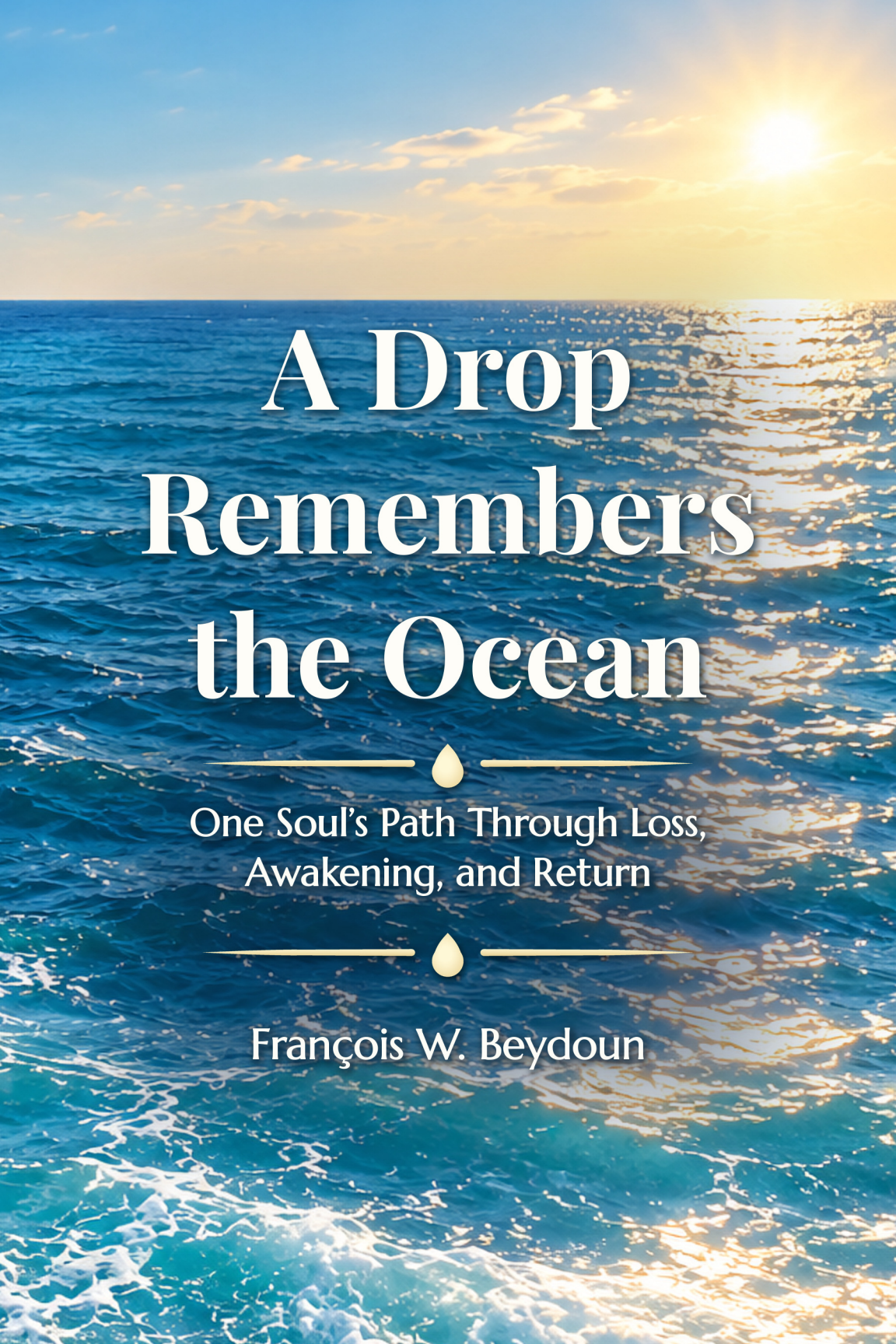




A Drop Remembers the Ocean



One Soul's Path Through Loss,
Awakening, and Return



François W. Beydoun

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*One Soul's Path Through Loss,
Awakening, and Return*

A life written before it was lived

Autobiography

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Preface

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

I long ignored this truth. For years, I mistook loss for failure—the loss of certainties, of faith, of people I loved, of the life I had imagined for myself. It took a long time, and a measure of darkness, to understand that every one of those losses had been a door.

This book is the story of those doors. And of what I found, each time, on the other side.

I dedicate these pages to my parents, whose love and sacrifices shaped the man I have become. To my mother, who taught me that the imprints we leave behind weigh more than anything we accumulate. To my father, whom I judged too harshly for too long, and whose imperfect love I have learned, in the end, to receive with gratitude.

To those who doubt, who waver, who seek their way through the shadows, I offer this testimony. Not to convince. Simply to recall that the most silent strength often reveals itself in the moments of falling.

And to those who silently carry experiences they cannot name—glimpsed presences, unsettling synchronicities, an intuition beyond them—I also offer

these pages. You are not alone. You are not mad. Something real is moving through you, and there are words, sometimes awkward, to name it.

At sixty-two, I felt the call to write rise within me. Not to explain. Not to prove. Simply to bear witness—to a life both intimate and universal, woven from decisive choices, transformative encounters, and suspended moments in which the invisible made itself felt.

Each step of this journey has unfolded in a silent dialogue with what I call the One. A source of clarity, of unity, of connection—known by many names and recognized in many forms, but that has never, in truth, been absent.

This book will ask you to suspend your skepticism. Not to believe. To listen. What I describe, I have lived—without premeditation, without dogma, without a master. If some pages seem strange to you, it is probably because they are. Reality, at times, is vaster than the frames in which we enclose it.

This book crosses the boundaries of the known. It welcomes the invisible, the unexplained, the naked truth of experiences that resist reassuring categories. I make no claim to absolute truth—only to the sincerity of what I have lived. To readers of a rational sensibility, I hope to offer not an invitation to believe, but an invitation to remain open. And to those who

have already felt the call of a vaster presence, perhaps these pages will echo their own path.

What I have lived is neither extraordinary nor marginal. It is, I have come to believe, a reminder—of a universal memory we all carry within us, and that most of us have simply forgotten.

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

Beirut, 1962–1984—Family Roots

Maternal Roots

A Secret, Whispered

She would wait until the others had left the room.

Then, her hands still resting on my back—light, unhurried, hands that had learned to give without asking—my grandmother would lean close and whisper, as though the walls themselves might listen:

"You have the same natural nobility as your grandfather. There is something innate in your bearing that deeply resembles him."

A silence. Then, lower still:

"But don't tell anyone."

I was a child. I didn't fully understand. But I understood this much: there was a man whose name was not to be spoken, whose memory lived on only in whispers—and somehow, without knowing how, I carried something of him.

His name was Fawzi. My maternal grandfather. Taken by illness at thirty-two, before I was born, before most of the family had learned to live without him. His absence had shaped everything—the silences at the table, the vow my grandmother made and never broke, the fortune that no longer existed, the woman my mother became.

To understand where I come from, I have to begin with him. With what he left behind—and with what his disappearance destroyed.

A Love Broken Too Soon

My maternal grandmother was a woman of many gifts—a central and inspiring presence in our family. A skilled cook, well-versed in traditional Arab medicine, and a captivating storyteller, she brought light into our lives in her own way. Each evening, she would read Fawzi a story from *The Thousand and One Nights*, drawn from the seven volumes adorned with sumptuous illuminations he had given her. They formed a deeply loving and inseparable couple—until life dealt them its most brutal blow. A devastating infectious disease took him. He was thirty-two. His premature death shattered my grandmother's world and forever marked the destiny of our entire family.

The Sanctuary of Festive Mornings

Before fate struck, their home shone. It was a sanctuary, a place of warmth, tradition, and shared joy. My grandmother, carefree in those years, would play the *Oud* or the *Qanoûn* with a lightness that made every moment unforgettable. These two traditional instruments of oriental music, inherited directly from the Ottoman era, embodied the cultural soul of that time. She would play for her husband and for her women friends, sometimes dressed in men's attire, her hair cut short like a *garçonne*, leaning on a cane—a daring posture that fascinated everyone who saw her.

Each week, she received guests for the *Sobhiyé*, those mornings where refinement and simplicity met in perfect harmony. The guests, elegantly seated, were attended to by staff specially hired for the occasion from the neighboring café. At the center of the room stood a majestic samovar—a gleaming symbol of the art of hospitality. Its presence filled the space with warmth and welcome, and its steaming tea accompanied animated conversations and bursts of laughter. These convivial mornings seemed suspended outside of time—as though nothing could ever break them.

And yet, something did.

A Life Shattered by Grief

The sudden death of Fawzi marked an irreversible turning point in my grandmother's life. Deeply shaken, she made a solemn vow: she would never again play music, dance, sing, or wear black beyond that final mourning—which she observed with rare dignity. A singular homage to the man she had loved so deeply, whose absence left an immense void, in her as in the entire family.

Speaking of Fawzi gradually became a kind of taboo within the household. Most family members were unaware of the true circumstances of his death, which only deepened the silence. And what remained of his legacy? Though he had left behind a considerable inheritance—shops in the heart of Beirut—their prosperity collapsed without warning. Every asset, invested in the prestigious Trans-Siberian railway network, was wiped out following the nationalization of Russian railroads in the wake of the Bolshevik Revolution of 1917.

A man erased. A fortune dissolved. A name forbidden.

And a grandmother left alone with six children, and with a grief she would carry, dignified and silent, until the end of her days.

A Struggle for Survival

Facing ruin, my grandmother bore alone the burden of raising her six children. My mother, the eldest and only

daughter among the siblings, had to abandon her dreams of education to meet the family's urgent needs. At eighteen, she left school to become a teacher, taking the destiny of her brothers in hand with remarkable maturity and inner strength. A time of immense sacrifices and difficult choices—yet also of an indomitable character, which would lay the foundations of our family.

Rituals Steeped in Spirituality

Despite the hardships, my grandmother knew how to preserve balance—spiritual as much as familial. She also embodied the role of the shaman, the one who guided us barefoot across the brazier set up in the heart of her kitchen, in swirling incense, whispering *suras* from the Qur'an. This ritual—meant to ward off the evil eye, or simply done as a precaution—was a testament to her devotion and her deep attachment to tradition.

Every morning, she gathered the family in her vast living room. We would often arrive still in our pajamas, drawn by the comforting aroma of her coffee. She prepared two versions: a strong Turkish coffee, and instant coffee—her favorite, and the favorite of Felicitas, her German daughter-in-law whom she called Fé, my beloved aunt. This morning ritual, simple and warm, spoke in its silent way of the harmony of a family where everyone had a place.

In her spare hours, she revealed another talent: sewing, which she reserved exclusively for her grandchildren. My mother then played the role of stylist. Inspired by the elegant shop windows of Hamra Street, she would sketch quick designs and pass them on to my grandmother. Together, they would set off to the old souk of Beirut to choose fabrics, buttons, and zippers, punctuating their shopping with sessions of oriental bargaining—often concluded over a cup of coffee offered by a satisfied vendor.

I was the youngest, and the only one allowed to accompany them on these escapades. I would silently observe their subtle strategies for securing the best prices, learning the delicate art of negotiation—especially the precise moment when they would feign indifference and turn their backs, to push the vendor to yield. After these moments of intensity, we would treat ourselves to a gourmand pause: a *Jallab*, or a fresh fruit cocktail. Mine: always strawberry and banana, savored beneath the warm and smiling gaze of my mother.

An Inheritance of Tenderness and Transmission

Beyond these shared pleasures, my grandmother reserved moments of a rarer kind. Sometimes, when she found a moment in her busy days, she would come to wake me by gently massaging my back, soothing the pain of my scoliosis. Her hands, light and full of

tenderness, would rest on me like a cat's paws, transmitting an unconditional love. Once she had 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 in return.

It was in those moments that she would whisper the secret. The one about the grandfather whose name was never spoken. The one about the resemblance. The one I was not to tell anyone.

I kept it. I keep it still.

A Thirst for Learning, Against All Odds

Despite the weight of these family trials, my mother never abandoned her desire to learn. After raising her four children, she found the courage to resume her studies while I was still young. Later, in the heart of the Lebanese war—her children scattered across the world—she transformed her solitude into accomplishment, pursuing higher education with unshakable tenacity. This commitment culminated in a doctorate. Shining proof that it is never too late to fulfill one's deepest aspirations.

Timeless Figures of Feminine Courage

The journey of my mother and my grandmother remain, for me, an endless source of inspiration. The

way they endured trials with quiet strength has deeply shaped my commitment to women's rights.

These memories sustain me every day. They keep alive the presence of these two exceptional women who knew how to combine an unfaltering love with lucid courage. To me, they will forever embody dignity and tenacity.

Paternal Roots

A Stranger's Gratitude

It was a dinner on the top floor of the Institut du Monde Arabe in Paris. The evening was unremarkable—until a Lebanese maître d'hôtel approached our table with a hesitation that caught my attention. He seemed almost embarrassed, visibly moved, as though he had been gathering his courage for some time.

"Excuse me, Mr. Beydoun..."

He paused.

"Do you know someone by the name of Deeb Beydoun?"

When I told him yes—that Deeb was my grandfather—something shifted in his expression. He began to recount, in a low voice, a distant time when

his mother, widowed and destitute, had received help from a man named Deeb Beydoun. He added no further details. He didn't need to. Instead, he had a platter of Lebanese fruits brought to us, presented with a refinement worthy of a royal feast, accompanied by a vintage cognac—a gesture of gratitude so sincere it left the entire table in silence.

On the way home that night, I thought of my grandfather. Of the kind of man who leaves that kind of trace—not in monuments or headlines, but in the intimate, lasting memory of people he may have crossed paths with only once.

Deeb Beydoun. Former mayor of Achrafieh in Beirut. Soldier, industrialist, patriarch. A man whose boundless generosity inspired as much as it scandalized, at times, those who loved him most.

This is his story. And, in many ways, mine.

Another Facet of Origins

On my father's side, my grandfather Deeb embodied a powerful and emblematic dimension of our family roots. A soldier of the Ottoman army, he dedicated his postwar life to building what could only be called a small industrial empire.

At sixteen, he was compelled to join the Ottoman troops, leaving behind a mother and a sister with no

protection. Yet something in him refused to be diminished. Driven by a bold vision and a deeply entrepreneurial spirit, he eventually founded two textile factories and a tobacco manufactory, which he symbolically named *Al-Wéhdéh*—"Union" in Arabic. That name carried his ideals of solidarity and strength in the face of adversity.

It also made him 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 already unstable climate, and sentenced him to thirty days of detention.

He was twenty-seven when he walked out.

Shortly after his release, Deeb immortalized that episode in a photography studio. In that portrait, which has become a milestone in our family history, he appears seated, wearing his *tarbouche*, dressed in a soberly elegant *jellaba*. His gaze, calm and assured, meets the lens with silent intensity. His carefully upturned mustache adds to his bearing. In that pose one reads both an unshakeable inner peace and an unyielding fidelity to his convictions. A man who had been imprisoned for his ideas—and who intended to remain exactly who he was.

The Symbolism of the Name Deeb

Born into a family already marked by loss—his parents had buried two children before him—his name, Deeb, meaning "wolf" in Arabic, had been chosen as a talisman against misfortune. True to that symbolism, he defied every expectation and lived nearly a century, becoming the pillar of a lineage and embodying, until the very end, the strength and protection his name evoked.

A Generosity Beyond Measure

That strength, however, also expressed itself in ways that disconcerted—and sometimes infuriated—his own family. Deeb was a man of impulsive, almost theatrical generosity. He gave without measure, freely, and often to people who had no claim on his fortune. Heated discussions would erupt regularly among my father, his brother, and other family members over what they saw as the squandering of family assets. His habit of giving to strangers or passing acquaintances clashed violently with the expectations of those who had hoped his successes would benefit his descendants.

One day, when my father reproached him for this prodigality, Deeb replied with a serenity tinged with authority:

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

Sharp. Truthful. And completely unyielding.

He believed neither in passive transmission nor in dependency. Only in personal effort, in each person's capacity to forge their own destiny. Whether one shared his philosophy or not, it was impossible not to respect the clarity with which he held it.

A Gesture of Grandeur in Naameh

One story, passed down through generations in our family, sums him up entirely. During a visit to his factories and his coastal lands in Naameh, a young deputy—a future Prime Minister—was spellbound by the beauty of a particular plot. True to himself, Deeb offered it to him on the spot. Without further ceremony. To him, it was simply an expression of nobility of soul—not a calculation of interest.

A Personal Legacy

At nine, I saw this generosity with my own eyes—in a form so modest it has stayed with me ever since.

I was watching him trim his nails with a small Chinese nail clipper. I gazed at it with the fascination children

reserve for the simplest things. Without a word, he held it out to me.

"Here, take it."

I hesitated. He insisted. Embarrassed, I accepted.

What I couldn't have known then was that I would never use another. For over fifty years, this same small clipper has been the only one I reach for—and after all that time, it still cuts as well as the day he placed it in my hand. I don't know how to explain it. I'm not sure I need to explain it.

Every time I use it, I think of him. Not of the factories, not of the plots given away on impulse, not of the ministers at his son's wedding—but of this: a small Chinese nail clipper, passed from an old man's hand to a child's, somewhere in the early 1970s. A gesture so simple it could have meant nothing. Instead, it has outlasted almost everything else I have ever owned.

That, too, was Deeb. A man who gave away fortunes with the same ease with which he handed a child a nail clipper—as though nothing was truly worth keeping if someone else might want it. And yet, across fifty years and everything that has changed, this one tiny thing—it has remained.

Marriage as a Theater of Power

This generosity also revealed itself within the family—particularly during my parents' wedding. My mother, Deeb's favored daughter-in-law, sometimes served as an intermediary to obtain favors within the clan. The story of the engagement and the ceremony has remained anchored in family memory: prominent figures—serving 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 brandishing their swords, beneath sustained applause and the simultaneous flourish of two orchestras—one with oriental tonalities, the other with western accents—playing together in striking harmony.

Boldness and Determination

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

But that decision also said much about Deeb himself. The man who sang *Aman Doktor* in the nostalgia of a

vanished Ottoman world, who blasphemed to push his pious wife to her limits, who gave lavishly to strangers—that man also knew how to listen to a young twenty-year-old daughter-in-law plead the cause of his own daughters. He had chosen the love of his children over the certainties of his household. It was, perhaps, his most modern gesture—that of a free man, capable of standing between two worlds without disowning either.

Between Faith and Irreverence

Deeb was not a man of half-measures—and nowhere was this more evident than in his relationship with religion. His outbursts of anger and his blasphemies drove my grandmother to despair. Pious, rosary in hand, she would scold him: *Ya Deeb... haj tikfor, haj!* "Ya Deeb... stop blaspheming, stop!"

For her, those blasphemies were an abomination—far more intolerable than his infidelities, which were known to all but met with a mixture of resignation and silent despair. And Deeb, as if to push her to the edge, would redouble his ardor, letting fly a few choice oaths, cast into the air like sparks.

Their verbal jousts, almost theatrical, reverberated through the walls like a duel of spirits—where confrontation became art. They spoke of a singular, almost alchemical mixture of biting complicity and

profound divergence: he, irreverent and free to the point of insolence; she, a woman of another century, cultivated, speaking Turkish with grace, pious and firmly rooted in her convictions. He, returned from the front on horseback, poor but noble in bearing; she, sovereign of silence and tradition. Their union was no idyll, but a tacit pact between two realms—a fragile alliance where love stood at a respectful distance, flickering like a lantern between shadow and fire.

Deeb's Captivating Stories

Though his memory faltered with age, Deeb would tirelessly recount one military anecdote. During a maneuver, he had shot down a majestic eagle with a single rifle shot, without having received the order from his German superior. Reprimanded at first, he was then praised for his marksmanship.

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

The Song of a Bygone Era

During family picnics, Deeb would sing *Aman Doktor*—a memory from the war years, in Turkish:

*Aman doktor canım kuzum doktor Derdime bir çare Çaresiz
dertlere düştüm Doktor bana bir çare*

Oh doctor, dear doctor, my beloved doctor, Find a remedy for my misfortune. I have fallen into afflictions without remedy, Doctor, give me a solution.

His voice would sometimes tremble, weighed down by memories. That melody—sad yet beautiful—gave even the most joyous moments a note of depth.

A Tribute to My Grandfather

As I revisit these memories, I feel profound gratitude. Grandfather Deeb, your presence still vibrates through our stories and our silences. Thank you for the richness of your legacy, the clarity of your values, and the silent love you knew how to transmit with such dignity.

That nail clipper is still here.



Chapter 2

What Her Heart Revealed

Beirut, 1995—Farewell to My Mother

The Last Words

It was past midnight when I arrived at the hospital.

My sister had met me at the airport, urgency in her voice: "Mother is waiting for you—hurry." I had just flown back from France, where I had gone to renew my residence permit—an obligation I could not postpone, despite the cruelty of the timing. During my absence, she had been calling for me insistently. I knew what that meant.

In her room, I found her lying down, her face half-hidden beneath an oxygen mask. Her body had grown frail in the weeks I had been away. And yet—as soon as she saw me, something in her face changed. A faint smile. A stirring beneath the mask, as though she were trying to speak.

I sat gently by her side. I carefully lifted the mask and asked her to repeat what she had said.

In a voice barely audible, she breathed:

"I am covering you in kisses."

Those words overwhelmed me. I covered her with kisses, filled with a gratitude for which I had no words. That intimate, suspended moment—stolen from the edge of everything—was entirely hers. Even then, even there, she was still giving.

The next morning, around eight o'clock, she quietly passed.

When I held her hand for the last time—cold despite the heat of summer—I understood fully the weight of what I had just lived. Tears came freely. The truth struck me head-on: Mother had crossed the final threshold.

This is the story of how she got there—and of everything she chose to do with the time she had left.

The Imprints That Remain

Long before the illness, her words had already shaped me in ways I was only beginning to understand.

It was the early 1990s. I had just been laid off for economic reasons—a bitter blow, all the more so as my professional aspirations seemed so distant, even though my diploma project, a porcelain creation from Limoges, had been acquired by the National Adrien Dubouché Museum. The world of design had stalled in

the wake of regional conflicts, and I felt it personally, deeply.

One day, as I shared my doubts with her, she looked at me with the particular tenderness she reserved for moments that mattered, and said:

"My darling, in life, what matters most are the imprints each of us leaves behind. Money comes and goes—but those traces that remain after our departure are far more important."

Disarmingly simple. And yet those words became a beacon in my darkest hours. They reminded me that what truly matters lies not in material gain, but in the imprint we leave on others—through our work, our values, our creativity. It was precisely that vision that pushed me, many years later, toward a project capable of transcending generations. But that story, I will tell in due time.

The Revelation of Illness

The news, when it came, struck like a wall.

Terminal cancer. Metastasized throughout her body from the lungs—though she had never smoked a single cigarette in her life. The shock was total. I left Paris at once to be by her side, devastated, unable to accept what I had just been told.

When I arrived in Beirut, a few days after that first of May when the news had come, she was smiling. Radiant. True to herself, as always. It was impossible to imagine, even for an instant, 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 himself complimented, recognizing them as the very model his own wife had insisted he buy on a trip to Italy. Proudly, Mother replied:

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

The Last Moments of Dignity

As the illness advanced and her condition worsened, the physical marks of her struggle became undeniable. Chemotherapy had taken all of her hair—a trial many would have sought 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."

Around her, the family had chosen silence. Everyone lied, with the best of intentions:

"When you're cured, we'll travel, we'll go away together..."

For me, that masquerade was unbearable. Painful as the truth was, she had the right to know—to choose how she wished to live her final moments. I was the only one who could not bring myself to look her in the eyes and pretend.

The Final Testament

One night, as I lay on the bed next to hers in her private hospital room, she awoke around three in the morning, a radiant smile lighting up her face, ready to begin a conversation. Seeing that her mind remained sharp despite the fragility of her body, I gently steered our exchange toward life, death, destiny. Gradually, she understood.

Her smile froze. Her gaze darkened. A single tear rolled down her cheek.

After a long silence, she ordered me with authority to fetch something to write with.

With a calm imbued with majesty, she dictated her will while I hurried to note it all down in my Filofax, struggling to keep pace. She had decided to appoint me as executor—breaking with the 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 next morning, at precisely half past eight—as she had instructed—I went to the notary to validate her will.

The Family Burden

Shortly after, my sisters and my brother arrived. My brother, his pride wounded, voiced his anger at being passed over. With infinite gentleness, she calmly explained that he was living in Mauritius with his family, with two children and a third on the way, and that his physical presence in such a matter would not have been possible.

In the years that followed, I had to travel twice a year, for three consecutive years, to attest to my continued residence in the family apartment—an essential step to preserve my sister's right to remain there. While this responsibility carried real meaning, it also proved profoundly demanding. The constant travel and the time consumed by these formalities drew me away from my career for a long time, until my sister remarried.

That period was marked by profound exhaustion—moral and financial. The unceasing efforts eventually led me to personal bankruptcy, and the void left by the loss of Mother plunged my life into an unfathomable melancholy. I, who had once marveled at operas, 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

But in her final weeks, my mother undertook something extraordinary. She wanted to depart with a light heart—without resentment, without secrets.

She spoke of the twisted gold bracelet her father Fawzi had given her for passing her baccalaureate, which had been unjustly taken from her in childhood. Returning it to its rightful owner had become a reparative act—a silent reconciliation between mother and daughter.

She spoke of her arranged marriage. Of broken dreams, of a sacrificed youthful love, of compromises endured in silence. But also of her capacity to forgive—to love despite the wounds. These were confidences of poignant beauty, luminous with humanity. She was not unburdening herself out of weakness. She was completing herself—leaving nothing unfinished, nothing unsaid.

Light Amidst Adversity

Her final days, as she had wanted them, 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—a former student of hers and her brother, an *oud* player—came to sing and play for her, moved by her quiet nobility, bringing warmth to her hours of passage.

It was in those days that she began calling for me most insistently. And it was the obligation to renew my residence permit that took me back to France—for that very last time—before the midnight return, the hospital room, the oxygen mask, and those last words she had kept for me.

A Collective Tribute

Her funeral shook the entire neighborhood.

Shopkeepers lowered their shutters. Neighbors stepped into their cars to follow the procession. No one had asked them. They came, simply—because that was their way of saying thank you. Thank you for the children she had helped through school. For the formalities she had made possible. For her listening, her dignity, her silent tenderness sown all around her. The people of the neighborhood paid one last tribute to *Sit Nazek*—Lady Nazek—as everyone called her.

Even in her absence, Mother still shone.



Chapter 3

The Father's Wound

Lebanon—France—Netherlands—The Wound and the Forgiveness

The Words on the Balcony

A few hours after my mother's burial—her body wrapped in a simple shroud according to Muslim custom—my father and I found ourselves alone on the family balcony. The day was already beginning to lose its light.

He had been quiet for a long time. Then, in a broken voice, he said:

"Funny thing, life... The good ones go. And those who don't deserve it remain."

I said nothing. I was thinking the exact same thing.

But hearing him say it—with that guilt in his eyes, that particular weight of a man who believed he should have gone in her place—something in me hardened. I carried that sentence for years, like a stone I couldn't put down. It took me a very long time to understand what it had cost him to say it. And even longer to understand the man who had said it.

This is the story of that man. The father I had lost before he died—and only found again afterwards.

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 beside him and my mother. Their bed, so wide, became my refuge. He would spread a wool dressing gown over his side for extra warmth, wrap me in his reassuring arms beneath the duvet, and make 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 Mâjida, 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 isn't 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.

His humor was constant. I can still see the fits of laughter he shared with my brother over my morning stirrings beneath the sheet—a harmless theme of family teasing. Little by little, that lightness gave way to something else. His famous tabbouleh without bulgur became a family legend: without batting an eye, it would turn 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 an overflowing kindness—sometimes to the point of prodigality.

From our balcony, he would buy every crate from a passing peddler's cart, then give the surplus to neighbors as if it were the most natural thing in the

world. When my maternal grandmother—who lived just above us—expressed her astonishment at the excess, he would answer with disarming candor:

"I saw that poor man with his cart late in the afternoon. He hadn't sold a thing... So, I wanted to help. He has a family to feed."

No ostentation. No expectation. Only a spontaneous, pure, almost reflexive impulse—a breath of kindness that asked for nothing in return.

At restaurants, he would order the entire set of *mezze* on the menu—sometimes more than sixty dishes—turning the table into a scene of celebration. The waiters, exhausted by so many trips yet moved, greeted him with the deference reserved for men of great heart. And he, discreetly, would press wads of bills into 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.

The Day Everything Changed

After my mother's death, the man I had grown up with seemed to dissolve entirely.

His sudden mood shifts—tied to an invisible illness none of us understood—had already saturated our daily life with constant tension for years. My mother

had 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, he would apologize—sometimes weeping like a child, unable to understand his own outbursts. After their divorce, our lives found a calmer rhythm. At last, we could breathe.

My resentment deepened when my mother was diagnosed. I became convinced that his repeated outbursts had contributed to her moral exhaustion—that she had spent years absorbing a tension that was slowly destroying her. I held that belief bitterly, and for a long time I did not question it.

A Late Revelation

Only after his death did another reality come into view.

A friend named Jérôme—struggling with difficulties of his own—opened my eyes. Accompanying him to see a psychiatrist, I heard for the first time the words *borderline personality disorder*: hypersensitivity, impulsivity, extreme mood swings, an inability to regulate emotional states that others manage without thinking.

Everything fit.

My father had never been diagnosed. No one had ever given his suffering a name. But that revelation cast an

entirely new light over everything I thought I had understood. His excesses suddenly took on another meaning—not weakness, not selfishness, but an invisible illness that had gone untreated his entire life.

I had been judging a man for a wound he did not know he carried.

Peace Found Again

Today, I hold no anger. Only compassion.

I forgive his missteps, as I forgive my own 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 imagined words bring peace. My father, despite everything, remains a founding figure. A complex man. Human. And through him I understood that love—even imperfect, even bruised—remains a precious gift. To love without condition. To welcome without seeking to transform. And 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 Deeb once 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.

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 at last healed.

I did not think. I threw myself into his arms with the urgency of the heart. I held him as tightly as I could, as if to reclaim the vanished years. My head nestled in the hollow of his neck—the very place where, as a child, I had hidden when the storm rumbled, where his scent had reassured me better than a thousand words. And there, in the silence, I sensed it again: *POUR UN*

HOMME DE CARON... lavender, rosemary, bergamot, lemon. It was not 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 everything: 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. A silent vow exchanged in the night.

Since then, something has changed. Absence 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

France–Netherlands, 1995–2008—The Obscure Night

Into the Shadows

In 1995, shortly after my mother's death, I began to curse God.

I am not ashamed to write that. It was the most honest thing I did in those years.

I had grown up in a family where God was respected but never imposed—a quiet presence at the edges of our lives, neither questioned nor examined. But in the wake of her death, that quiet presence became something I needed to confront directly, and what I found when I did was rage. Pure, consuming. Why so much suffering? Why let such a loving woman depart in such cruel pain, just as she had reached retirement, without ever having had the chance to enjoy it? These questions, steeped in despair, pushed me to reject every notion of divinity—and beyond that, every form of spirituality. If this was how the universe worked, I wanted no part of it.

For nearly thirteen years, I wandered through that obscure night.

What I did not know then—what I could not have known—was that the darkness was not an ending. It was a corridor.

Wandering Through the Inner Night

Those thirteen years were not dramatic in any visible way. There was no single breaking point, no collapse that others could point to. There was simply a slow, grey erosion—of faith, of direction, of the capacity for joy. I had lost my mother. I had lost my belief in meaning. And somewhere along the way, without being able to say exactly when, I had also lost faith in myself.

Then, in 2008, the global economic crisis struck, and with it my redundancy. I had nothing left. No work, no bearings, no apparent reason to go on. Thirteen years of grief, of unanswered questions, of muted rage against a God in whom I did not believe—everything converged on that precise point. I had lost all desire to live.

And it was in that abyss that something happened.

The Presences

I cannot say exactly when it began. But at some moment, in that darkness, I sensed that I was no longer alone.

Not a voice. Not a vision. A presence—or rather, several. Several benevolent presences, of overwhelming power, watching me. Watching me weep. Watching me refuse to die, and yet be driven toward it by despair. They were not saving me. They were not speaking to me. They were simply there, silent witnesses, and their presence enveloped me with a gentleness I did not know how to receive.

I did not know, at that moment, how many they were. I would learn later, once I had been trained in the use of the pendulum: seven entities, mostly masculine, whose number would vary little over the years. But in 2008, in the night, all I could feel was their multiplicity, their coherence, their attentiveness. And it is that gaze without judgment that, I believe today, kept me alive.

And yet—even in the depths of that abyss—something kept moving. Troubling synchronicities began to multiply, as if the universe were trying to communicate with me through the only channel I had left open: curiosity. Little by little, I came to understand that spirituality and religion were two entirely different things. And I—an atheist by principle, but secretly still in search of meaning—found myself entering into a tentative dialogue with an unknown force. An energy

without a name. Whose answers, when they came, arrived in ways I could not explain.

Signs of Mystery

The phenomena were small, at first. Almost deniable.

One day, my printer—unplugged and switched off—suddenly came to life on its own. I stood there staring at it for a long moment. Then, almost despite myself, I chose to read it as an invitation: *open your mind*.

Another time, during meditation, a captivating fragrance filled my room—familiar yet impossible to identify. I searched for its source. Every window was closed. Every door shut. The scent, almost otherworldly, seemed to announce a presence rather than an origin.

And then there was the thread.

I was making a necklace with a semi-precious stone. A cotton thread slipped from my hands and fell to the floor. When I bent down to pick it up, it had vanished. I searched for long minutes—methodically, then desperately—and finally gave up. When I rose to switch on the halogen lamp, I found it lying in a place far from where it could logically have landed.

These small incidents, discreet and unhurried, defied every rational explanation. Perhaps quantum physics

will one day account for them. What I know is that each of them whispered the same thing: *the reality you see is not the only one that exists.*

Labradorite

It was also during that period—shortly before the redundancy—that an apparently trivial detail came to alter my course.

I had been suffering from lower back pain for weeks. Three physiotherapists consulted in three weeks had been unable to release anything. The pain was settling in, irreducible. And it was out of pure desperation that I came across, on a website that struck me at first as completely absurd, information about labradorite—a stone said to be capable of relieving the joints.

I did not believe it. But I had nothing left to lose.

I found, near my home, a shop of crystals and stones run by a woman named Irène. The shopkeeper, to my surprise, confirmed the power of labradorite—not only to ease the joints, but also for its protective properties. I bought a polished stone, skeptical, and placed it against my back before going to sleep.

During the night, as I got up to go to the bathroom, I distinctly heard my vertebrae crack. Without any pain. The blockage that three physiotherapists had been unable to release had freed itself in a single night,

under the effect of a stone I had known nothing about a few days earlier.

It was the first door. There would be many others.

Questions Without Answers

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

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

For a long time, the answers seemed absent. And then, gradually, something shifted—not an external illumination, but a faint inner spark. Fragile.

Whispering. Suggesting that this suffering was not an end in itself, but a necessary passage. That the darkness was not where I was meant to stay, but where I was meant to be transformed.

Rebirth Through Pain

I learned, slowly, to stop fleeing the pain and simply to open myself to it.

Through it, I discovered lessons I could never have anticipated. I learned to reconcile with my fears. To forgive my past. To begin to envision a future in which every scar would become a symbol of inner transformation rather than a mark of defeat. This night

of the soul, however obscure, was teaching me to be reborn—not in spite of the suffering, but through it.

A Light Beyond the Darkness

Looking back now, I see what I could not see then: that every phenomenon, every ordeal, every inexplicable sign was a door. A door to a new understanding of the world—one that transcends the limits of fixed certainties, one that opens onto an infinite reality I was only beginning to glimpse.

The darkness was not an accident. It was an architecture.

Everything seemed meticulously orchestrated to raise me up, to awaken me, to deepen my perception of a reality far vaster than anything my grief had allowed me to imagine.

That night—however terrifying—taught me that even in the deepest darkness, a light waits patiently to be discovered.

It has been waiting all along.

And seven gazes, I now know, were waiting with it.



Chapter 5

The Awakening of Kundalini

The Hague, 2009–2010—The Crossing

The Battery

The technician at the Apple store turned the laptop over in his hands for a long moment before looking up.

"This phenomenon has only been recorded twice worldwide," he said. "Yours—and one case in Japan."

The battery had swollen spectacularly and was oozing a black, asphalt-like substance. The trackpad had stopped responding normally. The screen had begun reacting to the mere proximity of my hand, as though subject to an invisible field.

I had brought the machine in expecting a mundane repair. What I received instead was a confirmation—clinical, almost reluctant—that something, in or around me, had crossed the boundaries of the ordinary.

I already knew. I had spent the previous night immobile for six full hours, unable to release the stones from my hands. I had woken in exactly the position in which I had fallen asleep. And in the days that followed, lightbulbs began to burst, one after another, the moment I entered a room.

To understand how I had come to this point, I must go back to the beginning—to the months of meditation, to the discovery of forgiveness, and to a short video I came across one afternoon that changed everything.

The Call of the Void

Between 2009 and 2010, in the wake of the global financial crisis and the layoff that followed, I made a decision. I would stop waiting for my life to resume its course, and I would turn inward—deliberately, fully, without reservation.

Let me say it plainly: this was not a spiritual quest, nor an inner ambition, nor the desire to attain some particular state. It was a vital necessity. Certain shadow-zones in a life cannot be negotiated. They impose themselves. They strip away the landmarks, dissolve the illusions, undo even the most stubborn certainties. And they push you to sit face to face with yourself—not by choice, but because nothing else remains to be done.

What followed was the most intense practice I had ever undertaken. Each day I devoted six to seven hours to varied disciplines: seated meditation in lotus for long sessions; lying down with stones and crystals placed directly on my body, each one corresponding to the colors and energies of the chakras; and long meditative walks along the beaches of the North Sea. A mysterious inner force was guiding me, though I did not yet understand its nature or its direction.

Then, one day, everything shifted. My intuition led me to Shri Mataji Nirmala Devi—a name I had never encountered before. I was captivated by a short video in which she explained how to awaken the Kundalini, accompanied by seven precise diagrams showing the position of the hands while meditating in lotus. I followed the exercise scrupulously. And thus, my Kundalini awakened.

But not yet. Not immediately. Before that could happen, there was a threshold to cross—one that Shri Mataji herself called the *sine qua non* of the entire process.

Forgiveness.

The Great Forgiveness

In the 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."

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

This was not a polite, performative forgiveness. It was a great forgiveness—deep, total, almost radical. An inner act through which I was asked to lay down the resentments, the accumulated wounds, and the silent reproaches I carried toward others and toward myself.

For six months I nourished this practice with steady daily discipline. Each day I would sit, place my hands, follow Shri Mataji's guidance, and let the inner current slowly grow stronger. Then, at the moment when I whispered, eyes closed, "I have forgiven everyone"—as if to prove me wrong, three faces would appear in my mind. Silently accusing.

I had lied.

For six more months, without relenting, I practiced for hours on end to truly forgive.

One face disappeared. Then the second. The third held on.

He was a close family member—a young man at the time, whom I loved very much, and whom my mother had loved just as much. His betrayal, as I saw it then, was this: the family photographs—images of our forebears going back to the very beginnings of photography, 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. He had broken that trust. And all the love I had held for him had curdled into anger and incomprehension.

He proved the hardest to forgive.

When at last I truly did—when his face vanished from my inner vision as I whispered those words—something extraordinary occurred. The weight I had dragged for years dissolved instantly, replaced by a vision that revealed the reason for his act.

He had been nineteen when my mother—his beloved grandmother—died. Their bond had been profound. In my absence, she had filled his life with her presence. He had lived with us until the age of seven; I had taken indirect 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 gazes at them for a long time. Sometimes he smells the old paper. He even falls asleep on my bed, surrounded by all those pictures."

He had not stolen them. He had kept them out of pure love—out of grief too deep and too intimate to be explained. And I, who had branded him a thief and told anyone in the family who would listen what he had done—I had caused harm while believing I was defending justice.

I had already known the bitterness of misjudging my father—a man whose invisible illness I only came to understand after his death. And here I was, repeating the very same error, this time with my nephew.

I phoned him—much to his surprise, after several years of estrangement—to tell him I forgave his act, and to ask him to forgive me in return.

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 explained that in my indescribable anger I had told family members what he had done—and that I should not have, because it causes harm. Since then, our paths have diverged. He still has the photographs. And I continue the journey—practicing unconditional love, without judging the actions of others.

That gesture of the soul opened a breach within me. For the first time I felt an unsuspected lightness—a peace not emotional but spatial, like a vast open sky. And 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 that sought nothing in return, judged no one, and set no preconditions for its existence. I was simply traversed by it, as if life itself were loving through me.

And at the end of that long season of ripening, almost naturally, what I had long awaited finally came.

The Cold Flash

A glacial sensation burst suddenly from my sacrum, rose up my spine like a celestial bolt, and poured into the crown of my head—spreading a luminous cascade through my entire body.

When I passed my hand above the fontanelle—that precise point at the top of the skull which adults no longer have, but which Shri Mataji designated as the exact place of emergence—a fresh, palpable breath confirmed that something extraordinary had just awakened within me. To make sure, I moved my hand to the sides of my head: the breeze vanished completely. I returned to the fontanelle: the diffuse coolness was still there. The emergence was indeed coming from that single point, and not from the whole skull.

It was the Kundalini.

Let me be precise, because I know how often the word is misused. For many, Kundalini is a symbol—a serpent, a rising fire, a mystical metaphor inherited from far-off traditions. For me, it was none of those things. It was a physical event, abrupt, beyond dispute. A real coolness, measurable several centimeters above my fontanelle, like nothing I had ever felt before. And in a few seconds, it changed my relation to presence, to silence, to reality.

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 anything I had previously known.

My vibrational rate—usually measured on my dowsing dial between 0 and 18,000 Bovis units—far exceeded that scale. Watching the pendulum whirl frenetically beyond its usual limits, I felt both fascination and apprehension, as if some unknown part of me had just switched on.

Very quickly, those around me—and many strangers—began, inexplicably, to seek me out for advice, for healings, even to purify apartments and objects. I was stunned. I, who had seen myself as ordinary, secular, far from any organized spirituality—and yet each

intervention I accepted proved successful, reinforcing their confidence in me, and even my own.

Here, I believe, lies the first great misconception. We imagine awakening as a reward, a status, a culmination. It is none of these. It is the opposite: a stripping bare. An impersonal, implacable, luminous intelligence that reveals what is true and dissolves what is false. It has no ideology. It depends on no religion. It belongs to no one. It is not earned. It rewards nothing. It punishes nothing. It arises when the inner conditions are met—often when one no longer expects it.

The Bojis and the World's Electric Discharge

It was during this period that I discovered Boji stones—on the advice of Irène, who ran a crystal and stone shop in The Hague. Reputed for their powerful polarized energy, dark brown and oddly raw, they possessed such intense magnetism that they would subtly repel one another when brought close.

Irène was not only a shopkeeper. She also ran a small school adjoining her shop, where she taught techniques that until then had been entirely foreign to me: the use of the pendulum, the dowsing board, the reading of energies. Everything I would use in the months ahead—including, though I did not yet know it, for the ritual of the entities—I had received the foundations of within those walls.

From my very first meditation with the Bojis—the smooth feminine stone in my left hand, the rougher masculine stone in my right—I felt a powerful tingling current flood my body, concentrating especially along my aching back and almost instantly easing the tension that had been gnawing at me. That blend of physical relief and meditative depth convinced me to make them part of my nightly ritual.

One evening, exhausted after a long day, I chose to meditate briefly with them before sleep. I lay down, stones in hand—and fell asleep.

Upon waking, opening my eyes, I found myself in exactly the same position, immobile for six full hours, unable even to release the stones. Panic swept over me. It was strictly advised never to exceed fifteen minutes of meditation with them.

And then I opened my MacBook.

Which brings us back to the Apple store, and to the technician who had never seen anything like it. Twice worldwide. Mine, and one case in Japan.

In the days that followed, lightbulbs burst one after another the moment I entered a room. Terrified, I returned to Irène to ask for help. After sternly scolding me for my recklessness, she recommended a simple but radical remedy: bathe each day in the North Sea.

Sea salt, she said, dissolves excess energies just as it purifies crystals.

For six months, I submitted to those icy immersions. Gradually, the vibrational overload dissipated. This was, though I did not yet know it, my first true lesson in integration. A force passing through a human being cannot remain at its peak intensity without breaking that being. It must find a path to inscribe itself in the body, in daily life, in the real. Awakening is not an ascent. It is a crossing. And sometimes one must learn to slow that crossing, in order not to be lost in it.

And yet those months remained marked by an uncanny intensity—my intuition became extraordinarily accurate, and spontaneous telepathic exchanges occurred regularly.

Then, two weeks after I had returned to a more harmonious state, a new dimension burst into my life.

The Soul Ferryman

It began with strange manifestations in my quiet apartment in The Hague. Mysterious scratchings on the walls. Unexplained creaks from the bed, as though someone were sitting on it. Unknown fragrances appearing during my meditations. My printer turning on by itself.

I returned to Irène's shop. One of her saleswomen, unsurprised, smiled gently:

"François, you are a soul ferryman—but you do not yet know it. These entities are drawn to your inner light. You must help them reach the light."

She explained a precise ritual: cleanse the room with white sage; place a tealight beside a rock crystal; use a pendulum with a dowsing board; and guide each entity to follow the candle's light through the crystal.

At my first attempt, the crystal fell to the floor twice—though my back was turned and I had not yet begun. Despite my growing fear, I went on. As I guided the entity aloud, the candle flame and the smoke of the incense flared frenetically. After fifteen grueling minutes, an immense relief flooded my chest. The flame steadied. The incense rose softly. The entity had departed.

Sitting in the recovered silence, I felt how thin the border is between the visible and the invisible worlds.

My pendulum then revealed that twenty-one entities still remained to be guided to the light. I accepted the exhausting task—and discovered that not all of them were peaceful. Some were terrified, frantic. Each passage drained me further.

And it was not only the passages. Since the awakening, my body had been vibrating internally, day and night, like a Harley Davidson engine idling. A continuous, low, deep vibration—invisible from the outside. When I held out my hand, it did not tremble. But within, something turned without rest. It had been going on for months. My sleep had become light, unrestorative. I had lost some ten kilos without noticing. My body held on, but at an ever-rising cost.

Until the day when, in sheer exhaustion, I addressed the Source that was guiding me and asked that it cease—that I be given another mission in service of humanity.

What happened then, I was not certain of in the moment. But a very distinct impression imposed itself upon me. Above the seven sages—those presences I had felt around me since the night of 2008, since the time when I had nearly given up on life—there had been, in these last months, other presences. Fewer in number. Three, perhaps four. Joyful, playful, almost mischievous. It was they who had guided me through the synchronicities: the labradorite, Irène, the crystals, the Shri Mataji video, the awakening itself. They had orchestrated the path with an enthusiasm that I now perceived had been a little too hurried. And that was the very thing an older, higher presence was now reproaching them for—not harshly, but firmly. They had misjudged what a human body could absorb. The

pace had been too strong. The dose, too concentrated. They had wanted me to reach this—too quickly. The supervisor was reminding them that I was a being of flesh, and that this flesh had its limits. I had the distinct sense of having been a case study. A stage in their training. And that this stage had just concluded.

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

Realizing it, I tried everything to recover that uncommon bond. I pleaded. I meditated for hours. I wept—for the bliss in which I had bathed seemed unreal, like a dream torn away in an instant.

This is one of the hardest passages to put into words, and one of the most important. For the withdrawal of grace, when it comes, lays bare what was intoxicating about the awakening. One believes one has touched something eternal; one discovers that one had become attached to it as one becomes attached to any experience. And it is precisely that attachment which must, in turn, be forgiven—and then released.

I also noticed, only at that moment, that for at least six months—without any conscious decision—I had stopped eating meat, although I had previously eaten it twice a day. The answer rose in me as an obvious

truth: vibrationally, that diet had become incompatible with the connection I was living.

As for the sages, I sensed that they had not gone. They had only withdrawn a little, the time it would take for my body to recover its strength, for the human in me to find its balance again. The supervisor had set a limit. That limit would be respected. And the thread—that thread I had felt for the first time on the night of 2008—would never be broken.

A Body to Honor

I was guided to leave the Netherlands and return to France—as if another task awaited me there.

These deep revelations gradually brought me back to a strange yet familiar awareness—particularly when I contemplated my own reflection in a mirror. I saw this human body—my faithful traveling companion—which follows me everywhere with patience and docility. A body I did not choose by chance. It is the instrument of this incarnation, and I owe it gratitude, respect, care, and gentleness until my mission is complete here below, in this earthly density.

Since I briefly relived my original state of pure consciousness with Mother Ayahuasca, a part of me remains at ease in that memory. At times I again meet the gaze of this body—my body—and feel for it a simple tenderness. I have promised to take care of it,

to honor it to the end, before our paths separate. It will return to the Earth. I will return to the Source—as a conscious, intact, eternal soul.

If I tell all of this today, it is not to transmit a body of knowledge, still less a method. It is to bear witness. To say what it really is—without lies, without embellishment, without promises, without posture. Because many, I know, are passing through something they cannot name. An energy that stirs, that breaks, that purifies, that intensifies. And that sometimes leaves them profoundly alone.

I was not granted a miracle. I was traversed. That is something else entirely.

"This withdrawal of grace, brutal as it was, was not an ending. It was simply preparing me to change lands—and to receive a new call."



Chapter 6

The Call of Ayahuasca

Portugal, 2015—Ayahuasca Ceremony

The Laugh

I was paralyzed in a dark cave, surrounded by anacondas. Their massive bodies undulated in the heavy air. Their forked tongues hissed in the gloom. I knew flight was pointless. I closed my eyes and accepted the inevitable.

What happened next was not what I expected.

The snakes took on radiant colors. The cave dissolved into a lush forest. And a woman of impressive presence appeared—her face hidden, her aura radiating a warmth I had never felt before. Then she laughed. A light, warm, playful laugh—like an affectionate aunt welcoming a nephew after a long absence.

"Finally, you are here. You heard the call."

Every tension in me dissolved in an instant. I understood, without needing to be told, that I was in the presence of Mother Ayahuasca—and that what I had most feared had just become my greatest teacher.

To understand how I arrived in that forest, in that ceremony, on my knees before that laugh, I need to go back a few months.

An Answer at the Heart of the Quest

In 2015, after my return from the Netherlands to France, and a long period of solitude and inner searching, I received an invitation from a close friend to take part in an Ayahuasca retreat in Portugal. It felt like a direct answer to something I had been carrying for years—a deep need for guidance, for an authentic spiritual encounter, free from the hollow promises of the "New Age" 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 every language I commanded. I was thirsty to make up for lost time—those years when I had rejected religion and spirituality wholesale.

When I arrived in Portugal, a blend of devotion and enthusiasm animated every fiber of my being.

A Shattering Immersion

Before joining the retreat, I had to sign a waiver stating that the organizers bore no responsibility for physical complications arising from the brew. That formality prompted me to consult my doctor. Though he knew nothing about Ayahuasca, he gave me the green

light—taking into account my mental balance and my 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.

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

First Contacts with the Invisible

During the first ceremony we sat under the soothing shade of pine trees, while the summer heat enveloped the place. Fifteen minutes after drinking the potion, an icy shiver ran through my veins—like sap spreading through a tree. That strangely soothing cold opened the door to blazing visions. Dazzling geometric patterns flashed by at vertiginous speed, and butterflies with shimmering wings drifted through the air, descending with hypnotic grace.

Then—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 again a part of him long forgotten. Though his face was absent, his presence was palpable—serene, benevolent. That unexpected reconnection moved me deeply.

Facing Fear

The second dose was far more intense. Within minutes I found myself in a grey, scorched forest. Wet, muddy ground clung to my feet. A steep slope drew me into a dark cave—a maze of troglodyte tunnels. The gloom, amplified by a heavy silence, awakened my claustrophobia: memories of being trapped as a child in my grandparents' elevator, and of long nights hiding from the shells during the war in Lebanon.

Multiple anacondas slowly emerged from the surrounding tunnels. I knew flight was pointless. I closed my eyes. I accepted.

And then came the laugh—and the forest—and the woman whose face I could not see but whose presence filled everything around her with warmth and certainty.

"Finally, you are here. You heard the call."

A Lesson in Letting Go

Through this encounter, I understood that she was far more than a spiritual figure. She showed me that the monsters we fear are often forgotten fragments of ourselves—bearers of messages hidden beneath unsettling forms. By welcoming them, I discovered an unsuspected capacity for transformation, and a source of inner power I had not 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 a communication of unimaginable richness with a higher intelligence. To every question I asked, the answer arrived instantly: by voice, by thought, by image, by physical sensation, and as though infused by a massive flow of knowledge downloaded in one stroke. All of it came at once, in perfect coherence, as if the universe itself were answering the soul without filters.

I understood then that this communication adjusts itself to each person. The believer recognizes forms familiar to their faith. Others—like me—receive the bare essence, without ornament. These higher beings do not teach only with words. They teach within us.

Memory of Swami Lalitananda

In the midst of this encounter with Mother Ayahuasca, a brief, luminous vision interposed itself: Swami Lalitananda—radiant, silent—as if come to greet me, perhaps even to thank me. I felt an echo of gratitude, for years earlier I had devoted an entire section of my old spirituality forum to her, sharing her videos and teachings in English.

I had met her long before that—in Lebanon, at sixteen, at her yoga institute. I had gone there naturally, seeking to ease my scoliosis. Swami was a spiritual mother to me. Her wise and benevolent counsel left a lasting mark on me—as did the two

times she guided me through *Dhauti Kriya*, the yogic ritual of digestive purification: drinking warm, lightly salted water with a few drops of lemon, then performing a series of movements to cleanse the entire digestive system until the water ran clear. She had explained that this 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 to my spiritual path. A reminder of the invisible lineage that links masters, guides, and those they inspire across time.

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 to be raised. Not as absolute truth, but as a window opened onto 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—could be a non-local field, existing independently of the body. It would pass through the brain as light through stained glass, taking on the colors of our history and our perceptions. What we call "thought" would then be only the often-fragmentary

reflection of a wider intelligence—a fundamental, trans-dimensional source.

Certain experiences seem to support this view: altered states of consciousness—whether induced by Ayahuasca, deep meditation, hypnosis, or mystical ecstasy—give access to levels of perception otherwise unreachable. If death is only the rupture of the biological link with the body, nothing proves that the signal of consciousness itself goes dark. It may well persist—elsewhere.

To refuse this hypothesis because it eludes our instruments is to deny the existence of the wind because we cannot trap it in a box.

The brain is not a lamp that lights the world. It is a window left ajar onto a sky whose infinity we barely glimpse.

And If the One Were Creating to Remember?

Why would the One—complete, indivisible, lacking nothing—risk creating these simulations? Why this play of appearances, of fragmentation, of forgetting?

What arises, in the silence following certain visions, is not a logical answer but a soft certainty: the One does not create out of lack, but from overflow. It is not a statue frozen in perfection. It is alive. It vibrates. It dances with itself. It plays. It dreams.

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

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

And what if all of 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 toward the sky might suffice to remind it of what it is?

Returning to the Ocean

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

"Your mother, like everything you believe 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 had feared losing was in fact a sacred illusion—a temporary form of an infinite love. Not "false" in the

banal sense, but symbolic, provisional, vibrational. A truth staged so that Love could taste itself through separation, loss, and return.

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

"I am not an independent entity. I am a benevolent mask of the One—as are all the guides, all the spirits, all the divine forms you encounter."

This realization stirred a deep peace in me, mingled with tears. Grief was transfigured into a vaster wave: the recognition that nothing dies, everything is recycled, everything returns to the One.

What the ancients called *Māyā*—far from a mere illusion—is a sacred play in which even pain is a ripple of absolute love. And if I weep for my mother, it is no longer for what I believe I have lost, but for the infinite beauty of an eternal bond that took human form to teach me love.

Today, I know that 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 am writing.

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

Resonances

What I lived through in that forest in Portugal did not exist in isolation. As I returned to it in the weeks and months that followed, I found its echoes everywhere—in traditions born centuries and continents apart, each describing the same mystery in a different language.

The *Tao Te Ching* whispers that the universe is not conquered but allowed to pass through us. The sage does not strive—he aligns. He ceases to resist and lets the flow inhabit him. *Wu Wei*—effortless action. In my visions, I no longer needed to understand. I had become the current itself, free of expectation and of fear.

Advaita Vedānta teaches that behind all forms there is only one reality: consciousness. *A-dvaita*—non-duality. "You are not what you think you are. You are that which sees all beliefs pass." When I asked, "Why all this?", the answer was not an explanation but a silent self-evidence: the One forgets itself in order to recognize itself.

Sufism does not seek to explain God, but to dissolve into Him in the intoxication of pure love. "Love is the water of life. And the lover is a soul on fire." At the heart of my visions, I felt that same flame. Even within illusion, even within pain—a soft and insistent vibration reminded me that all is bond, all is return to the Beloved.

And Buddhism teaches that suffering arises from attachment, from the illusion of permanence, from the mis-knowing of our true nature. With Mother Ayahuasca, I saw that even death is only a passage. "Emptiness is form, and form is emptiness." In that dance of empty and full, I found the peace of the Buddha.

In passing through these visions, then in illuminating them by the light of these four traditions, I saw that paths born in different eras and on different continents speak of one and the same mystery. They do not contradict one another; they complete one another—four reflections of a single light.

The Dance of the One

In the vibrant silence of Ayahuasca, I asked:

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

Then a voice—soft, vast as eternity—answered me 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 gives birth to 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, in every breath, in 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 not strangers. 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 any separation. All that is—the spiraling galaxies, the anonymous births, the silent endings—is but its breath unfolding, its eternity dreaming itself in order to awaken more fully.

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

An Unexpected Channeling

The experience did not end there. Even after I opened my eyes, the effects of Ayahuasca continued with disconcerting intensity. While most of the participants

gradually returned to a normal state, I remained in a liminal space—between two worlds.

A strange sensation rose from my throat, as though something needed to speak—without my desire, without my control. I tried to hold the flow back. In vain. Sounds came out of my mouth, indistinct at first, then words—clear, powerful—emanating from an energy that was not mine.

It was not my voice. Not my words. A feminine entity—unknown, yet of impressive presence—had taken hold of my body to deliver a warning to those present. She spoke in French, with an authority and an almost harsh firmness I did not recognize in myself. She had me perform ritual gestures at chest level that evoked ancient rites more than any tradition I knew.

I learned later that this phenomenon has a name: channeling. It was neither Mother Ayahuasca nor a reassuring figure—it was a shaman, perhaps a guardian, come to call certain ones back to order. I was stunned. And ashamed, too, to have been traversed by such a 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 swept over me—mingled with a deep regret at having left that other reality to return to this crushing density. My body still

trembled. A nervous twitch shook my right shoulder, like a final echo of that unexpected passage.

When I came fully back to myself, I felt an intense compression in my chest—as if my immaterial essence struggled to re-enter its envelope of flesh. Looking back, I recognized what is often called an out-of-body experience—an OBE—whose descriptions correspond closely, and at times almost entirely, to the accounts of near-death experiences.

My View of Death

I have long wondered: does death truly exist? Is it an end, or only an illusion inscribed in the cycle of our earthly passage?

Those who have brushed against it say so clearly: it is not consciousness that goes out, but only the physical body—that fragile vehicle we need in order to travel the roads of material density. Without it, the soul could not taste matter, its trials, its encounters, its choices.

So, what becomes of those we call "dead"? To me, they do not disappear. They simply continue on their path in another dimension—invisible to our eyes, yet parallel to ours, just as real.

My mother's passing convinced me of this. One evening, emptied, crushed by the weight of her absence, I perceived a familiar fragrance spreading

through the room—as if it were hers. Bewitching, reassuring, it soothed the wounded soul that mine had become, with no apparent cause. Neither a dream nor a hallucination: a presence—gentle, soothing—as if she had simply come to tell me 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. I cannot prove it. But neither can I deny it.

Since then, I have not ceased 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

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

It taught me that true freedom lies in acceptance. That wisdom comes from the capacity to surrender to the unknown with confidence. That every ordeal, however

difficult, has a part 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!



Chapter 7

The Forgotten Abilities

Bordeaux, 2011–2019—Sabbatical Years

Every Saturday Morning

For three years, every Saturday morning, I stopped the rain.

Let me be precise about that sentence, because I know how it sounds. I am not speaking metaphorically. I would stand at the window of my studio in Bordeaux, look at the torrents of rain falling outside, and spend one minute—just one—visualizing blue sky, warm pavement, a dry walk to the Capucins market fifteen minutes away. Then I would close the door behind me.

And the rain would stop.

Without fail.

My neighbors had noticed before I ever spoke of it. They had taken to watching me from their balconies. Each time, the rain ceased the moment I stepped outside. They smiled, a little bewildered: "You really are lucky..."

I went on for three years. Until one morning, an ethical realization stopped me cold: did I have the right to divert rain for my own comfort, while the earth, the plants, the living beings around me needed it? I stopped that very day. Not out of fear—but out of respect. Because whatever this capacity was, it did not belong to me. It passed through me. And that is an entirely different thing.

This chapter is about that difference. About the faculties we carry without knowing it. About why we have forgotten them—and how we might remember.

A Memory, Not a Gift

There exists within the human being a vast field of consciousness—subtle, often ignored, sometimes denied, yet always present. What I am about to describe is in no way extraordinary. It is a reminder. A return to something universal that we all carry within us. Not a privilege, but a dormant memory.

I remember a day when, by simple mental intention, I sent a silent message to four distant friends. Within only a few hours, three of them spontaneously contacted me—and the fourth admitted to me later that he had thought of me at the very same moment, but had held back out of laziness.

I had said nothing to anyone.

That experience showed me something I could no longer dismiss: telepathy is not fiction. It is a natural faculty we have simply forgotten.

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

— "Yes. And why is this happening to me?"

— "Because you have 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—but 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 sacred.

But with the rise of institutional religious dogmas, and later with the dominance of scientific rationalism, a shift occurred. What had once been perceived as natural—or divine—came to be labeled as superstition, danger, or mental disorder. This cultural repression was passed down from one generation to the next, often through the simplest of injunctions: "It's just your imagination." "You're dreaming." "Only what we see is real."

This disconnection is no small matter. It has fostered a society cut off from itself—turned entirely outward, toward consumption, material power, and control. 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 a matter of power. They are a matter of presence—to oneself, to the living.

The Great Concealment

From the earliest centuries, the great religious and political currents marginalized the mystics, banned occult knowledge, burned the midwives—those women who carried ancestral knowledge of herbal lore, energy healing, and natural cycles. Guardians of feminine wisdom, healers, medicine women within

their communities. Healers were demonized. Shamans were ridiculed.

This was no accident. It was a deliberate intent: to sever the human being from his subtle essence.

Later, rationalist science filed these faculties away as hallucinations or coincidence. Television, schooling, social and religious dogmas finished the work. We were trained to believe that only our five senses and our logical mind deserved to exist.

A society founded on control cannot tolerate truly free, autonomous, inspired human beings. Free thought, once embodied, becomes contagious. It calls the established order into question. The one who perceives beyond the veil no longer needs to be directed from the outside. And that is the point at which the system trembles.

A Sacred Amnesia?

And yet—what if all this were part of the play?

The most ancient traditions—from Ayahuasca to the Vedas, from Sufism to Buddhism—all speak of a veil to be pierced. Incarnation, in this perspective, is the journey of an infinite being who chooses to forget itself in matter, in order to find itself again through the awakening of the heart.

What we are living 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.

The Faculties, One by One

Intuition—Wisdom Without Reasoning

Intuition is not an opinion, nor a logical thought. It is direct knowing—a flash, an inner certainty that arrives effortlessly, often before any reasoning. It manifests through physical sensations: a tightened throat, a clenched belly, tingling. Or through brief visions we cannot immediately justify. The more we listen to it, the clearer and more precise it becomes. In the spiritual traditions, it is often associated with the intelligence of the Self—the inner guidance that speaks before the mind can intervene.

Telepathy—Mind Beyond Words

I have experienced it myself, with striking results. Thought is not confined to the brain—it is emitted as a wave. When two consciousnesses are attuned—emotionally, spiritually, vibrationally—the transmission of mental information becomes possible. It is natural among animals, children, and certain twins; it often reappears in mystics or indigenous peoples. The four friends I reached without a word remain, for me, the clearest evidence I have.

Clairvoyance—Seeing Without Eyes

Some perceive intentions, energies, even the mental images of others. This is not a gift reserved for a few, but a perceptive channel available to all—one that asks for inner silence, grounding, and non-mental listening. Shamanic, yogic, and esoteric traditions have cultivated these faculties from the beginning—they were once part of what were called the sacred arts.

Premonition—Time as a Spiral

It happens that certain souls feel 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, sensed emotionally, physically, or symbolically. This perception is often blocked by anxiety or by the mind. It manifests more freely in dreams, in meditations, or in deep silences.

The Capacity to Create Reality—The Unified Field

When we understand that reality is not external but co-created with our consciousness, we step into inner sovereignty. Thought, emotion, intention, and attention become active forces of transformation. This is the foundation of what is often called the law of attraction—but in a deeper version, linked to the vibration of being rather than to mere mental will.

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 and a decade of frenetic, disembodied life, an inner impulse pushed me to create my own forum dedicated to the law of attraction and to spirituality. I no longer wanted to content myself with reading the extraordinary stories of others. I wanted to live these experiences—to feel them in my body, in my mind, in my reality.

It was in this context that I discovered *The Secret*, by Rhonda Byrne, in 2008. Reading it set off a flash of recognition in me—as if a missing piece had finally fallen into the inner puzzle I had been trying to assemble all my life. I knew, without a shadow of a doubt, that this law was real.

My first concrete experience was an audacious request: to find a studio in Bordeaux, even though I had 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 having to pay several months in advance, nor to go through an agency. Nothing less. I visualized this place every day, setting it as the wallpaper of my computer—a living vision board, present every time I logged in. I felt the emotion of living there, of reading there, of meditating there.

Meanwhile, every step seemed in vain. Every agency quoted me exorbitant rents and discouraging

conditions. But instead of falling apart, I centered myself again. I knew that the time of the universe is not the time of the human.

Ten days before the end of my inner deadline, I thought of a teenage friend from Bordeaux whom I had lost touch 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 the death of their mother. After a moving conversation, he told me that a studio belonging to his brother—empty since their mother's passing—could be offered to me.

Within a few days, the unimaginable took form: a studio right in the center of town, available immediately, with no fees, at a modest rent. Everything matched what I had specified.

One last obstacle remained: I did not have a penny for the plane ticket, the move, or even to pay the first month. That same week, a close friend who came to visit me spontaneously offered to finance everything. Without conditions. He held out his hand at the exact moment I needed it.

The miracle was complete.

Three Years of Rain

Bordeaux—Sabbatical Years

In the years that followed, this subtle relationship deepened until it became almost domestic in its regularity.

Whenever I went out to do my shopping at the Capucins market—fifteen minutes from my studio—one minute of visualization was enough. One minute to close my eyes, see the blue sky and the warm pavement, feel the dry walk. One minute to close the door. And the rain would stop.

Every Saturday morning. Week after week. For three years.

Until the morning I stopped—not because it had ceased to work, but because I had realized it should not be used for my comfort alone. That the earth around me had its own needs. That a capacity which passes through you is not the same as one that belongs to you.

What I came to understand over time is that the law of attraction is neither a belief nor a superstition. It is a universal law, as real as gravity. It responds to our vibration, not to our words. It does not judge. It acts—provided that our deepest desire is aligned with our inner frequency. We cannot attract a luminous event if we are vibrating fear, doubt, or lack. And there lies the spiritual key: raising one's vibration is not a technique. It is a way of being.

Personal Testimony—My Journey with Moldavite

September 2011

First Experience

A beautiful experience came to me through my Moldavite while I was lying inside a CT scanner.

I knew that Moldavite was reputed to protect from X-rays, but I had never tested it. I had already undergone two chest scans in less than three months, and a third was scheduled. This time, I simply decided to ask it—mentally—to protect me from the radiation. Nothing more.

Once inside the scanner, I had completely forgotten that the stone was in my pocket—certainly because of the stress. When the scan began, my eyes were closed. Then, at the precise moment the machine began to turn, a soft, diffuse green light—the exact color of Moldavite—appeared at the level of my sixth chakra. For the few minutes that the examination lasted, that green glow enveloped me. Immensely pleasant. Deeply soothing. The moment the scan stopped, the light vanished.

A few days later, I received the results. Everything was fine. A simple allergy—the cause of my persistent cough.

Second Experience

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, it is impossible for me to close my eyes—the clairsaudience it brings on is immediate: abstract images and shapes appear before my closed eyes, colors entirely unknown, indescribable in our language. Colors that seem not to belong to our human dimension.

Three times, I forgot to take it off before sleeping. I do not recommend it.

Each time, lying in the dark, I became vividly clairsaudient. Sounds, noises, pleasant voices—as if familiar. The lively murmur of a crowded bistro, but coming from elsewhere. The voices were so real that I tried several times to listen carefully and identify the language. In vain. Not a single word was understandable to me. It seemed this language was not ours—not earthly, but coming from an altogether different place.

The first time, when I finally took it off and laid it on the bedside table, the sounds went on. I moved it to an armchair at the other end of the room. Still there, but fainter. Only when I placed it in another room of the

apartment did the calm finally return—and with it, sleep.

Moldavite opens invisible channels. It creates a bridge between our world and another—with great gentleness—though I could not say which. Since I have owned it, I have had no trouble with it, only joy. When I forget to put it on, a diffuse green light sometimes appears at my sixth chakra—as if to reassure me that it is still there, wherever I have left it. I love this stone. It purifies, harmonizes, protects. And it allows me to establish a form of communication with another world—not hostile, but bearing love.

And Now?

Today, the veil is lifting. Synchronicities multiply. Ayahuasca, dreams, deep intuitions, invisible bonds—all of this is returning in force, like an ancient memory longing to awaken once again.

The good news is that 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 for them to express themselves.

To rediscover our forgotten abilities is like learning again to walk barefoot on an earth that already knows

us. It is not a conquest. It is a return—slow, delicate, sometimes joyful, often deeply moving.

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

And along this path of reconnection, every experience, every intuition, every inhabited silence becomes a bridge—toward oneself, toward the other, toward the Invisible.



Chapter 8

CHANYA

Bordeaux, 2016—The Genesis of CHANYA

The Man Who Left the Dance Floor

Boom Festival, Portugal, 2016.

Tens of thousands of people. Music pulsing from every direction. More than a hundred and fifty nationalities gathered in a single place—dancing, singing, living side by side in an atmosphere of profound and almost improbable unity.

And somewhere in the heart of all that, I left the dance floor and went to listen to a talk on climate change.

I'm not sure I could have put it into words at the time. There was simply something pulling me—away from the celebration, and toward the questions being asked under the burning sun, in a tent where groups had gathered with the same silent urgency. Young people, mostly. Different ethnicities, different religions, different ages and nationalities—all leaning forward around a single cause: the future of the planet they had inherited.

I watched them ask pointed questions. Share fresh ideas. Challenge the speakers. Then join practical workshops. The spirit in that tent was not the spirit of a festival. It was the spirit of people who had decided to take something seriously.

I stayed there for a long time.

Something in me recognized what I was seeing—not as an idea, but as a call.

A Universal Quest

What struck me most in those talks was not the scale of the problems described—alarming as they were—but the clarity of those who were describing them. They were not academics delivering papers to empty rooms. They were passionate, grounded, urgent. They spoke of water scarcity, of climate warming, of the collapse of affordable housing—and they spoke of solutions. Real solutions. Solutions that could be built, tested, shared.

I came out of that tent with a feeling I recognized from other moments in my life—the night my mother dictated her will, the morning I first heard Shri Mataji's voice, the silence that followed the Ayahuasca ceremony. The feeling of something beginning.

A Laboratory of Ideas and Actions

For a week, I observed this new generation—easygoing, yet extraordinarily aware of the challenges of its era. I felt a powerful collective energy, a sincere desire to build rather than simply to protest. This was not just a celebration. It was a laboratory of ideas and actions, a living demonstration of what humanity can become when it chooses collaboration over division.

Two years later, in 2018, I returned—not to dance this time, but to immerse myself fully in these talks. By then, CHANYA had already been born in my mind.

A Mission Embodied in a Name

The name came to me self-evidently. CHANYA—meaning "Positive" in Swahili. Simple. Clear. Pointing in the right direction.

This project was not merely an idea. It carried a life mission. I wanted to respond to the housing crisis while honoring the environment—to offer sustainable, accessible solutions for future generations. A dream rooted in everything the years had taught me: interdependence, the importance of serving others, and the need for balance between humanity and nature.

It was also, I came to understand little by little, the answer to something my mother had said to me in the early 1990s, in a moment I have never forgotten:

"What matters most are the imprints each of us leaves behind."

CHANYA was my imprint. The form my answer to that sentence had finally taken.

An Evolving Vision

Over time, CHANYA evolved—from an eco-village toward a more modular approach to ecological habitats. These dwellings are designed to be affordable, innovative, and respectful of the environment. They answer a twofold urgency: the ecological crisis and the shortage of accessible housing. Not one or the other—both, simultaneously, because they are inseparable.

CHANYA is far more than a response to the challenges of our time. It is a vision for a future in which harmony with nature and human solidarity form the very 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 undertaking, 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 what I have learned serves others.

Every printed wall carries the memory of a lesson. Every achievement whispers of the perseverance born from headwinds. CHANYA is the living breath of a legacy I wish to offer to the world—a legacy rooted in experience, yet stretched toward the universal.

That tent at Boom Festival—with its urgent questions and its improbable hope—remains etched in me as the cradle of everything that has followed. It offered me priceless inspiration and showed me that another world is possible: a world where we dance, sing, and dream together—and where, afterward, we set to work.

I will pursue this dream as long as my breath allows me.

It gives profound meaning to my life. And it lights the path of those I wish to accompany.



Chapter 9

Andalusia

Spain, 2017—The Sunseed Community

The Card

On the morning of my departure from Sunseed, they handed me a large handmade card.

I still have it. It is covered in writing—different hands, different languages, different voices—all saying versions of the same thing. Two stayed with me above all the others.

The first:

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

The second:

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

I had arrived three months earlier as a complete stranger—fifty-five years old, surrounded by young

people whose average age was around twenty-five, in a community in the south of Spain where the main language was English and the main activity was learning to live sustainably on very little. I could have been their father. Most of them had no idea what to make of me.

This is the story of how that card came to be written.

In Search of a Communal Vision

To refine CHANYA, I needed to understand what a community is—not in theory, but in practice. At the time, I was still nurturing 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, navigating a daily life in a language that was neither French, nor Arabic, nor Dutch.

It was my friend Mika—who lives near Marbella, in southern Spain—who gave me the decisive push. During a conversation about CHANYA, I confided my difficulties in designing an eco-village when I had never lived in one. My only direct experience had been brief—a few days leading Arabic calligraphy workshops during my design studies.

Mika simply replied:

"Why don't you go live in a community for a few weeks or a few months—observe, learn, draw inspiration from it?"

That advice echoed in me the whole way back to Bordeaux.

Sunseed Desert Technology

A few weeks later, my research led me to Sunseed Desert Technology—an ecological organization nestled in the hills of southern Spain, offering a rare combination: communal living alongside active contribution to ecological projects.

Their website bore these words, which 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 appealed to me instantly.

Immersion in a Bubble of Life

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

My arrival was marked by a certain reserve from the residents. At fifty-five, I was surrounded by young people whose average age was around twenty-five—I could have been their father. Their caution made sense. I was a complete stranger: older, Lebanese-French, with a project they had never heard of and a life path that bore no obvious resemblance to theirs.

But within a few days, something changed. Curiosity replaced reserve. Then, gradually, affection. My experience, my anecdotes, my cooking—and especially my Lebanese recipes—won them over in a way I had not anticipated. To my surprise, I discovered several French speakers in the group: Canadians, Belgians, and a few French. Inevitably, at mealtimes, two groups would form—the English speakers and the French speakers—and within the latter, I became, without meaning to, a *papa poule*: a father watching over his little ones with a blend of tenderness and quiet humor.

What I Found There

During my stay, I discovered permaculture—not as a theory, but as a daily practice, an art of living in harmony with nature. I took part in intensive workshops, collaborated with other residents on the

design of a sustainable garden, and learned how to bring these methods into CHANYA.

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

Beneath their cheerful exteriors and their lively conversations there often lay deep wounds: family conflicts, stories of abandonment, conditions such as autism or bipolar disorder. With time, they entrusted these things to me—one by one, in quiet corners, over shared meals. I became a confidant. A cool uncle, able to listen without judging, to offer gentle advice, and to share moments of pure whimsy with them. The two roles did not contradict each other. On the contrary, the one made the other possible.

The Challenges of Daily Life

Not everything was harmonious, of course.

One decision made by the community genuinely puzzled me: their refusal to use refrigerators—even in a semi-desert climate where summer temperatures were unforgiving. While this fit within their ecological principles, watching food spoil for lack of basic preservation seemed, in my eyes, to contradict the very aim of reducing waste. I raised the question once, diplomatically, and then let it rest. Some disagreements are not meant to be resolved—only noted, and respected.

What remained, far more than the disagreements, were the moments of genuine connection. My falafels became a small legend within the group. And on the eve of my departure, I prepared wood-fired pizzas for the whole community—a farewell feast celebrated in joy and friendship, lasting late into the still-warm Andalusian night. That evening of sharing was much more than a goodbye. It was my way of planting, in my own fashion, the seeds of a CHANYA to come—a community where food, warmth, and presence would always be at the center.

A Departure Marked by Emotion

The next morning, they gathered to see me off.

And they gave me the card.

I read it standing in the sunlight, surrounded by faces I had not known three months earlier and which I would carry with me for the rest of my life. Those words—lighthouse, doubts, reconcile—told me something I had not expected to learn in a semi-desert of Andalusia: that the most useful thing I could offer was neither a vision, nor a project, nor a set of skills. It was simply the readiness to be present. To listen without judging. To share without holding back.

That, too, was a lesson for CHANYA.

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 foundations—that sustainability is not only a technical challenge, but a relational one. A project cannot endure without embracing the full richness and complexity of human interactions.

Strengthened by this understanding, I returned to Bordeaux with a refined vision—no longer only for eco-villages, but for individual dwellings adapted to the realities of our world. Homes able to hold not only bodies, but lives.

The lighthouse, in the end, had needed the darkness as much as those who turned to it for the light.



Chapter 10

The Nādi Shastra

*France–India–South Africa, September 4, 2024—The Reading by
Zoom*

The First Name

He raised his eyes from the palm leaf, smiled with a quiet certainty, and spoke.

First, my French first name. Then my Lebanese first name. In that exact order—precisely as they appear on my official documents.

I remained motionless in front of my screen in Bordeaux, thousands of kilometers from the priest and his translator in India, thousands more from the moderator connected from South Africa. The Zoom call had the ordinary appearance of a remote meeting. What was unfolding within it was nothing of the sort.

I had carried my French name for decades—chosen at the time of my naturalization, adopted purely for ease of pronunciation, a practical decision made by an adult in a foreign country. It was not the name given to me at birth. It was not the name my mother had

whispered over me as a child. It was a name I had chosen myself, freely, as a conscious act of will.

And it had been inscribed on a palm leaf thousands of years before I made that choice.

I remained with that for a long time. I am still with it, in a sense.

For if that name—that particular, personal, freely chosen name—was already there, waiting to be read at the right moment, then the question it raises does not resolve so easily:

Do we truly steer our lives? Or are we playing out a script written before we arrived? And if so—who wrote it? And why?

An Ordinary Morning, an Unforgettable Journey

It had begun simply enough.

For this consultation, I had provided only a thumbprint of my right hand—essential for men—which was scanned and sent to the *Nādi* priest and his translator in India. No other information was asked of me. Not my name. Not my date of birth. Not a single personal detail.

These unique thumbprints serve to locate the bundles containing a person's specific records—collections of

up to 108 palm leaves, carefully preserved across the centuries, inscribed in an ancient form of Tamil by self-realized sages in states of expanded consciousness. Tradition holds that these leaves were dictated by eighteen great *Rishis*—among them the great *Maharishi Agastya*, one of the most venerated sages of this lineage. Mine, the priest would later tell me, had been dictated by *Agastya* himself.

The process began with a step called *matching*—the priest reading aloud, one by one, the rigid leaves gathered in bundles, each inscribed in ink in a sacred and flowing language used for centuries to transmit this wisdom. His voice rose and fell like a flowing prayer, hypnotic. Each word seemed to vibrate through space, carrying a solemn weight.

That chant opened something in me—a subtle wave, as though those archaic sounds were awakening a memory my mind had long forgotten, but which my soul instantly recognized.

The first bundle revealed nothing that concerned me. But in the first third of the second, everything changed.

The Precision of the Revelations

After the names came everything else—with a precision that left me no room for comfortable skepticism.

My origins. The exact names of my parents. My date and hour of birth. My unique and complex relationship with my brother. My visceral, irreplaceable bond with my mother—and the emotional distance that had long marked my relationship with my father.

Then: my sincere and harmonious bond with my two sisters. My involvement in a complex legal case, which was dragging on but would eventually turn out in my favor. The spontaneous trust I extend to strangers—but the absolute finality with which I withdraw it from those who betray it.

And a warning I had long sensed but never heard stated so plainly: that jealousy surrounded me, even among those who seemed well-meaning. Some, despite their outward warmth, quietly hoped for my failure.

Hearing it spoken aloud clarified many things I had felt for years without being able to name them.

The Question of Free Will

How could a tradition more than 2,500 years old contain, with such precision, the most intimate fragments of a life not yet lived at the time the leaves were written?

The priest explained that these leaves, although composed long ago, only become active when read at the right moment. They reveal what is necessary for

the evolution of the soul—not the whole of a life, but the key passages to be traversed.

This wisdom bears witness to a deep openness: one need not be Hindu, nor even a believer, for one's leaf to exist. It addresses everyone, beyond faith, culture, or nationality.

Certain teachings affirm that, between two lives, we ourselves choose our parents, our trials, our encounters. According to the priest, this was my sixth incarnation—only one remained.

That leaf had been composed millennia ago. And yet it knew the name I would choose for myself in the twentieth century.

Are we the authors of our lives? The actors? Or simply the readers—arriving, at last, at the page already written for us?

These questions would not leave me. They have not left me yet.

The Awakening of the Soul Across Incarnations

Among the 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 new birth would be necessary. It would be the end of a cycle—the soul, having completed its lessons in

matter, free to join another plane of existence: vaster, more luminous, beyond duality. This perspective resonated deeply. It echoed my own intuition of life's cyclical nature, where each incarnation is a stage of learning—a stripping away of what is no longer necessary, a deepening of what remains essential.

If this life is the next-to-last, then every trial, every encounter, every revelation takes on a particular weight.

Not an end. A preparation. A return to the silent origin of all that was, is, and shall be.

Unsettling Personal and Professional Predictions

The reading also addressed concrete aspects of my present and future life. It announced that 2025 and 2026 would be years of professional challenges—but that in 2027, 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 regard, expressing immense gratitude for the support, the counsel, and the teaching I would offer them. This resonated deeply. It confirmed a choice I had already made—to dedicate my life to others, without marriage, without children, considering that every child, every young person seeking hope, belongs to my universal family.

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

"They are incarnated spirits. They recognize your kindness and they honor you. Continue to feed them. Continue to offer them your attention."

The Spiritual Path of the Future

Then came broader, more distant perspectives.

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 keeping for years. And yet today I realize that this autobiography came into being almost a year later, with no planning at all. I had even forgotten the prediction. In truth, it arrived on its own—as things written in advance tend to arrive, when the moment is right.

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

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

At 75, I would 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 caregiver. He reassured me: my memory would remain intact, and physically, I would be able to look after myself.

At 78, I would leave this world, following a respiratory and cardiac complication. He added, however, that certain spiritual practices—the *Poojas*—could prolong my life until 81.

He also recommended yoga, and regular contact with nature—both of which would replenish me energetically. My two elements, he said, are water and earth.

That advice made me smile: my doctor had recently told me almost exactly the same thing, for entirely different reasons. My long motionless hours at the computer had raised my triglycerides; he had strongly advised me to move, to walk, to do fitness. I had answered that I preferred yoga.

Once again, I noted that my *Nādi* had foreseen this—even though I had set it aside at the time. It is striking how we retain only what matters to us at a given moment, and how the rest waits, patiently, to be acknowledged later.

The Fire Ceremony

Among the recommendations was a fire ceremony—a *Homa*—one of the most ancient and most 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 entrusted to the flame and the mantras recited with fervor, the karmic blockages identified in the *Nādi* leaf can be consumed, transmuted into light, and released into the ether.

I, ordinarily so reluctant before religious ritual, was deeply moved.

A few months later, the ceremony 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 mantras thousands of years old. Though physically absent, I deeply felt its vibration.

A video was sent to me: the fire danced like a luminous golden tongue, swallowing the offerings to the rhythm of Sanskrit chants. The priest, focused, pronounced my name several times—weaving it into the prayers, sending blessings through the flames. I felt strangely bound to that scene, as though a part of me had traveled there to attend, in silence, an invisible transmutation.

The leaf had said: "This ritual will break the blockages."

And indeed, since then, resistances that had long been stagnant have softened. Knots have loosened. New doors have opened. A new air now circulates through my life.

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

Echoes Between the Nādi Shastra and Ayahuasca

Looking back, I cannot help but connect this experience to my initiatory journey with Ayahuasca, nine years earlier.

During that inner crossing, Mother Ayahuasca had whispered to me, with overwhelming clarity:

"Follow your intuition—you will know what to do."

A pure message of trust. An invitation to surrender to the sacred flow of life, without needing to understand everything in advance.

The *Nādi Shastra*, arriving years later, seemed to be a precise answer to that call. Where Ayahuasca had opened the space of feeling, of mystery, of direct connection to the One—the *Nādi* leaf inscribed my destiny in black and white. As though the universe,

after teaching me to listen to my heart, were now handing me a map.

Each word read by the priest resonated with steps I had already taken—simply revealing what my soul had always known.

Two millennia-old traditions, speaking different languages, pointing toward the same place.

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

The further I go, the clearer my path becomes—not as a rigid road, but as a sacred alignment between intuition and revelation. The one does not contradict the other. Together, they unite in a silent symphony, orchestrated by a higher wisdom.

It is as though the universe, through these two ancient traditions, has been whispering the same thing to me from the beginning:

I am exactly where I need to be. And everything, in truth, has always been guided.



Conclusion

A Life in Service of the One

For a long time, I believed I had to understand before I could transmit.

Then I discovered that it is sometimes 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 tracing of an inner path that has accompanied me all along: that fertile tension between what grounds me and what calls me beyond. Between the weight of origins and the pull of the invisible. Between the drop and the ocean.

Every encounter, every vision, every ordeal recounted here is an attempt to open a dialogue—between the intimate and the universal, between what has been lived and what cannot quite be said. And if certain lines have found an echo in you, perhaps that was their only reason for being.

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 arises when the moment is ripe. Some call this space God. Others name it the Tao, the Self, Emptiness, or the Beloved. For me, it is simply the One.

I also know that I do not walk alone. Since that distant night of 2008, when I had lost all desire to live and silent presences came simply to look upon me, that thread has never been broken. I hardly use the pendulum anymore. I no longer know with certainty how many of them there are today. But I know that they are there. Their communication has become subtle—a breath, a sign, a precise intuition that arrives at the exact moment. If I am listening, they answer. And it is in that listening, more than in any revelation, that my path now lies.

Perhaps, in the end, what we call a "path" is nothing other than a slow return to the unity we have never truly left—a return to what binds us to the world, to ourselves, and to that mystery which, at times, lets itself be glimpsed in a breath, a tear, or a silence.

"At the end of this path, I did not find myself seeking an answer—I discovered that I was the answer.

And what I uncovered within myself is what every human being glimpses in a moment of truth: that pain teaches, that loss expands, and that love illuminates.

Our stories do not belong to us alone—they are fragments of light scattered through 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."





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



From the narrow alleys of Beirut to the silence of Bordeaux. From the sacred chants of India to the heart of an Ayahuasca ceremony in the forests of Portugal. In *A Drop Remembers the Ocean*, François W. Beydoun traces an intimate and universal journey—one that begins in loss and ends, quietly, in recognition.

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

Through visions, synchronicities, and initiatory experiences—the awakening of Kundalini, telepathy, ancient wisdom traditions, the millennia-old revelations of the *Nādi Shashtra*—the story unveils a deeper reality: that life itself is an invitation to return to unity. That nothing is lost. That we have never, in truth, been separate from the One.

François W. Beydoun, an industrial designer since 1989 and a spiritual explorer, is the founder of CHANYA, a design and research consultancy based in Bordeaux. His words carry the resonance of one who has walked through shadow and fire—and emerged not with answers, but with something rarer: the certainty that the questions themselves were the path.

This book asks little: only the patience to listen to what one is not used to hearing. It speaks to those who doubt as much as to those who believe, to seekers of truth, to dreamers in search of meaning—and to all who hear the silent call of the One.