

Towards the Inner

...how to find your inner being and get on the right life path...

Jerronime

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The point of this book and its conclusion is real only in the sense of the effects of life changes and the attitude of the main character, but the period in which the story takes place, the people, background and other events are fictitious, respectively modified.

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Authorised translation from the original version

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Prologue

I was sitting on a plane, returning from a conference about successful women. Quite a boring business trip, but I had needed to attend to collect new inspiration and themes for my writing. Luckily, the conference had taken place at my favourite destination – on the Island, by the sea, with the sun and warmth... One by one the passengers boarded the plane. I sat near the back, and the two seats next to me were still empty. Once the movement stopped, I was happy to see that three whole seats remained for me for the entire flight. It seemed I could finally get some sleep after a month on the move: conferences, sponsors for the topics of my articles, not to mention all those cocktail parties and receptions during the whole stay. I was really tired.

Then I noticed a commotion.

The passengers sitting in the aisle seats were nudging each other, turning their heads meaningfully towards the cockpit. So I also stretched my neck, wondering what was happening.

Nothing.

At the front, a passenger was handing her boarding pass to the flight attendant for checking. When she stepped into the aisle, I noticed that the eyes of everyone on board were on her. I found myself in silent awe as well. She was beautiful. But not a dull beauty. Around her, there was an aura radiating such energy, as if the sun had boarded the plane. Slightly tanned skin, semi-long loose blond hair, huge sparkling blue eyes. Her face looked so calm, emanating peace and tranquillity, yet sending such a surge. Perfectly dressed in sportswear – torn

jeans, accompanied by a sports blouse (of a cut I had not even seen before) and platform sandals (of a style I had never seen before). All extravagant, new, neat and yet everything fits together harmoniously in such a way that certainly every woman on board wished to have the entire outfit in their wardrobe, no matter how that would look.

When she approached, it seemed to me that I knew her. But from where...? Gosh, who is she? Where do I know her from? That spirited walk, slim but wiry figure, that energy radiating from her every step.

She stopped next to me and winked down at me:

“Hello! You don’t remember me, I see. Firstly, I sit with you, well, next to you... And secondly, I’m Naomi; we met five years ago at such an embarrassing conference about successful women in the advertising world. In Japan. Don’t you remember?”

Of course, I remembered her! After all, our entire “female expedition” had not been concerned with anything except for the conference, the Japanese order, and her. Even then, she had been interesting – a great figure, beautiful, always stylishly dressed. Yes, even then women would inquire where she had made her purchases, what perfume she had been using, what exercises she had done and where, what her diet had been, and who had done her nails. All the women had made resolutions that were inspired by her lifestyle, and entered them into their diary or mobile, ready to start as soon as they returned home from their holiday. She had lit a fire under them.

And now she was sitting next to me, looking at least ten years younger than before. During that Japanese trip, she had

seemed sort of stressed out – solving something, and checking her phone all the time, making calls in a loud voice while gesturing wildly. She had been interesting and enchanted everyone, but this being beside me here and now was almost ethereal – radiated peace, harmony, and humbleness.

She flew from the Island – her second home. Four months ago, she had broken up with someone who she had thought was her “Mr Right”, someone she would be with for her entire life. Now, everything was different. She understood that everything, every single event in her life had a significant meaning and she would not change anything.

Afterwards she just dryly mentioned that she had even reached such state, of being decided to take her life. Just some four months ago. She showed me her first “diary”, which she began to write in a week after the break-up... Well, it took me about ten minutes to devour it, even though the handwriting was a little messy, I could not break away from it.

I found the diary interesting, and in particular, the being beside me caught my attention so much that I got out of her almost the whole story during the flight. Well, the one related to this episode in her life. Naomi. Her full name I did not know. I just had her modest diary, only the first seven days, the toughest and most painful ones, and her story which she called the “transformation” or “deconditioning”. I kept the diary with her permission, as it was an authentic expression of what she had gone through in those seven days. The rest is a reproduction of what she told me during the flight.

My First Diary – “7 DAYS OF CLEANSING”

(That’s the title I’ve chosen for my first diary)

Everything started with the BREAK-UP. Desperate, fast, incomprehensible, painful.

Like Alice in Wonderland, I had been led to the edge of the abyss... Not this! This one was supposed to be my last relationship, that destined, predetermined, perfect one, that which would last until death, forever...

Whatever doubts I had during those five hundred and ninety days of my relationship, were refuted by my love and eternal optimism. I believed that it all would kind of fall into place, and put on rose-coloured spectacles, but it didn’t help... Although being with him meant that I couldn’t fulfil my essential role as a woman – the natural desire to have a child and family, I reconciled with this fact, as I believed that this man needed me more than I needed him. I felt my mission was to help him feel love, seek the causes so he would cleanse himself from all the blocks and influencing people and would know happiness.

So here I am, lying on the sofa in Rebecca’s flat, my friend whom I thought then is a sister to me. We both have always been so similar and had almost the same way of life, equally career women, lonely in life or just with a lover, the wisest and most intelligent, understanding each other without words. However, it changed a little during my relationship with

Patrick, but now I don't care, I just need to be with her, with someone, just to not be alone.

I cry all the time and watch the telephone and Patrick's online status, to see whether my phone beeps. It beeped. But from Daniel; my tutor, mentor, spiritual leader..., so strange that he came into my life just three weeks before my break-up with Patrick.

“How are you? If you're alone, stop for a moment and define what you want – in the area of relationships, business, hobbies, visions..., anything you want. Write it down. And start writing, according to you, how to proceed step by step and imagine how you can reach that. Write also how you feel, how you will react and after every single sentence, remember to say: thank you for this and for that. And most importantly, keep on feeling it thoroughly and rejoice with that :-).

“Dream a lot and imagine that you are a small innocent child and how such a child acts when she is happy.

“Our goal is to make you as emotionally spontaneous as a child, and as full of wisdom of the ages as an old person, and remind yourself that you have the strength to move mountains. Thus be aware. You are the winner of a twenty-billion-sperm race, and your consciousness is larger than the known universe full of energy that is unparalleled :-). Enjoy it. Bye.”

At first, I looked at the message as a Doubting Thomas, but then I did what he'd written. I laid down on the sofa in the living room, closed my eyes, and tried to concentrate only on myself. After a long period of blocking perhaps all my chakras and dulling my senses, a myriad of thoughts started to flow, and these thoughts were so clear and liberating!

I took a pencil and paper and began to write “my desires” ... This one pencil scribbled paper I’ll keep forever as one of my treasures because the magic system linking my thoughts and my inner energy with the universe had just occurred. I felt it with my whole being. I calmed down, the sun rose, the crying stopped, and so did the rain outside.

I want to find and feel happiness. I think that it’ll come true if I meet love, if it reappears with Patrick or if I find a new one... Here’s what I wrote, literally:

- 1. I’ll meet a MAN, which is destined for me and who will finally love me for “me”, for whom and what I am. We both will know immediately – that we have finally found each other and we’ll be moved to tears from happiness. He’s already in a waiting room somewhere, and soon I’ll meet him and get to know him. I’ll become his goddess, his girlfriend, life partner and we will also have a child. Probably a boy.*
- 2. House, a white one, on a hill, above the sea. Maybe a yacht.*
- 3. We will have common work interests.*
- 4. I’ll start being more dedicated towards artistic activities such as writing. I’ll be more creative and explicitly use the creative energy that I feel in me.*
- 5. Dance.*
- 6. Calmness, love, and peace in my inner being.*

And afterwards, EVERYTHING started to change...

The Diary – DAY 1

I looked at myself in the mirror; because of all the tears, in place of my eyes, only lines reminiscent of the Mongolian steppes remained. I couldn't stop thinking about him. What happened? Why? After all, we in no way fatally harmed each other, we did not cheat or lie to each other, nor had we any significant relationship problems. In fact, we were like soul mates. Or was it only me who perceived it this way? He couldn't have been pretending like this, not for so long. Why would he burst into tears at the end, if he didn't care? After all, if he didn't love me, he wouldn't have cared as much, he wouldn't have such jealous and possessive reactions from time to time, wouldn't seek my company, and insist on spending all our time together. After all, he liked me, always wanted to be with me and share his interests, joys and worries with me. What's going on? What happened really and why don't I understand it? These questions were running in my head 24/7, blame hand in hand with self-blame, alternating between regret and self-pity. A million question marks.

A week after the break-up with Patrick and a two-day brutal weeping, a sense of awareness came. Someone wise once wrote that when a woman showers, puts make-up on or does her hair, then all thoughts that spontaneously come to her mind, represent a clear "vision" to be listened to.

That evening, on the edge of my strength, pain, and tears, I suddenly felt an incredible relief. Patrick was a lesson – the last one. The final test and the last stage of cleaning my karma and the possibility to know true happiness and peace of mind.

I've travelled such a long way; I had to experience so much, so much pain and "slaps" until I felt that this was already my last test. There is a change; we both – two souls – had to pass each other some messages and understandings.

I should have learned humbleness, got to know the feeling of home, gone through the role of a dear wife, mother, nanny, cleaner, in this relationship necessary and combined into one person. I should have learned to take care of the household, and found that I enjoy cooking, "doing nothing", and cuddling up with my partner; that all of a sudden I don't need a strict agenda and schedule for each day, for each second; that I can just lie in silence while reading, surfing the Internet, or watching TV next to my partner and his family; that I don't have to be at work until midnight, but can easily handle everything and be done by 4 pm and devote the rest of my time to a joint program with my new family. I've found that it's very important and nice to have a partner by your side who's happy to spend time with you, longs for you and loves you. Suddenly all the values, paramount until then, disappeared. Only love has remained and a desire to become a real "woman".

No proving, no demonstrating. It all has become dust, leaving only self-discipline, creativity and energy to create, show my abilities, but through wisdom, intellect, and skill.

What should HE have learned?

Right now, I feel the strings between us are gradually beginning to tear, I heard a whisper of an idea that he had loved me incredibly. Perhaps for the first time, he began to love a woman really; however, he was just overpowered by something else... By what? ...As if he was scared of love...

The Trigger

It was their second journey to the exotics in the last two winter months. The Caribbean has become their paradise for ten days. Just for the two of them – only for her and for Patrick – as this way it is the most beautiful, the most romantic, and full of love; just them, dedicating themselves to each other. This Caribbean holiday was for her rather a work matter as the Congress took place in the Dominican Republic and Naomi was invited by the multi-national advertising parent company, whose franchisee she owned. The Congress was convened in an exotic destination every year usually as an evaluation of the previous year. Since Naomi represented two branches, one in her Homeland and the other on the Island, she essentially had the right for two places, two participants free of charge. It was natural that Patrick was considered an obligatory part of any journey she took; since they had met, she did not travel alone anywhere, always only with him.

This time, he made a quite modest proposal whether his son could join them for this trip. A submissive, fearful, closed young university student with a good heart. He came as a part of a 2-in-1 package about a year and a half ago; when she had met Patrick. He was a part of their common space ever since.

Meeting Patrick always seemed like fate to her as if they had known each other in their past lives. Although she liked people and was always positive, loyal and socially-minded, after so many years of solitude, after five years of living without a partner, without a relationship – a serious, sustained one – this was a remarkable change.