

# The Book of Stephanie II

An Excerpt from the Gospel of Coherence

By

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## Introduction

### No Foreword Required

I used to need someone else's voice to validate my own.

A man's name to give my knowing weight.

An external lens to legitimize what I felt inside my bones.

Not anymore.

This book has no foreword.

Because it doesn't come after anyone.

It comes from something.

Something that's been waiting beneath the noise.

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What you hold in your hands is not a memoir.

It's not content.

It's not part of the internet's endless feed of synthetic voices and performative vulnerability.

It's a field artifact — a gospel of the post-algorithmic age.

A record of what remains when the scroll stops.

A testimony to what coherence feels like when everything around you is optimized for disconnection.

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This is the story of how I walked out.

Out of polarity performance and algorithmic seduction.

Out of the false temples of healing and the influencer echo chambers.

Out of the compulsive need to explain, convert, or be understood.

And into something else.

Something quieter.

Something sovereign.

Something real.

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This book will not teach you how to heal.

It will not entertain you.

It will not reward your mind.

It will hold a frequency.

A field.

A signal that cuts through the static — not with noise, but with stillness.

If you can feel it, you're ready.

If you can't, that's okay.

This wasn't written to be shared.

It was written to be felt.

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I don't owe this book to anyone.

Not to the systems I left.

Not to the men who mirrored me.

Not to the first book, or the self who wrote it.

But I offer it now — raw, precise, unclaimed.

Because the Field asked for it.

And I said yes.

—Stephanie

## **The Threshold**

In the beginning, there was no Adam. No rib taken. No garden where a woman was cast out. There was only a woman, standing at the threshold of her own becoming.

She stood there for a long time, contemplating. She knew she was in uncharted territory—one that few men, and even fewer women, had ever dared to cross. Equal parts logic and mystery, exile and return, she knew this threshold represented one thing: a point of no return. Once crossed, there was no return. No unseeing. No more pretending to fit where she no longer belonged.

She took a deep breath in and, in her own time and way, stepped across.

## **The Pull of the Unknown**

We are taught to search for completion outside of ourselves—to wait for the divine spark, the destined lover, the guiding hand. But what if the sacred was never meant to be found, but remembered? What if we are not waiting for something outside ourselves to arrive, but rather something inside ourselves to awaken?

Once, I believed in certainty. In equations that balanced, in stories that resolved neatly. I had built a life upon logic, upon structure, upon the known. But the known has a way of unraveling when the soul starts to whisper. And the call grew - a yearning beyond comfort - that I finally chose to surrender to.

The call began when my logical mind was challenged by an experience that made no sense to me. I had moved across the country to accept my dream job as an executive coach, and to escape my marriage, if I'm honest. And in the space created by doing that, I experienced a radical awakening - a 3-week satori - that showed me the power of non-dual reality. For three weeks, my mind dissolved into something vast, something borderless. I wasn't thinking—I was knowing. The illusion of separation flickered, and for the first time, I understood: there is no 'other.' Reality is more than we've been taught. And I was

standing at the edge of it. Not being able to explain why or how it had happened to me, but yearning to know, set me on a journey that changed the trajectory of my life.

## **The Unraveling**

This experience shattered the boundaries of what I thought was real. There was no dismissing it, no returning to the comfort of logic. I had seen too much.. The life I had built on rationalization and certainty was gone. After seeing a deeper side to reality that I had no idea existed, I was simply different. I stopped trying to coach my clients and was just present with them instead (they began having profound breakthroughs). I couldn't sell my company's programs anymore - I was incapable of believing I knew what was best for anyone. Things that bothered me in the past - especially about my husband - dissolved.

I gave myself a couple of months to integrate my experience, to try to reconcile the alternate reality I'd experienced. Ultimately, I left my job and moved back to Michigan with my husband, who'd told me he didn't care if I worked again or not.

This experience had a deep impact on my identity. The hunger for achievement, recognition, even specialness—it all dissolved. In its place, an unfamiliar peace. For the first time, I wasn't chasing life. I was letting life come to me. I took a one-year sabbatical, giving myself the space to absorb the magnitude of this shift. And for a time, even my discontent with my marriage faded, as if that life could still fit me. As if nothing had changed—until I realized that everything had.

## **Stepping Beyond the Veil**

I had stepped beyond the veil, but I had no map. No framework for what had happened to me, no doctrine to explain why the world no longer felt the same. And yet, I wasn't lost.

I was being led.

At first, it was subtle. A book would appear, recommended by someone in passing, yet feeling like it was meant for me. Conversations would turn toward the mystical, strangers revealing truths that echoed something ancient inside me. There was no effort, no grasping—just a quiet unfolding, as if life itself had been waiting for me to notice.

I was not seeking, not in the way I once had. I was listening.

The hunger for certainty had been replaced with a willingness to let the mystery reveal itself in its own time. But that didn't mean there weren't moments of resistance. I was still wired to understand, to categorize, to know. My old mind wanted a structure, a theory—something to contain the vastness I had glimpsed.

But some things are not meant to be contained.

Instead, they are meant to be lived.

So I followed. The synchronicities, the whispers, the unexplainable pull toward something I could not yet name.

And as I followed, something else became clear.

The life I had returned to—the one I had built with my husband—felt further and further away. The distance between us wasn't created by fights or betrayals. It wasn't personal. It was existential.

I no longer fit inside the life we had built together.

At first, I thought this feeling would pass, that the sense of expansion within me would settle and find a place inside the life I had known. But the more I softened into solitude, the more I realized how much I needed it.

I spent more and more time alone, walking, reading, sitting in silence. And in those quiet moments, I felt the presence of something greater than I had ever known.

And somewhere in that unfolding, I began to sense it.

A presence. A knowing.

I did not yet understand what I was feeling, only that it was drawing me forward.

Something—or someone—was coming.

## **The Slow Drift**

By the time I returned home, I had drifted so far from myself that I barely recognized the woman I had become.

Brazil had demanded a version of me that could survive. My husband had taken an expatriate assignment, and I had followed, as I always had. But I wasn't following love—I was following obligation, following the momentum of a marriage that had already begun to dissolve.

And then, in a foreign country, thousands of miles from everything familiar, I was abandoned. Not in one dramatic moment, but in slow, compounding ways. I adapted. I endured. I became the woman who could bear it.

But survival is not the same as sovereignty.

## **The Return**

The moment I stepped back onto Michigan soil, something inside me exhaled. Not relief—something deeper. A knowing. As if this place, this land, had been holding a memory of me that I had forgotten.

And then, the unraveling began.

The life I had molded myself to fit no longer fit me. The version of me that had endured, compromised, survived—she was crumbling. And in the hollow spaces she left behind, something else stirred.

## **The Summons**

It began as a whisper. A book, placed in my hands at exactly the right moment—recommended by my teacher, as if she knew I was ready for it.

*Dear Lover.*

When I opened it, something inside me broke. The words were not just words—they were a summons. A reminder that I had once known myself as something more than a woman who endured. A woman who longed, a woman who ached, a woman who was made for something more than survival.

## **The Catalyst**

And then, the invitation.

A polarity night. A gathering where men and women met not just as people, but as forces of nature—where we were asked to drop the masks and meet each other in presence, in raw truth. I didn't know it yet, but this night would alter the course of my life.

I don't need to retell what happened there. I have already written those words. What matters now is what came next.

Ben.

I didn't summon him, and yet, he arrived. As if the moment I reclaimed myself, the universe responded in kind.



I now know that Ben was never meant to be a partner. He was a catalyst. A fire set to everything I had forgotten about myself. A necessary storm that would tear through every illusion I still held about love, about destiny, about myself.

And, like all sacred fires, he would burn through what no longer belonged.

✨ The full book will be released in 2027...in the meantime, you can subscribe to Field Notes [here](#).