

Dedication

First, this book is dedicated to anyone who has ever been treated like they are less than or don't belong.

Second, I dedicate my efforts to neurodivergents, left field thinkers and potential mold breakers.

Personal dedication to my greatest supporter and mother, Janice Cheryl Ebert R.I.P. 09/01/1955 – 10/29/2022.

Another Personal Dedication to my Father Elias “Lou” Barlas, who has been a great contributor in my development and a constant support in the best ways he can.

I also give love and respect to all other contributors to my life's development, be it family, friend or stranger, you all helped me become what I am today.

If I have forgotten anyone, just know I love you all. Every living being has a home in my heart of mindfulness.

Preface

I was raised by an Americanized Greek-Canadian father and an American mother with predominantly Portuguese and French roots. My family was split across two faiths: my father's side was Greek Orthodox, and my mother's was Catholic. I was baptized Orthodox and attended Greek school on Sundays, but also went to Catechism and made my Catholic confirmation. Religion was always something I was simply told to do. It was my grandparents who mostly took me, though my mother often did as well. My father never really attended church, but would attend for a funeral, wedding, and maybe a baptism.

My childhood was spent in a broken home. My parents divorced when I was about six or seven, and I have no recollection of their marriage ever being happy. My defining memory of that time, is my father always yelling and trying to "control" the situation. Yet, I must acknowledge that he made sure we were fed, clothed, and housed—which is more than many may have. My mother worked equally hard to support us however she could. They were two parents who did their best despite the profound troubles they endured between themselves as a couple and as individuals.

I was always a curious child, but my mind was often pointed in a direction others didn't understand. I was diagnosed with ADHD at an age that now escapes my memory. I was prescribed Ritalin, but by the time I was ten, I had stopped taking it. I don't remember "how" it made me feel but I do remember not liking how it made me feel. I would often make my mother late for work by telling her I couldn't take my pill with her watching, and when she would go to wait for me in the car, I would wash it down the drain.

Later as a teen, I remember telling my mother, "I feel I was made this way for a reason, and I aim to find out why." I grew up as a neurodivergent individual—and a left-handed one at that—trying to fit into a dominantly neurotypical world without a clear understanding of my own differences. It is incredibly hard to learn about yourself, to go through the natural trials and errors of growing up, all while everyone around you is constantly telling you that something is wrong with you simply because you aren't like them.

I had a moral compass for as long as I can remember—a quiet voice that always made me question if what I was doing was right or wrong—but I still made my share of mistakes. Growing up, I was constantly picked on, both by my older brother and by peers, which left me with cripplingly low self-

esteem well into my late teens and early twenties. I was quiet, awkward, and constantly told that I was an idiot and that everything was my fault. I remember crying myself to sleep as a young teen, the echoes of voices screaming in my head, that I was stupid and to blame for everything. I thought about running away at times, but that never worked because my parents would have police out looking for me. I often thought about suicide, (more than half my lifetime actually) but thinking was as far as I could go. I would sit and think about how those actions would affect those around me and it was always the thought of my mother that kept me from ever trying. I loved her enough to choose to suffer in those moments when I felt there was no escape. My mother saved my life numerous times just by listening.

When I was nineteen, I finally broke through what I called the "stupid block." I began teaching myself to work on cars. My father warned me not to touch them, insisting I knew nothing. Anytime I tried to learn something from him and I would ask if I could do it, he would push me aside the moment I didn't do it exactly his way, calling me an idiot and refusing to let me learn. The only thing his methods taught me at that point was to give up when there was something new to learn. But as I grew older, a quiet integrity grew within me. I saw how people exposed their weaknesses when confronted with things they didn't understand, and it pushed me to pursue the things others avoided. I rejected sports and video games because my bullies loved them; I chose to be the weird one as a defense mechanism.

Living with my father through junior high and high school, was a constant battle of wits. We argued endlessly. He had a habit of saying things to embarrass me in public, looking around to gauge people's reactions. It became a competition. I tried to develop a quick wit to cut him back, though my emotions usually got the better of me. I spent most of my teenage years analyzing what was wrong with him, and what was wrong with me. I see now that his own tough upbringing forced him to hide his emotions, and for that, I now feel a deep sense of empathy for him.

Like many young men looking for an outlet, I dabbled in drugs and got into trouble, even spending some time locked up as a juvenile for stealing. To my father, I was a hellion. But beneath the rebellion, I always felt that something was fundamentally wrong with the world. In my darkest places, around the age of thirteen or fourteen, I began researching witchcraft and the occult—seeking power, control, and perhaps a "superpower" in a life where I felt powerless. But really, it was the peace and understanding that my family could not provide that I was seeking.

It was also around this time, at fourteen, that I started taking martial arts and formally learned about meditation. I read a book called *The Seven Steps To Inner Power* by Grandmaster Tae Yun Kim, which

profoundly shifted my perspective. Her book taught me how to visualize in a meditative state. Following that, I began noticing how my thoughts and feelings directly affected my reality. More importantly, I realized that the way I responded—even internally—to the actions or words of others also shaped my reality, but only in the way that I allowed it. [65]

Ironically, being blamed for everything by my father eventually made me realize, that at any time and no matter what, it is my choice to remain in a situation or engage in an argument. But the one thing that was incredibly difficult for me to do—something I am only just now starting to engage in—is not letting what others say affect me. I can choose not to engage with strangers or friends; they come and go. But family is the hardest for me to "turn off."

This realization did not emerge all at once. Long before I could describe it in theoretical language, I was already testing it in lived experience. I would change my behavior, my tone, my effort, and even my willingness to cooperate, watching closely to see whether a different input would produce a different result. One of the clearest realizations came around the age of twelve: whether I did my chores or did not do them, the outcome often felt the same. At that age, the observation was painful and led me toward rebellion, but in retrospect it was also an early confrontation with causality and the limits of control.

What I was doing, though I could not yet name it, was cross-analyzing first-person and third-person observation. From the inside, I was searching for the right adjustment that might change the relational field. From the outside, I was confronting a system that often remained structurally consistent regardless of the variation I introduced. That mismatch forced a deeper realization: not all systems respond to effort in the way we hope they will.

As I got older, the meaning of being told that everything was my fault changed. At first, it felt like accusation. Later, I recognized another layer of agency within it. I could not control another person's temperament, interpretation, or persistence, but I could still choose whether to remain emotionally fused to the situation, whether to engage the argument, and whether to keep investing my energy into a pattern that was not changing. In that sense, fault gave way to choice, and choice gave way to a more disciplined understanding of agency.

This was one of the major turning points in my development. I began learning how to step back from emotional over-stimulation and rely more heavily on logic when making choices. That shift was not a

denial of emotion, but a reorganization of participation. In the terms of this paper, it was an early practical lesson in the role of the observer: reality is not only something interpreted, but something we remain connected to, reinforce, or gradually disengage from through what we invest in and cultivate.

For years, I have been pushing to be understood, hoping they would stop looking at me like there is something wrong with me. But I've found that few people really want to hear what I'm talking about or what I'm truly interested in. Society often dictates that you need formal schooling to learn things, and not many people like to think deeply or analyze themselves. Yet, deep thinking and self-analysis are all I do. It is easier to be led, than it is to walk alone.

Throughout my life, I was constantly told to "pick one thing" and stick to it. Because of my neurodivergence, I jumped from interest to interest, which was often criticized. Yet, looking back, all those struggles and shifting passions are exactly what allowed me to see how everything in existence connects. Since I was told to pick one thing, I finally did: I picked looking for how everything connects as one, in hopes of helping others see the same. Hopefully this would influence people to treat each other better, and if not, at least I tried by sharing my own journey.

Just after high school, I began to notice profound patterns connecting the spiritual and the physical worlds. I realized that just as Christianity has the Holy Trinity, an atom is composed of a trio of particles. Electricity relies on positive, negative, and neutral charges, as does mathematics, and a triangle stands as the strongest structural shape with only three points. This was when I first started noticing the archetypal numbers—at least the number three, for the time being. Later came the number seven, which I related to the six days of creation and the seventh day of rest in Christianity, as well as the neutral seven on the pH scale. Then came thirteen, mirrored in Jesus and his twelve disciples and the 13 lunar cycles. But that was just the beginning.

In my early twenties, my curiosity evolved into a profound spiritual quest that has led me to where I am today. It has not been an easy road; I have experienced severe mental and spiritual breaks—going "crazy" three times, most recently at the end of 2018, and I found my own way back. But the conclusion of all this suffering and seeking is what I wish to share with you now.

I have spoken to countless people, stepped far outside my comfort zone, and compared experiences across different walks of life. Ultimately, it is all the same to me. I see the underlying similarities in everything. It pains me deeply to see humanity fighting purely over differences in perspective. The world is so heavily invested in differences—which only create separation—rather than similarities,

which create connection. It is a simple choice, but you can only make it if you are able to see it. But that which you seek, is what ye shall find.

Take a moment to observe nature. Look at how plants and animals operate in an ongoing cycle of regeneration. One existence directly aids in the creation of another. We breathe the oxygen that plants exhale, and they breathe the carbon dioxide we exhale. Our existence is self-regenerating and could continue for eternity, if only we stopped destroying ourselves. Nature is the ultimate model of the truth we all seek; it was there, functioning in perfect balance, long before man ever formed the idea of religion or God.

Note on Methodology and Attribution

This framework represents my original observations and theoretical development. The methodology employed was notably unconventional: I first arrived at these observations and conceptual insights through independent contemplation and pattern recognition—specifically regarding the archetypical numbers of 3, 7, and 13—and subsequently sought supporting documentation from existing academic sources.

The supporting academic references cited in this work were discovered after my initial observations were formulated; they were not studied beforehand and did not inform the original theoretical development. Rather, my observations and ideas were shared with AI research assistance, with the specific request to conduct deep research to identify existing scientific documentation that resonates with and supports these independently derived observations—and I discovered much more than I could have imagined.

This approach—observation first, corroboration second—reflects my commitment to presenting an authentic theoretical contribution while acknowledging where established science has independently arrived at complementary conclusions. The references serve to demonstrate that the patterns identified in this framework are not without precedent in academic literature, even though they were discovered through a different epistemological path. You can see in the preface, that my personal development serves as a good display of reason behind my actions. I would much rather walk alone to see for myself, rather than hinder my own learning curve, by following someone else who is subjected to the same vulnerabilities as I.

My first question that really lead me down this path was: “Where did the first scientist, philosopher, or mathematician learn, if there were no books just waiting to be found?”

Epigraph

"I am a spiritual nomad, as I belong to the nature of the existing conscious itself."

"Never do I root myself in any one perspective. Rather, I root myself in the entanglement of all functionally expressive perspectives."

"My aim, is not to prove or disprove any practiced form of defining our 'living' existence. I only aim to prove that they all connect as one at the core."

-Neutron-