be meditating,
And the schedule was as follows:

- **Wake up:** 4:00 am
- **Meditate:** 4:30 - 6:30 am
- **Breakfast:** 6:30 - 7:15 am
- **Rest:** 7:15 - 8:00 am
- **Meditate:** 8:00 - 11:00 am
- **Lunch:** 11:00 - 12:00 pm
- **Rest:** 12:00 - 1:00 pm
- **Meditate:** 1:00 - 5:00 pm
- **Tea break:** 5:00 - 6:00 pm
- **Meditate:** 6:00 - 8:00 pm
- **Discourse video:** 8:00 - 9:00 pm
- **Meditate:** 9:00 - 9:30 pm

This was going to be our life for the next ten days.

The teacher—who has since passed—
Not Buddha, the original teacher,
But the one who had grown Vipassana,
Was now speaking from beyond the grave through his videos.

They asked us, over and over,
Are you 100% sure you want to do this?

We had all the choices before us.
One last chance to leave.

No Turning Back.

For the first two days,
We had to focus on the triangular area that makes up our nose and upper lip
And not deviate from this position for the next twenty hours.

Keeping our backs straight if possible.

**The point was to sharpen the mind and clear all the chatter—
Hence the silence—until we could feel sensations within this area.**

Then, on the third day,
The focus narrowed to just the upper lip
For the next ten hours.

**As we know, the mind wanders,
And we have very little control over it.**

Hence, our lives belong to our minds,
Not so much to what we think we want for ourselves.

Sitting this long with myself, with no distractions,
Was a first for me.

I was starting to really understand my mind—
How long it wandered,
How I treated it when it did.

**I began to see my mind as a wild animal—
One I was now breaking in to become a tamed pet.**

I saw it like a dog
And talked to it as such.

**"Hey, boy, you're doing great.
Come back over here."**

Each time it wandered.

I imagined my upper lip as a park,
And as my mind wandered through this area,
I opened the gate and closed it behind me.

Imagining each step my mind took
Created a sensation.

Each time it wandered,
I gave it love and appreciation—
So it would be more inclined to come back to me,
Rather than running away in fear of my frustration.

**If I got annoyed or angry at it for wandering,
It would only encourage it to run further.**

I thought,
This is a great strategy.

**I have to share this with others who walk this path—
To make it a little easier.**

Now that my mind was focused
And wandering less and less
As it walked the park of my upper lip,

I was ready to learn Vipassana.

Preparing for the Internal Surgery

Those three days were about **finely tuning the mind**,
Preparing us to learn the technique.

On a day that seemed to require all my energy,
I decided it was a good idea to do some washing.

I don't think I had ever washed clothes by hand.

Even when I was **19 and living in Tanzania**,
I managed to find someone in the household to do it for a small cost.

This ashram offered a laundry service for **100 rupees—one quid**.

Yep.
Laundry service, as much as you wanted, for a pound.

It didn't come back pressed.
It was washed—**most of the time still wet**.
But no complaints from me.

I was learning to **appreciate everything that came my way**.
Even the challenges.
All was a blessing.

I prayed and thanked the divine **for my food**,
For protecting my family, my team, and my businesses.

But I needed my **towel and sheets washed**,
And I couldn't wait till the next day for it to be done.

So I gave it my best shot—
Not realising how much work goes into handwashing.

I filled a bucket and threw in a **Persil tab**.
Then chucked in:

Three sheets
Two pillowcases
My towel

I kept filling it up with what was now **scalding water**.

With no stick to stir them
Or even a proper way to scrub them,
I had to use my hands.

Burning them.

I impatiently started scrubbing—badly.

The water turned dark.
I wondered just **how much dust was flying around my room**.

I did this a few times,
But time was running out.

Not knowing how much time I had left before my next **four-hour meditation session**,
I knew I needed to rest before it began.

I chucked the clothes into another bucket to rinse,
Took them downstairs to hang.

I was sweating—excuse the pun—**buckets**.

I threw the used water across the bathroom floor,
Pushed it toward the **grubby sinkhole**
With my broken water scraper.

The smell of **Persil filled the air**.

For the first time since arriving,
The place smelled clean.

I stepped out of the bathroom, thinking to myself,
"Ah, Persil never smelt so good."

I hung up the sheets and towels on the tallest line
So they wouldn't touch the ground.

Feeling rather **proud of my accomplishment**,
I walked to speak with the teacher, wanting to ask him a question.

Three days in,
I still had **no back support**.

I was struggling at times,
But I pushed through.

Now that we were about to start **Vipassana—the so-called internal surgery—**
I wanted to be extra still.

I didn't want to **nick a vital spiritual vein**.

So I asked for back support.

I grimaced for extra effect as I touched my back.
All my years of acting had led to that moment.

He told me it was best not to use one.

I pointed out that **younger, fitter guys** were using back support.

He looked at me and simply said,
"If you want the best experience—don't use a back support."

Well, that got me.
I had come this far.

I looked at him and, with my finger, gestured up and down—
As if to say, You cheeky bugger, you know exactly what to say.

I thanked him, moved on, and started walking the dusty track back to my quarters.

As I neared the clothesline,
I saw my **sheets and towels on the ground**—resting in the **dirt and gravel**.

My heart sank.

I raced toward them, picking up my hard work off the filthy ground.

The cable I had hung the sheets and towel on had **snapped** under the weight of my soaking towel,
Which had dragged it down.

It even pulled down **one of the lights connected to the cable**.

I couldn't imagine going through that ordeal again—
And then somehow performing **spiritual surgery on myself** straight afterward.

I shuffled some other clothes around and found a way to dry the sheets and towel.
Stained, but clean.

The sun will burn off whatever it picked up. Not an issue.
I told myself this rather convincingly.

My standards of cleanliness had reached new lows I didn't know were possible.

But none of that mattered now.
What mattered was **resting**—for what was about to come.

The Surgery Begins

After half an hour of rest,
It was time to **learn the technique**.

Our teacher—speaking from **beyond the grave**—told us that from now on,
We would need to sit in **absolute determination**.

He guided us through what Buddha had taught his students **2,500 years ago**:
We had to sit completely still.
Not move an inch while we performed this internal surgery.

We had to:

Focus on the **softest part of our skull**—feel the sensations.
Move our awareness across **every inch** of our head, face, ears, neck, down to our toes.
Examine **every millimetre** of ourselves.
Awaken our **senses of awareness**.
Recognise the **unconscious sensations** that are always present.

The Pain of Equanimity

I did my best not to move for over an hour.

But I thought, Hey, maybe adding cushions between my feet will make this more comfortable.

Bad idea.

*The sensations—called **Sankaras**—began rising.
The pain was **excruciating**.*

*These were our **unconscious conditioned responses**—
Our habit of avoiding pain and seeking pleasure.*

*The ones we **store up and carry as collective misery**.*

*The goal was to **observe these Sankaras**—
To train the mind **not to react**.*

*To **not crave pleasurable sensations**.
To **not resist painful ones**.
To bring the mind into **Equanimity**.
To **expel emotional impurities**.*

Easier said than done.

I held on for as long as I could.

Songs from the 80s started playing in my head to cope with the pain.

Take my breath away...

Then—out of nowhere—

Twinkle, twinkle, little star...

What the fuck.

The Return of My Inner Child

*I realised my **inner child** was back—
The same one who **cried himself to sleep** from earaches.*

*I must have sung this to myself back then
To get through the pain.*

Now, all these **memories were coming up**.

The teacher came on the mic and sang his **mantras**,
Signaling the **end of that meditation**.

I was **so hard on myself**.

I desperately wanted to **break free from the misery** rising within me.

But this is what **Vipassana** is about—

To sit in your **misery** and deal with the **unconscious parts of the mind**

That constantly **avoid pain and seek pleasure**—which show up as **Sankaras**.

The Root of All Misery

According to Buddha's teachings,

This is the **cause of all human suffering**.

Once we **train the mind** to see Sankaras (**pain**) and pleasurable sensations **objectively**,

We **no longer fall into misery**—

No longer trapped in the cycle of **seeking or avoiding**.

Pleasure and pain become neutral.

You simply observe.

Nothing has power over you.

It's just a matter of **retraining the mind**.

It's just that the **technique is agonising**.

That night, I **broke down**.

I felt my **inner child cry for his mum**—

And I **nurtured him back to health**.

Now that I was **a man**.

Not just that **little boy from over 30 years ago**.

I was **learning to parent myself** through **controlled misery**.

The Note

The Englishman had been acting **shifty**.
And the next morning, as I stepped out of my **cell**,
I saw a **note** by my door.

"Mate,

I didn't mean to get off on the wrong foot with you.

This place is literally cracked out.
They actually **feed off the misery** of their followers,
Divide them, not let them talk to each other,
And tell them they are **nothing**.

If you're up for a brief chat with someone from back home,
I'll knock once on your door after breakfast."

Not having **any communication** with anyone,
And having an **open and clean mind**,
A note like this can **really fuck with you**.

His **handwriting** was pretty neat, mind you.

Not surprisingly, this **played on my mind** at the start of meditation.

We **weren't allowed to talk, write, or even gesture** to each other.
And now, I was put in a position **I didn't want to be in**.

The Internal Debate

Old school memories flooded back.

It was as if this guy was a **test**.

I **prayed to God** and thanked Him for the **challenge**.
If I **couldn't handle it**, why would I **be given it**?

What to do?

Tell the teacher?
No. I'm not a snitch.

Wait—is this **old Arthur** talking, or **should I**?

Write a note back saying **no thanks?**

No. Then I'd be breaking the rules—engaging with this guy.

The **opposite** of what I wanted to do.

Back and forth.

Back and forth.

I finally decided to **leave it—**

And **pray to God** that he just **faded out of the program.**

Prayers Answered

After one of the meditations,

I saw him sitting by the **window on the stairwell.**

Like he was **waiting for a conversation.**

I was already **feeling sensitive—**

So I kept my **face stern**, my **eyes down**,

And walked **straight past him** into my room.

I carried on **praying** so I could **focus** on the work ahead.

This was **far too important**

To worry about this guy's **feelings or state of mind.**

He wasn't there for the next meditation.

Or the next day.

My prayers had been answered.

Mealtime at Vipassana

I haven't yet mentioned how **meal times worked.**

Outside the food hall, our **trays served as our plate, spoon, and bowl.**

You **queued up**, grabbed a tray, rinsed it off.

Then entered the hall, where **three long tables** were lined up as the **"help yourself" section.**

We **queued and served ourselves.**

Sometimes, the food looked exactly like **the slop you'd see in prison movies.**

I was living a prison life.

When you finished eating,
You washed your **tray and cutlery**.

I remember standing there, **scrubbing my tray**,
When I glanced to my right
And saw a **monk** doing the same.

I had to fight the urge to ask—

"So, what are you in here for?"

The Hole

By **Day 5 or 6**, I had **no idea what day or time it was**.

The only clocks I had were on my **phone and smartwatch**—both locked away.

We followed the **sound of the gong** and the little **bells the volunteers rang** as they
knocked on each dorm.

*I knew I needed to do more work when I had a brief flash of me grabbing one of those bells
and shoving it where the sun doesn't shine.*

Sitting in **your own misery**,
Unable to **communicate**,
Surrounded by **the prison vibe**
And the **repetitive nature of it all...**

I thought I might **lose the plot completely**.

Midway through the day, the teacher came on the mic.

"We will now move to another part of the compound to meditate."

My **eyes lit up**.

A change of environment? **Yes, please.**

Not sure what was happening, since the assistant teacher's **English was barely understandable**, I got up and **followed the herd**.

They led us to the **main temple**—the one with the **golden tip** from the website.

On the wall was a **list of names**.

Next to each name—a **cell number**.

"What the hell is going on?"

Then, they **opened a cage-like door** toward a **staircase leading downward into darkness**.

Whoa.

Shit just got real.

I was **excited** and **apprehensive** at the same time.

I liked the **change**,

But this place looked **far worse** than what we had endured for the last five or six days.

At the **bottom of the stairs**, a **small group** of people stood around,
Looking just as **lost** as I felt.

I saw an **arrow pointing toward the cell numbers**—
Like something out of a **budget hotel**.

I walked past **tiny doors**, each secured with **wooden locks**.

I reached **Cell 131**.

Unhooked the wooden lock.
Opened the door.

Inside was a room **the size of a cupboard**.

Just **big enough to sit down in**.

That was **exactly** what it was meant for.

A **thin mat** was waiting for me.

Time to get going and meditate.

They asked us to **keep the door closed at all times**
to prevent insects and other crawling things from getting in and disturbing our practice.

They didn't need to tell me twice.

I stepped in and sat down enthusiastically.

This was an **epic experience**.
Something within me was **calling for it**.

Then I **laughed** at the ridiculousness of the situation.

I remembered the **premonition I had a few weeks ago** that I'd end up in some hole.

I couldn't wait to share it.

They came by and **turned out the lights**.

We were now in **complete darkness**.

Deep in meditation.

There's something about being in a hole like this.

My **senses were heightened**.
My **practice felt even more powerful**.

But there was **no teacher**.
No students.

No one to **hold me accountable**.

I could have easily just sat against the wall and **not practiced**.

Instead, I did the **opposite**.

As if a **higher divine parent** was watching.

As if I **couldn't cheat myself** out of this experience.

This was now part of our **daily practice** for the remaining four or five days.

Each time they gave us a choice—
to meditate in the **main hall** or the **hole**—

I **chose the hole**.

Something about it made me feel like I was **washing away my past debts**.

I felt at **home**.

Like a **cleansing** was taking place.

I needed to **squeeze every drop** out of this experience.

For **important reasons**.

As I sat there for **hours**, a **voice** came to me.

It **sounded like me**—
but the **energy behind it wasn't from me**.

I know how this sounds.

I know I must sound **nuts**.

But **it is what it is**.

And, well...

I spent time in a **hole**.

And **this** is what happened.

The **voice** approached me with such **love and wisdom**
that I thought—

Maybe this was the **universal law** balancing itself out.

As I sat in **misery and literal darkness**,
the **light within me** countered the experience.

Balanced it out.

This **light** had something to teach me.

Just as the **darkness** had taught me.

The **voice** told me it was an **Angel**—
a **messenger** between the **Divine** and my **human experience**.

It **shared what I was here for**.

That **humanity was undergoing a transformation**.

That my **part** was to **show the way**.

I sat there **nodding along**, realising this was **nuts**.

But then again—

I had **chosen** to sit in a **hole underground**
at the **ass end of nowhere**
on a **45-degree day** in **Northern India**.

So being **nuts** was already on the menu.

The **angel** spoke so **eloquently**,
answering so many questions
that I started to **run out of decent things to ask**.

It was **close to the beginning** when this angelic voice came.

A **deep splinter of truth**, buried so deep within me,
was **rising to the surface**.

As if **serving my time** sitting here had **allowed it to break free**,
giving me the **strength to face it**.

Even though I would **never** have contemplated sharing it.

It wasn't even **on the radar**.

It wasn't even **from this planet**.

Then, the **message came**.

I **shook my head**.

**"No. I can't. What?
This is too much to bear."**

My **dad** and the **truth I uncovered**
were showing me the **damage**.

That **five-second encounter** with a picture
had **wrecked so much of my life**.

I was **starting to feel angry** toward my dad.

Then I felt **sick**.

Like I had to **throw up**.

Was it the **food**?

No.

It was the **truth** coming up to the surface.

The **only way to heal** was to **speak it**.

Speak it. Write it.

But that would mean **people would know**.

They would **know my dad's sickness**.

They would say I had **protected him**.

They would call me a **Paedophile Protector** or something.

I battled with myself.

How **big a deal** would this be?

What would the **family think**?

What would **anyone** think?

Would I be **doing this alone**?

I told my **angel**,

"This can't be.
This is too much.
I don't think I can."

It felt like this had been **my cross to carry**.

Speaking it aloud would mean **putting it down**.

And then—**facing crucifixion**.

"Don't go against thy parents."

The angel told me,
"This is **part of humanity's healing process**."

"Incest and paedophilia have existed within your species.
They are in your genome.
And each reaction of judgment and hatred
is just judgment and hatred toward ourselves."

"This shame—this collective shame—
keeps humanity bound to its internal misery."

"Why this, though?"
"This subject is too fragile.
Too heavy.
Too much of a burden."

I would have to tell my siblings.
I would have to tell my dad.
How the hell was I going to approach this?

My **therapist** came to mind.
A **soundboard** to make sure I was making a **sound-mind decision**.

She had mentioned she knew a **book editor**.

I needed to approach this with **love and tenderness**—
a word given to me at **Hoffman**.

Maybe working with my **therapist** on this could be **helpful**.

When I was a kid, I wanted to be a **surgeon**.

Though that dream **quickly faded**,
I think I wanted it because I wanted to **save my mother**.

But this—

This was a **different** kind of surgery.

A **surgery** to remove **hatred and judgment** from the **human psyche**.

To **replace** them with **love and compassion**.

Exactly as **Buddha** was teaching me in that moment.

It was **all getting too much**.

I kept **scanning my body** from **head to toe, toe to head**.

My **angel** assured me—

**"This is the way.
You are protected."**

I thought about how **people would read this**.

How they would take my **behavior**
and throw me into the **pits alongside my dad**.

How they would **shout and judge me**
until I **died**.

Then I realized—

I was **already sitting in a hole**.

In my **own misery**.

This had to **count for something**.

I was **paying for my past deeds**.

By reading this book, they would see—
this is all part of **becoming our higher selves**.

By **freeing ourselves** of our **suppressed truths**.

Time was up.

I headed back to my **other cell**.

Crouched over the **toilet**,
fingers down my throat,
waiting to see if **anything would come up**.

Nada.

Though we weren't allowed to **write anything** as part of the rules,
I **scribbled down** a thought that surfaced from my experience:

That is when your **mind is out of equanimity**.
An **imbalanced mind**.

This causes more **Sankaras**—
more **misery** at the **unconscious level**.

Just as we examine our **own Sankaras**
to observe **pain and pleasure objectively**,
we must do the same for the **collective consciousness**.

Only then can we expel the **collective misery**
buried in **humanity's psyche**.

The **conversations with the Angel** returned
in the **afternoon sittings in the hole**.

I didn't want to be **too distracted** from the process.
But I knew this was **part of it**.

The **wisdom was profound**.

The **next day after lunch**,
I must have **slept through the bells**.

I **missed an hour and a half in the hole**.

My **old patterns resurfaced**
as I spoke to the **volunteers**,
asking why they **hadn't woken me**.

I had **no alarm, no clock**.

You'd think I'd be **happy** about unintentionally **skipping it**.

Instead—

I felt **abandoned**.

That they **didn't wake me**.

Didn't **stick me in the hole**.

And oddly enough—

I was **missing the hole**.

I spoke to the staff again.

"Why didn't you wake me?"

It took a few attempts for them to understand me.

And from that moment, I knew—I **couldn't rely on them**.

I had **no alarm. No clock**.

Just the **bells**.

It was time for the **group-determined meditation**.

As I sat there, unable to move—

I **couldn't stop thinking** about missing my time in the hole.

As if I had **missed my "holey"**—

Like **Tom Hanks missing Wilson.**

I felt tears rising.

I was getting **emotional.**

It wasn't **me—**

It was a **part of me.**

My **inner child.**

I had to have a **word with myself.**

It was **ridiculous** to be **upset**

Over **not being woken up**

To be put in a **dark, dusty cell.**

This wasn't something to **get upset about.**

But of course—

It wasn't **about the hole.**

It was the **trauma of abandonment.**

Of being **forgotten.**

Of being **neglected.**

Of not being **put in my hole.**

I felt like I had **missed out.**

Like I was **falling behind.**

Just as I had felt as a child—

Put in **special classes**.

Always **feeling behind**.

I **reassured** myself

That I would spend **all the time I could** in the **hole**.

And I would do **two hours** of **determined meditation**

To **make up for it**.

I felt **better** for it

And could continue my **meditation** in **peace**.

The feelings around approaching my dad's paedophilia.

Were **causing me mischief**.

Each time I **entered the hole**,

I **battled** with it.

I would **make a decision** and say,

"This is the clarity the psychic was talking about."

But then—

"Do I really want to be remembered for this?"

Back and forth.

I was **umming and ahing**,

Trying to express it.

Higher Self Angel

The story will spread because of who your dad is.

The songs he was part of will serve as an anchor for our message.

Oy vey.

The more the **angel spoke**,

The more it **made sense**.

And the more I **solidified this new message**.

It became **clearer**.

I would **reach out to my dad**

And **set boundaries**.

I realised—

I had been **unconsciously throwing my money away**

And **withdrawing from intimacy**

Because of this **entanglement**.

As I sat in my **misery**,

I thought about those who had been effected

And the struggles they faced because of it.

And **here I was—**

In a **hole**.

My dad hadn't **served his time** for his past **actions**.

He hadn't been **held accountable**.

And it just **didn't add up**.

I felt how **rewarding** it was to **pay these debts off**

As my **mind was purifying itself**.

And how this **could help my dad**.

It would be **hard for him to reject Vipassana, at least**.

After all—

It's just **sitting down** and **using the mind**.

A **logical** and **scientific process**.

Something he **could do**.

I decided to **formulate an email**.

To **lay out my experience**.

To **share what came to me**.

And to **offer my support**

So he could **cleanse himself**.

"Here are two roads."

"The right road—accept the resources, do the work, and get ready for what's to come."

"The left road—resist the support and face what's to come."

"Either way—the truth will always find you. And the truth will set you free."

My dad's behavior was a sickness, the entities in the dark.

Passed on energetically through **trauma** from his own **childhood**, playing out.

I had **found that picture** for a **reason**.

And **only now**, when I was **ready to see it**,

Was its **purpose revealing itself**.

I felt like I was **becoming a man**.

A man **strong enough**

To **move this sword of truth forward**.

No matter the cost.

This was **coming from a divine source**.

Because if it **wasn't—**

I would have **run from it**.

But my **angel insisted—**

"This is what will liberate you. And many others."

I felt **relieved** that a **decision was reached**.

And I **allowed the next few days**

To be about **cleansing the mind**.

And **serving my time**.

Fasting & Breaking the Rules

Tea time was **milk** and what I thought was **cereal**.

I would often **fast for twenty hours**.

Though, on a few days—

I felt **weak**.

In my **bag**, I had some **fruit and nuts**.

Though **outside food was prohibited**, I ate some **during tea time**.

To restore **some comfort**.

Because at times—

It was **just too much**.

When I **realized why** I was in the **hole**—

That I was **serving my time** for **past debts**—

I put **all my snacks aside**.

I made sure **not to touch** my **food** or my **notebook** until my time was **served**.

I worked **diligently** in every meditation.

Back straight.

No **complaints**.

Sitting through **Sankara after Sankara**—

Appreciating the **experience**.

Because I **knew**—

This new truth was going to **unlock** the **Kingdom of Heaven within**.

Which was now—

"The New Earth within."

The 10th Day

It was our **final day**.

We were **allowed our phones**.

Though we had a **few more determined meditations left**,

I made a call to share—

I was **alive**.

Barely.

Whilst I was sharing my **experience**

And the **process** of what I had been doing,

I felt **disheartened, dejected, judged**.

As if the **hell I had just gone through—**

Was **still not enough, because**

I learned lot about the mind... but nothing about the heart.

I felt **low** after the call.

Started to **doubt the process**.

"Why didn't they mention the heart?"

"It was all mind."

And I was on a **quest to open my heart**.

The final video before we embarked on our **next path—**

Mr. Goenka said,

"There is now a seed growing."

"A little branch has popped out—it needs protecting."

"People may not understand what you have gone through."

*"You may be from this religion, and as you tell your family,
they may feel it **threatens** theirs in some way."*

*"So you must **protect** your little plant—**nurture** it—
until it can grow big enough that you no longer need to **care** for it."*

*"It will **care** for others, without your daily **nurturing**."*

I felt like—

That call had **come along** and **taken a few bites** out of my **inner plant**.

And I needed to **restore it back to health**.

It's up to **me**—

How I choose to be **affected by it**.

Or **not**.

My **core strengthened** as I nurtured the **plant back to health**.

And carried on **protecting it**—

With the **practice**.

The Final Meditation

I **resisted**.

For some reason—

I hadn't moved in **all 18 hours** of them.

But **this one**—

All the **Sankaras** were coming to the surface.

And as a **commitment to myself**—

I was **not** to move.

The **pain was unbearable**.

I kept telling my mind—

"This is just pain. So what?"

But my **head tilted** to the side.

I thought—

"I'm about to pass out."

Then—

The teacher **came on the speaker**.

It was **over**.

And suddenly—

I felt **so depressed**.

As if—

All this work over the 10 days was **for nothing**.

That night, the **discourse video** came on.

The teacher shared—

"It's important not to disturb the practice.

Otherwise, all those distractions were just suppressing the Sankaras—

And that's why they would rise to the surface."

I was **thinking about my angel**.

"Why would you do this?"

"Are you really an angel?"

"Was this a wind-up?"

I didn't know **what to trust**.

Was this decision **the right decision**?

I went back to my room.

Did my best **not to lose my shit**.

We had **another meditation**.

And I decided—

To **remove** the **extra cushion** for comfort.

And suddenly—

I had **no Sankaras**.

No **issues**.

I could sit **easily** for the hour.

"Why oh why did I get this now?"

A student I shared this with said—

"You removed your comfort, and your pain went."

Ah.

Well, **isn't that symbolism for my misery?**

My attachment to comfort causes me pain.

A beautiful lesson received—

And the decision to **speak my truth** was fully intact.

A few students came up to me.

Told me how I had **inspired them** to keep their **backs straight**—

As they had **observed me** at times.

I look back at the **100 hours of meditation** and ask myself—

"How did I manage to keep myself up for so long?"

My **Higher Self** had already taken care of this **six months ago**.

As if it **knew** this moment was coming.

For the last **six months**, I had been **learning yoga**—

And incorporated a few **techniques** every morning, **religiously**.

This had **prepared me** for this **grueling experience**.

So I could focus as **diligently as possible** on the **technique**—

And **not be distracted** by a body that wasn't **conditioned** for this practice.

Then I remembered—

How **juggling** would pop up during the practice.

How my **mind** was able to **scan** every inch of my body and **speak to my guide** simultaneously—

As if I was well...**juggling**.

Any doubt I had—

That I would **understand** and eventually **recondition my mind**—

Was put to rest.

Because I had **recently learned to juggle**.

And—

That was **no coincidence**.

I had learned it for **this reason**.

It gave me the **certainty**—

That reaching **enlightenment** was like learning **any new skill**.

Like juggling.

When I started—

I could **barely catch two balls** without dropping one.

Rotating between both hands felt **unnatural**.

Introducing the **third ball**—

Was **alien to me**.

And though it probably took me **longer than usual** to get it—

I watched **one video** on YouTube.

And with the process of **counting each juggle**—

And just making sure I did **one more** than the last time—

It **clicked**.

I could **juggle**.

Well—

The same goes with these **strategies**.

It's just **retraining the mind**.

And with **persistence and practice**—

It is **possible**.

Because **someone has done it**.

So can **we**.

This juggling talk was just a distraction from

a way to avoid the most **delicate matter which is the suppression of our truth**,

Unless it's expressed it is the root cause of the sickness within.

But before energetic **surgery** can be performed...

Are we ready as a collective, to hear the truth?

And—

Are we ready to hear it with an **open and loving heart**?

Because if we are **not**—

Then we will **not** transcend to the **next stage** of human evolution.

This is where the **split**—

Between the **Old Earth** and the **New Earth**—

Will take place.

Those who have **ears ready to hear**—

Are those who have **hearts ready to open**.

This is the key to Uncovering The New Earth Within.

Leaving the grounds and **heading back to the hotel—**

I felt my sensations.

And didn't label them **good or bad.**

They **just** were.

Over the next few days—

I visited the **temple and tree** where Buddha attained **enlightenment**.

I ventured to the **caves** where he lived for **six years**—

And meditated **inside**.

The next day—

We climbed one of the peaks.

Shortly after—

I crashed into a few bikes on my scooter and **scraped my leg.**

Just as we approached the **top of the mountain**,

My **young guide**—who had attended **Vipassana** with me—

Told me,

"There's a specific ant that crawls into your ear... and can kill you."

"So if you feel something while meditating—best to wipe it off."

Errrrmmm.

My **deep-rooted trauma** is my ears.

I sometimes **sleep with tissue in my ears** for reasons **like this**.

So to actually **hear this**—(excuse the pun)

Was **somewhat uncomfortable**.

I asked,

"Do you have any tissue?"

He pulled out a **receipt**—

From when I **filled the scooter with gas**—

And we used this to **plug our ears**.

To **protect ourselves**.

From **possible death**.

I did all I could—

To **walk in Siddhartha's shoes**.

To **experience what he experienced**.

So I could **begin to master the mind**—

That would be the **secret** to **unlocking my heart**.

I continued on with my guide to the **River Ganges**—
a once-in-a-lifetime experience.

Witnessing the **grief people carried**,
as **bodies were burned** along the riverbank,
while **huge crowds gathered nightly** in celebration—
I did my best to navigate the **organised chaos**.

But it was time to leave.
Time to head home.

Though there was anticipation,
a quiet question lingered:

Was all of this enough?

Or would I still feel
as if my life was on the line?

Part 4 Back in the Old Earth

Coming Back

It was great to come home, yet, it **soon changed**,

As I **shared parts** of what had happened,

I felt **frustrated**, I felt **defensive**.

And it felt **unsafe** to share.

As I was *still processing it*.

I **couldn't allow** outside interference—

To **push me off**.

It was as if—

It was **over** in that moment.

I was **numb to the Old Earth**.

And to all who were in it.

But that was **Okay**.

I would be able to **withdraw**.

And go towards a **completely different life**.

I was also **scared**.

Scared to **lose the security** of what I had.

Because at this point—

I didn't have **enough to sustain myself**.

And the **idea of working** to feed myself—

Was far from my state of being at this time.

It was **all so overwhelming**—

I **appreciated Vipassana** for the technique—

So that I **didn't lose my shit** right then and there.

After a few days of **reflection**—

And the **need to open up**—

As another **healer had told me**—

I felt a **wave of grief** rise.

A **sadness**.

Because I wasn't sure—

If the **strategy I had learned**—

"That I didn't need anyone"—

Was something I **actually wanted**.

Had I **fucked up** my life?

Am I **actually broken**?

I could feel this feeling **rise up**.

And I heard my **Higher Self / Angel** say—

"Feel it. You are safe."

Since Coming Back from India

Since returning from **Vipassana**,
I'd been keeping my **energy flowing**,
trying to navigate the **uncertainty** of what was next.

Would I **leave** my life behind?
Where would I **go next**?

So many **questions swirling**,
yet I continued **practicing the technique**.

It took me a few days to get back into the spiritual accounting **swing of things**—
some **outreach calls**, a few **Zoom meetings**—
but I could feel it...

I was still **circling the bottom of the mountain**.

The weight of the **climb ahead** was dawning on me.

I spoke to my friend—the one who had inspired me to go.
He had served in the **military** for years and said,

"Sounds like you did the SAS of meditation, mate."

"Yeah, it was gruelling, but deeply rewarding."

I had wanted to join the **Royal Marines** when I was a kid,
and I had started training to join—
well, in my head, I did.

I was **running with heavy bags**
(as you'll see later, this part hasn't left me),
devouring **Andy McNab** and **Tom Clancy** books,
imagining myself as one of the **best of the best**.

Who Dares Wins.

A motto that—**consciously or unconsciously**—
has played out in my life **ever since**.

I reached out to **a friend**,
and we arranged a session to **encode my DNA with light**.

I was **skeptical**, but at this point,
I was **open to anything**.

After **15 years** of inner work,
the **weight on my chest** was **still there**.

If this could help in any way,
I'd at least **give it a try**.

At the same time,
A friend's ex-partner, whom I met at **Vipassana**,
suggested a **remote healing session**.

She **aligned with my energy while I slept**,
tuning into my **aura** and clearing any **blockages**.

The next day, she sent me a message **detailing what she had found**.

And it hit **deep**.

It confirmed what I had **long suspected**—
my **anorexia** wasn't just about **control or avoidance**.

It was **keeping me isolated from intimacy**...
Reinforcing the belief that **I didn't need anyone**.

That mindset had once **protected me**...
But it was also **trapping me**.

I continued with a few more **sessions**,
leaning into the work.

Then, I got **triggered**.

I had just come back from **India**
when I saw the owner of a **wellness centre**—
but I didn't **say hi**.

Not because I didn't want to.
I just... **didn't**.

Another side effect of this **addiction**—
Avoiding closeness.
Showing only the invulnerable face.

When he later saw me **waiting for the light machine**,
I could tell he was **disappointed**.

I hadn't even realized **I had kept away**.

This wasn't **me**—
But this **addiction was getting stronger**.

As the **light machine** had some **electrical issues**,
I went upstairs.

They had a **quantum analyzing machine**
that scanned **energy fields**,
identified **blocked chakras**,
and even determined which **foods to avoid**.

Non-invasive.
Perfect for children.

Exactly the kind of tool I had wanted to introduce
at the **café for the community**.

The next day, I returned for **the light treatment**.

But my **fear of being seen as distant**—or avoiding people—
was **manifesting again**.

When I saw **a friend**,
he seemed **withdrawn too**.

And that **triggered something in me**.

When I got home, **people were there that I wasn't expecting.**

My **scarcity mindset** kicked in.

I **froze.**

I **acted selfishly.**

And it **showed.**

They **withdrew.**

The next day, I felt **worthless.**

Unlovable.

It took **days** to shake off and I felt isolated and alone.

I didn't realise how difficult it was to protect and nurture.

This little plant that was seeded in India.

The conditions in the Old Earth were killing it.

A Mirror in the Meeting

I jumped on an **a recovery meeting,**
and the speaker that day was like **looking in a mirror.**

Long hair.

Beard.

He spoke about his **addiction,**
and I saw **myself in him.**

It was **me, five years ago—**
but I still **related.**

I loved his **energy.**

I had originally been looking for **an older mentor—**
someone who had **been around the block.**

But his **youthful enthusiasm**
was exactly what I **needed right now**.

I just needed to **start the climb**.

A Shift in Perspective

I was juggling **Step One of my spiritual accounting quest**,
committing to getting these steps done
before my 42nd birthday.

I no longer wanted to be in **survival mode**.

Then, **four days later**, during meditation,
something **clicked**.

Loss.

Lack.

Never.

These feelings surfaced,
and the message around **Step Four** hit me—

I would need **four months** to complete it.

And I had to stay in **a monastery** during that time.

I wasn't to come home **until I was one with God**.

A Weight Lifted

This realisation didn't **scare me**.

It **reassured me**.

It wouldn't cost much—maybe **nothing**—
so I wouldn't be a **financial burden on anyone**.

I could be **of service**,
reading,
writing.

A huge **weight lifted**.

Not knowing I was also playing out
the **fantasy** part of addiction.

The thing about fantasy
is that it lets us escape into another reality —
one where we perceive **more positive than negative**.

It's what I did as a child —
a way to avoid what was,
to control my experience
when the real world felt too much.

But each time,
reality would hit me harder than before —
as if it was **forcing me to be here**,
to finally land
in the **now**.

A Few Months Passed

I kept up with the spiritual accounting every day,
as if I were getting my **spiritual paperwork in order**
before some “**event**” was about to take place.

My **meditational practices** and all my **other work**
still weren't **creating harmony** within my life.

I wasn't sure **what else to do**.

The **deeper** I went into my **practices**,
the more it felt like the **jacket**
I had been wearing my **whole life**
just didn't **fit anymore**.

The **Arthur jacket**.

The one **everyone related to**.

Even I couldn't **relate to me now**.

But I was in **this life**,
and I just had to **keep going**.

1st June 2024

The day before I flew,
I spoke to my **therapist** about where I was at.

I **dissociated** a lot during the call.

She pointed it out—
I was in **fear. Financial. Home. Occupation.**

I didn't know where I stood.

It was **a lot to process.**
No wonder I felt **insecure. Unsafe.**

Part of the **disease** is to **withhold**—
to sit with the feelings,
to let them **fester**,
and then **project them outward**,
creating the **exact reality I feared.**

I had seen what happens when people let **money destroy everything.**

The **heart—love—is the answer to all problems.**

But this **disease** is an **entity**
that will do **anything to survive.**

As I was about to be reminded of **once again.**

Hitting Send

At the airport,
I reviewed the **email** I had written to my **dad.**

I had worked on it as soon as I landed from Vipassana.
I included links and resources to support him on his recovery journey —
if he chose to accept it.

I put up my boundaries fully —
with love.

Letting him know:
if you're ready to choose this path, I'll walk with you.
Otherwise,
I leave you with you.

My therapist had a look and said it was good to go.

Then, I hit **send**,
put my phone **away**,
and took a **breath**.

A little **apprehensive** about his reply—
but I **knew** it had to be done.

My **higher self/angel/guide** had made that clear...
In the hole.

Arriving in the UK

When I arrived in the **UK**,
I went to stay with **family**.

The trip was **long**.

While I was there,
I searched for any **retreats**
that might **center around the heart**.

Then, I remembered the **Broughton Sanctuary**—
where I had attended the **Hoffman Process**
back in **December 2022**.

They sent **newsletters**
I would actually **read**—
because their events were truly **special**.

And there it was.

The Path of Love.

I registered **immediately**.

After an **interview**,
I was **accepted**—
And prepared myself for another **journey**...

From the **outside in**.

Staying with family that had a full house.

I slept on their **living room floor**.

From **warm, quiet place**
to a **cold, loud place—culture shock**.

My **instant reaction?**

Withdraw.
Find a **hotel**.

But I did my best **not to let the disease take me out of my discomfort**.

Instead...
I leaned in.

I found time to **meditate**.
Woke up **extra early**
to do my **energy work** before the kids came downstairs.

The First Night

Cold.

Their **massive cat** lay sprawled across my **tiny mattress**, unwilling to move.

The **disease** kicked off:
"I can't do another night of this. Yada yada yada."

I barely **slept**.
But still, I **got up**.

Did my **morning rituals**.
Did my **energy work**.

Slowly... **I started to feel better**.

That night, I tried to **meditate extra early**—muttering to myself,
"That's it. The hotel today. I need my space."

But when the **kids came down**, hugged me,
just wanted to **be with me...**

All of that **self-talk evaporated**.

If I chased **comfort**,
I might lose the **connection**.

Real, **genuine love from the source**.

The **mind chatter cleared**.
I **accepted where I was**.

A Missed Moment

I made **breakfast**.

Apparently, it was the **best tea they ever had**.

The **secret?**
More **honey** than most would probably consider necessary.

Then, a **message came through**.

I had **overlooked something—**

An **acknowledgment left unspoken**.

I had **thought about it before**.
Even **looked at my phone, hesitating**.

"Should I?"
"Would that seem needy?"
"What if it was misinterpreted?"

I let the **moment pass**,
distracted by **everything else going on**.

Now, **here it was—confronting me**.

A **reflection** of my own **hesitation**.
My **fear of rejection** had manifested in **real-time**.

I had **created this moment—**
one that **could have been avoided**.

Another pattern revealing itself.

I reached out to **ground myself**,
but the **conversation would have to wait until tomorrow**.

Now I had to **sit with it**.
Hold it.
Feel it.

Let it **teach me** what I needed to learn.

My Mums Grave

I stayed the extra night.

That day, I was asked if I wanted to visit my **Mum's grave**.

I agreed, and we went—just the **two of us**.

It was a **bright, sunny day** as we walked and talked.

Something in me **knew** it was time to share **everything**.

A lot was coming out.

I had so much on my **chest**.

I wasn't sure if I was going to share

what I had experienced in **India**.

But now—surrounded by bodies laid to rest—

It felt like **divine timing**.

I suggested we get **flowers** for my Mum.

As we walked closer, we saw a **huge rose bush** growing out of her grave.

The **buds were large, close to popping**.

There was **no need** for flowers.

Roses **surrounded her**.

I shared what had been going on with me.

And was met with a **poker face**, some **remarks**,
but otherwise **calm**.

Then I said it.

The **shame** I had carried my **whole life**.

How when I was **four or five**, I kissed his **penis**.

He barely reacted.

"Yeah, well—that's kids."

"You'll understand when you have children," he said.

"This is just what kids do."

I felt **relieved**.

Not because of the act itself—

But because of **what happened after**.

Someone walked in. **Caught us**.

And left me with **shame**.

I had **no idea** who it was.

From what I've read, my **ego must have dissociated** in that moment.

The **guilt**.

The **shame**.

That's what stayed with me.

He didn't get angry

when I told him about my **Dad**.

He just said,

"I may not speak to him again."

I left that **with him**.

I told him **why** this had come to me.

What I **felt** I needed to do.

Though, honestly?

I wasn't even sure **what that was yet**.

"You'll have to write this book after he's dead," he said.

"It will come out when it needs to," I told him.

Right now, I was **on my healing path**.

I could only share **once I was on the other side—**

To be a light on the **path for others**.

We **hugged it out**.

I felt **lighter** for overcoming that bump.

On the Move

I left for London on the train.

I was **upset**.

I felt **powerless**.

This **disease** was impacting me —

And I **couldn't control it**.

And that only made me feel **even more unsafe**.

Exacerbating the disease even more.

Meditating earlier, I realised something.

Being in **debt** on the credit cards—

Waiting for someone else to **pay**—

Was fueling my sense of **insecurity**.

The **disease latched onto that fear**.

I had **nothing** in my name.

It wasn't the **best time** to bring it up—

But I **couldn't wait any longer** to express my **needs**.

The **serenity prayer** came to mind as I **laid it out**.

And I felt **safer** for having spoken up.

Now, it was just a matter of **setting a plan**

for what **expenses** I would need—

Which was **fair enough**.

After the call, I did an outreach call.

He pointed out that I really was on **the first step** —

I had admitted I was **powerless** over this condition.

I shared that I'd had enough of it.

He said, "That's a good place to be."

Acceptance. That's what I had now.

Just being **honest**.

Sharing instead of withdrawing and speculating.

That's how to feed the **heart**—not the **disease**.

It's just a matter of **letting go** of an old **survival strategy**
that worked when it needed to—

And **trusting** that the **universe** has my back
as I move forward with my **heart**.

The Unravelling of The Old Earth

Two days before I was to start the **Path of Love**,
I received news.

An **addict craves gossip and drama**,
especially when **you're the gossip**.

It creates **cortisol**—
which is what **addicts seek at their core**.

I was told that I was the subject of gossip.

That it was being said that I was **having an affair**.

My face probably looked like a **cartoon** as I reacted.

For good measure, I threw on extra **drama**.

It was so ridiculous—
I was literally **shocked**.

This wasn't exactly what I **needed**.

Not when I was **hours away** from handing my phone in
and disappearing into a world of "**love**."

It wasn't lost on me.

How things **always seem to surface** before something big—

Like the **tetanus shot in India** before Vipassana.

Like the **business partnership dissolving** before Hoffman.

The dark rises to the surface before the light expels it.

I was **angry**—
I reached out to **the one who was spreading this story**.

"What's happening?"

He said he **felt something**—
but didn't **see anything**.

I listened.

It was **hard** to be with him—
but I also felt the **positive** in it.

From those who were loyal and believed in me.

I felt **love** in a way I **hadn't in a while**.

So I actually **appreciated** him—
and **God**—
for what was showing up.

And now,
I was about to step into a **whole new world**—
with **new people** I hadn't met before.

A room where we were about to **share our shilt** with each other.

I was **eager** to leave all my **shilt at the door**
and just **get on with it**.

I had already seen how **powerless** I was—
which helped me **not hold back**.

We had **seven days together**,
and I felt like **time was running out**.
There was **no time to lose**.

It felt like the **walls of my own making** were closing in.

I've condensed this entire program
into **one brief moment** —
a moment that became the **clincher** of the experience —
to protect the **anonymity** of the process.

First One Up

We sat in a **horseshoe**, later coined the "**Love Shoe**."

And I was the **first to go up**.

To say out loud what I used to be **unable to say even to myself**.

A **shift** was already taking place.

It raised the bar for our group.

We began sharing things we had **never told anyone before**.

We were quite literally—**horses out of the gates**.

I shared.

One thing after another.

India.

The **truth** that was shown to me.

Time **slipped away**.

I was adamant about getting this all off my chest.

So I **wrote it down**—

Like a list.

To make sure I didn't **veer off on a tangent**.

A part of me felt I **wouldn't get through it all**—

Because our **facilitator**, would jump on us—

To **unlock what was behind the shilt**.

I waited.

I had been the **first** to go up, but my **voice was nearly gone**.

Due to the days leading up to this one...

So I waited until the end of this particular **share**—

To make sure I had **some voice left**.

I was knocking back lozingers as if they were skittles.

When it was my turn again,

I got up—**list in hand**—

From where I stood —
at the open end of the U-shape,
facing the whole group —
it looked and felt like **a grave**.

Like I was standing in the earth,
down in a hole,
and everyone was **gathered around**,
looking down at me.

That's what it resembled from my perspective —
as if I was already buried,
and they were witnessing me
from above.

I shared that with the group.
And they all started laughing.

Not mockingly —
just that kind of shared, nervous, human laugh
when someone speaks something **so weirdly true**
that everyone feels it
but no one expected it.

I asked if I could read from the **Gnostic Gospels**.

A small book I had **brought with me**.

I dropped to my **knees**, ever the **dramatic**.

His disciples asked,

"On which day will you make yourself known to us?"

Lord Jeshua replied,

"When you rid yourselves of guilt and shame."

I read another part:

"To the one who holds Truth, more shall be given;

to the one who does not,

even what little they have shall be taken away.

Be yourself—especially in the face of death."

— Jeshua, *The Gnostic Gospels*

No holding back.

I started sharing.

My dad.

My childhood.

How I felt.

Rafia, the co-founder, stopped me.

"Do you really need that list?"

Erm... well, yeah.

I thought I did.

I just wanted to **get it all off my chest.**

He pushed again.

I felt **frustrated.**

Misunderstood.

Like I was about to be **cut off** before I had even been **heard**.

"I need to! I don't feel I have enough time!"

He said,

"You won't—unless you really face it."

I dropped the list.

Stumbled up.

"Bad idea to be on my knees."

But in that moment, it **mirrored my powerlessness**.

I **invited God** to give me the **strength**—

To allow whatever needed to **come through**.

Then—

One last **nudge**—

And something **erupted**.

A force I **didn't even know was there**.

A roar tore out of me—

Raw. Unfiltered.

Rage **exploded from my chest**.

"FUCKING CUNT!"

Over and over.

I **caught myself watching myself**—

An observer witnessing something **primal being unleashed**.

Where the fuck had **this** come from?

Moments ago, I could **barely speak**.

It was as if something had been waiting—**since childhood**—to be **released**.

I let it out.

Years of **suppression**, locked inside me.

My body **moved instinctively**.

A force taking over—

Not guided by thought—

But by something buried **deep within**.

Weight didn't matter.

I was only **65kg**, barely hanging on.

My body was a **physical manifestation** of my **anorexic cutting-off of energy**.

But in that moment—

None of that mattered.

Something had finally **shifted**.

I was now **overcontrolling** every aspect of my life,

contemplating going to a **monastery** to complete my spiritual accounting away from civilization—

An idea my therapist pointed out was **exactly** what an anorexic would want to do.

I thought it was an **incredible idea**.

And then—

I saw how it was **feeding the disease**.

Fuck.

I couldn't trust any idea coming to me at this moment.

Now I knew where all this **control** was coming from—

I had **suppressed** and **contained** this **rage**
lurking in the **basement** of my being.

And I was **glad** I had lost the weight—

because if this had exploded anywhere else,
I could have done **irreversible damage** to myself and others.

I was **out of breath**.

Beneath all that **rage** was a **sobbing child**—
scared shitless.

Thank **God** I had read trauma books,
including *Waking the Tiger*,

because I understood that this was **somatic trauma** being released.

I was able to **observe myself** through the process
rather than be **completely consumed** by it.

And for the first time in my life,

I felt absolutely **shameless**.

They asked me to **stand** at the end of the **love shoe**
and **look everyone in the eyes**.

My **chest was pumping**,
my **hair damp** with sweat,
spittle **hanging off my lips**.

I felt **renewed**,
though my **legs trembled**.

This **inner child**, the one who had absorbed so much **rage**,
was **petrified** and had done **everything it could** to hide from this **energy**.

This was the **root** of it all—

the **soil** my **seed** had grown from.

And now—

It revealed everything.

My Addiction

The **extremes** I would go to **avoid** this very moment.

What was buried inside that **rage** was...

Jealousy.

Fuck.

I really am that **jealous**.

I needed to be **special** in everyone's eyes—
especially my partners.

I would **shape-shift**,
bend myself backward,
abandon my own needs

just to give them what I thought they needed—
so they would **stay**.

Of course—

it **never worked**.

The **program** I had installed?

They would **leave me**—
just like my **mother did when she died**.

So there was **never** going to be a **happy ending**.

I guess that's why I sought it in **massage parlors**—
the **promise** of a happy ending.

Another illusion, for sure.

My **mother's attention** was **scarce**—

between **cancer** and an **open marriage**,
it was **barely there**.

So when I did have it,
I did **whatever I could** to be **special**.

But the truth was—

I **wasn't special enough** to keep her.

I was fundamentally **not enough**.

The others took the attention away from me.

Fuck me.

Am I really that **petty**?

But of course—

The relationship you have with your parents,
is what you have with the world.

The **relationship** you had with your **childhood**
is what you have with life

I had to **accept**, to transcend it.

This **void** I carried?

It was **massive**.

Because I was building **The New Earth** —
because that's what I thought we'd be doing
together,

But we weren't.

It was just me,
carrying the idea,
clinging to a vision.

And yet,
I kept building it as part of a team.

But really,
I was building The New Earth alone —
while still needing
to be special.

. Not just to the people I met.
But to the **whole fucking world.**

Fuck me.

That's a lot of **pressure.**

I had created a **messiah complex,**
and now it **all made sense.**

My **insignificance**
gave me **significance.**

To **feed the disease of withdrawal,**
I had built a **complex** so extreme
that it reinforced the **void of disconnection.**

If I were to be **vulnerable** with people—
if I were to **share my truth—**

it would go **against my complex.**

Sharing meant **connecting** with people.

And **connection**
threatened my **specialness.**

It was a **strange dichotomy** to be in.

A **deeper shame** lurked there.

I also felt **guilty** for being **special—**

something my **mom and dad** had instilled in me unknowingly.

It had **separated me** from my **siblings.**

Whatever I got—

I also got the **opposite.**

The complete **duality**.

It was **splitting me in two**.

The **Gnostic Gospels** rang loud and clear:

"Make the two into One,

and the inner as the outer,

and the outer as the inner,

the above as below,

the male and female into a single One.

So the male isn't male,

and the female isn't female anymore.

When you make two eyes into a single eye,

a hand into a hand,

a foot into a foot,

a picture into a picture—

then you'll enter the Kingdom."

Processing the Shame

I had another share,

still processing the **shame bubbling to the surface**,

allowing me to **connect the dots**.

My mind went blank.

I didn't know what else to say,

so I just blurted out:

"I have a messiah complex."

I half-expected a unanimous **"No shit,"**

considering I looked like all the Messiahs had thrown up on me.

Well, that's what I thought of myself in that moment.

Then, without thinking, I went on:

**"I just realised how jealous I am
and how special I need to be—it's fucking exhausting.**

I mean, look—I've just come back from India,
feeling like **Buddha**;
I'm reading and fasting like an **Essene**, like **Jeshua**,
and going into battle like **Arjun** with **Krishna** by my side.

Well, actually...
I said I had the **Bhagavad Gita coming out of my ass."**

I wasn't just trying to be one of them.
I was trying to be **all** of them.

Meditating.
Fasting.
Reading daily.

Reaching for **impossible heights**.

Fuck. I'm even jealous that Jeshua is God's favorite.

I mean, come on.

Then again, would I be willing to be **crucified like Jeshua**?

Err, probably not.

But maybe **this book is my crucifixion**
in my own "special" way.

The **Love Shoe** fell about laughing.

And I felt a **weight lift**.

The **ridiculous expectations** I had placed on myself—
to be seen as **special in all of humanity's eyes**—
began to **crumble**.

I laughed,
but I was still **committed to this path**.

Just with a **lighter perspective**.
And **clearer intentions**.

Weirdly, there was **wisdom in this**.

Truth is wisdom—

Not what I think I need to say to be **seen as special**.

We are only victims to the suppression of our truth, once it's out, its no longer truth.

Who Am I?

One of Osho's dynamic meditations included the "WHO" practice — where you jump up and down, repeating the phrase:

"Who am I?"

On the fourth day, I was deep in it.

Sweating, shaking, shouting:

"Who am I? Who am I? Who am I?"

And then —

a voice answered:

"Bringer of truth."

It came clear.

Over and over.

Bringer of truth.

But part of me started questioning it.

Like...

Was this real?

Or was I just trying to be special?

Maybe whoever — or whatever — was giving me that answer

was just indulging me

because I kept asking —

even though I got the answer five minutes ago...and kept getting the same answer over and over.

But still,

the process was beautiful.

I was feeling everything.

The Price of Specialness

Resentments build up over time,
distorting our **perception of reality**,
leaving us **emotionally charged**,
searching for a **permanent solution**
from a **temporary illusion**.

“To be **special** means to be **self-created**—
so there is **no God**—
and to be **distinct from others**.

Preferably **better**—
but **worse** will do.

It contrasts **the ego’s demands** versus **God’s blueprint**.”

A Key to the Ascension

I was lying down after one of the processes
when our group’s **facilitator** walked up to me.

"How are you doing?" she asked.

I was **scared**.

Overwhelmed by the prospect
of **who I actually am**.

I joked,
telling her she reminded me
of the **blue alien opera singer**
from *The Fifth Element*—
passing on the device Bruce Willis needed.

We **laughed**.

In that moment,
I was **okay**.

I had just **received new information**—
something that **unlocked an aspect of myself**,
crucial for my ascension.

We laughed at the **absurdity of the situation...**
But there was also a **deep recognition**
of the **gravity** of that moment.

Admitting to my messiah complex...

Could that have been the **key?**

Could it have allowed **humility to enter—**
making space for a **holy spiritual being**
to encompass me?

I wasn't there yet.

But the **possibility lingered...**

Passing through **every cell in my body.**

It was the final day, I was in my heart and was ready to transition to the outside world, then, I turned my phone on.

And saw a message.

A **picture of two women** inviting anyone for a massage,
with the text:

"Were these the girls you saw for a massage?"

It hit me like a **Mike Tyson punch to the sternum.**

I felt a **week's worth of work slip through my fingers.**

All my fears came rushing back.

Of course, it was all energetic.

The **darkness surfaced**
to be healed by the **light.**

I put my **heart out there.**

And in doing so,
the situation was transformed

I am **enough as I am.**

Not scared.
Not molding myself into anyone but me.

Rejuvenation

When I walked away,
I felt **rejuvenated**—
as if this realization would truly **assist me**
as I stepped forward with **truth in every avenue**.

I got **myself out of the way**.

And the **cup within me** started to fill.

And the more I **gave**,
the **larger the cup grew**.

The Path of Love echoes through us
each and every day.

Today is just **preparation**
for what's to come.

As it will be for the **rest of our lives**.

Part 5 Ayahuasca

Meeting the Divine Mother

I had just finished recording a **podcast with a guest**.

Then, someone showed me a video—

An **AI-generated clip of Trump taking Ayahuasca**
And having a **spiritual awakening**.

In it, he changed **completely**.

Leading a life eerily **similar to mine**.

It was **funny** at first.

Then someone told me,

"When Aya is ready for you, she will call you."

I had known about Ayahuasca for **over a decade**—

Back when I was an **IT recruiter**,
Sitting in my **office**,
Feeling like **something was missing**.

The idea of trekking to **Peru**

And drinking this **strange medicine**
Felt like a **distant dream**.
Something **other people did**.

It surfaced in my awareness.

Then disappeared again.

I had done DMT, Shrooms (many times) Yopo, San Pedro, Peyote and Kambo as well as all the other recreational....medicines.

It just wasn't my time.

Until **now**.

Just after my event, the guest I had on my podcast told me

Someone was coming to the middle east to hold a ceremony.

"If you want to join, let me know."

I didn't hesitate.

Yes!

The moment I saw the **woman leading the ceremony**, I felt it—
Pure love and wisdom radiating from her.

This was **it**.

I had been **preparing**,
Even if I didn't **realize it at first**.

- **Vipassana.**
- **My reading.**
- **My meditations.**
- **Keeping close to God.**
- **Taking responsibility for my life.**

I was **praying morning and night**.
Cleaning the cup.

And for the first time,
I wasn't **afraid**.

The fear had **evaporated**.

Mildred, the Tree

Every morning, during my **yenergy work**,
I sat next to a tree—

I started calling her **Mildred**.

A name that echoes from my childhood as my father used to call me, my siblings or friends this name.

I would **hug her**,
Place my hands on her,
And **whisper...**

"Thank you for sustaining us."

"For loving us unconditionally."

"For sheltering us and cleaning our air."

I thought about the **forests burning** across the world
And felt a **deep sadness** for her family.

And I had a **little request**.

Mildred...

If you can...

Put in a good word for me with mother Aya.

Let her know I'm a **kind man....**

Anything to make this **transition easier.**

I was clutching at straws or in this case...sticks.

Leading Up to the Ceremony...

I had just **completed the next part of my spiritual accounting—**

With the help of **ChatGPT**, of all things.

It shaved off **weeks, maybe even months of work.**

I wasn't sure if I had **missed the point** of the exercise by doing it this way,

But it was **my experience**, and I was enjoying the process.

I had planned to **share everything** just before sitting with **Aya—**

To **clear myself** of all **shit.**

Seeing my **darkest secrets and resentments** laid out in a **spreadsheet**

Made me **understand why** the **light** couldn't **fully shine through.**

I had been **carrying so much.**

And yet—once I **saw it all on paper,**

It wasn't as **bad** as I had made it out to be in my **mind.**

I shared it with my **sponsor**

And another **trusted person,**

Dissolving the **old Arthur** in preparation for meeting the **Divine Mother.**

I wanted her to be **gentle with me.**

I was **adamant** about getting it **all done before the ceremony.**

But in my **urgency**, I had created **more stress.**

So...

I let go.

Whatever was to **come, would come.**

I had to **trust the process.**

The Mind vs. The Heart

I was doing **all I could**
To be **free from my mind**
And align with **my heart**.

I had a few **negative experiences** with **shrooms**.

A friend had **held space** for me,
But I carried **resentment**
For how the **ceremonies were conducted**.

I **couldn't get past it**.

It caused me **immense pain and discomfort**—
As if I had **visited hell** and I **wasn't allowed to move until it was over**.

And I **never wanted to go back**.

I thought I had **broken my brain**.

I even went for an **MRI much later**.

Preparation

I went to see a **naturopath** to help me **prepare**.

She had taken **many people to Peru** for **Ayahuasca ceremonies**.

She guided me into **breathing into my base chakra**.

Anytime my **mind showed up with fear**, I would:

1. **Breathe In.**
2. **Hold my breath** for a count of **four**.
3. **Breathe out.**
4. **Connect back** to my **sacral chakra**.
5. **Then to my heart**—to feel **kindness**.

If my **mind got in the way**, I would **repeat the process**.

Now, I had a **tool to ground myself**
In case my mind started **racing** and fear **took over**.

I could **return to my body**.

And it would help me in case I **flew away**.

Which, trust me, I very much did.

Arrival

I arrived at the **villa**

And went to my **room**—

Which I would soon **share** with a young **local man**.

I **prepped my space**

And got ready to **head to the main area**—

Preparing for my **trip to meet Mother**.

As I prepared my **bed in the ceremonial space**,

I felt **comfortable**—

Grounding myself before entering the **great unknown**.

We waited until our **facilitator** came down.

She shared her **ageless wisdom** with us

Before **opening the space** for the healing to **begin**.

We **queued up**, and she asked:

"Do you want the tea weak, medium, or strong?"

I was **open**.

I asked her what she thought.

"I think a medium-strong cup would be good for you."

"Sure," I said.

Before I drank, I **set an intention**.

"I am willing for the divine light

To reach the **darkest of places**

And **release me** from the **endless loop of suffering**

From **shame and guilt**—

With **ease, grace, and divine love**."

Bottoms up.

I returned to my **small bed**
And waited for the **medicine to take hold.**

Focusing on my **breath.**
Grounding.

Whenever my **mind interfered,**
I **gently interrupted** the thoughts.

Then, within **ten minutes...**

I felt her.

Mother Aya

I did my best to **breathe into my space,**
But as soon as she **fully took hold—**

She **laid me down** on the bed,
And my **spirit laid down with me.**

Then came the **visions.**

Light.
Color.

A **little fear** crept in,
But I **recognized the truth.**

The **vibrations shifted**
Depending on the **feelings** I projected onto them.

These **entities—**
They weren't **separate.**

They were simply **mirrors.**

I was **creating my own reality.**

So I **dissolved the fear**
With that **realization.**

And then—

I was **engulfed in unconditional love**.

I saw a **cosmic peacock**.

Her **feathers opening wide**.

In that moment—

My **heart melted**.

The **immense love** of the **Great Mother** washing over me.

Mother Aya welcomed me fully. Thanks Mildred.

I **surrendered**.

At one moment,

I felt **connected** to the **galaxies**, to the **planets**.

Then, suddenly,

I returned to my **body**.

My **hands started moving**.

Fluid, **precise movements**—

Like performing **surgery** on myself.

I was **shifting energy**

Around **geometric shapes**.

A **divine intelligence** was **guiding me**.

Moving my hands

In a way that my **mind could not explain**.

I **allowed it**.

And, well—

I had **no choice**.

I was **flawed**,

But here—

I was **whole**.

Then I Remembered... My Intention.

I asked myself:

"What do I need to do to let go of suffering?"

I attempted to **sit up**
To **meditate** on this.

But **Mother Aya** simply spoke.

**"There is nothing for you to do.
You've done enough.
You are more than enough.
You are so worthy.
If only you knew who you truly are."**

A **cosmic orgasm** pulsed through my body.

Every **cell vibrated** with **divine energy**.

It felt like I was undergoing a **spiritual chiropractic session**.
My whole body **realigning**.

The Altar. The Music. The Awakening.

I **opened my eyes**, still within the medicine.

The **altar** came into focus.
The **mandala**.

The **facilitator** was there, along with the **band**—
Musicians from **all over the world**,
Singing deeply from their **souls**.

And suddenly—

I **saw them**.

Each person—
As if they were **beings from multiple planets**,
Incarnated into these **human bodies**.

Their **movements**, their **energy**—
It was **out of this world**.

I saw a **cube around the altar**,
Surrounded by **mirrors**.

I knew people were **on the other side—**
But I **couldn't see them**.

I saw **grids**.
I saw **codes**.

And I **realized—**

This waking life—is just a dream.

And now, I was **seeing true reality**.

No longer looking through the **lenses of my conditioning**.

I was seeing through **Aya's eyes**.

And for the **first time—**

I was **awake**.

The **music** reached **divine heights—**
Their **voices** vibrated through my **soul**.

I thought I was going to **explode into fragments**.

The **energy was too much**.

Could my **body** even **hold it?**

And yet—

I was **okay**.

I felt like I had just **landed in my body**.

Like I had **woken up from the dead**.

Alive.
Bold.
Powerful.

The Second Cup

I was offered **another cup**.

Something in me said **yes**.

But my **body was exhausted**.

Still, I **went up** and took a **small sip**.

At this point, I **couldn't say no**.

It hit me—

Straight to my gut.

I felt the **purge coming**.

I **surrendered**.

Watching the **ceremony fade** around me,
My **energy winding down**.

Integration

I went back to my **room**.

Completely **wiped out**.

But in **awe** of what I had just **witnessed**.

The **vastness** of who we truly are.

There is **no beginning or end**.

We are the cosmos.

We are everything.

I slept for a **few hours** and woke up—

Enough **energy** to do my **yoga practice**.

To **work with my energy**.

The Share

It was time to **share**.

The **facilitator** asked me to go first.

I did my best to **explain the magnificence** of what I had seen.

But how do you put something **so profound** into words?

We had a little time before the next ceremony—

But this one would be **different**.

A **different blend**.

Not an **intergalactic fireworks display**.

This time, we would go **further within**.

Then came the **headache**.

A **migraine**.

Concerned if I would be **okay for the next ceremony**.

I went back to my **room**.

Tried to **sleep**.

But I **couldn't rest**.

The **headache lingered**.

I did my best to **move through it**.

I got ready and headed to the main room, looking for electrolytes.

Someone suggested I take a Panadol.

I hesitated.

I don't usually take painkillers.

But they assured me it wouldn't interfere with the medicine.

So, I **trusted the process**.

I took it, deciding to **let go of the pain.**

I got into position, looking for my purging bucket.

The facilitators partner told me there was only **one bucket for two people.**

I felt a little **reactive.**

I wanted my own bucket.

Something in me knew **this would be the time for my purge.**

As the ceremony started, she asked how I wanted it.

She could **sense my energy.**

“I’ll give you a little less.”

I nodded.

I trusted the process.

I took my shot and sat down.

It took longer this time.

But within 30 minutes...

I felt her take hold.

Like **vines growing through my body.**

Rooting me into the ground.

I was sitting **directly opposite the altar.**

They had moved the **men to the center, the women to the sides.**

I could feel **Jeshua, Buddha, and Hermes/Thoth with me.**

I was **the universe itself.**

And then...

A **Merlin-type figure** appeared.

He looked directly at me—

As if **it were me**.

Stars and galaxies surrounded him.

He/I was juggling **planets**—

Shifting **geometric energy fields** in my mind's eye.

And my **hands... followed**.

This time, I was **aware**.

I understood.

I wasn't just moving my hands—

I was **moving energy**.

Like a ballerina who had just found her legs—

After decades of being locked away.

Merlin/I juggled three consciousnesses.

Jeshua — love and compassion.

Buddha — mind and enlightenment.

Hermes/Thoth — creation and architecture.

Biting my nails, tapping my fingers, **ADHD...**

It all suddenly made sense.

My body had been trying to **move energy** the way it was meant to.

I just needed to **remember**.

At one point, I became aware of the **others** around me.

Some of the guys were **noisy**.

But I was **completely at ease**.

I **didn't care** how I looked.

For most of the ceremony, I was in a **deep meditative state**.

Receiving **downloads**.

Truths.

Heavier and heavier.

Until...

I felt the **entire line of humanity** coming to meet me.

Then, from the side—

A man, who had taken Ayahuasca for **20 years**,

Yawned loudly.

Something in me... **flared.**

Cynicism. Contempt.

How could someone do this so often and still be so unconscious of others?

I realized:

Each time we **seek**, we **disturb nature**.

We **trek, travel, take** from Mother Earth...

Until we remember.

But unless we **practice** what we learn—

We will continue to **seek**...

At the **cost of the planet**.

I was **one with the collective**.

And then...

A **surge of power** came through me.

And **it spoke**.

“Humanity is full of shit.”

I saw a **nuclear bomb** go off.

And I was in **awe**.

Then, **Jeshua entered me**.

As if—

After **2,500 years**—

Since he had **released the doves and chickens from their cages...**

He was now seeing the world **in its current state**.

We sighed.

Released **all control**.

And **accepted it**.

Humans are humans.

Having **our human experience**.

I accepted us for our good, our bad, our wrong, our rights, our judgments, and our acceptance.

All the **shame and guilt** I carried **melted away**
As the knowing that **we are all full of shit**
Made no one **better or worse** than the other.

What separated the **masters** from the **students**
Was the capacity to **accept this truth** about ourselves.

Master.

That word **kept coming to me**.

Who is **truly** a master?
What makes a master?

I felt that energy come to me
As my **higher self** showed up within me—
As the **master of worlds**.

And yet—
I was still a **student**
Just at the **beginning** of his **spiritual awakening**.

I found solace in the fact that
I will **always** be a student.

Which makes me a **master**.

Because if I were to land as if I **knew**,
My **channel** would stop **receiving**.

Because to be a master
is to remain in continuous expansion—
aligned with the ever-expanding consciousness of the whole.

I didn't feel anyone was **better or worse** than me.

As if—
Everything I had been seeking
Had been **seeking me**.

So there was **nothing to do**
But to truly **be**.

The gurus had **all** experienced this knowing to some degree.

Yet, they were **no different** from me.

Because once I was **connected to the divine**,
I had **access to all the ageless wisdom**.

I felt **richer**.
Bolder.

This experience **melted away** the **anxiety**.
The **seeking**.
The **doer**.

And I **landed fully in my body**.

The body that carried **all the wisdom I would ever need—**
To **carry the torch**.

Whenever I heard others **purge** around me,
Whenever I felt **sickness** or a **headache**,

My body would **move my hands**.

Fluid.
Precise.

I was **moving the energy**.

And in an **instant**—
The **pain was gone**.

I was with **Aya**.
And she was **fully with me**.

All my **prayers, affirmations, and clearing of shame, guilt, and resentment**
Had made way for **Aya to show up completely**.

Because now—
I had **dissolved** the **little wounded child**
Who was still attached to his **mum and dad**.

And the words came:

“Grow up.”

Not in the way I once thought.
Not with **resistance**.

It wasn't a **dismissal**—
It was a **call to rise**.

To **grow upwards**, like a tree—
To **sustain** and **shelter others**.

My **roots** were growing **deeper** into the **earthly mother**.
And my **spirit** was rising **higher** to the **heavenly father**.

I felt **safe**.

Divinely protected.

And it was **safe to be seen**.

Safe to **stand in my truth.**

Safe to take **responsibility** for my reality—in its **totality.**

No matter what was to come,

I would **greet it with loving truth.**

The **grid** showed up again.

The **mirrored cube.**

The **matrix code.**

And I saw reality for what it **was.**

And realized—

The **reality I had been living before...**

Was the **dream.**

Aya had **woken me up.**

And I felt **healed.**

As the ceremony closed,

I felt an **abundance of energy**

Where before, I had felt **tired and anxious.**

Now?

I felt **completely different.**

And honestly—

I even felt **silly** for ever feeling that way in the first place.

Because now, **I knew who I was.**

And I knew what **we were all capable of.**

When we **remember.**

I felt **whole.**

Complete.

Aligned to the divine.

For the **first time**—
I felt **settled**.

I took myself **back to my room**,
Drifted off to **sleep**,
And let it all **integrate**.

Every revelation.
Every truth.
Everything I had been shown.

The Next Morning

I felt **more rested** than I had ever felt.

I **packed my things**,
And we all gathered in the **main room** to share.

A woman came up to me.

“I feel like we are from the same planet.”

She had seen how my **hands moved**—the same way hers did.

The facilitator then went around

To each of us,
To share our **experience** from last night.

I sat, **listening**.

Some shared about their **visions**.
Some spoke about **healing**.
Some had **physical purges**, releasing what no longer served them.

One beautiful soul shared
how her body had **purged from every orifice** —
she couldn't control any of it.

It was raw, unfiltered.
That had been one of my deepest fears —
that taking these medicines
would make me **completely lose control**.

I admired her
for the truth she shared.

For owning it without shame.

For showing us what surrender really looks like.

Then, the **facilitator** looked at me.

it was **my turn**.

"I like Arthur's shares.

I like all of yours, but he has a certain... flavour."

"Not sure you're going to like this flavour," I half-joked aloud,
Bracing for what was to come.

I took a deep breath.

And then, I spoke.

I felt this **knowing**.

This **power**.

But also—this **heaviness**.

The **truth** just came out.

Without thinking.

I continued to speak.

"We are all full of shit."

Maybe **not** the best way to make friends,

But it was **true for me**.

I said—

**"What's the point of all this if we wait for others to be the change...
...when it's who we are in every moment?"**

I can sit with the **divine**,

But if I go home and treat my **kids disrespectfully**,

Then what did I **really learn**?

I'd be a **hypocrite**.

Coming here just to **get high—**

And then **forgetting it all**.

I spoke about **the loud yawner**.

A man who had done this for **20 years**—

Yet was one of the most **unconscious people in the room**.

Because **unless we practice and integrate what we learn**,

We are just **abusing it**.

I told them—

We are **human**.

We have to **accept that we benefit from war**.

Because the **comfort we enjoy today?**

Came **at the cost of war**.

The **technology we use?**

The **advancements we have?**

They all came at the **cost of something**.

"Who are we to hate war... when we benefit from it?"

It's not about **hating war**.

It's about **loving it**.

And transcending it **completely**.

Because as long as we **hate it**,

As long as we **fight against it**,

We will always **attract the opposite** to balance it out.

The **facilitator** stepped in.

She felt I was telling people **how they should be**.

I **stopped her**.

"Let me finish."

Because something **was coming through me**.

A **power**.

A **force**.

The very **same energy** that allows humans to be **laser-focused** on achieving **what they desire—**

Even if it comes at a cost.

Even if it means sacrificing **nature, people, animals, the Earth itself**.

And at that moment—

I realised:

This was why I was here.

I continued to share, We want change, but are we recycling the waste from these ceremonies?

Are we composting the food?

We have just been served **chicken** and **fish**,

And we don't even know how it got here.

We can no longer judge others

Or point out the **splinter** in someone else's eye

When the **plank** is sticking out of ours..

As **Jeshua** said —

Matthew 7:3 (paraphrased).

I thought of **the guru**,
Who rides his motorcycle across America —
killing countless bugs along the way.

Or the new **community space** he wants to build,
within nature,
yet still shaping it to human design.

Then **the guru of personal mastery** —
creating more wealth, and leading others to do the same,
building luxury retreats
that **displace wildlife**
in order to offer **comfort within nature.**

We all must destroy in order to create.
Unless we decide to collectively sit still and meditate from **morning** to night.
But that's not what this **human experience** is about.
We are here to taste it all.

This is **God** experiencing all facets of reality simultaneously.
No one is **better** or **worse**.

To transcend **human consciousness** is to accept and love ourselves—
And all those on their path—just as they are.
We must stop **comparing** and start looking at ourselves,
Being the **example**.

I could feel this triggering a lot of people, including the **facilitator**.
The part of me that had been the **pleaser** to survive
Had taken a seat at the back of the bus as this **power** spoke through me.
I could feel that pleaser going **red** in the cheeks, feeling for him and for the others listening,
But it was the **truth given me and now mine to share.**

She disagreed on loving **war**—saying maybe **compassion** instead.
She said some tribes had **harmony** before.
I agreed and said **Jeshua** was an Essene, and they had harmony too.
I said,
This is the time for a new consciousness.

To dissolve and transcend all the laws of **duality**.
It may not make sense, but it is needed to bring about the birth of the **New Earth**.
I am no longer **waiting**.
I am no longer looking to convince anyone of this **truth**.
I am here, now, **building** it.

I could see this was triggering her,
As she said, “Be careful not to feel **superior**.”
I knew what she meant,
And yet, this **power** was intoxicating.

I finished and declared again that **love** was the way.
That I wasn’t propagating more **war** or seeking **peace**.
I simply observed that both played their parts, and I appreciated both.
Neither **good** nor **bad**.

As **Buddha** taught:
Not to seek **pleasure**.
Not to avoid **pain**.
Keeping both objectives in mind—because both are **impermanent**.
This is how we dissolve **misery** within ourselves and within the collective.

I wasn’t here to **convince**.
I knew it.
I know it.
And I was willing to declare it.

The room was **quiet**.
Stirred.
Everyone was deeply reflecting.

As others shared, I felt this **energy** with me.
I knew it,

But my old parts were still seeking **validation**.
Yet how could they get it if the **pleaser** was at the back of the bus?

One of my **brothers** related to what I had said, telling me he got me.
I felt **heard**.
Not misunderstood—as if I was happy with **war**.

I struggled to stay with this **truth**,
Because it went against all my old **programs**.
Yet I released myself from that **burden**.

I touched base with the **facilitator**,
And we came to an understanding.
She advised that how I delivered what I'd learned would get **pushback**.

Another **brother** came to me—someone who had played **music** so powerfully it nearly exploded me into fragments.

And he said,
“**I feel the same way as you. But you say it so well.**”
I felt **heard**.
Understood.

The divine may have been speaking through me,
but I was still human.
It felt amazing to be validated, to be connected.
That *power* stayed with me the next day.

And I didn't want to lose it.
Because some part of me feared that without it,
I would return to that place—
the feeling of being lost, helpless, abandoned.

And yet I felt safe.
Not because of the power itself—
but because I was aligned.

Aligned with who I truly was.
Not with the performance of power I once thought I needed to survive.

I was able to integrate.
I walked.
I moved through my Yenergy practice—
Yoga and Energy.
I hugged a tree and felt all of humanity's suffering move through me.
And I thanked the divine for the capacity to love through it.

That *power*—
the same force used to push through evolution, to build, to conquer,
to rise up from grief and survival—
was no longer needed in the same way.
It had served its purpose.
But it had also left casualties behind.

I saw it for what it was:
an ancient drive, once vital, now ready to be released.
I let it go.
I let the divine step in.

Because power, when it has nowhere to go,
when it's trapped in the **triangle** of Suppression, Attachment, and Dependency,
becomes distortion.

I may have felt ready to stand in my truth,
but if the system around me can't hold it—
it falls through the cracks.

That's what I'd felt before.
That rising energy, that moment of clarity...
and nowhere for it to land.

But now—
I was free.
Not because I clung to power.
But because I surrendered it.
And allowed the divine to guide me instead.

I was still battling with the hard truth I left with everyone the day before.
Wondering if the **facilitator** thought I was some **empowered**, spiritual **know-it-all**.

I humbled myself.
Felt **safe** in my own **knowing**.
Not needing anything from anyone.
Accepting what was.

Everything happened so fast.
I came home feeling **empowered**, only to find that
power slipping through me like water draining
through a **colander**.

This **addiction**—this **persona** I had created—
Had entrenched me deeply in suppression, attachment and dependency.
Every time I tried to break free,
I ended up creating a situation to break free from.

I was not able to stand in my **power**
in the dynamics that had manifested itself.
I was **attached** to the life I had.
I was **dependent** on it.
It was as if the **power** of **Aya** was just a whisper—
Giving me just enough strength
to begin unraveling the entire existence I had built.

An existence built on **fear** and **dishonor**
rather than **love** and **honor**.

I just didn't feel right in this life.

I could feel the **spirit** growing,
But the container I was in was restricting me—
Like a lobster searching for a new shell to live out the rest of its life.

I was continuing my spiritual accounting.
Going through all the **Shilt** I had compiled over my lifetime—
Now laid out neatly on an **Excel spreadsheet**.

I had a list of every person I had harmed
since **school**.

And I was reaching out to make
amends to each and every one of them.

The more I focused on clearing my
spiritual accounts,
The more the **life** I was living started to break down.

I was **committed**.
No matter what.

And even if I had wanted to stop, I couldn't.
Something else had taken over.

My old tendencies of hiding the **truth** was the final straw.

It was as if the **juvenile** part of me was rebelling against **authority**—
and because I was **dependent**, those outside of me had become the perceived **authority**.

Whatever had been **suppressed** was now coming up for air,
dragging me in a direction that left me deeply **conflicted**.

It all began to unravel and I had only just begun to embrace honesty in its totality.

It was time to sit with myself—
to truly know the one I was sharing space and time with.

Part 40 Days

Thank you for reading this far.

If you are an editor, or someone who feels called to be part of the next stage of this book, we would love to hear from you.

If you have the time, energy and willingness to walk alongside us through the editing of the remaining chapters and the writing of the new material, please reach out. Our intention is to continue this journey through the rest of 2026, bringing the book into its next form and completing the editing and new material by the end of the year.

This is being written in August 2026, on a day when a gigantic step is taking place towards the establishment of the New Earth taking hold on Planet Earth.

Thank you for being here.

Thank you for reading.

We love you.

Alex & Zarah Roseman

All our love, all the time.