



**Dare To
Reach Out
And Touch
Someone's Life**

**Real life stories to
inspire you.**

This book is about the beauty of being human! Life is not all rosy and smooth! People need to hear and read stories from real people. The true heroes don't wear capes and bright coloured nylon suits... True heroes are people who went through a lot and made it to tell the story to the World ! True heroes are people like you and me. We ain't celebrities, we are just doing our best to live another day.

Be the mighty bold Sun in the darkness, and dare to shine for all to see.

“If you risk nothing in life, you have nothing, you have done nothing, you have achieved nothing.” –
from the film - *“The Best Exotic Marigold Hotel”* (2011)

I just let my thoughts cascade like some waterfall,
Through my fingers straight into the pool of your eyes.
Drink my words, in joyful small sips,
Taste their sweetness in your lips.

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DARE TO REACH OUT AND TOUCH SOMEONE'S LIFE

To let someone make an impact in our lives is easy, the real challenge is to make an impact on another person's life. The real and true challenge is not to receive, it is to give without ever expecting anything in return, to be selfless.

All the pain and hurt, all the troubles and stinking mess, all the screaming and violence, all of it, absolutely all of it is worth living when you know that you still have the courage to stand up and reach out for those in need and that thanks to your noble gesture of compassion and humanity, their lives will never be the same. That is what makes life worth living - to know that some way, somehow, you just made a difference on someone's life, that today someone has logged in and opened their email, book page or magazine, and one of your photographs, one of your verses, a line of your stories just made someone living on the opposite corner of the World smile, and for 5 seconds their pain and worry was forgotten.

It is not your talent and skill alone that make your words on paper and images so fascinating and intriguing. A great masterpiece is only great because of the effect and impact it has on people. The beauty, veracity and message of your work would have no meaning if there was no one out there to appreciate it and be deeply moved or thought provoked by it. Just remember, what you create touches lives, it sparks emotions and memories within people. The people that care to see, read and feel what you create, they are the ones who perceive beauty and talent. Words on a piece of paper, a melody or a photograph have no meaning until they touch someone's life.

Keep writing and photographing, keep inspiring and being inspired, what you are and create are the little twinkling stars that brighten up and guide many lives that are often so lost in an ocean of misery, despair and darkness. They may never write back to you or say thank you, they may not even have the words to express what and how they feel, but when they smile after witnessing and experiencing the content of your heart felt message, you know and I know that you have made a difference in their lives.

This book is dedicated to all of you who dare to put your time, heart and effort in your story telling (whether it is written, spoken or in an image). This book is dedicated to you, reading this right now – dare to reach out and touch someone's life! Don't wait, do it now!

I also dedicate this piece to Ana Lux, whose stories I had the privilege to read. Ana, if you ever read this please publish your material, you are a powerful writer but also a very intriguing human being. Talent without soul is worthless, talent with soul is liquid gold !

DANCING IN THE URBAN JUNGLE

I have been too busy, but only, too busy enjoying myself and living life as it was meant to be lived. Life, was always meant to be enjoyed.

So some time ago I was in a "taster class" (first dance class), when this ex professional performer says this, as if reading my mind:

" - Dancing is like a prayer without words. When you dance, you are peeling the many layers of this onion to find yourself (the many layers of the onion are a metaphor for the many masks and social shields we learned to wear in our lives since we were kids growing up to the present day). That's it, that is what dancing is all about - finding your true self, your core (the centre of the onion !) and express it in movement! The steps to any dance style are the language, so here, you are just learning the language, but your essence, your energy, what moves you, has been there all along since the very beginning, long before you learned to speak any language! When you dance, you don't worry, you don't even think! When you dance, you empty your mind of all your thoughts, worries and fears. Here, while dancing, you live on the moment, you live in the NOW! Nothing else matters!"

Well, so in a couple of sentences she took my breath away! Then I understood why there was this awful emptiness within me for some years - artists learn to express themselves in the language of movement and rhythm. This is the silent prayer I have longed for, for so long, the one that I have been repressing for all these years. When I dance, it feels like coming back home, the self imposed social layers drop off, one by one!

It's feels good to be back doing the things we love. I will finish this message just the same way as I started - be busy, be too busy enjoying yourselves and living life as it was meant to be lived. Life, was always meant to be enjoyed! And if your heart is singing, you are in the right path, on your way back home!

MIRROR, MIRROR !

There is another part to the dance class story that I haven't mention yet, until now ;)

In the room there is a massive wall mirror, and one of the very first exercises that the 15 of us had to do on the very first day of our class, was to walk towards that mirror across the massive dance studio room, whilst locking our gaze without flinching with our own eyes reflected on the mirror. Once we were face to face with our own reflection, we were instructed by the teacher to look deeply and quietly within the eyes of our own reflection, and say:
"Hello!"

Basically, the idea was to greet our true selves, the one that we cover up under a lot of social masks. We were not allowed to stare at our colleagues and not allowed to stare at any other part of our bodies. We were not allowed to judge, only allowed to stare quietly for a full minute into our own eyes...

And then I had this thought - how many times have I dared to look deep within, without any judgement, just quietly accepting what I see in me ? How many times have I tore myself into shreds with myself criticism because of a black spot, an extra gray hair showing off, or some fallen eye lash?! How many times have I seen myself as just a physical body, full of imperfections and dismissed my core, my true self, my soul ??

For many of us these would be the most disturbing 60 seconds of our lives!

So I dare you all, to do the same - walk towards the nearest, biggest mirror available, lock your gazes with your own eyes reflected on the mirror, and when you are face to face with your own reflection, greet yourselves, look deep within these eyes and say - "Hello." Would you now go one step further and dare to say, whilst staring at the reflection of your own eyes: "I deserve love, peace and joy." Go on, say it, and mean it!

Surprisingly simple, and yet, so profound!

THE MUD HOLE - The Story of a Premonition

Thursday evening to Friday morning, 1st November 2013
(after Halloween)

I woke up, after a disturbing dream. In my dream, there was this place that looked like an old dusty and gray storehouse with many ladders and rooms with shelved walls. In the storehouse, I did not know what was I looking for, but I knew that I was searching for something. Nothing really looked that interesting, but I just kept walking and climbing ladders to access more rooms and more dirty dusty shelves. I don't remember to have anyone with me in the dream. Then, all of a sudden, I found a little red dragon, it looked like a porcelain / painted clay statue. So I reached out to touch it and pet it on the head, just like you would do to a small child, and exclaimed:

" - Oh look, so cute, I have never seen one of these before!"

As soon as I finish saying this, the little red dragon moved his head and stared at me right in the eye with a strange creepy smirk that smelled trouble! I backed off a few steps and as I was about to turn, the last scene my eyes captured were of the red dragon physically attacking someone that resembled one of my female friends. I turned around and run off, leaving her behind, with the disturbing feeling that I could have done more, I shouldn't had left her there! But why the heck was she there now, precisely at the exact time of the attack?! She wasn't there before, I could swear that I had walked in that store room on my own!

I woke up, and tried to shake off the memory of that weird dream. I was making some coffee to help me to keep my eye lids up, when I switched on my laptop and started reading the first message on my email box - the first message I read related to the petite red dragon I saw in my dream! I was baffled!

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Monday, 4th November 2013

I rang Kate, and I felt very disturbed after listening to her talking to me on the phone. I sat in front of the laptop after she switched off the phone and wrote down the following message to my dear friend Joe.

My email message to Joe:

Dear Joe, I am having a sh!t day. Not very often I have days like this. So, I am just going to cascade my thoughts here like a waterfall... Is it normal to become a lot more sensitive to other people's little tantrums and to take on your back the weight on your shoulders of your friends' problems ? Like, really feel on your skin their pain and the crushing sadness of their lives on yourself ? I am not coping too well, it is like, I feel as if I left a big door open and all sorts of unwanted things are attacking me, I am talking about people's negativity. Crap... I hate this! But

then, the mad crazy part is that I kinda feel really sorry for these people and I feel so sad because I wish I could help them, but I can't. I am so fed up! I am fed up and I will explain you why I am fed up: because there is such a big gap between the things that really matter in life and the things that people fight over for money! I am so freaking fed up of the rows and problems generated around the cursed piece of paper called money. Sick of it! Do you ever wish you just had 50 thousand in your bank account and could just openly and freely give it to your friend that is living in deep sh!t, not because she is a bad person or because she asked for it, but because people around her just keep f*cking up her life ? And somehow you just wish you could pull her out of the mud hole and ease her pain and stressful life somehow?! This is the story about Kate, a dear friend of mine that works full time as a nurse. Her ex hubby is out of jail this week, and he decided that it would be a great idea to come to collect the furniture and electric appliances from her house, and that includes to take the furniture from his own daughter's bedroom and leave the mom and daughter sleeping on the floor of the apartment until after Christmas... Ah! But wait, the crazy part is that he actually does not even need the furniture or electric appliances for himself, he is just doing it because these were offered to Kate by his parents... I was talking to Kate earlier on and she was saying that she suspects that the many years of drug use / abuse have left some serious psychological scars on him, to the point that me and her are starting to suspect that or he is Bipolar, or he is Schizo ! If you are a father, it's not normal to do this and just leave your own daughter sleeping on the floor. I do understand he no longer gives a f*ck about his ex wife (Kate), but come on!! Do not act like a bastard towards his own daughter ! I mean, if you love your children dearly, is that the way you show your affection ? Really ?!

I kinda feel like ... am I normal for caring and feeling bad ? Should I live my life as a walking brick that does not care about anybody's life ? And how can I block this negativity from becoming stuck to me like resin and mud on my clothes? I feel her pain, but I am so powerless to do anything to help!

I really do not understand, you know, some people just seem to attract only disaster and trouble onto their lives, one after the other, after the other... in a vicious circle! So, I have known my friend Kate for about 10 years... and there is always sh!t happening in her Life... Darn, is she cursed or what ?! Looks like someone is sending her all sorts of sh!t and nasty events. But I admire her hugely, I really do and I mean that. She is like my hero ! Darn, sh!t happens one after the other and she does not sway, she is still there, fighting, just fighting and surviving a day at a time. I do not know where does she get the strength to keep up with the many life assaults and punches. And it is so weird ... So weird for me to think about this because, she is a nurse, she wipes everyone's crap, washes them, clothes them, medicates them, listens to them, changes beds, runs up and down in a massive building without a lift operating, and she is still there, just living every day as best as she can. Plus she has a daughter to look after on her own, since "daddy" does not really bother at all. But, it makes me so sad... I actually met this guy in the beginning of their very tormented relationship about 8 years ago, and, he actually always gave me the impression to be a reasonably sensitive and very intelligent guy, and he actually is also a very likeable person. He is naturally charming and funny. But... something just smells odd. Someone that has all this potential and yet, he was always so freaking jealous of my friendship with Kate. He was almost intimidated by me, perhaps because he was envious that my friendship between me and her was a lot stronger than the bond he had with her ?!?! Strange... But there is more... He also had a big fascination and love/lust

for heavy drugs. I actually dare to say he has always loved cocaine more than he loved his own family. I wonder what made him start to consume them in the first place - lack of self respect ? Feeling unworthy ? Lack of self love ? Feeling that no one cares about him... ? Loneliness maybe... ?

So, it is strange, I feel weird, in one hand I wish something awful would happen to him and he rots in jail for another 10 years or more, but there is a side of me that actually feels sorry for him, as a human being. It saddens me because he is in his late 30's and he could be so much more, SO MUCH MORE! It saddens me because about 8 years ago I looked at him in the eyes and saw someone with intelligence, bright, sweet and funny... His daughter is a gorgeous, loving and charming little girl.

Maybe she will be a heart breaker like "daddy" when she grows up.

My friend Kate, on the phone, was describing to me what she felt when she first saw her baby girl in her arms and the promise she made to herself:- to love this little girl unconditionally and protect her with claws and teeth, no matter what.

Unconditional love...

Ok... the flood gates are going to close now, I needed to get this out of my chest. Few understand, and fewer give a darn !

.....

Tuesday, 5th November 2013

Joe's reply to my email:

I woke at 2am with a terrible feeling of dread. I can't seem to shake it. I don't know why. Have you ever done that? I went to bed in a good mood... Had a positive outlook on things... Was figuring on having good dreams. I was dreaming about prison... I was a prisoner. It was terrible... I was so scared. I was secretly plotting to escape. In the dream I could levitate, and so when I was afraid someone would hurt me, I would float up above them and away from them. It was the only way I could survive. When I woke up I was so full of anxiety, and dread. I feel like something is wrong, and I can't shake it. I hate this. I figure you are probably up, or will be soon....

I was thinking about the last email you sent. I did understand exactly how you were feeling, and exactly what was going on. I frequently feel others pain and heartache. It's a good thing though. I also understand what drives people like her despicable husband. I fingerprint sorry for people like that too. They are so blind, and naive.... And let money or "things" rule them. Looking at it from our perspective with clear eyes, they seem so stupid and childish... And utterly selfish. It's all so stupid. Unfortunately, their stupidity frequently hurts others that don't deserve it. It's so frustrating to not be able to do anything about it. Your friend is probably well grounded with her little girl... She keeps her focus on what's important. The husband is only focused on himself... He can't see beyond that.

Anyway, I understand your empathy... I am the same way. I have helped a lot of people whenever I could... That's why I have no money. I always give it away. I'm like you... I think it's the devil. It drives people to do all kinds of crazy things.

.....

Thursday, 14th November 2013

My email to Joe:

Dear Joe, do you remember the message you sent me about the crazy dream you had on the 6th of this month ?

Ok Joe, so let's start, shall we?!

- Yesterday night I called my friend Kate, the nurse, the one whose ex husband is from hell. (you know the story, I told you about). So Kate was in work a few days after our emails and something bizarre happened. There was this male patient in his mid 30's who used to be a prisoner and from what I understood, he got out of prison recently. He has a type of cancer that is developing from his nose into his brain. So, he is staying as a patient in that place where Kate works as a nurse and carer. Someone above the staff decided that it was time to move this patient / ex prisoner to another "hospital" without any warning. Naturally, this made him very nervous and anxious because now he felt very attached to these nurses that cared for him every day. So, last week he was packing his bags absolutely annoyed and frustrated because he felt he was being treated and kicked like some stray dog, and thought he deserved to at least choose where he could stay (some people react very badly to sudden changes because they feel very insecure and have got very little support or understanding from others). So, here comes the interesting bit: that day, last week, while he was packing his bags, he was shouting to everybody:

" - If you want me to go away, I will go away !!", the staff were trying to calm him down and persuade him to take it easy, because this was about transferring him to a new place, and not about kicking him out! But in his head, because he was so annoyed, he had a clouded judgement of the whole situation, so his plan was leaving that place and perhaps live on the street, since he has nowhere else to go. The argument was starting to heat up, until my friend Kate the nurse, faced him and had a chat with him, since he is very fond of her, so maybe she would be the best to settle down the mad argument. But things took a turn for the worse, and before she could blink, he took a gun out of his bag and pointed it at her.

Remarkably, Kate remained very calm and cold blooded and talked him out and even could persuade him to give up the idea of shooting her or any of the staff. She was talking to him and persuading him by saying:

" - Do you really want to shoot me ? Yeah, are you gonna shoot those that love you and care for you? I know you are not gonna shoot me because you know why ? Because I do not deserve it and you know that ! " - yeah, Kate is a cold blooded mighty b!tch!

(yeah... she is my hero, always was, now more than ever before !!)

So , the guy dropped the gun and started crying a river and even hugged Kate, while apologizing a million times for the incident. Now... how similar is that to your dream description Joe ??

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Friday, 15th November 2013

Joe's email reply:

Wow!! Yes... I think that REALLY WAS the connection with that strange dream. Nothing ever happened in my direct life... So I didn't know what to think about it. When I had the dream it felt very much like a premonition. My dreams have certain feel to them, and I know when one is trying to tell me something or warn me about something. We had just been talking about Kate, so I must have picked up the connection to her through you.

Well... Welcome to my world. It's not like everyone else's, but I would never change a thing :))

Thanks for sharing that... That explains that dream, I'm sure!

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I also suspect that this event was also the connection with my weird dream with the mysterious red dragon.

AND THEY SAY THAT MIRACLES DON'T HAPPEN IN OUR LIVES... ARE YOU SURE?

Yesterday I felt drawn to give a call to my friend at home (I am talking about Kate - the nurse). She is in Summer holidays now so I have to call her as often as I can because she has time to talk to me now, once she goes back to her crazy life working full time as a nurse, we have very little time to talk.

So, on the 13th August was her birthday, but something weird happened - she met a young girl at her party that started talking to her (after a few drinks) about how she was raped when she was a young kid (same age as Kate, by the same guy that raped my nurse friend)!!! Ok... your birthday party **SHOULDN'T BE** the best day to talk about something as awful as this, I was shocked! My friend nurse (Kate) said on the phone:

" - What the f*ck?! On my birthday, talking about this stuff ???! Is this some sick coincidence or what???! While she was describing it, it was as if I was reliving all that **SH!T** that happened to me **ALL OVER AGAIN!!!**"

So, yesterday while I was on the phone with her, she told me what happened days after her birthday party. It was on the night of the 17th August 2014, Sunday night, she went to a party outdoors, like a concert/festival with live music. She went with a couple of friends and her boyfriend. Kate described that when she was returning home with her crowd after the concert, she saw a church that was still open, this was 1 am !!! That's right, 1 AM night time!!! Strangest part was that she felt so strongly drawn to enter the church, she can't really explain or describe the reason and strong pull that brought her there. So she asked her companions to give her a minute. As she was about to come in, the priest was just about to close the door and she begged him to please let her in, because **SHE REALLY NEEDED IT!** (I must remind you that Kate is **NOT A CHURCH OR EVEN A RELIGIOUS PERSON AT ALL!**) As she sat down on the bench, she was overwhelmed by a deep and unexplainable feeling of overwhelming love and peace, which led her to cry a river uncontrollably! She just sat there asking to be happy, and she also says that the "uncontrollable sobs" felt like a "soul cleansing". This had to do with the rape / sexual abuse story that was brought to life during her birthday party.

I was really **REALLY** intrigued, and because I have this mad ability to put pieces of the puzzle together, I suddenly had a really intense flashback - I remembered clearly the email message I had sent to Kate **EXACTLY ONE YEAR BEFORE**, in August 2013!!! This is not a joke, I swear this is true! The message that I sent to my friend Kate can be read on:

THE MANY MANIFESTATIONS OF HEALING

(this message was sent exactly on the day of my friend's birthday **LAST YEAR** - the 13th August!)

and

LETTER FROM A HUMAN HEART

(on this story, I remember clearly when I wrote down to my friend this prayer –

"Dear God, I thank You for helping me in my times of struggle, sharing with me the load of my burden and wipe away my tears, thank You for healing my heart, thank You for always leaving Your door open in my times of trouble" - well, to me kinda sounds very similar when you think about what happened at the little church at 1 AM one year after on that Sunday night, exactly one year after I sent to her those emails to her! Specially the part about, "leaving the door open in times of struggle"!)

I remember clearly that, one year before, after she read the following paragraph:

"when I referred that I ask God to help me to bring "healing" to all in need whose Life I have touched throughout my existence, I am simply asking for help to bring to these people the healing of their hearts that have gone so cold and numb with rage, violence, depression and hopelessness."

- she reacted in an extremely similar way (August 2013), she was overwhelmed by a cascade of tears, a soul cleansing sob, not out of sadness, but out of a very deep sense of love and inner peace. I have to say, this is really, REALLY intense! And they say that miracles don't happen in our lives! Well, think again...

TAROT's SHOCKING NEWS!

I have a Mauritian friend of mine, she works as a beautician, but that is not really what she wants to pursue in life. What she REALLY wants to do is teaching Pranic healing.

So a few weeks ago, on Sunday 10th August, she asked me to do a distant Tarot reading for her (a distant Tarot reading is done when the person is not present, so I have to pray for guidance and dedicate the reading to that person, and read out loud the questions that that person wants guidance on). Ok, so pay attention to this - I arrived to my apartment late at night, got the candles on, organized my table and asked for guidance. As I opened the paper in which her questions were written, I read the first question out loud - her question read:

" - I need guidance and help to open a class to teach people to do Pranic Healing, am I on the right path, what do I need to know??" - seconds after the pile of books that was standing in front of me fell on the floor without me or anybody touch it. As I bend to pick up the books, the first book that I picked was called, "Pranic Healing" by Choa Kok Sui, (the author of this book was the Master that trained this Mauritian girl for whom I was doing the distant Tarot reading). As I picked up the book from the floor and reread the question that my friend asked guidance on about opening a class on Pranic Healing, I just smiled and thought to myself:

" - WOW, your Master REALLY wants you to know that he gives you the thumbs up!" - Oh I loved it so much!

Then as I put on the cards, the answer came with flying colors!!

Then, the next question was regarding the business she is in at the moment and what should she expect, as I put on the cards, everything made perfect sense, but the really disturbing part was when on the future section of the reading the cards WARNED about a certain letter that would come in the near future with bad news, something to do with a massive quarrel, and somehow, somebody whose an land - owner (property owner) would be involved in this!!! This reading was done and recorded in detail on the Sunday the 10th August in the evening. On Monday 11th August I was busy working and when I tried to meet her, she was not available, so I had to leave it for Tuesday, the 12th August. As I stepped into the beauty salon that afternoon with the record of her Tarot reading in my bag, she showed me the letter that she had received that same morning, with a warning - **THE LANDLORD OF THE SHOPPING CENTER WANTS EVERYBODY OUT BY THE END OF AUGUST!!!** That's right, my chin dropped to the floor! I was so freaking shocked!

NURTURING THE BLOSSOM

I know you have self esteem issues, you have difficulty seeing yourself as worthy of admiration... Well, when are you gonna stop for a minute and realize that you, yourself are also a part of God's beauty, the same beauty you see in Nature and in the Universe ? When are you gonna look in the mirror and challenge the old ideas about yourself ? Damn, there is nothing wrong with you, you are cute, sexy, charming... can't you see that ?? Can't you celebrate for once the beauty in you that was created by the Source of all Power and Creation? You see, you really don't have to do anything, because it's all there already, you really just have to be able to see it and be willing to look at it, that's all. Honey, celebrate the divinity that there is within you and outside you aswell. You, like me and all the others are a product of His creation, and in His eyes, you are perfection.

Honey... God never ever gets tired of prayers of love, praise and gratitude. God is there for us for the good times and the bad times too... so... what's wrong with sharing our love, joy and gratitude with our Creator ? Be grateful, be always grateful, out of gratitude grows grace and appreciation for life. Out of gratitude and love, praise and joy, you are only sowing the seeds to take your bounty of even greater love and joy in your life and others' lives too. When you bless a situation, people or a place, that blessing returns to you, sometimes multiplied by 10 or more ! So honey, this is the way to be and live life.

Now my dear, we have much to talk about, because to be a healer means a lot more than just healing people... The greatest gift you can give to people and the world is your own energy manifested as love, it does not matter how you manifest that love, whether it is in sincere prayer, or in an email note, or in casual conversation with someone. In fact, that is the most powerful teaching that Jesus brought to us - to love and manifest love.

Yes, this is also - inspiration, meaning you have the potential to inspire people with your actions and words and reap rewards. You shall reap what you sow. Yes, I know, you inspire because of the person you are, but you see, here is the great irony of life - you are broke and struggle in life in many levels and have got very little self esteem (you probably even wonder why should you even receive compliments from other people, because to you it is easier to give then it is to receive).

You can inspire and teach others mainly by example... But I still have the feeling that you are only blossoming. I see a lot of potential in you, it's all blossoming now if you allow it to bloom very slowly, with patience and kindness. Nurture who you are and be gentle with yourself. I still wonder what's going to be like to see you in 5 years time with all these changes and wild things happening in your life nearly every week. I think you are awakening from a deep sleep...

I wish you love and joy.

WHY ME??

Some time ago, a dear friend of mine that is going through the “awakening”, asked me these questions:

“The images and dreams are relating to pretty powerful stuff, it's a bit overwhelming. Really!! I am normally very quiet, I wouldn't class myself as being highly intelligent, and I have never really paid much attention to all things spiritual. I live an honest life.

Can I ask you, what do you think of this?

I can see connections and understand what I read (dreams, signs, premonitions, automatic writing, etc.). What I don't get is, why me?? I don't have great self believe, I am getting these highly spiritual messages and feel so humbled but at the same time -Am I worth it?? Do you know what I mean??”

So I responded to her with the following message:

Beloved friend,

So, you think you have got to be "special" to see these things ? Why you ? Why me then ?? I did pornography, worked as a prostitute, hated and cursed at God, and denied Him too many times...

Why me ?! Well, here is the thing my dear friend:

- No matter what I did, no matter what I said, God knows my heart, my core, my soul. No matter what I do, He knows and has always known the little girl in me, that loved Him and used to find love and safety in Him, the little girl that used to pray to Him and ask Him to keep me away from the horrific nightmares I had as a child. He knows and remembers the little girl that looked for His love and peace in a tormented family environment. God knows and still sees the little girl in me, that deep inside still loves Him and craves His love.

This is His majestic beauty: whenever He reached out to me, He touched my heart in such a way, that I have no choice but to very slowly accept Him and welcome Him into my life. Difficulties and depression, mistakes and cruelty drawn me closer to Him, because my heart knew and have always known that He would always stand by me, always without exception. People come and go, but God is always there, always present.

”Why me ?” – you ask. God awakens people like us because He wants to show to the World that ANYONE can believe in Him, take a different path, that He loves all of us equally and unconditionally. He wants to dispel the myths around age, colour, religion, groups, job choice, life styles... He wants to show the power of His love and what it means, what love really means. So, do you still feel unworthy of His love ? We are not specially chosen people, we are just normal people that choose to believe, that is all. God has called me many, many times throughout the years, in music, books, movies, random strangers and situations... They say that – “God is silent and distant” - those people must be deaf and blind because I know that He has been nudging me for years and

years and years... But He does that to all of us, no exceptions! He "speaks" to all of us, but who cares to "listen" ? You see, I went down the science path, but even when I went down that road, something in me could not help – when I was in my classes of Human Anatomy and Physiology, I could see His beauty and majestic mastery when the lecturer explained what is a cell, what is an Atom, what is a nerve impulse, etc...

The more I studied science, the more I went down walking in the woods, the more I walked down the beach even in the middle of a gale, I could not help, because I could feel His presence, I could not deny it ! The seed He had planted in my heart many years ago would grow, something in me would glow with joy, emotion, love, tenderness and utter gratitude for the sheer beauty and genius of all creation.

Even crazier, even when I was making love (I mean, MAKING LOVE, not f*cking, there is a big difference between both), I could not help, because I could understand the breath taking beauty of melding with the opposite sex and become one body, one soul, one being in pure love and joy ! That was when I understood that Sex was indeed a divine gift created by a Divine Being... and yes, Sex is sacred, not the slapping of flesh that we have used and abused throughout the years through media and magazines and so on...

For too many years I thought I was not worthy of His love, I felt too dirty, too impure, too unworthy of His goodness and even felt bad about the thought of asking Him for help (even when I was in deep sh!t). But here is the thing, He has always known that I felt that way, but He kept dropping signs and messages to let me know that it is ok, the door is open, and He has always been willing to welcome me. But you see, I have free will. He cannot impose His will on me, He can only show me a path, or show me some sort of invitation.

One day, three years ago, I got this impulse in me, this burning desire to write down my soul's wish, to give voice to my soul and let it speak up its will, and yes, my soul's will is to believe and have faith in Him, and stop hiding behind skepticism, fear and doubt. That was what I wrote in the form of a beautiful poem (MY HEART IS YOUR CATEDRAL). Well, I found that poem again somewhere among my old files three years after, and guess what ? The “prophecy” (my poem) has been fulfilled !

I never cared about religion, I still do not care.

And here is another thing for you to bare in mind, Enlightenment is for all of us ! Not just for a few, it is for all of us !

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