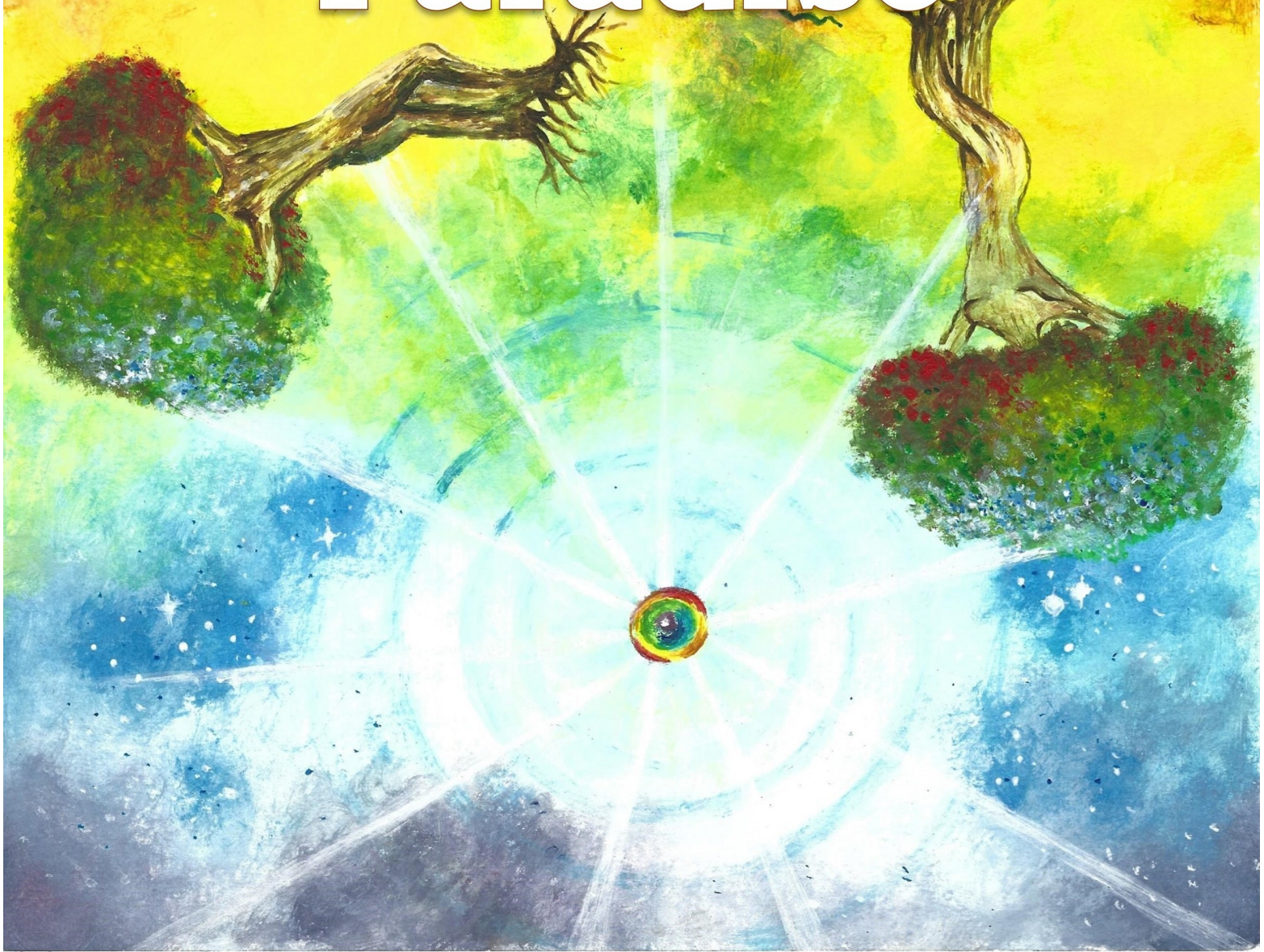


Nicole DUBOIS

My Burnout My Descent Into Paradise



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*The greatest victory of existence
is not about never falling,
but getting up every time you fall.*

PREFACE

Jacqueline GINDRE

Author, medium, speaker

It was with great attention that I read Nicole DUBOIS's work and wrote this preface.

Nicole DUBOIS tells us the story of her painful journey, recounted in simple words. Step by step, we follow her hopes, disappointments, obstacles, pains and illness. She takes us with her on a journey of personal development, the result of unavoidable encounters that will help her discover the power of alternative medicine.

Nicole DUBOIS plunged into a world she didn't know, a world that led to a real transformation: **"A period of hope began for us, a little unreal..."** and to the change that took place within her and around her: **"We were experiencing situations we couldn't tell anyone about. They would have thought we were crazy!"**

Nicole DUBOIS's journey resembles a spiritual apprenticeship. Little by little, the reader follows her as she discovers the existence of different planes, most of which we have no idea about. This understanding will open up new horizons and new ways of thinking. She learns that we are not alone, enclosed in

an envelope of matter, but accompanied at all times by Beings from an invisible world; extraordinarily kind, patient and filled with Infinite Love. If they can't spare us the difficult experiences of our earthly study, they hold our hand to help us overcome them. Just as a Master accompanies his Apprentice.

Nicole DUBOIS completes her testimony by telling the reader that everything is in our own hands, that our earthly experience is part of one of the many roles our Soul plays in its evolution, and thus in its entry into Infinite Wisdom.

A heartfelt and poignant testimony that lifts the Spirit beyond the purely physical. "Never lose hope", advice that ties in with the paradox of its title:

« My Burnout, My Descent into the Paradise ».

Chapter 1

THE FALL

Tuesday, January 6, 2015, it's 7 o'clock in the morning. I hear Philippe, my husband, getting up. I decided two nights ago to sleep in the guest room, because I've been coughing for several days and preventing him from sleeping. He doesn't like it when I don't sleep with him, but I'm so tired. I have so much trouble falling asleep that being alone allows me to move around without worrying about whether I'm going to wake him up or not. But this morning, I can't wake up. I'm not asleep, but my eyelids are heavy, my whole body is heavy and I can't move.

It's 7:30 a.m. and Philippe enters the room, knowing that I'm having trouble getting up to go to work. Often, he has to come and tell me "It's time to get up, it's morning", as we used to say to the children when they were little, to get them out of bed gently. But this morning, he can tell there's something unusual going on.

— *Aren't you going to get up? It's past 7:30.*

I whisper :

— *I can't... I can't move!*

He must detect in my very weak voice that there's something wrong. I try to open my eyes again, but I can't. A leaden blanket keeps them closed. I try again to move, but can't, not even my little finger which I can't lift. My brain is in slow motion, I can't think, I'm asleep but not asleep. It's 7:50 a.m. and Philippe says to me:

— *You stay at home, get some rest, I'll go.*

— *I need to pee, can you help me?*

He carried me to the bathroom and put me back to bed. I couldn't open my eyes. He leaves for work. Fortunately, he'll be back for lunch at noon. I also know he'll let my supervisor know I'm absent.

We both work in the same building, Philippe in one research laboratory and me in another. Four years ago, I passed an external category examination. This position was the culmination of a thirty-five-year career in the civil service. It was the result of a major personal investment to pass competitive exams and to achieve what I believe in: serving the public, students, their families, colleagues and management and the State. I love my job, I'm committed to it.

This laboratory is one of the largest research laboratories in France. It employs almost six hundred people and was created five years ago. Everything needs to be set up and reorganized, and I'm in charge of the administrative side of things.

Since my arrival in December 2010, I've been giving a lot of my time and energy, taking one small step forward, but unfortunately sometimes taking two steps back. I feel like I'm swimming against the tide- in fact, I don't know anymore, there's so much opposition to change. It reminds me of the mammoth that can't be moved.

I've just taken a two-week holiday over Christmas. It must be over twenty years since I've done that. I often take my winter holidays between Christmas and New Year's Day, or simply the day after. Working during these holidays allows me to get on with the job and keep up to date, because there's so much work to do. But at the end of the year, I'm just too tired.

The administrative reorganization decided in 2013 is proving difficult to

implement. A succession of retirements and job cuts are taking their toll. We're recruiting people on fixed-term contracts who we can't keep on, and the turn-over is taking its toll, wearing us down. On top of all this reorganization, I have to manage the day-to-day running of the business with a new management team. And yet, I love what I do, I'm surrounded by motivated, pleasant, human people, and the atmosphere is good. There's no moral harassment, everyone pulls together. But I do feel that enough is enough.

Over the course of 2014, I endured one hard blow after another. The last six months of the year were particularly difficult.

In June, my daughter's partner, aged just thirty, was hospitalized for over a week. The doctors didn't know exactly what was wrong with him, but they suspected cancer, and further tests were needed. It's my birthday weekend, and I'm not in the mood to celebrate. After two days of crying and anguish, the doctors back down: it's the wrong diagnosis, it's not cancer. We can breathe a sigh of relief! But these few days have made us realize that we are nothing. In a few hours, our world can be turned upside down. I realize that my worries about administrative reorganization are of little importance in the balance of life.

One worry after another followed. At the end of June, my husband underwent an MRI. Since his burnout a year ago, he's had constant head and neck pain. I don't know how many times he's asked me to change our pillows, thinking they weren't suitable. The doctor discovers a meningioma. The location is not worrying, but we'll just have to monitor it with tests every 6 months. Relief!

I'm really looking forward to the summer holidays, when I'll be able to relax and take my mind off things.

On the eve of the July 14th weekend, my son is coming to spend the weekend with my grandson, so I'll be able to enjoy them and devote myself to