

The Cry for Truth

I did not begin this journey to write a book. I began it because I could no longer pretend.

Something was missing. Not just in the world-but in me.

Every answer I had been given felt like a veil. Every teaching, a dim echo.

And so I stopped pretending I understood. I stopped defending what no longer resonated.

I sat in the silence. I walked into the ache. I listened.

And slowly, the rhythm began to return.

This book is not a doctrine-it is a remembering.

A sacred unfolding. A singularity of spirit.

If you hear it-feel it. If you feel it-follow it.

The cry for truth is not just yours.

It is ours.