

MACHIEL HOEK

The girl
who changed
the world

STEADY
RUMBLE

PRAISE

I must admit that at the age of 66, I had never read a book from front to back. This book, “The Girl Who Changed the World,” was the first one! Finishing it had nothing to do with my 6-hour train ride from Amsterdam to London through the channel and under the North Sea. I had plenty else to do. But from the moment I opened the book, Lisa (the main character), challenged me with her words, “Let’s do this.”

From page 1 to the end, Machiel’s original and creative writing ability had me relating to and imagining I was Lisa. It seemed like her journey to find what life was all about reflected my own development and purpose in life. I was engaged by the insight and wisdom given and gained, despite or because of generational differences. I became invested in the outcome, which is why I can now say I read on to the last word and completed a book that truly makes a difference for its reader.

The secret of life that Machiel displays through Lisa reflects my journey to find the essence of my life which is to give back to others, to love others and to teach others to connect with one another. As Winston Churchill once said, “We make a living by what we get, but we make a life by what we give.” As Lisa discovered true beauty within, I remind people that it’s not about who you know that counts, but who knows you!

Thanks, Machiel (and Lisa), for sharing a remarkable story and reinforcing that the whole world is not against us, but besides, behind and in front of us to explore, throughout the walk of life.

Charles D.A. Ruffolo (Ruf) – MPA/MBA
President
The NetworKing BV

FOREWORD

By Baptist de Pape

Before you opened this book, your heart already knew what's in it. Your heart literally sees, knows, before your eyes even register it. That is one of many profound wisdoms I discovered when making the documentary and book *The Power of the Heart*.

After finishing my law study and about to start a career at a major international law firm, a strong inner voice told me to not become a lawyer, but to find my true life purpose. The question “What do I want from life?” changed to “What does life want from me?” That was the start of a never-ending journey of amazement, discovery, and fulfillment. It gave me the privilege to meet and learn from the world's greatest spiritual icons and gurus. Above all, it allowed me to share with the world what unlimited power lies within each of our hearts.

Machiel and I first met during a Remote Viewing training session that I lectured. Remote Viewing is an ancient technique, applied and fine-tuned by the CIA during the Cold War, through which one is able to obtain information about an object or situation that is not visible for the eyes. In short, this is done through achieving a state of heart-coherence and following a protocol. Machiel's amazement when he first drew an accurate picture of an object we focused upon was equal to my first experience. It is first-hand proof that we are, and all is, connected through a universal energy – unobservable to our five senses.

When I started reading *The Girl Who Changed the World*, I was enthralled by its resonance with the essence of the heart, a powerful

source of wisdom and guidance. In my own exploration I found that the heart has its own language—a language of emotion, intuition, and interconnectedness. *The Girl* speaks to that same language.

Lisa, the heroine at the center of this story, is a beacon of light and feminine energy, showing us that even the smallest actions can have a ripple effect that spreads far beyond what we can imagine. Lisa's path to her final discovery mirrors the journey many of us take as we seek to create change within ourselves and in the world around us, no matter how seemingly daunting. It touches on universal themes while remaining deeply personal. The narrative is both intimate and expansive, inviting readers into a world that feels familiar yet fresh.

It's a story about finding your voice, connecting with your deepest self, and embracing the courage to step into the unknown. In *The Power of the Heart*, it becomes clear that when we follow our heart, we tap into a source of strength and universal wisdom that can guide us through even the most difficult times. *The Girl Who Changed the World* exemplifies that truth.

If you have ever felt the stirrings of something greater, if you have ever dreamed of making a difference, if you have ever dared or wanted to follow your heart, this story is for you. As you read, I encourage you to embrace its message of hope and possibility. Let it inspire you to believe and trust in yourself, and let it be your guide as you navigate challenges and receive the flow of opportunity. You are invited to step into your own unique journey.

As you're about to find out, it only takes one to change the world. And, of course, you're the one.

Baptist de Pape
Bestselling author of *The Power of the Heart* and *Learn to Manifest Like Oprah, JK Rowling and Anita Moorjani*

www.thepoweroftheheart.com



CHAPTER 1 | Falling To Rise

What would happen, if...?

In the silent embrace of this question that could change everything, Lisa's fingers clung to the weathered wooden beam with an independence that defied her control. They looked foreign, like sentient beings separated from her own flesh. The idea of release, of letting go, became more than a tempting thought—it became a siren's call.

Let's do this, a voice within her whispered, and as her fingers complied, a sense of imminent pain shadowed her resolve.

As time seemed to dilate, Lisa found herself sprawled on the barn floor, a chilling dampness of blood against her cheek, her beloved book lying discarded beside her outstretched hand. The ladder, her unintended companion in descent, lay toppled, echoing the finality of her fall. Her world turned hazy, possibly from shock, as the moments continued to stretch, elongating until time itself seemed to pause.

This wasn't the outcome she had envisioned. *Nothing? Seriously?* she mused. In the engulfing darkness and silence, she drifted into a state of serene emptiness, an experience that felt strangely familiar, as if it were a forgotten homecoming. Amidst this vast void, she felt an elemental bond, an unspoken recognition.

Who are you?... Was it her questioning the void, or was the void seeking her essence?

Two Lisas now seemed to exist simultaneously: one lying amidst the rustic remnants of hay and sawdust, the other, a detached observer, hovering over her physical form. It was clear to her—she wasn't dying.

Her fall was intentional, a calculated escape. She knew every inch of her grandfather's barn, every secret nook of the hayloft where she could lose herself in books and dreams. This was her sanctuary, where no one or nothing could hurt her—a reminder of simpler, joyous times, before everything changed.

The barn, once bustling with life and labor, now stood as a silent guardian; its stalls empty, and tools cloaked in dust, a quiet reprieve. If the walls could only talk. Lisa wasn't exactly alone.

Lying motionless, she felt no urgency to move, basking in a tranquil void that might be called peace.

Was she in pain?

What is pain anyway? As an only child, it wasn't uncommon to have a conversation with herself. *Reach. Fall. Rise again. Here I am.*

The rhythmic tapping of rain on the tin roof punctuated her thoughts, a staccato symphony offering its silent applause. They must have heard the crash, her cry. Yet, here she remained, contemplative in her fall. *I am odd. Or is it unique? Both.* Then aloud. "A teenager now, at the threshold of what exactly? Change?"

Not a bad feeling—to have time stand still.

And yet, it wasn't. She heard them coming...

Who are you?

What are you?

Why are you here?

Will you stay fallen...or... Try

to figure it out?

Whose voice was that?

Ω

Grandpa was first on the scene and knelt nimbly beside her. She felt his hands on her head and shoulder—watched as he calmly scanned her for injuries, his lined face soft under his worry.

Lisa placed her cheek on his knee, the denim rough from being clothesline dried. She breathed, comforted by her trust in him.

“Nothing is broken.” Grandpa sat back on his heels and met her eyes. “So, what have we here?”

Did he know?

“Lisa! What did you do? What happened?” Her mom’s voice was *that* voice. The one that knew how to whisk together fear, panic, and anger in one batch.

“Emily, she’s okay. Took a tumble is all. You can relax.” Grandpa picked up the book, a stray he hadn’t missed from his personal library.

“What were you thinking! You literally just arrived and—”

“I’m okay, Mom.” Lisa pushed herself up and moved a sticky strand of hair from her lip, wincing.

“You’re hurt. Let me see.” Mom moved in and after a quick look, she pulled Lisa close. “You scared me. You’re injured, and here I go, leaving...”

“It hurts. A lot. Sorry.”

Is this comfort? Get pain to get comfort? The hurt was a little deeper than the fall. Hmmm...

Time resumed its normal pace. The entry into and out of a blissful void was interrupted with the need to move on. In this case, out of the dim barn and into the bubble of the farmland vista.

They escorted her down the path to the yellow farmhouse, smoke rising from the chimney, the chill of autumn already in the air. Seraphina, the cat, watched from the porch.

Even Sera-cat is judging me. Figures.

A return to Grandma and Grandpa's house. Well, Grandpa's house now. And Lisa's residence when Mom traveled for work. Or this time—the first time—with a man friend.

Ω

Mom took the reins and grabbed the frozen peas from the freezer, placing them in a towel and then against Lisa's cheek. "It won't scar, Lisa. It's just a small cut and more of an abrasion, but it will swell and bruise."

Lisa believed her mom. Why not? She'd been a nurse for years and doctored Lisa more than once.

"That's good. Could be beauty pageants ahead for my princess." Grandpa smiled. "Or strike that, probably more like stages with the debate team. In any case, you know how to make a grand entrance."

"As always," Mom agreed. "Nothing subtle about this one. Thirteen going on thirty as they say."

Lisa ignored her. "Did you two get your talk completed?" *About me, no doubt.*

"Enough of it, anyway. And we brought in your things from the car." Grandpa nodded toward the suitcases and duffle bag by the stairs leading to the attic bedroom. "Though I thought you were only here for a week."

With nothing much to do, she thought but said, "Wardrobe changes for high tea, of course." *Which Grandpa and I have done since I could hold a teacup.* "No books packed." *Since I have access to a veritable Library of Congress right here.* "And some gear for fishing." She glanced toward Mom, "Oh, and I did bring a swimsuit if we dare to do the polar challenge again."

"No! Last thing I need while I'm away is to worry about pneumonia."

Abh, but if only you knew. We are conspirators, Grandpa and me. And competitors too. He can still run circles around me.

“Speaking of away with you, Emily. We have this.” Grandpa shooed her. “The rain’s coming down and you better get along. Lisa, say ‘bye’ to Mom, and then take some of your stuff up and get into dry clothes.”



When Lisa padded downstairs, Grandpa was emerging from the kitchen, carrying a jar of honey, the honeycomb visible through the glass.

“Did you forget the bees or the bread?” She perched at the dining room table.

“Funny girl. No, this is for your face. Did you know that some cultures view bees as messengers of the gods? It’s true. Their honey has also been compared to the nectar of the gods, thus elevating bees to the status of royalty. And, since you are my princess, it is only fitting.” “Magical honey. One simple fall, and the lessons have already commenced.”

“Yes! We are off and running.”

Grandpa, in Lisa’s heart and experience, was magical himself. His career as a psychologist and counselor led him to humanitarian missions and some complex life discoveries. He was a storyteller and she loved to listen and learn. Their ongoing two-person (Grandpa/Lisa) book club had started when she was about nine, reading (and explaining) various ‘tomes’ not typically taught in school. ‘Unordinary equals extraordinary,’ he’d always say.

Grandpa began to apply the honey. “Every time you visit, I’m amazed how fast things change—how fast you change. One thing is sure though, you are not clumsy. What were you reaching for out there that caused that fall?”

Lisa tensed and took a deep breath. *How does he always know me?* It didn’t surprise her because Grandpa always seemed to have an intuitive

knack for understanding. *He knows my reaching was for something to hold on to, and not the ladder.*

“What happened, Lisa? Besides the obvious departure of your mom with her new friend, what’s troubling you?”

Lisa tried to stop them, but the tears began to drip. “It all feels like too much, too fast.”

Grandpa leaned in to hug her and whispered, “You can tell me anything. Sharing your feelings with me will make you feel better. You know that.”

Grandpa was patient as she found her words. Since she was born, he knew her heart filled to overflow, as did her head. From the cradle, she saw more than she understood, and she saw him as he saw her. Their bond was immediate.

“All right, Grandpa. Here goes. I just feel so alone these days. It’s like everyone is against me. Madison doesn’t want to hang out with me anymore. I think she’s embarrassed or ashamed of me. I may be a cheerleader now, and I know she didn’t expect that, but I’m not popular. I’m still the ‘good grades geek’ who jumped ahead a grade—more like a grade and a half because stuff is still pretty easy. I’m the dork whose essays on Theia, the Greek goddess of light, or the symbolism of tulips and the meaning of love are read in front of the class. I mean, who picks those topics? Not normal teenagers, that’s for sure.” She furrowed her brow then rapidly continued, “Oh! And everyone is at least a year older than me in my class, and Madison is so tall, so pretty. Everyone adores her and listens to her, and now she’s saying things about me that aren’t true, and now the whole class is bullying me.” Lisa stopped and looked pointedly at Grandpa for response.

Grandpa raised his eyebrows and sat back. “Quite a litany—a list—Lisa. Where to start. By the way, great essay topic selections, but let’s get to the real point. If I recall last time you were here, Madison was your friend?”

“She used to be.”

“Okay, so we have the Madison scenario. I might get it. Reminds me of my high school days. I know, eons ago. What else is happening?”
 “Well, Mom. One minute she treats me like a little kid and the next she tells me to grow up. Then, I want to do things my way, by myself, but she won’t let me. My friends and the other kids in my class are allowed to do so much more than me. They can go out at night, have a later curfew, take the subway alone—stuff like that. They see me as a helpless child, so they don’t want to hang out with me. And, you already pointed out, ‘the boyfriend.’”

“I called him a friend, but never mind. We may have to unpeel that one, but not yet. So far, Madison and Mom. What else? I know those shoulders of yours can handle that bit. So, there’s more to you falling accidentally on purpose.”

There’s always more. “I miss Dad and wish we could live together again. And,” she hesitated, “I miss Grandma.”

Grandpa squeezed her hand. The farmhouse carried the essence of Grandma. Even her scent seemed to remain present.

Lisa’s eyes brimmed and reluctantly she added, “If I am honest, there’s even more. Grandpa, I love you so much, and I truly enjoy being with you, but I’m lonely now, and with no one to spend time with, just a garden and corn fields all around, I’m afraid I’ll be bored for the next few days and feel even worse. I’m sorry.”

“So this whole bundle of stuff . . . that’s why you let yourself fall out there?” Grandpa paused. “... You’ve instigated a reason to get back up.” Lisa looked down, mildly embarrassed. “You lost me. I don’t know why, but I was reaching into what felt like thin air and just—had to let myself fall.”

“Well done, my girl. I’m impressed.”

“What? Impressed, why exactly, Grandpa?”

“Not impressed that you fell earlier or that you feel alone—or that you discounted that I am here and you’ve likely offended Serafina the cat who is also here,” he kidded, “But that you articulated your

deepest sadness and frustrations with me. You honestly expressed your concerns about what's happening in your world and our time together. And you knew I would understand why you let yourself fall, almost intentionally, and entrusted me. Thank you. That's impressive because it shows your honesty, purity, and sensitivity. It makes you a wise thirteen, beyond your age."

"Aren't you angry or disappointed?"

"No, quite the opposite. I assure you that you can never disappoint me or make me angry. Please always remember that. No, I'm simply glad you feel comfortable enough to share these emotions with me. And, of course, as your grandfather, I'll do my best to help you through it all."

Lisa avoided eye contact with Grandpa and stroked Sera who rolled over purring. "Sometimes I think Sera knows when I'm sad."

"Mmm ... I named her Serafina for a reason. It means wise angel. Animals have intuition too. And you're stalling on your response to me." "Grandpa, if history repeats, I know how you can figure out how to fix things, and it's really sweet of you. But you can't change Madison or the other kids bullying me. You definitely can't make me cool. You can't change Mom's behavior or make her let me be more independent. You can't un-divorce Mom and Dad and bring Grandma back, and you can't summon other kids to move here to hang out with me this week."

"You're absolutely right. And that, you know, that makes you wise."

"Or it makes me have common sense."

"Okay, I'll give you that, but you may come to see there is wisdom in it too. Let me ask you something. Does this issue with Madison feel like something that has changed beyond your control, even though you wish it hadn't?"

Lisa nodded.

“And with your mother, does it feel like nothing ever changes, no matter what you do, even though you desperately want things to change?”

Lisa nodded again.

“And does it feel like you have no friends here, and you miss your dad and grandma, and even though you know it won’t change, you still wish it could?”

Lisa rolled her eyes.

“So, you want the things that change to stay the same, and at the same time, you want the things that stubbornly stay the same to change?”

“Say again?”

“I asked, ‘You want the things that change to stay the same, and at the same time, you want the things that stubbornly stay the same to change?’”

“Yes. I suppose.”

“That’s a sign that you’re growing up.”

“If growing up means good things disappear, and the bad things stick around, I’d rather stay young. Don’t tell me that’s what getting older is all about!”

Grandpa sighed, “My dear, for most people, it’s exactly that.”

“But I’m not like most people!” Lisa smacked her hands on the table, causing Sera to split for cover.

“Lisa, most people don’t feel like they are like most people. You’d be surprised by how much we all have in common. But you’re right. It shouldn’t be what growing up feels like, but most people haven’t discovered the secret of life. Ah ha!” Grandpa stood and backed away from the table, placing a hand on his heart, “Perhaps I *can* help to make your stay with me and our time together enjoyable, maybe even challenging, and certainly worthwhile. You’ve given me an idea.”

“And is—” Having watched the movie *Alice in Wonderland*, Lisa imagined Grandpa as the Mad Hatter. “—a rabbit hole forthcoming?” she grinned.

He raised a finger in the air. “This requires a cup of tea. I need to give it a think. Let me get the pot boiling. Hold tight. Meet me in my study in fifteen.”

Lisa took a deep breath. “Your *library*, it is.”