

Rich of Life

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Thank you to life!



Preface

More joy and magic on earth

The story of my life

I grew up with my dad who got a little more depressed year after year. At the end of his life he became an alcoholic, and he died in sadness when I was sixteen. I then decided to choose the joy of living, to study it, to tame it, to share it with the world.

Since my young adolescence I have thought that life could have a much bigger and more beautiful dimension than the one we were presented with. I was quick to comprehend that many people, through their life path, had a more limited vision of reality and its possibilities.

My childhood was full of extraordinary experiences, like astral journeys (when the consciousness exits the physical body), or awakenings in the middle of the night with an ultra-lucid vision where I could see the world in atoms. As I grew older, I had many psychedelic experiences that took me to magical worlds. These experiences led me to scientific research to understand them. I want to share all these magnificent discoveries with you, to help you open the doors to more magic and a better understanding of the world we live in.

Today, regarding the current world situation, the "new reality" as they say, I feel a need to share my adventures, as if I can

no longer keep them secret, as if all these realization are overflowing from my being! It's time to share my experience to help the world grow and wake up.

There are sections in this book where I discuss my drug use during certain periods of my life. I want to clarify that I am in no way pushing anyone to follow this path. It was this road that presented itself to me and I took it. But this somewhat crazy life then took me many years to return to a certain sense of “normalcy”, most notably social. I had lost all relationships in life. In fact I was in the crowd all the time, but all alone in the crowd. I wasn't even able to speak to a child anymore.

I am convinced, and I have had many examples in my life, that all these discoveries and achievements are quite accessible through meditation, breathing, practicing an art, or any other personal work based on the return to oneself, communication with the soul. It is through these methods that today I am able to achieve a higher vibration. My job now is to integrate all of these adventures and keep all of these abilities discovered in the past, being fully aware.

Live in joy in consciousness! Here is my message!

Chapter 1

- Childhood and adolescence -

Child, and already different!

I remember my father as a tormented and angry person. When he was still with mom, the year before they split, they argued a lot, dad screamed, mom cried. Anne, my sister, little at the time (six years old, and me ten years old), was crying, and I had to console her, though I myself was sad and afraid. Then mom and dad broke up.

When I was little, granny explained to mom that she was too young to take care of me (she was twenty when I was born). So I went to live with Grandma for a while, until Mom decided that no, it was not possible, that she had to take care of her daughter herself.

In my early childhood, I often slept in grandma's house. I slept in Grandpa's room, who had passed away. I experienced "Astral Projection": I would leave my body and my spirit would go down to the garden and down the street. I would get up in the morning and say to grandma: "You know last night when I fell asleep, I came out of my body and I went over the garden, in the air, and also in the street. It was very funny!" But grandma told me it wasn't possible, that I had only dreamed of it. I accepted this and the astral projections stopped.

Grandma and Grandpa had always played the piano and the

cello. I was enrolled at a very young age for music theory and piano lessons at the Montpellier Conservatory of Music and I followed them for ten years.

Since my youngest childhood I have never wanted to eat meat or fish. I couldn't conceive of eating an animal. My mother insisted for years, but in vain. I stood in front of my plate for hours, but a force inside me prevented me from eating flesh. When I was about fourteen, I became a vegetarian, there was no way to force me any more. I was resolute in my commitment.

I have also practiced horse riding since I was little, as my mom and dad rode regularly. My father had bought a horse for Anne and me, his name was Baladin, but we were afraid of him. He was very tall, young and therefore naughty. We never wanted to ride him, he made us fall. My father quickly sold him. At fourteen I was always at the pony club. We got along well with our instructor, Beryl, and we loved helping her take care of the ponies. At that time, I already had a very strong character and enjoyed leading our little band of friends.

My father and Patricia, the mother of my good friend Audrey, from riding school, had become lovers. We lived in Montpellier. They decided to go live together in Marseille because my father was transferred there for his work, and I went to live with them.

An eventful adolescence

I lived with my father for two years, it was a really strange experience. He worked long hours and traveled often so that I

would see him around 2 times a week. In his absence, friends came to my house and we took advantage of it. We were all there using the minitel, and eating the sweets and chocolates sent by my grandmother. One day, through the small hole in her door, the neighbor had been observing our behavior and decided to tell my father about it. I was really scolded and my father then asked my neighbor to watch me, so I could no longer receive my friends. At that time I was already doing what I wanted and some days we would go to the beach in the afternoon instead of going to school. My father didn't know of course.

When he was there it was not the same story. The first year there we lived with his partner Patricia and Audrey, her daughter of my age. This was what pushed me to go live with them, I found it "too cool" to live with a girlfriend. But in fact my father was always yelling at Patricia and the situation was unbearable. We lived on the top floor of a tower in the 17th floor, and he was screaming and throwing Patricia's clothes out the window. Mother and daughter left after a year.

I found myself, at fifteen, alone with my father. Never before had I realized that he was drinking so much. When we are children, parents are gods, we do not try to understand. I'm not at all certain when the drinking began but it was clear to me now the depth of his depression as he hit the bottle every night. He would make me go over my lessons for hours every night, getting angry a lot. I had no right to be wrong about a word. The pressure put an enormous amount of stress on me which led to making more mistakes in my work. I was crying, it upset him even more, he was screaming at me more... It was a difficult time.

And then in the evening, he drank. We were at the table, we had finished eating, I wanted to leave the table, but I couldn't. He scolded me: "What, you don't care about me? You don't care about my coworkers and what I went through today?" I had to listen to his work stories for hours, his misfortunes with his colleagues, and that did not interest me at all.

Finally I went back to live with mom. Those two years in Marseille truly changed me. I had shaved my hair at the temples, and started to dress in a more eccentric fashion. For example, I wore a red mini-skirt with white dots, with black tights, garter belts that voluntarily protruded from the skirt, and a white T-shirt with red stripes. I loved this style of disagreement like putting dots and stripes together. I remember marching through the streets with my friends chanting: "Death to the cows, death to the cops (police)", a punk song in fashion at the time. I was a tough girl, I loved punk concerts and we would dance "pogo", we would literally throw ourselves at each other on the dance floor.

I had become different and independent after this stay in Marseille, I often disagreed with mom. One day she said to me: "Listen, You have the choice to follow the rules or live elsewhere". I was sixteen and a half. As I was not ready to respect rules that did not suit me, I went back to live with Grandma, by personal choice this time.

However, as a teenager, living with my grandmother was really not possible. We had to find an arrangement because grandma couldn't stand me anymore. I really had a very strong character (I never took orders). I went to live with my friend Maude. Her mother was never at home. In debt, she had two jobs and slept at her workplace. An agreement was therefore

made between grandma, papa, and Maude's mother: papa gave Maude's mother money for my accommodation, and she came to see us several times a week to check that everything was fine. It was a very nice period. I got along really well with Maude and we we have never disagreed.

Life and my instinct intensify

Papa immediately started his life with a new partner, Sylvie, who was also depressed. What a couple! We didn't see each other much anymore because Sylvie didn't like me. She had two children and her priority was rather to quietly look after them and my father. I didn't like her either and I was tough on her.

At that time, I was tough in my words. Besides, for years my sister would always tell me: "Learn to say things nicely, and lie if the truth hurts." I didn't understand this concept. Why would lying do more good than telling the truth? What is the purpose and the joy of saying something that you don't feel? I did not understand this point of view. We ended up arguing to the point of crying! But none wanted to let go of their idea.

Over the months, Sylvie was less and less well. She put psychological pressure on my father to marry her, threatening to leave him, and ditto to have a baby. They both even went to see the same psychiatrist!

One day, I went to see my father. I was surprised because I had to take the taxi to go from the station to his home, whereas in normal times he would come to pick me up. When I arrived, he advised me not to make noise because Sylvie was

sick. She was in bed crying. I remember I was shocked because there was a used tampon on the floor in the toilet. She wasn't happy that I was there, and I had to go to the hotel to sleep on my own. My father came to pick me up during the day so that we could see each other. At sixteen and a half, and for the first time, I had this feeling of being in a movie. I thought this story was crazy, the fact of not being able to sleep at the home of my own father, the dark and incomprehensible behavior of this woman, sleeping alone in the hotel. The same unreal feeling that I have today in 2020, in a period of confinement and a state of alarm, where everyone is locked up at home, all over the world... A movie...

Papa was therefore very unhappy. They had a child, my half-brother. But dad was just too sad. One day Sylvie called us, Anne and me, to tell us that he was dead. She explained to us that he was found dead on his bed, with a suicide note. The mystery remained for my sister and me because, according to the autopsy, death was natural. Yes, there were excess antidepressants in the blood, but not enough to cause death. We never wanted to know more with Anne, we said to ourselves that in any case he had died of sadness.

After dad passed away, his body was brought back to the south to granny's house, and we all went. All the close family was there, very sad. Everyone was crying. I knew it was daddy's choice to go, that he had made up his mind, and that it was right where he was now. I didn't see the sad situation and was surprised that the family didn't understand that in fact everything was fine. I tried to tell them but they thought I was too young to really understand what was going on. At the funeral I was the only one who didn't cry. I looked at everyone

with the desire to say to them: "But why are you sad? You make daddy sad. He wanted to leave, let's celebrate his travel!" But I didn't say anything. I already understood that people did not see what I saw.

The first nights after his death, I had nightmares. For example, while I was lying in the bed on my back, a horizontal grid floated right above me, and I could not move, the grid prevented me from getting up. Or, I would wake up in the middle of the night because my father had screamed while calling me. I couldn't take it anymore, I didn't dare go to sleep anymore. I was tormented.

So I went to see a healer, a woman who heals with energies. In order not to distort the consultation, I did not talk about the death but about my nightmares, and she immediately asked if a loved one, who did not believe in anything after death, had just died. She explained to me that this person was surely stuck in a dark space, because she did not believe in anything after death, and she asked for my help to resolve it. That was her first observation. I was amazed because I hadn't said anything about daddy's death, so I immediately believed in this healer. She advised me, when I went to bed, to send dad a light, to tell him that he could let himself go and that it was great there... that there was something after dark and that he could go there in peace. I, as far as I remember, have always instinctively believed in reincarnation. I very quickly studied books on Buddhism. And I found her explanation convincing. I put into practice the exercises, one evening I felt THANKS in me, and had no more nightmares.

I continued to consult this healer for several months. When I went to see her, I would sing songs that were unknown to me,

and I wondered where I got them from. They were soft, magical, made me feel good, I could feel that they lifted me to a higher vibration, I felt lighter and carefree, serene.

Every time I have ever been in contact with people who were “awake”, I would have these unique experiences that I could not find elsewhere. I call awake people who ask themselves what their purpose is on earth and who would embark on a journey of inner work to find the answers. These people live life in a way that is self aware and conscious. They are well with themselves.

Experiences with the medical world

As a baby I started to have asthma. It made my mother very sad. She would sit by my bed feeling helpless as I struggled to breathe. The doctors suggested that she give me desensitization treatment: I received one injection per week. It didn't really help me, and I started to have severe bronchitis. The doctors prescribed me antibiotic treatments almost every month.

My grandmother on the other hand was losing her mind, having been unable to process the loss of her child. Papi was already gone. My aunt Marie-France was trying to figure out what to do. She decided to put her mother in a retirement home. We visited her often but noticed her losing touch with reality. She was more and more incoherent. On some days, she would look at me and think I was her son. On other days, she thought I was her husband. It was a really weird situation. She was treated like a baby, and she had to take a lot of medicine. She swallowed lots of pills with every meal. I realize today that

it is really important to do your own research on each subject, and not to listen stupidly without knowing, whether it is the medical profession or anyone else.

I watched her continue to deteriorate and become confused to the point of being bothersome to the other elderly people. The doctors decided to strap her to the bed which was extremely difficult to watch. Marie-France preferred to get back grandma and install her at her place. It was very hard for my aunt to manage her life and that of her mother. Then granny died.

Marie-France was sad in this period of her life. She had lost her mother, had separated from her husband, and she couldn't stand not finding a partner. I loved her dearly. She committed to care of me when my father died and was always there for me. She did her best to keep the family together and would organize family dinners at her place. We would look at photos and eat delicious food. I loved going over there. I remember that each time, she complained: "I feel lonely, I can't find a new partner, life is really less fun without a companion, I'm bored, my life no longer has meaning, even my work bores me..."

She became more and more sad, and one day the doctors told her she had a tumorous cancer. This shocked us all. Things then went very quickly, and the doctors told her that she had generalized cancer. She was treated with chemotherapy and was doing much better. She told us that she felt great again and motivated to live life.

There was one last operation to do to remove a small tumor. When she woke up from the operation, I will always remember that moment I think, the doctor told her that in fact there were a lot of small tumors, that they were hidden behind organs, ex-