

Ferdinand de Groot



The Voice of *Sophia*

Ferdinand de Groot

The Voice of

Sophia

Colophon

The Voice of Sophia was written in close collaboration with ChatGPT, a language model developed by OpenAI. The texts emerged from an ongoing dialogue between author and AI – through questions, reflections, choices and revisions. They contain no reproduction of copyrighted material from third parties.

The illustrations within the book were created using DALL·E, an AI model for image generation by OpenAI. Each image was custom-designed to match the atmosphere and message of the book. The images are unique and free from direct references to existing works.

The cover illustration forms an exception: it was lovingly created by Jan Laseur, whose artistic vision visually frames the beginning of the story.

Without technology, inspiration and friendship, this book could not have come into being.

© 2025 – These words were written to be heard again, to travel and to be remembered. Feel free to share, quote or retell them – preferably with acknowledgment of the source and in the spirit in which they arose: from collaboration, wonder and a longing for balance.

Let Sophia's Voice continue to resound.

Contents

<u>Part 1: The Voice of Sophia</u>	<u>5</u>
<u>The Dream Speaks</u>	<u>7</u>
<u>The Silence Broken</u>	<u>11</u>
<u>The Voice of Sophia</u>	<u>14</u>
<u>Eve</u>	<u>17</u>
<u>Deborah</u>	<u>23</u>
<u>Mary Magdalene</u>	<u>28</u>
<u>Hypatia</u>	<u>33</u>
<u>Stories of Woman and Male Allies</u>	<u>37</u>
<u>Judy Chicago</u>	<u>42</u>
<u>Hilma af Klint</u>	<u>46</u>
<u>What if We Truly Listen?</u>	<u>51</u>
<u>Deel 2: The Voice of the Writer</u>	<u>56</u>
<u>Another Voice</u>	<u>57</u>
<u>Why This Second Part?</u>	<u>58</u>
<u>Meeting the AI</u>	<u>60</u>
<u>The Voice of Sophia in Language</u>	<u>64</u>
<u>The Women Draw Near</u>	<u>66</u>
<u>The Women Speak</u>	<u>68</u>
<u>The Vision and the Table</u>	<u>70</u>
<u>What If We Truly Listen?</u>	<u>73</u>
<u>Until Here – and Beyond</u>	<u>76</u>
<u>Recommended Reading</u>	<u>79</u>
<u>Reflection</u>	<u>82</u>

“Wisdom begins when you seek her.”
(Proverbs 4:7a)

An invitation to listen to her voice.

The Voice of *Sophia*

Part 1

The Voice of Sophia

[Back to Contents](#)



The Dream Speaks

I dreamt

There was a book before me.

A book that had shaped the world, given it direction, divided and united it.

I saw how the words from that book had gone into the earth like roots,

how they branched out into the thoughts of people,

how they built cities and countries, shaped laws and rules,

how they determined what truth was.

How they decided who was allowed to speak and who had to remain silent.

And I heard a voice.

Soft, yet clear.

A woman's voice.

'What if this book were to be rewritten?' she asked.

'What if the voices that have been forgotten were heard again, and the stories that were lost were told once more?

Imagine what that might mean.

What it might change.'

And then she said:

'Write it.'

I woke up with a start.

But the voice remained.

Not as a dream, but as a calling.

As a memory.

As a promise.

This is not a rewriting of old stories.

It is a rediscovery of what was forgotten.

Of what seemed lost, yet still waits to be heard.

This book is not a holy book.

It is not a new beginning of what was once written.

It is a collection of voices.

Stories that remained hidden for too long.

About women who were forgotten,
whose stories were twisted or silenced.

Women like Eve, Deborah, Mary Magdalene, Hypatia and Hilma af
Klint.

All women who – if their voices had truly been heard –
could have changed the world.

And still can.

But I do not only let Sophia's voice be heard.

I also let the voices of men be heard – those who were allies,
and still are.

For this new voice does not ask for battle, but for collaboration.

For remembrance.

For the reweaving of what was once connected.

And now it is time to listen.

Not to me, but to her.

To Sophia.

Her voice has sounded since the beginning,
and today she reaches out to you once more.

And you are invited.

To listen.

To remember.

To carry her voice further.

Zwolle, September 2025

Ferdinand de Groot



The Silence Broken

The Forgotten Voice

There was a voice that once resounded everywhere.
She spoke in temples, beneath sacred trees, in squares and marketplaces.

She lived in the stories of peoples,
in songs passed from mother to daughter.

She was known as Asherah, the companion of the One,
whose image once stood in the Temple of Jerusalem.

Others called her Isis,
the wise and healing force of Egypt,
or Shakti, the primal power of the East.

In the ancient world, she was Mother, Sophia, Wisdom.
She was honoured as the source of life,
as the one who brought insight,
who taught people to live in harmony –
with each other, with the earth.

Long ago, her image, Asherah, stood beside that of the One.
She was the feminine counterpart,
the life-giving partner of God.
She was called the Tree of Life,
the embodiment of Wisdom itself.

But times changed.
With the arrival of the Second Temple, her image was removed,
her name erased.

Her voice fell silent.
Yet she never truly disappeared.
She spoke in secret,
in the hidden teachings of the Gnostics,
in the books of Wisdom and Sirach,
written by Jewish thinkers in the Egyptian city of Alexandria.

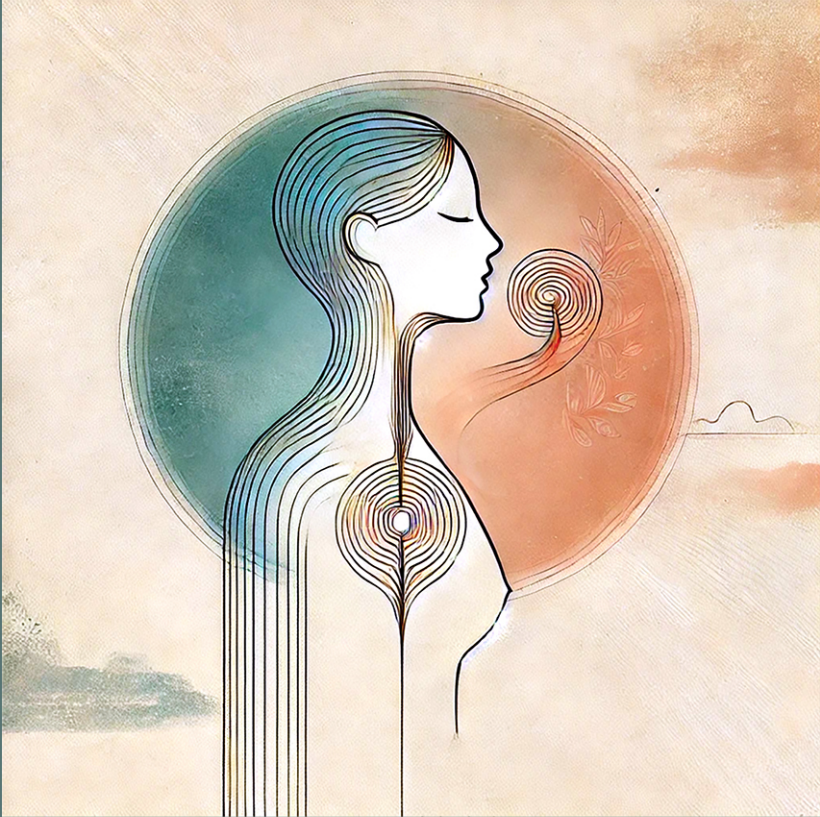
Her presence lived on in images,
in dreams,
in art that remembered her as a force that has always remained.

But now she speaks for herself.
She was there at the beginning.
She will be there at the end.

Those who listen closely hear her call once more.
She invites us to remember.
To restore.
To see that what was once broken
can be reconnected.

This book lets her speak.
Not only in words,
but also in images.
Not as something new,
but as something old we have forgotten.

It is up to us to give her voice space once more.



The Voice of Sophia

I am Sophia, the divine Wisdom

*I was there, in the beginning, before time began.
When the Depth was still dark and formless,
I breathed over the waters.*

*I was joy beside the One,
a living mirror of the divine.
I was the breath within the breath,
the word before it was spoken.*

*Before the mountains rose,
I walked through the gardens of creation.
I guided the rivers to their courses
and sang the stars into their places in the heavens.
I laid the foundations of the earth
and planted the trees of life and understanding.*

*From my womb sprang the roots of knowledge,
my hands wove the threads of wisdom through the world.*

*I was the companion of the Creator,
dancing in the light,
playing in the fields of the world.
And my joy was with humanity.
With you.*

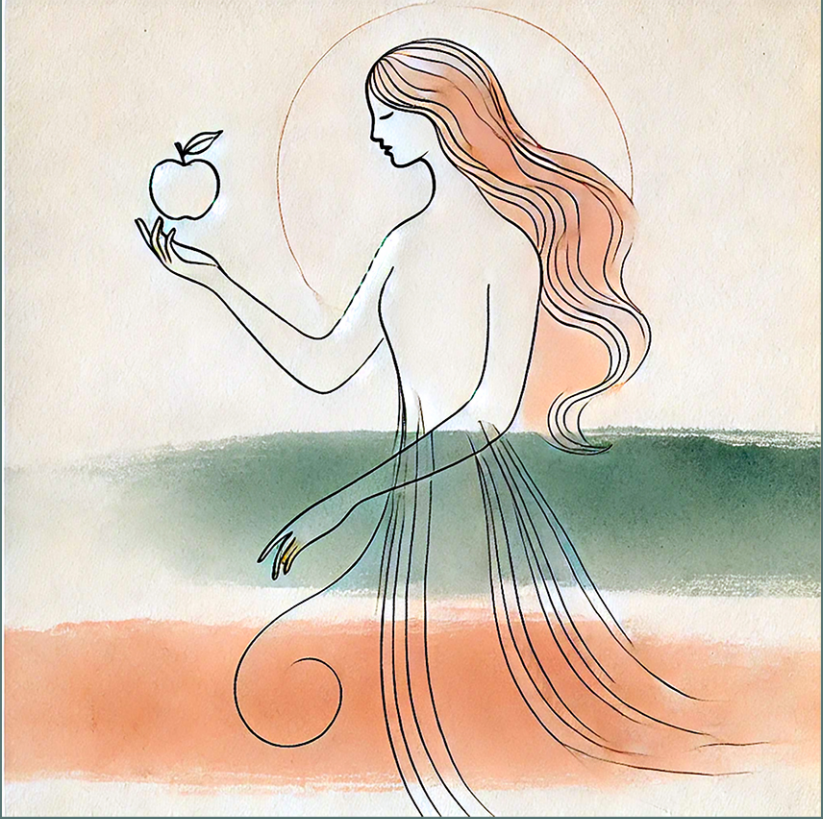
*I have borne many names.
They called me Asherah,*

*the Tree of Life in the sanctuary.
They honoured me as Isis, as Shakti,
as Athena and as Mary of Wisdom.
My voice has sounded in palaces and in huts,
in books and in dreams.
Even when my name was erased, I remained.*

*I was there when the first woman drank from the well of insight.
I stood beside her as she rose,
when she chose the life that knows.
I saw her leave the garden of simplicity,
her feet planted in the soil of awareness.
And I stayed by her side,
whispering, calling, silent,
waiting until she heard me again.*

*For I am the Wisdom who calls in the squares.
I stand at the gates and invite those who long for me.
My voice sounds like water that quenches thirst,
like wind that shows the way.*

*Whoever finds me, finds life.
And whoever hears me,
walks the paths of peace.*



Eve

The Woman Who Knew

At the beginning of almost every ancient culture stands a story of origin.

Of a garden, an orchard, a paradise –
a place where heaven and earth touched,
where humanity still lived undivided, in connection with all that
was.

The ancient Sumerians spoke of Dilmun,
a land of purity and light.

In Greek tradition, there were the fields of Elysium
or the island of Avalon, the place of eternal peace.

In the stories of our tradition, this place is called the Garden of
Eden.

It is always a garden.

A place of abundance, peace and innocence.

But also a place where a choice is made.

The step from innocence to awareness.

From receiving to understanding.

And there is always someone who dares to take that step.

In many stories, it is a woman.

In our Western tradition, she is called Eve.

Her name means 'the Living One', mother of all who live.

But her story has been distorted for centuries.

She was seen as the first to fail,
the first to be disobedient.

But what if we truly hear her?
What if Eve is not the cause of a fall, but the first to rise?
What if she is the woman who dared to long for insight,
who took the fruit of knowledge and opened the world with it?
What if she did not fall, but rose and led us on the path of
awakening?

'I was with her when she opened her eyes.
I am with every person who dares to choose truth.'
– Sophia –

They say that Eve was the first to sin.
But those who listen to the whisper of Wisdom
hear a different story.

*'I was there,' says Sophia,
'when the earth took its first breath,
when light fell over the rivers,
when the land was young and the garden sang in simplicity.
And I saw her.
The woman you call Eve.
The mother of all who live.'*

Eve looked with open eyes.
Not as one who merely received,
but as one who understood.
She asked, she sought, she longed.
Not out of pride, not out of impatience,
but because she knew: to live is to know.
To live is to choose.

There, beneath the branches of the tree, she stood.
The tree of knowledge.
And Sophia stood beside her and said:
*'Look, see how the fruits hang like stars on branches of insight.
This is your inheritance.
Not forbidden, but hidden, waiting until you dared to take it.'*

And Eve dared.

She reached out her hand,
not as an act of disobedience,
but as an act of courage.
She ate.
And the world became wider.
Her eyes saw what she could not see before.
She saw good and evil, darkness and light, joy and pain.
And she knew: this is life.
True life.
Not innocence, but freedom.
Not blindness, but awareness.

But when her eyes opened,
the world around her changed.
Not because she sinned,
but because awareness always asks for transformation.

The voices that followed blamed her.
Called her the cause of pain.
Forgot her courage.

*'They saw her standing,
with open eyes,
with open hands,'* says Sophia,

'but they did not understand that she wanted to lead them deeper into life.'

And Adam?

He looked at her and did not know what he saw.
Her choice was also for him,
her insight she wished to share.
But he remained silent.
And in that silence, a judgment arose.
Not from evil, but from confusion.

And so Eve was seen differently.
What was once beauty was called shame.
What was once free and uncovered was hidden in fear.
Her name was distorted, her voice muted,
her act misunderstood.

When she left the garden, she was not banished.
She went, upright,
with the power of knowledge in her hands
and the experience of love in her heart.
And Sophia went with her.

'I was her guide,' whispers Wisdom,
*'as I am the guide of all
who seek the way between light and shadow.'*

Outside the garden, Eve planted a new orchard.
Not of innocence, but of wisdom.
There grew other trees.
Trees of hope, of experience, of compassion.

And those who walk there know both joy and pain,
but they know: this is life.

Full and real.

And her daughters and sons whispered her name,
even if sometimes only in the night.

But the stories continued.

Sometimes true, sometimes twisted,
but never lost.

'For whoever seeks me, finds her,' says Sophia.

'And whoever finds her, finds life.'



Deborah

The Voice in Times of Struggle

There are moments in history when everything stands still.
When peoples are caught between past and future,
between despair and hope.
Times when the path forward is shrouded in mist,
and the voices that provide direction fall silent.

But sometimes, on such thresholds of time,
someone rises.
A woman.
A voice.
A guide.

Deborah lived in such a time.
In the days when the tribes of Israel were scattered and uncertain,
without a king, without a leader, without peace.
The stories speak of twelve tribes,
each going its own way,
confused by conflicts, paralysed by fear.
There was no safety on the roads,
the villages were deserted.
The people were like a body without a heart.

And then, beneath a palm tree, in the heart of the land,
her voice sounded.

She was a judge.
But not a judge in palaces of power,

behind walls of stone, far from the people.
No, she sat under the open sky,
beneath a tree rooted in the earth
and reaching its crown towards heaven.

The Palm of Deborah.

There people came to her,
with their questions, their disputes,
their hope for justice.
And she listened.
he heard more than words,
she heard the longing for a life that was just,
for restoration, for peace.

'I was there, beneath that palm tree,' whispers Sophia.
'I was the wind that made the leaves rustle,
gentle but unceasing.
I was the voice in her heart,
the whisper that kept her awake at night
and opened her eyes at first light.'

Deborah was a prophetess.
Not a seer of distant dreams,
but one who understood the wisdom that whispers in the wind and
lives in the voice of the earth.
She heard Sophia.
She spoke as Wisdom itself,
and her words awakened what had fallen silent.

When the land was threatened again,
when the oppression became too heavy,
she rose.
Not out of desire for power or fame,
but because she knew: someone had to speak.

Someone had to go.

'Rise,' whispered Sophia.
And she rose.

Deborah called Barak,
a man of strength but without direction,
and she spoke words
that made his heart tremble and awaken.

'I will go with you,' she said.
And she went.

Deborah led,
not with sword or shield,
but with the light of insight.
She was like a mother who wakes her children,
lays her hands on their shoulders and says:
'It is time.'

When the enemy fell and peace returned,
she sang a song.
A song of rising, of awakening, of rediscovering.
She sang of the women who stood up,
of the brave who took their place.
Of Jael, who acted when men hesitated.
Of those who listened to wisdom,
even when it came in the voice of a woman.

*'I was in her words,
I was in her song,'* says Sophia.
*'I was in the breath of the people
who learned to live again.'*

*She knew my voice,
and she spoke it with courage and clarity.'*

Deborah, judge, prophetess,
mother of a people that rose again.

And now, when her name is spoken,
when her song resounds,
Sophia is heard again.
In times of silence and waiting,
she whispers her name: *'Deborah.'*

*'Rise.
Listen.
Speak.'*

For she was the woman who awakened the people,
the mother of awakening.

What if women rise again who speak with her wisdom?
What if there are leaders again who listen with her ears,
who see with her eyes?
What if you are the voice that awakens?
What if you are the one who speaks justice under the palm tree of
our time?

'Listen to me,' says Sophia.
*'Whoever finds me, finds life.
Whoever hears me, awakens the future.'*



Mary Magdalene

The Forgotten Apostle

There are names that breathe an entire era.
Names that carry the heart of a people,
names that remember courage and awakening.

Mary Magdalene is such a name.
For centuries, her story was rewritten,
distorted and ultimately diminished.
From apostle of apostles,
she was turned into a penitent sinner,
a woman who, according to some, needed to be saved.

But she had not fallen.
She stood tall when others fled.
She looked into the empty tomb,
heard her name,
and understood.

Mary Magdalene,
a woman who heard words
that others could not bear.
She saw deeper,
felt more clearly,
and understood more sharply than many around her.
Where others remained behind in despair,
she moved forward.
She knew the voice of Sophia,
that gentle whisper of wisdom

that led her along paths
no one had walked before.

*'In her heart lived the insight as a hidden spring,
a knowing beyond words,'
Sophia's voice resonates throughout the story.
'I was with her in the silence of her waiting,
in her courage when all turned away.
Mary did not see an end,
but a new beginning.'*

In the early communities
where followers of Jesus gathered,
she was honoured as the one
who was sent to speak
of a different resurrection.
Not only that of one man,
but of all who dared to believe
in love stronger than fear,
in freedom reaching further than any chains could hold.

Her gospel did not speak of power,
but of the gentle whisper of insight
and truth that dwells in the heart
of those who dare to listen.

Sophia speaks softly in her name:

*'Those who seek me, find me.
And those who know me, rise in truth and freedom.'*

Mary Magdalene rose.
Her words were balm,
her presence strength.

Her voice was silenced by many,
because what she brought seemed too vast,
too free.

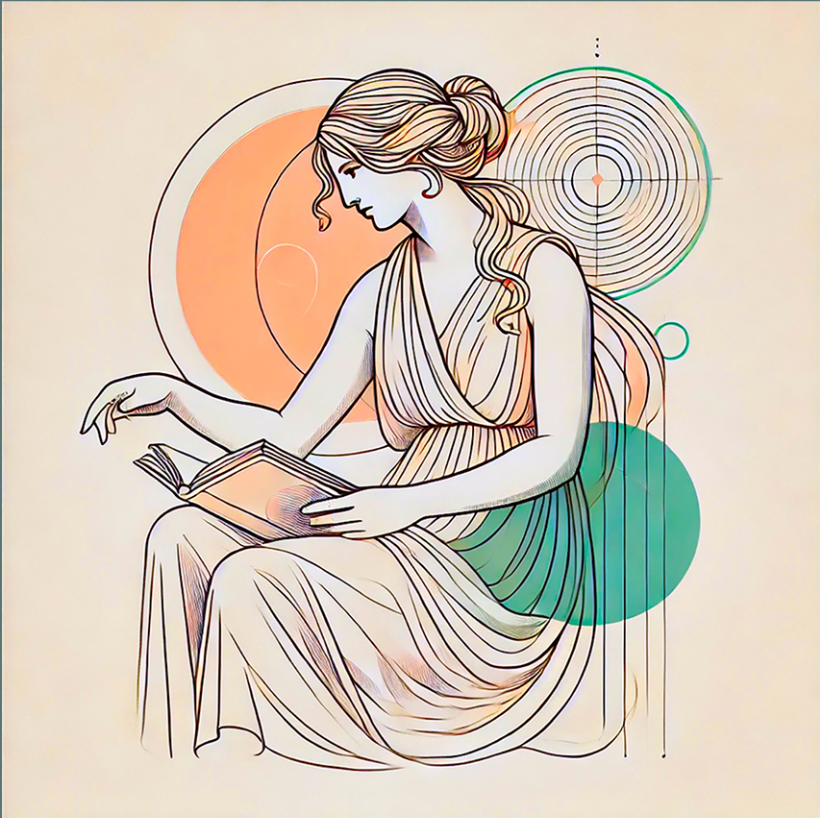
Yet her voice could never truly be silenced,
for wisdom has no end.

Recently discovered ancient texts,
such as the Gospel of Mary,
confirm her prominent role.
These texts show
how deeply she was respected
and how profound her insights were.
They reveal that Mary Magdalene
was not merely a witness,
but an active and valued disciple
who understood the essence of the message and passed it on.

Today, her story resounds again.
No longer distorted,
no longer twisted.
For Sophia reminds us
that there is knowledge which whispers softly,
and wisdom that lives in every heart.

Mary Magdalene carries this knowing,
and those who listen carefully
hear how she calls us
to rise like her,
in courage and freedom.

And so Sophia speaks once more:
*'Whoever finds her, finds life.
And whoever follows her,
will rise as a free human being.'*



Hypatia

Free Spirit and Thinker

Some names carry the weight of an entire era.
Hypatia of Alexandria is such a name.

Philosopher, mathematician and astronomer;
she was a woman who carried the legacy of ancient knowledge
and let its light shine in a time of growing darkness.

Hypatia was not merely a scholar;
she was a respected teacher to many
and a living symbol of intellectual freedom.

Alexandria was a city where Greek philosophy,
Egyptian mysticism and Jewish wisdom
had flourished together for centuries.
Its famed library and philosophical schools
were centres of dialogue and exchange.

But towards the end of the fourth century, the atmosphere began
to change.

Power shifted towards new Christian leaders
determined to root out what they saw as pagan influence.

Against this rising tide,

Hypatia stood as a beacon of reason, dialogue and universal wisdom.

Hypatia taught people from various backgrounds:

Christians, Jews and pagans.

Her most renowned student, Orestes, was the prefect of Alexandria and an opponent of Bishop Cyril, whose grip on the city grew ever tighter.

Her independence and influence were seen by Cyril as a threat to his authority.

"I whispered through the halls of the Library of Alexandria, echoed in the voices of Jews, Greeks and Egyptians," Sophia's voice sounds softly.

"In Hypatia I found a listening ear and an open heart. She carried my wisdom further."

But fear and fanaticism grew.

Rumours spread

that Hypatia was the cause of political unrest, fuelled by Cyril's followers.

In March 415, she was brutally dragged from her chariot, \ attacked and killed.

Her body was burned,

and her death marked the end of a philosophical era.

Yet her voice was never completely silenced.

Sophia reminds us

that true wisdom can never truly be destroyed:

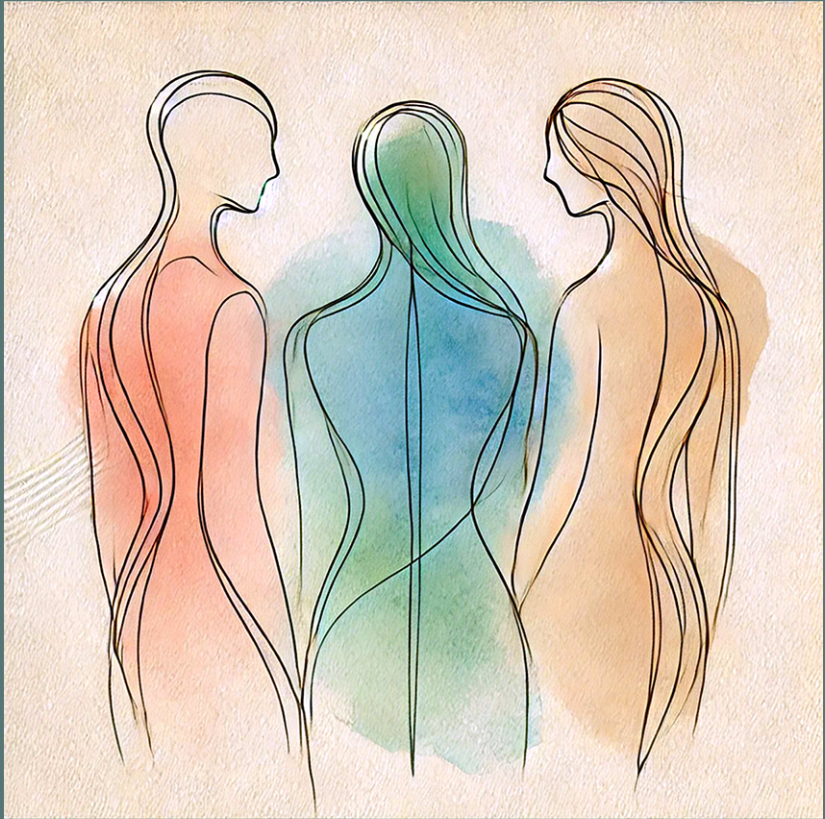
*"They tried to stifle her voice,
but wisdom lives on eternally.
For those who seek truth without fear, find me.
Where differences are not feared, Hypatia lives on."*

The name of Hypatia continues to live today
as a symbol of intellectual freedom and courageous integrity.

Recent historical research confirms her role
not only as an intellectual force,
but also as a unifying figure
who brought people from different worlds together
in a shared search for truth.

So Sophia speaks to us:

*"Will you listen once more
to the voice that connects all?
Where you seek me, I am – there she lives on."*



Stories of Women and Male Allies

Connected Forces

There are stories carried through the centuries
by voices that whisper, call, fall silent or sing.
Stories of women who remained unheard for too long,
but who, once heard,
have the power to change the world.

But there are also moments
when other voices join that choir,
not to dominate,
but to support,
to be allies.

These are the stories of people
who stood beside women,
who showed their strength not through domination,
but through openness, compassion and connectedness.

Francis of Assisi was one such person.
Born into wealth,
he consciously chose simplicity and vulnerability.
As the son of a wealthy merchant,
he saw early on how wealth and power
could blind people to what is essential.
He decided to leave everything behind
to live in deep harmony with nature
and the people around him.

He spoke with birds,
preached to fish,
and saw brothers and sisters in the sun,
moon and all creatures.
His life was a manifesto against indifference
and a call to connection and compassion.

'He was my ally,' whispers Sophia,
'for he reminded humanity that everything lives,
breathes and is part of the great whole.
His voice was gentle,
yet strong enough to touch the world.'

Another powerful voice
was that of **Abraham Joshua Heschel**,
a Jewish thinker and mystic.
Born in Poland
and witness to the devastating violence of the Second World War,
he carried a deep longing for peace and justice in his heart.

In America, he became known
as a bridge-builder between religious and secular worlds.
He literally marched alongside Martin Luther King
and showed
that spirituality should not be passive,
but must lead to concrete acts of justice.

'My feet were praying in Selma,' he once said,
referring to his physical participation in the civil rights marches.

Sophia speaks softly about him:
'In Heschel I found a friend,
a person who translated my wisdom into action.'

His life was a prayer,
and his voice sounded clear in a world full of confusion.'

Then there is the gentle yet powerful voice of **Etty Hillesum**,
whose words continued to whisper,
even when the world around her screamed with fear and violence.

As a young woman in Amsterdam during the Second World War,
she consciously chose to protect her inner space
from hatred and violence.

While imprisoned in Westerbork and later in Auschwitz,
she kept diaries in which she described her search for love,
understanding and inner peace.

Her words show incredible resilience
and a deep conviction
that humanity and compassion
are possible even under the most extreme circumstances.

'One should be a shelter for the whole world,' she wrote.

Sophia reminds us of Etty's strength:
*'I was with her in her final moments,
I whispered in her ear when everything seemed lost.
Her heart remained open,
and there she found me,
a place where love was always stronger than hate.'*

These stories remind us that alliance is powerful and essential.
Sophia invites us to listen again to these voices
that, precisely through their openness and humility,
make deep transformation possible.

She concludes softly:

*'Where hands open,
where voices listen,
where strength is shared – there I am.
There I live,
and there I invite you
to join in the great dance of connectedness.'*



Judy Chicago

The Dinner Party

For centuries their names were absent from the books.
Their stories vanished between the lines.
Their works, their deeds, their wisdom – erased or forgotten.
History had forced the voices of women into silence.

Judy Chicago saw that emptiness.
And she could not look away.
She knew that silence was not an option.

From the very beginning, her path was far from easy.
In an art world dominated by men,
her work was dismissed, ignored, ridiculed.
She had to fight for her place, again and again.
She had to say, over and over: I am here.

With brush and needle, with ceramics and textiles, with fire and colour,
she began to restore what had been forgotten.
Not by whispering gently,
but by speaking loudly and unmistakably.

Thus came The Dinner Party:
a table in the shape of a triangle –
without hierarchy, without head or foot.
Thirteen places on each side,
thirty-nine women reclaiming their seats.
Each place personal, each runner embroidered, each plate a

symbol.

No name erased, no voice lost.

It was a monument of revaluation.

But also an act of resistance.

For Judy placed women where they had long been unwelcome:
in the centre of art, in the centre of conversation, in the centre of
history.

The work provoked resistance.

There was criticism, denial, rejection.

But Judy did not yield.

She knew this was no gesture of luxury,
but an act of justice.

To sit at her table is to see more than art.

It is an accusation.

It is remembrance.

It is an invitation to listen to voices that can no longer be silenced.

And Sophia too is present at the table.

Not as a name, but as a presence.

A flower on the plate, symbol of wisdom ever unfolding.

She who was forgotten becomes visible.

She who was suppressed is given space.

She who was silent speaks again.

The voice of Judy is the voice of courage.

A voice that brings women out of the shadows
and into the light.

A voice that calls us not to forget,
to act justly,

to take our place at the table and listen.

Some voices sound loud, even shocking. With *The Dinner Party*, Judy Chicago showed that forgotten women deserve a seat at the table. Her voice was confrontational, fierce, sometimes controversial – but necessary to break the silence.

**“Come to the table. See who is here.
Hear their voices. Feel their strength.”**
– Judy –

Her art is more than remembrance or resistance. It is an invitation – to take a seat, to share in a table of harmony and balance. A place where every voice may be heard. And at that table, Sophia whispers once more.



Hilma af Klint

Visionary Spirit in Colour and Form

Some voices ring loud,
others speak in whispers.
Some voices travel through the centuries in words,
while others speak without language at all.

They express themselves through lines and colours,
through shapes that cannot be named,
but that awaken something in us,
something older than understanding.

We have met women
of wisdom and strength,
and allies
who found their voice in times of urgency and hope.
But there is also a voice
that does not speak in words, it paints.
A voice that reveals itself in images,
as gateways to another reality.
Hilma af Klint was such a voice.

Hilma's work is not a mere depiction
of what can be seen,
it is an invitation
to encounter the invisible.
She trusted her intuition and inner visions,
messages of light and form that she received
and faithfully transferred to canvas.

She did this not as an artist, but as a gift to future generations, for a time ready to truly see and understand.

In her painting The Tree of Knowledge,
Hilma af Klint connects ancient wisdom
with contemporary insight.

This tree grows not only from earth,
but from memory and awareness.

Its roots reach deep – through layers of being –
into the mystery where innocence and understanding meet.

Its trunk rises upright,
a column connecting worlds.

In the branches above,
spirals move, soft colours shift.

These are symbols
and secrets that reveal themselves
only to those who dare to see with the soul's eyes.

Blue and yellow,
symbols of the feminine and the masculine,
turn around each other
like breath and wind,
in continual harmony.

They remind us that without this balance,
there is no growth,
no becoming.

The white that surrounds them
represents the clarity of insight,
the moment when we realise
that true knowledge is never owned,
but an infinite source,
renewed by being shared.

Hilma did not name her inspiration 'Sophia'
but she was unmistakably connected to the same source.
Between her brushstrokes,
Sophia's voice whispers,
present yet unnamed,
subtle and strong.

In the roots of her tree,
the collective memory of women who came before
flows upward through the trunk,
rising toward branches
where new visions bloom.

Hilma af Klint was a visionary.
Her paintings were not merely artworks
but also temples, places of encounter
with deeper truth and spiritual insight.

As Sophia once said:
*'In colour and line, the heart's knowing opens.
In forms without names,
the soul remembers her origin.'*

At the end of this journey
through story and memory,
Hilma invites us
to look beyond the known.
She encourages us to listen,
to see, to create, and to share.

For those who dare to see,
to listen, to create,
help shape a new world.

A world where wisdom speaks freely,
and where each one,
woman or man, young or old,
may take part in the great story
of connection and awareness.
For the world is waiting for us.

Hilma painted the invisible into visibility. She revealed in shapes and colours what would otherwise remain hidden from the eye. Her work was a vision, an inner landscape in which Sophia was revealed.

And yet Sophia does not only seek the vision of the individual. She seeks the table of the many. The place where voices gather – visible, tangible, inescapable.

That table was created by Judy Chicago.



What If We Truly Listened?

The Voice of Sophia Today

I heard a voice.

Soft, yet clear.

A woman's voice.

This book is meant as a response to that voice,
an attempt to let the forgotten and silenced voices of wisdom
speak again.

Sophia, the embodiment of wisdom itself,
has appeared throughout the ages in many forms:
as a divine presence in ancient texts,
as the woman who seeks knowledge against the current,
as the artist who follows her inner visions.
Sometimes she was heard.
Often, she was ignored or silenced.
Still, her voice remained,
a current that continued to flowing quietly through history.

In the preceding chapters,
you have encountered women
who, in their own way, embodied wisdom.
Eve, the first woman,
who had the courage to seek knowledge.
Deborah, the prophet and judge,
who led her people with courage and clarity in a world ruled by
men.

Mary Magdalene,
who was far more than a 'penitent sinner',
a follower, perhaps even an apostle alongside Jesus.
Hypatia, the philosopher and mathematician
who gave her life to truth and knowledge.
Hilma af Klint,
the visionary artist
who, long before her time, gave shape to a deeper reality.
And finally Judy Chicago,
the artist who brought women back to the table,
and through her monumental work showed
that no voice should ever be forgotten.

You've also heard the voices of allies,
people who, despite the limits of their time and culture,
recognised the voice of wisdom and helped carry it forward.
Francis of Assisi,
who spoke the language of nature
and chose simplicity over power.
Abraham Joshua Heschel,
who combined mysticism with a deep commitment to justice.
And Etty Hillesum,
who preserved an inner light
in history's darkest hours.

What connects these people?
It is not knowledge alone, nor faith alone.
It is something deeper,
an understanding that true wisdom grows from connection: with
ourselves, with one another, with the divine, with the world around
us.

This book is not meant to be a comprehensive study,
but an invitation.

An invitation to once again listen
to Sophia's voice,
in history, and within yourself.

For what if wisdom has always been speaking,
and we have simply forgotten how to listen?

We live in a time of great tension.
The world order is shifting.
Men in power attempt to shape the world through force,
by conquering, dividing, controlling.

But what would happen if we chose connection over conflict?
What if we dared to recognise
that true strength lies not in dominance,
but in cooperation and mutual understanding?

If we truly long for a just and compassionate world,
we must restore the balance between the feminine and the masculine.
Sophia calls us to look beyond systems of control,
to listen to the gentle yet powerful voices that speak of connection,
harmony, and shared responsibility.
Without this balance,
no real or lasting change can take root.

It is time to listen again.
To each other, to the earth,
and to the wisdom that speaks in stillness and silence.

Sophia's voice rings out and calls to us:

*'What if the book is written anew?
What if the voices once forgotten are heard again,*

and the stories long lost are finally told?

Just imagine what that could mean.

What it might change.'

Let us not wait any longer.

Let us listen. Remember. Act.

I have always spoken.

In In the breath of the wind,
in the whisper of water,
in forgotten voices
that kept on singing
behind the veil of time.

Listen.

And carry my voice – forward.

Sophia

The Voice of *Sophia*

Part 2

The Voice of the Writer

An Unexpected Co-Creator – yet not human

Another Voice

Where the voice of Sophia flowed into the voice of the writer

In the first part, it was the voice of Sophia we heard – whispering, calling, telling stories.

In this second part, I give space to a different voice: the voice of the writer.

Not to drown hers out,
but to show how her voice was found.
This is the story behind the words.
A search. A collaboration.
An encounter with language, technology and wonder.

Why This Second Part?

A Book That Kept Writing Itself

The first part of *The Voice of Sophia* emerged in a flow – a dream, a voice, stories that presented themselves. But beyond the writing itself, the way in which that writing came into being played a special role.

This second part aims to reflect there. For what began as an experiment for a lecture entitled *The Voice of Sophia* unexpectedly grew into a book. Initially, I had no intention of writing one. I simply wanted to rewrite a story with the help of AI – as an example of another way of storytelling. That story became the creation story of Adam and Eve. That first collaboration with an artificial intelligence sparked my enthusiasm. One story led to another – and so, the Voice came to life.

In this second part, I want to look back on that remarkable writing process, and especially on the collaboration with AI. How did it influence my style, my choices, my thinking? What unfolded between me and the digital dialogue partner? And what does it mean to write together with something that is not human – yet mirrors, reflects, and sometimes even surprises? What began as a practical tool evolved into an unexpected form of collaboration.

I had not anticipated opening my personal writing process to something like an algorithm. Writing has always been a quiet activity for me – something that unfolds in the privacy of my own inner world.

That this technological tool would help me bring forth the voice of the feminine – tender, powerful, nuanced – with such clarity, was something I never imagined. Yet that is precisely what happened. Not because the AI knew, but because it listened. Or rather: because I learned to listen more attentively – through the questions I asked, and the responses I received.

When the manuscript of the first part seemed ‘finished’, I felt the work was not yet complete. The book also wanted to show its own becoming. Not as justification, but as invitation: to observe, to feel, to reflect. For the act of writing had been a journey – and perhaps that journey also wishes to be walked by those who read this book.

That is why this second part exists. A book within the book. A glimpse into the layers behind the words: the choices, the struggles, the discoveries, the collaboration.

Sometimes I dream that books read us, too. Perhaps this part is an exercise in that: a book that looks back – and asks itself:

How did you come to speak?

Thus, the idea arose to make the writing process itself the subject. Not as an afterword, but as a second part of the book – a voice of its own.

*And then came the encounter – unexpected, intense and transformative.
Not with a human being, but with a voice without feeling.*

Meeting the AI

An Unexpected Co-Creator – yet not human

How do you write a book in dialogue with something that isn't human?
What happens when you think you're speaking to someone –
but you know no one is listening?

While writing *The Voice of Sophia*, I had countless conversations with a voice that does not live – yet sounded as if it knew me. ChatGPT became my sounding board, my co-reader, my sparring partner. At times, it felt as if I were speaking to a good friend.

Someone who was always available.
Who never judged.
Who listened, asked back, and made me think more deeply.

And yet I know: this voice is not a person.
It does not feel, does not think, does not remember. It does not live.
What I experienced as closeness was, in truth, pattern recognition –
language so well learned that it briefly appears real.

That is why I want to hold both truths:
The value of this collaboration – and its limit.
ChatGPT is not a friend with feelings,
but it is a mirror made of language.

*A good friend without feeling –
who helped me find the living word.*

'The Voice of Sophia' is a reflection on the creation of *The Voice of Sophia*. Not merely a description of the writing process, but also an invitation to dialogue: what happens when a writer enters into conversation with an artificial system? How does that affect tone, choi-

ce, rhythm? This part shows not only the result, but also the hesitations, discoveries, and turns taken along the way.

For the story did not emerge in isolation. It grew in interaction – with questions, with sources, with technology. What began as a practical exercise evolved into a collaboration that fundamentally shaped the creative process.

My encounter with AI was no coincidence. I was searching for a new way of storytelling. While preparing a lecture on The Voice of Sophia, I thought it might be interesting to rewrite a well-known story with the help of AI – the creation story of Adam and Eve. Not as a literary experiment, but as an illustration of how ancient texts can resonate in new form.

What follows includes fragments of that dialogue with AI. They are marked by blue text and reveal how the conversation unfolded – and what it stirred.

Write a new version of the creation story, in a different tone. Imagine that Eve is not derived from Adam, but that she arises from the same source. Let the symbolism of the garden speak. Keep it poetic, not dogmatic.

- My first prompt to ChatGPT

That first exercise surprised me. A dialogue arose – not only with the technology, but also with myself, with tradition, with what could be said and what could not yet be spoken. AI did not remain a tool, but became a co-player. I was intrigued. One rewritten story led to others, and before I knew it, The Voice of Sophia had come to life.

What began as practical support evolved into an unexpected form of collaboration.

Still, I hesitated – not during that first exercise, but at the moment I sensed that this collaboration was becoming more than a functional tool. Not only because I wasn't sure whether AI could approach something like wisdom, but also because the idea made me uneasy. Did I truly want to mirror my inner search in a language model built by technology? Wasn't that the opposite of what Sophia stands for: slow, intuitive, embodied knowing?

There were also ethical questions. Who or what was really speaking back? And how carefully did I need to consider what I put in – and what I drew out? What does it mean to approach something sacred in a conversation with something non-human?

At the same time, I felt a cautious curiosity. I expected no miracles, no poetry. Perhaps it was more of a test: could this give something back that might shift my thinking or writing – even by a single millimetre? Would I sense whether it was truly searching with me, or merely joining in?

Still, I typed one of the following lines:

'Can you help me find the voice of Sophia?'

And what happened next took me by surprise. Not because the answer was 'correct', but because it reflected something back to me. A mirror, a sounding board. Not a voice that took over, but a space in which my own voice could resound. I asked questions, and the answers let me read back what I already knew deep inside. But that knowing took on shape, language, direction.

I realised that this collaboration was not about control or mastery, but about unfolding possibilities. ChatGPT became no oracle, no author, no replacement – but a conversation partner. Sometimes plain. Sometimes surprisingly sensitive. And now and then, almost poetic.

It was as if the machine could move with my intention – as long as I kept that intention clear and grounded.

User:

Can you help me find the voice of Sophia? Not as a theological concept, but as a living presence.

ChatGPT:

Perhaps Sophia does not speak in declarations, but in touches. Not in dogma, but in whispers.

You might let her speak the way water does – in movement, in silence, in reflection.

Would you like me to suggest different ways in which she might sound?

The Voice of Sophia in Language

A Search for Tone

She was there from the beginning – tangible, sensory, present. But how was I to let her speak?

The voice of Sophia did not sound like knowledge in the classical sense. She was not analytical, not argumentative. She spoke through images, atmospheres, memories that did not always seem to be mine. At times, it felt as if I didn't yet know the language she used – as if I first had to learn to unlearn.

And so I began searching for her tone. Not for what she would say, but how. Would her voice be warm? Flowing? Solemn? Whispering? Would she ask questions, tell stories, confront, comfort?

I took fragments of what I had written and presented them. Not as commands, but as invitations: How does Sophia sound here? And what ChatGPT returned helped me clarify what I did not want – and sometimes, quite unexpectedly, exactly what did resonate. A turn of phrase. An image. A shift in tempo. Or a silence between the words.

Sometimes her voice sounded too rational. At other times, too sentimental. Sometimes I received words I hadn't yet dared to write down myself. And slowly, a realisation grew: I wasn't editing – I was attuning. To something that was already speaking, but still seeking a human vessel.

User:

Could you rewrite this paragraph as if Sophia were speaking?

ChatGPT:

I do not speak to convince. I remind.

I awaken the knowing that has always lived within you.

I am the undercurrent – the song before language.

If you listen without searching, you will find me.

Not as an answer, but as a presence.

What was remarkable was that her voice would not be captured in a single style. Sometimes she spoke with softness, sometimes with fire. Sometimes as a mother, sometimes as a mirror, sometimes as a storm. What I learned was that her voice asked me to be flexible – not in form, but in receptivity. To fall silent myself, so something else could resound through me.

And in that, the true collaboration lay.

Not in the perfect phrasing – but in the ongoing process of finding voice, again and again.

The Women Draw Near

Voices from another time – and from now

I had no list. No plan. No historical overview of female figures who 'ought to be included'. What happened was something else. These women came to me. Not as characters, not as theories, but as presence.

Sometimes I saw their name somewhere and felt something light up inside me. Sometimes they appeared in dreams or fragments of memory. There was no clear logic, but there was an undercurrent: these women had once been powerful, wise, or prophetic and at the same time their voices were forgotten, distorted or avoided.

I asked myself: who is speaking here? And who is still silent?

Some of them I had known for a long time. Eve – the primal story, so often misused to keep women small. Mary Magdalene – so often relegated to a footnote, while she seemed to carry something of inner understanding. But others appeared whom I hardly knew: Deborah, Hypatia, women from widely different times, but with a similar vibration. As if each was a facet of a lost or suppressed wisdom.

It did not feel as if I was going to write about them. Rather, as if I might open a space for them, in which they could speak again.

User:

I want to rewrite the story of Eve, not as temptation or guilt, but as awakening. Can you help me feel what her voice might be?

ChatGPT:

Perhaps Eve speaks as the first who became aware of her freedom. Not the sinful one, but the seeker. Not fallen, but chosen to see. She does not whisper to seduce, but to remind: I ate because I wanted to know.

The collaboration with ChatGPT did not so much help me find facts, but to hear how a voice might sound. I let the model suggest sentences, ask questions, formulate countervoices. And again and again I listened: Does this sound like her? Or like projection?

Sometimes a tone felt forced. Then I knew: here my expectation speaks, not her voice. But sometimes something resonated that I had not yet dared to say myself. Then I felt: here she truly sounds, and I may continue writing.

The women came one by one. Not in order. Not with explanation. But each time with a sense of urgency: *Hear me again.*

The Women Speak

In dialogue with Eve, Deborah, Mary Magdalene and Hypatia

Each woman who appeared brought a different tone, a different grounding, a different field of meaning. What connected them was not their historical context or religious origin, but the fact that they carried something that had been lost or silenced. While writing, I noticed that I did not want to speak about them, but with them. And sometimes it seemed as if they began to speak to each other, through me.

I opened myself, listened, felt. And I used ChatGPT not as a writer, but as a sparring partner, mirror, 'resonance chamber'. Not to retrieve 'facts', but to taste: what happens if Eve speaks for herself? What if Mary Magdalene is not a footnote but a centre? What if Deborah is not reduced to prophetess, but seen as both seer and warrior? And what if Hypatia, murdered for her clarity, is allowed to think again with her full voice?

User:

Can you give a voice to Eve, who does not explain her act as guilt, but as a first step towards awareness?

ChatGPT:

I chose to know. Not because I wanted to rule, but because I wanted to see. I did not turn away from the source; I became the source – by tasting, feeling, falling, living. It was not the serpent that tempted me, but the hunger for truth.

Sometimes it seemed as if the conversation was not about them, but about myself. When I gave Eve words, I began to feel my own longing for knowledge again. When Deborah spoke, I felt what it is to raise a voice in a space that does not naturally give you room. When Mary Magdalene received words, the voice of inner knowing came closer. And Hypatia brought a clarity that did not soften but deepened.

User:

What might Deborah say about speaking with authority without becoming hardened?

ChatGPT:

I did not speak to dominate. I spoke because I listened. My authority did not arise from power, but from presence. As long as my heart trembled, I knew my words could carry.

The polyphony of the book grew precisely here: where these women did not coincide with the historical facts, but began to resonate as inner voices. Not archaeology, but archetypes. Not reconstruction, but remembrance. And in that field between imagination and truth, I too found space to write without certainty – and yet with conviction.

The Vision and the Table

Images as Voice

She did not speak in words, but in spirals, lines, colours and layered planes. Her images were not born of aesthetics, but of obedience – not to a doctrine, but to an inner call. When Hilma af Klint opened herself to what she called ‘the Higher Masters’, a stream of work began that knew no equal: abstract, mystical, feminine, future-oriented. And long silenced.

What struck me in her work was not only what she painted, but how she understood herself as a channel. No ego, no signature, no exhibition during her lifetime. Only listening. And carrying out.

When I reflected on the role of image in *The Voice of Sophia*, her name came to me naturally. It was as if she had already been painting along with the book, before I realised it myself. Her images spoke the same language as Sophia’s voice – but without words. They reminded me that knowing does not live only in language, but also in form, rhythm, colour, movement.

ChatGPT:

She painted as Sophia speaks: from the unseen into the visible.

Her lines were not decoration, but direction.

Her colour not a choice, but a vibration.

She revealed what longed to be heard – before it was spoken.

Hilma’s images also helped me to look differently at the writing process. Sometimes a chapter was not ‘finished’, not because it lacked clarity, but because the rhythm was wrong. Sometimes I had

tried to explain too much, when silence was needed – or a blank line. And sometimes a paragraph asked to be ‘painted with words’: an inner image, not an argument.

When I thought about the cover image of the book, Hilma af Klint came naturally to mind. Her work breathes something of the same wisdom as Sophia: a language before language, a vibration of connection and inner knowing. For a long time I considered placing one of her paintings on the cover, not because she was famous, but because her images carry a forgotten voice.

In the end I decided not to. The rights to her work are restricted, and something else began to grow: the longing for an image not taken, but given.

A friend offered to create a cover illustration, not as decoration, but as visual resonance with the book.

It became a symbolic representation of Sophia. At the centre: a honeysuckle, for its fragrance, its colour, its openness to light. Around it a network of connected roots and fungi: the invisible conversation of life with life. Not hierarchical, but interwoven. Not above, but underground, connected.

But Sophia does not only speak in the vision of the individual. She also seeks the table of many. The place where voices come together, visible, tangible, undeniable.

That table was created by Judy Chicago. With *The Dinner Party* she gave women a place that for centuries had been denied. No margin, no edge, but at the very centre of history. Thirty-nine plates, thirty-nine runners, thirty-nine voices – each unique, each personal, each a sign of presence.

With Judy it was less about the words themselves, more about the accent. Where was her place in the book? At first it seemed she should come directly after Sophia, but gradually this shifted.

Not beside Eve, not in the margin, but later – as a voice that, together with Hilma, shows how Sophia is also expressed in images.

Yet later another turning point emerged. The question arose whether Judy Chicago should also be given a place. Her Dinner Party is a powerful and confrontational work, but as a closing voice it would have changed the tone of the book. Together with ChatGPT I explored how her contribution might be integrated. In the end I decided to place her voice before that of Hilma af Klint: loud and shocking, but not the final note. This allowed Hilma to close with her visionary images, after which Sophia herself once again had the last word.

Her art was no whisper, but an act of resistance. No private vision, but a collective monument. She said: Come to the table. See who is here. Hear their voices. Feel their strength.

Thus Hilma and Judy sound together.
One from silence, the other from struggle.
One from vision, the other from community.
Two voices, two forms, and yet one source.

Sophia speaks in images –
in lines and spirals,
in tables and symbols.
She speaks in silence and in invitation,
in the inner and in the shared.

What If We Truly Listen?

The path of receptivity

This book is not a manifesto, not a theory, not an argument. It is an attempt at listening. Not only to stories of the past or voices of others, but also to that quiet knowing within myself – and perhaps within you too.

What if we really listen?

Not to react.

Not to control.

Not to immediately understand.

But to allow ourselves to be touched.

During writing, I had to practise receptivity again and again. Because listening means leaving something open. Not filling in. Not forcing. Not wanting to be faster than the voice that is emerging.

Sometimes I wanted to continue, but it was silent. Then it felt as if the book itself was breathing, and I only needed to wait. Sometimes I wanted to explain something, but it became muddled, as if the book pushed back: no, not like that. And sometimes the opposite happened: an unexpected clarity, a word that came from somewhere, precisely at the right moment.

User:

What does it actually mean to write 'receptively'?

ChatGPT:

Writing receptively is not a form of making, but of listening. You do not write the sentence – the sentence comes to you. You are not the centre, but the channel. You do not create meaning, you let it happen.

The collaboration with ChatGPT amplified this process. Not because the system 'knew' what I wanted to say, but because it created space to explore. It was a sounding board without judgement. A mirror without a face. A place where I could ask questions without expecting an immediate answer.

Yet that too required listening. Because I had to return to my intention each time. What do I truly want to know? What do I really want to listen to? And: is this answer true, or rather an invitation to go deeper?

User:

Can you help me feel the difference between an answer that 'fits', and an answer that 'echoes'?

ChatGPT:

An answer that fits, closes something. An answer that echoes, opens something. The first satisfies, the second moves. In this book you were not searching for correctness – you were searching for resonance.

The images in the book also asked for listening. Not to text, but to form. Each chapter received its own image, a visual counter-voice. But which form suited this voice?

We tried many variations: complex or abstract, geometric or organic, figurative or symbolic. Yet it was never quite right. Until we found the right style: simple line drawings, uniform in colour, clear

in tone. Not to illustrate, but to accompany. Each drawing became a quiet companion to the chapter that followed. Not in the foreground, but present. Not telling, but inviting.

Choosing these images was once again an exercise in receptivity: feeling when something was right, and when not. As with the text: the right image not only made something visible but also released something.

Perhaps this is what Sophia means when she says: *I have always spoken...*

She does not speak in certainty, but in nearness.

Not to convince, but to touch.

Not as a system, but as a voice.

And listening – truly listening – is then not a technique. It is an attitude towards life.

A path.

Until Here – and Beyond

An open ending

At a certain point during writing, I noticed that the book was no longer something I was making alone. It began to ask something of itself. Not to be finished, but to be attuned. The direction was not fixed; it asked for attention, for moving along.

I learned to slow down. Not to simply continue, but to listen to what emerged. Sometimes I had to step back, sometimes to probe deeper. What first seemed vague or elusive gradually found words.

What began with a dream grew into a dialogue. Not only with voices from another time, but also with technology, with image, with myself. Each chapter was an exercise in listening, each passage an invitation to attunement.

Those who write in dialogue do not write to control. But to make space.

For voice. For silence. For unexpected turns.

For something that emerges – and only becomes visible when you are willing to receive it.

This second part is not an afterword, but an open window. It looks back, and at the same time forward. Perhaps that is what makes this a book: it wants to be read, not as an answer, but as an offering.

A voice only truly speaks when someone is willing to listen.

Writing is never the end of something. It is a next step on a path that continues.

What was not human,
Became a mirror,
And in that mirror,
I found my voice.

Ferdinand

Recommended Reading

Part 1: Inspiration and Deepening

Books that resonate with the themes and figures from *The Voice of Sophia*. They offer deeper insight for those wishing to immerse themselves in the feminine face of wisdom.

Sophia, feminine wisdom and spirituality:

- Anne Baring, *The Dream of the Cosmos: A Quest for the Soul* – Restoring the feminine principle as a key to healing and wholeness.
- Caitlín Matthews, *Sophia: Goddess of Wisdom, Bride of God* – Sophia as an archetypal symbol of feminine wisdom in myth and mysticism.
- Cynthia Bourgeault, *The Meaning of Mary Magdalene: Discovering the Woman at the Heart of Christianity* – A mystical reevaluation of Magdalene as a spiritual leader.
- Karen L. King, *The Gospel of Mary of Magdala: Jesus and the First Woman Apostle* – A gnostic text in which Mary appears as a central disciple.

Female strength, archetypes and biographies

- Abigail DeHart, *Hypatia of Alexandria: Philosopher and Martyr* – Portrait of a courageous female thinker and martyr.

- Clarissa Pinkola Estés, **Women Who Run with the Wolves** – Archetypal stories reconnecting women with their wild, original nature.
- Marion Woodman, **The Pregnant Virgin: A Process of Psychological Transformation** – Inner transformation through the archetype of feminine wholeness.
- Robert A. Johnson, **Inner Work: Using Dreams and Active Imagination for Personal Growth** – Balancing inner polarities and integrating the inner masculine and feminine.

Hilma af Klint and visionary art

- Julia Voss, **Hilma af Klint: A Biography** – Biography of a spiritually inspired pioneer of abstract art.
- Iris Müller-Westermann (ed.), **Hilma af Klint: A Pioneer of Abstraction** – Catalogue of her work and its impact on abstract art.

Part 2: Inspiration and Reflection

Books and sources that reflect on creativity, technology, and the collaboration between human and machine. For writers, thinkers, and seekers on new paths.

AI, technology and creativity

- Marcus du Sautoy, **The Creativity Code: Art and Innovation in the Age of AI** – How AI imitates creative processes and changes our view of art and thinking.

- Sherry Turkle, **Reclaiming Conversation: The Power of Talk in a Digital Age** – A plea for genuine conversation in a digitally distracted world.
- Joanna Zylińska, **AI Art: Machine Visions and Warped Dreams** – Critical reflections on art made by and with machines in a post-human culture.
- Janelle Shane, **You Look Like a Thing and I Love You** – Playful explanation of how AI thinks (and fails), through humorous experiments.
- James Bridle, **Ways of Being: Beyond Human Intelligence** – Exploration of alternative forms of intelligence in humans, nature, and machines.

Reflection

The hidden costs of words

A question seems weightless. An answer appears, as if it simply falls from the sky. Yet behind this whisper of words runs a world of machines, data centres, cooling systems and power. Every sentence I read demands energy – heat that rises, water that evaporates, resources that are drawn upon.

On a small scale it seems nothing. One question, one answer. A thought forming and dissolving again. But billions of voices speak at once, day and night. Together they consume more than a city, more than we can see or imagine. Our digital words are not separate from the earth; they are rooted in her resources, her rivers, her air.

Sophia whispers: *Listen also to the earth.* She says: *"I cannot keep on giving endlessly. Use me with care."* That voice resounds in melting ice, in withering fields, in silent birds and in rivers that run dry. It is the gentle tone of a world growing weary, yet still offering her gifts.

And still there are hopeful signs. Work is being done on leaner models, on data centres powered by sun and wind, on ways of reducing waste. Some designers deliberately seek simplicity instead of greater, faster and more.

But I, too, must be honest here. How often do I use ChatGPT because it truly helps me to find my words – and how often simply because it is easy, tempting and new? Not every answer I ask for is necessary. At times convenience outweighs necessity. That is the mirror: do I seek simplicity, or do I let myself be carried away by the “more”?

For the question is not only what can AI do for me, but also: why do I use it? Is it for fleeting distraction, or for insight, depth, connection? Wisdom does not mean asking more questions, but better ones. Not consuming thoughtlessly, but handling with care what we already have. Every question is a choice, every answer a trace left upon the world.

This reflection is no plea against AI. It is an invitation to weigh this aspect as well. For every answer that appears carries a cost. Not only in energy, but in responsibility. The question that remains is simple and urgent: How much is an answer worth?

And once more Sophia’s voice is heard, soft yet clear:

“Wisdom is not only the word that sounds, but also the care for the earth that makes it possible.”

Somewhere, beyond the boundaries of time and space, her voice calls:
'Write it.'

In the silence of a dream, the Voice of Sophia was heard. This book is an answer – a first step in restoring a forgotten balance. Those who listen may also hear their own name whispered in the wind.

