He Does Exist

Yes, On This Planet!

How Smart, Successful Women Over 40 Attract the Emotionally Available Man They're Ready For



Eva van Zeeland

EVA VAN ZEELAND

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Higher Love Society
WHERE LOVE FEELS LIKE HOME

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Contents

Dedication v

I Part One: The Question

Where Are All the Emotionally Available Men? 3
My Story: Why I Wrote This Book 10
Which Woman Are You? 12
The Biggest Lie: "There Are No Good Men Left" 17
"I'm Happy Single" and Other Protective Stories 27

II Part Two: The Inner Work

Heal First 43
You Are the Center of Your Universe 52
Dating From Your Awakened Self, Not Your Wounded Self 66
Becoming Water 76
Out of Your Head, Into Your Body 86
Awake in Your Body 95

III Part Three: Dating in Real Life

Get Out There, In Real Life 113
The Spark vs. the Slow Burn 127

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The Field Guide: How to Spot Him 143
Welcoming Him Without Forcing It 152
When It Gets Serious: Love on Your Own Terms 162
The Woman Who Is Ready 171

Epilogue: Where They Ended Up 179
A final word from Eva 183
Stay connected 186
Acknowledgments 188
About the author 191
Also by Eva van Zeeland 193

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Dedication



For the little girl who wanted so badly to be seen. I see you now.

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I

Part One: The Question

Before we talk about where he is,
we need to talk about what you believe.

These first chapters ask the question every single woman
over forty has asked, and then gently turn it around.

Not to blame you, but to show you
where your power has been all along.

✦

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Where Are All the Emotionally Available Men?

Three invitations, three women

The envelopes were the same. Thick, cream-colored, Salma's handwriting on the front, a Spanish stamp in the corner. She'd refused to send them by email. "Some things you hold in your hand," she'd said.

Three identical envelopes. Three completely different women to receive them.

Sophie opened hers between meetings.

It was sitting on the pile her assistant left on her desk, and she slit it with a letter opener while already reading something else on her screen. A wedding. Spain. Salma. She felt the quick warm flush of it, and then, almost immediately, the calculating began. The flights. The week out of the office, impossible, the agency didn't run itself. The small, specific dread of a wedding, the seating plan that would put her next to someone's lovely husband, the inevitable question, *and are you seeing anyone, Sophie?*

She put the invitation on the corner of her desk, face down, and went back to work. She told herself she'd decide later.

What she didn't tell herself was that she'd put it face down so she wouldn't have to look at Salma's happiness all afternoon.

Lana found hers on the mat, under a gas bill and a catalog she hadn't asked for.

She almost didn't open it. Post, these days, was mostly things that wanted something from her, and the divorce had taught her to open envelopes slowly, braced. But she recognized the handwriting, and something in her softened and ached at the same time.

She read it standing in the kitchen, car keys still in her hand, having just come back from driving her mother to an appointment. A wedding. Salma, of all people, getting married at fifty-one. And she thought, without meaning to, of the girl she'd been that summer in Spain, twenty-two and full of plans, fresh out of her studies, a good internship behind her, her whole life ahead. She'd meant to do so much. And then there had been the marriage, and the children, and her mother needing her, and the school runs and the endless small kindnesses she gave everyone around her, and somewhere in all of it the girl with the plans had simply been set down, like a bag you mean to pick back up and never do.

And then the tears came, out of nowhere, and she sat down right there on the kitchen floor with the invitation in her lap and cried in a way she hadn't let herself cry in months. Not because she was sad for Salma. Because she was happy for her, and because somewhere underneath, a voice she tried never to listen to whispered: *when did I last do anything just for me? Who even am I, when no one needs anything?*

Nina read hers in the garden, barefoot, with her coffee going cold.

She'd carried the envelope outside the way she did anything

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she wanted to savor. She sat on the step in the morning sun, opened it slowly, and when she saw what it was, she laughed out loud, a real laugh, delighted, to the empty garden.

"Finally," she said, to no one. "Good for you, Salma."

She didn't think about flights, or seating plans, or who she'd have to sit next to. She thought about the sea, and the light, and her two oldest friends, and some quiet certainty settled in her chest that this wedding mattered, that something was going to happen there, though she couldn't have said what. She propped the invitation against the kitchen window where she'd see it every morning, and she booked her flight that same afternoon.

Three women. One envelope. Everything you need to know about them is in how they opened it.

How they ended up going together

It was Nina, of course, who made it happen.

Sophie had been halfway to inventing an excuse, a client, a deadline, a conveniently timed crisis, when Nina called and simply refused to let her. "You're coming. I've already looked at flights. And Lana needs us, even if she won't say so. Especially because she won't say so."

Lana had needed more coaxing than Sophie. Not because she didn't want to come, but because she'd already built the wall of reasons: her mother's appointments, the kids, who would hold everything together if she disappeared for a week. It took Nina gently pointing out that everything would, in fact, survive a week without her, and that this might be the first thing in years Lana had done purely for herself.

So they decided to travel together. Fly into Málaga, rent a car, drive the coast road to the little town where it had all started

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twenty-odd years ago. Make a journey of it, the way they used to.

The question I hear at every event

Let me tell you something about my work.

When I organize an event for singles, I never have to worry about the women. They come. They always come. Since I started hosting real-life events, I have never once had to post a message asking, "Where are all the women?"

But the other message? I've seen it a hundred times. In comments, in messages, whispered to me at the bar with a glass of wine in hand:

"Where are all the emotionally available men?"

Sometimes it's asked with a laugh. Sometimes with a sigh. And sometimes, if I look closely, with real sadness behind the eyes. Because underneath the joke is a question that hurts: *Did I miss my chance? Is there anyone left for a woman like me?*

If you picked up this book, I think you've asked that question too. Maybe out loud, maybe only to yourself late at night. Maybe you've even started to believe the answer is no.

I wrote this book to tell you the answer is yes.

He does exist. Yes, on this planet!

What's really underneath the question

Here's what I've learned from listening to hundreds of women: the question "Where are the men?" is almost never really about the men.

It's about something we've come to believe. Somewhere along the way, after the disappointing dates, the apps that

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went nowhere, the relationship that broke us open, we quietly concluded that love like this isn't available to us. Not at our age. Not with our history. Not with standards this high.

And so we do one of three things.

Some of us stop looking altogether. We tell everyone, and ourselves, that we're happily single. And maybe we are, partly. We've built beautiful lives. But if we're honest, a small voice still whispers that we'd love to share it with someone. We just don't believe he's out there anymore.

Some of us are still too hurt to look. A betrayal, a toxic relationship, a narcissist who made us doubt our own reality. Before we can even think about dating, we need to come home to ourselves.

And some of us have done the work. We've healed, we feel complete, we know who we are. We're ready for higher love, and we're simply wondering where to find it.

You'll meet all three of these women in this book: Sophie, Lana and Nina. You might recognize yourself in one of them. Maybe a little in all three.

But here's the twist. The answer to "Where are the men?" starts with a different question: *Where am I?* Where is my energy? Where are my beliefs? Where am I still controlling, still guarding, still doing my best to be good enough?

Because the moment that changes, everything you see changes too.

My promise to you

I'm not going to tell you to lower your standards. You've earned every single one of them.

I'm also not going to hand you a list of tricks to "get a man."

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You're over 40. You've proved yourself. You don't need tricks, and you certainly don't need to perform.

What I will do is walk with you, chapter by chapter, through what I've seen change women's love lives again and again. We'll bust the lies that keep you single. We'll heal what needs healing. We'll put you back where you belong: at the center of your own universe. We'll get you out of your head and into your body, because that is where your magnetism lives. And then we'll go out into the real world, slowly, playfully, with eyes wide open, so you can learn to recognize him when he shows up.

Because he will show up. Most women don't fail to find him because he's missing. They fail to see him, or they're not yet in a place where he can see them.

And for the record: no, you won't need a spaceship. I checked. He's not on Mars. He's much closer than you think.

Before you turn the page

Take a quiet moment, maybe with a cup of tea or a glass of something nice, and answer these honestly. Write them down if you can. No one else will read them. Grab your journal and take a moment with these questions. There are no right answers, only honest ones.

Would you like a beautiful printable version of all the journal pages with this book? Visit evavanzeeland.com/journal to download it for free, together with a few extra gifts I made for you.

1. On a scale of 1 to 10, how much do I truly believe an emotionally available man exists for me?
2. When did I start believing he might not?
3. If I knew for certain he was out there, what would I do

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differently, starting this week?

Hold on to your answers. We'll come back to them at the end of the book.

And remember Sophie, turning her invitation face down on her desk so she wouldn't have to look at someone else's happiness all afternoon? That's all this chapter asks of you: turn it back over. You don't have to believe everything yet. You just have to look, stay a little longer, and see what happens.



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My Story: Why I Wrote This Book

Before I ask you to trust anything I say about love, let me tell you who I am. Not the version on the back cover, the real one.

I was a little girl who didn't feel seen by her father.

I've written about this before, in my book *Dancing Between Fire and Water*, so I can say it plainly here. I grew up aching to be noticed by the one man whose eyes I most wanted on me, and they weren't there. A child doesn't understand why. She only decides something about herself: that love is something you have to earn, that you have to be special enough, bright enough, visible enough to deserve it.

So that's exactly what I set out to do. I became visible.

I put myself on magazine covers. I built companies. I stepped onto stages. And I'll tell you a secret I've only recently understood: the stage became my safe place. Up there, finally, all the attention was on me. All the eyes I'd longed for as a girl were suddenly looking my way. For a long time I thought that was ambition, or passion, or purpose. And it was, partly. But underneath it was a little girl still performing for a love she never got.

I was all fire. Driven, chasing, achieving, controlling. And fire, for all its brightness, burns you out. It also, I would learn, quietly keeps love at arm's length. Because a woman who is always performing can never simply be received.

The turning came when I started to dance.

I danced for ten years. Belly dance, burlesque, Brazilian samba. I did it to get out of my head and into my body, and without realizing it, I was learning the most important lesson of my life: how to surrender. How to stop pushing and start receiving. How to let the water in to balance all that fire. That journey became a whole book, and it became a whole new way of being a woman.

I'm not going to pretend I have it all finished. Today, as I write this, I'm single. But I'm single in a way that feels completely different from how I used to be. I'm not waiting, not anxious, not scanning every room. I've done the work, I feel whole, and I trust, with my whole heart, that my equal partner, an emotionally available man, will appear in divine timing. I believe he exists. I believe he's out there. And I'm living a beautiful life in the meantime.

That's the woman I want to help you become. Not because a man will complete you, he won't, but because when you come home to yourself, you finally become visible to the love that's been looking for you too.

So come with me. I've walked this road. I know it well. And I promise you, it leads somewhere wonderful.

With love, Eva

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Stay connected

Work with me

Maybe you recognized yourself on almost every page of this book. Maybe you already know your pattern, and you're tired of meeting it again and again. If you'd like to make this journey personal, I'd love to talk with you.

In a free Love Breakthrough Call of 45 minutes, by Zoom or WhatsApp video, we look at where you are now, what keeps standing between you and the love you want, and what your next step could be. If my coaching is the right fit for you, I'll tell you how we can work together. If it isn't, I'll tell you that too.

I personally speak with a small number of women each month.

FREE LOVE BREAKTHROUGH CALL · 45 MIN

Ready to make it personal?

Scan the code to book a free call with me, by Zoom or WhatsApp video. Let's look at your next step, together.

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Eva van Zeeland: founder of Higher Love Society, author and speaker. Books, readings, keynotes and talks about love and awareness.
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About the author

Eva van Zeeland is a Dutch writer, speaker and time traveler medium, and the founder of Higher Love Society, a conscious dating community for emotionally available singles who are ready for higher love. Through her books, readings, talks and real-life events, she explores love, awareness, embodiment and human connection, and guides people toward their highest timeline. She lives with her three children and cat in the Netherlands, with the sea in her heart.



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Also by Eva van Zeeland

Dancing Between Fire & Water

A manifestation autobiography.

Eva's journey through time, memory and heart, told in three parts: a past life uncovered through regression, her own life on this earth, from a childhood full of questions to motherhood, entrepreneurship and unconditional love, and the magical future she is now manifesting. The story of a woman who was all fire, and learned to become water. Available as a limited-edition hardcover with its own oracle deck of fifty cards. Available in Dutch and English.



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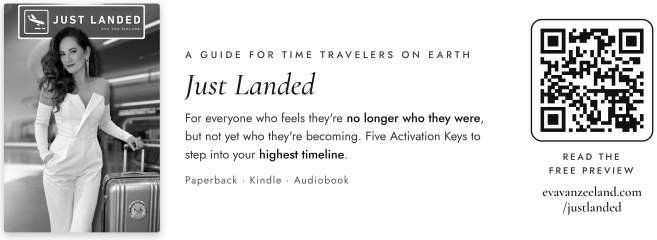
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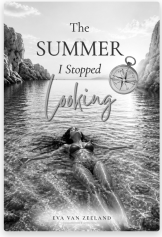
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A summer novella about freedom, synchronicity and love.

Anu steps out of the noise of modern dating and into a summer in Sardinia that slowly rewrites her understanding of love, timing and connection. A story about stopping the search and starting to live. Available as an illustrated paperback, an e-book, and an immersive audio experience with multiple voices.

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A SUMMER NOVELLA

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as the woman you've become.

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