

**As soon as the warrior awakens
there is no turning back**

The path to truth
and the true meaning of Natural Law

Peter Van den Broucke

Dedicated to all men and women
who have found the warrior in their heart
to live, serve and lead
according to Natural Law
and the Universal Laws

Special thanks to my friend and fellow warrior, Dimitri Verdoodt, for the inspiring drawing on the cover of this book. The image of the warrior on his/her path and offering the peace pipe, but not shying away from using the tomahawk, if necessary. It is a visual representation of the thread and core of this book.



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The thoughts in this book are intended for everyone who cares about the future. For me, as the author, it therefore makes sense that anyone who supports these ideas can spread this message further. Freedom of expression and dissemination of information is an important fundamental aspect. Therefore, I do not wish to reserve any rights for myself. It is a form of service to the world.

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DISCLAIMER

This book can make you happy. This book can trigger you. Happy because you recognize yourself in it. Triggered because you also recognize yourself in it. It's just how you want and dare to look at it. Don't shoot the pianist, me as a writer. Try to see the message and stay focused on that. I know about myself that I am straightforward. I am sometimes told that. It's who I am. It's what people appreciate me for, but also why some people shun me. If you have never heard of Natural Law, this book might be an eye opener. I don't want to hurt or attack anyone personally. In fact, that is never my intention. For that, I have already experienced and seen too much in this world. That's why I emphasize it again: it's all about the message, not the messenger.

**Three things
cannot be long hidden.
The Sun, the Moon
and the Truth**

-Buddha-

FOREWORD

I wrote my first book entitled "*When the Soldier passes away, the Warrior can awaken*" in 2021. I wrote it primarily for myself, but soon the book proved to be an inspiration to many friends and acquaintances and even people who did not know me at all. Writing personal stories interspersed with life experiences proved to have a healing effect on me. At a time when the world was upside down, I was forced to retreat and first of all, look deep inside myself in the first place. A time of reflection on my life and a period of rest so that I could consolidate my knowledge and experiences. It was a time of growth in consciousness; almost a leap, looking back on it today. It is during that period that I found him, my warrior. Deep in my heart, he was hiding. Waiting for the right moment to wake up. He was waiting for me to let go of my ego, for me to look at my personality and for me to listen to what lived deep in my heart. Until I could see my true values and I could define what I stand for in this life. The warrior did not just come alive. He didn't just let himself be discovered. I had to go get him and descend from my consciousness into my deepest self. Only then did he want to rise up and step out into the light with me. Only then did he knew that it could be done, that my ego and my personality had found a balance, so that, together with him, I will be able to withstand the challenges I will still encounter on my future life path. A warriorhood that does not carry a destructive force, but a balanced, constructive one, based on truth, justice and righteousness. My life as a soldier for 35 years, was definitely over. There is no turning back. The path leads forward, towards an unknown destination. A quest into the unknown, but a path, led from the Heart and assisted by the Spirit. It feels right: Heart, Spirit and Action are increasingly aligned. When that happens, inner peace emerges. There is no more conflict to throw you off balance. You know better and better what is right and true and you no

longer hide in herd thinking. You have left the 'Sausage'¹ and you see the whole picture. You cannot help but move forward, on the path you stand for and the path that answers to your soul. You may not always realize it, but your soul is constantly tapping on your shoulder saying, *"So buddy? When are you going to listen to me? You can resist for a long time, but eventually you're going to have to listen. If not, I am going to keep challenging you and you will find it harder and harder. Because there are life lessons to be learned"*.

In my previous book, I wrote the story about Elsu. I hesitated to make it a sequel story. But I decided not to. Elsu was the character who was searching, the character who through his life experiences had to find his true self, his warriorhood. That has now been found. The warrior travels with Elsu, but now in my real person, who has been given the name Peter and allowed to receive the falcon as a totem. The path continues, but now from the real me. I am therefore writing this new book in the first person. Because it is based on my quest, my knowledge, my experiences, my wisdom. The Peter who I am.

As in my first book, you may find surprising insights. Without any doubt² also reasoning that triggers you or makes you feel uncomfortable. Even statements that you perceive as untrue. That is totally OK and also the intention. I had, in reading, studying and understanding what I have learned, to overcome a lot of resistance myself. My ego resisted, but the more I was able to open my mind, the clearer the message became. I therefore draw on a multitude of literature and people I have discovered in recent years. This book contains solid statements. After all, I went in search of the concept of

¹ The 'sausage model' is a metaphor I use in my first book to indicate how we are forced into a straitjacket of thinking from an early age and how important it is to get out of it.

² In the first book, I wrote 'perhaps' in the same sentence. Now it is expressed a little more forcefully.

pure truth hidden in Natural Law and its Universal Laws. If you have never heard of it before, this is a subject matter that might upset you. Partly because we all have been kept in the dark about this knowledge for a very long time. But deep down inside you, you know it all, so really it is no surprise. I do not pretend to proclaim the truth with this book. After all, everyone will have to seek their own truth. But a lot of perceptions that we assume and believe to be true are not truths³. I do invite you to read on and 'park' any trigger thought, resistance or opinion somewhere in the back of your mind. More than that, I encourage you to delve further into this knowledge. Because it leads to deeply understanding of the rights that belong to us.

A new world is emerging. The concept of Natural Law is a basis for creating a more just world. But it will not happen by itself. It requires effort, starting with yourself. It is also sometimes confrontational, as the book may make clear.

The search for truth never stops. Also not for me. Step by step, I feel I am getting closer. Although, at the same time, I realize that I may never reach the real truth in this life. I think we have strayed too far from that, we have been misled for too long by people with power and wrong intentions. As a child, we have been loaded with faulty programming and all is nestled in our subconscious. Besides, who dares to claim to hold the real truth? Who dares say he knows the truth and therefore has the right to impose it? No one. And yet, somewhere deep in our cellular memory it is completely hidden, the real truth. Only, we have forgotten it or we ignore it. Consciously or out of fear. There is a knowledge hidden somewhere deep in our subconscious, waiting to be reawakened. It is the Universal Truth that endures

³ In the book, you will become completely clear about the difference between perception and truth and that 'believing in something' is actually irrelevant.

throughout the universe and is eternal. It is the growth in consciousness and the deep knowledge of Natural Law.

It is the common thread throughout this book. I have drawn from a number of fascinating writers and notable sources who have written quite a bit about this subject. The search for the real truth contained in the Universal Laws. It has again been an exploration of my deeper self and somewhere also a battle with my ego. I deliberately use the term warriorhood again. Because it is not an easy path and it requires effort from you. But the warrior cannot help but walk his or her path, once he or she is awakened in the heart. Once you have found him or her, there is no turning back. In my context, a warrior does not represent struggle or destruction. No, the destructive nature lies with the soldier. The latter is in the service of a system, of a man-made leadership that abuses power. A system that keeps the truth hidden and does not want the people to know. A system that has an interest in distorting truths and abuses power for its own sake and with an insatiable appetite for rule and control. Because that is what a soldier defends. Only he often doesn't know it himself because he too is misled and kept blind to the truth.

A warrior serves his or her community. Warriorhood is something of your own. It does not hide behind the orders of those in power. Warriorhood has many forms and your warrior will manifest in the specific talent that you carry within you and can put at the service of the community you want to live in. If you are a healer, then your warriorhood is healing. If you are a writer, then your warriorhood is writing. If you are an artisan, your martial art is making useful objects or making sure everyone has a roof over their heads and doesn't have to suffer from cold and hunger. If you are a leader, your leadership will be serving the group you lead, not for personal gain, but to create Well-Being for all. Warriorhood is symbolic of the task you have to take up when the need arises. A task of doing, of taking action, of

acting. The warrior symbolizes taking action. You cannot escape it, you cannot and should not shirk it. Your heart directs you to act, to go into action, to do what you are good at. For the community, not out of self-interest and in accordance with Natural Law. Ego is secondary with the warrior. Love and the higher, communal purpose are important. When necessary, a warrior will also be combative and even fight. In a situation of self-defense or in an injustice situation, it is his or her duty to stand up and act. Even the use of force is then justified and sometimes necessary. As a matter of fact, it is also a Universal Law and a fundamental right to do so. It is a law that is often misinterpreted and will be clearly explained later in this book.

For the sake of humanity and for the sake of the future, it is necessary to banish soldiering from the world and transform it into warriorhood. If your actions stem from a feeling of the HEART and are underpinned by the SPIRIT, then every ACTION you perform will be a good deed. Your actions will stand in function of the community, in accordance with the Universal Laws, without harming other living beings.

My first book brought deep insights. In this new book, I explore deep truths. After all, the learning process of deep experiences and insights continues and the path to knowledge never stops. I noticed again that writing this book has been a personal growth process. Not an easy path, but damned instructive, challenging and engaging.

A WORD OF THANKS

Again, I dedicate this second book to all the men and women who dare to live from their hearts for the world. It is remarkable how a human life unfolds and how you meet new people at the time you need to meet them. It seems that you are first prepared in your life experiences, with the necessary bumps and bruises, and only then do you meet the teachers you need further along the path. "*When the student is ready, the teacher will appear,*" is a Buddhist saying. It means that when we are ready to learn and grow, we will be ready to listen to and act according to knowledge we gain from a teacher who is already in front of us and may have always been there, but to whom we have not yet been consciously open, to receive his message.

After writing my first book, I entered a period of rest and reflection. About six months ago, I told my wife Dominique that I felt ready for further personal growth and would like to meet an appropriate teacher or coach. I felt the need. She replied "*just wait and see, he or she will come*". And yes, while I was somewhat looking out on the horizon, searching for a spiritual leader or something, I was in the middle of it. I had them showered upon me, the teachers who brought me new insights or taught me lessons. They were just standing and living around me, only I didn't always see them. In the first place my wife Dominique herself, who from her ever-growing knowledge and wisdom assists me, but also holds up a mirror to my personality. Our spiritual relationship is not at all the same as years ago, but just that deepening and awareness allows us both to enjoy, grow and above all, be ourselves.

I have let go of a lot of friends. Not because I don't like them anymore, but because I felt it was time to part our ways. And that too is good. They have meant what they had to and could mean, and letting go at that moment is in the highest good for me and for them. I thank all

friends and acquaintances who recognize themselves in this context, including family members.

I now realize very well that I want to thank my new friends. They are, without perhaps realizing it, my teacher and coach. There are a lot of them. Five years ago, I didn't know any of them. Now they are part of the circle of people I trust, who I can count on and who inspire me. It sometimes seems more like a gang of unruly men and women, each with his or her remarkable personality, but certainly also each with his or her solid life experiences that developed into deep wisdom. Those wisdoms, brought together into an honest and balanced coherence, make it an inspiring experience every time we meet. Together, we are on our way to the essence of this life, each on his path. They are all people who have learned to speak out, to respect each other, to grow in knowledge and consciousness. People who try not to judge, but do stand up to injustice and abuse and are willing to take action against it.

I have read quite a few books and listened to numerous interviews in recent years. This, too, is not accidental. In doing so, I came across the work of Mark Passio, a rather straightforward American speaker, who has been lecturing for years on occult knowledge and the deep knowledge of Natural Law. So another teacher who has come my way, although he does not look at all like a typical guru in white robes or the old wise man with a beard, but rather like a Harley Davidson motorcyclist, in black T-shirt and with a big mouth, whom you would prefer not to run into in the nightlife neighborhood. Well, the Universe apparently still has a sense of humor and always challenges you to go where you don't really want to go. But it is precisely there that the message you need, emerges. If you look through the person of Mark Passio (which is a challenge in itself, given his firm personality and unobtrusive way of speaking) and really listen to the messages he brings, you will discover a deep knowledge, the knowledge of Natural Law. His

work⁴ became a source and thread that was incorporated into this book. Other books were sources of inspiration and where I felt it made sense, I started thinking more deeply. That eventually led to what I have written down here, which I believe contains pure truth.

Again, I in no way claim to possess the truth. I also reserve the right to revise the truths written here at any time when I gain new insights or when new teachers come my way in unexpected or unforeseen ways. That, by the way, is a first special message I want to give to my readers: go in search of your truth. Don't copy/paste statements and don't parrot them. Listen, watch, feel and learn, but then go and investigate yourself. Go in search of truth yourself. This takes a lot of effort and courage, but I guarantee you that the deeper you dig and the more open you are willing to be to new ideas and knowledge, the happier you will become. I realize that this is something life is all about: searching for THE truth and being able to distinguish between right and wrong. As you build up more experience and wisdom, you will see more clearly. But maybe it is also an eternal path, something we grow closer and closer to, but only reach in the infinity of consciousness.

It is another stretch of the path of warriorship. It is a path that requires effort. It is not the easy path, but it is 'The way to go'. And so do you, my friends who today dare to walk the path of truth and whom I hope I can inspire a bit through this book. I dedicate this book partly to you. To all the men and women who have found the warrior in their heart and let themselves be led by him or her. A heart that beats for a more harmonious world.

⁴ Mark Passio: <https://www.whatonearthishappening.com>

**Because we see ourselves as a part,
not as master of all things around us,
and because we cherish no arrogance
towards those things,
we attribute the same Will and Spirit to it.
All things are Alive
and therefore have Meaning.**

-Apache wisdom-

GERONIMO

**"If you unbalance the laws of God,
then you have sown the seeds of your own downfall".**

The wind blew clouds of sand onto the plain. On top of the mountain, he was tucked away, along with the other Apache warriors. He watched them, down there in the valley, the soldiers on horseback. They knew he was there. They felt they were being watched. And yet they could not find him. For years they had been after him, but he always outsmarted them. No army could capture Geronimo. It frustrated the soldiers. It frustrated the generals and leaders of the new America even more. Geronimo was a war shaman. He was never tired of war. Nor could he afford to get war-weary, because that would be the end. He knew that. For as long as the great-grandfathers of the great-grandfathers could remember, there had been war. A long time ago, they were told, their people had planted corn in the valleys and harvested their own food. Back then there was peace. Peace is a high good. Peace requires courage and awareness. Strife and revenge is a low spiritual law and weakens the soul power.

But then the Spaniards came. The Apaches had greeted and welcomed them as friends. After all, Mother Earth belongs to every human, animal and plant, and She gives in abundance. Enough to live well. But the Spaniards wanted more. They were looking for something the Apaches did not value. They did not understand why. The Spaniards captured Apaches and led them away. The men to the mines and the women as slaves or prostitutes for the soldiers. The Spaniards took and gave nothing back. The Apaches did not understand. The Apaches could no longer plant and harvest; the Spaniards were always coming back, ready to steal and kill. But the Apaches escaped and fled into the

mountains. It was their territory and they were better equipped to adapt to the demanding environment. They learned to live off what nature gave them and never stayed in the same place for long. War kept the Apaches free. Free from the mines⁵, free from slavery, free from rape, free from the diseases the soldiers brought and free from the scourge of the priests in their black robes and their nonsensical words.

Now, many years later, they found themselves caught between the Mexicans and the Americans. They wanted nothing but to live in peace, but for the white man it is never enough. They fight for more land, and once they have stripped that land bare, they move on, to conquer even more land. Geronimo knew this all too well. He also realized that the white man would not honor any treaty. And if they did come with a promise, he realized that the Apaches would not be considered human beings, that they would not be able to become citizens of the new America, that they could not own land and that they would be made dependent on what the white man would give them. How Geronimo knew that? Long ago, he had had a vision. The Spirits had spoken to him and warned him of what was to come. He also knew it would be an unequal battle that the Apaches would eventually lose. But Geronimo had no choice. He was a 'War Shaman', returned from the past with a task: to lead his people through these difficult times and fight this final battle with his head held high. *"If we don't fight them, they will turn us into beasts, without spiritual life. Beasts who think only of food for earthly life; lavishing the earthly body*

⁵ The average lifespan of an Indian in the mines was less than four years. The terrifying mortality rate exceeded the birth rate. As the Church wanted to keep the profitable mines in operation, even 'breeding programs were set up, with the aim of producing more Indians for the mines. However, the reproductive program failed, there were too few births to compensate for the huge losses.

and living in shabby huts to protect the earthly body. The real food, the food for the spirit body, will be forgotten. The spirit body will die because it needs freedom to live. And freedom is not what the white man wants to give us." Therefore, he had no choice. Only war is life. Only war gives freedom.

Geronimo and his warriors were waiting for the soldiers. They had seen them coming from afar. The dry desert made a cloud of dust through the hooves of the galloping horses. The soldiers approached and set up camp at the foot of the mountain. They light fires and set out guard posts. Soon their attention will slacken under the influence of their filled stomachs and lazy bodies. With their heavy uniforms, they suffer in the heat of the desert. They are dirty, they stink and the long ride has exhausted them. They will soon fall asleep.

The Apache has always lived in this desert and these mountains. He is adapted to it and knows how to find water and food there. He manages to avoid the heat of the day and uses the coolness of the night to make his move. Notwithstanding the group's small size, Geronimo's warriors have great combat skills, such as absolute cold-bloodedness and deadly marksmanship. By using guerrilla techniques, they have always outsmarted the US army, causing great frustration among troop commanders and embarrassment among the generals who have to explain it in Washington. The Apaches, few in number, see the individual as a unit. Geronimo knows his men, their strengths and their weaknesses. He analyses them and improves them. And so he has a warrior group that has few, if any, weaknesses left. A group of men who can blend into their surroundings and suddenly appear out of nowhere. As they creep towards the soldiers in the darkness, they see every suspicious shadow, hear every specific sound, smell the soldiers and feel the horses. One by one, the sentries are eliminated. They did not hear them approaching. When an Apache hand hits their mouth, followed by a razor-sharp knife to the throat, it is too late.

Totally surprised and paralyzed to utter a cry, they are bound and led away. Even the horses remain calm as half the herd is taken away, into the dark night. With incredible efficiency and in complete silence, what can be carried is taken and the group of warriors disappears back into the mountains. It will last until the next morning before the alarm is raised, with the tied-up sentries found naked, tied to a cactus, and the captain furiously ordering his men to line up.

Geronimo knows the chase will be on. So he flees deeper into the mountains and entrenches himself and his warriors in a deep valley, which opens onto the wider plain. He has a plan. Indeed, it does not take long for the soldiers to emerge from the dusty valley. Still frustrated at the way they were outsmarted and humiliated the previous night, they spur their horses into a gallop. 'Halt' shouts the captain and with a jerk he restrains his horse. 'Halt' is shouted through the lines of cavalry and in a dusty cloud the group comes to a stop. 'I heard shots,' the captain shouts for all to hear. They had been in pursuit all day and dusk was beginning to fall. The dropping temperature creates a strong wind across the valley that blows up the sand and obscures visibility. This time, the patrol also hears the shots. They come at intervals, but are clearly audible. They come from a distance, from somewhere in the hills and mountains ahead. The captain takes out his binoculars and scans the hills. Frantically, he shouts orders: "*Cavalrymen in distress. Forward 3 to 4 kilometers. Spread out and gallop to aid. Follow me*". He pulls his sword from its scabbard and chases his horse through the cacti and sage towards the figures he has seen in the distance; some cavalry uniforms apparently engaged in a fight. The captain smells his chance. He will be able to take credit by coming to the aid of his fellow soldiers and winning this battle with a group of Indians. Spurring his horse, he gallops ahead of the patrol. The soldiers' tired horses can barely keep up, causing the patrol to disperse. When the captain and the first soldiers arrive at the

hills on their sweaty and exhausted horses, the cavalrymen he saw have disappeared behind a slope in the valley. When he catches sight of them again, they seem to be running away from him. "*Soldiers on foot!*" he shouts. "*Spread left and right and forward*". The column behind him spreads across the terrain in a wide line swinging out. The soldiers on foot seem to run ahead of him, but do not react to the fact that help is coming after them. It takes a while, but then a vague sense of confusion takes hold of the captain. Fear creeps up on him and it dawns on him. "*Halt, it's a trap. Go back*". The cavalrymen, however, drive scattered towards the mountains and cannot hear his orders. Shots sound from all directions. From the mountains and from behind the bushes. Soldiers fall off their horses. The soldiers on foot turn around and now fire at the cavalrymen as well. Too late, the captain realizes that they are the uniforms of his soldiers, stolen from the sentries the previous night and now used as a trap by Geronimo's warriors. "*Retreat and regroup!*" cries the captain. With a jerk, he turns his horse and rushes in the direction from which he had come. After a few hundred meters, they jump off their horses and lie flat on their stomachs. Shots continue to sound. The soldiers regroup around the captain. "*Men*" screams the captain, "*we will hold here*". The horses roar and the soldiers sigh. The gunshots extinguish. It becomes silent. No one moves and everyone has their ears perked for any possible suspicious sound. "*If the Apaches are charging, then we are in the majority*", thinks the captain. But the Apaches do not charge. They remain dead silent and do nothing. It creates confusion and doubt among the troopers. Night falls and a sense of dread permeates the soldiers. "*You can't see, hear or smell those damn Indians at night, dammit. Stay vigilant and don't move,*" the captain whispers to his troops. But nothing more happens. Hours later, it is pitch black and only the sounds of nocturnal animals continue to echo. Geronimo has planned his battle well. He and his group have surprised the soldiers,

forced them on the defensive and left them in fear. The Apaches quietly disappear into the mountains, taking advantage of the darkness of the night.

It is typical of the way the whites hunted the Apaches. The officers were more concerned with raising their status, polishing their reports, and telling their heroic stories, than with getting to the bottom of their enemy's fighting skills and tactics. The US government, much to their frustration, would discover perseverance and inventiveness in guerrilla warfare to their detriment, in a war that cost far more lives, money and materiel than all other Indian wars combined.

Deep in the mountains, they were safe. There, in the small valley, the warriors could rest, nurse their wounds and enjoy their families and relatives. Geronimo too. After his first wife and two children were horribly murdered years ago by Mexican soldiers, during an attack on their village, he had sworn revenge. The way Geronimo and his warriors terrified Mexican patrols made him notorious and famous in Mexico, even years before the US army learnt the name Geronimo. He married again and had a son. But a few years later, his second family was also massacred. It was the straw for Geronimo. He would make no more peace. The white man does not know the word peace. He pronounces it, but has no awareness of what it means. Making a peace treaty with the whites means living on a reservation, but also dying in slavery. *"Do you want to save your body by having your Spirit killed? I would rather die in battle, for I will not surrender my Spirit to death."* Geronimo continued to lead his warriors, tireless and decisive. Lightly armed, they could move quickly. They sometimes walked for days at a stretch, to turn up somewhere no one expected them. To make their move, to free fellow Apaches, to attack supply convoys or to ambush patrols. They slept under trees and ate what nature provided them.

But it could not last. It was a long, but a lost battle. The soldiers kept coming and the supremacy was too great. The Apache existence came to an end. General Crook delved into the Apache story and was able to convince Geronimo to surrender. He was taken to the Apache Reservation in San Carlos, where he watched in pain as the spiritual thinking was dragged out of the Apache spirit. His righteous warrior heart was mistreated and attempts were made to break it. Under the supervision of government officials, the Apaches were forced to survive on a poor piece of land. Any cultural or spiritual activity the Apaches tried to maintain was punished by withholding food parcels. The shamans were forced to destroy their drums and stop their healing rituals. Geronimo could see how a slave mentality instituted by the rulers gradually destroyed the spirit of a people.

He could not live with it. He escaped again. He took as many warriors and families as he could. Once again, he thereby embarrassed the US army and General Crook. The latter resigned, partly because he understood that the situation in the reserves was inhumane, something he repeatedly insisted on in Washington, but also because he had never fully understood Geronimo as the leader of a people with a very different way of life. It was General Miles who continued to persecute Geronimo and his warriors mercilessly. Until it was no longer possible for the Apaches to resist. The warrior Geronimo could do little more than surrender. The war shaman had fought his battle. With the capture of the last Apache, the last Indian was gone. In 1886, Geronimo was captured and put on a train bound for Florida.

The last promise by the US government, that he would be allowed to return to his homeland after two years of captivity, was not kept either. Geronimo died on 07 February 1909 at Fort Sill, in Oklahoma. He was 80 years old.