RENATO ROSSI

IF

My life
Between heaven and earth



What if we met one another with more love?

33 chapters · Growing in connection and awareness

The thought that guides me

> **My guiding words**
> Whatever you do to others, you do to yourself, in this life or another life, on earth, in heaven or in another dimension.

My desire has always been to improve things, bring people together and try to understand without judging. This phrase runs like a thread through my life and this book. It expresses my belief in the connection of all living things and the responsibility we carry within it.

For me, IF means: what if? Two words that open a door to the soul, to our encounters and to what we can mean to one another.

To my loved ones, present or missed. To those who seek, those who carry grief and those who long for greater humanity.

In the name of all my loved ones.

The spiritual reflections express my faith and my personal reading of my life. The blue boxes offer background, in my own words, from the writings named. The atmospheric illustrations were created with AI.

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To the reader

This book grows from my life: from the people I love, from my desire to improve something and from experiences that, since childhood, have made me feel that existence is wider than what we see every day.

IF invites you to come along. The unusual events and their spiritual meaning are given space together. My own numerological analysis accompanies the path of the seeker, the builder and the person who wants to pass something on.

What if we listened to one another more attentively? What if love reaches beyond goodbye? What if our encounters are part of a coherence we do not yet fully understand?

Here, you will find thirty-three chapters. The first part connects my life story with my spiritual search. A short guide follows. The final part opens the bridge to the websites, my other books and everyday life.

Those who know my other books will meet familiar people again. Those sitting beside me here for the first time are just as welcome. My wish is that these pages may touch your heart and give you something to carry forward with love.

1 · IF — two letters that lived on

What if a question that stays alive for years is inviting us to discover something essential?

Around the year 2000, I put my first thoughts about IF on paper. I gave them a title of just two letters: IF. For me, that English word means: what if? The paper was later lost. I searched for it, but never found it again. Yet IF lived on within me.

Perhaps you recognise that. A thought that remains in the background while you work, care for your family and follow life's unexpected turns. Sometimes you barely think about it for months. Then an encounter or a memory brings it close again. That is how it was for me with those two letters.

One of the thoughts that started it all was: what if we looked at the world from a completely different point of view? I sensed how easily we grow accustomed to the boundaries of what we know. Beyond those boundaries, so much remains to be discovered.

Today, the words what if have taken on a warmer meaning for me. What if we could understand one another better? What if the love we give continues to work longer than we can see? What if saying goodbye to someone we love gives our bond another form? What if,

in a difficult time, we can still do something that helps another person feel hope again?

In the years that followed, life changed me. I built, lost and had to begin again. I met people who placed their trust in me when my own trust was faltering. I had to live with the loss of my son Marco. His place in my life has remained, even in the silence after his death.

That is why I now write IF with the heart of a man who has lived through much and still wants to pass something on. My curiosity has remained. So has my need to understand. But I feel ever more clearly what I want to use all of this for: to help greater humanity grow.

In My Life, I wrote about my family, my Italian roots, my work and the people who shaped me. IF grows from the same soil. Here, I give more space to the spiritual meaning of what I experienced. To me, the man who builds a business and the man who looks at the stars are one and the same.

There is now something moving about that lost paper. I can no longer recover the words I wrote then. The question behind them, however, has survived within me through every change. It travelled with me into the days when I made plans and into the days when I did not know how to go on. Now that I am writing again, that younger man also comes close:

someone who could not yet know what life would bring him.

What if our existence has a deeper coherence? What if the love between people reveals something of the world to which our souls belong? Questions like these have accompanied me for a long time. They have gained weight over the years, because there are now faces behind every word. When I write love, I think of people. When I write eternity, I feel the longing to be close to them again one day.

Those who know my life story will recognise the path towards these questions. Building, losing and beginning again changed me each time. IF invites you to walk that path once more and look at what lived beneath the events. Perhaps a familiar memory will then gain a depth that had remained hidden before.

I love the image of a window. When you open it, your home remains familiar, but fresh air comes in. You hear something you did not hear before. You see further. That is how I hope IF may be read: as an invitation to bring your own life with you while also allowing something new to enter.

> **Life lesson**
> An honest question can open a door that a fixed answer keeps closed.

2 · A different inner drive from an early age

What if our deepest motivation becomes visible in what we want to improve for others?

Since my youth, I have often felt different from many people around me. My attention naturally turned towards what might still be possible, what remained hidden and what could be improved. I wanted to understand, discover and make connections. That feeling runs through my work, my experiences and my spiritual search.

Money and power have never been my reasons for starting something. Of course, my family needed security and businesses had to function. But when I look deeply at what drove me, I find a desire that set me in motion again and again: to improve something. To make an idea more useful. To help people understand one another. To reveal a possibility that had not yet been seen.

I recognise that in the different worlds I came to know. Technology, coffee, ceramics and software seem like separate fields. In my own life, they were linked by the same curiosity. I wanted to know how something worked and what we could do with it. In spirituality too, I searched for the connections beneath the surface.

Understanding my difference from within

My childhood experiences only found words later. At the time, I mainly knew the feeling: lightness, freedom and the absence of fear. The grown man began to read, compare and ask questions. My personal numerological analysis then helped me find a language for the forces I recognised in myself. Gradually, a way emerged of understanding my own life path from within.

In 5, I recognise the seeker; in 6, care for my family; in 22, the builder. The 11 touches on my sensitivity to the unseen. The 33 brings me to love and service; the 9 to humanity and passing things on. The chapters about my own analysis explore those connections further. Here, they offer an initial recognition: to me, my many interests arose from the same inner source.

Connecting without taking over

I wanted to bring people together. In my work, that could mean bringing an idea and a practical solution together. In a conversation, it could mean helping someone feel understood. In a shared project, I hoped that different talents would make possible something no one could have achieved alone.

I also never wanted to judge. That desire has not made me infallible. I have made mistakes, felt disappointment and sometimes reacted too quickly. That is precisely why this remains an attitude to life I must grow into. Behind

another person's words or behaviour lies a history I can never fully know. Remembering that creates room to listen.

The thread I want to pass on

Looking back today, I see how often the same desire returned: to improve, build, help, understand and connect. The road was far from easy. Some plans did not last. Some losses still hurt. Yet that inner drive has remained. It now takes shape in my books.

IF therefore brings my unusual experiences and my everyday attitude to life together. I want what I believe about the soul to influence the way I treat people. I want to test what I recognise in numbers against the life I actually lead. What I have received, I want in turn to pass on.

That is the meaning my sense of being different has acquired for me. I remain someone who looks for ways to help something good grow. I hope readers will also find room in these pages for their own sensitivity, their own questions and the good they can contribute.

> **Life lesson**
> Discover what moves you from within and give it a form that also benefits someone else.

3 · The love that carries us

What if our greatest wealth consists of the love we give and receive?



When I try to name what has carried my life at its deepest level, I always come back to love. To my parents' care. To Dorina and our family. To Marco and Michael. To my grandchildren, my relatives and the people who stayed beside me in difficult moments.

Love has worn many faces in my life. Sometimes it was naturally present in everyday caring. Sometimes its meaning only became visible after someone was gone. And sometimes it came unexpectedly from someone who reached out at just the right moment.

With my parents, that bond began long before I could understand it. My father left Italy to build a future for us

here. My mother supported our family in her own way. In My Life, I described their place in my story. Now that I am older, I am increasingly moved by what they had to carry while we children could barely grasp what it meant.

When I think of them, I feel how one life continues through other lives. What I received from them lives on in the way I am a father and grandfather. To me, that touches the soul: that deep, hard-to-name part of a person which can reach another through love and find a lasting place there.

Dorina, Michael and my grandchildren also belong to that living circle. Each has a voice and a path of their own. Love asks me to pay attention to who they truly are. That is sometimes harder than writing about love. For that very reason, I want to keep connecting my spirituality to that closeness.

For me, unconditional love is one of our deepest spiritual tasks. A person remains worthy of our attention, even when they are struggling, making mistakes or unable to find words for what lives inside them. Usually, we see only a small part of what someone carries. I want to keep trying to meet that hidden person.

I do not always succeed. I too have been hurt, reacted too quickly and held expectations that another person could not fulfil. That is why I write about this as

someone who is still learning. Love asks for patience, precisely when patience costs us dearly.

It also asks for honesty. Sometimes caring for one another means expressing a boundary, seeking help or stepping back from behaviour that continues to cause pain. The other person's dignity and our own dignity both belong to love. No one has to lose themselves in order to be loving.

In my conversations with others, I noticed how deeply people long to be accepted. They might speak at length about their problems, yet beneath it all the same question often emerged: may I be here as I am now? Is there room for my grief? Am I still worth something when I cannot manage to stay strong?

The answer I wanted to give through my presence was simple: your life matters. That answer gains strength when we make time for it. Staying a little longer. Answering a message. Daring to speak the name of someone loved. Inviting a person to finish their story.

For me, the road towards a more loving world begins there. In ordinary contact, we practise what we hope for all humanity. The person beside us already gives us an opportunity today to make a little of that hope real.

Life lesson
Give a person room to be more than their most difficult moment.

4 · The child who could float

What if consciousness is wider than the place where our body rests?



Some memories from my childhood have faded. This one has stayed. I was still a little boy; I no longer remember my exact age. Perhaps five or six, perhaps a little older. When I lay in bed at night, I could begin to feel my body becoming lighter and lighter. It felt as though I left it and floated above it. I saw my room, my bed and myself lying there.

It happened many times. I knew the feeling that came before it and sometimes tried to bring it back. For the child I was then, it was a game. I was not afraid. I felt freedom and a deep calm.

During one of those experiences, I remember an older woman. She did not speak, and I did not know who she was. Her presence did not frighten me; it felt warm, loving and protective. She radiated calm. Today, I cannot say whether she belonged to a dream, to my imagination or to something else.

At the time, I knew no terms such as out-of-body experience. I had read nothing about consciousness or near-death experiences. Only much later did I discover descriptions in which I recognised something: above all, the peace and the absence of fear. Other accounts bore no resemblance at all to what I remembered.

As an adult, I have often wondered what happened. Was I dreaming? Was I between sleeping and waking? Was it a child's imagination? I have no definitive answer. What is certain for me is how natural and peaceful it felt then.

Perhaps this memory helped feed my curiosity: my desire to look beyond what is immediately visible. It made me receptive to questions about consciousness, intuition and the meaning of our existence.

When I think back to that little boy, I mainly see the difference between then and now. The adult man looks for an explanation. The child was playing. I want to preserve that memory without making it greater or more certain than it is. It too belongs to my life.

When I think of that older woman today, it is above all her quiet presence that stays with me. She said nothing, and yet there was no fear. I did not know who she was. The memory of the protection I felt has remained, while so many other images from my childhood have disappeared.

Where, at that moment, was the self that was looking? My body lay in bed, but I felt I was looking at that familiar room from somewhere else. The child needed no words for it. For the man I later became, that memory held a question about the soul.

That experience came before my later losses. The unseen entered my life early, when I could not yet imagine how much I would one day build, lose and love. Perhaps that is why the little boy moves me so deeply: he already carried a peace that the grown man would later seek again.

Keep something of the child within you who can still wonder without fear.

> **Life lesson**
> Keep something of the open wonder with which you looked at life as a child.

5 · The older woman and protection

What if a quiet presence allows us to feel something of spiritual shelter?

When I approach my childhood memory through my spiritual beliefs, the soul comes to the foreground. My bed, my room and my small body formed the familiar setting. Yet I experienced myself as the one looking down from above. For me, that experience contained the seed of a question that would grow throughout my life: am I only the body lying there, or is there a wider consciousness alive within me?

> **From spiritual writings**
> Annie Besant describes the human being in terms of different principles and a subtle vehicle of consciousness. In her theosophical explanation, the astral body can move away from the physical body and gather impressions. In that account, the body is one layer of human existence; consciousness is connected with it, but cannot be reduced entirely to it. This is the language of her spiritual teaching. [1]

That image gives me words for the freedom I felt as a child. A vehicle takes us somewhere, but it is not the whole traveller. I can also see my body that way: precious, necessary for this earthly life, and sustained by

an inner existence I call the soul. When I saw myself lying there, the sense of being me remained. That is precisely what moves me. At that moment, my presence did not seem confined to the place where my body rested.

The older woman and the feeling of protection

> **From spiritual writings**
> Spiritual protection has a clear place in the Catholic faith. In paragraph 336, the Catechism describes human life, from childhood to death, as surrounded by the care and intercession of angels. A protective presence is understood there as guidance along life's path. [2]

That thought touches the warmth I felt around the older woman. I cannot give her a name. I remember no message from her. Yet her presence made me feel safe. Within my spiritual understanding, that memory allows me to think of guidance and protection. For me, its meaning lies in the calm with which I received her closeness.

I do not have to fill in her face to acknowledge her place in my life. She belongs to a memory in which a child found himself in something unknown without fear. It is moving to think that guidance can sometimes be

experienced like that: someone is present, nothing needs to be said, and fear stays away.

That also changes the way I look at that little boy. His play becomes, for me, an early encounter with the mystery of consciousness. The freedom he experienced later acquired a deeper layer: the hope that a human being is more than their visible form. That is the spiritual meaning I give that memory today.

Life lesson
The warmth you once received can later become a source of trust.



6 · The night after the crisis of 1981

What if, even in the hardest period, an unexpected opening towards peace can appear?



After the crisis of 1981, I found myself in one of the hardest periods of my life. During the day, I tried to find solutions. I had to start again. I wanted to remain strong for my family. But at night, I carried the tension with me. During that period, I had an experience that has never left me. It began with an explosion. I saw its force throw my body several metres away.

But I felt no pain. Quite the opposite. At that very moment, I experienced an incredible calm. A blissful feeling I had never known before. I was outside my body. Weightless. Light as a feather. From above, I saw people

running towards my body. Doctors were trying to resuscitate me too. I saw everything they did. I shouted that I was all right. That I was not lying there. That I was above them.

But no one heard me. I tried to touch them. My hands passed straight through their bodies. They felt nothing. I kept calling, but for them, I did not exist at that moment. Then the experience changed. I began to fly. Free as an eagle, I moved above the world. I travelled at a speed I cannot describe.

Yet there was no fear. Only freedom. Only peace. The earth looked different from ordinary life. The sky was an exceptionally intense blue. The grass beneath me was a bright, almost fluorescent green. I saw colours for which I had no names. Everything was purer, sharper and more alive than our eyes usually perceive.

I felt completely happy. Not the kind of happiness that comes when something goes well.

It was happiness without conditions. A deep peace in which there was no fear, pain or worry. I had never felt anything like it before. And never afterwards have I been able to recover that feeling completely. Eventually, I felt myself returning very gently to my body. As though a light feather were slowly descending and finding its place again. Then I woke up. I cried. Not from sadness. I

cried because the experience had felt so intense and so real.

Part of me did not want to lose that feeling of peace. Another part understood that I was back in my ordinary life, with all the worries waiting for me there. Was it a dream? An experience between sleeping and waking? Was my consciousness, under the pressure of that difficult period, creating another reality? Or had I briefly touched something we cannot yet fully understand?

I do not know. I do not want to pretend to have certainty I do not possess. But I do know what I experienced. It reached deep into my memory. I will carry it with me throughout my life. It also gave me something I badly needed then. Strength.

After the crisis, I had to learn again to believe that a fall need not be the end. In my experience, I saw my body fall, but my consciousness rose. Perhaps that was no prediction and no message from outside. Perhaps it was my own inner world allowing me to feel that, after devastation, space still existed. Space to begin again. Space to live.

Whatever the explanation, the peace I experienced then changed my view of life and death. I did not begin to seek death. I came to value life more intensely. For when a person experiences even a glimpse of light in their

deepest darkness, that one memory can be enough to help them stand up again.

It happened during sleep, in that difficult period after 1981. The explosion, the doctors and the resuscitation belong to what I experienced that night. When I awoke, I was back in my everyday reality. It is precisely the difference between those two worlds that has stayed so clear in my memory.

Had something of my soul become visible to me that night? Had I caught a glimpse of a peace that reaches beyond our earthly existence? Those questions remain open within me. My faith has been able to draw warmth from that memory, especially at times when daily life offered little to hold on to.

I can describe the colours, the flying, my hands passing through people. But the deepest core remains hard to convey: I was there, I perceived, I felt fully present, and at the same time all heaviness had disappeared. That feeling is the most precious thing I brought back from that night.

A glimpse of peace can go on living within us long after the night is over.

> **Life lesson**
> A glimpse of peace can give us courage to turn towards life again.

7 · The freedom and peace of the soul

What if an experience helps us remember that our worries do not encompass our whole existence?

After the crisis of 1981, my daily existence felt heavy. That is why the contrast with that night still strikes me: my body fell, but my experience of existing continued. There was peace. I saw, I wanted to speak, I moved and I felt fully present. From my belief in the soul, it is precisely that continuing presence which takes on great meaning.

> **From spiritual writings**
> Within the tradition of Edgar Cayce, John Van Auken describes dreams as experiences that may arise from physical, mental or spiritual influences. Their emotional quality and personal symbols matter. The dreamer has a central role in understanding them; a fixed dream dictionary cannot replace their individual meaning. [3]

From that perspective, I look at the whole movement of my experience. First the explosion and the fall. Then the realisation that I still existed. Next the flying, beauty and peace. Finally, the gentle return. For me, that movement can be read as an inner journey from devastation to trust. The life I experienced as broken during the day was taken up that night into a much wider reality.

The colours and the landscape

> **From spiritual writings**
> In Swedenborg's description of the spiritual world, landscapes are vivid and connected with inner states. Closeness is determined in part by thoughts and spiritual affinity. His account connects a visible environment with a deeper reality of love and consciousness. [4]

That helps me search for words for the colours I saw. The blue and green felt more intense than in ordinary life. Everything had a clarity I struggled to describe when I awoke. Read spiritually, that landscape can become for me an expression of the peace I was in. What I felt within and what I saw around me seemed to belong together.

The flying also gains meaning in that way. In my daily life, I had to carry burdens, care for others and find solutions. There, I felt lightness and movement without that weight. As an image of the soul, it touches me deeply: a person may possess more inner space than their hardest circumstances allow them to feel. The experience gave me access to that trust.

Returning with something that stays

My return felt gentle, like a feather floating down. Then came the tears. In the spiritual reading of my story, something essential lies there too: what I had received needed to find a place in the life where my family and my responsibilities were waiting. The peace became a memory I could carry while beginning again.

I experienced this during sleep. That remains the context of my story. For me, the spiritual meaning lies in what the experience opened: trust in a wider reality, a different relationship with death and courage to face life again. A memory of such peace can help a person feel less completely imprisoned in their grief.

That is why this night deserves a place in IF. It connects my earthly fall with my desire to keep believing. Those who have read my life story know the difficult circumstances. Here, I want to convey what helped me from within: the feeling that, beneath all those worries, a depth of existence could still be present.

> **Life lesson**
> Carry what strengthened you inwardly into today's responsibilities.

8 · There is no such thing as coincidence

What if the events in our lives are part of a coherence we gradually learn to see?

There is no such thing as coincidence. There is a reason for everything. That is my conviction, grown from the life I have led. My experiences, the people who crossed my path and the numbers in which I recognised myself belong, for me, to a larger whole. Sometimes I could see something of that connection only years later. Sometimes I feel it while the reason remains hidden from me.

When I think back to my childhood, the night after the crisis and Angleur, I see different events that opened the same door within me. Each time, I was invited to look beyond the visible. The encounters with people who helped me or entrusted their grief to me also belong to that path. In my faith, a thread runs through it all: growing in awareness and learning to love.

Synchronicity: when the inner and outer worlds meet

> **From spiritual writings**
> Carl Gustav Jung used synchronicity to describe a meaningful coincidence between an inner event and something in the outside world, without a demonstrable ordinary chain of cause and effect. The IAAP discusses his well-known example of a patient speaking about a golden scarab while a related beetle appeared at the window. For Jung, such a moment could break open a blocked inner attitude. [5]

That thought comes close to my interest in connection. Sometimes something outside us seems to respond to what lives within us. An image returns. An encounter occurs during a difficult period. A person speaks words that later become deeply meaningful. At such moments, I can feel that my life is embedded in something that reaches beyond my own understanding.

Jung's concept and my conviction are not quite the same. Synchronicity names a particular kind of meaningful coincidence. When I say that coincidence does not exist, I mean something broader: I believe our existence has a spiritual coherence and direction, even where I cannot yet recognise them. That trust is the ground on which I try to understand my experiences.

Life lesson
Stay attentive to the meaning of what crosses your path.

9 · The reason I cannot yet see

What if a hidden reason invites us to trust while we continue to exercise our freedom?

> **From spiritual writings**
> In Swedenborg's teaching, divine providence means loving guidance directed towards spiritual growth. Freedom and reason remain essential: a person must be able to choose and cooperate inwardly. His account shows how belief in guidance can go hand in hand with responsibility for one's own actions. [6]

That touches the way I myself want to live. If there is a reason and a coherence behind our path, then it asks for my attention. Who comes into my life? Where can I give something? What lesson in trust, patience or forgiveness keeps returning? The thought of guidance invites me to participate in life more consciously.

With Medardo Maseroli, that coherence took on a human face for me. After the crisis, I received help and trust. His advice to preserve my credibility has stayed with me. For me, the practical support and the spiritual meaning belong together. Through another person, I could once again feel something of my own worth and the possibility of going on.

The four round stains and the sky above Angleur

Before the sighting above Angleur, I had noticed four round stains at home, made by different substances. Later, the four round discs in the sky remained connected with them in my memory. I cannot identify a causal link. Within my spiritual experience, however, that repetition acquired meaning: it meant the events continued to call one another to mind.

The same applies to 1981, when I turned 33 and went through a severe crisis. The 33 I find in my date of birth connects, for me, with responsibility, love and service. In that light, I look at the years when I had to let go and begin again. The numbers helped me find a personal language for what life was asking of me.

Even when I cannot see why

Grief remains the hardest part. Above all, missing Marco brings me to questions to which my heart has no simple answer. My conviction that there is a reason for everything does not remove that pain. It gives me trust that what I do not understand now may still be part of a larger whole. I want to remain lovingly present before that mystery.

Trusting that there may be a reason is different from supplying one for someone else. When someone is

suffering, I first want to sit beside them. There, my faith asks for compassion, listening and a willingness to carry the weight together. That is how the thought of connection gains warmth: we can appear on one another's paths and mean something to each other.

When I look at my own life, I increasingly recognise that the spiritual path runs through ordinary people. Through a father and mother who support their family. Through someone who gives trust when everything is shaking. Through a conversation that brings courage. That is why I want to remain awake to today's encounter. Perhaps I will understand its place only later. I can already receive it with love now.

> **Life lesson**
> You do not have to explain another person's suffering to be lovingly present beside them.

10 · Four discs above Angleur

What if an ordinary working day opens a question that travels with us throughout our lives?

What I saw above Angleur in February 1982 was not simply one vague light in the sky. It was around 5.30 p.m., at sunset. I had finished my working day and was driving to my brother Mario, who lived on the third floor of an apartment building in Angleur, near Liège. I was about five hundred metres from his home. An open patch of sky was visible between the clouds.

There I suddenly saw four objects. Four separate flying objects. They were side by side in a single row. They were round, disc-shaped objects that appeared to be made of shining metal. The light of the setting sun reflected off their undersides, giving them different colours. I could see shapes that looked like windows or openings. I estimated that the objects were about twenty metres in diameter. I heard no engines.

They made no sound at all. I could hardly believe what I was seeing. I stopped my car. To make sure I was awake and not imagining things, I slapped my own face. But the objects remained there. Four large, shining, metal discs.

Side by side. Completely silent. I kept looking. It felt to me as though the sighting lasted about twenty minutes.

During that time, the rest of the world seemed to disappear.

It was as though I had temporarily become detached from everything around me. My sense of time changed. I saw only those four objects. What particularly struck me was how they moved. As long as I was moving, they seemed to adjust their position to my movements. When I changed location, their position changed too.

When I went faster, they too seemed to move faster. It was as though they were reacting to my presence. As though they knew I could see them. Their movements were unlike those of an aeroplane. They could suddenly change direction. They made sharp angles in a way I had never seen a flying machine do. There was no gradual turn. No audible acceleration. No engine noise. And then they disappeared. Not slowly.

Not by flying behind a cloud. Not by becoming smaller and smaller in the distance. In a fraction of a second, the four discs were gone. I was left wondering what I had just seen. The next day, I searched the newspapers. I expected other people must have observed the same thing. Surely four objects of that size could not simply appear unnoticed above Angleur?

But I found no report at all. No one seemed to be writing about it. That made the experience even more mysterious. There was also something that had

happened at my home about a month earlier. In different places, I had seen four round stains. They all had the same shape but had been made by different substances. One seemed to be ink. One coffee. One wine. I no longer remember the origin of the fourth.

At the time, I could give it no meaning. Only after seeing the four discs above Angleur did the resemblance between those four round marks and the shape of the objects in the sky strike me. Was it a sign they wanted to send me? I do not know. I do not claim I can prove a connection.

But neither do I want to remove it from my story. It happened. Just as the sighting above Angleur really happened. When I later saw Steven Spielberg's film Close Encounters of the Third Kind, it affected me deeply. I recognised something of my own wonder and helplessness in the story. The feeling of having seen something outside the ordinary framework, while words and evidence fell short.

After more than forty years, I still do not know where the four discs came from or exactly what I observed. The memory of their shape, their silence and their sudden disappearance has remained.

I do not need to convince anyone. But I no longer want to diminish my own experience to make it easier for others to accept. I am simply telling what I saw with my

own eyes. Four discs above Angleur. An event for which, to this day, I have found no explanation.

When I think back to it, I feel again how alone a person can be with a memory like that. The next day, the world carried on. For me, that sky above Angleur remained an open question. The newspaper gave me no answer; neither did the years.

My sighting and the meaning I gave the four round stains each belong to their own moment in my story. I cannot establish what the objects were or whether there was a connection. But the wonder with which I kept looking does belong to my life.

In IF, that question finds a place beside my other experiences. The child above his bed, the night of peace and the silent sky above Angleur differ from one another. Yet they share something in my life path: each time, I was left feeling that reality might be greater than the framework in which I had placed it until then.

Those who dare to wonder leave room for a reality they do not yet understand.

> **Life lesson**
> Describe carefully what you have experienced and make room for your wonder.

11 · Humanity in a greater universe

What if a greater universe also awakens a wider sense of connection within us?

The sighting above Angleur made the sky personal for me. It was the sky above an ordinary working day, on the way to my brother Mario. Right there, something appeared that I could not fit into my familiar world. Since then, I have found it difficult to separate the question of other life in the universe from the question of our own place within it.

> **From spiritual writings**
> In Angeli in astronave, Giorgio Dibitonto connects his account of contact with spiritual growth. The publisher presents it as encounters with beings who appear as messengers, emphasising love and human development. In his account, the unknown thus also acquires a religious and moral meaning. [7]

My memory is not a contact account like his. I saw four discs and heard no words. Yet I understand why such writings can speak to me: they ask whether an encounter with the unknown might also change something in our consciousness. What would it mean for our relationships if humanity began to see itself as part of a much greater reality?

For me, that may be where the spiritual meaning of Angleur lies. The familiar picture of the world was opened. I had to make room for a question I could not answer. That asks for humility: acknowledging how limited my knowledge is while retaining my willingness to wonder. It can also help me be less quick to assume, with other people, that my view encompasses the whole of reality.

The silence of the four discs has remained with me too. In my memory, there was movement without the sound I expected. Their sudden disappearance left me with an unknown possibility. That experience made me more sensitive to the mystery of existence. The question of the universe therefore also belongs to my spiritual search.

My belief in connection leads me to give Angleur a place in my life path. The child who experienced himself outside his body, the man who knew an indescribable peace and the driver looking at those four shapes: they belong to the same person. Each experience widened the space for my questions. In IF, I want to show that development.

> **Life lesson**
> Let the unknown broaden your attention to the person beside you.


I F

12 · The Glass Pyramid of Lummen

What if building is also a way of bringing people and possibilities together?



The pyramid has always drawn me. Its broad base rests on the earth and its tip points upwards. In that shape, I recognise something of my own life: the need to build something concrete and, at the same time, the desire to look further.

In Lummen, that interest took visible form in the Glass Pyramid. Through my work, I wanted to show possibilities, connect technology with imagination and create a space where people could see what an idea might become. The pyramid belonged to my entrepreneurial life, but also touched my inner world.

Marco was part of that world. We shared a curiosity about technology and new applications. We could talk and debate about a plan for a long time. Not every conversation was calm. Sometimes, it was precisely the difference between our thoughts that brought something new into being.

So when I think of the Glass Pyramid, I see more than a building. I remember a time when our ideas met. Working with your son gives a project a meaning no balance sheet can fully express. Something is being built outside yourself, while something also grows between two people.

Not everything I built has survived. That hurt. A business carries years of effort, hope and responsibility. When it disappears, it feels as though part of the world in which you were at home disappears too.

Yet looking back, I discover that the human meaning lives on. What we learned, the courage we gathered and what we experienced together still belong to our story. I try to preserve that value when I think of a chapter that has closed.

When I see the pyramid again in my mind, our conversations return too. For me, Marco's voice belongs to that history. An idea could carry us away; a difference of opinion could open a new path. What was then the

future has now become memory. That realisation can still move me deeply.

In My Life, the businesses received their history, with their possibilities and their difficult endings. Here, I pause over another question: what remains of a dream when the tangible work disappears? For me, something lives on in the people who helped build it and in the connections that arose during the building.

That is why I also carry the pyramid into this book. For me, its shape connects the earthly with our upward longing. It reminds me of what we tried together and what I still hope to pass on. Each time I write, a piece of that old dream finds a place among people again.

The pyramid also became a spiritual symbol for me. Its base recalls the people and responsibilities that support us. Its tip recalls our desire for understanding and connection. We need both. Those who wish to grow must also care for the ground on which they stand.

I bring that image into IF. I hope to build a bridge between the tangible events of my life and the meaning I came to recognise in them. Above all, what I want to pass on is the courage to keep building what has human value.

Perhaps the most beautiful form of building is the care with which we help another person rediscover their own

strength. In that way, a dream can remain alive even when the original building is no longer there.

Life lesson
What you build together with love can continue to work beyond the building itself.

13 · Building between earth and heaven

What if a dream only truly comes alive when it makes something humanly meaningful possible?

The Glass Pyramid belongs to my actual life story. It was built, people worked there and plans were shared. When I look at it spiritually, I also see an image in which my earthly and inner lives meet. I give it that symbolism myself: the broad base touches the earth, while the lines rise towards a single point.

The base reminds me of my family, my parents, my origins and the work that needed to be done. Without that ground, a person can lose themselves in beautiful thoughts. The upward gesture touches my longing for awareness and connection. It gives shape to the question of how we can connect the visible with something that guides us from within.

The glass too gains meaning in my personal reading. Light can enter through glass. What becomes transparent allows something of the inside and outside to meet. In that same way, I long for my books to become an opening: the events of my life may reveal the hope, love and questions that lived behind them.

Building together with Marco gives this image a warmth that no general explanation about pyramids could

replace. Our conversations and our curiosity live on in the memory of our work. For me, the shape of the building became connected with that human bond. That is why, in IF, I can read it as a sign of my own desire to build a bridge.

Life lesson
Give your imagination firm ground in care, cooperation and responsibility.

14 · The quiet voice and my spiritual DNA

What if attention to our inner life helps us recognise the thread running through our lives?

Intuition accompanied me in my work and in conversations: a calm feeling, a hesitation, the need to ask one more question. In the silence, I look for what accords with my conscience and the love I want to give. Alongside that, the numbers came to stand as a personal language of recognition.

When I speak about numerology, I want to begin with my own analysis. My date of birth is 5 June 1948. The digits together give 5 + 6 + 1 + 9 + 4 + 8 = 33. My birth year on its own gives 22. My day and month together give 11. In the method I used, those results form a particular coherence that I recognise in my life.

The image of spiritual DNA expresses what I experience in this: a pattern of possibilities, sensitivities and tasks that takes shape over the course of life. I read my numbers alongside the events I have actually lived through. That is where meaning arises for me. The digits help me understand which forces come together within me and why certain questions keep returning.

Life lesson
Listen to your feelings and keep the conversation with reality open.

15 · My 5 and 6 — freedom and love

What if freedom and responsibility can deepen one another?

In the 5 of my birth day, I recognise the movement that took me from technology to coffee, ceramics, software and new possibilities. My interest in the unseen also belongs to that curiosity. Spiritually, I read it as an invitation to keep my consciousness open. I want to keep discovering, even with many years behind me.

The 6 of June brings me back to the people I want to care for. Dorina, Marco, Michael, my grandchildren and my parents give that number a face. In my own analysis, 5 and 6 are in constant conversation: how can I follow new paths while remaining faithful to the love and responsibility that carry my life? I recognise that question in many choices I made.

For me, spiritual growth lies in bringing those two movements together. My freedom gains meaning when it makes something good possible for others. My care stays alive when it also gives the other person freedom. In this way, the numbers become a way of looking at my own development.

Life lesson
Use your freedom in ways that also create space and security for others.

16 · My 22 — the builder

What if the value of building lives on in what people carry away from it?

The year 1948 gives 1 + 9 + 4 + 8 = 22. In 22, I recognise the builder. I wanted to make ideas tangible and worked for years to do so. The spiritual question within that building deepens with the years: what do I truly want to bring into being, and what remains meaningful when a business or building disappears?

My losses made that question urgent. I know how hard it can be when something you believed in does not survive. Yet looking back, I can see that effort, knowledge and human bonds continue to work. In my own analysis, 22 therefore also teaches me to let go. The value of my life need not be entirely bound to preserving what I built.

> **Life lesson**
> Build with dedication while also learning that your worth is greater than the survival of a single project.

17 · My 11 — the intuitive seeker

What if our sensitivity is an invitation to listen more attentively?

My birth day and month give 5 + 6 = 11. I used the name soul number for this. In that 11, I recognise my sensitivity to intuition and my interest in what lies behind the visible world. My childhood experiences and the night after the crisis find a place within that personal reading. They nourished my questions about consciousness and the soul.

> **From spiritual writings**
> Within the Cayce tradition, John Van Auken describes the soul as an individual expression of a wider spiritual source of life. In that view, dreams, intuition and meditation can offer access to deeper layers of consciousness. This provides a spiritual framework in which the inner life has its own value and path of development. [8]

That picture helps me understand my 11 as an invitation to listen. What truly needs attention? What lives beneath the bustle of the day? I want to use my sensitivity to come closer to people. If my interests mainly led me further away from others, I would be missing something of that task.

Life lesson
Let sensitivity grow into understanding for yourself and another person.

18 · My 33 — love and service

What if our abilities find their fullest expression when they serve love?

For me, responsibility, service and love come together in 33. Because 3 + 3 = 6, I also read in it the connection with care and family. It moves me that this very number appears in my complete date of birth. I recognise my desire to pass something on, first through my work and later increasingly through conversations and books.

When I turned thirty-three in 1981, I went through a severe crisis. In my own analysis, I connect that year with the question of what would carry my life at its deepest level. Much of what I had built came under pressure. Against that background, the experience of peace that followed gained a particular strength. For me, age, life events and numerological meaning form a moving connection there.

The 33 also confronts me with a difficult lesson: helping asks for love for another person and attention to my own limits. I cannot carry someone's whole life. I can be present, listen and offer something. The other person retains their own path. That insight makes service gentler and more human.

Life lesson
Help with an open heart while respecting your own limits and the other person's path.

19 · My name number 9 — passing things on

What if the experiences of a lifetime can become a gift for those who come after us?

I connect my name number 9 with humanity, compassion and the wish to pass something on. Over the years, the question of what my experiences might mean to others has become increasingly important.

The calculation of my name is as follows: RENATO gives R(9) + E(5) + N(5) + A(1) + T(2) + O(6) = 28. ROSSI gives R(9) + O(6) + S(1) + S(1) + I(9) = 26. Together, this becomes 28 + 26 = 54, reduced to 9. That keeps the way my own result is reached visible.

My books give that a concrete form. My Life preserves people and events. IF tries to convey the spiritual meaning they acquired for me. The number 99, three times 33, also has a place in my personal symbolism as an image of coherence and completion. I use the numbers in this way to reflect on my path and my legacy. I made numerological analyses free of charge for hundreds of people. Over the years, the conversations about numbers, spirituality, love and grief ran into the thousands. Behind the calculation, the person always remained central for me.

The person remains present in the analysis

From spiritual writings
There are different approaches to numerology. At A.R.E., for example, Cindy Griffith discusses a form of tarot numerology connecting numbers with the major arcana. That is a different method from the analysis I give of myself here. Her contribution shows how spiritual writers use numbers as a language for talents, challenges and development. [9]

My own analysis remains connected to my own method and life. The 5 seeks, the 6 cares, the 22 builds, the 11 listens, the 33 serves and the 9 passes on. In those words, I see a movement I want to live ever more consciously. They bring me back to the same question: how can I turn what I have received into something that gives another person warmth, insight or courage?

Life lesson
Pass on what may bring insight, warmth or courage; leave the other person free to receive it.



20 · Marco and the love that remains

What if the love between a father and his child reaches beyond goodbye?



When I write about Marco, my son's whole life comes with me. His ideas, his enthusiasm, the conversations in which we challenged each other and the dreams we worked on together. My love for him embraces all those memories.

On 27 August 2009, my world changed. His death brought a silence I could fill with no new plan. I missed my son and also the person with whom I could share so many thoughts. A father searches for words, but some forms of absence remain greater than the sentences he finds.

With Marco, I also lost the conversations that might still have come. We could challenge each other, debate and dream together about what was possible. After his death, I was left with thoughts I particularly wanted to share with him. That is when you feel how deeply someone is woven into your life: even a new thought can bring you back to his absence.

Since saying goodbye to him, my search for the unseen has carried his name. The question of the soul now touches my own child. Where is he? What remains of a person who carried so much love, so many thoughts and dreams? Can the connection we felt here reach beyond the boundary we call death?

Yet Marco has remained part of my life. I feel our bond when a memory unexpectedly comes close. When I recognise something in his daughters, Chiara and Laura. When I write about what we experienced together. At such moments, absence and gratitude touch. My heart recognises him, while I so long to have him simply sitting opposite me again.

We regularly went together to Scherpenheuvel to light a candle. When I think back to that, the simple gesture takes on deep meaning. Standing side by side, beside a small flame, with what each of us carried in our hearts. Today, that memory belongs to the precious moments in which I can still be with him for a little while.

Later, I received two handwritten texts through a medium. They acquired a deep personal meaning for me. They touched me in my bond with Marco. That experience belongs to my spiritual path. I preserve it with the tenderness with which a person keeps what has sustained them in grief.

I often feel that Marco helps me with my writing. Our shared curiosity echoes in my memory. In my faith, our bond can reach beyond what I can make visible. That gives me comfort and courage to continue this work.

In my faith, that possibility remains open. There are moments when I feel our bond deeply, even though I cannot make it visible. I allow that closeness in, with my hope and my questions. The mystery remains, and I continue to stand before it as a father.

Perhaps you, reading this, also know someone to whom you would still like to say so much. Then our stories meet here. In a name you continue to speak with love. In a goodbye that still hurts. In the question of whether the person we miss may still be close to us in a way unknown to us.

Those who have read My Life know more of Marco and our shared path. I hope he comes close again here as a person: with his smile, his ideas and his own place in our family. If you are meeting him here for the first time, I

invite you to get to know his life too. His presence in my books is my way of introducing him to others with love.

When I speak of him, I want to keep seeing his life in its full richness. He was a son, a father, a brother, a friend and a person with plans. His story deserves space. Photographs, videos and memories can pass something of him on to those who knew him and those who come to know him through our words.

My love for Marco also makes my love for the living more important. Michael, my grandchildren, Dorina and the people around me each have their own irreplaceable place. I want to give time to those who are here today. To say what may be said. To listen before the conversation can exist only in memory.

If IF opens a door to the question of whether love can live on beyond goodbye, then for me that door begins here. With my son. With the absence. With the hope that helps me go on loving.

What if the love that binds us so deeply reaches further than we can understand today?

> **Life lesson**
> Keep seeing the loved one's life too: his smile, his dreams and his own story.

21 · A candle and the bond that endures

What if a small gesture makes room for a love whose form has changed?

With Marco, my search comes closest to my heart. Here, the question of the soul carries my son's name. If a person is more than his body, what does that mean for the bond between a father and his child? In my faith, that love may reach beyond death. That trust gives my grief a spiritual space in which connection can continue to exist.

> **From spiritual writings**
> In Swedenborg's account, after death a person meets acquaintances and relatives. Spiritual closeness has to do with inner connection. The Swedenborg Foundation also discusses how his writings describe reunion and the lasting power of love. That teaching gives the hope of continuing relationships an extensive spiritual background. [4, 10]

When I set that thought beside my own life, love becomes for me a form of recognition deeply rooted in our existence. Marco was no passing presence. Our conversations, our work together and our love shaped me. In my faith, that bond belongs to who we are at our deepest level. That is why I can hope that goodbye does not tell the whole truth about our connection.

The two handwritten texts

The two texts I received through a medium acquired a deep personal meaning for me. Their place in my story lies in the closeness I felt through them. I preserve them with the tenderness with which a father keeps what has sustained him in grief. In that way, they belong to my own spiritual path.

For me, it is important that moments like these retain their gentleness. I want to keep remembering my son as the person he was. His smile, his ideas and our shared curiosity give that closeness a face. My belief in an enduring bond gains warmth because it remains connected with his actual life.

A candle as a gesture between two worlds

When I think of our visits to Scherpenheuvel, I see a simple gesture that now has several layers. Then, we stood together beside the candle. Today, that memory can connect me with him again. For me, the flame can carry a prayer, gratitude and the desire for love to keep finding its way. The outward action creates room for something that lives within.

That is also how I want to speak about his closeness while I write. Sometimes I feel that our bond helps me go on. In my faith, the love between us can still be at work. The books become a place where I receive and pass on that connection. At the same time, Michael, my

grandchildren, Dorina and the people who are with me today remain present in my love.

In this way, my belief in a life that reaches further becomes an invitation to pay attention to this life. I want to say what I feel, make time and preserve the stories. The hope of reunion and care for those beside us can live together in one heart. For me, that is the most human meaning of a bridge between heaven and earth.

> **Life lesson**
> Give absence a gentle place and keep offering love to the people of today.

22 · The people who opened their hearts

What if truly listening can be the beginning of a new connection?

Looking back, there must have been thousands of conversations over the years. About numerology and spirituality, loss and love, experiences someone did not dare to share. Often, it began with something small. A date of birth, a question, a short message. Then came the life story.

Those encounters happened in different places: during activities, in a café, on a walk, on the telephone and later through the internet. I took part in many spiritual gatherings and helped organise them myself. People with widely differing beliefs crossed my path.

What moved me most was the trust. Someone dared to say something that had long remained hidden. I knew I had to handle what was entrusted to me with care. Those people's names, secrets and pain belong to them. The lessons that listening gave me, however, I carry with me.

Some people wrote in the middle of the night. One message could become the beginning of an entire life story. Behind the words was someone who, at that

moment, needed to be heard. I found it moving to be given so much trust in this way.

Questions emerged for which people struggled to find a place elsewhere.

Sometimes it began with a number, sometimes with an unusual experience. As I listened, I reached the person living with it. What had touched him? Why was it so hard for him to speak about it? I recognised something of the vulnerability that arises when you tell of something you cannot fully explain yourself.

In that, I experience a quiet spiritual connection. Two people do not need to know one another's whole lives to be truly close for a moment. Perhaps you feel it too when reading a book: someone has found words for something that has long been present within you. That is the encounter I hope for with IF.

I learned how often a person needs presence. We easily search for the right advice. Sometimes help begins earlier: allowing someone to finish speaking, bearing the silence and taking their grief seriously. When a story is finally heard, space can open up to think ahead again.

My own loss was present in those conversations too. Speaking about Marco helped me keep his life close. Dorina and I had different needs in this. Where I sought words and openness, she found her own way. Two

people can carry the same loss and still need different paths.

That difference taught me how important it is to be careful with judgements. We can know another person closely and still never fully know what their inner world is like. Love sometimes asks us to leave space where we would like to find agreement.

New contacts grew through photographs, videos and stories about Marco. The digital world thereby gained a human meaning for me. Behind the screen, someone appeared who was searching for recognition. A message could begin a conversation that would otherwise never have happened.

I hope IF may carry something of that meeting space. A place where we can arrive with our own story and meet another person with attention. Differences in belief can remain while understanding grows.

For me, the spiritual meaning of that is great. When we truly listen, we acknowledge something of the value of another life. That is a form of love available to us again every day.

> **Life lesson**
> Listen to the person first, before searching for an answer.

23 · Whatever you do to others

What if what we do to another person also becomes part of our own spiritual path?

> **My guiding words**
> Whatever you do to others, you do to yourself, in this life or another life, on earth, in heaven or in another dimension.

Throughout my life, I have come to believe more and more in the law of cause and effect. I also call it the boomerang law. What we send into the world sets something in motion. Our words, our intentions and our actions leave traces, sometimes further than we ourselves can see.

I recognise a spiritual responsibility in that. A person lives in connection with other people. What I do touches someone. What that person carries away from it can, in turn, travel further. In that way, we are part of a larger whole every day.

My father left Italy to build a future for his family. The consequences of that choice reach into the lives of my children and grandchildren. My mother passed on care and perseverance through everyday life. I carry something of that when I try to care for another person myself.

Help we receive can also keep working. Someone stands beside us in a difficult period. Years later, we recognise another person's need and reach out a hand. We know from experience how much that can mean. What was given to us finds a continuation.

I believe there is a deeper coherence, even when I cannot see the whole pattern. At the same time, I do not want to burden anyone with that conviction. Illness, loss or injustice must never be used to tell a person they deserved their pain. Those who suffer need closeness.

In my father, I see how far a decision can reach. He went to Belgium to work here; I was still a small child when we followed. From that step grew a life whose unfolding he could not possibly have foreseen in full. Today, my children and grandchildren live on within that history. One person can thus set something in motion that carries generations.

That awareness also makes cause and effect a spiritual question for me. What do we leave behind in those who come after us? What fear do we pass on, what trust, what willingness to love? My influence is small beside the vastness of the world, but in the life of someone close, a word can still mean a great deal.

I hope that what we give with love is received somewhere, even when we do not see the answer. For me, the boomerang law is connected with that trust. It

invites me to choose consciously what I send into the world, while the outcome often escapes my view.

For me, cause and effect above all asks for attention to what I can contribute today. A humiliating word can continue to work for a long time. A sincere apology can begin a healing. A promise grows stronger when we fulfil it through small actions.

In my working life, I learned how precious credibility is. Trust grows when people notice that you do what you say. That applies just as much in family, friendship and the conversations we have every day. Goodness gains strength through repetition.

When I have made a mistake, a possibility remains to set something new in motion. I can take responsibility, listen to the consequences and try to act differently. In that way, a difficult event need not endlessly reproduce the same pain.

IF therefore also leaves me with a practical question: what do I want to help grow today? If I hope for more love, I can begin with the way I answer. If I long for peace, I can make my own words less harsh. My influence is limited, but it exists.

The love you pass on today can travel further than you will ever know.

From spiritual writings
In its glossary, the Self-Realization Fellowship explains karma as action and the associated working of cause and effect. Within that spiritual teaching, choices belong to a longer path of the soul's development. The concept connects what we do with the consequences that follow from it. [11]

When I set that thought beside my own life, I feel above all a sense of responsibility. What I say or do today can go on working in another person. My parents opened possibilities that reach as far as their grandchildren. The help I received makes me want to give something back myself. In that movement, I recognise a spiritual law that can become visible in everyday life.

That is also my personal reading of the boomerang idea. What goes out from me participates in the world we inhabit together. A word of distrust can increase distance. An act of trust can help someone begin again. Not every consequence returns recognisably to me on the same day. Yet I believe our actions retain meaning within the larger whole.

That is why I want to connect karma with compassion in my book. Another person's grief calls for presence. My own mistakes call for a willingness to take responsibility and act differently. For me, a spiritual explanation becomes valuable when it helps love grow. Forgiveness

too can thus become a new movement, in which pain is passed from person to person a little less.

Every act of love sets something in motion whose entire path we may never see.

My guiding phrase as a spiritual task

Those words express my conviction about connection and cause and effect. I believe that what we do to another person ultimately touches us too: in this life or another life, on earth, in heaven or in another dimension. That is how I view the responsibility we carry as souls.

Above all, I want that phrase to begin with my own actions. What intention lives in my words? What do I bring about in another person? Can I acknowledge my mistakes and make something right? When I ask myself those questions, my conviction takes living form. The thought of a spiritual coherence thus becomes an invitation to love more consciously today.

> **Life lesson**
> Let your awareness of connection begin with how you act today.

24 · Understanding without judging

What if behind the behaviour we see there lives a history we do not yet know?

I never wanted to judge. When I say that, I mean the desire to meet the person first. Each of us carries visible and hidden experiences. A single statement, a mistake or a difficult day never tells the whole story.

In the many conversations I had, I learned how much can remain hidden beneath the surface. Someone begins with a number or an unusual experience. Slowly, grief, doubt or an absence emerges. If I decide too early who that person is, I may close the very door they were cautiously trying to open.

The same human dignity

My conviction that we are connected as souls asks for respect. The other person does not have to use the same words for life. They may believe differently, ask different questions or need their own silence. I want to keep listening to the person standing before me.

I know difference within my own family too. Love does not make us identical. It takes patience to remain present with someone who thinks differently or deals with grief differently. That is where a spiritual conviction

is truly tested: can I allow another person their own inner space?

With open eyes and an open heart

Not judging does not remove my responsibility. When something hurts, I may name it. I may set boundaries and step away when necessary. But I want to try not to reduce a person entirely to the behaviour that wounded me.

I too have depended on people who looked beyond my hardest period. Their trust allowed me to feel that beginning again remained possible. I want to carry that experience with me when another person sits opposite me.

My guiding phrase helps me with this: whatever I do to another person also touches me. Humiliation increases the harshness in which we live together. A careful word can create space. When I truly connect, the encounter changes me too.

The gentleness I want to give is something I must also learn to receive. I can acknowledge my mistakes without reducing myself to them. In this way, a circle of understanding arises: attention to the other person, honesty about myself and a willingness to keep growing together.

Life lesson
Ask an honest question first and give the other person time to become human in your eyes.

25 · The long road to forgiveness

What if forgiveness makes room for us to become a new source of love?

Forgiveness sounds simple when we speak about it from a distance. In a wounded heart, it may ask for a long journey. I have known disappointments that kept returning to my thoughts. The question of why someone had treated me that way could take up more space than I wanted.

Gradually, I began to feel how much strength old pain can keep demanding. What had happened could no longer be changed. Yet it entered my day again and again. I longed for peace while continuing to repeat the event inside myself.

For me, forgiveness began with the desire to loosen that grip slowly. The grief could be acknowledged. The anger too had something to say. I did not have to pretend to feel kinder than I did. Honesty with myself proved to be a beginning of gentleness.

Boundaries must retain their place in that process. To me, forgiving a person does not mean I must give them the same power over my life again. Sometimes distance remains necessary. I can guard a boundary and still hope that my heart will not be ruled by bitterness for ever.

I also had to become gentler towards myself. I made choices that could have turned out differently. I persisted too long, misplaced my trust or failed to see a possibility. In hindsight, the past looks clearer to us than it did at the moment when we had to live it.

Taking responsibility helps me move forward. Condemning myself endlessly tends to hold me fast. When I acknowledge what I want to do differently and act on that today, a painful lesson gains a human continuation.

In the silence, you can notice how much an old wound still affects you. The event is over, but inwardly you have the conversation again. You still search for recognition, a different answer, a healing that never came then. For me, one of the hardest sides of forgiveness lies there: acknowledging how deeply something affected you while longing for a life in which it has less power.

I also had to learn to bear questions towards myself. Could I have acted differently? Did I see enough, understand enough? In hindsight, a human life is easily read as though every turning had already been clear at the time. While we were on the road, we had to choose with the strength and understanding of that moment.

My hope is that the soul can grow in gentleness. That space can arise around what once filled everything. Perhaps it begins very small: being able to hear

someone's name without falling completely back into the pain. Or allowing a good memory alongside the grief. For me, that too is a form of inner liberation.

In a spiritual sense, I see forgiveness as creating room for love. Sometimes very cautiously. A memory that burns less. A conversation that can become calmer. The possibility of meeting someone new without immediately making them carry the blame for an old disappointment.

I think of the turbulent time in which we live. How often does misunderstanding grow because old wounds keep finding new words? Every gesture that briefly interrupts the chain of humiliation has meaning. Sometimes it begins with someone saying: I want to listen, even though this conversation is difficult for me.

No one has to hurry along that road. Love cannot be forced. But the desire for reconciliation, within ourselves or with someone else, may already be a first opening. I recognise hope in that: we can slowly learn to carry differently what we can no longer change.

> **Life lesson**
> Keep your boundaries and allow your heart the possibility of being less governed by old pain.

26 · Wonder opens new windows

What if curiosity helps us live with greater humility and openness?

My interest in the unknown has taken many forms. Ancient pyramids and megaliths caught my attention. Stories of Atlantis, Lemuria and hidden worlds stirred my imagination. I wanted to read, compare and understand why such subjects touch people so deeply.

In an ancient building, I also see the people who must have stood behind it. Their cooperation, their knowledge and the desire to erect something meaningful. They died long ago, yet their work still makes us pause. That awareness humbles me.

Stories of lost worlds also touch a longing I recognise: a longing for harmony, for a society in which knowledge goes together with wisdom and people feel part of nature. Their historical and spiritual meanings each ask for their own way of reading. In IF, they find space as subjects that nourished my curiosity.

Writers and thinkers also opened windows for me. Jules Verne sent the imagination travelling. In Dante, the image of an inner journey through darkness towards light speaks to me. For me, Giordano Bruno belongs to the courage to think broadly. What touches me in such

encounters with a book is the space a thought can create.

I also read and listened around spiritual figures such as Edgar Cayce, Jozef Rulof, Giorgio Dibitonto and Pier Giorgio Caria. Their differing accounts crossed my path as I explored my own questions. I name them here as part of my reading journey. Each author carries their own ideas and takes time to get to know.

There is something special about a book that reaches you at the right moment. You read a thought and feel it touching an old question again. Then you put the book down, but the conversation continues inside. That is how different authors nourished my interest. Their words met the experiences I was already carrying.

In my reading about the unseen, questions returned about the soul, spiritual growth and survival after death. The writers I name here offer different answers. I want to get to know them first through their own words. What does someone mean when speaking of a spiritual world? What view of humanity does their account carry? What does that thought do to my own outlook on life?

Those who read further through IF may keep the same freedom. A thought can touch you deeply while other passages continue to raise questions. My interest has remained an open reading journey. In my other books,

you meet the man who carries these questions through his daily life.

Study can have a warmth of its own. You read a page because you want to understand a person, an experience or life itself better. You place a thought beside what you have lived through. You talk about it with someone from a different background. Slowly, more space opens in your view.

That is why I also want to offer a guide in IF. Curiosity may continue beyond reading my story. Those who want to know more can choose a theme, seek an original text and calmly explore the meaning a writer gives their words. A good conversation can be as enriching as a book.

Love remains my measure. A thought that helps me live more carefully and understand another person better has set something valuable in motion. For me, wonder becomes richer when it brings us back to life and to each other.

> **Life lesson**
> Let what you discover deepen your humanity.

27 · Hope for the world we share

What if the world grows warmer through the way we approach one person?



I hope IF may above all be a story of love and hope. The time in which we live can feel unsettled. There are so many voices, so many images and so many reasons for concern. That is precisely why I want to give space to what can bring people closer together again.

The desire for a better world easily lives in grand words. In my own life, it begins again and again in an encounter. Can I listen to someone who thinks differently? Can I postpone my judgement for a moment? Can I put something right, thank someone or let them feel they have not been forgotten?

I know how hard that can sometimes be, especially with those closest to us. In a family, words touch deep layers. Old habits can seem stronger than good intentions. There too, love remains a path that asks for attention. We learn it in the midst of life, with everything imperfect within it.

Unconditional love, my trust that coincidence does not exist and the law of cause and effect meet at this point for me. I believe we are connected. That our encounters can carry meaning. That what we do has consequences. From that faith, I want to try to give goodness more room.

That hope does not require a constantly cheerful face. Grief may exist beside it. A person can cry and still love. They can be tired and still take a hand. Sometimes hope is very small: calling someone today, getting up again tomorrow and giving the next conversation a new chance.

I think of my children and grandchildren. What do I want to leave them? Alongside the stories of my life, the trust that humanity retains its value. That there are people who want to help. That a difficult period does not erase all possibilities. That they are loved.

IF once began as two letters on paper. Today, those letters carry much of what I have lived. The child who wondered, the entrepreneur who kept building, the

father who misses his son and the listener who was allowed to receive so much trust come together in this book.

As I pass my story on to you, I also think of what a book can preserve. I can no longer ask my parents how they experienced certain days. I can no longer invite Marco into the conversation I still so long to have. What I write comes from the desire to pass something of their presence on while I can.

My books therefore belong together. In one, you find the journey through my life; in another, my encounters with the unexplained. In IF, I bring you closer to the questions that grew from them. Perhaps you recognise a passage you have read before and feel it differently now. Perhaps you want to know how the story behind these pages continues.

The most beautiful outcome would be for my memories to touch something in your own life too. Someone you want to seek out again. A question you dare to ask once more. A quiet hope for which you had no words yet. Then, for a moment, the bridge between us has found a place.

The door stays open to what life may still teach us. In the next part, thirty-three themes await those who wish to discover more. My most important wish goes with you:

may the warmth you receive here find its way to someone else.

The world we hope for can make a small beginning today.

> **Life lesson**
> Begin with the good that lies within your reach today.

28 · A short guide to my interests

What if you choose one question that truly connects with your life?

The spiritual explanations found their place beside my experiences in Part 1. This guide helps you choose where you want to read further. You do not have to follow the themes in order. Begin with the question my story has awakened in you.

The thirty-three reading directions in this short guide offer an overview of my spiritual interests. They are directions for reading. On the IF website, you will find more extensive contributions, videos and references. My other books give more space to the people and events of my life story.

Those who mainly wish to follow my personal path can return to the child who floated, the night after the crisis, the sky above Angleur and my own numerological analysis. The chapters about Marco, encounters, cause and effect and forgiveness connect those experiences with love in my daily life.

Take time for what touches you. A question that travels with you can become more valuable than much information read in haste.

Getting to know your inner world

1 Silence and meditation — making space to be attentively present with your inner life.

2 Mindful presence — noticing what lives within and around you.

3 The breath as a resting point — a simple doorway into a moment of attention.

4 Conscious movement and yoga — exploring the connection between the body, attention and our attitude to life.

5 Self-knowledge and inner growth — learning to recognise recurring patterns and possibilities.

6 Intuition and inner knowing — listening to the quiet movement that connects with 11 in my own analysis.

7 Dreams and dream images — reading further from the night-time experience I describe in the chapter about the night after the crisis.

8 Spiritual awakening — exploring how an experience can broaden your view of yourself and life.

Back to my story: the chapters about my childhood, the night after the crisis and my own analysis.

Love as a spiritual attitude to life

9 Unconditional love and compassion — continuing to see the other person's dignity.

10 Gratitude and receiving — paying attention to the love and help you received.

11 Forgiveness and inner freedom — seeking how a wound may come to govern your life less.

12 Grief and enduring connection — making room for absence and for the love that continues.

13 Meaning and service — using your abilities to mean something to others.

14 Nature and connection with the earth — knowing yourself to be part of the living whole.

Back to my story: the love that carries us, Marco, the people who opened their hearts and the road to forgiveness.

My 6, 33 and 9 acquire a personal meaning through these questions in chapters 14 to 19.

Discovering coherence and meaning

15 Synchronicity — exploring meaningful coincidences from my conviction that there is no such thing as coincidence.

16 Numerology — rereading my own analysis as an example of how I connect numbers with a life lived.

17 Karma, cause and effect — paying attention to what we set in motion through our choices.

Back to my story: the chapters about coincidence, my own analysis and the boomerang law.

For my analysis, I used the date 5 June 1948 and the name Renato Rossi. My life number 33, birth year 22, day and month together 11 and name number 9 form the personal thread I have described. I read the meaning of those results in connection with the events, people and choices in my life.

Anyone wishing to explore a meaningful coincidence for themselves can first write down the event, then what it evoked within them and finally what it changed in their life. That gives attention both to the experience and to its continuing effect.

> **Life lesson**
> Let deeper understanding grow calmly from attention and your own interests.

29 · Reading further with an open heart

What if different voices help us walk our own path more attentively?

The visible and the invisible

18 Consciousness and the soul — the question of who we are at our deepest level.

19 Near-death experiences — reading accounts of profound experiences at life's boundaries and their effects on one's attitude to life.

20 Out-of-body experiences — reading further alongside my childhood memory of floating above my bed.

21 Life after death and enduring connection — placing my hopes concerning Marco beside spiritual writings.

22 Reincarnation — becoming acquainted with the idea of a soul developing over several lives.

23 Mysticism and unity — exploring accounts in which people experience a deep connection.

Back to my story: the chapters about my childhood and the night after the crisis, Angleur and the chapter about Marco.

The authors in the blue boxes use different spiritual concepts. Read their words within their own traditions. You can begin with one author who speaks to you and then discover where other voices place a different emphasis.

Deepening your own spiritual path

24 Prayer and contemplation — giving words or silence to what you want to entrust to life.

25 Rituals and ancestors — giving meaning to memory and connection, such as a candle for a loved one.

26 Music and mantras — exploring how sound can carry attention, emotion or stillness.

27 Chakras and energetic symbolism — becoming acquainted with spiritual conceptions of the human being.

28 Reiki and attention — reading about this practice's place within spiritual interests.

29 Crystals and meaningful objects — pausing over the personal value an object can acquire.

30 Angels and protection — reading further alongside the warm presence in my childhood memory.

31 Astrology — discovering how this tradition approaches birth information symbolically.

32 Tarot and archetypal images — using images as a starting point for reflection.

33 Sacred places and ancient monuments — considering what a place or shape evokes in you spiritually.

Back to my story: the older woman, the pyramid and the candle in Scherpenheuvel.

A reading route that suits your question

On the soul, dreams and inner life: begin with the contributions around Edgar Cayce. Short references to the publications used accompany the new explorations.

On a spiritual world and continuing relationships: the references to Swedenborg offer an initial reading route. For out-of-body experiences, a theosophical text stands beside my own memory.

On meaningful coincidence: read the explanation of Jung in the chapters about coincidence and coherence alongside my own broader conviction about connection and guidance.

On the unknown universe and spiritual questions: my memory of Angleur is the starting point for getting to know, among others, Giorgio Dibitonto and the contributions on IF.

Other voices can also be found on IF, including Jozef Rulof, Pier Giorgio Caria, Eugenio Siragusa and Og

Mandino. They form separate reading directions within my interests.

Part 3 brings you to the website. The supplementary source list at the end of this book refers directly to the writings and publications used for the new explorations.

Life lesson
Receive what helps you, explore what raises questions and remain free to choose for yourself.



30 · The bridge to IF and the websites

What if one story or one online encounter sets a new thought in motion?

The IF website brings together stories, spiritual themes, people and videos. The eight gateways on the following pages help you continue with what touched you in this book. You can read, listen and discover at your own pace.

Point your phone or tablet camera at a QR code and tap the notification that appears. In this digital edition, you can also open the link beneath the box. An internet connection is needed for the online content.

The website has its own structure. Look up subjects by name; the numbering need not match this book. The main page can also be found at tussenhemelenaarde1111.com.

One story or one thought may be enough to set something in motion. Take time to let what touches you settle, and feel free to return to this book's pages.

IF · Discover

Explore further

Stories and further exploration

Explore further

33 spiritual themes

Explore further

Love, loss and forgiveness

Explore further



People and inspiration

Explore further



My spiritual videos

Explore further



My Life

Explore further

Dai di Più

Explore further

From the screen back to the encounter

A website can open a door to new words, images and voices. Their meaning grows when something travels with you into your own life. Perhaps you want to write down an experience, ask someone a question or speak with a loved one about what you have read.

For me, those movements belong to the same bridge. My books preserve memories and thoughts. The websites offer space for deeper exploration. Meeting another

person makes visible how I truly want to live my desire for connection.

You do not have to hurry with any of it. One day, you want to know more; on another, a single sentence is enough. I hope that, as you discover, you keep finding something that deepens your humanity and brings you warmly back to yourself and those around you.

Life lesson
Use the bridge to discover, and take time to let what touches you settle into your own life.

31 · My books as one continuing conversation

What if a familiar life story gains new depth when we also get to know the inner journey?

My books come from the same life. Those who read My Life meet my family, my roots, my work and the years in which I built, lost and began again. Those who follow my spiritual story see the questions and experiences that kept living beneath it. IF brings that inner life and that life history closer together.

That is why this book is also an invitation. When a name, an event or a memory touches you, you can read further in my other books. There, you will come to know more of the people present here: my parents, Dorina, Marco and Michael, my grandchildren and all those who gave something of their warmth along the way.

Reading again in another light

Perhaps you already know my life story. Then IF may give new meaning to a familiar page. A business also appears as the desire to build. An encounter gains the depth of trust received. An unusual experience stands beside care for my family and the need to pass something on.

That connection is dear to me. I am the technician, the entrepreneur, the father and the spiritual seeker in one life. My questions about the unseen acquired meaning among people. My wish to bring people together, in turn, deepened my faith in connection.

An invitation that remains open

You do not have to read everything to take something away. Perhaps one memory is enough to remind you of someone you love. Perhaps an experience invites you to speak about your own childhood again. Perhaps my own analysis helps you reflect on the forces that shaped your life path.

When my books make a conversation possible, they have done something essential for me. I hope the story continues with the reader: around a table, during a walk, in a message or in a moment of silence in which someone is remembered with love.

> **Life lesson**
> Preserve stories and share them with the people to whom they may mean something.

32 · The life lesson becomes a gesture

What if the next step in our spiritual growth is one simple gesture of love?

After all the stories, I want to return to the simple. What do I do today with what I believe? How does the desire to improve and connect become visible in an ordinary day? A book can provide words. Life asks whether those words also become actions.

One attentive encounter

I can begin with the person I speak to today. Listening without having the answer ready. Asking how they really are. Waiting a little when they search for words. From the conversations I have had, I know how precious that space can be.

Receiving belongs to this too. Someone who always wants to give can forget that they also need support. My life has been carried in part by the help and trust of others. For me, gratitude also means daring to acknowledge that connection.

Repairing what I can repair

My phrase about what we do to others directs my attention to my own choices. I can try to put a careless word right. I can still make a gesture I have postponed. When I notice I have judged too quickly, I can begin listening again. In this way, spiritual growth becomes concrete action.

The past remains part of us. Yet today's conversation can have a different continuation from yesterday's. For me, hope lies there: we can begin again with an honest intention, even while we still have much to learn.

What if — today?

What if I offer a little more patience today? What if I let someone feel they count? What if I speak with love a name that otherwise stays silent? Such questions fit into an ordinary day. They can form the bridge between a spiritual conviction and a person who feels less alone.

I believe a reason and a coherence lie behind our existence. I want to seek my answer to that in the love with which I participate in it. Understanding, connecting and improving something remain possible in small gestures. The good that begins there can travel further than I will ever know.

Life lesson
Put one of your good intentions into practice today.

33 · A door that may remain open

What if the love you receive reaches someone else again through you?

At the end of this book, I want to sit beside you again for a moment. After all the words and concepts, there remains a person reading, with a life of their own, their own memories and people dear to them. That is where I want IF to stay close.

Perhaps one subject stirred your curiosity. Perhaps a memory surfaced that had long been quiet. Perhaps you mainly felt a need for rest or a conversation with someone who understands you. Whatever you take away, I hope these pages have given you something of warmth.

The story, the guide and the windows onto the website belong to the same bridge. First, I shared what I experienced and what sustained me. Then I offered words and gateways through which you can discover further for yourself. The path that grows from that belongs to you.

When I look back on my life, I think of people. Of my parents' care, of Dorina, of Marco and Michael, of my grandchildren and so many others who found a place in my history. I also think of the people who gave me their grief and their trust. Their presence lives within what I want to pass on.

Missing Marco remains part of me. Beside that absence lives gratitude for who he was and what we shared together. When I write about him, I give something of that love a place among the people of today. I hope that your loved ones too, present or missed, were able to come gently close in these pages.

I believe we are more connected than we realise in daily life. That an encounter can carry meaning. That what we do in love has consequences, even when we cannot see what follows. From that trust, I want to keep choosing understanding, forgiveness where it can grow and the courage to give goodness another chance.

We live in a time when much can unsettle us. Yet I also encounter the other side: someone who keeps listening, a hand offering help, a person who dares to give trust again. Such gestures are real. They give me hope for the world we can shape together.

Perhaps we can begin today with one person. With a telephone call postponed too long. With a kinder word. With the willingness to ask how someone really is and stay a little for the answer. Sometimes we can give. Sometimes it is our turn to take an outstretched hand.

For me, spirituality finds its warm place there: in wonder at existence and in the care with which we participate in it. Whatever we believe about heaven, here on earth we can already give one another something of shelter.

IF — what if we approached one another with more love?

Then something begins in today's conversation. And perhaps the other person carries something of it into a next encounter. In this way, a loving gesture can travel further, from heart to heart.

I wish you room to keep discovering, people with whom you feel welcome and the peace to follow your own path. May there be light where things are difficult, support when you are tired and joy in the small moments life still gives us.

Thank you for walking part of the way with me.

Growing in connection and awareness.

Warm wishes, Renato Rossi

> **Life lesson**
> Let the love you have received live on in what you give to others.

Sources and further reading

References [1] to [11] accompany the blue panels. They invite further reading on the authors and traditions mentioned. My personal numerological analysis appears in chapters 14 to 19.

[1] Annie Besant — The Seven Principles of Man
Theosophical description of the human being and the subtle vehicle of consciousness.
Open the publication

[2] Catechism of the Catholic Church — paragraph 336
Angels as protectors and guides within the Catholic faith.
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[3] John Van Auken — How to Remember and Understand Your Dreams
A.R.E., 26 June 2020. Personal dream interpretation within the Cayce tradition.
Open the publication

[4] Swedenborg Foundation — Spiritual World (Afterlife)
The spiritual world, landscapes and enduring relationships according to Swedenborg.
Open the publication

[5] Joe Cambray — Synchronicity: An Acausal Connecting Principle
International Association for Analytical Psychology. Jung’s concept of synchronicity.
Open the publication

[6] Swedenborg Foundation — Divine Providence
Providence, spiritual guidance and human freedom.
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[7] Giorgio Dibitonto — Angeli in astronave
Book presentation by Edizioni Mediterranee; the spiritual perspective of the contact account.
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[8] John Van Auken — Spirit and Soul
A.R.E. The individual soul and a wider spiritual source of life.
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[9] Cindy Griffith — What Is Tarot Numerology?
A.R.E. A method different from Renato’s own numerological analysis.
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[10] Swedenborg Foundation — 5 Reunions in the Afterlife
Spiritual conceptions of reunion and love.
Open the publication

[11] Self-Realization Fellowship — Glossary, Karma
Karma as action and cause and effect within Yogananda’s teaching.
Open the publication