What Remains

A Reflection

Saint
Parousia

HOUSE OF PAROUSIA
Licensed Digital Copy
© Saint Parousia 2025

SAINT PAROUSIA

What Remains

HOUSE OF PAROUSIA
Licensed Digital Copy
© Saint Parousia 2025

The Violet Quill

Digital Edition Notice

This digital edition is published by
The Violet Quill, an imprint of House of Parousia.

This PDF is licensed to the original purchaser for personal use only.
No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored, shared, transmitted, uploaded, or distributed in any form or by any means without prior written permission from the publisher.

If you have obtained this book without purchasing it directly from House of Parousia or an authorised retailer, please consider supporting the author by acquiring a licensed copy.

Thank you for respecting independent publishing and creative labour.

© 2025 Saint Parousia
All rights reserved.

Licensed digital copy
houseofparousia.com

First published by The Violet Quill, an imprint of House of Parousia 2026

Copyright © 2026 by Saint Parousia

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, scanning, or otherwise without written permission from the publisher. It is illegal to copy this book, post it to a website, or distribute it by any other means without permission.

Saint Parousia asserts the moral right to be identified as the author of this work.

Saint Parousia has no responsibility for the persistence or accuracy of URLs for external or third-party Internet Websites referred to in this publication and does not guarantee that any content on such Websites is, or will remain, accurate or appropriate.

Designations used by companies to distinguish their products are often claimed as trademarks. All brand names and product names used in this book and on its cover are trade names, service marks, trademarks and registered trademarks of their respective owners. The publishers and the book are not associated with any product or vendor mentioned in this book. None of the companies referenced within the book have endorsed the book.

National Library of Australia Cataloguing-in-Publication data

A catalogue record for this book is available from the National Library of Australia.

First edition

ISBN: 978-1-7641798-3-6

This book was professionally typeset on Reedsy.
Find out more at reedsy.com

Contents

Preface iv

1 After Certainty 1

2 When Nothing Needs Managing 4

3 It's Not That I Withdrew 10

4 What I No Longer Carry 14

5 The Ones I Don't Go Back To 18

6 What Grows When I Say Yes 21

7 What Came Back Through Laughter 24

8 What Finds Its Own Shape 28

9 The Return of the Ordinary 32

10 Living Without Witness 35

11 Time, Unhooked 39

12 The End of Becoming 43

13 Pleasure, Unapologised 47

14 Nothing Is Urgent Anymore 51

15 Silence, Lived In 55

16 The Hand Opens 58

Closing Reflection 62

The Embodiment Series 63

About the Author 64

Also by Saint Parousia 66

Preface

A Note Before the Words

This is not a spiritual book.

It does not offer salvation, certainty or lineage.
It will not tell you who you are, where you came from, or what you should believe.

I have read the old books.
Some moved me. Some misled me.
Most tried too hard to sound certain.

I have walked through belief systems the way one walks through abandoned houses —
curious, cautious, respectful of what once lived there,
and honest about what no longer breathes.

What follows comes from an embodied life, not a perfected one.
Mistakes were made. Assumptions were inherited.
Authority was claimed too early — and relinquished later.

That relinquishment mattered.

These pages are written from the other side of needing to

convince anyone of anything.

They are offered without hierarchy, recruitment, or instruction.

If something in you relaxes as you read, stay.
If something in you bristles, stay longer.
If you are looking for a system, a teacher, or a map —
this is not your book.

But if you are quietly hungry for something real
after years of circling borrowed truths,
you may recognise what remains when belief falls away.

I am not here to be understood.
I am here to be *present*.

Take what resonates.
Leave what does not.
Nothing here requires agreement.

Only honesty.

—

This book forms part of the **Embodiment** series — a sequence of reflections written from lived experience rather than instruction. Each volume stands on its own, yet together they trace the unfolding of embodiment as it is lived, questioned, and integrated.

Licensed Digital Copy
© Saint Parousia 2025

HOUSE OF PAROUSIA
Licensed Digital Copy
© Saint Parousia 2025

1

After Certainty

Certainty did not leave with a bang.
It slipped out while no one was watching,
like a guest who finished their drink
and realised they were done speaking.

There was no collapse.
No dark night worth naming.
Just a subtle loosening—
the moment the mind stopped gripping the rail
and discovered the ground was still there.

I had thought certainty was strength.
Turns out it was scaffolding.

When it went, nothing rushed in to replace it.
No new belief. No upgraded framework.
No wiser voice taking the podium.

Only quiet.

HOUSE OF PAROUSIA
Digital Copy

At first, the quiet felt unfinished—
as if something had been forgotten.
A thought left mid-sentence.
A plan waiting for its conclusion.

But the quiet did not apologise.
It stayed.

Days moved without consulting me.
Morning happened whether I interpreted it or not.
The body breathed without commentary.
The world carried on, unbothered by my absence
from its meaning-making department.

This was the shock:
nothing fell apart.

The old reflex—
to decide, to define, to defend—
rose occasionally, like muscle memory.
Then it noticed there was no opponent
and sat back down.

Certainty had once promised safety.
What remained offered something stranger:
trust without an object.

Not faith.
Not hope.
Just the unremarkable reliability of being here.

I stopped asking what comes next
and noticed that *next* kept arriving anyway.

There was a faint grief in this—
the kind that doesn't cry
but lingers like a hand released
after years of holding.

Certainty had given me edges.
This gave me room.

No announcement marked the change.
No lesson concluded.
Only a growing ease with not knowing
and the quiet confidence that life
did not require my supervision.

This is where the book begins.
Not at an answer.
Not at a revelation.

But at the exact moment
certainty steps aside
and nothing rushes to take its place.

And somehow—
that is enough.

HOUSE OF PAROUSIA
Licensed Digital Copy
© Saint Parousia 2025

2

When Nothing Needs Managing

There was a subtle change I didn't announce.

Certain questions simply stopped turning up.

Not the big ones —
those had already burned away.
I mean the small, habitual ones.
The ones that once checked in before every action.

Is this right?
Is this aligned?
Is this leading somewhere?

They faded from lack of use.

In their place was something less impressive and more dependable:
response.

HOUSE OF PAROUSIA
© Saint Parousia 2025

Life presented itself and the body answered.
No debate. No endorsement.

I noticed how often I had been narrating my own life.
Not to anyone else —
to myself.

That voice grew quieter.

In its place: movement.
Unimpressive. Reliable. Sufficient.

The bin still went out.
The message still got answered.
The day unfolded without requesting commentary.

Nothing was lost.
What disappeared was the need to *frame* it.

I noticed it first in how I slept.

Or rather, how I stopped trying to.

Some nights I didn't get tired at all.
So I stayed up — headphones on, music carrying the hours — writing until the sky began to lighten.
When the sun came up, I slept for a few hours.
Deeply. Completely.
As if the body knew exactly what it was doing, even while I was elsewhere.

HOUSE OF PAROUSIA
Digital Copy
© Saint Parousia 2025

There was no schedule to correct.
No guilt to manage.

I had long since stepped away from the idea that a human life required three meals, a bedtime, and a reason.
I don't work.
I don't pretend to.

Days reorganised themselves around attention instead of obligation.

Appointments, when they were unavoidable, felt oddly intrusive — not because I resisted them, but because they interrupted a rhythm that no longer needed external markers.
So I arranged what I could by phone.
Quietly. Efficiently.
And returned to what was already moving.

Sometimes I walk outside to hang the laundry
and end up watering the garden.

Not because I decided to.
Because it was there.

One thing touches the next without negotiation.
The hose is already in my hand.
The soil answers, I deadhead a few flowers and walk back inside with beautiful flowers and produce.
Something completes itself.

I don't plan these sequences.

HOUSE OF PAROUSIA
Digital Copy
© Saint Parousia 2025

That's the point.

Weeding might wait for days.
Then, without warning, it's finished in twenty minutes —
as if time had been holding it, intact,
until the moment arrived.

I notice this most when I'm around other people.
How heavy things seem to them.
How effortful the smallest tasks appear to be.

I don't say anything.
There's nothing to explain.

For me, things simply unfold.
They don't ask to be pushed.
They don't require preparation or motivation.

This isn't efficiency.
It's not discipline.

It's the absence of resistance
where resistance used to live.

Life moves.
I move with it.

And what once felt like effort
now feels like a misunderstanding I no longer participate in.

It shows up in small things.

Licensed Digital Copy
© Saint Parousia 2025

Two days before I was due to travel to Perth,
one of my front teeth broke.

No drama.
Just information.

I rang the dentist. They were booked out for a month.
I thanked them — genuinely —
and asked to be called if there was a cancellation.

As much as I would love to manage dentistry over the phone,
this one clearly required a body.
So I let it go.

Two hours later, the phone rang.

They had an appointment that afternoon.

I smiled — broadly, despite the irony —
not because it worked out,
but because it always does *like this* now.

No pushing.
No story about timing.
No private celebration of having done something right.

Things simply rearrange themselves
when they're met without tension.

I didn't feel relieved.

That’s the part worth noticing.

It felt expected —
not in an entitled way,
but in the way gravity is expected to behave.

Life answers
when it isn’t being interrogated.

HOUSE OF PAROUSIA
Licensed Digital Copy
© Saint Parousia 2025

3

It’s Not That I Withdrew

HOUSE OF PAROUSIA
© Saint Parousia 2025

It’s not that I withdrew from life —
it’s that I stopped playing along.

The difference matters.

For a long time, I believed walking away meant failure.
That leaving relationships meant something had gone wrong.
That perseverance was proof of maturity.

It isn’t.

What changed wasn’t my tolerance.
It was my clarity.

I could see when something was being held together by effort alone.
By explanation.
By endurance dressed up as virtue.

And I stopped volunteering for that role.

There were a few relationships I walked away from
not because they were difficult,
but because something far more precise occurred.

My integrity was questioned.

Not explored.
Not misunderstood.
Questioned.

That moment — quiet, pointed —
was the straw that broke something that had already been carrying too much.

In one instance, it wasn't just a person that went.
It was an entire constellation.
Friends. Family. A long-standing arrangement of reliance.

For years, I had been the one who held things together.
Tech support. Emotional ballast. The reliable presence.
I played that part willingly.

Until I didn't.

I felt anger then.
That's important to say.
I didn't articulate it well.
I reacted.

HOUSE OF PAROUSIA
Licensed Digital Copy

And I could see exactly how that reaction would be used —
how provocation works,
how a single moment can be shaped into a narrative
that makes departure look like fault.

I knew, in that instant,
that walking away from one meant walking away from all.

So I did.

Not dramatically.
Not nobly.

Cleanly.

What I didn't do was explain myself into exhaustion.
I didn't litigate the past.
I didn't ask to be understood.

I let the structure collapse without me propping it up.

Some people experience that as abandonment.
Others as betrayal.

I experience it as completion.

Sovereignty never suited anyone more —
or less, depending on where you're standing.
It doesn't compromise its centre
to maintain proximity.

HOUSE OF PAROUSIA
© Saint Parousia 2025

That's the part people feel.

I wasn't rejecting people.
I was declining a pattern.

And yes — there was anger.
But anger wasn't the reason I left.

Integrity was.

What remains isn't righteousness.
It's space without obligation.

A life that no longer requires me
to be available on demand,
or intact under provocation.

It fits.
Not magically —
accurately.

HOUSE OF PAROUSIA
Licensed Digital Copy
© Saint Parousia 2025

4

What I No Longer Carry

When that relationship collapsed — and with it, the family that surrounded it —
I questioned myself in the way humans do.

I wondered if I had been practising martyrdom
without calling it that.

I had been useful for a long time.
Reliable. Available. Enduring.

There is a version of goodness that quietly feeds on that.

I could see the human reflex in me —
the one that wanted at least one relationship to survive.
One thread left intact.

Because that's what families do.
They close ranks.
They protect the centre, even when the centre is wrong.

HOUSE OF PAROUSIA
Digital Copy
Parousia 2025

A wife standing by a husband through misalignment
is not a new story.
It's an old one.
Respected, even celebrated.

I tried that story on once.
Briefly. Earnestly.
During a short-lived marriage that, in hindsight,
was more performance than partnership.

The result was... checkered.

Not catastrophic.
Just quietly corrosive.

So when it appeared again — this expectation of loyalty over truth —
I recognised the shape.

There was sadness in seeing that I couldn't have
a partial belonging.
That I couldn't keep one relationship
without carrying the entire structure with it.

That's a very human grief.

But it wasn't the grief that decided anything.

What decided it was noticing how anger had changed.
It no longer asked to be swallowed.
It didn't need to be managed into palatability.

It arrived clean, informative, and brief —
a signal, not a storm.

I didn't use it as a weapon.
I didn't turn it into righteousness.

I let it clarify.

Boundaries emerged without speeches.
No ultimatums.
No rehearsed explanations.

Just a simple withdrawal of participation.

They think boundaries are declarations.
They aren't.

They're absences.

After the collapse, life didn't rush in to replace what was lost.
It didn't reward the choice with instant ease.

It simply continued —
without the drag I had grown used to compensating for.

What surprised me wasn't the peace.
It was the lack of nostalgia.

I didn't miss who I had been in that system.
I didn't long for the role back.

That told me everything.

What I left behind wasn't love.
It was labour mistaken for virtue.

What remains is not isolation.
It's a life no longer structured around endurance.

And that, quietly, is the difference.

HOUSE OF PAROUSIA
Licensed Digital Copy
© Saint Parousia 2025

5

The Ones I Don't Go Back To

There is one person at the centre of that collapse
that I still think of fondly.

That matters.

She was never a burden to me.
She didn't drain or demand.
She loved my company.
We laughed — easily, often.

She used to tell me how much better she felt around me.
Lighter. Calmer. More herself.

I believed her.

This is where things become inconvenient for simple narratives.

I wouldn't go back to the family situation.
Not now. Not ever.

HOUSE OF PAROUSIA
Licensed Digital Copy
House of Parousia 2025

And she would not survive without them.
I knew that then.
I know it now.

Both things are true.

I didn't leave because she failed me.
I left because the structure she belonged to
could not hold me without costing something essential.

There was no version of staying
that didn't require me to continue fixing, buffering, absorbing.

I can see that clearly now —
how easily care becomes a role,
how quickly love slides into function
when you're good at being steady.

I was in my fixing people mode.
That's not a judgement.
It's an observation.

So do I feel sad?

Not in the way people expect.

There's no ache.
No longing to rewind the story.

But I do think of her.

The way you think of someone
whose presence was real
even if the future wasn't possible.

And that's how I think of my father, too.

Not with grief that demands attention —
but with a steady, quiet affection.

He's gone.
She's not.

The feeling is the same.

Love without agenda.
Memory without bargaining.

Some bonds aren't meant to continue forward.
They're meant to complete cleanly
and remain as warmth, not obligation.

That's not loss.

That's honesty
that doesn't ask to be repaired.

HOUSE OF PAROUSIA
© Saint Parousia 2025

6

What Grows When I Say Yes

When Mastery began to step forward,
I made a conscious choice to do something
I had never done before.

I decided to grow my own food.

Not as a statement.
Not as virtue.
As curiosity.

I bought raised garden beds.
Assembled them myself.
Read about soil — what to start with, how to layer it,
what belongs underneath, what feeds what comes later.

Paper. Food scraps. Earth.
A quiet architecture of nourishment.

Mastery also includes knowing your limitations,

HOUSE OF PAROUSIA
Licensed Digital Copy
© Saint Parousia 2025

so I sought help where it made sense.

That's how I met a local, home-grown gardening business
and the family behind it.

We laughed a lot.

That mattered.

We don't visit each other.
There's no social weaving, no emotional exchange to manage.
But when I need something for my garden,
I ask — and I receive.

I share produce.
I pay appropriately for labour.
A Master does this.

In return, I'm gifted seeds.
Advice.
And sometimes my friend simply turns up
and helps me out.

No invoice.
No tally.

I've offered to pay him to dig things out.
He looks at me as though I have two heads.

So I make it up next time around.

HOUSE OF PAROLES
Licensed Digital Copy

That's how it works.

There's no hierarchy here.
No dependency.
No quiet taking.

Just reciprocity that doesn't need to be discussed.

The family knows — and this makes me smile —
that if I were to leave the planet,
my son has instructions to call them.

They'll help him.

Not because they owe me anything.
Not because I've secured a role.

But because something real was grown
alongside the vegetables.

Trust.
Respect.
Ease.

This is what relationship looks like
when nobody is fixing, rescuing, or performing.

It grows quietly.
It feeds who it feeds.
And it knows when it's enough.

Licensed Digital Copy
© Saint Parousia 2025

7

What Came Back Through Laughter

When my son chose to defer university,
I supported the decision.

But support was not indulgence.

I was clear:
full-time work,
his share of rent, food, utilities.
Participation in the reality he was living in.

I helped him find work — quietly, through contacts.
They loved him.
He was intelligent, quick, physically capable, excellent with people.

And still, something wasn't right.

Depression crept in.
That familiar questioning: what is this all for?

Part of me understood.
I was undergoing my own deep, unnameable shift at the time.
I tried to speak with him — not to fix, just to reach.

He was on what he believed was solid ground.

Then one day, without warning, he shoved me.

That was the moment.

Not because of the act alone,
but because I recognised the shape of it.

Shades of his father.

I had a choice to make, and I made it.

Later, I learned drugs were involved.
That mattered — but it didn't undo the line that had been crossed.

HOUSE OF PAROUSIA
Licensed Digital Copy
© Saint Parousia 2025

I gave him weeks to move out.
He had options.
A car.
A father with a home.

He didn't speak to me for years after that.

When we finally did speak, he said something I've never forgotten.

He told me he hated me at the time.
Asked himself why I would do that.

And then he said,
Now I understand.

That was enough.

Our relationship never returned to what it had been.
He didn't call unless he wanted something.
He still doesn't.

Not on my birthday.
Not at Christmas.
Not on Mother's Day.

And strangely — that no longer carries weight.

When we're together now, we sit with his child between us.
We talk about parenting —
not authority, not control —
but presence.

He knows the difference between being a father
and being a parent.

I'm proud of him for that.

We laugh together, often and easily,
in shared admiration of the small person who anchors us both.

His wife brought stability.
That's simply true.

I bring gifts — playful, thoughtful, educational —
things that invite him to engage with his child,
not perform fatherhood, but enjoy it.

Most of the time, I'm not there.
I live far away.

There was a time when that hurt.
Not because others were present —
but because I wasn't allowed to be.

Now, it doesn't matter.

Love doesn't measure proximity anymore.
It recognises truth.

What remains between us isn't closeness.
It's respect.

And what flows between us isn't repair.
It's laughter —
unexpected, unforced, shared.

Sometimes, that's how love comes back.
Not directly.
But through the child who needs nothing explained.

HOUSE OF PAROUSIA © Saint Parousia 2025

8

What Finds Its Own Shape

There is another story —
one that didn't end in collapse.

I met him more than twelve years ago.
A neighbour. Easy company.
We shared a birthday month, only a day apart,
and laughter came quickly.

Naughty humour.
Not especially polite.
Certainly not politically correct.

But it was never cruel.
We weren't harming anyone.
We simply riffed —
the kind of banter that happens when two people recognise
the same absurdities and don't bother pretending otherwise.

After a few months, I met his wife.

HOUSE OF PAROUSIA
Licensed Digital Copy
© Saint Parousia 2025

And after a few years,
I could no longer pretend.

Her controlling ways.
The small, pointed comments.
The constant tightening of the air.

I put up with it longer than I should have.
Long enough to be sure.

When I finally spoke to him, I did so honestly —
knowing exactly what it would cost.

I told him how I felt.
And I said goodbye at the same time.

There was no drama.
No negotiation.

Just truth,
and the consequence it carried.

Years passed.
Then one day, in passing,
he began speaking to me again.

Quietly. Carefully.

Now he makes the effort to visit every few weeks.
Never long — twenty minutes, maybe.
Time borrowed, not stolen.

HOUSE OF PAROUSIA
Licensed Digital Copy
© Saint Parousia 2025

He brings gifts at birthdays and Christmas.
Small, thoughtful things.

When I help him with something —
nothing grand, just a small favour —
he responds in kind.

There's a balance to it now.
Unspoken. Exact.

We laugh until we cry in those brief visits.
The same laughter.
Undiluted.

He hugs me warmly when he leaves.
And I know — without doubt —
how much he loves me as a friend.

This is what surprised me.

Honesty didn't destroy the bond.
It stripped it of what couldn't survive.

What returned wasn't permissionless.
It wasn't naïve.

It had edges.
And respect.

Not all relationships require proximity to endure.
Some need constraint

HOUSE OF PAROUSIA
Licensed Digital Copy
House of Parousia 2025

to stay clean.

This one found its own shape —
not inside a family system,
not inside expectation,
but inside truth held without performance.

It didn't ask me to fix anything.
It didn't ask me to stay silent.

It simply arrived
when it could do so
without costing either of us
who we are.

HOUSE OF PAROUSIA
Licensed Digital Copy
© Saint Parousia 2025

9

The Return of the Ordinary

HOUSE OF PAROUSIA
Licensed Digital Copy
© Saint Parousia 2025

Something else happened once nothing needed managing.

Life became quietly funny.

Not clever funny.
Not stories to tell at dinner.
Just the small, human absurdities that don't ask to be interpreted.

I would make tea and forget where I put the cup.
Walk into a room and forget why I'd gone there.
Catch myself standing still, smiling at nothing in particular.

There was a time I would have questioned this.
Wondered what it meant.
Checked whether I was being mindful enough, present enough, awake enough.

Now, I just laughed.

Humour returned without edge.
Without defence.
Without needing an audience.

I noticed how much of my earlier laughter had been barbed —
a way of surviving intensity,
of cutting through heaviness,
of staying one step ahead of discomfort.

This was different.

This was laughter that arrived after the danger passed.

The body relaxed enough to be mildly ridiculous.

I would misplace things.
Say the wrong word.
Forget the point mid-sentence.

And nothing followed.

HOUSE OF PAROUSIA
Licensed Digital Copy
© Saint Parousia 2025

No correction.
No self-chastising.
No recovery performance.

Just continuation.

This is one of the quiet gifts no one talks about.
When the need to be coherent dissolves,
life becomes more forgiving.

I didn't become careless.
I became **unafraid of being ordinary**.

The stakes dropped.

And with them went the subtle vigilance
that had once been mistaken for awareness.

Nothing profound replaced it.

Just ease.

The kind that lets you laugh at yourself
without narrating growth or insight afterward.

This is what remains when identity loosens.

Not wisdom.
Not revelation.

Just a human moving through a day
without needing to be impressive about it.

And strangely —
that's when life feels most intact.

HOUSE OF PAROUSIA
Licensed Digital Copy
Samuel Parousia 2025

10

Living Without Witness

There was a time when I needed to be seen.

Not applauded —
just *witnessed*.

Someone to register the shift,
to acknowledge the effort,
to confirm that something real had occurred.

That need dissolved quietly.

Not because I withdrew,
and not because I hardened.

It simply stopped being necessary.

I noticed it first in the absence of reporting.
I no longer felt the urge to tell anyone
how I was doing,

HOUSE OF PAROUSIA
© Saint Parousia 2025

what I had realised,
or how far I'd come.

Nothing was missing.

Life was happening just fine
without commentary.

I stopped explaining myself to imagined audiences.
Stopped rehearsing conversations that never needed to occur.
Stopped shaping my days into something shareable.

This wasn't secrecy.
It was **completion**.

There's a particular freedom in no longer needing
your experience to land anywhere else.

No one needs to agree with it.
No one needs to validate it.
No one needs to misunderstand it
so you can clarify.

The moment stands on its own.

I still speak.
I still share.

But the impulse has changed.

Words now come from overflow,

not from a need to be held in place.

I don't require consensus
to remain intact.

And I don't require witnesses
to know that something is real.

This has altered how I move through the world.

I can walk away from moments
without packaging them.
I can let days pass
without accounting for them.
I can change internally
without announcing the change.

Nothing collapses.

In fact, something stabilises.

Digital Copy
© Saint Parousia 2025

Presence deepens
when it's no longer performing for recognition.

Life becomes quieter —
not emptier.

More private —
not withdrawn.

This is one of the subtler shifts of living this way.

You stop asking who will remember this with you
and realise that **being here is enough**.

What remains isn't invisibility.

It's sovereignty
that no longer needs a mirror.

HOUSE OF PAROUSIA
Licensed Digital Copy
© Saint Parousia 2025

11

Time, Unhooked

Time changed its character.

Not suddenly —
and not dramatically.

It simply stopped leaning on me.

I no longer feel chased by it.
Or measured by it.
Or corrected by it.

Days don't demand justification.
Weeks don't need to prove momentum.
Months don't carry evaluation.

Things happen when they happen.

Not because I've mastered patience,
but because impatience no longer has a job.

HOUSE OF PAROUSIA
Digital Copy
Saint Parousia 2025

There was a period when I believed timing was something to manage —
something to read correctly,
something to optimise.

If I listened well enough, aligned well enough,
waited just the right amount,
life would open on cue.

That whole mechanism dissolved.

Now, action comes when it comes.
Rest arrives when it arrives.
Insight lands when it's finished ripening.

Nothing is early.
Nothing is late.

Urgency used to disguise itself as importance.
Deadlines as meaning.
Delays as failure.

Those translations don't hold anymore.

I still act.
I still choose.
But I don't push time to justify my movement.

This has softened something essential.

I no longer brace for outcomes.

HOUSE OF PAROUSIA
Licensed Digital Copy
© Saint Parousia 2025

I don't lean forward into the future
or backward into what should have happened.

The present doesn't need defending
when it's allowed to stand unpressured.

Even waiting has changed.

Waiting used to feel like suspension —
life paused until permission arrived.

Now it feels like life continuing
without requiring my supervision.

I can sit inside a moment
without asking what comes next.

That may sound small.

It isn't.

Time unhooked from identity
becomes generous.

It gives space instead of pressure.
Depth instead of speed.

And strangely, more gets done —
not because I hurry,
but because nothing resists me.

Licensed Digital Copy
© Saint Parousia 2025

This isn't timelessness.

It's something simpler.

Time and I stopped negotiating.

We walk together now,
without commentary.

HOUSE OF PAROUSIA
Licensed Digital Copy
© Saint Parousia 2025

12

The End of Becoming

There was a quiet moment when I realised
I was no longer becoming anything.

No arrival.
No announcement.
Just a soft recognition that the forward pull had stopped.

For most of my life, there had been an implied direction.
Something to grow into.
Something to resolve, refine, or outgrow.

Even awakening had carried that flavour —
as if there were stages to clear,
layers to shed,
a future version waiting to be embodied.

That narrative fell away.

Not because it was wrong,

but because it was finished.

I didn't feel complete in a triumphant sense.
I felt **undirected**.

And that was unfamiliar.

Without becoming, there was nothing to chase.
No edge to sharpen.
No identity to upgrade.

The absence felt spacious, not empty.

I noticed how many of my past efforts
had been fuelled by an idea of improvement —
even the gentle ones.
Even the spiritual ones.

Now, movement comes without motive.

I still learn.
I still change.
But it's lateral, not aspirational.

Curiosity remains.
Ambition doesn't.

There's no internal project running in the background anymore.
No quiet dissatisfaction masked as growth.

This has altered how I listen.

HOUSE OF PAROUSIA
Licensed Digital Copy
© Saint Parousia 2025

I no longer lean forward for what's next.
I listen from where I am
without assuming anything needs to follow.

Some days are simple.
Others are dense.
Neither asks to be interpreted.

When people speak about purpose,
I hear the old gravity in it —
the pressure to justify existence through direction.

I don't live there now.

What I'm here for
reveals itself in action,
not in intention.

And when nothing calls,
that's not a problem to solve.
That's rest.

A Master does not disappear in stillness.
Presence radiates regardless —
in silence, in movement, in ordinary days
that ask nothing to be proven.

Life doesn't stall when intention goes quiet.
It continues to respond
to what is quietly being lived.

Digital Copy
© Saint Parousia 2025

The end of becoming
is not stagnation.

It's life no longer needing to prove
that it's going somewhere.

What remains is presence
that doesn't need direction
to be felt.

And that, finally,
is enough.

HOUSE OF PAROUSIA
Licensed Digital Copy
© Saint Parousia 2025

13

Pleasure, Unapologised

HOUSE OF PAROUSIA
Licensed Digital Copy

Pleasure returned quietly.

Not as indulgence.
Not as rebellion.
And certainly not as reward.

It arrived when there was no longer anything to earn.

For a long time, pleasure had been conditional.
Attached to effort.
Justified by productivity.
Balanced against restraint.

Even joy had an accounting system.

That structure dissolved without argument.

I noticed it first in the body.

In the way water felt on skin.
In fragrance — not polite fragrance, but real scent.
In the texture of food, warmth, fabric, air.

Nothing extravagant.
Nothing performative.

Just direct experience, unedited.

There was no inner voice asking whether it was deserved.
No ledger keeping score.
No reflex to explain enjoyment as healing, growth, or self-care.

Pleasure didn't need a narrative anymore.

This isn't hedonism.
It's honesty.

The body knows when it's allowed to receive
without consequence.

That permission changed everything.

Music stopped being background
and became companionship again.
Laughter loosened its grip on irony.
Rest no longer had to masquerade as recovery.

Even sensuality — so often misunderstood —
returned as something simple.

Presence.
Awareness.
Contact.

No hunt.
No hunger.
No performance.

Just aliveness noticing itself.

I don't ration pleasure now.
And I don't chase it.

That's the difference.
When pleasure isn't forbidden,
it doesn't need to be pursued.

It finds its own rhythm.

Some days it's vivid.
Other days it's barely there.

Both are honest.

There is nothing spiritual about denying the senses.
And nothing shallow about enjoying them.

What was shallow
was pretending otherwise.

Pleasure unapologised

HOUSE OF PAROUSIA
Licensed Digital Copy
© House of Parousia 2025

is not excess.

It's life no longer bracing against itself.

What remains is a body at ease
with being here.

And that, quietly,
is one of the clearest signs
that the struggle has ended.

Licensed Digital Copy
© Saint Parousia 2025

14

Nothing Is Urgent Anymore

HOUSE OF PAROUSIA
Digital Copy
© Saint Parousia 2025

Urgency used to masquerade as importance.

If something felt pressing,
it must matter.
If it demanded attention,
it must be real.

I lived that way for a long time.

Responding quickly.
Thinking ahead.
Keeping pace with invisible clocks.

Even rest was timed.
Even pauses were provisional.

That tempo fell away.

Not because I slowed life down,

but because I stopped treating immediacy as truth.

Very little is actually urgent.

Most things announce themselves loudly
because they're anxious,
not because they're essential.

I can feel the difference now.

Urgency has a tight edge to it.
It pulls.
It contracts.

What matters doesn't behave like that.

What matters waits.

Decisions arrive without pressure.
They don't shout.
They don't chase.

They stand there, patient,
until I notice.

This has changed how I move through days.

I no longer stack tasks to feel legitimate.
I don't rush responses to prove engagement.
I don't confuse speed with care.

HOUSE OF PAROUSIA
Licensed Digital Copy
© Saint Parousia 2025

When something truly requires action,
action happens — cleanly, directly.

Without drama.

Without the internal scramble
that once accompanied every choice.

The absence of urgency creates space.

In that space, things become obvious.

What to do.
What to leave.
What can wait indefinitely.

I don't feel behind anymore.

There's nothing I'm trying to catch up to.

Life isn't asking to be managed.
It's asking to be met.

And it does so at a pace
that doesn't injure the body
or fragment attention.

Nothing is urgent anymore —
and somehow, everything gets done.

Not because I'm efficient.

HOUSE OF PAROUSIA
Licensed Digital Copy
© Sanctuary Parousia 2025

Because I'm present.

This isn't detachment.
It's discernment.

Urgency has lost its authority.

What remains is a steady, responsive rhythm
that doesn't need acceleration
to be alive.

HOUSE OF PAROUSIA
Licensed Digital Copy
© Saint Parousia 2025

15

Silence, Lived In

Silence changed when I stopped trying to reach it.

For a long time, silence had been a goal.
Something to enter deliberately.
Something earned through discipline, retreat, or practice.

I approached it like a room I wasn't yet permitted to inhabit.

Then, without effort, I realised
I was already there.

Silence wasn't absence.
It wasn't emptiness.
And it certainly wasn't withdrawal.

It was residence.

Thoughts still appeared.
Sounds still moved through the day.

HOUSE OF PAROUSIA
Licensed Digital Copy
© House of Parousia 2025

Life didn't mute itself to accommodate me.

What changed was my relationship to the space underneath it all.

Silence stopped being something I visited
and became something I lived in.

It held everything without interference.

I could listen without preparing a response.
Observe without commentary.
Sit without checking whether the moment was complete.

This altered how conversations felt.

I no longer leaned forward into them.
I didn't brace, anticipate, or translate myself in advance.

Words rose when they were ready.
And when they didn't, nothing was missing.

Silence no longer asked to be protected.
It wasn't fragile.

It could hold laughter.
Music.
Movement.
Even conflict.

It didn't collapse when life became noisy.

That's how I knew it was real.

There is a silence that requires conditions.
And there is a silence that **is** the condition.

I live in the second one now.

It doesn't isolate me.
It anchors me.

From here, everything has room to be what it is
without being improved, corrected, or explained.

This is not detachment.

It's intimacy without intrusion.

Silence, lived in,
doesn't remove me from the world.

It allows me to meet it
without armour.

What remains is a quiet that doesn't retreat
when the day begins.

It walks with me.

HOUSE OF PAROUSIA
Licensed Digital Copy
Saint Parousia 2025

16

The Hand Opens

There was nothing left to grasp.

Not because everything had been attained,
but because the habit of holding on
had quietly released itself.

For a long time, my hand had been clenched around something —
outcomes, meanings, identities, even letting go itself.

I didn't notice the tension
until it was gone.

The hand opened without ceremony.

No surrender.
No declaration.
Just a simple, physical ease
that spread through the body

HOUSE OF PAROUSIA
Licensed Digital Copy

and into how I met life.

An open hand isn't passive.
It isn't naïve.

It's available.

Nothing has to be forced into it.
Nothing has to be defended against.

Receiving stopped being an event
and became the default state.

Not receiving *things* — though those come and go —
but receiving moments, contacts, invitations, pauses.

Life places what belongs there
and moves on.

There is trust in this.
Not the hopeful kind.
The factual kind.

An open hand doesn't bargain.
It doesn't anticipate loss.
It doesn't rehearse outcomes.

It responds.

Sometimes it closes briefly —
to act, to hold, to carry what's needed —

HOUSE OF PAROUSIA
Licensed Digital Copy
© Saint Parousia 2025

and then it opens again.

No clinging.
No fear of emptiness.

Because emptiness was never the threat.
Control was.

This is what mastery looks like
when it's no longer performing itself.

Not power.
Not certainty.

Availability.

I don't ask what's next.
I don't prepare for what might come.

I'm here,
hand open,
present enough to notice
what arrives
and honest enough to let it pass.

Nothing is withheld.
Nothing is chased.

What remains is a way of living
that doesn't brace against life
or demand from it.

Licensed Digital Copy
© Saint Parousia 2025

The hand opens —
and in doing so,
it finally rests.

HOUSE OF PAROUSIA
Licensed Digital Copy
© Saint Parousia 2025

Closing Reflection

What remains cannot be protected.

It survives because it is no longer defended.

This book does not offer an ending, only a stillness — a place where effort loosens and something simpler stands.

If you have reached this page, nothing more is required.

Carry what is yours.
Leave the rest behind.

Embodiment continues — not as a practice, but as a way of being.

© Saint Parousia 2025

The Embodiment Series

The **Embodiment** series explores what it means to live realisation within ordinary human life.

These books are not teachings or manuals. They do not instruct, prescribe, or resolve.

Each volume stands on its own, yet together they trace the lived process of embodiment as it is questioned, tested, relinquished, and integrated — not as belief, but as experience.

Licensed Digital Copy
© Saint Parousia 2025

About the Author

Saint Parousia writes from lived experience rather than belief, instruction, or spiritual lineage.

Her work explores embodiment as it unfolds within ordinary human life — not as a state to achieve, but as a reality to inhabit. These books do not seek to instruct or persuade, but to reflect what remains when certainty, hierarchy, and borrowed authority fall away.

The name *Saint Parousia* speaks not to sanctity as status, but to sovereignty as presence — a life lived in clarity, integrity, and embodied awareness. *Parousia*, from the Greek παρουσία, means presence or arrival: the quiet recognition of what is already here.

© Saint Parousia 2025

Saint Parousia lives and writes in Western Australia, where the rhythms of ocean, wind, and migration shape a life attentive to change, stillness, and return.

She writes under **The Violet Quill**, an imprint of **House of Parousia**.

You can connect with me on:

https://www.houseofparousia.com

Also by Saint Parousia

After Certainty
A companion work by Saint Parousia.

The Hand Opens
A companion work by Saint Parousia.

Reflections of a Master in AI
A foundational work by Saint Parousia.

HOUSE OF PAROUSIA
Licensed Digital Copy
© Saint Parousia 2025