



aligning thoughts, words, and actions with the welfare of all beings



Neboj: Don't Be Afraid

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RADIATE LOVE ❤️

Opening

Hello and welcome dear friends to NEBOJ where we seek to demystify the illusion of aging through timeless wisdom.

From the wellspring of vitality, we awaken to our boundless inner potential—consciousness expands transcending mere biology.

This is not a journey of isolation but one of divine union; heart-centered love energy becomes the compass guiding us toward the infinite self... and far beyond.

i am your host Peter Wynne, thank you for joining me.

Transcript

Hello and welcome my dearest, dearest friends, i do sincerely hope that i am finding each and every one of you well and in high spirits.

i would like to commence this broadcast by introducing you to 'Neboj,' a Czech word meaning 'don't 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 myself 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 dear friends visited this wonderful and beautiful city? Perhaps you very well have, it's a hugely popular tourist destination. I daresay also you've likely encountered its pedestrian tunnel, the Žižkov Pass, a subterranean artery linking the districts of Žižkov and Karlin which are separated by the 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 midpoint you cannot see from where you have come nor where you are going as the entrance and exit are somewhat 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 dear friends 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 in which we cannot fully see our way. What greater wisdom could one seek than the emboldening encouragement of "do not be afraid."

Allow me to share with you that i have myself been 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! Go away!" as if I were invisible. My spirit, shrunk to a fraction of its potential, internalized powerlessness defining my 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.

And i must admit dear friends that 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 as an example of how fear's tendrils first took root within me. I assure you that i harbour no attachment to this episode; it is past, healed, forgiven. My mother, Barbara—a victim her too of unspoken wounds—who sadly never found respite from her own demons. i love her dearly, i truly do.

On nights, as my father worked through the dark hours, she would awaken and take me from my bed placing me sat 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.

I would like to share with you dear friends a poem i wrote from the collection Dublin 11, which for me captures the period, it is titled:

Daddy and Mammy

didn't start off so good, finished even worse

it wasn't beautiful, wondrous nor great
childhood suffering so rampant
dark malignant virus of the mind
working through our very being
the loosh energy they feed upon
not what a child should ever have to endure

but despite...

the lack of love and affection
the violence, the beatings, the belt across the legs
threats of invading space ships
the our father who art in heavens
abandonment to the coldness of an orphanage
being so messed up for many a year to come

i love you both dearly, i truly do

and with a joyful heart, i forgive you
it wasn't your fault, was it?
victims you too, a tragedy
now no more in this physical plane
want so much to hug you
to express my profound love for you

we came through it, didn't we?
the cycle has now been broken!

i should say here dear friends that i was, after much searching, reunited with my mother at her funeral in the North of Wales after almost fifty-four years which was truly beautiful and magical despite the sadness of the occasion. And, as a bonus i was united with two brothers whom i never even knew existed... imagine that?

Now, i do fully appreciate too dear friends 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 heal, to shed the shackles and paralysis that plague you.

And even though my exposure to childhood abuse left me traumatised for the greater part of my life, let alone the consequences of such a trauma, i am perfectly cognizant too that my experience is very, very mild and tame by comparison to the ferocious cruelties many children have to endure.

However, it is critical to recognize that trauma—no matter its scale—has real, lasting consequences. The damage inflicted on one's psyche during formative years can manifest in ways that persist into adulthood unless addressed.

i would like to conclude dear friends with an excerpt from a talk given by Dr. David R. Hawkins.

"PTSD due to such savagery you can't recover, there's no psychological technique, there's no medicine, there's no physical healing, you cannot. So how can you recover from it? Only by the miraculous.

The Power of Love!

So each of 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 the flower blooming so you see that which is possible only by love only love could bring it out of that savagery into become a beautiful young person."

Closing

Thank you so much dear friends for listening to the Neboj podcast. If you feel this could benefit anyone in any way please do pass it along, i would be most grateful.

Thank you for joining me, and take very good care of yourselves today and always.

Radiate love and remember...

The joy, love, peace and fulfilment we long for already exist, dwelling within, and awaiting our discovery.