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*****NEWSTICKER*****

**TRANSFORMATION
IS NOW !**



TRANSFORMATION

NOW!

Invitation

Imagine standing at a threshold.
Behind you: the known, the familiar.
Ahead: Vastness. Light. Space. Sea.

This door is not an exit.
It's an invitation.
An open space between worlds – between what was and what is possible.

You don't need to bring anything but yourself.
You don't need to decide anything except to keep moving forward.

Sometimes transformation begins quietly.
Sometimes it happens with a deep breath.
Sometimes, simply because you are walking through a door –
and realize it had been open all along.

This book is like that door.
It leads you inward, into inner spaces. Into images, stories, thoughts.
It accompanies with you through light and shadow, through doubt and clarity,
through frequencies and forms.

And it gently reminds you:
You have a choice. Always.

Come in.
The door is open.
And the horizon is already waiting for you.



Spirals and Flow

Loop & Level-up

Swing Wide

Spirals and Flow



Between Doorways and Transformation

An Invitation to See, to Feel, to Remember

You're holding a special kind of art book in your hands. It's a space. A space between the visible and the felt. Between structure and intuition. Between your inner world and something greater than you.

With each image, each story, each line, a new door opens – within you.

The paintings in this series, Spirituality in Painting, aren't final answers. They're signposts. Signals. Vibrations. They invite you to remember, to explore – and maybe: to choose again.

The first part of the book guides you through feeling. On the left, you'll find a story – short, poetic, as if from another world. On the right, the image that belongs with it. Not an explanation, but a space for resonance. Take your time, if you'd like. Or just skim. Everything is welcome.

In the second part, we go deeper. You'll find reflections on the artwork – interpretations, thoughts on composition, layers of symbolism, and the creative impulses behind each piece. This, too, is part of the journey – from feeling to understanding.

Along the way, you'll discover a story – Between Frequencies – that weaves all the images together. Maybe you'll see yourself in it. Maybe you'll remember.

Towards the end, there's a brief dive into the science – what it says about transformation.

And finally: a glimpse of me as the author. Not as the center, but as part of the movement.

This book isn't a destination. It's a beginning.

Transformation is now. And the door is open.

The Sender

Lian sat on the roof of an old parking garage, gazing out over the city rooftops. Her mind was buzzing – full of impressions, news, opinions, emotions. It felt like someone had turned on every channel at once and forgotten how to turn the volume down.

A stranger sat down beside her. Barefoot, gray hoodie, eyes like calm lakes. Just like that. No sound. No greeting. In his hand: a small, shiny remote with a golden dial.

"You know you can choose, right?" he said, sliding it over to her.

Lian raised an eyebrow. "What is this supposed to be?"

"A frequency tuner. Doesn't need batteries. Runs on awareness."

She smirked. "Funny."

"Seriously," he said. "You get to choose what you tune into. Every moment. Every signal, every event – you can receive it on a low, neutral, or high frequency. It's up to you."

Lian looked out at the city. Cars, people, lights. And she felt it – there really was a choice. Between drama or calm. Distrust or curiosity. Fear or love.

She imagined what it would be like to choose her frequency on purpose – not reacting on autopilot, but pausing first.

"And what if I don't choose?" she asked.

"Then someone else chooses for you. Or you just become an echo of other signals."

Lian picked up the dial. Slowly, she turned it up.

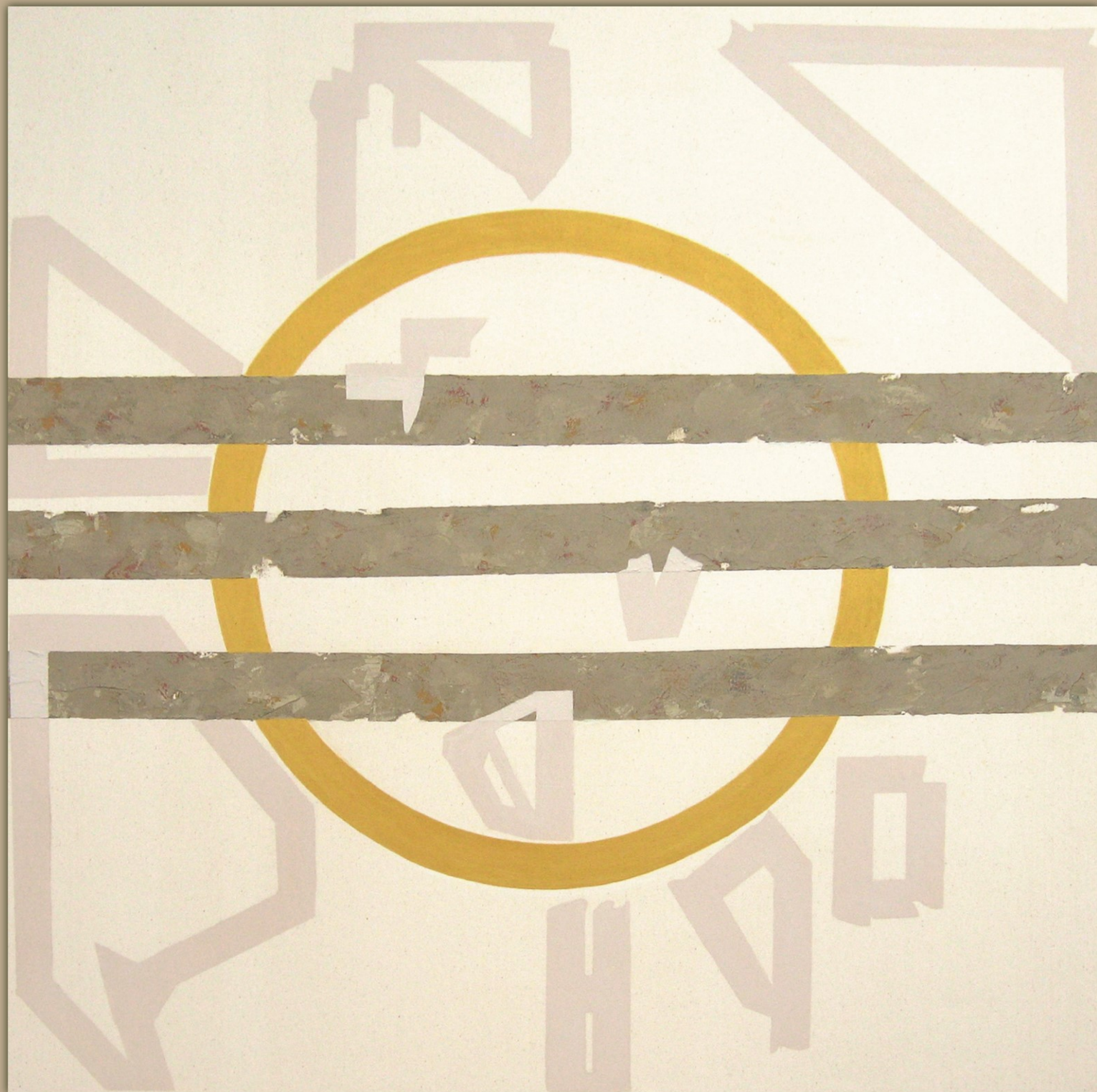
Clarity. Warmth. Presence.

She felt something inside her beginning to align.

From now on, she would choose. Not always perfectly. But consciously.

Because awareness isn't a fixed state.

It's a choice – made again and again, every single day.



The Sevenfold Web

Kaya was tired. Not physically, but deep inside. Everything felt tangled – too many options, too many voices in her head, too many unlived thoughts. So she went outside. Just outside. No destination, no phone, no music in her ears.

The forest welcomed her like an old friend. Quiet, alive, present. Somewhere between the trees, right where the light shimmered and the air tasted differently, she saw it: a spiderweb – but not just any web.

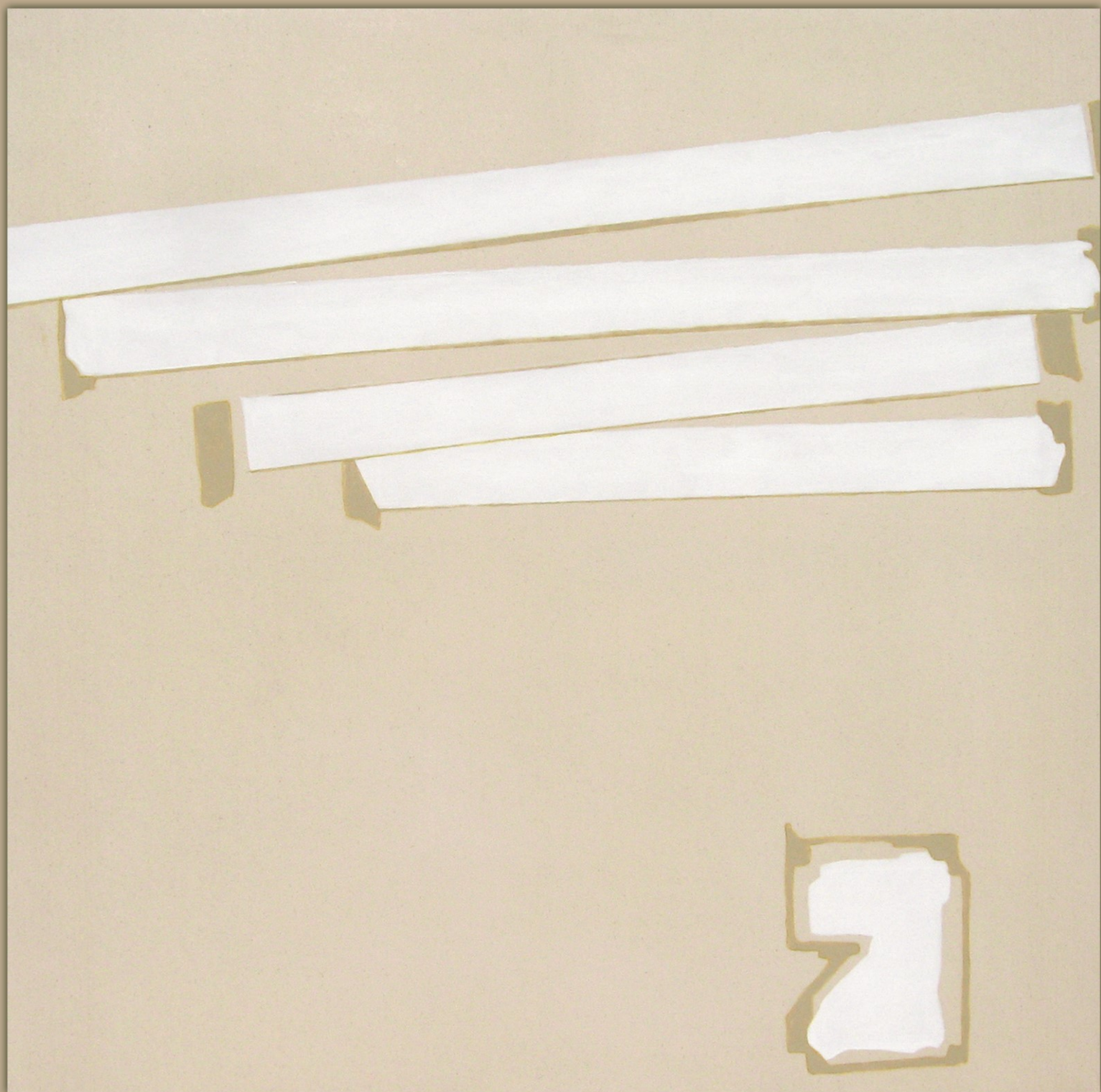
Seven threads, strung like a hologram between two gnarled branches. Each thread vibrated differently. One was still as stone, one buzzed with energy, one carried a sadness, one felt sharp like a thought on the verge of breakthrough.

Kaya stepped closer, captivated. When she touched one of the threads, an image flashed through her – a memory, a feeling, a long-forgotten belief. Each thread was a part of her. A pattern, a part, a phase. The Sevenfold Web – her inner archive.

And then she realized: this web wasn't trapping her. It was showing her how she had woven herself. Every decision, every impulse, every hesitation – a point of connection. The threads weren't fixed. They moved, stretched, shifted.

She stepped back, took a deep breath – and smiled.

Because she understood:
You don't have to break out of the web.
You can reweave it.



The Conference of the Porcelain Cups

Once upon a time, there was a cupboard. Not just any cupboard, but one filled with porcelain cups. And every single cup was unique – some with golden rims, some cracked, some wildly patterned, others plain and quiet.

Once a year, the cups gathered for the “Great Conference of Connection.” There, they shared stories about their cracks, their favorite saucers, and how well (or not so well) they got along with the other cups.

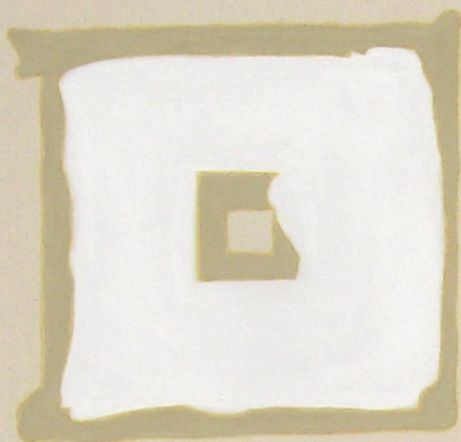
This year, emotions were running high. One cup felt totally “off her coaster.” Another had grown distant from her favorite milk jug. And the old espresso cup kept going on about how everything used to be more solid “back then when one could still come home from the department store with a decent set.”

Then, a small, bright blue cup with fine hairline cracks spoke up: “I’ve realized my cracks aren’t weaknesses. They just show where I’ve moved, where I’ve grown. And you know what? The clay inside me is stronger than ever.”

A hush fell over the cupboard. Some cups turned slightly, others gave a soft, ringing clink.

“Maybe,” said the proud sugar bowl, “we need to stop fearing the cracks. Maybe they’re just the whispers of change.”

And so they sat together – a little quirky, a little chipped – but somehow connected. Not perfect, but real. And each one knew: Your core stays intact, even when the set around you keeps shifting.



The Soul's Sneakers

It was on a Tuesday when Ava suddenly felt like her soul was wearing shoes that were too tight. Technically, everything was fine. Job? Check. Apartment? Solid. Friends? Present. And yet—something pinched, squeezed, tugged. Like wearing jeans you can only get into lying down.

“Maybe I just need a vacation,” she mumbled. But the next morning, there they were — sitting right in front of her bed: a pair of sneakers. White, simple—made of light. And from within them, a soft voice whispered: “Put us on.”

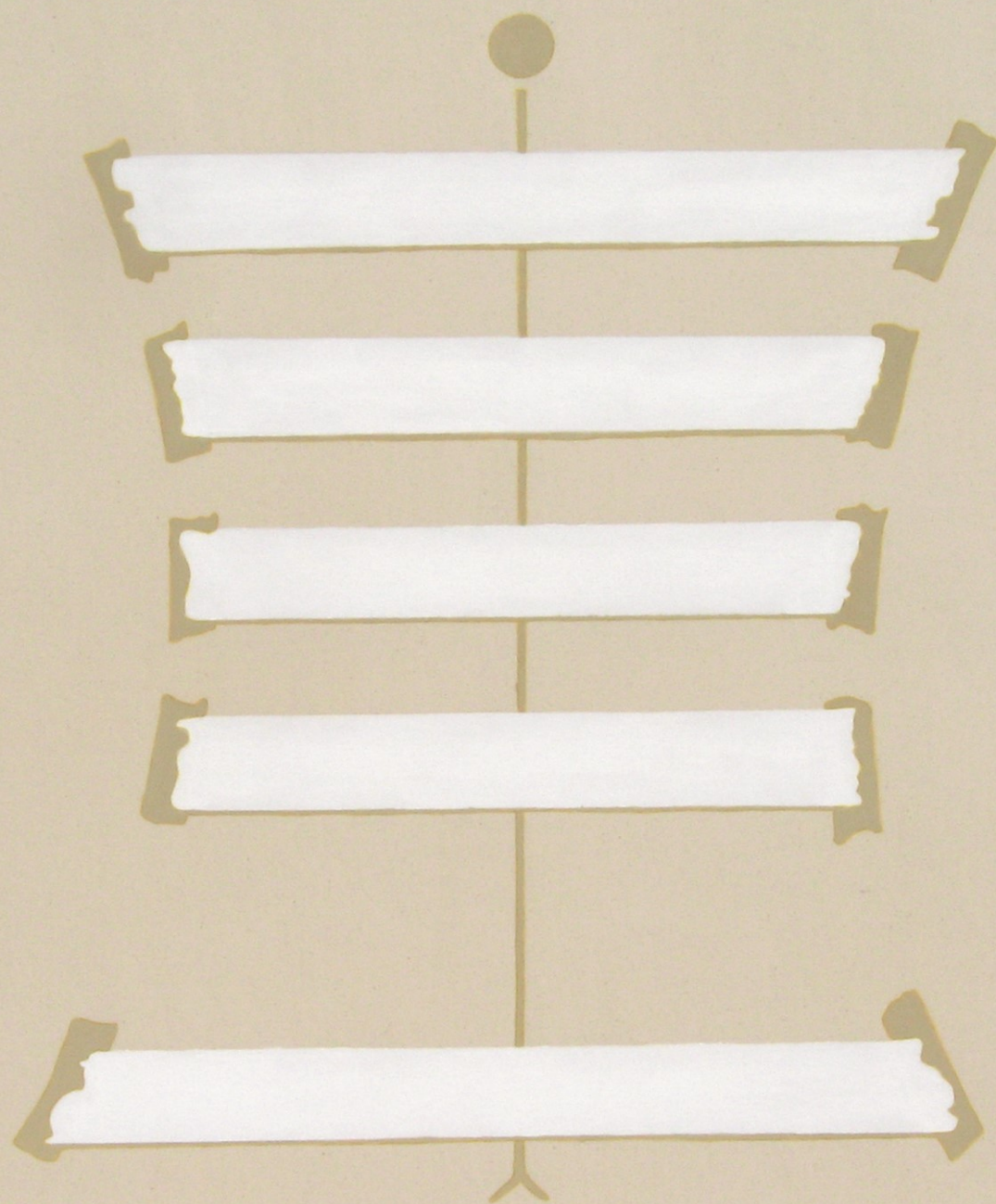
Normally, she would’ve brushed it off as a weird dream. But the sneakers fit perfectly. She laced them up—and suddenly, there was space. Inside her. Room. Wideness. Like she was stretching inward, in all directions at once.

The world didn’t change. But the way she moved through it did. Open. Curious. Alive. Her thoughts were expanding. Her voice had a new tone. She started saying “Why not?” instead of “That won’t work.”

The more she dared, the more space she experienced in herself. It was like her soul could finally breathe. And one day, she got it: Expansion doesn’t start out there — it starts within. It’s that moment when you stop shrinking to fit into someone else’s space.

Some days, it felt unfamiliar—like sore muscles on the inside. Stretching takes courage. And sometimes, it takes rest. But every time she paused, she could feel it: Her inner horizon had stretched farther than she ever thought it could.

And so she kept walking. Step by step. Not chasing a destination, but simply enjoying how far she’d grown — beyond what she thought she was, into a version of herself she’d only ever barely imagined. She kept wearing the soul’s sneakers. Invisible. And still — full of light.



Mrs. Crumbs and the Consciousness Buffet

Mrs. Crumbs was content. She had perfected her daily routine: tea at 7, the news at 8, balcony plants at 9. Her world was well-organized—like a filing cabinet with tidy little labels. “Consciousness?” she mumbled one morning, hearing the word on the radio. “I’m sure I filed that somewhere.”

But something was different that day. Maybe it was the second spoonful of honey in her tea. Or the mischievous sunbeam sneaking through the curtain. Whatever it was, she suddenly felt like there was more space in her head. Not like decluttering—more like an unexpected room expansion. Pop! A new door.

Curious, Mrs. Crumbs peeked through — and found herself in a vast, glowing space. Thoughts were dancing. Ideas were sparkling. Emotions were floating by like soap bubbles. In the corner stood a buffet. “All You Can Grow,” the sign read. It smelled like curiosity, courage, and just a hint of cinnamon.

She tried a bite of Trust, a spoonful of Unexpected Possibilities, and then a whole plate of I’m-More-Than-I-Thought-I-Was. Her eyes widened. Her posture straightened. Her inner Wi-Fi jumped to full bars. “Expansion deluxe!” she cried out, laughing at herself. The words tasted like freedom.

From that day on, something new showed up every morning on Mrs. Crumbs’s inner menu. Sometimes a thought she never used to allow. Sometimes a feeling she suddenly could. And sometimes — just silence. But with plenty of space inside it.

Her plants noticed the extra-joyful watering. And the neighbor? He spotted Mrs. Crumbs dancing to jazz in the stairwell.

She was still Mrs. Crumbs. But more lively. Wider. Brighter.

And every now and then, you could hear her giggle and whisper: “Consciousness. It’s like a buffet. And I am so hungry.”