

Inner Light

Revelation

Cecilia da Vitoria Neves

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Dedication

To God, my supreme guide, to my beloved son Honey, and to my dear companion Victor Hugo, I wholeheartedly dedicate this book. To you, my cherished readers, I hope you find the inner strength that resides within each of you. Do not allow the chains of ego to limit your minds or your hearts.

May the diversity of ideas and contradictions be your teacher, helping you grow, mature your emotions, become tolerant, and respect each person's individuality and boundaries. Let this inner light be your tool to guide you toward a path of wisdom and peace.

With love,

Cecilia da Vitoria Neves

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Preface

The author of this book is a writer, a mother to a compassionate son, a sister, an aunt, and the wife of a wonderful man named Victor Hugo. Born in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, on February 28, 1962, she has dedicated her life to these roles.

The story of this book's publication is only the beginning. Each day brings a new opportunity to continue growing and learning. With God's guidance and the inner light that always accompanies me, I am ready to face any challenge that comes my way. My hope is that my story inspires others never to give up and to always seek the light, even in the

darkest moments.

At sixty-two, the author presents her first book, *Inner Light*, subtitled *Resilience*, achieving bestseller status. Her second book, a collection of anecdotes titled *Rebirth*, subtitled *Story of a Transformed Life*, is followed by this, the biography saga *Inner Light*, subtitled *Revelation*.

For privacy, the characters are introduced under pseudonyms.

First Part

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The Beauty of Opportunities

What wonderful and, at the same time, awkward moments. Upon arriving in Spain, my life changed in ways I could never have imagined. I left behind memories of my childhood in Brazil, the tragedy of my parents' death, and the abandonment that consumed me. I found myself alone in a new country, responsible for raising my son and finding a path for us.

When I began as a hairdresser, I didn't have many clients. But I didn't let that discourage me. Determined to move forward, I bought a notebook and cut out its pages to make business cards. I wrote my name, my specialty in hair extensions, and my phone number. With my son by my side, we walked the streets, handing out cards. I asked my son to be my model; he loved braids, so I braided his hair into thin, beautiful plaits that caught people's attention. I went everywhere, offering my services with a smile. But it wasn't always easy. Many girls got annoyed, not understanding that I was only trying to promote my work. "What, do you think I look messy?" they'd ask with disdain. But I, patiently, would reply, "No, no, I'm just saying I do hair extensions."

Each rejection was a test of my resolve, a spark that fueled my desire to succeed. Every smile I managed to elicit, every satisfied client, reminded me I was on the right path.

As time passed, I began to get more clients. I could hardly keep up; I styled hair all night, and in the morning, there were already people waiting. It was exhausting, but I needed the money to cover my son's school supplies, transportation, and everything else. Here in Spain, it's not like in Brazil.

You have to pay for the child's food; they can't bring their own—it's the rule.

I resolved to work hard so that my son wouldn't lack anything. One day, a girl named Marisa told me, "Cecilia, you're always looking for work, but it's impossible without a residency card. Why don't you take a break and go dancing?"

Without a second thought, I decided to go out and distract myself a bit.

While dancing, a young man named Enrique told me, "You dance really well." I thought he was joking and didn't pay much attention. Later, he asked if I was Brazilian and invited me to dance the lambada. After we finished dancing, he said his wife, Vania, had a Brazilian performance group that entertained at various clubs across Spain. He gave me a card with his number, asking me to call him the next day. He also mentioned that rehearsals were paid.

This gave me confidence, so I began dancing with their group.

Just as Susana had kicked me out of her house, giving me only a week to find a place to stay, she was about to go to Brazil the following week. I told her I could stay until she returned, and with just me in her house, doing hair, all the earnings would be mine, giving me a chance to save a significant amount of money. Before my African colleagues arrived, I was well-known in the world of hair extensions in Barcelona. They said I was the most expensive hairdresser for extensions. My African colleagues—without diminishing their skill—are very talented at doing cornrows (braids close to the scalp, which is not my specialty), but they are less experienced with extensions. Many people knew my work.

Since I styled so many clients, I would have enough money to rent a comfortable place for my son and me, somewhere I could lay my head on a pillow called peace and tranquility, at last.

We were doing very well. One day, Susana suggested that she would rent an apartment for me where I could also do hair, but with the understanding that if the police came, all the problems would be mine. She offered to pay me 80,000