



Held by the World:

A Pilgrimage of Gratitude, Grace, and Remembering.....

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Carried by Kindness: A Pilgrimage of Trust, Love, and Life's Quiet Teachings

How Kindness, Trust, and Sacred Encounters Became My Greatest Teachers

♥ A Pilgrimage of Love, Grace, and Remembering ♥

This pilgrimage was never just a journey across lands—it was a journey through the living heart of humanity, through trust, surrender, and remembrance. Each step carried me closer to a simple yet profound truth: we are held more often than we realize.

I offer these reflections not merely as stories, but as echoes of love received, moments where the world softened, strangers became guardians, and life itself became a teacher.

Turkey — Where Prayer Became a Bridge

Before the pilgrimage even fully began, love revealed itself in an unexpected place—an airport.

While waiting for my next flight in Turkey, I noticed a quiet sanctuary for prayer. I felt drawn toward it, simply to pause and offer gratitude. Before I reached the door, a young woman approached me with gentle curiosity and asked,

“Would you like to learn how we pray, in the Muslim way?”

Her question felt like a gift. I answered honestly: “It would be an honor, if you are willing to teach me.”

She smiled and said, "It would be my honor to share."

She guided me patiently, explaining each step of cleansing—how to prepare the body so the heart may receive blessing. As I washed from head to toe, I felt something deeper than ritual taking place. I felt cared for. Seen. Included.

She led me to the prayer room, then quietly excused herself to catch her flight, leaving me space to pray.

As I stepped inside, another young woman approached and softly asked if she could teach me how to pray—and pray for me.

Tears flowed freely.

In that moment, I understood that prayer is not confined to a single language or tradition. It lives wherever compassion meets sincerity. I felt welcomed into a lineage of devotion far older than borders, held by human kindness rather than belief.

From that moment on, I knew this pilgrimage would not be guided by plans, but by the heart.

Reflective takeaway: Love is the most ancient ritual.

True devotion reveals itself not through doctrine, but through generosity of spirit.

Jordan — Trust Written into the Body

When I first arrived in Jordan, I walked barefoot upon sacred ground, feeling deeply connected to the land. That night, my feet turned red. The next day, after continuing my walk-through ancient places, they turned black. Fear knocked gently at my awareness.

I paused. I breathed. I chose trust.

I reminded myself that the Universe does not abandon us in moments of vulnerability, and that healing often arrives disguised as discomfort. I consciously released fear and allowed faith to take its place.

The following day, as I quietly tended to my feet, a taxi driver noticed. Without hesitation, he suggested a journey to the Dead Sea—an offering from one human to another, guided by intuition rather than obligation. For three hours, I rested in the magical sun and released emotions in the sacred salt water, and my body responded. My feet healed. I felt restored.

From that moment, I recognized the lesson: when fear dissolves, guidance appears.

Amman — Joy Beyond Words

On the fourth day, I joined a local group traveling to Hot Springs. During the long bus ride, laughter erupted into song, and song into dance. I joined without knowing the words, and yet I was welcomed fully. They taught me their songs. I shared their joy and felt showered by human compassion.

In that moment, language dissolved. Love spoke clearly.

I learned that joy is a frequency we can all tune into, if we allow ourselves to listen.

Petra — When Generosity Arrives Unmasked

When I arrived at my hotel in Petra, the manager asked about my journey. We spoke simply, openly—two people sharing stories across cultures.

Before we parted, he smiled and said,

“I love your adventurous spirit.”

Then, without explanation or expectation, he upgraded my room—to the top floor, with a balcony overlooking the impressive ancient beauty and the famous archaeological site of Petra.

I stood quietly, humbled.

Once again, kindness arrived without being requested. No justification. No exchange. Just generosity offered freely.

The lesson felt clear and tender: when I walk through the world with openness, life meets me with surprises that feel like quiet blessings.

Reflective takeaway:

Openness invites generosity; humility allows us to receive it.

Petra — When Support Arrives Quietly

By the sixth day, I felt called to return to one of the Seven Wonders - Petra. I had already walked its vast beauty from sunrise to sunset the day before, yet something within me whispered that there was more to receive in this magnificent land.

When I learned I needed to pay full price again, I felt the weight of limitation. Still, I followed intuition and asked to speak with the manager. Instead of resistance, I was met with kindness. Tea was offered. My journey was heard.

He didn't give explanations—he gave presence. Then he personally walked me to the entrance.

For the next six hours, I wandered the sacred land feeling carried, supported, and deeply grateful. I learned that asking—when done with humility—opens doors not just materially, but energetically.

The Long Road to Cairo — Love in Motion

On the ninth day, I traveled from Jordan to Cairo—a journey of nearly eighteen hours by boat and bus. Throughout the passage, local people ensured my safety and comfort. Their care flowed naturally, No shared language—only kindness, and without expectation.

I learned that compassion travels faster than words.

Small moments. Lasting teachings. And reverence crosses all boundaries when offered with sincerity.

Egypt — Companionship on Sacred Ground

At the Egyptian pyramids, several young women approached me with their families, asking to take photos together. For a fleeting moment, my ego smiled—imagining I had become something special in this vast land.

Then understanding softened the moment.

They were not celebrating me—they were caring for me. They saw a woman traveling alone in a powerful, ancient place and reached out in the way they knew how: through shared presence and warmth.

Without words, they reminded me: you are not alone.

Among the stones that have witnessed millennia, I felt accompanied—not by history, but by living hearts walking beside me.

Reflective takeaway:

Belonging is created through presence, not familiarity.

Cairo — When Timing Becomes Grace

At the Grand Egyptian Museum, I discovered tickets were only sold online—and I had no internet. As I stood considering my next step, help appeared. A man offered me a ticket. Then, unexpectedly, he became my guide.

He was a university professor, visiting the museum as he does every year, and he generously shared his knowledge with me. The visit became rich, layered, and unforgettable.

Once again, I learned the lesson: when we pause instead of panic, the path rearranges itself.

Luxor — Generosity in Everyday Form

In Luxor, I stayed at a local guesthouse where generosity unfolded in simple, beautiful ways. The housekeeper took me on his motorcycle to dinner, helped me shop for food, and told me I could wake up at 7 am to go to the rooftop to witness the Hot Air balloon floating over my head. The next day guided me to sacred sites along the West Bank of the Nile.

Laughter, movement, and care turned ordinary moments into blessings.

I learned that holiness often arrives through everyday gestures. Also, life gives more when we stop negotiating with it.

Aswan — Family Beyond Blood

In Aswan, a taxi driver took me to Abu Simbel. During the long drive, we became friends. He patiently waited while I spent hours meditating inside the sacred site. Later, he helped me shop locally and then invited me to his home.

His family welcomed me with open hearts and insisted I stay for dinner. I felt embraced—not as a visitor, but as kin, and generosity often arrives without being earned—only received.

The lesson was clear:

A conversation. A smile. A door quietly opened. Also, belonging is not about origin, Yes, strangers became companions through laughter and shared space.

Istanbul — Love Without Witness

In Istanbul, I became lost while searching for my hotel. A young man noticed, stopped, and gently asked if I needed help. He guided me with his phone and waited until I safely entered my hotel before leaving.

No reward. No recognition. Just love in motion.

I learned that kindness often looks like simple presence.

Lesson: We are never as alone as we think.

This pilgrimage gifted me more than memories—it offered teachings written through human kindness:

- Trust invites guidance
- Vulnerability opens doors
- Love needs no shared language
- And life teaches us gently, when we are willing to listen

I am endlessly grateful—not only for the help I received, but for the lessons I was ready to receive through it.

To every soul who crossed my path, known and unknown—thank you.

You reminded me that the world is alive with compassion, and that grace still walks among us, quietly, faithfully, every day.

Closing Reflection

As I look back on this pilgrimage, I see that it was never about distance traveled, sites visited, or plans fulfilled. It was about learning how to walk the world with an open heart—how to soften into trust, how to receive without resistance, and how to recognize love when it arrives in ordinary clothes.

Each encounter was a lesson.

Each challenge, an initiation into deeper presence.

Each act of kindness, a reminder that we are not separate travelers, but reflections meeting one another on the same sacred path.

I learned that life does not teach through force, but through invitation. That grace does not shout—it whispers, waits, and responds when we are willing to listen. I learned that gratitude is not only a feeling after something good happens; it is a way of seeing that transforms everything it touches.

This journey did not give me answers—it gave me alignment.

It did not promise certainty—it offered trust.

And in that trust, I found myself more alive, more humble, and more in love with the quiet goodness moving through the world.

I carry this love forward.

With humility. With gratitude. With an open heart.

♥ Infinite gratitude ♥

So many souls. So many moments.

Strangers who felt like angels in human form.

Kindness that arrived exactly when needed.

This journey reminded me that the world is woven with goodness, and that love—quiet, generous, unconditional—still moves freely among us.

I carry it all with me now.

♥ Grateful. Open. Changed. ♥ Just love in action. ♥

Invocation

May the love I received continue to flow through me,
not as memory alone, but as presence in each step forward.

May the kindness shown to me be multiplied
through my words, my choices, and my way of being.

May I meet others as I was met—
with openness, patience, and compassion beyond condition.

May I remember, even in moments of uncertainty,
that guidance arrives when fear is released,
that help often comes through human hands,
and that grace walks beside us more often than we know.

And may this gratitude not end here,
but ripple outward—
touching lives unseen,
softening hearts,
and quietly reminding us all
that love is the true pilgrimage,
and we are always already on the path.

With reverence.

With humility.

With a heart still listening.