



THE GUT FEELING GUIDE:

THE HIDDEN WISDOM OF
INTUITIONS AND COINCIDENCES

JAY GHEE

New age / New humanity

to Georges M Jaumain

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Summary:

This guide explores the mysterious, often misunderstood terrain of gut feelings—those spontaneous insights, inner nudges, and uncanny coincidences that defy rational analysis. Blending personal stories, psychological insight, spiritual wisdom, and cultural perspectives, the

book reveals how to distinguish genuine intuition from fear-based impulses or ego-driven desires.

At its core, *The Gut Feeling Guide* is not just about recognizing intuition but about cultivating the inner silence necessary to hear it. Drawing from ancient traditions (Taoist stillness, Zen spontaneity, and Advaita's witnessing awareness) as well as modern psychology and neuroscience, the book illuminates how the mind's chatter often drowns out subtle yet profound signals from deeper consciousness.

Key Themes:

1. What Is Intuition?

The book defines intuition not as magic or superstition, but as a form of embodied intelligence — an integration of subconscious processing, emotional resonance, and inner attunement. True intuition emerges from clarity, presence, and inner quiet.

2. Coincidence vs. Meaningful Synchronicity:

Through real-life accounts and philosophical reflection, the guide differentiates between random coincidences and synchronicities — those rare moments when outer events align with inner states in a way that feels deeply significant. Rather than projecting meaning, the reader learns to listen for when meaning arises naturally.

3. The Voice of Ego vs. the Voice of Intuition:

A central thread in the book is learning to detect the difference between intuition and ego. The ego speaks in urgency, fear, or desire; intuition whispers in clarity, stillness, and often simplicity. The book offers contemplative practices to help readers unmask inner noise.

4. Practices to Cultivate Inner Knowing:

Drawing on meditation, embodied awareness, and self-inquiry (inspired by teachers like Ramana Maharshi, Krishnamurti, and Lao Tzu), readers are guided toward a deeper intimacy with their own being — the fertile ground where intuition arises spontaneously.

5. Stories from the Field:

Real-life stories — drawn from diverse cultures and global contexts — demonstrate how intuitions and synchronistic events have changed

lives, opened paths, or protected people from harm. These accounts ground the abstract in the personal and the mysterious in the practical.

6. The Dangers of Misinterpreting Intuition:

The guide warns against spiritual bypassing and the seductive tendency to justify decisions by calling them "intuitive." Without self-awareness and grounded discernment, the ego can easily co-opt the language of intuition to avoid responsibility or indulge fantasies.

7. A Philosophy of Living by Inner Truth:

Ultimately, the book proposes a way of life rooted in inner alignment rather than external validation. It's not about relying solely on gut feelings but about integrating intuition with reason, observation, and ethical clarity — a balanced intelligence.

Tone and Style:

Reflective, poetic at times, yet clear and practical. A blend of memoir, philosophical essay, and inner guidebook. It honours both the mystical and the grounded — inviting the reader into a more intuitive, present, and meaningful life.

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Introduction

The Threads of the Invisible

There are days when the hands of the world seem to align with those of our heart. Days when we think of someone, and that very person calls. When we open a book at random, and the words on the page answer a question we didn't even know how to ask. We call that a 'coincidence'. A simple word, almost light. But sometimes, these repeated chances take on a more unsettling form. As if reality were whispering in our ear, as if the universe — or something within it — were playing at weaving together the invisible threads of our existence.

It is in those moments that doubt is born. What if nothing were truly accidental? What if the most trivial events concealed a larger logic, a secret harmony to which we rarely have access? Jung called this *synchronicity*: the meeting of an outer event and an inner state, so full of personal meaning that it escapes the ordinary laws of causality.

And yet, the boundary is thin between miracle and illusion, between the world's magic and the human need to weave meaning. It is there, in that uncertain space, that this story begins.

From as early as I can remember, I've been fascinated by what most people call intuitions, coincidences and transmission of thoughts—those strange, inexplicable alignments of events that whisper of something deeper at work. I was thirteen, playing outside with my siblings on a warm afternoon, when I suddenly declared, without knowing why: "*Uncle Jules is coming to visit now!*" A few minutes later, the iron gate creaked open. It was him. No phone call, no warning. Just presence.

Moments like these followed me throughout my life, like quiet echoes of a language I hadn't yet learned. I eventually stopped counting them. Life moved on, filled with the noise of responsibilities, goals, identities. But the mystery never left me.

Years later, I sat at my desk in Johannesburg when a strong impulse surged through me: *Call Phil. Now.* I reached for the phone—and at that very moment, the receptionist's voice crackled through: "*Mr. Phil is on the line for you.*" *Mr Phil was one of my important clients in Congo. These events may have been linked to transmission of thoughts rather than coincidences.*

With time, I noticed something disheartening: this sensitivity, this openness seemed to fade. Perhaps the accumulation of memories and

routine dulls the mind's delicate antennae. Or perhaps we simply forget how to listen.

It was only through my explorations into quantum physics—and later, into bio resonance—that I began to understand what might lie behind these invisible threads of connection. The universe, it seemed, is not a machine, but a living intelligence—subtle, dynamic, and astonishingly creative.

I must confess: I do not write books. They are written through me. When I read them later, I often find myself wondering, *Who wrote this?* There is no memory of the process, only the presence of something larger that moved through the pen.

For years, I gave little thought to marketing my books, to selling or sharing these works. Creativity itself was the reward. But some months ago, the thought emerged: *Perhaps these books could help someone.*

And then, I let it go.

A few weeks later, a young woman knocked at my door. Pale, weak, struggling to breathe. She thought she was dying. I tested her with bio-resonance and found a severe case of COVID. I treated her immediately then each day with ivermectin, essential oils, and energy therapy. One week later, she was completely healed.

And here comes the extraordinary: she turned out to be a specialist in book marketing. She had just bought a house—barely a hundred meters from mine.

Coincidence?

I no longer believe in coincidences in the conventional sense. I believe in a creative intelligence that constantly seeks to guide us, to offer its gifts through discreet and silent intuitions. But most of us are too distracted by the noise of the ego—our fears, our ambitions, our desires, our need to control, our search for distractions.

What follows is not just a novel. It is a transmission—a weaving of moments and insights that passed through me. I didn't plan them. I didn't invent them. I lived them—or was chosen by them.

And perhaps, by reading them, you will begin to remember the silent language the world once spoke to you. All the coincidences and intuitions that I experienced are not a privilege. We are all blessed by the same

Source but some are attentive and other let life demands pollute their mind and block the creative perceptions.

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I - FIRE FROM WITHIN

On the Superiority of Passion over Ambition

There is a kind of fire that burns silently within the soul, needing no applause to blaze, no recognition to endure. It is the fire of passion—self-contained, self-igniting, a quiet luminosity that warms the heart and guides the hand without promise of reward. And then there is another flame, brighter on the outside, ravenous for fuel, flickering only in the presence of wind and witnesses. That is ambition. It may dazzle, it may climb, but it does not sustain.

To live a life of passion is to move in harmony with one's innermost truth. It is to follow a thread that is not spun by public opinion, nor measured by trophies or title. Passion seeks no podium; it is its own justification. The painter who wakes before dawn to greet the blank canvas, the gardener who kneels joyfully in the dirt for hours, the teacher who stays after class for one curious student, the writer who gets out of bed at 2 am to put a few thoughts on paper—these are not ambitious lives by common standards. Yet they are luminous, brimming with an interior music that cannot be orchestrated from outside.

Ambition, on the other hand, is a ladder that never ends. It whispers always of elsewhere: the next rung, the next prize, the next applause. Its fuel is comparison; its rhythm is urgency. Where passion cultivates presence, ambition breeds dissatisfaction, for no matter how high one climbs, there is always a higher peak to long for. The ambitious man lives not in the moment but in the mirage ahead. He is rich in goals, poor in peace.

A passionate life may not always be visible. It may unfold in kitchens, in notebooks, in solitary walks through unknown woods. It may not buy applause, but it bestows contentment. Passion is the soul's vocation; it does not ask *What can I win?* but *What can I love?*

To live passionately is to befriend time, not chase it. To savour, not consume. Passion deepens; ambition accelerates. And while ambition may win races, only passion writes poetry.

In the end, what endures? The legacy of the ambitious may fill footnotes and plaques, but the legacy of the passionate resides in hearts—in the lives quietly changed, the moments truly lived, the beauty created not for gain but for the sheer delight of creation.

Ambition strives; passion flows. One seeks to conquer the world. The other seeks to belong to it.

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There has always been a tension in the human heart between **being** and **becoming**—between the call to live meaningfully and the desire to achieve visibly. In this divide, *passion* and *ambition* stand as two distinct guiding stars. One points inward to purpose; the other outward to power. Though ambition may raise monuments and empires, it is passion that nourishes the soul and touches eternity in quiet, enduring ways.

Ambition, by its nature, is acquisitive. It reaches. It competes. It defines itself by contrast—one must surpass others to feel it fulfilled. Julius Caesar, upon weeping at the statue of Alexander the Great, famously lamented that he had achieved so little by the same age. Such was the aching hunger of ambition: not simply to *do*, but to *outdo*. It fuels greatness, yes—but often at a cost. Caesar's conquests expanded Rome, but they also led to civil war and his own assassination. Ambition may shine in history's spotlight, but it casts long shadows.

By contrast, passion is generative, not competitive. It creates without counting. Consider Vincent van Gogh, who died in obscurity, having sold only a single painting in his lifetime. He was no darling of his era, no figure of worldly success. Yet his passion poured onto canvas with such intensity and honesty that it outlived him a thousand fold. His sunflowers and starry nights are now among the most beloved works of art in human history—not because he sought glory, but because he *couldn't help* but paint what he felt. Passion made his life painful, yes—but also transcendent.

The same might be said of Emily Dickinson, who published few poems while alive, most anonymously. She lived not in literary salons but in the upstairs bedroom of her Amherst home. Yet the raw, compressed intensity of her language, the electric pulse of her inner life, has secured her a place

among the immortals. Had she pursued ambition, she might have found rejection; by following passion, she found eternity.

Ambition tends to be concerned with legacy, with echoing footsteps in marble halls. But history reminds us that not all legacies are measured in monuments. The life of Florence Nightingale was one of ceaseless, exhausting service—her passion for healing led her through war hospitals and sleepless nights, not through polite Victorian society. She did not *seek* greatness, but it came. Her passion reshaped nursing and public health across continents.

Contrast this with Napoleon Bonaparte—brilliant, tireless, unrelentingly ambitious. His name commands awe, but also wariness. He redrew the map of Europe, crowned himself Emperor, and was ultimately exiled, twice, his dreams collapsing under their own hunger for dominion. His ambition may have altered the world, but it also left ruin in its wake. He died murmuring, “France, the army, the head of the army, Joséphine...”—still reaching, even in death.

Passion does not concern itself with outcomes. It is the act of becoming fully alive in the doing, not in the achieving. The Sufi mystic Rumi wrote, *“Let yourself be silently drawn by the strange pull of what you really love. It will not lead you astray.”* Passion is that strange pull. It may not bring wealth, but it brings wholeness.

To live passionately is to live intimately with life. It means listening deeply to one’s inclinations, one’s inner music, rather than the drums of public opinion. It is quieter, perhaps, than ambition—but no less radiant. Where ambition builds thrones, passion builds meaning. Where ambition conquers lands, passion cultivates hearts.

Ambition ends when its object is reached—or lost. Passion never ends, because it has no destination, only direction. It is not a climb, but a current. Not a contest, but a calling.

The world needs ambition, yes—to organize, to construct, to lead. But it desperately needs passion to inspire, to heal, to remind us why we live in the first place.

When the pages of history fade, it is not always the kings and generals we remember. Sometimes, it is the ones who moved quietly through the world with blazing hearts—the ones who followed the work they loved, regardless of reward. They are the true alchemists of time, transmuting ordinary days into something golden.

And so, in the long reckoning of a life, it may be better not to ask, “*What did I achieve?*” but “*What did I love—and how fiercely did I live it?*”

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Passion for Living

To live passionately is not to pursue only what is pleasant, nor to chase peak experiences as if they alone justify our existence. True passion for life is something far more subtle, and far more powerful. It is the willingness to be *fully present* — not only in moments of beauty, love, or triumph, but also in the raw, tender, difficult spaces we often try to escape.

Passion for living means falling in love with *existence itself*, not just its highlights. It is a deep engagement with *each moment* — even when that moment brings sorrow, confusion, or discomfort. It is saying *yes* to the full spectrum of human experience, not just to what flatters the ego or pleases the senses.

Joy and pain are not opposites in this view; they are both invitations to feel, to witness, to participate. When we allow ourselves to be truly present with pain — not resisting, not fleeing — we discover that pain, too, has depth, colour, texture. It is not meaningless. It may break us open, but sometimes that breaking is what allows the light to enter.

Passion for living is not about intensity alone — it’s about *aliveness*. Even a quiet moment, sitting under a tree, watching the wind touch the leaves, can be filled with passion — if we are truly there. Even grief, if honoured, can carry a fierce kind of love. Even boredom, if accepted without resistance, can reveal its own strange music.

To live this way requires courage — the courage to stop editing life, to stop dividing it into good and bad, acceptable and unacceptable. It means we allow life to live through us, as it is, without forcing it to match an image.

In this state, **intuition** flows more clearly. We are no longer filtering reality through constant judgment or control. We begin to *listen* — not just to the outer world, but to the subtle wisdom within. Passion, then, becomes not a pursuit, but a quality of presence. It’s not what we do, but *how* we meet each moment: with openness, with honesty, with a heart unafraid to feel.

And so the pain, too, becomes sacred. Not something we seek, but something we do not run from. It deepens us. It humbles us. It connects us to others. And joy, when it comes, feels even more luminous because we have not demanded it — we have received it as a gift, a grace, a brief spark of the infinite.

This is the passion of simply being alive. Awake. Aware. Willing to live, fully — even when it hurts. Especially then.

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A friend once confided in me a quiet revelation from his youth. “When I was an adolescent,” he said, “I once voiced a simple, almost innocent desire: ‘I would like to have money one day.’ But even then, as those words escaped my lips, another wish arose within me to temper the first: ‘But I also want to be compassionate, wise, and kind-hearted.’”

Years passed, and life unfolded in its silent, mysterious way. Looking back, he realized that both of those wishes had, in time, come to fruition. Not perfectly, perhaps—not without struggle—but unmistakably, they had woven themselves into the fabric of his reality.

“I’ve come to believe,” he told me, “that when our desires are expressed in balance—when they arise not from greed or fear but from an inner alignment with deeper values—they harmonize with some greater, universal law. It’s as if the cosmos listens more attentively when the heart speaks in equilibrium. Had I only asked for wealth, perhaps I would have received it—but I suspect there would have been a price to pay, a toll extracted by life for the imbalance.”

His story struck a quiet chord in me. It seemed to reveal something subtle and enduring: that life is not stingy, nor blind to our longings. On the contrary, it is generous—abundantly so—but its gifts flow most freely to those who have cleared the inner channels through which they must pass. Too often, we are deafened by the clamour of ego, driven by narrow ambitions and hungry illusions. We mistake those urgings for destiny, when in fact they are only static that drowns out the voice of intuition.

To illustrate this, my friend offered me an image—simple, almost childlike, yet rich with meaning.

“Imagine,” he said, “that within each of us is a great house, vast and full of rooms. At some point, the sense of self—the ego—declares itself master of this house. It shuts the doors, bolts the windows, draws the

curtains tight. It becomes the sole inhabitant and ruler, directing every thought, every reaction, every emotion back toward itself. And so, even as the Universe stands outside, its arms full of treasures—insight, beauty, grace, abundance—it finds no entrance. The house is closed.”

That metaphor lingers with me still. It explains, perhaps more clearly than any doctrine or sermon, why some lives unfold in serenity while others seem locked in perpetual conflict. The difference lies not in fate but in openness—in the willingness to receive.

Another voice, the sage Wei Wu Wei, expressed the same truth in a different image: “Life is like a plane circling above, waiting to land so it can deliver its treasures. We call for it, pray for it, despair over its absence. But it never touches down. Why? Because the runway is overgrown. All we need to do is clear the landing strip.”

There is great humility in that image. It reminds us that grace is not something we summon by force, nor seize through cleverness. It arrives when we become ready—when the inner space is clean, uncluttered, and receptive. Only then can life land in us, and through us.



II - The fascination of coincidences

Chapter 1

My youth unfolded like a seesaw—moments of breath-taking joy, followed by painful descents into confusion and hardship. The first twelve years were a dream painted in bold strokes of sunlight and nature. We lived near one of the most beautiful lakes in the world, where freedom was not just an idea but a daily rhythm. School came easily, and each

academic year closed with the reassuring stamp of success. For a time, life felt like paradise.

But duality has its cost. What had been given so freely was, it seemed, taken away with equal force. My adolescence was a descent—a quiet rebellion of the universe against the charmed life of my childhood.

I used to think life was a map, neatly drawn with roads labelled in ink and a clear destination at the end. But maps don't account for war, heartbreak, or chance meetings on a train. They don't account for the way the wind shifts when you least expect it—or for how a door you never saw coming can suddenly swing wide open.

I was born in Eastern Congo, beneath a sun that always seemed too bright to last and I grew up in a region of volcanic soil covered with luxuriant nature and a blessed climate. Never hot nor cold. My father was constantly travelling to visit faraway villages to teach the locals how to grow exquisite vegetables and fruits. My mother was busy nursing my young sisters. They didn't have much time to offer me. My imagination was only slightly limited by strict parenting. I was running free most of the time, inventing games, toys and outdoor activities.

When I was twelve, the winds of war swept us. They called it independence, but to a child, it just felt like being uprooted. I landed in a dark cold seminary college in Belgium far from my family who settled in France. I was a stranger, clinging to an old world I barely knew whilst 1000 km away my family rebuilt in the shadow of exile.

I arrived in Europe disoriented and adrift, stripped of the sun-drenched simplicity I had known. The cold was not just in the air—it seeped into the soul. And in this bleak landscape, my father's strict hand added weight to the burden once he recalled me from the Belgian college. Then every school holiday, my brother and I laboured on his farm. No wages, no thanks. Just long days and aching limbs.

There were other challenges too. At school, I couldn't memorize texts—poems, speeches. My mind refused to cooperate with repetition and mathematics. And yet, when it came to facts, to stories, to things that mattered—I remember everything.

It was during this turbulent time, at fifteen, that I met her. A young French teacher whose presence was brief but unforgettable. Her words were simple, almost casual, but they cracked something open inside me.

*"If you want to succeed in life, read.
If you want to become intelligent, read a lot."*

Those words struck with the force of revelation and were essential to nourish the fields of creativity. They opened a door in my mind. They came at the exact moment without warning, exactly when I needed them. They became my compass when I had no direction, my spark when I felt buried under layers of disappointment.

Looking back now, I realize that her advice didn't just change the way I saw books—it changed the way I saw myself.

Books and Wires

Disappointed by the judgment of the Belgian priests teachers when we came back from Congo, my father made up his mind: I was good for nothing but manual labour. I was sixteen when he enrolled me in a technical school to learn electricity. For him, that was the limit of my future—tools, circuits, wires.

But something else was already alive inside me.

The words of my French teacher still echoed like a knock at a locked door. It was as if her voice had been embedded in my thoughts—uninvited but never unwelcome. A reminder. A dare. More than coincidences.

That year, while my hands fumbled with volts and wires, my mind soared elsewhere. I read over 200 French classics—Balzac, Hugo, Chateaubriand, Maupassant, Gide, Pagnol, Dumas. I devoured them as though I were starving—and I was. Starving for meaning, for connection, for a sense that life could be more than cables and coldness.

The irony is that while I barely passed my electric theories, my academic entrance tests to the “Electricité de France” famous institute for engineers displayed such maturity that I was chosen amongst 400 candidates to enter this engineering college. That would have pleased my father—but I had another plan. Instead of pursuing engineering, I chose to continue with general studies until matriculation. I wanted to understand the world, not just wire it.

Then came my first real academic success: a primary school teaching degree, with marks above 86%. It was a quiet triumph—no applause, no celebration—but for me, it was proof. I was capable. Not only of learning, but of *choosing* what to learn.

Emboldened, I went to my father with a new idea: "I want to study cinema, television, and theatre. In Brussels."

He looked at me like I had lost my mind. His answer came swiftly, without hesitation: "No. I won't pay for that. There's no future in such nonsense."

To him, a future meant security. Government job. Salaries. Stability. It meant a real job with real tools and real results. Art, for him, belonged in novels—if it belonged anywhere at all.

But I had already seen another future. I had glimpsed it in the pages of books, in the lives of characters who defied odds, in the quiet but constant hunger that no electricity course could ever quiet. His refusal was a new coincidence that didn't end the conversation. It only opened another kind of door—the one where I would have to find my own way through.

Then I refused my father's money, worked at night and studied law at Bordeaux university by day—more out of duty than passion—I also trained to become a life guard and spent summer holidays looking after some Brittany beaches. But back at University, after three years, something inside me seized up. My mind became a locked room. I couldn't go on. It wasn't failure. It was something quieter, heavier: a silent refusal. A message from the Unknown: "Change direction" ... *Synchronicity disguised as failure*.

So I left. Not permanently, not with a plan. I felt like going on a discovery trip to Great Britain in order to improve my knowledge of English. The kind of escape that doesn't ask for permission. We boarded a train with an English friend, and somewhere between countries, I met Sabine—a young German girl whose name I couldn't forget. She gave us her number as casually as you'd pass someone a map to a city you love. This short meeting was a seed that opened later a door to a new direction.

In England I worked for a potato farm, then assembling parts in a motor factory, then as a barman in a pub.

Back in France months later, after having been cleared of my military service obligations I searched for work. Sabine invited me to meet her family near Paris. That's where I met her sister, Claudia who had just married Christian, a man with the easy charm and a talent for words. I didn't know it then, but they'd become a new hinge on which my life would turn.

I returned to Paris, worked for an insurance company and fell in love with a young optometrist with a quiet soul, her family rooted in a network of

shops and tradition. For a year we built something that felt real. Then I suggested a holiday—Club Med in Sicily. Water sports, sun, freedom. She loved the idea. But her mother refused. “We have a holiday house in Cannes, she said. That’s where you’ll go!”... I replied that Cannes is for old people and doesn’t offer exotic activities. Still, my girlfriend was not allowed to travel with me. She smiled and told me, “Club Med is only for two weeks. Enjoy!”

When I came back, everything had changed. Her mother had built a wall I couldn’t climb. No calls, no letters, no visits. I tried. God, I tried. But it was over. Was Life using new coincidences to create a totally different path?

I understood much later that ‘When doors close, maps unfold’. Closed doors invite new horizons

Two months later, Claudia and Christian told me they were moving to Johannesburg. A job offer. A new life. They were leaving in a month.

I sat with it. The ache of rejection still raw, the weight of a country that never quite felt like mine pressing down. Then I looked up and the next day I told them “*I’m coming with you.*”

Just like that, I decided. Pure intuition driven by a hunger for adventure ! I didn’t have a job. I didn’t have a plan. But I had that intuitive feeling again—that a new door was open, and I could either step through or spend the rest of my life staring at it. Coincidences had given a new direction to my life!

I never went in search of ideals. I was content with what life placed before me, yielding to its currents, surrendering to its impulses and offerings. By drifting with the wind of destiny, one is in constant discovery—doors open before us without ever needing to seek the keys.

I could grasp that to seek the ideals makes us captive of the mind's illusion, and thus they clash endlessly with the truth of what is.

It should be evident to the discerning reader that this life story bears the unmistakable imprint of an ego. And yet, its purpose is not to glorify the self, but to illuminate the mysterious ways in which life unfolds—through sudden reversals, unexpected turns, and moments of quiet revelation. These guiding events—so often dismissed as mere chance—arise in synchrony with the rhythm of our inner openness. When the mind is quiet and receptive, life offers unimagined possibilities through the subtle

whispers of intuition and the quiet astonishment of coincidence. I never refused to enter into a new door.

We are all, each one of us, capable of living an extraordinary life. But when we are imprisoned by the illusion of a separate, self-centred ego—the persistent ‘me’ that clings, desires, and resists—we close ourselves off to the very magic that makes life luminous. We become deaf to the song of the universe, blind to its invitations.

My own path has not followed the conventional pursuit of comfort or stability. Rather, it has been shaped by an endless spirit of adventure, by a willingness to meet life as it presents itself, with all its strange convergences and fleeting insights. There was little space for hesitation. Instead, there came a whirlwind of experiences—each more unexpected, more profound, more deeply human than the last. I have been fortunate to meet it all—joy and sorrow alike—with a sense of surrender and acceptance, honouring not what I wished things to be, but what they truly were.

Along the way, I came to see that true happiness demands a vigilant awareness of the ego’s theatre, its endless desires, illusions, and projections. When our decisions are made from the mind’s conditioned patterns, shaped by past impressions and social scripts, we follow phantoms. We mistake echoes for guidance, memories for meaning. In doing so, we become captives of the ‘should-be’, losing touch with the living presence of ‘what-is’. We mistake dreams for reality, then lament when life does not bend to our fantasies. We rail against life’s supposed injustices, unaware that we ourselves have blurred the line between truth and illusion.

The essential question then arises: how can the mind become receptive? And how do we recognize the subtle workings of the ego within us?

In the chapters that follow, we will explore these questions in depth. We will seek to understand what it means for the mind to be open—not just intellectually, but in the quiet depths of perception. We will examine the hidden barriers that dull our awareness, that turn us away from the present moment and its quiet revelations.

For the ego-me—though ever-present—need not be our master. It plays its role in the grand design of consciousness, but it need not steer the ship. We cannot destroy it, nor should we try. But we can come to understand its mechanisms, its tricks, its fears. And in that understanding,

we may find a path beyond it—a path toward Creative Intelligence, which does not arise from the ego, but from a deeper, stiller source within.

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