

tue 4 & wed 5

in recent days, the transfer of the *zuivelfabriek van hollebeke* to stijn and gregory has taken an unexpected turn

in principle we had reached a sales agreement and so I had informed the notary that the compromise could be drawn up

shortly afterwards i got a telephone call from the notary's office that the buyers did not want their project to be included in the compromise and the deed the reason was that the notary had no experience with this and saw no added value in it either

a few telephone conversations followed

the fact that their notary had no experience was not a problem as my cousin jan, a tutor to trainee notaries, had experience with this

i personally just wanted to add the project as an example, not in any way of contractual form

i myself don't even know what i will do tomorrow, so it makes perfect sense to me, that they don't want to pin themselves indefinitely to their (draft) document

the most important thing for me was that their project remained as pure love as possible and that the *zuivelfabriek* would be shared with third parties in a non-profit way

i just wanted to prove in some way that i had sold the building to people with this mindset

originally i wanted to do this via the deed, but then i realized that this blog was an even better alternative, so i could actually agree to the request not to include anything in the deed

that turned out to be feasible for stijn and gregory

the next morning i got a message that after a long self-reflection they had come to the conclusion that they had overestimated themselves and that the project was too big for the phase of life they are in now

they first wanted to learn to walk before starting to run

as a result of our discussions and the contacts with karin they had committed themselves as buddies for ukrainian refugees

they thanked me for sharing my insights, the introduction to karin and the self-reflection exercise

when i informed karin she gave me a nice answer

a pity, but very nice, that they considered this step and were able to make a wise decision

the zuivelfabriek will always be taken care of, because this building is too beautiful to miss its target isn't it

that's my daily prayer

in between i had prepared the meadow at the *donjon* to receive 12 sheep this weekend

while mowing the weeds i realized that i might have killed hundreds of snails during this preparation

that confirms once more that it is more logical to let nature do its work and move ourselves instead of trying to adapt nature to our wishes

of course sawing and cutting wood are ideal activities to clear your head and those are the ideal moments to get inspiration

this time was no different

suddenly the image of the painting of *pépé* my grandfather popped up in my head

pépé had sown grass in our garden by hand at the time and we have enjoyed the result for years

the painting was a metaphor of the *parable of the sower*

the seed represents the pure love that is present in each of us at birth

sometimes this pure love falls on the stones, is picked up by the birds or suffocated in the thistles and yields nothing

and sometimes it falls on fertile ground and yields thirty, sixty, or a hundredfold

although nothing has happened in the physical world, since the *zuivelfabriek* has not been sold, i was very pleased that the seed of pure love in the mental kingdom has borne fruit and i am sure the pure love of thijs and Gregory will yield a thirty, sixty or a hundredfold one day

in my spare time i am reading the biography of abbé pierre

from time to time people who had visited the *donjon*, had compared me to him

at first glance i didn't have much affinity with his strategy of blaming the people and the fact that he was always restless and into action didn't appeal to me either

when i was going through the thrift shop last week i entered the book department for the first time and there i *accidentally* found the biography of abbé pierre

now that i'm actually reading it, we have a lot more in common than i had initially thought

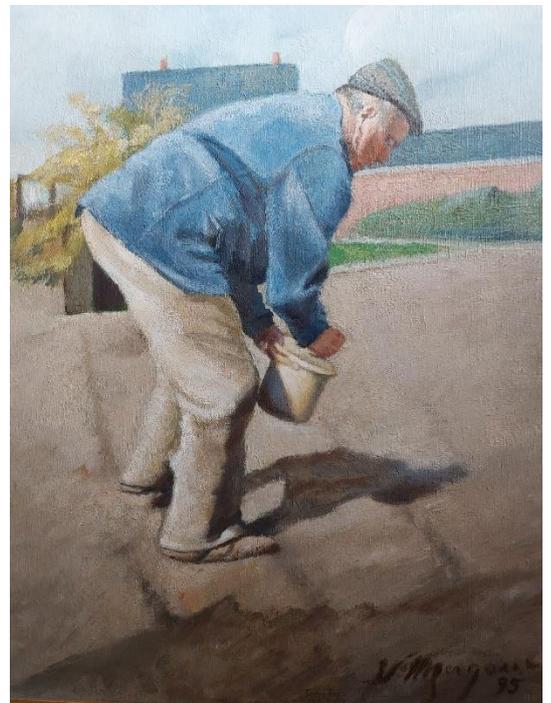
he had been deeply in the *valley of despair* for several years, he never minced his mouth, was a fan of francis van assisi and had succeeded in sensitizing and making a large audience worldwide aware that god is nothing else than pure love for one self and one another

one of the passages that appeals to me the most is the passage about georges, the first emmaus collaborator

abbé pierre was called upon to rescue georges, who wanted to commit suicide, and there abbé pierre had a blessed moment

in his well-known straightforward style, he told georges "that he should first help him build houses for the homeless and only then kill himself"

where public opinion thought that georges needed abbé pierre, abbé pierre had turned the tables with these words: abbé pierre turned out to need georges as struck by lightning, georges suddenly had a reason to live for, and what kind of one



this morning i woke up at half past three and thought of michèle, the young lady, who had stopped by last year thinking she needed me maybe the roles should also be reversed and i needed her instead

what if she too would write a blog with a testimony about the mental click she made from suicidal ideation to pure love that would be a wonderful addition to "my" blog, which is more about the mental click from capitalism to pure love so she too may become a sower, whose seed will yield thirtyfold, sixtyfold, or a hundredfold

just as pure love can take millions of physical forms, so can the rock bottom of the *valley of despair/suffering* this can take on both physical (murder, rape, extreme addictions...) and mental (extreme complexes, depression, suicide...) forms

wouldn't it be great if the website functioned as a platform for tens, hundreds, thousands of people, testifying about how they have deconditioned/reconditioned themselves from the deepest, darkest point of the valley of despair/suffering and had risen up to the level of pure love/light/paradise

if everyone could read these biographies in his/her native language, what excuse can a sane person make, why he/she couldn't do it himself?

i decided to contact michèle later today with the proposal

sat 7

today 16 new residents have arrived at the donjon
12 adult sheep and 4 lambs are now grazing in the meadow below

for the time being everything is going well : there are no escapes yet, there is an abundance of food, the introduction to both horses and dogs went well and the lambs have already made me laugh several times

the goal is that they stay in the meadow until the middle of october and that their owner *mr toumi* will come and collect them afterwards, so that i have no animal care during the winter months

that's why we put in a non-permanent fence, which is under electrical voltage
manon has already tested the fence unintentionally and the last time she did, it was apparently so intense that she ran off half a kilometre before she stopped

i looked at the *living painting* of the sheep for a long time and i felt like a *real* shepherd
it reminded me of my grandfather *pépé*, who in his spare time helped in the garden of *mr doctor*

i looked up an old photo of him feeding a lamb and i noticed that i am starting to look more and more like him
pépé also had a lack of protocol and preferred to walk outside in his favourite outfit with a tear here and there

today the vlogs of lavi and ollie about their visit at the *donjon* were posted on youtube
visually i like the result, especially the drone images give a very good picture of the building and its surroundings
however their acting is a bit over the top as i am concerned, but i guess that is a *must* to boost the number of views
although it was nice to hear that lavinia called the donjon a little paradise (by the way, that was the second time in two days that someone said this 😊)

[here](#) is the first part (from minute 15.30 to the end)
[here](#) the second part starring *sunshine* (from the start up to minute 8)

today i also decided to ask karin if she would be interested a monthly blog that would be published on the site
she is perhaps the most powerful catalyst of pure love i know right now

i realized that i would also love it if the new concierges of both the *zuivelfabriek* and *donjon de pechon* to make a monthly contribution of their quest of pure love

fri 13 – sun 16

friday the 13th will be linked for a long time to friday, october 13, 1307, when all the french knight templars were arrested by order of the french king, on the basis of false accusations and this event was also the start of the demise of the order
the story goes that the last grand master, jacques de molay, cursed the french king and the pope from being burned at the stake
whether this curse has been spoken out or not, it is a historical fact that both the pope and the king, died unexpectedly in that year and that none of the french princes had a male descendant
i myself always think friday the 13th is a special day, because there is a special energy in the air

a few days ago lucie provided *sunshine* with a new layer of silicone, so that the roof should now be waterproof again
since then it has been parked on the platform next to the house, with the driver's seat due north
fully exposed to the sun, but with a beautiful view of the valley

the last few days it has also been sunny and quite warm, about 25 to 30 degrees, and that make i have a first "real" camping experience

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the first feedback of this camping is quite positive

despite the high temperatures during the day, it is not too hot to sleep and even with the shutter open, the cold and humidity in the morning is not too bad at the moment the only pity is that the wife does not reach there at the moment, but we might find a solution to that we'll give it a try if it makes a difference if all the doors between the sender and *sunshine* are opened

what has become clear is the presence of water either to drink or to cool off and also a shady spot is a must

and then you almost automatically end up at a desert oasis when you look for a sunny spot to spend the winter in morocco

coincidentally the region south of the atlas turns out to be dotted with oases (the green spots on the map opposite) and so the search for a nomad village will initially be located in this area

following the interesting and inspiring biography of abbé pierre i have started to read the biography of saint franciscus, as recorded by jörgensen

i didn't read the introduction of more than a hundred pages, but the biography itself was very interesting

the biographies reminded me of the stories when i was in junior high

we had to go to mass every week and for me that was usually a wasted hour unless it was the turn of priest robert who for some reason we were called *sponzie*

instead of a boring, moralizing sermon, *sponzie* told a true hero story of pure love every time

that could be about someone who helped a shot pilot into hiding, who rescued snow-covered mountaineers or developed a life-saving medicine

i suppose he got that from some book and it would be nice if i got to read it someday

and what a dream it would be if *les tours des miracles* functioned as a platform for biographies of the contemporary buddha, jesus, mother teresa, gandhi, don holder camara, abbé pierre, soeur emmanuelle...

saturday we had an *auberge espagnole* at the *donjon* and by popular request french fries and homemade mayonnaise were added to the menu

luckily i had put fresh oil in the deep fryer last time, because oil has been out of stock in the shops for a few weeks now... with the war in ukraine, oil is being hoarded en masse, a good example of how people in the valley of suffering behave 😊

this time someone new showed up

sophie, jean-marie's girlfriend, who was in ngo project management training last time, joined us

she looked at me with glittering eyes, which reminded me greatly of francine's eyes when i had first met her at the *zuivelfabriek* in february

it was an inspiring meeting, with a very nice exchange of ideas and points of view

one of the one-liners that resonated with me is *ça sert à rien de vouloir avoir raison* (it's useless to want to prove yourself to be right)

indeed, as long as we are all still conditioned, thus living in an illusion, it is absurd to try to convince anyone else of our point of view

which does not mean that we can't share our insights

however we have to be humbly aware that both the sender as the receiver are conditioned human beings

sunday i received a nice email from tine about the *zuivelfabriek*



Hello wonderful loving soul,

I just saw your ad on Immoweb and I visited the web pages

Immediately my heart started to jump for joy. How this resonates with that for which I am looking for a beautiful place to continue our life in love, love for people as concierge of our beautiful planet that we have on loan from our children.

The capitalist society has destroyed everything, exploited it, abused man out of greed and power. For decades we have been lied to and cheated and love has gradually acquired a replaceable status that can be bought/sold to the highest bidder.

But real love is unfortunately no longer felt, people no longer know what real love is about. Children are born in an artificial world, far away from the world as God/the universe has given us, away from his ideal image. They are taken away from the moms and dads as early as possible. Placed in the nursery, so that the parents can quickly get back to work in their slave existence. So that the capitalist beast can be fed with masses of worthless money.

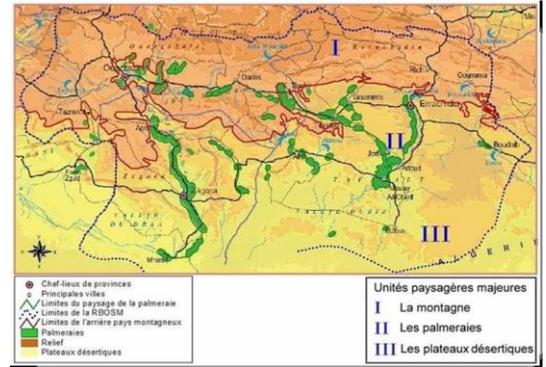
Children are trained in the robotic slavery program from an early age. Everything structured, absolute obedience, all piled up in the nursery or in the classroom. No individual attention, centrally imposed uniformity. And moms and dads are only Pa-rents... those who rent their child from the 'Belgian State' for a few moments a week, who have become the owner of the child when the birth is registered in the town hall with the system as its father.

Children learn that it is okay to receive love in the form of a new tablet or smartphone, or expensive clothing with labels. With an instagram worthy room etc...

It has to be different, it can be different, it will be different! For this we are, as you say, 'ambassadors' who show the world what love is and what we were born for as human beings. Away from greed, from loving connection with our environment and fellow human beings.

Like I said, I've had a project in my head for quite some time now. And I would like to introduce my project, introduce myself completely.

However, I read in your blog that you were about to accept an offer. That's why I wanted to ask, is my proposal still welcome?



Best regards
Tine

next to her first names *vdv* was mentioned and i immediately looked up what that meant the abbreviation stands for "of the family" and means that people have claimed their sovereignty and no longer wanted to belong to the system i wanted to find out more about this and i planned to ask her to explain when we would meet

in the afternoon i watched the football match antwerp – club bruges
it was money time, with a victory bruges would be champion, and logically this gave the match an extra exciting "survival dynamic" obviously that interested me because this is also a beautiful example of our conditioning / the valley of suffering

it was indeed a cup match on the cutting edge
bruges pulled the longest straw and after the final whistle both players and supporters went bonkers

my feeling was rather neutral
i was happy to have seen the match, but there was no euphoria at all which was a big contrast with 15 years ago when i also went completely crazy at a previous championship celebration

in the evening for the first time this season it was time for cherry picking
it concerns the *bigarreau* variety : those are dark red, sweet cherries

while i was picking the song *le temps des cerises* (the time of cherry picking) kept going through my head, that was funny

i decided to try planting the seeds in order to have a few cherry trees in the backyard, which the following concierges would certainly appreciate

the best way to germinate a cherry is through the core of the cherry pit
you can remove it from the pit with a nutcracker
it is unbelievable how small this seed is compared to the cherry (see photo)



it is also unbelievable how few germs have effective germination power, that is about 1 in 20
a quick way to select the right ones consists of the floating test : the seeds with dry germs float and the seeds with germs with germination power sink to the bottom
i selected 5 of the better seeds and planted them in the open ground
now we had to water them and wait for 6 weeks to see the result

i also decided to look for a few more pits under the tree within a few weeks
those cherries will have fully matured and probably will yield a higher germination percentage

in the evening a thunderstorm passed over
the lightning, which came beeping through all the openings of sunshine, provided a beautiful light show and the thunder also echoed through the body, which functioned as a kind of amplifier

it was also an excellent test to what extent sunshine proved to be waterproof
every now and then a drop came down
that was OK for the time being and a big improvement compared to the situation before, however i still preferred a 100% waterproof roof to be continued

wed 25

this morning i got a big surprise since two sheep were grazing under the lime tree just in front of the house
i had only just noticed them and there luna already jumped out of sunshine and drove them without any noise and without any other form of aggressiveness in one smooth movement into the meadow about 50 meters further

i was perplexed : was this the same dog that I had adopted less than a year earlier with quite a trauma?

what a striking example of deconditioning 😊
as a reward she got a box of sardines, a pat on the head and some sweet words

the past few days there have been some discussions with lucie again
it is striking how hard we are conditioned to prove our right in a discussion

i myself succeed more and more in just stating my point of view and listening to the point of view of the other and not linking any value judgments to either point of view
we sometimes say "the truth lies in the middle", but once you realize that all points of view are conditioned, the truth never lies in the middle, but somewhere further to the right on the axis of pure love

since a few weeks i also use humour when my conditioned point of view differs from that of lucie and a heated discussion threatens to break out by using my head voice
for the time being i have successfully used this head voice in the presence of lucie
i am curious where this evolution will lead, but in any case humour is a beautiful form of pure love

the two biographies of abbé pierre and franciscus van assisi are still reverberating
just like jesus and buddha, there have also been schisms among their disciples/followers

that is also a beautiful example that the defence of conditioned points of view lead to division instead of unity, to suffering instead of love
buddha understood this well when he said that he did not want followers, but that he only wanted the people to do as he had done

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i can relate to that much better, like gandhi, who said "my life is my legacy"
the eightfold path therefore feels more like a reconditioning to me, whereas i am more a fan of a deconditioning of the inner child

one can compare it with a self-driving car
first we tried to program the car from scratch, which was very complicated as every possible situation had to be programmed
then we made the shift to deep learning where we made use of countless data the car could draw on if it were in a similar situation

well : at birth most of us were unconditioned, only we don't remember anything about it
the all-creating source would show some proof of sadism and incoherence if it didn't create us in perfect conditions

if we chose, this is our responsibility, to live in its image again, we would effectively live in an earthly paradise
at the start we should not see that paradise as a garden of eden but rather as a mindset of continuous, pure and all-encompassing love which eventually will be materialized in a garden of eden subsequently

to achieve this, the unconditional belief in our subconscious comes into play, because it has registered everything moment of our life flawlessly: the countless data of our conditioning as well as our unconditioned initial state, everything is there for the taking

this insight also makes me look at my environment completely differently
i can now accept much more easily the things that used to irritate me, which is a pure form of love
instead of judging annoying people, i have compassion for conditioned people, myself included

he who is without sin cast the first stone is written in the new testament
he who is without conditioning cast the first stone we could say by analogy, although that is a contradiction, since unconditioned people know no forms of violence/condemnation

i'm so sorry that youtube wasn't invented 2,500 years earlier
imagine if buddha had a vlog what a wealth of information this would have meant for our planet in general and humanity in particular

but under the motto "better late than never" i started looking for people who want to pour their search for a life in pure love in a blog/vlog and make it available on the *tours des miracles* platform
imagine if the diary of the new buddha, mohammed, gandhi, martin luther king, mother thérèse, abbé pierre, soeur emmanuelle, francis de assisi... were online inspiring and encouraging millions of people worldwide to decondition themselves into a live in pure love
i strongly believe that internet will enhance pure love to conquer the world
consequently we would effectively start living in a physical paradise too

since childhood i have been fascinated by the rise and fall of empires
no matter if it were about the roman, the persian, the mongol, the egyptian empire ... they all fascinated me
countless times i have conquered the whole world while playing *risk* and *lords of the realm II*

this week i suddenly thought of the book review i had as a 15-year-old
we got to choose our favourite book and mine was napoleon bonaparte's biography
when the teacher heard the choice and also saw the thickness of the book, he made an attempt make me change my mind
but when he saw my determination he agreed
i remember telling passionately about all the conquests of this unconditional figure

this is what i want to do with the second half of my life, albeit in a empire/kingdom that is not of this world
inspire, encourage and above all empower people with the help of modern technology so that the world is conquered by the deconditioned man and the children born in the future can remain unconditioned while they grow up

to put it in the words of abbé pierre: we should be children in an adult body or in the words of jacques brel we should grow old without being adult

then we will finally have understood the meaning of life and we will automatically physically live in paradise

sat 28 – tue 31

yesterday i went to a restaurant for the second time this year
if i had been honest with myself, i should not have accepted *mammie's* invitation, that became obvious once i was at the restaurant
how much i would have preferred staying at home and have an picnic rather than to eat a meal, which cost as much as my weekly budget, for more than three hours in the centre of the touristic *pujols*

in the afternoon i tried a new recipe of the vegetarian spaghetti sauce
first i had ground three different types of garlic (white, violet and pink) with salt/pepper/mediterranean herbs in a mortar

i added that blend to the onions and shallot, along with the harissa red pigment
then the mushrooms were added and then the oat flakes, which i had soaked in milk beforehand
finally tomato concentrate, milk, bay leaves and dried, ground nettle from the garden were added

while cooking i sang along *krishna das* from *prema chalisa* all the time
singing is a form of pure love, and it goes without saying that a piece of this love ended up in the meal

it is no coincidence that in african and other tribes people sing or hum while cooking
it reminded me of my mother singing wholeheartedly while she was cooking, thus filling the complete house with joy
it is no coincidence that i have a great affinity for these songs and that many of these songs are included in the spotify playlist

in the eve i had jan on the phone about the *zuivelfabriek van hollebeke*

at the moment he lives in an old factory building, equally ornamented with a chimney 😊 in the center of mechelen and he is looking for a place on the countryside where he can combine his residence with his non-profit organization around music

although neither of us frequently call, the animated conversation lasted for an hour

on most matters, we are on the same page : he also wants to share as much as possible outside the system

at a moment we inevitably end up with the contradiction, that i'm looking for people who want to share, but can still pay a significant acquisition price
we ended the conversation with the conclusion that a visit of the building was key for further discussions

in the evening we went to water the vegetable garden next to the *donjon*

it is unbelievable how much energy we put into growing some vegetables, the vegetables *we want to grow there*

there is an abundance of plants and fruit trees that naturally thrive here : cherries, nuts, plums, olives, peaches, bay leaves, figs, artichoke, potato and many infusible flowers and plants

why care to force other vegetables to grow here?

why do we always want to adapt our environment to us instead of adapting ourselves?

tolerance/acceptance is also a form of pure love

sunday there was an incident with lucie

i had already asked her several times to remove her material from the cupboards, so that one cupboard would be available in each room for visitors and that had not been done up to now

now i urged her to do this today or else i would do it myself tomorrow

besides, i didn't want her to sleep in *sunshine* with me and the dogs anymore

that message came in hard

the closets were emptied and she decided to sleep in her tent from now on

for the rest of the day not another word was spoken

monday was an eventful day at the *zuivelfabriek*

in the afternoon i got a phone call that johan and elisa had come to pick up material and let the deer escape

whether this was intentional or not it is a fact that they have made no attempt at all to get the animals back into the pasture

freddy had called the police so that i wouldn't be liable for any accidents

during the rest of the day i got messages and phone calls from several neighbours since the deer have become the mascot of the neighbourhood

i stayed pretty calm the whole time

if the deer were better off in the wild, i wished them good luck in the big, big world

if not, the *zuivelfabriek* would welcome *the lost sons* with open arms

towards johan and elisa i had no resentment, but i felt sorry for them because they are still in the *valley of suffering*

at night i dreamed that all the deer were back in the meadow and this morning i received a message that two deer had returned by themselves

tuesday the relationship with lucie was still tense, still not a word was spoken

dark thoughts went through my head

i would ask her to leave permanently, cancel her parents' visit next friday, she would also not be allowed to organize things or invite people...

suddenly my dark thoughts were interrupted by the buzzard, which was attacked by the kestrel

the last few days i had seen a dozen of this kind of attacks, by the kestrels, the crows and even the jays

i felt that the universe wanted to say something to me and looked up the buzzard among the power animals

this is what i found

The buzzard is a powerful messenger. With his sharp eye he creates clarity and overview. His eyes see every detail and so nothing is overlooked. There may be more going on that you can see now. That is why the buzzard appears in your path. Sometimes it has to do with infidelity. That can be infidelity as most of us know, but it probably has to do with infidelity towards your own SELF. By not choosing or standing up for what you really want or who you really are. The buzzard is often attacked by smaller birds to limit its free flight. This metaphor indicates that the 3rd dimension world will indeed try to bring you down, into the negative. Simply because you are different and they cannot (as much as they wish) to understand, because they have a different soul's purpose than you.

Do you let this limit you? Or do you use the power of the universe to go for your free flight, whatever others think or think?

Know that the buzzard has sharp claws and sharp beak. If you allow yourself to be influenced by the negativity of others, this is an invitation to lower yourself to a level that does not suit you and your soul's purpose, but that you know because you have lived it so many lifetimes back.

If the buzzard is your friend, then you, like him, can use your razor-sharp claws to rip off others' heads with your beak in a not-so-kind manner. If you have the feeling that you have ended up in such a pest or repelling situation, it is better to use a different quality of buzzard. He can sit quietly on a pole for hours.

Take a step back and take a hawk-eyed look at what's really going on before you jump into action. Is it going to be a bit of a policy? You can always, but know that what you send out if a boomerang ever comes back on your path. You can also choose to just step back and let those who try to undermine you be who they are. If you let go, you stay in balance better and if you are in balance and create enough time for yourself, you get the space to get your claws into, i.e. to focus, that are important to you. Regardless of what others will think or think about this.

The buzzard is a magically powerful bird for a reason, which, despite the fact that other birds try to disturb it, just go its way.

i realized that the buzzard in me had chosen the attack last sunday and that i now just need to go my own way, accepting the attacks of the other birds

i realized that both lucie and me are conditioned and that the truth is not in the middle, but on the far right of the pure love axis

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i made a mental click and the dark thoughts disappeared like snow in the sun
i decided to go my own way, to be honest with myself and not urge anything from lucie
the buzzard had taught me a valuable lesson