

# Silence is Everything

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“People believe in electrical current and wi-fi,  
but energy, vibration and frequency sound like nonsense.”



# Thanks

The book you're holding in your hands is the sum of the lessons I've learned throughout Life. They all came in Silence, when I began to observe Everything with detachment. Each was born from experience—whether through connection with nature, through an inner search, or through interaction with people. I came to understand that absolutely every experience carries a lesson. And so, I want to thank every single person who has crossed my path—from family, to kindergarten classmates, schoolmates, high school and university colleagues, to people I met playing ping-pong in the park who have become like family, to those I met at concerts, runs, other events, and so on.

I want to offer my deepest thanks to:

My mother – the being through whom I came into this world, and from whom I've learned the most.

My father – who was absent.

Ana – who showed me what love and peace truly mean.

Daria – who taught me to stop searching outside for what was already within me.

My uncle, cousins, and aunt – for always welcoming me into their home.

Thomas – for showing me that the lifestyle I dreamed of — earning my bread from anywhere — is truly possible.

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Cristina and Alex – who gave me a place to stay in Belgium until I felt ready to leave and live in my car.

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Marian and Elena – who brought me to walk the Camino in Portugal with them.

The other father – who gave me the car that is now my home.

Life itself – for unfolding perfectly at all times, something I only now truly understand.

And to everyone I still speak with today: Andreas, Mihai and Ștefana, Marius (Winner), Ștefan and Diana, Andrei (Dual Motor), Morică Romică and his family, Victor, Roxana and Marius, Tiberiu.

To everyone from the park in Bucharest.

To Alice, Silviu, and Lidia.

To everyone I've ever interacted with. Every connection had an impact.

And of course, I thank you for everything — not just for what I've mentioned here.

To those I haven't named — believe me, you are all in my heart. You know who you are.

I love you.

This book is a story. A story about what I've learned  
throughout life, about people and the world, how they  
work, and how I came to understand that...

Silence is Everything. And Everything is a Story.

A story authored by none other than ourselves.

But we have forgotten...

# The New Normal

It hurts. With the awareness of what we all truly are—once you pull back the veil: society, consumerism, ego, material things, all the madness—when all that's left is Silence... Do you know what you see?

Emptiness and confusion. You can see it in people's eyes. It feels like we've chosen to play a foolish game. One where we pretend. One that defines reward through a harmful illusion—harmful to ourselves, to those around us, to our children, to the Planet. To Everything. A game we keep playing, and then wonder why we're unhappy. And we don't answer ourselves—because we're not truly searching for the answer. So we keep doing the same things... hoping for change. ...from somewhere. Somehow. Someday. We'll see. We don't know. And we don't want to know.

Our values are reversed. We no longer know how to *be*—we only like to *do*. We've run out of time, and no longer pay attention to what matters: our bodies, our families, our friends. We crave having more and more—even when most of it is completely unnecessary—and so we forget how to appreciate. We no longer know how to love, because we can't even love ourselves. And of course we can't—because deep down, we don't like who we are.

We live and suffer more in our imagination than in reality. It seems like we're more concerned with *who* we are than

*what* we are. It's as if we're trapped in a painful movie, and we blame God for our unhappiness, for everything that's happening in the world. But we fail to see the essence—that we are the ones doing it—no one is sending it to us. Everything exists—light and dark, joy and pain—but the reality we experience is built from the sum of our own choices.

We feel like we have to know everything, please everyone, do everything, and be happy *all the time*—otherwise, something must be wrong with us. We need a plan for everything, we think too much, and feel almost nothing.

We believe everything we hear, and we've lost the curiosity to discover, to understand, to *know*. We ignore how we feel, putting our faith in others—as if they know better. We look for all the answers—but outside ourselves.

We seem to be getting sicker and sicker—and we don't know why. We suffer from depression, anxiety, and all kinds of pain. We go to all sorts of therapies because we don't understand what we're feeling, because we don't know how to listen to our bodies. We diagnose ourselves for our behavior—or we accept the labels others give us as Truth.

I wonder—why do we do this? Actually—why do we *choose* to do this? When did we make everything so complicated? And when did we stop living our dreams? It's rare that I meet people who are simple and happy. People who do exactly what they want, with trust that

Life always works out well. Not even children—they seem trapped in technology, and you can see them fading.

I'm very curious: Are we aware of what we're choosing to do, every single day? The thoughts we nourish? The actions we take? The direction of our attention? The way we treat the people around us? The way we treat ourselves? And do we realize that *all* these things—which are entirely up to us—create the reality we live?

I'm sure some people feel that what they're living every day isn't right, but they end up doubting their own feelings, and act like someone they're not, just to fit in. Into the madness. And they lose themselves. I've done it. I don't recommend it. Or maybe I do—just for the experience?

We are magical. And the world is magical. It hurts to see how lost we are, and how afraid we are to live—when that's the only thing we're meant to do, Here and Now.

We live under the illusion that we're happy—but we're not. We're angry and tired, always chasing something outside of us, always unfulfilled. We lie to ourselves. Successfully.

If you *are* happy—I can only be glad for you. But if you feel unhappy and don't know why—maybe you need *Space*. Now, not later. Just *Be*. Let go of doing for a moment, and sit with yourself. Pay attention to your thoughts—don't try to suppress them. Spoiler: it doesn't work. Let yourself



*feel*. Listen to what your body is telling you. Spoiler: it knows a lot—and it's speaking to you!

It's necessary. It's the only path to Silence.

Life simply wants to Be, in harmony with Everything...

Let me tell you this: If you seek silence, happiness, and peace *outside* of yourself—you will not find them. Ever. Because, essentially, they're not *there*. You have to look *within*. And it might be hard—you might not like what you find—but it's a necessary kind of hard. I've lived it!

It's the only way—*through*, not *over*.

And it's inevitable—sooner or later, we all rediscover ourselves. The only choice is—*when*.

You are perfect. You already have everything you need.

Just look. *Within*.

Life is with you. Always.

# The Big Problem

Which isn't really a problem. It's something we created.

Let me give you an example...

Sometimes we feel like our day isn't going well. And that upsets us.

Then we choose to tell others how wrong our day went. We choose to keep something illusory alive — our interpretation of an event... By the end of the day, we feel drained, and we wonder why. The next day, we start over.

Or maybe, instead of talking about it, we pass that — not-so-great — energy on to others.

Or maybe we choose to scroll on social media. Or to eat something unhealthy.

Do any of these resonate? No shame. They do with me — I've lived through them all.

Have you noticed the essence? We don't accept reality as it is. We create interpretations, and we make our lives sad without even realizing it.

It's essential to understand that, at the core, things just happen — exactly as they happen. Events just *are*. There's no good or bad. No right or wrong. Everything is

perspective. Often, a lesson. To believe something is unjust is just an illusion. One that we create!

We love to put the blame on something external for our actions — something that happened or didn't happen (even though it "should have," because that's what we want!), how someone spoke to us, someone honking in traffic, and so on. We like to create injustices for ourselves, and we believe we know better how things *should* go — step by step. And if not, we turn it into a problem. Then we choose to suppress what we feel, simply by doing something that gives us the illusion of happiness, or by making others unhappy in turn. And we notice that we're not happy, we feel that something's wrong — "but what can we do." Now that's madness!

I have a question. When was the last time you let a day unfold without judging or labeling? Or, the last time you breathed consciously? When was the last time you paid attention to your body? The last time you asked yourself, "What do I have to learn from this?" instead of, "Why is this happening to *me*?"...

I feel that Everything has an Order, and whatever happens is a guide—Life's way of saying "Go this way" or "Don't come here." But often we don't follow it. We want to go *our* way. Which isn't wrong — if we *feel* it.

But usually, we don't feel it. We think it. It's a path we want to take, maybe out of pride. Out of the desire to prove that we *can*, or that we *know* — when in fact we *can't*, or we *don't* know.

Actually, I feel like *this* is the root of our unhappiness. Some call it the ego. Simply put — the idea that we are *someone*. And that we are *different* from one another.

That we're better, smarter, or more beautiful than others. That we have more, that we're more powerful. That we have full control over external events.

A separation from the Whole.

We think everything. And when we don't know something, we feel like something's wrong with us. And that makes us unhappy... Other times, we *know* we don't know, but we do everything to make it *look* like we do. To appear different — from the outside. To not lose that "someone" we want to show the world.

We like material things. They seem to give us a sense of meaning.

But are we aware of the costs?

I understand that it feels good to show the world you're a certain way (when you're not).

But I also understand the confusion and emptiness that show up at night, when you're lying in bed, alone. Spoiler: they're inevitable.

I understand the pleasure that comes when you feel like you have control over something.

But I also understand the frustration that arises when

things no longer work the way you want them to. Spoiler: it's inevitable.

I understand the desire to have material things.  
But I also understand the worries that come with them.  
Spoiler: they're inevitable.

And that's okay — we have to live these things in order to understand them. What's strange is when we become aware of them, but something still makes us act, essentially, against ourselves. That *something* being...  
[drum roll, please]

The illusion — which we feed, I feel, from a kind of hidden fear. I've lived this. A fear of the unknown. It seems to come from the fact that we don't *know* ourselves — we don't know what we *are* — and so we try to compensate with *who* we are.

We end up holding on to the things that used to define us — even when Life is clearly showing us that we no longer need them — just because we can't imagine who we'd be without them. Who we'd be, if we were different.

I did this. With every decision I made, I felt in my chest that it wasn't right. But I also couldn't let go of who and how I was. That's just how I've always been, right? I can't change what I've always done... Or maybe I *can* — but do I *want* to? No — because then I wouldn't be the same. And then what would I be? I don't know anything else. Doesn't sound good. I don't want that. Better stay the same. If I

really think about it — it's not even my fault. That's just the way it was. Nothing I can do. Just look...

Spoiler? I had to do it. I couldn't lie to myself anymore. I understood that, at the end of the day, it's me and myself — not me and the world. It's me with what I feel, with what I *am* — not what I *have* or *who* I am. And I have to understand myself.

The idea that “I've been doing this for 20 years, and I can't stop now” is exactly that — an idea. And the fear was just a barrier, a test, a challenge. Something necessary — but not something that should stop anyone.

I wonder — is *this* why we're here? To live a false story? It's a choice! But let me tell you — the only person you're lying to is yourself. Because, spoiler...

There's no such thing as inside and outside. You see in others what's inside *you*, and you attract what you *are*.

And it is so, so beautiful...

# What Is Mine?

Throughout our living, we create a story — one that becomes our identity — and we begin to identify with it. Fears, worries, ideas about what we can and can't do, ideas about how people and the world are... and so on.

What's beautiful is that, often, we are very little of what we believe we are. And people and the world are not how we're told they are.

Exercise: pay attention to your actions and the stories you tell — to yourself or others — and question them.

Simple. Maybe, for as long as you can remember, you've been careful with money. Maybe back then you didn't understand why — but maybe if you look now, you can connect it with the way things were in your family, and realize that you kept doing it unconsciously, even when reality changed and it wasn't necessary anymore.

Or maybe you think asparagus is horrible — just because you remember trying it once when you were little and didn't like it. One — maybe that's no longer true, and two — maybe it was broccoli and not asparagus. Did you get the message? Sure, maybe you really don't like it — but it's worth checking again!

Or maybe you've told yourself your whole life that you're not good at writing, and you could never do that. Just because, when you were little, you weren't good at the

compositions they gave you in school. This one is absolutely inspired by... me. And I've got a few more!

I wanted to have a lot of money. To buy expensive things. I did that — but I wasn't happy. And I felt like I wasn't doing what I was supposed to. I was confused. I realized that the desire for money was never really mine — it was my mother's. And I inherited it, because I was always hearing her say, "I can't wait to see you with a villa and a BMW X6!"

I believed I had an illness called *bronchial asthma*. Because, ever since I was a kid, I was told that's what I had, and that I'd need medication for the rest of my life. One morning, as I was taking the meds, I became aware of what I was doing. That was the day I stopped the treatment — just to see what would happen. Spoiler: I've been perfectly healthy since. I even breathe better.

I treated people with bitterness and selfishness. I felt in my chest that something was wrong. Until I realized I'd just learned to be that way — because I felt hurt, and I'd learned to protect myself by hurting others too. By the way, I don't recommend it! Fire doesn't put out fire. Never.

At the end of the day, I did a cleanup through everything I believed I was, and I discovered where all came from. Spoiler: most of them were not mine! I let go of everything that wasn't mine, or was no longer relevant. And what was left — is my Truth. What I've always wanted to be.



I also cleaned up everything I thought I *knew*. I chose to *forget* — consciously — everything I'd learned, and to go through everything again — and more — but this time, paying attention to how I *felt*.

To get even closer to my Truth.

I feel that each of us comes here with a desire to *do* something. And we know. But when we're not allowed to *Be* and to *do* what we feel, we lose our path. I don't recommend that either...

I see it in parents. They pass their fears, worries, frustrations, and unfulfilled dreams to their children, and the children shape their reality around them — becoming just a reflection. They're met with limitations, and they adopt the same illusory filters — keeping them until they become aware of them. And if they never do, they just pass them on. And so it goes. Not good. Don't recommend.

That's exactly why we need to listen to what we *feel*. Because that is our Truth — it's exactly what we *know* we're meant to do. And no one else can know that!

And for those who lie to themselves, make their lives sad, and project their anger and dissatisfaction onto others — I hope you become aware that this is exactly one of the choices — the ones I was talking about — that makes you unhappy. The lack of acceptance of Life — of what *Is*.

I've done this. I don't recommend it.

# What Do I Need?

Alongside the cleanup of what I *am* and what I *know*, I also did a cleanup of what I *have*.

Every thing we own comes with a cost — one we might not even be aware of. It can be an emotional cost — we hold on to objects that keep us tied to the past — and make us forget the Present. Or they can come with maintenance costs. Things break down.

Or maybe you have lots of clothes you've gathered throughout life and no longer wear. Or other valuable things you don't use anymore. Why do you keep them?

During university, I found myself holding on to objects from middle school. A lot of them. I kept dragging them with me from one rented place to another. I never truly felt they had real value — but somehow, I felt like I saw myself in them. Spoiler: I had to understand *why* I felt that way, make peace with it, and move on.

Even more — I chose to donate everything that no longer had value *for me*, but *could* for someone else. Something beautiful.

All I can say is that this *Order* — in everything that is *ours*, from the metaphysical to the physical — is an absolutely necessary act in our process of rediscovery. And, as a result, it's profoundly purifying and liberating...

# The Thought

Have you ever noticed how thought seems to create reality? I'm not saying you can spawn a minotaur just by thinking about it (though we *could* have that conversation...). But, like I said earlier — we create a story, one we repeat in our minds, and we end up believing it. Then we live exactly what we think — the story.

I see more and more people identifying with thought. I've done it too!

I feel this happens when we live in a constant state of agitation where we can no longer be Present, no longer be Aware. We no longer have *Space*. Because our attention is directed at everything else *but* ourselves. It's stolen by everything around us — social media, news, ads, junk food, and many other things designed only to put you to sleep. Spoiler: because they *don't* want us to wake up.

For as long as I can remember, I've had a noisy mind — full of thoughts. Always. Sometimes it was okay, like when there was music — and I liked the music. But it wasn't *always* music! Or even when it *was* music — maybe I just wanted a bit of Silence... But it felt like there was nothing I could do about it.

In high school, I started meditating, because I'd heard it might help. Back then, it basically meant sitting with my eyes closed — and that's it. But it felt like the same thing

— just with more darkness. The thoughts still came, I still ended up having imaginary conversations, still all that noise... I couldn't see the point.

7 years later, I understood what wasn't working — and it's simple. Watch this:

My attention was *merging* with the thought.

I couldn't just let a thought *be* — that's it. I gave it attention — *all of it!* — which generated more thoughts, which I then had to give attention to... which generated *more* thoughts... aaaargh! I'm going crazy!

Back then I thought something was wrong with me. "Maybe my brain is broken... this is torture! Whatever, I'll get used to it until I die. What can I do, I was born this way. Tough luck." — I used to say to myself.

In university, I discovered something magical. Breathwork. Guided meditations. When I practiced, I started to notice I was *regaining* some kind of control. It seemed like I could direct my attention where... *I wanted!*

The thoughts didn't disappear — but I managed to give them just a *minimum* of attention — to *observe* them — and then bring my *Attention* back to the breath.

The more I did this, the more I noticed how their intensity faded. It was magic. Something seemed to be happening...

# The Observer

Hold on a second. Until that moment, I believed that my thoughts were... *me*, somehow. After all, if a thought popped up, it could spiral into a *very* long conversation, and it didn't feel like I could do anything about it, except listen — and maybe go insane.

But if I can *just* observe the thoughts... then what am I?!?

That revelation was magical. I understood that I am *not* my thoughts. Even more — spoiler — I'm not even my body. I'm nothing that can be seen.

I am precisely the *Attention* that *Observes* Everything.

And so are you — maybe you just haven't discovered it yet.

And for that, we need *space*. For me, it came kind of naturally. I lost my girlfriend and my job within a short time of each other. That was some serious Space! I was completely alone, afraid because I didn't know how to live by myself, and I had just enough money left to survive for about two months.

But where I could've seen something heavy and unfair — where I could've chased a new girlfriend and a new job — I chose to see the greatest opportunity for exploration I'd had until then.

I kept doing guided meditations for a while, because I noticed the changes happening in my body and in how I reacted to them. They made me curious. I knew what I was doing was harmless — after all, I was just breathing — but I started to feel *a lot*.

I kept working with it until I was able to give attention to all my thoughts from that period, to make peace with them, and to understand what my body was trying to tell me.

Now, I can relax my body instantly, whenever I want, and I can disconnect completely from my thoughts. For hours. Probably longer. Spoiler: amazing things happen when you do this.

I'm not lying. And I'm not special — *you can do it too*.

If I've sparked your curiosity about breathwork, I suggest the YouTube channel Breathe with Sandy. I have no words — I'll let you explore it yourself. As for breathwork itself — it's nothing difficult. There's no point in making it sound more complicated than it is.

It's accessible to *anyone* — you don't need a doctor, you don't need to be in a special place, you don't need to pay, or wait, or learn how it's done, or understand everything that's happening. All you need is a quiet space, free of distractions (at least in the beginning).

What's left is simply to breathe and observe — everything else will follow naturally. I highly recommend it.

# Time and Space

The idea of *time* appeared so we could refer to events that have already happened, or that are about to happen. But I keep hearing more and more: “I don’t have time for that” — or even — “I don’t have time for myself.”

In a way, that’s true. You *don’t* have time. Because... [once again — drumroll, please...]

Time doesn’t exist. We have the tool (with a double edge, apparently) called *thought* — and we can think about what was, or what will be — but that act of thinking still happens Now, in the Present. There is *nothing* outside of Now.

Time is, essentially, Life itself. And how you use it is, essentially, how you choose to live your life.

So, I feel like a more honest version of “I don’t have time” is: “I choose not to do this.” Don’t lie to yourself!

Of course, there’s nothing wrong with saying you don’t have time. All I hope is that you are aware that everything depends on *you*. The day has 24 hours for everyone — and it’s precisely our choices and degree of Presence that define the relativity of time Einstein was talking about. Kisses, Einstein!

*Space*, on the other hand, feels magical to me. Unlike time — Space exists. In fact, *everything* happens *within*

space. Our planet exists in a space. Your basketball exists in a space. You exist in a space! Spoiler: our thoughts exist in a space too.

Question: Have you ever sat in complete Silence and simply observed how sounds appear and disappear? No spoilers here — I'll just say it's a revelatory experience.

Space is also the most beautiful thing we can *be*.

Yes, yes. We can *be* Space. For example, when we simply sit and listen to someone, we become a quiet Presence — a Space in which that person can *Be*.

That's why it feels amazing when someone just listens to you.

And that's also why it feels strange when you're not allowed to speak in a conversation.

It's magic. I don't know anything more divine.



# The Mind

“I don’t know what was going through my mind.” “That’s just how my brain got used to things.” “My brain’s tired and can’t think at this hour.” I’ve heard many stories like these.

I propose a game. One that invites a shift in perspective. Not forever — just to *experiment*. You’ll decide what to do after. When you’re ready — let’s go.

Things happen *in* our mind. That’s where information is processed — it takes care of everything. Thoughts appear in the brain and there’s nothing you can do about it. Pain is normal after a certain age. You are only what is visible — a body — you live, you exist, you leave, and that’s that. You are *content* — which eventually ends.

...perspective shift in 3, 2, 1...

Nothing happens *in* the mind. The mind *reacts* to thoughts. And the body *reacts* to the world around it. They are just reactive tools. Thoughts arise *in a space*, and they simply *Are* — you can choose whether or not to attach to them. Through pain, the body wants to tell you something. You are the Observer of All. You are the *Space* in which content unfolds. You are *Consciousness*, you are what *Knows*, what *Observes*.

I know it might be hard to understand (“with the mind”). That’s why I don’t recommend trying to *understand* it. Just feel it. Understand with your heart.

What changes?

First — the ego disappears. If you are only the Observer — then what is there left to fight for? What does “justice” mean anymore? What do good and bad mean? What would there be to fear? Why would you suffer? Why wouldn’t you do exactly what you *want* to do? Why wouldn’t you pay attention to what *truly* matters to you? Why wouldn’t you love *more*?

Second — you understand that you are free. Death is no longer seen as something bad — but simply a necessary act in this world where Life is cyclical (just look at nature).

We are Life. And Life doesn’t disappear. We were, we are, and we will be — *A/ways*. We are eternal. And this world is our creation — a reflection of what we are. At every scale.

We are not just creations. We are the Creators.

Maybe you have the impulse to react to what your mind says, and say it’s all just a matter of perspective. Correct.

But maybe, just maybe, you feel it — maybe you remember.

Sit in Silence...

# Forgetting

I feel that forgetting is essential to the human experience.

We go through it from the moment we're born. If we remembered what we are the instant we arrived here, we wouldn't be able to experience things the same way. We would already *know* — so what would there be left to do?

It depends. It depends on why each of us comes here. Maybe you've met children who seem to *know* a lot. And, on the other side, people who are completely lost.

But everyone has their place. And that is *Good*.

It's clear to me now that I chose to lose myself only to be able to live the experiences I've had — out of the desire to share Everything I will come to understand *with you*, trusting — *knowing* — that I would find myself again. In fact...

This book is my greatest gift to you, one I've been working on since I first came Here, in this form.

I'm sure you also have something to do here. If you already know what it is, I'm truly happy for you. If not, I can only recommend that you begin searching. From the inside. Be sure that you'll find something beautiful, beneath everything that might try to suppress it. For that, you'll need to allow yourself to *feel* and to *experience* — beyond the "I," beyond the ego.

# It's Simple

We need to accept that — no, we *don't* know better. Life flows best when we let it unfold on its own — not when we try to force it. That's why Acceptance is the key.

We weren't made to understand Everything. In fact — by *trying* to understand, we lose the Present. We lose the Magic.

Everything works through intention. The magic we're meant to *Enjoy* lies exactly in Observing how everything connects after we put a wish out into the world. Doors begin to open — and we need to be ready to walk through them.

These doors can appear as thoughts, or as people who suddenly cross our path, or as an unexpected change of plans. But to see them, it's essential to be Present — we can't do that while living in thought — and we must be open to *whatever* we receive, trusting that it's part of the Plan. Not assuming we know better.

We came here to Create and to Enjoy. That's all.

Sounds remind us. Nature reminds us.

And once *you* remember too, all that's left is to enjoy... forever. And to share it. I highly recommend!

It is so true that Change begins with you...

# At the End of the Day...

I could write about every single experience I've had, from childhood to the moment I started living in my car, and about many aspects of the world today.

But that's not what this book is about. I wanted to preserve a certain essence. From it, many other aspects naturally unfold — you just have to *want* to see them. Here's where I leave it to you — to explore, to connect the dots. Have fun!

For those who want more, I recommend the books of Eckhart Tolle. *The Power of Now* and *A New Earth* are the ones that opened my eyes. They were the first — and the only — books I felt so deeply connected to that I managed to travel Bucharest to Braşov by train in what felt like about a minute.

But let me tell you — no matter how many words from how many books we read — they're just signposts. No matter how much someone may want to teach us — what actually reaches us are just ideas. Without action, they remain only that: signposts and ideas. We need experience. Curiosity. Living. Inner searching, not external.

And don't worry about the rest. Whoever is meant to follow you — will. Whoever isn't — won't. And that's Okay.

Make sure You are Okay.

# All I Can Say

Nothing is without meaning — we just fail to notice it. Because we're not paying attention, or we don't want to believe, or we don't want to accept.

Our bodies are incredible — they tell us exactly what we need to do. The conditions you say you have — give them your attention, see what they're trying to tell you. You have all the power to heal — on your own. I've done it. In Silence.

Energy is not nonsense. Desires do come true. The law of attraction works. You are perfect. Always.

Give yourself permission to see! Give yourself permission to feel! And if it hurts — let it. That's the only way we grow.

Keep exploring. There's more than what you can see.

It is never too late.

Everything is waiting for you.

I love you.

All of you.

Peace.

P.S.: Don't forget to love. It is **Everything**.



This book is a gift.  
For all of you. For *us*.

I feel I've come to understand many things,  
and that was only possible — with your help.

I felt the need to give something back.

This is a book that wishes  
to speak from soul to soul.

One that needs to be felt,  
not thought about.

Because that's how it was written too —  
with the heart, not with the mind.

I recommend reading it alone,  
with an open heart.

In **Silence**.