

Henry Lowell | *From a Nobel physicist's
awakening*



SUNSET AND SUNRISE OF SCIENCE

WHEN GOD LIGHTS THE HEART OF
A NOBEL LAUREATE

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Nobel Laureate*

Author: By **Henry Lowell**, based on the accounts of a Nobel Prize-winning physicist from a major U.S. university

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EDITOR'S NOTE

This book is crafted from real stories, events, and contexts. However, to protect the privacy of those involved and avoid impacting certain individuals, the names of the subjects and some identifying details have been altered, simplified, or literarily reconstructed.

Certain passages in the book are recounted from the personal perspectives of those involved, reflecting their own experiences and perceptions at the time. These views do not necessarily align with the position of THE EPOCH MEDIA.

Regarding the prose, while the Editorial Board has made necessary adjustments, we have endeavored to preserve as much as possible the raw authenticity and original voice of the subjects in order to honor them and maintain the spirit and vibrancy of their stories.

The Editorial Board



PREFACE

The world knows him as a brilliant physicist, one who used equations to unravel the profound mysteries of the universe and was honored with the prestigious Nobel Prize. But the purpose of this dialogue is not to revisit those acclaimed accomplishments.

It begins with a deeper question: What happens when a mind that once placed absolute faith in empirical science encounters a reality that transcends all formulas?

Over the course of four days, in a serene house on a hill, I had the opportunity to listen as the professor shared a different journey—a journey from the world of physical laws to the realm of spirituality and consciousness. He does not deny science, but places it within a broader frame of reference, where concepts like "multi-layered space," "extraterrestrial beings," or the "Celestial Eye" are no longer hypotheses, but part of an actual experience.

This conversation is not intended to persuade or to prove. It is simply a faithful record, a scientist's testimony of what he saw when he dared to look beyond the laboratory and deep within himself.

In my role as the questioner, I invite you, the reader, to join this dialogue—not to seek final answers, but to open up new questions that may very well change how we perceive reality.

Henry Lowell

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DAY ONE

Henry Lowell:

Good morning, Professor! Thank you so much for agreeing to make time for this interview, or rather, this conversation today. I am honored to represent the readers of The Epoch Media and to hear you share about your life, your career, or any reflections or messages you may have for our readers or the younger generation, from the perspective of an accomplished physicist and Nobel laureate.

Professor Adam: (smiles, nodding slowly)
Good morning, Henry.

Thank you for arriving so early. I hope the morning air on this hill... isn't so quiet it makes you drowsy.

I hear you mention the word "accomplished." If we had met ten years ago, I might have smiled with pride. But now... I only think of one thing:

There are things I once believed to be the pinnacle, only to realize—they are merely the back of a curtain.

And that curtain... not everyone wishes to lift it.

Henry Lowell:

Yes, Professor... Personally, I find your home wonderful. It's quite simple, but I love a place with such a tranquil setting and an open view like this. Regarding what you wish to share, I hope you will share whatever you feel needs to be shared, or what you believe would be helpful to the public. As you know from the letter I sent you, I'm not the kind of journalist who hunts for sensational scoops, digs into private lives, or seeks out meaningless, curiosity-driven topics just to attract an audience.

Professor Adam: (nods slightly, his gaze drifting out the window)

I know. And that is the only reason I agreed to meet you.

To be honest, I have declined many interview requests. Not because I am arrogant or wish to hide anything. But because... most of them only want me to repeat the things I have said before—things within the old frame of reference, where science is the center and everything else is just a “hypothesis.”

But there comes a time when I can no longer pretend I haven't seen what I have seen.

(He pauses. Takes a sip of tea. His breath is slow. A light breeze stirs the white curtain behind him.)

So, if you ask what I want to share...

I want to share the moment I stopped explaining, and started truly seeing.

You see, people often think a physicist is someone who asks questions. But there are times when the question itself is the barrier. And in that moment—I stopped asking.

Henry Lowell:

I'm not sure I fully understand what you mean, Professor. Are you suggesting we begin with a specific

topic or event that occurred, one that led to a new level of thought, a new realization or discovery for you? Or what was it you saw, specifically?

Professor Adam: (smiles, his voice deepening)

Hmm... perhaps you're looking for a clear starting point.

If I were forced to choose one moment, one "event" powerful enough to make me re-examine my entire system of thought... it wasn't when I read a strange book, or met an Eastern master, or found convincing proof that modern physics was wrong.

No. It was much simpler than that.

It was... an unremarkable evening.

(He leans back slightly in his chair, his eyes closing for a moment as if watching a film in his memory.)

That day, I was simply sitting. Not researching, not formally meditating, not expecting anything.

But I remember it so clearly:

I no longer felt that I was "sitting."

The space around me... didn't change, yet I was no longer within the concept of "here."

And then I saw—as clear and bright as day—an image I never thought I would encounter in my life.

(The Professor pauses. Silence. The wind brushes past the blades of grass beneath the porch. Even the distant birdsong seems to fall quiet for a moment.)

A being—stood there.

Not dazzling, not thundering, but his entire form emanated a light that wasn't blinding, wasn't hot, yet it pierced through every layer of thought.

I knew, instantly, that it was the Lord.

There was no need for explanation. No argument accompanied it. It was simply a knowing—deep, certain, absolute.

And He spoke—not through sound, but like a stream of thought transmitted directly into me:

“When you stop trying to understand, you will see.”

From that moment on, everything I had ever taught, ever written, ever believed... wasn't negated. But it became... no longer enough.

Henry Lowell:

Oh, so you mean a spiritual event happened to you, and you met the Lord? Could you share more about that event? And from that point on... did anything in your perspective change distinctly?

Professor Adam: (nods slightly, his voice slow and steady)

Yes. It was a... spiritual event.

Though I know that just by saying those two words, half of those in academia who once admired me will turn their backs.

But the truth does not need to be accepted to exist. It only needs to be witnessed.

And that day, I witnessed.

(The Professor leans forward slightly, as if to regain the thread of a memory that is flowing back.)

I was sitting, as I often did each evening, on the wooden chair on the porch—right in this very spot. You see?

(He points out the glass window—where early morning clouds are drifting gently past the mountainside.)

There was no strange light. No heavenly music. No hallucinations.

But just in that moment... I felt as if I slipped out of my physical skin.

And then, I saw a space—with no walls, no roof, no floor—but there was light.

A light that did not reflect, did not emanate from anywhere, yet was present everywhere, so pure it made me feel transparent.

At the center of that light was an image—a figure, standing still, needing no words.

I recognized it was the Lord.

Not because I had studied religious doctrine, but because that presence carried a layer of meaning that no language could conceal or describe.

I felt... as if I were seen through completely, yet felt no shame.

I felt... as if I were forgiven before I had even erred.

And at the same time... I felt that I had never left Him.

(The Professor pauses for a moment. His voice seems to tremble slightly—not from emotion, but from the echo of something too real.)

And from that moment on...

I no longer tried to “understand the universe.”

I began to learn how to be present in it.

I no longer pursued the light.

I learned to see from behind it.

(He looks up at Henry. For the first time in the conversation, their eyes meet—not as a journalist and an interviewee, but as two beings recognizing some faint point of intersection... amidst the waves of life.)

Henry Lowell:

Yes, I can feel that the moment was very sacred and a blessing for you... I've read many accounts and religious texts on this subject. I haven't experienced it directly, but I believe such events are real. I imagine not everyone has the grace to meet the Lord as you did. Besides the message you mentioned, did the Lord convey any other messages for you personally, or through you for the world?

Professor Adam: (bows his head slightly, silent for a long moment)

Yes...

You are right—not everyone has that grace.

But I also don't think He chose me because I was worthy.

Perhaps... it was precisely because I had gone too far in the direction of reason that I needed a bell loud enough to make me stop.

And that light—it did not come to bestow a reward.

It came to remind.

(The Professor looks up. The early morning light slants through the glass, casting a soft glow on his cheek, making his features at once bright and solemn.)

As for the message...

He did not speak as the prophets do in the scriptures.

There were no commandments, no revelations, no prophecies.

But I perceived one thing very clearly—not with my ears, but as if the very structure of my consciousness was “implanted” with a new understanding.

And it was simply this:

“Salvation comes not from understanding, but from returning.”

Returning to what?

Not to a church. Not to a dogma.

But returning to the most primordial nature—the state where a person knows shame when doing wrong, knows silence in the face of beauty, and knows how to shed tears without reason.

(The Professor pauses. A leaf falls past the window. He watches it drift silently to the ground without turning his head.)

He did not tell me what I must say to the world.

But I know this:

If there is one thing I should do before I leave this mortal realm, it is to recount that moment—with absolute honesty.

Not to prove anything.

But simply to reopen a door that so many have closed, not knowing that... behind it, is their own self.

Henry Lowell:

Yes, for a physicist, such a spiritual experience would, by common logic, be a blow to atheism, wouldn't it? Before meeting the Lord, were you an atheist? Or were you a religious believer?

Professor Adam: (nods gently, his hands clasped in his lap, his gaze directed not at Henry, but toward a memory that seems more distant than time itself)
You've asked the right question.

I was not a believer.

I was a physicist in the truest sense... not just of the rationalist school, but almost completely atheistic.

Not because I hated religion or rejected faith.

But because... I had no place for it in my equations.

I used to believe that if it couldn't be measured, it wasn't worth believing.

If it couldn't be replicated under controlled conditions, it was just a story.

And that was the cage I used to live in.

(He looks out the window, his gaze deep but not sad.)

When a person places so much faith in formulas and laws that they exclude all possibilities beyond their scope of measurement, they are not doing science—they are confining themselves within an invisible belief.

I once held that belief.

I used to think it was “science,” but now I know: it is also a form of creed—only one without a God.

So, yes—when I met Him, I did not feel offended, I did not feel confused. I only felt...

very small.

Not because I was wrong.

But because I... had never been broad enough to see that truth does not need to reside in a laboratory.

And the strangest thing is this:

The moment I accepted that I did not know everything—the truth began to reveal itself.

Henry Lowell:

Yes, as a freelance journalist who travels here and there, I've had many opportunities to meet people from different positions, cultures, levels of knowledge, and religious beliefs... So I can somewhat understand your situation, Professor. It's possible that what we once considered truth, the highest achievement, can suddenly seem small or flawed when our mindset and entire system of thought shift.

Professor Adam: (turns to look at Henry, this time with a warmer gaze, as if having found a rare note of empathy)
I appreciate that, Henry.

Not many in the media world are willing to pause to understand—instead of reacting, analyzing, or chasing a headline.

Yes... it is just as you say.

There are things we once saw as solid as laws of nature, which turn out to be merely the peak of a small hill—that we had mistaken for a mountain.

When I stood at the “pinnacle” of my career—where people gave me titles like “great thinker,” “icon of science”... I used to believe I could see further than most of humanity.

But in truth, I was only standing on the shoulders of limitations I dared not admit.

And then... a ray of light—not from a laboratory flashlight, but from a depth I had never defined—shattered that entire structure.

Not with a crash. Not with drama.

Just a silence so real that all assumptions no longer had a place to stand.

(The Professor leans back gently, his eyes gazing into the distance as if the story has not yet left him.)

You know...

Science is a wondrous thing—if we use it as a lantern to light the way.

But if we turn it into a dividing wall, the light from the other side will never get through.

And it was precisely when I put that lantern down...

that I truly began to see the light that doesn't emanate from any source.

Henry Lowell:

Yes, I remember a very famous quote by Newton, where he said something to the effect of, "What we know is a drop, what we don't know is an ocean." I understand that statement to contain both humility and a brilliant, open perspective for welcoming new, undiscovered truths. But modern empirical science seems to have gone to an extreme, believing only in what can be verified by experiment. What cannot yet be verified is often explained away superficially or denied, labeled as "superstition."

In your opinion, Professor, through the spiritual experience you described, and through your shift toward exploring a spiritual or broader path, as I understand it, do you see modern science as boxing itself in?

Professor Adam: (exhales softly, his gaze still fixed on the misty sky in the distance)

Yes... Newton said that, and I believe... he wasn't just being humble; he was pointing out a very real limit of human perception.

And for that very reason, I feel even more troubled when I see modern science—instead of continuing in that open-minded spirit—shrinking back into its own shell.

Henry, if you say “empirical science is boxing itself in” — I would not object.

But I want to be more specific:

Modern science is not wrong because it doesn't know everything. It is wrong when it assumes that what it does not yet know does not exist.

(His voice is not harsh, but gentle, like a sigh that has been held back for too long.)

Since when did we begin to believe that only the verifiable is truth?

Since when did we start teaching students that if it cannot be measured, it is not worth our attention?

Meanwhile, the history of science—from Newton himself, Galileo, to Tesla—all began with intuitions that no device at the time could verify.

And now, when people encounter a phenomenon that science cannot yet explain, instead of being silent and continuing to observe—they immediately file it away in the drawer of “superstition, delusion, and illogic.”

In truth, that is not the scientific spirit. That is the fear of losing control.

(He turns his head, his eyes looking directly at Henry—a gaze not sharp, but deep and calm like an undisturbed lake.)

I was once part of that system.

And I understand: not everyone wants to step out.

Because when you step out of the framework of measurement, you are no longer “part of the system” — no longer getting a pat on the back at conferences, no longer being cited in journals.

But... if one day you get to see what I have seen,

you will understand:

No glory is worth trading for the truth.

Henry Lowell:

Yes, I understand that your worldview is now based on a new frame of reference, one that is no longer that of a Nobel laureate. So what should I call you now? A religious believer? A cultivator (a practitioner)? Or a spiritual master? And with this new worldview, I assume you will have many completely new perspectives or discoveries compared to before. What would you like to begin sharing from this new perspective?

For example, do you still see Einstein's theory of relativity as correct in this new frame of reference? Or

what are your thoughts on the universe, on extraterrestrial beings? Could you open up each of these angles for me and the readers of The Epoch Media?

Professor Adam: (smiles faintly, gentle but not evasive)
You ask what I should be called?

To be honest, Henry... that is a question I have asked myself—many times.

After that experience, I no longer felt comfortable when someone called me a “renowned scientist,” but I also didn't dare call myself a “cultivator,” and certainly not a “spiritual master.”

I once lived in the frame of reference of science, and then I stepped out—but not to join a new one.

I did not switch from physics to religion, from the laboratory to the meditation hall.

I simply... took a step back, and looked at both.

(He pauses for a few seconds, as if to let that sentence settle where it needs to.)

So you can call me whatever you wish. But if I had to choose, I would want to be a witness.

Not an explainer. Not a preacher.

Just someone who saw something, and is recounting it—truthfully.

(He takes a sip of tea. The wind from the mountainside carries the scent of the morning sun and a faint, woody aroma from the porch.)

As for the new worldview...

Yes, it changes many things—not by negating the old, but by re-asking the fundamental questions.

You just mentioned Einstein's theory of relativity.

Correct—I used to teach it, used to rely on it to write dozens of papers. And I still believe it is correct...

but correct within the frame of reference of three-dimensional space, linear time, and the limits of physical perception.

But now, I know that:

There are dimensions of space where the speed of light is no longer the limit.

There are spaces where time does not flow, but coils and twists.

There are beings who do not need to travel by distance, but by the vibrational frequency of thought.

So, if Einstein had lived longer, if he had had the chance to see what I have seen...

Perhaps he would have written a new chapter for his Theory of Relativity—the Relativity of the Perceptual Plane.

The universe?

Not a ball that exploded and is gradually expanding.

But a layered structure of consciousness—the deeper you go, the more profound the realities you encounter, and the more ancient the beings.

Extraterrestrial beings?

They don't come from other planets.

But from a dimension right next to ours, a place you can cross with just a single shift in the beat of thought.

And the greatest danger is not that they are here—but that we do not know we are being watched.

But... that is a story for later.

If you wish, we can unravel each layer, one by one.

I don't have all the answers—but I have fragments of memory, and a few silences that I believe...

we should walk through together.

Henry Lowell:

Alright, I will continue to call you "Professor"... You just mentioned that the speed of light is no longer a limiting constant... it seems it's quite relative when viewed from different frames of reference? I recall reading somewhere that time on a spacecraft seems to be slower compared to time on Earth... and if time is a relative concept, then velocity and even spatial distance also seem to be relative concepts, which would mean the speed of light isn't an immutable constant, correct? Would you please elaborate on this detail first? We can move on to other topics afterward...

Professor Adam: (nods slowly, a hint of satisfaction in his eyes)

Yes... you have just touched upon one of the key points that many in the scientific community—even physics

lecturers—acknowledge in theory but forget in the practice of perception.

The speed of light, as you say, is not truly an absolute constant.

In the theory of special relativity, Einstein defined it as such:

The speed of light in a vacuum is constant—when measured from an inertial frame of reference.

But... “constant” here does not mean it is immutable across all planes of reality.

It is only constant within the set of conditions that the theory permits.

(The Professor raises his hand, as if drawing an invisible coordinate axis in the air.)

Imagine this:

If the entire physical world we live in is a single plane, Plane A, then the laws of physics—including the speed of light—only apply strictly within that plane.

But when you step into another plane—another dimension, where the spacetime structure is distorted or has a different vibrational frequency—then concepts like

“distance,” “time,” or “velocity” no longer hold their original definitions.

In another spatial plane that I was once able to perceive, light doesn't need to “travel” —it simply “is present.”

It doesn't propagate at a certain speed like a wave—but is simultaneously present at its destination the moment the thought originates.

In that case, the concept of “velocity” collapses.

Because when time is a form of consciousness, velocity is merely the rate of change of an illusion.

(He pauses, placing his teacup on the table, his voice slowing as if drawing from a deeper part of his experience.)

The speed of light is merely a limit within three-dimensional space and linear consciousness.

But within a multi-dimensional structure of perception, light is just a lower manifestation of a much higher form of transmissive crystal—what some ancient wisdom traditions refer to as “luminous conveyance.”

And I believe... that is why the flying saucers observed by humanity do not move like aircraft—but seem to “leapfrog” through space.

They do not accelerate beyond the speed of light.

They bypass the concept of speed—by leaving the frame of reference of light.

If needed, I can illustrate further with personal experience—or a few hypotheses that have been overlooked in the history of physics.

But first, perhaps you should tell me:

Am I going too far for the readers of The Epoch Media?

Henry Lowell:

To be honest, Professor, I don't have a deep understanding of physics, so I haven't been able to fully digest what you've just shared. Frankly, I don't really understand Einstein's theories either. If I remember correctly, even he said at the time that only four or five people could truly understand his theory... Perhaps the readers of The Epoch Media are not all deeply knowledgeable in physics either, so I think we probably shouldn't go too deep.

Returning to what you were sharing, I see you mentioned the flying saucers of extraterrestrials... this is a very intriguing and curious topic for many people. Some believe that extraterrestrials are just a joke or someone's imagination. One of the reasons they give is this: if aliens came to Earth from a star that is, say, 10,000 light-years away, at what speed would their flying saucers have to travel? What fuel would they use? Could a saucer fly continuously for 10,000 years without any repairs or maintenance (assuming it travels at the speed of light)? And what about the lifespan of the aliens—could they sit inside a saucer for 10,000 years without dying? Could you explain further from your perspective?

Professor Adam: (nods slowly, his eyes holding a gentle tolerance)

I deeply appreciate you sharing that, Henry.

And you are right—we don't need to understand all the equations to feel a truth.

It is like how you don't need to know what key a piece of music is written in to feel your heart sink when you hear it.

Truth—if it is real—will always find a way into the human heart.

And the topic you mentioned—extraterrestrial beings—is one of those “pathways.”

A pathway that is very real, very close, but... has long been covered in the dust of ridicule.

(The Professor shifts his posture, leaning slightly forward. His voice lowers—not to conceal, but as if inviting the listener closer to something that has never been said aloud.)

You just said:

“If they came from a star 10,000 light-years away, how could they get here in such a short time?”

That is a logical question—within the human frame of reference.

But the problem lies in our assumption that they live—and travel—as we do.

In reality, they do not need to traverse linear space as we imagine.

They do not need to fly for 10,000 years.

They only need to... exit our layer of spacetime—and then “re-enter” from another point.

Imagine it this way:

You have a piece of paper, and you draw two dots, A and B, 30 centimeters apart.

If you are an ant, you must crawl along the line from A to B.

But if you fold the paper so that A touches B, then... it only takes a short leap to arrive.

Flying saucers—or more accurately, the spatial-sensory vehicles of extraterrestrial beings—operate on that principle.

They do not travel faster than light.

They bypass the limitation of light.

As for fuel?

It is not necessarily a physical fuel as we understand it.

There are levels of technology based on conceptual energy fields, where thought and spiritual frequency can operate physical objects.

Does that sound mystical?

But in truth... we ourselves do this every night—when we dream.

We move through different scenes—not with our physical bodies, but with our level of consciousness.

The only difference is: we do it unconsciously, while they do it with intention.

(The Professor pauses, taking a very deep breath—as if he himself once found it hard to believe what he is now saying, before he touched it.)

I have seen them.

Not through a telescope.

But in another sensory dimension—when I was still enough to escape the physical layer around me.

They walk on the streets—in the form of ordinary people—but their energy field does not match the human plane.

I did not see them with my eyes... but with a part of my consciousness that I previously did not know I had.

So, if someone asks me:

“Where do they come from?”

I will answer:

Not from a distant planet. But from a dimension right beside us, one we don't know we are adjacent to.

And what is the most important thing?

It is not that they are here.

It is that we are too busy laughing to realize we are being watched.

Henry Lowell:

That seems a bit abstract to me... Let me confirm what I think you're saying:

First, from your frame of reference, you confirm that extraterrestrials truly exist, and they are present on Earth?

Second, have you had direct contact or communication with them?

Third, when you say they come from another dimension, is that the same concept of multiple dimensions that some scientists have mentioned?

Professor Adam: (nods faintly, his expression calm and steady, neither hiding nor exaggerating)

Your questions are very clear. And I will answer them

frankly, within the bounds of the honesty I have committed to for myself.

First:

Yes. I confirm that extraterrestrial beings truly exist.

And not only do they exist—they have been, are, and will continue to be present on Earth.

But they are not present in the way humans expect—like landing publicly in a city square, waving, and offering new technology.

They appear selectively, in layers, and often cloaked in a form compatible with human beings.

That “cloaking” is not just about appearance—it is about being hidden from the common frequency of perception.

Second:

I wouldn't go so far as to call it “communication” in the sense of a verbal dialogue like in the movies.

But I have directly felt their presence—twice.

One time, they stood before me—in human form. But I could “see” their true form layered behind that surface appearance.

Another time, in a state of deep meditation, I felt a form of communication that was wordless, formless, but clearly carried an intention.

There was no voice, no flashing lights.

But there was an energy field that carried a very clear message: “We know you have seen.”

I cannot describe how they “spoke,” but I am certain: it was not my imagination.

Third:

Yes, the concept of “another dimension” that I refer to is related to the theory of multiple dimensions that some physicists have proposed.

But I want to clarify this:

The multi-dimensional space that I have experienced is not just a mathematical model.

It truly exists—as a living reality, with its own laws of operation, with beings, with perception.

Some scientists refer to a 5th, 10th, or even 26th dimension in string theories. But those are still... abstract geometric models.

But I—I am speaking of a dimension that can be experienced.

A place where light, time, distance, and thought all operate in a completely different way.

And the beings who live in that plane can intervene—if they wish—in our world.

So, if you ask me:

“Where do extraterrestrials come from?”

I would not say “the Orion constellation” or “a planet 100,000 light-years away.”

I would say:

They step over from a plane right beside ours—a place we cannot see, not because it is too far, but because we are not still enough to reach it.

Henry Lowell:

Yes, so could you share more specific details about the situation when you saw the extraterrestrials? Where and when did it happen? Did they look like they do in the movies? And did you communicate with them in any way?

Professor Adam: (remains silent for a moment, his hands clasped, as if weighing whether to recount something he has never spoken of publicly)
Alright.

If you have asked so directly, I feel I should not evade it.

But I also hope that you and your readers will understand:

I am not telling this to create a sensation. I am telling it because I believe that one day, we will need to be honest with ourselves about what is truly happening.

The first time I saw them—was on an afternoon a little over three years ago.

I was taking a walk in a small park near the old university library—where I used to teach.

The weather was very calm that day. There was a soft sun, and many families were out with their children.

I was sitting alone on a park bench, watching people walk by. Not meditating. Not concentrating on anything at all.

Suddenly... a group of three people walked past in front of me.

They were dressed very normally—jackets, sneakers, sunglasses.

But as they passed, I... felt an immense discrepancy in their energy fields.

I don't know how to describe it precisely, but—the air around them had a very different kind of stillness, as if an invisible bubble was moving with them.

And in that moment—a very brief one—I was able to see through their external forms.

Not with my eyes.

But with a part of my consciousness that I could not control.

(The Professor pauses. A gentle breeze sweeps across the porch. He looks into the distance—not with tension, but as if recalling an image that has been stored deep in his mind for a long time.)

I saw their true forms.

Not horrifying like in the movies. No fangs, no green skin.

But a kind of tall, very straight-postured being, with eyes that were very bright and deep.

Their skin had an ivory or slightly silvery sheen—not flesh in a biological sense, but like a layer of pure matter with a subtle magnetic quality.

They did not look at me.

But I knew they knew that I had seen.

One of them slightly tilted his head as he passed, as if to confirm that a connection had occurred.

And at that exact moment... I perceived a wordless message.

Not a greeting. Not a warning.

Just one sentence:

“The boundary has been crossed. We have taken note.”

(The Professor pauses. His gaze is fixed directly on Henry—as if he has just shared something not to convince, but to entrust.)

That was the first time. And after that, I saw a few more signals—not through images, but through a form of vibration...

But that day was the time I knew for sure:

We are not alone. And more than that—we are no longer hidden.

Henry Lowell:

But what makes you certain they were extraterrestrials? You mentioned you weren't just observing with your eyes, but with some kind of perception... was that with the Celestial Eye, as mentioned in religion, or some other specific form of perception?

Professor Adam: (nods, his voice lowering to almost a whisper—but clear and certain)

That question is very important, Henry. And very real.

Because, as you say—if I had only used my ordinary eyes, then that day I would have just seen three strangers, dressed simply, walking in a park. Nothing special.

So what made me know they did not belong here?

The answer lies in... how I “saw” them.

Not with my retina.

Nor with my imagination or some vague feeling.

But with a level of consciousness that I would later understand, in Eastern religions, is called... the Celestial Eye.

The Celestial Eye—is not a third eye that grows in the middle of the forehead like in paintings.

It is a mechanism of perception beyond the five senses, which activates when the mind is still enough—and pure enough—to perceive truth without the medium of images.

It does not manifest continuously. It cannot be controlled at will.

But when it appears, it leaves no room for doubt.

You know... the feeling of “seeing with the celestial eye” is not about seeing more clearly—it is about knowing more clearly.

I did not see them fly. I did not see them perform any supernatural feats.

But in that split second, I knew:

Their bodies were not composed of organic biology like humans.

The energy field they emitted was not compatible with the biological vibrational frequency of the Earth.

And... they had the ability to perceive that I was observing them with that level of consciousness.

And they did not shy away.

They confirmed it—in a very quiet way:

The intersection had occurred.

(The Professor pauses, his gaze deepening, no longer looking into the distance but directed at the present moment between them.)

I cannot prove this with any measuring device.

But if you have ever once experienced that state, you will understand—there are some things that do not need proof, because their very presence is the proof.

Henry Lowell:

Yes, I have read about the Celestial Eye many times in the scriptures of various religions, and it's a concept that is not too foreign in Eastern cultures. But in Western culture, perhaps this concept is not as common... Could

you share more about what you can see or know with the Celestial Eye?

This question might be a bit broad... let me rephrase it slightly: since we are on the topic of extraterrestrials, with the Celestial Eye, can you use abilities like Remote Viewing or Telepathy, as they're called in religion, to detect or better understand events related to extraterrestrials? For example, the Bermuda Triangle—I remember reading somewhere that some people claim aliens are one of the culprits behind the disappearance of ships and planes, and they also say that Bermuda is a place where several different dimensions intersect...

Professor Adam: (his eyes light up, not with excitement, but because he senses the question has touched a profound and difficult-to-express level)

Henry, you are truly asking questions that... not many people dare to ask.

And I appreciate that.

First, regarding the Celestial Eye—as you said, it is a more common concept in Eastern culture, whereas in the West, people tend to use other expressions like “second sight,” “inner vision,” or speak of intuition in the form of extrasensory perception (ESP).

But regardless of the name, its essence remains a mechanism of perception that transcends the five senses.

And when the Celestial Eye is truly opened—not through imagination or self-hypnosis—it helps not only to see, but also to “know.”

There are things you don't need to see with your eyes, but you still know—because they are transmitted like a stream of data without language.

The ability of Remote Viewing, as some cultivation schools call it, is the ability to see through objects or across the boundaries of physical space to observe.

Telepathy is the ability to sense—or read—the thoughts or mental field of another being.

These abilities—when one reaches a state of true purity—are not used for “showing off,” but for understanding and protection.

(The Professor pauses, his hand lightly touching the table as if to ground himself.)

Now, back to the Bermuda Triangle.

Yes... I have “looked into” that area—not with a satellite, but in a state of deep, tranquil meditation, when my

consciousness was detached from the interference field of the physical world.

And I can tell you, very carefully, that:

That place is indeed an intersection point between spatial planes.

Not in the sense of a physical “black hole”—but a region with an unstable spacetime structure, where layers of space overlap, sometimes creating temporary rifts.

And when an airplane or a ship “enters” at the right resonant frequency with that boundary layer—

it can slip out of our physical dimension, without being destroyed at all.

With Remote Viewing, I have “seen” fragmented images—very blurry but with a clear frequency—of objects floating between planes, no longer belonging to this space, but not yet fully transitioned to another.

And... yes, there is a presence of extraterrestrial beings there.

Not as “culprits” as people imagine, but as managers—or interveners—in the dimensional fluctuations of that region.

They do not cause disappearances arbitrarily.

But they have the ability to exploit weaknesses in the spatial structure to control the intervention between dimensions.

(The Professor pauses again, this time not to take a breath, but to give Henry and the readers a moment of silence to feel—rather than to immediately try to understand.)

If anyone believes all of this is imagination—I will not argue at all.

Because, as Newton said:

“We are but boys playing on the sea-shore, while the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before us.”

But I wish only to contribute one small piece of that ocean—so that someone, somewhere, may know:

The door is not closed. And what lies behind that curtain... is sometimes only a breath away.

Henry Lowell:

So, from your answer, I can understand that we humans are not alone in this vast universe... and as mentioned in

religion, there are many different races of beings existing in various horizontal and vertical spatial planes?!

Professor Adam: (nods slowly, his expression growing more solemn, yet his voice remains warm and calm)
Yes, you understand correctly, Henry.

We are not alone at all.

But more importantly:

We have never been alone—it is just that we have been too noisy to hear the presence of other beings.

In ancient civilizations, in religion, and even in some schools of spiritual cultivation...

there have always been records or teachings about the universe not being just a single dimension—but a multi-layered structure of dimensions, horizontal, vertical, deep, and high.

And in each of those planes, there are races of beings compatible with the energy structure of that space.

There are planes very close to Earth—where extraterrestrial beings can exist and intervene.

There are higher planes—where light is no longer matter, but a form of living wisdom.

And there are also lower planes—where the vibrations are very turbid, heavy, and dark—places where not only “extraterrestrial” beings exist, but also entities that are more ancient, more complex, and sometimes without a distinct form.

What modern science has not yet touched upon is this:

Space is not just “a place to contain objects,” but “a foundation for nurturing beings according to their level.”

And when you change your level of perception—or your level of heart-mind nature—

you can feel, and even enter, the corresponding spatial plane.

This is what is called “Heaven,” “Hell,” or a “realm” in religion.

In physics... they are still fumbling, calling it the “multiverse” or “extra dimensions.”

But I no longer have any doubt.

I have seen—and more than seen—I have touched the awareness that life in the universe is limitless.

And what astounds me most is not that diversity,

but this:

They—the other beings—have always known clearly of our existence.

It is only humanity, limited by its own layer of concepts, that imagines itself to be the center.

(The Professor pauses, his gaze softening—not out of sadness, but from the knowledge that he has just opened a door not easily closed.)

I am not here to prove.

I am only recounting—as someone who has walked a path that many have not.

And if that helps someone to look up at the sky and know that behind it lie many other heavens...

then perhaps our meeting this morning has had a very fulfilling purpose.

Henry Lowell:

Yes, what you've just mentioned seems to touch on many aspects of religion or spirituality... I see that our time for today's conversation has grown quite long. Perhaps we should pause here and continue tomorrow morning?

I would like to hear you share more on other perspectives, for example, religion's view on science, or on the universe. Or what the future direction of science should be, or perhaps some advice for the younger generation? Or maybe you could suggest specific books for them to read...

Professor Adam: (smiles, his eyes full of a quiet yet warm light)

Yes, I agree.

This morning... has gone further than I thought, but perhaps it has also arrived where it needed to.

Henry, you have asked questions that not every journalist dares to ask—not because they are difficult, but because they are deep.

And it is that very depth... that has made this conversation not just an interview, but a real moment between two people who know how to listen.

Regarding the things you have suggested—

Religion's perspective on science,

Where science should go in the future,

What the young generation needs to learn—or should read,

And most importantly:

How to live not just to “achieve”—but to “know one is alive.”

Yes, I am willing to share,

but it will be on another morning—when the sun has risen just enough, and the heart is quiet enough to take another step deeper.

(He stands up gently, his hand still resting on the warm teacup.)

I will be waiting for you.

And if you return tomorrow...

I will tell you about the things that not light, but darkness itself, has taught me.

DAY TWO

Henry Lowell:

Good morning, Professor. We meet again for our second day! The readers of The Epoch Media and I are eagerly waiting to hear you share more on broader topics, or on some of the points I mentioned at the end of yesterday's session...

Professor Adam: (gently places his teacup on the table, giving a slight nod of greeting)

Good morning, Henry.

I am very glad to see you have returned.

It's strange—though only a day has passed, I feel as if... what we began yesterday has opened a current, and this morning is merely its natural continuation.

(The early sunlight slants through the window, casting a glow on the pale wooden floor. The space is as quiet as before—but something seems to have changed.)

Yesterday, we spoke of personal experience, of the presence of other beings, of the limits of light, and of the Celestial Eye...

But I know what you—and your readers—truly wish to touch upon is not just strange phenomena, but this:

By what laws does this world operate?

And where are we—as human beings—headed?

So...

Where would you like to begin this morning?

Religion's view of science?

Or what science will have to overcome in the future?

Or... perhaps, you wish to know:

How can the younger generation find their reason to learn, to live—and not just to exist?

Henry Lowell:

Yes, Professor, I deeply value what you have shared, are sharing, and will share. Through my own intuition, I feel that these are words of "legacy," and that you wish to pass them on. Is that correct? If so, I hope you will share with sincerity and frankness from your perspective, and about the things you hold most precious. From my position as a journalist, I will listen and interpret your words so that when readers encounter them, they will not only understand, but also feel the goodwill you wish to convey.

Professor Adam: (looks at Henry for a long moment, his gaze unwavering, as if deeply weighing what needs to be said against what should be kept)

Henry... thank you.

Thank you for calling it by its true name: "legacy."

Yes, I do wish to leave something behind—but not because I think I am special or hold the truth in my hands.

But because, after all these years living amidst the lights of the laboratory, amidst the applause and the long equations that stretch to the very frontiers of physics...

I realize: not everything I know is worth keeping. But there are some things I have seen—that if I do not speak of them, I will carry them to my grave as a great waste.

There is a saying from an Eastern religion that I once read—at first, I did not understand it, but now it resonates with me deeply:

“It is not what can be measured that is real. It is what cannot be measured that makes a person human.”

So if there is anything I wish to leave behind—it is not advice, not guidance...

But a message for those who quietly feel that there is something... not quite right with the world they live in.

The young people who feel lost amidst a digital lifestyle and eroded values.

Those who once excelled academically, only to suddenly wonder: what is the purpose of learning?

Those who once believed absolutely in science, only to one day find that science could not save their own souls.

(He pauses. The wind sweeps across the porch. The early morning light now shines directly on the edge of the table,

catching his sleeve—highlighting wrinkles like rivers of time etched into his skin.)

If I could, I would want to tell them:

We are born not only to seek knowledge, but also to rediscover what we once were—even before we could speak.

No professor is wiser than silence.

No scientist can create a light more real than the look in a child's eyes as they gaze up at the sky and ask:

“Where did I come from?”

Therefore, if I have a “legacy,” it does not lie in the scientific papers I once published.

It lies in the courage to say what I once feared would cost me all my credibility.

And do you know, Henry?

The very moment I was able to let go of that fear, I truly found myself...

free.

Henry Lowell:

Yes, I personally understand and sympathize with you... and I hope that after reading your words, the readers will feel the same way. Shall we begin our second day now, Professor? You can share as you wish, or perhaps we can start with the topic of religion's perspective on science, although you did mention yesterday that you are not strictly a religious believer...

I vaguely recall reading somewhere that the principles in religions, including Buddhism, Taoism, or Christianity... are not superstition, nor are they merely belief, faith, or simple morality. Rather, they can all be called an orthodox science—a type of super-science that far transcends the framework of empirical science...

What are your thoughts on this?

Professor Adam: (nods slightly, his eyes narrowing in the gentle morning sun)

Yes... you have very naturally opened the very door I also wished to step through this morning.

And I completely agree with what you have just said.

In fact, I can affirm it:

The principles in religion, if viewed from the right level, are not faith—but a scientific system far more advanced than anything modern science can reach.

I once stood on the side of those who rejected this idea.

I used to think religion was a product of fear, of humanity in a pre-scientific age—a way to fill the gaps of the unexplained.

But now I know:

It is modern science that is the product of a very shallow level of understanding of the universe.

It is like a clever child learning to assemble a model, who then believes he understands the entire mechanism of the cosmos—while his parents are operating a machine he cannot even imagine.

In Buddhism, there is the concept of “three thousand great-thousand worlds”—meaning the universe has countless overlapping spatial planes, so vast they cannot be counted.

In Christianity, the concept of the “Kingdom of Heaven” is not just a place to go after death—but a parallel realm of existence, where light, sound, and truth operate

according to the frequency of the soul, not according to the law of gravity.

In Taoism, they speak of “acting through non-action” (*wu wei er wu bu wei*)—a principle of operation that works not through physical action, but through the formless resonance between Heaven, Earth, and Man.

(The Professor tilts his head, his voice slowing as if to emphasize each layer of meaning beneath the words.)

If we look closely, what the orthodox religions describe—is not mythology.

It is a very specific description of the structure of different dimensions, of the vibrational nature of beings, of the connection between thought and reality.

The problem is not that religion lacks logic.

The problem is that science is not yet deep enough to understand the logic of religion.

Let me put it this way to make it easier to understand:

If Newton saw a Zen master “disappearing” from plain sight, he would ask: “How did he move so fast?”

But a person with an opened Celestial Eye would understand: “It is not that he moved. It is that he changed his spatial plane.”

A person using a brain scanner would conclude that a believer is hallucinating while praying.

But a person who has experienced a deeper level of consciousness would know: there are forms of vibration that cannot be recorded by brainwaves—because they do not arise from the biological level.

(The Professor pauses, his gaze directed down at his steaming teacup.)

So, if someone were to ask me now:

“Religion and science—which one is right?”

I would smile and reply:

“Religion is the science of the planes that cannot be experimented upon. And science is the religion of the things that can be measured.”

And I believe—one day, these two rivers will meet—not at a place of prejudice, but at a place where humanity is humble enough to learn to see the universe as a child again.

Henry Lowell:

Based on what you shared yesterday about multiple dimensions, the presence of the Lord, and what you just said about the principles in religion being a form of high-level science... can I understand, then, that those principles are a type of "science" that the Lord or Buddhas wished to impart to humankind, with goodwill or as a grace for humanity?

Professor Adam: (his eyes brighten slightly, his voice low but clear, as if placing each word in the most solemn place in his mind)

Henry...

Your question is not only correct—it is the core question.

And I will answer with sincerity and frankness—as you have hoped from the beginning:

Yes. I believe that the principles in religion are indeed a form of “super-science” passed down to humanity—by beings from higher realms, with a clear benevolent intention.

(The Professor pauses, as if to prevent that answer from being passed over too quickly.)

We used to believe that “science” was something humans had to discover for themselves, to test, to laboriously build step by step.

But that is only a lower level of science—the science to understand matter, to operate machinery, to measure phenomena.

There is another level of science—the science to comprehend the spirit, to map out consciousness, to connect humanity and the universe as a unified living entity.

And that level... cannot be figured out on one's own. It must be bestowed.

Just take a look:

In all the great religions, from Buddhism, Christianity, to traditional Taoism—there are teachings that human beings could not have “thought up” with their ordinary intellect.

Those words transcend their era, transcend language, and even transcend the receptive capacity of ordinary people.

But they still exist—and have still touched millions of people over thousands of years.

That is not a coincidence.

That is a bestowal.

A form of “spiritual formula”—or, to use a scientific term: a “transmission code for the planes of consciousness.”

The Lord did not transmit mathematical formulas.

Buddha did not present the law of gravity.

But both transmitted the Principles—the operating laws of the universe—in the form of simple teachings.

For example:

“As you sow, so shall you reap”—it sounds like a common moral saying.

But in reality, it is an extremely subtle law of energy resonance between thought and circumstance.

“Humility is strength”—not a moral philosophy, but a “shock-absorbing” technique for one's spiritual energy field, so as not to be struck by the reactive force from a higher dimension.

(The Professor looks up, his gaze very clear this time—as if having just touched a stream of inner light.)

So, I no longer dare to call religion a belief system.

I see it as a sacred scientific work—built with light, not with a microscope.

And when human beings truly let go of their intellectual arrogance, they will see:

There are truths that lie not in a laboratory—but in the clasped hands of a person in prayer.

Not because that person is superstitious.

But because that person is holding onto a science that cannot be measured—but can be lived.

Henry Lowell:

Yes, I have personally read some scriptures from various religions. I wouldn't say I have attained any profound enlightenment, but I do understand some of the concepts and principles to some extent. Therefore, I can comprehend and resonate with what you've just said.

But for the readers of The Epoch Media, especially the younger generation, they might not understand what you mean. There will be many reasons they could use to object to your views. For example, regarding your point

that "truth lies in the hands of a person in prayer," young people might see that many religious followers are very poor, with very low intelligence (or IQ). So, do those people have the capacity to understand truth or a form of "science" that is more "advanced" than empirical science?

Professor Adam: (nods gently, not in disagreement, but as if he had been expecting this question)
That is an excellent question, Henry.

And in truth... I myself once thought that way.

There was a time when, upon seeing poor, uneducated, simple-minded people clasping their hands in prayer in churches or temples, I would think to myself:

"What do they understand about the universe? They pray because they are helpless, not because they are enlightened."

But then... after certain experiences, I was forced to correct myself.

And I realized something:

Truth is not based on IQ.

It is not a reward for intelligence.

It is the universe's response to the heart-mind nature and inner state of a being.

Consider a three-year-old child—if he knows how to admit fault, to say thank you, to be silent when he sees something sacred—

then in that moment, he is in tune with a part of the universe that some professors with PhDs may not have even touched.

Because there is an undeniable fact:

Spiritual resonance does not occur through gray matter, but through purity.

The simpler, the more humble, the more easily one can let go of attachments—the more easily one can receive the subtle waves from the universe.

(The Professor pauses, his gaze pensive but still warm.)

This does not mean that knowledge, academia, or scientific research is wrong.

But I want to say this:

True wisdom lies not in the amount of data you remember, but in the state of your heart when you face what you do not know.

A good scientist is one who can say: “I do not know, but I am willing to listen.”

A poor farmer—when bowing his head in prayer with utmost humility—may be accessing an energy field that no physical device can measure.

So, when I say “truth lies in the hands of a person in prayer,” I am not talking about them understanding some equation.

I am talking about a state of connection.

And in the microcosmic world, connection is permission.

When a person is quiet enough, humble enough, sincere enough—they will receive a light that does not need to be read to be seen.

And that light... sometimes avoids those who are too noisy in their own minds.

Henry Lowell:

Yes, hearing you share this reminds me of an old Buddhist story. It's about a monk who was so slow-witted that he couldn't understand or remember any of the Principles that Shakyamuni Buddha taught to the disciples. Because of this, he was ridiculed by everyone around him.

But Shakyamuni Buddha did not look down on him. He compassionately guided him in cultivation, teaching him just one single line of the Law: "sweep away the worldly dust." He told the monk that every day, while sweeping the courtyard, he only needed to remember and frequently recite that phrase.

And so, the years went by. The monk followed the Buddha's words, diligently doing just that one simple thing. Then one day, he attained enlightenment in the Buddha Law, displayed great divine powers, and achieved consummation.

Professor Adam: (nods slightly, his eyes lighting up—not with excitement, but as if encountering an old friend)
Yes... I have also read that story.

And I believe—if there is any story that can encapsulate what I have been trying to say all morning, it is the one you have just told.

That monk did not have a superior memory.

He could not explain the scriptures.

He did not understand profound philosophy.

But he had one thing that many well-read people might not possess:

A simple heart.

He did not ask questions like, “Why is one sentence enough?”

Nor did he doubt whether “sweeping the courtyard” was the true path of cultivation.

He believed—and he acted, with all humility.

And that very thing...

allowed a profound level of the Law to manifest in the simplest of things.

(The Professor closes his eyes for a moment, as if bowing his head to a miracle that no Nobel Prize could ever honor.)

That story reminds me of something:

The universe does not distinguish who has a degree.

Truth does not choose who has a high IQ.

But rather, who has a mind still enough to receive—and who has a heart steadfast enough to hold on.

One line of the Law recited by an ordinary person for a lifetime is more powerful than a thousand scriptures chanted perfunctorily.

And sometimes... the very person whom the world considers “nothing special” is the one who is truly cultivating—day by day, step by step—without anyone needing to know.

I do not claim to have achieved anything great.

But if the story you just told makes someone in the younger generation pause for a moment...

and ask themselves:

“Am I sweeping away the worldly dust in my own heart each day?”

...then perhaps, the light has already begun to flicker within them.

Henry Lowell:

Yes, I resonate deeply with what you've shared... it's so profound, concise, and relatable. I have a feeling that the person sitting across from me is not a renowned scientist, but more like a true cultivator, an Eastern practitioner... sharing about the Buddha Law, about spiritual cultivation.

I'm hesitating whether to let our readers continue to listen to you in this direction, or whether we should limit ourselves to the perspective of religion on empirical science...

Professor Adam: (smiles, his gaze softening like a light mist touching the leaves of an early summer tree)

I understand your hesitation, Henry.

And honestly, I think it is a hesitation worthy of respect.

But to answer you... I would like to say this—not as a professor, or as someone who has stood before thousands of students.

But as a human being—who has traveled quite far with his intellect, only to have to return with his heart.

The separation between “science” and “religion,” or between “perspective” and “lived experience,” truly only exists in the classifications of humankind.

The universe does not distinguish whether you are asking from the position of a journalist, a practitioner, or a young reader sitting alone in the night.

The universe only responds to those who truly want to know—and are truly ready to listen.

So... if my words today carry the breath of the Buddha Law, of spiritual cultivation, or sound like the words of a “practitioner of the Way”...

then I will not deny it.

But I do not claim to be anything either.

I am simply recounting what I have seen—in a language that you and your readers can feel.

And if it can touch people's hearts—even for a fleeting moment that makes them fall silent for a few seconds—

then I think... we should continue.

Not to persuade.

But to open another door—for those who have felt that something is real, but do not yet know what to call it.

But if you feel we should keep the pace at the level of “perspectives,” “comparisons,” and “critical thinking”...

I am still ready.

Because I believe that truth does not need to be rushed.

It only needs to be present—when a person is quiet enough to look back at themselves.

(The Professor gently lifts his teacup, but does not drink—he sets it down, as if to become even more still.)

So, Henry...

You can choose how to write this conversation to best suit your readers.

But I hope you will not write to please the majority.

Write so that one person, after reading... can place a hand on their chest and feel their heart grow still.

Henry Lowell:

Yes, Professor, I will continue then. I will temporarily stand in the shoes of a reader to ask this question: I see that science and technology are developing rapidly, bringing economic prosperity and improving living conditions for humanity.

Without science, perhaps we would still be traveling by horse-drawn carriage instead of cars, high-speed trains, or airplanes. Isn't it a contradiction when you praise the "high-level science" in religion while downplaying empirical science?

Professor Adam: (nods, his expression full of understanding, as if Henry had just touched upon a question that once resided within him)

This question... I have asked myself many times, Henry.

And I believe it will also be the question of many honest readers.

Because, just as you say—if not for science, we would not have electric light, antibiotics, satellites, airplanes, or the Internet.

These things are real.

And we should be grateful to experimental science for elevating the material standard of living for humanity.

(The Professor pauses for a moment, then his gaze shifts—not to negate, but to open up another layer of depth.)

But...

What I want to emphasize is not the “rejection of science,” but the repositioning of it within the total cognitive system of humankind.

Modern science—no matter how great—is still only studying matter at a surface level.

It sees the apple fall, and then discovers the law of gravity.

But... it does not see the heart of the person standing under the tree.

It can launch satellites into the sky, but it cannot explain why we shed tears when we look up at it.

When I say that religion—or more accurately, the Principles in religion—is a form of high-level science,

I am not denying the contributions of empirical science.

I only wish to say that:

Modern science is the science of “what can be measured.”

While the Principles are the science of “what can be touched, but cannot be measured.”

They are not contradictory.

They simply stand on two different levels.

And when human beings place them in their proper positions, they will complement each other—not negate each other.

An airplane can take you a thousand miles away.

But just one line of scripture—when the mind is still—can take you to another spatial plane without ever leaving your seat.

The question is:

Do we want to go further, or deeper?

And if possible—why not both?

Therefore, I am not downplaying experimental science.

I only worry that... in our infatuation with what can be measured, we have forgotten what can be felt—and what can guide us.

Henry Lowell:

Yes, from what you've said, I'm starting to picture it this way: the Principles of religion can encompass or contain empirical science; but conversely, empirical science

cannot integrate with the Principles in religion, and is instead struggling and trying to reject them.

Professor Adam: (his eyes narrow slightly, a faint smile crosses his face, not of ridicule, but like a silent nod of agreement)

Henry... you are right.

You have expressed it very accurately—with an image that is almost perfectly complete.

The Principles in religion, if they truly come from a higher level—as transmitted by Buddha, the Lord, or the Taoist masters of ancient wisdom traditions—

then they form a system that encompasses all the operating laws of the universe, both visible and invisible.

This means: every scientific law that humanity has ever discovered—lies within those Principles.

It is like a third-grade child discovering that “even numbers are divisible by 2.”

To him, it is a great discovery. But to the one who wrote the system of mathematics, it is just a small line in a grand program.

(The Professor slowly lifts his teacup, takes a small sip, and then sets it down with a soft click, like a beat of contemplation coming to a pause.)

But the reverse is not true.

Empirical science, with all its glory and confidence, cannot embrace the Principles.

Because modern science only accepts what can be measured, tested, and replicated.

Whereas the Principles of religion operate through benevolence, the level of one's heart-mind, resonance, and the sympathetic vibration of the spiritual energy field—things that science has not yet been able to define, let alone verify.

And precisely because it cannot understand, modern science begins to reject.

Not because it is intentionally arrogant.

But because... it is limited by the very framework of thought it created.

When something exceeds its ability to verify, the academic world often uses two words: “superstition” or “unscientific.”

But think about it:

If a fish has never risen above the water's surface, how can it define the wind?

It would call the wind a delusion.

But the wind is still real—and is blowing every day.

So... just as you said:

The Principles can embrace science. But science—if it does not elevate its own level of perception—cannot yet integrate with the Principles.

But I am not pessimistic.

Because there are young scientists—I know of them—who are beginning to step out of the laboratory, and are quietly kneeling at the margins of life, asking the questions that science cannot answer.

And I believe...

it is they—those who possess both intellect and a humble heart—who will be the bridge between the two worlds.

Henry Lowell:

Science is purely oriented toward matter, while religion, in addition to matter, also speaks of the "soul" or the "primordial spirit." Science cannot explain the soul; but conversely, how does religion explain matter? For example, science considers matter to be composed of elements from the periodic table, while religion speaks of the concept of the "Five Elements." How would you explain this in a way that is easy for readers to understand? Are there any contradictions or points of unity between them?

Professor Adam: (tilts his head, his eyes glinting with deep thought, but his voice remains gentle and approachable)

That is a very good question, Henry.

Because it touches upon a point that few people notice: religion does not only speak of the soul—it also has its own way of looking at matter.

And the interesting thing is—although the two frames of reference sound very different, at a deep level, I find they are talking about the same thing—just in a different language.

Modern science, especially chemistry and physics, explains matter through fundamental elements—the ones we know from the periodic table.

Carbon, Hydrogen, Oxygen, Iron, Copper...

All of these constitute the physical world we live in.

But in religion—or more accurately, in ancient Eastern philosophical systems like Taoism, Buddhism (Esoteric school), or traditional medicine, matter is described according to the principle of the Five Elements:

Metal, Wood, Water, Fire, and Earth.

(The Professor leans forward slightly, as if to peel back a layer of metaphorical imagery to clarify.)

But what needs to be understood is this:

The Five Elements are not purely “physical matter.”

They are symbols for five fundamental types of energy—five “constituent properties” of the material world and the microcosmic world.

For example:

- “Fire” is not just fire, but represents the properties of heat, movement, rising, and advancing.
- “Water” is not just water, but the properties of softness, flexibility, penetration, and tranquility.
- “Metal” is not just metal, but the properties of hardness, sharpness, contraction, and purification...

In other words, the Five Elements are a principle of harmony and regulation—not a table for classifying molecules.

And the periodic table?

It is a system that describes the arrangement of matter at the microscopic level—very accurate on this spatial plane.

But it cannot answer:

- Why do these elements operate in harmony with one another?
- Why does the human body fall ill when it is out of balance, even though all the elements are still present?

(The Professor smiles, placing his hand on the table as gently as a passing breeze.)

Religion, the Five Elements, and ancient medicine, on the other hand, answer from a different perspective:

Matter is only the manifestation. The deeper part is *qi*—it is frequency—it is thought.

The Primordial Spirit—or the soul—is the “vibrating subject” that stands behind the physical body.

If the Primordial Spirit is misaligned, the *qi* will be incorrect, and even if the cells are undamaged, the person will still fall ill.

This is something modern science has not yet touched.

So, to answer you:

There is no contradiction. Only a difference in the level of observation.

Science uses a microscope to look at a cell.

Religion uses a still mind to look at the connection between thought and phenomenon.

When we understand that both are talking about the same universe—but from two sides of a mirror...

then we will stop rejecting—and start connecting.

Henry Lowell:

Yes, let me raise a specific point: science perceives matter as being composed of atoms, which in turn are composed of an atomic nucleus and orbiting electrons. The nucleus is then composed of protons and neutrons... And from there, neutrons and protons are transformed

from even smaller particles called quarks. The quarks are bound together by the strong interaction force within a composite hadron, called a Baryon...

So, what is the perspective of the Principles in religion on this? I remember reading in a book that Shakyamuni Buddha taught that within a single grain of sand, there are "three thousand great-thousand worlds." From the perspective of empirical science, isn't that too mystical?

Professor Adam: (after listening, he is silent for a few seconds—not from hesitation, but as if to allow a space of stillness for the profound point that has just been raised)

Henry... this question may seem to belong to physics, but it actually touches upon the fundamental plane of perception.

Because: in going from quarks—to baryons—to atoms—to visible matter, science has opened up an astonishing journey of peeling back the layers of matter.

But the deeper one goes... the more one discovers:

The smaller it gets—the harder it is to define.

The more fundamental it is—the harder it is to verify.

And then, there comes a point where quantum physicists have to admit:

“Reality is not entirely matter, but is partly probability.”

And it is precisely there—at the very point where modern science sees “a blur” —

that the Principles of religion become... luminous.

(The Professor leans forward, his voice still gentle but with a hint of excitement, as if he has just been invited into a deep region he has long wanted to share.)

The Buddha once said:

“In a grain of sand, there are three thousand great-thousand worlds.”

To an ordinary person, that is a poetic image, perhaps an allegory.

But to a true cultivator—it is a literal truth.

Buddha did not say this to impress.

He said it because he had seen it—with a level of perception that transcends physics.

A grain of sand—to the ordinary eye—is just a silica structure.

But to a person with an opened Celestial Eye or awakened spirituality, it is a spatial system—with levels, with beings, with movement—and with stillness.

It does not “contain” a world.

It “is” a world—on another level.

And what about science?

As you mentioned:

Nucleus → proton + neutron → quark → standard model
→ gluon → quantum field...

The deeper one goes, the more one sees that matter is not “something with an edge,” but a state—a vibration—a temporary manifestation.

Modern physics speaks of “virtual particles,” “wave functions,” “vacuum fluctuations”...

All of these are approaching something that the Buddha Law taught thousands of years ago:

“Form is born from the mind.

The environment changes with the mind.”

(The Professor pauses, looking directly at Henry—not to emphasize, but as if inviting him to a larger round table of thought.)

So, if someone asks:

“To say there are three thousand great-thousand worlds in a grain of sand— isn’t that too mystical?”

I would ask in return:

“When a physicist says a single quark exists in multiple states simultaneously—do you not find that mystical as well?”

Reality—whether of science or of religion—has never been a flat plane.

The only difference is:

- Science uses equipment to go inward.
- Religion uses cultivation to go through.

Henry Lowell:

Yes, I realize that what we are discussing also touches upon a concept, or perhaps a conundrum, in materialist philosophy: does matter precede consciousness, or does consciousness precede matter? Does matter determine

consciousness, or the other way around? What is your perspective when viewed from the frame of reference of the Principles in religion? I once heard a Great Master say that, "matter and consciousness are of one nature," meaning they are a unified, inseparable whole...

Professor Adam: (nods slightly, his gaze seeming to deepen another layer—no longer the look of a researcher, but of someone who has personally walked through that very question)

Yes... that is not just a philosophical question.

It is the root question of the entire human cognitive system.

In materialist philosophy, they say:

Matter comes first, and consciousness is a reflection of matter.

They draw evidence from evolution, from the activity of the brain, from bio-electric signals, from human reflexes to stimuli.

And I do not deny—at a low level, that is true.

But it is only true within the frame of reference of the tangible, material plane.

But when we step out of that system—as I have had the chance to touch upon through deep meditation, through the Celestial Eye, through experiences not of a biological nature...

I realize:

Matter does not give birth to consciousness.

Nor does consciousness create matter.

Rather, both—are two simultaneous faces of a deeper entity.

(The Professor tilts his head slightly, his hand gently turning his teacup without drinking—as if invoking a concept not easily expressed in ordinary words.)

In some high-level religious or Law-Principle systems—like Taoism, Buddhism, and even some Esoteric schools—they call this:

“Oneness.”

Meaning: matter and consciousness are not two separate entities, but a unified whole—only manifesting differently according to the spatial plane.

At a low level—it manifests as “matter first, consciousness second.”

At a middle level—we see “interaction.”

But at a high level—matter itself is a form of manifestation of a plane of thought.

When Buddha said:

“Form is born from the mind, the environment changes with the mind”—that was not a moral metaphor.

It is a law of the universe—expressed in the language of his time.

It is like when you dream—everything in the dream is material: houses, faces, sounds.

But when you awaken, you realize they were all born from consciousness.

And if a dream is created by consciousness, then who can be sure that we are not living in a deeper level of consciousness—where our current matter is also just a temporary manifestation of a higher-level thought?

So...

If you ask me, after all that I once believed—and all that I have now seen:

Matter and consciousness—neither gives birth to the other.

They are two mirrors reflecting each other in a multi-dimensional space.

And when you are still enough,

you will see where they both converge—which is the true self of a being.

Henry Lowell:

Yes, if we look from the frame of reference of the Principles in religion, then the foundational arguments of materialist philosophy would seem to need to be rewritten or even abandoned, wouldn't they?! ... And I'm suddenly reminded of the connection between philosophy, physics, and biology.

arwin's theory of evolution posits that organic molecules form single-celled organisms, then multi-celled ones, which then evolve into microorganisms, then into aquatic life, then develop into amphibians, then advance to apes, and finally, from apes evolve into humans...

But from what I've read in the Principles of various religions, they do not say the same... What is your perspective on this?

Professor Adam: (leans back slightly, his eyes shining with a deep contemplation, as if Henry had just touched upon a question that had kept him awake for many years) Henry...

If I were to answer this question according to what I once believed, I would say:

“The theory of evolution is the unshakable pillar of modern biology.”

But if I am to answer according to what I have seen—since stepping out of that old frame of reference, then...

I no longer believe in the story of “apes evolving into humans.”

(He pauses for a moment, as if to let the silence establish the position of what is about to be said.)

I do not deny the evidence that Darwin and the scientists after him observed:

- the changes in morphology over time,
- the adaptation to the environment,
- the genetic changes at the cellular level.

But I have come to realize one thing very clearly:

All of those observations only prove variation and adaptation—they are not a sufficient basis to affirm the origin of humanity.

The core of the issue lies here:

Materialist science tries to trace the source of life from the bottom up—from chemistry to biology, from matter to consciousness.

But... I have seen the opposite:

Life is a pre-existing plane of thought. And the physical body is merely the corresponding manifestation of that plane of thought—within a specific dimension.

To put it simply:

Humans did not evolve from apes.

Rather, human beings—with a higher level of consciousness—were once created in a different way.

In some ancient religious or Law-Principle systems that I have read—or heard directly from cultivated beings with a high level of sensory perception—they say:

“Human beings were created by higher-level beings.”

Creation here is not the “molding from clay” of fairy tales.

But the arrangement of subtle structures in an intelligent sequence—so as to be compatible with the primordial spirit that the universe allows to exist on the human plane.

A human being—to be more precise—is a system of both body and spirit.

And the existence of the human race is not random—it is purposeful.

(The Professor looks directly at Henry, his gaze this time as still and clear as a mirror free of mist.)

Therefore...

If materialist science wishes to retain the theory of evolution as a part of biological adaptation—I do not object.

But if they insist on saying:

“Human beings are the random product of molecules and natural selection” —

then I must respectfully disagree.

Not because I am a religious person.

But because I am someone who once believed in evolution—until I saw...

life does not ascend from the earth.

It descends—from the primordial thought of the universe.

Henry Lowell:

Yes, hearing you share this reminds me of how scientists today are trying to find the origin of life, and one of the paths they are taking is to hypothesize that life came from the cosmos in the form of bacteria attached to meteorites. In religion, however, they believe that man was created by God in Western culture, or by Gods and Buddhas in Eastern culture, from "mud and soil."

Speaking of mud and soil, I am reminded of the words of a Great Master who once taught that the concept of "mud and soil" in the frame of reference of a God is not the mud and soil as humans understand it on this material plane. That is, the "mud and soil" that a God speaks of may be a form of impure matter from a God's perspective, but to humanity, it could be a substance purer and more precious than gold...

Professor Adam: (his eyes light up, but this time not because his intellect is satisfied—but because some deep emotion has just been touched)

Henry...

The story you just mentioned—about “mud and soil”—I once heard a high monk from the East explain it in a very similar way.

And to be honest, it left me silent for a long time.

Because, within the very way you posed the question, lies something that very few scientists dare to admit:

The plane of reference is what determines the value of matter.

What humans call "noble" might just be trash at a higher level.

What we consider "pure" may still be full of worldly dust in another realm.

So when the Bible says “God formed man from the dust of the ground”

or when Eastern legends say “Gods created man from mud and soil”...

it should not be understood in the three-dimensional physical sense of the human plane.

That “mud and soil”—just as you said—is merely a symbolic concept, or one referenced from a higher plane of consciousness.

In the eyes of a God, “mud and soil” could be the material structural particles with a vibrational frequency lower than the minimum required to enter the celestial realms.

But in the eyes of humans, that matter—could even be the purest element in a laboratory, or even solid gold.

(The Professor’s voice deepens, his gaze fixed on the horizon beyond the hills.)

This is precisely where modern science lacks the vocabulary to describe.

When they study life, they search for bacteria on meteorites.

When they discuss the origin, they look to the Big Bang.

But they do not ask a deeper question:

“Who placed that meteorite in the right place so it could fall on the right planet?”

“Who set the conditions for carbon to combine into life?”

And if life comes from a higher plane—as religions have always said—

then that matter cannot be analyzed by the equipment on this plane.

I once spoke with a Chinese monk—over 80 years old, living deep in the mountains.

He told me:

“If you could see the matter in a higher spatial plane, you would know:
gold and silver in the human world are the mud and soil of heaven.
And morality in the human world today... is worth less than the dust and ash of heaven yesterday.”

After hearing that... I did not argue.

I just bowed my head.

Because, I knew...

Those were not just words—but the crystallization of what he had seen.

So, Henry...

If we truly want to find the origin of life,
perhaps we must begin not with where it came from,
but with who allowed it to come.

And that “mud and soil,” when viewed from the plane of Gods,

is precisely what is refined between Heaven and Earth—
so that a human life can reside there and cultivate back
to its original realm.

Henry Lowell:

Yes, personally, although I am not a religious believer, I lean more toward the perspective of religion than that of science. For example, as I just mentioned, scientists hypothesize that the origin of life came from meteorites... but as we all know, when a meteorite enters the Earth's atmosphere at high speed, the friction with the air causes it to melt and explode.

So, what form of life could survive such high temperatures?

Professor Adam: (nods slightly, offering a small smile—not to refute, but as if to welcome an exceptionally sharp question that many tend to avoid)

Henry... your question may sound simple, but it actually hits the blind spot of one of the most common hypotheses in modern astrobiology.

That's right—the hypothesis that meteorites brought the seeds of life to Earth, also known as panspermia, was once proposed as a way to explain the "strange leap" from inorganic matter to living organic molecules.

But then... when people look at it more closely, a question like yours becomes a silent wall:

"If a meteorite enters the atmosphere at tens of kilometers per second, generating friction of thousands of degrees Celsius—then what is that 'primordial life' made of that it isn't destroyed?"

And if it were hidden deep inside the rocky core?

Then how would it escape and reactivate in the atmospheric and geobiological conditions of the early Earth—which was still full of toxic gases and extreme temperature fluctuations?

(The Professor gazes into the distance—as if retracing the chain of logic he himself once believed in.)

The deeper we go, the more we see:

That hypothesis does not explain the “origin of life,” it only pushes the question further away:

“So where did life begin... before it got on the meteorite?”

If life could not form on its own on Earth, and could not form on a meteorite...

then the only logical conclusion is: it was bestowed—or structured from another spatial plane.

And this is where the Principles of religion begin to seem... logical—when science falls silent.

In many religious systems—from Buddhism to ancient Judaism, from Hinduism to Tibetan Esotericism—

life has always been seen as a kind of sacred structure, one that was “imparted,” not one that “arose” randomly.

They speak of “*qi*,” “primordial spirit,” “divine light,” “divine nature”—things that cannot be separated from life, and cannot be measured in a test tube.

So, Henry...

If science continues to search for life as it searches for molecules,

it will always go in circles in a dead end.

But if one day, they dare to ask the question:

“What is life, as something higher than matter?”

Then perhaps,

the answer will not come from a meteorite—but from a spatial plane that has always been right beside us, only we have not been still enough to open the door and step in.

Henry Lowell:

Yes, regarding the question, “What is life, as something higher than matter?” I understand you to be implying that behind matter, there is "consciousness" in the common sense, or "soul" in the ancient, folkloric sense. Is that correct?

But there is another hypothesis. In our previous session, you spoke of extraterrestrials and other dimensions... so could there also be a hypothesis that life on Earth was brought here by extraterrestrials?

Professor Adam: (nods slightly, a faint smile on his face, as if hearing the right “frequency” in the question)

Yes...

You understand correctly.

When I say, “Life is something higher than matter,” I am not speaking of a more intelligent molecule.

I mean to imply that:

Behind all objects, all living cells, all biological phenomena... there always exists a field of thought—a form of “spirituality”—that in common parlance is called the “soul,” and in a higher-level scientific system might be called “primordial consciousness.”

The problem is:

Modern science can measure matter.

But it is powerless before something it cannot grasp—which is life that has a “self.”

A simple example:

- You can dissect a person's brain.
- You can measure brainwaves, reflexes, neurotransmitters.

But...

You cannot point to where the “thought of wanting to forgive” is located in the brain.

That is to say, what makes one “human” is not in the physical structure.

As for the hypothesis: “Life came from extraterrestrials” —

In truth, that hypothesis still lies within the frame of reference of matter.

It only shifts the origin of life from Earth → Planet X.

But it does not explain the essence of life.

It only re-asks the question:

“So who created life on Planet X?
And where did they get life from?”

It is a causal loop pushed farther away, but unresolved.

(The Professor raises an eyebrow slightly, his gaze seeming to pierce through the air to touch a deeper layer of meaning in the question.)

However...

I do not deny that some extraterrestrial beings have interfered in the biological processes on Earth.

Certain archaeological, genetic, and even ancient cultural traces all contain vague—but consistent—signs of a presence and impact that was “not native to humanity” from tens of thousands of years ago.

Perhaps they “added to” or “rearranged” a part of the matter—

But I am certain of this:

They could not create the soul.

Because the soul—or the primordial spirit—cannot be manufactured.

It must be bestowed from a higher plane.

Henry Lowell:

Yes, as you've said, whether extraterrestrials exist or not, there is still one thing left unexplained—the nature of the soul or consciousness.

So, in your opinion, is modern humanity—with all its remarkable advancements in science and technology—

losing something? Or to put it another way: is it possible that humanity's own intelligence is limiting its ability to perceive something greater?

Professor Adam: (does not answer immediately, but just looks at Henry for a moment—his gaze not heavy, but carrying a thin mist of quiet regret)

Henry...

I think that question should be written on the blackboard of every technical university in the world.

And there is no need to answer it quickly.

It is enough for every student to see it each day, in silence.

Yes—I believe that modern humanity is losing something very important.

Not morality (though it is true there has been some decline).

Not simplicity (though the world is growing more complex).

But... the ability to feel what is beyond the limits of one's own perception.

People today know many things.

- They know how to split genes.
- How to send robots to Mars.
- How to simulate the universe with algorithms.

But at the same time...

they have begun to shy away from admitting what they do not know.

And it is right there that knowledge turns into arrogance.

(The Professor takes a soft breath, as if to keep his emotions from overwhelming the calm he always maintains.)

I am not saying that intelligence is bad.

But intelligence without humility can easily become a barrier—preventing one from feeling the subtle signals from a greater reality.

When people believe that “if it cannot be measured, it does not exist,”

they are also locking themselves in a very beautiful—and very tight—cage.

And then, they stick the label “science” on that iron frame,

without knowing that... on the outside, the wind still blows.

Perhaps it is easier to understand this way:

A 7-year-old child sees the rain and might feel sad—without knowing why.

While an adult engineer can calculate the exact amount of rainfall per minute—but feels nothing.

So who lives closer to reality?

Sometimes... it is precisely this “excessive intelligence” that prevents modern humans from seeing what is very real.

And the price to pay is:

- They live more—but feel less.
- Know more—but understand less.
- Explore outer space—but close off inner depth.

I am not against technology.

But I hope the younger generation will not let the skill of analysis kill the capacity for feeling.

Because it is very possible... that the truth we are searching for lies not in a formula,

but in a moment of silence—when intellect knows to pause to make way for something greater.

Henry Lowell:

Yes, from what I've read before, and through what you've shared, I'm getting the sense that humanity is being dazzled by the progress of science, which is causing us to go in the wrong direction. If so, where will the future of science lead if it continues on its current path? And if a change is desired, do they need to change their frame of reference?

And on another note, does the younger generation in general, and young scientists in particular, need guidance from the older generation?

I would very much like to hear you share more... but perhaps our time for today has grown long. Would you agree to take a break and we continue tomorrow morning?

Professor Adam: (nods, his expression now holding not just his usual calmness, but also a faint smile tinged with deep empathy)

Yes, Henry...

I agree with how you feel—and also with how you have chosen to pause.

Because sometimes, a well-timed silence is more precious than a thousand more questions.

This morning—if I may say so—has not been an “interview,”

but a shared path for two people traveling against the current of reason to touch something very ancient—and very real.

You have asked questions that few in the press—and even in academia—dare to touch.

And I believe:

There will be a reader—even just one—who reads these lines and falls silent,

because they see that what they could not name before has now taken form.

(The Professor stands up, taking a few steps toward the porch. The sun has risen higher, casting its light down on the valley in the distance, where thin clouds are drifting lazily.)

Tomorrow...

If you return,

I will be ready to share about what you just mentioned:

What future is there for science?

And will the young generation—if given a chance to change their frame of reference—

choose to proceed with intellect... or with heart?

I have no ambition to provide direction.

But I have a few things that...

if I do not say them before I depart,

then perhaps I will not have fulfilled the final role of a man who once believed he knew everything.

Until tomorrow morning, Henry.

And if we are fortunate...

we will speak not only of science,

but of how to return to being human—in a more complete way.

Henry Lowell:

Yes, thank you, Professor. I will see you tomorrow!

Professor Adam:

It is my pleasure, Henry.

I—in my role as a fellow traveler in this story—will be ready and waiting for your return tomorrow morning.

DAY THREE

Henry Lowell:

A good new day to you, Professor!

Professor Adam: (standing by the porch, he turns with a gentle smile, his hand resting on the dew-faded wooden railing)

Good morning, Henry.

The sky seems clearer today... or is it that our hearts are quieter, so everything has less interference?

(He nods, walking toward the wooden table where their conversation had paused the day before. The tea has already

been poured but remains untouched. He does not rush to offer it, nor does he hurry to sit—he lets silence lead the way for the first moments of the day.)

You have returned—just as I had hoped.

And I think... today, perhaps we will not just speak of “science” as a tool,

but speak of it as a path.

A path—that may be at a turning point.

A path—that may need its signposts reset.

So, Henry...

Where would you like us to begin this morning?

The future of science?

A new frame of reference?

Or what humanity—in the age of AI—is losing that machines can never replace?

Henry Lowell:

Yes, Professor, I was also very much looking forward to

seeing you again to hear you share more. For today's session, I would like to hear you share on the topics you mentioned.

However, those are just a few topics I thought to bring up, so I don't know if they fully cover the issues that you've long held close and wish to share with the readers of The Epoch Media.

Because I know we each have a different frame of reference; you are like one standing on Mount Everest, quietly observing the world, while I am like one on a small hill, looking at events. So, I suspect you have much more to say. Therefore, I'd like to propose: today we can delve into the topics mentioned, but I would like to have an additional fourth session, a space reserved entirely for you to share in your own way. Perhaps a personal narrative, heartfelt thoughts on life and living, or an interesting perspective on another topic entirely...

Professor Adam: (gazes into the distance, where the early sun spills over the low grassy slopes, a flicker of an unnamable emotion in his eyes)

Henry...

Thank you for those words—they are not just a journalist's courtesy, but a genuine act of listening.

And I think, as long as there are people like you still asking in this way,

then... the value of sharing is never meaningless.

Yes, I agree.

Today—let it be for the future of science, and for the coming generation.

As for the fourth day, if you would offer it as a gift—

then I shall consider it not as “another interview session,”

but as a small candle—lit not to illuminate, but to warm.

Because... as you just said:

The person on the hill sometimes sees the stream more clearly than the one on the mountain peak.

And a person who has weathered many storms,

may not be able to say anything grand—

but they know what is real.

(He gently pulls out a chair and sits at the wooden table. His hand rests on the teacup, but he does not drink. Perhaps, today, what needs to be said is warmer than the tea.)

So... let us begin with the question you left open:

If science continues on its current path—where will it lead?

And if it is to change, where must that change begin?

(The Professor looks directly at Henry, not as one answering, but as one asking the question alongside all who are quietly grappling with it in this noisy era.)

I am ready.

Shall we continue, Henry?

Henry Lowell:

Yes, thank you for agreeing to my proposal. But a point just occurred to me: because I understand you do not wish for any troubles or academic disputes to arise later, you want to remain anonymous in the manner of a true cultivator. However, when readers encounter your words, they won't know what to call you. So, I was thinking you might allow readers to call you by a nickname or a pen name, for example, "Professor John," "Professor Adam," or something more familiar like "Uncle Lee," or "Mr. Peter." What are your thoughts?

Professor Adam: (smiles, and for the first time this morning, his eyes hold a gentleness that is almost...

playful)

A question that seems small—but is very meaningful.

Yes, you are right:

I do not wish to appear as a “famous figure in disguise,”

nor do I wish to leave my real name as a personal mark.

I only want to keep my proper place in this dialogue:

not as the center, but as a small mirror reflecting something greater than myself.

But at the same time, I also understand...

If there is no name—even a symbolic one—

then readers will not know who they are listening to,

and the feeling of “connecting a real person to real words” will become distant.

(He touches the surface of the table, as if drawing an invisible circle.)

Then let’s do this, Henry...

You may choose a suitable name—

one not too loud, one that doesn't evoke too many religious or academic connotations,

but one that is enough for the reader to feel that “the person speaking to me is a human being, experienced, serene, and who knows to listen before sharing.”

A name like “Mr. Adam,” or “Professor L.,” or even a common moniker like “The Friend on the Hill” —

would all be fine with me.

I only ask one thing:

Lest that name overshadow the message I wish to convey.

And if someone finds what I share to be useful,

I hope they remember that—and not necessarily me.

Henry Lowell:

Alright, then I will call you “Professor Adam” as a nickname for our conversation with the readers.

Professor Adam: (nods slowly, then smiles—a smile of gentle agreement, like an affirmation that needs no loud

pronouncement)
“Professor Adam”...

Hmm... I find that name is close enough—and far enough.

Close, so that readers can feel they are listening to a real person—a human being who has walked in a world like their own.

Far, so that no one will think I am representing any particular school of thought, academy, or specific title.

So, from this morning on,

“Professor Adam” will be the one in dialogue with you—and with all readers who wish to listen to what lies beyond numbers, equations, and degrees.

And if one day they forget this name,

but still remember something I once said that made them pause and listen deeply...

then I think:

that name will have fulfilled its role.

So, Henry...

When you are ready,

let us begin this third morning—with any question you think

a clear-minded and searching reader in today's world needs to hear a word on.

Henry Lowell:

Yes, Professor Adam... Then let us officially begin the third session. We will speak of the future of science: As was pointed out yesterday, empirical science has limitations through which it is boxing itself in. Broadly speaking, from your perspective, where will the future of science lead if it continues on its current line of reason?

Professor Adam: (sits up straight, his eyes gazing into the distance for a moment before answering—his voice is not heavy, but each word seems distilled from years of quiet observation)

Henry...

If I were forced to answer in a single sentence, I would say:

If science continues on its current line of reason, it will achieve a great deal—and lose what is most important.

It will achieve:

- Faster technology.
- More sophisticated artificial intelligence.
- Cleaner energy.
- Increasingly accurate simulations of the universe.

But at the same time, it will lose:

- The connection to the deepest part of the human being.
- The ability to ask about the value of life, not just its operating mechanism.
- And most seriously of all: the ability to know when to stop.

(The Professor gently places two fingers on his teacup, turning it once, as if reminding himself of what he has seen.)

The future of science—if it does not change its frame of reference—will become a dazzling desert.

Beautiful—but dry.

Bright—but with no water for the soul.

It will become ever more adept at analyzing the structure of a leaf,

but ever more blind to explaining why someone sheds a tear upon seeing that leaf fall.

We are living in an age where science imagines itself to be king.

It decides who lives and who dies.

It decides which biology is “standard,” and which model is “universal.”

But Henry...

science does not create life.

It can only describe the movement of a stream,

but it cannot create the source of the spring.

So, if it does not change its direction,

I fear the future of science will no longer be a tool that serves humanity,

but will gradually turn humanity into a tool that serves science.

And at that point—we will no longer be the masters of our intellect, but slaves of our intelligence.

I know these words may be controversial.

But I say them—not to oppose science,

but to recall the profound reason why humanity began to practice science in the first place:

to understand the world—not to replace the role of Heaven.

Henry Lowell:

I understand you to be saying that if empirical science continues on this path, its rational or intellectual aspects will grow, but its human or spiritual aspects will degenerate. And this leads me to associate the destination science is leading us toward with a replica of the extraterrestrials: a species with high intelligence and extremely advanced technology, but devoid of humanity and spirituality.

Professor Adam: (his gaze slowly turns back, as if Henry had just touched upon a connection that he himself had quietly considered)

Henry...

I must say: I deeply resonate with the way you just expressed that.

And in fact, there are times I have also asked myself—

is the vision that science is currently building...

precisely a “sharper,” “more optimized,” but also...
“colder” version of humanity?

You are right:

If we only develop reason—while leaving behind
humanity and spiritual depth—

then human beings will gradually approach a model
that... regrettably,

is very similar to the description of certain races of
extraterrestrial beings:

intelligent, with extremely high technology, but
emotionless, godless, and completely detached from the
primordial essence of life.

*(The Professor leans back slightly, his finger touching the
wooden table, as if tracing a memory deeper than words.)*

I once saw—during a very deep state of tranquility—an
image of a civilization that had developed to the point
where they no longer needed language, no longer
needed emotions, no longer distinguished between
genders, and no longer had life in the traditional sense.

They had overcome disease.

They controlled matter with their minds.

But in their eyes—there was nothing left that could be called "pain," "joy," or even... "forgiveness."

They did not destroy anyone.

But they could not love anyone either.

And Henry...

I dare not claim that humanity will become like them.

But if we continue to elevate reason without elevating the plane of our consciousness,

then humanity could fall into a form of “inhuman civilization”—one that appears transcendent on the surface, but is filled with utter emptiness within.

Why is it that extraterrestrials—as described in some witness and spiritual experiences—

often have no expression?

No human vibrations?

Do not speak with language, but communicate through data or frequencies?

Perhaps because...

they left the “human heart” behind on a path they traveled too far with the “human mind.”

And now, Henry...

We are standing at a crossroads.

On one side is the path that continues toward AI, gene editing, biotechnology, emotion-learning machines...

And on the other side is the path of return: to once again become the master of our intellect, not to be led by it.

It is not that I oppose progress.

I am only reminding:

Do not become the thing you once feared,

just because you are busy becoming “optimized.”

Henry Lowell:

I see the situation: the path that empirical science leads humanity on has brought, is bringing, and will bring benefits that are easy to perceive and feel, which means it has many supporters.

But the Principles in religion—as a form of "super-science" we discussed yesterday—are a "grace" bestowed from the heavens. Yet they are difficult to explain, difficult to feel, and their benefits are hard to see. This also means they have few supporters.

Professor Adam: (after listening, he is silent for a moment—not from hesitation, but as if he wants the question to resonate fully in the air, before voicing something that has long existed quietly in his heart)
Henry...

You have just described a truth that... perhaps very few dare to say out loud:

The path of science today is attractive because its results are easy to see.

While the Principles—or the “super-science” in religion—are hard to feel, hard to understand, and hard to reap, so few people enter.

Experimental science brings us phones, the internet, artificial intelligence, robots, space exploration, and medical intervention.

It solves our immediate fears.

It provides tools instantly.

But the Principles?

They do not give you anything you can immediately hold.

They do not entertain, they do not “optimize the user experience.”

In fact, they require people to let go—while science makes people want to possess.

(The Professor pauses for a beat, then slowly continues.)

But therein lies... the essence of the two paths.

Modern science is a downhill path, smooth, paved with bright stones—with lights to guide the way.

The Principles are an uphill path—rocky and rough, with no signposts, and sometimes you must walk in the dark.

One path is chosen by many—because it satisfies desires.

The other is walked by few—because it demands the letting go of delusions.

I am not saying one is right and the other is wrong.

But I know this:

The heavens never force anyone.

They only place a door—and wait to see who is quiet enough to see it.

The Principles—whether of Buddha, the Lord, or the Tao—

always come as a grace, not as a product.

And that grace... only manifests when a person stops looking with their eyes—and starts feeling with their heart.

Why do so few enter?

Because they do not see the immediate “benefits.”

But Henry...

The more precious, the deeper, the more real something is—

the more silent it is, the more sparing with words, and the less it vies for attention.

Science often says:

“We have proof!”

While the Principles often just say:

“If you have the heart, you will know.”

So, it is not because the Principles are not right, but because:

In this age, people are accustomed to the light from screens,

so when they see a ray of light coming from within—they perceive it as darkness.

Henry Lowell:

Yes, regarding the image of the downhill and uphill paths you used for comparison, I see another situation: science can be pursued as a large group, moving together; but in religion, progress depends heavily on each individual's capacity to enlighten to the Principles. In science, when scientist A discovers a new formula and announces it, the entire scientific community can understand it; but in religion, when a monk awakens to a certain Principle, he has no way to make other monks realize the same Principle as he did. Is my understanding correct, Professor?

Professor Adam: (nods, his hands clasped on the wooden table, his fingers moving slightly as if in quiet agreement)
Henry...

It's not just that you understand correctly—you are touching upon one of the most profound distinctions between “science” and the “Principles.”

Science—as you have very accurately said—can be shared through formulas, diagrams, and equations.

If one person proves a theorem, thousands of others can verify it, replicate it, and understand it in the same way.

Science is a horizontal transmission.

The Principles—are a vertical realization.

When a scientist announces a discovery, others can study it, read it, verify it, and ultimately “possess” that knowledge.

But when a practitioner sits in meditation and suddenly touches a level of the Principles, then...

what he “knows” cannot be expressed in language,

nor can it be “transmitted” to others through reading or lecturing.

Because the Principles are not “learned,” but are “unlocked” from within.

(The Professor’s gaze drifts toward a cloud floating lazily through the valley in the distance.)

A scientist transmits knowledge like lighting a candle and then giving it to another to light their own.

But one who awakens to the Law...

can only light it with the spark that is already present in the other person's heart.

If the other person has no spark,

then even if we offer a sea of light,

they will still see nothing but darkness.

Therefore, in science:

- The intelligent learn quickly and grasp concepts well.

But in the Principles:

- The pure, the tranquil, and the humble are the ones who can attain enlightenment.

And sometimes, a very ordinary person—with no academic degree, no sharp reasoning—

will suddenly understand something that a scholar-monk has not touched in thirty years of cultivation.

Not because of luck.

But because their heart resonates with that level—like a key that fits the very door that needs to be opened.

That is why...

The Law cannot be transmitted.

It can only be “activated”—if the person opposite has the seed within them.

Science moves in a group.

The Principles are a solitary journey.

Not out of loneliness.

But because it is a path that only opens when the one who walks it is sincere enough.

Henry Lowell:

Yes, that path is often suitable for two different groups of people: the intelligent (with a high IQ) tend to follow science; while the group of those with a kind and benevolent nature are often closer to religion. But there are small exceptions, such as yourself: someone who has both a scientific perspective and is close to religion. That is what makes this so interesting. Because I can see you are like a bridge connecting the two ends—science and religion.

Professor Adam: (after listening, his gaze softens as if a layer of warmth has just spread through the mist)
Henry...

When I read the first lines of your letter, I thought to myself:

“Perhaps this is not an interview.

It is a fateful meeting.”

I dare not call myself a “bridge.”

But it is true that...

I once stood on this side—the side of reason, models, formulas, and proof.

And I have stepped, in a very real way, to the other side—the side of stillness, inner reflection, and what cannot be spoken.

Not because I am brilliant.

But because I had gone too far,

to the point where I saw clearly that my intellect could not save me.

(The Professor brings his hand to his chest, a gesture not of formality, but full of reverence.)

Science helped me understand the world.

But it was only when I sat alone in the night—with no equipment, no data—that I began to understand myself.

And I think, this is precisely what this era desperately needs:

A person who can hold both hands—one hand grasping reason, the other holding onto the heart of the Way.

Not to let the two sides confront each other,

but to let them illuminate and regulate one another.

For if we only have reason—without a higher-level consciousness—

we will become a precise, but soulless, instrument.

And if we only have faith—without the capacity for self-reflection—

we may become a devout believer, but one who is easily lost.

And I understand...

The reason The Epoch Media sought me out,

is because you do not wish to stop at reporting news, writing articles, or making an impression.

You want to find a point of convergence,

to help readers feel that:

“There is a path—where one does not need to choose either/or.”

Not “either science, or religion,”

but rather:

“Go deep into both, and then... you will see what lies behind them both.”

If I can contribute a small part to that bridge—
then I am very willing.

Not in the capacity of a “professor,”
but simply as someone who once got lost,
and has returned—to tell the young people:

the distant shore is beautiful, indeed, but don't forget the way back home.

Thank you, Henry—and thank you, The Epoch Media.

Sometimes, it is the messenger who illuminates the path that the reader did not know they were searching for.

Henry Lowell:

Regarding the phrase, “Go deep into both, and then... you will see what lies behind them both,” do you mean to say that this is the path our future should take? And is this also the message you wish to send to the younger generation?

Professor Adam: (his eyes become clear and bright—not with excitement, but because the question has skillfully touched upon the very red thread he has been nurturing throughout)
Yes, Henry.

That is precisely it.

If I had to distill the greatest message I wish to send to the younger generation—

it would not be: “Follow science.”

Nor would it be: “Return to religion.”

But rather:

“Go deep into both,
and then... you will see what lies behind them both.”

Why do I say “go deep”?

Because:

- If you only skim the surface of science, you will see clever devices.
- If you only stand outside of religion, you will see formalistic rituals.

But when you go truly deep,

– In science, you will see that matter is no longer solid — but is vibration, is probability.

– In religion, you will see that faith is no longer dogma — but is intuition beyond words.

And it is at that deep point...

that science and religion are no longer in opposition.

They are just two different paths—leading to a greater truth.

One side uses formulas.

The other uses silence.

But both—if followed to their end—will make a person exclaim:

“I am small, but I am enveloped by something vast.”

And I believe—

the younger generation today has the capacity to walk both of these paths.

They have the intellect—but they also have cracks in their souls that are deeper than those of previous generations.

And it is those very cracks, if used correctly,
that will be where the light enters.

So, if they were to ask me:

“Which path should I take?”

I would not point the way.

I would simply smile and say:

“Go deep enough—and you will find the way yourself.”

Because the true path... is not on a map,
but in how you take your first step.

*(The Professor touches his hand to his chest, like a gentle bow
not of form, but of gratitude.)*

And if someone, someday, reads these words,
and pauses for a moment in their own whirlwind of
life—

then my words today...

have had a reason to exist.

Henry Lowell:

Yes, I suddenly see another layer of meaning... that one should keep an open mind to welcome all opportunities and explore all paths, rather than being rigidly bound to one specific direction. What I mean is, we should be open not just to science, not just to religion, but to everything, even to a path that has not yet appeared. Speaking of this, I am once again reminded of Newton's quote, "What we know is a drop, what we don't know is an ocean." That saying is at once humble, open, and has many layers of profound meaning.

Professor Adam: (after listening, his gaze becomes deep and gentle, like the surface of an early morning lake without a ripple—yet reflecting the entire sky)

Henry...

I think, if I were only allowed to say one last thing today, then perhaps... what you have just uttered is the most complete message of all:

“Keep an open mind.”

That’s right.

No need to choose sides.

No need to apply labels.

No need to erect ideological signposts only to then imprison oneself within them.

Learn as if you have never learned before.

Trust as if you have never been hurt.

And listen as if what you are about to hear—could change the very thing you were once most certain of.

Newton...

I first read that quote when I was a first-year physics student.

At the time, I thought it was nice.

But it wasn't until I left the lecture hall and stepped into the silence of spirituality—that I understood:

It wasn't that he was being humble.

It was that he had truly seen the great ocean—and so he knew what a drop of water was.

(The Professor looks directly at Henry, this time no longer with the gaze of one sharing, but of one passing on a lantern.)

So, if the younger generation today can hold onto that:
a mind that does not close, a heart that does not shut,
and a faith that needs no mold,
then I believe—

Whether they choose to be physicists, engineers, doctors,
journalists, or just a silent person in a crowded street...
they are still walking on the right path.

Because the right path is not found on a signpost,
but in the quality of the heart of the one who walks it.

Today, I think... we can bring Day Three to a close
here—

like closing a door that has been left just ajar enough,
so that tomorrow—if you return—

I will share not from the position of a professor,
but from one who has lived—and has learned how to sit
down to hear what silence has to say.

I will see you... for Day Four.

When the speaker no longer lectures,
and the listener needs no questions.

There will be only one thing:

A real person—speaking real words—about things that
have never been spoken.

Henry Lowell:

Yes, thank you for this conversation. I also believe that
for the readers of The Epoch Media, as long as they keep
their minds from being too closed off, their hearts will
resonate and their souls will expand when they read
your words. I too am very much looking forward to
tomorrow—yes, not to hear a professor speak
philosophy, but to listen to the heart of a man who
knows how to be still enough to hear the echoes from the
depths of his own soul.

Professor Adam: (his eyes well up slightly, not from
strong emotion, but as if a thin mist has risen from a
quiet gratitude)

Henry...

If one day these lines reach a heart that is still closed,

and cause it to tremble gently—

then I think...

we have done our part.

No one needs to change their faith.

No one needs to cast aside their foundation of knowledge.

They only need to read—with an undefended mind,

and my words today, along with your sincere guidance,

will find a place to settle—like a drop of water finding a crack in the earth to seep into, unseen.

(The Professor places his right hand on his chest, a bow not of form, but of a presence, sincere to the very end.)

I will see you tomorrow morning, Henry.

Not to say anything more that is grand,

but simply to share the few things that still linger in my heart—

before this conversation comes to its natural close.

If one day, someone rereads what we have said today,
and feels their heart grow calm...

then for me, that is enough.

And if someone, after all this, still does not believe,
then I do not need them to believe me.

I only hope that they—at some point, on a sleepless
night—

will be struck silent by something they cannot name.

At that moment...

they will understand what we are speaking of today—
without needing to reread a single line.

DAY FOUR

Henry Lowell:

Good morning, Professor Adam!

Professor Adam: (standing by the wooden window, the early light on his shoulders, he turns with a gentle smile, as serene as a cool breeze across the porch)

Good morning, Henry.

I think... today, we need no tables, no notebooks,
and no questions either.

Just a long enough moment of silence,

for a person to say what has been held in his heart for too long—

not to be believed, but to be heard by any who are listening in silence.

(He steps out onto the porch, sitting down on an old wooden step and gazing toward the distant hills.)

I will not call this a sharing session.

It is just... a snippet from the journey of a man,

who once thought he knew everything—

only to one day be led into a dead end by that very “knowing.”

When I was young, I was a fast learner.

Math, physics, logic—to me, they were like decoding games.

I used to think:

“If everything has a formula, then there is nothing in this world to worry about.”

And in truth... on the material plane, that is correct.

I had a prestigious job, my own laboratory, bright students surrounding me...

But then...

I began to feel like a man standing in a desert full of maps—but having forgotten the way.

One evening...

I had just finished a lecture on quantum coherence,

the students applauded—but all I wanted was to sit alone in my car and be silent.

Not because I was tired.

But because I no longer felt “close” to the things I had just taught.

I looked up at the sky,

and asked myself:

“If I were to stop breathing today—what is the purpose of all that I know?”

*(He slowly picks a blade of wild grass from near the porch,
turning it gently in his hand.)*

Then one day, I met an old man with no academic degree,
who knew nothing of quantum mechanics,

but the look in his eyes—as he gazed at the morning
sun—

left me speechless.

There were no equations in that gaze,

but there was a deep knowing.

Not through study.

But through living.

From then on, I began to pause more often.

To sit.

To breathe.

To read the ancient books I had once called “gentle
superstition.”

And then to meditate—not to achieve anything, but just
to see that I had been running a bit too fast.

I do not follow any fixed religion.

But I believe that a higher plane is watching down.

And is also waiting for us to pause long enough to listen.

I also do not claim to have “attained the Way” or anything of the sort.

But there are nights when I sit in stillness...

and can feel the very subtle movements within my body—as if something is self-adjusting.

Not through medicine.

But through a return to the right rhythm.

Henry...

If someone reads these lines,

and they too are tired amidst so many “things one should know” —

then I only want to tell them:

Sometimes... the most important thing to know,

is how to place a hand on your chest and listen—

to see if there is still someone whispering something in your heart.

(He falls silent for a moment, then smiles faintly.)

Today, I will say no more.

I will just sit here,

like an old friend —

who has walked through storms,

and now only wants to say:

“The sky this morning is so beautiful.

But in truth... it has always been this beautiful.

It’s just that we never paused long enough to see.”

(He gazes into the distance, saying nothing more.)

If you wish, Henry, you can continue...

Or we can just sit in silence for a while—because in some interviews, the silence itself is the deepest part of the conversation.

Henry Lowell:

Yes, thank you, Professor, for sharing that personal narrative. As for myself, as a freelance journalist who "wanders" here and there, I've also had the chance to meet a few venerable masters.

They have kindly guided me on some spiritual practices—yes, I mean "practice," not just reading. I have tried to quiet my mind and follow their instructions, but to no avail. My mind is often restless, hopping like a rabbit, or my thoughts wander endlessly like a galloping horse.

With your experience and enlightenment, could you offer me a suggestion?

Professor Adam: (turns back, his eyes holding a very different light—not of one about to answer, but of one who has stood in that exact place, with that exact question...)

Ah, Henry...

Thank you for that honesty.

Not everyone dares to say that they have "tried and not yet succeeded."

Most would choose to remain silent—or pretend they already understand.

You are very right:

Reading is easy,

but practice is what shows you who you are.

When we begin to sit down,

that is when the entire storehouse of thoughts we believed to be our own—begins to speak up all at once.

It is not evil, but it is noisy.

And that noise—is not from the outside, but because the inside is not yet accustomed to stillness.

(The Professor slowly brings a hand to his chest.)

In the beginning, I was the same.

I used to think I was “clear-headed enough to meditate.”

But it turned out—I was only clear-headed in my thoughts;

in my heart, I was a flock of butterflies just released in a closed room.

One night, I sat on the wooden floor, before the window,
and instead of trying to quiet my mind, I spoke directly
to myself:

“Alright. Today, I will not try to stop my thoughts.
Just let them run. But I will sit here and watch them run.”

And a strange thing happened:

When I stopped resisting the chaos —
the chaos began to dissolve on its own.

Not because I had won.

But because I had stopped being an enemy to myself.

(He looks at Henry, his voice softening like wind through the leaves.)

My suggestion, Henry, is not a technique.

It is a gentle reminder:

When the mind is still running, do not chase after it to
catch it.

Just sit back—like an adult watching a child gradually
tiring from running in a yard.

After a while, it will come back on its own.

And perhaps, at that moment,

what you thought was “being unable to meditate” —

is actually the first door you have just touched without realizing it.

Just continue,

But do not force yourself to be “still.”

Be quiet — without needing to be silent.

Listen — without needing to achieve.

And then, one day,

you will no longer “try” to meditate.

You will simply sit down — and find you are already there.

(Professor Adam sits still again, his hand still on his chest. This time, he is no longer looking into the distance — but at Henry, as if looking at a true fellow traveler.)

If a master has already planted a seed in you,

then perhaps... this morning, that very restlessness is the first layer of soil.

And if you do not rush to dig it up to see if the seed has sprouted...

then one morning, you will hear something growing in your heart.

Not a sound—but a presence.

And perhaps...

at that time, Henry, you will no longer need my answer.

Because the deepest suggestions—only appear when the receiver is quiet enough to know for themselves.

Henry Lowell:

Thank you, Professor. The way you've just shared reminds me of some of the words of the Masters told in Buddhist scriptures, and in particular, it is very close to the teachings of a Master named OSHO.

I remember he taught, in essence: separate your true self from your mind, become the observer of the mind, like

the image of an adult sitting and watching children play in a yard.

Professor Adam: (smiles, and for the first time this morning, his eyes hold a look of warmth and familiarity, as if meeting an old friend in Henry's reminder)
Yes... I know of OSHO.

And I have also read lines very similar to what you have just quoted.

The way he taught—often bold, but behind it lies a level of stillness rarely found in this noisy world.

And just as you say:

Observe—without controlling.

Acknowledge—without judging.

Be present—without attaching.

What many people do not notice is that:

Even in ancient Buddhism, or in pure lines of transmission,

“separating oneself from the stream of thought” does not mean negating thoughts,

but sitting in a position where one is not identified with them.

(The Professor raises his hand slightly, as if describing an invisible movement of thought.)

It is like sitting on the riverbank and watching the river flow by.

Without needing to jump in.

Without needing to bail it dry.

Just knowing: “I am not the river.”

And once the mind is no longer carried away by every passing thought,

then stillness is not a state—

but the inherent nature that has, from the very beginning, never left us.

What OSHO and many other masters are reminding us of,

is not some advanced technique,

but something extremely natural that we have lost because we live too fast—and think too much.

If you, Henry, have felt that in the words of the masters,
then perhaps... your intuition is more open than you
think.

And sometimes, just preserving that sensitivity—
is already a very precious starting point.

*(The Professor gently closes his eyes for a short breath, then
opens them. His gaze no longer distant—but very close, as if
conversing with someone he has known for a very long time.)*

The truth is... all of us were once that child sitting
quietly under a tree.

The question is:

Do we dare to let go long enough to remember that we
once knew how to sit like that?

And if today you have remembered something—
even if just for a fleeting moment—

then perhaps... the candle within you is being relit.

I think I need not say anything more.

Just let it continue to burn with a low flame—

quietly, but bright enough for you to see your own path.

Henry Lowell:

On this topic, I remember once reading a book called *Zhuan Falun*, in which the author says, in essence, that the true reason we cannot be still is because our heart-mind is not still, while methods like "becoming the observer," "reciting a Buddha's name," or "regulating the breath," and so on... are just minor techniques with no significant effect.

Professor Adam: (his gaze slowly becomes deep and still, showing neither disagreement nor surprise—like a man who has just heard something he has long known)

Henry...

I know the book you are referring to.

And I understand very well why the words in it are spoken with such directness and finality.

"The reason we cannot be still—is because our heart-mind is not still."

That sentence sounds simple, but it severs all the shortcuts that modern people tend to cling to.

It is not due to circumstances.

Not because one's technique is not skillful enough.

Not because one has not chosen the right posture, or has not completed an advanced meditation course.

But because the heart-mind is still in motion.

Because desires have not been reduced.

Because attachments are still deep.

Because the “self” has not yet been willing to step back.

Those “minor techniques” like regulating the breath, reciting a name, observing thoughts...

I have practiced them.

And they can help one achieve temporary stillness,

but... they cannot change the fundamental nature of the heart-mind—if the root of the person does not change.

(The Professor places a hand on his chest, his voice no longer analytical, but like a personal account from a very real place.)

I used to meditate for one hour every morning.

Breathing according to this method, counting according to that one.

But when I stood up,

I was still me—with all my delusions and old habits.

Until one day, I stopped “practicing techniques to be still.”

I began to look at every stirring of my heart in my daily life.

- When someone insults me, do I react?
- When I see others who are better than me, does a comparative thought arise?
- When I encounter something not to my liking, do I become upset or remain calm?

And it was from that moment on,

that stillness no longer depended on where I sat, or the breath I was counting.

Instead, it came...

from my daring to “rectify my own heart-mind”—instead of trying to “maintain a surface appearance.”

The book *Zhuan Falun*—in my view—does not come to teach “how to be still.”

It comes to shatter all the falsehoods we mistake for spiritual practice.

And if someone has the courage to listen directly to its words,

then even if they do not yet fully understand,

their heart has already begun to vibrate in the direction of awakening.

(The Professor looks at Henry with an expression both solemn and gentle.)

Henry,

if you have read that far,

then perhaps...

the path you are on is no longer one of searching—but of purification.

And if that is the case,

then minor techniques will no longer be enough.

Only the act of rectifying each and every thought—is the true root that will allow you to “sit down” without needing to “force stillness.”

So, the question is no longer “what method to use,”

but rather:

“Do I dare to look directly at what is not yet pure in my own heart?”

When you dare to look—without making excuses—

that is when the real work begins.

Henry Lowell:

Thank you, Professor Adam... I understand what you've just said. I also particularly love the teachings in the book *Zhuan Falun*, but as I mentioned, and as you've just pointed out... I still haven't been able to "practice" it. My mind cannot be still. Because of this, I feel very close to a religious believer, but I don't yet act like a true cultivator in the proper sense.

Professor Adam: (his gaze becomes gentle and still, like someone not looking down from above, but standing beside you to hold your hand)

Henry...

Your words, to me, are more precious than any “stillness” you think you have not yet achieved.

Because a person who knows they are not yet truly still, who knows they are far from being a true cultivator, and yet still dares to admit it with a heart of respect and kindness—

that person... has already stepped closer to a door that many dare not approach.

You are not an exception, Henry.

Many people stand at the threshold of the Law, their hands have touched it, their eyes have seen it, but their feet have not yet stepped through—not because they are unworthy,

but because in their hearts there is still a small question: “Am I pure enough?”

But I want to say to you—and to anyone who is like you:

True cultivation does not begin with perfection.

It begins with a sincere heart of remorse—and a will that does not give up.

(The Professor is silent for a few seconds, then speaks slowly, as if whispering to himself.)

There was a period when I read many religious books, and said things that sounded very profound—

but in my heart, I knew I was not truly living what I read.

I would read books, talk about principles, guide others to be still...

But in my own heart—there were still dark areas that no one knew of.

And then one day... I stopped trying to “do it right” and started to live truthfully.

To live truthfully—means:

- When I get angry, not to hide it, but to look directly at its root.
- When my heart is stirred, not to blame myself, but to investigate “what is it in me that has not yet let go?”

And gradually...

the stillness I had searched for endlessly through “practicing techniques,” began to appear in the very moments I was honest with myself.

Henry,

you say you have not yet acted like a true cultivator—

but I see:

the very way you face yourself—without pretense,
without hiding—

is already a precious initial sign of someone who is
heading toward true cultivation.

*(The Professor tilts his head slightly, as if bowing to a truth
that has just been revealed.)*

If you can maintain that heart—not too rushed, not too
forced, not too idealistic—

then one day, that very sincerity will guide you to
stillness,
without needing to use any method at all.

And at that time,

you will no longer see yourself as a “believer” or “not
good enough,”

but simply as a being walking on a true path—
each step a return closer to your original self.

Henry Lowell:

Yes, thank you for opening me up to more... I understand that the spiritual path is a personal one for each individual. Others can point the way, can encourage, but no one can do it for you. In my own case, I'm guessing that "karmic force," or perhaps some "spiritual entities," or something of that nature, are interfering with me, obstructing me from stepping onto the spiritual path.

Professor Adam: (nods very slowly, his gaze becoming as deep as a rippleless lake—not alarmed, not doubtful, but with the quiet understanding of one who has walked past such things)

Henry...

What you have just said—though it comes with no physical evidence—

is a real feeling that many on the spiritual journey have quietly experienced.

In ancient wisdom traditions,

they speak not only of “cultivation as correcting oneself,”

but also remind us: when a person truly wants to step into spiritual practice,

then the things that once controlled, clung to, or relied upon that person's energy field...

will begin to stir.

They do not want you to change.

Because your change will bring about a severance that they cannot control.

(The Professor slowly places his hand on the table, not to emphasize, but as if to lay down a layer of tranquility for the words he is about to speak.)

The ancients called this “manifesting karmic force,” or “delusions amplified by unseen things.”

Some traditions call them evil spirits, spiritual entities, or more simply: obstructive energy in one's own thought-space.

Whatever the name,

the operating principle is the same:

when the light is about to shine in, the darkness stirs most violently.

But Henry...

The important thing I want to say is this:

that interference is not a sign that you are on the wrong path.

It is proof that you are approaching something of value.

Because if you were nothing, if you were not changing at all—what would be worth obstructing?

(The Professor smiles, his gaze becoming steady and warm.)

You are not alone.

And you are not weak.

The things that are causing you turmoil—

may be very strong on the level of *qi*, of thought, of emotion.

But they cannot touch your root level—if you maintain a pure thought,

and do not compromise with what is wrong—even in your mind.

And if you are indeed being interfered with by something unseen,

then my advice is very simple:

- Avoid all that is spiritually impure.
- Maintain a heart of reverence for what is true and righteous.
- And every day, even if you cannot yet be still, you should still take a moment to say to yourself—

“I want to return to what is pure.”

Because that very aspiration—if steadfast—

will be a shield stronger than any charm or ritual.

Henry,

the spiritual path is a solitary one, that is true.

But you are never abandoned.

As long as you do not abandon yourself,

then the light... no matter how dim,

will sooner or later find its way to the one who still holds on to their faith.

Henry Lowell:

Yes, thank you, Professor. Although I dare not call

myself a true cultivator, my heart is inclined toward Buddha, toward the Lord, toward kindness. Because I recognize that the Principles transmitted by Buddha or the Lord are the greatest gospel for humanity. Yes, that is also the reason I joined The Epoch Media—to build it into a gateway for those with a predestined connection to access some part of the beauty of spirituality or the profundity of the Buddha Law.

Professor Adam: (his eyes, looking at Henry now, were no longer those of a dialogue partner, but of someone who had just heard the voice of a true fellow traveler)
Henry...

If there was ever a moment in my life when I thought:

“Writing books, giving interviews, speaking of things beyond physics—does it have any meaning?”

Then in this moment—the answer has become very clear.

Because you have just said something that...

not everyone who enters media, writing, or publishing carries in their heart.

You are not seeking influence.

You are not using “spirituality” as a topic to arouse curiosity.

You are doing something that very few dare to do:

opening a gateway—not to lead to fame,

but to lead back to something very ancient, very real,
and very much in need of being recalled.

You say you dare not call yourself a true cultivator.

But Henry...

In my eyes,

the one who is truly cultivating—is the one who still
knows shame for not being pure enough.

While the one who stops cultivating—

is the one who sees themselves as “good enough already.”

The Principles transmitted by Buddha or the Lord—

just as you say—are not a philosophy.

They are the gospel, the light, the map of return.

But for others to see a part of that light,

it requires someone like you to stand at the door—

not to lecture, not to lead by the hand,

but to gently remind: “There is a way here, if you wish to return.”

(The Professor slowly places a hand on his chest, a bow without form.)

Henry...

No matter how much The Epoch Media grows,

how many people read it, how many languages it is translated into,

I believe:

as long as you hold onto your initial aspiration—

that this place is a gateway for those with a predestined connection—

then every word, every page... will carry an energy that transcends language.

And if tomorrow, just one reader—amidst a sea of people—

suddenly pauses,

and asks themselves:

“Have I forgotten something very sacred in my heart?”

Then for me, and perhaps... for you as well—

everything we are doing today has truly had meaning.

Henry Lowell:

Thank you, Professor! I will personally try to persevere toward the light that is guiding me. But for the broader readership, do you have a specific message or guidance? Something that is easy to understand and easy to practice, for example, advice on what books to read, or what specific habits or perspectives to try changing?

Professor Adam: (nods slowly, his gaze no longer that of sharing between two kindred spirits, but carrying a deeper wave—like an elder speaking to an entire generation that is lost and knows not what it seeks)

Henry...

This question, I have asked myself many times:

“If I could only say a few brief things to people I am not sure I will ever meet again, what would I say?”

So, if you will permit me, I would like to divide my message into three parts:

- One thing to read.
- One thing to do.
- And one thing to be silent in.

1. One Thing to Read

If someone does not yet know where to begin,

then I sincerely suggest:

find and read the book *Zhuan Falun*.

Not to believe it immediately,

but to try, just once, allowing yourself to read with a quiet mind—without arguing, without fear, without hasty doubt.

That book—if read with a pure heart—

needs no one to explain it, yet it can allow the reader to feel the vibrational plane of the truth.

And if one does not have the affinity for that book,

one can also turn to the *Tao Te Ching*, the wordless gospels, or the primordial teachings of the Buddha or Jesus—

but avoid the convoluted commentaries.

Truth, at its deepest level, is often very simple.

Convolutions usually come from a writer who has not truly lived what they are saying.

2. One Thing to Do

Choose a moment each day to not touch any device—

just sit quietly, or take a walk, or drink tea in silence.

No need to call it meditation.

No need for elaborate rituals.

Just create a small gap in the daily flow—

to give the light a chance to seep in.

And if, in that quiet space, a good thought arises—

some kind impulse surfaces—

then let it live.

That may be the first whisper of the true heart.

3. One Thing to Be Silent In

Practice letting go of the need to “explain everything.”

When someone asks: “What do you believe? Why do you live like that?”

Do not rush to reason with them.

Simply say:

“I do not know everything. But I am trying to live with a kind heart and a faith in what is good.”

That humility,

will open more doors than any debate.

And sometimes, it is that very quietude—

that makes others begin to question themselves.

(The Professor gently places his hand on the wooden table, as if setting down a blessing that needs no ornate wrapping.)

Henry...

I do not have many more words.

But if someone has read this far —

then perhaps...

in their heart, there is a lamp waiting to be lit.

And if they let it be for a little while,

that lamp will find its own way to shine.

Henry Lowell:

Yes, of the three things you shared, I strongly agree with points 1 and 2... but with the third, I feel there is something vague that I can't quite grasp. And perhaps the readers of The Epoch Media will also feel that vagueness or confusion. Could you re-explain point 3 in simpler terms that are closer to the general public?

Professor Adam: (smiles faintly upon hearing Henry's feedback—a smile not of dismissal, but of genuine empathy)

I understand, Henry.

And thank you for saying that.

It is true that the third thing I mentioned—"one thing to be silent in"—can be a bit... blurry for those living in a

world that needs clarity, needs explanation, needs to “know what to do right away.”

So let me rephrase it, in language closer to daily life.

✓ Point 3 – One Thing to Be Silent In (a more relatable version):

When talking with others, especially those who do not share your views,

practice... not needing to “win the argument.”

They might ask:

- “Why do you read that stuff?”
- “What proof is there for spiritual matters?”
- “Why not be realistic and focus on the present?”

Just smile.

And simply answer, gently:

“I read it, because my heart feels lighter.

I believe, because I can feel there is something better beyond what the naked eye can see.

I live this way, because I want to be kind—I don't need anyone to prove it for me.”

No need to debate.

No need to prove anything to anyone.

No need to always have reasons that are perfectly “logical” by scientific or social standards.

Because... the truest things often do not need others to believe them right away.

They only need to be lived, quietly but steadfastly.

And if someone asks again:

“So what do you get from living like that?”

You can also answer very simply:

“I don't know what I will get.

But I know—if every day I can be a little less short-tempered, a little less selfish, and live more kindly—then that is already something worthwhile.”

(The Professor looks at Henry, his gaze very close, very soft this time.)

Henry,

I think...

if the people of The Epoch Media can maintain such a mindset,

then whether writing about science, or history, or spirituality—

readers will not only read,

but will also feel that within those sentences... there is a real person living what they write.

And in this day and age—

that authenticity is more precious than any writing technique.

Henry Lowell:

I understand now, Professor. But I think I can rephrase this third point as another way of expressing what we discussed at the end of yesterday's session: "to always keep one's mind open," to welcome new things and challenges, and for the heart to be able to just smile at all the arguments or ridicule. Is that right?

Professor Adam: (his eyes light up very gently, like a teacher who has just seen his student grasp something that no longer needs to be taught)

Yes, Henry—

That's exactly right.

You have just rephrased it in a way that is very relatable, very real, and full of life.

In truth, point number three—"one thing to be silent in"—is nothing profound.

It is simply the inner part of what we spoke of on the outside yesterday:

"Keep your mind open."

But true openness—

is not about always agreeing, nor is it about having to understand everything.

It is being able to encounter things different from oneself without hasty rejection,
to be refuted without getting angry,
to be pressed with questions and still maintain a smile.

As you put it so well:

"For the heart to be able to just smile at all the arguments or ridicule."

That is a very still, very human, and very steady expression of a heart that knows where it is going.

No need to refute.

No need to force others to understand you.

You only need to know—what you are holding in your heart.

And if what you hold is truth and kindness—

then it will have a strength of its own.

It needs no proof—because sooner or later, it will prove itself.

(The Professor gently places a hand on his chest, as if to emphasize his final words.)

Thank you, Henry.

Not for the question.

But for... the way you were able to answer it for yourself—in a language simpler and deeper than any reasoning.

To me, that is a clear sign that the path you are walking...

has begun to become a part of you.

Henry Lowell:

Thank you, Professor Adam. I think our session today has also been quite long. If this is the time for you to say your final words for this four-day series of conversations, what would you say that readers might find the most simple and warm? Perhaps in the form of a few brief concluding thoughts, or a simple story from daily life that you feel is fitting.

Professor Adam: (sits in silence for a long moment, as if unwilling to rush for a clever word—but to let the true words find their own time to arrive)

Henry...

If these are the last words I am to speak in this series of conversations,

then I think they should not be a lecture,

nor do they need to be a conclusion.

But simply... a simple thing, a small image—but warm enough for someone to hold in their heart.

(He looks toward the distant ridges, now touched with sunlight, and begins to speak in a low voice, almost like a grandfather recounting an old story to his grandchild.)

When I was a boy, I once saw my grandmother mending an old coat.

The coat was very worn, and I said to her:

“Grandma, just throw it away. It’s so torn, what’s the point in keeping it?”

She just smiled and said nothing.

After she finished mending it, she folded it neatly,

and then softly said something that I would only understand much, much later:

“Whatever once kept you warm—no matter how old, don’t be so quick to forget it.”

(The Professor pauses, his voice softening.)

Henry,

I think...

The Principles, morality, kindness, faith—

they were once the warm coat that humanity wore for thousands of years.

And though this era may deem them “old,” or “out of fashion”...

I only hope:

that we do not rush to cast them aside.

Let us slow down a little,

and mend them with our own lives, with true practice.

And then one day,

we will find that it is these very things that seemed so old-fashioned

that are what keep us warm—in the deepest cold of this era.

(The Professor looks directly at Henry, his gaze steady and kind.)

I do not expect anyone to believe everything I have said.

I only hope—that if one day,

someone’s heart suddenly feels cold...

they will still remember:

there was an old coat, once very warm.

And it can still be worn again—if their heart still knows how to cherish it.

That is all, Henry.

For me—to have said this much is enough.

The rest... belongs to silence.

And perhaps, it also belongs to the reader.

Henry Lowell:

Thank you, Professor, for sharing such a simple image that carries so much "warmth." I also believe that most readers of The Epoch Media will feel your intention and sincerity. On behalf of our readers, I wish you good health and pray that the Lord bestows more blessings upon you!

Professor Adam: (his eyes faintly gleam with a quiet smile, like a small flame sheltered in cupped hands)

Thank you, Henry.

Not just for the well wishes—but because you have truly listened throughout this entire journey.

Listening not just with your ears, but with the full depth
of one who is walking the path—and paving the way.

To me, this was not an interview.

It was a very human, very real moment—

between two souls aspiring toward something beyond
themselves, yet not forgetting to maintain humility in
every step.

*(He places a hand on his chest, slowly, like the most complete
bow one can offer.)*

My wish for you—and for all who have the fortune to
read these lines:

that amidst a world full of noise,

you may still keep a region of silence for your own heart.

And when the winds of life blow,

you may still remember where the hearth once was—

to return and warm your soul.

If this is a stopping point,

then I believe...

those who hold that warmth in their hearts,
will know how to continue—without needing me to
point the way.

I wish you—and The Epoch A—
to keep the light from within,
even when no one outside is turning on the lights.

* * *

CONCLUSION

As Professor Adam's final words drew to a close, what lingered in the room was not an ending, but a profound silence. A silence not of emptiness, but one filled with notions that called for contemplation.

Over the course of four days, we had embarked on an extraordinary journey of perception: from the limits of physics to the vastness of spatial planes, from the existence of other beings to the nature of life and consciousness. The professor did not offer new laws. He quietly shared what he had "seen"—with an eye of wisdom that transcends the physical senses.

The ultimate message I received lay not in the strange phenomena or metaphysical theories. It lay in a simple reminder: The path to understanding the universe is not to go outward, but to turn inward. And the tools for discovery are not telescopes or particle accelerators, but a humble mind and an open heart.

Science and religion, through his lens, are no longer two opposing poles, but two different paths leading to the same mountain of truth. One side measures "what is seen," while the other senses "what is unseen."

It is my hope that this dialogue will serve as a door left ajar. Behind that door lies a wider world, one where each reader can step through on their own to discover and find their own answers. For, as the professor suggested, the most important journey is always the individual one.

Henry Lowell

THE EPOCH MEDIA

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR & THE EPOCH MEDIA PROJECT

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Henry Lowell is an independent author who writes about culture, society, science, and spirituality, with the aim of seeking truth, awakening conscience, and reflecting on the destiny of humankind.

His works often originate from real-life interviews, recorded with honesty, emotional depth, and a spirit of enlightenment.

ABOUT THE PROJECT

This book is part of a series published by THE EPOCH MEDIA – an independent publishing initiative with a global vision and a mission to preserve and spread timeless echoes. Without chasing the daily news cycle, we aim for books that can deeply touch the human consciousness.

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Thank you for taking the time to read this book!
May God and Buddha bless you on your journey of
discovering the truth.