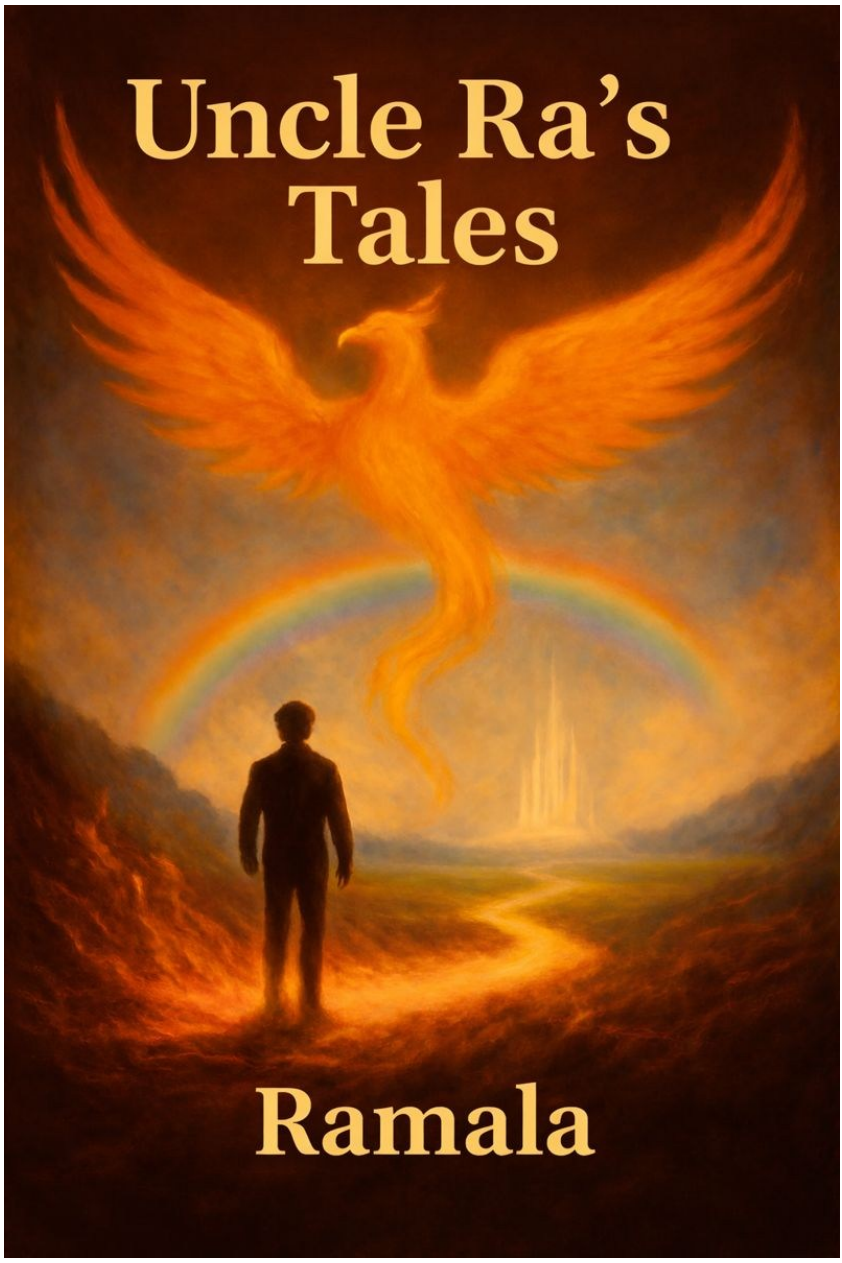
Uncle Ra's
Tales
Ramala

UNCLE RA'S TALES

Integrated Edition

Translated from Spanish to American English

This advance copy is provided for pre-publication reading. If you enjoy it, an honest review on Amazon and/or Goodreads would be greatly appreciated

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DEDICATION

To all the people who have been part of my life,
to those who loved me and those who hurt me,
to those who sustained me and those who tested me,
to family, to friends, to luminous encounters
and also to the difficult ones.
All, without exception,
were part of the real fabric of this path.
And also to those who seek,
to those who doubt,
to those who suffer,
to those who judge,
to those who question restlessly
and to those who, even without quite knowing why,
keep walking toward some form of truth.
This book is for all of you.
Because all of us, in one way or another,
are part of the same journey

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PROLOGUE

About the journey and not about the answers

This is not a collection of books about mysteries.

It is the account of a real human process.

I don't write to teach truths, or to convince, or to prove anything. I write to bear witness to an inner journey, to a life crossed by deep questions, extreme experiences, intense searches, errors, dazzlements, falls, recompositions, and, with time, a certain form of more serene understanding.

For many years I believed—like so many—that life advanced by accumulation: more knowledge, more achievements, more certainties. Today I know that, at least in what's essential, life advances by shedding: of rigid beliefs, of inflated identities, of false securities, of premature answers. It advances when one dares not to know completely.

The books that make up this work were not born as a unified project. They were born as almost all true things are born: in a disordered way, driven by the need to understand what was happening inside me. Only many years later could I see that, without seeking it, I had been leaving a fairly faithful record of an inner development: first the experience in its raw form, then confusion, then the attempt to understand, and finally a broader, more human, more integrated view.

Therefore, what the reader has in hand is not a doctrine, nor a cosmology, nor a spiritual system. It is a biography of consciousness in movement. With its lights and its shadows. With moments of expansion and moments of going astray. With true intuitions and with inevitable interpretations, proper to each stage.

Nothing narrated here claims to be taken as universal truth. Everything should be read as what it is: the subjective experience of a human being confronted with the mystery of existing. Some experiences may seem extraordinary; others, profoundly common. In the end, all belong to the same territory: that of the question about meaning, about love, about death, about identity, and about that which transcends us.

If these books can serve any purpose, it will not be to offer closed answers, but to accompany processes. So that whoever reads may recognize themselves in their own crises, in their own searches, in their own transformations. So they understand that confusion is also part of the path. That being dazzled is human. That falling is part of learning. And that integrating takes time.

There are no spiritual heroes here. There is a man.

There are no definitive revelations. There are experiences.

There are no absolute certainties. There is a life thinking itself.

If I've learned anything over the years, it's that true awakening doesn't consist of seeing more things, but of seeing with more humility. In living with more responsibility. In loving with less fear. In understanding that every experience, however elevated it may seem, only gains meaning when it translates into humanity.

That is, finally, the only thing these books want to offer:

The story of a human being learning to be human.

Nothing more.

And nothing less.

INTRODUCTION

Looking back without being trapped

This book was written at a very specific moment in my life, at a turning point where the past, the body, consciousness, fear, and wonder suddenly met. It was not born as a literary project or as a spiritual proposal. It was born as a vital need to understand.

I had just gone through an extreme experience with illness and with the real proximity of death. That proximity acted as an implacable mirror. Many old experiences, which had remained scattered throughout the years, suddenly returned with force: ambition, fall, fear, inner openings, faith, doubt, bewilderment, love, loss. Everything asked to be looked at together.

That's how these stories arose.

Not as a demonstration.

Not as a revelation.

But as an honest attempt to order a life.

The experiences narrated here belong to different stages and levels of perception. They are told from the place where they were lived, with the language, beliefs, and understandings available at each moment. That's why this book doesn't seek to explain the mystery, but to show what happens to a human being when their way of understanding reality breaks and must be rebuilt.

Today, rereading these pages with the distance of years, I don't feel the need to modify the experiences or correct what was lived. Each one preserves its truth intact. What has changed is my way of understanding them. And it's precisely there that this new edition is born.

Because this book doesn't contain just one account.

It contains, in reality, two levels of reading.

The first is that of the **"original chapters"**: there is life as it was lived. The facts, the emotions, the bewilderment, the wonder, the fear, the faith, the search. It is the territory of direct experience.

The second level is that of the **"interludes,"** which appear immediately after each chapter and are framed for identification. These interludes constitute, in themselves, a book within the book. They don't replace the experience or correct it. They read it from current consciousness. They are the voice of someone who, many years later, can look at what they could only live then.

Each block of the book is therefore formed by this double breath:

experience → understanding

lived life → integrated life

The interludes don't offer abstract theories or closed interpretations. Their only function is to accompany the reader in understanding the human, psychological, and spiritual processes that unfold at each stage: the fall of the persona, fear before opening, the temptation of literalism, the desire to be chosen, extreme states of consciousness, faith after dazzlement, the search for meaning, and faith as a human resource.

None of this claims to convince anyone of anything.

This book doesn't ask to be believed.

It only asks to be read with freedom, with honesty, and with inner attention.

Uncle Ra's Tales is not a book about extraordinary phenomena. It's a book about the transformation of a human being through their own crises. A book about how the ground is lost, how identity wavers, how fear appears, how faith arises, how doubt arrives, how the body sets limits, and how, little by little, all of that can be integrated into a broader, more humble, and more real view.

This new edition doesn't seek to close anything. It seeks to order a stretch of the path. The final chapter is not an arrival point, but an awareness: that life is not resolved, it's lived. And it continues to be lived.

If this book can serve any purpose for whoever reads it, it will not be for the experiences themselves, but for what those experiences reveal about the reader's own processes: their fears, their falls, their searches, their questions, and their silences.

Because, in the end, each human being traverses their own journey.

And no path...

BLOCK I - IDENTITY AND ITS BREAK

CHAPTER 1 - IN PERSPECTIVE

As I indicated earlier, the first "half" of my life unfolds within parameters we could consider "normal," though fortunate, in that I was able to enjoy a series of material and cultural privileges beyond the standard of those times. At 7 years old I visit New York on a trip through several countries of the world with my parents, and I am deeply impacted by the vital energy that city emits.

My father's eagerness to provide me with a first-class education takes me at 13 to Switzerland, then to Barcelona, California, and I end up with two university diplomas and mastery of four languages.

Professionally I also touch on various areas and activities, but I don't seem to find what is mine (?), what fulfills me, what satisfies my ambitions. I am very ambitious and want to obtain a significant fortune.

Nor am I a typical "High Executive Climbing the Pyramid." The lifelong faithful employee of a Company Career who dedicates their life to climbing positions in that Company.

My individuality, principles, ambitions, and urgency in achieving objectives driven by a strong ego, end up leading me to undertake at 35 a personal project to which I devote myself body and soul.

I establish a rabbit farm (rabbit breeding) and do so with the purpose of developing what we would call Tropical Rabbit Farming, a novel activity that could break the feeding and breeding patterns considered until then, resulting in new production and utility standards for that activity.

I build a rabbit farm, the largest of its time in Venezuela (one thousand breeding mothers and 10,000 rabbits) and for 7 years I launch into this adventure with complete dedication in body and soul.

They were 7 years of intense activity and permanent challenges, which one way or another we were resolving as we grew and achieved goals. However, at a given moment, it was as if heaven and earth joined to sink everything, inflation, chaos economy, food and supply shortages, personnel infidelity, diseases in the animals, we will move to where we want to be for the purposes of this book, which is the moment of the definitive collapse of this project and the consequent economic ruin. We won't go into the causes of this collapse, which were many, multiple, some still unknown to me.

The fact is that it collapsed and took everything with it.



La granja cunícola.



Yo y mis conejos.

INTERLUDE 1 - ON THE FALL OF THE PERSONA

For a long time we believe we are what we do, what we achieve, what we accumulate, what we show. We build a persona: the one who advances, who prospers, who knows what they want, who seems to have things under control. That persona serves us to move in the world, to feel valuable, to sustain our identity before others... and before ourselves.

I also built it.

I had projects, ambitions, clear plans, a fairly defined idea of who I was and where I was going. The farm, the work, the money, the effort, the struggle... all that formed part of a solid identity, or so I believed. I felt like someone who was advancing, someone who bet strongly on life, someone who could handle everything.

And then came the fall.

Not a poetic or spiritual fall.

A material, concrete, brutal fall: losses, ruin, collapse of what I had delivered years of life, energy, dreams, and pride to. When that happens, it's not just a project that falls: the image one had of oneself falls.

There something very important happens that almost no one explains to us:

suffering doesn't come only from what is lost outside, but from what crumbles inside. The personal narrative breaks. The story we told ourselves about who we were breaks.

And when that breaks, we are left naked.

It's at that point where many people harden, become bitter, fill with cynicism or rage. Others anesthetize themselves. Others look for culprits. Others close themselves forever. And, in some cases—not by merit, but by pure inner commotion—a crack opens.

Not an illumination. A crack.

Through that crack begins to filter a question that didn't exist before with true force:

"If I'm no longer everything I believed myself to be... then, who am I?"

The collapse of the persona is not yet a spiritual awakening. It's something prior, more uncomfortable, more confusing: it's an identity crisis. The ground stops being firm. What gave security before no longer does. What motivated before is no longer enough. And a strange sensation appears: that of being lost without being completely lost, of walking without a map.

Many people try to rebuild the same persona, a bit more patched up. Others try to manufacture a new one as soon as possible. Few stay for a time in that void, listening to what moves there.

In my case, that fall was the first real break of the old self. Not because I suddenly became wise, but because I could no longer continue being the same without something inside rebelling.

With time I understood something essential:

before any profound transformation, the persona we believed ourselves to be almost always collapses.

And that collapse is not a punishment. It's a door.

Not toward the spiritual yet, but toward something more basic: the truth of oneself without disguises.

BLOCK II - THE OPENING AND THE SELF

CHAPTER 2 - THE DEBACLE

At the moment I realize that the project has definitively collapsed, a series of perceptual changes occur in me that, as is logical, should be considered a consequence of the above, product of emotional shock, brain stress, etc.

I, however, who was the one who lived it, don't deny the above, but neither do I rule out the coincidence or simultaneity of both things in a not directly causal form.

The fact is that I develop a new different perception, expanded and integrated into another broader reality than I had ever perceived until then.

My mental perception doesn't seem to limit itself to my thoughts and my world, but there's like a possibility of expansion beyond the realm of my self, that is, of my exclusive, closed, armored, and protected thought.

This obviously becomes terribly difficult to manage for that SELF that, until now, protected behind the wall of its individuality, of its marvelous individuality, could like an absolute emperor, qualify, judge, order, and resolve things in its own way and by its Free Will.

Pandora's Box had been opened, the Veil had been torn, the Guardian of the Threshold had been defeated, and now every man for himself!

I would like to be able to relate in more detail what I lived and felt at that stage, but it's all so subjective and subtle that it will be very difficult for me.

I remember that, having permanently turned on an additional motor, a window that didn't close to something that wasn't there before. A thinking, intelligent, present but not necessarily communicating something.

It happened during the day, but was magnified at night, and of course that amplitude created wakefulness, no sleeping at night, one had to take advantage of them to feel, think, and live my amplified internal world.

During the day that amplitude I noticed modified my auditory capacity, sounds were more distant and I heard everything lower.

I would pass in front of someone's house and somehow perceived their state of mind, if their knee hurt I experienced that pain in my knee.

The experience of all this was terribly disconcerting and I can say it generated real and authentic fear.

I remember one night when I was returning alone to the farm driving the Wagoneer and felt extreme vulnerability. Upon leaving the paved road one entered, for several kilometers, a tortuous and difficult dirt road, full of potholes and holes, crossing streams and all of course without any illumination. The area was dangerous and I always went well armed.

Returning to that particular night, the feeling of extreme fear I felt was like panic, without being able to relate it to anything specific, paralyzing panic, in that state it wasn't possible to consciously drive a vehicle in that place. The driving was perfect, impeccable, I duly arrived at the farm, my hands and feet took me, but who drove? To this day I don't know.

Why and for what did all that happen that night? Was it a test? I haven't been a fearful or timid person ever, why did I have to experience that sensation of panic so extreme and unjustified? Did I have things to learn? Did the mettle have to be tested?

Or perhaps it will be so I can tell it all to you now. An Uncle Ra tale.

For several months my life gradually regularized and, surely I was managing to better handle that new perception I now had,

perception that is no longer lost, one doesn't return to surpassed and conquered paradigms.

As the intensity of the novelty regularized, a new stage began for me. I had understood that things, reality, were not as for 42 years I had believed and that there was much more to know and learn. I devoted myself to a stage of searching for knowledge and information.

It was a time of buying and reading books. Several hundred of them.

I remember the first time I entered a bookstore of philosophical and esoteric topics, it was one afternoon at the Philosophical Bookstore that was on Mexico Avenue in Caracas. I began to walk the aisles looking and looking at books, but dizzy without knowing what to choose.

Suddenly I looked up and recognized someone I had seen a couple of days before on a television program: Rubén Cedeño, writer and philosopher, successor of Conny Méndez and who has been fundamental in the development of Metaphysics.

I explained my confusion to Rubén and he had advice for me, he told me don't worry or strain yourself, go through the aisles and let your spirit guide and help you, if you feel like stopping somewhere you do it, if you feel like grabbing a book, you grab it and buy it, and read it. That will be the one that suits you at that moment.

One of the best pieces of advice I've been given in my life. At that moment I understood it as a tool for buying books... today, an essential tool for living life.

Said and done, that afternoon I left the bookstore with my first two esoteric books under my arm: "At the Feet of the Master" by Krishnamurti, and "The Masters and The Path" by Charles Leadbeater.

Good and highly recommendable books, dear reader.

INTERLUDE 2 - ON FEAR WHEN PERCEPTION OPENS

There's a moment in certain transformation processes where something opens inside. It doesn't necessarily happen with lights, or with ecstasy, or with sublime sensations. Many times it happens like a crack happens in a wall: silently, unexpectedly, and with a clear consequence: the structure is no longer the same.

In my case, that opening came accompanied by something I didn't expect at all: fear. Not a concrete fear, not fear of something identifiable, but a deep, primal fear, almost without object. A fear that seemed to have no cause and, for that very reason, was even more unsettling.

For a long time they've made us believe that everything spiritual is light, calm, joy, expansion, love. And yes, those states exist. But they don't always appear first. Sometimes, before them, something very different appears: a sensation of unprotectedness, of extreme vulnerability, of being exposed to an inner territory for which we still don't have maps.

When perception suddenly expands, we're not always prepared. Our nervous system, our beliefs, our identity, our entire body continue functioning with the old parameters. It's as if suddenly too much information entered a device that isn't yet calibrated to receive it.

And the body reacts.

It reacts with alarm.

It reacts with tension.

It reacts with fear.

Not because we're in spiritual danger, but because we're in danger of internal disorganization. Fear, in that sense, is not an enemy of the process. It's its biological guardian. It's the signal telling us: "Something

is too fast, something is too intense, something needs to be integrated more carefully."

The problem appears when we don't understand that language.

Then we interpret fear as attack, as external threat, as dark presence, as punishment, as spiritual danger, when in reality many times it's simply the body saying: "Go slower." "You don't yet have structure for this." "You need ground before continuing to fly."

In those moments one can feel alone even surrounded by people. One can feel they no longer fully belong to the world of before, but neither do they know how to inhabit the new world. A kind of inner no man's land appears. And that's where many processes break, become confused, or radicalize.

Some people force themselves to keep going without integrating anything, seeking increasingly intense experiences to cover the fear. Others retreat terrified and close themselves forever. Others remain floating in a dangerous mix of fascination and panic.

Over the years I understood something very simple and very important:

Not all fear is retreat.

Sometimes fear is the correct rhythm trying to impose itself.

It's not always necessary to keep pushing the door. Sometimes it's necessary to sit, breathe, return to the body, return to routine, return to common life, and allow the expanded perception to gradually find its place within a more human, more stable structure.

True expansion doesn't occur when more things are seen.

It occurs when one manages to live better with what is seen.

And that takes time.

BLOCK III - CONTACT AND ITS INTERPRETATION

CHAPTER 3 - CHANNELING AND CONTACT

Among the multiple and novel topics that arise for me in that stage of reading and searching for new knowledge, there is one that attracts my attention insistently and singularly and that, even today I consider fundamental for having a good and solid conception of spiritual reality, is **"channeling"**.

I seek information and books on this topic, but at that time there wasn't much or adequate. It's always spoken of within a magical, spiritualist, dangerous, forbidden, evil context. Something murky to be avoided by authentic seekers of spiritual development.

I therefore want to dedicate space here to try to tear down those myths and taboos that really seek to close authentic and fundamental paths to seekers of truth.

Channeling is a tool, a basic and fundamental tool for communication between dimensions or different realms of reality, and to allow communication and information exchange. Like all tools that are neither good nor bad, everything depends on how they're used. A hammer is useful for building a house, but can be a weapon that harms a living being.

In my experience and understanding, channeling is a possibility we all have, that exists, it's so, to be able through some part of our consciousness to access a realm where other consciousnesses also have access and achieve communication.

It's through it that automatic writing is achieved, intuition works, the pendulum, telepathy, and any type of non-verbal communication with other realities.

For its correct functioning it requires understanding, respect, adaptation, critical attitude, and never forgetting our "Free Will,"

that is, our power to analyze and accept or not, any information transmitted to us. Having no fear or terrors and opening our mind to its functioning.

This is an extensive and complex topic that could fill many books, and this is not our purpose now; however, as I have practiced the use of the pendulum, as we will see in the next chapter, I want to take the opportunity to eliminate some myths about its use.

Many pendulum practitioners, out of real ignorance or to increase the mystery for their clientele, have spread that the pendulum moves alone, magically or influenced by telluric, hidden forces, that only they can summon.

No, dear reader, the pendulum moves because the practitioner moves it through their slight, imperceptible muscular movements, which are dictated by their brain, yes, unconsciously and according to information that their consciousness captures from other realms or dimensions.

Anyone who is able to make their conscious mind inhibit itself and remain neutral in that process will be able to channel with the pendulum. And whoever says pendulum says any other realm of channeling or mental communication.

I wanted to highlight here the importance of channeling in all its aspects or forms, as the operational foundation of our possibilities of contact or interaction with also spiritual realms; as well as the fact that all of us, humans, can exercise it if we develop the correct attitude, practice, and self-control.

When I say spiritual realms I mean they participate in said realm, although they may also belong to a realm of materiality like us humans or other species races of beings inhabitants of other stars, yes the so-called extraterrestrials. It's that common spiritual link that allows communication in person or at a distance.

INTERLUDE 3 - ON THE TEMPTATION OF LITERALISM

When one lives an experience that overflows the habitual, the normal, the known, a very human need appears almost immediately: to understand what has happened. To name it. To explain it. To give it form. To convert it into something that can be thought, told, ordered.

That's natural. The mind needs maps.

The problem isn't that. The real risk appears when, instead of using those maps as provisional orientations, we confuse them with the territory itself. When we believe that the first explanation we give ourselves—or that we receive—is the definitive explanation.

That is literalism.

Literalism doesn't consist only of "believing too much." It consists of closing the experience within a rigid form, converting what was lived into a system, into a closed narrative, into a structure that can no longer be questioned without feeling everything collapses.

When that occurs, the experience stops being alive. It fossilizes.

In intense processes of inner search, literalism usually appears in very diverse garb: messages taken literally, symbols converted into objective descriptions, intuitions transformed into absolute truths, subjective experiences elevated to universal laws. And the ego—which never disappears completely—finds there a fertile field to grow with the appearance of spirituality, fanaticism, radicalization, religiosity.

Because, let's not deceive ourselves:

feeling like the bearer of a special truth,

of a unique mission,

of reserved knowledge,

is profoundly seductive for identity.

It gives meaning. It gives direction. It gives importance.

But it can also enclose.

With time I understood something that wasn't clear to me then:

An experience can be profoundly true without its literal interpretation being so.

What is lived impacts, transforms, opens, mobilizes. What is interpreted is an attempt—always limited—by the mind to give form to that which overflows it. Confusing both things is one of the most frequent traps on these paths.

Literalism, moreover, generates a silent but dangerous consequence: the loss of inner flexibility. When one believes they already "know what's happening," they stop listening. When one believes they already "have the key," they stop doubting. And when they stop doubting, they stop growing.

True understanding, on the other hand, doesn't close. It opens.

It doesn't harden. It becomes more porous.

It doesn't shout certainties. It inhabits broader questions.

None of this invalidates the experiences. On the contrary: it rescues them from becoming private dogmas. It returns them to their deepest function, which is not to explain the cosmos, but to transform the human being who traverses them.

Today I know that many things can be read on more than one level at once:

as emotional experience,

as symbol,

as projection,

as intuition,

as language of the unconscious,

as mystery without fixed form.

And it's not necessary to choose just one. The important thing is not to be right, but to continue being capable of learning.

The danger isn't in believing.

The danger is in believing that it's no longer necessary to keep looking.

BLOCK IV - MISSION, MEANING, AND SPIRITUAL EGO

CHAPTER 4 - THE PENDULUM, THE MESSAGES

I'm going to refer now to one of the most beautiful and interesting experiences of my life.

I received a total of 112 messages, from some intelligent realm, through channeling sessions using the pendulum, over a span of 4 years.

Those messages I later presented as a book I titled "Pearls from My Guides" and which you can also get in digital format on Amazon.

It seems unnecessary to extend more on this event since I consider it very clear and well documented in the book, so I refer you to it.

INTERLUDE 4 - ON THE DESIRE TO BE CHOSEN

There's a point in many inner processes—and this was no exception—where a very particular sensation appears, difficult to recognize without feeling a bit uncomfortable: the desire to be chosen. It doesn't always present itself with clear words, or with explicit thoughts. Sometimes it disguises itself as gratitude, as wonder, as surrender, as mission, as vocation. But, deep down, it touches a very ancient fiber of the human being: that of feeling special.

Being chosen means many things at the same time. It means feeling that one matters, that their life has a greater meaning, that they're not a lost point in chaos, that there's a purpose that justifies the pain, the effort, the difference. Deep down, it also means feeling seen.

And that is profoundly human.

When someone goes through a fall, an identity crisis, a rupture with their previous world—as had already occurred in my case—that desire can intensify. Because when the old persona breaks, when the old supports are lost, when what gave value before no longer serves, a silent question appears:

"And now what am I?"

In that fragile terrain, the idea of being called, of being taken into account by something that transcends one's own smallness, acts as a powerful balm. It returns a sensation of dignity. It reconstructs an axis. It puts the heart vertical again.

The problem isn't in that desire. The problem appears when it's not recognized as desire.

Because then it can mix with the spiritual in a very subtle way: one begins to confuse the depth of the experience with the importance of one's

own person. One begins to feel that they haven't only lived something intense, but that they are someone special for having lived it.

And there a very fine trap is born:

not a gross arrogance,

but a silent arrogance, wrapped in meaning, mission, and surrender.

With time I understood something that today seems obvious to me, but that wasn't at all then:

The experience can be extraordinary

without that making whoever lives it someone extraordinary.

What's truly transformative is not feeling chosen, but learning not to need it. Learning to keep going even when there are no longer promises, or voices, or calls, or missions that feed identity. Learning to live without the applause of the invisible.

The desire to be chosen is an understandable stage of the path. But it cannot be its destination. Because, if it's not transcended, it ends up converting the spiritual search into a search for self-importance.

And then something twists.

Over the years I understood that what truly matures a human being is not feeling special, but discovering that it's not necessary to be so in order to live with meaning. That the value of a life is not in its exception, but in its capacity to love, to sustain, to understand, to care, to respond for its acts.

No one needs to be chosen to be profoundly human.

And perhaps that's one of the most difficult learnings to integrate.

BLOCK V - THE EXTREMES OF CONSCIOUSNESS

CHAPTER 5 - HEAVEN AND HELL

Perhaps the title of this chapter seems funny, absurd, or disparate to you, but I have known both, heaven and hell.

I was resting one afternoon, lying down, immersed in my thoughts (I don't remember which ones), and I noticed a sudden change of consciousness that was progressively increasing in intensity and somehow I found myself (only my consciousness, of course) in a completely new state for me, a state of consciousness absolutely isolated, with a sensation of emptiness, of loneliness, of anguish and of abandonment whose intensity is impossible to transmit to you. It was total abandonment and maximum suffering for that fundamental basic lack without which life, consciousness had no meaning. I think this is the best I can attempt to transmit it to you. Enclosed, there was no possibility of leaving a "realm" to call it somehow, in which the sensation of being incomplete created extreme suffering.

After a while in which I could experience the depth of that state or sensation, I also felt that things were changing.

Little by little a well-being, balance, joy, and "normality" began to penetrate me that, by contrast with what was experienced before, gained importance, value, and necessity, and that before, without what happened before, I would never have been able to understand.

The "voice" came to me, thought transmission, or whatever you want to call it, which explained to me that what I had experienced is the lack of DIVINE LOVE, that normally we don't notice its existence, something that forms an essential and permanent part of our consciousness and we take it for granted, somehow.

The SUPREME BEING, our CREATOR, loves us from our creation and that LOVE forms an essential part of our

consciousness and is what allows us to undertake life and the evolution to which we are destined. If it's withdrawn from us, what I felt happens, chaos, the end, total desperation. The total destruction of the meaning of life.

If that which I had experienced is what we commonly call Hell.

Religions and spiritual teachings have collected this concept and have tried to adjust or mold it to the capacity of understanding of their faithful. Perhaps this new vision makes more sense to us.

Having seen and understood what HELL is, and how if we can fall into that state if for some reason we make ourselves deserving of it, we must understand that, on the other hand, HEAVEN also exists.

And HEAVEN is the most marvelous, extraordinary, and sublime thing that can be experienced. That said, I will try to communicate and describe the indescribable to you in the next chapter that we will dedicate to it.

INTERLUDE 5 - ON EXTREME STATES OF CONSCIOUSNESS

When experiences like those of Heaven and Hell are narrated, it's almost inevitable that the reader—and also whoever lives them—tends to understand them as places, as objective territories that are accessed or from which one returns. That reading is understandable: our mind is accustomed to thinking in terms of spaces, borders, up and down, inside and outside.

But with the passage of time I came to understand something very different and much deeper:

I hadn't traveled to places.

I had traversed states of consciousness.

And that difference changes everything.

A state of consciousness is not a place one goes to, but a way in which reality is perceived, felt, and lived from within. It's not "outside." It's occurring in the very structure of experience. It's as if, suddenly, life looked at itself from a totally new angle.

In extreme states, what changes is not so much what there is, but how what there is is lived. Intensity multiplies. Meaning amplifies. Emotions are no longer simple emotions: they're tides. Fear is not just fear: it's abyss. Peace is not just tranquility: it's ocean. Love is not just affection: it's totality.

That's why these experiences impact so much. Because they don't add information: they restructure meaning.

When one traverses a state of consciousness that could be called "infernal," it's not about punishments or external condemnations. It's about a total experience of fragmentation, of loss of center, of dissolution of meaning, of radical loneliness. Everything seems separated, hostile, without direction. There's no ground. There's no shelter. There's only resistance.

And when a state that could be called "celestial" is traversed, the inverse occurs: everything seems unified, full, protected, full of meaning. Separation vanishes. Life is experienced as a coherent whole. There's no struggle. There's no effort. Everything seems to be in its place.

Both states are real insofar as they are lived. But they are not ultimate truths. They are temporary configurations of consciousness. They pass. They move. They transform.

The danger appears when one converts them into fixed categories:

I was in Heaven,

I was in Hell,

I know what this is like.

In reality, the only thing one knows with certainty is that human consciousness is capable of inhabiting unimaginable extremes, and that those extremes speak much more about our inner processes than about the architecture of the universe.

Over the years I learned something essential:

Heaven and Hell are not destinations.

They are Teachers.

One teaches what occurs when life is resisted to the limit.

The other teaches what occurs when life is accepted to the depths.

But neither can become a permanent home.

The real work is not to reach elevated states or flee from the dark ones. The real work is to learn to live with consciousness in the intermediate territory, which is where daily existence takes place. Where there are good days and twisted days. Where there is love, but also fatigue. Where there is meaning, but also questions.

That's where, finally, one matures.

BLOCK VI - ECSTASY, FAITH, AND RESPONSIBILITY

CHAPTER 6 - FAITH AND ECSTASY

I must begin by confessing that I have never been a person of Faith.

Give me knowledge. Facts, information, logic, and analysis. If things hold up with that structure, well then very well I'll believe it, I'll support it and I'll follow it, but faith...! just because, believing just like that, because someone says so, because it's written somewhere. No, that's not me. I have to touch, feel, palpate, reason, understand, and then yes.

The experience I'm going to relate to you now took place one afternoon in my house in Caracas, I don't remember the year, but it was a long time ago.

It was getting dark and I was resting in my room, a day like any other, and I remember I got up and approached the large window we had in the room from which there was a marvelous view toward the Ávila hill.

Being there I felt a new special sensation that had manifested in me.

At first confused I tried to understand and suddenly I understood and said to myself, Ramon this is Faith. You're feeling and experiencing Faith. Faith not to something concrete, specific, but a feeling of security of recognition of incontestable reality that I had not known before.

That sensation or state remained and I went and lay down on the bed, and there abruptly I felt another new sensation. It penetrated me, filled me, and took possession of me the most marvelous and profound sensation of something that can only have one name: LOVE.

It was 9 at night, marvelous punctuality because that state that overwhelmed me, in which I submerged, uninterruptedly until 6 in the morning of the following day.

Now comes the most difficult part of the account, trying with words to describe and transmit that state to you.

You feel an energy, a force that comes projected, I felt it coming from above on my left side, that penetrates and floods every cell of your being, takes possession of you and causes you the most marvelous sensation of enjoyment, of pleasure, of supreme well-being. Ecstasy.

Difficult to find words to describe something like that.

Suffice it to say that the happiness that floods you provokes crying, crying of joy and emotion. I remained all those hours that the experience lasted with tears in my eyes.

Just as it began, it ended, suddenly. It was like a switch that was turned off. I looked at the clock, 6 o'clock sharp.

Whenever I think of this experience that I have had the privilege of having lived, I remember the experiences that Saint Teresa of Ávila relates in her Mansions. One can only think it was LOVE, pure love, DIVINE LOVE.

I don't want to fail to mention a moment of that experience in which I felt a presence approaching me that said something like: "man of little Faith, you need to see, feel, and touch, do it, Thomas, touch my wounds, the holes in my hands and convince yourself." I deliver it to you without further comment.

In the previous chapter I described to you my experience of "Hell" and in this one my experience of "Heaven," there is no other possibility.

That state of Grace, in which we share without filters or restrictions the LOVE of our SUPREME CREATOR BEING, has to be the greatest possibility of joy and happiness that a human

can feel. If that experience is permanent, eternal, and infinite we will have entered HEAVEN.

That experience was unique and has never been repeated. I must confess that that day, and the three or four subsequent ones, I maintained a very peculiar state of mind, I performed in my current life with apparent normality, but internally I felt a very great detachment toward the vulgar and ordinary things of which this life is made, everything was inconsequential, nothing could compare with the Magnificence and reality of what I had experienced. That sensation gradually yielded and I reintegrated into the reality of this Reality.

INTERLUDE 6 - ON FAITH AFTER DAZZLEMENT

On faith after dazzlement... and on Love that has no form

This interlude cannot be only psychological. Because here something more than an internal process occurred. Here something more happened. Something that, over the years, continues being impossible to fully name without impoverishing it.

After ecstasy, after fire, after expansion, not only silence remained. A presence remained. Not an idea. Not an emotion. Not a belief. A real, living, conscious, loving presence.

It was not something I sought.

It was not something I provoked.

It simply occurred.

And I cannot say what it was. But I can say what it did.

Everything was enveloped in a Love that had no cause, that asked for nothing, that demanded no faith, that claimed no understanding. A Love that didn't need to be defended. A Love that simply was.

There I understood something I had only intuited from afar before:

Faith is not born from the effort to believe. Faith is born when one is traversed by something that cannot be denied.

At that moment the messages, visions, theories, interpretations no longer mattered. All that remained small before a silent, deep certainty, impossible to dispute from within:

There is More.

Not more phenomena.

Not more experiences.

Not more knowledge.

There is More of Being.

More of Love. More of Life than we can name.

And that "More" didn't ask for immediate understanding. It didn't demand to be explained. It only asked one thing: to be lived with humility.

With time I understood that that absolute Love didn't come to give answers. It came to disarm questions. It didn't come to organize the mind. It came to disarm separation. It didn't come to make me special. It came to make me real.

After that, faith could no longer be a belief. It became living memory. Not a mental memory, but an imprint on being. Something that is not lost even if forgotten. Something that doesn't go out even if everything else goes out.

Today I know that that Love was not a prize.

Nor was it an achievement.

It was a gift without conditions. Fruit of mercy: The Divine Mercy of a CREATOR.

The experience demands it, the experience shouts it and imposes it, this is undeniable.

And I also know that that same Love is what, somehow, will continue wanting to express itself in the book that is not yet written. Because some truths are not said all at once. They are revealed through entire life.

Nothing ended here. Here something greater began.

BLOCK VII - CONTINUITY, DEATH, AND MEANING

CHAPTER 7 - REGRESSION AND REINCARNATION

And here we are. We've arrived. I'm going to relate to you my only but most important and fundamental experience around the reality of REINCARNATION.

First I'll give you the account itself, and then, if permitted, I'll make some considerations and share ideas on such a crucial topic.

I imagine most of my readers will know what a regression to past lives is. It's an experience in an "awake" state of consciousness in which we see, relive, or experience previous lives we have already lived.

Many people practice Regression techniques and many have these experiences with certain ease and regularity, others don't. I have only had the one I'm going to tell you about. I don't practice nor have I practiced such techniques and therefore this experience was spontaneous.

One night like so many others, I went to bed to sleep and fell asleep. Somehow, at some point in sleep my consciousness drifts to an altered and hyper-awake state in which the following happens:

I feel myself in the air, flying, moving to some place accompanied by a presence I don't distinguish but I know accompanies and supports me in this process. I don't feel fear or strangeness, I know everything is fine.

We arrive at a place, a hill, on whose upper part I distinguish a rural house and to the right some sheet metal roofs, like garage or roofing for vehicles, around, in different occupations a group of 6 or 7 men and a couple of women in different activities, I focus on one of them, 35/40 years old, with beard, he's the leader of the

group and I know it's me. Suddenly some shots sound and there's uproar and commotion, a group of Palestinians dressed in typical attire and scarves, in the lower part of the hill shoots at us and approaches attacking by the winding road that leads to the dwelling. Each one protects and hides where it's easiest and most accessible.

My immediate reaction is to run inside the dwelling to take refuge, I do it and I position myself in a room at the front of the house, I open a window, grab a rifle and begin to shoot in the direction of the attackers. If I say "I" because I can feel and perceive a duality of my consciousness, on one hand, I am the one who observes from above, but I am also the combatant crouched at the window shooting.

Within brief moments I perceive that the room I'm in begins to fill with dense and acrid smoke, the dwelling has caught fire and breathing becomes impossible, I stand up, retreat to exit through the room door that is toward the back, and as I do so I feel an impact in the center of my chest (without pain) and immediately I am sucked upward, out of my body, by a force, like I imagine that of a giant vacuum would be.

In the surprise and stupor of what's happening to me I open my eyes, yes, I'm in my bed in Caracas, in a state of alert and wakefulness similar to the one I was in my experience with my eyes closed, I've only opened my eyes. My mind fills with questions and there also is that non-visible presence that promptly supplies me with the answers I need to understand what happened.

Here I'll summarize the information I receive. I have just witnessed the death of my last incarnation prior to this life. I was a combatant of the Irgun, an irregular armed group in then British Palestine, today Israel, that fought for Independence and creation of the Jewish State. I'm given the date of the event September 1936 and that my previous name was Mordechai. I'm informed that when I stood up I received a rifle shot from a British sniper who was waiting up in a tree, while they sent the Palestinians to distract

us and culminate the attack when another soldier set fire to the dwelling. It had been a British covert commando operation. Officially I would have died in the accidental and fortuitous fire of the dwelling, during a brief and foolish skirmish with some peasants.

I remain in bed for a long time thinking about all of it as the emotion of the experience quiets and I normalize. The experience has been absolutely real and the impact it has subsequently had on my life has been as well. I saw it, I lived it and I have no doubts whatsoever regarding its reality.

Living an experience like this that demonstrates the reality of reincarnation, for whoever lives it, is profoundly transformative. The certainty of reincarnation and that we live multiple lives corresponds to the certainty of survival after death, the existence of the soul, spirit or monad, whatever you want to call it, and the loss of fear of said death, of physical disappearance, of the void of non-existence and the absurdity of life.

When that happens everything changes color, solidity of purpose is obtained, the meaning and purpose of every vital experience is rescued and a sense of fraternity and solidarity with Creation of which we form part indefinitely is generated.

As anecdotes or coincidences in this regard I'll tell you that I was born with one of those birthmarks on the skin with irregular edges in the center of the chest, similar to what a gunshot could look like. That my Achilles heel has been the respiratory system since my tender childhood, could it be that death in that room where I was choking and suffocating left some type of impregnation in me (?). Chronic rhinitis, pharyngitis, tonsillitis, bronchitis, and as the best example of this my recent severity with double pneumonia.

INTERLUDE 7 - ON MEANING, NOT ON PROOF

When the topic of reincarnation appears, almost immediately a very concrete need arises: to prove it. To demonstrate it. To verify it. To confirm if it's true or not. The mind wants evidence. Thought wants to close the discussion with a definitive yes or no.

But over the years I understood that's not the most important question.

The decisive question is not:

"Does reincarnation exist?"

The truly transformative question is:

"What changes in my way of living if I feel my life has continuity?"

Because one thing is a belief, and quite another is an existential meaning.

When someone feels—beyond proofs—that their life doesn't completely exhaust itself in a single biography, something reorders inside. Time stops being only a race against death. Decisions no longer weigh only for their immediate consequences. A broader notion of responsibility, of process, of learning appears.

Reincarnation, lived thus, doesn't function as theory, but as framework of meaning. It doesn't matter so much if it's "true" in an objective sense. What matters is what type of human being the idea produces that what is lived is not lost, that each gesture leaves a mark, that nothing is completely in vain.

On the contrary, when the topic is lived only from obsession with proof, with confirmation, with spectacular detail, it empties itself of its ethical potency. It becomes curiosity. Discussion. Metaphysical entertainment. And it loses its deepest function, which is to reorder the way one situates oneself before life and death.

With time I understood something that today seems very clear to me:

The great questions were not made to be answered completely,

but to make us live differently.

If someone believes they only live once, they can live in a thousand different ways: with intensity, with fear, with selfishness, with generosity, with enjoyment, with desperation. If someone feels life continues, they can also live in a thousand different ways. There's no automatic equation.

But in both cases, what's decisive is not the belief, but the quality of the response each one gives to their own existence.

In the end, it doesn't matter what the theories are called. It doesn't matter how many lives one has. It doesn't matter how many times one returns. What matters is what is done now with this concrete life: how one loves, how one responds, how pain is assumed, how freedom is exercised, how the living is cared for.

Meaning is not born from what is demonstrated.

It's born from what is embodied and realized.

BLOCK VIII - FAITH, WORD, AND HUMAN SUSTENANCE

CHAPTER 8 - THE PASTOR AND THE PSALM

In this chapter what I'm going to relate to you more than an experience, is an anecdote that had meaning for me and where I received a couple of good pieces of advice, that by sharing them with my readers perhaps more than one will work well for them.

It was one of those moments in life when everything was going wrong. The economic, the work, the personal, the family: in short, one of those moments when what you feel like doing is starting to scream and say enough already!

Stunned and seeking a solution someone mentioned and recommended to me an evangelical religious group, the Pentecostals, and in particular a pastor of theirs, whose name I unfortunately don't remember, who was at their main Temple in the city where I lived.

The Pentecostals according to what I've been informed are a church very close to original Christianity, to so-called Primitive Christianity, and also somehow therefore to Judaism.

I've never been very attached to religious groups, but such was my desperation that I considered the recommendation and went to visit and talk with said person. I told him a bit in broad strokes what was happening to me and he gave me two recommendations.

The first was to pray, and the first thing he told me is that it wasn't necessary to know prayers, that in reality it was even better not to do it that way, but that it was about talking, about communicating with our Creator, about explaining to him in plain language our problems, feelings, joys, needs or sufferings, and asking him for what we wanted. But out loud, with clarity, without reservations or limitations, with respect and with love, and with all the emotion and intensity of feelings that is possible for us. As we would do

with a loving father who could have in hand the solution to our problems.

I remember that afternoon when I went in to see him in the temple there was a group of four or five men praying at the altar and I was impacted by the emotion and faith they emanated, they knelt and prostrated themselves with total surrender when praying. Subsequently I have visited some Jewish synagogue, as well as the Wailing Wall in Jerusalem, and I have also been able to verify the same emotion and surrender of the men swaying like sacred flame when praying. I think that emotion, that surrender, that conviction is what the pastor was referring to.

His other recommendation was that, in those moments of extreme difficulty, when things are marked by negativism and dark and harmful energy, to make use of Psalm 91.

That seems to be a Psalm especially indicated to overcome those negative energies that are harming us, that damage us. He told me that in those difficult moments it's advisable to read it repeatedly, as much as possible and also to have a book of Psalms open on that page somewhere in the home.

Those were his counsels. They've worked well for me. There you have it

INTERLUDE 8 - ON FAITH AS HUMAN RESOURCE

Throughout time I've seen how the word "faith" can awaken very different reactions. For some it's consolation. For others, rejection. For others, distrust. For others, a lifeline. It almost never leaves one indifferent. And perhaps it's because it touches a very deep zone of the human being: the need to lean on something when one's own forces no longer suffice.

Over the years I learned to look at faith from a different place than I had at the beginning. I no longer see it only as a system of beliefs, or as adhesion to a doctrine, or as an intellectual conviction. I see it, above all, as a profoundly human resource.

A resource that appears when fear tightens.

When pain finds no explanation.

When uncertainty overflows.

When death approaches.

When life beats and becomes too big to be sustained only with reason.

In those moments, faith doesn't function as an answer. It functions as inner support. It doesn't explain what occurs, but it allows traversing it. It doesn't eliminate suffering, but it helps not to be crushed by it. It doesn't guarantee happy endings, but it sustains while the end is not yet seen.

I've also understood that faith doesn't always adopt the same form. Sometimes it's religious. Sometimes it's confidence in life, and above all in a CREATOR. Sometimes it's silent surrender. Sometimes it's only the decision not to give up. Sometimes it's an inner whisper that says: "Continue."

And that's enough.

Faith, lived thus, stops being a flag to become an intimate gesture. It's no longer exhibited. It's not defended with words. It's not imposed. It's simply exercised, as breathing is exercised in the middle of fatigue.

I also learned something important:

faith doesn't annul doubt. It coexists with it.

There's an ingenuous faith that needs to be sure of everything. And there's a more mature faith that knows how to walk even with open questions. This second doesn't lean on closed certainties, but on a kind of naked confidence: I don't fully know, but I continue.

And that, in certain stretches of life, is an act of enormous courage.

In the end I understood that faith doesn't serve to explain the mystery. It serves to inhabit it without breaking. It doesn't resolve the enigma of living, but it makes it possible to remain within it with a bit more serenity, with a bit more dignity, with a bit more hope.

Perhaps faith is not believing in something concrete,

but daring to keep walking when the entire path is not seen

BLOCK IX - SYNTHESIS AND END

FINAL CHAPTER

Some ideas and interpretations

I have written this book with urgency and sense that time is scarce and must be taken advantage of. I realized it's obviously a book that only I could write because it was an account of experiences, my experiences and only I could adequately transmit what was felt, what was lived and perhaps my conclusions or thoughts about it. It's not the same to say so-and-so says such-and-such happened to them, as to say **to me** all this happened.

So then, first I'll try to express here my ideas and interpretations before the anomalous experiences lived and that I've narrated to you here.

As I already indicated they were very personal, I feel they were somehow designed and adapted to my own needs, that is to the level of development of my consciousness and to the type of individual I am and to the characteristics of my monad, in other words, it's not something self-generated or realized by me, but it's external, intelligent, and designed. Yes, Superior Intelligence(s) direct(s) our group and in many cases individual development.

What or who are they? I have no answer to that question. The answer I have is that in it there is absolute, pure, and transcendental LOVE, I have felt it.

I think the paraphernalia, fantasy, and complications with which the process of development of an individual's consciousness has been tangled is voluntary to hide the truths of that process and for the benefit of merchants who take advantage of such a juicy vein.

The process is entirely internal of perception of understanding and of that which so much is talked about now: "the Awakening."

Awakening is a process in which individual consciousness manages to perceive the extension of all those false, external beliefs,

knowledge, ideas, prejudices, that have been imposed on us from our birth, in our family, social and academic education and that in an overwhelming way constitute the prison that keeps consciousness captive. That impregnates it and with an immobilizing weight condemns it to a state of inoperativeness.

In "Awakening" consciousness becomes aware of its true essence, of its individuality, of its power, of its extension and of its relationship and co-participation in the reality of existence; in concordance with the Great Universal Consciousness or that is in the whole of Creation.

In the awakening process we are perceiving, understanding, feeling the magnificence of everything, the material, the mathematical relationships and physical forces that, like fine Swiss watchmaking is the substrate of reality.

And then what? What do I know, I don't know.

Now, and to finish this testimony-message, which I hope helps propel you to Infinite Space, I will share what are those conclusions or thoughts that emerge before the reality of facing the near certainty of a disappearance in an almost sudden way, in a matter of hours or few days.

Feeling, touching, living the overwhelming reality that, in a moment, an instant our life has ended is a new experience for anyone who hasn't traversed it before. We all "know" we are mortal. Yes, someday it will be our turn to leave... but we make that so remote, not only is that, but perhaps deep down what we really think is that this only happens to others, maybe we are immortal.

Facing one's own fragility places you, centers you and opens your eyes to the relative importance of things.

The scales of values change, let's take an example in the realm of the material, you have a debt and you owe money and they owe you money. Normally we will put our greatest effort and endeavor

into collecting our debts, it's our money, we want it and need it. If you go... little does it matter what they owe you, you won't have use for it: but what you owe and didn't return that you can never now restore to its legitimate owner is harm, permanent harm and a debt forever. That is, before this new vision it's more important to do good and take care of your fellow beings than of what's your own.

And let's see now what happens in the emotional realm, what's more important the kiss you didn't give to a loved one or the kiss you didn't receive? There, it seems both things are equal and both have maximum importance. Kiss, love and let them kiss you and love you while you're in this realm.

And regarding life itself, in what does our vision of things change? Well a lot because then we vividly understand the importance of life.

It would seem that humans undervalue the things we have, the things we take for granted; they sometimes become routine, known territory and less interesting. When we confront the total, definitive loss of something, then yes we understand. We perceive what's special, what's marvelous, what's unique about a miracle as special and extraordinary as **life**.

It's then that we want to capture the essence of things because we perceive that everything has a depth, a complexity and a meaning that surpasses all capacity we can ever have to apprehend it in all its extension.

Nothing is now trivial, everything is marvelous full of meaning and beauty, yes dear reader we approach total comprehension and therefore the mystical perception of Created things.

And whoever says of Created things, perhaps that also implies an approach to their CREATOR. Infinite consciousness and life.

My tales, for now, are told. Torrox, 03/14/2022 END

FINAL INTERLUDE

Reading of a life (a process that continues)

For many years I lived as if each stage of my life were a world separated from the previous one. One thing was ambition, another the fall, another inner experiences, another fear, another faith, another illness, another the proximity of death. Everything seemed fragmented, as if each episode belonged to a different person.

With time I understood they were not different lives.

It was the same life learning to see itself from different places.

Nothing that occurred was an isolated accident. Nor was it a straight line. It was a movement. A coming and going. An approaching and a distancing. A building and a tearing down. A believing and a doubting. A being dazzled and a learning to walk without intense light.

Today I can see more clearly that everything formed part of the same development process:

not only spiritual,

but profoundly human.

First came identity supported in doing, in achievement, in effort, in projection outward. Then came the break of that identity. Then the opening to the unknown. Then fear. Then fascination. Later the need

for meaning. Then faith. Then doubt again. Later illness. And, with it, a radical rereading of priorities.

Nothing was linear.

Nothing was clean.

Nothing was perfect.

And precisely because of that, everything was real.

For a long time I believed that the value of a life was in its extraordinary moments. Today I understand that the true value is in what remains when the extraordinary passes. In how one lives when there are no longer signals, or messages, or luminous certainties. In how one loves when the body hurts. In how one chooses when death stops being a distant idea.

The real proximity of death reorganizes everything.

Not from fear, but from truth.

Suddenly being right no longer matters so much.

Explaining the mystery no longer matters so much.

Feeling special no longer matters so much.

Something else matters: how the remaining time is lived.

What matters is if one is kinder.

More responsible.

More conscious of their fragility.

More grateful.

More attentive to others' pain.

More honest with oneself.

Today I know that awakening is not seeing other dimensions.

Awakening is learning to inhabit this one with more presence.

It doesn't consist of escaping from the world, but of being more within it. It doesn't consist of denying the body, but of listening to it. It doesn't consist of fleeing from fear, but of traversing it. It doesn't consist of accumulating experiences, but of integrating them.

Nothing I've lived makes me owner of any truth. But everything lived obliges me to one thing: to respond better for my life.

If something remains after all this journey, it's not a doctrine, or an explanation of the universe, or a metaphysical certainty. What remains is a different way of looking:

Looking at one's own history without denying it.

Looking at one's own errors without destroying oneself for them.

Looking at mystery without enclosing it in concepts.

Looking at faith without converting it into a weapon.

Looking at death without converting it into an enemy.

Today I can say, with tranquility, that I continue without knowing many things. But I can also say I no longer need to know them to live with meaning.

Because I no longer seek meaning in what will come after.

I seek it in how I am now.

And this now—fragile, limited, imperfect—is sufficient to continue learning to be human.

Nothing written here closes a path.

It only signals a stretch traveled.

The process doesn't end.

Consciousness doesn't stop.

Life keeps asking.

And I keep walking.

EPILOGUE - THE STONE THROW

This book was not written to teach anything.

It was written to leave record of a trajectory.

A human trajectory.

Imperfect.

Sometimes luminous, sometimes devastating.

Always real.

Nothing narrated here claims to close questions.

Quite the contrary: this path has been, deep down, a silent preparation.

There are experiences that come to break.

Others come to order.

And there are some, very rare, that come to consummate everything in a single word.

That last stretch is not yet written here.

But it exists.

And when it arrives, it will no longer speak of processes, or of searches, or of consciousness.

It will speak only of that for which, unknowingly,
everything else has always been sought...

LOVE.

APPENDIX

The texts that follow correspond to the **Preface and Introduction of the first edition of *Uncle Ra's Tales***.

They have been preserved intact as testimony of the vital moment, interior and of consciousness in which this book was first written. Today they form part of the history of this work, not as conceptual framework of this new edition—which has already been developed in the current Introduction—but as **living document of a prior state of understanding**.

The reader can thus look not only at the narrated facts, but also at the way those facts were understood then.

Both views, yesterday's and today's, form part of the same process.

PREFACE (ORIGINAL EDITION)

On January 26, 2022, I was transferred by ambulance by Málaga's emergency services to Velez-Málaga hospital.

After rapid evaluation at the emergency ward, they diagnosed me with advanced double pneumonia from COVID.

I was promptly and directly sent to ICU (Intensive Care Unit) or also called Intensive Therapy. There I was informed that the diagnosis was very serious, with prognosis of death. They requested my permission to be intubated and hooked up to a respirator, something to which I refused understanding, that it would not improve in any way the probabilities of a dignified survival.

I was 14 days in ICU where I was subjected to all kinds of therapies and some experimental medication, as well as the

exquisite care of the most marvelous team of professionals (angels) that works in said unit. At all times, day or night I had at my side physically, one or two nurses, this additional to the electronic monitoring done to patients in the corresponding Service.

On February 3 I was discharged from ICU and transferred to ward, where I remained until February 7 when I returned to my home cured.

This event is intimately linked to the decision to write this book, and since the book will be of "raw confessions," here goes the first.

That night, at the peak of my gravity, I didn't manage to fall asleep not even one instant, and quite the contrary I felt a high degree of consciousness and capacity for mental communication. I felt I was being treated from some other realm, invisible to us. I felt a solid surface was being applied against the upper part of my chest on multiple occasions, that day and the following ones, and on a couple of opportunities I felt my hands were fitted, like gloves, and I let that presence handle them at its will, in sweeping movements at certain distance over my chest.

It was that night I conceived or received the idea of writing this book, with such precision that even the title itself emerged immediately, something that normally occurs the other way around, after a work has been written.

Having made this clarification I inform you that the purpose of the book is to narrate and collect some intimate anomalous experiences that throughout my life I have lived and experienced, and in doing so establish a reference point for those that readers may have had themselves. All of this in search of knowledge and understanding of a Reality that is always greater and more extensive than that which among us we confess and accept as authentic.

INTRODUCTION (ORIGINAL EDITION)

I consider my life can be divided into two large blocks, the first that goes from my birth, until 1988, in which at 42 years of age I suffer a series of events and experiences in my life that overwhelmingly transform from the root, my perception, my understanding and my consciousness of reality, and launch me irremediably in the acceptance and experience of a new paradigm, and which therefore, initiates another segment of my life from the moment of change or transformation until the present.

I want as much as possible, and I know it's difficult, to try to avoid falling into cliché-type explanations, influenced by concepts that come from religions, philosophies, prejudices, generally accepted concepts, scientific or popular, in the explanation or understanding of the events or experiences I will narrate in this book and that were MY experiences.

I will therefore try to be as neutral, descriptive, and cold as possible, and that each one thus has the opportunity to understand and qualify things... as they can or want.

I know that for many denial will be the easy path that requires no effort, or pain, or acceptance, or awakening, or change, and that they will quickly label my accounts as "tales" or "tall tales." For them I make it easy and hence the title of this book

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

This book is, above all, the testimony of a human process. But no process of this type occurs completely alone, or only from personal will.

I want to express here, with respect, gratitude and real love, my thanks to who has been, and who I recognize as my spiritual teacher, **Djwhal Khul (D.K.),** not from idealization or blind belief, but from a profound love born from the experience of inner accompaniment and an exigent, silent, and sustained guidance throughout time.

This acknowledgment only wants to honor a **true** bond.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Ramala was born at the crossroads of many questions. Throughout his life he has traversed stages of construction, fall, search, expansion, bewilderment, illness, faith, doubt, and recomposition. None of that journey has been linear. Precisely because of that, his work is not born from certainties, but from lived processes.

For years he explored different territories of human experience: work, ambition, loss, identity crisis, openness to the unknown, states of consciousness, spirituality, the body, illness, and the proximity of death. All of this was giving form, with time, to a broader, more humble, and more integrated view of life.

His books do not constitute a system of thought, nor a doctrine, nor a closed teaching. They constitute, rather, the testimony of a real inner development: first the experience in its raw form, then confusion, then the search for meaning, and finally, a more serene and responsible understanding.

He writes not to explain the mystery, but to accompany human processes. Not to offer definitive answers, but to open spaces for reflection, recognition, and consciousness. His work moves at the boundary between the psychological, the existential, and the spiritual, always from a deeply human perspective.

Today he continues writing, living, doubting, being grateful, and learning. His work remains open, as everything that continues living is.



It's curious, this book begins with an introduction (the new one) and ends with another introduction (the previous one)

This book begins with a mature view

and ends remembering from where that view was born.

It starts understanding.

And ends returning to the origin.

Between one and the other a life unfolds:

the experience, the fall, the wonder, the fear, faith, doubt, love, illness, the proximity of death and the slow integration of everything lived.

The reader enters accompanied by today's consciousness,

travels through yesterday's steps,

and exits seeing how the one who today understands looked then.

Nothing remains truly closed here.

This ending is not an arrival point.

It's a return... and, at the same time, a new opening.

Because consciousness doesn't advance in a straight line.

It recognizes itself in different times.

And the journey, like life, continues.