

The Ascension of My Humanness - Remembering the Soul Beneath Layers of Conditioning and Attachment

By Pedro Lima

My humanness is not something to be labeled, cataloged, measured, commodified, owned, or defined by any external ideologies, cultural paradigms, inherited dogmas, national identities, economic systems, storybooks, or manufactured definitions of success and failure. None of these possess the authority to define the immeasurable essence of my soul.

They are merely temporary structures created by hive-minds searching for certainty in a world they have forgotten how to experience through conscious awareness and presence.

I incarnated into a human body.

I experienced emotional, psychological, and physical narcissistic abuse. I experienced fear, pain, shame, guilt, grief, confusion, abandonment, and victimization. I walked through environments shaped by emotional immaturity, insecurity, comparison, competition, manipulation, deception, arrogance, control, and the constant demand that I become someone other than myself.

My presence disturbed those who had abandoned their own.

My inner light became a mirror they could not bear to face.

Rather than questioning their own fragmentation, they attempted to diminish mine to feel better in their own self-inflicted misery and mediocrity.

They sought obedience instead of Self-discernment. Compliance instead of authenticity. Submission instead of self-sovereignty.

They attempted to convince me that belonging required self-abandonment, that acceptance required self-betrayal, and that love required becoming smaller than I truly was to please and appease their false, curated, fragmented, insecure sense of self.

They mistook domestication for connection. They believed my soul could be owned. But something within me remained untouched.

Deep beneath every wound, every projection, every attempt to define me through their fears, there existed a quiet, silent flame that never surrendered.

It did not burn through resistance. It burned through remembrance.

The soul is much like the sun hidden behind storm clouds. The clouds never extinguish the sun.

They merely create the illusion that it has disappeared. Fear, conditioning, shame, and trauma are the clouds. Consciousness is the sky that has always held them.

The human experience is not about becoming someone worthy, someone more or less than anyone else. It is about remembering the wholeness that was never absent.

A seed does not struggle to become a tree because it doubts itself.

It unfolds because its nature is already complete. Likewise, the soul does not evolve by becoming something greater.

It evolves by removing everything it was never meant to carry.

Every fear I welcomed with awareness became a teacher.

Every wound I stopped resisting became a doorway.

Every uncomfortable emotion became an invitation rather than an enemy.

Instead of running from pain, I turned inward.

Through silence, I witnessed my own inner landscape.

I allowed every emotion to be felt.

I acknowledged inherited conditioning.

I embraced unresolved grief.

I integrated forgotten parts of myself.

Not because I was broken, but because awareness transforms fragmentation into coherence.

I came to understand that trauma is not an identity. It is an experience.

Fear is not an identity. It is an emotion.

Pain is not an identity. It is a messenger.

Victimhood is not an identity. It is a place we are invited to move through, not build a home within.

Many spend their entire lives polishing performative leverage and fragmented, inauthentic masks, while neglecting their true colors beneath them.

They decorate hive-minded cages, instead of questioning why they remain imprisoned.

They perform identities, instead of discovering presence.

They pursue superiority because insignificance terrifies them.

They seek domination because vulnerability feels unbearable.

They collect titles, possessions, followers, achievements, status, money, and approval, hoping they will silence the whisper asking,

“Who am I when everything I perform disappears?”

The ego survives through comparison. The soul expands through communion.

The ego seeks significance. The soul embodies presence.

The ego competes. The soul expresses itself authentically.

Look to the forest. No tree competes with another for permission to become itself.

The oak does not envy the cedar. The river never apologizes for changing direction around the mountain. The stars do not compare their brilliance. Each fulfills its own nature effortlessly.

Nature has never required comparison in order to flourish.

Only wounded consciousness does. To be truly human is not to become fearless.

It is to walk with fear without surrendering your truth.

It is to allow grief without becoming grief.

To feel pain without becoming pain.

To experience uncertainty without abandoning your inner compass.

Authentic humanness is neither about seeking perfection nor performance.

It is conscious presence. It is allowing every experience to reveal a deeper layer of remembrance.

I discovered that no external authority could validate what my own consciousness already knew.

Nothing outside of me could complete what had never been incomplete.

The journey was never about finding myself. It was about remembering myself beneath every inherited belief, every conditioned identity, every survival strategy, every wound and trauma, every projection, and every illusion I internalized and accepted as truth.

I am grateful for every experience, not because suffering is sacred in itself, but because every challenge invited me to return home.

Every projection became an invitation toward greater discernment.

Every betrayal strengthened my relationship with integrity.

Every illusion revealed a deeper truth.

Every ending uncovered a more authentic beginning.

To be human is not about performing an identity.

It is to embody consciousness.

To be human is not to seek superiority.

It is to remember our shared divinity.

To be human is not to dominate another soul.

It is to honor the sacred freedom of every being to discover themselves.

The greatest act of self-liberation is not about escaping the world. It is refusing to abandon yourself while living within it.

Trauma is not an identity. Fear is not an identity. Pain is not an identity.

When we stop performing who fear taught us to become, we remember who love has always known us to be, and perhaps that has always been the purpose of this human experience:

Not to become someone else...but to courageously remember the infinite being we have always been.