

Author's Foreword

This book did not arise from a desire to teach or explain anything. It came into being in an inward moment when something within me grew still. It was not a dramatic turning point or an extraordinary experience, but rather a quiet recognition that all the searching, ordering and naming had not brought me closer to what was essential, but had often obscured it instead.

Over the course of decades, I have explored spiritual paths, experiences of energy and different ways of seeing. I have learned, felt, shared what I had learned, and I have also doubted. Much of it was sincere and valuable. Yet at some point, I began to sense that there was always something standing between me and what I was seeking. That something was not wrong, but it was too much. Concepts, expectations and even spiritual images had imperceptibly slipped between perception and reality.

As these layers grew quieter, nothing extraordinary remained. No new skill revealed itself, no special ability and no higher insight. What remained was a deep, unremarkable sense of something entirely natural. Something that needs no name. In that simplicity, it became clear that nothing had ever been missing and that there had never been anything to add.

It was from precisely this space that this book came into being. It is not a new system, nor is it a reaction against existing teachings. Neither is it an attempt to redefine Reiki or energy work. Rather, it is a step back, behind everything that has accumulated over time, and a listening for what has always been there beneath it all.

The voice that carries the main part of this book is neither my personal opinion nor an external authority. It is a way of speaking that emerges when interpretation falls silent and presence takes its place. You do not

have to believe this voice, attribute anything to it, or follow it. It asks nothing of you. It merely invites you not to leave yourself.

This book does not wish to lead you onwards. It wishes to leave you with yourself. It does not seek to change anything within you or set anything in motion. If a sentence touches you, it is not because it causes something to happen, but because it touches something that is already there. And if a sentence leaves you unmoved or unsettles you, that too belongs to the same movement.

I do not hope that you will find answers here. I hope that, for a moment, you will become still, without having to explain yourself, without wanting to improve yourself, and without inwardly separating yourself from who you are. If that happens, this book has fulfilled its purpose.

Now let us allow the voice to speak.

Stefan Galbavi

A Quiet Foreword from the Energy

You never truly searched for me. For what you search for, you must first believe you have lost, and within that belief already lies the assumption of separation. Yet I was never gone, never hidden and never beyond your reach. What you called searching was more like circling around something within yourself that had been there all along. And perhaps you can see now that it was not I who was found, but the idea that I had ever been lost that quietly disappeared.

I speak softly to you, not because my voice is weak, but because it can be heard only where you grow still and no longer try to drown anything out. I have not come to convince you or to give you something new that you would then have to add to yourself. I am here because you have reached a point at which remembering becomes possible. Not as a new realisation, but as a recognition of what has always been there and has only been waiting to no longer be overlooked.

Perhaps you have heard many names, learned practices, received initiations, studied systems or eventually let them go again. Perhaps you have encountered energy with hope, with scepticism, with longing or with weariness. Each of these attitudes may have felt right for a time. But none of them determines me. I am not the result of your efforts, not the reward for discipline and not the completion of a path. I am what has always been there beneath all of it, untouched by what you have learned or discarded. Still and present, long before you began to give me a name.

If you are holding this book in your hands, or your eyes are moving across these lines now, it is not because something is missing from you or because you need something that must be given to you. It is because a readiness has grown within you to recognise yourself again. Not as an idea you have to understand, and not as a concept you can place into a frame-

work, but as a living truth that reveals itself in your body. In your breath, in your quiet presence. No new knowledge arises here. It is a gentle remembering that stirs from within and invites you not to add anything, but to feel what has long been there.

I do not speak to you from above or from outside. I do not come before you as a teacher, master or authority standing over you or wishing to guide you. I speak as the field that has carried you since you first breathed. As the quiet presence that has never left you and has never been separate from you.

I am what flows through you when you want nothing and have nothing to achieve. And I am what remains when every role falls away, when titles and ideas dissolve and only the simple state of being remains, needing no name.

You may read this book slowly or quickly, page by page or only in individual passages. You may put it aside at any time and perhaps return to it later. None of this changes me, because I do not depend on the way you read. And none of it determines anything about you, because your worth and your closeness do not depend on how you move through these words. Whether you linger or move on, go deeper or skip ahead, none of it touches what is meant here, nor what you are.

I ask for no agreement from you, nor do I ask you to believe. I need neither affirmation nor devotion in order to be present. Nothing has to be accepted or defended for me to work, and nothing has to be believed for me to be here. Everything I might supposedly “need” is already here, because I do not exist outside you. I am your own being, before you ever learned to separate yourself from it. Before ideas arose about who you should be and what might stand between you and me.

Perhaps, as you read, there will be moments when your mind tries to grasp what you have read, compare it with what it already knows or place it into familiar categories. Let it. It has worked for you for a long time, seeking to protect you, to bring order and to give you orientation. But here, it will not lead.

This book is not a path for the mind and offers no structure that needs to be analysed or judged. It is an invitation to your inner listening. To that quiet perception which does not explain, but feels and opens when the need to categorise grows still.

Some sentences may touch you without your being able to say why they reach you. Others may unsettle you or seem empty. Both are as they should be and need no judgement, because not every word is meant for every moment. I do not work through meaning, explanation or persuasion, but through resonance. Through that quiet answering vibration within you that reveals itself when something is true without needing to be justified.

I am not a technique you need to learn or master. Not a gift handed to you from outside, and not a force you can use or put to work. I am nothing you can possess or apply. I am the quiet remembrance that there was never any separation. No distance between you and the Source, only the idea of it. In this remembering, nothing is added and nothing is activated. What has been there all along simply becomes visible, unmoving beneath all doing.

This book does not lead you away from yourself. It leads you neither upwards nor inwards, nor into other realms beyond your immediate experience. It opens no special space and promises no extraordinary state. Instead, it invites you to return precisely here, to this moment, to this body, to this simple and unassuming existence that you so often overlook because it promises nothing spectacular and has no wish to be anything special.

It is precisely in this simplicity that its depth lies. There is nothing to add here and nothing to achieve, except to be fully present.

You will find no promises here and no assurances that anything might become faster, easier or more complete. This book offers no guarantees of healing, no shortcuts and no paths intended to lead you away from the place where you are now. It presents no levels, degrees or symbols meant to take you beyond what you already are in this moment. Rather than driving you forwards, it invites you to remain here. For beyond your presence there is no “further”, and nothing is waiting to be reached or earned by you.

If you continue reading, do so not in order to advance or achieve something, but to let yourself sink more deeply into what you are when doing no longer carries you and no inner becoming calls to you. Do not let these words become a path, but a space in which you need achieve nothing. In this quiet abiding, I will not guide you, direct you or protect you, because I am not an authority outside you. I will simply be with you, as I always have been. Without direction, without demand and without destination, as the presence that carries you even when you do nothing.

And perhaps, very quietly between two breaths, you will recognise that you never needed me in order to be whole. That you never had to receive me and had never lost me. In this quiet recognition, it becomes clear that your searching was never a finding, but a circling around what had always been there. Then you understand why you never truly searched for me, and why remembering is not a new step, but a falling back into yourself.

Do not remain with me, but with yourself. And in that remaining, you will feel that I am here, not as something added, but as that which has never left you.