

OVERTONES

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**OVER
TONES**

RMICT Publishing, Waalre 2022

*For my loved ones ...
You've inspired me to write this
book*

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Design: Rolf Thijsen - Deamer Media Design

Original Dutch title: Boven tonen

ISBN 978 90 831 7190 6

ISBN 978 90 831 7193 7 (ebook)

first printing March 2022

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FOREWORD

Zahra begins carefully by drawing a circle. She uses pastels. The box resembles the Rembrandt box I have at home. The colours are soft and subtle, gradually transitioning to the next shade.

Her collection is more significant than mine. The box must have at least two hundred soft pastels, with beautiful transitions from yellows, greens, blues, and reds. With my fifty colours, I'm a lot less subtle than this professional soul reader.

She looks in my direction, inclining her head a few degrees and stares towards my heart with a searching but gentle gaze. I don't have to say anything. I'm not even allowed to say anything, at least not yet. She decides what happens and what's displayed. Zahra is observing me. She can perceive my inner self and put herself in my place.

She looks feminine and classy, about my age, and has brought me a cup of coffee as a welcome drink, with a bit of milk in it, not too much, not too little. She drinks green tea, leaves held together in an infuser. She doesn't like tea from bags. She has prepared a pot because she says,

"You don't drink tea by the cup. Tea naturally asks to be drunk in several cups."

A little awkwardly under her searching gaze, my eyes go through the space in which we sit. It's a converted garage, now used as an office, practice room, studio. On the wall are works of art that Zahra made. She notices me looking at her paintings, which are brightly coloured and have the intensity of stained-glass windows that you might find on a sunny day in the dark churches of the south of France.

"Beautiful art makes my heart leap with joy," she says.

I smile faintly with the corners of my mouth, but I can see that she's focusing again. She's turning inward now, and I suspect she's thinking about the opening phrase of her analysis.

"I'm drawing a sphere," she begins. "A soul sphere that represents you. The space around it indicates what you radiate and what you attract to yourself. I read from that what you are doing. Inside the sphere, there is even more at the soul level. I connect with the energy of your soul, and I indicate what your soul advises. I feel inside and outside the sphere can move together in harmony because you, in one way or another, are someone who..."

She falters for a moment in her analysis and softly sighs as if she's surprised by what she sees.

"What I want to say is that you are someone who lives on a higher level of consciousness. You know a lot inwardly. You may become much more aware of how high your level of consciousness is. But I see that it will all work out."

Across the table, I'm enjoying her pleasant way of talking and the things she says. Somehow, I'm not even surprised by her words. I've been consciously feeling life energy moving through my body for a couple of years, like a subtle electromagnetic flow. It's a beautiful and intense experience. But as is often the case with intense experiences, they can turn your whole life upside down. And that's what it did to me. I quit my job to find out what's going on.

Zahra picks up the thread again.

"I start with yellow. Yellow means you are a compassionate person. You feel other people very intensely and can be pretty bothered by that. You are busy filtering more and indicating your boundaries more clearly. At first, you went more with the energy of others. Now you often think, 'What do I want myself?'" You are in a phase in which

you are looking for the new. It's a kind of in-between phase. And that phase can also be quite annoying because a lot is happening energetically. But your thinking is,

'Keep going! I want to move forward.'

She goes on talking while I have still hardly said a word. And at the same time, she's drawing.

She draws yellow, light green, a bit of orange on the outside. She rubs the pastel with her right index finger so that the colours blend. Then she adds yellow, green, orange, red, purple, blue in all kinds of nuances inside the circle.

And now it's my turn to say something, and I tell her how I've discovered the secret of the subtle life energy in all things and how people have been advising me to do something with it.

"But what? I wondered. And I spent two years walking around with that question."

Now I know, and I tell Zahra about my plan.

"I want to pass on my experience to as many people as possible. I want to pass it on to anyone open to it. This discovery is deeply enriching, and I would like everyone to have the opportunity to experience this."

Zahra nods.

"It's perhaps the most beautiful thing I've discovered in my life. If you understand the symbolism, you will discover that it has always been there in all cultures. The symbols are everywhere. And it's not difficult at all. You have to discover what you feel," I say.

Zahra smiles.

"I want to document my experience and multiply my knowledge by sharing it. I'm going to write a book, not a textbook or a manual. It will be a novel. It *just* has to be fun to read. The knowledge appears between the lines for anyone open to it. If I can inspire the reader in

at least one way to look for the life energy hidden within themselves, then my goal has already been achieved.”

“Look,” says Zahra. “Look, a powerful shiver goes through me. Goosebumps. That’s what you need to do. That is it. That’s it for you. And I will be the first one to buy your book!”

We continue talking, and again she mentions the feeling she got a few minutes earlier.

“It still gives me goosebumps.”

Zahra stares at her watch.

“Is it that time already?”

The session typically lasts for one hour, and we are now almost two hours over.

“I’ve got to hurry because someone else is coming soon,” Zahra laughs.

I tell her I’m sorry it’s gone on for so long, but she doesn’t mind.

“It doesn’t matter. See you next time. And promise to write, okay?”

She opens the door, and I walk out to my car two blocks away. With a big smile on my face, I enjoy the sun’s rays. My phone indicates 11:11 am. It’s an angel number.

There is plenty of time!

PROLOGUE

11:08 am. He must make it, but he needs to hurry. Beatrice told him he would be there in time. He might already be too late. It's the final chance to make amends. The fact that he bought the collection can only partially compensate for his behaviour. He has been such a bastard. All this time, it has been so obvious. Why didn't he notice before? What time was it supposed to happen again? He abandons his car in front of the hospital and throws open the door.

11:09 am. It's just going to have to be like this. He runs at full speed. The second floor, his wife had said. Room 22.

11:10 am. People are waiting in front of the lift. He doesn't have time for that now. He takes the stairs and skips the odd steps. First floor. Faster. He feels his thighs burning as he reaches the second floor. Throwing open the doors, he bumps into an older woman.

“Sorry,” he shouts.

Room 19, 20, 21. Room 22. He hears a familiar male voice saying, “Excuse me for leaving you all like this.”

Robert throws open the door and shouts, “WAIT. I'VE GOT IT!”

