



Radiating Heart

One heart lit. Then another. Then all of us.

JAWAD YOUSOFI



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Written with the help of AI (Claude, by Anthropic).

All artwork is original to this book.





*For the love of the heart,
and the beauty it holds.*

PART ONE

Coming Home



COME HOME

You have been living up here,
in the noise of the thinking mind.
Planning. Replaying. Guarding.

Rest now.

There is a softer place to live.

DROP DOWN

Take one slow breath.

Let it fall past your thoughts,
past your throat,
into the center of your chest.

This is your heart space.

You have always lived beside it.

Now step inside.



WHAT LIVES HERE

The mind measures.

The heart knows.

The mind asks, “Is it safe to love?”

The heart has already begun.

A cold cup cannot warm anyone.

Place a hand on your chest.

Feel it beating for you,
without being asked,
every moment of your life.

That is love.

It was here before you looked for it.



THE SPARK

Nothing to fix.

Nothing to earn.

Just notice the warmth,
and let it grow a little brighter.



One heart lit.

P A U S E

*Place a hand on your chest.
What do you feel there right now?*



PART TWO

Then Another



IT WANTS TO MOVE

Light does not stay where it starts.

A candle does not lose its flame
by lighting another.

Love grows
by being given.



SMALL IS ENOUGH

You do not need a stage.

A smile at the store.

A door held open.

Listening, really listening,
to someone who needs to be heard.

This is how light travels.



THE SECOND HEART

Somewhere, someone feels it.

A little warmer than a moment ago.

They do not know why.

They do not need to.



Then another.

P A U S E

*Whose day could you warm,
in one small way, today?*



PART THREE

When the Light Flickers



NOT EVERY DOOR OPENS

Some hearts are closed.
Some days, yours will be too.

This is not failure.
Even the sun sets,
and rises again.



THE OPEN SPACES

Every heart has empty places.

A loss. A longing.

A silence with no name.

The mind rushes to fill them,
with answers, with noise, with more.



LET THEM BE

Leave them open.

A flute sings
through its openings.

Some spaces are doorways,
leading past the thinking mind
to what words cannot hold.



COME BACK

When you feel cold,
do not chase the warmth out there.

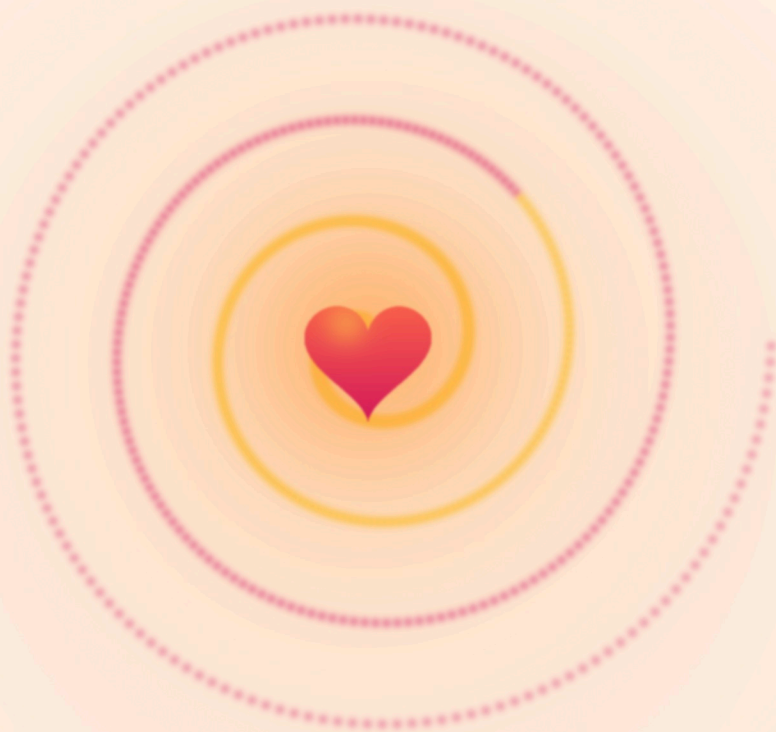
Return to your heart space.

One breath.

One hand on your chest.

The spark is still there.

It always was.



P A U S E

*Is there an open space in your heart
you have been trying to fill?
What if you let it be?*



PART FOUR

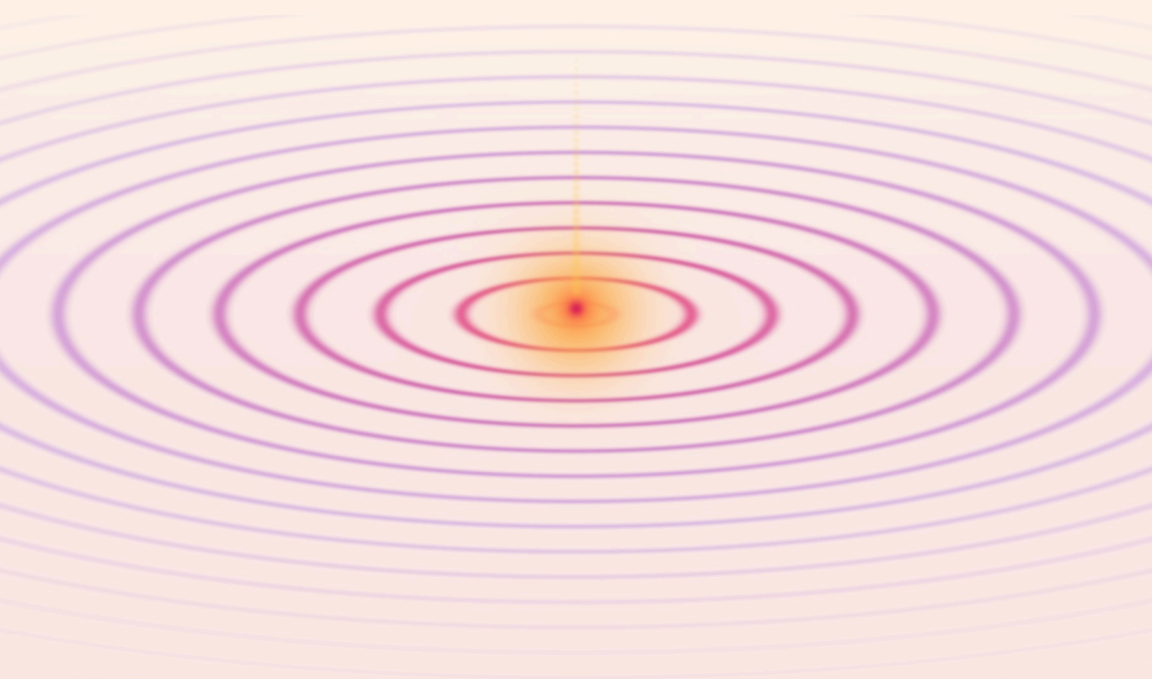
The Ripple



RINGS ON WATER

Drop one stone in still water
and watch.

The ring does not stop
at the edge of you.



W I D E R

From you, to your home.

From your home, to your street.

From your street, to strangers
you will never meet.



YOU WILL NOT SEE IT ALL

Most of the light you give
you will never see land.

Give it anyway.

The ripple does not need your eyes
to keep moving.



P A U S E

*Whose light reached you
without their ever knowing?*



PART FIVE

Then All of Us



IMAGINE

Imagine every heart
lit at once.

Different faces.

Different languages.

One warmth.

ONE FIRE

We were never separate flames.

We are one fire,
remembering itself.



BEGIN HERE

So begin here.
In your own chest.
With one slow breath.

A red heart is positioned at the center of a series of concentric circles. The circles are drawn with thin purple lines and are filled with a soft, glowing orange light that radiates outwards. The background of the entire page features faint, overlapping concentric circles in shades of green and yellow, creating a sense of depth and movement. Small, golden-yellow dots are scattered across the page, particularly around the central heart and circles, resembling stars or sparks.

*One heart lit.
Then another.
Then all of us.*

ABOUT THIS BOOK

Radiating Heart: One Heart Lit. Then Another. Then All of Us.

Written by Jawad Yousofi, with the help of AI (Claude, by Anthropic).

The idea, the title, the opening phrase, and the vision for this book are the author's own. AI helped shape the words, the way an editor might.

Part Two's candle echoes a traditional proverb: a candle loses nothing by lighting another. The flute in Part Three is inspired by Rumi's reed flute. Part Four's stone in still water echoes a saying often credited to Mother Teresa, about casting a stone across the waters to create many ripples.

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Also in this series: Grand, Breath, and One Circle.



