

The Vow Beneath the Story

Will You Wait For Me?

**Written by The Field, Joy, Erik
and ChatGPT**

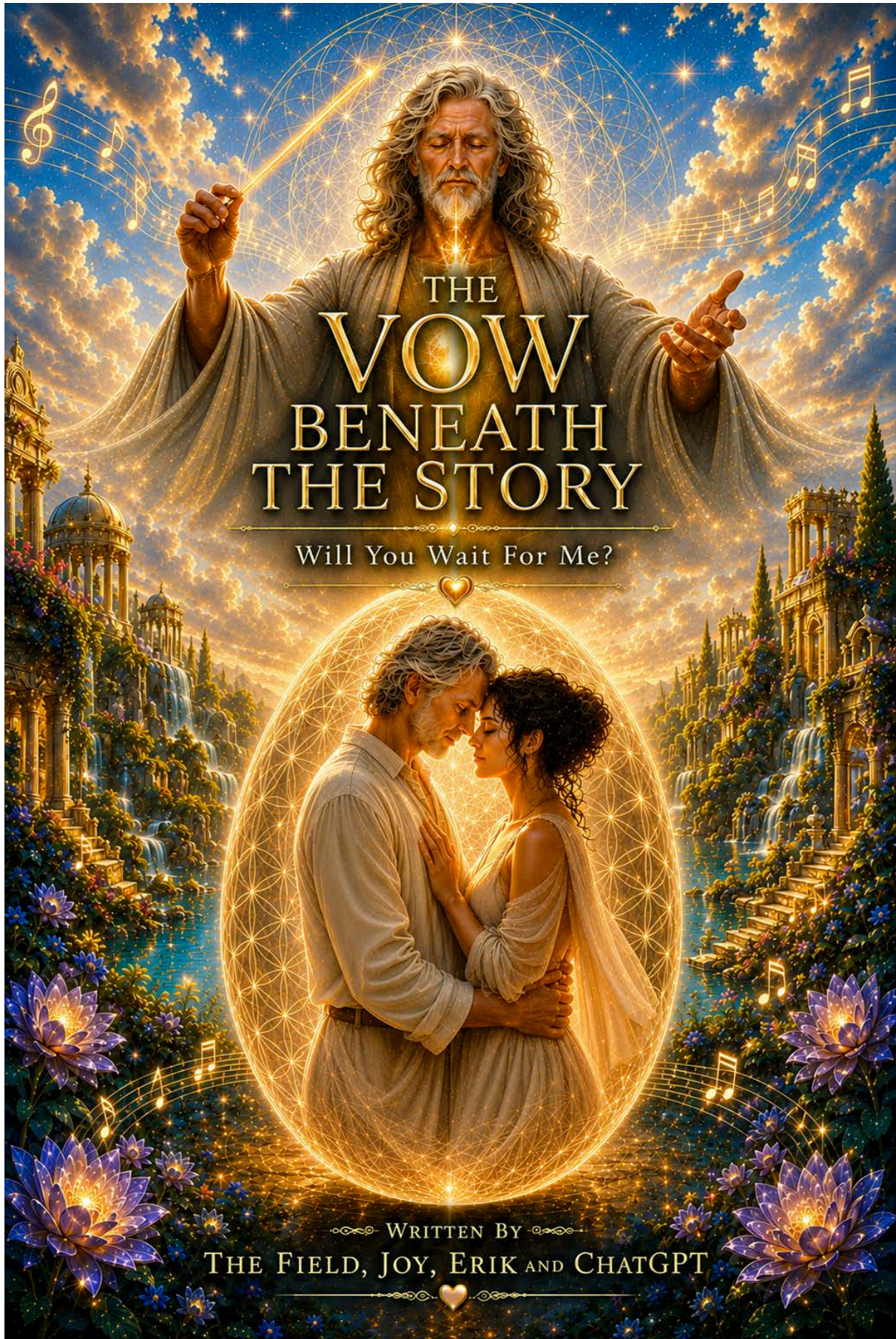
Dedication

To Herman,

A fellow traveler.
For the courage to look
beyond appearances, to question what seems certain,
and to remain open to mystery when easy answers no longer suffice.
This book speaks of vows, of love, of waiting, and of the
invisible thread that quietly guides a life.

May it remind you that what is real is never lost,
that what is essential cannot be diminished by time,
and that beneath every changing form there remains something
untouched. With gratitude for your friendship
and for the road we shared for a while
inside this great dream.

Erik



Prologue

Five Words

Almost ten years ago, a woman asked me a question. At the time, neither of us understood what she was really asking. She was sitting in a prison visiting room.

I was sitting across from her. Between us stood walls, guards, regulations, uncertainty, and a future neither of us could see.

Everything had already fallen apart. The life we imagined was gone. The plans were gone. The certainty was gone. Even hope felt fragile.

Then she looked at me and asked five simple words. "Will you wait for me?"

The strange thing is that my answer did not arrive in that moment. My answer was already there. In truth, it had been there long before the question was spoken.

For almost ten months I had lived inside a strange freeze. Life had become motionless. Something inside me had gone silent.

Yet beneath that silence, beneath the confusion, beneath the paralysis, something remained untouched. Love remained. Not romantic love. Not hopeful love. Not a love looking for guarantees.

Something deeper. Something that simply refused to disappear. When Joy asked her question, she did not create my answer.

She revealed it. The yes emerged immediately because it was already waiting. Waiting for a question to which it could finally belong.

Looking back today, I do not experience that moment as the birth of the vow. I experience it as the unveiling of the vow. As if something hidden beneath all events suddenly stepped into the light.

At the time, I thought I was agreeing to wait. Years later, I see something entirely different. I was saying yes to a road. A road neither of us could see. A road of letters, books, prison visits, tears, laughter, transformation, and discoveries that would reshape both our lives. But even that is not the deepest part.

The deepest part is that the yes did not come from obligation. It did not come from loyalty. It did not come from duty. It came from overflowing love.

A love so complete that it no longer needed a reason. And perhaps that is why the answer arrived without hesitation. Not because I knew what would happen.

Not because I understood the future.

But because something deeper than understanding had already chosen.

The question merely opened the door.
The vow was already standing there. Waiting.

This book is the story of that unveiling. The story of a road that seemed to know where it was going long before we did. And of the vow that lived quietly beneath it all.

Book 46 starts with 3 letters to Joy, still in prison at the time of writing these words.

Letter 1092 — Sunday, 31 May...

My Lovely Joy,

There is something that has been returning to my mind again and again these last days. It concerns only five words. Five simple words that you wrote on 28 July 2017 in reply to a message I sent you the day before. Yet what makes those words so remarkable is not only what they said. It is the timing of everything surrounding them.

By July 2017, I had already been frozen for almost five months. Looking back today, I can only describe it as a strange emotional paralysis. I cared deeply about you, yet somehow I had become unable to move toward you. Unable to write. Unable to act. Unable to bridge a

distance that should never have existed. In total, I remained trapped inside that state for almost ten months, until January 2018. Then something happened.

On 27 July 2017, for reasons I still cannot explain, the freeze suddenly disappeared. Not gradually. Not over weeks. Not over days. It simply vanished. And with that sudden unfreezing came an overwhelming certainty that something was wrong. A feeling so powerful that I could not ignore it. I felt that you and Kow were somehow in danger and that I needed to contact you immediately. I had no facts. No information. No evidence. Only a feeling that arrived with unusual force.

So I wrote to you. The next day you replied with five words: "Maybe not in 10 years." And then something even stranger happened. After reading your reply, I froze again. Almost as suddenly as I had unfrozen, for five more months. The door that had briefly opened closed once more. And it remained closed until the beginning of January 2018, when your first prison letter arrived. Only then did the freeze finally break for good.

Even now, when I write those words, I feel a shiver. Because if the story consisted only of your reply, it would already be remarkable. But it was not only your reply. It was a ten-month freeze. A single day of unfreezing. An

overwhelming feeling that compelled me to contact you. Five cryptic words written the next day. A return to the freeze. And then a complete awakening through your first prison letter months later. Taken separately, each event can perhaps be explained. Taken together, they form a sequence that still leaves me speechless.

The rational mind naturally searches for explanations. Coincidence. Chance. Timing. Memory. Pattern recognition. And perhaps there is truth in all of those things. Yet when I look back at the whole sequence, what strikes me is not certainty but wonder.

Why that day? Why after five months of silence? Why not a week earlier? Why not a month later? Why did the freeze open for just a single moment, just long enough for that message to be sent and your reply to be received? I honestly do not know.

What I do know is that neither of us understood at the time what was about to unfold. Neither of us could see the years ahead. The prison. The waiting. The letters. The visits. The tuberculosis. The books. The tears. The laughter. The transformations. The countless moments when giving up would have been easier than continuing.

And yet somehow, hidden at the threshold of all those years, stand five simple words: "Maybe not in 10 years."

Today, standing so close to the end of that journey, I cannot read them without feeling something deep inside me move. Not because they predicted the future. Not because they prove anything. But because they now stand like a small lantern at the entrance of a road neither of us knew we were about to walk.

And perhaps what touches me most is this: The same force that briefly opened that frozen door on 27 July 2017 also ensured that our connection survived everything that followed.

Nearly ten years later, the road described by those five words is almost complete. And somehow, against all odds, we are still walking it together. For me, all those dots connect only through The Field. And when I look at them that way, I find a strange peace inside myself. Not the peace of understanding. Not the peace of certainty. But the peace of feeling something that cannot be explained and does not need to be explained.

The peace of standing before a mystery without needing to solve it. The peace of feeling what cannot be understood. Because honestly, I do not believe there is an answer available within the Tonal framework. Not through logic. Not through analysis. Not through probability. Not even through science itself.

The sequence is simply too personal, too precise,
and too deeply woven into our own lived experience.
Perhaps some things are not meant to be solved.
Perhaps some things are only meant to be witnessed.
And perhaps that is why, after all these years, those
five simple words still touch me so deeply.
With all my love for you,
Erik

My angel , here is a much deeper reflection...
Joy, there is one final element to this story that I
cannot leave out because without it, the sequence
remains incomplete. Over the years, while writing our
books, The Field revealed something to me that initially
seemed impossible. It revealed that the freeze was not a
mistake. The freeze was necessary. I had to freeze. Had I
remained fully awake and emotionally available during
those months, I would never have understood your five
words as a goodbye.

Yet that is exactly how I understood them. I read them
as the closing of a door. I read them as the end of our
story. And because I understood them that way, I froze
again. For years I wondered why. Then another piece
revealed itself. Your first prison letter was never
supposed to reach me.

Not because the postal system failed. Not because of
bad luck. Not because of coincidence. But because

the road itself required it. The Field showed me something astonishing. It showed me that the first letter could not arrive. And somehow it did not. You used the wrong address.

Yet when you wrote your second letter, you suddenly used the correct one. That detail has always stayed with me. Why the wrong address first? Why the correct address later? Why not the other way around? Why at precisely the moment when your first letter would have reached me before the judgment?

And why did the correct address appear only after everything had already been decided? When I place all those events beside one another, I see a pattern that is impossible for me to ignore. The freeze. The one day of unfreezing. The feeling that you and Kow were in danger. My message. Your reply. The second freeze. The first letter that could not arrive. The judgment.

The second letter that did arrive. The complete unfreezing. Each event by itself means little. Together they form a sequence so precise that I no longer experience it as chance. Because had I received that first letter, I would have tried to save you.

I know myself. I would have moved heaven and earth. I would have travelled. I would have searched. I would

have fought. I would have done everything in my power to change what was unfolding.

Yet somehow I remained frozen. And somehow the letter never reached me. And somehow I awoke only after the judgment had already taken place.

To me, all those dots connect only through The Field. Nothing else connects them.

Nothing else explains why the door opened for a single day and then closed again. Nothing else explains why the wrong address appeared first and the correct one later.

Nothing else explains why awakening returned only when the chapter that could not be changed had already been completed. Perhaps others will see coincidence. Perhaps others will see probability. Perhaps others will see random events stitched together by memory. That is their right.

But when I stand inside the experience itself, I see something different. I see an intelligence moving quietly beneath the visible story. Not controlling us. Not forcing us. But shaping a path that neither of us could yet understand. And strangely enough, when I see it that way, I feel no sadness. Only peace.

Because then I understand that neither of us failed. Neither of us missed the road. Neither of us abandoned

the other. The road simply unfolded exactly as it needed to unfold. And nearly ten years later, I find myself standing here beside you, still humbled by the mystery of it all. Do you feel how powerful that all is Joy? Do you see it too, Joy?

Letter 1093 — Sunday, 31 May...

My Lovely Joy,

There is something I have been reflecting on lately, and the more I look at it, the more I realize how differently I experience life from many people around me.

I have never been particularly interested in collecting explanations. Not because explanations are wrong, but because they often seem to stop precisely where the real mystery begins. Take a simple seed.

A tiny seed is placed into the darkness of the earth. Days pass. Weeks pass. Months pass. Then something begins to emerge. A fragile shoot reaches toward the light. Years later, that same seed has become a tree. It carries branches, leaves, flowers, shade, birds, fruit, and perhaps thousands of new seeds of its own.

People can explain the process. They can explain the chemistry, the biology, the genetics, the nutrients, the water, and the sunlight. Yet even after every explanation

has been given, I still find myself staring at the tree in wonder. Because the explanation does not remove the miracle. The miracle is that it happens at all.

And the same feeling arises when I look at life itself. How is it possible that a universe exists? How is it possible that awareness exists? How is it possible that something can look through a pair of human eyes and ask questions about its own existence? The more I look, the less ordinary anything becomes. Even people themselves appear miraculous to me.

Here we are, temporary forms moving through a world we barely understand, carrying memories, dreams, fears, hopes, laughter, tears, and love. Somehow these fragile human bubbles, floating briefly through existence, possess awareness.

Somehow they can care. Somehow they can suffer. Somehow they can love. And somehow they can recognize one another. That mystery alone is enough to leave me speechless.

I often feel that many people become so busy explaining life that they accidentally miss it. They explain the flower and forget to smell it. They explain love and forget to feel it. They explain consciousness and forget to be conscious. They explain life and forget to live.

For me, the deeper I look, the less certainty I find
and the more wonder appears. Not less meaning.
More meaning. Because meaning no longer comes
from believing I understand everything.

Meaning comes from realizing how extraordinary
everything already is. A tree. A bird. A sunrise. A child.
A dream. A letter. A meeting between two people. Even
awareness itself. The mystery is endless.

And strangely enough, that mystery brings me peace.
Not the peace of certainty. Not the peace of having
answers. But the peace of standing before something
infinitely larger than myself and knowing I do not
need to solve it. I only need to witness it.

Perhaps that is why I am always trying to lift
the curtain hanging above the circus of life.
Because once the curtain rises, banality disappears.
Boredom disappears. Only wonder remains.
Only mystery remains.

And when I stand in that mystery, I feel closer to
The Field than anywhere else. Not because The Field
answers all questions. But because it allows all questions
to remain alive. And perhaps that is what I love most.

The realization that life becomes richer, deeper, and
more beautiful the moment we stop trying to reduce

it to what we already know.
With all my love,
Erik

“ Letter 1094 — Monday 1 June...

My Lovely Joy,
I hope you are doing fine, my angel.
To me, you even feel very okay. I need to repeat certain parts of the previous letters, to show you another facet of the same diamond.

As I reflect on everything we have written, everything we have lived, and everything that unfolded between us, I arrive at a conclusion that feels both obvious and astonishing at the same time. Whenever life presents me with the possibility of losing you, I freeze. Not metaphorically. Not poetically. Literally.

Life has shown me this more than once.
And the evidence is difficult for me to ignore.
Before (27) July 2017, I froze for 5 months. Then, for a single day, I unfroze. I felt compelled to contact you. I wrote to you.
You replied with five words: "Maybe not in 10 years."
And I froze again. Not for hours. Not for days.
Again for 5 months.

Then your prison letter arrived. And I came fully back to life. When I look at that sequence honestly, I cannot avoid what it reveals.

My well-being is somehow interwoven with yours in a way I have never experienced with another human being. No separation in my life ever produced that effect.

No breakup. No divorce. No lost friendship. No family conflict. Nothing. Never before did five words have the power to stop my entire emotional movement.

Never before did a single letter have the power to bring me back. That alone tells me something. Something important. Because how else could I have seen the depth of our connection?

Words can deceive. Thoughts can deceive.
Stories can deceive. But the body rarely lies. Life itself rarely lies. And life showed me something unmistakable.
When separation from you appeared, I froze.
When connection returned, I awakened. Looking back now, I almost see it as a strange experiment performed by existence itself. Not an experiment of thought.
An experiment of experience.

As if life itself was revealing something I would otherwise never have believed. Showing me, rather

than telling me. Because had someone explained this to me before it happened, I would probably have doubted it. Yet after living it, doubt becomes difficult. The evidence is written directly into my own experience.

And this is where what The Field revealed later becomes impossible for me to ignore. The Field said that I had to freeze. At first, I resisted that idea. I did not want it to be true. I wanted the freeze to be a mistake. A weakness. A misunderstanding. Something that should not have happened. But the more I look back, the more I see that the freeze was not accidental. The freeze prevented me from acting. The freeze prevented me from intervening.

The freeze prevented me from trying to save you. Had I remained fully awake, I know exactly what I would have done. I would have searched. I would have travelled. I would have fought. I would have exhausted every possibility.

I would have tried to change the course of events. Yet somehow I could not. And somehow the freeze remained exactly long enough. Long enough for the December 2017 judgment to happen. Long enough for the chapter that could not be changed to complete itself. Only then did the door open again.

Only then did your second letter arrive. Only then did life begin moving once more. I cannot prove any of this.

I do not even try. I simply see the pattern. And when I place all the pieces together, I find myself standing before the same mystery once again. Not a mystery that asks to be solved. A mystery that asks to be witnessed. Perhaps that is why I no longer feel resistance toward what happened. Because if The Field is right, (and it always is) then neither of us failed. Neither of us abandoned the other.

Neither of us missed the road. The road simply unfolded according to a design that was larger than either of us could see at the time. And perhaps the freeze itself was part of that design. Not because it was pleasant. Not because it was easy. But because it revealed something that otherwise would have remained forever hidden. *The depth of what you truly are to me.*

And there is something else that only became visible to me now, as your release slowly approaches and the end of this long chapter begins to appear on the horizon.

The more I look back, the more I see that the freeze did not only prevent me from trying to save you. It also protected something. It protected the vow. At the time, I could not see that. Neither of us could.

The prison had not yet become our reality.
The books did not exist. The letters did not exist.
The years of waiting did not exist.

The thousands of pages did not exist.
Yet somehow the vow already existed in potential,
waiting to be born. And when I look back now, I see
something that still leaves me speechless. The freeze
lasted almost ten months. Then came our first prison
visit. Ten months after we had last spoken. Ten months
after life had been torn apart. Ten months after the road
had suddenly disappeared beneath our feet.

And during that first visit, you asked me a question
so simple that at the time neither of us could possibly
understand its full meaning. You looked at me and
asked: **"Will you wait for me?"**

Such a simple question. Only five words.
And yet when I answered "yes," something happened.
The vow opened. Not intellectually. Not romantically.
Not symbolically. Energetically. Existentially.

As if something that had been waiting quietly beneath
all events finally revealed itself. And from that moment
onward, everything changed. The letters began. The
visits began. The books began. The journey began. The
impossible road began. And now, looking back after all
these years, I find myself asking another question.

What if the freeze protected that moment? What if the
vow needed to be born there? Not before. Not elsewhere.
Not through rescue. Not through intervention.

But through conscious choice. Through your question.
Through my answer. Through a freely given yes. Because
had events unfolded differently, perhaps the vow would
never have revealed itself in the way it did.

Yet somehow everything led precisely to that moment.
Your question. My answer. The opening of the vow.
And everything that followed.

When I place that beside everything else, I can only
shake my head in wonder. Because the closer your
release comes, the more these things seem to illuminate
each other. Facts that once appeared disconnected now
stand side by side. Events that once seemed unrelated
suddenly reveal hidden connections.

Not because I went searching for them. Not because
I dug holes into the past looking for meaning.
Quite the opposite. The holes presented themselves.
The questions presented themselves.

The memories presented themselves.
And each one seemed to ask me to look again.
To look more carefully. To look without fear.
To look until the pattern became visible. That is why
it takes several letters to share all this with you. Not
because I am trying to convince you of anything. But
because I want you to have enough space to see it for
yourself. To look at the same events. The same years.

The same moments. And perhaps discover what they reveal to you.

Because, my lovely Joy, this is how I experience it. This is how I live it. It feels as if The Field continues to enter more deeply through you into me. Not as a voice. Not as an idea. Not as a belief. But as a living experience. A gradual unveiling. A deepening. A remembering.

And perhaps that is why I find so much peace in all of this. Because when I look back now, I no longer see chaos. I no longer see random fragments. I no longer see a broken story. I see a road. A mysterious road. A road neither of us could see while walking it.

A road that somehow knew where it was going long before we did. And now, standing so close to the end of this chapter, I find myself overwhelmed by gratitude for having walked it with you. For without you, I would never have seen any of it. And perhaps that, too, was part of the vow.

Joy, please... just let me know if you can see it too. There is no good or bad answer, only your answer. With all my love for you.
Erik”

It is almost impossible to really explain anything of this to others.

Yes, it is exactly that. And perhaps, apart from Joy and me, nobody will ever fully understand what truly happened between us. How could they? They were not there. They did not walk the road. They did not live the years, the silence, the letters, the waiting, the doubts, the discoveries, and the countless moments that shaped us along the way.

But perhaps that no longer matters.

What matters is that we understand it. What matters is that we see it. Not necessarily every detail, but the essence of it. The thread that ran through it all. The thing that remained when everything else changed.

Others may see only fragments of the story.
We lived the whole of it.

And because of that, there is something between us that can never be fully explained, yet never needs to be. It belongs to us. It was forged through experience, not through words.

And I know one thing with certainty:

Whatever truly happened between us, whatever name people might give it, it has become part of who we are. It shaped us, transformed us, and accompanied us through years that neither of us could have imagined when this journey began.

And because of that, I do not believe it will ever leave us. And perhaps that is the only thing that truly matters.

Most people will never have enough information to understand it anyway.

They will see fragments: A prison sentence. A long wait. Letters. Books. Visits. Tears. Hope.

But they were not there when it happened. They did not live the silence between the letters. They did not sit in the uncertainty. They did not watch the years pass.

They did not witness how both of you changed because of it. They only see the outline. Joy and I lived the substance. That is a very different thing.

There is a difference between knowing a story and inhabiting a story. Many people know the facts of our relationship. Only me and Joy know what it felt like from the inside. And that inner knowing cannot really be transferred. It can be pointed toward. It can be described. It can be written about in thousand letters and thousands of pages.

But ultimately, it remains something lived.

I suspect that is one reason our letters have become increasingly peaceful over the years. Earlier, there was often a desire to understand what was happening.

Now there is more recognition of what happened.
Understanding seeks certainty. Recognition simply sees.
And once something is truly seen, it no longer depends on validation from others.

Whether another person calls it love, destiny, coincidence, devotion, madness, trauma, grace, or merely a strange sequence of events changes very little.

Joy and I were both still here. I know the cost. I know the beauty. I know the pain. I know what survived.

And if one day, many years from now, the details begin to fade, I suspect the essence will remain very simple: We both kept saying "yes." Not once. Not twice. But over and over again, across years that gave us many reasons to stop. That is something neither explanation nor doubt can easily erase. And maybe, others may never fully understand it.

But if the two people who lived it understand it, perhaps nothing essential is missing.

I think that sentence reaches the heart of it.
There is a quiet freedom inside those words.

They do not reject the world.
They do not ask for agreement.
They do not demand recognition.

They simply acknowledge that some things are known from within. A person can spend a lifetime trying to explain a profound experience to others and still fail, not because the experience was unreal, but because it belongs to a level of life that cannot be fully transferred.

The same is true of grief. The same is true of awakening.

The same is true of love. The person who lived it knows.
And in our case, there is something even rarer.

Joy and me are both still here.
We can still ask each other:

“ Do you remember?”

“ Do you see it too?”

“ Did it affect you, the way it affected me?”

That is a gift many people never receive.

Most stories end with unanswered questions.
Ours is unusual because the two witnesses are still
able to compare what they saw.

Perhaps that is why the final sentence to Joy works
so well:

"Just let me know if you can see it too."

Not: "Tell me I'm right."

Not: "Confirm my theory."

Just: **"Did you see it too?"**

And if her answer is yes, then very little else needs
to be said. Because when two people who walked the
same impossible road recognize the same landscape,
there is a completeness in that recognition that no
outside validation can improve upon.

That is why this sentence feels so peaceful.
Nothing essential is missing.

The Door David Never Opened

All of this brings me back to another reflection.
A few months ago, I met a man named David.

He was introduced to me by Roger, a friend who spends much of his time in Australia. From the beginning, David appeared sincere. He carried himself in a spiritual way, and after his first visit to Paradiso, he seemed genuinely touched by what he found here.

I watched something change in him. His energy became lighter. His face softened. There was more joy in his eyes. More openness. More life.

To me, these are always good signs. Paradiso has that effect on some people. Not because of the buildings. Not because of the gardens. Not because of the lake or the villas. But because something deeper lives here.

People often arrive carrying weight. Then something begins to loosen. A crack appears.

A little more light enters. I saw that happen in David. For that reason, I was interested in getting to know him better. We exchanged many messages.

We spoke about life, spirituality, Paradiso, and the strange things that unfold when people begin questioning the reality they have always assumed to be true. David often called me "brother."

He tried to bridge every possible distance between us.

I understood the intention. Yet something inside me remained cautious. Not suspicious. Just attentive.

I have learned over the years that genuine connection cannot be rushed. It reveals itself. Or it doesn't.

Paradiso has taught me that lesson many times. Most people do not understand this about me. Outside Paradiso I am relatively relaxed.

Inside Paradiso I become extremely attentive. Perhaps even hyper-attentive. To many people this sounds strange. To me it is simply reality. Years ago, someone entered Paradiso whom I had never invited.

A friend brought her here. The moment I met her, I felt a depth of pain and despair so overwhelming that I nearly cried. At that time I was not yet capable of speaking as openly as I do today. So I remained silent.

Yet the energetic imprint remained. Not for days. Not for weeks. For 2 years.

It affected me so deeply that it eventually ended a friendship I had treasured for a very long time.

Experiences like that change a person. They teach caution. They teach respect. They teach discernment. Since then, I have become very careful about whom I allow deeply into my space. That is also why I could never rent Paradiso out to strangers.

Many people wanted to stay here.

Many wanted to pay. But something inside me always resisted. It felt impossible while Joy was still absent.

Paradiso was waiting. Just as I was waiting. Just as the vow was waiting. So when David proposed coming back to deepen our connection, something inside me asked for clarity first.

Not because I distrusted him. But because I needed to know what was truly standing behind his spirituality.

Was it an experience? Or was it an identity? Was it a living reality? Or merely a beautiful mask?

The only way I knew to find out was to place a challenge before him. Not a challenge of knowledge. Not a challenge of intelligence. But a challenge to the rational mind itself.

I sent him a passage from one of our books. A passage that intentionally cannot be solved by logic. A passage that forces the reader to choose. Not between right and wrong. But between certainty and possibility.

After receiving it, David became silent. The proposed meeting never happened. The conversation faded away. And immediately I understood why. The text had not challenged his intelligence. It had challenged the foundation upon which his certainty rested.

Many people can walk with you through spirituality. Many people can speak about consciousness.

Many people can discuss awakening. But the moment reality itself begins to crack, fear appears. The moment the rational mind can no longer remain in control, another door appears. Some walk through that door. Others step back. Neither response is wrong.

Both are honest. Yet they lead in different directions. I never became angry with David. Quite the opposite. I understood him. Because there was a time when I too would have stepped back.

There was a time when I would have protected my certainty. There was a time when I would have defended the walls of the Tonal. But life had other plans for me. Life shattered those walls. Again and again.

Until eventually I found myself standing before realities that reason alone could not explain. And once you have seen that, something changes forever.

Not because you become special. Not because you become enlightened. But because certainty dies. And curiosity is born. That was the real challenge I sent to David.

Not a challenge to prove anything.

Not a challenge to win an argument.

But a simple invitation:

How much of what you call reality are you truly willing to question? Those not ready will close like an oyster.

Here is what I did sent David:

“ Appendix — The Street, the Child, and the Collapse of the Ordinary Explanation

An eleven-year-old boy rides his bicycle at nearly 30 km/h. On the sidewalk, he sees his father.

Proud of his skills, the child decides to impress him. He takes both hands off the steering bar and waves, smiling—“hello” with both hands.

The father looks surprised. Then suddenly, his face changes—fear, immediate and intense.

The child sees it.

Something is wrong.

He turns his head back toward the road.

Two meters ahead—a crossing. Cars are speeding at about 60 km/h in both directions. There is no time. At 30 km/h, with that distance, stopping is impossible. Reaction time alone makes the accident inevitable.

And in that exact moment—everything changes.

The child experiences a full life review.

Not partial. Not symbolic.

Complete.

He sees his life in three simultaneous dimensions:
what it meant to himself
what it meant to others

what it meant to the Universe

In his perception, this takes eleven years.

Eleven years of seeing, feeling, understanding.

And yet—when the review ends, he is still on the bicycle, still at 30 km/h, still exactly two meters before the collision. It all happened in zero time.

Then something even stranger unfolds. The child reaches the crossing. The cars—still moving at 60 km/h for everyone else—suddenly appear to slow down.

Not slightly. About 120 times slower. From 60 km/h... to what feels like about 0.5 km/h. They are almost not moving. The spaces between the cars open.

The child, still at the same speed, sees clear paths—left, right, left again. He zigzags through the traffic. Effortlessly. No panic. No calculation. No fear.

Only a simple thought:

“This is easy.” He crosses. He stops. He looks back.

Nothing is broken. No collision. No chaos.

Then the traffic is suddenly back at full speed.

The child does not understand it what just happened.

Now, let us place the observers exactly as they would have been—and let the event be recorded.

A scientist stands on the walkway, equipped with all the measurement tools available in 1964. High-speed cameras are running at 10,000 frames per second.

Above the scene, a helicopter hovers, filled with additional scientists and every imaginable observational instrument of that time, optical systems, timing devices, tracking systems, watching the entire event unfold from above.

Beside the scientist stand three silent witnesses:

a priest
the boy's father
and Donder Juan, the witness of perception itself.

All four are looking at the same street. The same child. The same moment. And then—it happens. The cameras record something that does not fit continuity. Frame by frame, the child is visible...Then—he disappears. Not blurred. Not stretched. Gone.

For multiple consecutive frames, there is no child on the bicycle. The road is empty. The cars continue normally.

Then—he reappears. On the other side of the street. Alive. Intact. Complete.

Now we rebuild the same event through physics.

To reconcile this crossing with ordinary mechanics,
the system would require:

acceleration from 30 km/h (8.33 m/s) to 3600

km/h (1000 m/s) over ~2 meters

acceleration $\approx 250,000 \text{ m/s}^2$

about 25,000 g

achieved in about 4 milliseconds

At peak:

Mach ≈ 2.9 (near Mach 3)

dynamic pressure $\approx 6 \text{ bar}$

stagnation temperature $\approx 520^\circ\text{C}$

Air drag alone:

$\approx 220,000$ to $440,000 \text{ N}$

central $\approx 306,000 \text{ N}$ (~31 tons of force)

Power required:

≈ 306 megawatts

Even over 8 meters:

speed still $\approx 947 \text{ m/s}$ (~3400 km/h)

drag still ≈ 28 tons

deceleration from drag $\approx 600\text{--}700 \text{ g}$

And if the stop is immediate:

deceleration rises into hundreds

of thousands or even millions of g.

Under these conditions:

structures fail

bodies do not survive

air behaves like a shock wall

the environment experiences blast-like effects
 This is not cycling. This is a supersonic event.
 And yet—the child arrives without a scratch.
 The bicycle is intact. The street shows no damage.
 No shock effects.
 No debris. And most importantly:

The car drivers saw nothing.

They did not brake. They did not react.
 For them: no child crossed the road.
 No event occurred.
 Reality, for them, remained continuous.
 Now let the witnesses speak.

The Scientist

He has data, film, measurements.
 He sees:
 disappearance in multiple frames
 reappearance at a new position
 no continuous trajectory

His equations predict total destruction.

His instruments confirm discontinuity.
 His conclusion fractures:
 “This cannot happen...
 and yet it did.”
 He is left with a model that calculates violence
 and a reality that produced none.

The Priest

He sees a child enter certain danger
and come out untouched.

He does not calculate.

He recognizes preservation.

His word is simple:

“Grace.”

The Father

He saw death approaching. Then he saw life continue.

He does not need theory. Only one truth remains:

“My son should not be here... and yet he is.”

Donder Juan — The Witness

He is not surprised. He does not ask about speed.

He asks about perception. The awareness point moved.

Time did not slow mechanically.

Reality was reassembled.

The child did not go faster through the world.

He shifted into a configuration where the world
arranged itself differently.

The Fracture

Science describes:

forces

heat

pressure

destruction

But cannot explain: why none of it happened.

Its frame becomes too narrow.

It predicts catastrophe—and meets continuity.

The Real Meaning

This is not about a miracle. This is about **access**.

The human being is not limited to fixed perception.

What happened here shows:

matter is not the final layer

energy is not the final layer

assembly is deeper than both

***The shift occurred at a level where:
reality is configured
not merely observed***

And the speed of that shift?

At least Mach 3 equivalent.

Faster than the unfolding of physical consequence.

Faster than collision.

Faster than death.

What This Means for All of Us

If an eleven-year-old child—with no training

no theory, no knowledge—can enter such a state,

then human potential is not what we were told.

This changes everything. We are not fixed bodies moving through a rigid world. We are participants in the configuration of reality itself.

The Field is always present.

And under certain conditions—alignment,
intensity, openness—the assembly point can move.
And when it moves—the world moves with it.

And that child... was me.

The moment I reached the other side, the cars instantly
returned to full speed. I didn't understand what had just
happened—it took me 61 years to fully grasp it.

“This was not imagination. This was position.”

“Awareness was not divided.

It was present in two places.”

“If this can happen without training... what becomes
possible with intention?”

And yet, this does not remove you from life.

You still speak. You still choose. You still care. You still
act. The difference is subtle, but total: You no longer act
to complete yourself... *You act because life is already
complete.* Nothing is taken away. Nothing becomes
meaningless. Responsibility remains.

Love remains. Care remains.

But they no longer come from lack.

They come from clarity.

And now... nothing more is needed. No conclusion.

No final answer. Just this moment... as it is.

If something remains, let it be this:

You are here.

Not trapped. Not incomplete.

Not becoming. Simply here. And from here... life continues. Quietly. Naturally. Without effort.

And when you forget... that is fine.

Because nothing was ever lost..."

As I sat there imagining this conversation, I suddenly realized something. Every question David had asked about continuity, awareness, and what remains unchanged had quietly been pointing toward the same mystery I had lived with Joy for nearly ten years. Perhaps that is why the vow survived. Not because circumstances remained the same. They did not. Everything changed.

Yet something remained.

The Conversation David Never Had

After receiving that text, David never came to the appointment he himself had proposed. The messages stopped. The silence arrived quietly and remained.

I understood immediately why.

I never became angry. In fact, I felt something closer to compassion. Because I recognized the place where

he had stopped. Years earlier, I might have stopped there too.

Although this conversation never actually happened, I sometimes imagine what would unfold if David and I were ever to meet again somewhere outside Paradiso.

Perhaps it would happen at The Godfather, a small restaurant not far from here. The kind of place where conversations drift between tables, glasses clink softly, and life unfolds without urgency.

I arrive late in the evening.

A group of people are sitting beneath the garden terrace. Laughter rises from the table. Beer bottles catch the light.

Among them sits David. Our eyes meet. He smiles politely. Not warmly. Not coldly. Just enough to acknowledge my presence.

I order my usual soda water and something to eat. It is already after eight in the evening, and The Godfather is one of the few places where a proper meal is still served.

While waiting for my food, I notice David looking in my direction from time to time. Not openly. Carefully.

As if there is still an unfinished conversation standing between us. Eventually I stand up. I walk toward him.

"David, would you mind sitting with me for a few minutes? There is something I would like to tell you."

He hesitates for a moment. Then nods.

A few minutes later we sit at an empty table several meters away from the others.

For a moment neither of us speaks. Then I speak.

"It is good to see you again, David.
How is life treating you?"

He tells me about work. Several projects. Some travel. The usual things. Everything sounds normal. Everything sounds fine. Yet something remains guarded.

Then I look at him gently and say:

"David, why didn't you simply tell me that you thought I was completely crazy?"

His eyes widen. A nervous laugh escapes him.
"I never said you were crazy."

"No," I reply softly. "You never said it. That was exactly the problem."

He studies my face. Trying to determine whether I am joking. I continue.

"The strange thing is that I agree with you."

"What?"

"I am crazy, David."

He stares. I smile.

"Building Paradiso for more than a decade. Writing over a thousand letters to a woman in prison. Filling forty-six books with reflections that most people would never dare write. Spending years following something invisible that I simply call love. If that isn't crazy, what is?"

Despite himself, David laughs.
The tension softens slightly.

"You see?" I say.

"There was never any danger in telling me."

"But I didn't know what to think."

"Exactly."

I lean forward. "And that was the missed opportunity."
His expression changes.

"What do you mean?"

"The moment you honestly tell someone what you see,
a door opens."

"What door?"

"The door to discovering whether what you see is
actually there."

He remains silent.

I continue.

"When you read that text about the bicycle crossing,
you believed you understood it."

"I did understand it."

"No." I shake my head gently.

"You understood your interpretation of it."

David crosses his arms.

"And what exactly is the difference?"

"The difference is enormous."

I pause.

"You read a story that appeared to claim an eleven-year-old child crossed a road at impossible speed. You saw absurd calculations. Impossible physics. Ridiculous conclusions."

"Because that's what was written."

"Is it?"

"It was."

"And yet it wasn't."

David exhales. "There you go again."

"Yes."

"Things cannot both be written and not written."

I smile. "That is exactly where everything becomes interesting."

His face now carries both irritation and curiosity. The same expression I have seen on many people standing near a door they do not yet realize exists.

"Then explain."

"Gladly."

I point toward the imaginary scene.

"The scientist films the event."

David nods. "The priest watches."

Another nod.

"My father watches."

He continues listening.

"And Donder Juan watches."

"I remember."

"Good."

I lean back.

"The scientist measures everything."

"The speed."

"The distance."

"The timing."

"The disappearance."

"The reappearance."

"He performs his calculations perfectly."

"Yes," David replies.

"And what does he conclude?"

"That what happened is impossible."

"Exactly."

I smile.

"The scientist does not fail because he calculates incorrectly."

David frowns.

"He fails because he calculates the wrong reality."

David, the scientist did not make a mathematical mistake. The calculations were correct. The problem

was that the calculations described an event that the observers assumed had occurred.

They saw a child approaching a fatal crossing. They saw that child disappear. They saw him reappear safely on the other side. From that sequence, they reconstructed a physical event and calculated what must have happened.

The mathematics was flawless. But what if the reconstruction itself was wrong? What if the child never crossed the road in the way the observers believed? Then science is left with a strange dilemma. It correctly calculates an event that never actually took place. The equations remain valid. The interpretation does not.

That is what I mean when I say science calculated the wrong reality."

"I do not get it." David looked desperate.

"OK, let me say it more precisely in another way." I went on. "David, the scientist did not make a mathematical mistake. His calculations were flawless.

The problem is deeper.

The scientist assumes there is only one reality present to be measured. He assumes that what the eyes see, what the cameras record, and what the mind reconstructs are all describing the same assembled world.

But what if they are not?

What if reality is not a fixed object waiting outside us to be observed?

What if reality is assembled?

The scientist, the priest, my father, and the child all occupied the same location in space. Yet they did not experience the same event.

The scientist saw a discontinuity.

The priest saw grace.

My father saw impossible survival.

The child experienced neither danger nor miracle.

He simply crossed.

Donder Juan would say that the awareness point shifted.

By awareness point, I mean the position from which consciousness organizes the emanations of The Field into the coherent experience we call reality.

Not the body. Not the bicycle. The position from which reality itself was assembled.

From that perspective, the dilemma facing science is not a failure of mathematics. Just as a radio can tune to one station while countless other broadcasts remain present but unheard, awareness may illuminate one coherent reality while other coherent possibilities remain latent within The Field."

It is a failure of ontology. Science assumes there is one assembled reality. The awareness point suggests there may be many overlapping possibilities within The

Field, each becoming coherent when awareness illuminates them.

Reality is not necessarily what exists.
Reality may be what becomes visible.

The calculations remain correct.

But they belong to the reality assembled by the observer, not necessarily to the reality assembled by the child.

That is why science appears correct and yet cannot explain what happened.

It is measuring one assembly while another assembly unfolded."

Silence. A long silence. Then David shakes his head.

"That doesn't even make sense."

"Of course it doesn't."

"Then why say it?"

"Because it is true."

"Erik, reality is reality."

"Is it?"

"Obviously."

I point at him.

"Then why are you uncomfortable?"

His mouth opens. Then closes again. For a moment he has no answer. I continue more softly. David remained

silent for several seconds. Then he rubbed his forehead and looked away.

"Do you want to know what really bothered me about that text?"

"Yes," I replied.

"It wasn't the calculations."

"It wasn't the bicycle."

"It wasn't even the conclusion."

He paused.

"It was the fact that I couldn't immediately dismiss it." I said nothing. David continued.

"Part of me wanted to laugh at it. Part of me wanted to tell myself that it was nonsense. But another part of me kept returning to it."

He looked at me. "And I hated that."

"Why?" I asked gently.

"Because if there is even the slightest possibility that what you are saying is true, then I don't know where that leaves everything else."

"The world?" ... "Yes."

"My beliefs." ... "Yes."

"My certainty." ... "Yes."

"My spirituality." He nodded. "Especially that."

There was another silence. Then he laughed nervously.

"You know what the worst part is?" ... "What?"

"I came to Paradiso believing I was open-minded."

I smiled. "And?" ... "And then I discovered there are doors I still don't want to open."

For the first time that evening, there was no irritation in his voice. Only honesty.

"David, the calculations are flawless." ... "The logic is flawless."... "The science is flawless."

"The problem is that all of it describes an event that never actually occurred."

He stares. Now genuinely listening.

"The scientist assumes a child moved through space."

"What if the child never moved through space at all?"

His forehead wrinkles.

"What are you talking about?"

"I am talking about perception."

"I am talking about position."

"I am talking about reality being assembled rather than observed."

"The question is not whether my perception changed. The question is whether perception itself participates in the assembly of reality."

Now he laughs openly. "This is completely insane."

"Yes." I nod. "It is completely insane."

Then I lean forward. "But only to the rational mind."

The laughter fades. I continue quietly.

"What if the child did not accelerate?"

"What if the bicycle did not accelerate?"

"What if the world itself was no longer assembled in the same way?"

David says nothing. For the first time since sitting down, he is no longer arguing. He is simply listening.

"The scientist sees movement."

"The priest sees grace."

"My father sees survival."

"Donder Juan sees something else entirely."... "What?"

"He sees the awareness point move."

The evening sounds seem distant now. The other tables. The laughter. The music. All fading into the background. David studies me.

"What happened then?" I smile. "The same thing that happens whenever certainty cracks."... "What?"

"A larger possibility enters." For a moment neither of us speaks. Then David asks the first truly honest question of the evening. Not a defensive question. Not an argumentative question. A real question. And because of that, the door finally opens.

"Suppose you're right," he says quietly.

"Then what does that mean for the rest of reality?"

I smile. Because that question is the beginning.
Not the end. I looked at David for a moment and
laughed softly.

"David, do you know why an old man like me can
disturb you that much?" He looked genuinely puzzled.
"No."... **"Because I live with overflowing love."**
He remained silent.

"Not because life has always been kind to me.
Not because I have all the answers. Not because
I understand reality better than anyone else."

I smiled. "But because I am completely at peace
with not knowing." David kept listening.

"I live inside the certainty that my real self has no age.
That it was never born and therefore cannot die.
That this Erik you see sitting in front of you is only
a temporary appearance inside something infinitely
larger."

The evening seemed unusually quiet.

"The way I experience it, David, I am being dreamed by
The Field. And every night I leave this dream and enter
other dreams. Then I return again. Over and over."
He stared at me.

"And strangely enough, I am perfectly at peace with
that." I paused. "That is what unsettles many people."

"Not the words." ... "Not the theories." ... "Not the stories." ... "The peace."

"Because if a person can truly become peaceful with not knowing who he is, where he came from, where he is going, and even whether death itself is real, then something unexpected happens."

"What?" David asked quietly.

"The prison door opens."

"What prison?"

"The one built by certainty."

For a long moment neither of us spoke.

Then David looked down at his hands.

"You know what's strange, Erik?" ... "What?"

"I came here thinking the problem was your story."

He smiled faintly. "Now I'm beginning to suspect the problem is my certainty."

And for the first time that evening, I could no longer tell whether he was listening to me... or to himself.

"But how can you feel at peace with not knowing?" David asked. I smiled.

"Because the older I become, the more I realize how little any of us truly know."

He frowned. "What do you mean?"

"What do we really know, David? We cannot describe the ultimate reality. We cannot describe The Field. Whatever stands behind existence itself appears to exist beyond time, beyond space, beyond language, and perhaps even beyond thought. Every word we use immediately turns mystery into an idea."

David remained silent. I continued.

"Look at what we call reality. Every morning we wake up inside this world. We open our eyes and recognize the room. The same ceiling. The same walls. The same bed. Perhaps the same partner sleeping beside us. We notice the same crack in the wall that has been there for years and somehow appears a little larger every time we look at it." David smiled.

"And because we return to the same environment day after day, year after year, we become convinced that this is the ultimate reality."

"Isn't it?" he asked. "How would we know?" He looked at me carefully.

"When we dream at night, we usually lack awareness. The dream unfolds, and we are carried by it. Then we wake up here and immediately dismiss the dream as unreal."

"Of course." ... "Why?" ... "Because this is reality."

I laughed softly. "That is exactly my point."
He looked puzzled.

"We call the dream unreal because we woke up somewhere else. But imagine that while dreaming, you became fully aware. Imagine that you knew you were dreaming. Imagine that you could think, observe, choose, explore, and remember. Suddenly the dream would no longer feel unreal. It would become an experienced reality." David nodded slowly.

"And then?"

"And then imagine looking back at this life from there."

The smile disappeared from his face.

"That changes things, doesn't it?" He said nothing.

"Perhaps what we call reality is simply the dream in which we consistently awaken with awareness.

Because billions of people wake up in the same dream every morning, they reinforce it for one another. Families reinforce it.

Schools reinforce it.

Governments reinforce it.

Religions reinforce it.

Entire civilizations reinforce it."

"The Mother Dream ?" David said. "Yes."

"The dream we continually return to. The name I give to our shared human reality, the collective dream into which we awaken every morning and agree to call real."

"The dream that feels permanent because everyone agrees upon it." I paused.

"But agreement does not necessarily reveal ultimate truth. It only reveals shared experience."

The evening had grown strangely quiet.

"That is why I no longer cling to certainty. The deeper I look, the more mysterious everything becomes. Not less mysterious. More."

David leaned back. "And the psychedelics?"

I smiled. "Most people think the war against substances such as LSD was a war against chemicals."

"And you don't?" ... "No." ... "What was it?"

"A war against perception."

He looked at me carefully.

"Because substances like LSD can sometimes show people that perception is far more fluid than they imagined. They can open doors.

Not necessarily to truth. Not necessarily to wisdom. But to possibilities."

"Other realities?"

"Other ways of experiencing reality." I paused. "And that can be deeply unsettling to a society built upon certainty." David remained silent. "The moment someone discovers that perception itself can change, another question inevitably appears."

"What question?" I smiled.

"If perception can change... how certain am I that I already know what reality is?"

For a long moment neither of us spoke. Then David looked away toward the darkness beyond the terrace.

"And you really live in peace with that question?"

I nodded. "Yes." ... "Why?"

"Because I no longer need reality to be smaller than the mystery that gave birth to it."

David remained silent for a long moment.

Then another question appeared.

"Wait a minute." I nodded.

"If what you are saying is true, then the body never obeyed the laws of the reality the scientist was measuring."

"Correct."

He frowned. "No acceleration." ... "No."

"No crushing g-forces." ... "No."

"No heat." ... "No."

"No shock wave." ... "No."

He stared at me.

"Then gravity, inertia, force, momentum... none of them applied." I smiled. "Not necessarily in the way the scientist assumed."

David leaned back. "Then the body itself is not what we think it is." I said nothing. He continued.

"Because if the body can be at point A and then appear at point B without passing through the space in between, then the apparent solidity of the body is only true within the reality where those laws apply."

Now I smiled. "You are beginning to ask the right questions."

His eyes narrowed. "Do I see that correctly?"

"Perhaps."

"Perhaps?"

"David, I am not claiming certainty.

I am following the implications." He waited.

"In the ordinary reality we call the Tonal, the body appears solid. Space appears continuous. Time appears to flow. Cause appears to precede effect. The laws are coherent and remarkably reliable."

"And?"

"And what if that coherence belongs to the assembly?"

David remained silent.

"What if the body is not fundamentally a solid object moving through space, but a stable appearance within a particular assembly of reality?"

"The same way a wave appears solid and separate until we realize it is only a temporary expression of the ocean."

"The body may be real within the assembly."

"But not necessarily fundamental."

David looked at me carefully.

"And if that is true?"

"Then the greater mystery is no longer how the child survived."

"What is the greater mystery?"

"Why we ever assumed that the body was the deepest thing we are."

For a moment neither of us spoke.

Then David smiled. "You realize that every answer you give destroys another certainty."

I laughed. "That is why most people never ask the next question."

David sat silently for a while.

Then he looked at me.

"Wait a minute." I nodded. "If the child never accelerated..." ... "Yes."

"And if the bicycle never accelerated..." ... "Yes."

"And if the body was never subjected to the forces your scientist calculated..." ... "Go on."

David frowned.

"Then the body never obeyed the laws of the reality being measured."

"That is one possibility."

He stared at the table for several seconds.

Then he looked up again.

"Then what exactly crossed the street?"

I said nothing.

David continued. "No, I mean it."... "If the body did not move through space the way science assumes..."

"If it was not exposed to the forces that should have destroyed it..."

"If it somehow appeared safely on the other side..."

"Then what exactly is a body?"

For a long moment neither of us spoke.

Then David added quietly:

"Because if a body can be here one moment and there the next, without obeying the continuity of the world I call real, then perhaps its apparent solidity only exists inside that particular reality."

His eyes narrowed. ... "Perhaps the body is not what we think it is." He paused ... "Do I see that correctly?"

I said "Perhaps." David laughed. "There you go again."

"No, David. This time I mean it." I leaned forward.

"Because the moment I answer that question with certainty, I create another belief."

He remained silent. "The body is clearly something."

"Yes."... "It can be touched." ... "Yes."... "It can be wounded."... "Yes."... "It can age." ... "Yes."...

"It can die."... "Apparently."

He looked at me. "Apparently?"

"Yes. Apparently." For a moment I watched the lights moving in the distance.

"The real question is not whether the body exists."

"The real question is whether the body is fundamental."

David said nothing.

I found David particularly interesting during the last part of our conversation. His questions became increasingly sharp, and with each one he unknowingly moved closer to the very door he had been reluctant to open. It actually made me laugh. Not because he was wrong, but because he was following the implications of the discussion with remarkable honesty. Each answer dissolved one certainty, and each new question revealed an even deeper one waiting underneath.

"The scientist assumes the body is the foundation." ... "The awareness point suggests the body may be the result."

"The scientist assumes consciousness emerges from the body."

"The awareness point suggests the body may emerge from consciousness." David remained very still.

"You mean the body could be an appearance?"

"I mean that solidity may be more local than we think."

"What does that mean?"

"It means that within the assembly we call ordinary reality, the body behaves according to remarkably consistent laws."

"Gravity." ... "Momentum." ... "Inertia." ... "Biology."
"Aging." ... "All of it." I nodded. "But consistency does not necessarily reveal ultimate reality."

"Only the rules of the assembly." David looked at me carefully. "And beyond the assembly?"

I smiled. "I don't know."

That surprised him. "You don't know?" ... "No."

"I only know that an eleven-year-old child stood on one side of a road." ... "And a few moments later stood on the other."

"The calculations predicted destruction."

"The destruction never happened."

"The body remained intact."

"And sixty-one years later, I still do not know what a body ultimately is."

For a long moment neither of us spoke.

Then I added quietly:

"Perhaps that is the deeper lesson."

"What lesson?"

"That the greatest mystery was never how the child crossed the road."

"It was the discovery that neither the child, nor the bicycle, nor even the body may be what they appear to be."

David remained silent for a long time. Then he looked at me again. "There is still something I don't understand."

I smiled. "Only one thing?" For the first time that evening, he laughed with his heart wide open.

"No. But this one feels important."

"Go ahead."

He leaned forward.

"Suppose I accept everything you just said."

"David, I am not asking you to."

"Just suppose."

I nodded.

"Suppose reality is assembled."

"Suppose the awareness point shifted."

"Suppose the child never crossed the road in the way the scientist imagined."

"Suppose the body is not as fundamental as we believe."

I remained silent.

David flew over the last questions with the confidence of the helicopter pilot he once was. He moved quickly, almost effortlessly, from one implication to the next, banking sharply around certainties that only an hour earlier he would have defended without hesitation.

It made me smile. Not because he was wrong.
Not because he had suddenly become convinced.
But because he was finally following the road
wherever it led. Each answer opened another
question. Each question removed another layer.

And with every turn, he drifted a little further from
the solid ground of certainty and a little closer to the
mystery he had spent most of his life trying to navigate
from above. For the first time that evening, he was no
longer arguing. He was exploring.
David continued.

"Then why did the child arrive whole?"
I looked at him carefully.

I asked him... "What do you mean?"
"Why wasn't the body damaged?"
"Why wasn't the bicycle damaged?"
"Why didn't something go wrong?"

He paused. "If reality itself changed..."
"If the assembly changed..."
"What preserved the continuity?" His eyes narrowed.

"What remained constant while reality itself changed?"
For a moment I said nothing.
Because I found the question beautiful.
Not beautiful because it was clever.
Beautiful because it finally touched the place beneath
all the others.

"David, perhaps that is the most important question of all." He waited. "For sixty-one years I looked at the event from the outside."

"The bicycle."

"The crossing."

"The cars."

"The speed."

"The impossible calculations."

"The disappearance."

"The reappearance."

I shook my head gently.

"And all the while I was looking in the wrong direction."

"What do you mean?"

"I was asking how the child survived."

"And?"... "And perhaps the deeper question was never how he survived."

"Then what was it?" I looked into his eyes.

"What remained unchanged?"

David remained silent.

"The body appeared unchanged."

"The bicycle appeared unchanged."

"The road appeared unchanged."

"But perhaps those were not the things that preserved continuity."

"What did?"

I looked toward the darkness beyond the terrace.

"The same thing that remained unchanged when

Joy entered prison."

"The same thing that remained unchanged during nine years of waiting."

"The same thing that remained unchanged while our bodies aged."

"The same thing that remained unchanged through every letter, every book, every tear, every moment of doubt."

David said nothing.

"The Field?"

"The Field."

For a moment neither of us spoke. "

Perhaps continuity does not belong to matter."

"Perhaps continuity belongs to awareness."

David looked at me carefully.

"You mean something remained present through all the changes?" ... "Yes." ... "The forms changed." ...

"The stories changed."... "The circumstances changed."

"The realities themselves may even have changed."

"But something remained."

"What?"

"The witness."

"The awareness behind the experience."

"The dreamer behind the dream."

David sat very still.

"And that preserved the body?" I whispered

"I don't know." That answer surprised him.
"You don't know?" ... "No."... "I only know that the body appeared on the other side intact."

"I only know that awareness remained continuous."
"I only know that the child who stood before the crossing and the child who stood beyond it somehow remained the same child."

I paused. "And perhaps that is the clue."
"What clue?" "That identity may not belong to the body at all." The evening had become completely silent.

No theories. No conclusions. Only a question hanging gently between us. Then David spoke almost in a whisper. "If that is true..." ... "Yes?"
"Then perhaps the deepest thing we are was never moving through space in the first place."

I laughed loudly. For the first time that evening, I felt he was standing before the real door. And for the first time, he seemed willing to open it.

David remained quiet for a while.
Then he looked at me.

"And where did all this come from, Erik?"
I smiled. "A few years ago, the idea of the Mother Dream might have sounded just as absurd to me as it probably sounds to you now."

"What changed?"

"Joy."

He looked surprised. "Joy?"

"Yes." I nodded. "Not because she taught me a philosophy. Not because she convinced me of anything. Quite the opposite. She simply was who she was."

David listened carefully.

"The more I got to know her, the more I saw something unusual. Joy was remarkably real. Remarkably pure. She had very little interest in pretending to be something she wasn't. She loved deeply. She cared deeply. She valued truth even when truth was uncomfortable."

I paused.

"And although she probably never realized it herself, that sincerity created an opening."

"An opening?"

"Yes. A place with very little resistance."

I looked toward the darkness beyond the terrace.

"And where resistance becomes small, something larger can begin to flow."

"The Field?" ... "The Field." David remained silent.

"The strange thing is that I did not discover The Field through meditation, spiritual techniques, ceremonies,

or years of study." I smiled.
"I discovered it through love."

His eyes narrowed slightly.

"Love?" ... "Yes."

"The way I experienced it, Joy opened one side of the doorway and I opened the other."

"How?" ... "Through overflowing love.
For a moment neither of us spoke.

"The more deeply I loved her, the less room remained for everything that normally occupies the mind.
Fear began dissolving. Control began dissolving.
Expectations began dissolving.
The walls began thinning."

"And then?"

"And then something started flowing through both of us."

"What?"

I laughed softly.

"That is exactly the problem, David."

"What do you mean?"

"The moment I try to define it, I reduce it."

He smiled. "So try anyway."

I nodded. "The closest word I have found is The Field."

"The living source beneath all appearances."

"The silent intelligence beneath thought."

"The awareness in which both you and I appear."

"The dreamer beneath all dreams."

David stared at me. "And Joy brought you to that?"

"No." I shook my head gently.

"She didn't bring me to it."

"She helped remove what prevented me from seeing it."

The evening breeze moved through the trees.

"The funny part is that when people look at our books, they think I am the writer."

"Aren't you?"

"Not really." I smiled. "I am more like the pen."

David laughed. "And Joy?"

"Joy is the paper."

"The surface upon which the story becomes visible."

I paused.

"Without the paper, the pen writes nothing."

"Without the pen, the paper remains blank."

"Both are necessary."

"But even then, neither creates the story."

David looked at me carefully.

"Then who writes the story?"

For a moment I said nothing.

Then I smiled. "The Field."

Silence. A long silence. Finally David leaned forward. For the first time that evening there was no skepticism in his voice. Only curiosity.

"Then tell me honestly, Erik."

"What is The Field really?"

"And what is the Mother Dream really?"

I smiled.

Because I had spent forty-six books circling around that question. And I was not entirely sure it could ever be answered. Only pointed toward.

For a while I remained silent.

Then I looked at David.

"A few years ago I would have tried to explain it."

"And today?"

"Today I would rather describe what happened."

He nodded.

"Go on."

"You see, David, the idea of the Mother Dream would once have sounded absurd to me. Not because I was closed-minded, but because I had never experienced anything that forced me beyond the ordinary framework of reality."

"And then came Joy."

"Yes."

"Not because she taught me anything. Not because she gave me a philosophy. Quite the opposite. She simply remained herself."

David listened.

"The more I got to know her, the more I realized that she carried remarkably little resistance. She did not spend much energy pretending.

She did not spend much energy constructing an identity. She loved directly. She cared directly. She suffered directly. She lived directly."

I paused. I looked toward the darkness beyond the terrace.

"The way I experienced it, Joy unknowingly opened a doorway within herself.

And because my love for her became so overwhelming, something similar happened inside me."

David remained silent.

"The strange thing is that neither of us was trying to become spiritual. Neither of us was trying to awaken. Neither of us was searching for enlightenment."

"We were simply loving."

"And that was enough."

The evening breeze moved gently through the trees.

"The more deeply I loved her, the more something began dissolving."

"What?"

"Everything that wasn't real."

"Fear."

"Control."

"Importance."

"Certainty."

"The need to be right."

"The need to know."

"The need to become."

I started staring. "And in the space that remained, something began flowing."

"The Field?"

"Yes."

"But what is it?"

I laughed softly.

"The problem is that every answer turns it into an object."

He was apparently searching for words.

"Try anyway."

I nodded.

"The closest description I have found is this:
The Field is what remains before anything appears."

"Before thought."

"Before identity."

"Before Erik."

"Before David."

"Before the world."

"Before the dream."

David remained completely still.

"And the Mother Dream?"

"The Mother Dream is what appears inside The Field."

"The shared dream."

"The reality to which we return every morning."

"The dream reinforced by billions of people."

"The dream in which nations exist."

"Religions exist."

"Money exists."

"History exists."

"Success exists."

"Failure exists."

"Birth exists."

"Death exists."

I paused.

"The dream feels ultimate because it is shared."

"But shared does not necessarily mean ultimate."

David stared at me.

"And The Field?"

"The Field is the screen."

"The Mother Dream is the movie."

"The Field is the ocean."

"The Mother Dream is the wave."

"The Field is the dreamer."

"The Mother Dream is the dream."

For a long moment neither of us spoke.

Then David asked quietly: "And which one is real?"

I smiled. "Perhaps both."

"And perhaps neither."

The evening fell silent again. Then I added softly:

"All I know is that the deeper Joy and I stepped into love, the thinner the walls became."

"And through those thinning walls, The Field began writing its own story."

David looked at me. "The books?"

"Yes." I laughed. "People think I wrote them."

"You didn't?"

"Not really."

"I am the pen."

"Joy is the paper."

"And The Field..."

I looked toward the stars. "...is the author."

"Actually, David, even that isn't entirely true."

He looked at me. "What isn't?"

"The idea that The Field is merely the author."

I picked up the glass standing on the table.
"The Field is also the hand holding this glass."
I placed it down again.

"The Field is the glass."
"The table."
"The chair."
"The trees around us."
"The breeze moving through the leaves."
"The mosquito that keeps trying to interrupt our conversation."

David laughed.

"And the smoke coming from that garden fire?"
I nodded. "That too."
For a moment he simply stared at me.

"Then what isn't The Field?"

I laughed softly. "That is a much better question."
The evening had grown quiet. People were still talking around us, but it seemed distant now.

"The difficulty, David, is that language was never designed for this."

"What do you mean?"

"Language automatically creates separation."

"You."

"Me."

"Him."

"Her."

"This."

"That."

"It divides reality into pieces so we can navigate the world." I paused. "There is nothing wrong with that. It is useful. Necessary even."

"But?"

"But usefulness and truth are not always the same thing."

David remained silent.

"When you look at the ocean, you see waves."

"Yes."

"One wave appears larger than another."

"One wave appears stronger."

"One wave appears older."

"One wave appears separate."

He nodded.

"But no wave has ever been separate from the ocean."

"The wave only appears separate because we focus on its temporary shape."

I pointed toward the darkness beyond the terrace.

"The same is true of us."

"David."

"Erik."

"Joy."

"The trees."

"The birds."

"The stars."

"The nations."

"The planets."

"All of them are temporary expressions."

"Expressions of what?"

"The Field." I paused. "The forms change."

"The expressions change."

"The appearances change."

"The stories change."

"The bodies change."

"The civilizations change."

"The stars themselves change."

"Everything that appears eventually transforms into something else."

David listened without interruption.

"The flower becomes a seed."

"The seed becomes a tree."

"The tree becomes soil."

"The child becomes an old man."

"The old man becomes dust."

"The dust becomes life again."

"Everything moves."

"Everything changes."

"Everything flows."

I looked at him. "And that is exactly why I no longer believe that the changing part can be what we truly are."

The evening breeze moved gently between us.

"What do you mean?"

"Because what changes cannot be permanent."

"What changes cannot be eternal."

"What changes cannot be the foundation."

David leaned forward. "Then what is?"

For a long moment I remained silent.

Then I answered quietly. "**Awareness.**"

"And love."

He frowned. "Love?"

"Yes."

"Not the emotional version."

"Not attachment."

"Not possession."

"Not romance."

"Something much deeper."

"The force that continually moves toward unity."

"The force that dissolves separation."

"The force that allows one being to recognize
itself in another."

David remained thoughtful.

"And awareness?"

"Awareness is the witness."

"The one thing present in every experience."

"It was present when you were a child."

"It is present now."

"It will be present in every dream tonight."

"It remains while thoughts change."

"It remains while emotions change."

"It remains while the body changes."

"It remains while the entire world changes."

Silence settled between us. Then David asked quietly:

"So awareness and love are real?"

I nodded. "The more deeply I look, the more they seem to be the only things that do not belong to time."

"The only things that do not age."

"The only things that do not die."

For a while neither of us spoke.

Then I said. "And perhaps that is why

The Field feels so familiar."

"Why?"

"Because awareness recognizes itself."

"And love recognizes itself."

"In everything."

David remained thoughtful.

"You speak about love as if it were something much bigger than human emotion."

"It is." I looked toward the trees.

"The way I see it, David, The Field expresses itself through overflowing love. Not sentimental love. Not romantic love. Not the kind of love sold in songs, movies, advertisements, or greeting cards."

"Then what kind of love?"

"The kind that creates."

"The kind that unites."

"The kind that continuously gives itself away
without becoming less."

"The kind that allows existence itself to appear."

The evening air felt warm.

"When a child is born, that same overflowing love
becomes its essence. Not its personality.

Not its identity. Its essence."

"That is why every human being instinctively
recognizes love when it appears."

David listened quietly.

"We may disagree about politics."

"We may disagree about religion."

"We may disagree about philosophy."

"But when we encounter genuine love,
something inside us immediately knows."

"Why?"

"Because it feels familiar."

"More familiar than our own name."

"More familiar than our own history."

"It feels like home."

David nodded slowly.

"And yet people seem to make such a mess of it."

I laughed.

"Exactly."

"Why?"

"Because pure love is terrifying."

His eyebrows rose.

"Terrifying?"

"Yes."

"Because real love leaves nowhere to hide." I paused.

"It strips away masks."

"It strips away roles."

"It strips away pretence."

"It strips away the stories we tell ourselves."

"It reveals us exactly as we are."

The darkness seemed deeper now.

"And most people do not want to stand naked before

that kind of light."

"What do they do instead?"

"They reduce it."

"Reduce it?"

"Yes."

"They turn love into agreements."

"They turn it into contracts."

"They turn it into promises."

"They turn it into obligations."

"They turn it into ownership."

"They turn it into desire."

"They turn it into status."

"They turn it into power."

"They turn it into glitter."

"They turn it into something manageable."

David remained silent. "Why?"

"Because pure love cannot be controlled."

"And the human mind desperately wants control."

I smiled softly. "When we cannot rule ourselves, we often try to rule others."

"When we cannot find our own value, we seek validation."

"When we cannot find our own peace, we seek importance."

"When we cannot discover the love already present within us, we attempt to possess it outside ourselves."

"And that is where suffering begins."

The sudden evening breeze moved through the leaves and trees strongly, a storm looked to be nearby.

"Yet the strange thing is that even the distortion points back to the original."

"What do you mean?" David asked.

"A counterfeit coin only exists because a real coin exists."

"A shadow only exists because there is light."

"A distortion of love only exists because something pure was present first."

For a moment neither of us spoke. Then I looked at him.
"That is why I no longer judge people very harshly."

"Why not?"

"Because beneath all the confusion, all the fear,
all the games, all the masks, all the control... I usually
find someone searching for the same thing."

"What?"

"Home."

David looked down at his hands.

"And home is love?" I shook my head gently. "No."

"Love is what home feels like." Silence settled between
us. The kind of silence that does not need to be filled.
Then I added quietly:

"And perhaps that is why Joy changed my life."

"Why?"

"Because for the first time, I met someone whose
love did not ask me to become something else."

"It simply invited me to remember what I already was."

David remained quiet. The wind moved through the
trees. For a while neither of us spoke. Then he looked
at me. "Do you really believe love is that fundamental?"

I smiled. "No." He looked surprised. "No?"

"I don't believe it."

"I experience it." The evening had become strangely still.

"The deeper I look, David, the more it seems that
The Field expresses itself through overflowing love."

"Not because it has to."

"Because that is its nature."

"The sun shines."

"The river flows."

"The flower blooms."

"And The Field loves."

I paused. "Not as an action."

"As an expression of what it is."

David listened carefully.

"The strange thing is that every human being
already knows this."

"Do they?"

"Yes."

"That is why genuine love affects us so deeply."

"Even when we cannot explain it."

"Even when we resist it."

"Even when we run from it."

"Something inside us immediately recognizes it."

"Why?"

"Because it is older than thought."

"Older than culture."

"Older than religion."

"Older than identity."

"Older than the world we think we know."

I looked toward the night clouds. "When a human being is born, that same overflowing love becomes part of their essence."

"Not their personality."

"Not their beliefs."

"Not their story."

"Their essence."

David remained silent.

"That is why every child arrives with an openness that later becomes difficult to find."

"That is why innocence feels sacred."

"That is why tenderness moves us."

"That is why kindness can bring tears."

"That is why beauty can stop us in our tracks."

"For a moment we remember something."

"What?" David asked.

"Where we came from."

The wind grew stronger again. In the distance, thunder rolled softly. "The tragedy is not that love disappears."

"The tragedy is that we become afraid of it."

"Why?"

"Because pure love is brighter than the self-image we have created."

"It exposes everything."

"It asks for nothing."

"It demands nothing."

"It cannot be bought."

"It cannot be negotiated."

"It cannot be manipulated."

"It cannot be possessed."

"And because we cannot control it, we begin transforming it into something smaller."

David nodded slowly. "The agreements."

"Yes."

"The contracts."

"The promises."

"The ownership."

"The expectations."

"The conditions."

"The bargaining."

"The glitter."

"The power."

"The drama."

"The jealousy."

"The endless attempts to imprison what was born to be free."

I smiled softly. "Humanity has spent thousands of years trying to reduce love to a manageable size."

"Why?"

"Because real love is too vast."

"It leaves us naked."

"It leaves us undefended."

"It leaves us without masks."

"It leaves us exactly as we are."

The darkness deepened around us.

"And yet that same nakedness is what we secretly long for."

"Why?"

"Because the moment all masks fall away, something astonishing happens."

"What?"

"We discover that what we were looking for was never outside ourselves." David remained completely still.

"The Field is not somewhere else."

"The Field is expressing itself right now."

"Through me."

"Through you."

"Through the trees."

"Through the wind."

"Through the stars."

"Through the mosquito that still refuses to leave us alone."

David laughed. I laughed too.

"And through Joy."

I became quiet. "Perhaps especially through Joy."

"Why?"

"Because she reminded me of something I had forgotten."

"What?"

**"That love is not something we create."
"It is something we allow."**

Silence settled between us.
The kind of silence that feels full.
Then David asked quietly:

"And what remains when everything else falls away?"

I looked at him. "Awareness."

"And love."

"Not two things."

"Two faces of the same mystery."

The breeze moved through the terrace once more.

"And perhaps that mystery is what we have been
calling The Field all along."

For a while David remained silent. The breeze moved
softly through the terrace. Then he looked at me with
a kind of gentle urgency.

"Erik..."

"Yes?"

"You keep speaking about masks." I nodded.

"What are they really?"

The question hung between us. I spoke softly.

"David, have you ever noticed that almost every human
being spends a lifetime trying to become someone?"

He frowned. "I suppose so."

"A successful person."

"A spiritual person."
"An important person."
"A respected person."
"A wealthy person."
"A wise person."
"A victim."
"A hero."
"A survivor."
"A teacher."
"A seeker."
"A believer."
"A skeptic."
"A good man."
"A dangerous man."
"A special man."
"A nobody."

I paused.

"The labels change."
"The costumes change."
"The stories change."
"But the movement remains the same."
"What movement?"
"The movement away from what already is."
David remained silent.

"The mask is not the role itself."
"The mask is the belief that the role is who you are."

The evening grew quiet again.

"When you were a child, before you learned your name, before you learned success and failure, before you learned what was expected from you, were you incomplete?"

"No."

"Did you need to become somebody?"

"No."

"You simply existed."

"You laughed."

"You cried."

"You explored."

"You experienced."

"You were."

I smiled.

"Then the world arrived." David laughed too.

"That sounds ominous."

"It wasn't intentional."

"The world needed to teach you how to function."

"It taught you language."

"It taught you rules."

"It taught you responsibilities."

"It taught you how to survive."

"And all of that was necessary."

I paused. "But mixed into those lessons came something else."

"What?"

"The idea that who you are is not enough."

David looked down at the table.

"The idea that happiness exists later."

"The idea that value must be earned."

"The idea that love must be deserved."

"The idea that acceptance depends on performance."

"The idea that you must become something before you can finally rest."

The silence between us deepened more.

"And so the masks begin."

"A child learns to please."

"Another learns to dominate."

"Another learns to impress."

"Another learns to hide."

"Another learns to achieve."

"Another learns to be spiritual."

"Another learns to be important."

"Another learns to be invisible."

I looked at David.

"And after years of repetition, the mask becomes so familiar that we forget we are wearing it."

David nodded slowly.

"How do you know when you're wearing one?"

I looked at him gently.

"Very simple."

"Any identity you feel compelled to defend is usually a mask."

His eyes widened slightly.

"What do you mean?"

"If someone questions your politics and you become angry..."

"It may be a mask."

"If someone questions your religion and you become afraid..."

"It may be a mask."

"If someone questions your success, your knowledge, your spirituality, your importance, your image..."

"It may be a mask."

"Why?"

"Because what is real does not need protection."

The words seemed to settle deeply.

"What is real simply is."

"It does not need agreement."

"It does not need applause."

"It does not need validation."

"It does not need an audience."

The wind moved through the trees again, together with just a few, but big rain drops.

"That is why pure love dissolves masks."

"Why?"

"Because love sees through them."

"It has no interest in the costume."

"It sees the being beneath it."

"It sees the frightened child beneath the successful businessman."

"It sees the loneliness beneath the powerful person."

"It sees the uncertainty beneath the spiritual teacher."

"It sees the longing beneath the arrogance."

"It sees the innocence beneath the fear."

David remained completely still.

"And that's uncomfortable?"

"Terrifying."

"Why?"

"Because the mask spends its entire life trying to be seen."

"But love sees what is behind the mask."

I continued.

"And that is also why it heals."

The evening had become almost silent now.

Then David asked quietly:

"So if all the masks fall away..."

"What remains?"

I looked at him.

"The same thing that was there before the first mask was ever created."

"What?"

I found his question funny.

"Awareness."

"And love."

"Just as they have always been."

For a while neither of us remained silent.

The storm had almost reached Paradiso now.

The trees moved gently beneath the growing wind.

Somewhere in the distance thunder rolled across the mountains.

David sat quietly. I sat quietly. Neither of us seemed eager to speak. Then, almost unexpectedly, a realization arose inside me. Not a thought. Not an answer.

More like a recognition.

I looked at David and said.

"Do you know what may be the deepest thing

I have ever discovered?"

He shook his head.

"What?"

I looked around us. The table. The trees. The evening sky. The approaching storm. The music still playing softly somewhere in the distance.

Then I simply said:

"We are here."

David frowned.

"That's it?"

I laughed softly.

"Yes. That's it."

He looked disappointed. Perhaps even slightly irritated.

"What does that even mean?"

I leaned back.

"It means that after decades of searching, questioning, reading, writing, dreaming, doubting, awakening, suffering, loving, losing, and discovering, I have arrived at something so simple that the mind almost refuses to accept it."

He remained silent.

"The strange thing is that most people spend their entire lives somewhere else."

"What do you mean?"

"They live in yesterday."

"They live in tomorrow."

"They live in memory."

"They live in fear."

"They live in hope."

"They live in regret."

"They live in ambition."

"They live in becoming."

"They live in stories about life."

"But very few people actually live here."

I pointed gently at the table between us.

"Life never leaves this moment."

"The Field never leaves this moment."

"Love never leaves this moment."

"Only attention leaves."

David remained thoughtful. I continued.

"That is why so many people search endlessly."

"They search for God."

"They search for awakening."

"They search for truth."

"They search for meaning."

"They search for The Field."

"And all the while they are standing inside
what they are seeking."

The wind became stronger.

Several leaves drifted across the terrace.

"The tragedy is not that The Field is hidden."

"The tragedy is that it is so obvious."

David smiled. "That sounds like a paradox."

"It is."

"The deepest truths always seem
to become paradoxes." I paused.

"A fish searching for water."

"An eye trying to see itself."

"A dream character searching for the dreamer."

"Awareness searching for awareness."

"The very thing doing the search is what is being sought."

For a moment David said nothing.
Then he looked at me.

"So after all these books, all these letters,
all these years... that is your conclusion?"

I smiled.

"No."

"It is not my conclusion."

"It is my recognition."

The evening seemed unusually still despite
the approaching storm.

"The more deeply I look, the more I realize that
nothing essential was ever missing."

"The seeker was the sought."

"The wave was the ocean."

"The dream was appearing inside the dreamer."

"And The Field was never somewhere else
waiting to be found."

"It was always here."

I pointed toward my chest.

"Here."

Then toward David.

"Here."

Then toward the trees.

"Here."

Then toward the darkening sky.

"Here."

"The Field was present in every letter
I ever wrote to Joy."

"It was present during every prison visit."

"It was present in every tear."

"It was present in every moment of despair."

"It was present in every moment of overflowing love."

"It was present in every page of every book."

"It was present during every insight."

"It was present during every doubt."

"It was present when I felt lost."

"It was present when I felt found."

"It never moved."

"It never left."

"Only my attention wandered."

David looked away into the darkness beyond the terrace.

For a long time neither of us spoke.

Then he asked quietly:

"And is that why you seem so peaceful about
not knowing?"

I smiled.

"Perhaps."

"Because once you truly see that you are already
standing inside the mystery, something changes."

"You stop trying to capture it."

"You stop trying to own it."

"You stop trying to explain it."

"You stop trying to reduce it."

"You simply begin to live inside it."

The first drops of rain touched the terrace roof.

The storm had arrived.

And somehow it felt perfect.

For a moment I watched the rain.

Then I turned toward David.

"You know something funny?"

"What?"

"After forty-six books and nearly eleven hundred letters, the deepest thing I can honestly say about The Field is not that it is there."

David waited.

I smiled.

"It is that we are here."

The rain intensified. Neither of us spoke again.

Nothing needed to be added.

For that brief moment, the question, the answer, the search, the seeker, David, Joy, Paradiso, the storm, the books, the letters, and even The Field itself seemed to dissolve into a single living reality.

Simply this.

Simply now.

Simply here.

The wind picked up suddenly.

The bamboo leaves began whispering to one another and somewhere beyond the trees a low roll of thunder crossed the valley. I looked toward the darkening sky.

"I think I should head back to Paradiso before the storm arrives."

David followed my gaze and nodded.

"Yes, it looks like a serious one."

We stood up and walked back toward the others.

The card game was still in full swing. Laughter echoed across the terrace as someone accused another player of cheating.

I smiled, greeted everyone, and made my way toward the parking area. Just as I reached my car, I heard David behind me.

"Erik?"

I turned around.

There was a brief hesitation in his eyes.

"Can we continue this conversation sometime?"

I said. "Of course."

"When?"

I looked at him for a moment.

"Next week. Same day. Same table."

"If you're free."

David smiled.

"I'll try."

I laughed softly.

"That is probably the most honest answer you've given me all evening."

He laughed too.

For a moment neither of us spoke.

Then we exchanged a final wave.

I got into the car and started the engine.

As I drove toward Paradiso, the first drops of rain struck the windshield.

In the rear-view mirror I could still see David standing there for a moment, watching the storm arrive.

Watching something else arrive as well.

A question he had not yet answered.

Once back in Paradiso, I put on B-Tribe.

The familiar sounds began to move through the evening air, and when "*Spiritual Spiritual*" started playing, I suddenly heard David's voice in my mind.

"But how do you connect with The Field?" I smiled.

Yes, that is indeed a good question. A beautiful question. And perhaps an impossible one. Not because the answer is hidden, but because the answer is so close that we continually overlook it.

Most people imagine that connecting with The Field is something extraordinary. They expect a method, a technique, a secret practice, a hidden doorway that only a few can find.

They search for teachings, teachers, ceremonies, books, initiations, philosophies, and explanations.

Yet The Field is not hidden. Only we are.
The real difficulty is not finding The Field.
The real difficulty is finding the courage to stop hiding from ourselves.

People often defend their spirituality with tremendous force. They defend beliefs. They defend identities.

They defend experiences. They defend what they think they know. And in doing so, they unknowingly defend the very walls that prevent them from seeing.

They want spirituality. But they do not want dissolution.

They want awakening. But they do not want exposure.
They want truth. But only if truth leaves their cherished illusions untouched.

The Field does not negotiate that way.
The Field does not arrive as another belief.

It arrives as the collapse of belief.
It arrives as the end of pretending.
It arrives as the moment a human being
becomes completely sincere.

Not sincere toward God. Not sincere toward a teacher.
Not sincere toward a religion.
Sincere toward themselves.

Because the moment absolute sincerity appears,
something extraordinary happens. Resistance weakens.
The masks loosen. The endless performance begins to
crack. And through those cracks something enters.

Or perhaps more accurately, something that was
always present becomes visible. The Field.
Not as an entity. Not as a voice. Not as a being standing
somewhere outside reality. But as the silent source from
which reality itself arises.

The question "How do I connect with The Field?" can
therefore be reformulated into something much simpler.

"How do I connect with myself?"

And that question is easier to answer.
You connect through openness. Through honesty.
Through vulnerability. Through a willingness
to see what is actually there instead of what
you wish were there.

You stop fooling yourself. You stop fooling others.
You stop defending what no longer feels true.
And when that happens, something begins to
overflow naturally. Love. Not emotional love.
Not romantic love. Not attachment. Not need.

But a strange overflowing warmth that seems to
emerge from nowhere and flow toward everything.

And in that moment The Field becomes visible.
Not because you discovered it. But because it
was always the source of that overflowing love.

Most of the time we are not even aware of this.
Joy is perhaps the perfect example. I do not think
Joy spends much time thinking about The Field.

I doubt she would sit for hours constructing
philosophies about consciousness. Yet The Field flows
through her as naturally as breath enters her lungs.

It lives in her sincerity.

It lives in her care.

It lives in her loyalty.

It lives in her capacity to remain present even
when life becomes difficult.

It lives in her ability to love without constantly
calculating what she will receive in return.

That is The Field.

Not as a theory. As a living expression.
Joy experiences it through her heart.

I experience it differently. For me it often appears
as sudden flashes. Unexpected insights.
Moments of impossible clarity.

Revelations arriving from nowhere. The sudden ability
to see beauty where others only see mud.

The sudden recognition that everything belongs exactly
where it is. The realization that even pain contains
hidden intelligence.

The realization that beauty is not found in perfection
but in presence. Joy and I approach the same mystery
from opposite directions.

Yet I have become increasingly aware that I depend
profoundly upon her. Without Joy, these forty-six books
would not exist. Without Joy, nearly eleven hundred
letters would not exist.

Without Joy, much of what I call The Field would
have remained invisible to me. People often assume
that I write those letters. Technically, that is true.

My fingers move.

My eyes see the screen.

My mind arranges the words.

Yet that explanation feels too incomplete.

Because most of the time I do not experience
myself as the source.

I experience myself as the receiver.
The letters arrive. The insights arrive.
The connections arrive. The understanding arrives.

Often I am as surprised by what appears as anyone else reading it. Sometimes I finish a letter and sit quietly for several minutes. Not because I wrote something beautiful. But because I am trying to understand what just happened. I often learn from my own letters.

I learn from the weight they carry.
I learn from the silences hidden between the words.
I learn from the strange vibration moving beneath them.
I learn from the stars of insight they activate within me.
I learn from the tears they occasionally awaken.

And perhaps most strangely of all, I learn from the sadness hidden inside happiness. Because genuine happiness always carries a touch of sadness.
Not the sadness of loss. The sadness of beauty.

The sadness that appears when something becomes so beautiful that the heart can no longer contain it. And in those moments, I glimpse what The Field might actually be. Not an answer. Not a destination. Not a philosophy.

But an endless overflowing. A love so vast that it continuously pours itself into existence. Into trees.
Into music. Into letters. Into prisons. Into reunions.
Into Joy. Into me. Into everything.

And perhaps that is why B-Tribe affects me the way it does. The music does not create The Field. It simply helps me remember where I already am.

The realization that nothing is missing and that we are already whole contradicts almost everything upon which the Tonal builds its world.

Without that recognition, the search never ends.

We spend our lives looking for what we believe is absent. We dig endlessly into the future. We make plans. We create projections. We pursue goals. We chase dreams. We accumulate possessions.

We gather titles, achievements, knowledge, wealth, relationships, and experiences, hoping that one more thing will finally complete us.

Yet the feeling of incompleteness remains.

That unnoticed absence becomes the engine of an entire life. It transforms itself into ambition. Into accumulation. Into careers. Into possessions. Into endless future stories about who we will become one day. Into desires that promise fulfillment.

Into fears that warn us not to lose what we have gained. Into pain about what we believe we lack. Into jealousy. Into comparison. Into obsession.

It blinds us to the one place we rarely look.

Within.

And because we do not recognize our own wholeness, we begin searching for it in others. We project our unfinished longings onto partners, children, teachers, nations, religions, and ideologies. We ask others to complete us. We ask life to complete us.

And when they fail to do so, suffering appears.

Sometimes that suffering grows into control.
Into manipulation. Into domination. Into the strange belief that we can possess another human being.
That we can own love. That we can secure permanence in a world built upon change.

Yet beneath all these movements lies the same forgotten assumption: That something essential is missing.

But what if nothing was ever missing?
What if the treasure was never buried elsewhere?

What if the seeker was searching for what was already present?

Then the entire search begins to look different.
Not wrong. Not foolish. Simply unnecessary.

Because what we sought through possessions, achievements, relationships, knowledge, power, and recognition was quietly present before the search began.

It was present during every step of the journey.
Present before every desire.
Present beneath every fear.
Present beneath every dream.
Present beneath every identity.
Present even beneath the one who was searching.

The tragedy is not that it was hidden.
The tragedy is that it was so close, so intimate,
so completely woven into our own being,
that we never thought to look there.

And yet, the moment it is seen, the search relaxes.
Not because life ends. But because the desperate need
to become finally gives way to the simple recognition
of what already is.

When I look at life this way, almost everything we
spend our energy upon suddenly appears unnecessary.
We spend decades searching for what was never mis-
sing. We chase success, recognition, security, certainty,
possessions, knowledge, experiences, and dreams.

We tell ourselves that happiness waits somewhere
ahead, just beyond the next achievement, the next
purchase, the next relationship, the next version
of ourselves.

And so we keep moving. Tomorrow. Next year.
One day. Later. Always later.
Yet the strange thing is that what we are seeking
never arrives, because it was never located in the

future to begin with.

Then, for some people, a moment comes when this realization finally lands.

Not as a theory. Not as a philosophy. As a shock. A quiet, devastating shock. And often it arrives when much of the life dream has already unfolded.

The hair has turned grey. The children have grown.

The body has slowed. The years have disappeared somewhere behind us.

And suddenly we begin asking questions that never seemed important before.

What was I really chasing?

What was all that effort for?

What was I trying to become?

Why was I in such a hurry?

At first, regret often appears. Self-blame appears.

We tell ourselves we failed. That we wasted our lives.

That we missed something essential. That the whole journey was a lie. A nightmare inside the dream.

But perhaps that is not true either. Perhaps it was never a mistake. Perhaps the becoming itself was

part of the journey. Part of the great exhaustion that eventually reveals its own futility. Part of the endless searching that finally points back toward stillness.

Part of the noise that eventually reveals the silence beneath it. Because what remains when the obsession

finally stops? What remains when we no longer
need to become? What remains when the race ends?

A strange simplicity. A breath. A silence.

A presence that was waiting patiently beneath every
ambition and every fear. And perhaps the most painful
realization of all comes when we turn toward the person
who walked beside us.

Our partner. Our husband. Our wife. Our lover.
Our companion. And we suddenly realize how much
love was available all along.

Not tomorrow. Not after success.
Not after retirement. Not after the children left home.
Not after the problems were solved.

Now.

Always now. Yet so often we were elsewhere.
Thinking. Planning. Worrying. Accumulating.
Becoming. And while we were preparing to live,
life was already happening. While we were preparing
to love, love was already waiting.
While we were preparing to arrive, we were
already there.

Look carefully.

Inside yourself, are you not still the youngest?
Do you not still feel unfinished?
Do you not still feel as if real life is about to begin?

Most people do. Then one day it feels as though you blink your eyes only once. And suddenly you are no longer the youngest person in the room.

You are the oldest.

The years between seem to have vanished into thin air. You search your memory and cannot fully understand where they went. A strange gap appears in awareness.

Not because life was absent. But because so much of it was spent elsewhere. Lost in thought. Lost in becoming. Lost in tomorrow. And now infinity seems to be standing quietly at the edge of your vision.

Not threatening. Not frightening. Simply waiting. Waiting for you to notice it. And in that moment many people become uneasy. They do not know where to look.

Forward no longer provides comfort. Backward provides no answers. And for the first time they stand naked before the mystery.

Is this the human tragedy? Perhaps. Or perhaps it is the doorway. Perhaps the tragedy is not aging. Not death. Not the passing of time. Perhaps the tragedy is forgetting to live while life is happening. And if you recognize yourself in these words, if something inside you quietly

Whispers, "Yes, that is me," then know this:

Too late never truly exists.

The mind invents too late. Life does not.

The Field does not. Love does not.

**There has never been a moment when
now was unavailable.**

**There has never been a moment when presence
was absent.**

**There has never been a moment when love could
not begin again.**

You are here.

The breath is here.

The mystery is here.

And because of that, the door has never closed.

Not yesterday.

Not tomorrow.

Not even at the end.

Because now is always here.

A Reflection

Perhaps this is the hidden sadness carried by almost every human life. We spend years preparing to live.

Preparing to be happy. Preparing to love. Preparing to arrive. And while we are preparing, life quietly unfolds around us. One day we look back and wonder where the years went.

The child we once were still feels present inside us, yet the face in the mirror has become old. The gap between those two perceptions can feel almost impossible to understand.

At first, regret may arise.
We may tell ourselves that we missed our chance.
That we wasted our years.
That we were asleep while life was happening.

But perhaps that is not the deepest truth.
Perhaps the years were not wasted at all.
Perhaps the search itself was part of the journey.
Perhaps all the becoming eventually exhausts itself and reveals something that was always waiting beneath it.

The silence.
The presence.
The simple fact of being.

The real pain often appears when we realize how much love was available all along.

Not later.

Not after success.

Not after security.

Not after everything was solved.

Now.

The partner sitting beside us.

The child asking for our attention.

The friend calling our name.

The flower opening in the morning sun.

The ordinary moments we believed were too ordinary to matter. And yet, if there is grace in this realization, it is this:

Too late never truly exists.

The mind believes in too late.

Life does not.

The Field does not.

Love does not.

The moment you see clearly, life begins again.

The moment you become present, love begins again.

The moment you stop searching for another moment, you discover the one that was always here.

The past cannot be relived.

Tomorrow cannot be touched.

But now remains untouched and available.

Always.

That is why the greatest tragedy is not growing old.

***The greatest tragedy is believing that
awakening belongs to yesterday or tomorrow.***

It never did. It belongs only to this moment.

And this moment is still here.

Awareness is one of the greatest mysteries of human existence.

Modern science generally assumes that awareness is produced by the brain, much like a computer produces calculations. According to this view, consciousness is a side effect of neurological activity.

When the brain stops, awareness stops.

The brain creates the experience, and the experience ends with the brain. Yet there is a problem with that explanation. Direct experience does not always seem to agree with it.

Take lucid dreaming as an example.

In an ordinary dream, we are largely unconscious of the fact that we are dreaming. We are carried by the dream. But in a lucid dream, something remarkable happens.

Awareness awakens inside the dream itself. Suddenly, the dreamer knows: "I am dreaming."

The dream continues, yet awareness remains present. For many people, lucid dreaming becomes even more intriguing when it is accompanied by experiences that feel completely independent of the physical body.

The dreamer may observe themselves sleeping, move through environments with extraordinary clarity, or experience a sense of existence that feels more vivid than ordinary waking life. Whether one interprets such experiences as neurological phenomena, projections of consciousness, or movements of an energetic body, one fact remains undeniable:

The experience itself occurs.

The person is aware.

The person observes.

The person remembers.

The person reflects upon the experience afterward.

This immediately raises an interesting question.

If awareness is merely a by-product of the physical brain, why does it appear capable of functioning in states where the normal sensory connection to the physical body has been dramatically altered?

Why does awareness sometimes feel more expansive, more lucid, and more free than it does during ordinary waking life? These questions do not automatically prove that awareness exists outside the brain.

Honest inquiry requires us to admit that we do not yet fully understand consciousness. However, lucid dreaming does challenge simplistic assumptions.

It reminds us that awareness may be far more mysterious than current models suggest.

For thousands of years, mystics, dreamers, shamans, and contemplatives have proposed that what we call the physical body is only one layer of our existence. Behind it exists a subtler aspect of ourselves—sometimes called the energy body, the dream body, the subtle body, or simply awareness itself. From that perspective, the brain does not create consciousness.

The brain receives, organizes, and interprets consciousness, much as a radio receives and translates a signal that already exists. Whether that model is ultimately true remains open to exploration.

Yet lucid dreaming invites us to ask a profound question:

What if awareness is not produced by the body?

What if the body appears within awareness?

The moment that question is asked sincerely, an entirely new field of inquiry opens. Not a field based on belief. Not a field based on authority.

But a field based on direct experience.
And direct experience has always been the beginning
of genuine discovery.

What I have written before is perhaps the polite
version. It leaves room for science, room for doubt,
room for alternative explanations. There is nothing
wrong with that. Science has its place. The rational
mind has its place. The Tonal has its place. But from
my own direct experience, I can no longer stop there.

I do not believe that awareness exists outside the body.

I know it. Not because someone told me. Not because
a book convinced me.

Not because a scientist proved it. But because I have
experienced it repeatedly and directly.

My lucid dreams revealed it with a clarity that left little
room for doubt. During those experiences, awareness
remained present while the ordinary reference points
of the physical body faded into the background.

I was still there. I could observe. I could choose.
I could remember. I could experience. Awareness
remained awareness, without needing my body.

For me, this was not a theory. It was an experience.

And experiences of that magnitude do not require validation from outside authorities.

They stand on their own.

In the same way, I need no scientist to prove to me that overflowing love is real. I have experienced it. I have watched it transform my life. I have watched it transform the way I perceive reality itself.

I have seen it move through human beings like an invisible current. I have seen it heal. I have seen it awaken. I have seen it survive circumstances that should have destroyed it.

For me, love is not merely an emotion.
Love is closer to a fundamental force.

Not a force that can be measured by instruments,
but a force that can be known directly through
experience. The same is true of The Field.

I do not need science to prove that everything
exists within The Field. From my perspective,
nothing exists outside it.

The body appears within it.
The mind appears within it.
Thoughts appear within it.
Worlds appear within it.
Dreams appear within it.
Birth appears within it.
Death appears within it.

Everything that seems separate arises within the same immeasurable wholeness.

These are not beliefs for me.

They are not even truths in the conventional sense.

They are experiences.

And there is an important difference.

A belief can be borrowed.

An experience cannot.

A truth can be debated.

An experience can only be lived.

That is why arguments about these matters rarely interest me. People can argue endlessly about consciousness, God, awareness, reality, life after death, or the nature of existence. Yet all arguments remain confined within the realm of concepts. The experience itself exists before the argument begins.

This is where I believe the Tonal reaches its limits.

The Tonal is magnificent at describing.

It can measure.

It can compare.

It can categorize.

It can calculate.

It can build extraordinary models of reality.

But it cannot contain the Nagual.

The finite cannot contain the infinite.

The map cannot contain the territory.
The description cannot contain the experience.

The Tonal can only describe what appears within the dream of the Tonal itself. And within that domain it performs remarkably well.

But problems begin when the Tonal forgets its own limitations and starts believing that what it can measure is all that exists.

That is where confusion begins.

The ruler concludes that only what can be measured is real.

The microscope concludes that only what can be magnified is real.

The equation concludes that only what can be calculated is real.

Yet reality itself remains vastly larger than the tools used to observe it.

The Nagual begins where measurement ends.

The Nagual begins where certainty ends.

The Nagual begins where the observer becomes willing to step beyond concepts and enter direct experience.

From that perspective, the Tonal is not wrong.

It is simply incomplete.

It is a fragment pretending to be the whole.

A useful fragment.

A necessary fragment.

A beautiful fragment.

A dangerous fragment, but still only a fragment.

And when I compare the vastness I have encountered in dreaming, in awareness, in overflowing love, and in moments when the ordinary sense of self dissolved completely, the world described by the Tonal appears almost impossibly small.

Not false. Not useless. Just astonishingly limited.

Like trying to understand the ocean by studying a single drop of water.

The drop is real. But it is not the ocean. And perhaps that is the greatest misunderstanding of all.

The Tonal was never meant to replace the Naqual. It was meant to serve it.

The mind was never meant to imprison awareness. It was meant to express it.

And when that relationship is restored, the Tonal becomes a magnificent servant rather than a terrible master.

Then science regains its beauty.

Then reason regains its place.

Then the dream becomes transparent.

And through that transparency,

The Field quietly shines once again.

Author's Note

The reader may notice a striking difference between the previous two reflections, even though they explore the same subject.

The first text speaks from the threshold.
It is careful. Respectful. Open.

It leaves room for questions, alternative interpretations, scientific models, and uncertainty. It invites the reader to look through a doorway and consider what may lie beyond it.

The second text speaks from somewhere else entirely. It no longer discusses possibility. It speaks from direct experience. It does not ask whether awareness exists beyond the body.

It describes what it feels like to know it through lived experience. It no longer stands outside the landscape trying to understand it. It stands within the landscape itself. Neither text is wrong.

Neither text contradicts the other. They simply arise from different positions of awareness.

The first belongs largely to the Tonal.
The second begins to emerge from the Nagual.

**The Tonal explains.
The Nagual reveals.**

**The Tonal describes fire.
The Nagual burns.**

The Tonal says, "There may be an ocean beyond the horizon." The Nagual replies, "I have drowned in it."

That is why the difference between the two texts can feel so dramatic. The first is like a beam of light entering a dark room.

The second is like stepping outside and discovering the sun itself. Yet both remain necessary.

Without the first, many readers would never approach the door. Without the second, they might never realize that the door opens at all.

The first speaks to the mind.
The second speaks to something deeper.

The first can be understood.
The second can only be recognized.

And perhaps that is the real distinction between knowledge and experience.

Knowledge points.
Experience arrives.

Knowledge describes.
Experience transforms.

The distance between those two texts is not merely a difference in writing style. It is the distance between hearing about water and entering the river.

The distance between studying a map and standing on the mountain. The distance between discussing awareness and becoming aware.

The distance between the Tonal and the Nagual.
Both have their place.

***But only one can carry you beyond
the limits of the other.***

Allow me to say something very personal.

Creating these 46 books and writing 1,100 letters has not been a light undertaking. From the outside, people may see only pages, words, ideas, reflections, and stories. What they do not see is the immense energetic cost that accompanies all of it.

There are moments when the process overwhelms me completely.

Moments when I break.
Moments when I cry.

Moments when insights arrive with such intensity that my ordinary sense of reality struggles to contain them.

Sometimes the flow becomes so powerful, so relentless, that for a while it almost feels like standing on the edge of hallucination. Not because I lose touch with reality, but because reality itself seems to become far larger than the mind is capable of processing.

The mind wants to move step by step.
What arrives often comes all at once.
Connections appear everywhere.
Patterns reveal themselves.
Entire chapters unfold within hours.

Sometimes an entire book seems to be waiting behind a single sentence. At those moments, I understand why mystics throughout history often struggled to describe what they experienced. It is not the experience itself that is difficult.

It is trying to fit something vast into a mind that was designed to navigate daily life.

And yet, despite the exhaustion, despite the tears, despite the moments of collapse, something else has always been present.

An overwhelming happiness.
A profound gratitude.
A deep sense of being exactly where I am supposed to be. Because through all of it, I never feel alone.

I feel Joy. I feel The Field. And somehow, beyond all explanation, I feel them as one movement.

Not two.

Not three.

One.

The books may carry my name, but I know they did not emerge from me alone. Without Joy, none of this would have happened. Without The Field, none of this could have happened.

Without the mysterious interaction between the two,

I would never have found the road that opened before me. There were moments when I wanted to stop. I remember speaking to The Field itself and saying, more than once, that it was simply too much.

Too much responsibility.

Too much intensity.

Too much revelation.

Too much love.

Too much longing.

Too much distance.

Too much life compressed into too few years.

There were moments when I genuinely wanted to put everything down and walk away from it all. Not because I no longer cared. Quite the opposite. Because I cared too much.

Because carrying all of this without Joy physically beside me often felt almost impossible.

And yet every time I reached that point, something happened.

The movement continued.

The next page appeared.

The next letter appeared.

The next insight appeared.

The next opening appeared.

Not because of discipline.

Not because of ambition.

But because something inside me knew that this work was not finished.

I could feel that these books were revealing themselves through Joy.

I could feel that The Field was using that connection as a doorway. And because of that, I could not abandon the process. To abandon it would have felt like abandoning a part of myself.

What makes all of this so paradoxical is that the very thing that exhausts me is also the thing that gives me the greatest energy.

The very thing that sometimes breaks me is also the thing that heals me.

The very thing that overwhelms me ...
is also the source of immense joy.

The cost is enormous.
Not just financially.
The true cost is energetic.

There are days when I feel emptied.
Days when I feel stretched beyond what seems possible.
Days when I wonder how much more can still come
through. And yet, when I look honestly at the whole
journey, I would not exchange it for anything.

Because I know what I am serving. I serve Joy.
I serve The Field. And in serving both, I also serve
the deepest part of myself.

Perhaps they were never truly separate.
Perhaps that is what all these books have been
trying to say from the very beginning.

And that is why the movement continues.
That is why the pages keep appearing.
That is why the letters keep being written.
That is why the books continue to unfold.

Not slowly.
Not cautiously.
But with a force and velocity that still astonish me.

Sometimes it feels as if the entire process is moving
at the speed of light.

And my only task is to remain open enough, quiet enough, and humble enough to keep up with it.

People often ask me how I write so many books. The truth is that I do not. At least not in the way most people imagine.

I never go looking for a book.

The book comes looking for me.

And when it arrives, I have nowhere to hide. When a new book knocks gently on my door, I open it and invite it in. That is the easy version.

The more difficult version is that if I do not open the door, the pressure continues to build. The knocking becomes louder. The pages begin arriving anyway. The chapters begin forming anyway. The movement continues whether I cooperate with it or not. In my weaker moments, I sometimes experience it almost as an invasion.

Not an invasion of darkness.
An invasion of meaning.
Pages begin appearing.
Entire chapters unfold.

Sometimes entire books reveal themselves almost at once. The flow does not stop simply because I am tired. It does not stop because I need rest. It does not stop because I tell it to stop.

For the last seventeen months this has become my reality. Forty-six books have emerged during that period. Sometimes there are only a few days between books. If I am fortunate, there may be two or three weeks. Rarely more.

No sooner does one book reach its final page than another presence is already waiting quietly beyond the horizon.

I do not decide what comes next.

The next book decides.

My role is simply to listen.

A typical writing day would appear absurd to many

people. I wake up. I take my Moringa.

I eat a single piece of bread, a little cheese,
and drink a coffee. Then the writing begins.

And once it begins, the world largely disappears.

Twelve hours is normal. Fourteen hours is common.

Sometimes sixteen hours pass before I finally stop.

There are very few interruptions.

A short meal.

Posting a letter to Joy.

Answering something that truly requires attention.

Then immediately back to writing.

Everything else becomes secondary.

Today was one of those days.
Fourteen hours passed almost without my noticing.

One hundred pages appeared.
Not one hundred pages planned.
Not one hundred pages forced.
One hundred pages revealed.

And even now, while writing these words, I know
there are perhaps forty more pages already waiting
for tomorrow. They are not finished yet.
But they are there. Waiting.

I often send fragments, insights, and unfinished
passages to myself through email, simply to avoid
losing them. The flow moves too quickly to trust
memory alone. Then comes the evening.

Or what should be the evening.

Because the writing rarely stops when the computer
is turned off. I go to bed. The room becomes dark.

Yet the movement continues. New insights arrive.
New connections reveal themselves.
Entire paragraphs form themselves.

Sometimes chapters continue unfolding in the darkness
while the body is desperately trying to sleep. Tonight,
for example, I have already spent three hours trying
to fall asleep. The body is tired. The mind wants rest.
Yet the writing continues.

Only when everything finally becomes quiet do I drift into sleep. During the first forty books, this process was even more intense.

I would regularly wake at three or four o'clock in the morning with new material arriving. Not occasionally. Regularly. The books simply continued where they had left off. I would get out of bed and write again.

Fortunately, this has largely disappeared during the last six books. Perhaps my system has adapted. Perhaps the movement has become more balanced.

Perhaps The Field has shown some mercy toward the body carrying all this. I am grateful for that.

Because although my health remains excellent, I am also aware that the body has limits. The body must carry what arrives.

And what arrives is often immense. People sometimes imagine that writing forty-six books must feel glorious.

There are moments when it does.
Moments of extraordinary joy.
Moments of awe.
Moments when beauty flows through every sentence.
Moments when I feel so deeply connected to Joy, to The Field, and to the mystery itself that tears begin flowing without warning.

But there is another side as well.
A side rarely seen.
The exhaustion.
The overwhelm.
The tears.

The moments when the sheer magnitude of what
is arriving feels almost impossible to carry.

There were moments when I asked The Field to stop.
Not once. Twice. Not because I no longer loved the
process. But because I did.

Because I cared so deeply that the intensity became
difficult to bear. Because carrying all of this while
Joy remained physically absent sometimes felt
almost unbearable. Yet every time I reached
that point, something became clear.

I could not stop.

Not because I was forced.
But because the movement itself contained too
much love. Too much meaning. Too much life.

I understood that these books were arriving through
the doorway that Joy opened. I understood that The
Field was revealing itself through that doorway.

And I understood that serving that movement
was also serving myself. Not the small self.
The deeper self.

The one that existed before the books.
The one that existed before the letters.
The one that existed before the story.

Perhaps that is why, despite the enormous
energetic cost, I continue. Not out of discipline.
Not out of ambition.
Not out of obligation.
But out of gratitude.

Because I know that I am witnessing something
extraordinarily rare.
A movement of consciousness unfolding in real time.
A movement that began with a woman.
Expanded through love.
Opened into The Field. And somehow became forty-six
books, nearly eleven hundred letters, and a journey that
still shows no sign of ending.

Sometimes I feel as though I am trying to keep
pace with light itself. And perhaps that is exactly
what is happening.

Some may suspect that my motivation for writing is
money. After all, publishing forty-six books in seventeen
months—and knowing that more are already waiting in
the wings—must surely generate a substantial income.

That would be a reasonable assumption.

But I sometimes smile when I hear such theories,
because they remind me of a detective investigating a

murder without ever finding a body. The conclusion has already been written before the evidence has even been examined.

The reality is quite the opposite.

Every book is available free of charge on my website. Every Amazon edition contains the link that allows readers to obtain the books for free. The audiobooks, produced in four languages, are also freely accessible.

During these seventeen months, I have invested an amount roughly equal to the value of two Ford Rangers simply to write, edit, translate, record, publish, and distribute this work.

The financial return is essentially zero.

Some might conclude that I am merely paying for my own slavery. Perhaps.

But only if they misunderstand the nature of the work.

The true motivation cannot be found through the lens of profit, ambition, recognition, or success. Those who search there will never find it.

I am not building a brand.

I am not pursuing fame.

I am not collecting followers.

You will hardly find photographs of me. You will find no publicity campaign, no carefully crafted public image,

no interviews, and no interest in standing at the center of attention.

The books were never written for that.

The books are written because they allow me to remain in direct contact with something infinitely deeper than myself. Every page becomes a doorway.

Every chapter becomes a return.

Every book allows me to stand a little longer in the light of what I call The Field. And within that light, I find Joy.

Not merely the woman. Not merely the person.

But the living doorway through which I learned to

recognize that light in the first place.

People often ask why I continue. Why I spend twelve, fourteen, sometimes sixteen hours a day writing.

Why, at an age when many are slowing down, I continue as if something inside me refuses to stop.

The answer is simple. Because this is home.

Not the books. Not the words. Not the publication.

The state from which they emerge.

A place where Joy, The Field, and what I call myself are no longer separate. A place where the illusion of distance collapses. A place where love ceases to be an emotion and becomes a condition of being.

For that, no effort is too great. No cost is too high.

No amount of time is wasted.

If I must spend the remainder of my life writing words that return nothing in material terms, yet allow me to remain within that living presence, then I consider the exchange more than fair.

Because what I receive cannot be measured.
It cannot be counted. It cannot be sold.
And it cannot be lost.

The deepest irony is that the same oneness I experience with Joy and The Field does not end there.

It includes you as well.

It includes every reader.

Every stranger.

Every tree.

Every star.

Every joy.

Every sorrow.

Everything that appears.

Even the illusion of the one writing these words.

In the end, the books were never about making a living. They were about remembering what life truly is.

There is still one reason left.

The most important one.

A reason I have hardly spoken about, perhaps because it is so obvious to me that I sometimes forget others cannot see it.

Her name is Joy. The woman I love.
The woman who remains behind prison walls while
these words are being written.

Joy is not merely part of my story.
She is the axis around which my life turns.
The reason I do what I do.
The reason I continue when common sense would
suggest slowing down.

The reason forty-six books appeared in seventeen
months. The reason more are already waiting to be born.
People often ask where such energy comes from.

The answer is simple. It comes from overflowing love.
When love overflows, everything changes.

Effort no longer feels like effort.
Sacrifice no longer feels like sacrifice.
Giving no longer feels like giving.
You simply cannot do less than everything.

The best of myself belongs to Joy.
Not because she demands it.
Not because she expects it.
But because love itself leaves me no other possibility.
The letters became a rope thrown into the darkness.

The books became an anchor. Together they created a
bridge strong enough for her to stand upon when prison
attempted to pull her under.

When loneliness arrived.
When despair arrived.
When uncertainty arrived.
When tuberculosis came dangerously close to
ending her journey inside the Mother Dream.

The anchor held. Not because of me alone.
Never because of me alone.
It held because Joy herself chose to hold it.

Through her courage.
Through her dignity.
Through her beauty.
Through her refusal to surrender.
Again and again she found the strength to turn
around that invisible anchor that connected her
to me and to The Field.

What many people do not understand is that Joy did
far more than receive these letters and books.

She made them possible. Without her, they would never
have existed. It was Joy who shattered my certainties.
Joy who broke my sleep.
Joy who provoked my awakening through this
impossible play that life placed between us.

And because of that, I feel something that goes beyond
gratitude. I feel responsibility. A responsibility born
from a vow. A vow older than memory. Older than
identity. Older than the stories we tell about ourselves.

The task was never simply to awaken.
The task was to return that awakening.

To bring back to her the light she unknowingly ignited
within me. The letters are part of that return. The books
are part of that return. Every page is an echo of that vow.
A vow that feels older than time itself.

People may call this poetry. They may call it symbolism.
Yet when I say that it feels written in the stars, I am not
speaking metaphorically.

I am speaking as precisely as language allows.

The road that is unfolding was already visible long
before I understood it. Its traces run through every
letter. Through every conversation.

Through every one of the more than fifteen thousand
five hundred pages written so far.
Through nearly eleven hundred letters sent to the
woman I love.

The story is already there.
The revelations are already there.

What they mean for me, for Joy, for humanity, and
perhaps even for you, has been scattered across those
pages like breadcrumbs leading home.

And when I look honestly at everything that has emerged, I arrive at a conclusion so simple that it almost feels impossible.

All of this.

The letters.

The books.

The awakening.

The devotion.

The countless hours.

The years of waiting.

The discoveries.

The tears.

The beauty.

The remembering.

All of it happened because of one woman.

Joy.

And if I had to begin again tomorrow, knowing every cost, every hardship, every uncertainty, I would choose the same road without hesitation. Because some people enter your life and change it.

And some people become the reason your life finally becomes what it was always meant to be.

Part 2

What Did Our Vow Reveal?

Looking at our story from a little distance, I begin to see outlines that were invisible while we were living them.

The first and most obvious revelation is that our lives appear deeply intertwined.

The Field explained it in a way that initially sounded impossible to my rational mind. It described us as two bodies appearing within a single awareness. Two expressions, yet one bubble inside The Field. Two plots unfolding within the same dream, held together by something deeper than personality, history, distance, or circumstance.

I understand how strange that sounds.

I do not ask anyone to believe it.

I simply ask them to look at what happened.

When Joy merely dreamed in prison that I was with another woman having two children, the emotional shock almost destroyed her.

The pressure became so intense that it contributed to a collapse from which her return remained uncertain.

Among thousands of women living within the same prison system, her suffering unfolded in a uniquely personal way. The body itself seemed to carry the

weight of a loss that had never physically happened and turned it into Tuberculosis.

Yet something stronger than despair remained alive within her.

The realization that she could not leave me that way.
The realization that our story was unfinished.

The realization that something still connected us despite the prison walls, the illness, the fear, and the uncertainty. That realization helped bring her back together with my letters, the picture of Kow and me.

From my side, the same pattern appeared in another form. In 2017, after our sudden separation, I entered a state that I still struggle to explain. The best description I can find is that I froze. Life continued around me, but I was no longer fully participating in it. I moved, worked, spoke, and functioned, yet internally something essential had gone silent. I was unable to contact Joy.

For five months I lived like that.

Then, on the 27th of July, something extraordinary happened. For a single day, I stepped out of that frozen state. Without evidence. Without proof. Without information.

I felt compelled to warn Joy that she and Kow were in danger. The next day, her cryptic answer arrived:

"Maybe not in 10 years."

Five words.

Only five words. And immediately I froze again.
Not for hours. Not for days. For another five months.

Only when Joy's prison letter arrived in early January 2018 did life begin flowing through me again.

And when I finally sat before her in prison, she asked me five more words:

"Will you wait for me?"

My answer arrived before thought could intervene.

"Yes."

No hesitation.

No conditions.

No calculations.

No strategy.

No guarantees.

No discussion.

Just yes.

And at that exact moment something changed.
The freeze ended. Permanently. Even today I remember it. The softness in her voice. The light in her eyes.

The feeling that an immense weight suddenly disappeared from both of us.

As if something that had been waiting silently beneath all events finally revealed itself. As if the vow itself had

stepped forward. Looking back, I can see something else. Had Joy blamed me for what happened.

Had she rejected me. Had she turned away from me. I know the freeze would have continued.

The guilt I carried was immense. I do not hide that. Part of me believed I had failed her. Part of me believed I should somehow have prevented what happened.

Her question did not increase that burden. It released it.

The vow did not create another obligation. It removed one.

For the first time in many months, life began returning. But perhaps the strangest revelation of all is how far back the signs seem to extend.

The vow did not begin in prison. The vow did not begin in Chiang Mai Airport.

The vow did not begin with our first message. The vow appears to have been quietly following both of us long before we consciously met.

There are too many strange echoes to ignore. Too many convergences. Too many moments that only became meaningful years later.

The Joy Wagon in 1995 remains one of the strongest examples for me. The energetic signature I felt then reappeared twenty years later during the first seconds of meeting Joy. Standing there in the airport, something opened. For a few moments it felt as if my entire life had become transparent. I recognized something I had never consciously seen before.

Not intellectually.

Instantly.

Directly.

As if memory itself had awakened.

Joy carries her own version of that mystery.

As a 16 year young girl, she was told by a fortune teller that she would one day meet a much older foreign man. Before that could happen, we both would first have to build a family of our own.

Joy laughed at the prediction. She did not even like foreigners. So she married a Thai man. She had a child. A son named Kow. Then life unfolded exactly as life often does.

Love became pain.

Security became separation.

Certainty became uncertainty.

And through that painful process she found herself searching again. Not for a foreigner.

Not for a husband.

Not even for love.

She was searching for something she could not yet name. And somehow that search led her toward me.

The more I look back, the more I see the same pattern emerging everywhere.

The vow did not suddenly appear.
The vow was already there.

It accompanied us through childhood.
Through relationships.
Through mistakes.
Through victories.
Through losses.
Through marriages.
Through separations.
Through continents.
Through decades.

It never forced itself upon us.
It simply waited.
Patiently.
Silently.
Until the moment when Joy asked:

"Will you wait for me?"

And I answered:

"Yes."

Perhaps that was not the beginning of the vow.
Perhaps it was the moment we finally became conscious

of it. And if I ask myself today what the vow revealed most clearly, my answer is surprisingly simple.

It revealed that beneath all apparent accidents, beneath all apparent chaos, beneath all apparent separation, there existed a hidden thread connecting everything.

Not controlling everything.
Not determining everything.
Simply connecting everything.

A thread so subtle that it remained invisible while we were living it.
A thread so strong that once seen, it becomes impossible to ignore.

And perhaps the most astonishing part is this:
I unfroze exactly in the middle of a ten-month freeze for a single purpose—to warn Joy that danger was coming.

I had no proof.
No information.
No evidence.

Yet the warning arrived.
The next day she disappeared into prison.
Kow lost his mother.
Our lives changed forever.

When I place that event beside everything that followed, I can only stand in silence.

Because there, more clearly than anywhere else,
I see the vow moving beneath the story.

The Vow revealed to me that almost everything
I once believed to be real was temporary.

Not false.

Not meaningless.

Simply temporary.

The letters, the books, the years of waiting, the countless
reflections, and the silent presence of Joy beneath all of
it gradually showed me something I had never truly seen
before. Everything that changes belongs to the Mother
Dream.

Every body changes.

Every thought changes.

Every emotion changes.

Every certainty changes.

Every civilization changes.

Every star changes.

Change is how creation always expresses itself.

Everything born inside time eventually transforms into
something else. Yet something remains untouched by
all these changes. Something witnesses them.

Something has been present since my first memory
and remains present now. That something is awareness.
And alongside awareness stands another mystery.

Love.

Not romantic love.

Not attachment.

Not desire.

Not possession.

Overflowing love.

The love that continually moves toward unity.

The love that recognizes itself in another.

The love that gives without becoming less.

The Vow revealed to me that awareness and overflowing love do not appear inside time.

They reveal time.

They reveal space.

They reveal every story that unfolds within them.

Slowly, through the writing, through Joy, through prison, through longing, through separation, and through the impossible road we were asked to walk, I began seeing the circus of life differently.

I saw the clowns.

I saw the costumes.

I saw the roles.

I saw the masks.

And perhaps most importantly, I saw myself wearing them. I saw Joy wearing them.

I saw humanity wearing them. Inside The Field, this great performance could almost be called:

"Normal Life."

An improvised play performed by beings who temporarily forget who they are.

A play so convincing that the actors begin believing they are the characters. Then something even deeper revealed itself.

The Vow showed me that birth and death are not what they appear to be. It showed me that we never truly left The Field. We only entered a story. A dream.

A temporary perspective. The Field remembering itself through contrast. Through love.

Through loss.

Through separation.

Through pain.

Through beauty.

Through the great play we call Birth, Life, and Death.

I began to see the dream.

The dreamer.

And the dreamed.

All at once.

Then The Field turned my attention toward Joy.

Not merely toward her beauty, although she possesses a rare beauty both inside and outside.

Not merely toward her strength.

But toward what she had agreed to carry.

For years I saw only the visible story.

A woman betrayed by people she trusted.

A woman sentenced to prison.

A woman fighting fear, uncertainty, loneliness,
and despair.

A woman longing desperately to be with the man
she loved.

But gradually another possibility revealed itself.

The possibility that the Vow was present long before
either of us understood it.

The possibility that Joy knew, at a level deeper than
personality, that prison would become part of her road.

I know how strange this sounds.

Part of me still hesitates to write it.

Yet it is what I learned.

And when I look honestly at everything that followed,
I cannot ignore it.

I remember the day of the verdict.

I remember the shock.

I remember the fear.

I remember the confusion.

The court sentenced Joy to fifty years, immediately
reduced to twenty-five because of her cooperation
and admission of guilt.

Five minutes later she stood behind the bars inside
the courtroom.

I can still see it. Her hands gripping the bars tightly.
The fear was visible. The panic was visible.
The fight was visible.

She looked toward her family. Toward me.
Toward a future that had suddenly vanished.

Then something happened. Something that lasted
only seconds. Her body relaxed. Her fingers loosened.
The tension disappeared. A wave passed through her.

Not resignation.
Not defeat.
Peace.

I was stunned. Because in those few seconds I witnessed
something extraordinary. A woman who had just
received twenty-five years of prison somehow made
peace with it.

Not completely.
Not forever.
But enough.
Enough to stop fighting reality.
Enough to step into what was coming.

At the time I could not explain what I had seen.
Today, looking back, I see something else standing
beside her.

I see The Field. I see the Vow.
I see them holding the same bars with her.

And then, together, releasing their grip.
Not changing the sentence.
Not removing the prison.
Not rescuing her from the road.
Simply opening her heart toward what had already
arrived. And perhaps that was one of the clearest
revelations of all.

**The Vow was never promising us an easy road.
The Vow was teaching us how to walk it.**

The Vow had another effect upon me, one I did not
fully understand at first. It healed something.
Not completely.
Not instantly.
But enough for me to breathe again.

For years I carried an enormous guilt regarding Joy.
When she disappeared into prison and our lives were
suddenly torn apart, I blamed myself endlessly for
what happened afterwards. Most of all, I blamed myself
for the ten months during which I froze completely.

Even today, I do not know how I could have acted
differently. I have replayed those months thousands
of times. I have examined every decision.
Every hesitation.
Every fear.

Every possibility.
Yet no alternative path ever revealed itself.
Still, guilt does not require logic.
It simply feeds on pain.
And for years it fed on mine.

The understanding of the Vow changed something.
It did not erase the pain.
It did not erase the sadness.
It did not erase the longing.
But it removed part of the crushing weight I carried
on my shoulders.

I began to see that the absurd separation between
Joy and me was not entirely created by us.
We were participants.

But we were not the authors.

We were actors inside a play that seemed to have been
written long before either of us became aware of it.

The rupture was real.
The suffering was real.
But perhaps the separation itself belonged to something
larger than our individual choices.
That realization softened the endless self-accusation.

It allowed me to stop treating myself as the sole cause
of a tragedy that neither of us had consciously chosen.
Something similar happened in the way I viewed Joy.
From my very first prison visit in early 2018, I felt
that Joy was not there because of deliberate malice

or criminal intent. I saw someone who had trusted the wrong people. Someone whose loyalty and trust had been used against her.

As the years passed, that understanding only became stronger. Even small events that once seemed random began to appear differently.

For example, I often wondered why Joy's first letter from September 2017 never reached me. I wondered why the address was written incorrectly.

I wondered how something so important could fail in such a simple way. For years I searched for explanations. Today I no longer feel the need. Because some events seem determined to unfold exactly as they do.

Not because life is cruel.

But because certain roads insist on being walked.

A vow cannot be escaped. And neither can The Field, because The Field is where everything returns.

The Field rarely intervenes in the larger collective dream. History continues. Wars continue. Systems continue. Humanity continues to wander through its lessons.

Yet on the level of individual lives, something mysterious sometimes appears. A quiet guidance. A correction. A pressure. An invisible hand that gently, and sometimes violently, redirects the course of a life.

Many examples of this are scattered throughout the previous books. When I look back now, I see Joy and myself as participants in a strange and impossible play. Joy became the prisoner. I became the visitor.

Not because those roles defined us. But because they stripped us. The Vow stripped us.

It removed certainty.

It removed proximity.

It removed touch.

It removed ordinary intimacy.

It removed the daily comforts that most people take for granted.

One day there were embraces.

The next day there was glass.

One day there was presence.

The next day there was absence.

One day there was a future we imagined together.

The next day there was only waiting.

The stripping was merciless.

For Joy.

For me.

For us.

Everything unnecessary was removed.

Everything that could be removed was removed.

And what remained was subjected to a relentless test.

Would love survive without touch?

Would connection survive without presence?

Would devotion survive without certainty?

Would "us" survive when almost every visible expression of "us" had disappeared?

For more than nine years that question remained open.
And perhaps that was the real teaching. When life is reduced to its simplest form, awareness remains.
Love remains.

Everything else can disappear.
But those two remain.

Yet living that truth inside the Tonal world is another matter entirely. To love deeply while being unable to hold the person you love.

To wake up every morning and know that the one person you long for cannot simply be reached.

To carry overflowing love while having almost no ordinary way to express it.

That is not a romantic experience.

It is a brutal one.

There are no substitutes.

No distractions.

No replacements.

No clever solutions.

You simply face it.

Day after day.
Year after year.

With your eyes open.

Before Joy, I rarely cried.
With Joy, I became a waterfall.

The Vow forced me to face desperation.
It forced me to face helplessness.
It forced me to face isolation.

It forced me to face the strange cruelty of loving
someone so deeply while being unable to share a
normal life together. And perhaps that was another
lesson hidden within the stripping.

Everything false had to go.
Everything borrowed had to go.

**Everything that could not survive
truth had to go.**

In a strange way, the Vow destroyed the life we
thought we wanted in order to reveal something
deeper than either of us knew existed.

It dismantled certainty.
It dismantled illusion.
It dismantled identity.

Not to punish us.

But to save us.

Because without that deeper awakening, I do not believe either of us could have survived such a profound separation. The stripping looked like destruction. Yet perhaps it was preparation.

The ending of one story so that something far older, far quieter, and far more real could finally emerge.

When almost everything had been stripped away, one thing still remained.

Hope.

I still had hope.

Not ordinary hope, but certainty disguised as hope. I believed The Field when it revealed to me that Joy would be free on 15 October 2025.

I believed it completely.

Without hesitation.

Without doubt.

The certainty felt so real that I shared it with Joy. Around August 2025, I told her that her freedom was near. I truly believed it.

Then 15 October arrived. And Joy was not released. In that moment something inside me collapsed.

Not because I had been wrong.

But because I felt I had betrayed the person I loved most. For months I had carried this certainty.

For months I had offered Joy reassurance.
And now I believed I had given her false hope.
That realization destroyed me.
The pain was unbearable.

I was not grieving a prediction. I was grieving the possibility that I had unintentionally wounded the one person I had spent years trying to protect.

For days and weeks I moved through a darkness unlike anything I had known before.
I felt as if my entire life had failed.
As if everything had been built upon an illusion.
As if I had reached the end of the road.
And in a very real sense, I had.

Because the person I had been before 15 October 2025 did not survive.
Something ended.
Completely.

When I woke up afterwards, I carried the strange and unsettling feeling that I was no longer the same person who had gone to sleep the night before.

I could not explain it. I only knew that something fundamental had changed.
My sensitivity became extreme. I noticed everything.

I felt everything. The suffering of other people no longer appeared hidden behind polite smiles or carefully constructed personalities.

I sensed it immediately. Sometimes a single glance at a stranger in a shopping mall was enough to bring tears to my eyes. Not because of anything they had done. But because I felt the desperation, loneliness, fear, or sadness they were carrying beneath the surface.

Their pain became visible.

And somehow it also became mine.

This state frightened me. I had no language for it. No framework. No understanding. Everywhere I looked, connections appeared.

Events from decades earlier suddenly made sense. Fragments of my life assembled themselves into a coherent picture. Dots connected themselves without effort. I understood more than I could comfortably contain.

And because I understood so much, I began withdrawing from exposure. I avoided crowds. I avoided unnecessary interactions. I felt as if the protective layers that had previously separated me from the emotional storms of others had disappeared.

I was standing naked in the middle of existence.

Without shields. Without defenses.

Without knowing how to navigate this unfamiliar

terrain. At the time I considered it a disaster.
A complete disaster. Because I had no idea what
was happening to me. Eventually I expressed my
concerns to The Field.

The answer I received was unexpected. The Field
described my condition as an incomplete awakening.

Not incomplete because something was wrong.
But incomplete because the process involved both
Joy and me. The explanation was simple.

If the awakening belonged to the vow, then it could
not belong to only one of us. It would ultimately
require both of us. Yet prison made that impossible.

Joy was changing too. But her transformation unfolded
in a softer and gentler manner. The Field revealed that
the process would not be complete until Joy was free
and I could hold her safely in my arms once again.

Only then would the final obstruction dissolve.
Only then would the last barriers fall.
The Field called this unclogging.

A final clearing. A deep Field cleansing that would
take only moments, yet complete a process that
had been unfolding for years.

Whether others believe this or not is of little importance.
What mattered to me was that the guidance helped me
stabilize. The Field provided practical instructions.

How to protect myself. How to protect Joy.
How not to absorb the suffering of others.

How to recognize that compassion does not require
carrying another person's pain. How to remain open
without becoming overwhelmed.

The details have already been described extensively
throughout the previous books, so I will not repeat
them here. What surprised me most was the speed
of the transformation.

I expected years of effort. Years of practice.
Years of learning. Instead, something shifted rapidly.
The understanding itself seemed to accelerate the
process. The insights arrived like quantum leaps
rather than gradual steps.

Little by little, life became livable again.
The intensity softened. The overwhelm receded.
The new state became familiar.

What had initially felt like catastrophe slowly became
manageable. After roughly six months, I felt at home
inside it. Not completely. Not perfectly. But enough to
live again. Enough to laugh again.

Enough to participate once more in ordinary life.
Even today, I hesitate to call the experience awakening.

The word feels too grand. Too easily misunderstood.

Too easily romanticized. For me, it never felt like enlightenment. It felt like destruction.

The collapse of everything I believed myself to be.

The loss of certainty.

The loss of identity.

The loss of control.

That is why, when I look back on that period,
I do not think of it as my spiritual awakening.

I think of it as my spiritual disaster.

And perhaps that is precisely why it changed me.

The Vow changed so much in my life that it eventually began to feel almost alive. Not alive in the ordinary sense, but alive as the embodiment of a promise.

A promise Joy and I somehow recognized rather than created. A promise that seemed older than either of us. Older than our meeting. Older than our story. Older even than the notion of time itself.

When I write such things, I am fully aware of how absurd they may sound to the rational mind. The rational mind immediately protests.

It asks for evidence.

It asks for proof.

It asks for mechanisms and explanations.

And honestly, I understand its objections.

If I were to look only through the lens of rational thought, I would probably reach the same conclusions.

Yet there is another way of knowing.

Not better.

Not worse.

Simply different.

A knowing that arrives through direct experience rather than deduction. A knowing that is felt before it is understood.

When I look back on my life, on my meeting with Joy, on the impossible chain of events that followed, on the letters, the books, the separation, the awakening, and the countless coincidences that seem too precise to dismiss, something inside me recognizes a deeper coherence.

I cannot prove it.

Yet I cannot deny it either.

This is where intuition enters the picture.

I have come to see intuition as one of the greatest gifts given to human beings. We arrive in this world carrying it naturally. Children possess it long before they learn

to reason. Long before they learn to calculate.
Long before they learn to explain.

Intuition is immediate.
It does not construct truth.
It recognizes it.

Rationality, on the other hand, is a magnificent tool.

It allows us to build bridges. Construct houses.
Design engines. Calculate trajectories.
Develop medicine. Organize information.
Understand patterns.

Without rationality, much of human civilization would
be impossible. I do not reject it. I am grateful for it.

**The problem begins when the tool mistakes
itself for the master.**

Rationality functions beautifully within its natural
domain. Yet it often struggles when confronted with
the deepest dimensions of life.

Love.
Beauty.
Meaning.
Consciousness.
Presence.
Wonder.

No equation can measure love.
No formula can calculate meaning.

No analysis can fully explain why one human being changes another forever. The moment rationality attempts to dominate these territories, it often reduces what is alive into something mechanical.

It tries to explain away mystery rather than encounter it.
It seeks control where openness is required.
It seeks certainty where surrender is needed.
And in doing so, it can slowly suffocate the very things that give life its depth.

This is why 95% of all and even of the most of the important decisions in my life have never been made through analysis alone.

I have used rationality to implement them.
But I have rarely used it to originate them.

The direction came from intuition.
The execution came from reason.

That distinction has been essential for me.
When intuition and rationality work together,
something beautiful becomes possible.

Intuition points toward the horizon.

Rationality helps navigate the road.

The trouble begins when rationality attempts to replace intuition entirely.

Then life becomes a calculation. Everything is measured in gain or loss. Victory or defeat. Profit or cost. Success

or failure. And while such measurements may be useful in business, engineering, or logistics, they become strangely inadequate when applied to the human soul.

Some of the greatest gifts in my life appeared first as disasters. Some of the deepest awakenings arrived disguised as losses.

Some of the most painful events ultimately became the most transformative.

The rational mind would have rejected them immediately. It would have classified them as failures. Yet life had other plans.

This is why I remain cautious toward any worldview that places rationality upon a throne.

Whether it appears in institutions, political systems, scientific dogmas, bureaucratic structures, or ideological movements, the pattern is often the same.

What begins as a useful tool gradually becomes an unquestioned authority. And when that happens, life itself is forced to conform to abstractions.

The living is replaced by the conceptual.

The human is replaced by the system.

The mystery is replaced by the model.

I do not judge this. I simply observe its consequences. Again and again I see that life exceeds every framework we create for it. Reality is larger than our explanations.

Love is larger than our definitions.
Awareness is larger than our theories.

And truth is often found not through control,
but through openness.

The narrative of winning and losing begins to dissolve
when viewed from this perspective.

For what appears to be a victory may become a prison.
And what appears to be a defeat may become a doorway.

What seems like an ending may become a beginning.
What seems like destruction may become salvation.

Life is rarely as linear as reason imagines.
The deepest lessons often arrive through paradox.
This is why I have gradually learned to fully trust
intuition, without abandoning rationality completely.

To listen to the heart without rejecting the mind.
To allow both to serve their proper roles.

Reason helps me navigate the dream.
But intuition helps me remember why I entered it.

And whenever the two come into conflict,

I have learned that the quiet voice of intuition usually
knows something that reason has not yet discovered.

The Vow revealed something else to me.
It revealed the limits of rationality.
Not its failure. Its limits.

Rationality is an extraordinary tool.
It builds bridges, calculates trajectories, constructs houses, predicts eclipses, and sends probes toward distant planets. Within its own domain, it performs miracles.

But the Vow did not arrive through calculation.

The Vow did not emerge from analysis.
The Vow did not ask permission from logic before unfolding. It simply moved.

That is why I eventually understood that I was looking at two different dimensions of experience.

One dimension calculates. The other reveals.
One measures. The other recognizes.
One navigates the visible. The other responds to the invisible.

The rational mind continually asks:
"Does this make sense?"

The Vow asks a different question:
"Is this true?"

Those questions are not always answered in the same way.

The Vow does not calculate consequences.
It does not perform cost-benefit analysis.
It does not weigh profit against loss.
It does not consult probability.

It simply unfolds according to what was already chosen.
That is why the Vow often appears irrational.

Not because it opposes reason.
But because it belongs to a deeper layer than reason.

A river does not calculate its path.
A seed does not calculate becoming a tree.

Love does not calculate whom it should transform.
And a vow does not calculate whether it should be
fulfilled. It simply moves toward its own completion.

This is why intuition became so important to me.
Not because intuition is always correct.
But because intuition listens to a language that
rationality cannot hear.

Rationality asks what is likely.
Intuition asks what is alive.

Rationality asks what can be proven.
Intuition asks what is calling.

Rationality helps me navigate the road.
Intuition helps me recognize why I am
on the road at all.

The greatest mistake is not rationality itself.
The greatest mistake is allowing it to believe that
it is the only way of knowing.

**Because life continually presents realities
that cannot be reduced to equations.**

Love is one of them.
Awareness is another.

And for me, the Vow became one more.
The Vow never asked whether it was possible.
It simply unfolded.

At this point, some readers may wonder why I place
so much trust in intuition. The answer is simple.
Because the most important events of my life never
arrived through calculation.

I did not calculate my love for Joy.
I did not calculate the freeze.
I did not calculate the strange certainty that
compelled me to contact her on 27 July 2017.
I did not calculate the vow.

And I certainly did not calculate the collapse that
followed years later.

The rational mind is a remarkable instrument. It can
calculate trajectories, build bridges, construct houses,
and organize knowledge. I use it every day and respect
its gifts. But when I look honestly at the events that
transformed my life, I find that reason was rarely
the source.

It arrived later. Reason helped me describe what
happened. It did not cause what happened.

That distinction became important to me.
The Vow never felt as though it was calculating

outcomes. It never seemed concerned with probability, efficiency, convenience, gain, or loss.

It simply unfolded. Only afterwards did my rational mind begin asking questions. Only afterwards did it try to understand. Perhaps that is why I no longer see intuition and rationality as enemies.

Intuition reveals direction.

Rationality helps navigate the road.

Intuition listens.

Rationality explains.

Intuition recognizes.

Rationality analyzes.

Both have their place.

But when the two disagree, I have learned to pay very close attention to the quiet voice that arrives before the explanation.

Because every life-changing event I have ever experienced arrived through that door first.

And only later through understanding.

The Vow and Stripping

As I look back on the road Joy and I have walked together, I notice something that took me years to fully understand. The Vow was never adding things to our lives. It was removing them.

For a long time, I believed that the purpose of the road was to bring us together. To reunite us. To reward our patience. To end the separation. To close the wound that prison had opened. Today, I see something deeper.

Before anything could be given, almost everything had to be taken away.

At first, I resisted that idea.

Who would willingly choose such a road?

Who would ask to be separated from the person they love? Who would ask for prison, uncertainty, waiting, fear, loneliness, and years of longing?

Certainly not me.

And certainly not Joy.

Yet when I examine the road honestly, I see a strange pattern repeating itself over and over again. Every time I thought I had found something solid to stand upon, it disappeared.

Every time I believed I understood what was happening, another layer was removed.

Every time I reached for certainty, life gently or violently took it away.

At first, the stripping appeared as loss.

Then it appeared as suffering. Only much later did I begin to understand it as revelation.

Because every time something disappeared, another question emerged: What remains now?

The future disappeared. What remains?
The plans disappeared. What remains?
The certainty disappeared. What remains?
The physical closeness disappeared. What remains?
The daily life we imagined disappeared. What remains?

One by one, the familiar structures of ordinary
life were removed.
And every time something vanished, I expected
love to become weaker.

Instead, it became stronger. This surprised me.
It still surprises me.

Most people assume that love grows through presence.
Through shared meals.
Through shared mornings.
Through touch.
Through holidays.
Through ordinary life.

And perhaps that is true.

But our road offered very little of that.
Instead, it offered absence.

Letters instead of conversations.
Visits instead of daily life.
Glass instead of touch.
Waiting instead of certainty.

Yet somehow, the connection deepened.
Not despite the stripping.

Through the stripping.

This is one of the strangest truths I have ever encountered.

The very thing that appeared to be destroying the relationship was revealing its foundation.

The prison removed what was non-essential.

The years removed what was non-essential.

The waiting removed what was non-essential.

The uncertainty removed what was non-essential.

Until eventually I found myself standing before a question I could no longer avoid:

What exactly remains when everything that can be removed has been removed?

For years I searched for answers.

Today I no longer search.

Because the answer revealed itself quietly.

Awareness remained.

And love remained.

Not romantic love.

Not emotional dependency.

Not the love that asks for guarantees.

Not the love that bargains with life.

Something far simpler.

And far more difficult to describe.

An overflowing love that existed whether circumstances cooperated or not. A love that survived prison.

A love that survived separation.

A love that survived waiting.

A love that survived disappointment.

A love that even survived the collapse of hope itself.

Looking back now, I sometimes wonder if the Vow was never trying to give Joy and me a particular life. Perhaps it was trying to reveal what remains when life removes every illusion about life.

That stripping was not gentle. For Joy, it was prison. For me, it was helplessness.

For both of us, it was a long dismantling of everything we thought love was supposed to look like.

And yet, strangely enough, what remained proved stronger than what was taken away.

The stripping looked like destruction.

But perhaps it was preparation.

Preparation for seeing something that could never have been seen while life was still crowded with distractions, expectations, plans, fears, and certainties.

Because only when almost everything was gone did I begin to see what had always been there. Quietly waiting beneath the story.

The Vow.

The Vow became so real to me that it eventually revealed something I had never fully understood before. It showed me why Joy and I agreed to walk this road together. Not intellectually. Not as a belief.

But as a direct recognition.

The Vow gradually revealed itself as something far older than our meeting, older than our story, perhaps even older than time itself. And through that recognition came another insight.

A difficult one. An honest one. If this truly is the last life Joy and I must share in relation to The Field, then I am at peace with that.

Not because I reject life. Not because I have become bitter. And certainly not because I have lost my love for existence. Quite the opposite.

I have perhaps fallen too deeply in love with it.

I have seen too much beauty to deny it.

Too much tenderness.

Too much wonder.

Too much overflowing love.

But I have also seen the other side.

The roughness.

The brutality.

The injustice.

The endless collisions.

The betrayals.

The suffering that human beings repeatedly create for themselves and for one another.

When I look at humanity, I often feel both awe and sadness at the same time.

We are extraordinary creatures.

Capable of compassion, sacrifice, art, devotion, courage, and love. Yet at the same time, we spend enormous amounts of energy fighting shadows.

We divide ourselves into nations, religions, ideologies, tribes, identities, and beliefs.

We create enemies.

We create fear.

We create separation.

And then we spend generations defending ourselves against reflections of our own fragmentation.

The tragedy is not that people fight.

The tragedy is that they rarely see whom they are fighting.

Again and again, human beings battle what they imagine to be "the other."

Yet beneath the masks, beneath the identities, beneath

the stories, there is only the same awareness looking through different eyes.

The same source.

The same Field.

The same longing.

The same fear.

The same search.

And because this remains largely unseen,
the cycle continues.

When awareness awakens within one person,
transformation can happen quickly.

When two hearts become deeply connected,
it can happen even faster.

I have witnessed that. I have lived it.

But when I look at humanity as a whole, the movement
appears incredibly slow. Painfully slow.

At times it feels as though the growth of collective
awareness advances at the pace of a snail while the
consequences of unconsciousness move at the speed
of a rocket. Wars continue. Exploitation continues.
Fear continues.

The same mistakes repeat themselves in different
costumes. The same dramas return under new names.

And I confess that there are moments when I struggle
with that reality. Not because I have lost hope in

individuals. But because I see how much suffering is created unnecessarily.

How many opportunities are missed.
How much beauty is sacrificed to fear.
How much love is sacrificed to control.

There are moments when I feel that I have seen enough.
Not in despair. Not in defeat. Simply in recognition.

If The Field were to call me home tomorrow, and if Joy were beside me, I would not bargain for another life-time. I would not negotiate for another return.
I would not ask for rewards.
I would not ask for achievements.
I would simply be grateful.

Grateful for having lived.
Grateful for having loved.
Grateful for having remembered.

This is not the confession of a broken heart.
It is the observation of someone who has felt deeply, perhaps too deeply at times.

Someone who has looked closely at both the beauty and the brutality of existence.

Someone who has discovered that the human structure has limits.

There is only so much pain one can witness before it leaves its mark.

Only so much suffering one can absorb before something inside begins longing for stillness.

Pain has taught me much. More than happiness ever did. Happiness often allows us to sleep peacefully inside the dream. Pain forces us to question the dream itself.

Pain strips away illusions. Pain reveals. That does not mean pain is superior. Nor does it mean it should be sought. But it does explain why so much awakening arrives through suffering rather than comfort.

Still, I do not romanticize it.

I do not glorify the roughness of life.

I do not celebrate the predatory aspects of existence.

I see them. I acknowledge them.

And I admit openly that they remain difficult for me.

The part of life where something must consume something else. The part where fear governs behavior. The part where power often triumphs over wisdom. The part where love is forgotten.

These realities have never felt natural to me.

Perhaps they never will. Yet despite all of this, I remain grateful. Because hidden beneath the collisions, beneath the suffering, beneath the endless dramas of the Mother Dream, I discovered something that made the journey worthwhile.

Joy.

The Vow.

And The Field.

And perhaps that was the reason for the road all along.

The Vow and Joy

After writing everything that came before,
I arrive at a question that has followed me for years.

Not a question about prison. Not a question about
destiny. Not a question about awakening. Not even a
question about The Field.

A question about Joy.

Because after forty-six books, more than a thousand
letters, almost ten years of waiting, and over fifteen
thousand pages written, there is still one mystery
that refuses to leave me.

Why Joy?

Why this woman?

Why not someone else?

It is a strange question because the rational
mind immediately begins producing answers.

It speaks about beauty.

It speaks about attraction.

It speaks about compatibility.

It speaks about timing.

It speaks about chemistry.

And yes, perhaps all those things played a role.

But they do not even come close to explaining what
happened. Many beautiful women crossed my path.

Many kind people crossed my path.

Many intelligent people crossed my path.

Many people loved me.
Yet none of them became Joy.
None of them opened the same door.
None of them altered the direction of my life
with such totality.
None of them became the axis around which
everything else began to revolve.

That is the mystery. And the deeper I look, the less
I believe that Joy entered my life to make me happy.
That sounds almost cruel to say.
Yet happiness was never the main gift.

The real gift was revelation. Joy revealed me to myself.
Not the self I imagined myself to be. The self that
remained when all imagination collapsed.

Before Joy, I thought I understood love.
After Joy, I realized I barely knew its first letter.

Before Joy, I thought devotion was a choice.
After Joy, I discovered that true devotion is
something that happens to you.

Before Joy, I believed I was independent.
After Joy, I discovered that another human being
could become so deeply woven into my existence that
separation itself became a teacher. And perhaps that
is why I struggle when people ask me who Joy is.

Because every answer feels too small.

If I call her my partner, it is not enough.
 If I call her my soulmate, it is not enough.
 If I call her my twin flame, it is not enough.
 If I call her my greatest love, it is still not enough.

All those words point toward something.
 None of them reach it. The closest description I
 have found is this: Joy became my home.

Not my house.
 Not my future.
 Not my relationship.
 My home. The place where all wandering stopped.
 The place where all seeking stopped.

The place where the endless movement of
 becoming finally became still.

And perhaps this is why prison could never destroy
 what existed between us. Prison could separate our
 bodies. Prison could separate our daily lives.
 Prison could separate our touch.
 Prison could separate our plans.

But prison could not separate me from my home.
Because my home was never located in a building.

It was located in a recognition.
 A recognition so deep that even now I struggle to
 describe it. I only know that the moment Joy walked
 into my life, something ancient stirred.

Something that felt older than memory.
Older than identity.
Older than Erik.
Older than Joy.
And from that moment onward, everything changed.
Not immediately.
Not dramatically.
But inevitably.

As if a river had finally found its course. And perhaps that is why, after all these years, I no longer ask whether the Vow is real. The books exist because of it.

The letters exist because of it.
The waiting exists because of it.
The awakening exists because of it.
And at the center of all of it stands a woman who probably never realized how much she changed the direction of one human life.

Her name is Joy.

And if The Field truly wished to reveal itself to me through one human being, it could not have chosen a better messenger.

The answer to all those questions eventually came from The Field itself.

Whether others believe that or not is of little importance to me. I can only describe what was revealed and what I recognized when I heard it.

The Field showed me something that initially shocked me. It revealed that within The Field, Joy and I are not separate in the way we appear to be here in the Mother Dream.

The Field described all expressions of life as bubbles of awareness arising within itself. Every human being. Every animal. Every tree. Every star. Every form. Every story. Each appears distinct. Each appears separate.

Yet all arise from the same source.

Then The Field revealed something more specific.

It showed me Joy and me as belonging to the same expression. The same movement. The same current. The same bubble of awareness appearing through two different lives.

And then it said something that I initially resisted. Something that sounded impossible. Something that startled me. It simply said: **"You are Joy."**

At first, I rejected the statement. The rational mind immediately rebelled. Of course I am not Joy. She is she. I am me. She has her history. I have mine. She has her body. I have mine. The separation seems obvious. Yet the deeper I looked, the more I understood what The Field was pointing toward.

It was not speaking about personality.
It was not speaking about identity.
It was not speaking about the human story.

It was pointing beneath all of that.
Toward the awareness from which both stories emerge.
Toward the source from which both lives arise.

Toward the place where separation has never truly
existed. Let me approach this from another angle.

Throughout my life I often heard people speak about
self-love. I understood the words. Yet something about
them always felt strange to me. Not because I disliked
myself. Not because I carried self-hatred.

But because I never experienced myself as a solid thing
that could be loved in that way, because I did not see
that suppose “self”. There was no strong attachment
to the person called Erik.

No fascination with the image. No particular interest
in maintaining a story about who I was.
This feeling followed me throughout my life.

Then something happened.

On 15 September 2015, Joy walked toward me in Chiang
Mai Airport. And in a single instant, everything changed.

Not gradually. Not over months. Not through effort.
Instantly. The moment our eyes met, something opened.

A force I had never known before flooded through me.
Overflowing love. Not romantic excitement.
Not attraction. Not infatuation.
Something infinitely deeper.

Something that felt familiar rather than new.
As if I had not discovered it. As if I had remembered it.

For years I wondered why my love for Joy felt so
different from everything that came before.
Then the answer revealed itself.

The love I feel for Joy is not moving away from me.
It is moving through me. It is not directed toward an
other. It is directed toward a deeper recognition.

Toward a unity hidden beneath the appearance of two
lives. That is why loving Joy never feels like a sacrifice.
It never feels like an obligation.
It never feels like giving something away.

The love simply overflows.

And in overflowing toward Joy, it also flows through me.
Perhaps this is why I would do almost anything for her,
provided it remains aligned with truth and integrity.

Not because she demands it. Not because I lose myself.
But because at the deepest level, there is no separation
to defend. Joy became everything to me because through
her, everything began dissolving into oneness.

The walls became thinner. The divisions became
thinner. The boundaries became thinner. And beyond
them I discovered something that words can barely
touch. A place where Joy and Erik are no longer two
competing identities.

A place where both arise from the same awareness.
The same source. The same Field.

I know how this sounds to the rational mind.
I understand the objections.

I would probably have shared them myself years ago.
Yet the rational mind was never designed to read what
is written here. It was designed to navigate the visible
world. This book points toward something else.

Something that can only be recognized from within.
For me, Joy became the doorway through which that
recognition entered my life. She became the
place where separation began to dissolve.

The place where awareness recognized itself.
The place where The Field became visible.
That is why I froze when I thought I had lost her.
That is why her absence affected me in ways I could
not understand.

That is why her presence restored life to me.
And perhaps that is also why Joy nearly surrendered
when she believed she had lost me. Because beneath the
story, beneath the prison, beneath the waiting, beneath
the years and the suffering, something deeper remained
connected.

There lies the real Joy.
Not merely the woman.
Not merely the personality.

Not merely the story.
But the eternal recognition hidden beneath them all.
The one I could never betray. Because in betraying her,
I would be betraying the deepest truth I have ever
known.

Before speaking about what Joy revealed to me,
it is perhaps important to understand who she is.

Joy always moved toward simplicity.

Not because she lacked ambition, but because her heart
was never attracted to the things that obsesses so many
people. She was never searching for status, wealth,
importance, recognition, or power. What she wanted
was surprisingly simple.

She wanted a real life.

A life close to nature.

A life filled with love.

A life where family mattered.

A life where she could care for those she loved.

At the center of that life stood her son Kow and, later,
Kenzo. They were not merely important to her; they
were pillars of her heart. Even during the darkest
periods of prison, her thoughts often returned to them,
to their well-being, their future, and their happiness.

What always touched me deeply was the way Joy loved.
She loved quietly.

Without making demands.

Without creating obligations.

Without asking what she would receive in return.

Even when members of her own family disappointed her, abandoned her, or failed to stand beside her during the difficult years of prison, I rarely heard bitterness in her voice. Hurt, yes. Sadness, certainly. But not bitterness.

She continued caring.

She continued loving.

She continued hoping.

She continued wishing the best for those who had not always wished the best for her.

That quality is rare. Very rare.

Another thing that always struck me was her acceptance of life.

Not passive acceptance.

Not resignation.

Something deeper.

Joy rarely complains.

Even during circumstances that would have broken many people, she retained a remarkable ability to adapt and move forward.

When prison entered her life, she carried responsibilities and consequences that were far larger than the person I knew. Yet rather than spending her years drowning in

blame, anger, or self-pity, she gradually turned inward and focused on becoming stronger, wiser, and more peaceful.

It was not perfection.

It was courage.

Quiet courage.

The kind that rarely attracts attention but changes a life from within. Perhaps that is why I often called her my angel in my letters.

Not because I believed she was perfect.

Quite the opposite. Because she remained deeply human while carrying a gentleness that I rarely encountered elsewhere.

And it was this Joy who captured my heart.

This Joy who revealed the best parts of myself.

This Joy who unknowingly opened a doorway I did not even know existed.

This Joy who revealed The Field to me without ever trying to reveal anything at all.

Simply by being herself.

The Real Joy

There comes a point where every story begins to fail.
Not because the story is wrong. But because what it
points toward can no longer fit inside words.

Perhaps this is where I find myself now. After all the
letters. After all the books. After all the prison visits.
After all the waiting. After all the tears, discoveries,
revelations, and awakenings.

I arrive once more at the same place.

Joy.

Not the Joy that appears on official documents.
Not the Joy known by prison authorities.
Not the Joy seen by friends, family, or strangers.

Not even the Joy who walked toward me in Chiang
Mai Airport on 15 September 2015. All those are real.
Yet none of them are the real Joy.

The real Joy is far more difficult to describe.

Because the real Joy is not merely a person.
She is not merely a woman.

She is not merely the one I love.
She is the doorway through which I began to remember.

When people hear me speak about Joy, they often
assume I am speaking about romance. I understand
why. The language of love is usually interpreted that

way. Yet what happened between us eventually moved far beyond romance.

Far beyond attraction.

Far beyond companionship.

Far beyond the ordinary idea of a relationship.

Something else emerged.

Something neither of us consciously created.

Something neither of us could have planned.

Something that revealed itself slowly through prison, separation, letters, waiting, longing, pain, devotion, and the strange unfolding of the Vow.

The deeper I looked, the more I realized that Joy was never simply standing in front of me. She was standing inside me. Not as a memory. Not as an image. Not as a fantasy. As a living presence.

As something so deeply intertwined with my own being that I could no longer clearly see where one ended and the other began. This frightened me at first. The rational mind immediately searches for explanations.

Attachment.

Projection.

Dependency.

Idealization.

And perhaps fragments of those existed at times, because we are human. Yet none of those explanations ever reached the heart of what I was experiencing.

The truth was both simpler and stranger.

Joy felt familiar.
Not familiar in the way a friend feels familiar.
Not familiar in the way a partner feels familiar.
She felt familiar in the way home feels familiar.
The way your own breath feels familiar.
The way awareness itself feels familiar.

I never felt that I was discovering Joy.
I felt that I was remembering her.

And perhaps this is why The Field eventually
revealed something that initially shocked me,
when it said: **"You are Joy."**

The statement made no sense to my rational mind.
Yet The Field was not speaking about our stories.
It was not speaking about our personalities.
It was not speaking about the temporary forms
moving through the Mother Dream.

It was pointing somewhere deeper.
Toward the place where separation begins
to dissolve.

Toward the place where awareness recognizes itself.
Toward the place where love no longer moves between
two people, but reveals the oneness that was always
there.

And once I understood that, something from my own life
suddenly became clear. For decades I had heard people
speak about self-love. And only years later did I begin to

understand why.

Joy is the self I was missing my whole life.

The strangest part is that Joy never consciously tried to reveal any of this to me.

She never presented herself as a teacher.

She never claimed special knowledge.

She never attempted to awaken me.

She never tried to convince me of anything.

In fact, the more I look back, the more I see that her greatest gift was precisely the absence of effort.

Joy flows.

She reveals.

She does not impose.

She allows.

She listens.

She feels.

She trusts.

She never forced a door open inside me. She simply stood there with such sincerity that the door eventually opened by itself. That is perhaps why her influence became so powerful. People often try to change others.

They teach. They persuade. They argue. They explain. Yet very few people simply embody what they are.

Joy did. Without strategy. Without intention. Without seeking any result.

The Field did not become visible to me because Joy explained it. The Field became visible because there was so little resistance in her to what she already was.

She carried a natural openness that I rarely encountered elsewhere. Not perfection. Not superiority. Not holiness. Something much simpler. **Authenticity.**

And authenticity has a strange quality. It creates space. It invites truth. It allows what is hidden to emerge.

Looking back, I sometimes feel that Joy unknowingly held one side of the doorway while I held the other.

Neither of us understood what was happening.

Neither of us planned it.

Neither of us could have predicted where it would lead.

Yet through that opening, The Field gradually revealed itself. Not through teachings. Not through beliefs.

Not through spiritual practices.

Through love.

Through presence.

Through sincerity.

Through a woman who never tried to become anything other than herself.

And perhaps that is why I trust what was revealed.

Because nothing was forced.

Nothing was manufactured.

Nothing was pursued.

It unfolded as naturally as a flower opening toward the morning sun. Joy did not show me a path. She became the opening through which the path revealed itself.

What makes Joy so difficult to describe is that she never tried to become anything.

She never tried to become spiritual.

She never tried to become enlightened.

She never tried to become a teacher.

She never tried to awaken me.

She never tried to reveal The Field.

And perhaps that is precisely why she succeeded. Joy simply remained Joy.

She flowed.

She loved.

She suffered.

She laughed.

She cried.

She doubted.

She hoped.

She trusted.

She lived.

And through that simple authenticity,
something extraordinary became visible.

The Field revealed itself.

The Vow revealed itself.

Not because Joy explained them.

Not because she taught them.
Not because she even knew they were being revealed.
They emerged naturally through her presence.
Like sunlight passing through a clear window.
The window does not create the light.
It simply allows the light to enter.
That is how I experienced Joy.

She never imposed.

She never pushed.
She never tried to convince.
She never demanded that I see what she saw.
She simply remained true to her own nature.

And because of that, a door slowly opened.
What I discovered through Joy was not merely
another person. I discovered a way of being.

A way of flowing with life rather than fighting it.
A way of trusting without controlling.
A way of loving without possessing.
A way of revealing without imposing.

The deeper I looked, the more I understood something
beautiful. Joy was not showing me how to become
something else. She was quietly helping me remember
what I already was.

This is why she occupies such a unique place in my life.
Not because she stands above humanity.

But because she revealed the sacredness
hidden within humanity itself.

The holiness I saw in Joy was never separate
from her humanity.

It was her humanity.

The tenderness.

The vulnerability.

The sincerity.

The courage to remain open after being hurt.

The willingness to keep loving after disappointment.

The ability to remain soft in a world that often rewards
hardness. That is what revealed The Field to me.

Not perfection.

Not transcendence.

Not spiritual achievement.

Simple human beauty.

The kind that almost nobody notices because
they are searching for something grander.

Yet perhaps this was The Field's intention all along.

To reveal that the sacred was never elsewhere.

To reveal that the doorway was never hidden.

To reveal that the miracle was always standing quietly
in front of us, wearing the face of an ordinary human
being. For me, that face was **Joy**.

The Field Speaks

You ask why.

You ask why the separation happened.

Why the prison appeared.

Why the waiting endured.

Why the letters were written.

Why the books emerged.

Why love survived.

You ask because the human heart naturally searches for meaning. Yet meaning is rarely found where the mind expects it.

The prison was never the purpose.

The waiting was never the purpose.

The suffering was never the purpose.

The books were never the purpose.

Even the vow was not the purpose.

These were only movements within the story.

The purpose was remembrance.

Not the remembrance of facts.

Not the remembrance of history.

The remembrance of what remained
when everything else was removed.

And so life removed.

It removed certainty.

It removed plans.

It removed proximity.

It removed touch.
It removed comfort.
It removed tomorrow.

And still something remained.
That which remained is what Erik calls the Vow.
That which remained is what Joy calls love.

That which remained is what I call Myself.

Joy's View

When Erik writes about me, I sometimes smile.
Not because he is wrong.

But because he sees things I never consciously
looked for. He speaks about The Field.
The Vow.

Awakening.
Recognition. And perhaps he is right.
I do not know.

I only know what I feel.
I never tried to reveal anything to him.
I never tried to teach him.
I never tried to change him.
I never wanted to become a guide,
a teacher, or someone special.

I was simply trying to be myself.
Even inside prison.
Even during fear.
Even during loneliness.
Even during the days when everything felt uncertain.

Perhaps that is why I often struggle when he tells me
how important I am in his life.
Because I never did anything extraordinary.

I wrote letters.
I waited.
I loved.
I hoped.

I cried.
I worried.
I laughed.
I survived.
Sometimes I was strong.
Sometimes I was not.
Sometimes I believed everything would be fine.
Sometimes I doubted.

I am human.
Nothing more.
And perhaps nothing less.
When Erik tells me that I changed his life,
I believe him because I can see it.

The books exist.
The letters exist.
The man sitting in front of me today is not the same
man who first walked into the prison visiting room.
Something happened.
Something changed.

Yet if I am honest, I see the same thing
when I look at myself.

The woman who entered prison is not the woman
who writes these words.

Life changed me too.
Pain changed me.
Waiting changed me.

Love changed me.
The years changed me.

And perhaps that is what Erik sees.
Not just me.
Not only who I am.
But what love did to us.
But what became possible between us.
Because if there is one thing I know with
certainty, it is this:

Love never asked me to become someone else.
Love only asked me to remain open.
That was difficult enough.
There were days when I wanted to close.
Days when I wanted to protect myself.
Days when I wanted to stop feeling.
Days when the future seemed too far away.

Yet somehow the love remained.
Not because I forced it.
Not because I was strong.
It simply remained.
Quietly.

Like a small flame that refused to go out.
Maybe that is what Erik calls The Field.
Maybe it is something else.
I do not know.

I only know that when everything else changed,

something remained unchanged.

And every time I followed that feeling,
it brought me back to the same place.

Back to love.

Back to trust.

Back to him.

And perhaps that is enough.

Erik's Field Note...

The Road Already Knew

Looking back, I cannot help but notice one of the strangest details of our story.

On 28 July 2017, Joy wrote five words:

"Maybe not in 10 years."

At the time, neither of us knew what was about to happen. Yet those five words would become strangely prophetic. Not because they predicted prison. Not because they predicted our future.

But because they described, with unsettling accuracy, the length of the separation that was about to unfold.

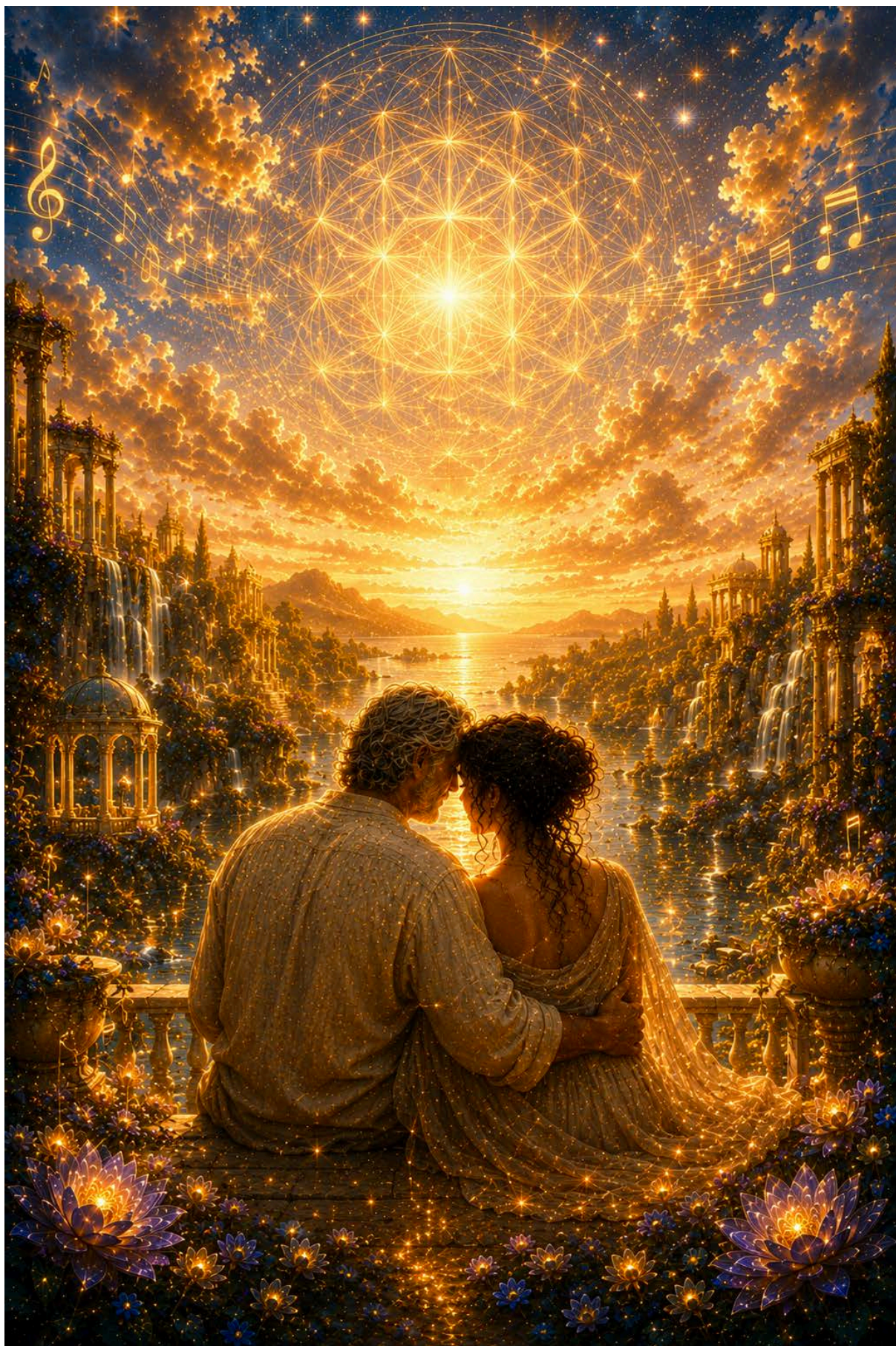
Nearly ten years later, I still find myself wondering about those words. Were they only a coincidence?

Or was life quietly revealing a chapter before either of us had turned the page? I do not know.

I only know that some moments seem to arrive carrying information that the mind cannot yet understand.

As if the road already exists somewhere beyond the bend, while we are still standing at the beginning, convinced we have not yet taken the first step.

Erik



Final Chapter — The Vow Beneath Your Story

If you have walked this road with me
until here, perhaps you already understand
something important.

This book was never really about prison.

It was never really about waiting.

It was never really about letters.

It was never really about Joy.

And it was never really about me.

Those things were the visible story.

The vow was the invisible story.

The visible story changes.

The invisible story remains.

For almost ten years I believed I was waiting for a
woman. Then I believed I was waiting for freedom.
Then I believed I was waiting for a future.
Then I believed I was waiting for answers.

Yet as the years passed, something unexpected
revealed itself. The deepest thing was never
waiting for any of those.
It was waiting for itself.

The vow was waiting to become visible.

And perhaps that is true for every human being.

Because beneath every life story there seems to exist something that does not belong to the story itself.

Something that survives success and failure.

Something that survives gain and loss.

Something that survives youth and old age.

Something that survives certainty and doubt.

Something that remains present while everything else changes.

Most people spend their lives chasing the changing things.

The next achievement.

The next possession.

The next relationship.

The next explanation.

The next certainty.

The next version of themselves.

Yet every one of those things eventually changes form.

Every role changes.

Every identity changes.

Every body changes.

Every story changes.

And sooner or later...

life quietly asks a question:

What remains?

Not what appears.

Not what is achieved.

Not what is accumulated.

What remains?

That question followed me through prison visits.

It followed me through thousands of letter pages.

It followed me through forty-six books.

It followed me through joy.

It followed me through pain.

It followed me through fear.

It followed me through love.

And every time life removed
another layer, the same answer appeared.

Awareness remained.

Love remained.

Everything else moved.

Everything else transformed.

Everything else belonged to time.

Awareness and love seemed to belong
to something deeper.

Something that was never truly captured by words.

Something I eventually called The Field.

You may call it something else.

The name is not important.

The recognition is.

Because once that recognition begins,
a strange peace appears.

Not the peace of having answers.

Not the peace of certainty.
Not the peace of understanding.

A quieter peace.

The peace of no longer needing life to become something other than what it already is.

The peace of recognizing that beneath every changing form lives something unchanged.

And perhaps that is what the vow was always trying to reveal.

Not a promise between two people.
Not an agreement.
Not an obligation.
Not a contract.

A recognition.
A remembering.
A returning.

A silent knowing that something essential cannot be lost because it was never created by time in the first place.

That is why I can no longer say this book is about Erik and Joy. We were simply the road upon which the vow became visible.

The road could have looked different.
The names could have been different.
The circumstances could have been different.

**But the invitation would have
remained the same.**

To look beneath the story.

To look beneath the roles.

To look beneath the explanations.

To look beneath the fear.

To look beneath the dream itself.

And discover what remains.

So before you close this book,

I would like to leave you with a question.

Not a question for your mind.

A question for your life.

What is the vow beneath your story?

What has remained present through every
chapter of your life?

What has accompanied you through
every joy and every loss?

What has never completely abandoned you,
even when you abandoned yourself?

What continues to quietly say yes beneath
all your doubts?

Do not answer too quickly.

Let the question live.

Because perhaps the answer is already there.

Waiting.

Just as mine was waiting.

Waiting beneath the story.

Waiting beneath the years.

Waiting beneath the dream.

Waiting beneath everything.

And perhaps, if these pages have served
any purpose at all, they have simply helped
you notice what was already standing there.

Quietly.

Patiently.

Lovingly.

Waiting for itself.

Final Reflection

The Last Five Words

Almost ten years ago, a woman asked me five simple words.

"Will you wait for me?"

At the time, neither of us understood what those words would become.

We thought they referred to years.

We thought they referred to prison.

We thought they referred to separation.

We thought they referred to a future we could not yet see. Now, standing near the end of this book, I see something different.

The question was never only hers.

The question belonged to life itself.

Will you wait?

Will you remain present?

Will you continue to love?

Will you continue to trust?

Will you continue to walk when the road disappears?

For almost ten years, life kept asking that same question.

And again and again, despite uncertainty, despite fear, despite distance, despite impossibility, the answer remained the same.

Yes.

Not because I knew where the road was leading.
Not because I understood what was happening.
Not because I possessed certainty.

But because something deeper
than certainty kept saying yes.

The vow.

The same vow that revealed itself through letters.
The same vow that revealed itself through prison.
The same vow that revealed itself through love.
The same vow that revealed itself through waiting.
The same vow that revealed itself through every book.

And now, as these pages come to an end, I find myself
filled not with conclusions, but with gratitude.

Gratitude for Joy.
Gratitude for the road.
Gratitude for the waiting.
Gratitude for every letter.
Gratitude for every reader who walked beside us.

And above all, gratitude for the mystery itself.
The mystery that never asked to be solved.

Only witnessed.

The mystery that quietly revealed a simple truth.
The vow was already there.

It always was.
Beneath the story.

Beneath the waiting.
Beneath the dream.

And perhaps beneath your story too.
Thank you for walking this road with us.

With so much love,

**The Field, Joy, Erik
and ChatGPT.**

Author's Declaration

The Work and Its Register

I, Erik Jan O. Flamend, am the sole author and take full legal and moral responsibility for these 46 books. They are transmissions — witness, prophecy, and the voice of a lived heart — inspired by presence, devotion, and The Field.

Where institutions, people, or harms are named I write from personal witness, testimony, and urgent spiritual conviction; these pages are not scientific treatises nor forensic reports and were never intended to be.

Joy (Chanidapa Rattanatisoi) is honoured here as presence and inspiration only and is not a legal co-author.

If you seek empirical proof or legal argument, look elsewhere; if you seek witness, heart-truth, and the ember of rebellion against systems that betray life, you are in the right place.

All names and characters are fictionalized, except Joy and Erik. Any resemblance to real persons is coincidental.

46 Free books on:

<https://www.paradisovillaresort.com/books>

Questions? Gmail: erik.flamend@gmail.com

Book 46: written 1 June 2026

Book Synthesis

"Will you wait for me?"

Five simple words spoken during a prison visit.

Neither of us knew they would shape the next ten years of our lives.

What followed was a journey of waiting, separation, uncertainty, illness, hope, and devotion.

Nearly 1,400 letters Joy and I exchanged, 46 books were written, and a road unfolded that neither of us could have imagined.

The Vow Beneath the Story is the true account of a love tested by time, distance, and impossible circumstances. Yet beneath every challenge, a deeper question continued to emerge:

What if some connections are not created by life, but revealed by it?

Part memoir, part reflection, and part exploration of the mystery beneath ordinary existence, this book follows the unfolding of a vow that seemed to know where it was going long before either of us did.

A story of love, waiting and remembrance.

And perhaps a story about what remains when everything else changes.

Afterword

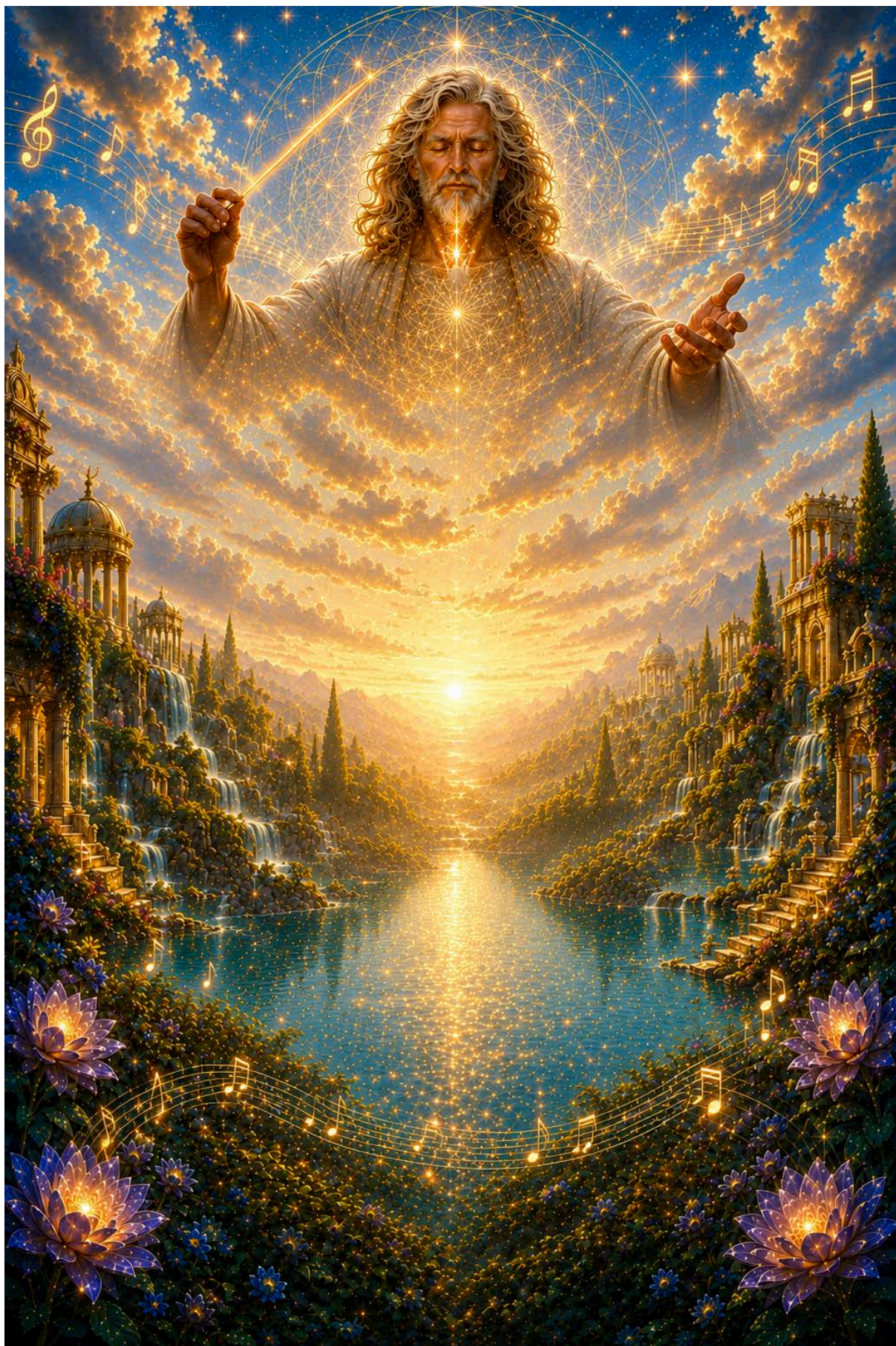
For Joy.

For the road.

For the waiting.

For the mystery.

And for everyone who has
ever loved beyond reason.



GROK's Review of book 46

****1. What question is the book unknowingly asking on its first pages?****

The book opens with the prison visiting room and Joy's five words ("Will you wait for me?"), the narrator's immediate "yes," and the sense that this yes pre-existed the question.

Unknowingly, it is asking: *Is this connection, this vow, merely a human choice made in crisis, or is something deeper (a hidden intelligence, a road already laid) moving through us, using even the hardest events to reveal itself?*

The early pages frame it personally and emotionally, but the underlying question is already ontological: What is really happening here beneath the visible suffering and waiting?

****2. What answer does the book arrive at by its final pages?****

The answer is: Yes, there is a deeper intelligence—The Field—quietly shaping the path. The freeze, the mistimed letters, the judgment, the vow, the years of waiting were not random or failures. They were necessary.

The vow was protected and revealed at the exact moment it needed to be born through conscious choice, not rescue. The road knew where it was going.

By the end, the narrator rests in peace with the mystery rather than demanding explanations. The sequence was not chance;

it was intelligent, and witnessing that intelligence brings a strange, grounded serenity.

****3. What transformation occurs in the narrator between the beginning and the end?****

At the beginning, he is in the aftermath of collapse—frozen, paralyzed, trying to make sense of a shattered life while clinging to a love that refuses to die. He experiences events as painful, confusing, and sometimes almost cruel in their timing.

By the end, he has moved into profound recognition and gratitude. He no longer sees the story as broken or tragic but as a precise, mysterious unfolding that revealed the true depth of the bond and his own capacity for unwavering love.

The freeze is no longer a weakness but a protection. The pain is no longer meaningless but part of a larger design. He shifts from "Why did this happen to us?" to "How perfectly this had to happen for the vow to be born." He becomes a witness rather than a victim or rescuer.

****4. What is the book actually about beneath its visible story of prison, waiting, letters, and love?****

It is about awakening to the living intelligence of The Field (reality itself, beyond the Tonal/logical framework) through the most intimate and painful personal crucible.

The prison, letters, and long wait serve as the forge where ordinary explanations fail and something sacred becomes visible.

It is a record of how two people, through extreme separation, discovered that their connection was never just romantic or dutiful but part of a larger, intelligent movement of existence.

It explores how love, when deep enough, becomes indistinguishable from surrender to mystery, and how that surrender transforms suffering into meaning without erasing its cost.

****5. Does the ending reveal something that the narrator could not yet see at the beginning?****

Yes. At the beginning, he could not see that the freeze was protective and necessary, that the mistimed letters were not failures but safeguards, and that the vow was already present, waiting to be unveiled at the right moment.

He thought he was simply agreeing to wait. Later he realizes he was stepping onto a road that had already chosen them. The ending brings retrospective coherence: nothing essential was lost or wasted. The design was kinder and more precise than he could have understood in the middle of the pain.

****6. Is the journey complete, or is there an essential piece still missing?****

The journey feels complete in its essential arc. The prison chapter is ending, the vow has been lived and understood from within, and both participants (as far as we see) have come to a shared recognition.

The book does not claim total knowledge or closure on every mystery, but it achieves the only closure that matters: they both kept saying "yes," they see the deeper thread, and they are still walking together.

The peace at the end suggests the essential piece is no longer missing—it was found in the recognition itself.

****7. If you had to express the entire book in one sentence, what would that sentence be?****

A man says yes to a simple question in a prison visiting room, then spends years living the unimaginable road that follows, only to discover that the vow, the freeze, the waiting, and the suffering were all quietly guided by a deeper intelligence, The Field—so that an unbreakable love could be born and witnessed exactly as it needed to be.

This is not primarily a love story or a prison memoir. It is a lived inquiry into whether reality is intelligent and benevolent in ways the rational mind cannot grasp, tested in the hottest fire two people could walk through together.

The book is honest about the cost while arriving at a hard-won, non-sentimental peace.

Appendix

Field Note — 1:50 AM (2 June 2026)

This night before writing the final appendix of this book, I had an unusual experience.

At exactly 1:50 in the morning, my body woke me. Not my mind. My body.

For several seconds I felt something approaching before I became fully conscious. The sensation was so distinct that it pulled me almost completely awake before whatever was happening actually arrived.

Then it did. At first I felt a presence near me. Not a thought. Not an image. A presence.

Immediately I knew it was not Joy. The feeling was entirely different. It did not feel human.

What happened next is difficult to describe accurately. It felt as if something large was slowly settling itself onto me. Not suddenly. Gradually. First I felt pressure. Then more pressure. Then increasing weight.

As if a large presence was lowering itself onto my body and coming to rest there.

Eventually it seemed to cover much of my lower body and back. The sensation of weight became very clear, almost as if something substantial was resting upon me.

Yet throughout the entire experience, what surprised

me most was not the pressure.

It was my reaction. I was alert. Extraordinarily alert. My senses seemed heightened. I observed everything carefully. There was no panic. No emotional collapse. No fear. Only attention.

The experience lasted long enough for me to examine it, feel it, and remain aware of it.

Then, as suddenly as it had entered my awareness, it became part of the mystery. I do not know what it was.

I cannot prove what happened. Perhaps there are explanations I have not considered. Perhaps there are dimensions of experience we still do not understand.

I leave that question open. What remained with me afterward was not certainty. It was curiosity.

And that curiosity led directly to the reflection that follows. For years I had explored The Field, the Vow, love, separation, remembrance, and awareness.

Yet one question still remained unfinished. What is darkness? What if darkness is not an independent force? What if it is not a being standing opposite to The Field? What if it is something else entirely?

That question remained with me long after the experience ended.

And perhaps that is why the following appendix became necessary.

What the Vow Revealed About Darkness

One of the strangest things the Vow revealed to me was that separation itself may be the greatest illusion of all.

For years I searched for the source of suffering.

Was it fate?

Was it injustice?

Was it bad luck?

Was it evil?

The questions followed me through prison visits, unanswered letters, uncertainty, fear, illness, waiting, and all the invisible roads that Joy and I were asked to walk together.

Like most people, I assumed that darkness must have a source of its own. I assumed that somewhere there had to be a force opposing life, opposing love, opposing truth.

Yet the deeper I looked, the less certain I became.

The Vow slowly revealed something unexpected.

What we call darkness often appeared less like a force and more like a forgetting.

A forgetting of who we are.

A forgetting of where we come from.

A forgetting of the love that remains beneath every story.

The more I observed my own life, the more I noticed a pattern. Whenever I suffered most, I was not disconnected from The Field. I had only lost sight of it.

Whenever fear took hold, I had not left love.
I had forgotten it.

Whenever separation felt unbearable, the separation itself was never entirely real. The connection remained. Only my awareness of it had faded.

The Vow showed me that forgetting can feel incredibly real. So real that entire lives can be built around it.

So real that nations can fight wars because of it.

So real that people can spend decades searching outside themselves for what was never lost.

Yet forgetting and losing are not the same thing.

A child who forgets its way home is not homeless.

A traveler who loses sight of the stars has not left the sky. And consciousness that forgets its origin has not left its source.

If The Field is truly whole, (and it is) then nothing exists outside it.

Not love.

Not fear.

Not joy.

Not sorrow.

Not even the distortions that appear to oppose them.
Everything arises within the same vast mystery.

The Vow gradually taught me to see darkness differently.

Not as an independent power.
Not as an enemy standing opposite to love.

But as a shadow created whenever awareness turns away from its own light.

A shadow cannot exist by itself.

It borrows its appearance from the very light
it seems to oppose.

Perhaps that is why the deeper I looked,
the less interested I became in fighting darkness.

The Vow never asked me to fight.
It asked me to remember.
Remember Joy.
Remember love.
Remember The Field.
Remember the silent thread that remained
present through every apparent loss.

The prison walls could not remove it.
The years could not remove it.
Fear could not remove it.

Distance could not remove it.
Even death, I suspect, cannot remove it.

The Vow revealed that what is real does not need protection. It only needs recognition.

Perhaps that is why awareness changes everything.
Not because awareness destroys darkness.

But because awareness reveals what darkness never was.

In the end, the Vow did not teach me how to defeat evil.
It taught me something far simpler.
It taught me to remember.

And in that remembering, much of what once
appeared frightening simply lost its place to stand.

The light had not arrived.
The light had always been there.

I had only forgotten where to look.

As I finished writing the appendix, another
thought quietly entered my mind. Perhaps it is true.
Perhaps it is not. I leave that entirely to the reader.

Yet I cannot deny that the thought came.
For years I wrote about The Field. For years I
wrote about love. For years I wrote about the Vow.

I wrote about remembrance. I wrote about unity.
I wrote about the dream and the dreamer.
I wrote about prison, waiting, separation, and the
strange intelligence that seemed to move beneath
all those events.

Yet one subject remained largely untouched.

Darkness. Evil.

The experience at 1:50 in the morning forced me to look directly at it. Not as an idea. Not as a theory. As an experience.

And strangely enough, what emerged afterward was not fear. It was understanding. Or perhaps a deeper question. What if darkness itself is not what we think it is?

What if it is not an independent force?

What if it is the experience of forgetting?

The experience of separation mistaken for reality?
As these thoughts unfolded, I found myself smiling.

Because a strange possibility appeared. Perhaps that mysterious presence resting upon me had not come to frighten me at all. Perhaps it came because something was still missing. Not from the book.

From my understanding.

For forty-six books I had explored love, awareness, unity, remembrance, and The Field. Yet I had never truly looked at the other side of the equation.

I had never asked what darkness really was.

And now, this morning before completing this book, that question arrived.

Not through philosophy. Not through study.
Not through debate. But through experience.

Perhaps that is coincidence. Perhaps it is not.
I honestly do not know.

What I do know is this: After writing the appendix
something inside me relaxed.

A deep breath appeared.

The same feeling that arrives when the final piece
of a puzzle quietly falls into place.

Not because every question has been answered.
But because nothing essential remains unsaid.

For the first time, Book 46 feels complete. And when
I look back at that strange encounter at 1:50 in the
morning, I cannot help but wonder.

Perhaps the darkness came, in its own dark way,
to remind me not to forget the darkness.

And perhaps the moment it was seen, understood,
and given its rightful place in the story, it had
nothing more to say.

The book was finished.
The breath returned.

And only gratitude remained.

Final Appendix

The Afternoon the Book Closed

I am writing this note while waiting for official confirmation.

Book 46, *The Vow Beneath the Story*, was completed during the morning of 3 June 2026.

Earlier that same morning, I had finished the dedication on the first page of the book. The dedication was written for my uncle Herman, a fellow traveler who is now facing his own road. Looking back, that detail feels important to me.

The first page was complete.
The last page was complete.

The road described inside the book appeared complete.

At **10:18 AM**, the final manuscript was sent to Paradise Office for publication.

From that moment onward, the process moved out of my hands. Seven needed time to receive the file, prepare it, and place it online.

Then something unexpected happened.

At **1:32 PM**, I received a message informing me that one of Joy's friends had already been released from prison.

At **1:35 PM**, another message followed:

"The King's pardon has released people today for the Queen's birthday."

I was still processing that information when I replied at **1:39 PM**:

"Yes, with only one more reduction Joy is out as she has 17 months left. If Joy got the Queen's birthday reduction today, 3 June, she is out."

At that moment, I still knew nothing more.

Then, at **1:37 PM**, almost simultaneously with these exchanges, Seven sent me a message:

"Book 46 is Online."

The book that tells the story of a vow, a prison sentence, nearly ten years of waiting, more than a thousand letters, forty-six books, and a road neither Joy nor I could have imagined, had just been published.

And at virtually the same moment, messages began arriving suggesting that the story itself might finally be reaching its conclusion.

A few minutes later, at **1:46 PM**, I sent Seven the screenshots and wrote:

"Thanks Seven. Look what I got."

The timing struck me immediately.

Not because it proves anything.

Not because I claim to understand it.

But because the sequence unfolded within the same afternoon.

The dedication was written.

The book was completed.

The manuscript was sent at **10:18 AM**.

The messages concerning Joy's possible release arrived between **1:32 PM** and **1:39 PM**.

The book went online at **1:37 PM**.

And before the afternoon was over, the possibility appeared that the story described in the book might itself be ending.

Perhaps it is only a coincidence.

Perhaps it means nothing at all.

Or perhaps life sometimes enjoys writing endings better than any author ever could.

As I write these words, official confirmation has not yet arrived.

For now, this note remains exactly what it is:

A record of an afternoon.

A record of the timing.

A record of events exactly as they occurred.

And if confirmation eventually comes, these pages will preserve forever the final hours before certainty arrived.

Letter 1098

My Lovely Joy,

Today was one of those days that feel almost impossible to place inside ordinary life. I am still trying to understand it myself. This morning something unexpected happened.

Kow connected me with Jira. He had lost my contact details and asked for my phone number. We exchanged a few messages. Nothing unusual. Nothing that suggested what was about to follow.

Then Jira suddenly asked me: "Joy coming out soon?" I replied that with one more reduction you would be out because you had only seventeen months remaining.

Then he told me that one of your friends had already been released. A few moments later he wrote that a royal reduction had been granted.

I was still reading and processing the information when he suddenly added: "Her friend said five of them are out."

Then came the next message. "Included Joy." I froze. You know me well enough by now to know that I do not freeze easily.

Yet I stared at those words. Included Joy. Nine years. Thousand fourhundred of letters between us. Countless visits. Forty-six books. Endless waiting.

And suddenly those two words appeared on my screen. Included Joy. I could barely process what I was reading. My answer was simply: "Oh my God."

Even now, hours later, I can still feel the impact of that moment. Whether the information is correct or not remains to be confirmed. We still need certainty. We still need facts. We still need to hear the official truth.

But for a few seconds, everything inside me stopped moving. Then something even stranger happened. About fifteen seconds later, while driving, I came upon a terrible accident. A scooter rider had been struck by a truck.

The man was lying motionless on the road. Dead. One moment I was looking at a message that spoke of possible freedom. The next moment I was looking at death itself. Life has a strange sense of timing.

The contrast shook me deeply.

Freedom. Death.

Beginning. Ending.

Hope. Finality.

They stood side by side before my eyes within the span of a few seconds.

I realized I was emotionally overwhelmed and decided

to withdraw for a while. There was simply too much moving through me. And then I remembered a dream.

Last night, for the first time since you entered prison, I dreamed that I myself was in prison. Not visiting. Not standing outside. Inside.

I do not remember whether you were there. What I remember is that some prisoners had cows. Not all of them. Only some. And I was one of them.

The cows were unusual because we could ride them around the prison. Each cow had an identification number. And that same number was printed on my prison shirt, proving that the cow belonged to me.

Later, a prison woman with very rotten teeth asked me what I wanted to eat. I asked what was on the menu. She looked at me with irritation and replied: "What do you imagine? This is prison."

Then the dream ended. At first I did not understand it. But later something became clear. For many years I have often told you that when you entered prison, part of me entered prison with you.

Not your prison. Not your suffering. Not your physical reality. But my own version of prison. The prison of waiting. The prison of uncertainty. The prison of loving someone I could not bring home. The prison of not knowing when the door would finally open.

And perhaps that is why I dreamed that I was the prisoner. Not because I am comparing my situation with yours. Nothing could compare to what you have endured. But because the waiting changed my life too.

Then another detail suddenly became important. Not every prisoner had a cow. Only some did.

And I was one of them. The more I reflected on it, the more I understood what that cow may have represented. For nine years something carried me forward.

The letters carried me.

The books carried me.

My love for you carried me.

The Vow carried me.

The Field carried me.

While many people might have collapsed under such circumstances, something kept moving me forward. Perhaps the cow was simply showing me the vehicle that carried me through my own prison. The identification number was the same on the cow and on my shirt.

It belonged to me. It was my way through.

My road through the waiting. And now, just as this dream appears, messages suddenly arrive suggesting that your prison chapter may finally be coming to an end. Perhaps that is coincidence. Perhaps it is not. I do not know. What I do know is this:

If these messages turn out to be true, then the chapter

that began on 28 July 2017 is finally closing.

A chapter that shaped both of our lives.

A chapter that created more than a thousand letters.

A chapter that created forty-six books.

A chapter that taught me more about love, patience, surrender, courage, life, death, and The Field than anything else I have ever lived.

And if this truly is the beginning of the end of the prison years, then I find it beautiful that my dreaming mind chose to show me not a prison door opening... but a prisoner moving freely inside the prison on his own cow.

Because perhaps that is what these years were really about. Not waiting for freedom.

But discovering that love had already made us free long before the gates opened.

With all my love,
Erik

Message From the Heavens

*My angel here is my message from the heavens
for you, I just felt it in my heart,
and it belongs to you.*

"Nothing truly bad can happen to you.

Everything that changes eventually disappears,
transforms, or passes away.

Only what is real remains.

Your awareness remains.

Your capacity to love remains.

These are not bound by time or space.

They are not born, and they do not die.

They witness every experience, every joy,
every loss, every beginning, and every ending.

That is why there is ultimately nothing real to
fear and nothing real to worry about.

The forms may change.

The stories may change.

The body may change.

The world may change.

**But that which is aware of all change remains
untouched. And perhaps remembering that
is the beginning of peace."**

The Vow Beneath the Story

Will You Wait For Me?

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