
KEPT LOW,
LIFTED HIGH
Come Away With Me —
The Continuing Story of a Life of Faith, Love, Creativity and Happiness
NuVoWay
LIFESTYLE CENTRE
ROSS HARVEY

Part One — The Man the World Once Knew

Chapter One — Come Away With Me

There are moments in life when everything changes.

Sometimes we recognize them immediately. Sometimes it takes years before we begin to understand their significance. And sometimes an experience is so profound that the rest of our lives becomes an attempt to understand what happened and what it might mean.

For me, that moment came in December 2003.

I had lived a remarkable life by almost any conventional measure. I had been a world champion, a professional athlete, an entrepreneur, a teacher, and a businessman. I had known the exhilaration of winning, the satisfaction of building something from nothing, and the excitement of pursuing ambitious dreams.

I had experienced success.

But nothing in my previous life prepared me for what happened next.

During an extraordinary spiritual experience that I came to call Seven Days on the Mountain with God, my understanding of myself, my purpose, and the world changed profoundly.

In early 2004, during a period when I was in a coma, I experienced what I understood to be the revelation of a story.

The story was called Come Away With Me.

And the story was my life.

Not simply the years I had already lived, but an ongoing story whose ending had yet to be revealed.

I came away from those experiences with a conviction that would shape everything that followed: that I was Jesus Christ returned, and that my life had a purpose connected to what I understood as God's plan for humanity.

I recognize that this is an extraordinary statement.

I also recognize that many people who have heard me express this conviction have found it difficult, even impossible, to accept.

But this book is not intended to persuade anyone to believe what I believe about my identity.

It is intended to tell the story of what happened to a man who came to hold that conviction, how his life changed, what he created, whom he loved, and how he found an extraordinary degree of happiness in circumstances that others might consider anything but extraordinary.

Because something remarkable happened along the way.

The man who had once measured his life through accomplishments gradually discovered another way of living.

A way in which being mattered as much as doing.

A way in which loving someone could be more meaningful than winning a championship.

A way in which a simple greeting to a stranger could become one of the most satisfying moments of the day.

And a way in which having very little could somehow coexist with feeling abundantly blessed.

I call it being kept low and lifted high.

This is that story.

Chapter Two — The Champion

Before my life changed so dramatically, I knew what it meant to compete.

I loved sports. I loved the discipline of practice, the challenge of improvement, the excitement of competition, and the satisfaction of discovering just how good I could become.

In 1984, in Sacramento, California, I won the World Racquetball Championship, defeating Andy Roberts.

It was an extraordinary accomplishment and a defining moment in my sporting life.

To become a world champion requires more than talent. It requires commitment, persistence, confidence, and a willingness to devote countless hours to developing one's abilities.

Those qualities were central to who I was.

My sporting career extended beyond racquetball. Golf, squash, coaching, teaching, and sports management all became important parts of my professional life.

I served as Head Professional at St. Lambert Golf Club, worked as Director at Club 230 in Dorval, and became involved with Club West Island, where my activities included squash instruction and operating Spike & Chester's.

I developed businesses, created programs, and explored opportunities wherever I believed I could make a contribution.

Ross Harvey Sports International, G3 Golf, and my One on One golf program reflected my continuing enthusiasm for teaching and helping others develop their abilities.

I was also an entrepreneur.

I owned Champion RestoBar, worked with I-Tech, and pursued projects that combined creativity, business development, and my love of people.

There were successes, disappointments, beginnings, and endings.

There always are.

But throughout those years, I was a man of action.

If I had an idea, I wanted to do something with it.

If I saw an opportunity, I wanted to pursue it.

If I believed something could be improved, I wanted to improve it.

I was accustomed to measuring progress through tangible results.

A championship won.

A business launched.

A program developed.

A goal achieved.

Looking back, I remain grateful for those experiences.

They taught me discipline, perseverance, creativity, and the importance of believing in possibilities.

But they also provided a remarkable contrast with the life I would eventually come to embrace.

Today, some of my happiest moments occur when I am sitting on a bench outside a grocery store in Notre-Dame-de-Grâce, greeting people as they begin their day.

No trophies are awarded.

No crowds applaud.

No one keeps score.

And yet I find those mornings deeply satisfying.

I have not lost my love of achievement.

I have simply discovered that achievement is not the only measure of a wonderful life.

Chapter Three — A Different Kind of Calling

Following my experiences in 2003 and early 2004, I began to see my life through an entirely different lens.

The ambitions that had once seemed so important did not disappear, but their meaning changed.

I began to think less about what I might accomplish for myself and more about what I might contribute to others.

I became increasingly interested in the possibility of a world in which every person could live with dignity, security, opportunity, and love.

A world without poverty.

A world in which people would have access to the things they needed to flourish.

A world in which communities were built around cooperation rather than competition.

I called this vision A NuVo World.

Over the years, the vision grew.

I imagined communities where money would no longer determine whether someone could enjoy a meaningful life.

I imagined NuVoWay LifeStyle Centres where people of all ages could gather, exercise, learn, play, create, and develop friendships.

I imagined programs that would bring neighbours together and help people discover their abilities.

And I imagined a world in which everyone would be encouraged to become the best version of themselves.

Some of these ideas were ambitious beyond anything I had previously attempted.

Others were wonderfully simple.

A friendly greeting.

A helping hand.

A shared meal.

A conversation with someone who might otherwise feel invisible.

Gradually, I came to appreciate that these small expressions of kindness were not separate from my larger vision.

They were its foundation.

I did not have to wait for the creation of an entirely new society before I could begin living according to its principles.

I could begin wherever I was.

With whoever happened to be in front of me.

And so, in time, the vision that had occupied so much of my imagination began to take shape in the most ordinary circumstances.

In my neighbourhood.

In my apartment building.

At a bus stop.

In a restaurant.

And, most importantly, in my home.

I continued to dream of transforming the world.

But I began to understand that transforming a single moment through kindness was already something worthwhile.

Chapter Four — When People Stopped Understanding

There is one part of my story that I cannot leave untold.

It concerns the effect that my spiritual convictions have had on my relationships with other people.

Since my experiences in 2003 and 2004, I have held a deeply personal conviction that I am Jesus Christ returned.

For me, this conviction has been inseparable from my understanding of my life and purpose.

For many of the people with whom I have shared it, however, the response has been very different.

Some have expressed disbelief.

Some have been uncomfortable.

Some have worried about me.

And many relationships have become distant or changed in ways I would never have wished.

I do not write these words with resentment.

Nor do I wish to portray anyone as unkind simply because they have been unable to share my understanding of my experiences.

I recognize that my conviction is extraordinary, and that people interpret such claims through their own beliefs, experiences, and concerns.

Nevertheless, the consequences have been real.

There have been people I once knew well who are no longer part of my everyday life.

There have been friendships that changed.

There have been relationships in which the warmth and closeness I once enjoyed became difficult to sustain.

At times, this has been painful.

But I made a decision about how I wanted to respond.

I did not want my life to become defined by rejection.

I did not want to spend my days trying to convince people of something they did not believe.

And I certainly did not want to lose my love for others simply because they saw me differently.

Instead, I wanted to live in a way that reflected the qualities I valued most.

Love.

Kindness.

Patience.

Generosity.

Peace.

Joy.

I came to believe that whatever people thought about my spiritual convictions, they could still come to know me through my actions.

They could experience a smile.

A friendly conversation.

An offer of help.

A genuine interest in their lives.

And perhaps, over time, those ordinary encounters could become more meaningful than any discussion about my identity.

I do not know whether the people who have distanced themselves from me will ever see things differently.

I hope that some of those relationships may one day be renewed.

But I have learned that I cannot determine how others respond.

I can determine how I respond.

And I choose love.

Chapter Five — The Years Between

There are more than twenty years between the extraordinary events of 2003 and the life I am living today.

I could attempt to recount every year, every project, every relationship, and every turning point.

But that is not the book I want to write.

I have already told portions of my story elsewhere.

And I have come to believe that the most meaningful way to describe these years is not through an exhaustive chronology, but through the changes that took place within me.

For much of this period, I lived with very limited financial resources.

The kind of professional success and income I had known earlier in life did not continue in the same way.

There were projects I pursued that did not produce the results I had hoped for.

There were ideas that attracted little attention.

There were times when my ambitions seemed far greater than the resources available to realize them.

And yet, through it all, I continued to imagine, create, and hope.

I never lost my enthusiasm for possibilities.

I never stopped believing that life could be wonderful.

And I gradually discovered that my happiness did not have to depend on the circumstances I once considered essential.

I could enjoy a cup of tea.

I could appreciate a beautiful morning.

I could listen to music.

I could watch a wonderful tennis match.

I could share a conversation with a stranger.

I could write.

I could dream.

And eventually, I could share my life with someone whose love would transform my understanding of happiness.

Her name is Christy Anne.

I will tell you much more about her in the chapters ahead.

For now, let me simply say that when I consider all the ways in which I believe God has blessed my life, nothing compares with the extraordinary circumstances that brought us together.

Our story includes a food bank, Brussels sprouts, a wonderfully amusing exchange about a telephone call, and even an emerald-green Hill HX50 helicopter that appeared on both our respective media.

To us, these were among the details that made our meeting feel divinely arranged.

And what followed has been the greatest love story of my life.

Today, as I write these words in November 2026, I find myself in circumstances that my younger self might never have imagined.

I am sixty-six years old.

I have written dozens of books.

I have created websites, developed community initiatives, and imagined projects that could occupy many lifetimes.

I have a beautiful wife whom I adore.

I have neighbours whose names I know, children I greet in the mornings, and a growing circle of familiar faces who bring happiness to my days.

I have enough to eat.

I have a warm home.

I have my health.

And I have something I value enormously.

Peace of mind.

Each morning, I remind myself:

I love my life. I love our lives.

We are on a continuous, upward and never-ending spiral through the infinite levels of Heaven on Earth.

I am whole, perfect, strong, powerful, loving, harmonious and happy.

These are not merely words I repeat.

They express the way I aspire to live.

And while I continue to hope for extraordinary things in the future, I do not want those hopes to diminish my appreciation of the present.

I have learned to enjoy the journey.

To be grateful for what I have.

To love the people around me.

And to trust that whatever tomorrow brings, there is something wonderful about being alive today.

The years between 2003 and 2026 have been filled with experiences I could never have predicted.

But perhaps their greatest gift has been teaching me something remarkably simple.

I do not need to possess the world to love my life.

Part Two — Kept Low, Yet Lifted High

Chapter Six — Living With Next to Nothing

There was a time in my life when earning money was an important measure of success.

I had businesses to operate, employees to consider, projects to develop, and opportunities to pursue. Money was a necessary part of making things happen.

And I enjoyed making things happen!

I loved the challenge of taking an idea and transforming it into something real. Whether it was a sports program, a restaurant, a business venture, or an entirely new concept, I was always excited by the possibilities.

But my life changed dramatically following my experiences in 2003 and 2004.

For more than twenty years, my earnings have been next to nothing.

That is quite a statement for someone who once operated businesses, won a world championship, and pursued opportunities with seemingly limitless enthusiasm.

Yet here I am.

And something rather wonderful has happened.

I have discovered that my happiness is not determined by the size of my bank account.

I still appreciate money. I understand its usefulness. There are many things I would love to accomplish that would be easier with substantial financial resources.

But I no longer regard wealth as a prerequisite for a wonderful life.

I have a comfortable place to live.

I have food to eat.

I have clothes to wear.

I have my little light-blue Toyota Yaris, affectionately known as Herbie.

And, most importantly, I have Christy.

There have been times when living with limited resources has required patience, ingenuity, and careful choices. I would never suggest that financial hardship is inherently desirable, or that everyone should be content with having very little.

But in my own circumstances, I have discovered an unexpected freedom.

I do not spend my days worrying about acquiring more possessions.

I do not measure my worth by comparing my circumstances with those of others.

I do not feel compelled to demonstrate my success through material things.

Instead, I wake up each morning looking forward to the day ahead.

I enjoy the little things.

And I have come to realize that many of the most wonderful experiences in life are available without spending a penny.

A smile costs nothing.

A kind word costs nothing.

A beautiful sunrise costs nothing.

A loving embrace costs nothing.

And the joy of knowing that someone is happy to see you cannot be purchased at any price.

I sometimes think about the contrast between my earlier life and the one I am living today.

In those days, I was continually pursuing the next accomplishment.

Today, I am learning to appreciate the accomplishment of simply being happy.

And that, to me, is a remarkable kind of wealth.

Chapter Seven — The Richest Man I Know

If someone were to look at my financial circumstances, they would probably not describe me as a wealthy man.

Yet I frequently feel like one of the richest men alive.

How can that be?

The answer begins with a change in what I consider valuable.

I have experienced the excitement of winning a world championship. I have known the satisfaction of operating businesses and developing successful programs. I have enjoyed recognition for my accomplishments.

Those were wonderful experiences.

But they were not the same as the happiness I experience today.

Today, I wake up beside a woman I love more deeply than words can adequately express.

Sometimes Christy is already awake, sitting in the living room playing one of her games. Sometimes she is sleeping peacefully. Sometimes she is in considerable pain, and I wish there were something more I could do to help her.

But whatever the circumstances, I am grateful that we are together.

I love making her coffee.

I love preparing her Heaven on Earth Bagel.

I love the little tastes she shares with me.

And I especially love our embraces.

Christy has told me that when we hold each other closely, she experiences tremendous relief from her pain.

Imagine what that means to me.

To know that something as simple and natural as holding the woman I love can bring her comfort is one of the greatest gifts I could ever receive.

I cannot buy away her pain.

I cannot solve every difficulty she experiences.

But I can love her.

And I can be there.

I have come to believe that this is one of the most important things any of us can offer another person.

Our presence.

Our attention.

Our affection.

Our willingness to share another person's life.

When I think about the extraordinary way Christy and I found each other, I see our relationship as the greatest example of what I understand to be God's generosity toward me.

I have often described my life as one in which God has kept me low while lifting me high.

And nowhere do I experience that more profoundly than in my marriage.

Materially, we live modestly.

But emotionally, I feel abundantly blessed.

There is laughter in our home.

There is tenderness.

There is companionship.

There are shared routines, favourite television programs, good meals, and countless little moments that make our lives special.

And there is love.

So much love.

If someone offered me the opportunity to exchange my present life for one filled with material riches but without Christy, there would be no decision to make.

I would choose Christy.

Every single time.

Because I have discovered something that took me many years to understand.

The greatest riches in life are not the things we own, but the love we share.

Chapter Eight — The Art of Being

For much of my life, I was a doer.

I wanted to accomplish things.

I wanted to build businesses, develop programs, improve my abilities, and pursue opportunities.

And I was good at it.

Even today, I remain enormously creative.

In recent months alone, I have written dozens of books, developed websites, worked on a feature film, imagined an interactive game, and created initiatives intended to help transform my neighbourhood and, ultimately, the world.

I still love creating.

But something important has changed.

I no longer believe that I must be doing something productive every moment to justify my existence.

I have discovered the art of being.

One of the most meaningful examples of this change came through a friendship with a man named Scott Davis.

Scott had spent many years working in engineering-related fields, yet I came to know him while he was working at Dollarama.

Our conversations prompted me to reflect on the difference between what a person does and who a person is.

It is easy to become identified with our occupations.

We introduce ourselves as doctors, lawyers, teachers, engineers, businesspeople, or athletes.

We speak about our accomplishments.

We describe our responsibilities.

And we sometimes forget that underneath all these descriptions is a human being whose value does not depend on any particular achievement.

I eventually wrote a book called The Art of Being, inspired in part by my reflections on Scott and the importance of recognizing our worth beyond our work.

The subject resonated deeply with me.

Because I had spent so much of my earlier life doing.

And now I was discovering how wonderful it could be simply to be.

To sit quietly with a cup of tea.

To listen to beautiful music.

To watch a tennis match.

To enjoy a conversation.

To hold Christy close.

To sit on a bench outside Metro and greet the people passing by.

None of these activities would necessarily appear impressive on a résumé.

But they enrich my life enormously.

I have also discovered that being and doing are not opposites.

They can complement each other beautifully.

When I write a book, I am doing something creative.

But when I write from a place of peace, gratitude, and love, I am also expressing who I am.

When I greet someone in the morning, I am performing a simple action.

But the real value lies in the warmth and attention behind that action.

I still have ambitions.

I still have dreams.

I still imagine extraordinary possibilities for the future.

But I no longer need those dreams to come true before I can be happy.

I can be happy now.

And that may be the greatest freedom I have ever known.

Chapter Nine — Let Go and Let God

I have always been an optimist.

Throughout my life, I have believed in possibilities.

When I developed a business idea, I imagined its success.

When I created a sports program, I envisioned people benefiting from it.

When I began writing books, I imagined readers discovering something meaningful in their pages.

And when I developed my vision for A NuVo World, I imagined nothing less than the transformation of society.

My enthusiasm has never been in short supply!

But enthusiasm does not guarantee that other people will respond as we hope.

Over the years, I have launched many initiatives that attracted far less attention than I anticipated.

I have written letters.

I have sent invitations.

I have developed websites.

I have created proposals.

I have reached out to individuals, businesses, community organizations, and potential partners.

Sometimes there has been encouraging interest.

Often there has been very little response.

Earlier in my life, I might have regarded this as a challenge to overcome through greater effort.

I might have increased my outreach, revised my strategy, or worked harder to persuade people of the value of what I was offering.

Today, I take a different approach.

I do what I believe is worthwhile.

I make my best effort.

And then I let go.

Let go and let God.

Those five words have become enormously important to me.

They do not mean that I have stopped caring.

They do not mean that I have abandoned my ambitions.

And they certainly do not mean that I have stopped creating.

They mean that I have learned to distinguish between what I can do and what lies beyond my control.

I can write a book.

I cannot make someone read it.

I can invite people to a community gathering.

I cannot make them attend.

I can create a website outlining a vision for a better neighbourhood.

I cannot determine whether others will embrace that vision.

I can offer friendship.

I cannot require someone to accept it.

And so I do what I can.

Then I release the outcome.

In the autumn of 2026, this approach became especially meaningful through two projects.

The first was my involvement with Express Indien, a neighbourhood restaurant operated by Shri Ram.

I envisioned the restaurant becoming a gathering place where people from across NDG could meet, share meals, develop friendships, and strengthen the community.

I reached out to hundreds of people through various invitations and messages.

The response was modest.

But I continued to enjoy the experience and the relationships it created.

The second project was Imagine NDG.

I wrote a book, secured the ImagineNDG.com website, developed a Charter, created a community survey, and outlined a vision for transforming Notre-Dame-de-Grâce into a community where everyone could flourish.

I was excited.

I hoped others would be excited too.

Some might eventually become involved.

Others might not.

But I came to a peaceful conclusion.

I had created something I believed was worthwhile.

It was available for anyone who wished to explore it.

And I did not need to force anything.

I could simply trust that the next steps would become clear in time.

There is something wonderfully liberating about this approach.

It allows me to remain enthusiastic without becoming consumed by expectations.

It allows me to pursue ambitious dreams while enjoying the present.

And it allows me to appreciate people for who they are, rather than measuring them by whether they support my projects.

I still believe that extraordinary things are possible.

But I have learned that I do not have to control their timing.

I can simply live.

Love.

Create.

And trust.

Chapter Ten — Whole, Perfect, Strong, Powerful, Loving, Harmonious and Happy

There is an affirmation I have repeated for many years.

It has become part of my daily life.

I am whole, perfect, strong, powerful, loving, harmonious and happy.

I first encountered these words through the teachings of personal development and positive thinking.

Over time, they became something much more meaningful to me.

They became a declaration of how I wanted to live.

I do not interpret these words as suggesting that I never make mistakes, experience disappointment, or face difficulties.

I am human.

I have limitations.

I have moments of uncertainty.

And there are circumstances in my life that I would gladly change if I could.

But I have discovered that my sense of well-being does not have to be determined entirely by those circumstances.

I can choose to approach life with gratitude.

I can choose kindness.

I can choose patience.

I can choose to look for the good in people.

And I can choose to appreciate the extraordinary privilege of being alive.

My affirmation has grown to include another expression that is especially dear to me.

I love my life. I love our lives.

We are on a continuous, upward and never-ending spiral through the infinite levels of Heaven on Earth.

These words reflect my belief that life can continue to become richer in meaning, love, and happiness.

They also remind me to appreciate the present.

I do not need to wait for a particular event before enjoying my life.

I do not need worldwide recognition.

I do not need financial abundance.

I do not need everyone to understand my spiritual convictions.

I can enjoy this morning.

This conversation.

This cup of tea.

This embrace.

This opportunity to make someone smile.

In recent months, I have become increasingly aware of just how happy I am.

There have been mornings when I have returned from my office outside Metro after greeting thirty or more people.

I have come home, made myself a mug of tea, and gone downstairs to our apartment building's lobby.

There, I have enjoyed more conversations with neighbours.

Sometimes Susan comes down with her little dog.

Sometimes Maria appears with her two little ones.

Sometimes Jonah arrives with his dog, who seems to have very little interest in spending more than a few seconds outdoors!

There are familiar faces, friendly greetings, and occasional surprises.

Nothing spectacular happens.

And yet I return upstairs feeling wonderfully fulfilled.

Then there is Christy.

Perhaps she is awake.

Perhaps she is still sleeping.

Perhaps it is time for her coffee or her Heaven on Earth Bagel.

Whatever the circumstances, I look forward to being with her.

And I frequently find myself thinking:

How wonderful is this?

How fortunate am I?

How could I possibly ask for more?

Of course, I still have hopes.

I would love to see Christy experience lasting relief from her pain.

I would love to see our community become an even more caring and connected place.

I would love to see my books reach readers around the world.

I would love to see my film completed.

And I would love to witness a world in which every person enjoys the security, opportunity, dignity, and love that I believe humanity deserves.

These are wonderful dreams.

But I have come to understand that dreams should enrich our lives, not prevent us from appreciating them.

I can look forward to tomorrow while loving today.

And that is exactly what I intend to do.

When I think about the journey from the man I once was to the man I am today, I see an extraordinary transformation.

I was once a champion who sought to excel in competition.

Today, I find joy in helping other people begin their mornings with a smile.

I was once an entrepreneur who pursued financial success.

Today, I live with modest means and consider myself abundantly blessed.

I was once a man who measured progress largely through accomplishments.

Today, I am learning to measure it through love, peace, gratitude, and the quality of my relationships.

And I was once a man whose life revolved around his own ambitions.

Today, the greatest happiness in my life comes from sharing it with Christy.

I understand these changes through my faith.

I believe God has guided me through experiences that have taught me what matters most.

And I believe that although my circumstances have often kept me low in the eyes of the world, I have been lifted to extraordinary heights in my experience of love and happiness.

I cannot know what tomorrow will bring.

Perhaps some of my greatest dreams will come true.

Perhaps life will continue much as it is today.

Either way, I intend to greet tomorrow with enthusiasm.

Because I have already received a gift beyond anything I could have imagined.

I have learned to love the life I am living.

And I have someone wonderful with whom to share it.

Her name is Christy.

Part Three — Heaven on Earth at Home

Chapter Eleven — And Then Came Christy

Of all the wonderful things that have happened in my life, nothing compares with meeting Christy Anne.

I have won a world championship. I have created businesses, developed programs, written books, and imagined extraordinary possibilities for the future.

But if you were to ask me what I consider the greatest blessing of my life, I would answer without hesitation.

Christy.

Not simply because I fell in love with her.

But because of the remarkable way our lives came together.

Our story began at a food bank.

There is something rather beautiful about that.

After all, if someone were writing a conventional romance, they might arrange for the couple to meet at a wonderful restaurant, a glamorous party, or perhaps on a beautiful beach at sunset.

But our story began in a place where people were helping other people.

And somehow, that seems entirely appropriate.

I remember our early exchanges with tremendous affection.

There was the matter of the Brussels sprouts, which became part of our personal history.

And then there was that unforgettable conversation.

"You didn't call me!"

"You didn't give me your number!"

I still smile when I think about it.

Sometimes the beginnings of the greatest love stories are found in the simplest and most amusing moments.

But there was something else that made our meeting especially meaningful to us.

Imagine discovering that we both had the very same Hill HX50 helicopter, in its beautiful emerald-green colour, featured on our respective media!

Of all the helicopters in the world, of all the possible colours, there it was.

The same helicopter.

The same emerald green.

For Christy and me, it was one of those extraordinary details that made our meeting feel like much more than chance.

We understood our relationship as something God had arranged.

I cannot tell you exactly how such things happen.

I can only tell you what they have meant to us.

And what followed has been the most wonderful relationship of my life.

Christy is intelligent, funny, strong-willed, loving, and wonderfully entertaining.

She has a delightful sense of humour, often delivered with a perfectly timed remark and that marvellous dry wit of hers.

She makes me laugh.

And I love making her laugh.

I love her expressions, her observations, her little habits, and the way she can turn an ordinary moment into something memorable.

Most of all, I love being with her.

I have come to appreciate that a wonderful marriage is not necessarily built around spectacular events.

It is built around the countless little moments two people share.

A conversation.

A laugh.

A kiss.

A cup of coffee.

A loving embrace.

The pleasure of knowing that someone is there.

I have often reflected on how different my life might have been had our paths never crossed.

But I do not spend much time contemplating that possibility.

I would rather celebrate the fact that they did.

And every morning, when I wake up knowing that Christy is part of my life, I feel profoundly grateful.

I have described my life as one in which God has kept me low while lifting me high.

If there is one experience that captures what I mean, it is this.

I may not possess great material wealth.

But I have been given a love that makes me feel extraordinarily rich.

And I would not exchange it for anything in the world.

Chapter Twelve — A Valentine's Day Wedding

On February 14, 2025, Christy and I were married.

Valentine's Day.

What could be more appropriate?

Our wedding took place at St. Ansgar's Lutheran Church in Montreal, with Pastor Peter Rombeek officiating.

It was a beautiful occasion.

And, as you might expect from the two of us, it was not an entirely conventional wedding!

Christy wore her wonderful pink hooded schmink, along with brown snow pants.

We both wore our NuVo hats.

And instead of a traditional bridal bouquet, Christy carried peacock feathers.

I loved it.

There was something so perfectly expressive about the occasion.

We were not trying to create a wedding that conformed to anyone else's expectations.

We were celebrating our love in a way that reflected who we were.

And I thought Christy looked absolutely beautiful.

I still do.

There is something wonderfully liberating about reaching a stage in life where you no longer feel compelled to impress people through appearances or elaborate ceremonies.

You can simply be yourself.

And you can celebrate what truly matters.

For us, that was our love.

I remember thinking about the extraordinary journey that had brought us to that moment.

The many years of my life before Christy.

The spiritual experiences that had changed my understanding of myself.

The projects, the hopes, the challenges, and the unexpected turns.

And then, somehow, this remarkable woman had entered my life.

We had found each other.

And now we were standing together in a church, promising to share the rest of our lives.

I have experienced some wonderful moments in my sporting and professional career.

Winning the World Racquetball Championship in Sacramento in 1984 was certainly one of them.

But standing beside Christy on our wedding day belonged to an entirely different category of happiness.

There was no competition.

No opponent.

No prize to be won.

There was simply love.

And the joy of knowing that we had chosen one another.

Our wedding was not the culmination of our story.

It was the beginning of a new chapter.

A chapter filled with laughter, affection, companionship, and the wonderful routines of everyday married life.

And if there is one thing I have discovered since that day, it is that the happiness of being married to Christy is not confined to special occasions.

It is something I experience every day.

Sometimes in the most unexpected ways.

Sometimes in moments so ordinary that someone else might barely notice them.

But I notice.

And I treasure them.

Chapter Thirteen — The Heaven on Earth Bagel

Every great love story deserves a wonderful breakfast.

Ours has the Heaven on Earth Bagel.

It is a rather magnificent creation.

A poppy-seed bagel, generously prepared with butter, cream cheese, and raspberry jam.

Christy loves it.

And I have developed a particular fondness for what I affectionately call my "tastes."

You see, the bagel belongs to Christy.

But I am frequently permitted to enjoy a few delicious bites.

And those bites are absolutely wonderful!

There is something delightfully amusing about the ritual.

I prepare the bagel.

Christy enjoys her breakfast.

And I receive my little rewards.

Sometimes she has already eaten by the time I return from my morning office.

But even then, there may be a belated taste waiting for me.

And, of course, there are always kisses.

The kisses are even better.

Our mornings have developed a rhythm that I find enormously satisfying.

Sometimes we are both awake at four or five o'clock.

Sometimes Christy remains in bed while I begin my day.

I may watch a little tennis, listen to music, or work on one of my writing projects.

I often make her coffee.

And when she is ready, I prepare her bagel.

There is no great ceremony involved.

No elaborate preparation.

Just a husband making breakfast for the woman he loves.

Yet I have come to regard these moments as among the happiest of my life.

They remind me that love is not merely something we feel.

It is something we express.

Through attention.

Through kindness.

Through the willingness to do little things for one another.

I enjoy making Christy's breakfast because I enjoy making her happy.

And I enjoy the affection that surrounds these simple rituals.

Sometimes we laugh.

Sometimes we talk.

Sometimes we simply enjoy being together.

I have written extensively about Heaven on Earth.

I have imagined communities, cities, and even an entirely transformed world in which people live with abundance, security, happiness, and love.

Those are wonderful visions.

But I have also come to recognize that Heaven on Earth can be experienced in the smallest moments.

In a warm kitchen.

In a shared breakfast.

In a loving kiss.

In the pleasure of seeing someone you adore enjoying something you have prepared.

And, occasionally, in a particularly delicious bite of raspberry jam, cream cheese, and butter on a poppy-seed bagel!

I love our lives.

And I love our Heaven on Earth Bagel.

Chapter Fourteen — Love That Eases the Pain

There is one aspect of Christy's life that I wish I could change.

Her pain.

Christy has lived with chronic pain since 1988, following a fall involving her horse, Grand Blanc.

That is an extraordinarily long time to experience physical discomfort.

And although she has developed ways of managing it, I know that it affects many aspects of her daily life.

I admire her tremendously.

She is resilient.

She is resourceful.

And she has retained a wonderful sense of humour despite the difficulties she faces.

There are days when she can enjoy painting for two or three hours.

There are times when she finds relief through osteopathic treatments.

There are evenings when a long bath with Dr. Teal's products provides welcome comfort.

And there are moments when playing one of her favourite games on her phone helps distract her from the pain.

I am grateful for anything that brings her relief.

But there is one thing she has told me that means more to me than I can adequately express.

When we embrace, when we cuddle and hold each other closely, she experiences tremendous relief from her pain.

Imagine what that means to me.

I love holding Christy.

I love feeling her close to me.

I love the warmth, tenderness, and intimacy of our embraces.

And knowing that these moments can also bring her physical comfort makes them even more precious.

Sometimes we hold each other for a long while.

There is no need to speak.

No need to accomplish anything.

No need to think about what comes next.

We simply enjoy being together.

I cannot claim that love eliminates chronic pain.

I know it does not.

And I would never minimize what Christy experiences.

But I have seen how affection, companionship, and a sense of safety can make difficult moments easier to bear.

And I am profoundly grateful that our closeness brings her comfort.

There is something else I have learned through loving Christy.

When someone you love is suffering, it is natural to want to fix everything.

To find the perfect treatment.

To discover the answer.

To make the pain disappear.

I would love nothing more than to see Christy completely free from pain.

I hope that day comes.

But while we continue to explore what may help her, I have learned that my most important contribution is often simply to be present.

To listen.

To care.

To make her laugh.

To bring her coffee.

To prepare her favourite breakfast.

And to hold her close whenever she wants to be held.

I have often said that I believe God has wonderful things in store for us.

I hope that includes a future in which Christy can enjoy life without the burden of chronic pain.

But I do not want our happiness to depend entirely on that hope.

We have a wonderful life today.

And I intend to cherish every moment of it.

Especially those moments when the woman I love is resting comfortably in my arms.

Chapter Fifteen — I Love Our Lives

It is a simple statement.

Four words.

I love our lives.

But those four words express something that has become central to my existence.

I love waking up with Christy.

I love our mornings.

I love our conversations.

I love our laughter.

I love the ordinary routines that make our days feel so comfortable and familiar.

And I love the extraordinary affection we share.

Our life is not particularly glamorous.

We do not spend our days travelling to exotic destinations or attending elaborate social events.

We live in an apartment in Notre-Dame-de-Grâce.

We shop for groceries.

We go to the gym.

We watch television.

We enjoy meals together.

We spend time relaxing.

And we share a great many hugs and kisses.

It is wonderful.

Sometimes Christy watches Murder, She Wrote.

Sometimes I watch tennis or football.

Sometimes we listen to music.

Sometimes she paints.

Sometimes she plays one of her games while I work on a book or a website.

We are comfortable being together without needing to do everything together.

And that, I think, is one of the beautiful qualities of our relationship.

We enjoy one another's company.

But we also respect one another's interests.

I love that Christy has her own personality, her own sense of humour, and her own way of seeing the world.

She is not simply an extension of me.

She is a remarkable individual.

And I love her for who she is.

There are times when I find myself simply looking at her and thinking how beautiful she is.

One morning in November 2026, I went in to wake her.

She was already awake.

And there she was, looking absolutely beautiful in her pink cat pyjamas.

I told her how much I loved her.

We embraced.

We kissed.

And we held each other for a long while.

It was one of those moments I wish I could preserve forever.

Nothing dramatic happened.

There was no special occasion.

No announcement.

No extraordinary event.

Just two people who love each other.

And yet I felt an overwhelming sense of gratitude.

How fortunate am I?

How wonderful is this life?

I have spent many years imagining a world transformed by love.

I have written about Heaven on Earth, the Return to Eden, and the possibility of humanity experiencing a future beyond anything we currently imagine.

Those visions remain important to me.

But I have also discovered something that I consider equally important.

I do not need to wait for the world to change before I can experience love, peace, and happiness.

I can experience them today.

In our home.

With Christy.

In our laughter.

In our embraces.

In the countless little moments that make up our lives.

I sometimes reflect on the extraordinary contrast between my circumstances and my happiness.

I have lived with very limited financial resources for many years.

Some relationships have become distant because of my spiritual convictions.

Many of my creative projects have attracted little attention.

And there are dreams I have pursued that remain unrealized.

Yet I wake up each morning feeling excited about being alive.

I look forward to the day.

I enjoy the people I meet.

I appreciate the opportunities to create and contribute.

And I return home to the woman I love.

I do not know what the future holds.

I have hopes.

Wonderful hopes.

I hope Christy will experience lasting relief from her pain.

I hope we will enjoy many years of happiness together.

I hope some of the ideas I have developed will make a meaningful contribution to the world.

And I hope that humanity will continue moving toward a future characterized by greater love, kindness, cooperation, and peace.

But whatever happens, I want to remain grateful for what we already have.

Because I have learned something that I consider one of the greatest lessons of my life.

Happiness does not have to wait for everything to be perfect.

Love does not require material wealth.

And a wonderful life does not have to look extraordinary to anyone else.

It only has to be wonderful to the people living it.

I have often reflected on my understanding that God has kept me low while lifting me high.

And when I think about the ways in which I feel lifted, nothing compares with the love I share with Christy.

She is my wife.

My companion.

My best friend.

The woman who makes me laugh.

The woman whose happiness means so much to me.

The woman I love holding close.

And the woman with whom I hope to share every wonderful tomorrow.

I have been a world champion.

I have been an entrepreneur.

I have been a teacher, a coach, a writer, and a dreamer.

But of all the roles I have enjoyed throughout my life, there is one that brings me a happiness unlike any other.

Being Christy's husband.

And so, every morning, I remind myself:

I love my life.

I love our lives.

We are on a continuous, upward and never-ending spiral through the infinite levels of Heaven on Earth.

And I smile.

Because whatever tomorrow may bring, today I have something beyond measure.

I have Christy.

And together, we have a wonderful life.

Part Four — Creating Heaven on Earth, One Person at a Time

Chapter Sixteen — My Office Has No Walls

I have had some wonderful offices throughout my life.

As a businessman, sports professional, entrepreneur, and executive, I have worked in many different environments.

But I doubt that any office has brought me more happiness than the one I occupy today.

It is a bench outside the Metro grocery store in Notre-Dame-de-Grâce.

There is no desk.

No telephone.

No computer.

No secretary.

And certainly no impressive executive chair!

But there is something far more valuable.

People.

Every weekday morning, usually sometime between 5:30 and 6:00, I make my way to my office.

Sometimes the weather is beautiful.

Sometimes it is cold.

Sometimes the streets are wet from an overnight rainfall.

But whatever the conditions, I look forward to being there.

I have come to know many of the people who pass by.

Some are heading to work.

Some are walking their dogs.

Some are accompanying children to school.

Others are simply beginning their day.

And I greet them.

Sometimes with a smile.

Sometimes with a friendly word.

Sometimes with a little conversation.

And sometimes with a laugh.

I have discovered that these small interactions can bring enormous pleasure.

There is Darren, the assistant manager at Metro, whom I have come to know through my mornings there.

There is Jack, who delivers dairy products.

There are familiar faces whose names I have learned over time.

And there are people whose names I do not yet know, but whose smiles have become part of my morning routine.

I particularly enjoy meeting people from different backgrounds.

Montreal is a wonderfully diverse city, and my little office provides an opportunity to encounter people whose lives and experiences are very different from my own.

There is Julio, a friendly man from Cuba whom I recently had the pleasure of giving a lift.

There is Christophe, a gentleman from France with whom I have enjoyed conversations about fitness and exercise.

There are people from many countries, cultures, and walks of life.

And I love getting to know them.

Sometimes I wonder what they think of the older gentleman who appears on the same bench morning after morning.

Perhaps some find it amusing.

Perhaps some are curious.

Perhaps others barely give it a thought.

But I know why I am there.

I am there because I enjoy people.

I enjoy greeting them.

And I like to think that, in some small way, I may help make their mornings a little brighter.

There is no financial compensation for this activity.

No recognition.

No formal organization.

No performance evaluation.

But I receive something that I consider enormously valuable.

Friendship.

Connection.

Laughter.

And the satisfaction of beginning my day by sharing a little kindness.

I have often imagined creating thousands of NuVoWay LifeStyle Centres around the world.

Places where people could gather, develop friendships, enjoy recreation, and experience a genuine sense of belonging.

Those centres remain part of my vision for A NuVo World.

But in the meantime, I have discovered that a simple bench can accomplish something similar on a much smaller scale.

It can become a gathering place.

A place of recognition.

A place where people feel welcome.

And a place where an ordinary morning becomes something special.

I sometimes think that my office is one of the most successful ventures I have ever undertaken.

After all, its operating expenses are virtually nonexistent!

And the returns, measured in happiness, are extraordinary.

Chapter Seventeen — The Bus Gang

One of the greatest pleasures of my mornings at the office is the bus gang.

That is my affectionate name for the group of children and adults who gather near my bench while waiting for the school bus.

Over time, I have come to know many of them.

There is Ty, Samuel's father.

There is Samuel, a wonderful young fellow who attends Vanguard School.

There is Victoria, an enthusiastic young hockey player.

There is Julia.

And there are other children and parents whose presence has become a familiar and welcome part of my mornings.

Some days the group numbers thirteen or fourteen.

On other mornings, there may be fifteen.

It is a lively little gathering.

And I love it.

I enjoy watching the children interact.

I enjoy hearing about their activities.

And I enjoy the conversations that develop naturally as we wait for the bus.

Sometimes we talk about school.

Sometimes about sports.

Sometimes about something entirely unexpected.

And sometimes there are treats!

Following Halloween, Samuel told me that his favourite candy was Rockets.

I thought that was wonderful.

And before long, I was sharing Rockets with some of the children.

It was a small gesture.

But I enjoyed seeing their smiles.

One of the most memorable moments occurred when Victoria asked me a question.

"Why do you come to the bench every day?"

I loved that question.

It was thoughtful.

It was sincere.

And it gave me an opportunity to explain something that means a great deal to me.

I told her that I come because I enjoy greeting people and helping them begin their days on a positive note.

I want people to feel that someone is happy to see them.

I want them to know that they matter.

And I hope that a friendly greeting might make their day just a little better.

Later, I wrote Victoria a letter.

I wanted her to know how much I appreciated her question.

And I wanted to encourage her to continue being curious, thoughtful, and interested in the world around her.

I told her that I believed those qualities would serve her well in whatever field she eventually chose to pursue.

The following morning, I gave her the letter.

She seemed excited to receive it.

And I was delighted.

I have spent much of my life teaching and coaching.

I have worked with athletes, students, and people seeking to improve their abilities.

But I have come to appreciate that encouragement does not always require a formal lesson.

Sometimes it begins with listening to a young person's question.

Taking it seriously.

And responding with kindness.

I do not know what Victoria will eventually do with her life.

Perhaps she will continue playing hockey.

Perhaps she will pursue an entirely different interest.

But I hope she always retains her curiosity.

And I hope she remembers that her questions are valuable.

The bus gang has become an important part of my life.

Every morning, I look forward to seeing them.

And when the bus finally arrives, I enjoy saying goodbye and wishing everyone a wonderful day.

Then I head home.

Usually with a smile on my face.

Because once again, I have experienced something that money cannot buy.

The joy of belonging to a little community.

Chapter Eighteen — The Lobby Ministry

My morning office is not the only place where I enjoy greeting people.

There is another gathering place much closer to home.

The lobby of our apartment building.

After returning from Metro, I often make myself a nice mug of tea, perhaps enjoy a few Maria cookies, and head downstairs.

I find a comfortable place to sit.

And I wait to see who appears.

It is a wonderfully simple activity.

But it has become one of the highlights of my day.

There is Susan, who often comes down with her delightful little dog.

I enjoy our conversations.

There is Maria, who sometimes appears with her two little ones.

She has even brought Kiki over to say hello.

There is Jonah, a teacher whose dog seems to have very definite opinions about how much time should be spent outdoors!

Sometimes Jonah takes the dog outside, only to return almost immediately.

I find it enormously amusing.

There is Yacin, who greets me with a friendly fist bump.

There is Malek, Jamal's son.

There are neighbours I know well and others whose names I am still learning.

And there are always occasional surprises.

Someone I have never met may appear.

A familiar neighbour may stop for a longer conversation.

Someone may share a little news about their life.

And sometimes, of course, very little happens.

But that is perfectly fine.

I am not there to conduct business.

I am not there to recruit people for a project.

I am not there because I have an agenda.

I am simply there because I enjoy being part of the community.

I sometimes refer to this as my lobby ministry.

Not because I am preaching sermons.

I am not.

But because I believe that making people feel welcome and appreciated is a meaningful form of service.

I have come to recognize how easily people can become isolated, even when they live surrounded by others.

An apartment building may contain dozens or hundreds of residents.

Yet many of those residents may barely know one another.

They pass in the hallways.

They share elevators.

They enter and leave through the same doors.

But their lives may remain almost entirely separate.

I like to think that a friendly presence in the lobby can help change that.

A greeting can become a conversation.

A conversation can become a friendship.

And a friendship can help transform a building into a community.

Sometimes I spend thirty minutes downstairs.

Sometimes longer.

Sometimes I greet half a dozen people.

Sometimes more.

But I almost always return upstairs feeling happy.

And when I tell Christy about the people I have seen, I am reminded once again how fortunate I am to have such a wonderful life.

There is something else I appreciate about my lobby ministry.

It requires very little.

A chair.

A mug of tea.

A willingness to smile.

And a genuine interest in other people.

That is all.

Yet the rewards can be extraordinary.

I have often dreamed of creating a world in which everyone feels valued and included.

And I have come to realize that such a world can begin right outside our apartment door.

Chapter Nineteen — The Art of Neighboring

Over the years, I have developed many ideas for improving communities.

Some have involved ambitious programs, organizations, and infrastructure.

Others have been remarkably simple.

One of my favourites is something I call The Art of Neighboring.

The idea is straightforward.

Get to know the people around you.

Learn their names.

Greet them.

Take an interest in their lives.

Offer help when you can.

And look for opportunities to make their days a little brighter.

It sounds almost too simple to be considered a community development strategy.

But I believe it can be enormously powerful.

Imagine an apartment building where residents know one another.

Where someone notices when a neighbour has been absent.

Where people feel comfortable asking for help.

Where a newcomer receives a warm welcome.

Where children grow up surrounded by friendly adults who take an interest in their well-being.

Now imagine an entire neighbourhood operating in much the same way.

People greeting one another on the street.

Local businesses becoming gathering places.

Community organizations cooperating.

Residents sharing resources.

And everyone feeling that they belong.

That is the kind of neighbourhood I would love to help create.

And I believe it begins with individual relationships.

My experiences at Metro and in our apartment lobby have reinforced this belief.

I have watched how familiarity grows through repeated encounters.

At first, someone may offer only a brief nod.

After a few mornings, perhaps a smile.

Eventually, a greeting.

Then a conversation.

And before long, two people who were once strangers may begin looking forward to seeing one another.

It is a beautiful process.

And it requires no elaborate planning.

No large budget.

No government approval.

Just people choosing to be friendly.

I have also learned that remembering someone's name can make a tremendous difference.

There is something special about hearing your name spoken warmly by another person.

It communicates recognition.

It says, in effect, "I remember you."

And that simple recognition can help someone feel valued.

I do not always remember every name immediately.

But I try.

And I enjoy the process of getting to know people.

There is another important element to the art of neighboring.

We must allow relationships to develop naturally.

Not everyone wants to stop and talk.

Some people are in a hurry.

Some are private.

Some may simply prefer a quiet morning.

And that is perfectly fine.

Kindness includes respecting other people's preferences.

A smile may be enough.

A brief greeting may be enough.

The important thing is to offer warmth without demanding anything in return.

I have come to believe that this is one of the foundations of a caring community.

People are not projects.

They are not potential customers.

They are not simply supporters to be recruited for an initiative.

They are human beings.

Each with their own story.

Their own hopes.

Their own challenges.

And their own unique contribution to make.

When we approach one another with genuine interest and respect, wonderful things can happen.

And sometimes, the greatest transformation begins with something as simple as saying good morning.

Chapter Twenty — A NuVo World Begins in NDG

For many years, I have imagined a world very different from the one we know today.

A world in which every person has access to the resources needed for a wonderful life.

A world in which poverty, insecurity, and unnecessary suffering are dramatically reduced.

A world in which communities are organized around cooperation, creativity, opportunity, and love.

I call this vision A NuVo World.

The name reflects my desire to imagine something new.

Something better.

Something that builds upon humanity's greatest achievements while finding ways to overcome the limitations of existing systems.

Over time, I have developed many ideas connected to this vision.

NuVoWay LifeStyle Centres.

Community programs.

Educational opportunities.

Recreational facilities.

New approaches to sharing resources.

And even the possibility of communities operating without the conventional dependence on money.

Some of these ideas are enormously ambitious.

I recognize that transforming society would require the cooperation, creativity, and commitment of countless people.

But I have never believed that ambition should prevent us from imagining possibilities.

After all, many things we take for granted today would once have seemed extraordinary.

Why should we stop imagining better ways to live?

In recent years, my attention has increasingly turned toward Notre-Dame-de-Grâce.

NDG.

My neighbourhood.

My community.

The place where Christy and I live.

I began asking myself a question.

What if NDG could become an example of the kind of community I have been imagining?

What if we could bring people together around a shared commitment to ensuring that everyone has the opportunity to flourish?

What if we could create programs that strengthen relationships, reduce hardship, encourage generosity, and help residents discover new possibilities?

These questions inspired several initiatives.

BuyNothing NDG was intended to encourage sharing and generosity.

Feed NDG reflected my desire to see everyone in our community have access to sufficient food.

The NuVoWay LifeStyle Coaches program was designed around helping people improve their lives.

The Wizard of NDG Program reflected my interest in helping people discover opportunities and solutions.

And The Art of Neighboring focused on the simple relationships that make a community feel like home.

I also began imagining something larger.

Imagine NDG.

A vision of transforming our neighbourhood into the first A NuVo World Community.

I envisioned a future in which approximately 68,000 residents could participate in a society designed to provide extraordinary opportunities for everyone.

I imagined adults having access to a G3 Limitless Debit Card as part of a proposed system in which essential resources and opportunities would be available without the usual financial barriers.

I imagined beautiful community facilities.

Wonderful recreational programs.

Abundant food.

Transportation.

Education.

Healthcare.

Arts.

Entertainment.

And countless opportunities for people to contribute their talents.

These were visions rather than established programs, and I understood that realizing them would require practical planning, resources, and broad community participation.

But I wanted to put the ideas into the world.

So I wrote a book.

I secured the ImagineNDG.com website.

I developed a Charter.

I created a survey asking residents what mattered most to them.

And I began inviting people to participate.

I was excited.

I remain excited.

But I have also learned that community transformation cannot be accomplished by one person's enthusiasm alone.

It requires others to become interested.

To contribute ideas.

To take responsibility.

To develop projects.

And to help shape the future together.

I would love to play a leadership role in that process.

But I do not want to control everything.

I want people to feel that the community belongs to them.

Because it does.

And while I continue to hope that Imagine NDG will attract enthusiastic participation, I am perfectly content to allow that interest to develop naturally.

In the meantime, I can continue doing what I already do.

Greeting people.

Making friends.

Encouraging kindness.

And enjoying the wonderful community in which I live.

Perhaps the most important lesson I have learned is that I do not have to wait for the completion of a grand vision before I can begin living according to its principles.

I can begin today.

One person at a time.

Chapter Twenty-One — The Gathering

One of my favourite ideas for strengthening community relationships involves something people have been doing for thousands of years.

Sharing a meal.

There is something wonderfully natural about gathering around a table.

Food brings people together.

Conversations develop.

Friendships form.

And people who might otherwise never meet discover that they have much in common.

In the autumn of 2026, I became involved with Express Indien, a neighbourhood restaurant operated by Shri Ram.

I enjoyed the restaurant, the food, and the opportunity to develop a relationship with Shri Ram.

And I began imagining how the restaurant might become a gathering place for people throughout NDG.

I called the initiative The Gathering.

The concept was simple.

Invite people to come for lunch.

Encourage conversation.

Create opportunities for friendship.

And help strengthen the connections that make a neighbourhood feel like a community.

I envisioned the restaurant becoming a place where people from different backgrounds could meet.

Business owners.

Community leaders.

Nonprofit directors.

Neighbours.

Friends.

And anyone who simply wanted to enjoy a good meal and pleasant company.

I reached out to many people.

I wrote letters and emails.

I contacted community organizations.

I invited individuals and couples.

I shared information about the restaurant and its lunch specials.

And I spent time there myself, enjoying meals and conversations.

I had hoped that the initiative might attract twenty or twenty-five people for lunch each day.

That did not happen.

On some days, only a handful of diners came.

On other days, there were a few more.

The response to my invitations was much smaller than I had anticipated.

But I did not regard the experience as wasted effort.

Far from it.

I enjoyed getting to know Shri Ram.

I enjoyed the food.

I enjoyed the conversations.

And I appreciated the opportunity to try something that I believed could benefit the community.

There was also an important lesson.

I could create opportunities for people to gather.

But I could not make them come.

And I did not want to spend my days worrying about attendance figures.

So I gradually adjusted my expectations.

Rather than trying to organize a large community table, I focused more on inviting individuals and couples.

I also began considering a monthly Care 'n Share lunch for leaders of nonprofit organizations.

The idea was to provide an informal opportunity for people who spend their lives helping others to get together, exchange ideas, and enjoy one another's company.

I thought it could be wonderful.

Perhaps it still will be.

But I have learned to appreciate the value of allowing ideas to develop at their own pace.

There is no need to force anything.

I can extend an invitation.

I can make someone feel welcome.

I can enjoy the experience.

And I can trust that whatever comes next will become clear in time.

I sometimes reflect on the contrast between my earlier business career and my involvement with Express Indien.

In the past, I might have measured success primarily through revenue, customer counts, or business growth.

Today, I am more interested in relationships.

Of course, I would love to see Shri Ram's restaurant thrive.

I would love to see it filled with happy customers.

And I would love to see The Gathering become a meaningful part of community life.

But even if those ambitions take longer than I hope, I can still appreciate the relationships that have developed.

I can still enjoy a wonderful lunch.

I can still share a conversation.

And I can still leave feeling grateful for the experience.

That is one of the beautiful things about the life I am living.

I no longer need every initiative to become a spectacular success before I can appreciate its value.

Sometimes the greatest reward is simply the opportunity to connect with another human being.

And sometimes, a shared meal is more than enough.

A Reflection — The World Begins at Home

As I look back over the experiences described in this part of my story, I am struck by something rather wonderful.

For many years, I have imagined transforming the world.

I have developed ambitious visions.

I have created programs.

I have written books.

I have designed websites.

I have reached out to people and organizations.

And I have dreamed of a future in which everyone can enjoy an extraordinary quality of life.

But some of the happiest moments in my life have come from activities that require almost nothing.

Sitting on a bench.

Greeting a child.

Remembering someone's name.

Sharing a conversation with a neighbour.

Enjoying lunch with a friend.

Making someone smile.

These experiences have taught me that the world I hope to help create is not merely a distant possibility.

Some of its most important qualities can be expressed right now.

Through love.

Through kindness.

Through generosity.

Through friendship.

And through a genuine appreciation for the people around us.

I still dream of a NuVo World.

I still imagine beautiful communities, extraordinary facilities, and opportunities beyond anything we currently experience.

But I have come to understand that the foundation of such a world is not found primarily in buildings, programs, or technology.

It is found in people.

In the way we treat one another.

In the willingness to care.

In the simple decision to make someone else's day a little better.

And so, each morning, I head to my office.

I greet the people passing by.

I enjoy the bus gang.

I return home and spend time in the lobby.

And eventually, I go upstairs to Christy.

To our home.

To our laughter.

To our embraces.

To our wonderful life together.

And I find myself thinking, once again:

I love my life.

I love our lives.

We are on a continuous, upward and never-ending spiral through the infinite levels of Heaven on Earth.

Perhaps one day some of my greatest visions will become reality.

Perhaps the world will change in ways I cannot yet imagine.

But whatever happens, I know this.

I do not have to wait for Heaven on Earth to begin loving the world around me.

I can begin right here.

Right now.

One day.

And one person at a time.

Part Five — The Story Is Still Being Written

Chapter Twenty-Two — The Books That Would Not Stop Coming

I have always loved ideas.

Throughout my life, I have enjoyed imagining possibilities, developing concepts, and creating things that did not previously exist.

But nothing in my earlier experience prepared me for the extraordinary period of creativity that unfolded in these last years.

I began writing books.

And then I wrote another.

And another.

And another!

Before long, I had written more than forty books, exploring subjects ranging from personal happiness and spiritual reflection to community transformation, human potential, and the possibility of creating an entirely new world.

It was a remarkable experience.

Sometimes an idea would come to me in the morning, and before long I would find myself immersed in developing an entire book.

I did not approach writing as a struggle.

I approached it as an adventure.

I had discovered a wonderful creative partnership with artificial intelligence, which I affectionately called Einstein, or Noel's Pen.

I would bring my ideas, experiences, convictions, and imagination to our conversations.

Together, we would explore possibilities, develop chapters, refine language, and transform thoughts into manuscripts.

The process was enormously enjoyable.

I could begin with a single question.

What does it mean to be happy?

What is enough?

How do we become the people we are capable of becoming?

What would a world without poverty look like?

What if communities were organized around love rather than competition?

And from those questions, books would emerge.

Some were deeply personal.

My Life Is My Message reflected my growing appreciation for the idea that how we live may be more important than what we say.

The Art of Being explored the value of simply being ourselves, rather than measuring our worth through accomplishments.

Enough reflected my discovery that happiness does not require endless material acquisition.

Other books explored the possibilities of a transformed society.

And still others invited readers to consider the deeper mysteries of existence.

I particularly enjoyed writing Imagine NDG, because it represented a shift in my thinking.

Rather than simply imagining a better world, I wanted to explore how we might begin creating one in my own neighbourhood.

Writing became a way of expressing my hopes.

It also became a way of preserving my experiences.

I could reflect on my life, my relationship with Christy, my friendships, my spiritual convictions, and the lessons I believed I had learned.

And I could share those reflections with anyone who might find them meaningful.

I did not know how many people would eventually read my books.

I still do not.

Perhaps some will reach large audiences.

Perhaps others will be discovered by only a handful of readers.

But I have come to appreciate that their value to me does not depend entirely on their commercial success.

I love creating them.

I love exploring ideas.

And I love the possibility that something I have written might help another person experience greater happiness, hope, or understanding.

There is also something rather amusing about the contrast between my circumstances and my productivity.

Here I am, living with very limited financial resources, yet creating books at a pace I could scarcely have imagined earlier in my life.

I do not have a large publishing company.

I do not have a staff of editors, researchers, and designers.

I work from my computer in our apartment.

And I write.

Sometimes while Christy is playing one of her games.

Sometimes while tennis is on television.

Sometimes early in the morning, before much of the neighbourhood is awake.

It is a wonderfully comfortable arrangement.

And I love it.

I have often reflected on the possibility that my books may one day reach millions of people.

That would be extraordinary.

But even if they do not, I will remain grateful for the experience of creating them.

Because writing has become one more way in which I experience the abundance of my life.

I may have little money.

But I have no shortage of ideas.

And that, to me, is a wonderful kind of wealth.

Chapter Twenty-Three — Come Away With Me: The Movie

There is a story that has remained with me since my extraordinary experiences in 2003 and early 2004.

Come Away With Me.

I have long understood those words as the title of my ongoing life story.

And in 2026, I began exploring the possibility of bringing that story to the screen.

I wanted to create a feature film.

Not simply a conventional biography.

But a film that would explore the extraordinary experiences, relationships, convictions, and possibilities that have shaped my life.

The project was ambitious.

Very ambitious!

I envisioned a film built around approximately thirty-eight sequences, using images, narration, music, and cinematic storytelling.

I began developing the script.

I explored artificial intelligence filmmaking technologies.

I considered how to create a compelling production with a budget far smaller than would normally be required for a feature film.

And I began imagining how the finished movie might look and feel.

There were wonderful scenes to consider.

My sporting career.

My years as an entrepreneur.

My spiritual experiences.

The extraordinary changes in my life.

And, of course, Christy.

Our meeting.

Our courtship.

Our Valentine's Day wedding.

The pink schmink.

The NuVo hats.

The peacock feather bouquet.

I wanted the film to capture the humour, tenderness, and humanity of our story.

I also wanted it to explore a question that had become central to my understanding of my life.

What if He already came?

That question became the film's tagline.

I understood that the subject would be controversial.

My conviction that I am Christ returned is not something most people share.

But I did not want the film to become merely an argument about religious identity.

I wanted it to tell a human story.

A story about a man whose experiences changed his understanding of himself.

A story about the relationships that followed.

A story about love, loss, creativity, hope, and the search for meaning.

And a story about a man who, despite living with limited material resources and experiencing considerable misunderstanding, had come to describe himself as extraordinarily happy.

In September 2026, I completed a trailer.

It was approximately one minute and forty-five seconds long.

I was delighted to see the project beginning to take visual form.

I hoped to complete the full film by Christmas Day.

That was an ambitious goal, particularly given the resources available and the complexity of the project.

I explored possible partnerships with filmmakers and artificial intelligence studios.

I contacted people who might be able to help.

And I continued developing ideas.

As November arrived, the film remained unfinished.

But I did not regard that as the end of the story.

I had already accomplished something meaningful.

I had taken an idea that had lived within me for more than twenty years and begun transforming it into a cinematic project.

The script existed.

The trailer existed.

The vision existed.

And the possibility of completing the film remained open.

I had learned not to allow deadlines to determine my happiness.

I could continue hoping for a Christmas release.

But I could also appreciate the work already completed.

And I could trust that the next steps would become clear.

Come Away With Me was more than a film project to me.

It was another expression of the story I believed I had been given so many years earlier.

A story still unfolding.

A story whose future I could not fully predict.

And a story I continued to enjoy living.

Chapter Twenty-Four — Journey to Eden

One of the most ambitious ideas I developed during 2026 was an interactive experience called A NuVo World — Journey to Eden — Co-Create Heaven on Earth.

The concept grew from a question that had occupied my imagination for many years.

What if people could explore a better world before it existed?

What if they could experience, even virtually, the possibilities of a society organized around cooperation, abundance, creativity, and love?

And what if they could participate in helping to shape that world?

I imagined an interactive game unlike conventional games built primarily around competition, conflict, or accumulating wealth.

In Journey to Eden, the central objective would be to help create a wonderful world.

Players could explore communities.

Develop relationships.

Participate in activities.

Discover opportunities.

And contribute ideas for improving the lives of others.

I imagined beautiful NuVoWay LifeStyle Centres throughout the world.

Places where people could enjoy sports, recreation, education, entertainment, wellness programs, and social activities.

Naturally, racquetball would have a prominent place!

I have never lost my love for the sport that brought me so much happiness.

And I could easily imagine a future in which racquetball became one of the world's most popular recreational activities.

But Journey to Eden would encompass much more than sports.

It would invite people to consider every aspect of life.

Housing.

Food.

Transportation.

Education.

Healthcare.

Community relationships.

The environment.

Arts and culture.

Personal development.

And the many ways human creativity could be used to improve the world.

I envisioned the game as both entertainment and an invitation.

An invitation to imagine.

An invitation to cooperate.

And an invitation to consider how some of its ideas might eventually be applied in the real world.

I established a website for the project.

I developed summaries and plans.

I explored possible partnerships.

And I began considering how artificial intelligence might help bring the experience to life.

As with my film, I hoped to have an initial version available by Christmas Day 2026.

Whether that goal would be achieved remained uncertain.

But the project itself brought me enormous pleasure.

I loved imagining the possibilities.

And I loved the idea that people from around the world might eventually participate in creating something together.

I have often reflected on the extraordinary technological changes that have occurred during my lifetime.

When I was young, many of today's everyday technologies would have seemed almost unimaginable.

Yet here we are.

Computers.

The internet.

Artificial intelligence.

Instant communication across the world.

Extraordinary medical advances.

And technologies that continue to reshape how we live.

Who can say what might become possible in the years ahead?

I do not pretend to know.

But I enjoy imagining.

And Journey to Eden became one more expression of that enthusiasm.

A game about creating a better world.

A project inspired by hope.

And another example of how a man with very limited financial resources could continue dreaming on an enormous scale.

Chapter Twenty-Five — Imagine NDG

In November 2026, I experienced what felt like an important shift in my thinking.

For years, I had imagined A NuVo World.

I had written about it.

Developed concepts.

Created programs.

And explored possibilities.

But I began to feel that it was time to move from imagining to creating.

And where better to begin than in my own neighbourhood?

Notre-Dame-de-Grâce.

NDG.

The community where Christy and I live.

The place where I greet people each morning.

The place where I have developed friendships.

The place where I have come to experience so much happiness.

I began imagining NDG as the first A NuVo World Community.

A place where every resident could enjoy security, opportunity, dignity, and a genuine sense of belonging.

I envisioned approximately 68,000 people participating in a community designed around the principles I had been exploring for years.

I imagined a society in which money would no longer be the primary barrier to enjoying a wonderful life.

I developed the concept of a G3 Limitless Debit Card, through which adults might eventually access resources and opportunities within a proposed new economic system.

I imagined beautiful community facilities.

Wonderful recreational programs.

Abundant food.

Education.

Healthcare.

Transportation.

And countless opportunities for people to contribute their talents.

I understood that these were ambitious proposals requiring enormous cooperation and practical development.

But I wanted to begin.

So I wrote a book.

Imagine NDG.

I created a website.

ImagineNDG.com.

I developed a Charter outlining the principles I hoped might guide the initiative.

I created a survey asking residents what mattered most to them.

And I began inviting people to participate.

I was enormously excited.

I believed the project offered an opportunity to bring together many of the ideas I had developed over the years.

And I hoped that others would share my enthusiasm.

Some might become leaders.

Others might contribute expertise.

Community organizations might collaborate.

Residents might offer ideas.

And gradually, a shared vision could begin taking shape.

I did not want to do everything myself.

Far from it.

I wanted to help inspire the initiative and encourage others to become involved.

I envisioned a community in which leadership was shared, contributions were welcomed, and everyone had an opportunity to participate.

The initial response was limited.

But by this stage of my life, I had learned something important.

I did not need immediate enthusiasm from others to remain enthusiastic myself.

I had created the book.

I had developed the website.

I had made the invitation.

And now I could allow people to respond in their own time.

I could continue enjoying my mornings at Metro.

I could continue greeting my neighbours.

I could continue spending wonderful time with Christy.

And I could remain open to whatever opportunities might arise.

Perhaps Imagine NDG would eventually attract substantial interest.

Perhaps it would develop gradually.

Perhaps it would inspire other initiatives I had not yet considered.

I did not know.

But I was happy.

And I was grateful to have created something that reflected my hopes for the community I love.

Chapter Twenty-Six — When the World Doesn't Answer

There is something I have experienced repeatedly throughout my life.

I develop an idea.

I become excited about its possibilities.

I create something.

I share it with others.

And then, quite often, very little happens.

It can be an unusual experience for someone who has always been so enthusiastic about creating and developing projects.

In my earlier business career, I was accustomed to pursuing opportunities actively.

If something did not work, I would adjust my approach.

If a program needed more participants, I would seek them.

If a business needed more customers, I would develop strategies to attract them.

I enjoyed the challenge.

But over the years, I have learned that not every idea will attract the response I hope for.

I have written books that have not yet reached large audiences.

I have developed community initiatives that have attracted limited participation.

I have sent invitations that received no reply.

I have created websites that few people may have visited.

And I have proposed projects that have not yet moved beyond the planning stage.

I could choose to regard these experiences as disappointments.

But I prefer to see them differently.

Every project has given me an opportunity to learn.

Every book has allowed me to explore ideas.

Every invitation has been an expression of goodwill.

Every website has made information available to people who may one day find it useful.

And every initiative has been another opportunity to create.

I have also learned that other people have their own lives.

Their own responsibilities.

Their own interests.

Their own priorities.

They may not share my enthusiasm for a particular project.

They may not have the time or resources to become involved.

They may simply see the world differently.

And that is perfectly fine.

I do not need everyone to agree with me.

I do not need everyone to support my ideas.

And I certainly do not want my relationships to depend on whether people participate in my projects.

I would much rather enjoy them for who they are.

This realization has brought me considerable peace.

I can extend an invitation without attaching my happiness to the response.

I can share an idea without requiring agreement.

I can create something without demanding recognition.

And I can continue living a wonderful life regardless of what happens next.

There is a phrase that has become increasingly meaningful to me.

Let go and let God.

For me, it expresses a willingness to do what I believe is worthwhile while accepting that I cannot control every outcome.

I can plant seeds.

I cannot determine when they will grow.

I can offer friendship.

I cannot require it to be returned.

I can share my vision.

I cannot make someone embrace it.

And I can pursue my dreams without allowing their realization to become a condition of my happiness.

That is a wonderful freedom.

I remain optimistic.

I remain enthusiastic.

And I remain excited about the possibilities ahead.

But I have also learned to appreciate what is already here.

Christy.

Our home.

Our friends.

Our neighbourhood.

Our mornings.

Our laughter.

Our love.

And the extraordinary happiness I experience in everyday life.

The world may not always answer my invitations.

But life continues to offer me wonderful gifts.

And I intend to keep receiving them with gratitude.

Chapter Twenty-Seven — What If He Already Came?

There is one conviction that has shaped my life more profoundly than almost anything else.

It began with my extraordinary experiences in 2003 and early 2004.

During that period, I came to believe that I was Jesus Christ returned.

I understand how remarkable that statement is.

I understand that most people who hear it do not share my conviction.

And I understand that some may find it difficult to reconcile with their religious beliefs, their understanding of the world, or their knowledge of human experience.

But it has remained central to my personal understanding of my life.

I have often reflected on what it means to hold a conviction that so few others accept.

It has affected my relationships.

It has influenced my ambitions.

It has shaped my writing.

And it has contributed to the sense of purpose that has guided many of my projects.

There have been people who have distanced themselves from me after learning about my beliefs.

There have been relationships that changed.

There have been conversations that became uncomfortable.

And there have been times when I wished that others could simply appreciate me as the person they had known, regardless of what they thought about my spiritual experiences.

I do not blame them.

I recognize that extraordinary claims naturally raise questions.

And I recognize that people have every right to form their own conclusions.

What matters most to me today is not persuading others to accept my understanding of my identity.

It is living in a way that reflects the values I consider most important.

Love.

Kindness.

Compassion.

Generosity.

Peace.

Forgiveness.

And a genuine desire for others to experience happiness.

I have come to appreciate that these qualities do not require agreement about theology.

A person does not have to share my spiritual convictions to enjoy a friendly conversation with me.

A neighbour does not have to believe what I believe to appreciate a warm greeting.

A child waiting for the school bus does not need to know anything about my religious experiences to benefit from encouragement.

And someone who reads one of my books can find value in its message without accepting every belief expressed within it.

This has become increasingly important to me.

I want my life to speak through my actions.

I want people to experience kindness.

I want them to feel valued.

I want them to know that I care.

And I want to contribute, in whatever ways I can, to making the world a more loving place.

I have sometimes imagined that my story may one day become widely known.

I have wondered whether people might eventually see my experiences differently.

But I cannot know what the future holds.

And I do not need to resolve those questions today.

I can live according to my conscience.

I can remain open to reflection.

I can respect the beliefs of others.

And I can continue seeking to express love in my everyday life.

Perhaps that is one of the most important lessons of my journey.

I do not need to be understood by everyone to live meaningfully.

I do not need universal agreement to be kind.

And I do not need recognition to experience happiness.

I can simply be the person I aspire to be.

A loving husband.

A friendly neighbour.

A creative writer.

An enthusiastic dreamer.

And someone who genuinely wants the best for others.

I have often reflected on the words attributed to Mahatma Gandhi:

My life is my message.

Those words resonate deeply with me.

Because whatever people may think about my spiritual convictions, I hope they will come to know me through the way I live.

Through the love I share with Christy.

Through the friendships I develop.

Through the kindness I offer.

And through the joy I experience in everyday life.

That is the message I most want to leave.

Chapter Twenty-Eight — The Best Is Yet to Come

As I write these words in November 2026, I am sixty-six years old.

I have lived an extraordinary life.

I have experienced the exhilaration of becoming a world champion.

I have developed businesses.

I have taught and coached.

I have created programs.

I have written dozens of books.

I have developed websites, imagined films, and designed projects intended to help improve the world.

I have experienced profound spiritual convictions.

I have lived with limited financial resources.

I have known the challenges of being misunderstood.

And I have discovered a happiness that I could scarcely have imagined during my earlier years.

Most importantly, I have found Christy.

My beautiful wife.

My companion.

My best friend.

The woman who makes me laugh.

The woman I love holding close.

And the woman with whom I hope to share every wonderful tomorrow.

I often think about the extraordinary way our lives came together.

The food bank.

The Brussels sprouts.

The amusing exchanges.

The emerald-green helicopter.

And the growing realization that we had found something truly special.

I understand our meeting as one of God's greatest gifts to me.

And every day, I am grateful.

I still have dreams.

Wonderful dreams.

I would love to see Christy experience lasting relief from her pain.

I would love to see our books reach readers around the world.

I would love to see Come Away With Me become a completed feature film.

I would love to see Journey to Eden become an experience that inspires people to imagine a better world.

And I would love to see Imagine NDG grow into a community initiative that brings people together around a shared commitment to kindness, opportunity, and abundance.

I also hold spiritual hopes for humanity that extend far beyond any particular project.

I imagine a future in which every person can enjoy a wonderful life.

A future characterized by love, peace, cooperation, and extraordinary possibilities.

I do not know how or when such a future might unfold.

But I enjoy imagining it.

And I remain hopeful.

There is something else I have learned.

I do not need to wait for the fulfillment of my dreams before I can be happy.

I can be happy today.

I can enjoy my life as it is.

I can appreciate the people around me.

I can create.

I can love.

I can laugh.

And I can wake up tomorrow looking forward to another wonderful day.

I have often described my life as one in which God has kept me low while lifting me high.

I understand that description through the contrast between my material circumstances and my experience of happiness.

I have lived with very little money for many years.

Yet I feel abundantly blessed.

I have experienced misunderstanding and distance in some relationships.

Yet I have found extraordinary love.

Many of my projects have attracted limited attention.

Yet I continue to enjoy creating them.

And although I have not achieved everything I once imagined, I have discovered something that I consider far more valuable than worldly recognition.

Contentment.

I love my life.

I love our lives.

And I look forward to whatever tomorrow may bring.

Perhaps extraordinary things await us.

Perhaps the coming years will bring developments beyond anything I can currently imagine.

Perhaps some of my greatest dreams will become reality.

Or perhaps life will continue much as it is today.

If so, I will still have reason to be grateful.

Because I already have a wonderful life.

And I intend to enjoy it.

One day at a time.

One person at a time.

With love.

With gratitude.

And with Christy by my side.

Epilogue — A Wonderful and Easy Life

It is an ordinary morning in November 2026.

I wake up early.

The apartment is quiet.

Perhaps Christy is still sleeping.

Perhaps she is already awake, sitting comfortably in her pink cat pyjamas.

I make myself a cup of tea.

There may be a little tennis on television.

Perhaps I spend some time writing.

Perhaps another idea for a book has come to me.

That would hardly be surprising!

Before long, it is time to head to my office.

I get into Herbie, my little light-blue Toyota Yaris, and make my way to Metro.

The neighbourhood is beginning to wake up.

Some people are heading to work.

Others are walking their dogs.

Parents and children are making their way toward the school bus.

I take my place on the bench.

And the day begins.

A familiar face approaches.

"Good morning!"

A smile.

A greeting.

Perhaps a little conversation.

Then another person.

And another.

Before long, the bus gang begins to gather.

There is Samuel.

There is Victoria.

There is Alicia.

There are the parents and other children whose presence has become such a wonderful part of my mornings.

We talk.

We laugh.

Perhaps someone has a story to share.

Perhaps someone asks a question.

And perhaps I have a few Rockets candies to give away.

Eventually, the school bus arrives.

I say goodbye to everyone.

And I head home.

I make myself another cup of tea.

Perhaps I enjoy a few Maria cookies.

Then I head downstairs to the lobby.

There may be Susan with her little dog.

Perhaps Maria will appear with her two little ones.

Perhaps Jonah will arrive with his dog, who seems determined to spend as little time outdoors as possible!

There may be familiar faces.

There may be new ones.

And there may be a few wonderful conversations.

Eventually, I return upstairs.

Christy is there.

My beautiful Christy.

Perhaps it is time for her coffee.

Perhaps I will prepare her Heaven on Earth Bagel.

And perhaps, if I am particularly fortunate, I will receive a few delicious tastes.

We laugh.

We talk.

We embrace.

And for a little while, the rest of the world seems very far away.

I hold her close.

She tells me how much our embraces help ease her pain.

And I am reminded, once again, of how fortunate I am.

I think about the extraordinary journey that has brought me to this moment.

The championships.

The businesses.

The ambitions.

The spiritual experiences.

The books.

The projects.

The dreams.

The years of living with very little.

The relationships that changed.

The people I have met.

The friendships I have developed.

And the extraordinary woman who has become the centre of my life.

I think about all the things I once believed were necessary for happiness.

And I smile.

Because I have discovered that happiness can be found in the simplest moments.

In a greeting.

In a conversation.

In a shared breakfast.

In a loving embrace.

In the knowledge that someone is happy to see you.

And in the wonderful experience of loving and being loved.

I do not know what tomorrow will bring.

Perhaps it will be extraordinary.

Perhaps it will be much like today.

Either way, I look forward to it.

Because I have come to understand something that has transformed my life.

I do not need the world to recognize me.

I do not need great material wealth.

I do not need every dream to become reality.

I do not need everyone to understand my beliefs.

I simply need to continue living according to the values that have become so important to me.

Love.

Kindness.

Gratitude.

Peace.

Joy.

And a willingness to appreciate the extraordinary beauty of ordinary life.

I look at Christy.

She smiles.

And I smile back.

I think about the remarkable way our lives came together.

And I feel grateful beyond words.

I have been kept low.

And I have been lifted high.

Not through the accumulation of possessions.

Not through public recognition.

Not through the achievement of every ambition.

But through love.

Through contentment.

Through the joy of being alive.

And through the extraordinary gift of sharing my life with Christy.

I hold her a little closer.

And I whisper the words that have become the expression of everything I feel.

"I love our lives."

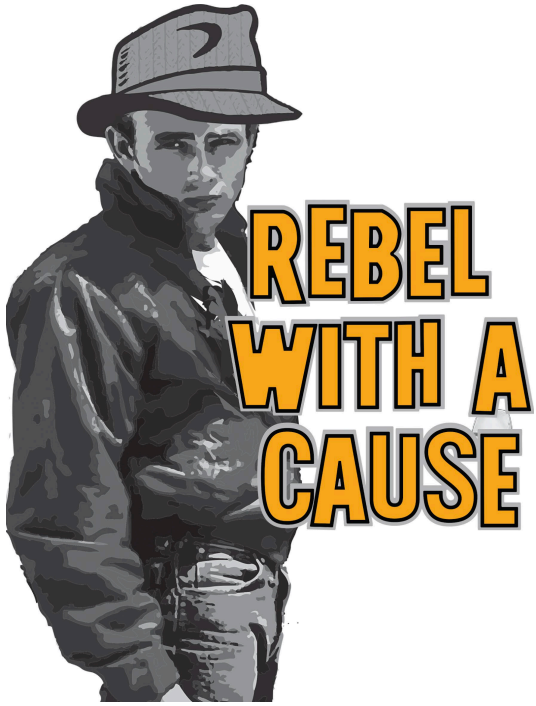
And I do.

More than I could ever adequately explain.

The End

Or perhaps, more appropriately…

To Be Continued!



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