

ALEXANDRE CALDAS

ONE HUMANITY

Time for the Other Side of the World



New York, Istanbul, Seoul, Cairo, Naivasha, Vienna, Brasilia, Ibo Island and Hyderabad

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ONE HUMANITY – TIME FOR THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WORLD

by Alexandre Caldas

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Subtitle: Time for the Other Side of the World

Author: Alexandre Caldas

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In loving memory of Antonia

Hindu. African. European

One Humanity - Time for the other side of the World

‘One Humanity – Time for the other side of the World’ is a book in memory of Antonia .’. Nothing is more valuable than the richness and possibility of Life. From the origins of life, matter and everything 13.7 billion years in the past, nothing is of more grandeur than the human life itself.

It is as much a book about the humankind to respect diversity of beliefs and religions, building a world of ecumenic Faith towards human dignity, peace and development. A journey of 500 days in the long universe of the United Nations and life. From ‘The two biggest Giants of the World’, the longest journey of my life passing through ‘Out of Africa’, traveling to Kenya leaving behind everything and everyone. Walking ‘The Three Pillars’, towards the mission of human rights, peace and security and sustainable development, at the heart of the United Nations and our common future.

Becoming marvelled by ‘Cities of Possibilities’, from modern New York in North America, London and Paris in the old Europe to immemorial Casablanca in North Africa, as opposed to ‘The worst of our World’, remembering extreme poverty in the two Islands Ringiti and Remba in Lake Victoria, in Eastern Africa.

Understanding ‘Space, Time and Civilisations’, when traveling through modern Istambul, old Constantinopla, and ‘in the middle of the Oceans’, in Azores Islands. Exploring ‘The origins of Matter and energy, Time and Civilizations’, in the biggest science instrument of humanity in CERN, and the UN Headquarters, in Switzerland.

Until ‘Living forever’, traveling back to the beginning of everything and nothing and recognising that even in the other side of the World, the most beautiful and rare opportunity of life is the possibility of life. This can only be done when you go back to your roots and find out about the beginning of everything in the Ibo island, birthplace of Antonia, on the far eastern coast of Mozambique in Africa - Ibo: back to our Hindu and African origins. The moment the *poet* meets the time for the other side of the world.

NOTE FROM THE AUTHOR

"We write because memory refuses to die." - A.C.

There are journeys we do not plan; they simply unfold, as if the earth itself were carrying us on her long breath.

When I first began this story, I believed it was about travel - about places, ports, and coordinates on a restless globe. Only later did I realise it was about people: those who wait, those who love, those who never return. Robert and Elizabeth became the silent echoes of that recognition. In them I found the reflection of all of us who have crossed oceans searching for meaning. To write this book was to live twice - once in the moment, and once in remembrance. May every reader find their own other side of the world.

One Humanity was born from this understanding - that our divisions are illusions sustained by distance. The true map of the world is drawn not by borders, but by the invisible threads that bind our destinies. It is a compass and a symbol, pointing always toward unity - toward that fragile, luminous space where our shared humanity begins.

Through these pages, I wanted to honor those who live where history forgets to look: the *poorest nations and people* of our world - the fishermen of Ibo Island, the farmers of Malawi, the children of the Pacific and Caribbean, the fragile states of Africa, Asia, and beyond. It is in their resilience that the moral strength of humanity resides. They are the unspoken foundation upon which every New York skyscraper of progress stands. They are the heart of *One Humanity*.

This book is also a reminder of imbalance - of the *Have Nots* who continue to wait for the promise of a fairer world. To speak of development is not enough; we must invest in dignity. To speak of peace is not enough; we must act with compassion. The future of humanity will not be secured by those who have most, but by how much we share with those who have least.

The Other Side of the World is not a place. It is a perspective - the recognition that our differences, whether of race or faith, of wealth or weakness, of belief or circumstance, are not barriers but bridges. Humanity is diverse by design. Science and religion, reason and reverence, poverty and possibility - all are necessary contrasts in the great equation of existence. To embrace them requires what I call the *Giant Soul*: the courage to hold complexity without fear, and to love a world that will never be simple.

This story, like life itself, circles back to where it began - in Ibo island, birthplace of Antonia, on the shores of Mozambique, on the edge of the possible. It is a call for unity, for empathy, and for action. It is a remembrance of her last words to me "*here it comes my poet*" and fundamentally is a reminder that the destiny of our planet depends on how we care for its most fragile places and its most forgotten people.

It is time for Humanity.

- *Alexandre Caldas*

PREFACE

By H.E. Joao Carrilho (pseudonym)

Makua tribe leader in the North of Mozambique

It is with deep pride and profound emotion that I write these words to introduce “*One Humanity – Time for the Other Side of the World*,” a work of extraordinary vision and human purpose, authored by one of our own - **Alexandre Caldas**, a son of Mozambique, whose words and ideas echo far beyond the borders of our nation.

This book is more than a literary achievement; it is a moral compass for our shared century. In these pages, Alexandre Caldas reminds us that the fate of humanity is inseparable from the destiny of its poorest nations - from the islands and coasts of Africa to the remote villages of Asia, from the Caribbean to the Pacific. He writes not only of nations, but of people; not only of struggle, but of dignity. Through a narrative that blends philosophy, diplomacy, and love, he places Mozambique - and all developing countries - at the very heart of the human story.

Mozambique, our land of resilience and beauty, stands as both symbol and reality of that struggle for dignity. We have faced hardship and renewal, conflict and peace, isolation and rebirth. And yet, we have never lost our faith in the possibilities of tomorrow. This book honors that spirit - the unbreakable will of those who, even with little, continue to give everything.

As the world faces new and growing challenges - inequality, climate change, hunger, and displacement - this work calls us to remember that **humanity’s progress will be measured not by the power of the richest, but by the hope of the poorest**. The voice of the Global South must not only be heard; it must guide. The poorest nations of the world are not the margins of progress - they are its conscience. They are where the story of the future must begin.

In “*One Humanity – Time for the Other Side of the World*,” Alexandre Caldas offers a powerful vision - a call for a new architecture of global engagement, where science meets conscience, where Power walks beside Hope, where development becomes a shared responsibility of nations, and where no country, no island, and no person is left behind. His narrative honors the very essence of what it means to be human: to connect, to care, to create.

For Mozambique, this book is a gift - a reminder that from our shores and from our people can rise ideas that embrace the whole world. For the international community, it is a message of unity - that the future of the planet depends on our capacity to invest not only in infrastructure or industry, but in people, in peace, and in the planet itself.

Let this book be read as a bridge - between nations and hearts, between the powerful and the forgotten, between what we are and what we can still become.

Let it remind us all that **the “other side of the world” is not far away - it is within us, waiting to be seen with compassion and courage.**

May this work inspire every reader - from Maputo to New York, from Ibo Island to the great cities of the world - to believe again in the transformative power of humanity united.

H.E. Joao Carrilho (pseudonym)
Makua tribe leader in the North of Mozambique

Nampula, December 2025

THE TWO BIGGEST GIANTS IN THE WORLD

AT THE CROSSROADS BETWEEN POWER AND LOVE



THE TWO BIGGEST GIANTS IN THE WORLD

"The sea is nothing but the visible soul of distance." - Hemingway

In his youth, Robert believed the world was held between two invisible giants: Power and Hope. He used to imagine them not as mythological beings, but as two immense shadows stretching across the Earth. One was clothed in marble and steel, spoke in resolutions and press statements, and always demanded to be addressed as Power. The other, softer and quieter, walked barefoot through the ruins Power left behind - her name was Hope.



Ibo Island, Cabo Delgado Province, Mozambique

Power lived in the tall buildings of New York. Its breath filled the Security Council's echoing chamber where flags hung like tired prayers. Robert, then a young diplomat, would sit behind his country's placard, adjusting his tie, translating chaos into sentences that sounded like peace. He had seen the choreography of nations - the cold smiles, the rehearsed indignation, the speeches that lasted long after meaning had gone to sleep. At times, he thought diplomacy was a theatre where the actors forgot the audience was starving.

But there were moments when Power trembled. During late-night negotiations on ceasefires that seemed impossible, he would watch rival delegates - men who had cursed each other across borders - finally exchange a tired nod. That nod, simple and wordless, carried more humanity than a thousand signatures. It was then that Robert understood Power was not a monster, but a fragile belief that order could be restored to chaos.

In one of those sessions - a long, feverish night during the negotiations for a conflict that had consumed a small African nation - he witnessed something unforgettable. Two generals, enemies since youth, stood facing each other across a table covered in stale coffee cups and redacted maps. Robert had translated every insult they'd exchanged over the years. That night, when the older one finally said, "Enough. We bury too many sons," the room fell silent. Even the fluorescent lights seemed to dim out of respect. Power, for once, bowed its head. Hope, silent but present, entered the room.

Elizabeth came into his life in that same building - a translator for one of the smaller delegations. She moved through those corridors of marble and ambition with a quiet dignity, carrying her notebooks and her impossible calm. She was Hope disguised as patience. When Robert spoke of 'balance of power,' she spoke of 'balance of hearts.' When he quoted the law, she quoted the prophets. In the sterile air of international politics, her presence was the first fresh breath he had taken in years.



Statue of Liberty, New York, USA

It was through her that he began to see another face of the giant - Love. Not romantic love, though theirs would later become that, but Love as a philosophy, as a radical act of faith in a divided world. Love, she said, is not sentimentality - it is strategy. A world that feeds its hungry and heals its sick is not weak; it is wise. And so, Robert began to measure success not in resolutions passed, but in children fed, in wells dug, in lives spared from poverty's slow war.

In Mozambique, his homeland, he saw that giant of Love standing tall amidst ruins. In the dusty villages near Pemba, where the roads end and humanity begins, he met farmers who worked with their bare hands and yet still offered guests their last piece of bread. In them, he saw the defiance of dignity. They had no armies, no wealth, no voice at the grand tables of the world - and yet, their generosity humbled nations.

He visited schools built with recycled bricks, where children wrote their first words on cracked desks, using chalk like precious metal. He saw women walking miles for clean water, and men rebuilding homes destroyed by floods. He saw Love - not as an emotion, but as survival. 'If Love ever needed proof,' he wrote, 'it is in the hands of those who rebuild after losing everything.'

Still, Power and Love were never equals. They were lovers in a constant argument. Power claimed that order required compromise; Love insisted that justice could not wait. In countless meetings, Robert saw Power wear the mask of cynicism. It said, "The world is too complex, too dangerous, too expensive." Love replied, "The world is too human not to try."

Sometimes Power won - in the votes, in the budgets, in the headlines. But Love always won in the long run. Every healed child, every field replanted after drought, every treaty signed in sincerity was Love's quiet revenge against Power's arrogance.



Opening Ceremony Paris Peace Forum – 100 years after World War I, Paris, France

Elizabeth would remind him: "Empires fall, Robert. But kindness doesn't. It moves from hand to hand, unseen, unstoppable." Her words stayed with him even after years of cynicism had hardened his heart. When he later walked the streets of Maputo, watching the markets open at dawn, he felt the pulse of life stronger than any speech he had ever written.

Now, sitting in Ibo years later, he wrote in his weathered journal: "The true giants of the world are not countries nor armies - they are the invisible forces of human conscience and love." And as he closed his notebook, the distant sound of children's laughter reached him from the shore. It was the same sound he had once heard in the poorest places on Earth - the sound that proved humanity still stood, still believed, still loved.

Power had built walls and monuments. Love had built bridges and homes. Power sought to be remembered; Love sought to be shared. And between them, Robert had lived - a witness, a diplomat, a believer. He smiled and thought: 'Perhaps we need both giants, but only one deserves to last.'

OUT OF AFRICA

**HEADING TO KENYA, LEAVING EVERYTHING AND
EVERYONE BEHIND**



OUT OF AFRICA

"You can never leave Africa. She will follow you like the dust of her red earth." - Karen Blixen

Before Ibo, there was Nairobi. Before Nairobi, there was a flight from everything he had been. He remembered the narrow street cafés, the sound of Kiswahili mixing with jazz on the radio, the hopeful smell of rain on tin roofs. It was in Kenya that Robert first understood exile not as geography but as a state of mind. He had left behind his sons Henrique and Duarte, his city in Lisbon, his former self.

Nairobi was not merely a posting. It was the beginning of an awakening. The United Nations Mission for the Environment and Development had its headquarters there, a building of glass and concrete surrounded by jacaranda trees that shed purple petals like silent confetti. Robert's role was to coordinate the efforts of countries that shared little but their poverty. He was to design programs that promised what humanity had promised itself for decades - to end hunger, to build sustainability, to leave no one behind.



United Nations Office in Nairobi, Nairobi, Kenya

Every morning, as the city awoke under the pale gold of African light, Robert would pass through the gates of the compound where the blue flag of the UN fluttered above the guards. He often thought that flag was the closest thing the world had to a conscience. It waved not in victory but in humility. Each meeting, each negotiation, was a small step toward dignity for billions who might never know his name.

And yet, beneath the idealism of global cooperation, Robert began to sense the fault lines that divided humanity. The world was not one, but two - the Haves and the Have-Nots. The North and the South. The Global West and the Forgotten Rest. In Geneva, Paris, and New York, the air was filled with data, strategy, and optimism. In Nairobi, Lilongwe, or Port-au-Prince, it was filled with dust, hunger, and survival. He understood then that poverty was not an accident; it was a system - engineered, perpetuated, and politely ignored by those who benefited from it.

One afternoon, during a field mission to Turkana, a drought-stricken region in northern Kenya, Robert stood beneath a sky so empty it hurt to look at. The ground was cracked, animals lay still beside dried wells, and the villagers queued silently for water from a single tanker truck. A boy with eyes too old for his age held out a yellow plastic jerrycan and said, "Please, sir, just a little more." That moment, more than any speech at the UN, defined Robert's purpose. "This," he wrote later, 'is what the United Nations truly means - the thin line between despair and survival.'

Elizabeth arrived months later, carrying letters instead of luggage. She brought warmth to the cold efficiency of mission life. At first, her role was administrative - translating, compiling, assisting - but soon, her empathy began to shift the mood of the entire office. She would pin drawings from local schoolchildren on the mission board and insist that policy discussions begin with human stories. Robert admired her courage - in a world of data, she brought emotion; in a building of glass, she brought light.



United Nations Office in Nairobi, Nairobi, Kenya

Their relationship unfolded gently. They worked long nights drafting proposals for climate resilience, food security, and renewable energy. They spoke of how hunger was the most silent form of violence - not shouted through weapons but whispered through empty stomachs. 'How can we speak of peace,' she once asked, 'if a child dies of hunger every five seconds?' Robert had no answer. He only knew that her question was truer than any declaration ever passed in New York.

During high-level missions across Africa, Robert saw the same paradox repeated. Meetings in air-conditioned halls about communities without electricity. Discussions on poverty reduction while lunch was served on silver trays. PowerPoints about hunger projected in rooms where food was wasted. He began to call it the geography of hypocrisy - the invisible wall that separated compassion from action.

From the slums of Kibera to the fishing villages of Mozambique, from the favelas of Brazil to the hurricane-swept towns of the Caribbean, Robert saw the same faces of resilience. These were the people who carried the world on their shoulders without ever being seen. They had no seats at the G7, no voices at Davos, no savings accounts in Zurich. But they had strength, ingenuity, and an unwavering belief that tomorrow could still be better.

He travelled often to small island states - Vanuatu, Samoa, the Maldives - where rising seas threatened to erase entire nations. There, the fight against poverty met the fight against time itself. 'We are not sinking,' one island minister told him, 'we are fighting to breathe.' Robert never forgot that sentence. It became his private mantra. He realized sustainable development was not a slogan; it was a cry for survival.

Elizabeth, always the anchor of his conscience, began to gather stories from the women they met. Farmers in Madagascar, teachers in Haiti, nurses in Mozambique. She said their strength was the world's hidden currency. 'When you empower a woman,' she told him, 'you change a generation.' Her words stayed with him when policies were rejected, when funding was cut, when hope seemed bureaucratically delayed.

One evening, beneath a slow equatorial sunset, she asked him, "Why do you always stare east?" He replied, "Because somewhere, the other side of the world is waiting for me to come home." In his mind, he saw the invisible line that split the world - North and South - and wondered whether love could ever bridge it. For if Power ruled the North, perhaps Hope still ruled the South.



Launch of One Map. One Humanity, UN Geospatial Network, Nairobi, Kenya

From the balcony of their modest apartment in Nairobi, Robert would often look out over the city lights and think of his sons. Henrique, studying architecture in Lisbon, and Duarte, dreaming of the oceans. He imagined a future where they might live in a fairer world - one where a child born in Malawi had the same chance as one born in Manhattan. That dream, he knew, was not naive. It was necessary.

In his final report before leaving the mission, he wrote: 'The world is divided not by geography but by empathy. The true measure of civilization is not its GDP, but its compassion.' Those words would follow him for years, written in pencil, smudged by travel, but never erased.

As he packed his belongings for his next journey - the one that would lead him to the islands, and eventually to Ibo - Elizabeth slipped a note into his notebook. It read: 'You can never leave Africa. She will follow you like the dust of her red earth.' When he found it weeks later, on a flight over the Indian Ocean, he smiled. For she was right. Africa was not behind him. It was within him - in every cause, every fight, every heartbeat that reminded him why he began this journey in the first place.

THE THREE PILLARS

PEACE AND SECURITY, HUMANITARIAN ACTION AND
SUSTAINABLE DEVELOPMENT



THE THREE PILLARS

"Peace, like architecture, must rest on balance." - Dag Hammarskjöld

In Geneva, between briefings and endless nights of drafting, Robert learned the fragile symmetry that sustains civilization. Peace and Security, Human Rights and Humanitarian Work, Sustainable Development - the triad he once thought bureaucratic now seemed sacred. The grand Palais des Nations, with its echoing marble halls and slow-ticking clocks, was not just a building. It was a living paradox - a sanctuary built from the ruins of wars, where the world tried again, and again, to learn how to live with itself.

Elizabeth would visit him in the cafeteria overlooking Lake Geneva. There was something profoundly human about the smell of strong coffee mixing with the distant murmur of translations in six official languages. She would bring him fresh fruit from the market, and they would sit beneath the tall windows that framed the Alps in the distance. Their conversations were not about resolutions or reports, but about the invisible world behind them - the people who depended on those words to survive.



One World Trade Center and Memorial, New York, USA

'Do you ever think these walls have heard too much hope?' she asked once, stirring her tea absentmindedly. Robert smiled. 'No. Hope is the only thing that keeps them standing.'

He had come to understand that peace was not merely the absence of war. It was the quiet labor of building trust where hatred had reigned. In meetings on disarmament, he had seen former adversaries sit side by side, pretending civility while their countries exchanged artillery at dawn. He thought of Syria, of Yemen, of Sudan - of places where peace was spoken about more than it was practiced. Yet even in those rooms, there were

always moments when fatigue replaced fury, when even the most hardened negotiators would lower their eyes and admit the truth: 'We cannot win if we all lose.'

Peace and Security - the first pillar - was not an abstraction. It was the fragile heartbeat of human existence. He remembered his visit to Lebanon, where the scars of old wars lined the streets like veins. A soldier, barely older than Duarte, had told him, 'Sir, peace is when I can sleep and hear my mother cooking, not the drones above.' That single sentence said more than any communiqué.

But peace could not stand alone. Without Human Rights and Humanitarian Action, it was only a ceasefire between injustices. In the refugee camps of South Sudan, Robert had seen tents lined in endless rows, families divided by fences, and children playing with pieces of metal once meant for death. He had walked through cholera clinics in Yemen where doctors worked by candlelight and aid workers rationed hope like medicine. And he had seen, in the eyes of a young woman holding her infant, the quiet dignity of those who refused to give up on life.

Elizabeth was the one who reminded him that Human Rights were not theories written in declarations - they were lived every day, or not at all. She often quoted Eleanor Roosevelt: 'Where, after all, do universal human rights begin? In small places, close to home.' It became their shared creed. Whenever Robert felt lost in bureaucracy, Elizabeth would tell him, 'Remember the faces, not the figures.' He carried those words into every meeting, every report, every moment when cynicism threatened to take root.

Together, they began to speak of the world not as a map of borders, but as an ecosystem of interdependence. Peace needed rights; rights needed compassion; compassion needed development. If one failed, all would fail.

Sustainable Development - the third pillar - was the dream that tied them to the future. Robert often said it was humanity's greatest peace treaty. The idea that progress should not destroy the planet nor leave anyone behind. He remembered the first time he stood before the turquoise waters of the Pacific in Tuvalu, speaking with a local fisherman named Kelepi. 'The sea feeds us,' Kelepi said, 'but now it eats at our home.' Robert returned to Geneva with sand still in his shoes and a conviction that climate justice was no longer an environmental issue - it was an issue of survival.

In Latin America, he had witnessed another form of war - not fought with guns, but with greed. Forests burned for profit, rivers poisoned for gold, and indigenous lands stolen in the name of development. Yet even there, he found resilience. He met a woman named Amparo, a teacher from Colombia, who had turned her small classroom into a refuge for displaced children. 'Peace,' she told him, 'is when a child can draw without fear of erasure.'

Elizabeth listened to these stories as if they were prayers. She would transcribe them in her notebook and later read them aloud to Robert when the weight of the world grew too heavy. 'You see,' she said, 'peace, rights, and development are not three pillars. They are three chords in the same song. You cannot play one without hearing the others.'



Secondary School in Cuamba, Mozambique

The United Nations, for all its flaws, was still the only stage where that song could be sung. Robert knew the institution was imperfect - slow, political, compromised. But he also knew that imperfection was not failure. It was humanity in progress. He often thought of Dag Hammarskjöld, who once said, 'The UN was not created to take mankind to heaven, but to save humanity from hell.' In those words, Robert found forgiveness for the system and purpose for himself.

One snowy night, as they walked along the Quai du Mont-Blanc, Elizabeth slipped her arm into his. 'Do you think the world can ever be whole?' she asked. He thought for a long time before answering. 'Maybe not whole,' he said, 'but better. And sometimes, better is enough.'

Back in his apartment, he wrote in his journal: 'The three pillars are not documents. They are the invisible bones of our shared humanity. Remove one, and the body of the world collapses.' He underlined the sentence twice, then closed the notebook and looked at the window where snowflakes blurred the city lights. For the first time in years, he felt a strange calm - the kind that comes when one realizes that to serve humanity, even imperfectly, is the purest form of faith.



Water Reservoir in Cuamba, Mozambique

THE HIDDEN JOURNEYS OF LIFE

**DIVERSITY AND UNITY. BOLD VISION AND A BIG
HEART**



THE HIDDEN JOURNEYS OF LIFE

"The road we do not take shapes the soul we become." - Tagore

Some journeys occur in silence - those that lead us inward. Between postings and conferences, Robert often dreamed of paths unwalked. The life he might have had if he had never accepted the letter stamped in blue ink inviting him to "serve the world." That letter, once a symbol of purpose, had become a mirror - showing not only who he had become, but who he might have been.

In those dreams, Elizabeth appeared differently: sometimes in a Paris café, sometimes barefoot on a Tanzanian shore, sometimes just a voice calling him home. Her voice always asked the same question: 'Are you serving the world, or are you running from yourself?' He never knew how to answer.

There is a price to living a life devoted to humanity. The world becomes both your home and your exile. Robert had flown across continents in pursuit of peace and policy, but every landing carried a quiet emptiness. He began to understand that saving the world was easier than saving oneself.

The United Nations had taught him to think in scales - the global, the regional, the national. Each scale had its own rhythm, its own contradictions. At the global level, the mission was noble and abstract - the grand designs of summits and declarations, words like 'humanity,' 'prosperity,' and 'sustainability' floated like constellations across glossy reports. It was a world of speeches, where applause sometimes replaced action.



Market in Hyderabad, India

At the regional level - in Africa, Asia, Latin America, the Pacific - Robert saw both promise and paralysis. Nations grouped themselves by geography, but not always by solidarity. The

same ocean that connected them also divided them. He remembered one conference in Addis Ababa, where African ministers argued passionately about the future of the continent. 'We need less charity and more fairness,' one said. 'Trade, not aid,' said another. Robert listened, realizing they were all right - and yet none of it reached the farmer waiting for rain.

The national level was even more complex. Governments changed, priorities shifted, and hope was often postponed until the next election cycle. Policies looked perfect on paper but dissolved upon contact with reality. Robert came to see that nations could sign peace agreements in New York while people continued to starve in Niger, or drown in Bangladesh, or flee violence in Central America. The machinery of humanity worked best on paper and worst on the ground.

It was at the local level that Robert felt closest to meaning - the level where the abstract became alive. He had stood in a health clinic in Malawi where a nurse stitched wounds with limited supplies but infinite patience. He had walked through a neighborhood in Port-au-Prince where women organized nightly patrols to protect children after the earthquake. He had seen teachers in Timor-Leste draw maps of the world on chalkboards without borders, telling their students, 'We belong to all of it.' This was the true geography of humanity - not drawn by diplomats, but by those who endure.



Apia, Samoa Islands, Pacific Ocean

Elizabeth often reminded him that the closer you are to people, the truer your work becomes. 'At the local scale,' she would say, 'you can touch humanity with your hands. At the global scale, you can only imagine it.' Robert began to see her wisdom everywhere. In a small fishing community in Mozambique, he watched men rebuild boats destroyed by a cyclone. No aid agency had arrived yet, no report had been written. Still, the people rebuilt - not because they were told to, but because they had to. It was there he realized that hope does not come from headquarters. It comes from the ground.

He began writing about this in his journals - pages filled with reflections on scale and soul. 'The world speaks of billions,' he wrote, 'but the unit of humanity is one. One person, one act, one life at a time.' He started to believe that the true transformation of the planet would not come from resolutions, but from revolutions of compassion - small, local, persistent, and human.

In time, he built a philosophy around it. He called it "The Concentric Circles of Humanity." At the center stood the individual - the smallest but most essential force. Around it, the family and community - the soil where empathy grows. Beyond that, the nation - fragile but necessary. And beyond all, the planet - the shared home whose boundaries we have only imagined. If the inner circles cracked, the outer ones would collapse. 'To save the planet,' he wrote, 'we must first save the neighborhood.'

Elizabeth, ever the quiet philosopher, added her own circle: the heart. 'Without love,' she said, 'no circle holds.' And so, the model was complete - People, Places, and Planet, held together by the gravity of care. Robert often smiled at the simplicity of it. After decades of treaties and strategies, he found that the equation for survival was astonishingly human.



Singapore City, Singapore

He thought of all the levels he had served: the global halls of New York, the regional councils of Addis and Bangkok, the national offices in Nairobi and Maputo. Each had its purpose, its failures, its victories. But when he closed his eyes, what he remembered most were the hands he had shaken - the child who shared a mango with him in Haiti, the farmer who pressed his palms together in Myanmar, the old woman in Syria who said, 'Tell them we are still alive.' Those moments, fleeting and small, were the true archives of his work.

One evening, after a long day of meetings, Robert found himself walking alone by Lake Geneva. The air was cold, and the city lights reflected like constellations on the water. He thought about the journey - how it had led him far, and yet, inward. He understood now

that life's hidden journeys were never about distance, but about depth. Every decision, every departure, every compromise had reshaped his soul like a river reshapes its banks.

When he returned home, Elizabeth was reading by the window. 'You look like you've walked a thousand miles,' she said. He smiled. 'Maybe I have. Maybe I'm finally arriving where I began.' She looked up from her book. 'And where is that?' 'To the place where humanity is real - not in theory, but in touch.'

Later that night, he wrote one final line before sleep took him: 'The hidden journeys of life are not measured in miles or missions, but in the distance between intention and compassion.' And with that, he closed his notebook, feeling for the first time that perhaps he had truly served - not only the world, but the human heart that beats quietly within it.

THE WORST OF OUR WORLD – RINGITI AND REMBA

PRIORITY FOR THE POOREST NATIONS IN OUR WORLD



THE WORST OF OUR WORLD – RINGITI AND REMBA

“Poverty is not the absence of wealth, but of justice.” - Mandela

From the high windows of the Nairobi office, Lake Victoria shimmered in the distance, beautiful and deceitful in its calm. Robert remembered his first mission to the two islands - Ringiti and Remba - names few had heard, places the world had forgotten. The helicopter circled low. Beneath them, the islands looked like floating mirrors: dense, alive, desperate. Children waved. Fishermen pulled tangled nets from polluted waters that once gave life. There were no hospitals, no electricity, no maps. Only people. Only faith.

When they landed, the air was thick with humidity and the smell of fish drying under the sun. Elizabeth stood beside him, her hair tied in a knot, her notebook ready. She whispered, ‘It feels like another world.’ Robert nodded. ‘No,’ he said softly, ‘it’s the same world - just the other side of it.’

They walked through the narrow paths between shacks built from driftwood and metal scraps. Children ran barefoot, laughing with the joy that only those who own nothing can afford. He met a fisherman named Juma, who showed him his catch - small, stunted fish, barely enough to sell. ‘The lake is dying,’ Juma said. ‘And when the lake dies, we die.’ Robert looked at the horizon where the water met the sky and thought. This is not just poverty - this is abandonment.



Ringiti Island, Lake Victoria, Kenya

He wrote later in his field journal: ‘The worst of our world is not the hunger we see. It is the blindness that allows it.’ For every statistic printed in Geneva, there was a child here without a name in the system. For every speech on ‘sustainability,’ there was a woman carrying water miles from the shore. The development trap was not poverty itself; it was the illusion that poverty could wait.

That evening, Elizabeth and Robert sat near the water as the sun fell behind the hills. The sky burned orange and gold, and in its reflection, the two giants returned - Power and

Hope. Elizabeth spoke first. 'Tell me, Robert, what do you think the United Nations is truly for? Is it Power, or is it Hope?' He smiled faintly. 'It is supposed to be both - Power to act, Hope to endure. But lately, it feels like Power has forgotten Hope's name.'

She tilted her head. 'Then maybe Hope needs to speak louder.' Robert stared at the fading sun. 'Hope speaks in whispers, Elizabeth. The world listens to noise.' 'Then we must teach it to listen differently,' she replied. Her certainty always startled him. He wanted to believe her - that the world could be re-tuned to compassion - but after years of negotiating with indifference, belief came slowly.

In the following days, they met with local teachers who ran a small school beneath a single acacia tree. The children sat on the ground, writing letters on pieces of cardboard with bits of charcoal. The teacher, a woman named Amina, smiled as she spoke. 'We have no books,' she said, 'but we have imagination. That is enough for now.' Elizabeth knelt beside her, moved by the sight. 'If education can reach even here,' she whispered, 'then the world still has a chance.'

Robert noted it down: *Education is not a privilege. It is the only vaccine against despair. In that moment, he realized that the future of humanity would not be decided in the grand halls of the North, but in the forgotten classrooms of the South. The poorest nations were not the world's burden; they were its conscience. Yet the system - driven by statistics, budgets, and politics - often failed to see that truth.

One night, as they prepared to leave the islands, the generator failed and the world went dark. The lake reflected the stars - millions of tiny lights shimmering across its vastness. 'Look,' Elizabeth said, 'even in darkness, we shine.' Robert looked at her and thought how right she was. Hope did not need power to exist. It only needed faith.



Ringiti Island, Lake Victoria, Kenya

Back in Nairobi, Robert presented his report to the mission. He spoke not of data, but of people - of Juma, of Amina, of the children learning beneath a tree. 'If we cannot bring the United Nations to Ringiti and Remba,' he said, 'then we have no right to call ourselves

united at all.' There was an uncomfortable silence in the room. Some nodded politely; others shifted in their chairs. Hope was never an easy conversation.

Later, he and Elizabeth walked home under the dim streetlights. 'You were brave,' she told him. 'I was angry,' he replied. 'Anger is only courage in disguise.' 'Then may it never leave you,' she said. 'Because anger without love changes nothing. But anger with hope - that changes the world.'

In the months that followed, Robert pushed harder for a new initiative - the "One Humanity Fund for the Poorest Nations." He argued that the fight against poverty and hunger must become the United Nations' main mission, not just one among many. 'Peace means nothing,' he said, 'if people are starving in it.' Elizabeth helped draft the proposal, her handwriting scattered with urgency and conviction.



Remba Island, Lake Victoria, Kenya

They debated late into the nights. 'If we focus on the poorest nations,' she said, 'we can break the cycle - education first, food security second, empowerment third. That's how we escape the trap.' 'And yet,' Robert countered, 'the world will always fund war faster than it funds peace.' 'Then we must make peace profitable,' she answered with a quiet fire. 'We must make humanity irresistible.'

He laughed softly. 'You sound like a dreamer.' 'Someone has to be,' she said. 'Power needs dreamers. Otherwise, it forgets why it exists.' Her words would stay with him long after - through every negotiation, every failure, every small victory that hinted at the possibility of a better world.

As they flew back over Lake Victoria, Robert looked down at the two tiny islands below - two dots in the vast blue, holding entire worlds within them. 'If there is a God,' he whispered, 'He lives here - in the persistence of those who have nothing but hope.' Elizabeth reached for his hand, and for a long time, they said nothing. The helicopter moved on, but their hearts stayed behind - anchored forever to the poorest, the forgotten, the truly human.

THE CITY OF POSSIBILITIES

**FROM NEW YORK, THROUGH LONDON AND PARIS,
CASABLANCA, AND ISTANBUL**



THE CITY OF POSSIBILITIES

"Every city is a mirror, showing us who we were when we arrived." - A.C.

New York, years before Ibo. He remembered the skyline - its arteries of light, its noise like a heartbeat amplified. For ten years he lived there, building dreams that outgrew him. Every morning, the city demanded something of him: ideas, solutions, hope. And every evening, it gave him back the same thing - solitude.

Elizabeth arrived with spring, and with her, the possibility of balance. They walked along the Hudson, shared silence, shared coffee, shared doubts. When the final transfer came - the posting that would take him 'to the other side of the world' - he didn't hesitate. The city faded behind the airplane window, its lights dissolving into cloud. He thought: *Maybe one must leave the center to find the circumference of life.



Manhattan, New York, USA

Yet New York was never just a city. It was an idea - an intersection of all humanity's ambitions. A place where skyscrapers rose like prayers and subways hummed like veins beneath the earth. In its chaos, Robert had learned to listen. In its noise, he had discovered silence. The city of possibility was not a place - it was a state of becoming.

Later, as he and Elizabeth travelled for missions and conferences, they began to recognize the same pulse in other corners of the world - different rhythms, different histories, but the same underlying heartbeat of possibility.

Paris was their next stop - elegant, haunted, luminous. In its streets, Robert found echoes of New York's intensity but softened by centuries of reflection. The Seine moved slower

One Humanity - Time for the Other Side of the World

than the Hudson, as if time itself walked differently there. Paris did not rush; it lingered. He and Elizabeth spent evenings on the Left Bank, sitting outside cafés where artists once traded hunger for immortality. 'Paris,' Elizabeth said, watching the rain trace patterns on the window, 'is the city that remembers what it means to feel.' Robert smiled. 'And New York is the city that remembers what it means to act.'

They both knew the world needed both kinds of memory - the contemplative and the daring, the dream and the deed.



River Hudson, New York, USA

From Paris, they moved to London - the other axis of history. The city of empires and rain, where everything seemed built to endure. Here, Robert felt the gravity of tradition pressing against the speed of change. In the halls of Westminster, he saw echoes of New York's United Nations; both were arenas of power dressed in the language of principle. Yet London's dignity came not from newness, but from its capacity to evolve.

They visited the Thames at twilight. The water was dark and heavy, moving with a kind of wisdom. 'London,' Elizabeth observed, 'is what happens when a city learns to age without losing its fire.' Robert nodded, reflecting on how cities, like civilizations, had to renew themselves or perish. He thought of Mozambique, of Nairobi, of all the places still waiting for their chance to build something lasting. 'Every city,' he said, 'is a promise written in stone and repaired by faith.'

From the mist of London, they flew south to Casablanca. Africa's northern window to the world, the place where the desert kissed the ocean. It was here that Robert felt the magnetic pull of both the familiar and the foreign. Casablanca was a paradox - African and Arab, ancient and modern, spiritual and restless. He loved walking through the medina, where narrow alleys carried centuries of whispers. Elizabeth adored the oceanfront mosque, vast and open, built on the very edge of the sea. 'This,' she said, standing by the crashing waves, 'is faith made visible.' Robert replied, 'And also defiance - a city that prays and dreams at once.'



Old Bazaar, Istanbul, Türkiye

Casablanca reminded them of how geography could be destiny. Its position - a bridge between Africa and Europe - made it a living metaphor for the world's unfinished conversation. He realized that cities like Casablanca, New York, and London were not opposites but reflections - mirrors placed at different angles of history, showing humanity its endless capacity to begin again.

Their next stop was Istanbul - the ancient crossroad of worlds. The city stretched across two continents like an open hand. As they crossed the Bosphorus Bridge, Robert thought of it not as geography, but as philosophy: a connection between belief and doubt, East and West, yesterday and tomorrow. The call to prayer rose from one shore; church bells answered from the other. Elizabeth closed her eyes, overwhelmed by the harmony of contradiction. 'Here,' she whispered, 'even opposites learn to coexist.'

In Istanbul, Robert met diplomats who spoke of peace as if it were an artifact - something to be discovered in ruins. But when he looked around the Grand Bazaar, he saw peace in the smallest gestures - in the merchants who greeted strangers with tea, in the children running through the alleys, in the soft chaos of daily life. 'Perhaps peace,' he told Elizabeth, 'is not something we make, but something we remember how to live.'

They walked through Hagia Sophia - once a church, then a mosque, now both and neither. Robert felt a strange humility there, as if he were standing in the architecture of forgiveness. 'Every city of possibilities,' he said, 'is built on this idea - that we can still reconcile what history divided.' Elizabeth touched one of the marble columns, feeling the centuries beneath her fingers. 'Then maybe cities are not just places,' she said, 'but prayers that never stopped being spoken.'

As they returned to Geneva for another series of meetings, Robert looked back on their journey - New York, Paris, London, Casablanca, Istanbul - five cities, five hearts of the same body. Each one carried the pulse of humanity, fragile and unbroken. Each one whispered the same truth: civilization is not defined by its monuments, but by its bridges.



Lake in Geneva, Geneva, Switzerland

That night, writing in his notebook, he reflected: 'Some cities build walls, others build windows. The greatest among them build doors - doors between cultures, between faiths, between souls. They are the living testaments of our shared humanity.' He closed his pen, thinking of Elizabeth asleep beside him, and of the world still out there - vast, imperfect, and full of possibilities.

BETWEEN SPACE, TIME, AND CIVILIZATIONS

FROM ENERGY AND MATTER TO POWER AND LOVE



BETWEEN SPACE, TIME, AND CIVILIZATIONS

"We travel not to escape life, but to find its rhythm within time." - Rumi

They arrived in Istanbul at the cusp of seasons, when the city hesitated between the scent of winter and the breath of spring. For Robert, it was less a city than a bridge between centuries - a mirror of himself, forever caught between two eras, two loves, two worlds. The muezzin's call met the bells of the old Byzantine towers. Elizabeth stood at the window, her reflection mingling with the Bosphorus. "Can you feel it?" she asked. "The city lives in layers of memory." Robert nodded. "So do we." In the Grand Bazaar, he bought an old astrolabe engraved with stars and unknown words. On its brass edge, he found a phrase in faded Latin: "Tempus non fugit; nos fugimus" - Time does not flee; we do. That night, as the city's lights reflected on the water, he realized: civilizations, like people, never truly vanish - they are only rewritten in another language of love and loss.

As the ferry crossed from Europe to Asia, Robert watched the skyline fade into a soft haze, domes and minarets melting into the mist. He thought of all the cities they had seen - New York, Paris, London, Casablanca - each one a city of possibilities, a meeting point of space, time, and civilization. 'Each city,' he told Elizabeth, 'is not just a place, but a moment in history that never stopped breathing.' Elizabeth smiled. 'And we, Robert, are its travelers - carrying pieces of each civilization within us.'



Opera House in Vienna, Austria

He thought of New York, where humanity-built towers to challenge the sky. Of London, where power learned the patience of endurance. Of Casablanca, where faith and ocean met in defiance. Of Istanbul, where East and West shook hands across centuries. Each was a bridge, a dialogue between what had been and what could still be. Together, they formed the invisible map of human destiny - the geography of shared existence.

'You know,' Elizabeth said as they strolled along the Bosphorus promenade, 'we speak of civilizations as if they were distant continents. But really, they all live inside us. Every human being carries more worlds than one.' Robert nodded. 'Yes. My grandmother used to say the same - that in our blood, the rivers of history still flow.' He paused, watching a fisherman cast his net into the water. 'I was born in Africa, in Mozambique. My mother and grandmother too. But my great-grandmother came from Goa, in India - she sailed across oceans long before me. My father is from Europe. Which makes me a product DNA for humanity. So, when I speak of home, I speak of three continents and the sea between them.'

Elizabeth smiled softly. 'Then you are already a bridge, Robert. Between Africa and Asia, between roots and horizon.' He looked at her and replied, 'And what about you?' She turned toward the distant lights of ships drifting across the strait. 'My ancestors came from Australia,' she said, 'but before that, some were from the islands - Fiji, maybe further still. And another lineage originates from Latin America as well. Nevertheless, I suppose I carry the Pacific inside me. A thousand islands and one ocean.' Robert took her hand. 'Then we are both made of crossings.'

They stood in silence for a moment, feeling the weight of lineage. In that silence, the continents within them met - Africa, Asia and Europe, Latin America, the Pacific and the Indian Ocean - all connected through memory and love. It was then that Robert realized that humanity's story was not a linear one, but a constellation - a thousand paths intersecting across time.

'We talk so much about the divisions of civilization,' Elizabeth said, 'but maybe it's the same civilization wearing different masks. The same longing expressed in different tongues.' Robert nodded. 'The same stars, different names. The same prayers, different words.' He thought of the astrolabe he had bought - the Latin inscription whispering from its brass edge: Time does not flee; we do. Civilizations moved like the heavens, patient and circular. Only people forgot to look up.

That night, from their balcony overlooking the Bosphorus, they watched ships crossing beneath the moonlight - one leaving Europe, one entering Asia. 'Look,' Robert said, 'space and time are not enemies. They are lovers who meet in the city.' Elizabeth laughed. 'Then Istanbul must be their child.'

They spoke long into the night - about the People, the Places, and the Planet. 'Humanity,' Robert said, 'is not eight billion strangers. We are one long migration, walking through time.' He began to draw a small circle on a napkin. 'At the center are People - you, me, every child born today. Around them are Places - cities, villages, islands, nations. And around all of it, the Planet - our shared home.' Elizabeth nodded, adding her own lines. 'And above it all,' she said, 'Faith - not in doctrine, but in connection.'

'Faith,' Robert repeated, 'the only thing all civilizations ever agreed on - even when they fought over its name.' He looked toward the mosques, their minarets shimmering under moonlight. 'The Muslims call it submission, the Christians call it grace, the Hindus call it dharma, the Buddhists call it peace, and the Jews call it covenant. Different languages, one longing - the same desire to belong to something greater than ourselves.' Elizabeth smiled. 'Then perhaps the world is one great prayer, spoken in many accents.'



Pyramids in Giza, Cairo, Egypt

He took her hand again. 'And maybe our task, Elizabeth, is not to make one civilization triumph over another, but to teach them how to remember each other.' She leaned her head on his shoulder. 'To remember,' she whispered, 'that we are all from somewhere else, and yet from the same beginning.'

The night deepened, and the sound of the city softened into rhythm - footsteps, waves, whispers, all blending into one ancient song. Robert thought of all the cities they had known - New York's electric ambition, London's patient endurance, Casablanca's defiant beauty, Istanbul's sacred balance - and realized they were not separate chapters, but verses of the same poem. A poem called humanity.



Street Market in Mombasa, Kenya

Before they left Istanbul, Robert returned to the shop in the Grand Bazaar where he had bought the astrolabe. He asked the merchant, an old man with kind eyes, about the Latin inscription. The man smiled. 'Ah,' he said, 'it means time does not flee - we do. But it also means that history waits. Civilizations never vanish, my friend. They rest, and they return.' Robert thanked him and walked away, holding the astrolabe close. It felt less like an object now and more like a compass - one that pointed not north or south, but inward.

As they boarded the plane the next morning, Elizabeth looked out at the fading skyline. 'Where do you think civilization begins?' she asked. Robert smiled. 'In the heart,' he said. 'And maybe it never ends.'

When the plane lifted above the city, the domes and bridges became small, and the sea turned silver beneath the rising sun. Elizabeth reached for his hand again, and he thought of the phrase engraved on the astrolabe - *Tempus non fugit; nos fugimus. Time does not flee; we do. Yet in that moment, above the meeting point of continents, he felt that perhaps - just perhaps - humanity had stopped running long enough to remember where it began.



Daily Celebration Rendez-Vous, Seoul, South Korea

IN THE MIDDLE OF THE OCEANS: AZORES ISLAND

THE CREATION OF A WORLD SCIENCE CENTER



IN THE MIDDLE OF THE OCEANS. AZORES ISLAND AND CREATION OF A WORLD SCIENCE CENTER

an international science center in the middle of the Oceans and ... the secret roots of Science.'

Some months before Robert had accepted the invitation for this high-level meeting in Azores a small archipelago of islands right across our Atlantic in the middle of the oceans. The Portuguese, for centuries a nation of discoverers, were the first to inhabit that volcanic piece of land bridging the old world of Europe with the new world of the Americas. A group of nations represented at ministerial and heads of state level, together with a group of universities and technology centers wanted to create an international center for sciences.

Robert, as a diplomat and UN representative of the initiative for Science and Faith decided to accept the invitation to bring this topic for discussion as well as to link this initiative with the other side of the world. He came across a similar initiative in the Pacific, grouping 14 islands of the Polynesia, there where the time shifts from -12 hours to +12 hours, from today back to yesterday, close by Samoa islands. In one of the high-level panels and round tables, Robert intended to recommend creating a world distributed center, connecting several of these initiatives around the world. There is one world, not many.

The night before Robert had traveled from mainland Europe to St Michael's island, and then they took him in a small airplane to one of the other islands, 'Terceira' where the whole gathering would take place. 'Sir, here is the map of the island', the friendly hotel staff said enthusiastically to Robert. 'Thank you. I do appreciate'. Outside, the beautiful landscape besides the cloudy morning with a chilly sentiment of humidity, proper of any island, attracted the attention of Robert for a few seconds. 'Excuse me, would you please point me in the map the place for this 'Lagoon of the Seven Cities'? The steward just took some moments to identify the island and that specific location'. ' This means I have to go back to St. Michaels island?!... The kind man confirmed with a positive signal with his head.' 'Thank you very much!', Robert replied.



The Blue and Green Lagoons in Azores Island, Portugal

This was the second goal of Robert's mission to that side of the Atlantic. Later after work, Robert headed to the island, he would spend the next day looking for something who has been intriguing him since the times of Budapest, where he found in an old college, turned into a secondary school from where at least 5 Nobel prize winners have been educated, the 'old manuscript'. Since then, more than 7 years back in time, this turned to be one of the most exciting Robert's secret agendas.

'The Duna secret'. 'Duna' is the local name for the Danube, that never ending river crossing 8 countries in the eastern part of old Europe. The manuscript, pointed towards '... an old church in a local village setting not far from the Lagoon of the Seven Cities, where the colors of the lake turn the light green into an imaginable blue'.

For two decades now, as an academic at Oxford, Robert had been looking for the old manuscript, in fact the original manuscript of 'The New Atlantis'. Francis Bacon is more well known for his re-invention of the scientific method. But his popular science work of 'the New Atlantis' is where Robert had focused most of his research. 'There was something there. Something much more relevant for humanity than the published work', Robert recalled his uncountable discussions with William, his mentor at the History of Science's department at Oxford. 'There is something unique there', Robert remembered as now, his insistence on the unreleased mysteries of 'the new Atlantis'. The reiterated reference to the Solomon Temple, as well as the missionary character of the new Atlantis, aside from the many symbolic Templar and Rosicrucian references, kept Robert's attention for many decades now. Robert's thesis is very simple.

The New Atlantis is the real masterpiece work from Francis Bacon in the sixteenth centuries and where in there is kept the real methodology for the sciences and the ... complete understanding of natural phenomena and the laws of nature. When in that smoggy morning, the sun could timidly shine behind the mountains, and Robert still early in the morning, after a short cab drive around the island, looked for the first time to the Lagoon, and confirmed the beautifulness and uniqueness of the Green and Blue Lakes, he immediately realized. This is it. The right place to keep secret for centuries, the hidden mysteries of the sciences. The secret laws of the method for the Sciences, the secret roots of Science.

It was there, surrounded by the twin colors of the Lagoon, that Robert remembered the old conversation he once had with Elizabeth about the two forces that govern the destiny of humankind - *Power and Hope*. Power, he thought, without hope, becomes domination; but hope, without power, dissolves into dreams. The true calling of science, he realized, was to reconcile these two giants - to turn power into a force for creation, not destruction, and to give hope the strength of evidence, discovery, and progress.

If science could be rooted again in humanity, and if its laws were guided by the moral compass of compassion, then perhaps the poorest nations of the world - the ones most forgotten, most vulnerable - could finally access not charity, but capacity. Robert imagined the laboratories of tomorrow not as towers of privilege but as open fields of knowledge, irrigating deserts of poverty with the water of innovation. The hidden mysteries of Bacon's vision, once deciphered, could be the key to rewriting the contract between progress and equity.

He thought of Mozambique, Haiti, and Kiribati - nations where hope remains stronger than infrastructure. "What if science could be applied not to the abundance of the rich, but to the resilience of the poor?" he mused silently. "What if artificial intelligence, biotechnology, and renewable energy could be used to accelerate the development curve, to contradict poverty itself - to reverse its logic?" Science, in its purest form, could become the engine of justice, a method for healing not only disease but inequality.

That night, as the mist returned over the Lagoon, Robert wrote in his notebook: *'The secret of science is not discovery, but direction.'* Every experiment, he reasoned, every invention, every equation must serve humanity's central purpose - to live together in peace, to help one another, and to protect the planet that sustains us. The New Atlantis was never only about laboratories or instruments; it was a metaphor for what the world might become when reason meets conscience.

In the following morning's plenary, Robert spoke with calm authority about the *three pillars of humanity* - Peace and Security, Humanitarian Action and Human Rights, and Sustainable Development. "If science is to serve these pillars," he declared, "it must evolve from a discipline into a diplomacy." The room fell silent as he continued: "The next frontier of science is not in space, nor in particles - it is in people. The most transformative laboratories are not in the richest universities, but in the lives we improve."

When he finished, a long stillness followed. And in that moment, he understood that the true *New Atlantis* was not a place to be found, but a civilization to be built - one where Power walks beside Hope, and Science holds the hand of Humanity.

**THE ORIGINS OF MATTER AND ENERGY, TIME, AND
OUR WORLD
CIRCLING BACK ON THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN POWER
AND LOVE**



THE ORIGINS OF MATTER AND ENERGY, TIME, AND OUR WORLD

"Science is the poetry of truth." - Einstein

Years later, Geneva again. Snow pressed softly against the glass walls of CERN. Robert walked the underground corridors like a pilgrim descending into the temple of modern creation. Elizabeth, now an academic in her own right, accompanied him with quiet awe. The machines hummed like living beasts. Here, the smallest particles were chased through invisible rings - searching for the beginning of everything. Robert pressed his palm against the cold metal. "Perhaps," he said, "we look for the origins of matter because we are afraid to look for the origins of ourselves." Elizabeth smiled, half in jest, half in understanding. "Maybe the universe began when two people first looked at each other." That night, back in their small apartment near Lake Geneva, he wrote in his journal: "The particle we seek is not the 'God particle.' It is the human heart - indivisible, infinite, and born from the same dust as stars."

They had come to CERN not as tourists of science, but as pilgrims of understanding. For Robert, the tunnels and detectors beneath Geneva were not just instruments of physics; they were cathedrals of modern faith - faith in knowledge, in inquiry, in the quiet audacity of the human mind. The hum of superconductors echoed like prayers of reason. Elizabeth, walking beside him, whispered, "It feels sacred." He nodded. 'It is,' he said. "This is where humanity learns to look inward by looking outward."



Opening Celebration Ceremony 1 World Geospatial Congress, China

As the proton beams collided miles beneath their feet, Robert thought of the civilizations that had come before - the Greeks who named the stars, the Arabs who mapped them, the Indian and Chinese scholars who measured time by the rhythm of the heavens. All of them

had been searching for the same truth - that the universe is not separate from us. In every age, knowledge had been the bridge between faith and wonder.

Yet, as he watched the engineers and physicists at work, he could not ignore another truth - that for all humanity's progress, the benefits of discovery were still unevenly shared. Science had expanded possibilities, but not equality. Since the dawn of the Scientific Revolution in 16th-century England, humanity had reached for the stars, harnessed energy, conquered disease, and even split the atom - yet billions remained trapped in poverty. The Industrial Revolution of the 18th century had transformed cities into engines of wealth but left empires of inequality behind. The Information Revolution of the 20th century had connected continents in seconds but divided humanity in speed and access. For every innovation, there remained a shadow - a silence where the poorest were unheard.



Temple in Hyderabad, India

'It's strange,' Elizabeth said as they stood before a model of the Large Hadron Collider, 'that we can recreate the first moments of the universe but still can't fix the world we already have.' Robert sighed. 'That's because the collision that matters most is not between particles - it's between priorities. We chase origins of matter, but we ignore the origins of inequality.'

They walked outside into the quiet Geneva night. Snowflakes fell like fragments of time. 'Maybe,' he continued, 'the 21st century must be about realignment - not of atoms, but of attention. We have learned to look deep into the heart of matter. Now we must look deeply into the heart of humanity.'

He thought of the maps he had studied throughout his life - political, economic, scientific - and realized how they all missed the same truth. The world was not divided by latitude or longitude, but by opportunity. In the Global North, progress was a given; in the Global South, survival was still a privilege. Sub-Saharan Africa, Southeast Asia, Latin America, the Caribbean, and the Small Island Developing States - these were the frontlines of humanity's unfinished equation. 'If science truly seeks to understand the origins of our world,' he said, 'then it must also heal the fractures within it.'

Elizabeth, always the conscience of their conversations, turned to him. 'Then what should be the equation of this new century?' she asked. Robert smiled. 'Balance,' he said. 'Between knowledge and justice, between curiosity and compassion. The 21st century must belong to those who have been left behind - the poorest nations, the forgotten islands, the fragile places that carry the soul of our planet.'

The next morning, they met a young physicist from Senegal who was part of the CERN research fellowship. He told them about his village, where electricity arrived only last year, and how he dreamed of building a science school for children back home. 'The universe is big,' the young man said, 'but opportunity is still small.' Robert wrote that sentence in his notebook - *the universe is big, but opportunity is still small.* It stayed with him all day.

That evening, as they walked back along the Rhône, the lights of Geneva shimmered like constellations in the river. 'What if the next revolution,' Elizabeth said, 'is not technological, but moral?' Robert stopped. 'Yes,' he said. 'The revolution of empathy. A science of care.'

He thought again of the ecumenical truth they had found in Istanbul - that all religions, at their essence, sought connection. Here, in CERN, he saw the same impulse in science - the longing to connect the seen with the unseen. Faith and science were not rivals; they were parallel prayers. Both searched for meaning in the infinite, both sought to name the unnamable.

Inside their apartment later that night, Elizabeth poured tea as Robert wrote in his journal. 'Science is the poetry of truth,' he noted, quoting Einstein. 'But truth must serve all, not few. Knowledge without equity is a new kind of darkness.' He paused, then added: 'The particle we seek is not the God particle - it is the human heart, indivisible and infinite, born from the same dust as stars.'



Art Music, Culture – Beyond Science, House of Music, Vienna, Austria

Outside, the snow continued to fall over Lake Geneva. For a moment, the city seemed suspended - between silence and motion, between science and soul. And Robert understood that the origins of matter were not only the beginning of the universe, but a reminder of responsibility. To know creation was to protect it. To understand time was to honor those left waiting. And to discover energy was to illuminate, at last, even the darkest corners of humanity.

THE UNION OF RELIGIONS, FAITH, AND OUR FUTURE

AN ECUMENICAL FUTURE FOR ALL



THE UNION OF RELIGIONS, FAITH, AND OUR FUTURE

"All prayers rise to the same sky." - Anonymous

In his later years, Robert found himself invited to Casablanca - the ancient city where faiths meet the sea. It was a conference, officially. But for him, it was a reckoning. In the great Hassan II Mosque, he removed his shoes and stepped into the immense silence. The air smelled of salt and devotion. He remembered the church in Ibo, the synagogue in New York, the temple in Goa his grandmother had once described. Elizabeth stood beside him. "You've crossed so many religions," she said softly. "Do you believe in one?" He hesitated, then replied, "I believe in all that teaches mercy. Everything else divides." Outside, the Atlantic crashed against the walls as if echoing an eternal sermon. The muezzin called; somewhere, a bell answered. Robert wrote later that night: "Faith is the only bridge wide enough to cross the oceans of our difference."

The next morning, as dawn spilled over the Atlantic, Robert walked through the city's old medina. Casablanca, he thought, was not just a city - it was a metaphor for humanity itself. Here, the desert met the sea, Africa met Europe, and prayers rose in a dozen languages to the same sky. Every mosque, church, and synagogue he passed seemed to breathe the same ancient truth: that faith, at its core, is not about separation, but remembrance - remembrance of our shared origin.



Maasai Mara, Kenya

At the conference hall overlooking the ocean, representatives of the world's five great faiths gathered - rabbis, imams, monks, priests, and swamis. The air was filled with anticipation and humility. Each came not to defend, but to listen. Robert spoke last. His words were not planned; they were born from years of wandering between belief and

reason. 'The time has come,' he said, 'for a Union of Religions - not to erase our differences, but to elevate them into harmony. Judaism, Buddhism, Islam, Hinduism, and Christianity - these are not competing truths, but verses of one great poem written by humanity across time. Each teaches compassion, humility, and love - and if we fail to unite these, we will fail to save ourselves.'

He paused, looking at the faces before him. 'The age of division has lasted too long. We have used faith to build walls, when it was meant to build bridges. But the challenges of our century - hunger, climate, inequality, and despair - demand something greater than any creed. They demand unity. It is time for Power and Hope to walk hand in hand again - for the power of faith to meet the hope of humanity.'

Elizabeth, sitting among the delegates, watched him with quiet pride. He was not speaking as a diplomat now, but as a believer - not in any one religion, but in the collective soul of all. He spoke of the Three Pillars of the United Nations - peace and security, humanitarian action and human rights, and sustainable development - and how they mirrored the moral architecture of every faith. 'Peace without compassion is politics,' he said. 'Humanitarian work without humility is charity without soul. Sustainable development without justice is progress without meaning. These pillars stand not in New York, but in every human conscience.'



Open Market in India

Later that afternoon, he met with a Buddhist monk from Myanmar, an imam from Morocco, and a Christian bishop from Brazil. They sat beneath the shade of a fig tree, sharing mint tea and stories of their journeys. The monk spoke of detachment, the imam of submission, the bishop of grace - and Robert realized how similar their words were, though they had never studied the same texts. 'Different paths,' he said, 'but one mountain.' The imam nodded. 'And perhaps one summit.'

As evening fell, Robert and Elizabeth walked again by the ocean. The horizon glowed in gold and violet hues. 'Do you think humanity can ever truly unite?' Elizabeth asked. 'It must,' Robert said. 'The alternative is extinction. The 21st century will decide whether we remain a divided species or become one civilization.' He stopped, watching the tide. 'But unity must begin with reverence - for each other, for the Earth, for life itself.'

He thought of Power and Hope - the two giants he had once imagined as the forces shaping the world. 'Power has learned much,' he said, 'but it has forgotten tenderness. Hope still lives, but she is tired. Perhaps faith - the union of all that is merciful - can teach them to walk together again.' Elizabeth took his hand. 'Then this,' she said, 'is what the 21st century must be - the reconciliation of Power and Hope.'

That night, in his hotel room overlooking the mosque, Robert wrote: 'The future of humanity depends on an ecumenism of courage - a Union of the Unions. Not only of nations and institutions, but of hearts and beliefs. If the great religions of the world unite in mercy, if science and spirituality walk together, then the pillars of humanity will stand firm once more. Only then can we reach equilibrium - not by conquering difference, but by cherishing it.'

He remembered the lessons of his life: the negotiations in New York, the droughts in Mozambique, the hope in Nairobi, the silence of CERN, and the prayers of Istanbul. Every experience, every crossing of border or faith, had been leading to this - the realization that humanity's greatest discovery was not atomic, but moral. 'All prayers rise to the same sky,' he whispered, closing his notebook. 'And the sky has always been waiting for us to rise with them.'

As the waves crashed outside, Robert thought of the coming century - a fragile dawn for a weary world. He imagined a future where churches, mosques, temples, and synagogues opened their doors to each other, where science and faith shared the same vocabulary of compassion, where nations competed not in power, but in generosity. And he prayed - not to a single god, but to the unity of them all - for the wisdom to make it so.

The next morning, Elizabeth found him writing one last line before sunrise: 'Faith must no longer be a refuge from the world, but a reason to save it.' She smiled, touching his shoulder. 'Then you've found your final pillar, Robert.' He looked up at her, eyes full of light. 'No,' he said, 'I've only remembered it.'



Celebration in the Temple, Seoul, Sout Korea

THE UNION OF HUMANITY AND SCIENCE

THE CITY OF POSSIBILITIES (EPILOGUE REFLECTION)



THE UNION OF HUMANITY AND SCIENCE - THE CITY OF POSSIBILITIES (EPILOGUE REFLECTION)

"Every city is a mirror, showing us who we were when we arrived." - A.C.

(New York, years before Ibo.)

He remembered the skyline - its arteries of light, its noise like a heartbeat amplified. For ten years he lived there, building dreams that outgrew him. Every morning, the city demanded something of him: ideas, solutions, hope. And every evening, it gave him back the same thing - solitude. Elizabeth arrived with spring, and with her, the possibility of balance. They walked along the Hudson, shared silence, shared coffee, shared doubts. When the final transfer came - the posting that would take him "to the other side of the world" - he didn't hesitate. The city faded behind the airplane window, its lights dissolving into cloud. He thought: Maybe one must leave the center to find the circumference of life.

Years later, as he looked back on those days from far away shores, Robert understood that New York had not merely been a city. It was a lesson in possibility - the kind that lives between ambition and humility. It had shown him the rhythm of modern humanity: a world that races forward faster than its heart can follow. And yet, within its glass towers, he had glimpsed the same longing that ancient temples held - the search for meaning, for connection, for home.



Flamingos and Nature in Kenya

When science and humanity come together, he realized, they form a new language - the diplomacy of understanding. Science explains how the world works; humanity reminds us

why it must continue. The world no longer needs ambassadors of power, but envoys of compassion - diplomats of knowledge who can bridge laboratories and living rooms, equations and emotions, progress and purpose. This, he wrote in his notes, is the new diplomacy of the 21st century: one that measures not territory, but tenderness.

At the United Nations, that idea had always been present in fragments - in resolutions, in declarations, in dreams. But now, standing in reflection at the edge of time, he saw the blueprint clearly: Peace and Security, Humanitarian Action and Human Rights, Sustainable Development - the three pillars, not of policy, but of planetary ethics. They were never meant to stand apart. Together, they formed a single architecture of hope, where science provided the structure, and faith - in humanity - provided the foundation.

Elizabeth had often said that the next age of civilization would depend not on discovery, but on rediscovery - of what it means to be human. She was right. Robert imagined a future where science and spirituality would cease to compete, where the physicist and the philosopher could sit at the same table, speaking of energy and empathy in the same breath. In that imagined world, there would be no walls between the disciplines of knowledge - only bridges built by those who dared to care.



Vastness of the Indian Ocean, Eastern Coast of Africa

He recalled their days in Geneva, descending into CERN's tunnels, tracing the origins of matter and time. And their nights in Casablanca, where prayers rose from every direction to the same sky. He saw now how those journeys were not separate stories, but verses in one long poem - the song of One Humanity. People, Places, and Planet - three words that had become his compass. They were not abstract categories; they were living commitments. People: the eight billion lives bound by common fragility. Places: the lands

and cities that give those lives context and dignity. Planet: the fragile cradle that holds them all, spinning silently through the dark.

"Elizabeth," he said one evening, as they watched the sunset from a rooftop in Nairobi, "maybe One Humanity is not something we must build, but something we must remember." She smiled. "Remembering is harder than creating," she said. "It requires humility." He nodded. "And faith."

The balance he sought - between Power and Hope, between Science and Faith, between the Three Pillars of humanity - was not a philosophical dream anymore. It had become necessity. The world could no longer afford its divisions. If the last century had been the age of discovery, this one must become the age of reconciliation. The reconciliation of reason and reverence, of intellect and instinct, of heart and horizon.

He imagined a network of cities rising not from wealth, but from wisdom - cities of possibilities scattered across the poorest nations and islands. Not New York or Paris or London this time, but Maputo, Port-au-Prince, Dili, Apia, Lilongwe - places where the light of resilience had never gone out. These would be the new laboratories of humanity, where the future would be written not by the powerful, but by the persistent. Science would find its soul there; faith would find its form. They would be called the Cities of Possibilities, not because of their architecture, but because of their audacity - the audacity to believe that hope could live even in hunger, and progress could grow from pain.

He thought again of Ibo Island - the place where the sea met the soul. Everything had begun there, though he hadn't known it then. Now, after all his travels, the path seemed circular, like time itself. Perhaps, he mused, life is not a line but a tide - retreating and returning until we learn what the shore is trying to say. The City of Possibilities was not a single place. It was a state of being - an invitation to believe, again, in the possibility of life itself.

Elizabeth joined him by the window. The wind carried the scent of the ocean and of beginnings. 'You know,' she said softly, 'we spend our lives searching for the center of the world. Maybe it was never a place.' Robert turned to her, smiling. 'Then where is it?' She pointed to his chest. 'There,' she said. 'Between heartbeats.'

He laughed quietly, the kind of laugh that only comes at the end of understanding. Outside, the city lights flickered like distant stars, mirroring the constellations of every journey they had taken. The City of Possibilities - it was all of them, and none. New York's ambition, Casablanca's faith, Geneva's reason, Ibo's soul - all converging into one enduring truth: that the greatest possibility of all was life itself, passed from one generation to the next, carried across oceans and centuries, whispered in every language and every prayer.

He opened his notebook one last time that night and wrote: 'One Humanity - where science listens, faith forgives, and hope rebuilds. Where every city becomes a possibility, and every person a promise. And when we finally reach the other side of the world, we will discover that it was never other at all - it was us.'



Traditional fishing Local Communities, Lake Naivasha, Kenya

IBO ISLAND AND THE POSSIBILITY OF LIFE

BACK TO OUR INDIAN AND AFRICAN ORIGINS



IBO ISLAND AND THE POSSIBILITY OF LIFE – BACK TO OUR INDIAN AND AFRICAN ORIGINS

There is nothing more rare and beautiful in life than the possibility of life itself. (A.C)

It was about four o'clock in that sunny morning. The short rain's season had just begun in that part of Africa. Just a small number of cars on the highway to the airport. Nothing compared to a typical working day in the jammed traffic of Nairobi. Robert's flight was scheduled to 6.30 am. The first leg of the trip would fly Robert from Nairobi to Nampula. That capital of the province in the very top north of Mozambique. Robert was a bit scared, going back 46 years in time to the same exact place where he was born. Though, he would not spend more than two days there. This time and around there were a different destiny. The second leg of the trip was from Nampula to Pemba. 'Pemba' nowadays, but the city of 'Porto Amelia' in the old colonial times. Pemba is one of the three largest open bays in the world, ranking second to Sydney in Australia and another bay in Brazil.



Ibo Island, Mozambique

Since 1929, Pemba is the capital of the province of Cabo Delgado. The land of the 'Macua'. The largest ethnic tribe in Mozambique. Cabo Delgado is the province on the eastern part of northern Mozambique. Bordering in the seaside with the Indian Ocean. When in Pemba, Robert should have to take a private hire up north closer to the Quirimbas archipelago. From there he would take a boat to his final destination. Ibo island. Ibo is one of such paradise Islands lost in the outskirts of the Indian ocean. Lost in space and lost in time. Vasco da Gama, the Portuguese explorer is known to have been there resting so far back in time as in 1502. Lost in the ancient times, Ibo island was the capital of the province since

as early as 1761 up until 1929, when it lost its status to Porto Amelia. Robert did not know what to expect when arriving there. Old historical traces of the colonial Portuguese culture and traditions. The very strong Muslim ethnic roots brought by the trade with Arabs of Oman. Or the religious culture of the Indian' Goa. As Ibo island has shared the parish of Goa since ancient times at least until 1761.

Robert was finally going to visit the birthplace of Antonia, our Hindu and African matriarch. She was born in Ibo island in 1916. The last in our ancient generations of 'Macuas' and the Indians from Goa.

And the first in a genealogy of African's and Portuguese . ' .

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Unforgettable Landing in the twilight of a unique afternoon Unforgettable Landing in the twilight of a unique afternoon

The flight was delayed from Nampula to Pemba. We arrived there at 2 pm about one hour later than expected. We decided to have something to eat close to the sea side.

- Would you please bring us some grilled prawns. Hot and spicy, added Robert with a kind face to the young boy serving us. The Indian Ocean waves, just some steps away, were very calm in that afternoon. We could see some big boats navigating far away beyond the Seashore.

- Please bring us two extra-cold Laurentinas. 'Laurentina' is a traditional beer in Mozambique. From colonial times.

We were still waiting for news from our private hire. As the flight was delayed, we might not have enough time to drive up north. At least during daylight. The kind tourist agent was trying to craft a solution.

- We might find you a small biplane to take you directly to Ibo - Said the black tourist agent.

- Would that be convenient for you sir? Robert just knocked on his head. Replying affirmatively.

Robert could hear the two guys talking on his back.

- We take the 'mzungo' and 'mamma' there. Before the sunset.

- We have to get there in the island before the sun sets. You know well the 'spirits' of that island. They might get alive. In the midst of the afternoon.

'Mzungo' is still the word used in Bantu terminology for meaning 'white man'. And 'mamma' in Swahili or languages derivative of Swahili is the appreciative word for 'lady' or 'madam'. 'Macua' societies are matriarchal societies. Where woman have the supremacy. At home, in the farm, in legacy and heritage. Macua cultures are still these days very 'spiritual', to whom life is just another side of our other world's.



Ibo Island, Mozambique

Robert went back to the chilled beer and the magnificent prawns. Small grilled or fried prawns are one of such relics of Mozambican traditions. Just second in taste to the world's well known 'big prawns' just tasted in the seaside of the north of Mozambique. Some say one can find almost similar ones in Zanzibar (or in the coast of Tanzania) or the eastern coast of Kenya, near to Mombasa.

- Sir! We are ready to go. Your airplane is waiting for you. You will arrive Ibo in about 2 hours just before the sunset.

When the small two seats' plane took off and started to fly high in the ocean sights a deep sense of everything invaded Robert thoughts. Is it real? Are we flying back 'out of Africa'? A strange fear, a sense of impossibility kept telling Robert. This is just a dream. It is not really happening. But the blue waters in the limitless ocean were there. Miles on the

ground to make it feel real. Looking through the seaside, it was possible to follow the beautifulness of the coastline, here and there covered by small houses and here and there some other kind of touristic resorts. Robert kept silent most of the way. The sun set was rapidly approaching, making the skies look as an impressive spectrum from reddish to orange colors. A kind of rainbow of colors, just standing there high in the sky. That was the 'twilight' of the unforgettable African afternoons.

Below, some miles down, the dark blue of the ocean waters became light blue. A kind of fluorescent green with some shades of blue. A small island appeared in the horizon. Not larger than twelve to seven kilometers wide. But with an impressive ocean landscape. They were landing.

The biplane engines suddenly started to grumble, just like if they were descending. Indeed, they were landing in Ibo island.

Elizabeth pushed Roberts' right hand close to her with some strength and moved in gently both their hands close to her heart. She looked at Robert. He was crying.

Ibo Island' Lodges and Coffee Plantations

Robert and Elizabeth left their small lodge very early, before 7am. The tourist guide and a local came early to pick them for a visit to some Lodges around the island, as well as if time allows a coffee plantation. - Let us show to the Mzungo and Mama the local church and then one or two of the Lodges.

Said the local friend in his local Swahili. Robert smiled to Elizabeth when he heard the word 'mzungo'. He was getting used to it these days.



Ibo Island, Mozambique

Despite the preservation of the building is pretty poor in Ibo these days, one can still see the remains of a typical Portuguese traditional architecture in the local church. Robert and Elizabeth step inside the local church to have a close look. The inside is pretty poor compared to churches these days, but still one or two vitrals close to the altar keep the church as a fundamental sacred place for the locals. Robert and Elizabeth stayed quite for 5 to 10 minutes and prayed. It was especially relevant for Robert be praying in the same place where 2 to 3 centuries before his own ascendents made that place their home.

The walls were painted bold white and the vitrals looked magnificent in those walls. The day mess was supposed to start much later in the afternoon 7pm. When stepping out of the church, Robert imagined how important religion has been in those places, for decades and centuries, traversing millennia.

They had the chance to visit a mosque nearby. The Muslim and Christian cultures lives side by side in that part of the world. Some Muslims were praying despite so early, as Muslims traditionally do. Robert and Elizabeth stoped into the mosque taking off their shoes and keeping a respectful silence.

They kept silent for also 5 to 10 minutes. The local villagers start to begin their lives in the small square outside and some children playing around loudly shouting to each other. Robert sensed a feeling of happiness. Elizabeth looked at him with tender eyes.

They stepped into the Jeep and drove for 15 minutes to some other side of the island. Still along the coastline. The sight was magnificent. A shadowed silver line of the oceans on top of a magnificent green or *bluish* caused by the calm waters of the Indian ocean. Here and there the smalls dots of the boats navigating the ocean. Sparsely navigating without a clear path. All along the coastline some manor houses were converted in small or bigger Lodges. That helped the locals with significant tourism revenues. A direct wealth into the locals of the island. They're visiting the Ibo Grand Lodge, one of the biggest touristic places. They were well received by the owner with a smile in her eyes. Welcome to Ibo Mr. Robert and Ms. Elizabeth! Can I offer you a cup of local coffee or Tea? Both Robert and Elizabeth nodded their heads, thanking such generous offer. The coffee beans tasted so much different. A different blend. Something special. Robert asked the owner of the property: Why is this coffee so tasteful? She immediately replied. I am glad you have noticed Robert. This is local coffee. In Ibo there are unique blends of coffee produced here since ever! It might be the salinity of the island. It might be the humidity or temperature. Don't know exactly. But for sure. One of the best and unique coffees in our world. Then she guided them with a courtesy visit around the Lodge. The small rooms and suites were spread around a small lot of land. But all of them with sea-view. Really magnificent and unique. I hope next time you can stay with us! Robert and Elizabeth thanked the hospitality and said an enthusiastic goodbye to the owner of that Lodge. They were heading hinterland, to visit the coffee plantation. It was already 11 am and the small roads of the coastline interconnected with bumper roads while driving more to the inner

side of the island. After about 45 minutes drive, the local guide told them: Mama and Mr Robert, we are about to arrive to one of the local coffee plantations! Robert could look around and see the long coffee plants here and there, while suddenly, a large plot of land was fully covered with Coffee. They had just arrived in the Coffee man or house. A big Manor house for the kind of houses around the island. With several different house blocks. The owner was Jose, a Portuguese who never left the island. For generations and generations, the family kept making coffee their lives. Jose with a pleasant smile in his face welcomed Robert and Elizabeth. What can one do around here: either one has a small lodge, one grows coffee or simply dedicates his life to fishing! We are a family of coffee! Robert could notice the enthusiasm and happiness with which Jose was talking. Coming from inside. Jose made an exceptionally long and happy tour of the coffee and after 1 hour visiting the place Robert had more knowledge of how coffee grows than ever in his lifetime. Jose explained in detail why coffee is so unique in the island. The temperature, the salinity and humidity. But also, how the locals love to plant and grow and pick the coffee beans. The picking seasons is very much welcome for the locals as they can make some extra money outside from fishing. The whole value chain from picking to selection and then the preparations of the coffee beans. They visited the small 'factory' and the big warehouse where the coffee packaging was done. Altogether a brilliant side of the Ibo island one of those marvelous, happy moments in life. Jose offered a nice lunch of traditional barbecued chicken with coconut rice. Robert thanked Jose. Jose, this is a fabulous place! Thank you for the delicious food as well! Jose replied with a smile. During the 1 and half hour lunch Robert had the time to explain to Jose that some generations back in time, his grandma and ascendants were born and lived in that island. Jose got curious. Is that so? How far back? Robert explained that Maria Antonia his grandma was born there 1916, but other than that only the origins from God and the whole rest was a complete mystery. Robert, what are you doing tomorrow? Robert told they were visiting some other churches. Jose looked into Robert's eyes and told him You have to pay a visit to The San Joao Baptista Church. And Jose continues: For sure you will find there the registrar of the Island. There is only one registrar. You will find there your origins!

The whole rest of the trip back home along the bumpy rods and the coastline Robert kept thinking about Jose's words "You will find there your origins!". They got to the small Lodge quite early. Outside some more boats were filling the offshore sea-line. The waters were still calm and green. What a unique place though Elizabeth. She again looked with tenderness to Robert. His mind was crossing the entire world. She knows him by now. Elizabeth brought a fried pan of grilled prawns, and two beers.

The Laurentinas were extra cold. As Robert appreciated them. Always extra cold. The small pieces of bread and the prawns were delicious. It was about 5 pm and the beginning of the african afternoon twilight. They looked each other again and kissed with love.

The origins of our family in Ibo's San Joan Baptista Church

It was a beautiful morning. A bit later than usual. Robert looked at the clock, and it was marking 6.30 am. The sun rays entered the room with a magnificent light. Robert walked out of the bed and into the small balcony outside. He could see the sail boats far far away in the seaside. One here one over there. Still one far far almost as a small dot in the sea horizon. Elizabeth was waking up. Looking beautiful in her nice silk pajama. Robert came back and kissed her. Time to wake up, Love! We are having a nice English breakfast today! Said Robert. After about 15 minutes same nice smell of korma sausages and eggs was coming from the small kitchenette. Even tomato sauced beans for today! Robert, don't forget to prepare some nice tasteful coffee from Jose! Said Elizabeth. Yes! In fact, they brought some nice coffee packages from the plantation, the day before. Robert prepared two nice coffee cups! Both had it same time. Delicious, indeed! Both lingering outside in the balcony, drinking coffee and looking again the sea-line, with the beautiful green waters and the far away small sail boats. Mario, the local tourist guide was coming a bit later 7.30 to take them to the church. San Juan Baptista, or 'Sao Joao Baptista' in the original Portuguese name. One relic from the Lusitania past of the history of Ibo and some other eastern coastal countries. The church of Goa from India, in the XVII and XVIII century was the same one coordinating the religious creeds of the Mozambican coastal areas. In fact, the priests used to have their initiation in Indica and then travel all the way to Mozambique far in the past. This was the day when Robert would try to find out more about his past.



Grand Parents Old House in Cuamba, Mozambique

In fact, about his grandmother lineage. Mr. Robert! Mama! We are ready to depart! At any time you wish. The local guide had arrived. Both dressed up lightly. That day Robert dressed a 'balalaica' a nice traditional set of beige colored silk trousers with similar jacket. He remembered to see so many times his grandfather Abilio wearing it. Elizabeth looked at him and smiled. A sense of belonging was in her face, and she shared that moment with him. It was a short drive along the coastline. It's so beautiful. They both could not take their eyes away from the seaside. San Juan Baptista church was less than 30 minutes away. Robert's eyes were looking far away in the ocean. Elizabeth gave him her hand, and they stayed together the whole ride. Robert did not speak. He kept silent all the time. But his look was saying everything. The Church is a typical traditional white painted church. Very Portuguese in style and architecture. Some beautiful trees outside and some tiles of marble remembered typical Portuguese culture. The priest was surprisingly already so early inside the church. Both asked for his blessing when they stepped into the church. Robert and Elizabeth prayed together in what seemed at least for 15 minutes keeping a long and cold silence. Robert asked the priest about the registrar of the island. He took his hands and guided them to an inner cozy room out of the main hall. The walls were filled with long wood shelves of big leather books. He looked at the books and asked Robert: Which year are you looking for? Robert grabbed his small notebook to look for his records. Maria Antonia Carrillo (his grandma, 1916), her parents, Manuel and Madalena Carrilho (1850) and still before Joao and Joaquina (no birth dates) and also António and Francisca (also no birth dates?). Robert replied with his voice seeming faint and nervous. So early XX century and early and mid XIX centuries, or even late XVIII century... Priest Juan looked at the shelves and started to identify the more recent one... From 1900 to 1920s Here it is! Smiled and gave Robert the first book. Elizabeth helped Robert whose hands were trembling when he received the book from the priest hands. She looked at Robert giving him the most tender look he could receive at that time. Take a sit at that wood desk, advised Priest Juan! They walked to the desk and sat down there. They started to open the beautiful leather cover of the big book. Both started to flip the pages. At the top of each page they could see the name of the Residents in Ibo Island, they full name indeed, the date of birth, Local of Birth, and their parent's names. Robert moved rapidly his hands flipping the pages to the dates between 1915 onwards...page after page he was desperately looking for his grandma's name. His fingers line by line looking nervously for 'Antonia'. After some pages he could find "Antonia Maria Carrilho", 1916, Ibo Island, Manuel and Madalena (parents). He looked at Elizabeth with his eyes almost crying. He was so happy. In the meantime, Priest Juan was able to find another book Residents of Ibo, 1840-1860's. Here you have another one! Robert stood up his chair and grabbed nervously this second book. His eyes and harms and hands were trembling. Elizabeth again helped him standing the book in the wood desk. Again he looked at the dates and pages, flipping pages to the year 1850... His fingers run through the pages and lines to find Manuel and Madalena... his eyes could not stop running the lines one by one. He looked desperately to Elizabeth as he was not finding those names... Elizabeth helped him sharing the nervousism but keeping his hands together. It's here! Robert said

with his eyes not getting away the names of 'Madalena..., 1850, Ibo island, ...' and 'Manuel..., 1850, Ibo Island...' Robert looked to Elizabeth this time not avoiding showing his eyes. He was crying. Priest Juan brought the three other books 1750 to 1800s and 1800 to 1849. This time Elizabeth was flipping pages one by one with Robert as if feeling that moment together. Robert looked desperately for the names of his grand grand grand parents... he did not have birth dates. They might have been born early XIX century. Or slightly before? Robert looked for their names tirelessly and several times. He could not find any of them. Not in any of those three books. Priest Juan joined them flipping pages one by one and running through the lines of each page. In vain no names there. Robert was too much nervous. He looked cold with his eyes enquiring nervously Priest Juan: what was happening? How could that be possible? Priest Juan grabbed both his hands. And pulled them to his heart. Understanding the difficult moment Robert's was not hiding to feel. He looked at the shelves and walked into one special shelf with 10 Books in a reddish leather cover, organized by name... 1500 to 1850 and the inscription 'S(E)'. Priest Juan brought the books for A, J and F. They looked into the three books now with Robert's hands shaking. Robert found at the very first pages first 'Antonio Baptista Carrilho, 1823, Goa, S(E)'. In another book he found

'Joao de Barros Carrilho and Joaquina de Barros Carrilho, 1811, S(E)' and finally 'Francisca L.L. Carrilho, 1822, Goa, S(E)'. Elizabeth looked at Robert and could not stop crying. Robert looked at Priest Juan without wanting to ask. He was starting to utter something then stopped. Priest Juan looked at him with warm eyes and his full heart. Seconds of silence which might feel like minutes or ages in that room. Robert with faint voice finally asked: what does it mean S(E)? Priest Juan responded with embargued voice. 'S(E)' is for Slaves (Escravos). Robert stood up and ran away from the room, with his legs barely able to walk him outside the Church. He got some fresh air which allowed him to breathe outside the San Juan church, sat in the cold stone steps just outside. Looked at the Indian Ocean trembling and crying and thought without thinking anymore. My grand parents were slaves from India Goa! He finally went back to the other side of the world.

POSTFACIUM – THE POSSIBILITY FOR LIFE

“The rarest miracle is to be alive and to know it.” - Albert Camus

It was the hour when the sun slips quietly into the sea, when light becomes memory and the world exhales.

Robert sat again before the ocean - the same Indian Ocean that had once cradled the ships of explorers and the souls of slaves, the same ocean that had carried him, finally, home.

Elizabeth was beside him, silent, her hand resting lightly on his.

They had returned to Ibo, years after their first arrival, older now, their hair streaked with the silver of seasons lived fully.

A group of children played by the shore, chasing each other through the shallow tides. Their laughter rose and fell with the rhythm of the waves - pure, unbroken, infinite.

“I sometimes think,” Robert said quietly, “that the world was made for this sound - for laughter.”

Elizabeth smiled, her eyes reflecting the twilight. “And for forgiveness,” she whispered.

He nodded. “Yes. For forgiveness, too.”

That night, the power went out again. The small lodge was lit only by the trembling flame of a candle.

Robert opened his old leather notebook - the same one he had carried through Geneva, Istanbul, Casablanca, and New York.

Its pages were nearly full.

He wrote his final words:

“We came to the other side of the world searching for the meaning of humanity.

We found it in the smallest gestures: in a child’s laughter, a stranger’s kindness, a lover’s silence.

The other side of the world is not a place - it is a state of grace.”

He closed the notebook and placed it beside the candle.

The flame flickered, as if in agreement, then steadied again.

Outside, the sea kept breathing.

The stars appeared one by one - old friends, patient witnesses.

Elizabeth leaned her head on his shoulder.

“Do you think,” she asked, “we will remember this in the next life?”

Robert smiled, tracing the horizon with his gaze.

“Yes,” he said. “Because this is the next life - the one we make when we finally understand what it means to belong.”

And in that stillness, surrounded by the endless pulse of the ocean, they both knew that One Humanity was not a dream, nor a doctrine, nor a distant ideal.

It was here, alive, fragile, luminous - the very possibility for life.

Author's Reflection

"To write is to remember. To remember is to live again."

This story began as a memoir, became a voyage, and ended as a love letter to a woman, to a continent, to a planet, to the mystery that binds us all.

It is a reminder that we are made of the same matter as stars and stories, and that somewhere, in the other side of the world, someone is always waiting, for us to return.

One Humanity - Time for the other side of the World

'One Humanity – Time for the other side of the World' is a book in memory of Antonia. Nothing is more valuable than the richness and possibility of Life. From the origins of life, matter and everything 13.7 billion years in the past, nothing is of more grandeur than the human life itself.

It is as much a book about the humankind to respect diversity of beliefs and religions, building a world of ecumenic Faith towards human dignity, peace and development. A journey of 500 days in the long universe of the United Nations and life. From 'The two biggest Giants of the World', the longest journey of my life passing through 'Out of Africa', traveling to Kenya leaving behind everything and everyone. Walking 'The Three Pillars', towards the mission of human rights, peace and security and sustainable development, at the heart of the United Nations and our common future.

Becoming marvelled by 'Cities of Possibilities', from modern New York in North America, London and Paris in the old Europe to immemorial Casablanca in North Africa, as opposed to 'The worst of our World', remembering extreme poverty in the two Islands Ringiti and Remba in Lake Victoria, in Eastern Africa.

Understanding 'Space, Time and Civilisations', when traveling through modern Istambul, old Constantinopla, and 'in the middle of the Oceans', in Azores Islands. Exploring 'The origins of Matter and energy, Time and Civilizations', in the biggest science instrument of humanity in CERN, and the UN Headquarters, in Switzerland.

Until 'Living forever', traveling back to the beginning of everything and nothing and recognising that even in the other side of the World, the most beautiful and rare opportunity of life is the possibility of life. This can only be done when you go back to your roots and find out about the beginning of everything in the Ibo island, birthplace of Antonia, on the far eastern coast of Mozambique in Africa - Ibo: back to our Hindu and African origins. The moment the *poet* meets the time for the other side of the world.

About the Author



Alexandre Caldas was born in Nampula, Mozambique in 25 September 1972. Hindu and African, with Mozambican and Portuguese nationalities, he has two sons, Henrique born in 2001 and Duarte born in 2008.

He was for almost a decade (from May 2016 until June 2025) Director of the United Nations Organisation (UN), as Chief Country Outreach, Technology and Innovation in the Science Division of UN Environment, leading teams in North America, Latin America and the Caribbean, Europe, Africa, West Asia and Asia and the Pacific. He was elected for 6 years (2019-2025) the founding Chair of ECOSOC UN Geospatial Network across 45 UN agencies. He is a distinguished global leader with a lifelong commitment to multilateralism, equity, and planetary justice. A Mozambican African with a "DNA for Humanity", he brings over three decades of international leadership experience as Director at the United Nations, Administrator of the European Union, and Delegate with the African Union and NATO.

University Professor in Science and Technology Policy and Foresight Strategy, economist with a Msc in Information Science and PhD in Science Policy (2004), he was Faculty Fellow and Associate at the University of Oxford for 15 years (since April 2004 until November 2019) and professor and researcher at other world class universities, London School of Economics and Political Science – two of top world universities in political science and international relations, and one of worlds best centers for Science Policy, the Science Policy Research Institute, in the United Kingdom. He has worked, lived and traveled across 73 countries in the world and his latest books were published in 2015, "Science and Time" and in 2018, "Everyday is a Little Life".

