

MEMORIAS DE UNA MENTE INDÍGENA Y NEURODIVERGENTE

Luis Fernando Lima Caysahuana

"Mi camino de aprendizaje,
espiritualidad y conexión con
la vida, la naturaleza y mis
raíces ancestrales"

INTISONQO

UNA HISTORIA REAL DE RESILIENCIA,
IDENTIDAD Y DESPERTAR CONSCIENTE

MEMOIRS OF AN INDIGENOUS AND NEURODIVERGENT MIND

*A True Story of Resilience, Identity, and Conscious
Awakening*

**Luis Fernando Lima Caysahuana
Intisonqo**

*No one finds their path.
They simply stop being lost.*

AUTHOR'S NOTE

This book was born from memory. It does not claim to offer an absolute version of events, but an honest look at a life shaped by childhood, loss, searching, difference, and the return to oneself.

Some scenes are told through the perception of the child, the young man, or the man I was at each stage. As with all memory, some events remain vivid, while others return as images, sensations, or emotional fragments.

When I speak of neurodivergence, ADHD, or traits on the autism spectrum, I do so from my personal process of understanding, not as a universal medical pronouncement. Each person must follow their own path of assessment, support, and self-knowledge.

This book does not seek to provide definitive answers. It is an invitation to look at life more honestly, to reconcile ourselves with our history, and to remember that what we once believed was a fracture can also become a path. It is also an invitation to listen to our own current: that intimate direction that appears when we stop fighting against what we are.

PROLOGUE

Some stories are born to entertain.

Others are born to teach.

And some are born because remaining silent is no longer possible.

This book belongs to the last category.

For much of my life, I tried to understand why I saw the world differently. While other people seemed to adapt naturally to school, work, cities, rules, and human relationships, I walked with the constant feeling that I did not fully belong anywhere.

I did not understand why certain sounds exhausted me.

Why certain people unsettled me.

Why I could spend hours watching a mountain, a tree, or a cloud while the rest of the world seemed to be racing after something I never entirely understood.

For years, I thought there was something wrong with me.

I thought I was broken.

I thought I had to correct myself.

I thought I had to become someone else in order to be accepted.

But time taught me something different.

It taught me that suffering is often not born from being different.

It is born from trying to be what we are not.

In time, I also came to understand something my life had been trying to teach me since childhood: moving forward does not always mean pushing harder. Sometimes it means learning to listen to the current.

For many years, I pushed my body, my work, my responsibilities, and even my own way of being. I believed that living meant enduring everything. But little by little, life began to show me

another truth: it was not about stopping walking, but about stopping walking while fighting against myself.

I was born into an Indigenous family.

I grew up far from my roots.

I grew up in cities where concrete replaced trees and where people learned to survive before they learned to understand themselves.

I knew poverty.

I knew abandonment.

I knew fear.

I knew violence.

I also came to know something deeper: the human capacity to rise again and again when life seems to have torn everything down.

This book is not the story of a victim.

Nor is it the story of a hero.

It is the story of a human being trying to understand who he is.

It is the story of a boy who walked in search of answers.

Of a man who lost his way many times.

And of a consciousness that, little by little, began to remember.

Throughout these pages, you will encounter difficult moments.

Uncomfortable moments.

Beautiful moments.

Some passages speak of pain.

Others speak of love.

Others speak of mountains, silence, nature, and the ancient knowledge that still survives in the memory of peoples.

But above all, this book speaks of something that unites us all: the search for our true place in the world.

I do not intend to convince you of anything.

I do not expect you to think as I do.

I do not claim to give you definitive answers.

I only wish to share my path.

Because perhaps, somewhere in these pages, you will find something that also belongs to your own story.

And if that happens, then everything I lived will have had meaning.

PART I

THE ROOT

CHAPTER 1

BEFORE I WAS BORN

The first stories of a life do not always belong to us.

Some happened before we opened our eyes for the first time.
Before we learned to walk. Before we spoke a single word.

This is one of them.

I do not remember it.

I inherited it from my mother.

She told it to me many times throughout her life. As a child, I listened with curiosity. As I grew older, I began to listen carefully. And when I became a man, I understood that the story held something far deeper than my own birth.

It was 1983.

My mother was about to give birth. The pains had already begun. The moment had come. She had to get to the hospital.

She climbed into a taxi, trying to breathe through the contractions and the fear that accompanies every woman who is about to bring a new life into the world.

She was alone.

My father was not there.

There was only her.

Her body.

Her pain.

And the child she carried inside her.

The city kept moving like any other day. Vehicles advanced. People walked. Life went on. But for my mother, the entire world had narrowed to a single instant: the instant before she would meet her son.

During that journey, something happened that she never forgot.

The doctor who was to attend the birth had a name: Luis Fernando.

My mother heard that name, and something happened inside her. She did not know why. She had no explanation. She simply felt that the name should remain with me.

Hours later, I was born.

And when the time came to decide what I would be called, she had already made her choice.

My name would be Luis Fernando.

For years, I thought that was the whole story. But I was wrong. Because every time my mother told it, a second part appeared. The most important part.

She dreamed that one day I would become a doctor.

She dreamed that I would help people.

She dreamed that I would ease the suffering of other human beings.

She did not speak of money.

She did not speak of success.

She did not speak of recognition.

She spoke of helping.

That was what truly mattered to her.

To help.

To serve.

To heal.

I remember listening to her when I was about six years old. Sometimes she told me the story while we talked. At other times it came up unexpectedly, as though she wanted to remind me of something.

And whenever she reached that part, something changed in her voice.

Her eyes filled with emotion. Sometimes tears appeared. They were not tears of sadness. They were tears born of hope.

My mother believed in me long before I learned to believe in myself.

During my childhood, I was not a special child in the eyes of the world.

I did not stand out.

I was not the best student.

I was not the strongest.

I was not the most popular.

Many times, even I did not know who I was.

But my mother was certain. She saw something in me. Something I was still unable to see.

She did not speak of that dream to pressure me. She never did. She did not demand that I become someone important. She did not compare me with other children. She did not ask me to be perfect.

She simply believed in me.

And there is an enormous difference between those things.

Many people try to shape their children into something. My mother did not. She seemed to glimpse a possibility behind the restless, distracted, curious boy I was.

During those years, I found the world difficult to understand. Many times, I also found myself difficult to understand. It was hard for me to stay still. Hard to adapt. Hard to keep pace with other people.

But when I heard my mother tell that story, I felt something difficult to explain.

I felt that, for at least one person in the world, I had value.

That may sound small.

But it is not.

There are children who grow up hearing only what they do wrong. Children who grow up hearing what they lack. Children who end up believing that they are a problem.

My mother taught me something different.

Not through speeches.

Not through theories.

She taught it through the way she looked at me. Through the way she spoke to me. Through the way she repeated that story year after year.

Today I understand that every time she spoke of the taxi, the doctor, and the name Luis Fernando, she was really telling me something deeper.

She was saying:

"I believe in you."

And although I could not yet understand it fully, those words began to put down roots inside me.

Silent roots.

Invisible roots.

Roots that would remain with me even in the moments when I stopped believing in myself.

In time, life took different paths.

I never became a doctor.

I never worked in a hospital.

I never wore a white coat.

But much of my life ultimately revolved around the same search: understanding human suffering, pain, wounds, and the ways in which we can heal and transform ourselves.

Perhaps not in the way my mother imagined.

But around the same questions.

Today, when I remember that story, I no longer think only of the taxi. I do not think only of the hospital. I do not even think of my name.

I think of an Indigenous woman traveling alone while she was about to give birth.

A woman carrying pain and hope at the same time.

A woman who did not yet know her son's face.
And who was already dreaming of him.
Before the wounds.
Before the questions.
Before the search.
There was a woman who believed in me.
And that was the first root of everything that came afterward.