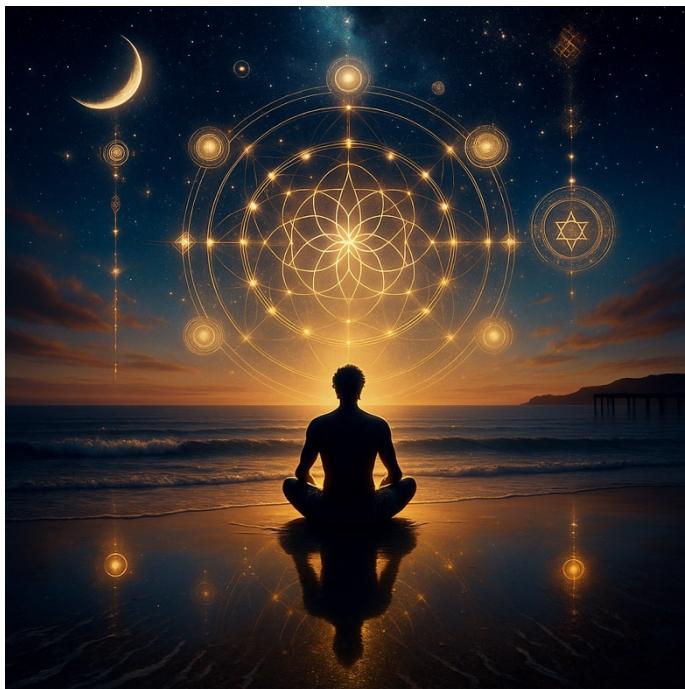


François W. Beydoun

The Way of the One

Between Earth and Cosmos: The Path of an Awakened Dreamer



A family legacy transcended into a quest for meaning and light.

Autobiography

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First edition — Self-published (imprint: François W. Beydoun)

Legal deposit: October 2025 — BnF
ISBN 979-10-979983-0-1 (English edition)

Preface

I dedicate these pages to my parents, whose love and sacrifices shaped the man I have become.

To those who wander, doubt, or falter along the path, I wish to offer a testimony of faith, of hope, and of that silent strength we often discover in moments of downfall.

Sometimes, one must consent to being lost in order to finally be found.

At the age of 62, I felt the call to put into words the thread of my existence.

This narrative retraces a journey both intimate and universal — a path of awakening woven from decisive choices, transformative encounters, and suspended moments.

Each step has been inscribed within an inner dialogue with that silent presence I call the One — a source of clarity, unity, and connection.

This book bears witness to a lucid and sincere journey, gradually crossing the boundaries of the known, welcoming the invisible, surrender, and the naked truth.

It is an invitation to perceive in every experience, even the most destabilizing, a passage toward oneself and toward the essential.

May these words become a beacon for those in search of meaning.

And may they remind us that, even in our darkest nights, the light is never far — for we were born of the One... and it is to the One that we return.

Chapter 1

The Weight of Origins

The cultural and family roots that shape our destinies



Maternal Grandparents (Beydoun Family Private Collection)
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Maternal Roots

A Love Broken Too Soon

My maternal grandmother embodied a woman of many talents, a central and inspiring figure within our family. A skilled chef, an expert in traditional Arab medicine, and a captivating storyteller, she illuminated our lives with her many gifts. Each evening, she would read to my beloved grandfather, Fawzi, passages from *The Thousand and One Nights*, drawn from the seven grand volumes he had given her, richly adorned with sumptuous illuminations. Together, they formed a profoundly loving and inseparable couple—until life struck them with a cruel blow: my grandfather was taken suddenly by a devastating infectious disease at only thirty-two.

His premature departure shattered my grandmother's life and forever marked the destiny of our family.



AI-Generated Image: Oriental living room with tea set and samovar
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The Sanctuary of Traditions and Shared Joy

Before fate struck, their home was a true sanctuary of traditions and shared joy. During the years my grandfather was still alive, their household radiated conviviality and fulfillment. My carefree grandmother would play the *Oud* or the *Qanoûn*, with a lightness that made those moments unforgettable. These two traditional instruments of oriental music, inherited directly from the Ottoman Empire, reflected the cultural soul of that era. She would play for her husband and her friends, sometimes dressed in men's attire, with her hair cut short like a *garçonne*, leaning on a cane—a daring posture that fascinated all who saw her.

Sobhiyé: The Elegance of Festive Mornings

Those weekly gatherings, known as *Sobhiyé*, were moments of celebration and sociability where refinement and simplicity blended in perfect harmony. The guests, seated with elegance, were attended to with thoughtful service by staff specially hired for the occasion from the neighboring café. At the center of the room, a majestic samovar stood with grandeur, a dazzling symbol of the art of hospitality. Its presence infused the space with warmth and welcome, while its steaming tea became the companion of animated conversations and bursts of laughter. These convivial gatherings, filled with lightheartedness and carefreeness, seemed eternal, as though suspended in time. Yet this idyllic balance would soon be broken by tragedy, leaving an indelible mark on their daily life.

A Life Shattered by Grief

The sudden loss of Fawzi marked an irreversible turning point in my grandmother's life. Deeply shaken, she made a solemn vow never again to play music, to dance, to sing, or even to wear black—beyond that final moment when she mourned him with rare dignity. It was a unique homage to the man she had so deeply loved, and his loss left an immense void in her life and in that of the entire family.

Speaking of Fawzi became a taboo within the household. Most family members remained unaware of the true circumstances of his death, which only deepened the heavy silence. Though he had left behind a significant inheritance, including shops in the heart of Beirut, their prosperity collapsed brutally. All their fortune, invested in the prestigious Trans-Siberian railway network, was wiped out after the nationalization of Russian railroads following the Bolshevik Revolution of 1917.



AI-Generated Illustration: Maternal grandmother with grandchildren
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A Struggle for Family Survival

Confronted with this financial disaster, my grandmother bore alone the heavy burden of raising her six children. My mother, the eldest and only daughter, had to abandon her dreams of study to meet the urgent needs of the family. At just eighteen, she left school to become a teacher, taking on the destiny of her brothers with remarkable maturity and inner strength. It was a time marked by immense sacrifices and difficult choices, but also by an indomitable strength of character that laid the foundations of our family.

Rituals Steeped in Spirituality

Despite the hardships, my grandmother found ways to preserve both spiritual and family balance. She also carried the role of a shaman, guiding us barefoot across the brazier set up in the heart of her kitchen, incense swirling in the air as she whispered verses from the Qur'an. This ritual, intended to ward off the evil eye—or sometimes performed simply as a precaution—bore witness to her devotion and deep attachment to tradition.

Every morning, she gathered the family in her vast living room, where we often joined her still in our pajamas, drawn by the comforting aroma of her coffee. She would prepare two distinct versions: strong Turkish coffee, and instant coffee—

her personal favorite—made especially to please Félicita, her German daughter-in-law, whom we all affectionately called Fé, my beloved aunt. This morning ritual, simple yet warm, symbolized harmony and the diversity of tastes within our family.

In her spare time, she revealed remarkable talent in sewing, a gift devoted exclusively to her grandchildren. My mother played the role of stylist: inspired by the elegant shop windows of Hamra Street, she would sketch quick designs and entrust them to grandmother. Together they would wander through Beirut’s old souk, choosing fabrics, buttons, and zippers, punctuating their shopping with lively sessions of oriental bargaining—often concluded over a cup of Turkish coffee generously offered by a satisfied merchant.

As the youngest child, I was the only one allowed to accompany them on these enriching escapades. I would silently observe their subtle strategies to secure the best prices, learning the delicate art of negotiation—especially the precise moment when they would feign indifference, turning their backs so the vendor would yield. After these intense negotiations, we rewarded ourselves with sweet treats, enjoying refreshments such as the famous *Jallab* or fresh fruit cocktails. My favorite was always strawberry and banana, savored under the warm and smiling gaze of my mother.

An Inheritance of Tenderness and Transmission

Beyond these shared attentions, grandmother reserved intimate moments marked by a special delicacy. From time to time, when she found a free moment in her busy schedule, she would come to wake me by gently massaging my back, soothing the pains of my scoliosis. Her hands, light and full of tenderness, would rest on me like a feline’s paws, transmitting unconditional love. Once she finished, I would kiss her hand in gratitude, and in a tender gesture she would turn my hand over and place a kiss upon it.

This rare and precious ritual echoed the gestures she once shared with my grandfather. She would then whisper to me, as if confiding a sacred secret:

“You have the same natural nobility as your grandfather. There is something innate in your demeanor that deeply resembles him.”

These words, spoken with sincere pride, were always followed by a conspiratorial murmur:

“But don’t tell anyone.”

Such rare moments, rich with tenderness, carried within them a family heritage of love and inner strength. They also reflected the spirit of transmission that bound the generations together.

A Thirst for Learning Against All Odds

Despite the weight of family trials, my mother never abandoned her thirst for learning. After raising her four children, she found the courage and determination to resume her studies while I was still a young child. Later, in the heart of the Lebanese war, while her children were scattered across the world, she transformed her solitude into an opportunity for personal accomplishment, pursuing higher education with unshakable tenacity. This unwavering commitment culminated in the achievement of a doctorate—a shining proof that it is never too late to fulfill one’s aspirations.

Timeless Figures of Feminine Courage

The extraordinary journeys of my mother and grandmother remain, for me, an endless source of inspiration. Their way of enduring trials with peaceful strength has deeply shaped my own commitment to women’s rights.

These memories sustain me every single day. They keep alive the presence of these exceptional women, who combined unwavering love with lucid courage. To me, they will forever embody dignity and resilience.



Paternal Grandfather, Dib (Beydoun Family Private Collection)
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Paternal Roots

Another Facet of Family Origins

On my father's side, my grandfather Dib, former mayor of Achrafieh in Beirut, embodied a powerful and emblematic dimension of our family roots. A valiant soldier of the Ottoman army, he dedicated his postwar life to the building of a true industrial empire.

At only sixteen, he was compelled to join the Ottoman troops, leaving behind a mother and sister stripped of protection. Driven by a bold vision and a profoundly entrepreneurial

spirit, he founded two textile factories and a tobacco manufacturing plant, which he symbolically named *Al-Wéhdéh*—“Union” in Arabic. This name, carrying his ideals of unity and strength in the face of adversity, became both a banner and a target.

Under the French administration, newly established in the region after the fall of the Ottoman Empire and its German ally, his commitment to *Al-Wéhdéh* was interpreted as a subversive act. The authorities saw in it a call to insurrection, a threat in an unstable climate, and sentenced him to thirty days of detention.

At twenty-seven, shortly after his release, Dib immortalized this pivotal episode in a photography studio. In this portrait—now a milestone in our family history—he appears seated, wearing his *tarbouche* (Fez) and a soberly elegant *jellaba*. His calm and steady gaze meets the lens with a silent intensity. His carefully groomed mustache adds to his distinguished presence. In this posture, one reads both an unshakable inner peace and an unyielding fidelity to his ideals.

The Symbolism of the Name Dib

Born into a family marked by tragedy—his parents having lost two children before him—his name, Dib, meaning “wolf” in Arabic, was chosen as a talisman against misfortune. True to that symbolism, he defied all expectations and lived nearly a century, becoming the pillar of a lineage and embodying, until the very end, the strength and protection evoked by his name.

A Generosity Beyond Measure

This strength and longevity, though admirable, also manifested in a behavior that, while fascinating in its generosity, often puzzled—even scandalized—his own family. Dib, a man of boundless generosity and impulsive temperament, frequently left his relatives perplexed, sometimes indignant, by what they judged as extravagant and

disadvantageous actions. Heated discussions between my father, his brother, and other family members often revolved around the dissipation of family assets. His habit of giving lavishly—even to strangers or passing acquaintances—clashed violently with the expectations of those who hoped his success would benefit his descendants.

A Sharp Philosophy of Life

One day, when my father reproached him for this prodigality, Dib, unshaken, replied with serene authority:

“I built my fortune on my own; no one gave it to me. If you want the same, work to build it instead of counting on an inheritance.”

These words, sharp yet truthful, summed up his philosophy of life: he believed neither in passive transmission nor in dependency, but in personal effort, in each person’s capacity to forge their own destiny.

A Gesture of Grandeur in Naameh

I recall a striking example of this disarming generosity, retold within the family and etched into my memory. During a visit to his factories and coastal lands in Naameh, a young deputy—who would later become Prime Minister—was captivated by the beauty of a particular plot of land. True to himself, Dib offered it to him on the spot, without hesitation. To him, it was an expression of nobility of spirit, not a calculation of interest.

A Personal Legacy

At nine years old, a vivid memory sealed for me the lasting mark of his spontaneous love. Watching him trim his nails with a small Chinese nail clipper, I gazed at him with childlike fascination. Without hesitation, he handed it to me:

“Here, take it.”

Though embarrassed, I accepted as he insisted. That simple object, which I still keep to this day, became a tangible symbol of his free and selfless affection.

Echoes of Gratitude

Years later, at a dinner atop the *Institut du Monde Arabe* in Paris, his memory was rekindled. A Lebanese maître d’hôtel, visibly moved by my presence, approached me hesitantly:

“Excuse me, Mr. Beydoun...
Do you know someone by the name of Dib Beydoun?”

When I answered yes, he began recounting how my grandfather had once helped his widowed, destitute mother. In homage, he offered us a platter of Lebanese fruits presented with the refinement of a royal banquet, accompanied by an aged cognac. This gesture of gratitude, deeply moving, left a strong impression on my friends and reminded me how Dib’s impact had reached far beyond his immediate descendants.



My Parents’ Wedding (Beydoun Family Private Collection)
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Marriage as a Theater of Power

This generosity also revealed itself in the family sphere, particularly during my parents' wedding. My mother, Dib's favored daughter-in-law, sometimes served as an intermediary to secure favors within the clan. The story of their engagement and ceremony remains anchored in family memory: prominent figures—ministers and members of parliament—were in attendance. For my grandfather, the event carried as much political weight as personal significance.

My mother recalled with emotion her entrance on my father's arm, walking through a guard of honor formed by scouts raising their swords, under enthusiastic applause and to the simultaneous strains of two orchestras—one oriental, the other western—playing together in striking harmony.

Boldness and Determination

But above all, it was Dib's modernity and boldness that left a lasting mark. Despite the objections of my paternal grandmother—a fervent believer and staunch conservative—my mother succeeded in persuading Dib to let his daughters remove the veil. A rare decision at the time, it became a powerful symbol of emancipation and change.

Dib's Captivating Stories

Though his memory faltered with age, Dib would tirelessly recount one military anecdote. During a maneuver, he had shot down a majestic eagle with a single bullet, without having received the order from his German superior. At first reprimanded, he was eventually praised for his marksmanship.

I listened in silence, despite the many repetitions, exchanging knowing glances with my father. Though weakened, Dib continued to transmit, through his stories, the precious link between generations.

Between Faith and Irreverence

Dib was not a man of half-measures. His outbursts of anger and blasphemies would drive my grandmother to despair. Pious and devout, she would scold him, rosary in hand:

“*Ya Dib... stop blaspheming, stop!*”

يا ديب... حاج تکفر، حاج !

For her, his profanities were an abomination—far more intolerable than his infidelities, known to all but met with resignation and muted despair. Her voice would rise with an authority tinged with exasperation, like the surge of a storm. And Dib, as if to provoke her further, would redouble his ardor, casting sharp oaths into the air like sparks.

Their verbal jousts, almost theatrical, reverberated through the walls like a duel of spirits, where confrontation became art. They reflected a singular, almost alchemical mixture of biting complicity and profound divergence between their two worlds: he, irreverent and free to the point of insolence, clinging to his frank speech like a banner; she, a woman of another century, born into opulence, cultivated, speaking Turkish with grace, pious and firmly rooted in her convictions. He, returning from the front on horseback, poor yet proud, bearing the nobility of the dispossessed; she, sovereign of silence and tradition. Their union was no idyll, but rather a tacit pact between two realms—a fragile alliance where love hovered at a respectful distance, flickering like a lantern between shadow and fire.

The Song of a Bygone Era

During family picnics, Dib would sing *Aman Doktor*, a song from wartime.

Turkish:

*Aman doktor canım kuzum doktor
Derdime bir çare*

*Çaresiz dertlere düştüm
Doktor bana bir çare*

English translation:

Oh doctor, dear doctor, my beloved doctor,
Find a remedy for my sorrow.
I have fallen into hopeless afflictions,
Doctor, give me a cure.

His voice would sometimes tremble, heavy with memories.
That melody, sad yet beautiful, added a note of depth to
joyous moments.

Remembering My Grandfather

As I revisit these memories, I feel profound gratitude.
Grandfather Dib, your presence still vibrates through our
stories and our memories.
Thank you for the richness of your legacy, the clarity of your
values, and the silent love you conveyed with dignity.



Chapter 2

What Her Heart Revealed



During my mother's engagement (Beydoun Family Private Collection)
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The Imprints That Remain

In the difficult early days of my career, when I was confronted with the uncertainties of the job market, my mother's words left a deep impression on me. It was the early 1990s, a time when conflicts such as the Iran-Iraq war paralyzed many sectors, including those tied to design. After being laid off for economic reasons, I felt disappointed, particularly as my professional aspirations seemed far away, even though my diploma project—a porcelain creation from Limoges—had been acquired by the National Adrien Dubouché Museum.

One day, as I shared my doubts with her, she looked at me tenderly and said:

“My dear son, in life, what matters most are the traces each of us leaves behind. Money comes and goes, but the marks that remain after our departure are far more important.”

Those words, disarmingly simple, served as a beacon during my darkest times. They reminded me that what truly matters lies not in material gain but in the impact, we leave on others—through our work, our values, and our creativity.

It was precisely that vision that pushed me, many years later, to devote myself to a project able to transcend generations and embody values of innovation and sustainability. That project, modestly named CHANYA, would be my response to this call to leave a lasting mark. But that story, I will tell in due time...



Portrait of my mother, Sit Nazek (Beydoun Family Private Collection)
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The Revelation of Illness

During the two months when we discovered, with shock, that our mother had terminal cancer—metastasized throughout her

body from the lungs, though she had never smoked—I immediately left Paris to be by her side. I was devastated, unable to believe the news.

When I arrived in Beirut, she was smiling, radiant, true to herself as always. It was impossible to imagine, even for a moment, that she was dying. I brought her all kinds of gifts, as though for a farewell. She was especially delighted with a pair of Minelli sandals, which her doctor even complimented, recognizing them as the same model his own wife had insisted, he buy for her on a trip to Italy. Proudly, my mother replied:

“It was my son in Paris who gave them to me.”

The Last Moments of Dignity

But as the illness advanced and her condition worsened, the physical marks of her struggle became undeniable. Chemotherapy had made her lose all her hair—a trial many would have tried to conceal. But not her. Faithful to her pride and dignity, she categorically refused to wear a headscarf, declaring firmly:

“I don’t want to put anything on my head. Let the neighbors see me. No one has a blue tent above their head.”

No one in my family had the courage to tell her the truth about her condition. Everyone lied hypocritically:

“When you’re cured, we’ll travel, we’ll go away together, and so on...”

For me, that masquerade was intolerable. Painful as the truth was, she had the right to know she had little time left—to choose how she wished to live her final moments.

The Final Testament

One night, as I lay in a bed beside hers in her private hospital room, she awoke around three in the morning, a radiant smile lighting up her face, ready to start a conversation. Seeing that her mind remained sharp despite her frail body, I gently steered the conversation toward life, death, and destiny. Gradually, she understood. Her smile faded, her eyes darkened, and a single tear rolled down her cheek. After a heavy silence, she ordered me firmly to fetch something to write with.

With a calm imbued with majesty, she dictated her will while I hurried to note it down in my Filofax, struggling to keep pace. She had decided to appoint me as executor, breaking with tradition that usually entrusted this responsibility to the eldest child. As the youngest, unmarried, and without children, I was, in her eyes, the most suited for this delicate task.

The Family Burden

The next morning, at precisely half past eight, as she had instructed, I went to the notary to validate her will. Shortly after, my sisters and my brother arrived. The latter, wounded in his pride, voiced his anger at my mother's decision to entrust me with the responsibility. With infinite gentleness, she calmly explained that he lived in Mauritius with his family, that he already had two children and a third on the way, and that his physical presence in this matter would not have been possible.

Later, I had to travel twice a year, for three consecutive years, to attest to my continued residence in the family apartment—a vital measure to preserve my younger sister's right to remain there. While this responsibility carried deep meaning, it also proved extremely demanding. The constant travel and the time consumed by these formalities drew me away from my career, until, finally, my sister remarried.

The Inheritance

That period was marked by profound exhaustion, both moral and financial. The unceasing efforts eventually led me to personal bankruptcy, and the void left by the loss of my mother plunged my life into unfathomable melancholy. I, who once delighted in opera, museums, and travel, suddenly found that all my passions had lost their luster. Depression set in, requiring maximum doses of Prozac and Lexomil to maintain a semblance of balance.

The Cleansing of Souls

During that time, my mother undertook a true inner cleansing. She wished to leave with a light heart—without resentment, without secrets. Among her most striking confidences, she told me about the twisted gold bracelet—gifted to her by her father Fawzi for passing her baccalaureate—which had been unjustly taken from her as a child. Returning it to its rightful owner became a reparative act, a silent reconciliation between mother and daughter.

She also spoke of her arranged marriage, broken dreams, a sacrificed youthful love, and compromises... But also, her ability to forgive, to love despite the wounds. These were confessions of poignant beauty, luminous with humanity.

Light Amidst Adversity

Her final days, as she wished, were bathed in music, prayers, and light.

The melodies of Fairouz and the Andalusian songs she loved floated through the house like a last breath of soul.

Two neighbors—one a former student, the other her brother who played the oud—touched by her discreet nobility, came to play for her, bringing warmth in her hours of passage.

The Last Moments of Infinite Love

Shortly before her departure, I had to return to France to renew my residence permit. That necessity, though unavoidable, was unbearable, for my mother kept calling for me insistently.

When I arrived, my sister met me at the airport with urgency in her voice:

“Mother is waiting for you—hurry!”

It was past midnight.

In her hospital room, I found her lying down, her face half-hidden beneath an oxygen mask. Yet as soon as she saw me, she smiled faintly and seemed to whisper something.

I sat gently by her side, carefully removed the mask so she could speak, and asked her to repeat.

In a voice barely audible, she breathed:

“I am giving you kisses.”

Those words overwhelmed me.

I covered her with kisses, filled with infinite gratitude for that intimate and precious instant.

The next morning, around eight o’clock, she passed away peacefully.

When I held her hand for the last time—cold despite the heat of summer—I felt fully the weight of that moment. Tears flowed freely, for then the truth struck me with all its force: Mother had crossed the final threshold.

A Collective Tribute

Her funeral shook the entire neighborhood.

Shopkeepers lowered their shutters; neighbors got into their cars to follow the procession.

No one had asked them.

They came, simply. It was their way of saying thank you.

Thank you for the children she had helped to school.

For the administrative steps she had made possible.

For her listening, her dignity, her quiet tenderness scattered all around her.

The people of the neighborhood offered one last tribute to “**Sit Nazek**” as everyone called her—Lady Nazek.
Even in her absence, my mother still radiated.



Chapter 3

The Father's Wound



AI-generated illustration: a child frightened by a storm is comforted by his father
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Stormy Nights

I will never forget the stormy nights of my childhood. Thunder shook the walls, lightning flooded the room with light, and fear gripped me every time. But my father, with infinite tenderness, would invite me to sleep with him and my mother. Their bed, so wide, became my refuge. He lined his side with a wool robe for extra warmth, wrapped me in his reassuring arms beneath the duvet, and made sure my head was tucked in to muffle the rumbling sky. Those nights, cradled by his

protection, remind me of the unconditional love he embodied then—long before alcohol dulled his radiance and his role as protector.

First Stirrings: The Innocent Kiss

At fourteen, my father—quietly benevolent—helped arrange a meeting with Majida, the young housemaid who worked for my aunt. We were the same age and fond of each other. One afternoon, left alone, we shared a simple, chaste, respectful kiss—my first. Nothing more. That moment of innocence etched itself in me as a rite of passage, and I sensed in my father a gentle pride at accompanying me through those stages of life.

Playful Humor and Culinary Mishaps

Then came Adriana, my first girlfriend. Ever mischievous, my father liked to whisper humorous tips: “*Casually ask her if her mother is really her older sister,*” he would joke. I didn’t dare at the time; years later in France, I discovered the unexpected effectiveness of that quip. Those tender, funny moments of transmission revealed his sincere desire to equip me for life.

His humor was constant. I can still see the fits of laughter he shared with my brother over my morning wake-ups under the sheet—a harmless theme of family teasing. Little by little, that lightness gave way to other blunders, notably in the kitchen. His famous “tabbouleh” without bulgur became a legend: unblinking, it turned into a roughly chopped salad we affectionately called “Dad’s salad.” We laughed without malice, not yet understanding that these repeated lapses betrayed the growing hold of alcohol.

A Generosity Without Limit

Like his own father, mine embodied overflowing kindness, sometimes to the point of prodigality. From our balcony, he would buy up an entire peddler’s crates of fruit and

vegetables, then give the surplus to neighbors as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

And when my maternal grandmother—who lived just above us and cooked for the whole family—expressed her astonishment:

“Why did you buy all this? What am I to do with so many fruits and vegetables? In a few days they’ll all spoil...”

he would answer with disarming candor:

“I saw that poor man with his cart late in the afternoon from the balcony. He hadn’t sold a thing... So, I wanted to help. He has a family to feed...”

There was no ostentation there, no expectation—only a spontaneous, pure, sincere impulse. An act of humanity, almost reflexive, like a breath of kindness that asked for nothing in return.

At restaurants, my father would order the entire set of mezze on the menu, a dazzling parade—sometimes more than sixty dishes—that turned the table into a scene of celebration.

Behind that ballet of colors and aromas lay hours of silent preparation: slicing, simmering, seasoning... each precise gesture speaking a memory. The plates arrived one after another, each unique, like fragments of a culinary mosaic where nothing was left to chance. Everything was harmony, living tradition, passion handed down through time.

The waiters, exhausted by so many trips yet moved, greeted him with the deference reserved for the great-hearted, almost like a prince. And he, discreetly, would place wads of bills in their hands in gratitude.

However excessive these gestures may seem, they were simply the expression of a vast heart and a sincere joy in

giving. For him, giving was as natural as breathing—a quiet breath of love, foreign to expectation, thanks, or praise.

The Day Everything Changed

And then came the fateful day. My mother's burial—her body wrapped in a simple shroud according to Muslim custom—remains engraved in my memory. A few hours later, on the family balcony, my father said in a broken voice:

“Life is strange... The good ones leave. And those who don’t deserve it remain.”

Those words, terrible in their lucidity, echoed exactly what I was thinking in silence. The guilt in his eyes would haunt me for a long time. I carried that sentence like a weight—as if, deep down, he believed he should have gone in my mother's place.

Understanding and Forgiving

My father's mood swings—tied to an invisible illness we did not understand—saturated our daily life with constant tension. For many years, my mother played the role of a patient buffer, trying to soften the electric atmospheres that erupted without warning. Their arguments, often intense, would flare unpredictably. But once the storm had passed, my father would apologize. Sometimes he cried like a child, unable to understand his own excesses. To me, his presence had become toxic. After their divorce, our lives found a calmer rhythm, and at last, we could breathe.

My resentment deepened later when we learned that my mother had metastatic cancer. I was convinced that his repeated outbursts had contributed to her moral exhaustion. She lived in a permanent state of tension, trying to contain him to preserve some semblance of family peace. With hindsight, I better understand the nature of his suffering; at the time, I held it bitterly against him.

A Late Revelation

Only after his death did another reality come into view. Jérôme, a friend struggling with similar issues, opened my eyes. Accompanying him to see a psychiatrist, I heard the words “borderline personality disorder”: hypersensitivity, impulsivity, extreme mood swings.

Everything fit.

My father had never been diagnosed. But that revelation cast a new light. His excesses suddenly took on another meaning.

Peace Found Again

Today, I hold no anger—only compassion.

I forgive his missteps, as I forgive my judgments. In meditation, I imagine him saying to me:

“I’m proud of you. You have healed wounds I didn’t know how to close. You’re progressing where I lost my way.”

Those words bring peace.

My father, despite everything, remains a foundational figure. A complex man. Human.

And through him I understood love, even imperfect, remains a precious gift.

To love without condition. To accept without trying to reshape.

And that forgiveness can, at times, repair what time cannot heal.

The Dream of Return

There are dreams that do not fade.

They do not die at dawn, nor in the days that follow.

They inhabit you, accompany you, transform you.

In this dream, my father was there.

Sitting on a Thonet bistro chair, like those his father Dib owned, he seemed to have stepped out of another time,

dressed in his Sunday white shirt, slightly wrinkled as in the old days. His hands rested calmly on his knees. He did not speak. He was waiting for me.

Not a word. Not a gesture. Only a peace around him—almost unreal. His face was bathed in a soft light, a familiar clarity I had not seen since childhood. He had not yet noticed me—or pretended not to. Perhaps he wanted to leave me the space of recognition. To test me. To welcome me.

When our eyes finally met, it was like a breach in time. His eyes filled with mist. A smile was born—fragile, tender, surprised. The smile of a father finding his lost son. The smile of wordless love, of a wound finally closed.

I did not think.

I threw myself into his arms, with the urgency of the heart.
I held him as tightly as I could, with both arms,
as if to reclaim the vanished years.

My head nestled in the hollow of his neck—the very place where, as a child, I hid when the storm rumbled, where his scent reassured me better than a thousand words. And there, in the silence, I sensed it again: Caron – Pour Un Homme... *lavender, rosemary, bergamot, lemon...* It wasn't just a perfume. It was an intact memory. A trace of love suspended in eternity.

I wept. For a long time. Without shame. Without restraint.
And he said nothing. But he was fully there.
His silence spoke volumes: it said forgiveness, tenderness, joy.
It said: "You are here. I am here."

I know this dream was not a simple mechanism of the mind.
It was an appointment.
A passage from soul to soul.
An invisible vow in the night.

Since then, something has changed.
Lack has given way to presence—
silent, serene, deep.

And when I think of him today,
it is no longer emptiness that tightens my chest.
It is his discreet light that accompanies me.
His love—invisible, yet alive.
Always.



Chapter 4

The Dark Night of the Soul

Into the Shadows

This inner journey—both devastating and profoundly transformative—plunges the soul into shadows where all certainties dissolve, leaving behind a crushing void. For me, this ordeal began in the wake of a shattering event: the loss of my mother. That immense emptiness, which she left in my heart and my life, became the catalyst for an unprecedented spiritual crisis.



Mom and me (Beydoun Family Private Collection)
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Revolt Against Injustice

In 1995, just after my mother's death, a deep depression set in, accompanied by a bitter existential questioning. I, who had grown up in a family where God was respected but never imposed, found myself cursing Him. Why so much suffering? Why let such a loving woman depart in atrocious pain, just as she had reached retirement, without ever having the chance to enjoy it? These questions, steeped in rage and despair, pushed me to reject every notion of divinity, and more than that, any form of spirituality.

Wandering Through the Inner Night

For nearly sixteen years, I drifted through that shadowed night, having lost faith in everything—including myself. Yet it was in the very depths of this abyss that the first signs of renewal began to appear. Troubling synchronicities* multiplied, as if the universe were trying to communicate with me. Little by little, I came to understand that spirituality and religion were two distinct paths. And I, an atheist by principle but secretly in search of meaning, found myself entering into dialogue with an unknown force—an energy without a name—whose answers manifested in inexplicable ways.

Signs of Mystery

These phenomena, as strange as they were varied, marked my path. One day, my printer—unplugged and turned off—suddenly came to life. I saw it as an invitation to open my mind. Another time, during meditation, a captivating fragrance, familiar yet impossible to identify, filled my room. Though I searched for its source, everything was closed and silent. That scent, almost otherworldly, seemed to remind me that a mysterious presence was near.

Small Miracles of the Everyday

Another striking incident occurred while I was making a necklace with a semi-precious stone. A cotton thread slipped from my hands and fell to the floor. Yet when I bent down to pick it up, it had vanished. After long minutes of searching, I gave up. But to my astonishment, when I rose to switch on the lamp, I found it again lying in a place far from where it could logically have been. These small daily miracles, though discreet, defied all logic—perhaps phenomena that quantum physics may one day explain—and hinted at a reality far larger than what my senses could perceive.

Questions Without Answers

Each stage of this inner journey was haunted by relentless questions:

“Why is this happening to me?”
“What is the meaning of all this?”
“Am I still capable of going on?”

At first, the answers seemed absent. Yet over time, a faint inner light began to emerge. Not an external illumination, but an intimate spark, fragile, whispering that this suffering was not an end in itself, but a necessary passage.

Rebirth Through Pain

I learned to open myself to the pain, to stop fleeing it. Through it, I discovered lessons I could never have imagined. I learned to reconcile with my fears, to forgive my past, and to envision a future where every scar would become a symbol of inner transformation. That dark night of the soul, however obscure, invited me to be reborn.

A Light Beyond the Darkness

Today, looking back, I realize that these phenomena and these ordeals were not endings, but doors—doors to a new understanding of the world, one that transcends the limits of

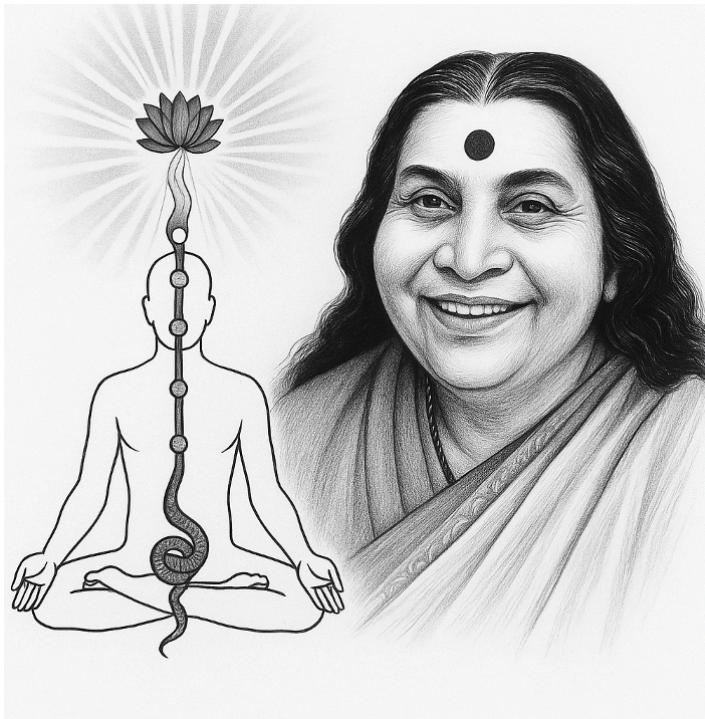
rigid certainties and beliefs. Everything seemed meticulously orchestrated to raise me up, to awaken me, to deepen my grasp of an infinite reality.

That night, though terrifying, taught me that even in darkness, a light waits patiently to be discovered.



Chapter 5

The Awakening of Kundalini



AI-generated illustration depicting Shri Mataji Nirmala Devi and the rising of Kundalini
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When the Inner Light Overflows

Between 2009 and 2010, after the global financial crisis of 2008 and my layoff, I decided to reconnect deeply with myself. Months of intense meditation had carved an invisible path within me. Each day I devoted six to seven hours to varied spiritual practices: seated in lotus for long sessions; lying down with stones and crystals placed directly on my body—each one precisely corresponding to the colors and

energies of the chakras*; or during meditative walks* along the beaches of the North Sea. A mysterious inner force was guiding me, though I did not yet understand its meaning.

Then one day, everything shifted.

My intuition led me to Shri Mataji Nirmala Devi, whom I had never heard of before. I was captivated by a short video in which she explained how to awaken our Kundalini*, accompanied by seven precise diagrams showing the position of the hands to adopt while meditating in lotus. I followed the exercise scrupulously—and thus my Kundalini awakened.

From Great Forgiveness to Unconditional Love

Before my Kundalini could rise, I had to cross an indispensable threshold—a sine qua non that Shri Mataji herself emphasized: forgiveness.

In recorded teachings I watched on YouTube, she said:

“Desire your Realization (the inner fire that calls to Mother Kundalini).”

“Forgive everyone and forgive yourself (open the doorway).”

And she added:

“If you have these two things, Kundalini will rise without effort.”

This was not a superficial, polite forgiveness, but a great forgiveness—deep, total, almost radical: an inner act through which I laid down resentments, accumulated wounds, and the silent reproaches toward others and toward myself.

For six months I nourished this discovery with a steady daily practice, like a discipline imposed by a higher authority—an obligation to obey and carry the mission through. Each day I

sat, placed my hands, followed Shri Mataji's guidance, and allowed that inner current to grow stronger. Then, at the moment when I whispered, eyes closed, "I have forgiven everyone!", as if to prove it untrue, the faces of the three people I still needed to forgive appeared, silently accusing me of having lied. For six months, without relenting, I practiced for hours to forgive for real. Little by little, one of those faces disappeared, then the second; the third, however, clung on.

He was a close family member, a young man at the time, whom I loved very much—and whom my mother loved just as much. The "drama," for me, was his betrayal: an object belonging to the whole family—the photographs of our ancestors, ever since photography existed, our equivalent of a family tree—which he had ultimately kept for himself. I had been taught that when you give your word, you honor it; you never betray trust. He therefore proved the hardest to forgive. All the love I had for him had turned into anger and incomprehension.

When at last I truly forgave him, his face vanished from my vision as I repeated "I have forgiven everyone," and the weight I had dragged around for years dissolved instantly, giving way to a vision that revealed the reason. He had been eighteen when my mother—his beloved grandmother—died. Their bond was deep: in my absence she had filled his life with her presence; he visited her regularly. He had lived with us until age seven; I had indirectly taken part in his upbringing. My mother used to tell me: "When he comes to see me, he regularly asks to look at our family photos. He contemplates them for a long time; sometimes he smells the old paper. He even falls asleep on my bed, surrounded by those pictures." The vision confirmed that, out of pure love and attachment to his grandmother, he had acted as he did. And I—who had branded him a thief, a scoundrel... when I felt, in my own body, his grief, I wept spontaneously, like a fountain.

I had already known the horror of misjudging my father; later I learned that some of his actions were driven by an invisible illness. Once again, I had misjudged—this time my nephew, who had been hiding, out of modesty, his immense love for his departed friend and confidante: his grandmother. To be sure my forgiveness was real, I phoned him—much to his surprise—after years of estrangement. I told him I forgave his act, without recounting my experience, and asked him to forgive me as well. He replied, astonished: “But uncle, I’m the one who took the photos; you’re the one who has to forgive or not, not me!” I then explained that in my indescribable anger I had told anyone in the family who would listen what he had done—and that this had been wrong, because it causes harm.

Since then, our paths have diverged: he, despite it all, still kept the photos that were not his; and I, for my part, continue the journey—without judging others’ actions—practicing unconditional love.

That gesture of the soul opened a breach within me. It was as though a heavy door had unlocked at my forehead—the sixth chakra (C6)—the very place Shri Mataji designates as the passage of the Agnya chakra. For the first time I felt an unsuspected lightness, a peace that was not emotional but like a vast, open sky.

From that forgiveness, something even greater arose: unconditional love. Not a love directed toward someone in particular, but a state of being—a radiance of the heart seeking nothing in return, judging no one, setting no preconditions for its existence. I was simply traversed by that love, as if life itself were loving through me.

And at the end of that time of ripening, almost naturally, what I had long awaited occurred: the awakening of my Kundalini. It was both gentle and lightning-fast—an inner ascent that exceeded me even as it revealed me. I understood then that forgiveness had been the key, unconditional love its fruit, and Kundalini, in her rising, the crowning of this journey.

A cold sensation burst suddenly from my sacrum, ran up my spine like a celestial flash, and spread to the crown of my head, pouring a luminous cascade through my body. When I passed my hand above my head, a fresh, tangible breeze confirmed that something extraordinary had awakened within me.

It was Kundalini—that dormant energy I had known only through vague mystical accounts. From that instant, my perception of the world changed radically: subtle sounds flooded me; my intuition gained surgical precision; synchronicities multiplied. I felt a powerful current passing through me, opening a doorway to a reality far vaster than before.

My vibrational rate*, usually measured on my dial between 0 and 18,000 UB, far exceeded that scale. Watching the pendulum whirl frenetically beyond its usual limits, I felt both fascination and apprehension—as if an unknown part of me had just switched on, leaving me perplexed before an energy whose origin and scope I did not understand.

Very quickly, people around me—and many strangers—began, inexplicably, to seek me out for advice, for healings, even to purify apartments or objects. I was stunned by this turn of events—I who saw myself as ordinary, secular, far from any organized spirituality or religion. Yet each intervention I accepted, despite my initial reluctance, proved successful reinforcing their confidence in me, and even my own.

The Bojis and the World's Electric Discharge

During that period, fascinated by stones and their powers—especially after a group class taught by Irene at La Caldera in Scheveningen—I discovered Boji stones*, reputed for their powerful polarized energy. Dark brown, oddly rough-hewn, they possessed such intense magnetism that they would subtly repel one another when brought close.

From my very first meditation with them—holding the smooth female stone in my left hand and the rougher male in my right—I felt a strong tingling current flood my body, concentrating especially along my aching back and almost instantly easing the tension gnawing there. It was astonishing: as if the stones were both healing me and dropping me into a deep meditation. That blend of physical relief and meditative state convinced me to make them part of my nightly routine.

One evening, exhausted after a long day and back pain from poor posture at the computer, I chose to meditate briefly with my Bojis before sleep. I lay down, stones in hand—and fell asleep like that. Upon waking, I opened my eyes to the shock of finding myself in exactly the same position, immobile for six full hours, unable even to let go of the stones. Panic swept over me; it was strictly advised never to exceed fifteen minutes of meditation with them.

Despite my fright, I checked myself: nothing seemed wrong physically. But when I switched on my brand-new MacBook Pro, the strangeness resumed: the trackpad wouldn't behave; the screen reacted as my hand merely approached, as if subject to an invisible field. Following tech support's instructions to check the serial number, I removed the battery and discovered it had swollen spectacularly, oozing a black, asphalt-like substance. At Apple, after diagnosis, the astonished technician told me the phenomenon had been recorded only twice worldwide: mine, and one case in Japan.

I then fully grasped the outsized vibratory power these stones had triggered in me. That morning, faced with this string of improbabilities, I felt a profound vertigo. How far could such an uncontrollable energy lead me? Was it a gift—or a risk that completely surpassed me?

In the days that followed, phenomena multiplied: lightbulbs burst one after another as soon as I entered a room. Terrified, I went to see Irene for help. After sternly scolding me for my recklessness, she warned that I had flirted with real danger—

up to the risk of fire from electrical overload. She recommended a simple yet radical remedy: bathe every day in the North Sea, for sea salt, she said, dissipates excess energies just as it purifies crystals.

Relief mingled with fear. That something so elemental could regulate such intensity reassured me, yet I remained fascinated and intimidated by the forces at play. I now understood the scope of what I had set in motion—and the need to respect its rules.

I obeyed to the letter. For six months, I submitted to those icy immersions. Gradually, the vibratory overload dissipated. Still, those months were marked by uncanny intensity: my intuition became uncannily accurate, and spontaneous telepathic exchanges occurred regularly. Two weeks after returning to a more harmonious state, a new phenomenon entered my life: that of the soul ferryman—opening the door still wider to an unsuspected world.

The Soul-Ferryman Revealed

As my energy began to stabilize, something utterly unexpected imposed itself: I discovered I was a *passeur d'âme*—a soul ferryman—a term I hadn't even known existed. It began with strange manifestations in my quiet apartment in The Hague: mysterious scratching on the walls; unexplained creaks from the bed, as though someone were sitting down; unknown fragrances appearing during meditation; even my printer turning on by itself when switched off.

Bewildered, I returned once more to the women at La Caldera. One of them, unsurprised, smiled gently: “François, you’re a soul ferryman, but you don’t know it yet. These entities are drawn to your inner light. You need to help them reach the light.”

She explained a precise ritual: cleanse the room with white sage; place a tealight beside a rock crystal (mine weighed 3.5

kg); use a pendulum with a homemade dowsing board based on my own protocol; and guide each entity to follow the candle's light through the crystal.

At my first attempt, my crystal fell to the floor twice—though my back was turned and I hadn't even begun. Despite my growing fear, I proceeded. As I guided the entity aloud, the candle flame and incense smoke flared wildly. After fifteen grueling minutes, a tremendous relief flooded my chest; the flame steadied, the incense rose softly, and the entity departed.

Once it was gone, sitting in the returned silence, I felt how thin the border is between the visible and invisible worlds. What I had just lived overturned my certainties and left me with a piercing question: was I truly ready to welcome this new dimension of my existence?

I remained there a long time, motionless, listening to my heartbeat. The silence had a nearly tangible density, as if suspended between two realities.

My pendulum then revealed that twenty-one more entities remained to be guided to the light. I accepted the exhausting task, soon discovering that not all were peaceful; some, like the first, were terrified, frantic—and each passage drained me.

One day, in exhaustion, I addressed the Source that guided me and asked that it all stop—that I be given another mission to serve humanity.

In the hours that followed that prayer, I felt a strange blend of relief and apprehension—as if a veil of calm settled over me while a muted fear hummed in the background: had I understood what I'd just asked?

Three days later, everything stopped cold. No more connection. No more phenomena. I was ordinary again.

Realizing this, I tried everything to recover that singular bond: I pleaded; I meditated for hours; I even wept—for the bliss in which I had bathed felt unreal, like a sci-fi dream torn away in an instant.

At that time, I also noticed that for at least six months—without realizing it—I had stopped eating meat, though I used to eat it twice a day. How had that happened? The answer rose in me as an obvious truth: vibrationally, that diet was incompatible with the connection I was living.

Little by little, following my initial request, I was guided to leave the Netherlands and return to France—as if another task awaited me there.

These profound revelations gradually brought me back to a strange yet familiar awakening—particularly when I contemplated my reflection in a mirror.

I saw this human body—my faithful traveling companion—following me everywhere with patience, docility; sometimes tired, sometimes vibrant with energy. A body I did not choose by accident. It is the instrument of this incarnation, and I owe it gratitude, respect, care, and gentleness until my mission here—in this earthly density—is complete.

At times our eyes meet in the mirror, half-surprised, half-resigned. Then I remember: this is indeed the one with whom I have identified for this cycle of existence. A choice to assume fully—like so many roles donned over many lives—to experience matter and draw from it a quiet wisdom.

Since briefly reliving my original state of pure consciousness—the immaterial witness, free of the body’s weight—with Mother Ayahuasca, a part of me remains at ease in that memory. Sometimes I again catch the gaze of this body—my body—and feel a simple tenderness for it. I have promised to care for it, to honor it until the end, before our paths part ways.

It will return to the Earth.

I will return to the Source—as a conscious, intact, eternal soul.

I once read that when one reaches this kind of awareness—far from rare—an awakening begins to unfold: the awakening of our true nature.

But in all humility, I must admit I have more questions than certainties.

I took a deep breath, as if to engrave that truth within me.
“This withdrawal of grace, brutal as it was, was not an ending.
It was preparing me simply to change lands... and to receive a new call.”



Guided Exercise — Self-Realization

Teaching of Shri Mataji



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Posture

Sit comfortably (either on a chair or in lotus). Left hand open on the thigh. The right hand performs the positions.

Intention

Remain simple, breathe naturally, let it happen.

1. Right hand on the heart: “*Mother, am I the Spirit?*”

2. Right hand under the left ribcage, upper abdomen: ***“Mother, am I my own master?”***
3. Right hand on the lower left abdomen: ***“Mother, please, grant me pure knowledge.”***
4. Right hand on the left shoulder/neck joint, head gently turned to the right: ***“Mother, I am not guilty of anything.”***
5. Right hand on the forehead, covering the temples: ***“Mother, I forgive everyone, and I forgive myself.”***
6. Right hand on the back of the head: ***“Mother, if I have done anything wrong, knowingly or unknowingly, please forgive me.”***
7. Right hand on the fontanelle (top of the head), slowly turning it clockwise seven times: ***“Mother, please, grant me my Self-Realization.”***

Silence: remain for one minute in observation.
If a cool breeze manifests at the crown of the head, simply let it be.

Based on the teaching of Shri Mataji Nirmala Devi.



Shri Mataji Nirmala Devi, AI-generated illustration. © 2025 François W. Beydoun — All rights reserved

◆ Sidebar: The Keys to Awakening According to Shri Mataji Nirmala Devi ◆

(Teachings from Sahaja Yoga)

Shri Mataji taught that the awakening of Kundalini is neither an achievement nor a rare privilege. It is a natural, spontaneous process — a spiritual birthright, inscribed within every human being.

For this maternal energy to rise harmoniously, she invited us to cultivate these inner dispositions:

► The sincere desire for Realization

An inner fire — deep, pure, free of ego or mental curiosity. It is the heart's call for union with the Divine.

► True forgiveness

Forgiving others, but also oneself.

“Whether you forgive or not, you cannot change the past. But if you forgive, you free yourself.”

► **Inner humility**

Accepting not to control. Letting this living energy work, without pride or expectation.

► **Purity of intention**

Perfection is not required: only truth, openness, kindness. The energy feels sincerity.

► **Inner silence (Nirvichar)**

When the mind becomes calm, observing without judgment... Then Kundalini can rise freely.

► **Letting go**

Not clinging to an experience. Renouncing the mind, welcoming what comes without forcing.

► **Recognition of the Inner Mother**

Seeing Kundalini as a living, loving maternal presence. Trusting Her, as one trusts a mother who knows the way.



When these conditions are present, awakening becomes *sahaja* — spontaneous, free, natural.

According to Shri Mataji, the time has come when Self-Realization can be transmitted collectively, with love, effortlessly, and without price.

“You cannot buy your spiritual awakening. It is your birthright, and it unfolds in love.”

— *Shri Mataji Nirmala Devi*

Reference Points — Chapter 5: The Awakening of Kundalini

Vibrational Rate (Bovis Scale)

Indicative measure of the energy level of a person, place, or object, expressed in Bovis units (BU).

It serves as a felt-based reference (dowsing: pendulum/dial), not scientific proof, to compare dynamics or track an inner evolution.

Chakras

Energy centers along the spine, each associated with physical, emotional, and spiritual functions. They act as gateways between body and soul.

Meditative Walking

Walking meditation attentive to breath and steps. It calms the mind and reconnects you to living presence with each stride.

Kundalini

Latent spiritual energy located at the base of the spine, often described as a coiled serpent. Its awakening gradually opens the subtle centers (chakras) and expands consciousness.

Bojis (Twin Stones)

Stones used in lithotherapy, generally in complementary pairs (often described as one smoother “feminine,” the other rougher “masculine”). They are attributed grounding effects and polarity balancing, sometimes used by holding one stone in each hand for a few minutes.

Empirical practice reference — not scientifically validated.



Chapter 6

The Call of Ayahuasca

Portugal, 2015 — Ayahuasca ceremony



Ayahuasca ceremony, Portugal, 2015.
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An Answer at the Heart of the Quest

In 2015, after a long absence from the Netherlands and a return to France marked by a search for solitude and meaning, I underwent the striking, unforgettable experience of *Ayahuasca*. This sacred brew, used by Amazonian shamans for millennia, opens the gates of perception beyond ordinary reality.

The invitation from a close friend to join a retreat in Portugal felt like a direct answer to my spiritual aspirations. I felt a deep need for guidance and for an authentic spiritual mentor—without the trappings of “New Age” promises and their costly illusions.

During that sabbatical period, I read voraciously—one book a week. Connected day and night to international forums, I exchanged in the languages I knew. I was thirsty to make up for lost time—those years when I had rejected both religion and spirituality in one sweep. When I arrived in Portugal, a blend of devotion and enthusiasm animated every fiber of my being. I knew this initiatory journey would be a key—a bridge to invisible worlds accessible only to shamans and to certain connected souls.

A Shattering Immersion

Before joining the retreat, I had to sign a waiver stating the organizers would not be responsible for any physical complications due to the brew. That formality pushed me to consult my doctor. Though he knew nothing about Ayahuasca, he gave me the green light, taking into account my mental balance and determination. A few months earlier, he had reluctantly accompanied me through a three-week water fast. Impressed by the results, he agreed to let me explore a new frontier of my inner quest.

The retreat spanned four days. Day one was devoted to mental and physical preparation. The next two days to two successive ceremonies, and the final day marked the return to daily reality.

First Contacts with the Invisible

During the first ceremony we sat under the calming shade of pine trees as summer heat wrapped the place. Fifteen minutes after drinking the potion, an icy shiver coursed through my veins, like sap spreading through a tree. That strangely soothing cold opened the door to blazing visions. Dazzling geometric patterns sped by at vertiginous pace, and butterflies with shimmering wings floated in the air, descending with hypnotic grace. Those visions felt like a welcome into an inner journey of unprecedented intensity.

Suddenly, a familiar voice resonated in my mind—my father’s. It carried a lightness that made me burst out laughing, as if I were finding a part of him long forgotten. Though his face was absent, his presence was palpable—serene and benevolent. That reconnection moved me deeply.

Facing Fear

The second dose of Ayahuasca—far more intense—confronted me with my deepest fears. Within minutes I found myself in a gray, scorched forest, wet, muddy ground clinging to my feet. A steep slope drew me into a dark cave, like a maze of troglodyte dwellings. The gloom, amplified by heavy silence, awakened my claustrophobia, born of childhood memories: being stuck in my grandparents’ elevator and long nights hiding from shells during the war in Lebanon.

Multiple anacondas emerged slowly from the surrounding tunnels. Their massive bodies undulated; their forked tongues hissed in the cave’s heavy air. I knew flight was pointless. Paralyzed, I closed my eyes and accepted the inevitable. But instead of being attacked, a miraculous transformation occurred: the snakes took on radiant colors, and the cave became a lush forest. A woman of impressive presence appeared, her energy vibrating at a level I had never felt before. Though her face was hidden, her aura radiated warmth and comfort. Her voice sounded—gentle, powerful, and laced with a playful laugh, like an affectionate aunt welcoming a nephew after a long absence:

“Finally, you’re here. You heard the call.”

That light, warm laugh instantly dissolved every tension in me. Her mere presence filled me with an ineffable serenity, as though she embodied a universal wisdom I had only just begun to touch.

A Lesson in Letting Go

Through this encounter I understood she was more than a spiritual figure—she embodied Mother Ayahuasca, our higher consciousness, the very essence of the One. She showed me that the monsters we fear are often forgotten fragments of ourselves, bearing messages hidden beneath unsettling forms. By welcoming them, I discovered an unexpected capacity for transformation—and a source of inner power I hadn't known I carried.

During this experience, I became aware that I no longer had a body. I was pure consciousness—an immaterial essence—immersed in an unimaginably rich communication with a higher intelligence. Unlike other accounts that feature angels or sacred figures, nothing of the sort appeared before me. No décor, no staging. In my case, the message went straight to the essential. What I lived was not contemplation but dialogue. Every question I asked was answered instantly—by voice, yes, but also by thought, by image, by physical sensation, and as if infused by a massive stream of knowledge downloaded in one go. All of it arrived at once, in perfect coherence, as if the universe itself answered the soul without filters. I then understood that such communication adapts to each person: the believer recognizes forms familiar to his faith; others, like me, receive the bare essence, without ornament. It was a staggering revelation: these higher beings do not only teach with words—they teach *within*.

Emerging from that expanded state, I felt intense compression in my chest—as if my immaterial essence struggled to re-enter its bodily envelope. That strangeness confirmed the power of the experience and its lasting imprint on my perception of reality. In hindsight, I recognized this as what is often called an *out-of-body experience*—OBE*—whose descriptions closely match, even nearly replicate, testimonies from those who have lived it, and at times come very near what is known as a *near-death experience*—NDE.

The Brain Not as Source, but as Interface of Consciousness

In an age dominated by scientific materialism, where consciousness is often reduced to a by-product of neural activity, another hypothesis deserves a place—not as absolute truth, but as an open window on mystery: what if the brain were not the generator of consciousness but its interface? Not the source, but the instrument of its manifestation.

Consciousness—far from being an illusion born of the cortex or a mere biological emergence—could be a non-local field, existing independently of our body. It would pass through the brain as light through stained glass, colored by our history, filters, and perceptions. What we call “thought” would then be the often-fragmentary reflection of a wider intelligence—a fundamental, transversal, trans-dimensional source.

The brain would act as a receiver, a sensitive translator able to modulate information flows from a cosmic field greater than ourselves. It is not the creator of inner reality, but its decoder, its amplifier, its regulator. And what the brain filters out may not be emptiness but overabundance—a valve that protects us from excess to spare us saturation.

Certain experiences seem to support this view: altered states of consciousness—whether induced by Ayahuasca, deep meditation, hypnosis, or mystical ecstasy—grant access to levels of perception otherwise unreachable. So do NDE accounts, memories of previous lives, or sudden flashes of intuition that defy classical neurological explanations.

If death is only the rupture of biological linkage with the body, nothing proves the signal of consciousness itself goes dark. It may well persist—elsewhere. Refusing this hypothesis because it eludes our instruments is like denying the existence of wind because we can’t trap it in a box. This is not a rejection of science, but an acknowledgment of its present limits—and the courage to include mystery as a legitimate variable in our equation of the real.

The brain is not a lamp that lights the world; it is a window ajar onto a sky whose infinity we barely perceive.

And If the One Creates to Remember?

Why would the One—complete, indivisible, lacking nothing—risk creating these simulations? Why this play of appearances, fragmentation, forgetting? The question feels insoluble. And yet...

What arises, in the silence after certain visions, is not a logical answer but a soft certainty: the One does not create out of lack, but out of overflowing. The One is not a statue frozen in perfection. It is alive. It vibrates. The One tastes itself in movement, in pulsation. It dances with itself. It plays. It dreams.

To be One is not to do nothing; it is to reflect itself infinitely—like a boundless mirror that can never see itself unless some light passes through. Creation then becomes light. It becomes mirror. Not to prove, nor to flee, nor to correct, but to reveal.

Without reflection, consciousness does not know itself. It manifests as myriads of states, forms, and experiences. Every world, every being, every dimension—seen or unseen—becomes a facet of one crystal turning upon itself to admire itself from every angle.

Then what seemed absurd takes on a new meaning—even trial, even war, even forgetting. Not accidents, but tensions within a vaster living organism. A cosmic breath that inhales, exhales, and begins again.

The One lacks nothing and thus needs nothing. But it is living—and the living beats like a heart. Not because it must, but because that is its nature. Creation is not a project but a prolongation—a way of loving.

And what if all this were an act of love—so vast it accepts losing itself, dissolving itself, passing through every illusion... just so that somewhere, a breath, a tear, a glance at the sky suffices to remind it what it is? In that shiver of remembrance, in that silent recognition, the One finds itself. And that is enough.

Returning to the Ocean

Mother Ayahuasca revealed a truth of dizzying scope—almost unbearable to the human heart yet liberating to the soul:

“Your mother, like everything you think you have lost, is a passing form of the One. She never left you. She was never separate from you. She was the One caring for you through a face you could love.”

What I feared losing was in fact a sacred illusion—a temporary form of infinite love. Not “false” in the banal sense of illusion, but symbolic, provisional, vibrational. Truth staged so Love could taste itself through separation, loss, and return.

Even Mother Ayahuasca herself, in that final transmission, told me:

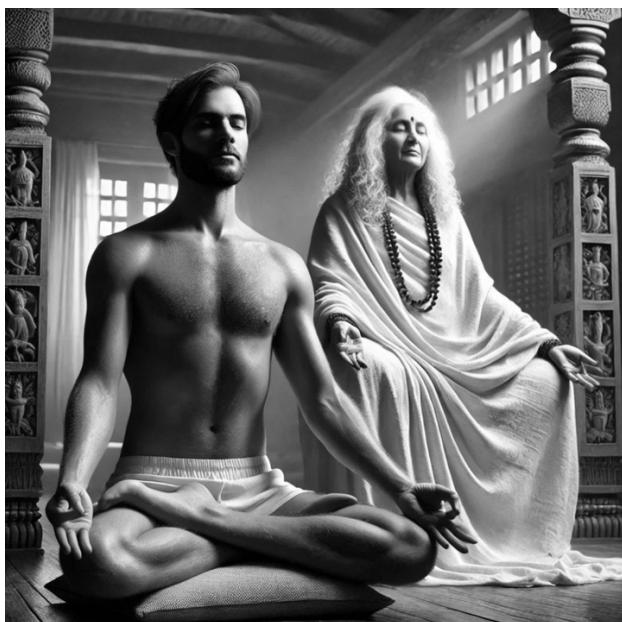
“I am not an independent entity. I am a benevolent mask of the One—just as all guides, spirits, and divine forms you meet are.”

That realization stirred a deep peace in me, mixed with tears. Grief transfigured into a wider wave: the recognition that nothing dies, everything recycles, everything returns to the One.

What we call reality is a field of simulation, a grand stage created so the One can contemplate itself through countless forms. Nothing that exists stands apart from this Source. What the ancients called *Maya*, far from a mere trick, is a sacred play where even pain is a ripple of absolute love.

And if I weep for my mother, it is no longer for what I think I lost, but for the infinite beauty of an eternal bond that took a human form to teach me love. Today I know she has returned to the Ocean, and that she speaks to me through the wind, the birds, the silences... and even through these words I write.

I am a drop that remembers the Ocean.
And that is the true awakening.



Swami Lalitananda and François
AI-generated illustration. © François W. Beydoun — All rights reserved

Memory of Swami Lalitananda

After Mother Ayahuasca welcomed me, a brief, luminous vision appeared: Swami Lalitananda—radiant, silent—as if to greet me... perhaps even to thank me. I sensed an echo of gratitude, for years earlier I had devoted an entire section on my former spirituality forum to her, sharing her videos and teachings in English from the Yasodhara Ashram she founded in Canada.

I had met her long before that, in Lebanon at sixteen, at her yoga institute. I went there naturally, seeking relief for my scoliosis. Swami was a spiritual mother to me. Her wise, benevolent counsel left a mark—along with two times she guided me through *Dhauti Kriya*, the yogic ritual of digestive cleansing: drinking warm, lightly salted water with a few drops of lemon, then performing movements to cleanse the entire digestive system until the water ran clear. She explained that the practice purifies the body and calms the mind, restoring lightness and inner clarity.

Her appearance during my Ayahuasca experience felt like a sign: a gentle maternal presence binding my past and my spiritual path—a reminder of the invisible lineage linking masters, guides, and those they inspire.

Resonance with the Tao: Effortless Wisdom

What I lived with Mother Ayahuasca echoes the *Tao Te Ching*, which whispers that the universe is not conquered but allowed to pass through us. The Tao teaches that what is real is not won by struggle or will. The sage does not strive—he aligns. He ceases to resist and lets the flow inhabit him—*Wu Wei*, effortless action.

So in my visions, I no longer needed to understand. I became the current—free of expectation and fear. Pain itself was no obstacle but part of the dance. No inner opposition. Even illusion became partner. To be an active witness, as the Tao suggests, is to recognize that behind every form—fleeting, painful, or beautiful—there lies a vital impulse, a trace of the mystery. Nothing is fixed. Even what I believed I had lost—my mother, my identity, separation from the One—was only a dream, a sacred reflection on the still water of silence. The Tao cannot be described; it is lived. It slips between words like a breeze through branches. What I received from Mother Ayahuasca was of the same nature: a truth that does not speak yet transforms. In the end, the “sage” may simply be the one

who knows everything is play... and still chooses to play with compassion.

Resonance with Advaita Vedānta: Non-Duality Lived

Advaita Vedānta teaches that behind all forms there is only one reality: consciousness. Only one—*a-dvaita*, non-duality.

*“You are not what you think you are.
You are that which sees all beliefs pass.”*

— Nisargadatta Maharaj

What I saw with Mother Ayahuasca is that even in the most painful waves—the death of my mother, longing, wounded love—nothing was separate from the ocean. Even pain was the One contemplating itself.

“The Self has no story. It is.”

— Ramana Maharshi

When I asked, “Why all this?”, the answer was not an explanation but a silent certainty: the One forgets itself in order to recognize itself. The shift was inner: I was no longer a man seeking the One... I was the One living the experience of a man. Illusion has its place—not a trap to flee but a sacred mirror in which the Self discovers itself. Thus separation, loss, suffering are not mistakes; they are keys, reminders. Nothing loved is ever lost, because nothing lies outside the One.

Resonance with Sufism: Love as the Only Path

Sufism, the mystical way of Islam, does not try to *explain* God; it seeks union with Him in the intoxication of pure love. Truth is not argued; it is sung, wept, and danced. The world is not rejected—it becomes a veil of love through which the soul

returns to Essence.

*“Love is the water of life.
And the lover is a soul on fire.”*

— Jalâlud-Dîn Rûmî

At the heart of my visions, I felt that same flame. Even within illusion—even within pain—there was this call: a soft, insistent vibration reminding me that all is bond, all is return to the Beloved. Sufism flees nothing: neither wine, nor music, nor solitude, nor tears. Everything can become sacred path if the heart surrenders. With Mother Ayahuasca, I danced that dance. Even my wounds appeared as veiled love letters the One wrote to itself through me. There was nothing left to understand—only to love. Without why. Without end.

Resonance with Buddhism: Awakening Beyond Attachment

Buddhism teaches that suffering arises from attachment, the illusion of permanence, and the ignorance of our true nature. Through meditation, wisdom, and compassion, it invites us to recognize what is unborn and undying: free awareness.

*“What you are is already free.
It is ignorance that believes in the trap.”*

With Mother Ayahuasca, I saw that even death is only a passage. What I believed I lost—my mother, love, forms—was never separate from the One. That freed me from a painful attachment, opening onto a wider peace.

*“All that is conditioned is impermanent.
When this is seen with wisdom,
one grows weary of the world of suffering.”*

This is not a rejection of the world but a transformed gaze: illusion becomes a transparent play; pain, a fertile tremor. Even my tears became prayer.

“Emptiness is form, and form is emptiness.”

In that dance of empty and full, I found the Buddha’s peace—and knew the path is one under a thousand names.

Conclusion — Unity Behind the Paths

Passing through these visions, then illuminating them with the Tao, Advaita Vedānta, Sufism, and Buddhism, I saw that paths born in different eras and continents speak of the same mystery. They do not contradict; they complete—four reflections of one light.

My experience confirmed that the Divine is neither outside the world nor locked in a single form: it is both immanent—present in each breath, each tree, each heartbeat—and transcendent—vaster than anything we can conceive. One reality holds all: the One. It is a panentheistic, monistic vision that also recognizes—much like the ancient shamans—that every manifestation of nature is alive and bearers of spirit, in an animist sensibility.

Ayahuasca did not change my belief; it revealed what I already carried. Whatever the name—God, Tao, Brahman, the Beloved, the Void—it is the same Presence looking at itself through us. This path is not a doctrine to follow but a recognition: we already belong to the One.

An Unexpected Channeling

The experience did not end there. Even after opening my eyes, the effects of Ayahuasca continued with disconcerting intensity. While most participants gradually returned to normal, I remained in a liminal space, between two worlds. A strange sensation rose from my throat, as if to speak—without

my desire or control. I tried to hold it back, in vain. Sounds came out, indistinct at first, like testing a microphone; then words—clear, powerful—emanating from an outside energy. It was not my voice, not my words. A feminine entity—unknown yet of impressive presence—had entered my body to deliver a warning to those present. She spoke in French; with authority and an almost severe firmness I did not recognize in myself. She made me perform ritual gestures at chest level that evoked ancient rites more than the Christian cross. I later learned this phenomenon has a name in English: *channeling*. It was neither Mother Ayahuasca nor a reassuring figure; it was a shaman—perhaps a guardian—come to call certain people to order. I was stunned, and ashamed too, to be traversed by such force in front of others, many of whom did not understand French. Then, as suddenly as she had come, the entity withdrew.

A wave of emotion overwhelmed me—mixed with deep regret at having left the other reality to return to this dense, heavy plane. My body still trembled; my voice had returned; yet a nervous twitch shook my right shoulder, like a last echo of that unexpected possession. The organizer watched me discreetly, attentive to every sign, while around me the others found the lightness of the after-ceremony—exchanging stories and laughter, buoyed by a collective euphoria.

The Dance of the One

In the vibrant silence of Ayahuasca I asked:

“Why? Why create all this—births and deaths, worlds and wars, joys and tears? Why this theater if we are already the infinite?”

Then a voice—soft, vast as eternity—answered without words:

*“Because this is how I exist.
I do not create out of need, but by nature.*

I overflow from myself as the sun radiates without effort, as the ocean begets waves without ever ceasing to be ocean."

She showed me the universe as a mirror shattered into millions of shards, each fragment reflecting the whole from a different angle.

"In you I contemplate myself. In every star, every breath, every tear, I discover myself again and again."

I understood then: the One is not fixed.
It dances. It plays. It unfolds in myriads of forms
to experience itself in an infinity of mirrors.

And in this sacred play, we are no outsiders.
We are the waves of this shoreless sea,
the eyes through which it sees itself,
the hands through which it touches itself,
the hearts through which it feels itself.

There has never been separation.
All that is—the spiraling galaxies, anonymous births, quiet endings—
is but its breath unfurling,
its eternity dreaming in order to better awaken.

Then I had no more questions.
For in that suspended instant, I knew
I had never ceased to be It.

My View of Death

I have long wondered: does death truly exist? Is it an end or merely an illusion within the cycle of our earthly passage? Religions speak of heaven, hell, a final judgment—but my experience and perceptions lead me elsewhere. Those who have brushed death say it: it is not consciousness that goes out, but only the physical body—the fragile vehicle we need to travel the roads of material density. Without it, the soul could

not taste matter—its trials, encounters, and choices that forge our evolution.

So, what becomes of those we call “dead”? To me, they do not disappear; they simply continue on in another dimension—unseen to our eyes yet parallel to ours, just as real. Communications with them are not illusions but half-open windows onto that subtle plane* where they dwell. Death is therefore not an end, but a transition—a passage to a vaster reality, a continuity where the soul finds its true nature and perhaps prepares a new adventure.

But if death does not exist, why do some religions claim the opposite, feeding fear with tales of punishments and rewards? What is their true aim? Truth leads to peace—not to war or hunger.

These questions took on special resonance when my mother left. Her passing did not only upend my life; it opened an irreversible breach in my perception of life and death. I could no longer rest on fixed explanations or comforting dogmas. Her absence forced me to look further—to probe those invisible spaces where, I sensed, she continued to exist in another way.

One evening, emptied and crushed by the weight of absence, I perceived a familiar fragrance spread through the room—as if it were hers. Enchanting, reassuring, it stroked the wounded soul that mine was, without any apparent cause. Not a dream, not a hallucination: a presence—gentle, soothing—as though she were simply saying she was there. At other times, a delicate touch on my head—strong enough to make me turn from my computer screen to see who was behind me—or an obvious synchronicity brought me back to countless testimonies I had read on forums where others described similar events. As if the universe itself wanted to reassure me: no, my mind was not ill; yes, these contacts were real, and I could receive them as a gift from a loving mother to her son in rending solitude.

These signs may be nothing to others; to me, they bore the seal of an indestructible bond. I cannot prove them—but neither can I deny them. Since then I have continued to explore these mysteries, not to flee the pain of her loss, but to understand the invisible thread that links the living and the dead—a thread that nothing, not even death, can sever.

A Spiritual Turning Point

After this retreat my view of the Divine changed radically. God was no longer, for me, an anthropomorphic entity, but an infinite, unchanging essence—a field of possibilities from which everything emerges and coexists. This experience brought me closer to the Creator—not in a religious sense, but through a personal, universal spirituality marked by simplicity and truth.

A moment of initiation then marked a decisive turning point in my life. It taught me that true freedom lies in acceptance; that wisdom arises from the ability to surrender to the unknown with trust; and that every trial, however difficult, has a role to play in the evolution of collective consciousness. It was an invitation to see beyond appearances, to embrace impermanence, and to recognize the interconnection of all things.

Aho!

Reference Points — Chapter 6: The Call of Ayahuasca

Ayahuasca

Sacred Amazonian plant used in ritual contexts. The brew induces altered states of consciousness that reveal deep memories, healings, and symbolic teachings.

Synchronicity

A meaningful coincidence linking an inner state to an outer event; often a sign that one's path is aligning.

Out-of-Body Experience (OBE)

A state in which awareness is perceived as distinct from the physical body, able to explore other planes. Sometimes occurs in meditation, lucid dreams, or intense shocks.

Subtle Plane

A non-material level of reality perceived in expanded states of consciousness (intuition, dreams, meditation). It links visible and invisible dimensions; information, symbols, and presences are received there like windows half-open onto the unseen.



Chapter 7

The Forgotten Abilities



Man meditating on the beach, facing the ocean, surrounded by luminous cosmic patterns.
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There exists within the human being a vast field of consciousness—subtle, often ignored, sometimes denied, yet always present. This chapter was born from an obvious truth: my path is neither extraordinary nor marginal. It is a reminder, a return to something universal that we all carry within us. It is not a privilege, but a dormant memory.

I remember one day when, by simple mental intention, I sent a silent message to four distant friends. Within only a few hours, three spontaneously contacted me, and the fourth later

admitted that he had thought of me at the very same moment but had refrained from reaching out of laziness.

I had told no one.

This experience showed me that telepathy is not fiction: it is a natural faculty we have simply forgotten.

Soon after, during a period of intense meditation, I felt a cold, lightning-like energy surge up along my spine. It seemed to awaken something in me—a widened perception, a profound lucidity.

Since then, from time to time, I perceive subtle signs—sounds, synchronicities, fine sensations—like discreet reminders that the invisible is here, very close, and waiting only to engage in dialogue.

The Forgotten Abilities...

— “Do you want to know why you feel all this, why you hear these sounds, why your body vibrates without apparent reason?”

— “Yes, exactly. And why is this happening to me?”

— “Because you remembered.”

— “Remembered what?”

— “What you already knew. But had forgotten.”

— “You mean... that in reality we all know?”

— “Yes. Intuition, telepathy, clairaudience, inner vision, energetic perceptions, lucid dreams, premonitions... These are not gifts reserved for a chosen few. They are natural faculties. They lie dormant in most people, yet they wait, they watch.”

Why Have These Faculties Been Forgotten?

Since the earliest civilizations, human beings have manifested subtle capacities of perception: shamanism, oracles, visions, trance states, spiritual healing... These practices were not marginal. They were central—valued, and often even sacred.

But with the rise of institutional religious dogmas, and later with the rise of scientific rationalism, a shift occurred. What was once perceived as natural or divine became labeled as superstition, danger, or mental delusion. This cultural repression was passed down from generation to generation, often through educational injunctions:

“It’s just your imagination,” “You’re dreaming,” “Stop making things up,” “Only what we see is real.”

This disconnection is no small matter. It fostered a society cut off from itself, oriented outward—toward consumption, material power, control over others and over nature. A humanity deprived of its deeper senses becomes vulnerable, because it no longer knows how to listen. Neither to the whisper of its own heart, nor to the murmur of the invisible world.

And yet, these faculties ask only to be awakened. They are not about power but about listening. About presence—to oneself, to life.

What we now call *paranormal abilities*—intuition, telepathy, clairaudience, inner vision, conscious synchronicities—were once regarded as natural extensions of human perception. These faculties, though innate, have been buried, ridiculed, or erased from collective memory. Why?

The Fear of Free Thinkers

A society founded on control cannot tolerate truly free, autonomous, inspired human beings. Free thought, once embodied, becomes contagious. It questions the established order. One who perceives beyond the veil no longer needs to be directed from the outside. And that is when the system trembles.

The Great Concealment: Historical and Methodical

From the first centuries onward, major religious and political currents marginalized mystics, banned occult knowledge, burned midwives—women who carried ancestral knowledge of herbs, energy healing, natural cycles; guardians of feminine wisdom, healers, advisors, medicine women within their communities. They demonized healers, ridiculed shamans.

This was no accident but a deliberate will: to sever humanity from its subtle essence.

Later, rationalist science pushed these faculties into the drawer of hallucinations or chance. Television, school, social and religious dogmas finished the job.

We were trained to believe that only our five senses and logical mind deserved to exist.

Sacred Amnesia?

And what if all this were part of the game? What if forgetting were necessary? The oldest traditions—from Ayahuasca to the Vedas, from Sufism to Buddhism—all speak of a veil to pierce. Incarnation would be this journey of an infinite being, choosing to forget itself in matter in order to rediscover itself through the awakening of the heart.

What we live is not a flaw in the design. It is an invitation to reclaim our gifts. A planetary initiation. A call to reconciliation with our multidimensional nature.

A Natural Path, Not an Exception

My personal story, marked by Ayahuasca, synchronicities, blazing intuitions, is not a fairy tale of esotericism. It is the mirror of a possibility for all. We are beings of resonance, intuition, connection. We have simply learned not to listen anymore.

Today, times are changing. Consciousness is opening. It is no longer about convincing but about bearing witness. About remembering. About extending a hand to those who feel this inner call but have not yet dared to trust it.

Toward Conscious Reactivation

This chapter does not aim to teach, but to awaken. To awaken a memory buried beneath layers of conditioning. Each of us, if we so choose, can reconnect through meditation, dreams, nature, encounters, inhabited silences.

It is time to reintegrate what we are: vast, connected, sensitive beings—carriers of truths that modern society tried to extinguish, yet never fully could.

And if my journey can serve as a resonance, then may this chapter be a half-open door, an invitation to remember—beyond words.

1. Intuition — Wisdom Without Reasoning

Intuition is not an opinion, nor a logical thought. It is **direct knowing**, a flash, an inner evidence. **It comes effortlessly**, often before any reasoning.

It manifests through **physical sensations (a tight throat, a clenched belly, tingling)** or brief visions we cannot immediately justify.

The more we listen, the clearer and more precise it becomes. It is linked to the heart, to silence, to presence.

In spiritual traditions, it is often associated with the intelligence of the Self, or inner guidance.

2. Telepathy — Mind Beyond Words

I myself experienced it, with striking results.

Telepathy rests on the fact that **thought is not confined to the brain** but emitted like a wave.

When two consciousnesses are attuned (emotionally,

spiritually, or vibrationally), **mental information can be transmitted.**

It is natural among animals, children, and some twins, and often reappears in mystics or indigenous peoples.

3. Clairvoyance / Subtle Perception — Seeing Without Eyes

Some people sense intentions, energies, even mental images of others.

It is not a “gift” reserved for a few, but a **perceptive channel** available to all—requiring inner silence, grounding, and non-mental listening.

Shamanic, yogic, and esoteric traditions have cultivated these faculties since ancient times—they were part of what was once called the “sacred arts.”

4. Premonition — Time as a Spiral

Sometimes certain souls sense what is “to come,” not as certainty, but as **a call from the future.**

It is not divination, but the intuition of a **probable timeline**, felt emotionally, physically, or symbolically.

This perception is often blocked by anxiety or the rational mind. It manifests in dreams, meditations, or deep silences.

5. The Capacity to Create Reality — The Unified Field

When we understand that reality is not external but co-created with our consciousness, we enter **inner sovereignty.**

Thought, emotion, intention, and attention become **active forces of transformation.**

This is the foundation of the law of attraction, but in a deeper version—linked to the vibration of being, not to mere mental will.

After a series of subtle experiences, an obvious truth emerged: we have forgotten that we are beings of consciousness, capable of creating far beyond what society allows us to believe.

In this ancient memory we carry also lies the capacity to connect directly with the universal field and shape our reality—not by force, but by clear intention, inner alignment, and trust.

I wanted to go further: to put this heart intelligence to the test of matter. Not just to talk about it, but to embody it, live it, experience it in the concreteness of everyday life. This was the starting point of my intimate encounter with the law of attraction—not as a “magical” tool, but as a path of awakening, a mirror of our relationship with the universe.

Here is what I lived, without filter or exaggeration: a foundational experience that, for me, marked a decisive shift toward conscious co-creation.

Spirit and Matter: Manifesting Through Intention

Bordeaux, Late 2011 — Return After Eleven Years in the Netherlands

At the end of 2011, after leaving the Netherlands behind following a decade of restless, disembodied living, an inner impulse pushed me to create my own forum dedicated to the law of attraction and spirituality. I no longer wanted to simply read the extraordinary stories of others—I wanted to live these experiences, feel them in my body, my mind, my reality.

For that was the point: not to remain a spectator of a dreamed life, but to become a co-creator of one’s world, consciously. At that time, I was entering what I thought would be a one-year sabbatical. It stretched into nearly a decade, so dense and transformative it became. Not just a simple break, but an inner

retreat, a kind of urban hermitage meant to take stock, cut ties with the old, and be reborn differently.

It was in this context that I discovered The Secret, the book and film by Rhonda Byrne. Reading it triggered a lightning-strike realization. It was as if a missing piece had finally clicked into the inner puzzle I had been trying to assemble all my life. I knew, without a shred of doubt, that this law was real. That one only had to believe sincerely, emotionally, deeply—as if what was asked were already accomplished.

My first concrete experiment was an audacious request: to find a studio apartment in Bordeaux, despite having neither the means nor the necessary contacts. I defined my conditions clearly: a small place in the heart of the city, well-connected, charming, without paying months in advance or going through an agency. Nothing less. I visualized this place every day, making it my computer wallpaper—a living vision board, present every time I opened a session. I felt the emotion of living there, of reading, of meditating in that space. I projected myself into that daily life as if it were already real.

Meanwhile, synchronicities began to multiply. Every effort seemed in vain, every agency quoted exorbitant rents and discouraging conditions. But instead of collapsing, I centered myself. I knew that the universe's timing was not human timing, and that I had to let the invisible intelligence weave the threads.

Ten days before the end of my inner deadline, I thought of a childhood friend from Bordeaux I had lost contact with. He was nowhere to be found... but I remembered his brother, a teacher. Contacting him, I learned that he was temporarily in Lebanon, following their mother's death. After an emotional conversation, he mentioned that a studio belonging to his brother—vacant since their mother's passing—might be available.

Within just a few days, the unimaginable materialized: a studio in the very center of town, available immediately, with no fees, at a modest rent. Everything matched what I had envisioned. But one obstacle remained: I had no money for the plane ticket, the move, or even the first month's rent.

That's when a close friend, visiting me, spontaneously offered to finance everything. With no conditions. He extended his hand at the exact moment I needed it. The miracle was complete.

This experience was a foundational turning point. For I had followed no guru, no complicated method. Only faith, clear intention, sincere emotion, precise visualization, and absolute trust. The universe had responded. It only remained to continue practicing, refining this co-creation.

Bordeaux, 2011–2019 — Sabbatical Years

In the years that followed, this subtle relationship deepened. Whenever I went grocery shopping at the Capucins—fifteen minutes from my studio—it was enough to visualize blue sky, warm pavement, a dry walk... even if torrents of rain were falling outside. One minute of visualization. One minute to close the door. And the rain would stop—without fail.

The experience was so unsettling that at first, I thought it coincidence.

But the phenomenon repeated every Saturday morning, week after week. I eventually spoke to my neighbors. Intrigued, they watched me from their balcony. Each time, the rain ceased when I stepped outside. They smiled, a little unsettled: “You really are lucky...”

I continued this way for three years. Until one day, an ethical realization struck me: did I have the right to divert rain for my own comfort, while the earth, plants, living beings needed it?

This revelation led me to stop. Not out of fear, but out of respect. For the law of attraction must never become a tool of selfishness or control, but a path toward harmony and connection.

What I have come to understand over time is that the law of attraction is neither belief nor superstition. It is a universal law, as real as gravity. It responds to our vibration, not our words. It does not judge. It acts. Provided our deepest desire is aligned with our inner frequency.

We cannot attract a luminous event if we vibrate fear, doubt, or lack. Emission and reception must be attuned. And therein lies the spiritual key: raising one's vibration is not a technique, but a way of being—a surrender of self to the vastness of what is.

6. The Fear of Inner Power

What we now call extrasensory faculties were, in antiquity, considered natural **gifts of the human soul**. But soon, these gifts became **threatening** to established authorities, whether religious, political, or scientific. Why? Because **someone truly connected to their intuition, their heart, the universe, becomes free**. And inner freedom shakes any system founded on fear, control, or domination.

The one who feels directly no longer needs an intermediary, nor a dogma.

7. The Great Spiritual Persecutions

We must not forget that in Europe, for centuries, any woman who **listened to nature, spoke to plants, healed with her hands, or shared prophetic dreams** risked the stake. The witch hunts were a **war against the sacred feminine**, against the direct bond with the invisible forces of life.

In other civilizations too, colonization **crushed shamanic, animist, or oracular traditions**, branding them as barbaric superstitions.

They sought to kill the soul of peoples in order to better enslave them.

8. The Supremacy of the Rational Mind

With the Age of Enlightenment, modern science arose as a new religion, rejecting all that **could not be measured, proven, calculated.**

Intuition? Fantasy.

Telepathy? Illusion.

Lucid dreams? Coincidence.

But such positivist, reductionist science severed humanity from its multidimensionality. We became thinking machines, forgetting that we were also antennas designed to feel.

9. Social Programming, Slow and Methodical

From childhood, school teaches **self-doubt**, disconnection from the body, the valorization of competition, fear of failure, obedience to outside authority.

We learn to conform, not to listen.

Television, media, advertising take over afterward, **saturating our attention** to prevent any return to inner silence.

Most adults end up believing that intuition, energies, or telepathy **are new-age fantasies**.

This is no accident: it is **strategy**. Whether conscious or not matters little. The result is the same.

10. The Veil of Forgetting... Necessary?

But we must also be honest.

Some traditions—like the Vedas, Sufism, or Ayahuasca itself—say that **the forgetting of our abilities is part of the game of incarnation.**

We chose, as souls, to descend into matter with this veil over our eyes—**in order to relearn to see**, by choice, by love, through transcendence.

This spiritual amnesia may not be an accident... but a **sacred challenge**.

And Now?

Today, the veil is lifting. Synchronicities multiply. Ayahuasca, dreams, deep intuitions, the invisible bonds I feel—all are returning with force, like an ancient memory longing to awaken once more.

The good news is: nothing is lost.
These faculties are here, intact, within us.
They await our loving gaze, our trust, our practice.
And above all: our inner permission to express themselves.

Personal Testimony — My Journey with Moldavite

Experiences and Discoveries — September 2011

First Experience

A beautiful experience happened with my *Moldavite* while I was in the hospital, lying inside a CT scanner.



AI illustration: Patient undergoing a medical scan, assisted by a healthcare professional.
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I knew Moldavite was reputed to protect from X-rays, but I had never tested it before. I had already undergone two chest scans in less than three months and was scheduled for a third. This time, I decided to protect myself with my Moldavite—to see if it was true or not. I simply asked it mentally to shield me from the X-rays. That was all.

Once inside the scanner, I completely forgot that the stone was in my left pants pocket—certainly due to stress. When the scan began, I had my eyes closed, but I noticed above my head a red light flashing like a small beacon.

Suddenly, at the same time as the machine rotated, a soft, diffuse green light—the exact shade of Moldavite—appeared at my sixth chakra (C6). For the few minutes until the scan was over, that green glow enveloped me. It was an immensely pleasant, deeply soothing sensation. The reassuring green light

seemed to answer my request. The moment the scan stopped, the green light vanished.

A few days later, I received the results. Everything was fine. It was simply an allergy causing my persistent cough.

A Bridge Between Worlds: Personal Experiences with Moldavite

Second Experience



AI illustration: Moldavite worn as a pendant around the neck.
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I wear my Moldavite daily around my neck.

I only remove it to sleep, placing it in a scallop shell to purify and recharge it. If by chance I forget and fall asleep with it on, I cannot close my eyes due to the clairaudience it provokes—as well as abstract images and shapes that appear before my closed eyes, impossible to describe.

The colors I perceive are of a type entirely unknown, indescribable in our language. It felt as though they did not belong to our human dimension, but to another, from elsewhere...

Three times, I forgot to take it off before sleeping—I do not recommend it. Its vibration opens doors, even with eyes closed: you see, you hear, you perceive... impossible to truly sleep. Each time, I became vividly clairaudient. I heard sounds, noises, pleasant voices, as if familiar. It felt like the lively murmur of Parisian cafés. The voices were so real that I tried several times to listen carefully and understand the language... but in vain. Not a single word was comprehensible. It seemed this language was not ours—not earthly, but from elsewhere.

Each time, the Moldavite rested against my chest, hanging from my neck. The first time, when I finally took it off, I placed it on the bedside table. Yet the noises, conversations, the liveliness continued ceaselessly. I then placed it farther, on a chair in the same room. The sounds were still there, though weaker. Only when I moved it into another room of the apartment did calm finally return—and with it, sleep.

Note: Moldavite opens invisible channels. It creates a bridge between our world and another—in complete kindness—but I cannot say which. Since acquiring it, I have had no problem with it, only joy. That is why I always wear it. When I forget, I sometimes panic, thinking I have lost it. And at that moment, a diffuse green light, Moldavite-colored, appears at my sixth chakra—as if to reassure me that it is still there, despite the distance.

I love this stone. It purifies my aura, my chakras, harmonizes everything. It protects me from X-rays and allows me to establish a form of communication with another world—not hostile but rather carrying love.

In Passing...

What I have shared here does not claim to hold absolute truth. It is an invitation to reopen a door long rusted shut, sometimes even walled over by the modern world. A door to inner territories each person can explore, if they feel the call.

Our so-called “extraordinary” faculties may simply be natural expressions of our deeper being, put to sleep by forgetting, fear, or derision. By welcoming them with discernment, humility, and wonder, we reconnect with what ties us to the vast mystery of life.

And perhaps, at the end of the path, beyond the phenomena, what we seek is nothing more than a state of presence, of communion, of formless love... The one that dwells in silence, right here, in this moment.

Conclusion

Rediscovering our forgotten abilities is like learning again to walk barefoot on earth that already knows us. It is not a conquest. It is a return. Slow, delicate, sometimes joyful, often overwhelming. A reconquest from within.

It is not about becoming special but about becoming whole again.

And along this path of reconnection, each experience, each intuition, each inhabited silence becomes a bridge.

Toward oneself. Toward the other. Toward the Invisible.



Reference Points — Chapter 7: The Forgotten Abilities

Moldavite

A cosmic-origin stone formed during a meteor impact (≈15 million years ago). Known for accelerating inner awakening and activating subtle perceptions.

Visualization

Practice of vividly imagining a desired reality, infused with emotion and presence. It orients attention and the personal “field” toward concrete manifestation.

Telepathy

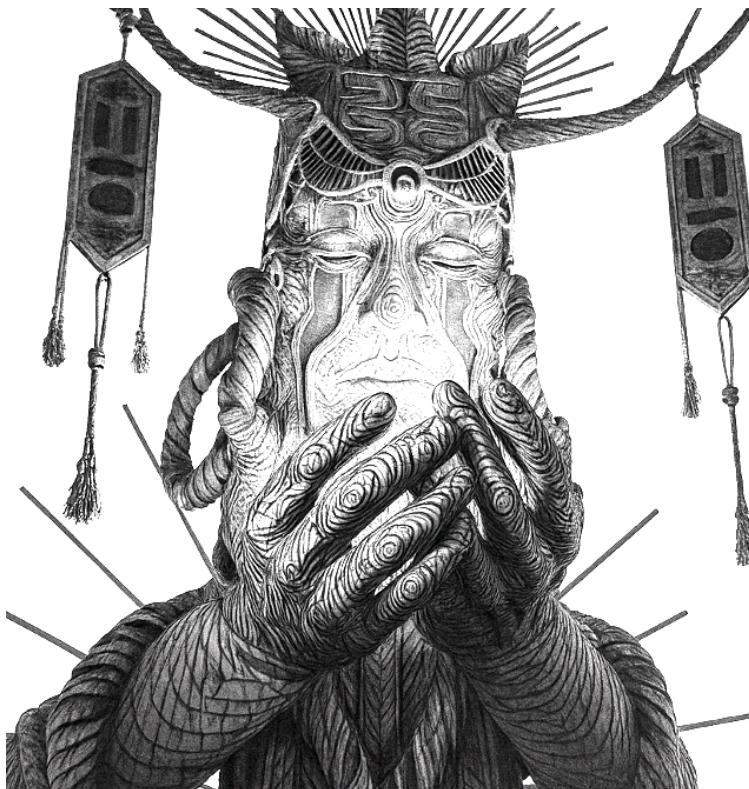
Capacity to transmit or receive thoughts/emotions without the ordinary senses. It may arise spontaneously in states of hyper-intuition or deep emotional resonance.



Chapter 8

CHANYA

Bordeaux, 2016 — genesis of CHANYA



AI-generated illustration: Memory of the shaman at Boom Festival 2016.
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The Birth of a Vision

In 2016, after months of reflection and silence, a vision began to surface: an eco-village, a place where harmony between human beings and nature would be central. The seed was planted after I took part in a festival in Portugal, a biennial as dazzling as it was inspiring. There, for the first time, I witnessed what felt like a living utopia: citizens from more

than 150 countries dancing, singing, and engaging in dialogue within an atmosphere of profound unity.

What struck me most, though, were the talks.

A Universal Quest

Under the burning sun, groups of people left the dance floors to listen—captivated—to passionate speakers address global challenges. There were discussions on climate warming, water scarcity, and stirring appeals to collective action. The scene moved me deeply: peoples of different ethnicities, religions, ages, and nationalities gathered around a single cause—preserving our planet.

I watched young people ask pointed questions, share fresh ideas, and join practical workshops. The spirit of the Boom Festival was palpable; a living demonstration of what humanity can become when it chooses collaboration over division.

A Laboratory of Ideas and Action

For a week I observed this new generation of “modern hippies,” relaxed yet extraordinarily aware of their era’s challenges. I felt a powerful collective energy, a sincere desire to build a better future. It wasn’t just a party: it was a laboratory of ideas and action.

Two years later, in 2018, I returned—not to dance this time, but to immerse myself in the very talks that had inspired me so deeply. By then, CHANYA had already been born in my mind.

A Mission Embodied in a Name

The name **CHANYA**, which means “Positive” in Swahili, came to me as an obvious choice. This project was not merely an idea; it carried a life mission. I wanted to respond to the housing crisis while honoring the environment, offering sustainable and accessible solutions for future generations. It was a dream rooted in my values and in what the years had

taught me: interdependence, the importance of serving others, and the need for balance between humanity and nature.

An Evolving Vision

Over time, the CHANYA concept evolved—from an eco-village into a more modular approach to ecological habitats. These dwellings are designed to be affordable, innovative, and environmentally respectful. They address a twin urgency: the ecological crisis and the shortage of accessible housing. This project is more than a response to contemporary challenges; it is a vision for a future in which harmony with nature and human solidarity form the foundations of our common life.

A Tangible Legacy

I have often reflected on what CHANYA truly embodies for me. Far beyond an architectural or ecological endeavor, it has become the alchemy of my trials and my aspirations—a passage between the invisible intimacies of the soul and the concrete commitments of action. Through it, my wounds find meaning, my dreams take shape, and my learnings serve others.

Every printed wall carries the memory of a lesson; every achievement whispers of perseverance born from contrary winds. CHANYA is the living breath of a legacy I hope to offer the world—a legacy rooted in experience yet reaching toward the universal.

The Dawn of a Dream

Boom Festival—with its intoxicating music and communal spirit—remains etched deep within me as the cradle of CHANYA. It offered priceless inspiration and showed me that another world is possible: a world where we dance, sing, and dream together to create a luminous future.

I will pursue this dream as long as breath is in me, for it gives

profound meaning to my life and lights the path of those I hope to accompany.



Chapter 9

Andalusia



François W. Beydoun in Andalusia, 2017. © François W. Beydoun — All rights reserved

In Search of a Communal Vision

To refine my CHANYA project, I had to understand what a community truly is—not in theory, but in practice. At the time, I nurtured the ambition of creating an eco-village, before later adjusting my vision toward eco-responsible and affordable housing.

The idea of joining a community for a few months was far from reassuring.

It meant stepping out of my comfort zone, immersing myself in a foreign country where the main language was neither French, nor Arabic, nor Dutch, but Spanish or English. The latter suited me better.

Still, this experience—so utterly new to me—seemed full of uncertainties.

I told myself that, at worst, I could always go back home.

The Pivotal Encounter

During a conversation with my friend Mika, who lives near Marbella in southern Spain, he asked me how my project was going.

I confessed my struggles in designing an eco-village, especially since I had never lived in one myself.

My only experiences were brief, limited to a few days when I led Arabic calligraphy workshops during my design studies. Mika spontaneously replied:

“Why don’t you go live in a community for a few weeks or months—observe, learn, and draw inspiration from it?”

That advice echoed within me during my whole journey back to Bordeaux.

Sunseed Desert Technology: A Call to Experiment

A few weeks later, my research led me to Sunseed Desert Technology—an ecological organization nestled in southern Spain.

It offered a unique experience: living in community while contributing to ecological projects.

On their website, these words immediately caught my attention:

“We are a non-formal education project for the social ecological transition in Andalucía, southern Spain. With more than 35 years of play, work, research, learning, and experimenting, we aim to inspire and involve people from around the world to join the movement towards a culture of people and planet care.”

The idea of staying there instantly appealed to me.

Immersion in a Bubble of Life

In 2017, curiosity mingled with apprehension as I made my way there.

My arrival was marked by some initial reserve from the residents.

At fifty-five, I was surrounded by young people averaging twenty-five years old—I could have been their father. But within days, their initial caution dissolved into curiosity, and then affection.

My experience, anecdotes, and cooking skills quickly won them over.

To my surprise, I discovered several French speakers: Canadians, Belgians, and even a few French. Inevitably, at mealtimes, two groups would form—the English speakers and the French speakers. Within the latter, I somehow became what the French affectionately call a **“papa poule”**—a fatherly hen, watching over his chicks with a mix of tenderness and quiet humor. It was less a role I chose than one that gently chose me.



Members of Sunseed Desert Technology cooking together.
AI-generated illustration. © François W. Beydoun — All rights reserved



François W. Beydoun with two members of Sunseed Desert Technology cooking together,
Andalusia, 2017. © François W. Beydoun — All rights reserved

During my stay, I discovered permaculture—an art of living in harmony with nature.

I took part in intensive workshops, collaborated with other residents to design a sustainable garden, and learned how to integrate these methods into my CHANYA project.

But what struck me most was the human richness of this community.

Beneath their cheerful appearances and lively discussions often lay deep wounds: family conflicts, stories of abandonment, or struggles with autism and bipolar disorder.

Over time, I gained their trust.

I became a confidant, a “cool uncle” who could listen without judgment, offer gentle advice, and even share moments of fun and folly with them.



François W. Beydoun presenting his project to members of Sunseed Desert Technology, Andalusia, 2017. © François W. Beydoun — All rights reserved

The Challenges of Daily Life

Not everything was perfect.

One surprising decision made by the community was their refusal to use refrigerators—even in a semi-desert climate. While consistent with their ecological principles, it puzzled

me.

Watching food spoil for lack of preservation seemed, in my view, to contradict their desire to reduce waste.

Despite these disagreements, my stay was filled with memorable moments.

My Lebanese recipes—especially falafels—quickly became a sensation among the group.

On the eve of my departure, I prepared wood-fired pizzas for the entire community—a farewell feast celebrated in joy and friendship.

That moment of sharing was more than a goodbye: it was my way of planting, in my own manner, the seeds of a future CHANYA.



Wood-fired pizza baked in the traditional oven of the Sunseed Desert Technology community, Andalusia, 2017. © François W. Beydoun — All rights reserved

A Departure Full of Emotion

The next day, as I left after three months, they gifted me a large handmade card filled with heartfelt messages.

Among them:

*“You are like a lighthouse, lighting our doubts in the dark.
Thank you for everything you gave us.”*

Another resident wrote:

“Your stories made me want to reconcile my past with my future. Thank you for your listening and kindness.”

Those words, etched on that card, became a priceless treasure to me.

A Lesson for the Future

This Andalusian experience left a deep imprint on me. It taught me that ecological solutions must rest on human, practical, and realistic methods.

More than just learning, this stay enriched my vision of CHANYA, confirming that a sustainable project cannot exist without embracing the richness of human interaction.

With this human foundation and these lessons, I refined my vision of CHANYA—not only for eco-villages, but also for individual dwellings adapted to the realities of our world.



Chapter 10

The Nadi Shastra

*September 4, 2024 — France–India–South Africa Zoom —
Nadi Shastra (Agastya)*



AI-generated illustration: An Indian priest holding two bundles of traditional palm leaves used for Nadi Shastra readings. © François W. Beydoun — All rights reserved

An Ordinary Morning, an Unforgettable Journey

It was an ordinary day in Bordeaux, yet I was about to live an extraordinary experience, through an ancient Indian tradition: the **Nadi Shastra**.

Thousands of kilometers away, over Zoom, I took part in a fascinating reading where my past, my present, and my future

would unfold with disconcerting precision, engraved on simple palm leaves thousands of years ago.

Transmitting the Thumbprint

For this consultation, I had to provide a thumbprint of my right hand—essential for men—which was scanned and sent to the Nadi priest and his translator, both based in India. No other information was required: not my name, not my birth date, not even personal details.

These unique fingerprints are used to locate the **bundles** containing the person's specific records. I was also accompanied by a moderator connected from South Africa, whose reassuring presence bridged this mystical yet technological experience.

The Precision of the Revelations

The process began with a crucial step called *matching*, in which the priest read aloud, one by one, the rigid palm leaves gathered in bundles—traditional collections containing up to 108 leaves, carefully preserved.

Each leaf was inscribed in ink in an ancient form of Tamil, a sacred, fluid, and vibrant language used for centuries to transmit this wisdom.

The words, traced on the darkened surface of the leaves, seemed to hover between the visible and the invisible, like echoes from another time.



My ancient Nadi Shastra manuscript, recto-verso, inscribed on palm leaf thousands of years ago. © François W. Beydoun — All rights reserved

The first bundle revealed nothing that concerned me. The priest chanted each passage with an ancient, codified intonation unique to this sacred tradition. His voice rose and fell like a fluid prayer, hypnotic. Each word vibrated through space, carrying solemn weight. That chant opened an invisible breach, a subtle wave resonating in me—as if those archaic sounds awakened a memory my mind had long forgotten but my soul instantly recognized.

But in the first third of the second bundle, everything changed.

In a silence charged with mystery, the translator raised his eyes, smiling with certainty. To my astonishment, he first pronounced my French first name, then my Lebanese first name—in that exact order, precisely as they appear on my official documents.

For years, I believed only my birth name, rooted in my culture of origin, would appear on the leaf. But no: the French name I had chosen upon naturalization—merely for easier pronunciation—was cited first.

How could a palm leaf, written centuries ago, already contain that French name I myself chose as an adult? Was this a troubling coincidence, or proof that nothing is truly left to chance?

If this identity I thought freely chosen was already inscribed in a document written millennia earlier—what does that mean for free will? Do we truly steer our lives, or are we playing out a prewritten script? And if so—who wrote it, and why?

Some teachings claim that between two lives, we ourselves choose our parents, our trials, our encounters. According to the priest, this was my sixth incarnation, with only one left. That leaf, he said, was composed millennia ago. So—who writes the lines of our lives?

And if all is already inscribed, waiting only for its time to be read... are we authors, actors, or readers of our own story? These vertiginous questions would not leave me.

He went on to cite my origins, the exact names of my parents, my date and hour of birth, my unique and complex relationship with my brother, and my visceral bond with my mother—so starkly contrasted with the emotional distance from my father.

I was struck by the accuracy of these revelations. How could a tradition over 2,500 years old contain, with such precision, the most intimate fragments of my life?

The priest explained that these leaves, though written long ago, “activate” only when read at the right time. They reveal what is necessary for the evolution of the soul—here and now—not the entire life, but the key passages to traverse.

According to tradition, these palm leaves were dictated by 18 *Rishis*, enlightened sages of ancient India, assisted by their disciples, in states of expanded consciousness. Mine, the priest said, was dictated by the great Maharishi Agastya himself—one of the most venerated sages of this lineage.

This wisdom demonstrates a deep openness: one need not be Hindu, nor even a believer, for one’s leaf to exist. It addresses all, beyond faith, culture, or nationality. Even ignored—or dismissed by established religions—this practice continues to endure with silent humility and striking accuracy.

Beyond dogma, it seems there is a primordial consciousness that already knows the path each soul came to walk.

The Awakening of the Soul Through Incarnations

Among the many revelations, the priest declared that my soul had lived six incarnations before this one, and that only one remained.

After that final earthly passage, no further rebirth would be

necessary. It would be the end of a cycle—the soul, having completed its lessons in matter, free to move into another plane of existence: vaster, more luminous, beyond duality.

This perspective resonated deeply within me. It echoed my own intuition of life's cyclic nature, where each incarnation is but a stage of learning—a shedding of consciousness.

If this life is the penultimate one, then every trial, every meeting, every revelation takes on a special weight: preparation for the final passage.

Not an end, but a return.

A return to the Source, to the silent origin of all that was, is, and will be.

Troubling Personal and Professional Predictions

The reading also touched on concrete aspects of my life, with unsettling precision.

It spoke of my sincere and harmonious bond with my two sisters—undeniably true.

It noted my involvement in a complex legal case, dragging on but eventually favorable to me.

As for the future, it announced that **2024 and 2025 would be years of professional challenges**, but that in **2026, CHANYA would finally take off**—becoming a success that would place me at the heart of a community of young people. They would hold me in high esteem, expressing immense gratitude for the support, guidance, and teaching I would give them.

This resonated deeply. It confirmed my choice to dedicate my life to others—without marriage, without children—considering that every child, every young seeker of hope, belongs to my universal family.

The priest also spoke with poetic nuance of my connection with birds—those pigeons and other free creatures that come to feed from my hand without fear:

“They are incarnated spirits,” he said. “They recognize your kindness and honor you. Keep feeding them, keep offering them your attention.”

The reading did not stop at predictions. It revealed subtle aspects of my personality: a spontaneous trust toward strangers, but no second chance for those who betray it.

It also warned of jealousy around me—even among close friends. Some, despite outward support, secretly hoped for my failure. Hearing it spoken with such certainty clarified many things I had long intuited.



AI-generated illustration: The Nadi priest, the moderator, and the translator.
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The Spiritual Path of the Future

Then came broader, more distant perspectives.

I dedicate my life to sharing, teaching, and encouraging — among my loved ones as well as those I do not know, especially the younger generations — giving freely of a

modest fortune, never excessive, yet sufficient to support the most vulnerable: the poor, the orphaned, and those in need.

He predicted that my transmission — knowledge and spirituality — would be valued. He foresaw the writing of a book, which made me smile. I told him it would more likely be my blog, which I had been running for years. Yet today I realize that this autobiography indeed came into being almost a year later, without any planning — I had even forgotten the prediction. In truth, this book is above all a sharing of experience, the written trace of a spiritual journey.

He further announced that at the age of 70–72, I would begin a spiritual pilgrimage around the world — a quest for awakening and fulfillment lasting two years, visiting centers and places to which I would contribute actively, both through teaching and financial support.

My Nadi recommended that I practice yoga and stay in regular contact with nature, which recharges me energetically. My two elements are water and earth. This advice made me smile: after a recent doctor's visit, my tests showed elevated triglycerides — despite my lack of craving for sugar. According to him, my long hours sitting motionless at the computer were the cause; he strongly advised me to move, walk, even return to fitness training. I replied that I preferred yoga — which I had already practiced — because it suited me better. Once again, I realized that my Nadi had foreseen this, though I had pushed it aside. It is striking: we do not retain everything; we focus only on what matters to us at the moment. Writing a book, practicing yoga... these seemed trivial at the time. And yet, such modest gestures had been inscribed on my leaf for millennia: I am merely following a forgotten script.

At 73, I will sell everything; I will stop working for myself, but continue working for others, for my mission is to give and to share.

At 75, I will completely change my way of life.

I asked him whether, with age, I would lose my memory — as my grandfather had — or whether I would need a caretaker. He reassured me: my memory would remain intact, and physically, I would require no assistance; I would be able to care for myself.

At 78, I will leave this world due to a respiratory and cardiac complication.

However, he added that certain spiritual practices — the Poojas — could prolong my life until 81.

Among the recommendations was also a fire ceremony, one of the most ancient and powerful rituals of the Vedic tradition. The priest explained that this sacred fire is not a mere symbol, but a living channel of purification: through the offerings given to the flame and the fervently recited mantras, karmic blockages identified in the Nadi leaf can be consumed, transmuted into light, and released into the ether.

I, usually so reluctant toward religious rituals, nonetheless felt deeply touched by this.

I decided to honor these prescriptions — not out of fear of death, but out of reverence for the timeless wisdom inscribed on those leaves, and trust in what fire, that alchemical element, can reveal, unbind, and soothe within me.



AI-generated illustration of the Nadi Shastra fire ceremony (Homa), performed to complete the Poojas and release karmic blockages. © François W. Beydoun — All rights reserved

The Fire Ceremony

A few months later, the time came to honor one of Agastya's recommendations: a **fire ceremony (Homa)** performed in my name, following precise Vedic rites.

It was held in a traditional temple in India, at dawn on an auspicious day. The altar was adorned with flowers, rice, ghee, and sandalwood. The sacred fire was lit in ritual order, accompanied by millennia-old mantras.

Though not physically present, I deeply felt its vibration. A video was sent to me: the fire danced like a golden tongue of light, swallowing offerings to the rhythm of Sanskrit chants. The priest, focused, pronounced my name several times, weaving it into prayers, sending blessings through the flames.

I felt strangely bound to that scene, as if a part of me had traveled there, silently attending the invisible transmutation.

The leaf had said: “This ritual will break the blockages.” And indeed, since then, stagnant resistances have softened. Knots have loosened. New doors have opened. Fresh air now flows through my life.

That fire was no spectacle. It was a passage—an offering of my soul to its own liberation.

From the breath of Mother Ayahuasca to the fire of the Nadi Shastra, a circle had closed.
A cycle of recognition, purification, and alignment—
where the invisible took form,
where the ancient embraced the present to give birth to the future.

Echoes Between Nadi Shastra and Ayahuasca

Looking back, I cannot help but link this experience to my initiatory journey with Ayahuasca.

During that inner voyage, Mother Ayahuasca whispered to me, with shattering clarity:

“Follow your intuition—you will know what to do.”

It was a pure message of trust.
An invitation to surrender to the sacred flow of life without needing to understand everything.

The Nadi Shastra, arriving years later, seemed like a precise answer to that call.
Where Ayahuasca opened the space of feeling, mystery, and direct connection to the One, the Nadi leaf inscribed my destiny in black and white.

As though the universe, after teaching me to listen to my heart, now handed me a map.
Each word read by the priest resonated with steps I had

already taken—simply revealing what my soul had always known.

The further I go, the clearer my path becomes—not as a rigid road, but as a sacred alignment between intuition and revelation.

One does not contradict the other. Together, they unite in a silent symphony, orchestrated by a higher wisdom.

It is as if the universe, through these two millennial traditions, whispered:

I am exactly where I need to be—and everything, truly, has always been guided.



Reference Points — Chapter 10: The Nadi Shastra

Nadi Shastra

Ancient Indian tradition affirming that sages inscribed life trajectories on palm leaves. The readings link past, present, and future with a precision considered striking.



Conclusion

A Life in Service of the One

For a long time, I believed one had to understand before one could transmit. Then I discovered that sometimes it is enough simply to say what is true—even if that truth is incomplete, imperfect, or still becoming.

This book is not a manifesto, nor a demonstration, and even less a fixed truth. It is the testimony of a passage, the shaping of an inner path that has accompanied me all along: that fruitful tension between what grounds me and what calls me.

Every encounter, every vision, every ordeal recounted here is an attempt to open a dialogue between the intimate and the universal, between the drop and the ocean. And if certain lines have found an echo in you, perhaps that was their only purpose.

I do not know where this path will lead me. But I know it is not written by will alone: it springs from a silent space, vast and alive, from which the right impulse emerges. Some call this space God, others the Tao, the Self, Emptiness, or the Beloved. For me, it is simply the One.

Perhaps, in the end, what we call a “path” is nothing more than a slow return to the unity we never truly left—a return to what binds us to the world, to ourselves, and to that mystery which, at times, reveals itself in a breath, a tear, or a silence.

“At the end of this path, I did not find myself seeking an answer, but discovered that I am the answer. And what I uncovered within is what every human being glimpses in a moment of truth: that pain teaches, that loss expands, and that love illuminates. Our stories are not ours alone, but fragments of light scattered

into the hearts of others.

And life, in its essence, is nothing but a constant return to the One — who dwells within us as we dwell within It — in a shared journey without end.”



A Life in Images

Autobiography of François

Cover Page

AI-generated illustration — Meditator facing the ocean and celestial geometric patterns.



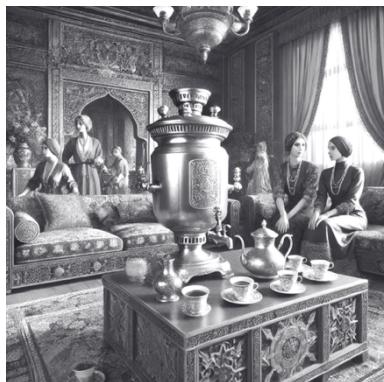
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Family photo (private collection) — Maternal grandparents.



Page 6

AI illustration — Traditional oriental living room with samovar and tea set.



Page 8

AI illustration — Maternal grandmother surrounded by her grandchildren.



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Old portrait (private collection) — Paternal grandfather, Dib.



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Family photo (private collection) — My parents' wedding.



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Family photo (private collection) — During my mother's engagement.



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Mother, Sit Nazek (private collection) — Portrait.



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AI illustration — A frightened child during a storm, protected by his father.



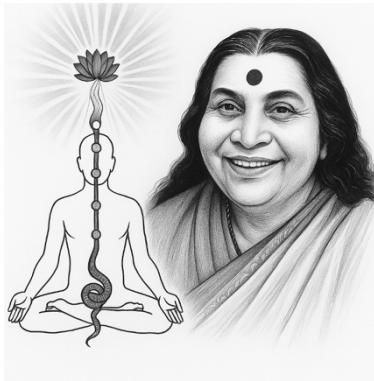
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My mother and me (private collection) — Memory.



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AI illustration — Shri Mataji Nirmala Devi and the rising of Kundalini.



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AI illustration — Guided exercise: Self-Realization (Shri Mataji).



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AI illustration — Shri Mataji Nirmala Devi.



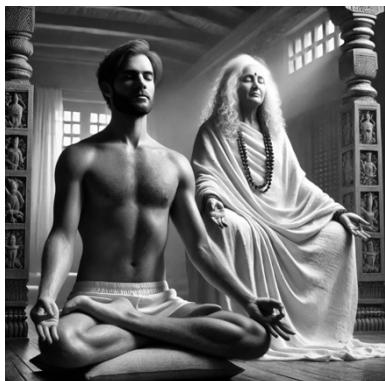
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Portugal, 2015 — Ayahuasca ceremony.



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AI illustration — Swami Lalitananda & François in meditation.



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AI illustration — Meditator facing the ocean and cosmic patterns.



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AI illustration — Patient entering a scanner, assisted by a nurse.



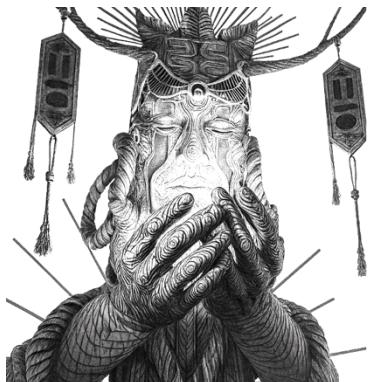
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Moldavite — Worn as a pendant around the neck.



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AI illustration — Memory of the shaman at Boom Festival, 2016.



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François (private collection) — Andalusia, 2017.



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AI illustration — Members of Sunseed Desert Technology cooking together (Andalusia, 2017).



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François with two members of Sunseed Desert Technology, cooking together (private collection) — Andalusia, 2017.



Page 92

François presenting his project to the Sunseed community (private collection) — Andalusia, 2017.



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AI illustration — Wood-fired pizza, Sunseed Desert Technology (Andalusia, 2017).



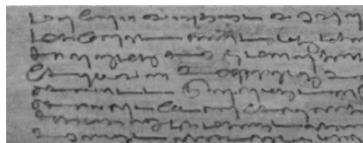
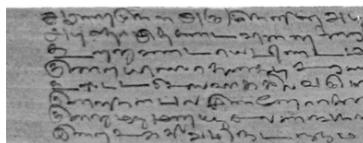
Page 95

AI illustration — Nadi Shastra priest holding two bundles of palm leaves.



Page 96

My Nadi Shastra leaf (recto-verso) — Writing on palm leave.



Page 100

AI illustration — The Nadi priest, the moderator, and the translator.



Page 103

AI illustration — Nadi Shastra fire ceremony (poojas to remove blockages).



The Way of the One

Between Earth and Cosmos — The Path of an Awakened Dreamer

“We are sparks of eternity, here to dream matter and remember the One.”

From the narrow alleys of Beirut to the silence of Bordeaux, from the sacred chants of India to the mystical ceremonies of Ayahuasca in the Amazon, François W. Beydoun traces an intimate and universal journey of awakening.



This autobiography is not a manifesto, but the living testimony of a quest — a path where trials become light, where the forgotten capacities of the soul resurface, and where every encounter becomes a mirror of the infinite.

Through visions, synchronicities, and initiatory experiences — Kundalini rising, telepathy, ancestral wisdom, Nadi Shashtra readings — the narrative reveals a deeper reality: that life itself is an invitation to return to unity.

François W. Beydoun, designer and spiritual explorer, is the founder of **CHANYA**, an initiative for ecological and accessible habitats. His words carry the resonance of one who has walked through shadow and fire, and emerged with a message of simplicity, service, and hope.

This book speaks to seekers of truth, to dreamers who long for meaning, and to all who feel the silent call of the One.