

AN OPEN LETTER

For the Ones Living
Something
They Can't Explain

*You've searched. You've tried everything.
And something was always just slightly out of reach.*

*"Most of what we find out there speaks to the mind.
But you were searching for something that lives
underneath it."*

For the Ones Living Something They Can't Explain

A letter from one human being to another

- Jane Kim Yu



You have been living through something you cannot name.

You know this. You've tried. You've reached for words in the middle of the night and come back empty. You've sat with people you love and opened your mouth - and then closed it again, because what is there to say when the thing inside you doesn't have language yet?

So you searched.

Maybe you found meditation and it genuinely helped - and it took you somewhere new. Maybe you discovered a teacher whose words really reached you, opened something in you, carried you to the next level. Maybe you went through the spiritual path, the therapy path, the personal development path, and found something real and beautiful at every stop. Each one served you. Each one brought a new opening, a new growth. You are grateful for all of it.

And still. Something was always just slightly out of reach.

Not because any of it was wrong. But because we are all, every one of us, battling the mind. And most of what we find out there - however wise, however true - speaks to the mind. Works with the mind. Tries to quiet the mind.

And you were searching for something that lives underneath it.

That is not ingratitude. That is not restlessness. That is not being impossible to reach.

You are not ungrateful. You are not impossible to reach. You are not broken.

You are living through something larger than the containers you have been given.

I know this because I have been there.

At twenty-one, I was dropped into six months of profound silence - a living, interior silence that changed everything - and then came out the other side into the most excruciating pain I have ever known.

I walked through it alone.

There was no book. Not a single human being in my life who understood what I was carrying. I searched the way you are searching - earnestly, hungrily, in every direction. I found fragments. I found beauty. I found teachers I deeply respect. But the specific thing I was living? The thing with no name?

No one had words for it.

So I found my own.

That is why I am writing to you.

Not to offer you a system or a method or a morning practice that will fix what isn't broken. But to do the one thing no one did for me:

To tell you that you are not alone in this.

What you are living is real. The searching is real. The loneliness of carrying something unnameable is real. The feeling that you are somehow more awake than you wish you were, or not awake enough, or half in and half out of something you cannot quite see - all of it is real.

And you are not broken by it.

You are being made by it.

I have walked where you are walking. I came out the other side with something perhaps more rare than answers: the ability to sit beside you in it.

To say: I know this terrain. Not from a book. From the inside.

You are not lost. You are in the middle of something that most people never get to experience - something that asks everything of you and gives back more than you can currently comprehend. Something that feels like ending. And is actually beginning.

You are already home. You just don't know it yet.

One day, in its own time, you will look back on this season - the one you are in right now, the one with no words - and you will understand what it was building in you. The silence. The searching. The ache of almost.

All of it was in service of the thing you are becoming.

Until then, I am here.

Right beside you - a human being like you, who has been carried by the very thing she thought was crushing her.

With love,

Jane Kim Yu

Author of Journey of Awakening and Higher Consciousness

Founder of Presence Made Visible

If this letter found you at the right moment - share it with someone who needs it.

It was written for them too.

ABOUT JANE

Jane Kim Yu

Pharmacist. Author. Artist.

Human Being.

At twenty-one years old, Jane was dropped into six months of living, interior silence. She came out the other side transformed - and completely alone in it. No framework. No words. No map.

Seventeen years later, she wrote the book she needed back then: *Journey of Awakening and Higher Consciousness*. Now she is building a space for everyone else who is living through something they cannot explain.

*"You are not broken by it.
You are being made by it."*

- JANE

STAY CLOSE

If this letter met you, the others will too.

I write them whenever something moves me - a letter, a reflection, a small true thing. No noise. No rush. They come to your inbox gently, and you can step away anytime.

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