

# BIOGRAPHY OF A NOBODY



THE STRUGGLES AND INSIGHTS OF A SEEKER OF  
TRUTH ON THE PATH OF SELF-DISCOVERY

# THE BIBLE REVOLUTION



**GOD**  
IS OUR HIGHEST POTENTIAL



## C- AT THE INTERSECTION OF MY DESTINY

*“We have to make sure that we are truly the author of our ambition. Because it’s bad enough not getting what you want, but it is even worse to have an idea of what it is you want and find out at the end of the journey that it isn’t in fact what you wanted all along.” Alain de Botton*

When I finished high school, I was pretty much like everyone else in the society. Dreaming big, and making tones of plans to achieve my goals faster than I first intended. Due to the fact that I love to learn so much, I ended up taking school more seriously than most of my best friends at the time - who started the full-time habit of chilling out pretty much as soon as they were done with high school.

But me, I had my life already planned far ahead - which kept me constantly busier than I usually expected. I realized afterward that I was many times totally exhausted and lost in my self-created marathon. Not because I was not achieving my goal as planned, but simply from the fact that I was not really taking the time to enjoy the view of living my life at a slower pace. I was always running as fast as I could, so I could reach my current goal faster to move on to my next goal.

But what if I should have taken a turn before what I thought was my next destination? What if I had to go backward now in order to find a better path to be happier?

Nah, that cannot be; I can't go back! I will not reach my next goal in time! So usually I would just keep on running, buying, accumulating, planning, and never chilling out enough. When I would go visit my friends at the end of my semester, after I had finished all my exams, they were already so well experienced in the skill of chilling out, that at first I was almost disgusted by so much laziness and nothingness. I thought that they had not done much since we had finished high school. I thought they had lost all ambition in life - I almost felt pity for them.

But later on, I realized that my behavior of running blindly toward a pre-determined destination with so much obsession on my goal, was what kept me away from enjoying the beauty of living life at a slower pace. I always thought that if I took a break I would lose time, resources, and energy to do more with my life. So I had always managed my time to be as efficient as possible – to always do more with less! Consequently, I had voluntarily narrowed my vision about all the other opportunities offered to me to change my life, and blindly accumulated diplomas and job recommendations which I later realized were totally meaningless to my real life's purpose.

*-People that rush non-stop all the time, often forget that pausing and wondering might be something more productive sometimes.-*

Eventually, before the year when I quit everything and moved to the other side of the continent, I had already gathered over 7 years of what I believed to be an impressive "Curriculum" for someone my age. With the skill of being able to sell myself in any interview, a constant thirst to learn and improve myself, and a few diplomas to prove my capability, I

always got all the jobs I applied for. At that time, my ego was really proud to have worked for three different government ministries, and a few accounting departments for private cabinets and famous international festivals - but for most of my working time, I had worked mainly for my government.

I'm not sure how the situation is to work for a government in other countries, but in mine it's something like this: All employees work under a strong Union organization; where wages, work conditions, vacations, and positions are fully regulated and protected. Once you earn the status of permanency (usually with time and not necessarily with skills), you become fully protected by the union; and losing your job becomes almost impossible - unless maybe if you commit a crime inside the function of your job.

As a result, even if it's not the majority, it was not uncommon to see, mainly older office workers that had been working there for too many years, sleeping and/or playing games on their computer that were totally unrelated to the job they were supposed to do. This aberration is only possible because the Work Union they belong to protects the job position they are assigned to. And somehow, even if they are bored as hell and have nothing left of life inside them, they keep on staying there because they have been conditioned to believe that this is what life is about.

A life that our social conditioning scares us into believing that if we quit our boring but well paid job, we will lose all the benefits that come with our seniority, for potentially just another boring job but with less money and less benefits. So with all we have left, we keep holding on to our jobs until our retirement comes. And when we finally get our pension, we believe that we have reached our goal in life, and that we can now relax and enjoy the well-earned rewards of our pension.

Having seen it many times myself, I believe that if we continue doing the same job all our life for the sake of convenience rather than for passion, and we have no intention or possibility to improve ourselves inside our work environment, something really important starts dying inside us: Our spirit; the inner-flame in us that gives us the love we have for life!

As a result, we eventually start being unmotivated at work, which drops our productivity drastically; but we don't care much anymore - because our job is protected no matter what we are doing at work anyway. So instead of letting go and trying to find something more interesting to do with our life, we keep on pretending that it's not that bad and that we only have 5 or 10 years left before we can touch our pension. We may ask ourselves: What would I do anyway at this age, outside my beautiful well-paid cage?

*-When we cannot find our motivation at work anymore, it's not always because we need more vacation, but sometimes just a new vocation.-*

Even if some people might feel that they should be doing something else with their life, the majority believes that it would be too foolish to let go of all the benefit they have accumulated, for the possibility of way worse. Even if their inner feeling is still crying to be heard, their mind full of conditioning is constantly repeating that: "We've sacrificed so much at this point; it would be so stupid to let it go so close from our goal". Consequently, more light keeps dying inside of our eyes, and we now show up to work only because it's the only requirement to receive our paycheck and maintain our job position.

Our superior might notice our lack of motivation and try helplessly to boost our spirits up, but nothing seems to work anymore. By then, our colleagues are probably already talking behind our back, but we don't even care anymore. Because we have accumulated so many years of seniority, that with the union support, we are now like a little King or Queen in our department; and no one can do anything against us.

However, because the productivity of those zombies eventually drops so low, the work that still has to be done starts accumulating itself really rapidly. But without the capacity and the budget to hire someone new to take over, they end up hiring young students like me to do the job. Even if I first entered those building with pride and enthusiasm, mainly because I always had my own office with an amazing view, the energy of such a place was so depressing and contagious, that after only a few weeks, I quickly lost all motivation to work as well.

I could not understand my demotivation at first; since I was certain that this is what I wanted for my life. People have to understand that the conditioning of our society is so strong, that even if I often felt I was totally different all the way to my core, until around my mid-twenties, it was exactly what my mind was conditioned to believe that life was about. For the majority that has grown up in a big city like me, the conditioning programs us into believing that life is about studying to the maximum capacity of our intellectual ability; finding the best well-paying job in a preferably respectable company with our fresh diploma; and then get promoted and keep on working our way up the ladder if we can - until we are old enough to retire with a comfortable pension.

But since my job was not protected yet, I had to work; or at least pretend - because no one would ever have bothered me about my productivity. As long as it looked like I was working,

I was always considered to be a good employee. But without noticing it at first, something really important started dying inside me. I was young, full of dreams, and with plenty of ambition, but I was still unsure what life was really about. Hence, I was confused about what I wanted to do with my potential.

*-Life does not have to be all planned ahead. For many, the conditioning to fear the unknown pushes the majority of us to fit into the mold of society and give up our personal destiny. By rejecting our own destiny, we always end up frustrated and disillusioned by what the true quest of happiness is. And while feeling pity for ourselves and pretending that it's already too late to change something for the better, we keep on dying on the inside until there's nothing left good inside us.-*

I worked for the government only as a student; because even if all my government jobs offered me full-time contracts to stay afterward, I would put all my hopes into higher education expecting that there was something more to life than killing my inner-flame for a safe paycheck and an office with a nice view. The only good thing I managed to pull out in working for the government, was during the three years I studied economics, I worked part-time for the Ministry of Environment. Even if my job was nothing to be excited about, I worked in the same building as all the best environmentalists in my country. Compared to all the other government jobs I'd had, the employees working in Environment were the only ones that seemed happy to work, motivated to progress the science's field, and who had fun working with each other - so



I wanted to be part of it!

Knowing that I did not want to be working in economics when I finished my first degree, I enrolled to pursue my education toward a Master's in Environment in the best proactively green University in my country - I wanted to become an environmentalist as well! Eventually, after I had finished all my master's classes, it was now time for me to choose a research subject, a director, and redact my thesis. But unfortunately for me, even if my goal was to become a defender of mother earth like the ones I respected, they all saw my great potential with my economics degree to become a great manager of the environment. I complained at first, knowing right away that it was not the path I had in mind to pursue my career; but I had no choice. Because I learned too late that the option available to us as we pursue our education to higher levels, has to have a direct relationship with what we have studied in our first degree.

Even if I knew that when I enrolled for doing my master's degree in Environment I would likely be doing half the paycheck I could have done with only my Economics degree if I wanted to, a teacher in my environmental class told me one day something really important that opened my eyes to the dirty reality of our society. He told me that I was the one, with my degree in economics, to have the best opportunity to make a bigger paycheck with my future master's degree, as long as I was ready to sign papers as an environmental consultant and close my eyes when I sign!

*“My status as chief economist and as manager of economics and regional planning could not be attributed to my capacities in either economics or planning; rather, it was function of my willingness*

*to provide the types of studies and conclusions my bosses and clients wanted, combined with a natural acumen for persuading others through the written word.” John Perkins*

That’s the reality we live in! And that’s probably the most interesting fact I learned in my master’s degree. **If you’re educated enough, and ready to sacrifice your soul and your reputation to sign blindly what Big companies need to appear green on paper, then you can easily make a lot more money.** Even if this option could have tempted a lot of people, I knew that I was obviously different on the inside. But I was still really confused and unsure about what could have been the possibility of a different life for me. So I unconsciously idled my life for a while; waiting for something miraculous to save me.

When I was still only a little youngster, everyone in my society was promoting that a superior education was the magical key to give us access to the infinite freedom of choice by opening all the doors of greater possibilities in life. However, even if I cannot really remember who it was, **THEY LIED TO ME!** I mean, I was young; I was good in math, so I naturally studied what I was good at; but without liking it more than necessary. I just thought that I would be able to change direction later on when I would finally find what I wanted to do with my life - since more doors would obviously be open to me as I studied more.

The reality is that I did not graduate with a degree in biology - so I could not go play in nature to survey the fish in the river. I was labeled as an economist; whom they expected to calculate probabilities, create statistics, and find correlations. Consequently, **I realized too late, that the doors**

**of my higher education did not offer me the growing opportunities that were promised to me; but were instead strangely opening toward a funnel – a funnel where the narrowness of my future choices were unfortunately restricting me to become what I had finally felt I should be doing with my life.**

Confronted with a wall blocking me from what I finally felt I should be doing with my life, I was not happy. But I didn't know what else I should be doing at that stage; so I gave it a try. However, writing a 200 page thesis with a style that is so cold and highly impersonal is already hard; add to that a fully unmotivated mind that wants to know no more about economy, and it becomes practically impossible.

The subject of my research was really interesting (The Natural Step), but neither my mood nor my enthusiasm were present anymore. So I needed an escape - but where? I had committed myself to so much already! I had accumulated so much social pressure from my friends and family to complete this “amazing” degree - pretty much only so I could add another beautiful degree under my belt for everyone to be proud of me. But I was not proud to have put myself in such an impasse.

My lifebuoy eventually came as a program I found in my University newspaper, where they were offering loans in which I could apply to get partially financed for my thesis research anywhere in my country or overseas. So I applied for one in a small touristic town where it was the only town in my country that applied the program I was researching, and one in Sweden where my program (The Natural Step) was born.

As I prepared everything for my first destination, I learned that not far away from where I was going was the best rock climbing destination in my country. But at that time, I was

only an occasional climber were my experience was mainly in the climbing gym. But I did really enjoy climbing; so I planned my schedule with a 3 week vacation to this “climbing paradise” between the end of my last semester from school and the beginning of my research up north.

Unfortunately, it ended up being the worst professional decision I ever took; but also the best personal decision of my life!

Because when I arrived at this “Climbing paradise”, not only did I realize that climbing was in fact a real passion for me, but I also discovered a whole new lifestyle. The one they call: “dirtbag rock climber”. Which is not only about climbing rocks, but much more about everything attached to it. It’s a lifestyle that is focused on living cheap and simply, so we can minimize our time at work so we can have more time to enjoy our passion for climbing.

Even though I had known from the beginning that I had responsibilities elsewhere, it was not hard at all to forget about my obligations with school. Because in the first few days I was there, I felt for the first time in my life, more connected with nature and the new friends I had made, than with my hometown and school friends that I had known for almost two decades.

Since it’s the norm to present our background to the new friends that we meet, everyone in the campground knew the awesome research I was about to start up north. However, no one was aware of my internal depression that prevented me from being happy with what I had committed myself to. Eventually, the three weeks’ vacation I had planned vanished in no time, but my motivation to pursue my research was not there anymore. I had so much fun climbing and discovering this new culture, that I voluntarily pushed my waited arrival

for the beginning of my Master's project to the red zone. I was only 40 miles away from my academic responsibilities, yet I could not shake away the feeling that I was fully unmotivated to finish this awesome research of mine.

Eventually, as the days and the weeks were passing too quick for me to make up my mind about what to do, climbers around me were beginning to notice my presence in the campground past my due date, and gently reminded me of my school duties. But they ended up facing a stubborn mind that could not manage to man himself up to start something I had no more interest in pursuing.

I was being irresponsible for the first time in my life - and big time! Many people were waiting for me in this little town to start my research. Adding to this the expectations of my thesis' director, my friends at home, and my family. I was so ashamed of myself because I could not understand what was happening to me, that I told nobody and kept on climbing day after day. I was so confused about what to do. I knew that my life in the city made me terribly depressed and unhappy, and that I had no real motivation to complete my masters - even if I was only a few months away from finishing it. But I had accumulated so much studying debt and responsibility, that I could not imagine myself dropping everything so close to my goal.

My goal?

I then reflected and analyzed my situation, to realize that I was not really following my goal. I was following what society had expected me to become. I was in fact certain that I had no interest anymore in the redaction of that thesis or the degree that I could earn from it. And then, I felt so much more lost thinking about what I should be doing with my life if I gave up everything I thought I was. I knew somehow that climbing and the dirtbag lifestyle around climbing brought me some

unexpected light in my life, but I was so far away from being talented enough to earn any kind of income from climbing. So, I was lost in my thought not knowing what were my remaining choices and possibilities.

Without knowing what I wanted to do with my life, I knew right away that if I could climb more, I had a good start. But I also knew that when the summer would end, all the awesome climbers I had met coming from all around the world would be gone; and my climbing paradise would slowly transform into a rainy, cold, and miserable winter hell.

Even if I could think of moving here to escape my previous city life, what could I do? The only few local friends I made that summer were all working in construction. But since I had a really weak back from an old accident that kept me fragile even until today, I could not imagine that I would be physically strong enough to work in construction without breaking myself into pieces. In addition, all I knew about manual work from my previous city life, could pretty much be summed up by my slow capacity to tap on a computer keyboard with only two fingers at a time. So I asked myself: "Who would ever dare to hire a cripple office worker with zero experience that could not even speak enough English to command a dog properly?"

I was scared like never before. For the first time in my life, I knew that I was at an important intersection where I had to choose a crucial direction. Choosing between going back home, facing the deception of my irresponsibility toward my friends, my family, and my thesis director; and eventually finding a new boring life option in a place I knew perfectly well; or go back home, clean the mess of my irresponsibility, say goodbye to all my friends and my family, and come back here to start building from scratch my own destiny.

*-The reality of what we don't know is always*

*different to what we expect.-*

Even if I considered myself back then to be on the high end of rationality, I somehow, against all odds, took the second option. At that time, it was the hardest decision I had ever made, and the hardest to keep as well. Because in that first year of transition, I ended up moving places 4-5 times and I constantly had to find a new job because I got laid off or fired at least 10 times (Something that had never happened to me before). But since I had the strong motivation to get rid-of my 21 000\$ student loan in record time, I kept myself constantly busy between working or finding a new job.

When I arrived, I had no experience and I could barely speak to my employer - so I started right at the bottom of the ladder again; at age 25. I started with painting, landscaping, cleaning, and housekeeping. It was often really hard work for my weak body, mainly because my fitness as an ex-government employee was not the best, but also because I often had to work under cold rain and nasty wind with a wage drop of at least 40-60% compared to my nice comfortable desk job at home.

But after surviving the torture of my first winter working hard and climbing consistently, I realized that my body was getting much stronger than ever before. Thus, equipped with much better English and a stronger body, I felt confident by late spring to try my first opportunity in real construction – this is when and where I quickly learned the ABC of using all kinds of power tools.

Eventually, I learned almost everything I needed to know in order to fix, renovate, and build pretty much anything inside and outside a house. So much so, that after that first hard year, I felt like the storm of my life transition was finally

over, and that my shining sun had finally risen - I felt so free and alive for the first time! Eventually, as the years passed, my skills, my wage, my freedom to travel for climbing, and my level of happiness, improved consistently. Which gave me the confidence that I had made the right choice when I was scared at the intersection of my destiny.

**From that critical decision, I knew that it was hopeless for me to expect faith to unveil my personal destiny toward more happiness in my life. I knew that happiness had to be dreamed, that happiness had to be sought on our own, and that happiness had to be built with moments of sweat and fear. But then one day, I could look back at myself, and be proud that I was not still waiting in my nice little office for fate to show up.**

*“I must be willing to give up what I am in order to become what I will be.” Albert Einstein*