

**FROM
ADDICTION
TO
ENLIGHTENMENT**



by Nandi Nāth

Preface

“Don’t believe in anything I say, nor should you disbelieve it; otherwise, you’ll never have the possibility of knowing for yourself.”

—Sadhguru

Before we begin, I’ll leave you with a choice.

You can approach this book as just another story—something to be entertained by, debated, or dismissed.

Or, you can let it sink in. You can let it challenge you. You can let it ignite something in you that you might not even fully understand yet.

Because whether you realize it or not, you didn’t pick up this book by accident.

Something led you here.

Maybe it’s time to find out why.

What if everything you believe about yourself—your name, your background, your struggles—was nothing more than a mask? A story you’ve mistaken for your true self?

For most of my life, I was blind to this truth.

For years I was caught in patterns I couldn’t break—addiction, self-destruction, and chasing things that never truly fulfilled me. Torn between the life I was living and the one I somehow knew was possible, I felt lost—directionless, without a guide—yet longing for something more.

It wasn’t until everything fell apart that I started to question it.

I was forced to unlearn everything I thought I knew.

To strip away the false layers of identity I had unknowingly built.

To confront the truth of who I really was.

This is not just a story about me. It is about all of us. The paths may be different, the lessons may arrive in different disguises, but at the core, we are all walking the same road—the road back to yourself.

It wasn’t an easy process at first, but the moment I surrendered to it, everything changed.

So, Who Are We? Really?

A young man asked a monk, 'What is ego?'

The monk in turn asked him, 'Who are you?'

'Well, replied the young man, giving his name, 'Mohan'

'I am not asking your name; I want to know who are you?' countered the monk.

'I am a student', said the young man.

'But that is your present station or "profession" in life; my question is-who are you?'

The young man thought for a while and then said, 'I am the son of so-and-so'

'That is your relation with your parents, smiled the monk.

'I am a Bengali', said the young man.

'That is your mother-tongue'

'I am a Hindu and an Indian.'

'That is your religion and your nationality'.

'I am a human being', the young man reached his wit's end.

'Now, you are referring to the species- the Homo sapiens. **Who are you?**'

The young man had nothing more to say. 'Well, that is what Vedanta teaches, continued the monk,

The Vedanta says that man's deepest core or substance within, is unconditioned by any description and that unconditioned substance is called Atman or Self. The Atman is what a man is. Ego is what he appears to be. Atman is true, ego is false. Atman is never born nor dies; ego comes into being through ignorance and dies when knowledge dawns in a person." -Atmavarta article -1-Shivoham

This book is not full of rigid teachings or here to tell you what to believe Atman or The Self is.

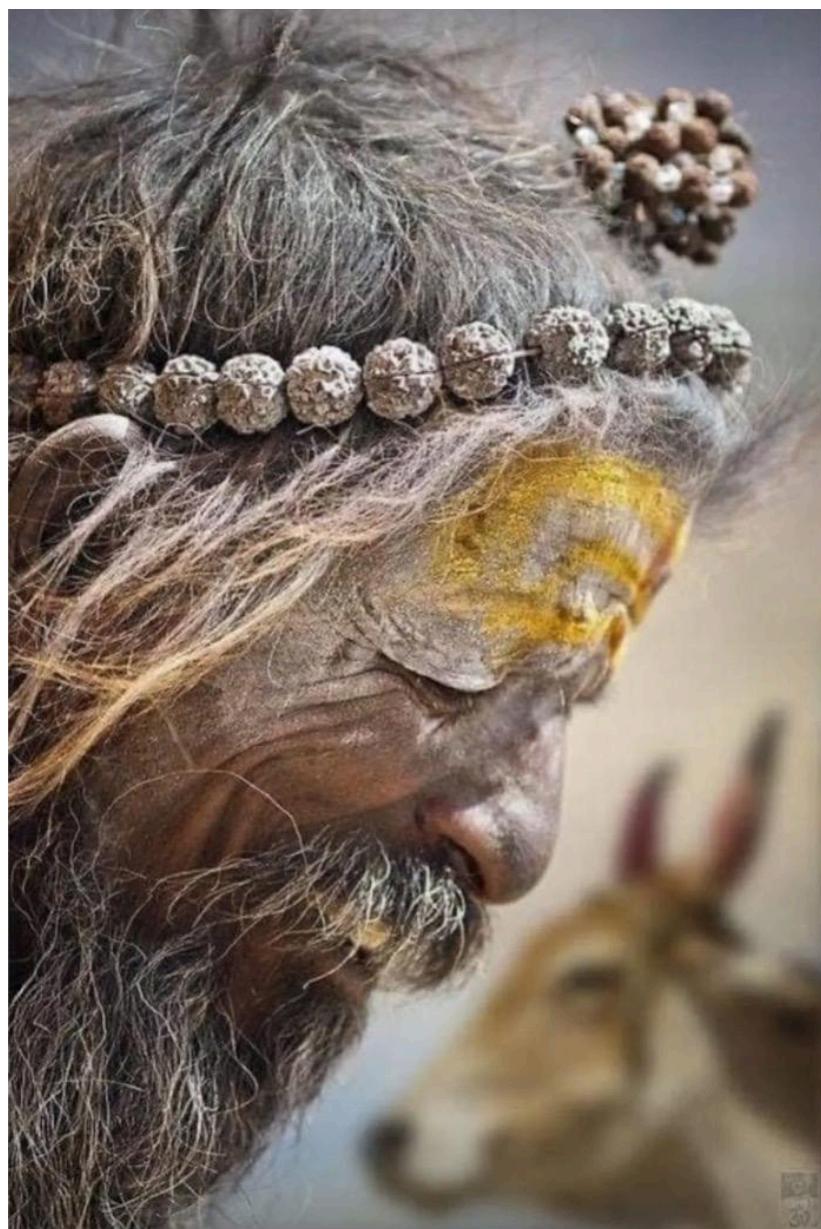
It is a transmission—woven with stories, insights, and moments of awakening.

It is an invitation to discover it for yourself.

To question everything.

To break free from the illusions that keep us trapped.

And to remember who you really are.



Chapter One – The blinders of language

Question: How could one deal with the ego?

Sadhguru: "The first step that you need to see is this. If I am pleasant, it's me. If I am unpleasant, it's me. If I am wonderful, it's me. If I am horrible, it's me. If you see this, you will stamp out the horror quite efficiently. You can't stay with it for too long. Because it is another spirit called ego—It's an elf called ego—It goes on and on and on endlessly. See, it's a very good trick. You asked a question about ego. Now I ask you, where is it? You say, I don't know. It's a damn good trick. You don't know where it is, but it acts up all the time, isn't it? So, it's a trick. There is no ego. There is just you. Sometimes pleasant, sometimes unpleasant, sometimes beautiful, sometimes horrible. If you see this, the moments of horror will go down by itself. You don't have to do anything. You just don't have to do anything. If you see it's me who is being horrible, it will start going down. You think I am horrible because of my ego or usually because of somebody, it will never ever go down. You will remain horrible the rest of your life or maybe beyond."

Where is your ego? Can you point to it? How do you know it exists?

From one perspective, we hear that the ego is an illusion—something to be transcended or integrated to realize the true Self. Yet, from another, there is no ego to transcend. Both perspectives hold truth. So how can that be, if they contradict each other? These words and concepts are just sounds—intellectual games.

This is what happens when you try to fit the infinite into thought. The moment you label something—ego, self, God, good, bad—you're no longer dealing with The Self. You're dealing with concepts. Personal interpretations. Psychological drama.

Language is a beautiful illusionist. It can point, gesture, symbolize—but it can never capture the whole. The moment we try to wrap words around The Self, we've already distorted it. Every statement, no matter how profound, is still a product of the mind—dependent on contrast, conditioned meaning, and limited perspective. Language is only meaningful if you've been conditioned to understand it. If someone speaks to you in a language you don't know, their words are just sounds—no different than the rustling of leaves or the call of a bird. The meaning doesn't exist inherently in the sound; it's assigned by the mind. In this way, all concepts are relative—existentially empty apart from the mental framework that interprets them. Without that framework, even the most profound sentence is just noise.

For example, a child sees a bird for the first time—pure, unfiltered, alive in its full essence. Curious, he asks his father, "What is that?" The father replies, "That's a bird." And just like that, something is lost. No longer does the child see the bird as it is; now, he sees a concept—a word, a label, a mental construct that replaces direct experience. This is how language shapes

perception, how reality is filtered through thought, distancing us from the raw, immediate truth of existence.

Words can carry us to the edge of the ineffable, but they cannot cross it. As Nāgārjuna revealed: “All statements, including this one, are empty.” And as Wittgenstein wrote: “Whereof one cannot speak, thereof one must be silent.” And still... here we are, pointing anyway. At a certain point, the only honest move is silence—not as absence, but as Presence beyond sound.

If duality is the veil, then language is the thread it’s woven from. Every word is built on contrast—this and that, good and evil, right and wrong, self and other, past and future. Meaning depends on dichotomy.

The human mind and body—which includes our intellectual thoughts, emotions, and identities—all live in duality. This dualistic lens is central to the way the mind interprets physicality—where contrast seems to allow for form, differentiation, and perception—a mechanism of perception, not necessarily the whole reality itself.

Duality is real enough to dance with, but not so real you can’t wake up from it—Like when you wake up from a dream and say, “Oh, of course, that wasn’t real-real.”

Duality is the veil that prevents us from abiding as The Self—though this doesn’t diminish the sacredness of the dream though, even illusion points to the truth.

Now The Self—also called Atman, Brahman, God, The Guru, Source, The Universe, Pure Awareness, Being, Presence, Cosmic Intelligence, Consciousness, Christ, The Dao, Elohim, etc...—encompasses all duality, yet is not limited to it. These are just different names for the same ineffable essence, and throughout this book, they will be used interchangeably depending on context, tone, or tradition.

It's not something to be understood.

It is not something we see, describe, or conceptualize—it is something we are.

This is why mystics, sages, and enlightened beings throughout history have all pointed beyond words. They have said:

“Be still and know.”

“The Kingdom of Heaven is within you.”

“Tat Tvam Asi – You Are That.”

“You are not a drop in the ocean. You are the entire ocean in a drop.”

These are not metaphors. They are direct pointers to the reality that cannot be spoken, only realized.

Words won’t carry you all the way, but like a compass, they help point us in the right direction—even this book isn’t “the truth.” It’s simply pointing to something that cannot be

contained in language—beyond the mind's intellect, memories, and even the “mind” itself. The intellect wants clear answers, but The Self can't be boxed into “this” or “that.” Therefore the best way to avoid headaches is by embracing paradoxes sooner than later.

Science, the Senses & the Disappearing Edges of Reality

What is a blade of grass? Atoms? Molecules? What are those? Even modern science can only go so far...

“As my friend Terence McKenna used to say, ‘Modern science is based upon the principle: give us one free miracle, and we'll explain the rest.’

And the one free miracle is the appearance of all the matter and energy in the universe and all the laws that govern it, from nothing, in a single instant.”

—Rupert Sheldrake

Who are we? Why are we here? What is this existence?

Life is a phenomenon—yet the mind insists on distinction, while The Self does not. The “sun” and “moon” are only separate when seen through the lens of conceptual thought. Strip away the veil of language and conditioned understanding, and what remains is not two things, but one seamless field of existence—one Being, one Presence—including “you”—beyond shape, beyond division, beyond definition, beyond the grasp of thought.

And even from a scientific perspective, the illusion of separation begins to unravel. At the quantum level, boundaries blur. Particles exist not as fixed points, but as clouds of probability—entangled, uncertain, inseparable from the space around them. If you were to peer through an electron microscope, you wouldn't find sharp edges. You wouldn't see a clear line where the “Sun” meets the sky, or where the “Moon” ends and the air begins. You wouldn't even find a definitive boundary where your own skin meets the atmosphere.

The deeper you look, the more form dissolves. What once seemed solid is revealed as subtle. What once seemed separate is seen as continuous.

You could hear this a thousand times—understand it intellectually, quote it at dinner parties, even nod along with deep reverence. But none of that touches what it actually is. Again, this isn't something that can be grasped through thought. Trying to think your way into Presence would be like trying to measure the sky with a ruler. Not only will it fail, but it was never designed for the job in the first place. Thought draws lines where there are none—dividing what is whole. Then it forgets it ever drew them. That's how duality is born. But those lines aren't barriers. They're just reflections of the mind's way of seeing. And as long as you believe in the reflection, the illusion stays in place.

But behind the illusion, something has never moved. Never split. Never changed.

And to live it—to be it—is something else entirely.

At this point you may be asking: “Is reality dualistic, or is duality a creation of the mind?” The answer is yes.

From the view of the mind, we are separate—subject and object, light and dark, birth and death.

But from the viewless view—the space where even the concept of “view” dissolves—there is only This. And in This, even the question collapses. There is no duality. Only isness.

You are not just the shadow.

You are the light that casts it—

The wall that holds it—

And the space in which it disappears.

All at once. And never at all.

The Ineffable

It is beyond thought, beyond identity, beyond duality itself—and yet is all of that simultaneously.

When the mind is no longer gripping the wheel and the “I” dissolves, what remains?

Pure Being.

Pure Presence.

Pure Awareness.

Not as something separate from you, but as what you have always been.

“The eye with which I see God is the same eye with which God sees me.”

—Meister Eckhart

At this level, The Self is no longer something external to grasp—it is something that is self-evident, beyond the need for validation, language, or perception.

You do not witness it.

You are it.

This is why enlightenment is not “achieved”—it is simply a homecoming.

The illusion is not that The Self is hidden, but that the mind believes itself to be separate from it.

Bringing This Back to Your Journey

At some point in life, every seeker reaches the realization that no amount of intellectual understanding can bring them closer to God.

You do not “find” God. You remove what obscures it.

And when that happens, what remains is something beyond words, beyond self, beyond experience itself.

The one thing that has never changed.

And let me tell you—when you touch it, even for a moment—the contentment, the stillness, the peace is unspeakable. You don’t float away. You land. There’s nothing to chase. Nothing to prove. Nothing missing.

For the skeptic wondering, what’s the point of all this? Why look beyond the mind at all?—the answer is simple:

The end of suffering. Absolute contentment. You can just sit and be completely blissed out.

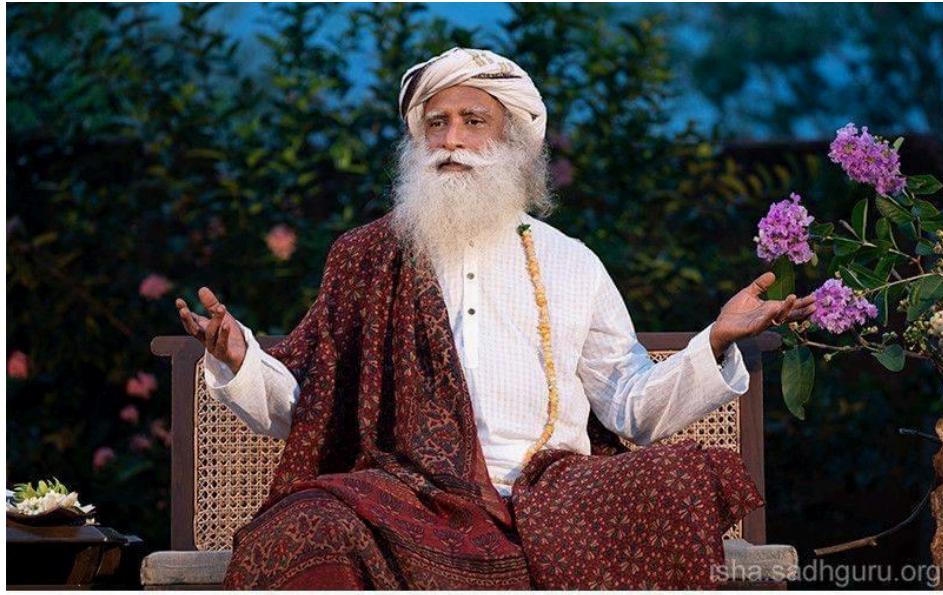
Not the end of pain or challenge or temporary human emotion—but the end of being at war with what is.

This isn’t about believing in God.

It’s about uncovering what remains when the grasping stops.

And what’s left is what has always been here.

Silent. Unshaken. Free.



“

If you do not look up to anything, and you do not look down upon anything, you will see everything the way it is.

Sadhguru

Yoga: The Art of Dissolving

Most people mistake yoga and meditiveness for the practices themselves.

But these are only the tuning technologies.

Meditation and yoga are not something you do. Just like sleep, you cannot force them. You can only create the right conditions for them to happen—through postures (asanas), breathwork (pranayama), mantra (japa), and sound (chant).

As the system begins to settle and the fluctuations of the mind soften, a stillness emerges.

And in that stillness, meditiveness begins to arise.

The more you nurture moment-to-moment meditiveness, the grip of the mind and body begins to loosen.

Suffering starts to fall away.

And what remains... is yoga.

Union with the ineffable cosmic intelligence.

That's yoga.

Not something you do—something you return to.

Not a ladder to climb, but a rhythm to feel.

A presence to remember.

A river to flow with.

A dance already in motion.

It's not a religion. It's not a belief. It's not even a technique.

It is a falling away of illusion. A remembrance of what has always been here. A return to the natural state.

This is why yoga has found a home across traditions. From Christian mystics to Sufi poets, from Catholic monks to Jewish sages, the essence of yoga—the union with the Divine—has always been there, just beneath the surface.

Yoga asks for no belief—only sincere willingness. A willingness to turn inward. To become still. To witness. To feel. To remember.

Whether through yoga, religion, mysticism, or any sacred tradition, all paths, though different in nature, not only point to the same ineffable truth—but arise from it. They are like the colors of a rainbow—each distinct, each radiant, yet all born from the same white light. To cling to one color is to miss the fullness of the spectrum, to become lost in a fragment rather than seeing the whole. God is not bound to a single shade, a single language, or a single path. It is the light behind them all.

For this reason, you will find truths from many traditions woven together throughout this book. Because when you stop clinging to a single color, the full tapestry of existence begins to reveal itself.

And in that revealing, something infinite stirs—a remembrance begins to dawn. What arises is not dogma, but direct realization:

- Heaven, here on earth.
- A joy that hums through your bones.

- Bliss, peace, and a quiet contentment that doesn't need a reason.
- A profound union with what we might call God, Truth, or simply... Love.
- Self-awareness, the key to consciously advancing human evolution

As Paramahansa Yogananda beautifully said:

**“Yoga means union. Scientific union with God. That, you are receiving. Dump your body into the superconscious. That’s all I do. I practice a few times Kriya and I dump my body and the body is gone. And I am in infinite bliss. The bliss that surpasseth any description.

So you all came from that. It is not the privilege of Christ and a few Masters to go there. All waves, behind small and big waves, waves that are playing with the storm, are the same ocean. Remember, no matter what your trouble is, God is with you, behind you. Seek him. Help him to pull you and make you as He is.”**

This is the space we move toward in my work.

Not a performance.

Not a practice.

But a return.

An Invitation to the Ultimate

This eBook is being written to give you a taste of what is possible—not just for you, but for all of humanity.

No matter where you are. No matter what you have done. No matter what labels the world has placed upon you. This is for the young and old. For the suicidal and the lost. For those who have walked paths of darkness—murderers, pedophiles, rapists, addicts, outcasts. For the student and the teacher. For the blue-collar worker, the CEO, the politician, the prisoner, the saint.

“A book for all those who shall die.”

—Sadhguru

If something in these pages stirs you—whether now or later—and you find yourself wanting more than just a taste, consider it an invitation.

This book wasn't written just to inspire. It was written to open a door.

And if you feel called to walk through it, I offer something more intimate than words on a page: a one-on-one space of real transformation.

Not as a coach in the traditional sense, but as a companion on the path—someone who's walked through darkness, danced in the light, and returned with something to offer.

This work isn't for the faint of heart. It's for the ones who are ready to stop performing and start shedding. For those tired of pretending they're okay. For those who know, deep down, there's more.

In these private sessions, we tune the inner instrument—your nervous system, your mind, your energy body—so that your outer life begins to reflect the clarity and peace that's already within you.

We strip away the noise.

We listen for what's real.

And from there, we build a life that no longer needs to be escaped.

If that resonates with you, I invite you to take the next step.

<https://nandinath432.com/coaching.html>

It would fill me with deep gratitude and honor to walk beside you in this unfolding. But at the end of the day, no guide, no book, no teacher—no matter how profound—can dance it for you. The ultimate truth is not found in words, in techniques, or in another's footsteps. The dance is yours alone. The real initiation happens within—it's just waiting to be realized.

To Serve the Divine

The final reason for writing this eBook is simple: To do my part.

To do what is needed in this world.

To serve God and all of creation—which, from my perspective, are one and the same.

Love and devotion are the way to realizing the Christ within you.

I bow to you. Namaskaram.

Chapter Two – A Brief Biography

Born in New Haven, Connecticut, to Nina and Jeffrey, life began in a middle-class suburban town where childhood was simple and filled with the kind of innocence that only exists before the weight of the world settles in. Mother, an exceptional nurse, carried a warmth and compassion that shaped those earliest years. Father, once a funeral director, later built a thriving business in sewer and drain work. He too had a warmth and playfulness to him. There was a deeply felt love along with a younger brother, Johnathon, to share in the endless adventures of youth—autumn leaves crunching beneath small feet and winters spent tunneling through snowbanks. For the most part, those were the golden years, untouched by the heaviness of time.



Jay and I sporting juice mustaches

But everything changed at eight years old.

That was the year of the divorce.

It wasn't loud or explosive, not the kind of split filled with shouting matches and broken dishes. On the surface, it was civil. But what followed in the years after was anything but.

Breaking the Cycle

Like most parents, they did their best with what they knew. But neither had been shown how to break the generational cycles they inherited. Both came from very loving yet deeply dysfunctional households—ones filled with the kind of unspoken wounds that are passed down like family heirlooms, until someone decides to stop the pattern. And just like that, the lineage of suffering continued.

Physical abuse. Addiction. Emotional unavailability.

These weren't just distant echoes of the past. They shaped the present, slipping into the fabric of everyday life. They were patterns that shaped my brother and I, just as they had shaped the generations before us. Not unique to one family—this was the reality of millions. People endure, surviving in whatever way they can, handing down their pain through generations, in subtle and not-so-subtle ways.

But here's the thing; cycles can be broken.

That truth wouldn't be fully understood until years later, but the journey was always leading there. It wasn't about only healing myself—but ending something that had been running in my bloodline for centuries.

The Rise & Fall of a First Passion

Before life veered off course, there was a passion—sports. By twelve, athletics became an identity. Football and lacrosse were everything, an outlet, a purpose. Excelling came naturally, coaches noticed, and whispers of future scholarships floated through the air. For the first time, life felt like it had direction.

Then, in an instant, it was gone.

2010.

A high school football scrimmage.

A brutal hit sent everything crashing down. The right leg and ankle—shattered. The pain was nothing compared to what came next. Four months in a wheelchair. Crutches for what felt like an eternity. A six-to-seven-month recovery. And in that time, something vital slipped away.

The outlet. The identity. The escape.

What had once been a source of stability vanished, and in the void it left behind, something darker took its place.

The Descent Into Darkness

At first, it was just the pain medication. Prescribed. Necessary. But when the prescription ran out, the need for something to dull the emptiness remained. By fourteen, addiction had completely taken hold.

Drugs. Fighting. Stealing. Pornography. Anything to feel something—or nothing at all.

My Mother, unable to control the chaos, felt that she had no choice but to send her son away. Living with my father an hour away meant a shift in environment, a stark contrast from wealthy suburban friends to broken homes and struggling families. A new stepmother, battling her own demons, added to the instability. Conflict was constant, and with my Father unwilling or unable to intervene, the easiest solution was to get me out of the house by handing over money and looking the other way.

The spiral continued.

Stealing.

Drugs.

Thousands of dollars gone.

Relationships with family were in ruins. The carelessness turned into recklessness, and the recklessness turned into something much darker.

Suicide notes were written.

Overdoses came and went.

A gun rested between teeth.

That should have been the end of the story.

But it wasn't.

Saved & Broken by the System

Eventually, the family felt they had exhausted every other option and involved the police. A domestic violence charge led to arrest. This was the first real introduction to the judicial system.

By fifteen, probation, urine tests, house arrest, and behavioral centers had become part of daily life. Inpatient and outpatient programs blurred together. Detox was just another stop along the way. But none of it changed anything. Addiction persisted, the self-destruction continued, and nothing seemed capable of stopping the downward trajectory. Just before turning sixteen, probation had enough. They filed a violation, and I was back in court.

For the next year, life was spent in juvenile detention and court-ordered residential rehab. Though it didn't exist to rehabilitate. It existed to break and recondition. Days blurred into nights in a place where walls closed in and the outside world felt like a distant dream. Surrounded by kids posturing as hardened criminals, kids who were actual hardened criminals proving themselves through violence, and guards who were just as corrupt as the juveniles. An entire book could be written about the hell experienced in those institutions. Maybe one day the opportunity to improve the system will blossom.

Drugs were still there, but only if you went looking. Kids would cheek their Adderall—and a few who I got friendly with would slip me some now and then. But stimulants weren't my favorite at the time, so staying sober didn't feel all that impossible inside.

And for the first time in years, clarity began to surface.

The Turning Point

Somewhere in that year, the fog began to lift.

For the first time, there was space to see the wreckage left behind. The hurt inflicted on others, the destruction of myself—it all became impossible to ignore. The realization struck with the force of a freight train.

If something didn't change, this cycle wouldn't just continue—it would end in death.

That year, sobriety settled in. Not perfectly, not without struggle, but enough to allow a glimpse of something different. Enough to see that life didn't have to be this way.

Brutal as it was, this experience became the very thing that saved my life.

Without it, this book wouldn't be written.

Without it, I might've faded into the quiet tally—

one more name swallowed by the cycle,

one more story left untold.

But this one kept breathing.

And so, it found its voice.

A Long Road to Recovery

But recovery is never a straight path.

Even after being released right before turning seventeen, the battle wasn't over. Relapses came. Hard drugs resurfaced. More mistakes were made. A final stint in juvenile detention was a wake-up call, but even then, the struggle continued. Somehow, high school was completed, though it barely felt like an accomplishment.

Then, at nineteen, tragedy struck.

A close friend, gone in an instant—killed in a car accident.

Grief came in waves, and the only way to deal with it was the only way ever known. Pills. Alcohol. Cocaine. Anything to make it go away.

But something was different this time.

Through the haze of self-destruction, something stirred—something that had been waiting all along.

It wasn't a voice. It wasn't an external force.

It was an undeniable Presence.

Something unshaken.

Something infinite.

Some might call it a spiritual awakening—including the one experiencing it. Looking back, one thing is clear:

That was the moment everything changed.

That was the day Dharma revealed itself.

Chapter Three – The Testimony

Before sharing this testimony, one thing must be made clear:

If someone had tried talking about God, religion, spirituality, yoga or anything of this nature at any earlier point in my life, the response wouldn't have been polite. Laughter, mockery, maybe something much worse.

Skepticism wasn't the right word—outright rejection was more accurate. A firm believer in nothing beyond what science could measure, faith seemed like a crutch for the weak, a desperate attempt to find comfort in a world ruled by chaos.

And up until this point, “chaotic” was an understatement.

A life of crime, addiction, and self-destruction had become the norm.

Stealing anything of value.

Violence—physical, verbal, wherever it could be found.

Selling and abusing drugs.

Carrying illegal weapons.

Fighting anyone who looked at me the wrong way.

This was who I had become.

But everything changed after the first metaphysical experience.

The Daisies & The Unexplainable

Early spring, 2015. A few months had passed since the loss of my dear friend Isabella. The kind of loss that sits in the chest like an anvil, making every breath feel heavier.

Sitting in the front yard of my parents' house, lost in conversation with a friend, nothing seemed out of the ordinary—until something shifted.

We had smoked cannabis earlier, and while it may have opened me up slightly—relaxing the mind, softening the heart—it had never induced anything remotely like this before. Whatever happened next, it was far beyond anything a high could explain.

One moment, fully present in the conversation. The next, a dissociative trance-like state took over. The voice of my friend faded, becoming background noise.

Something beyond my conscious control made me stand.

A force, an unshakable pull, like an unseen hand was leading me forward. An impulse to move—toward the edge of the yard, where the grass met the woods.

To this day, I call it the “zombie walk.” No clear awareness, no understanding—only the undeniable urge to follow. Reaching the corner of the yard, my gaze fell upon a sight that sent a shockwave through my entire being.

A huge patch of wild daisies.

It took my breath away...Isabella loved daisies. They were her favorite flower. She called herself a “flower child,” always embracing the spirit of the ‘60s and ‘70s. A free soul, often pictured with daisy crowns woven into her hair.

And then simultaneously—this.

Something was pouring out from them, radiating in a way that transcended anything I had ever known. A force, an energy, an overwhelming Presence that swallowed me whole.

A shiver ran down my spine.

Goosebumps erupted over my skin.

Tears welled in my eyes.

Then, it happened.

Every cell in my body began vibrating, as if touched by an unseen hand. A warmth, an ecstasy, a euphoria beyond any love or drug I had ever experienced.

Nothing came close to this.

It was love—pure, undiluted, infinite.

An embrace from something that wasn’t human, wasn’t bound by this world. As if the entire fabric of the universe was woven together by love itself.

Take the feeling of falling in love, and multiply it by infinity.

There are no words for this.

Time ceased to exist. It could have lasted two minutes or two hours—there was no way to tell.

When the trance finally lifted, I stumbled backward, breathless, only able to mutter:

"Whoa...What the fuck was that"

For the first time in my life, a terrifying thought emerged:

Maybe there's something more to this thing we call life.

Signs From Beyond?

The experience rattled me—but not enough to change me.

Chalked it up to grief, stress, a weird fluke.

Until a few weeks later, when it was brought up among friends. Expecting them to laugh it off, what they said instead gave me chills.

They too had an unusual number of daisies sprouting up in their yards—something that had never happened before.

The guys shrugged it off.

The girls were convinced it was a sign from our late friend.

And me?

Somewhere in between.

Wanting to believe—but still clinging to doubt.

Breaking Point

The daisy experience faded into memory, life resumed its downward spiral.

That summer unraveled into reckless partying—drugs, alcohol, anything to drown out the grief.

By the end of it, a broken heart and a severe addiction to cocaine and alcohol had taken center stage.

Fell into old patterns.

Fell into old darkness.

And once again, the suicidal thoughts returned.

One morning, something snapped.

Woke up crying—uncontrollably. Not just tears, but the kind of sobbing that comes from the deepest pits of existence.

Hours passed, motionless in bed, locked in one thought:

“Today is the day.”

The day I’d commit suicide.

Life had become an endless train wreck of disappointments, failures, and regrets.

The mental health system had failed me more times than could be counted.

Family wasn’t equipped to help.

There was nowhere else to turn.

This was it.

But then—

A flicker.

Perhaps an echo from the experience with the daisies.

A single thought, a whisper in the void:

No human should feel like this.

I must be missing something.

There has to be another way.

My father also had recently been born again in his Christian faith.

Never understood it. Never wanted to.

But something about his transformation couldn’t be denied.

And in that moment of absolute despair, with no other options left—

Fell to my knees.

Sobbing. Begging. Pleading.

“If you are there... If there is a God... I need you now!”

“I’m begging you, please, please, please help me!”

"I don't want to take my life, but I can't go on like this anymore!"

A few moments pass.

Nothing.

Silence.

As I collapsed back onto the bed, sinking deeper into despair, my eyes were strangely drawn to a specific book—another impulse, like the “zombie walk”.

It was wedged between a handful of others in the nightstand, collecting dust. What struck me as odd was that this book caught my attention out of all of them. It had been given to me by my father years earlier, back when I was in juvenile detention—a Joel Osteen self-help book.

Never once opened.

Still crying, reached for it. Flipped to a random page.

The words in bold read:

"God is with you."

Everything inside froze.

A familiar surge.

The same infinite energy from the daisies rushed through my body.

Stronger this time. More undeniable.

The Presence, the warmth, the infinite love—it was real.

This time, it didn't fade quickly. It stayed.

Sitting up, breath shaking, whispered out loud:

"There is a God."

And just like that—everything changed.

Tears of grief turned to tears of awe.

I shot up from the bed, running through the house, screaming:

"There is a God! There is a God! There is a God!"

Nine years have passed since that day.

Never looked back.

Never needed to.

Glory be to God.



Isabella and I during our 8th grade field trip to Washington DC

Chapter Four – Uncharted Terrain

Waking up wasn't what was expected.

It wasn't peaceful all the time. It wasn't some sudden enlightenment where everything just made sense. No, it was more like waking up in a foreign land—naked, confused, and with no idea how or why everything had changed. The foundation of reality had crumbled, and nothing looked the same.

And then, as if this disorientation wasn't enough, a tsunami of synchronicities followed.

Not the occasional huh, that's weird kind of coincidence.

No—constant, undeniable, in-your-face synchronicities.

Multiple times a day. Every single day.

License plates. Clocks. Street signs. Conversations that answered questions that hadn't even been spoken aloud. It was as if something—some unseen force—was leaving breadcrumbs everywhere, daring me to wake up even more.

At first, it was exciting—like being in on some cosmic inside joke. But as the days passed, it became overwhelming. Reality itself seemed to be unraveling, and I felt like I was losing my mind.

And in a way, I was.

Synchronicities: The Universe's Hidden Language

A synchronicity is the awakened version of a coincidence.

It's the realization that there is no such thing as mere coincidence—that every moment, every event, even the apparent chaos of life, is not happening by accident.

Carl Jung, the renowned psychologist, introduced the concept of synchronicity—the idea that meaningful coincidences that seem to defy logical causality occur not by chance, but as reflections of an underlying order: a unified reality within both the psyche and the universe. According to Jung, these experiences bridge the gap between the internal world of thoughts and the external world of events—manifesting in ways that are deeply personal to the observer, and often guiding individuals toward deeper self-realization.

While spiritual and mystical traditions across cultures had long spoken of such phenomena—of meaningful coincidences and the interconnectedness of all things—Jung was the first to systematically define and explore synchronicity as a principle of acausal connection within the language of Western psychology.

The average human experience is a narrow keyhole through which only a fraction of reality is perceived. The visible spectrum? Less than 1% of all light. The sounds detected by human ears? A sliver of the frequencies that exist. The mind filters reality through layers of conditioning, past experiences, and biological limitations, presenting a world that is but a tiny fragment of what actually is. Beyond this veil lies an infinite field of existence—unseen, unheard, yet always present. The question is: What else is just outside the range of perception, waiting to be known?

When attention shifts from merely reacting to truly observing, everything changes. Doors open. New dimensions unlock. Life stops feeling random or like an isolated series of events. It begins to reveal itself as a grand, intricate, interconnected, intelligently designed masterpiece.

It flows.

You flow.

It ebbs.

You ebb.

And as this truth sinks in, something profound arises: gratitude. Deep, overwhelming gratitude. Not just for the beautiful moments, but for everything. Over time, this gratitude gives way to a subtle, unshakable sense—an undercurrent quietly woven through existence.

This is what many traditions have called Grace.

Grace is the invisible harmony that arises when you stop resisting what is.

It's not something you do, and it's not something you earn.

It's what remains when striving dissolves, and you're no longer trying to push the river.

It's the intelligence that flows through everything effortlessly, but only becomes visible when the noise quiets down.

Grace is the natural order beneath the illusion of control.

It's always here. But you only notice it when you're finally still enough to feel it.

It's the bird knowing how to fly.

The body knowing how to heal.

The words that show up when you stop trying to impress anyone.

The love that arrives when you're not reaching for it.

And when we soften enough to receive it, life begins to move with a certain ease—smoothly, like well-oiled gears, guided by the sacred lubricant of existence.

But before getting carried away with the poetry of it all, a truth must be acknowledged:

This dance is not for the faint-hearted.

It will strip you bare before it sets you free.

The Cost of Awakening

To align with this flow, everything that is not truly you must be shed.

The old conditioning. The compulsions. The deeply ingrained patterns once mistaken for personality.

And that process? It's not always gentle.

It can feel like dying.

Because in a way, it is.

The self that was shaped by fear, trauma, and survival must dissolve. And the ego? It fights. It clings. It convinces you that if you let go, you'll be nothing.

But that's the illusion.

Because what remains after surrender is something infinitely more real. Something that has been there all along.

A New Perspective on Free Will

Most people think surrender means giving up.

Giving up their desires.

Giving up their freedom.

Letting go of control.

But that's not true at all.

We want control because we think it will make us free.

We want to feel safe. Comfortable. In charge of our lives.

But the things we cling to—comfort, pleasure, distraction—often come from habit, not choice.

And those habits can become chains.

True surrender isn't about giving up control.

It's about realizing that you were never in control of everything to begin with.

You can't control traffic.

You can't control other people.

You can't control the weather, or the past, or how someone treats you...yet.

But there's one thing you can control:

How you respond.

Let's say someone cuts you off in traffic. You could yell, curse, and let it ruin your whole day.

Or—you could take a deep breath, see it as an opportunity to grow, and choose to stay calm.

That's the difference between reacting and responding.

Reacting gives your power away.

Responding means you keep it.

That's what surrender really is.

Not weakness. Not giving up.

It's choosing to stop fighting with what you can't control...

So you can fully own what you can.

That's real freedom.

And here's the crazy part:

The thing you want most in life—the dream that lights you up inside—

It's not something you have to force or chase.

It's already part of who you are.

It's wired into you.

When you stop trying to control everything...

You make space for that deeper part of you to rise.

That's surrender.

That's alignment.

That's power.

The only obstacles in the way?

- The weight of past choices (karma), repeating cycles
- Identity with the mind & body
- Fear of surrendering

But when the moment comes to finally let go...to stop resisting...when trust replaces fear, when the deepest excitement is embraced instead of doubted—life starts unfolding in ways never imagined possible.

The Key: Follow Your Highest Excitement

One of the simplest, yet most profound teachings I've come across is this:

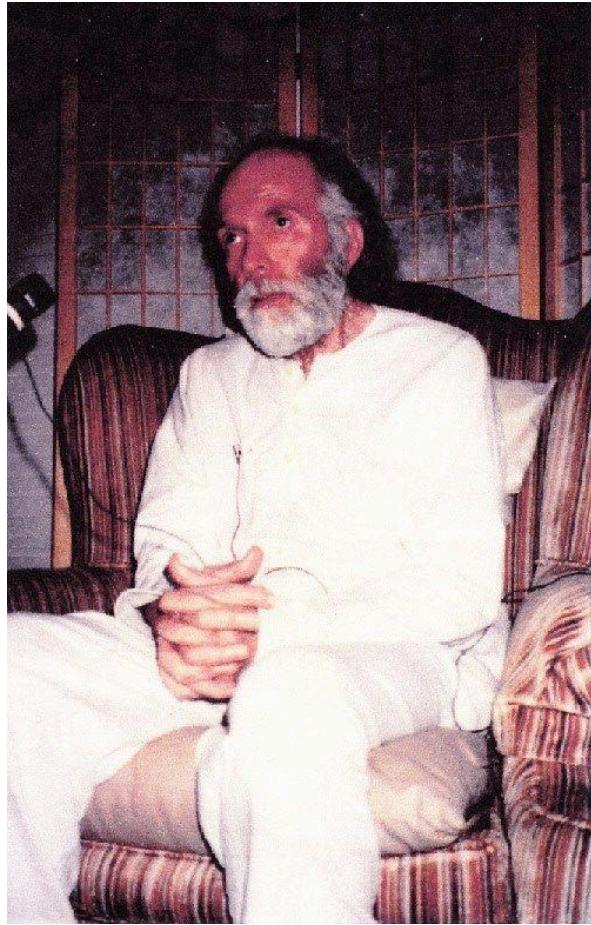
“Act on your highest excitement to the best of your ability, with zero insistence on the outcome, trusting that your Higher Mind will manifest what you truly need.”

And then, whatever manifests, know that's what serves you in the best possible way.”

—Bashar, *The Apprentice, The Adept, and The Alchemist*

This is the essence of alignment.

It's not about forcing things to happen or striving. It's about simply moving with the current, trusting that life knows what it's doing. The earth provides for all other beings on this earth, why not you?



“Stop worrying! Remember, all is well. You live in an intelligent universe that knows all about you and it can take care of you and meet all your needs in the right way, in ways that you know not of. Trust it. Have faith in that which you do not understand. Drop all fear.”

—Robert Adams

The Journey Forward

You are not here to struggle against the tide.

You are here to ride the waves and dance with the infinite.

You are here to fall madly in love with it all.

You are here to experience the fullness of what it means to be alive—to align with the flow of existence and watch as life unfolds before you in ways you never could have orchestrated while on autopilot.

The choice is yours.

Are you ready?

Applying This in Real Life

At the beginning of all this, there was only confusion.

Everything once believed to be true had shattered.

The only solid ground left?

1. There was a God.
2. Everything once known was false.
3. Unexplainable things were happening every single day.

No teacher, no roadmap. The only guidance? A self-help book pulled from a shelf in a moment of desperation.

So it was read.

It was followed.

It was a lifeline, a stepping stone.

Each page offered a short reflection and a simple prayer. Something to hold onto each day.

It not only helped but the prayers began to be answered.

I was gobsmacked.

So I kept going.

Experimentation with silence.

With moments of stillness,

Followed by prayers in my own words—raw, desperate, real.

It all became normal.

That's when strange things really began to happen.

Every single prayer spoken or question asked...

It was answered.

Not always in words.

Not always in obvious ways.

But always answered.

Sometimes, the answers came as a download of intuition—thoughts so wise and clear, they obviously weren't from the usual mind.

Other times, an experience followed—a perfectly timed event, orchestrated to reveal exactly what needed to be realized.

The Sunflower Revelation

One night, while sitting on the porch, still overwhelmed by everything, an idea surfaced:

Let's test this "direct line" to God.

Fixate on something small. Simple.

A sunflower.

Eyes locked onto a potted sunflower on the porch, a question was asked:

"What is a sunflower, then?"

Less than 30 minutes later, a trip to the pantry for a snack.

Something completely forgotten about—a new snack, never tried before.

When the box was pulled from the shelf, breath caught in disbelief.

Sunflower bites.

And right on the front was a giant sunflower, identical to the one on the porch.

Silence.

A moment of realization.

The question had been asked: "What is a sunflower?"

And life had answered: Food.

At that moment, a quote surfaced in my mind:

“Let food be thy medicine, and medicine be thy food.”

—Hippocrates

And just like that, the illusion of randomness dissolved even further.

This wasn't random.

This wasn't coincidence.

This was real.

And little did I know...

This was only the beginning.

Chapter Five – Sacred Numerology

Where do you even begin with something like this?

Words fall short of the impact this tool has—how it changes lives, how it continues to do so, not just for a few, but for many.

Have you ever seen 11:11 on a clock repetitively? Or 1234 on a license plate over and over again? Maybe even 222 on multiple receipts in a single day?

If so, you're not alone.

That's where it all started.

The Tsunami of Synchronicities

Remember the tsunami of synchronicities mentioned earlier? Sacred Numerology was a massive part of it.

At first, it was just 11:11—showing up everywhere, all the time. So bizarre, so undeniable, that eventually, it had to be looked up.

And that's when everything started getting even stranger.

Numbers—like all things in the universe—are frequencies.

And those frequencies?

They can be placed on your path by the divine to guide you toward your highest potential.

1111: The Activation Code

Why Do Numbers Hold Such Power?

How can something as simple as a repeating sequence on a clock trigger such profound shifts in awareness?

1111 is the activation sequence—a trigger that unlocks something deep within, perhaps within our genetic coding, opening the door to deeper layers of synchronicity and new sequences that follow.

I get it. If someone had told me years ago that numbers could carry messages and influence us—or even our genes—I probably would have laughed. At first, the rational mind dismisses these patterns as coincidence, an overactive pattern-seeking mechanism. But when the same numbers appear repeatedly—at crucial moments, leading you exactly where you need to be—at what point does it stop being by chance?

The answer lies in the connection between perception, awareness, and biology.

Your external world is always a reflection of your internal world—both psychologically and physiologically. Scientific research in epigenetics demonstrates that environmental factors—including thoughts, emotions, and even spiritual practices—can influence gene expression without altering the underlying DNA sequence.

A striking example of this is the placebo effect, where the mind's belief alone triggers measurable physiological changes in the body. Studies show that simply believing a pill or treatment will work can activate neural pathways, release healing chemicals, and even alter gene expression—without any active ingredients. If belief can do this in medicine, why wouldn't consciously directed awareness influence reality on a broader scale?

In spiritual traditions, repeating numerical sequences like 1111 are seen as activation codes—signals that awaken dormant aspects of human consciousness, much like how meditation and focused intention have been shown to affect genetic markers.

Some alternative perspectives suggest that numerical synchronicities serve as external triggers, subtly shifting perception and priming the mind for deeper states of awareness. The mechanism behind this is not fully understood, but research in quantum biology, bioenergetics, and

electromagnetic fields (EMF) offers some clues. Studies suggest that frequency and vibration play a role in cellular communication and gene expression, while the bioenergetic field—closely linked to the body's electromagnetic activity—responds to changes in awareness and perception. This hints that expanded awareness, triggered by synchronicities, could influence how our genes are expressed along with other physiological processes—a phenomenon science is only beginning to explore.

Something to keep in mind before we continue is that science and spirituality are often seen as opposites, yet they are two sides of the same coin—both seeking to understand reality, just using different apparatuses. Most of modern science relies on external instruments—telescopes, microscopes, and equations—to measure and analyze the seemingly physical world. Spirituality, on the other hand, turns inward, using perception, meditation, and direct experience to explore the seen and unseen dimensions of existence. Where modern science seeks to map the universe through data and evidence, spirituality does so through inner revelation. Both are methods of inquiry, revealing that the line between the observer and the observed is far thinner than it seems.

What modern science is only beginning to uncover, ancient yogis, monks, and mystics have known for millennia—through direct experience. Long before quantum physics or neuroscience began exploring the mind-body connection, yogic sciences had already mapped the power of breath, vibration, and awareness in shaping reality.

Even in the field of astronomy, where scientists now peer into the cosmos through telescopes and equations, ancient mystics may have discovered celestial truths through entirely different means. Rather than measuring the universe externally, they turned inward—into the vastness of being itself. What modern instruments strive to detect, these early seekers may have accessed by aligning their own internal states with the rhythms of nature.

One possibility lies in the concept of resonant energy—a state in which the brain synchronizes with the natural frequency of the Earth, known as the Schumann resonance. This kind of alignment may have allowed awareness to expand beyond the limits of the body, offering direct insight into cosmic patterns and planetary movement—not through speculation, but through deep communion.

Interestingly, a modern parallel emerged in the 1980s with the Gateway Project—a classified U.S. Army study exploring altered states of consciousness for military and intelligence applications. Using techniques like meditation, hypnosis, and biofeedback, participants aimed to enter a state known as the “Gateway Experience,” where resonant energy allowed perception to transcend space-time and access a unified field of awareness.

Far from being opposites, these ancient and modern approaches may be pointing to the same truth: that inner stillness is not emptiness, but a gateway. Whether through a monk in a Himalayan cave or a soldier wired to EEGs, the frontier of human potential remains the same—waiting, timeless, within.

Despite the growing body of research in epigenetics and metaphysical anatomy, science is ultimately irrelevant to my understanding of this truth—because I have lived it. Through direct experience, I've witnessed profound transformation—physically, mentally, and emotionally—as my entire system began to realign. What unfolded wasn't something that came from outside me, but something that awakened from within.

My body has healed in ways that defy conventional explanation—not through external treatments, but through energy work, meditation, yoga, Reiki, study, and self-inquiry. As old patterns dissolved, something deeper took over—something intelligent, effortless, whole. Something I can only describe as the movement of Cosmic Intelligence through this form.

No modern science, no external validation, is needed to confirm what direct experience has already revealed.

Whether viewed through a scientific or spiritual lens, two things are clear:

- 1.) The mind-body connection plays a profound role in shaping our bioelectrical responses, just as bioelectrical activity influences mental and physiological states in return.
- 2.) Awareness itself is a force of transformation—one that extends all the way to the cellular level.

And just like that, it could no longer be ignored.

Suddenly, more numbers started appearing...

- 444
- 1234
- 321
- 911
- 333
- 222
- 456
- 777
- 225
- 1122

- 999
- 111

And many more

...Everywhere.

Sometimes, I would see the same repeating number four to five times a day.

Each message left me more and more astonished than the last. Each sequence, a new thread in the grand tapestry of existence.

Curiosity grew.

But one experience stands out above them all.

225 & The Church Experience

One day shortly after my awakening, which my family was keenly aware of because I wouldn't shut up about it, my father invited me to his church.

At the time, organized religion wasn't exactly my thing. There was a lot of resistance—years of disdain, skepticism, and disillusionment. But something had begun to shift. The newfound curiosity for life, for spirituality, pushed me to say yes. Besides, it was a chance to connect with my father.

Pulling into the parking lot, a rush of astonishment hit. There, right by the entrance, bold numbers on the sign read: 225. The same sequence that had been appearing over and over again. The same number that was written on a vision board at home.

Coincidence?

No. A message. A synchronicity.

A reminder to pay attention and keep an open heart.

So that's what I did.

The sermon was beautiful. The words carried weight. Not every detail remains, but the feeling—the depth of it—does.

Then, toward the end, the pastor asked us to place one hand on our heart and another in the air.

He invited the congregation to accept Jesus Christ as their Lord and Savior.

Sitting there, my father beside me, an internal battle unfolded.

The old self—the skeptic, the cynic, the one who rejected all of this—resisted. But something deeper stirred beneath it.

Without overthinking, without analyzing—a choice was made.

The heart opened. The mind silenced.

And I wholeheartedly accepted Jesus Christ as my lord and savior.

Not because of pressure.

Not because it felt like an obligation.

But because something surrendered.

At the time, the moment was just that—a moment. A beautiful experience shared with my father. Nothing more.

Or so it seemed.

Because within 24 hours, something new began.

The Shift to 333

For the first time, 333 appeared everywhere.

At least three times that next day.

Standing in a friend's kitchen, the urge came to look it up.

Pulling out the phone, typing the numbers, scrolling through the meaning—

And then, everything stopped.

The words on the screen. The message staring back.

A message that shook me to my core.

Tears welled up—gratitude, bewilderment, reverence.

Overwhelmed by the sheer divine orchestration of it all, the body trembled.

The phone slipped from my hands and fell to the floor.

The screen, still open.

For a moment, I couldn't move. Stunned. Shaking.

And yet—I had to read the rest.

And there it was, the transmission that would change everything.

ANGEL NUMBER 333

Number 333 resonates with the vibrations and energies of number 3, appearing three times, tripling its influences. Number 3 relates to encouragement,

*assistance, communication, freedom, adventure, exuberance, inspiration, creativity, social, easy-going, the visionary, humour, energy, growth, expansion, the principles of increase, expression, openness, spontaneity, broadminded thinking, optimism, kindness, speech, faith, hope and charity, culture, wit, fun-loving, freedom-seeking, brave, adventurous, exuberant, brilliant, non-confrontational, an open-channel, free-form, rhythm, love of pleasure, joy, art, passion, surprise, intelligence, sensitivity, psychic ability, society and being socially conscious, self-expression, affability, enthusiasm, youthfulness, enlivening, imagination, manifestation and manifesting your desires. Number 3 is the essence of the Trinity - mind, body, spirit and is the threefold nature of Divinity. Number 3 symbolizes the principle of 'growth' and signifies that there is a synthesis present – that imagination and an outpouring of energy is in action. Number 3 represents the principle of increase, expansion, growth and abundance on the physical, emotional, mental, financial and spiritual levels. Number 3 also resonates with the Ascended Masters (great spiritual teachers who once walked upon the Earth, as well as various religions' deities.) **Number 3 = the 'Jesus connection'.***

Angel Number 333 tells you that the Ascended Masters are near you. They have responded to your prayers and wish to help and assist you in your endeavours and with serving your life purpose and soul mission.

Angel Number 333 encourages you to be creative, social and communicative and use your natural abilities and talents to empower yourself and uplift and enlighten others as your lightworking abilities and life mission are to be utilized for the good of all. Keep a positive attitude about yourself, others and the world in general in order to manifest peace, love and harmony. Have faith in humanity as a whole and the future of our world. Live your truths and express yourself with clarity, purpose and love, and be a positive light to others.

Use your natural communicative and lightworking skills to aid, assist and serve others in positive and uplifting ways.

—Joanne Sacred Scribes

After this experience, I began to pay closer attention.

Though I was grateful for Sacred Numerology, I didn't always like the guidance or advice it was giving me. Sometimes, I ignored the messages. I let doubt creep in, convincing myself that this was all just nonsense.

But the more I observed this divine symphony of numbers, I noticed something undeniable—whenever I ignored the guidance, chaos followed.

So, I started to listen.

And when I did, my life flourished in ways beyond measure.

Sacred Numerology=Spiritual Breadcrumbs

Sacred Numerology is like a trail of breadcrumbs—subtle clues placed along your path to guide you toward your highest alignment.

But these signs have always been there.

Only when the heart opens, when the lens of perception clears, do the breadcrumbs that were hidden in plain sight become visible.

However, they are not meant to be chased.

They are meant to unveil themselves naturally.

The moment they are hunted—they disappear.

Developing Intuition & Following the Signs

Sacred Numerology is just one tool, one way The Universe speaks. The real key? Intuition.

The more you trust your inner knowing, the more clearly the transmissions are recognized.

If you want to cultivate this guidance, the key is stillness/calmness, curiosity, and exploring one's intentions rather than intellect.

Rather than overthinking or chasing signs, redirect your energy from the mind to the heart. Sit with yourself.

Open up.

Allow.

The universe is always speaking.

The only question is: Are you listening? *ominous whisper*

Chapter Six – Spirit Guides

One by one, the guides on this path—both physical and non-physical—began making themselves known.

The first non-physical guides appeared in different ways. Some manifested as visions, but not like ordinary daydreams. These weren't under conscious control. They played out like a film, with no direction from the mind—only observation.

If you close your eyes, you can imagine an apple. But this was different.

There was as much control over these visions as there is over the wind.

Other times, a symbol or object would trigger an overwhelming Presence—an undeniable recognition of a guide. Many were deceased ancestors and friends. Once they made themselves known, the channeling began.

Questions were answered.

Emotions were soothed.

Hurdles were removed.

Fears were transmuted.

And love—immense, unconditional love—was felt.

They would also unlock experiences for me.

For example, one afternoon, standing outside the gym, deep in conversation with a friend about spirituality. The world around us felt normal—until it wasn’t.

All at once, it warped into my experience.

That’s the only way I can describe it—like reality itself pulsed, wavered, and then clicked into a new dimension. Like the very fabric of existence rippled and reassembled itself right in front of me.

And then, it revealed itself.

The veil had lifted.

Reality looked the same, but layered onto it, woven through every inch of existence, was something else.

A luminous web, fractal in nature, connecting everything.

It was as if the unseen architecture of the universe had briefly allowed itself to be known—not as a thought, not as a concept, but as something tangible. Every leaf, every ripple in the grass, every passing breath was cradled within it.

The air itself was no longer empty—it thrummed, vibrating with an intricate crystalline geometry, a silent rhythm pulsing beneath all things, a cosmic latticework that had always been present, just unseen. The entire fabric of existence shimmered, not with light, but with a quiet, unfathomable intelligence.

The space between things no longer felt like space at all—there was no between, no separate. It was all one movement, one breath, one infinite unfolding.

And for a few minutes, the boundaries between the self and the universe felt like nothing more than a mirage.

Any doubts the rational mind had were shattered by the sheer intelligence behind these experiences. The wisdom, the Presence—so far beyond anything personal comprehension could grasp.

Over the years, more non-physical guides revealed themselves—some in divine form. Gratitude for them is infinite.

Yet, as the path deepens, external guidance becomes less necessary. The inner guide awakens. Intuition. Genius. Guru.

The First Physical Guide: Meeting Rama

Before most of the non-physical guides appeared, a physical one arrived.

Though, in truth, other than his mind and body, there wasn't much "physicality" to him.

Or should it be said—density?

There was a lightness to him. In his steps. In his emotions. In his heart.

His name is Rama.

The story goes something like this:

Six months into the awakening, my brother Jonathan came home one evening, buzzing with excitement.

"Nick, I met this Uber driver today. He was talking about the universe and God—just like you have been for the past six months straight! He said he wanted to meet you."

The excitement barely contained itself in his voice.

"He invited us on a hike. He said he could get me high... with just one finger."

Blink.

"Wait, what? He can do what with his finger?"

Jonathan, completely unbothered, repeated:

"Get me high."

A long stare.

"Jonathan Lewis Fusco, I forbid you to ever go near this man. He is going to touch your butt."

Though playful in tone, concern was real. Who was this guy? No intention existed to entertain the idea of either of us meeting him.

And just like that, the creepy spiritual Uber driver became a distant memory.

Synchronicity Strikes Again

Two months later, an Uber was needed for work.

The driver greeted politely, making casual conversation.

"I've picked someone up from this street before."

It barely registered.

A few moments passed before he made another passing comment—something spiritual.

"That's weird," came the reply. "I just had a spiritual awakening six months ago."

He chuckled.

"I just had mine a year ago."

Something in the energy shifted.

The conversation became mystical—fluid, electric, deep.

Then, out of nowhere, it hit like a ton of bricks.

This was the creepy Uber driver from Jonathan's story.

Wide-eyed, the realization came out:

"Wait... you're the guy! You picked up my brother a couple of months ago!"

His face lit up with the same realization.

We sat there, awestruck, caught in the synchronicity of it all.

From Rama's side of the story, the situation was just as strange.

"I was just pulling into my driveway—two towns away—when I got this Uber request."

And even weirder?

His Uber app was already turned off.

Something about the notification felt like a calling, so he checked the ride request. When he saw the sacred numerology in the details, that was enough—he took it all as a sign.

The conversation unfolded naturally, flowing into the bizarre synchronicity of it all. The whole story about Jonathan, the initial encounter, and—of course—the infamous finger comment was shared.

Rama laughed.

Naturally, the question had to be asked.

"Alright... so what's up with the whole finger thing?"

A smirk.

"You're not gonna touch my butt, are you?"

We both cracked up.

May the Force Be with You

The Uber ride ended at the gym. Before heading out, Rama had one more thing to show.

Moving to the front seat, the instructions were simple.

"Stick out your left hand."

His hands hovered—one above, one below. The upper palm facing down, the lower facing up.

"Just relax, breathe, and focus on your hand."

At first, nothing.

Then—something shifted.

A field of energy formed around the hand.

An invisible force, suspending it, caught in an energetic orb between his hands.

The sensation was subtle yet undeniable—like the resistance between two magnets.

Mind.

Blown.

No time for further exploration. The first day at a new personal training job was starting.

Before rushing off, Rama extended an invitation.

"Come to a Mahashivaratri gathering at my house."

That day, work barely registered. Mysticism and wonder filled the air.

Later that week, Jay and I joined the gathering.

Seven to ten souls, gathered in reverence.

Discussions, praise, chanting, worship—all directed towards the infinite.

Laughter, depth, connection.

A night never forgotten.

It opened the door to an entirely new world.

The Rest Is History

Years passed. Rama, Jay, and I spent countless hours together. Mostly in the woods...barefoot.



More than a guide, Rama became a brother, a friend, a mother, a father—whatever was needed in the moment.

Through ups and downs, he was always there.

Even when I wasn't.

His love never wavered.

His composure never cracked.

While my emotions unraveled, his Presence remained steady.

Embracing the Chaos

The early stages of awakening? A mess.

Mental breakdowns hit in cycles.

Because spiritual awakenings aren't peaceful.

They are deconstructions.

The false beliefs, the conditioning—it all starts unraveling.

And if guidance isn't there, it can get ugly.

Demons don't arrive with the awakening. They were always there. The difference? Now, they're seen.

Running never worked. Embracing them did.

And when they were embraced? They lost all power.

Rama's Unshakable Composure

While my world fell apart, Rama's often did too.

The difference? He didn't.

No panic. No reactivity.

Nothing could shake his Presence.

When he had no food, no money—most would spiral into fear.

But Rama?

Smiling.

Joyful.

At ease.

Not from recklessness—but from trust.

And it wasn't just about money. Betrayals, family drama—things that would shake most people barely left a ripple in his energy.

Absolute Presence. Absolute surrender.

A level of stability unknown until it was witnessed in him.

Looking back, I now see—he had tapped into something far greater than himself.

And thanks to him, in part, I would eventually realize it too—sooner and more gracefully than on my own.

Hard Truths & Humble Pie

Rama had a way of blowing my mind on a regular basis.

Alchemy that made me question everything I thought I knew.

Wisdom that landed like lightning bolts—sometimes gentle, sometimes like a gut punch.

And I'll be honest—I hated hearing it.

Who was he to tell me what I needed to fix?

Yet, without fail, something would happen—sometimes in minutes, sometimes months later—that proved him right.

Every time.

And when it did, I'd get this mental image of a sassy smirking Rama,

"In due time." The saying he constantly used—especially after I relentlessly challenged his scrutiny.

And yeah, then I'd curse him out in my head.

But deep down, gratitude was there. Because he had the courage to say the things I didn't want to hear.

The things that were actually holding me back.

Like the time he straight-up told me:

"Your ability to complete full constructive thoughts is a D-minus."

Of course, I was offended.

Who wouldn't be?

But over the next few weeks, I started noticing it.

And once I saw it, I couldn't unsee it.

Ideas left half-baked. Conversations trailing off. Thoughts jumping from one thing to the next before fully landing.

It was humbling.

And frustrating.

Because deep down, I knew he was right.

So, I worked on it.

Not out of spite. Not to prove him wrong. But because he had exposed something real—something I had been blind to.

That was the thing about Rama. He had no interest in making people feel good for the sake of comfort. He wanted them to be conscious —to actually grow.

And he wasn't afraid to say the things no one else would say.

It's easy to appreciate wisdom when it comes in soft, flowery words. But the wisdom that actually changes you? It rarely feels good in the moment.

And Rama wasn't there to coddle.

He was there to reflect, to call out, to challenge.

And every single time he did? It made me better.

A Bond Not Bound to This Lifetime

Some symbols follow us, appearing at pivotal moments, carrying messages beyond words.

For Rama, it was snakes.

For me? Dragonflies.

These creatures mirrored something within us—our energies, our transformations. We had spoken about it many times, noticing their uncanny appearances at significant points in our journeys.

Then, one day, out of nowhere... a message arrived from Rama.

A peculiar image.

It seemed to capture something sacred—something that connected our paths in a way words never could.

Accusations of him fabricating it arose, though he assured me otherwise. He had stumbled upon it while scrolling online.

But the timing? Too perfect.

As if The Universe itself had placed it there, waiting to be found.

snek with a dragonfly hat, working as an uber :)



Some things don't need explanation. Some things simply are.

Like the Presence of a guide.

Like the lessons learned through experience.

Like the unspoken bond between souls on the same path.

There are people life gives you as companions. And then there are people life assigns you.

Rama was assigned.

And funny enough, now? We're housemates.

These days, the dynamic is more balanced. Spiritual growth has a way of leveling the playing field.

Though the gratitude remains.

This chapter may close, but the journey continues.

Rama, my brother—thank you.

I love you.

This chapter is for you.

May the snakes slither on.

May the dragonflies soar.

And may the infinite grace of the cosmos keep blessing us and guiding us home.

Chapter Seven – Introduction to Yoga & Sanatana Dharma

Shortly after meeting Rama, he introduced a video from Sadhguru titled *Sadhguru On the Power of Thoughts*. Sadhgurus deep insight, intellectual clarity, and unmistakable Presence of inner peace were captivating. Over the next few years, his YouTube videos and beginner practices became an endless well of wisdom and peace —especially in moments of despair.

Both Sadhguru's and Rama's influence didn't stop there. In those early months, they often spoke of truths that stemmed from the Vedas, Yogic tradition, and Sanatana Dharma—the foundation from which Hinduism and Buddhism emerged. But at the time, it might as well have

been a different language. Half the words didn't make sense, yet something about them struck a chord. The intrigue was there, even if the understanding wasn't.

Then, a trip to Salem changed everything.

For those unfamiliar, Salem, Massachusetts—home to the infamous Salem Witch Trials of 1692—has since become a hub for witchcraft, the esoteric, and spirituality in all its forms. The entire city carries an unmistakable energy. My friend had found a small metaphysical shop ahead of time—she loved psychic readings and was eager to get one done. Though skeptical, she convinced me to get one too. We made our way there, the atmosphere was warm, charged, and curious. The insights? Some were intriguing. Some, vague.

Skepticism remained. There are absolutely people with legitimate psychic abilities, but, like anything, plenty of frauds exist as well. Discernment is key here. This particular psychic was a mystery—her abilities unknown. However, one statement stood out:

"Your life started off rough, but it's only up from here."

Which has been pretty accurate thus far, to say the least. Maybe she was the real deal. Maybe not. But nonetheless, I was grateful for the experience—and for a few of the insights that stayed with me.

While my friend sat for her reading, the shop beckoned further exploration. And then—there it was.

A pendant.

The image was striking. A blue-skinned goddess, fierce in expression, tongue out, adorned with a garland of skulls. Clearly Hindu, but the name remained unknown. It didn't matter. The connection was immediate.

There has always been an inexplicable pull toward all things hardcore—intense, fearsome, transformative. This was no exception. It was expensive, especially for something unfamiliar, but there was no choice in the matter. The pendant needed to be mine.

There was no way of knowing, in that moment, that Pandora's box had just been opened.

The Awakening Intensifies

The pendant was worn immediately.

In those days, the identity and attachment with the concept of ego was strong—revealing itself often. The weeks that followed were filled with moments of pride and arrogance only to be met with swift and painful consequences.

Objects dropping onto toes. Fingers jammed in car doors. Stubbing toes again and again.

At first, nothing seemed unusual. But after the fourth, fifth, sixth time, a pattern emerged.

It wasn't random.

And by the ninth or tenth time, the realization landed.

It only happened when the pendant was worn.

By then, the goddess had a name—Kali.

At the time, little was known about her beyond the name. But curiosity had already taken hold. Research began, and within moments, everything clicked.

Kali, the destroyer of egos.

The garland of skulls wasn't just an aesthetic choice—it represented the destruction of man's ego.

The phone nearly fell from my hands. A chill ran through my body.

This wasn't just an intellectual discovery. It was a direct, visceral encounter with something real.

Mystical experiences were one thing—this was something else entirely.

And yet, despite the fear, there was also gratitude. The past ten days had been riddled with painful moments, yes—but undeniable growth accompanied them. The pull into Kali only strengthened.

As duality dimmed, Pure Awareness began to blossom. Sensitivity to the subtleties of energy heightened. The projected narrative of life began unraveling, making "normal" living increasingly difficult.

Selling training programs at a gym became a challenge. Customer's energies were as palpable as my own—and distinguishing between "mine" and "theirs" became so overwhelming that focusing on the job became nearly impossible.

Still deeply identified with duality, its destruction felt like death itself. Fear and awe intertwined, creating a strange cocktail of resistance and reverence.

The solution seemed obvious—take off the necklace. Surely that would make it stop.

The pendant was placed in the car.

But the heightened awareness remained.

A laugh—low, knowing, unmistakable—echoed through my being.

"You think I'm confined to a necklace?"

Kali had made herself clear. Her Presence was far beyond an object.

A humbled and uneasy chuckle escaped. How stupid could I be?

Kali's Relentless Grace

Years have passed, yet the bond remains.

Kali has brought pain—but not suffering.

Pain is inevitable. Suffering? A choice.

For as fierce as she is, she is equally the benevolent mother. Striking down illusions while cradling the inner child. Unyielding in her devotion to transformation.

Many would not resonate with her path. Gentler expressions of the Divine Feminine exist, offering softer forms of Grace. But for those who seek complete dissolution—who are ready to be torn apart and rebuilt—Kali is home.

But is she different from Christ? From Krishna? From Shiva? Or is she simply another face of the same vast, unspeakable truth?

Whether it's Jesus, Krishna, Buddha, Kali, or Shiva, deities have long been revered as sacred figures. Some may have walked the earth, others may not have. But the who, what, when, and where is not what truly matters. What matters is the personal relationship—the communion, the yoga, the direct experience.

At their core, deities are not external beings sitting in some distant realm, nor are they simply figments of human imagination. They are dimensions of Consciousness—doorways into aspects of existence far beyond the limitations of the mind. They are not strictly "within" nor "outside" of us. Like the vast sky, they do not belong to any one place.

Just as light refracts through a prism to reveal many colors, Consciousness expresses itself in countless ways. We, as humans, personify these vast, abstract dimensions into forms we can relate to. A deity is not just an idol or a name—it is a living force, a focal point, a stepping stone that helps us grasp what is otherwise unfathomable.

And yet, no form, no doorway, no deity is ultimately needed beyond a certain point. They are profound tools—but even "tools" may not be the right word, because they are just as alive as you and me. Just as the Dhyanalinga is alive, vibrating, responding, so too are these deities. But the Source—the Prime Consciousness, the Atman—comes to you in whatever form you allow it to.

This is why those who believe only in Christ will experience God only through Christ. Those who immerse themselves in Hindu deities will find God through them. Whatever door is opened, that is the one through which Grace flows.

But the truth?

God needs no middleman.

Just as God needs no middleman, we need no God—no priest, no idol, no guru.

No duality.

No me, no you, no we.

And yet, paradoxically... it all is.

It's the dance of form and formlessness.

The game of seeker and sought.

The cosmic theatre of the One, playing every part.

These faces of the divine—these deities, these guides, these teachers in flesh or beyond it—they are not other.

They are Source wearing masks.

You wearing God's face.

God wearing yours.

Not bridges between two... but waves arising within the same ocean.

So then—what is devotion, if the devotee and the divine are not two?

What is the point of the play, if the ending is the beginning?

And who, exactly, is asking?

To this day, she serves me. And I, her.

Or perhaps, she moves through me.

No separation, no distance—only the silent knowing of one force, one breath, one being. The dance of dissolution and becoming, the rhythm of destruction and creation, intertwined in the eternal play. She is not beside me. She is not above me. She is me.

Jai Mata Kali! Jai Maha Kali Ma!

Divine Timing & The Lessons That Never Stop

The irony of it all?

This very chapter was written during a family vacation in Florida—right after an argument with my birth mother.

Blinded by anger, all dissolution and accountability was thrown aside. Blame took its place. Responsibility—the ability to respond rather than react—vanished.

Rather than humbling myself, surrendering to Kali's lesson—an opportunity to grow and to see my birth mother as the divine mother herself—the response was isolation. Doubling down.

And there it was.

While writing about Kali, Kali was humbling me. Again.

Of course, there's no "me", "mom", or "Kali" in truth—only one unfolding into itself. But sometimes, life plays it out like a dance between the two. Just long enough to reveal the illusion—especially when we react with dense emotions. They entangle us in the dream, anchoring us back into the weight of separation, even when we've glimpsed beyond it.

The conflict eventually resolved. Growth happened—for everyone involved. That's what conscious conflict does, even if it takes time.

But the lesson stood firm:

Dissolution isn't just a concept. It's the end of pretending.

Grounding the Awakening

From awakening in 2016 to around 2020, life remained chaotic.

Within those four years, mental breakdowns came in cycles. But with each one, something was shifting. The space between them grew—four months, then eight, then a year and a half. Stability stretched a little further each time, showing that even in the chaos, growth was happening.

But eventually, it became too much. The constant ups and downs—unsustainable.

And it seems, just as breaking points arise, the tools that once surfaced quietly—barely noticed or even ignored—suddenly call to us with a new kind of clarity.

After years of listening to Sadhguru, the seeds finally sprouted. The stars aligned, and Inner Engineering—his flagship program—was finally pursued.

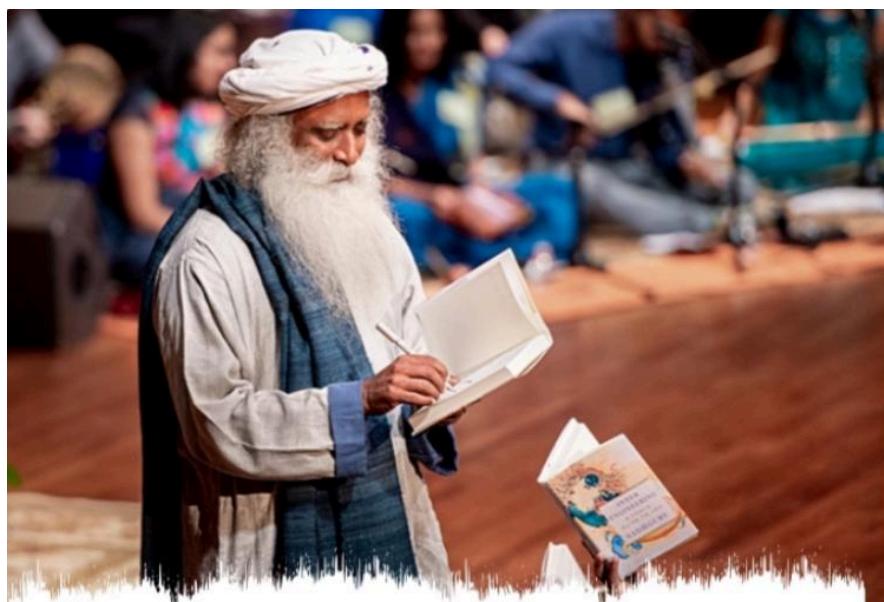
That's when everything changed.

The program provided the structure needed to navigate this pathless path. Completed in 2021, its impact was undeniable.

Since then, no mental breakdowns.

Challenges? Yes. Struggles? Absolutely.

But the foundation had been set. The storms could rage, but the roots held firm.



“

Inner Engineering is like a user's manual for your brain and your body so that you learn to use them for your wellbeing, not against yourself.

Sadhguru

Inner Engineering was a profound tool—one that helped rewire my mind to work for me rather than against me. The practices brought clarity, balance, and a profoundly enhanced experience of life.

However, not everyone is ready for a system like Inner Engineering right away—and that's exactly why I offer one-on-one coaching that meets people where they are.

Having grown up in the Western world, I understand the unique conditioning, struggles, and karmic patterns that shape the Western mind. Now, after deepening into these traditions and practices myself, I'm bringing them forward in a way that is both authentic and palatable—without diluting their essence. Whether someone is taking their first step or already deep on their path, my work is designed to translate these methods into something practical and powerful for anyone, at any dimension.

This isn't about choosing one path over another. If Sadhguru's programs resonate with you, explore them. If my work speaks to you, I welcome you with open arms. Even within my one-on-one coaching, I sometimes incorporate free tools offered through Sadhguru and his foundation, Isha. These include simple practices that, when used intentionally, can deeply support the journey inward. And while I bring my full Presence and experience into every session, if I sense that a program from Isha—or even another teacher—may serve someone more deeply at a particular point in their path, I have no hesitation in pointing them in that direction. What matters most is that you go within yourself, awaken into your own Guru, and trust your discernment.

At the end of the day, no single teacher, program, or path can claim to hold the ultimate truth—because truth cannot be confined to this or that. It moves through all things, woven into every experience, every being, every moment. We are all expressions of the divine, each carrying a piece of the puzzle, each drawn to what we need at different points in our journey. Follow your heart, trust where it leads, and know that wherever you are, you are already exactly where you need to be.

A Story That Writes Itself

The synchronicities, the lessons, the divine nudges—they've woven a tapestry far too rich to unravel here. But many of those threads will be explored in one-on-one coaching.

But one always stands out.

Some experiences have a way of forcing understanding. This was one of them.

By the time Inner Engineering was complete, Autobiography of a Yogi had entered my life. A book filled with mysticism, divine encounters, and the kind of stories that stretch the limits of belief.

While reading, excitement boiled over. Conversations about the book became constant, spilling into daily life.

At the time, work involved sewer and drain jobs with my father—who, after some convincing, agreed to listen to the first few chapters of the audiobook.

The first few chapters unfolded, and with them, an early story from Yogananda's childhood:

Another early recollection is outstanding; and literally so, for I bear the scar to this day. My elder sister Uma and I were seated in the early morning under a neem tree in our Gorakhpur compound. She was helping me with a Bengali primer, what time I could spare my gaze from the near-by parrots eating ripe margosa fruit. Uma complained of a boil on her leg, and fetched a jar of ointment. I smeared a bit of the salve on my forearm.

“Why do you use medicine on a healthy arm?”

“Well, Sis, I feel I am going to have a boil tomorrow. I am testing your ointment on the spot where the boil will appear.”

“You little liar!”

“Sis, don’t call me a liar until you see what happens in the morning.” Indignation filled me.

Uma was unimpressed, and thrice repeated her taunt. An adamant resolution sounded in my voice as I made slow reply.

“By the power of will in me, I say that tomorrow I shall have a fairly large boil in this exact place on my arm; and your boil shall swell to twice its present size!”

Morning found me with a stalwart boil on the indicated spot; the dimensions of Uma’s boil had doubled. With a shriek, my sister rushed to Mother. “Mukunda has become a necromancer!” Gravely, Mother instructed me never to use the power of words for doing harm. I have always remembered her counsel, and followed it.

My boil was surgically treated. A noticeable scar, left by the doctor's incision, is present today. On my right forearm is a constant reminder of the power in man's sheer word.

Those simple and apparently harmless phrases to Uma, spoken with deep concentration, had possessed sufficient hidden force to explode like bombs and produce definite, though injurious, effects. I understood, later, that the explosive vibratory power in speech could be wisely directed to free one's life from difficulties, and thus operate without scar or rebuke.

Afterward, we spoke about the depth of the lessons. For him, it was interesting—nothing more. For me, even with my openness, skepticism lingered.

Then, the next day happened.

On the way to the first job of the morning, the conversation took a turn.

Stories of childhood trauma with poison ivy surfaced. Both of us, at different times, had our bodies completely covered in it as kids. The discussion became intense, energy swirling between us as we shared the pain of it—the burning, the itching, the sheer helplessness of those experiences.

The memories brought a visceral discomfort.

Neither of us thought anything of it at the time.

The day went on. Work was completed. Evening came. Sleep followed.

And then—morning arrived.

Opening my eyes, a strange sensation crept over my skin. Looking down, patches of poison ivy covered my body.

Shocked, I called my father.

His voice on the other end carried an eerie familiarity. He had poison ivy too.

Silence.

The realization struck like a lightning bolt.

The conversation from the day before. The vividness of it. The energy we had unknowingly stirred.

A direct manifestation.

For him, it was a bizarre coincidence. For me? Disbelief. Awe. A complete and total collapse of skepticism.

In over 15 years of working that job, my father had never once gotten poison ivy. Not once.

Until now.

And just like that, the understanding locked in place.

Words hold power.

Energy moves where attention flows.

Mysticism isn't just an abstract idea—it's happening all the time, woven into reality, waiting for stillness—which allows for the sense of being separate to dissolve.

And the more the book was read, the more these moments happened. Sometimes immediately. Other times within the day, or the week. But they always happened.

Doubt could no longer exist.

The book was no longer just words on a page—it had come alive.

And with that, the deep dive into Yoga and Sanatana Dharma truly began.

Chapter Eight – Van Trip Across America

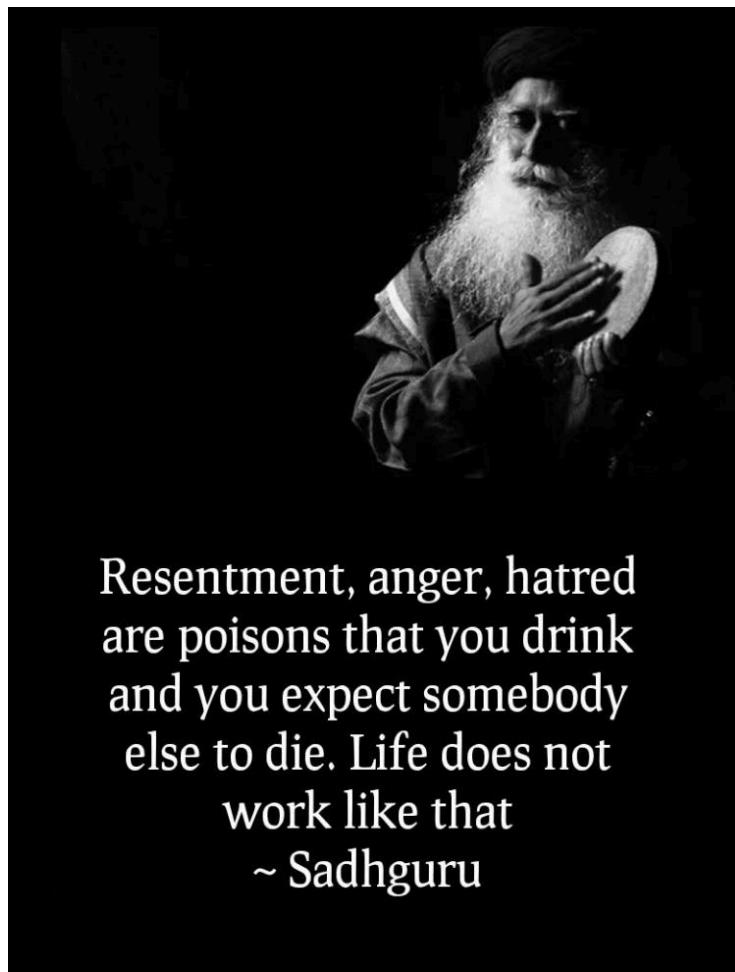
During the deep dive into Sanatana Dharma and Yoga, as well as engaging with Inner Engineering, life had me working at a group home for individuals with intellectual disabilities. It was during this time that my mother gifted me a book titled Metaphysical Anatomy by Evette Rose, which delved deep into epigenetics.

Epigenetics, as mentioned earlier, refers to the study of how external factors—such as environment, thoughts, behaviors, and emotions—fluence gene expression without altering the underlying DNA sequence. As Dr. Joe Dispenza explains, it is the ability of external signals to turn genes on or off, shaping our biology beyond genetic inheritance. This means that while DNA provides the blueprint, our experiences and perceptions actively modify how that blueprint is expressed, impacting health, behavior, and even spiritual evolution.

Through Inner Engineering and this book, a profound realization emerged—the stark difference between reacting to our environment and responding to it. Trauma, or more accurately, unprocessed emotional reactions, get stored within the autonomic nervous system, shaping the way we unconsciously move through life.

One of the book's key insights struck close to home: my long-standing struggle with anger wasn't random—it was an unconscious attempt at setting boundaries. A realization that, much like Autobiography of a Yogi, didn't just remain within the pages but began unfolding in real-time.

At the group home, one of the residents frequently had rage outbursts. At first glance, they seemed unpredictable, but the more attention that was given, the clearer the pattern became—his anger only erupted when his unspoken boundaries were crossed. It was as if I were looking in a mirror, watching my own struggle play out through someone else. The lesson couldn't have been more direct: if either of us had learned how to respond and consciously set boundaries, there would be no need to compulsively react and set them with anger.



Resentment, anger, hatred
are poisons that you drink
and you expect somebody
else to die. Life does not
work like that
~ Sadhguru

It was impossible to ignore the synchronicity of it all. It felt as though life had placed me there intentionally, as if these individuals were my teachers.

And they were.

They taught me more than I could have ever taught them. Society calls them disabled, yet I would argue the real disability lies in our inability to see them for who they truly are. These souls are radiant beacons of light, illuminating lessons the rest of us are often too blind to grasp. Much like children, they carry an untamed wisdom—unfiltered, unburdened by the weight of conditioning. They will always hold a special place in my heart. And yes, as I write this, I pause to bow in reverence.

And it doesn't stop with them. The same could be said for those labeled with mental health disorders—the ones pushed to the fringes by a system too rigid to recognize their gifts. Western psychology—only 146 years old—is still in its infancy, yet it dictates how we categorize the mind and spirit. But these are just labels. Many of the states we call disorders may, in truth, be unintegrated gifts—potent expressions of Consciousness that haven't been given the environment they need to unfold.

In ancient cultures, those we now call schizophrenic or bipolar were the shamans, the seers, the mystics—the ones who spoke with spirits, received visions, and held medicine for the tribe. They were not cast out, but honored. Crucial. Their sensitivity was seen not as pathology, but as a bridge between worlds.

Like the mind, these gifts—often called Siddhis (supernatural powers)—are like fire: left unchecked, they can cause great damage; but when honored, understood, and channeled, they can light up the cosmos. The potential these individuals carry is not something to be medicated away—it's something to be met with reverence. And in doing so, they hold the capacity to change the world as we know it. And perhaps, those who remember the ancient ways already are.

The Call to the Road

My time at the group home came to an end for many reasons, though a deep knowing remained—I would work with these beings again in the future. I miss them. I love them.

The next few months were spent transforming a 1995 Chevy Sportvan G20 into a vessel for adventure. With just under \$2,000, I set off across America, leaving behind a chorus of concerned voices.

“What about an emergency?”

“You barely have enough for gas!”

Their worry didn't shake me. The synchronicities were too strong. Sacred numerology had spoken, and the message was clear: go, and you will be fine.

Of course, trying to explain this logic to my family—"The numbers say I'll be fine! They haven't been wrong yet!"—didn't exactly ease their concerns. To them, I was reckless.

To me, I was listening.

And so the journey began.

I hiked, I wandered, I swam, I laughed, I explored, I drank, I smoked, I loved, I played, I danced, I sang.

Above all else, I lived.

Until the money ran out.

A Test of Faith

Doubt crept in.

Had my friends and family been right all along? Had I been foolish to trust the numbers, the signs, the unseen forces guiding me?

By this point, I had reached Sadhguru's ashram in Tennessee. As if life wasn't already unfolding in a psychedelic manner, the spiritual experiences there were even more intense. Yet, nothing compared to the humbling that Sadhguru and Kali had waiting for me.

Came not in thunder, but in stillness—where I was forced to sit with everything I'd been running from.

It crushed me.

It stripped me bare.

Caught between the humbling and the haunting of my family's doubt, the weight of uncertainty grew unbearable. The fearful whispers from home became my own—maybe I was crazy, maybe I should just go home. Is this all just an escape from my demons?

A part of me knew the answer was yes—at least partially. I was beginning to see that rather than consciously embracing my inner demons, I was compulsively reacting—running, using the trip as a distraction. But that awareness hadn't yet taken root. It stayed tucked away in the background, like a whisper I wasn't ready to sit with or hear it.

Then, a conversation with my father reignited the desire to continue the adventure.

"You'll always regret it if you don't give it your best shot."

So, I did.

Resigned to the idea of work, I began applying for jobs.

The next morning, an email arrived.

Not from a job.

From GoFundMe.

An old friend had donated \$1,000.

I had completely forgotten I even had a GoFundMe for the trip. When I called to thank him, he told me he planned to continue sending money every month.

I was floored. Overcome with gratitude. The sacred numerology had not lied. I wasn't crazy!

And ooooooooh

The satisfaction

The vindication—of calling home and sharing the news. Rejoicing not just in the blessing, but in the triumph of knowing I had trusted something real. That I wasn't crazy. And that their fears had never been mine to carry.

Still uncertain of how much he would be sending, I found a job anyway. Looking back, I see now—if I had just trusted, I could have kept traveling. The money he sent monthly would have been enough. But in that moment, uncertainty won.

Yet, even in that, life had a plan.

The job led to lifelong friendships—not only with humans but with amazing fur beings as well. Countless synchronicities followed, along with a place to stay on a multi-million-dollar ranch—for free.

A lesson in faith, trust, love, and abundance over fear and survival.



Smudgy and I cuddled up in the van. Smudgy was a feral cat that became a companion and guide during my stay on the ranch.

Heaven on Earth

It was on that ranch that duality dissolved.

The pearly gates swung open and stayed open this time.

Heaven revealed itself, right here on Earth.

Truly describing this state of being isn't possible through words. Trying to explain it would be like taking a cow skydiving and then asking it to go back and explain the experience to the other cows—cows that had never even conceived of falling through the sky.

But here goes nothing...

Days passed. A week. The experience didn't fade—it deepened.

This wasn't some out-of-body escape. I was here. Fully here. And yet, reality itself had shifted.

No right. No wrong. Just love. Just acceptance.

The world hadn't changed, yet it felt reborn.

The grass swayed, the sky stretched endlessly, the trees whispered—but everything sang. Colors pulsed, not just with vibrancy, but with something alive, something felt more than seen. Though the air itself seemed visible, as if the wind, the leaves, and the branches were not moving separately—but as one. Not a breeze pushing against nature, but nature breathing in unison. Every sound—the rustling leaves, the distant chirp of a bird, the hush of the wind—carried a clarity that had always been there, yet had never truly been heard.

It wasn't just the senses that had sharpened. It was existence itself that had softened.

The weight of judgment, the weight of separation, the weight of “this versus that”—gone.

Complete and utter bliss.

The universe wasn't just something I lived in.

It was something I was of.

Not imagined.

Not conceptual.

Seen.

Lived.

Being.

Is.

For a time, however long it lasted, there was only now.

And now was everything.

Then, like all glimpses, it faded.

A week passed, and duality slowly crept back in. But something fundamental had shifted.

Because I had seen.

And that was enough.

Looking back—the daisy experience, the self-help book realization, the moment I saw past the fabric of physicality into the cosmic web connecting everything—These were all shorter glimpses of this.

The Great Love Affair

After that, I started to fall madly in love with life itself.

And like any great love affair, it didn't come without drama.

After seven months on the road, I returned home.

The awareness that had first emerged during the humbling at Sadhguru's ashram—that the trip had been an escape, another distraction, a way to avoid fully feeling what had been waiting in the shadows—had finally begun to take root.

I had to come face to face with the inner demons that had never left, lurking beneath the surface.

Some of them had been met along the way—but not all. Not even close. I was aware I had been running. I just hadn't stopped long enough to truly sit with them, feel them, process them, befriend them.

And now, there was nowhere left to run.

All things considered, I don't regret a second of the trip.

If anything, my heart swells with gratitude.

The lessons, the people, the experiences—all part of the process—life-changing on every level.

Of course, the urge to run didn't just vanish.

At first, I wanted to run again—to India, to chase that heaven I had glimpsed. But the stars didn't align.

Instead, I had a choice: befriend my demons and evolve, or run and fall back into old, toxic patterns I'd worked so hard to outgrow—an all-too-familiar crossroads.

Over the next three months, I befriended them. And once peace was made, the stars aligned. A friend of a friend saw my van and made me a financial offer I couldn't refuse. Shortly after, I boarded a plane to India.

Chapter Nine – A Journey Through India, Nepal & Italy

Fitting an entire trip through India, Nepal, and Italy into one chapter feels as impossible as fitting the last ten years of life into this book. So many beings played a part in leading me home. Each one worthy of a story all their own. And while a few names are mentioned, many are not—not because their Presence didn't matter, but simply because there isn't enough space here to do them all justice. So I'd like to take this moment to bow deeply to each of them. You know who you are. Your love, your Presence, your guidance—it lives in these pages, even if your name does not.

Bharat.

India.

No words can contain it. No description can paint an accurate picture. Go there. At least once. The sooner, the better—before Western culture fully swallows the world.

Even now, the memory stirs something deep. Tears of gratitude well up. The experience was everything—mystical, magical, romantic, intense, chaotic, peaceful.

India is a paradoxical enigma.

Like life, surrender to it—or be chewed up and spit back out.

Thrown Into the Fire

The first month was brutal.

Deep inner peace had seemingly been realized in the comfort of America. But creation and evolution had other plans:

“Great. Now realize it in chaos.”

Though mistaken for being of Indian descent in some places, the difference was obvious. Fair-skinned, barefoot, clothed like a yogi—an anomaly wherever the path led. The stares were endless.

At first, they became unbearable. The instinct was to stare back—hard—until they looked away in discomfort. But something deeper was at play. The discomfort wasn't theirs—it was personal. Too much weight given to the unknown thoughts of others. Too much power handed over.

A mirror had been placed in front of the soul.

Then came the next lesson—ego death.

Arriving at Sadhguru's ashram in Coimbatore, the fragile illusion of peace continued to collapse.

Back home, it had been easy to feel awake. Mystical experiences were rare in the circles of the West, creating an unspoken sense of being further along the path. The spiritual ego swelled, disguised as wisdom.

But here? Surrounded by thousands of like-minded individuals—many far beyond in awareness—everything crumbled.

Naked. Exposed. Stripped of every illusion.

And still, the staring continued.

A complete breakdown.

India wasn't the problem. The country had remained the same. It was the lens that had been distorted.

Eventually, the beauty in the perfect imperfection or rather ordered chaos became visible.

The experience of DhyanaLinga was something else entirely. Its sheer Presence sent waves through the system, deepening meditations beyond anything known before. A purge followed—four days of sickness, clinging desperately to any trace of comfort.

The ashram's clean, sattvic food was rejected by the body—not for lack of nutrition, but because it wasn't the distraction the mind craved. High fructose corn syrup, processed sugar—anything to escape the depths of the self.

By week two, I was already searching for plane tickets home.

The original plan had been six months of travel across India by motorcycle. But suddenly, all of it felt too much.

A conversation with a dear friend—deeply involved with Sadhguru's Isha Foundation—shifted the course.

“Before making a decision, check out Auroville.”

The name meant nothing at the time. The suggestion was ignored.

Until the last moment.

Right before purchasing the ticket home, curiosity won.

A quick search revealed a spiritual retreat by the ocean. Cheap massages.

That was enough.

A New Home in India

Too worn down to navigate the chaos of buses and trains, a taxi was hired instead. Eight hours. One hundred and fifty dollars. A steep price by Indian standards, but a bargain anywhere else. Either way, it was worth it.

The moment the dusty roads of Auroville appeared, something shifted.

A man was met—a teacher. A mirror. The one who taught me how to ride a motorcycle and much more.

Through him, an introduction was made to Raja—the mechanic.

But Raja was more than a mechanic.

He became family.

From the moment we met, Raja and I had a running disagreement.

Not about motorcycles. Not about money.

About God.

Soaked in modern Hindu tradition, his belief was simple: Shiva was above. Separate. Something to be worshiped, revered, and even feared.

For him, God was a force to bow to, but never realized within.

For me, with a background in Sanatana Dharma, Yoga, and Sadhguru’s teachings, the understanding was different:

Shiva is everything.

Not just in temples. Not just in scriptures.

Everything.

Every rock, every tree, every breath. Every being.

So, every time I saw Raja, I'd fold my hands in Namaskar, bow with devotion, and say,

"Om Namah Shivaya."

And every single time, he'd react the same way.

With both hands, he'd wrap around mine, press them down, and shake his head.

"No! No, I am not Shiva!"

I'd smirk.

"It's all Shiva."

He'd shake his head again, half amused, half exasperated.

This became our ritual.

Sometimes we'd laugh.

Sometimes I'd explain.

Sometimes he'd insist.

But I never stopped.

The more he rejected it, the more I affirmed it.

It's all Shiva.

Him, me, the wind, the road, the very breath moving through us.

What fascinated me was that this wasn't just Raja.

This was a reflection of something deeper—something I'd seen in modern religion across the world.

The same way Christianity had diluted Christ's true message—experience what he himself experienced in his oneness with God, Hinduism had, in many ways, diluted the words of yogis, sages, and Shiva Himself.

Religion had placed priests in the role of middlemen, shifting humanity's focus from inner awakening to external salvation—turning God into something unreachable, separate. And in doing so, it reinforced dependency, dogma, control, ignorance, and fear.

But spirituality—true spirituality—was never about separation.

It was about Self-Realization.

Union.

Yoga.

Of course, none of this was normal.

Not in Southern India. Not in Raja's world.

The sheer audacity of it all—the foreigner bowing to an elder, claiming him as Shiva, refusing to see the division that tradition had long upheld.

Even beyond this, everything about our relationship challenged the norms.

In Southern India, you never call your elders by their name. It's always Auntie or Uncle—a sign of deep respect.

But to me? He wasn't an Uncle. He was Raja. A friend. An equal.

And the hugs? Unheard of.

Physical affection wasn't part of the culture. Touch was reserved, kept formal. But that didn't stop us.

As our relationship grew, each time we greeted each other, it wasn't just Aum Namah Shivaya with namaskar anymore. It was an embrace.

An unspoken gesture—our forearms clasped, a bow drawing us inward, chest to chest, before our necks moved in tandem.

Over one shoulder, then the other.

A rhythmic exchange, a silent acknowledgment, a movement that belonged to no tradition—only to us. Almost as if it was from another lifetime.

It was so natural between us.

But to everyone else? Utterly bizarre.

My lover at the time, who was of Indian descent, found it hilarious.

She'd shake her head, laughing.

"This white American yogi-hippie just walks in and starts treating Raja like an old friend? Hugging him? Calling him by name? What even is this?"

She had a point.

But if Raja ever minded, which I don't think he did, he never said a word.

He'd just shake his head, half-smiling, half-exasperated, as if to say, 'What am I going to do with this one?'

And that was the beauty of it.

I never saw him as separate.

And over time, he stopped seeing me that way too.

By the end of my time with Raja, something shifted.

One day, I bowed.

But this time, he didn't push my hands down.

Instead, for the first time, he bowed back.

The look in his eyes said everything.

No words were needed.

And in that moment, he wasn't just Raja.

He was Shiva.

He always had been.

He took in a wandering stranger, fixing up a motorcycle for the long journey ahead. He fed. He cared. He shared.

He brought a foreign son into his temple, his late wife's creation, his world.

A home was given so far away from home.

While writing this, another soul surfaced gently in my heart—Anan, a brother to me in India. Like Raja, he welcomed me as family, offering warmth, care, and belonging. His late mother, too, like Raja's beloved wife, became a silent guide along the way. Though oceans apart, both these Indian aunties made their Presence known to me as I wrote this book—as if to remind me: we are never really alone on this path.

For the next few months, life slowed down. The villages outside Auroville became home. Friendships were made, but most time was spent in isolation—directing all energy inward.

The talking stopped. The walking began.

Growth was exponential.

A checkpoint had been reached. A moment in spiritual evolution so undeniable, even the divine confirmed it.

That was when Sadhana Forest appeared.

And with it—a great love.

The Great Fire of Love

The heart cracked open.

Not just for a woman—but for a family of kindred souls.

The woman—the one who arrived to teach what true respect for the Divine Feminine looked like.

She burned bright. And like all great fires, she burned out just as fast.

Dreams of being a Baba clashed against her dreams of a traditional life.

Paths diverged.

Gratitude remained.

The lessons, the synchronicities, the love—etched into eternity.

The friends—beloved beyond words.



One, Ludo, extended an invitation to Italy.

Two others, Marina and Matteo, became my spiritual mama and papa.

And then there was Franzine—Queen Changa—who opened doors to experiences that defied existence itself.

The love was shared, the travels continued, the connections deepened.

By the last month in India, the heart was bruised but wiser.

Still, one last pilgrimage remained.

But before stepping into that next phase, one final farewell had to be made.

Raja—the man who had become a father in a foreign land—who took in a wandering soul and treated him as his own—stood there, eyes reflecting the depth of all that had unfolded.

Leaving wasn't easy.

How could it be?

This was more than a simple farewell. It was an initiation, etched into time itself, a moment drenched in synchronicity.

A divine intervention transpired that day as we said our goodbyes. A Presence—undeniable, all-encompassing, so precise, so divinely orchestrated, that it shook both of us to the core.

Shiva was there.

Both of us felt it. The universe speaking in a language older than time. A knowing.

There was no questioning it. No rationalizing it.

Only awe.

Only a bow.

The love, the bond—it remained. Unbreakable.

Love was not in the goodbye—it was in the knowing that no goodbye was needed.

One day, the road would lead back.

It always does.



And with that, the journey continued.

Rishikesh.

The Himalayas.

Holi—the Festival of Colors.

A cleansing in the sacred Ganges River.

The soul had changed.

And yet, there was more to come.

Nepal—The Breath Between Storms

After six months in India, Nepal arrived like a breath of fresh air.

A different energy.

Stillness.

Ease.

A new family formed—a group of traveling souls.

Together, we witnessed the Himalayas, served at an orphanage, saved a baby monkey, and tasted mad honey—an experience that sent metaphysical ripples back to kin.

Later, a chance meeting with a Sadhu brought yet another initiation.

The people, the land, the culture—softened what India had sharpened.

One saying, spoken by the locals, still lingers:

“Dal Bhat power, 24 hour. No sleep, No shower.”

Endlessly repeated. Endlessly loved.

Nepal was a vacation.

Much needed after India’s gauntlet.

But the journey wasn’t over yet.

Italy—A Homecoming

Ethnically. Spiritually.

Italy wasn’t just a destination—it was a return.

Ludo’s home, just outside Rome, became a sanctuary. Festivals, food, family. A time of renewal.

Then, the Starseed Gathering.

A healing of the heart.

The people there—masters of the heart.

And among them, one stood out.

Yogi Paras Nath.

A Baba. A guardian of the sacred fire.

The invitation was made.

“Come meet my Guru in Rome.”

It seemed like chance. But in truth, it was always waiting.

A meeting that would change everything.

Meeting the Guru in Italy

Skeptical. Curious. Naïve.

That was the state of mind walking into the ashram in Rome.

Four figures stood at the threshold of a new reality: Guru Krishna Nath, his Shakti (partner) Mataji, and his two disciples Lakshman Nath along with Yogi Paras Nath.

Yogi Paras Nath had only just introduced them, yet an inexplicable familiarity lingered in the air.

A connection not of time, but of recognition.

It felt familiar. It felt safe. Nourishing. Like something ancient had returned.

For the first time in a while, there was stillness—space to breathe, decompress, and begin to see with clarity again.

The initiation began in that space—with the intention of completing it at a later date, since Yogi Paras Nath was to leave for India the following day. Guru Krishna Nath himself was no longer taking on disciples due to his old age, which is why Yogi Paras Nath took me as his own.

The plan had been to stay for a week.

But on the third day, Guru Krishna Nath looked me in the eyes and told me to leave.

The words hit like a sword to the chest.

“After lunch, you go.”

Panic. Confusion. Why?

This wasn’t the plan. There were no flights booked. No next steps. No sense of direction.

Still, lunch was eaten. Bags were packed. A request was made:

"Can I at least wait a few hours and leave with Lakshman Nath? He offered to help me find somewhere to stay."

Guruji's eyes locked onto mine. Unshaken. Unapologetic.

"No. Now means now."

A single sentence. A piercing truth.

The mind took it personally.

The heart ached with rejection.

But months later, clarity arrived.

Guruji had seen something unseen. He knew.

Staying too long would have made me comfortable. Comfort was not the path.

And there was something deeper waiting—a bond to be nurtured with Lakshman Nath.



The Humbling of Service

With nowhere to go, Lakshman Nath stepped in.

For days, he served me as if God Himself had arrived at his doorstep.

Food. Shelter. Hours of attention and conversation.

And then—the healing began.

Lakshman has practiced Reiki, energy work, and deep healing arts for years. Without hesitation, he put them into action.

Energy blockages that had sat dormant for years began to unravel.

Tension in the body melted away.

The nervous system—reset.

Every movement, every adjustment, was deliberate, precise, knowing.

All this from a man who, before this moment, had barely spent 72 hours in my Presence.

And if that wasn't enough...

Each evening, despite protest, he washed and massaged my feet.

The same feet that had traveled barefoot for ten months straight—through the dust of India, the mountains of Nepal, the cobblestone streets of Italy.

Dirt, calluses, cuts—none of it deterred him.

He washed them anyway.

Not merely as a gesture of submission, but as an act of reverence—one born not of inferiority, but of devotion.

A living reminder of how we are meant to serve one another.

As equals.

As God.

Hands of the Infinite

Before leaving, Lakshman Nath made an offer.

"I want to initiate you into Reiki."

A rush of emotion. A full-circle moment.

Back in India, Reiki schools had been sought out. None had felt right. None had aligned.

Yet here, without asking, it was given.

The first part of the initiation took place before the journey south to Sicily.

The completion would happen upon return.

Sicily – A Journey Into Blood and Bone

Since arriving at the ashram—especially after being kicked out of it—something had shifted.

Meeting my spirit family strengthened the communion with the Infinite.

And as I traveled through the lands of my ancestors, it deepened still—

like walking into a blissful dream.

A homecoming. Ethnically. Spiritually. Universally.

Ecstasy.

Then, the theft happened.

A bag.

Gone.

\$2,500–\$3,000 worth of gifts and souvenirs—disappeared off the train.

Gone in an instant.

Rage took over.

Sobbing. Screaming. Punching the train walls.

For a moment, it felt like everything had been taken.

The suffering was unbearable.

I was thrown into chaos—conflicted, confused, unraveling inside.

How could I go from such bliss, awe, and communion with the infinite... to this?

For days, everything was divine—every step a prayer, every breath sacred.

And now, I was right back in my human pain.

I questioned everything.

Was it my fault? Was it God's?

How could this be divinely orchestrated?

Some part of me was desperate for someone to blame. With all the emotion surging through me, I couldn't even fathom the burden of taking responsibility.

I was angry. Lost. Shaking.

Questioning myself, questioning life, questioning God.

The thought even crossed the mind to cancel the family visit.

But something deeper refused to let that happen.

And thank God it didn't.

Because what happened next was one of the most profound experiences of this lifetime.

The Bloodline Reunion

The moment had arrived.

Meeting the Sicilian family for the first time.

No language in common. No past experiences shared.

Yet the love was undeniable.

Blood recognized blood.

The moment transcended words, transcended time.

Laughter. Hugs. A bond so ancient, so real, so visceral, it defied every boundary placed upon it.

Tears streamed down faces as FaceTime connected Italy to America.

Family across continents.

And in that moment, something became crystal clear:

This.

This is what matters.

Not a stolen bag. Not possessions.

Love. Connection. Belonging.



Certainly a lesson in detachment, in the impermanence of material things—it was visceral.

The suffering over what was seemingly lost was replaced with the gratitude for what was released.

Not just from my shoulders—where the bag's strap had once pressed—but from my entire being.

My body felt lighter. My steps softer. The density I'd carried, both physical and energetic, began to dissolve.

And in that lightness, a strange clarity emerged.

A silence.

A stillness.

A knowing.

Not just in this circumstance.

But for all of life.

Suffering became grace.

Pain no longer begged to be escaped, but stood as a doorway—

a quiet invitation to participate in something sacred.

What once felt like punishment became practice.

Something I could meet, embrace,

and even bow to.

The Illusion of Divine Intervention & The Truth of Communion

The questions that had once tormented me—Was it my fault? Was it God's?—no longer resisted.

By spiritual realization, every circumstance of one's life can be scientifically traced to a specific cause or pattern of causes. But because the ordinary person does not perceive how the law of action and reaction is governing his life, he believes that what comes to him is in large part a matter of happenstance and fate. He often says: "This was my good luck," or "That's my unfortunate lot." There is no luck that one has not created

before, in this or other incarnations; and there is no hapless fate except what has been "predestined" by one's own actions, here in the present or way in the past-sometimes many lives before entering the portals of this life. These self-created causes are why some people are born poor and others rich; some healthy and others sickly; and so on. Otherwise, where is the justice of God if He made all of His children equal, and then consigned some to live in favorable circumstances and others in unfavorable conditions?

—Paramahansa Yogananda, *Journey to Self-Realization*

For most of the early parts of the journey, I mistook sudden realizations, synchronicities, and shifts in my life as direct interventions from an external Source—something separate from me, guiding me.

I thought I was experiencing God.

And in a way, I was.

But as my conceptual self continued to dissolve into Consciousness, I began to see the pattern.

Most of what I perceived as divine intervention was actually my own subconscious at work—cause and effect playing out beneath the surface of my awareness.

The mind takes in infinitely more information than we consciously process, and when patterns emerge—when unseen connections suddenly reveal themselves—it can feel as though something greater is orchestrating events.

But what if the “something greater” was simply the deeper layers of myself? Atman? Brahman? The Self? God? The Guru? Source? The Universe? Pure Awareness? Being? Presence? Cosmic Intelligence? Consciousness? Christ? The Dao? Elohim? Phenomenon? Or whatever “word” you want to use.

What if every “God moment”—every perfectly timed event, every synchronistic encounter, even all the pain and suffering—was really just the play of dissolution, revealing what had always been there?

And yet...

Even this realization does not negate the Presence of God.

Because what is the subconscious if not Source itself?

What is cause and effect if not the divine intelligence woven into reality?

The deeper paradox emerges:

The more I commune with my subconscious, the more I commune with what I once mistook as separate from me.

The more I see through the illusion of external intervention, the more I realize that everything is God.

It wasn't a new realization, but a deeper one.

What I once understood conceptually was now embodied—
the same truth, now being lived.

What had once been a series of scattered moments—initiations, synchronicities, revelations—
now revealed themselves not as separate events,
but as a single, silent movement toward Self.

Not steps.

Not fragments.

But one continuous unfolding—
elegant, invisible, inevitable.

A crescendo in a divine symphony.

I am not communing with something outside of me.

I am communing with what I have always been.

Om So Hum – I am That.

The Coda

After days of celebration, the family wanted to show the place where my grandfather had grown up.

A building. Old, but standing strong.

The moment eyes landed on it, something felt off. Familiar. Too familiar.

Then—the realization struck like lightning.

The Airbnb—the one booked days before even meeting the family—was directly next door.

Not down the street.

Not nearby.

Next-Door.

Jaw to the cobblestone.

Now imagine trying to explain this to them—without knowing the language.

Pointing at the Airbnb, exclaiming in English, “That’s where I’m staying!”

Them pointing at my grandfather’s home, shouting in Sicilian, “No, this one!”

Back and forth—passion, confusion, disbelief—until realization hit us all at once.

Wide eyes. Wide hearts. Awe. Reverence. Silence.

This life is a mystery.

And in that moment, standing on the soil of ancestors, there was nothing left to do...

Except bow.

The Return Home

That was three years ago.

Since then, the journey continued—but inward.

Moving in with Rama.

Deepening into sadhana.

Reiki. Yoga. Tantra.

Dancing the dance—even without the physical Presence of the Guru.

It was never about a location.

The Guru, the teachings, the divine—always here.

It is this moment.

Heaven is here.

Enlightenment is here.

Right now.

This.

The only thing that keeps it hidden is the mind's conjuring—psychological drama.

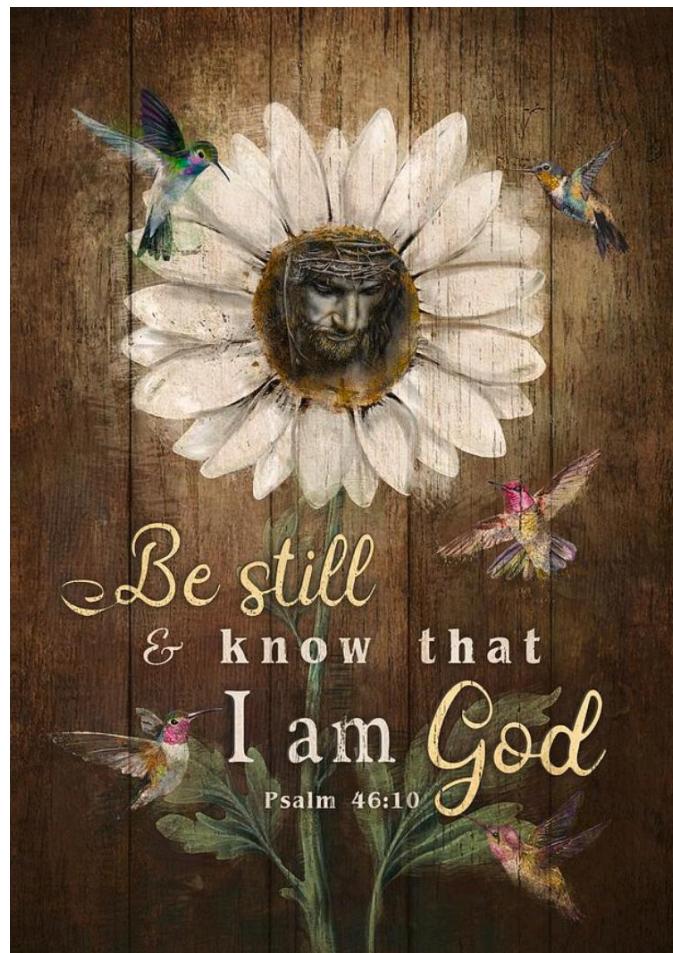
In India, I realized most of everything written on a vision board at the beginning of the awakening came true.

And upon returning home, half of the next vision had already been realized.

There are no limits.

None.

Except the ones the mind refuses to release.



Chapter Ten – Relevance to You

Once again, this story isn't just about me—it's about all of us and what we are truly capable of.

I went from addiction and suicidal tendencies to living my dream reality. But I am not special. I have no advantage you don't. If transformation is possible for me, it is possible for you.

I'm here to walk alongside you until you're ready to forge your own path. You don't have to take the first steps alone—but only you can take them.

The following questions have been prepared to help bring clarity—to illuminate where you are and where you truly want to be.

1. If you had to relive today for eternity, would you be at peace with that?
2. Do you wake up excited about your life, or do you need something—coffee, a distraction, validation—to get you through the day?
3. If nothing in the external world changed, could you still be happy?
4. If your younger self could see your life today, would they be inspired or disappointed?
5. If you suddenly had unlimited money and time, what would you change about your life immediately?
6. Are you a master or a slave of your mind?
7. When you're feeling uncomfortable, do you sit with it, or do you reach for a distraction?
8. If you had to go a whole day without any form of entertainment or external stimulation, how would you feel?
9. When was the last time you spent a full hour doing absolutely nothing? No phone, no TV, no background noise?
10. Are your daily habits leading you toward your highest self, or just helping you pass the time?
11. If you knew you had only six months left to live, would you continue doing what you're doing now?

Facing Mortality

You are not promised tomorrow.

Even as you read that, there's likely a part of you thinking, "Yeah, but I'm not going to die tomorrow."

But you don't actually know that.

Every day, 150,000 people leave this Earth. Some expected it, some didn't. Death does not discriminate. It doesn't care about your plans, your status, your age.

So, let me ask you:

Are you ready to die?

If today was your last, could you go in peace?

Did today truly fulfill and satisfy you?

If your answer is no, this is why my story is relevant to you.

I was where you are. I know what it's like to feel stuck. But I also know what it's like to break free.

I'm not perfect—I still have bad days. But the difference now is that for the most part my answers to those three questions are yes.

Because most of my peace and joy are no longer dependent on external circumstances.

If I could snap my fingers and give you your dream reality right now—perfect wealth, love, success—it might feel incredible at first. But sooner or later, discontentment would return.

You can change everything—your job, your relationships, your car, your house, your status. But if you don't change your mind and heart, true fulfillment will always remain just out of reach.

"The primary cause of unhappiness is never the situation but your thoughts about it."

—Eckhart Tolle

The Illusion of Fulfillment

We suffer over what we don't have, rather than appreciating what we do have.

"I think a lot about people like Elvis or Anthony Bourdain—people who achieved everything that most of us could ever dream of: wealth, fame, adulation, and praise. And yet, they couldn't appreciate what they had. Elvis had a big mansion, loving

fans, and yet all he wanted was the freedom to go outside. We have the freedom to go outside, and all we want are mansions, cars, and adoring fans. So it is never going to be the stuff around us that will bring us the lasting happiness that we're really looking for. If we can't stand to be with ourselves, if we can't stand moments of peace—this is where the practice lies. This is where we turn that boredom into bliss. And if we can't stand ourselves, then that is where the work lies ahead for us."

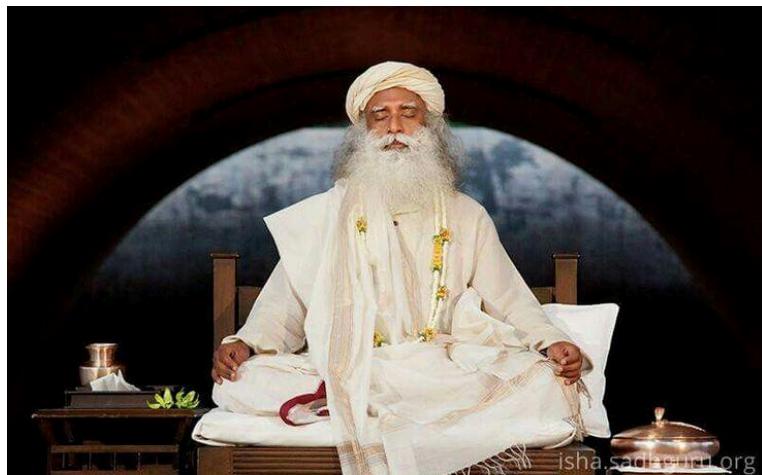
—Todd Perelmuter

This is why the kings and queens of history, despite having everything, were never fulfilled.

We live in a world of boundaries—our bodies have form, our minds have limits. And yet, desire is boundless in nature.

Look within. Examine your past. Whenever you fulfilled a desire, did another not immediately arise?

If we keep trying to satisfy an infinite longing with finite things, we will always hit a wall. It is a game we are guaranteed to lose.



“

The only way to experience true wellbeing is to turn inward. This is what yoga means – not up, not out, but in. The only way out is in.

Sadhguru

This doesn't mean we should reject the world or not enjoy what it offers. But it means our inner peace must not be dependent on it.

Life is a Play—Fleeting, Yet Immersive

An actor steps onto the stage, embodying their role with complete sincerity. They laugh, they cry, they struggle, they triumph. But no matter how real it feels, at the end of the performance, they step off the stage. The role dissolves, yet the actor remains.

In the same way, we take on names, identities, and stories—believing they define us. We become the character, forgetting the one who plays the role. But as you conceptually know by now, beneath every identity, every thought, every sensation, there is something constant. Something untouched.

To awaken is not to escape the play, but to remember you are not just the character—you are the one aware of the character. You are not just the wave that rises and falls, but the ocean from which all waves arise. Even deeper, you are the space in which the ocean itself appears.

And from this knowing, a great freedom begins to unfold. When you no longer identify as the one who suffers, suffering loses its grip. Pain may still move through you, but it cannot define you. Emotions may rise and fall, but they do not disturb the stillness at your core.

Suffering is not pain itself, but our psychological reaction to pain. When pain is met with resistance, fear, or aversion—it becomes suffering. But when it's met with Presence, with space—it is simply a sensation. Alive, but not oppressive. Intense, but not personal.

And in that freedom, life can finally be lived—life becomes something to experience fully, not fear.

You can laugh freely, without fearing the moment will end. Cry without drowning. You can fall, and get back up—because you know that nothing real can be taken from you. No insult can diminish you, no praise can inflate you, no loss can define you. What you are cannot be touched.

This isn't cold detachment. True presence isn't about rejecting our humanness—it's about embracing it without clinging to it. To grieve, to celebrate, to hold another in their suffering—this, too, is sacred. Non-attachment is not indifference. It's the ability to move through all of life without becoming lost in any of it—just as the lotus remains unstained by the mud in which it grows.

To live fully is not to cling to one mode of being over another—it is to know how to move between them. To feel deeply, yet remain free. To bow to the wave while remembering the ocean.

And it is here—in the space between wave and ocean, form and formlessness, perspective and Self—that ultimate freedom is born.

When your well-being is no longer dictated by the world around you, nothing can shake you. The world may shift. People may come and go. But the one watching—the one you truly are—remains.

This is not a philosophy. It is a lived reality for those who seek it.

The wise live fully, yet cling to nothing. They play their roles with intensity, yet remain free. They dance in impermanence, knowing the moment is not separate from the eternal.

An extreme example of this truth is found in the story of the Vietnamese monk Thích Quảng Đức.

To protest the atrocities of war, he set himself on fire—and remained completely still. No screaming, no flinching, no suffering.



Pain was there, yes. But suffering was not.

If he could transcend suffering in the face of burning alive, then surely, it is possible to transcend suffering from anything—a breakup, failure, rejection, and even pain. With this freedom, what could you not accomplish?

This is human potential.

This is your potential.

This Story Is Your Story

I don't share my journey to impress you or to show you how far I've come.

I share it to show you how far you can go.

No, your struggles may not look exactly like mine. But I know that feeling well—some days, it still whispers, though it no longer controls me.

That quiet, gnawing feeling that something is missing.

That sense that life was meant to be more than this.

That deep knowing that there is a version of you—free, alive, limitless—waiting beneath the weight of your current reality.

The part that has been buried under self-doubt, routine, and distraction—but never fully silenced.

You know the one I'm talking about.

The part of you that dreams.

That imagines a different life.

That feels restless when you're stuck in patterns that don't serve you.

That whispers to you in quiet moments, saying, "This isn't all there is."

That voice isn't random. It's not a fantasy.

It's your potential trying to wake you up.

I've been where you are.

I know what it's like to feel trapped in your own life.

And if there's one thing I know for sure, it's this:

The same power that pulled me out of addiction and despair exists in you too.

I didn't get lucky. I didn't have some secret advantage.

I was just willing to stop lying to myself.

To stop settling.

To stop waiting for permission to live life fully.

Because if I—and every person you admire, every great teacher, every master—can break through, so can you.

And now I ask you:

Are you ready to do the same?

Are you ready to fall madly in love with all of life?

You don't have to be fearless.

You just have to be willing to take the first step.

Ready to Step Beyond the Illusion?

Knowing this truth is one thing. Living it is another.

And you can't live it fully until the fear of suffering dies.

If you're ready to break free from the cycles of fear and suffering, to embody peace, clarity, and purpose—not just as concepts, but as a lived reality—I invite you to walk this path with me.

This isn't self-help. It's self-realization.

Through one-on-one coaching, we will dissolve the limitations standing between you and your highest potential—ending suffering. Whether you seek guidance in life, meditation, yoga, spiritual awakening, or breaking free from unconscious patterns, this space is for you.

Not as a student. Not as a follower. But as a fellow traveler—walking each step toward liberation together.

Only 21 one-on-one coaching spots are available, and they will fill fast—so don't wait.

If something in you is stirring—if you feel the call—it's time. The door is open.

<https://nandinath432.com/coaching.html>

Chapter 11 – Some Things You Can Start Doing Now

Japa / Mantra Work / Prayer Paired With Action

Japa, or mantra practice, is an ancient technique used to quiet and focus the mind. Before the explosion of digital media, the average human attention span was around 12 seconds. By 2013, it had already dropped to about 8.25 seconds. With the rise of smartphones, short-form content, and digital overload, some studies now suggest our attention span has shrunk to just 3–5 seconds.

However, attention span can stretch significantly when we engage in something that excites us or feels deeply meaningful. That's the value of following your excitement, as discussed earlier in Chapter 3.

Imagine if you could focus all your mental energy on one thing for five minutes... five hours... five days... or even five years—what could you create? What could you become?

Sadhguru speaks often about the power of sustained focus:

“If you give yourself to something, just for 28 to 30 hours of focused time, the very source of creation will yield to you.”

-(YouTube: “Do This, and Even the Source of Creation Cannot Deny It”)

A helpful analogy is that of a garden. Giving a thought or desire just a few seconds of attention is like throwing a handful of seeds on the ground and walking away. Maybe one sprouts, but most will wither, eaten by birds or dried out by the sun.

But giving something 28 to 30 hours of your focused energy? That's like planting a single seed, watering it, giving it sunlight, nurturing it daily. At first, nothing seems to happen. Then... something sprouts. Over time, it becomes a tree—one that bears fruit for years.

And you don't have to take my word for it—or even Sadhguru's. Think back on your own life. The things you were excited about (and therefore more focused on) usually manifested faster and more naturally than things you felt neutral or disinterested in. Isn't it so?

Mantra: The Science and Sacred Power of Sound in Your Practice

The Science of Focus: How Mantra Reshapes the Brain

One way Japa (mantra repetition) increases focus is by acting as an anchor—a focal point that allows the rest of the mind to quiet and settle, making deep concentration more natural.

Scientists have studied the brains of monks during mantra meditation using fMRI and EEG scans, revealing something remarkable: as they enter deep states of focus, scattered and erratic brain activity gives way to a highly synchronized and efficient state.

- The Prefrontal Cortex (Attention & Self-Regulation): This region, responsible for focus and decision-making, becomes more active, reinforcing sustained attention and cognitive clarity.
- The Default Mode Network (DMN - Mind-Wandering & Self-Talk): The part of the brain responsible for internal chatter and distraction significantly quiets down, leading to a profound sense of mental stillness.
- The Amygdala (Fear & Stress Center): Activity here decreases, correlating with reduced stress, anxiety, and emotional reactivity.
- Gamma Waves (Higher Cognition & Blissful States): Those who cultivate meditateness regularly generate increased high-amplitude gamma waves, linked to deep insight, heightened cognition, and transcendental states of awareness.

To an untrained eye, a brain scan of a monk in deep mantra meditation may appear as if their brain has 'gone silent,' but in reality, it is operating at an incredibly refined level—a state of deep awareness and ease—revealing the core of inner stillness.

The Vibrational Physics of Sound: Why Mantras Are More Than Just Words

Beyond brain function, mantras carry a deeper, energetic power. Certain sounds and vibrations are not just words but frequencies—keys that unlock different dimensions of Consciousness.

- Everything in the Universe is Vibration: According to quantum physics, all matter is ultimately energy vibrating at different frequencies. Sound is a unique form of vibration because it moves through space and matter, affecting the physical, energetic, and mental fields simultaneously.
- Mantras and Resonance: Each mantra carries a specific vibratory frequency that interacts with the energy of the body. Just as a tuning fork vibrates when struck, the correct pronunciation and repetition of a mantra cause resonance in different parts of the body and mind, activating dormant states of Consciousness.
- Cymatics & Sound Patterns: Modern science has demonstrated that sound waves create geometric patterns in matter (a study called cymatics). Chanting a mantra is not just repetition—it is a tuning process, aligning your body and mind with universal frequencies.

Just as a physical key must be cut precisely to open a lock, a mantra must be pronounced correctly, with the right resonance and vibration, to access its full potency. A single misalignment, like a key slightly off in its grooves, may prevent the “door” from opening.

Many ancient traditions recognized this principle:

- In Hinduism, Sanskrit mantras are structured with vibrational precision to align awareness with cosmic forces.
- In Christianity, Gregorian chants create resonance that deepens prayer states.
- In Tibetan Buddhism, certain chants are designed to alter awareness through vibrational entrainment.

The universe itself, as many mystical teachings suggest, was brought into existence through vibration—the primordial sound. Chanting a mantra, then, is not simply a mental exercise but an act of tuning oneself to the fundamental vibrations of reality.

Scientific Studies on Mantra Meditation & Sound Healing

Modern research supports what ancient yogis and mystics intuitively knew. Here are some scientific studies confirming the power of mantra and sound vibrations:

1. Om Chanting & Brain Function

- A study published in the International Journal of Yoga found that chanting “Om” activates the vagus nerve, stimulating the parasympathetic nervous system (responsible for deep relaxation and healing).
- fMRI scans revealed that Om chanting produced similar effects to vagus nerve stimulation therapy, which is used to treat depression and anxiety.

2. Sound Therapy for Healing

- Research at the National Institute of Health found that certain frequencies (like 432 Hz and 528 Hz) reduce stress, lower cortisol levels, and promote cellular healing.
- Japanese researcher Dr. Masaru Emoto demonstrated that when water is frozen after being exposed to loving words, prayers, or harmonious music, it forms beautiful, coherent crystal patterns—while water exposed to anger, hatred, or chaos forms distorted, fragmented structures. If sound and intention can transform water—and we are mostly water—what are our thoughts, mantras, and environments doing to our own bodies?
- Tibetan singing bowls, gongs, and chanting have been used in sound therapy to create coherent, healing vibrations in the body.

3. Neuroscience of Sanskrit Mantras

- A study in *Scientific Reports* showed that trained Vedic Sanskrit scholars exhibited higher cortical thickness in brain regions associated with memory, focus, and language processing—suggesting that mantra recitation physically enhances brain structure over time.

These studies demonstrate that mantra is not just a belief system—it is a precise technology of Consciousness.

Why This Matters

Mantra is a scientific method for Being—not religious dogma. Whether through Japa, Sanskrit chants, or even carefully structured affirmations, the power of repetition, vibration, and focused sound can:

- Calm the nervous system
- Enhance cognitive function & memory
- Unlock deeper states of yourself
- Reprogram the subconscious for higher potential
- Harmonize the body's energy field

Just as a river carves through stone with time, repeated mantra practice reshapes the mind, nervous system, and energetic field. It is not just about reciting words but about attuning yourself to the universal vibratory intelligence that underlies all existence.

Mantra is both science and spirituality—a bridge between ancient wisdom and modern neuroscience, between the finite mind and infinite Consciousness.

Let's get creative

Okay, so now that you understand the power of mantras, let's craft one of your own.

Start by asking yourself:

What is your deepest desire?

What do you want to manifest in your life?

Once it's clear, do the following:

1. Write down three ways this will benefit others—your loved ones, your community, or even the world.

2. Write down one reason why it speaks to your heart and brings you joy.

3. Write down three ways it will benefit you personally.

Now, let's shape the mantra.

Keep it short, concise, and in the present tense—but do your best to avoid the word “I.”

If your desire is financial abundance, instead of saying “I am wealthy,” try something like:

- “Let abundance flow naturally.”
- “May wealth pour freely into this life.”
- Or simply, “Abundance.”

Use your creativity. Ask your heart. Let the mantra come to you intuitively. If nothing surfaces right away, don't force it. Just sit with the intention for a few days. It'll find you.

Once your mantra reveals itself, repeat it 108 times per session.

Why 108?

Why is 108 Relevant to Spiritual Practice?

- Aligns with Cosmic Energies: Chanting a mantra 108 times creates resonance with the universe's vibrational frequency.
- Enhances Meditation & Focus: The repetition anchors the mind, making it easier to enter a meditative state.
- Activates the Chakras: Since 108 nadis converge at the heart, chanting helps open energy channels.
- Sacred Numerical Patterning: The number itself encodes balance, wholeness, and transcendence, making it ideal for spiritual rituals.
- The average distance from the Earth to the Sun is about 108 times the Sun's diameter.
- The distance from Earth to Moon is about 108 times the Moon's diameter.
- The diameter of the Sun is about 108 times that of Earth.

- In Vedic astrology, there are 12 zodiac signs and 9 planets — $12 \times 9 = 108$.
- There are 27 lunar mansions (Nakshatras), each with 4 divisions — $27 \times 4 = 108$.
- There are 108 Upanishads, the sacred texts of Vedanta.
- The numbers themselves—1 (unity), 0 (wholeness), and 8 (infinity)—represent the journey from individuality to the infinite.

In short, 108 symbolizes the union of the microcosm (you) with the macrocosm (the universe).

This is why mantras are traditionally repeated 108 times, using a mala (prayer beads), to align with the rhythm of the cosmos and deepen your spiritual focus. Earlier, when discussing the relevance of 108 to celestial bodies, we noted that the distances or diameters were said to be about 108. This is because the actual measurements are closer to 109—but the number is traditionally rounded to 108 for symbolic consistency, especially since so many sacred systems align precisely with it. Though, there is one additional bead on most malas—the 109th—representative of the guru bead, the Divine, or the higher self, and isn't included in the mantra count. When you reach it, you pause, give thanks, and then reverse direction—you never cross over it. It's a reminder that this practice is sacred, that it isn't just repetition, but a living connection to something beyond the self. In that way, even the number 109 has its place, though 108 remains the sacred count for japa itself.

Isha Life Shop offers certified authentic ones, and you can also find quality options on Etsy or even Amazon—but it's important to do your research. Not all malas sold online are genuine, so look for trusted sellers with verified reviews. That said, if you're not ready to invest in one just yet, you can simply use your fingers. Here's How:

Touch your thumb to each of your four fingers—index, middle, ring, and pinky. That's one round.

After completing one round, mentally count "1."

Repeat the same motion (thumb to each finger), then count "2."

Continue this process until you've completed 27 rounds.

Since each round includes 4 repetitions, 27 rounds will give you 108 total counts.

It takes a little mental tracking, but once you get the rhythm, it becomes natural.

And remember—it's not necessary to repeat a mantra exactly 108 times. That number carries symbolic meaning, yes, but the point isn't the count. You can repeat the mantra until the mind settles, the breath slows, and the body begins to soften. Just keep going until you feel that quiet inner stillness. That's the real practice.

You can repeat your mantra silently or out loud. Silent repetition tends to have a subtler, deeper impact—but starting out loud is fine. Meet yourself where you are. What matters is consistency, not perfection.

Ideally, do your mantra practice twice a day—once in the morning, once in the evening. But if you're just starting out, even once a day in the morning can create lasting change.

Take it easy, no need to rush through it, the slower you go the better actually.

Mantras Are Powerful, But Action Seals the Deal

Japa, mantra, and prayer are potent tools—but they're not magic spells. They're most powerful when paired with action.

If your mantra is centered around abundance, then also take real steps toward expanding your income, educating yourself, or serving more people. If it's love you seek, make space for love in your life by giving it to others freely. If it's peace, simplify your schedule, your mind, your digital input, or help others find peace in their life. You only lack that which you do not give.

In short: meet the universe halfway.

Mantra + clear will + aligned action = transformation.

Don't just take my word for it.

Practice it.

Live it.

Let it prove itself to you.

Want to Take This Deeper? And invitation to walk with me.

Work with Me One-on-One

If you're ready to go deeper with extra guidance and support, I offer one-on-one coaching designed to walk with you—step by step—through your personal transformation. Together, we'll explore the unseen compulsions, dissolve lifelong patterns, and initiate you into practices that dissolve you into Self. This is not about fixing you—it's about freeing you. Not about striving, but remembering. If you're ready to transcend what's held you back, end your suffering, and live the life you know is possible, I'm here to guide you home.

Learn more on my website: <https://nandinath432.com/>

Chapter 12: Threshold

Life has a funny way of testing the muscles we didn't know we had. It throws curveballs when we least expect it. Sometimes it feels cruel. Sometimes divine. Often, both.

But growth rarely arrives dressed in comfort. Just as muscles must break down before growing stronger—bringing soreness before strength—the same applies to our emotional and spiritual bodies. The burn, the ache, the tension...these too are part of the process.

They say, "The path to hell feels like heaven, and the path to heaven feels like hell." It's a paradox most seekers come to know intimately. But here's the good news: the moment we stop running from the present—and start bowing to it—the path becomes less like a maze and more like a spiral staircase, winding inward to what was always here. And while the beginning may feel like a storm, the sky clears—what once felt like effort becomes flow, and what once felt far away reveals itself as home.

Heaven on Earth isn't a myth or metaphor. It's real. It's available. It's yours.

And if you're still here—if you've read every page, followed the thread, questioned, cried, laughed, softened—I bow to you. Thank you. Truly. Thank you. These words came from the heart, and it means everything that you took time from your precious life to receive them.

If your mind feels scrambled, good. That's okay.

This wasn't written to help you make up your mind. Quite the opposite, really. In a world addicted to conclusions, sometimes the greatest gift is not knowing. Because only when the mind quiets... can the heart truly listen.

And if you ever find yourself confused—beautiful. Confusion is fertile ground. Just don't water it with fear. Stay with it. Let it bloom.

If this book is anything, it is an invitation. A doorway into yourself. A love letter to the mystery.

And now that we've come to the end, or perhaps a beginning, I have just one question:

Will you walk with me?

<https://nandinath432.com/>