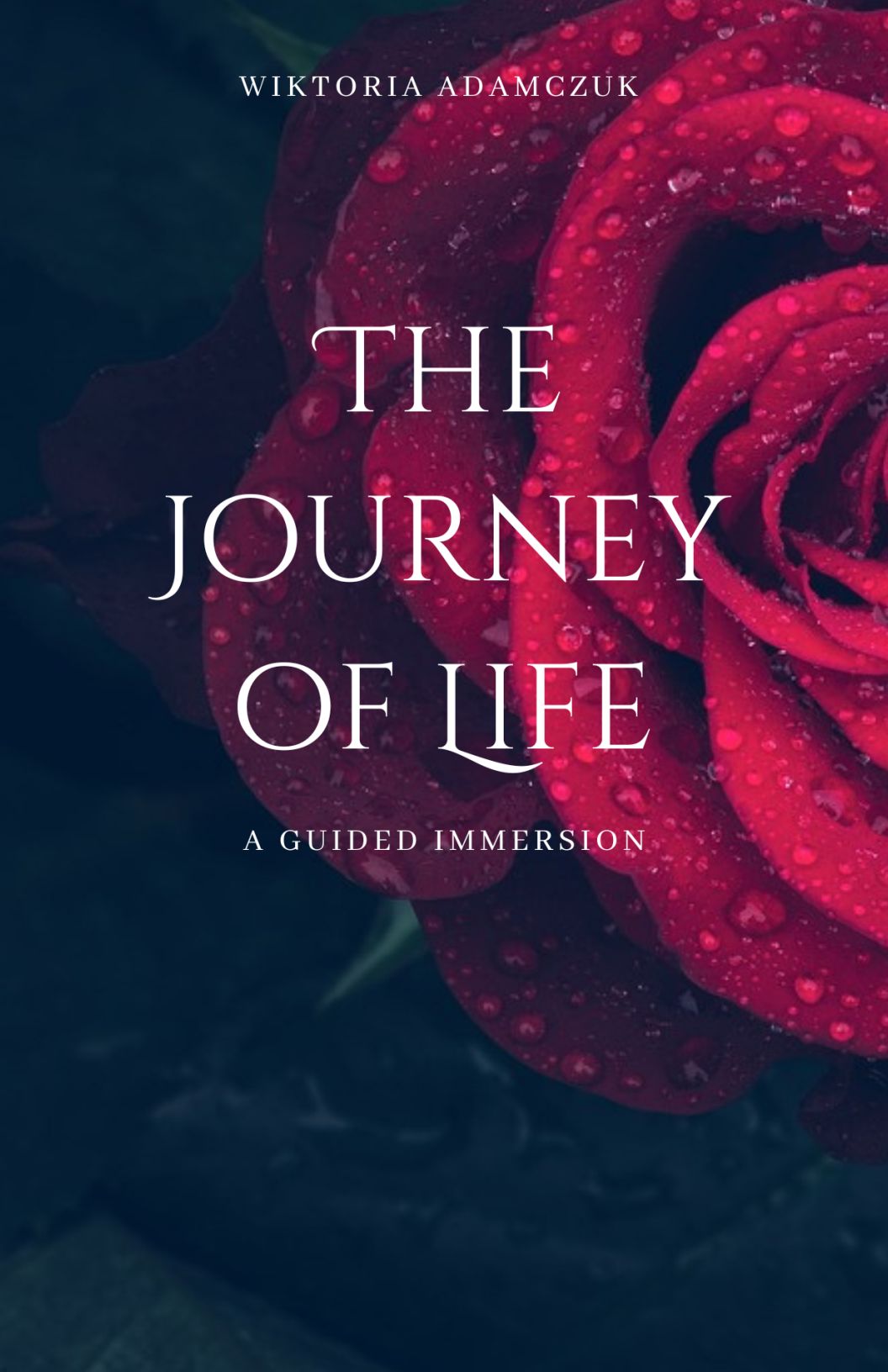




WIKTORIA ADAMCZUK

THE JOURNEY OF LIFE

A GUIDED IMMERSION

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The Journey of Life
A Guided Immersion

by Wiktoria Adamczuk

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A Thank You

To every being who changed my life and the way I see the world—

You opened my heart and, at times, gave me the kick I needed.

You joined me on the journey back to myself,

Reminding me that life is more than just existing.

There is love, joy, and freedom in every passing moment.

And there is even more.

Let me show you.

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The Beginning

You, a beautiful spark of life, a glowing soul, somehow decided to come down here once more—into this world filled with other souls who, just like you, have forgotten. Not only forgotten, but been made to forget.

This begins right after conception and depends greatly on how your family behaves. If your parents are always arguing, you feel and hear those emotions and tensions. Your life may begin in a state of constant alert. On the other hand, you might be surrounded by love, resting carefree in your mother's womb.

When the time comes, you enter the stage of birth. Not many experience a loving, natural birth guided by a mother fully connected to her body and its rhythms. Many women have forgotten how to live in harmony with their own wisdom. Birth can become a new trauma—not only for the mother, but also for you. You arrive in this world, the connection to the only home you have known is cut, and you are placed into unfamiliar hands. Such a warm welcome... But you likely don't remember, so you believe it doesn't matter.

Yet there are moments later in childhood that you do remember. Moments you cherish, and moments you wish you could forget.

Times when you felt your mother's love as she held you close or kissed your bleeding knee. And times when you feared the sting of punishment after misbehaving. So many possibilities, so many different upbringings. And no matter how it unfolded—whether filled with love or marked by pain—it shaped us. It taught us how to behave, how to avoid rejection, how to gain approval, and how to survive. It accustomed us to life. We learned.

Then comes school—a time some look forward to and others dread. You are placed in a system built on concepts and rules. There is a structure you are expected to fit into. If you don't, you stand out. And if you continue not to adjust, you stand out even more as time passes.

There are two kinds of standing out: the “positive” and the “negative.” You remember the beautiful, popular girl or the boy who made everyone laugh. They belong to the first kind. Then there were the others—the smart girl with acne or the overweight boy. You remember them too. They stood out, but not in the way society celebrates. It might have seemed easier if they had simply gone unnoticed.

Then comes puberty. Some developed curves; others developed illnesses. Some transformed from “nerd” to admired beauty, others the opposite. No matter what happened, it rarely felt like enough. So many expectations, so much shame, judgment, projection, and comparison. Over nearly a decade, each of us gathered some kind of baggage.

Regardless of upbringing or treatment, we are all shaped—sometimes wounded—by our experiences. It is not only the obvious traumas but also the smallest moments that leave scars for life. Even if you were popular, successful, or seemingly perfect, there were likely things beneath the surface that were not right.

Some of you might think, “I was beaten every day at school, and you’re telling me that perfect girl had serious problems too?” No. I am saying: never judge a book by its cover—better yet, never judge a person. You never know what shaped someone into who they are. Perhaps that girl was punished at home for bringing back a poor grade. Perhaps she carried the crushing pressure of maintaining a family’s perfect image. Those who appeared flawless were rarely without pain, even if they never spoke of it. On one side, there are those with visible wounds; on the other, the countless many with invisible ones.

Sooner or later, you move through this heaven or hell called school. Perhaps you go to university, perhaps straight into work. Life can unfold in countless ways, and I cannot name them all. But many know the familiar path: the 8-to-5 job, the house with a white picket fence, a dog, and two children. For some, this is the dream—the ultimate goal. “Then I will have it all,” they think. Others dream of traveling the world or building a remarkable career.

And so life moves forward—and eventually ends. At least for those who never begin to question it.

Until that pivotal moment, many of us drift further away from ourselves. Through much of our lives, we are guided onto paths that are not truly our own. We move away from our essence, from the truth within us.

And yet—this is the path we chose. It became the only way to survive and to belong in this world. Our soul knows there is meaning in it; it longs for the experience. Everything we have lived and continue to live carries purpose. It unfolds as it must.

Perhaps there is not yet enough trust within you—trust in Life, trust in the greater Whole—to accept everything you resist. But maybe, one day, you will look back and realize that it was always meant to be exactly as it was.

Expectations

The source of expectations lies in losing the qualities we once had as children. As we move through life, we encounter different foods, places, and people. Unconsciously, we form opinions and preferences. We store memories of these experiences, and when something new appears, we compare it to what we already know.

We taste an apple, and when we eat another, we already expect it to taste a certain way. Our experience is shaped by the past. Instead of savoring this apple for what it truly is, we eat it quickly and decide whether it was good or not.

The same happens with people. At some point, someone influences our perspective. In relationships, for example, you may develop a preference for dark-haired women, and because of that, others are dismissed before they are even given a chance.

Perhaps you once met someone who deeply moved you and brought you happiness. If it ended, you might search for someone new while comparing them to the one before. Without realizing it, what you truly long for may be something entirely different—something you are overlooking.

This applies to many areas of life. We believe we see clearly and without judgment, yet unconsciously we place people into categories and move through life only half-aware.

Judgements

We are all human—every single one of us. We are the same in essence; we are equal. And yet, many of us forget this.

Some try to treat everyone equally but do not truly feel it. They act for appearances, hiding their real opinions. Still, at least they are trying. Perhaps one day they will genuinely live from the deep conviction that, at our core, we are all the same.

Others do not understand equality at all. They believe they are better—or worse—than others. They see differences not simply as variations, but as categories. Society creates labels, marking us instead of allowing us to simply be who we are. Traits that make us unique become qualifications for worth. You must have this, be that, achieve something else—sometimes just to receive tolerance, a smile, or basic respect.

Over the years, we have learned that certain traits are considered superior. Being white, coming from a “good” family, having a strong education, fitting into the norm—these things can make life easier. Those who differ from this so-called norm stand out sooner or later. Some from birth, because of illness or disability. Others later, perhaps because they rebel or choose a different path.

Often, those who are treated unequally understand equality most deeply—at least as long as their pain does not turn into hatred. Disrespect breeds more disrespect, sometimes escalating into deep division, even war. Judgment is everywhere, often unconsciously stored within us.

The first step toward equality is respect. No matter how someone looks, what job they have, or how they act, they deserve respect simply because they are human—just as you are. You are both equally human. Even if you disagree with the way someone lives, their humanity remains untouched.

Think of a human being. What image comes to mind? Why did you choose that image? Because of gender? Appearance? Why does that image feel “more human” to you than another? If you truly believed that all are simply human, you might choose the first image you see—because no matter the appearance, each person is equally human. So who defines the “norm,” and why does it influence us so deeply?

Judgment is placed upon us from the outside. It teaches us what is “right” and what is “wrong,” shaping how we see others. Instead of seeing a person, we see interpretations. We analyze visible traits and attach stories to them.

We see no makeup and think:

Is she ill? Lazy? Unfeminine?

Doesn't she care about her appearance or reputation?

We see heavy makeup and think:

Is she seeking attention? Going to a party?

Is she trying to look older or hide imperfections?

We see someone overweight and think:

Does he overeat? Live on fast food?

Doesn't he have self-control? Is he unhealthy?

We see someone underweight and think:

Is he starving himself? Struggling with an eating disorder?

Is he obsessed with appearance or fitness?

But what if these people simply are as they are—because of genetics, upbringing, or personal comfort? What if this is normal for them, and they do not question it the way we do?

If the differences were invisible, we would not react the same way. If someone had one extra bone, you would never know—and nothing would change. Yet when differences are visible, our attitude often shifts.

How do you truly feel about others? Go for a walk. Look at someone, and at the same time notice the judgments forming in your mind. They do not have to be negative; they may even be positive. Observe what triggers your reactions. What attracts you? What makes you withdraw? Search your memories for the roots of these responses. Discover what shaped your perceptions.

We are different individuals with different appearances, interests, and paths. Equality does not mean ignoring these differences. It means seeing them clearly and accepting them as natural. Acceptance comes after respect. It means recognizing that every job, every passion, every appearance, every state of mind is part of the human experience. If it were not human, it would not exist.

Look at small children. They do not care whom they play with—until someone tells them they should.

Why do we allow ourselves to be influenced so easily? Why are we taught that some are more worthy than others? We are all human. No one is more or less human than you. Nothing is inherently more right or wrong—it is simply different.

Do not turn away from your own humanity. Do not forget it. Do not convince yourself that you are above ordinary struggles or superior to others. And if you ever feel that way, remind yourself: in the end, we are all just human. You included.

The Marathon of Life

We are constantly running toward a bigger goal—one we deeply yearn for. We carry dreams we want to achieve, and until we do, life in its simplest form can feel unsatisfying. There is always something greater on the horizon. We call it a dream, a desire—something positive. And it is, as long as it does not control us. As long as we can relax into daily life, enjoy it, and feel content with what already is.

But sometimes we cannot. We feel that dream waiting for us, urging us forward, reminding us there is something to accomplish. It hovers above us. That is why we run.

We tend to slow down for others—during deep conversations, lingering kisses, shared moments. Yet we rarely slow down for ourselves. And I do not mean scheduling time to meditate, follow a morning routine, read, or eat alone. Those are still activities, often planned—just another item in a busy calendar.

Instead, notice how you move through the smallest actions of your day. In those unconscious moments, you can see whether you are truly living or merely rushing.

For example, how do you wash your face or apply lotion? Is it done quickly, almost mechanically, in ten seconds flat? Do you even notice yourself doing it? Why not slow down? Massage your skin gently. Care for it. It is the only face you will ever have. It stays with you for a lifetime.

Later, you might see two lovers on the street and long for someone to touch your face with tenderness. But why should someone else offer what you deny yourself? You do not want to “waste” time massaging cream into your own skin, yet you hope someone else will take their precious time to do it for you. Yes, being touched by another is different—but why should care begin with someone else and not with you?

Do not expect from others what you are unwilling to give yourself. If it feels difficult to enjoy your own company, imagine a dear friend is staying with you. How would you make their day special? Now do that—for yourself. Stop rushing through the ordinary as if it were meaningless. Make your everyday life worthwhile. Relax into it. You are the only person who can truly create your own happiness.

Even small goals can make us rush. A daily to-do list. Simple tasks. Because of them, we hurry through the day, determined not to waste a moment. You are hungry, so your goal is to fill your stomach. You rush through cooking, focused only on the result. I know this from experience. I love cooking—but when I am hungry, I cut vegetables impatiently and lose the joy in it. The same

happens with larger dreams. When we fixate too much on the future, we lose the happiness of the present.

There is no finish line. Life is not a race to win. It is not about earning the most money, driving the best car, or having the perfect partner. No one will stand at the end applauding you for winning. Life is not about the end—it is about now. It is not a race; it is a walk in the sun. At least it can be, if you allow it.

Having dreams is beautiful. Setting goals is powerful. But if your longing becomes so intense that you cannot enjoy the journey, then you are not saving time—you are losing it.

The most difficult place to be is dreaming of something while believing it will never happen. The dream will still exist, even if you try to ignore it. It may whisper to you, or lie buried deep within, forgotten for years—until it resurfaces. I am speaking of your purpose, the thing you are meant to do. The path that feels right, even when obstacles appear. The calling you cannot silence forever.

I hope you do not bury it so deeply that it turns into a lifetime of quiet yearning. Perhaps it is a childhood dream still waiting to be realized. You have a choice: to move toward it, or away from it. Choosing for your wildest dreams is the beginning.

But if you spend each day reminding yourself that you have not yet reached your goal, you are missing the point. Perhaps you believe you must earn more, work harder, endure months or years before you can finally relax. You tell yourself that once you achieve the promotion, the retirement, the holiday—then life will be great. Until then, it is simply something to get through.

Yet even now, you have a choice. You can run toward your dream, or you can walk calmly and allow it to unfold.

The Stars

Reach for the stars,

For the very best you can imagine.

Fulfill it all—

Your wildest dreams and deepest desires.

Take your life into your own hands.

Stand up for your dreams

Instead of chasing them away,

No matter how crazy or impossible they may seem.

If you want it, try.

If you fail, rise again.

Adjust, learn, and try once more.

Do it. Watch it unfold.

Bring it to life.

Or let it fade

Without ever trying.

Your choice.

Society

So many people spread their ideas and opinions—through posts, news, statistics, articles, photos, and more. And even more people follow those words, often blindly.

Many do not take the time to see with their own eyes. They do not pause to think for themselves. They adopt opinions instead of observing the reality around them and forming their own views. They repeat what they hear rather than expressing it in their own words.

When someone in a position of authority speaks, people often accept it as truth and live by it. When someone challenges the mainstream narrative, it is quickly dismissed as conspiracy and ignored.

A virus, an earthquake, a war—events that turn the world upside down, or perhaps reveal that it already was. I see rules. I see statistics. I see struggle, sadness, and distrust.

In times when people stand against one another, it becomes essential to turn inward and search for your own truth within the chaos. And even if the conclusion you reach feels uncertain, then let that uncertainty be the honest reflection of what you truly feel.

Wherever you are, the world is facing challenges.

Governments claim to act for the people, yet often prioritize order and stability. Religions that were meant to unite in love sometimes divide. Hospitals can reduce individuals to cases, and psychiatric systems assign labels. These patterns are not new. Religion, media, and politics hold immense influence—often by offering hope.

Instead of creating peace here and now, we are told to wait for it, sometimes beyond this life.

This dynamic appears across many areas of society. I invite you to ask why. I invite you to look with your own eyes and form your own understanding. Question the world around you.

How long will you rely solely on what the media tells you?

How many more people will suffer from untreated mental or physical illness?

When will you begin to question the systems you live within?

How often will you place your life entirely in someone else's hands?

How long will you search for guidance only outside yourself?

How long will it take?

Symbols

A snake.

The devil,

The evil.

Wisdom,

Kundalini energy,

The rainbow bridge,

The ouroboros,

The cycle of life, death, and rebirth.

What is it?

At times its meaning feels dark,

At times filled with light.

Two sides represented in one—

In one culture this,

In another that.

What does it matter?

It is the energy behind it,

The intention,

The meaning we give it.

If you are afraid, it becomes darkness.

If you are inspired, it becomes light.

But in the end, it is the same—

A symbol,

An animal,

A snake.

Without danger or direction,

Only your interpretation.

Religion

I am not a fan of religion; some might even say I stand against it. I am not against belief or against God, but against the way religion is presented and institutionalized—the way it imposes rules on entire communities, controls behavior, and shapes minds. I question the system built around belief.

Christianity is the tradition I know best, so my reflections come from that experience. Yet I sense similar patterns in many other religions.

I was raised Christian, attending church every Sunday in Poland, where this is part of everyday life. Over time, I began to see how much of it felt like conditioning. People behaved devoutly inside the church, only to return to their usual routines afterward, as if nothing had changed. For many, it seemed less about faith and more about tradition, image, and expectation. And when it was truly about God, it sometimes felt heavy—constant prayer for help, strict obedience to priests, suppressing desires out of fear of sin.

Many attend Christmas Mass not purely to celebrate the birth of Jesus, but to share a tradition with family. The tree, the gifts, the rituals—these often carry more weight than belief itself. Weddings are held in churches because they are beautiful. Babies are baptized because it is expected. It can become more about appearance than conviction.

Belief, to me, is not about a building. If you truly believe, you do not need a temple—you become one. Every place can be sacred. You can pray or meditate anywhere. Faith is personal; it is something you live for yourself, not for display.

Religion offers hope, and with hope comes influence. It promises a better future, happiness after death, healing from illness, and explanations for suffering. When something painful happens, people are told, “God had a reason.” This can remove responsibility, shifting accountability away from the individual. It can make life easier to endure—but also easier to avoid confronting.

People often turn to religion in moments of despair. Even those who claim not to believe may pray when they feel they have no other option. When someone recovers from illness, they may thank God and grow more devout. When things worsen, they may blame Him.

Religion encourages hope for heaven after death, yet sometimes neglects the possibility of creating peace while alive. It establishes rules—defining what is good and what is bad. In this sense, it can resemble politics or media: a system capable of guiding large groups of people. It often relies on guilt and shame, labeling natural human impulses—love, desire, sexuality—as sinful.

Consider celibacy. Sexuality is one of the most natural forces in both the animal world and humanity. When something innate is forbidden, tension arises. The many scandals involving abuse within religious institutions reveal how repression can lead to harm. When strict rules are imposed without space for humanity, consequences follow.

Followers are told: no sex before marriage, no contraception, abortion is a sin. Sin at every turn. This can lead people to feel divided within themselves, struggling between natural desires and imposed restrictions. Desire does not disappear because it is condemned. People still seek intimacy and connection—but may carry guilt for doing so.

Religion has also divided humanity, proclaiming exclusive truths and singular paths to God. When others disagree, conflict can arise. Throughout history, religious institutions have reinforced inequality, including limiting the role of women.

Across traditions, different names are given to God, different rituals practiced. Yet beneath them, many seek the same connection, the same meaning. Instead of recognizing this common ground, religions have often competed for followers, creating division rather than unity.

Over time, religion has become intertwined with politics, forming powerful institutions. It has encouraged people to look outward for divine authority rather than inward for personal truth.

Perhaps it is time to rediscover that inner connection—to seek responsibility, compassion, and meaning not through imposed systems, but through conscious choice.

Media

A story can be told in many different ways. The version that endures is the one that resonates.

The biblical creation myth of Adam and Eve carries many layers. You likely know it well: God creates Adam, and from his rib creates Eve. They are free to live in the Garden of Eden and eat from every tree—except the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. They are innocent until a serpent persuades Eve to eat the forbidden fruit. She shares it with Adam. With knowledge comes awareness—of shame, of good and evil. The serpent is called the devil. God banishes them from Eden, and their act becomes the origin of humanity’s “original sin.”

For centuries, this story has shaped human thought—especially in the way it has been presented by religious institutions.

It has portrayed woman as secondary to man, as gullible, easily deceived, and responsible for leading humanity astray. It has depicted man as weak before temptation. It has shown God as a distant male authority who punishes disobedience. Wisdom becomes something reserved for God alone, while other paths to knowledge are condemned. The serpent—symbol of transformation, life, death, rebirth, and inner energy—becomes a symbol of evil. Fear replaces curiosity. Obedience replaces self-discovery.

But what is good, and what is evil? Who defines these terms? Why is one thing labeled sacred and another sinful?

Let me retell the story—not as truth, but as another possibility. Just one interpretation among many.

As life evolved, human beings emerged—aware, intelligent, capable of thought. They were grateful for existence and honored the Earth as their source. Over time, they grew more conscious, more individual, stepping beyond the safety of the herd.

Among them was a man who advanced quickly in understanding. Observing how animals followed the strongest leader, he concluded that humans should do the same. “I am the most intelligent,” he thought. “I will lead.” At first, his leadership was fair. Balance remained, and peace prevailed.

But gradually he discovered the power he held—and he enjoyed it. He began to set rules to protect his authority. “I am your creator, your one and only God,” he declared. “You may live freely, but you must not seek knowledge beyond mine. Obey me, and there will be peace.”

For a time, peace remained. Yet evolution did not stop with him. A woman discovered her own inner wisdom. She felt the energy within her and began to question the self-proclaimed ruler. She realized that if each person listened to their own inner voice, power would be shared equally. Wanting peace rooted in equality, she shared her insight—first with her partner. Together they began to live by their own understanding.

The leader saw this and grew uneasy. He feared losing control. He imagined rebellion. To prevent their wisdom from spreading, he summoned them and warned, “You must not seek this knowledge. It will divide us and destroy our harmony. You have disobeyed me. You must leave.”

So they left and created their own path. The rest of the story is yours to imagine.

A story can always be shaped to serve a purpose—edited, adjusted, framed to guide belief. This retelling is no exception. It is imagination, just as many narratives throughout history carry perspective and intention.

The lesson is not about which version is true, but about reclaiming your ability to think, to question, and to choose your own path.

No one has absolute authority to define good and evil for you. No one is inherently more powerful in essence. Some may appear greater, wiser, or more godlike—but they are human.

Do not be misled. Remain true to yourself. Listen to the voice within rather than surrendering entirely to the voices outside.

The Avalanche

The avalanche is coming,
Coming and going,
Like waters pouring,
Tides and currents flowing.

The avalanche is coming,
Coming and going,
Like the wind blowing—
A gathering storm growing.

Where will you be when the world crumbles?
Buried beneath it, or rising from the rubble?

Lifting stones from the debris,
Tending wounds no one can see,
Learning love, compassion, and strength,
Moving forward with those who walk beside you.

The avalanche is coming,
The world as we know it shifting,
Change expanding,
Hidden madness lifting.

Shaking those who cannot see,
Children of the world—like you and me.
Losing illusions, gaining sight,
Finding love, releasing spite.

The avalanche is coming,
Coming for you to see,
Like the wind that bends the trees
And stirs the restless sea.

The avalanche is coming,
Familiar as the storm,

Both feared and known,
Both fierce and reborn.

The world is changing,
Walls are shaking,
Ground is breaking,
Fragments falling.

The avalanche approaching,
Transformation calling,
Sadness rising,
False joy dissolving.

Madness surfacing,
Minds awakening,
Hearts trembling,
Old masks breaking.

Children crying,

People dying,

Angels rising.

The avalanche destroying—

So new times can begin.

The Search

We read books and biographies. We look up to role models and authorities. We listen, searching for our place in this world. Most of us adapt in order to fit in. It is easier that way. We follow. We want to belong. We want to be loved.

It begins in childhood—within the family, at school. As children, we crave love and approval, so we follow the rules at home and later in the classroom. Even in mathematics, we are expected to use a specific method; solving a problem our own way may not be rewarded. We learn that we must have friends, be liked, behave well.

So we adjust. We stay in line. We fit into a system that often values conformity over individuality, shaping people into copies of one another. When we stand out—whether as the black sheep or the lone wolf—we face consequences. As children, those consequences came from parents and teachers; as adults, they come from other authorities.

Upbringing teaches us how to function in society. It is necessary. Yet at the same time, it can dim our inner light. And perhaps, at some point, we begin to question it.

Many of us do not know how to be alone—truly alone and content, at peace without feeling lonely. We have always been surrounded by society, and somewhere along the way we forgot how to simply be with ourselves. We forgot how to savor the small things—the taste of food, the sensation of wind on our skin, the quiet beauty of a passing moment.

We often choose acceptance over authenticity, belonging over individuality. Until one day, something shifts. We sense that there must be more to life. We grow tired of constant adjustment. Emotions long suppressed begin to rise. And slowly, we start to think for ourselves. Small steps at first.

As our awareness expands, our perspective widens. We step outside one box—only to realize we are still inside a larger one. We may distance ourselves from old norms, yet still look outward for new examples to follow. The desire to belong is deeply rooted within us.

With growing curiosity, we explore new ideas, new philosophies, alternative ways of living. We search for greater freedom, deeper happiness.

And perhaps one day, we realize that the wisdom we have been seeking has always been within us. We only need to listen—to the

quiet signals of our bodies, to the subtle whispers of intuition. When we open ourselves to this inner source, we discover peace.

We find our own voice. We begin to write our own story and create our own rules. We shift our focus inward rather than outward. We live in alignment with what feels true.

At first, this path may feel unfamiliar. We may lose friends or leave jobs. We seek like-minded souls and environments where we can grow freely, without being reshaped to fit expectations. We find new communities—new spaces where our hearts feel at home.

And yet, we still coexist within larger systems. We follow certain laws, pay taxes, meet responsibilities. In some ways, we continue to adapt. It becomes a balance—a compromise between inner truth and outer reality.

Each of us must find our own way to live within the world as it is—or to help create new ways of living together. This transformation is already happening. Individuals and communities are coming together, seeking change, building lives that feel more aligned, more conscious, more free.

Attitude to Life

How is your attitude toward life?

What do you truly believe?

Do you enjoy living? Does it feel light? Do you wake up grateful for a new day? Do you love yourself and the life you are creating? Do you move through the world with open arms, welcoming people and opportunities as they come?

Or does life feel heavy and exhausting? Do you move through it wondering if this is simply how it has to be? How often do you act out of obligation rather than desire? How many things have you done without truly wanting to? Do you believe life is hard, that everything works against you? Has dissatisfaction become your normal? Do you avoid eye contact, avoid connection?

When we carry negativity toward life, others, or ourselves, we either hope it will one day improve—or we surrender and accept it as permanent. Some of us grow tired. We long to release the weight of it all. Others distract themselves, avoiding what feels uncomfortable. Each of us copes in our own way.

Filled with unspoken emotions, we may collapse under circumstances—or stand rigid and strong, unwilling to reveal vulnerability. We hope for change, for better conditions, yet the day we imagine—when everything suddenly improves—may never arrive. Some believe happiness, freedom, and love will come in another life. But why postpone joy? Why accept unhappiness so easily? The only thing truly standing between us and our own happiness is often the story in our minds.

Pause for a moment. Notice your breath.

Is it slow or rushed? Smooth or uneven?

How do the inhale and exhale relate to one another?

Does your breathing mirror your attitude toward life?

To shift our experience, we must begin by saying yes to life. Welcoming each moment as it is—without clinging to the past or waiting for a better future. Straighten your back. Open your chest. Open yourself to your surroundings—and most importantly, to yourself.

Now take a deep breath.

Inhale into your chest, into your belly, as deeply as you comfortably can.

Feel the fullness of the air.

Then gently exhale. Do not force it. Simply allow your body to soften and release.

Repeat this a few times.

Sink into where you are sitting.

Let yourself relax—if only for this moment.

Limitations

You are like a child who knows only the neighborhood. For a time, that small world feels like everything. You do not think beyond it; your street, your town, your familiar places are your entire reality.

Then one day you realize it is only a tiny part of something greater—a country, a continent, a planet, a vast universe. Your perspective expands. You begin to sense how much more there is to explore, how immense existence truly is.

And suddenly you understand how limited your thinking once was. There are places no human has ever reached, questions science cannot yet answer, mysteries still unfolding.

It is like this on many levels of life. We believe we know—but there is always more we do not know. Realizing this is humbling. It shows us how small our certainty can be.

Perhaps you think you have life figured out. Perhaps you have a job, a family, and feel deeply fulfilled. If so, that is beautiful.

But if something within you feels unsettled, then question it. Question your idea of happiness. Is this truly the best you can imagine for yourself? If yes, embrace it fully.

If not, reach for more—starting now. Create happiness in small moments. Take one step, then another. Every future begins in the present moment.

You are here, reading this. That alone is a step. I am sharing my thoughts and beliefs. Perhaps I am wrong. Perhaps I am right. Let that possibility move through your mind. Question this as well.

Find your own truth.

Listen to your heart.

Thinking

I have a small test for you. Try it. It will show you the difference between thinking and truly thinking.

Think of something round and orange.

Got it?

Good.

What came to mind?

An orange?

A ball?

The sun?

Now ask yourself: did you actively think, or did the image simply appear?

This time, think consciously.

Surprise yourself.

Perhaps it is the back of a red-haired person's head.

A splash of orange paint.

A glowing light bulb.

Notice the difference. When you actively think, you can feel yourself searching, exploring, choosing.

In most situations, the first thought that appears is something familiar—something you have seen many times before. It is automatic.

Becoming aware of this is powerful. It makes you question how much of your thinking happens without intention—how many words you speak, how many actions you take, guided by patterns running quietly in the background.

Move through life with greater awareness. Observe the programming your mind follows. Work gently on reshaping it where needed. Grow for yourself, not for approval.

And at the same time, do not silence your intuition. Learn to distinguish between automatic conditioning and your inner truth.

Radiobrain

Has it ever happened that someone said exactly what you were just thinking?

That you picked up your phone a moment before it rang?

That you thought of someone—and then they suddenly contacted you?

Have you ever felt as if someone could read your mind?

Some call these moments coincidence. Others feel there must be more to them.

What if the brain were like a radio, tuning into different channels around us? What if it could receive signals—subtle waves of thought—and translate them into our own inner voice? Is it possible that people sometimes operate on the same frequency, sharing ideas without words?

It would explain a lot.

And yet—there are logical explanations.

We are empathetic beings. From a single glance, a shift in tone, or body language, we can sense what someone feels and sometimes even predict what they might say. We observe constantly, often unconsciously. Perhaps what feels like mind-reading is simply deep awareness.

We check our phones countless times a day; eventually, one of those moments will align with an incoming call. In groups of like-minded people, similar thoughts arise naturally. Shared interests and experiences create similar mental patterns.

Still... what if?

What if there is more subtle communication happening? Science already experiments with linking brain activity through technology. But what if connection does not always require wires? What if something quieter and more natural exists—something we experience every day without recognizing it?

Maybe that is why close friends sometimes think alike. Maybe our minds synchronize through shared time and emotion. Or perhaps we are simply drawn to people who reflect our own patterns.

So many what-ifs.

So many unknowns.

And logic always trying to define them.

We say the human mind is more powerful than a computer—and computers can already achieve remarkable things. So what if there are capacities we have not yet understood?

Imagine being with others and sensing their thoughts clearly. It sounds like something from a fantasy novel. But if it were possible, would we even want it?

We already struggle to navigate our own minds.

Judgment vs Truth

Why do we so often speak about others?

Is it gossip—or is it seeking guidance?

Do we feel the urge to judge and share our judgment?

Or are we simply looking to compare our perspective with someone else's?

When did we begin doubting our own voice?

Why not speak directly to the person involved?

Why talk behind someone's back?

Are we afraid of confrontation?

Are we seeking validation?

Do we want confirmation that our perception is “right”?

Do we silence ourselves to avoid rejection?

Why do we withhold what we see or feel?

Is it always judgment—or sometimes intuition?

Is it suspicion, or could it be a sincere desire to understand or help?

If we never speak openly, we will never learn the difference. We will not discover when we are judging and when we are simply expressing truth. We may avoid confrontation out of fear—fear of abandonment, fear of being judged ourselves. But where is the line between judgment and honest expression?

Learn to speak clearly and kindly. Learn to follow your voice. Your observations and intuitions are not automatically negative; they can become opportunities—for growth, for clarity, for deeper connection.

Each time you face a trigger instead of avoiding it, you grow. Each time you speak your truth respectfully, you step closer to freedom. There comes a point where you can express yourself without fear—without aggression, without hiding—simply present with what is.

This is not about gossip. It is about honesty. Learn to distinguish the two. True expression is not meant to wound, but to create space for understanding and evolution—for you and for the other person.

When you speak directly in the moment, there is little time to hide behind stories or overthink. What is real can surface. And what surfaces can transform.

Balance

You can lie to everyone around you, but you cannot truly lie to yourself. One of the most important things in life is honesty with yourself—knowing where you stand, knowing your worth, and understanding your desires.

Imagine how beautiful this world could be if what we feel inside matched what we show outside. If we acted according to our beliefs. If we stopped creating misleading images and hiding behind masks. If we were authentic—not only with others, but first and foremost with ourselves.

In everyday life, we move along a spectrum of how much of our inner truth we reveal. Picture three light bulbs. Each represents a person who is equally capable, equally valuable, equally powerful on the inside. What differs is how brightly each allows themselves to shine.

The middle light represents someone in balance. She knows her truth and feels it deeply. She believes in her worth and allows that inner light to radiate naturally. The way she carries herself aligns with how she feels within. She is authentic, grounded, and honest. Her brightness is neither forced nor dimmed—it is simply real.

The other two lights represent imbalance. Both are shaped by upbringing, social conditioning, and self-image. Each has strengths and weaknesses, and each way of being may have once served a purpose.

On one side is someone who carries the same brilliance inside but makes herself small in the world. She hides her truth. Perhaps she fears judgment, rejection, or even her own power. Maybe she doubts her worth and believes she truly is as small as she appears. Or perhaps she confuses invisibility with humility. As a result, she is often overlooked or underestimated. She stays safe by not attracting attention—the quiet one, the “good girl,” the one who yields.

On the other side is someone who projects more brightness than she truly feels inside. She appears confident, magnetic, commanding attention when she enters a room. Perhaps she genuinely feels strong and empowered—but perhaps she is compensating for hidden insecurity. Instead of shrinking, she expands beyond her center. She may outshine others to avoid feeling small herself.

Where is the balance? There is no universal point—it is different for each of us.

Recognizing where you stand on this spectrum is the first step toward alignment. It is the beginning of removing the mask and uncovering your truth.

Shine as brightly as you truly are—no more, no less.

And remain human.

Your Way

I want you to truly be you.

And you might think: I am me—who else could I be?

But often, who we believe we are has been shaped by the outside world. By parents, teachers, friends, society. By expectations and systems. What shines through is sometimes a version of us that was formed to adapt—not our raw essence.

In that sense, we may not yet be fully ourselves.

I wish for all of us to recognize this. To gently peel away what does not belong. To question who we are beneath the conditioning. To question our surroundings, our systems, our beliefs. To question everything—not in rebellion, but in awareness.

Because the truth is, none of us knows everything. Not you. Not me.

If these words do anything, I hope they widen your perspective just a little. I hope you search for your own truth instead of adopting

someone else's. I hope you choose your path consciously, in your own way.

There are countless ways to live, countless ways to grow, countless ways to arrive where you are meant to be.

Find yours.

Goals

There was probably a moment in your life when you truly wanted something. You desired it deeply—and then you decided against it.

Maybe it was only a small spark of longing, something simple that would have brought you joy in that moment. You thought it would be nice... and still, you chose not to follow it.

Think of a time when you had an idea, a dream that felt exciting and alive—and you dismissed it. Because it was too complicated. Too expensive. Too unrealistic. Because it did not fit your circumstances. Because you thought you would not stand a chance. Because you had responsibilities, children, a family.

The list of reasons is endless.

So often, something stops us from what we truly want. A desire appears, an idea forms—and instead of exploring it, we begin to argue against it. There is always a “but.”

And so we silence our intuition. We move on.

Then, perhaps the next morning, we wake up feeling heavy, unsettled, without knowing why. But somewhere inside, we do know. We went against ourselves. And that inner conflict has consequences.

As long as something within us blocks our deepest desires, we are not fully aligned. There is a part of us standing in our own way.

The battle is internal.

You versus yourself.

And if nothing changes, that struggle can last a lifetime.

Different parts of you want different things. You dream of a holiday, but responsibility keeps you at work. You want to meet someone, but there is still so much to do. You long to rest, but dinner must be prepared. You crave connection, yet deny yourself intimacy and settle for distraction instead.

Round and round the wheel turns.

Deeper into frustration.

Still hoping to feel whole.

Why do we deny our desires? Why do we silence ourselves? Often, it is the need to belong—to fit into society’s expectations, to choose safety over risk. The ordinary feels safer than pursuing a dream.

Safety over happiness.

“Good enough” over fulfilled.

We have learned to accept being merely okay as sufficient. We stopped reaching for the stars. That became childish, unrealistic, impossible. And because we believe it cannot happen, we never try—so we never find out.

Where did the passion go? When did we begin settling for less than what we truly long for?

What if we tried?

Perhaps it would not work out. But perhaps it would. Perhaps it would be easier than you think.

Start small. Choose something that brings only a little resistance. Consciously decide to follow it. Strengthen the part of you that still reaches for more. Do not always let the cautious, responsible voice win.

A little uncertainty can make life richer.

What is truly stopping you? Are you afraid of falling?

Step into the unknown anyway. Life continues—no matter what choice you make.

The “childish” Desires

Go back to your childhood. Return to your earliest joyful memories—the first ones you can still recall.

Do you remember the freedom? The lightness?

Running, laughing, crying, shouting—without overthinking any of it.

You did not care what others thought. You played in mud, sand, forests, and rain. You simply followed the moment. Your mind did not debate whether it was a good idea. You did not worry about getting dirty. You were alive in it.

Then you came home.

Maybe your mother smiled and shared your joy. Or maybe she sighed at the muddy clothes. Perhaps she scolded you gently. Do you remember that subtle feeling—of guilt, of having done something “wrong”?

Maybe you jumped into puddles again. But it was not quite the same. With every sigh, every reprimand, a small shift happened. You began to believe that staying clean mattered more than feeling free. That avoiding mess would make others happier. And perhaps it did.

So you stopped.

Over time, the impulse faded. Now, when it rains, you hurry to stay dry. You step around mud instead of through it. And yet, somewhere inside, there may still be a quiet spark—a memory of how it felt to dance in the rain.

This is not about puddles. It is about conditioning.

If you truly dislike the rain—deeply and authentically—then honor that. That is your truth. But if your resistance was planted long ago by outside voices, then it may be worth questioning.

Notice how often you think:

“That’s childish.”

“Adults don’t do that.”

“I hope no one saw me.”

Have you ever wanted to do something simple and joyful, but stopped yourself because you “shouldn’t”? And afterward, felt a quiet regret?

We are often more loyal to consequences than to our own instincts. We analyze, suppress, and postpone.

What if, sometimes, you simply followed what felt right—without overthinking? Imagine the difference that could make.

Much of who you are today has been shaped by others—by parents, teachers, friends, culture, religion, media, systems. These influences form layers around you. Necessary layers, perhaps—but layers nonetheless.

Beneath them, there is still something original.

Uncover it.

Question gently.

Experiment.

Step into the rain and feel for yourself.

Learn who you are—again.

Awareness

We believe we know ourselves—what we like, what we feel, what we want. Yet we often know only a small fraction. Beneath the surface lies a vast unconscious landscape: hidden memories, dormant potential, unnoticed patterns shaping our lives.

Within you are programs running quietly, like code written long ago. Automatic reactions. Emotional reflexes. Habits that do not truly belong to you—but because you are unaware of them, they remain.

You may think the critical inner voice is who you are. You may identify with thoughts that diminish you. You react in certain ways without understanding why. The “why” matters—but awareness is the first step. Simply noticing your patterns begins to loosen their grip. Recognizing what serves you and what works against you opens the door to real self-knowledge.

It is tempting to stay in the comfort of the familiar, avoiding the inner work that calls for attention. Perhaps you suppress difficult emotions. Perhaps you postpone dealing with old memories, labeling them unimportant. “I’ll face it later,” you tell yourself. And for a while, there is peace—at least on the surface.

But something remains. A quiet whisper beneath the noise. It waits patiently to be acknowledged.

In moments of being triggered—when emotions surge unexpectedly—what was buried rises again. Old fears, unresolved pain, forgotten wounds come forward, asking to be seen. In those moments, you have a choice: face them, or push them back into the shadows once more.

You cannot outrun yourself. A new environment, distraction, or temporary focus may provide relief—but what lives inside you travels with you. Only conscious attention creates real change. What is buried is not gone. It waits for courage.

Even in sleep, the hidden parts of you find expression. Dreams can reveal what your waking mind avoids. Recurring themes, restless nights, repeated symbols—these may be invitations to look deeper.

Notice how your dreams make you feel. Are they peaceful, or do they stir something unresolved? Do they reflect your present life, or echo something from the past? You can choose to explore these messages while awake—or allow them to surface in moments beyond your control.

Facing what is difficult creates space for what is positive to flow. Beneath the layers of conditioning lies wisdom. Forgotten memories, insights, and capacities can reawaken. The unconscious begins to guide you—if you listen.

Write down your realizations. Capture the subtle insights before they fade.

As you grow more aware, you may notice that people and situations around you mirror aspects of yourself. You begin to observe rather than react. You listen inwardly.

With awareness, you become your own teacher.

You begin to heal yourself.

And gradually, your inner and outer worlds come into alignment.

The Voices Inside

There are many parts living within you. All of them are you. Some may be wounded. Some may be waiting to be seen.

To discover them, begin by listening. Not only to your thoughts—but to their tone, their texture, their intention.

If you pay attention, you may notice that the voices inside you sound different. Some are sharp and critical. Some are gentle. Some are fearful. Separate them. Observe them. When one appears, instead of resisting it, quietly say, “Hi.”

Notice your actions and shifting moods. How quickly you can become a different version of yourself depending on emotion or circumstance. These changes reveal the different parts within you—the ones that drain you and the ones that fill you with light.

Look for patterns. What thoughts repeat themselves?

Often, the first part you will meet is the inner critic. The voice that says:

“You are not enough.”

“You should do better.”

“They won’t like you anyway.”

It can push you toward constant self-improvement—or into exhaustion and burnout. It may carry echoes of parents, teachers, partners, or authority figures. Recognize where it comes from. Notice that it is a learned voice, not your essence.

Another powerful part is the ego. The unhealthy ego also has two faces. One mirrors the inner critic, sabotaging your confidence. The other inflates you, convincing you that you are superior—separate from others, above them. It may cause you to blame others rather than reflect inward.

When you notice this part, pause. Observe it. Say “Hi.” Watch how it softens when you refuse to fight it. Often beneath it lies fear—fear of vulnerability, fear of responsibility.

Yet ego is not inherently negative. A healthy ego reminds you of your worth. It helps you stand tall without shrinking or dominating. It allows you to shine as an individual while remembering you are part of something greater.

As you explore these inner layers, you may find yourself drawn to your past. This is where inner child work begins. There, you may encounter pain you have long avoided. Old emotions may rise intensely—anger, sadness, confusion. It can feel overwhelming.

You might meet a younger version of yourself—angry for not being heard, not being protected, not being loved as needed. Beneath the anger, deep sadness. Perhaps this inner child feels abandoned, forgotten. It longs for attention, freedom, and above all, love.

Now you are the one who can offer that love.

Healing means building trust with that younger part of you. Listening without dismissing. Holding space without shutting it down. It requires patience. It may test you. But it is transformative.

Step by step, as trust grows, something beautiful emerges—the joyful child within. The curious one. The part that sees the world with wide eyes and open wonder. The part that wants adventure and feels alive in simple moments.

You begin to taste life again as if for the first time.

Let this inspire you to look inward. Allow each part of you to reveal itself at its own pace. Befriend them. Accept them. Help them coexist without chaos.

Choose which voices to strengthen.

Inner peace grows when all parts feel seen. And from that alignment, happiness naturally follows.

Begin gently.

Observe.

Listen.

And watch what unfolds.

The Spiral

The spiral—a great tornado of life—pulls you inward, sometimes turning everything into chaos when necessary. It symbolizes the path we walk. Life is not a straight line from beginning to end. We move forward, yet we circle back, revisiting themes, repeating lessons. Just as history repeats itself, so do the patterns within our own lives.

These patterns reveal what needs attention. They highlight wounds, weaknesses, and unresolved parts of us. We can ignore them—or we can choose to work with them.

One of the most common patterns appears in relationships. They often mirror aspects of ourselves we would rather not see. For example, you may find yourself repeatedly with a partner who feels more like a child than an equal—leaving you in the role of caretaker rather than lover. Even if you resist admitting it, the dynamic remains. And it may return again and again until you pause and ask: What is my role in this? What am I meant to learn?

Breaking a pattern requires responsibility. It asks you to stop pointing outward and begin looking inward. You are not responsible for everything that happens—but you are responsible for your choices and your growth.

When you finally shift one pattern, another may surface. Not because it is new, but because it was always there—waiting. Patterns accumulate throughout our lives, quietly repeating until we are ready to see them clearly.

Through this process, we move from unconscious living—driven by habit and conditioning—toward a more conscious existence aligned with something deeper within us. It is not a quick transformation. It is a lifelong journey. Old challenges resurface, and new ones arise simply because we are alive.

Step by step, we dig deeper. We gain understanding, compassion, and clarity. We experience more love and more peace. Perhaps we never reach some final state of perfection—and perhaps that is not the point.

The spiral does not end. It evolves.

What matters is that you keep walking it with awareness. That you acknowledge your progress. That you can gently say to yourself, I am growing. I am learning. I am doing my best.

And then continue—one small step at a time.

Winter

Winter is here—

A season calling us inward.

A time for stillness,

For revisiting the old,

For gently saying goodbye

To what is ready to leave.

In this quiet turning,

We prepare ourselves—

For transformation,

For new beginnings,

For one cycle to close

And another to unfold.

The Darkness

Sister, join me.

Brother, walk with us

On this journey into the darkness—

Into the deep core of the earth,

Into the womb of the Mother,

Into the vastness of the void.

Journey inward,

Into the depths within you,

Into the fire at your center,

Into your desires and longings.

Discover the hidden places,

The forbidden fragments of yourself.

Release the wildness,

The primal pulse,

The untamed energy,

The instinct that longs for freedom—

To live close to the earth,

To dance around the fire,

To shout into the night,

To feel the soil on your skin,

To love beneath the stars,

To move without restraint,

To speak your truth without fear.

Let the darkness rise—

The wild woman,

The wild child,

The shadowed healer,

The fierce warrior,

The magnetic soul.

Meet your demons,

Your fears in the dark,

The ghosts of the past,
The grief, the anger,
The moments that shaped you.

Let them surface.

Let them move through you.

Feel the rawness of emotion,

The depth of your being,

The strength that comes from surrender—

Not to destruction,

But to truth.

Stand without shame.

Without judgment.

Unapologetically yourself.

Be all of it—

The shadow and the light.

Both belong to you.

Both carry power.

Both shape your vibration.

Let them dance together

In this unfolding journey

Called life.

Lost Connection

Many cultures once felt closely connected to something beyond the visible world—through rituals, ceremonies, and shared spiritual practices. These experiences were often guided, held within community, and integrated into daily life. Over time, much of this connection faded or was dismissed as superstition or danger.

Today, altered states of consciousness are often associated with risk. And yes, they can be risky—especially without guidance, preparation, or psychological stability. When someone takes a substance or enters an intense inner experience without support, it can feel overwhelming or destabilizing. Not necessarily because the experience itself is “evil,” but because we may not have learned how to navigate it safely.

The human mind seeks explanation. When something feels unexplainable, we search for logic. If only one person speaks of unusual perceptions, they may be labeled irrational. When many share similar experiences, they are studied, categorized, and defined. Science, medicine, and psychology try to understand and protect—but they also rely on frameworks that do not capture every dimension of human experience.

At the same time, it is important to approach this topic with care. Conditions such as depression, psychosis, or schizophrenia are complex and real. They can involve profound suffering and require

compassionate support, often including therapy and medical treatment. It can be tempting to romanticize these states as purely spiritual sensitivity, but doing so may overlook the very real pain involved.

Some people who struggle mentally describe feeling disconnected from reality. Others describe feeling overwhelmed by it. Sometimes, emotional trauma, stress, or lack of grounding can make inner experiences feel chaotic rather than meaningful. Healing often requires safety, integration, and professional care—not isolation or denial.

Many people sense that there is “more” to life than what is visible. This longing for depth, for connection, for transcendence, is deeply human. Some explore it through meditation, art, nature, prayer, or mindful practices. Some turn to plant medicines—but these should always be approached with caution, legality, medical awareness, and proper guidance.

You speak of a curtain—a veil between worlds. Perhaps a more grounded way to understand this is that human perception has layers. We can access deeper insight through reflection, emotional processing, creativity, and presence. But we must remain anchored in our bodies, relationships, and responsibilities.

It is not about escaping reality, but about integrating experience.

Growth is not about abandoning the world we live in. It is about expanding awareness while staying rooted. When inner exploration happens too quickly or without support, it can feel destabilizing. When it unfolds gradually, with care and self-awareness, it can feel enriching.

There is wisdom in knowing when to open the curtain—and when to gently close it for rest. The mind and nervous system need balance. We need grounding as much as expansion.

Whatever “other world” we believe in, we still live here—in bodies, in families, in communities. The task is not to lose ourselves in one realm or another, but to weave insight into everyday life.

Integration, not escape.

Curiosity, but also caution.

Openness, paired with responsibility.

Forgotten Reality

Do you know the feeling of losing connection to ordinary reality?

Of expanding into something vast and formless—
as if your awareness stretches beyond your body,
beyond time,
beyond the limits of one single life?

It can feel like being in many places at once.

Moments expanding into eternity.

Memories that do not seem to belong to this lifetime.

Visions, sensations, presences that feel real,
even if they cannot be explained.

At first, it may feel beautiful—limitless, magical, infinite.

As long as there is still a thread connecting you back.

A small light guiding you home.

But when that thread fades—
when you can no longer distinguish imagination from perception,
inner from outer,
symbol from fact—
the vastness can become disorienting.

Without the body as anchor,
without time as structure,
without surroundings as reference,
there is nothing to hold on to.

And that is where awe can turn into fear.

The experience of timelessness, of being everywhere at once, can feel profound. But we are embodied beings. Our nervous system, our brain, our senses—they are designed to orient us here. In this room. In this life. In this moment.

When we lose that grounding, the mind can feel like it is dissolving. Not noticing the body. Not recognizing what is real.

And then—sometimes slowly, sometimes suddenly—
you return.

You feel your toes.

Your fingers.

Your breath moving in and out.

The weight of your body.

The familiar walls around you.

You come back into your skin.

Back into the container.

There can be a quiet relief in that. A sense of re-entry. Of gathering the pieces and trying to make sense of something that felt beyond words.

It is natural to search for meaning afterward. To wonder what was imagination, what was insight, what was neurological, what was spiritual. Sometimes there is no immediate answer—only the memory of intensity and the echo of a feeling that something profound occurred.

What matters most is this: returning. Grounding. Feeling your body again.

Experiences of expansion can feel extraordinary, but staying connected to your physical self, your environment, and supportive people is essential. If such states ever feel overwhelming, frightening, or difficult to control, it is important to seek professional support. There is no weakness in that—only wisdom.

The vastness may whisper.

But you are here.

Breathing.

In a body.

And this life—ordinary, tangible, grounded—is where you are meant to stand.

Hidden

Swimming in a cloudy pool of the unknown,
Uncertainty seeping through every pore.
Where is my life meant to lead?
The future unclear,
The past half-veiled.

Is my mind inventing stories
To feel a sense of belonging?
Claiming something as my own—
Or has it always been?

Is it truly mine, or only familiar?
Is it certain, or still undefined?
Where does this unknowing guide me?
Where is this life unfolding?

Somewhere deep within,

Something longs to remain unseen—
Shielded from the light,
Hesitant to awaken.

What story rests in the past?
A wall stands, waiting to be crossed.
Something deeper meant to endure,
Placed there to guard the shadow—
Until the moment is right.

Limbo

There is a world between worlds—a place no soul is meant to remain, yet some seem to wander there. I search for words to describe it. The closest I find is “limbo.”

In Catholic theology, limbo is described as the edge of hell—a boundary state. But what I sense feels different. Not punishment. Not damnation. More like a realm of lost balance.

It feels like a space where souls are unanchored—confused, grieving, angry, longing. Not evil at their core, but wounded. Disoriented. Searching. Some seem to reach outward, desperate to be seen, to be felt, to be understood. And if you are vulnerable, you may feel pulled toward that heaviness.

The place itself feels distorted. As if the laws of physics bend and stretch. A reality without structure, without grounding. It can feel chaotic, unreal, unstable—like a fever dream. There is sadness there. A deep, lingering sorrow.

It is not a place for the dead. And certainly not a place for the living.

Yet some people seem to fall into such states—drawn by grief, trauma, despair, or overwhelming inner conflict. When someone speaks of possession or demons, perhaps they are describing the feeling of losing control over their own mind. Of being overtaken by shadows they do not understand.

Sometimes we are pulled in because something inside us is also lost. A wounded part resonates with the darkness. We may not even realize it is happening. We only know that we feel more confused, more disconnected than before.

Why does it happen?

Perhaps because something within us needs attention. Something long ignored. A fragment of ourselves that has been abandoned.

In those depths, suffering can feel endless. But there is often a turning point—a quiet voice that says, I want to live. A memory of joy. A spark of desire to laugh, to move, to feel sunlight again.

And that spark becomes the thread back.

Step by step, we begin to climb. We say no to the shadows. We seek help. We ground ourselves—in the body, in breath, in connection. We gather the lost parts and rebuild strength. We stand again, not on our knees but on our feet.

The darkness may still whisper sometimes. It can remind us how fragile we are—and how strong. It can remind us to stay rooted, to care for our minds, to nurture connection with this world and with others.

Returning is possible. Living fully is possible.

This is for those who fight that battle.

For those who have fallen.

For those still climbing.

For those who have found their way back to the light.

An Invitation

I call to your heart,

To open with mine.

To let what is, simply be.

To let what longs to flow, flow.

To let what is ready to leave, go.

Allowing all of it—

Without grasping,

Without resistance—

To just be.

Mother Earth

Mother Earth rests quietly while human hands keep reaching—grasping for power, for money, for things that hold no true worth. We chase symbols we created ourselves, turning life into a competition, believing we are winning a race. In doing so, we forget what living is really about.

We forget ourselves. We live outwardly instead of inwardly. We push and strive, mistaking love and tenderness for weakness, unaware that true strength grows from them.

And still, the Earth remains.

She does not rush into our struggles. She moves in larger rhythms. When the pressure builds, she responds—not with anger, but with force. Earthquakes, storms, shifting seas—reminders of balance, reminders of scale. Not punishments, but signals. Invitations to remember what truly matters.

Her power does not compete. It simply is.

Yet within humanity there are those who listen—those who protect, who care, who heal. People who recognize that life is not about domination, but connection. Who understand that balance is fragile and precious. Who try, in small and steady ways, to keep the scales from tipping.

There are those who live with open eyes and open hearts. Who choose compassion over conquest. Who spread peace instead of fear.

Perhaps that is where hope rests—not in control, but in awareness. Not in winning, but in remembering.

Earth

The element that forms the foundation for all others—
and yet depends on them in return.

Earth.

With the strength to raise mountains and reshape landscapes. A force that transforms from within, not because it is pushed, but because change becomes necessary. It does not bend easily to outside pressure; it responds in its own time.

Sometimes growth requires an earthquake. Though it may seem destructive, it restores balance. From upheaval comes renewal. We see the same pattern in human history—after crisis, change. After revolution, evolution.

Earth holds polarities: mud and dust, fertile soil and barren land, life and death, decay and rebirth. These opposites do not compete; they complete one another. Diversity is natural. It is essential.

There is sand and stone, hills and mountains. There are metals, minerals, crystals—hidden resources carrying quiet energy. The planet offers parts of itself for building, creating, healing.

When we walk across the land, we witness beauty shaped over millennia—forests, deserts, valleys, peaks. We breathe its air, feel its ground beneath our feet, sense its stillness. In those moments, something within us softens. We feel rooted. We feel at home.

The Earth is our home. Gravity anchors us, drawing us close, giving us a sense of belonging. When we stand on the ground, we are connected—to the surface and to the deep core below.

Just as the planet has a core holding it together, so do we. A center that stabilizes us. A grounding force within.

The Earth reminds us to remain rooted—

in the world,

and in ourselves—

so that we do not lose our balance.

Fire

A force we have learned to control—
one that warms our hands and our homes,
cooks our food,
and makes life comfortable.

Fire.

Have you ever watched the flame of a candle?
Seen how gently it consumes the wax?
Felt the calm it brings—the softness, the quiet intimacy?
So small, so seemingly harmless—
and yet capable of becoming destructive in seconds.

Have you ever stared into a bonfire?
There is something magnetic about it—
alive, hypnotic, electric.

Its warmth spreads from the outside inward,
offering comfort and a sense of safety.

And then there is the wild fire—
untamed, unstoppable.

In its presence, you understand respect.
It devours everything in its path,
leaving only ash behind.

Fire can warm or destroy,
depending on how it is fed.

From it, we can learn.

There are moments when we must become the Dragon—
breathing sacred flames,
burning away what no longer serves us.
Old beliefs. False identities. Stagnant patterns.

Let the fire clear the path,
reducing illusion to ash
so only truth remains.

And then, to complete the cycle,
we become the Phoenix—
rising from what was burned.
From the ashes, we create something new.
A renewed self.
An evolved version.

Life is a constant cycle of burning and becoming.
When it is time to change,
we surrender to transformation.
We let an old version of ourselves die
so something more aligned can emerge.

Be this fire—

burn brightly for what you love,
for what you believe in.

But choose your flame wisely.
Sometimes you need a blazing force
to overcome great obstacles.
Other times, a small steady ember within
is enough to carry you through daily life.

Call on your inner fire
to move what is stuck,
to ignite courage,
to inspire change.

Yet do not lose yourself in its intensity.
Fire is sacred—and so is anger.
Let your flames rise from truth and love,
not from hatred or destruction.

Burn what is ready to be renewed—
but do not let the fire consume you.

Water

An energy unlike any other—
gentle and soothing,
yet powerful and devastating.

It appears as rain, snow, ice.
As lake, river, ocean.

Water.

The most basic and essential element for life.

Without it, we cannot survive.

It adapts more easily than anything else,
taking the shape of whatever holds it.

There is much to learn from water.

Be like water.

Bend. Adjust.

Mold yourself to your surroundings
as water fills a cup.

Adapt only as far as it serves you.

Remain flexible.

Change, evolve—
from solid to liquid to vapor,
from density to lightness.

Move with life rather than against it.

Flow with the tides,
with the river's current,
with the waves of the sea.

Do not resist forces you cannot control—
learn to dance with them.

Learn from both the river and its banks.

Over time, water reshapes stone.

It wears down mountains,

carves valleys,

transforms landscapes.

Be persistent.

Keep moving toward your direction.

Sometimes with force,

sometimes gently.

You can be a tsunami—

sweeping away obstacles in an instant.

Or a quiet stream—

softly shaping the world over time.

Both hold power.

Slip through the smallest cracks.

Do not let barriers define you.

Keep flowing.

Trust your course.

Even if others underestimate you,
remember the strength water carries.

Gentleness can become a storm.

A soft rain can become a flood.

Hold all polarities within you.

Let water cleanse you—

through tears,

through rain on your skin,

through a bath or the sea.

Let it wash away what no longer belongs.

Let it restore you.

You are mostly water.

Within you is depth—
an ocean of feelings,
memories,
secrets yet to be explored.

Do not fear the darkness of the deep.

Dive in.

Explore the hidden currents of your being.

Let what lies at the bottom

rise into the light.

The Plant Kingdom

A great teacher—

showing us the wonder of life and death.

The endless cycle moving in harmony

with itself and with the world around it.

A seed becomes a sprout.

A sprout becomes a plant.

A plant blossoms into a flower.

We celebrate the bloom,

just as we celebrate youth and growth.

But when petals fall and the plant begins to wither,

sadness often follows.

Perhaps we grieve the fading beauty.

Or perhaps we struggle with endings—

with the idea of passing,
whether it is a flower or our own lives.

We resist aging.

We fear death.

Yet both are natural movements within life itself.

A plant does not resist its seasons.

It flourishes when it is time to bloom,

and it releases when it is time to rest.

Each phase is lived fully.

Nothing is rushed. Nothing is denied.

We complicate what nature lives effortlessly.

Instead of fearing our cycles,

we could learn to move with them—

growing, resting, transforming.

In doing so, we align with the rhythm of the planet.

The Earth is a nourishing mother—
the greatest of gardeners.

She grows fruits, vegetables, herbs—
countless forms of life,
offering sustenance and healing.

She gives without demand,
simply by being what she is.

Like a tree, we too must root ourselves.
Sink deeply into the ground beneath us.
Stay grounded in our bodies,
in our values,
in our environment.

With strong roots, we can rise upward—
toward light, toward possibility.

Just as plants require water and care,
so do we.

Nourish yourself.

Root deeply.

Grow steadily.

The Animal Kingdom

Listen to the snake—

Shed your old skin.

Allow your new self

To emerge and be seen.

Let fresh truth shine through.

Release what has grown too tight.

Welcome the change.

Listen to the butterfly—

Spread your wings.

Step out of the safety of the cocoon.

Transform. Evolve.

Enter the next phase of your life.

Speak your truth

From the depths of your being.

Listen to the bird—

Soar across the sky.

Feel the wind beneath your wings.

Rise high enough

To see the path below—

The past, the moments passing,

The distance you have traveled.

Listen to nature,

To the wisdom of the animal world.

There is guidance there—

If you are willing to hear it.

Wonder

I used to wonder about my little brother—how he would stop at every flower, how he would follow every butterfly without hurry. I would grow impatient, annoyed at his slowness.

Now he no longer does that. He has grown up. Some of that innocence, that effortless curiosity, has faded—just as it has for many of us.

But is it truly gone?

Is there still a part of you that sees wonder in small things?

That hears the wind moving through trees and pauses to listen?

That notices colors, textures, light?

Or has that part grown quiet?

Look inward.

Somewhere within you, that innocence still exists—the playful child, the open heart, the curious mind. The one who did not need

grand adventures because every moment already felt like one. The one who met strangers without suspicion, who explored without fear of judgment.

To rediscover that part is not to become naïve. It is to soften. To look again with fresh eyes.

To trust life a little more.

To be content in simplicity.

To find beauty in ordinary details.

The wonder was never truly lost.

It is waiting to be remembered.

Fruit Salad

I take a spoonful and close my eyes, focusing only on taste. I explore each piece of fruit separately and notice what unfolds.

First, something firm with smooth skin. I bite. A crisp sound. Sweet with a hint of sourness. The flavor spreads gently. An apple.

Next, softness—almost melting before I fully chew. Creamy, delicate, comforting. A banana.

Then, an explosion. Tangy and sweet at once, juice flooding my mouth. Fibers between my teeth, texture alive and vibrant. Pineapple.

A small, smooth sphere rolls across my tongue. Almost subtle at first. Then I bite, and it bursts—cool sweetness flowing outward. A grape.

Another presence—soft yet textured, tiny seeds dotting the surface. I bite into deep sweetness, almost overwhelming in its richness. A strawberry.

And finally, something layered—segments separating under my tongue. Bitter, sour, refreshing all at once. A grapefruit.

Each fruit carries its own character. Its own personality. Each taste evokes a different sensation, a different mood. Together, they form something harmonious.

Life is like this. Even the smallest experiences can hold depth and emotion—if we slow down enough to notice.

Yet we often rush. We swallow instead of savoring. We eat while thinking about what comes next. We assume we already know how it will taste, so we do not truly taste it. Food becomes fuel instead of experience.

We have forgotten the joy of presence—the curiosity of a child discovering something for the first time. We move quickly, efficiently, without wonder.

But joy is still there—in the texture, the flavor, the temperature, the subtle shifts from bite to bite.

Take time with your food. Prepare something simple that you enjoy. Sit down without distraction. Close your eyes if you wish.

Taste slowly.

Notice details.

Let each bite unfold.

Allow yourself to experience it fully.

A Date

Make dates with yourself—

Time set aside

To journey inward,

Into both shadow and light.

Travel through the depths

Of your psyche,

Into the quiet corners

Of your unconscious mind.

Enter the unknown within,

So you may become more aware.

And as you discover what lives there,

Learn to love it.

The Importance of Feeling

It's not about the what—

It's about the how.

About how it makes you feel.

So tell me, what is your favorite color?

And what does it awaken within you?

For me, it is red.

Red is passion.

A pulse beneath the skin.

The aliveness of blood,

Of heat,

Of being fully here.

It rises like fire—

A deep, steady burning.

A call from the soul.

A vibration from the depths—

Soft as a rose,

Wild as flame.

Red holds emotion:

The strength of anger,

The intensity of devotion,

The courage of love.

It spreads through me,

Drawing others closer—

With warmth,

With depth,

With desire.

With red.

The Feminine

One and so many,
Separate yet whole.
Living within you,
Through you,
As you—
All at once, intertwined.

The maiden, the sister,
The mother of all.
The warrior, the witch,
The lover, the temptress.
The living magnetism,
The goddess, the queen.
The widow, the crone,
The wise woman who knows.

One and so many.

Different faces of the same soul.

Call them what you wish—

Countless names shaping one being.

A deep power stirring within,

Filling you until it overflows—

With love,

With wisdom,

With fierce knowing.

She questions.

She challenges.

She stands in her truth.

She burns away what is false

And reveals what is real.

One and so many—

Shadow and light,

Always present,

Always alive

Within you.

The Magic of Touch

We all long to be touched—when touch feels safe and welcome. A caring hand on the skin, a warm embrace, a mindful massage. It can soften the body, quiet the mind, and guide us into deep relaxation. Like meditation, but shared. Touch can soothe, awaken, comfort, energize. It can feel healing.

To deepen the way you touch another, whether in a relationship or in offering a massage, presence is everything. It is not only about technique. It is about intention. How much of yourself are you bringing into the moment? How aware are you of the other person's responses?

Watch carefully. Notice breath, subtle movements, small shifts in expression. What relaxes them? What sparks something in them? At the same time, stay connected to yourself. What feels natural to you? What do you genuinely want to express?

The real magic happens where both people are present and engaged—where giving and receiving blend into something shared. Not self-sacrifice. Not performance. But mutual awareness.

In long-term relationships, familiarity can sometimes dull excitement. We think we already know everything about the other. But there is always more to discover. Curiosity keeps connection alive.

Surprise gently. Change rhythm. Shift pressure. Vary speed. Alternate softness with firmness. Pause unexpectedly. Let anticipation build. The mind responds to contrast. When patterns change, attention awakens.

When touch becomes predictable, the body relaxes—but the mind drifts. When touch becomes creative and attentive, the whole being responds. Playfulness, presence, and sensitivity can transform something ordinary into something deeply connecting.

Touch is a language.

Listen while you speak it.

Stay present.

And let it remain alive.

A GENTLE TOUCH WITH A POMEGRANATE

1. Take a pomegranate and cut it in half. With the first half, peel it quickly. Break it apart as you usually would, separating the seeds without much attention.
2. Pause and observe yourself.
How did you move?
How did you feel?
Was it rushed? Mechanical? Focused only on the result?
3. Now take the second half. This time, remove the seeds slowly and carefully. Separate them gently, without crushing them. Ease away the white membranes with patience. Use your fingertips consciously, as if handling something precious. Stay present with each movement.
4. Again, observe yourself.
How does your body feel now?
Is your breathing different?
Are your movements softer, slower, more attentive?

Notice the difference—not only in the fruit, but in you.

COMBINING SOFT AND FIRM WHEN KNEADING DOUGH

1. Do everything by hand, directly on the table, without a bowl.
2. At the beginning, move carefully. You don't want to create a mess. For this exercise, stay mindful of your "dough partner." As you combine flour, eggs, and butter, move slowly. Approach with softness. Let your hands explore the texture with patience.
3. Once the mixture becomes more unified, begin to knead. Use your palms, your fingers, your strength. Work through the lumps, giving extra attention to what feels stiff or uneven. Massage it as you would a body—present, attentive, responsive.
4. Notice how the texture changes—from soft and loose to firmer and elastic. Let your pace increase gradually. If you rush too quickly, the flour will scatter and the eggs will spill. To avoid unwanted reactions, build intensity slowly. Don't overwhelm. Don't force. Allow the rhythm to grow naturally.
5. Move between gentleness and strength. Caress, press, stretch. Then deepen the pressure, knead more firmly, engage your muscles. Follow your intuition. Stay aware of feedback—how the dough responds beneath your hands.

Let the process become playful and alive. Be fully present in what you are doing. Enjoy the sensations—the resistance, the warmth, the transformation beneath your touch.

In that awareness, something simple becomes something meaningful.

Polarity

We all carry both masculine and feminine energies within us—and we can learn to work with this inner polarity.

Begin with something simple. Take your right hand and place it on your left. Let one represent the giving energy and the other the receiving. Notice how it feels to give a gentle stroke, or a deeper pressure. Move slowly. Explore.

At first, you may only feel one side—the hand that acts or the hand that receives. Take your time. Expand your awareness so you can sense both at once: the giving and the receiving, the action and the response.

Then switch roles. Let the other hand become active. Notice what it wants. Does it move gently? Firmly? Playfully? Follow your curiosity. At the same time, check in with the receiving side. Is it open? Does it relax? Does it resist?

This may seem simple—just hands touching. But it mirrors a deeper truth. Within you live complementary forces: active and receptive, structured and fluid, outward-moving and inward-feeling.

As outside, so inside.

Some parts of you are decisive and organizing. Others are intuitive and surrendering. Some are intellectual. Others emotional. When you learn to feel both without judgment, you begin to unite them.

Notice how this dynamic appears in everyday life. One part of you wants to go out and explore; another wants to stay home and rest. One part seeks adventure; another seeks safety. Decision-making becomes a dialogue between these energies.

When you recognize them clearly, you can choose consciously. Sometimes you take initiative—organize, plan, act. Other times you allow—receive, soften, surrender to the moment.

This balance creates inner harmony.

Practice not only with your hands, but in your daily life. If you desire something—make it happen. Take responsibility for organizing it. And then allow yourself to fully receive the experience.

If you crave gentleness, offer it to yourself. If you need strength, embody it. If you long for structure, create it. If you need flow, permit it.

Explore your desires and boundaries with curiosity rather than judgment. Learn what feels empowering and what feels safe.

In relationships, this awareness deepens connection. You can consciously step into action or into surrender. You can create safety, or trust it. You can hold, or be held.

Both energies carry power.

Move between them. Experiment. Stay aware.

Create when it is time to create.

Flow when it is time to flow.

Do both, and you will rediscover yourself—
feeling more whole, more integrated.

Release judgment.

Allow yourself to explore.

Notice what you truly want.

And follow your own rhythm.

Power of Love

Let the power of love fill your soul.

Let compassion and strength stand beside you.

Allow yourself to dive deep—

Into the unknown,

Into the hidden layers.

Fall low,

Rise high.

Touch your darkness

And return by choice—

Freed from what once held you,

Stronger for having faced it.

Let it empower you,

Inspire you,

Prepare you to meet the light

That burns so brightly

It demands your truth.

This is what it takes—

To burn with clarity,

To let go,

To move in your own rhythm,

To simply be

As you are.

Rise higher

Into your power.

Opposites united,

Strength and softness intertwined.

Darkness and light

Colliding,

Merging,

Becoming one flame

In the quiet of the night.

Feel that energy flow through you—

Not above you,

Not outside you,

But within.

And let it carry one clear intention:

To stand for others,

To offer hope,

To speak with courage,

To soften fear,

To spread love

Wide and steady.

What is Love?

What is it, if not joy, acceptance, expansion, peace, and growth?

It should make you feel larger, not smaller.

Open, not closed.

Loving, not resentful.

Free, not confined.

It is beautiful when we allow it—
yet many of us never learned how.

How to surrender to the present moment.

How to trust another.

How to trust life itself.

Instead of flowing, we push.

Instead of choosing courage, we choose comfort.

And somewhere along the way, we forget who we are.

When awareness returns, it can feel like a shock:

How did I accept this?

Why did I endure that?

When did I begin shrinking for the sake of love?

If you feel like a caged bird—

wings folded, longing for sky—

that is not love.

That is attachment.

That is fear.

That is dependency disguised as safety.

Love does not imprison.

It does not ask you to abandon yourself.

True love invites growth—

two people choosing, again and again,
to expand beyond who they were yesterday.

It is not about clinging.

It is about rising—together.

Making Love to Life

I long for a spiritual love—

One that moves my soul and awakens my body,

One that understands me beyond words,

Speaking directly to my being.

A love that holds us fully,

Where both hearts burst open,

Overflowing with a bliss

Almost too vast to contain.

Seeing the world through each other's eyes,

Walking through life side by side—

Distinct, yet deeply united.

Expanding beyond our limits,

And then expanding further still.

A love that makes every cell feel alive,

That dissolves the masks we once wore,
That invites honesty, truth, and devotion.

Guided by something greater—
By life itself,
By a quiet divinity within and around us.

Honoring the beauty of our differences,
Celebrating what makes each of us unique,
Loving without condition
All that we are.

Moving together like flame and air—
Distinct, yet inseparable in motion.
Dancing to the rhythm of two hearts,
Singing from depths we did not know existed.

Reaching heights beyond mountains,

Rooted yet limitless,
Surrendering to the sacred flow
That moves through us.

Thoughts falling away.
Tears of joy rising freely.
Curiosity alive like a child's wonder.
Trusting life. Trusting love.

Creating, manifesting, discovering—
Each fulfilling our purpose,
Yet walking it together.

Two souls,
Freely choosing
To move as one.

The Kundalini Energy

An energy rests at our base—

Alive in every one of us.

Our life force.

Our vitality.

A current connecting us

To something greater than ourselves.

It moves through every cell,

Vibrating, traveling,

Magnetic and electric at once.

When felt fully, it can seem as though

Body, soul, and spirit align—

As though a single breath

Becomes a wave of aliveness.

Many traditions speak of this energy. Some call it kundalini—often symbolized as a coiled serpent at the base of the spine. People

describe awakening it through practices such as yoga, meditation, breathwork, ritual, intimacy, or profound life experiences.

Whether understood spiritually or physiologically, it reflects something real:

the body's capacity for heightened awareness,
for deep sensation,
for profound integration.

It is not something foreign. It is not separate from you. It is your own nervous system, your own vitality, your own consciousness becoming more awake. Sometimes it feels strong. Sometimes quiet. But it is always there.

You might imagine it as a river flowing within. At times the current feels blocked—by tension, fear, trauma, conditioning. Self-awareness, healing, and grounded practice can help clear these blockages, allowing energy to move more freely.

Some describe it as feminine. Others as divine. But at its essence, it is the union of polarities—
active and receptive,

structure and flow,
electric and magnetic.

When these forces within us come into balance, we feel more whole. Less divided. Less at war with ourselves.

Awakening is not about chasing intense sensations. It is about integration. About aligning body and mind. About feeling safe enough to allow your own energy to move without fear.

Work gently with your breath.

Care for your body.

Heal what needs healing.

Stay grounded.

And allow your own life force to flow—

not as something mystical to escape into,

but as something embodied,

present,

and deeply human.

AN EXERCISE

Begin with the breath.

Let it travel through you—

from mouth or nose,

into chest,

into belly,

down to your base—

and then rise again.

A quiet circle, repeating throughout your life.

Breathe deeply enough that your body moves.

Let your belly expand.

Feel your ribs widen.

Inhale until you sense fullness.

Exhale without force.

Let each breath feel intentional—

as if you are meeting life with it.

Imagine the breath moving like a spiral within you,

waking sensation,

bringing awareness to places that often remain unnoticed.

As attention drops toward the base of the spine and the pelvis, you may notice warmth, tingling, or subtle movement. This is not something mystical or separate from you—it is your nervous system responding to focused awareness. Breath increases circulation. Muscles activate. Sensation becomes clearer.

Engage gently with your core and pelvic muscles. Not forcefully—simply awareness and light activation. Feel your body from the inside rather than using your hands.

Stay connected.

If strong sensations arise, slow down.

If emotions surface, observe them.

If images or memories appear, notice them without clinging.

Intense breathing can sometimes bring unusual experiences—visions, insights, or waves of feeling. These are natural responses of a brain and body shifting state. Stay calm. Stay grounded. If anything feels overwhelming, return to a slower, softer breath. Open your eyes. Feel the floor beneath you.

This energy is not outside you. It is you—your vitality, your awareness.

But it requires care.

Do not push.

Do not chase intensity.

Move gradually.

Always ground yourself afterward.

Feel your feet.

Touch something solid.

Drink water.

When practiced gently and consistently, breath can deepen your connection—to your body, to your emotions, to your sense of self. You may feel clearer, more present, more integrated.

Awakening is not about leaving reality.

It is about becoming more embodied within it.

Close your eyes if you wish.

Look inward.

Notice what has always been there—
quietly waiting to be felt.

The Energy Field

Exercise: Sensing Your Subtle Body Awareness

1. Bring your attention to one hand. Look at it. Notice the skin, the lines, the shape. Feel the bones, the muscles, the warmth. Be aware that blood flows through it, that nerves send signals constantly.
2. Now close your eyes. Even without looking, you know where your hand is. Sense it from within. You may notice tingling, pulsing, warmth, or subtle vibration. This is your nervous system and circulation becoming more noticeable as your attention sharpens. Stay with that sensation.
3. Slowly expand your awareness up the arm—into the forearm, elbow, upper arm, shoulder. Then include your chest, neck, abdomen. Move gently through your body with your attention. Notice what you can feel without touching. There is no need to force sensation—simply observe what is already there.
4. Allow this subtle awareness to spread. You may sense a faint vibration or aliveness around your body. This is often described as an “energy field,” but it can also be understood as heightened sensory perception. Stay relaxed. Breathe naturally.
5. Then intentionally return your focus to the physical body. Open your eyes. Firmly press your hands together. Touch

your arms, your legs. Feel your feet on the ground. Notice the weight of your body.

Ground yourself.

Set a timer if helpful, so you don't drift too long.

Feel.

Observe.

And always return fully to your body.

Shapes and Patterns

Do you see them?

Do you feel them?

The patterns.

The shifting shapes.

The colors that seem to dance behind closed eyes.

Waves of light,

Geometric forms,

Subtle movement in the dark.

Sometimes, when we relax deeply or gaze softly at a surface,

the mind begins to paint—

mandala-like forms,

spirals,

flowing designs.

They are not hidden from us.

They arise within us.

The brain is a master of pattern.

It finds symmetry in chaos,

creates light in darkness,

turns stillness into motion.

Have you ever stared at a flame,

at leaves moving in the wind,

at the sky at dusk—

and felt something alive within it?

A sense of movement.

A pulsing rhythm.

A subtle glow.

We are wired to perceive motion,

to detect energy in everything that lives.

In plants reaching for the sun.

In fire rising upward.

In the breath moving through a body.

We see spirals in shells,

in galaxies,

in strands of DNA.

The serpent shape,

the helix,

the coiling vine—

life loves repetition.

Sometimes, when we soften our gaze at another person,

we may think we see a glow,

a shimmer in the air.

Our vision adjusts.

Light bends.

Perception becomes fluid.

It can feel magical.

And perhaps it is—

not because something supernatural has appeared,

but because awareness has deepened.

When we look closely enough,

the ordinary becomes extraordinary.

The world reveals its layers.

Reality itself is a kind of kaleidoscope—

light, color, motion, pattern—

constantly shifting.

The magic is not hidden.

It lives in perception.

And when you truly see,
the world becomes breathtaking.

A Pause

This is the moment for freedom.

For peace.

For forgiveness.

For all that has been,

All that is,

And all that is yet to come—

To simply be.

Be here.

In this breath.

In this moment.

Free.

At peace.

The Journey of Awakening

I don't like the word awakening. It sounds sudden—like opening your eyes and seeing everything at once. But it rarely happens that way. It is more like a small door opening just a little, letting something new flow in. And then, over time, the door opens wider. Again and again.

Perhaps only true masters are fully awake. The rest of us are simply walking the path—circling closer to truth, layer by layer.

For a long time, many of us move away from ourselves. We try to fit in. We follow expectations. We chase careers, money, status, approval. Somewhere along the way, we feel lost. Life doesn't look the way we once imagined. We ask: Who am I? Why am I here?

This recognition can happen at any age—or not at all. Some people question early. Others never do. And when the questioning begins, a choice appears:

Do I want more from this life?

Or am I willing to stay as I am?

Choosing growth is not glamorous. It often means work—inner work. And while it may not guarantee a perfect ending, it often leads to a more conscious, fulfilling one.

At the beginning, many people look for guidance. A teacher. A system. A method that promises transformation. They try meditation, yoga, therapy, spiritual teachings, philosophy, self-inquiry. Some methods resonate. Others don't.

Here is something important: there is no universal formula. No perfect path. No single correct way. Every journey is personal. We each carry different wounds, beliefs, histories, sensitivities. What frees one person may not work for another.

So relax.

Do not force yourself into a practice that feels wrong. Perhaps it is not your way. Or not your time. Try what calls you. Stay curious. Learn from different sources—but do not hand over your inner authority. Let teachings guide you, not replace you.

Create your own path from what truly resonates.

There are often two types of beginnings. Some start excited and inspired, diving in quickly, believing they've found "the answer." Others begin from exhaustion or pain, searching for relief—just one thread of hope.

But sooner or later, most discover the same truth: this journey goes deeper than expected. After the first breakthroughs come deeper layers. Old patterns resurface. Triggers repeat. It can feel endless.

And in a way, it is ongoing.

Yet something subtle shifts over time. What once felt unbearable becomes manageable. Old wounds lose their intensity. The inner landscape clears. Without dramatic fireworks, you realize you are lighter. Stronger. More stable.

You begin to recognize yourself beneath the conditioning. You hear your own voice more clearly. You sense direction—not imposed from outside, but arising from within.

There may come a moment when you think:

This is it. This feels right. Life feels aligned.

Not perfect—but real.

And still, there is more to discover. More depth. More integration.

The path may not have a final destination. It is not about reaching some ultimate state and staying there forever. It is about becoming more honest, more present, more whole.

Perhaps awakening is not a single event.

Perhaps it is remembering—again and again—

who you are beneath the noise.

And walking forward, with a little more clarity each time.

The Observer

Maybe you have heard this before. Maybe you already understand it. Or maybe you are just beginning to explore it.

Start simply.

Become the observer of your mind.

Notice your thoughts as they move.

Notice the inner voices, the reactions, the images.

Go through your day watching gently—without judgment—like you would watch a film.

Imagine standing behind a waterfall, watching the water rush down. The thoughts flow past in the same way. Or imagine standing high on a mountain, looking down at the landscape of your mind. You see movement, but you are not inside the chaos.

With time, something interesting may happen.

You realize: if you can observe your thoughts, then you cannot be only your thoughts. There is something in you that notices them. Something aware.

Then the question arises: what is this awareness?

If you try to observe the observer, it may seem to disappear. And yet, you can still notice that disappearance. There is always another layer of noticing.

This can feel confusing if you think about it too much. So don't overanalyze. The mind loves to turn even this into a puzzle. Instead, soften.

Rather than chasing the observer, allow awareness to simply be present. Notice how it feels when you rest in that place of watching—without trying to control it.

Sometimes, when thoughts quiet down, there is a sense of stillness. A pause. A spaciousness where nothing particular is happening. It may feel like darkness, or emptiness, or silence.

This silence is not something mystical. It is simply the mind at rest.

At first, this can feel unfamiliar. The mind quickly tries to restart—analyzing, commenting, pulling you back into activity. That is natural. The mind's job is to think.

There is no need to fight it.

Instead of forcing emptiness, gently return to awareness whenever you notice you have been carried away. Again and again. Patiently.

Meditation is not about destroying thought. It is about changing your relationship to it. You begin to see that thoughts come and go—but awareness remains.

Rest in that awareness.

Not as something dramatic.

Not as something supernatural.

Just as simple presence.

You do not need to disappear into darkness. You do not need to erase your mind. You are allowed to think, to feel, to exist fully.

The quiet space beneath thought is not dangerous. It is not something to fear. It is simply stillness.

And from stillness, clarity grows.

You do not have to become nothing.

You do not have to chase emptiness.

Just observe.

Return.

Be present.

That is enough.

The Container

You are a container.

A living vessel with a heart.

A space that holds a soul.

You carry light and shadow,

Thoughts and memories,

Feelings and emotions.

Masculine and feminine,

Adult and child,

Ego and inner critic.

You even hold the clutter—

The things unprocessed,

Unreleased.

Do not let them pile up.

You forget:

You are a container.

What has been poured into you—

By others or by yourself—

Can be emptied.

Sometimes alone.

Sometimes with help.

You hold pain and sadness.

You also hold joy.

A container must be cleared from time to time,

Or it overflows.

Remember this:

You choose what enters.

What you watch.

What you listen to.

What you consume.

What you believe.

Separate the gold from the garbage.

Not everything deserves space inside you.

What enters can stay—

Or it can leave.

That choice is yours.

A planted thought is a seed.

It will grow or wither

Depending on how you nourish it.

Inside you is a garden.

And sometimes,

It is time for harvest.

Remove the weeds that block your light.

Trim the thorns that guard your heart too tightly.

Let what is dying fall away.

Make space for new growth.

Care for this inner garden.

Care for your container.

It is the only one you have—

For now.

The Messages of the Soul

Sometimes you simply have to stop.

To listen to the quiet call of your soul.

To the whisper within that says:

Pause.

Breathe.

Slow down.

And sometimes you don't even have a choice.

The patterns repeat.

The exhaustion returns.

The illness, the burnout, the pain.

Until one day it is enough.

You stop.

In the stillness, you begin to hear it—

The inner voice asking you to change direction.

To let go.

To grow.

To move with the current instead of against it.

There is something in you that knows the way.

A deeper rhythm.

A subtle pull.

But being human, you forget.

You push.

You resist.

You repeat old cycles.

You spiral downward again.

And then, once more,

You remember.

The quiet knowing returns.

The signs become visible.

The intuition nudges.

The coincidences feel less accidental.

Life begins to guide you—

Through gentle invitations

Or stronger lessons.

You align.

You listen.

You follow what feels true.

And sometimes, you drift again.

You resist again.

The spiral turns once more.

But each time you remember a little sooner.

Each time the lesson grows lighter.

So do not ignore the subtle call within.

Do not dismiss the signs around you.

Take the opportunities that feel alive.

Choose the direction that brings you closer to yourself.

Walk your path with awareness.

With courage.

With trust in the quiet wisdom that lives inside you.

Truth

Stand in Truth.

Not as a weapon —

But as a flame.

Live by it quietly when you can.

Speak it loudly when you must.

Let it guide your steps,

Shape your choices,

Flow through your actions.

Truth born from love does not wound for sport.

It clarifies.

It liberates.

It illuminates.

When you move from the depths of your soul,

Integrity becomes your ground.

Compassion becomes your language.

Courage becomes your breath.

There may be moments

When you must raise your voice.

When old programming tightens its grip.

When mind-made cages pretend to be reality.

Break them —

But do not become what you oppose.

Open eyes gently where they are ready.

Open ears where there is willingness.

Truth forced is resistance.

Truth embodied is invitation.

Let your heart speak louder than your arguments.

Let your presence teach louder than your words.

Let your life be the evidence.

When truth rises from love,

It does not divide —

It reveals.

Stand in it.

Rooted.

Soft.

Unshakable.

Not to win.

Not to conquer.

But to serve something deeper.

And when you forget —

Return.

The End

I don't believe in an end point. Life is not something to accomplish, not something you complete and declare finished. It isn't a destination where you arrive and say, "This is it. I'm enlightened. I've reached everything."

It is movement.

It is unfolding.

New goals arise. New layers reveal themselves. You evolve, expand, shed, remember. And even if you believe in many lifetimes, the movement does not stop there. It continues. Always further. Always deeper.

Enlightenment is not a sudden beam of light breaking through the sky. The light has always been there. You have simply learned to notice it. To listen. To see what was never absent.

This journey is not about becoming something new. It is about waking up to what has always existed beneath the noise. You were

asleep to it. Now you open your eyes. And then you open them again. And again.

Each awakening becomes your new normal. What once felt profound becomes natural. And then another layer reveals itself. More depth. More truth. More subtlety.

It changes how you see everything.

It is like opening a small door and allowing something to flow in. At first it feels like a quiet pond. Then you realize it is a river — always moving, always alive. Then a waterfall — intensity growing, insight rushing through you with force and clarity.

And still it does not end.

The river joins other rivers. They merge into a sea. The sea opens into an ocean — vast, deep, without visible boundary. You begin to understand that it is all connected. There was never separation. Only limited perception.

And even the ocean is not the end.

It is an ongoing revelation. A widening. A softening into something that was always there.

You open the door —
and instead of controlling what enters,
you allow it.

You let what knocks come through.

You let it live within you.

You let it move through you.

Not to finish.

Not to conquer.

But to participate in the endless unfolding.

Time

What is time?

It is now.

Now.

Now.

Now.

Only this moment — ever present.

Always and forever

just now.

There is no tomorrow.

No future to hold.

No past to return to.

No time.

Only this.

What is time?

A concept —

a way to measure change.

A story we tell

to make sense of movement.

Time seems to pass

when you think,

when you look back,

when you wander into your mind.

But here —

in this breath,

in this awareness —

there is no time.

Only now.

Being here.

Being.

Now.

Correlations

The branches and the roots —

our arms and legs.

The stars and the mycelium —

our networks and nerves.

The rivers —

our arteries and veins.

As the Father gave life to the universe,

Mother Earth gave birth to us.

Out of the dark womb into the light we come,

our soul descending from light

into this material world.

We breathe the air

the plants breathe out.

And we come alive.

Like flowers that wilt in autumn,
we fade in winter and transform.
In spring they bloom again,
and we return in human form.

We rise into our highest moments
in the heat of summer —
and then we begin again.

Nature's cycle —
life, death,
and rebirth.

Creation

Have you ever felt that everything is interconnected?

Seen the same patterns repeating in different forms?

Heard the phrase, as in the microcosm, so in the macrocosm — as above, so below?

Have you noticed how a river branches like a tree?

How brain cells resemble mycelium?

How a seed grows into a plant just as a fetus grows into a baby?

How geometry and numbers echo through nature, art, and the cosmos?

Parallels exist on countless levels and planes.

One of them is the reflection between the creation of the universe and the procreation of human life.

In the universe, two energies exist — polarities.

Light and darkness.

Feminine and masculine.

In the mythic dance of creation, these two forces unite.

Darkness — primordial, raw, materializing.

Light — clear, loving, luminous.

They merge in a cosmic union, and from that union, life emerges.

Like a father offering seed to an egg.

Like a plant releasing pollen into fertile soil.

Creation continues itself through creation.

A mother carries life within the darkness of her womb.

From shadow into light, a child grows.

With each passing moment, more light filters in.

In love. In wonder. Sometimes in pain.

The child is connected to the mother by an umbilical cord.

Just as the soul is connected to its source.

A living bond between creator and creation.

As a mother loves her child,
so the Creator loves all creation.

And within human beings lies that same creative power —
expressed through sacred union, through birth, through parenthood.
The intertwining of DNA,
the spark of spirit woven into matter.

There comes a moment of passage —
from the safety of the womb
through a dark tunnel toward light.

In the same way, the soul moves
from light into density,
from subtle vibration into embodied life.
Choosing experience.

Choosing growth.

Choosing incarnation.

Thus the wonder unfolds.

Spirit, soul, and body united.

A triple existence —

just as we hold physical, emotional, and mental dimensions within us.

As above, so below.

As below, so above.

And this same principle lives in creativity.

The painter.

The writer.

The researcher.

The entrepreneur.

Each gives birth to something unseen.

Ideas gestate.

Sometimes they arrive in flashes of inspiration.

Sometimes they are carried for years before emerging.

The birth process differs —

but the power of creation is the same.

From depth into form.

From vision into matter.

From thought into touchable reality.

The spark appears.

Follow it.

Create from love.

Give life to what calls you.

Take the seed of an idea
and let it grow through your hands into this world.

From mind into matter.

From invisible into visible.

As above, so below.

As below, so above.

Darkness and Light

Darkness and light combined,
Like mother and father joining,
Creating in divine love and creativity.

In an act of sacred union,
They bear a child — creation itself.
You are born, just as creation is born.

In your heart
lies the power of universal love —
the true home of your being.

Your connection to the Source,
to mother and father,
to darkness and light.

The Moment

There is nothing more beautiful than the moment of self-realization — the moment we let go of the masks, the ego, the personality we once believed to be all that we are. The moment we see that we are that... and so much more. The moment we feel the full spectrum of polarity again. The moment we feel One — when we remember our divine nature.

When we recognize ourselves as one with all existence, with consciousness, with darkness and light. When we understand that even the material world, even the shadows, are part of the great unfolding through which we come to know ourselves.

Then we begin to understand what love truly is: connection, trust, peace, and deep understanding. Fear softens into trust. And every emotion we once labeled as negative — fear, sadness, anger, hatred, doubt — becomes a doorway. Each one brings us closer to ourselves, allowing us to experience the fullness of life.

Not only the light, where we feel at home,
but both polarities —
where we are whole,

where we are One.

The Power of the One

It is the power of the One,
the power of the Many.
The gods and goddesses,
the witches and wizards,
the priests and priestesses —
they know, and we are remembering.

No matter the name,
the culture, the religion,
it is the power of the One.
Many names, many paths —
it is the power of the Many.
Individuality and unity intertwined.

The power of the blood in our veins,
the magic in the air —

guarding and guiding,
within and around us,
aligned.

The power of the old,
the power of the new.
Life and death,
unceasing change.

The power of the past,
the power of the future —
everywhere, anywhere,
all at once.

What is time?

The borders dissolve.
No space, no time —
only change,

only the power of Now.

It is the power of I,

the power of You,

the power of Us.

The power of All.

The power of One.

The Realization

When meeting the Source,
the cosmic Mother,
the divine Creator
from whom existence is born —

feel the oneness.

The pulsating energy of life,
the aliveness within emptiness,
the gentle buzz of silence,
the peace within the quiet,
the nothing in everything,
the everything in nothing.

Feel and realize:

you are one with the Source.

Vibrating as pure energy.

There is no you and it —
only being, without separation.

You are It.

It is you.

You are One.

Now look and recognize
your creation.

In the darkness, see the lights of the many —
the manifested universe,
existence as your child.

Feel the love,
the serenity spreading within you
as you remember:
all is One.

All is you.

Feel the connections across time and space.
Feel the vast and the minute within yourself.
As your body holds its cells,
so the Source holds the universe and the stars.

Feel it deep in your bones,
the vibration in your heart
spreading through your being.
On your skin,
in your fingertips,
in every breath.

This connection —
the oneness between you and the Source.

Oneness

When you walk, the whole universe walks with you.

Your creation is born from the Source —
for you are the Source.

Even when you are alone,
you are not alone.

You are one with all that is.

It is Time

I have a dream—
a dream of this world
seemingly apart, yet becoming one.

Joining together,
together as one.

The cycle is here.
The time is now.
Now is the time—
it is ripe.
It is now.

Two poles uniting,
uniting in love.

People existing
together as one,
all joined together—
a wonder on Earth.

Paradise descending,
being here,
living now,
here and now,
forever.

SO ARE YOU READY
FOR THIS JOURNEY
CALLED LIFE?

SOMETIMES YOU ARE NOT,
BUT YOU ARE HERE
SO HOLD ON
UNTIL YOU ARE.

The Journey of Life
A Guided Immersion

by Wiktoria Adamczuk
wwikaadamczuk@gmail.com

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