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Issue #7
November 2026

Essential for Wellbeing

"Restoring Connection, One Story at a Time"

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Essential for Wellbeing is written by Nick Wallace, from Sarnia, Ontario. I write stories, essays, and reflections about the quiet truths we all feel but rarely say out loud. I had lost my job, my marriage, and people I loved—all in a short stretch where those around me seemed more willing to twist my words than face themselves. It dissolved me. But what broke also opened something. Eventually, I realized the thing I kept trying to outrun wasn't out there. It was in me. I started to see the patterns I'd never questioned, and the beliefs I'd carried without knowing it. The culture around me offered plenty of escapes, but lacked peace. And culture isn't meant to be something we follow—it's just a word for what you and I do together, every day. We can create a more beautiful world. These stories are for the part of you that's been taught to stay silent—the part that still knows you're not the frightened reflex trying to control life. You are life. Each month is an invitation to pause, reflect, and remember—told through true stories that start with my life and end in yours.

Story at a Glance: How do we feel in our body? What influences how we feel in our body? We are taught to cater to others in society, often at the expense of the smallest unit of society (our self). But what else lies behind the expense of sacrifice? Ages: all ages.

The Kite's Journey: A Story of Inner Knowing

Dedicated to: VCW, KNS, YDC, MK, SGW, and
to the divine intelligence within us all ϟ

My very young daughter, many years ago, drew a long wonky string attached to a kite that was travelling up the margin of a page in my notes, with the words: *"What is it like in your body?"*

Isn't it wonderful to find a surprise from a child tucked away in the pages of our own thoughts? When she drew that long, wonky kite she was inviting me on a journey—deeper than any map could take me.

Imagine, if you will, that you're the one holding the string of that kite. And let's see what happens when we walk through the steps of truly feeling what it is like to be our self in our own body.



Freeing Myself – The Ascent of the Kite

When we are very little, we're like the wind itself—free. But as we grow, we sometimes let the world tie our string to heavy rocks.

To be in my body, I must first gently untie those rocks of security, sensation, and addictive-demands that make me control situations, destroy my serenity, and keep me from loving myself and others. *I free myself.*

Ask yourself: Am I truly free? Am I staying silent to please someone? Or maybe I am echoing the voices of others to please them? By looking at the tight controlling knots I've tied—such as my need to be heard, my need to be seen a certain way, or my need to be right—I begin to discover who was there all along. *I discover myself.*

When I feel discomfort (even my deepest pain) my experience offers me to see my addictive-control-programming, I don't need to disconnect and escape. *I welcome experience.*

Being Here Now – Navigating the Winds

Sometimes, the air gets turbulent. We often chase the bright, shiny clouds of pleasure and run away from the dark, chilly rain of pain. I remember that I already have everything I need—unless I am dominated by demands and expectations.

I trust that my own inner light is steady, even when the world tells me I should be someone else. This is the beginning of trusting in my own heart. *I trust myself.*

Seeing the landscape, as we rise higher and grow older, we can see the whole meadow. I look down and take responsibility for my own path. I see my *Shadow*—those parts of me I usually try to hide. *I examine myself.*

I accept these parts, just as the sky accepts the sunrise, the moonrise, and the passing storms. By witnessing everything I think and do without judgment, I become whole and able to respond, as I choose. *I accept myself.*

Interacting With Others – Connecting the Threads

A kite is a lonely thing if it doesn't touch the sky, and we are lonely if we don't touch one another. The intimacy of the heart is far deeper than that of the skin.

I open my heart to speak my deep truths and deepest feelings, which bridges the gap between "me" and "you." Hiding my truth keeps me separate from others. *I communicate openly.*

I learn to feel compassion for others without letting their storms blow me off course. *I feel and let-go.*

Most importantly, I learn to wait until my heart is quiet to respond with love, rather than react with fear—which only deprives me of the truth and wisdom that flow through love. *I respond lovingly.*

Discovering My Awareness – The Stillness of Height

When the kite reaches its highest point, the string becomes perfectly still. It isn't pulling, and it isn't slack.

This is the calm mind. I stop scanning the horizon for things to fill my voids and darkness, and instead settle into the quiet, finer energies that connect me to *everything*. *I calm myself.*

I practice the art of being, not just doing. I am constantly aware of which state of consciousness I am in on my map. I can feel when I am being pulled away, and feel the hum of my own inner peace when I am home. *I am self-aware.*

Finally, we reach the edge of the blue. Standing at the threshold of something even greater, our birthright—a higher consciousness. A higher state of awareness that is you.

We have a choice: to keep drifting in the old patterns of stress and worry, or to let go of the string entirely and awaken to the vast, beautiful, and eternal sky that was always our home, even when we were standing on the ground. The sky becomes the ground for the Earth. Our inside and the outside become one. *I grow.*

It is a brave thing to ask what it's like in your body. It is the bravest thing, actually—and is what starts you off on a new path. I am grateful for my daughter's question and the gifted analogy seen in her drawing of the kite guiding us, wherever it may lead. You may choose to read these *twelve steps* slowly to yourself when you are upset.

The End—or maybe, for your heart, just the beginning.

Reflection: As the monthly story introduction reveals, I lost nearly everything in a short stretch of time. My old camper and office became my new home. My inner sense of home was gone—and my body was fading with it. All I had left was a rational mind in shock.

I could either understand what had happened to me, or keep suffering. Those felt like the only two doors. Seven years later: gurus to shamans, courses to retreats, podcasts to silence—and now, from trying to help myself to trying to *witness* myself.

It started with several catalytic shocks hitting every major pillar of adult life in under four years. I went into a spiritual emergency. I didn't know what spirit was. Choosing understanding over suffering might look like sacrifice in modern religious terms—but I didn't see it as a choice while married, because I'd already believed in the best solution my left-hemisphere rational brain could find. I just had to convince my partner, who couldn't see it yet.

My definition of marriage said we'd help each other—so my solution included my wife, and I stayed the problem-solver-fixer my life had trained me to be. Yet my belief in communication seemed to protect my weaknesses more than hers. And we all carry bugs in our child-hood programming. We aren't taught this in school—and if we were, some teachers had worse programs than the students.

Many of us fight with our wife when we feel neglected, betrayed, or ignored. We feel we're defending ourselves against what shouldn't be happening—never once thinking something might be wrong with our own personality or beliefs. You knew your defences were up in the most important relationship of your life, the one you wanted to keep. It felt like choosing between you and your marriage.

And I told her: *it's one thing for you to ignore me, but I won't ignore myself.* I thought that was the end of it—that she'd see, and we'd both change. But here is what I couldn't see then: my demand that she witness herself was the same demand she was making of me, in her silence. Same knot, held in different hands.

Yet you keep fighting, because a spirit of resentment seems to have taken up residence in you, and you cling to the issue trying to resolve it through communication, or through whatever other method *we're sure will work.* Your wife can end the marriage to end the problem. You can too. Or you can end the part of you that was the problem. But when you feel betrayed by dishonoured vows—and you're in protection mode—it's hard to see that the whole problem lives in your beliefs and your hands.

It took my daughter to show me—because with her, I could see the limit plainly. She's ten. She can't look at herself yet, and no one should expect her to. Once I could see that, I couldn't un-see it in her mother. The same limit, the same fear. It was only one of us that had to change, and it was me. Not because no one would help, but because help was never the mechanism. The burning was mine.

I can see the imagined realities and the realistic options now. I hope the past seven issues of *Essential for Wellbeing* have revealed a little more of who we are, and why we do what we do. I want to thank everyone who was drawn to help me find my knotted, tangled string.

I'm sorry for pushing issues that felt so strong in me. I can see now that our identity is far more than our characters and our beliefs. Every person has their own life to carry. We can share our lives without judgment, even when it doesn't go the way we wanted—it's what we want and need from society, and it keeps our defences down. It helps heal us and our relationships.

Finding new knots in my string is ongoing. I've come to think the string is really a ladder we're climbing upward. That's where we're headed one day anyway. So why not take the human curriculum and improve ourselves—and our shared human nature—as we go?

Knowing my identity as a defensive character does not feel right, and helps me see that I can trade it for awareness reaching upward in me. It won't always be easy—but neither is fighting with a ten-year-old.

Here's where you do your inner-reflection to see your path: Grab a pen and answer this question: *"What does it feel like in my body?"*

Ask the question again, writing down the answer using the opposite hand to connect with your other brain-hemisphere. This also helps to slow your thoughts down, as you'll write slower. Your right-hand connects to your left-hemisphere, and your left-hand to your right-hemisphere. We want to hear from both sides of our brain.

Did this story find you? Let one find you every month. Scan below.

May you see the beauty of life in your observed perception.

Essential for Wellbeing

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