



Neboj, 'do not be afraid': A Trial by Fire, a Spiritual Awakening

Episode 1 by Peter Wynne - 29/12/2025 11:11

Welcome

Well now, here we are, hello everybody and welcome to the Neboj podcast! I hope that I am finding you in good health and spirits and that you are having a most joyous, peaceful and love filled festive season.

This is a big day for me today, you know, my heart is aflame with excitement and anticipation. This being the very first episode of this Neboj podcast. The very first episode of any podcast by me which puts me in mind of that phrase... 'when was the last time you did something for the first time?' Now, think about that. Long have I yearned for this hour, and now it has finally arrived like a phoenix risen from the ashes of delay, and the putting off.

It is my greatest wish and desire that this podcast shall serve as a lighthouse of illumination, guiding hearts and minds toward consciousness, that most precious of gems, and empowerment, the sword that severs the chains of limitation. We will be delving into in the upcoming episodes, the wellsprings of consciousness, health, vibrance, longevity, creativity (our inner child), the love energy, mental attitude and all that these encompass.

I myself am on the path to seventy summers upon this theatre of existence, which we term life, yet by the grace of good providence, my vigour and vibrance abide undimmed, and for this, I assure you, I am eternally grateful.

Neboj, 'do not be afraid': A Trial by Fire, a Spiritual Awakening

Which brings me nicely to the namesake of this podcast 'neboj', a Czech word meaning 'do not be afraid' 'have no fear'. This word holds for me deep personal resonance. My son, you see lived in Prague for many, many years, joined later by his delightful wife, and then their son. Having visited the city on many occasions over the years I became very familiar with the city and this word.

Have you ever by chance yourself been to this wonderful and beautiful city? Perhaps you very well have been, it's a hugely popular destination. I daresay also you've likely encountered its pedestrian tunnel, the Žižkov (Yishkof) Pass, a subterranean artery linking the districts of Žižkov and Karlin which are separated by Vítkov Hill.

Large reassuring letters on the Karlin side read: NEBOJ, which are inscribed above its entrance. You see, The tunnel makes a bend so that when you reach the middle you cannot see where you came from nor where you are going as the entrance and exit are concealed which understandably, could stir some unease in even the most stalwart soul. Yet it stands as a testament to resilience, a call to courage when visibility wanes and uncertainty looms.

This symbolism has never failed to move me—just as Prague itself embodies strength tempered by beauty, history shaped by defiance. For what is life if not a journey through tunnels we cannot fully see? What greater wisdom could one seek than the emboldening encouragement of "do not be afraid"

Allow me share with you that i have been personally intimately acquainted with fear's paralyzing grip—it was my constant companion for many, many years, rendering me its captive in what American psychologist Martin Seligman termed 'learned helplessness.' A simple knock at the door would send me scurrying into the wardrobe, my mind shrieking _"Go away!"_ as if I were invisible. My spirit, shrunk to a fraction of its potential, internalized powerlessness defining every moment.

Fear, i have come to learn is not an abstract emotion—it is a biological time bomb that accelerates degeneration by disrupting every major system in the body. Chronic fear vibrates at a frequency that resonates with pathogenic microbes, making the body more susceptible to infection.

Permit me to assure you: extricating myself from fear's unyielding grip was no trivial undertaking—an act requiring tenacity and unwavering resolve, i can tell you. The passage of time during this odyssey was to put it mildly, painful, even excruciating, yet hindsight reveals not remorse but purpose. It was a trial by fire, a spiritual awakening where the former fragilities of my psyche were replaced with an indomitable strength. Now, by contrast, those who have recently entered my sphere perceive no trace of my prior susceptibilities. I am reborn—empowered, transformed into a force to be reckoned with.

Permit me a young childhood reminiscence if you may—less to wallow in memory than to illuminate how fear's tendrils first took root within me. I assure you that i harbor no attachment to this episode; it is past, healed, forgiven. My mother, Barbara—a victim herself of unspoken wounds—who sadly never found respite from her own demons. i love her dearly, i really do, i love her dearly.

On nights, as my father worked through the dark hours, she lifted me from my bed and placed me at the top of the stairs, it being a two storey house. The front door being at the bottom of the stairs stood ajar; beyond it, she warned, stood figures of authority—the local priest or sometimes the police—waiting to punish and take me away for sins I did not know I had committed. "Are you going to be a good boy?" she repeatedly asked, her voice a spectral echo in the night. My tiny frame convulsed with terror as I wept uncontrollably. This was no isolated incident i can assure you; it was a pattern of cruelty that shaped my psyche into a vessel of fear.

In my poem, Tír na nÓg, which can be found on my dublin11.net website, there is the line 'the priest taking me away.' Also on this website is another poem Mammy and Daddy which is descriptive of the above scene.

However, on sharing this with you i am perfectly cognizant that my experience is very, very mild and tame by comparison to the ferocious cruelties many children have to endure.

i do fully appreciate too that it is very easy to say 'don't be afraid' 'have no fear' than to do so, particularly when one is confronted with one's fear, but believe me, in good time, if you work at it, you will be able to shed the shackles and paralysis that plague you.

So, how does one recover from such barbaric depravity? Only by the miraculous... The Power of Love.

There is a short video clip, a talk by Dr. David R. Hawkins which you can find on Youtube and here i quote a passage:

"So once a month the girl comes in and you watch the transformation from ferociously angry, ferociously depressed assaultive, suicidal, they cut on themselves all the time they try to overdose, kill themselves and you watch gradually the flower blooming, so you see that which is possible only by love only love could bring her out of that savagery into becoming a beautiful young person."

Ashermusiccreator

Well dear friends, that's a lovely little song there, isn't it dear friends? With the title 'Beautiful Things' by a young artist who goes by the name of Ashermusiccreator... very nice, i think you'll agree.

Ashermusiccreator can be found on the pixabay.com royalty free music website, which means that all the music by these young creators is free.

Imagine that, fantastic, isn't it? People giving time, skill, and passion for free. From which of course springs eternal hope for the future of humanity, doesn't it? We surely must acknowledge that this unchained creativity is humanity's greatest wealth and it proves too that true abundance flows from the heart, not the ledger. Fantastic, fantastic, truly, truly!

Divine Whispers From a Random Book Page: The 999 Epiphany

Today is for me also, a commemoration of an illuminating moment, an epiphany i had on this day six years ago - a revelation, one that i have often heard described as a "lightbulb" moment. Though for me it was far more: a profound metamorphosis that has since infused my being with an indomitable calm and an unspeakable bliss. The venue of this transformation was my step sister's home in Navan, Co. Meath, Ireland, where i was passing the Christmas, also in the graceful company of my step-mother, my dearest Bridie... it was lovely

The Christmas of that year was a sheer symphony of joy, a veritable feast for the soul. The atmosphere was one of unadulterated warmth and love, punctuated by long chats with Bridie - sharing tales that filled us both with joy and laughter. Travelling with the local bus, she with her bus pass, i accompanied her, as she needed, to the local shopping centre, to help with the shopping, these were truly bonding moments, and this, a task that was not an obligation in any way but truly a delightful dance of service.

It was in the late afternoon of December 29th that I discovered an unexpected gift: a book left for me by Agnieszka who was leasing a room from my step sister. i had met Agnieszka during my previous visit that summer but on this occasion she had returned home for the Christmas. i should say that when i was visiting during the summer i had many an interesting and enlightening conversation with her.

The book, its title: - "Angel Numbers" by the medium, Kyle Gray—the book itself gives an angelic message and meaning of each number from 1 to 999 and other number sequences, 11:11, 14:14 etc. It resonated deeply with my own personal

experiences that i had been having for some time, being witness to numbers manifesting around me in mysterious synchronicity, they were appearing before me in every each way.

Anyway, didn't i just simply flick open the book randomly, and by chance it opened on page 301, message number 999. Which read:

"The Divine Mother Mary is supporting you as you return to a sense of wholeness. Welcome home to the heart."

This was not merely words—it was a divine whisper, a validation of my inner journey back to wholeness and unity. The timing, the precision, the symbiosis of intention and receipt—all pointed to something far greater than mere coincidence.

Upon reflection i deeply feel that such moments remind us that life is not governed solely by any haphazard randomness but by an intelligent design, a divine order that speaks in ways both subtle and profound, the key then is to recognize these signs when they appear—and to act upon them with courageous trust and faith.

Be in no doubt dear friends that 'Love in its purest form, 'agape' love, free from ego or conditioning has the highest and purest vibration of all.

When Was the Last Time you Did Something for the First Time?

And now dear friends, i would like now to return to a theme that i alluded to at the outset of this transmission: - Have you ever paused for a moment, to contemplate the question: When did I last engage in an experience that was entirely novel? In other words: When was the last time i did something new for the first time?

This question—often dismissed as merely existential—harbours profound implications for personal evolution and cognitive resilience. It serves as a metacognitive prompt, urging the individual toward expansion of perceptual boundaries and the recalibration of adaptive potential. The act of repeatedly

engaging in first-time experiences is not mere frivolity; it is an act of resistance against stagnation, a reassertion of neuroplasticity within the brain, and an affirmation of one's capacity for growth.

Yet, disrupting the monotony of routine requires intentional transgression. Each incursion into uncharted territory outside of one's comfort zone—be it culinary, geographical, or intellectual, whatever—serves as an act of psychological and physiological recalibration, providing (proving) to both the mind and the body that the limits of one's perceived competence are fluid rather than fixed.

John C. Maxwell articulated this principle with poetic precision:

"We can never improve our lives until we change something that we do daily. Success does not suddenly occur one day in our lives, each day is a process. What we become ultimately is the result of what we do every day."

End of quote.

It is a process dear friends, believe me, but firstly you must learn to become conscious of your mechanical and programmed habits and set about with determination to change, get rid of these habits that do not serve your growth and well being. Observe the child's worldview: untainted by fear, they embrace novelty as a fundamental tenet of existence. Their lives are a tapestry of first encounters, each one a microcosm of discovery. Regrettably however, adulthood often imposes a cognitive straitjacket, where the sense of novelty is replaced by predictability and complacency.

The last time you experienced something for the first time may have been an inflection point in your life—a philosophical inquiry into the necessity of continuous learning and the courage to challenge one's own boundaries.

And remember: The last time you did something for the first time may not be recent—but if it occurred today, you are already walking among giants in the realm of personal development.

So do keep in mind that with every new sunrise you are presented with an opportunity to reshape your perception, refine your intent, and align action with a higher purpose.