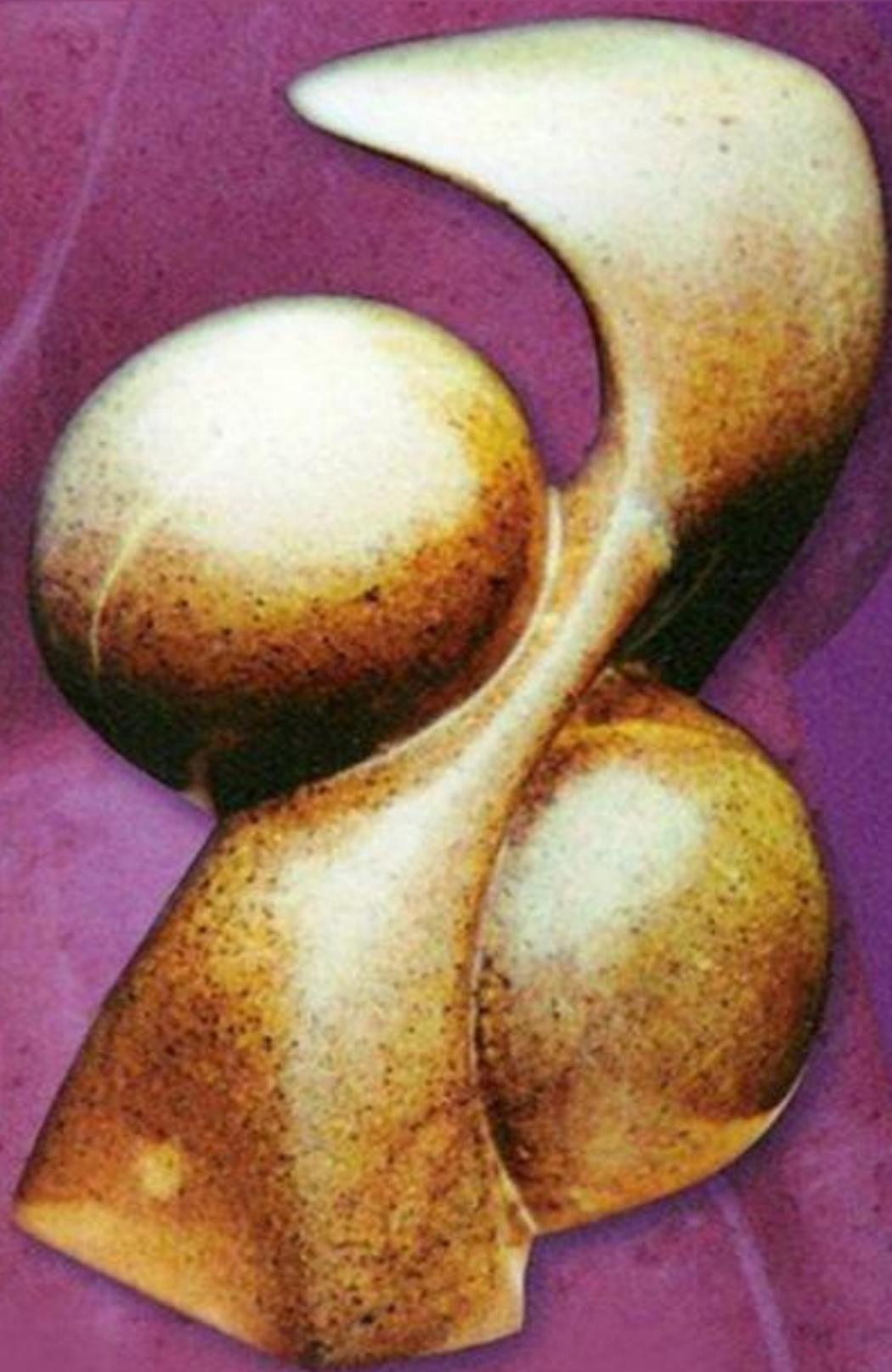


Yasmin Verschure

Origin



- to be or not to be -

ORIGIN

- to be or not to be -

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Words of gratitude:

Grace to all mirrors on my path who have – aware or unaware – inspired me to dig even deeper inside of the hidden treasures of my soul and to give birth of this book.

Especially I like to honour you my dearest Edward. You taught me great lessons about unconditional love. Your farewell letter has touched many. Even if you cannot see the result of your work anymore, from your place in heaven you will undoubtedly smile...

ORIGIN

To be or not to be

by:

Yasmin Verschure.

First published in the Dutch language as: “Oorspronkelijk”.

Translated by: Yasmin Verschure and Jill Mckillop

Dedication:

*I dedicate this book to all
who feel underestimate in this world
because we do not take the time to recognise them...*

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PREFACE

The essence of All that Lives is pure awareness.

Dear you,

*All that Lives is part of the One Source
that creates itSelf constantly in many forms
As we incarnate on this earth
our soul takes on a human form
When we leave our temporary body
we return into the womb of
our original state of being*

We live in a remarkable time and no longer we can take anything for granted. Old belief systems and old values are falling apart. If we are still depended on matter, we will start to feel very insecure.

Once we start to reawaken, the world of spirituality will no longer be imaginary. No longer we are able to measure success on material possessions. We start to look into our mirrors and we begin to recognise our pathway, and more easily then ever before we step into the experience itself and start to return home.

It is not my intention to teach you something you already know. It is only my intention to act as a mirror and to share my experiences with all of you. Certainly, you are wise enough to enquire your own truth. In essence we are all one and from that point of view sharing my experiences brings alive the experiences of all of us.

I regularly use the name of God for the one power that cannot be nominated by no means. People sometimes ask me why I use this name, because many of us do not carry pleasant memories of it. Even worse, they get angry by it. The old image of God did not please me either, on the contrary. After investigating and clearing the old picture, a brand-new image of God came into view, an image far beyond what is visible. An image I feel very much connected with.

It is never my intention to protect people by wrapping up unpleasant experiences. It is my intention to confront people and to wake them up in a loving way, so that we can reconnect ourselves with our Source, our original state of Being. In essence, we cannot name the Unnameable. At the same time, awareness operates under many different names. If you still feel resistance by the name of God, this is an excellent opportunity to clear it all out until you hit the bottom and to purify yourself and your self-created image until there is nothing left then the pure essence itself..

Om Shanti

Yasmin Verschure

INTRODUCTION

*If you are everybody,
there is no need to be somebody.*

- Rumi -

Our scientists are starting to confirm that an all-embracing energy-field where all our thoughts and our deeds are registered does exist. *'No sparrow falls from the roof without Me knowing it'*. With this confirmation, science turns upside down the rational reality. Not only do we constantly create our own reality, but everybody and everything seems to be inextricably connected. From this point of view, you can hardly speak about the existence of a separated *I*. The shapeless, that which we call the Awareness or God, seems to contain everything; nothing exists outside of the divine intelligence. Back in the time when there was still only one spirit, and we were unaware of our separated identity, the impulse to get to know ourselves started to create visible forms out of this shapeless field of energy. At the end of our life on earth, we will return to our original state of being covered with new awareness. We will go beyond time and space and melt together with the Unnameable. In essence, there will be no longer an *I* and a *You*.

Knowing that, by killing an *enemy* we are actually cutting off a limb of our own body, we will start to see the absurdity of fighting each other. God is the original nature of all of us, and is constantly in motion. Therefore, concepts will change all the time. It is real art to stay flexible in every situation and not to be captured in any concept or in anybody else's truth.

Everlasting people feel the need to prove those invisible powers. Anyhow, for everybody who knows how to tune in, it is clear that those energies exist. You can try to bring the infidel to the Source and force them to drink. It is waste of energy. If we start to reawaken and become aware of our true origin, we automatically begin to drink from the Source itself and all proofs will be superfluous.

Whether we are aware of it or not, every thought takes on form and we create, re-create and tap constantly from this energy-field of unprecedented possibilities. By tuning in into those frequencies with full awareness, we do only express that which is already waiting within this field to be revealed by us. We call this intuition. From this point of view, channelling is nothing more than tuning into this energy-field on the appropriate frequency. With the insight that a separated *I* in essence does not exist, we can hardly claim anything anymore, and even copyright becomes an absurdity.

Origin

The book *'Origin'* exists of twenty-four inspiring stories: *pearls for the soul*, and contains a travel-report from Peru and Hawaii. The stories function like seeds. When they resonate on that deepest part of us, that omnipresent deep longing inside of us, we will nourish them and bring them to life.

Every human being has its specific gift to share. It is my gift to give name to the unnameable. At the moment my gift is received, it no longer belongs to me, it belongs to all of us.

After many requests this book has finally taken form. New stories have been born and old ones have been polished. In that sense the process is similar to the process of sculpturing. It is a real joy to taste the words one by one, to listen to them from the heart and to polish them until sound, colour and rhythm are joining in perfect harmony.

At that moment every creation becomes a living composition carrying inside the power of the live-giving water that once again fertilises the barren soil.

By this I do express the wish that every story may work as a searchlight. Let yourSelf be inspired by the silence between the words and let yourSelf be carried back to the Source itself. You, and only you, will decide whether you like to drink from it...

PERU, THE LAND OF THE INCA'S

The goal of life is remorseless with our original state of being....

A vision

After a period of retreat and deep inner transformations, a time wherein I had to let go of everything I once was dependent on down into the deepest part of my soul, a period looking for the observer as apparently doing nothing, my life force is returning. In every occasion, it seems the right moment to fulfil an old wish and to become an aura-reader. The idea hardly arises before the perfect possibility presents itself in the form of an annual training. I can start immediately, how wonderful!

On a certain day, we have to read the aura's of different crystals. First, we choose our personal crystal and my attention is drawn by an enormous amethyst. I know intuitively that the stone originate from Brazil. I pick her up from the floor and nourish her carefully between both hands. Next, we are doing a guided visualisation. Surprisingly the crystal does not take me to her place of origin, instead of that she reveals a vision to me: I am in Peru and walk the steps of Machu Picchu. I am dressed as a high priest from the time of the Inca's, wearing a long, rough weaving white robe. When I arrive at the top, I stretch out my arms to heaven. The sun is shining in her full glory on my crown and is radiating my whole being...

After doing the vision quest last summer in Sweden, I doubt if it still is worthwhile to go to Peru. However, the indication seems obvious. When I share my vision with a friend, he smiles at me. 'If I was in your place, I should go', he assures me. 'The trip will not only inspire you, you will meet the Buddha alive and well'.

The same week Giri, my partner, and I book our trip to Peru. I do not ask myself what I have to do in Peru. Neither have I prepared any business, holding me back from feeling. If I had looked into the areas more, probably I would have missed Q'enko. Q'enko is hardly worth mentioning, yet for me, of course besides Machu Picchu, the place would prove to be of great importance.

Shambala

Our search for old wisdom comes forward out of a deep inner longing for the lost promised land; our original state of being. For decades, in particular we Westerners, have let our heads predominate over our hearts. By the heartrending loss of our dark-side we degenerated ourselves to a nation of outer wisdom which had to be verifiable and provable. Out of fear of mortality, we like to control and to master everything. By cutting off ourselves from our divine intuition, we do not see the eternal connection and the oneness within the apparent diversity anymore.

By now, the result of all of this is that we are not considered to be capable of judging what is good for ourselves anymore. Everything in our society is measured and arranged by a media who are convincing us that consumption is advisable and enriching. Our creative capabilities are drastically curbed and our inner source of inspiration seems to be dried out. The true artist, he who constantly creates out of his own being, more or less seems to be becoming extinct. When doubts about the system

start to have the upper hand and we get in contact with our inner dissension, desperately we start our quest.

Initially we are looking for the solution to our separateness outside ourselves, and we hope to find the answers in old cultures. What we are looking for is a symbol for the Promised Land; our inner knowledge or our original state of being: Shambhala or what the Indians call 'Paititi'. It is that part of us where every human being - earlier or later - starts the search to heal themselves, to get in harmony with their inner creative tides. No doubt the enlightened masters from now and former days started their trip somewhere.

To get in contact with our inner 'Shambhala', first we have to embrace our dark-side; that part in ourselves we do not love and usually project on others, onto the world around us.

Masters of former times

In these olden days, people were still aware of their source of inner wisdom. To a certain extent they lived in harmony between heaven and earth and felt themselves continuously connected with their own eternal source of wisdom. Nevertheless idealizing seems to be a typical characteristic of us, human beings. We just see that which we like to see. After people have died, we suddenly remember all their good qualities and we like to forget their less pleasant sides we could see so clearly before. Out of a same nostalgic remembrance, we are looking for the solution of our dissatisfaction in old cultures. We suppose we carried a special treasure in the olden days that we have lost by now. Certainly, we can learn and discover a lot when we visit and investigate old cultures and old power-places. Remembrance will reawaken and we bring knowledge renewed from those olden days, to life.

After initially denying those primitive cultures and their inner wisdom, nowadays we are inclined to illuminate the opposite side. Believe me, not all Indians have been holy and wise, and the wisdom we are looking for we will not find there today anymore. Apparently it seems to have disappeared, simultaneously with the loss of the old dynasties. Fortunately not all of it. The hidden knowledge is waiting to reveal itself to us when the time is right and we are ready to receive it. The different creations from the lost tribes will reveal their knowledge to all of us who are admissible to it. The masters from former days are working very hard in other dimensions to inspire us. Because this time we, ourselves, have to fashion the knowledge, into a form which is suitable in this time. The knowledge we are constantly looking for outside ourselves is stored in the hidden rooms of our being, in the 'Shambhala' of our heart.

To indicate

Until now, most Christians did not understand many of the inner, esoteric teachings of the Christ. They got stuck in the outer knowledge, the exoteric message.

Out of a wrong insight, out of separation instead of connection, and the absurd feeling of being a special member of a chosen tribe, under the veil of being pagans, we have disgracefully repressed and massacred old cultures and old folks all over the world. All in the name of God! Is it surprising that many of us try to exile God out of their lives forever?

When we get insight into the esoteric knowledge the Master Jesus brought to the earth, by realising this knowledge first inside Himself, we start to see that there doesn't exist anything like a chosen tribe. Every religion and every culture mirrors us, in one or

another form, the same inner pathway. How elevated the Inca's certainly have been and how much we could learn from their old wisdom, that knowledge belonged to a group of elite and not to the whole tribe. Undoubtedly there were only a few members who could answer the question we ask ourselves every time again. That knowledge was exclusively reserved for the group of initiates in their midst.

Barbarian

We have to take back many of our prejudgments. It is unforgivable that the church under leadership of the pope, as a direct representative of the Christ, has murdered so many innocent people. By accusing the Inca's and other old tribes of primitivism and barbarism, we cannot clear our dirty hands. What we have judged as barbarism and pagan, were only other applications as ours. Our conclusion that the Inca's worshipped the sun is not true. And if it was true, in my eyes it is not more primitive than worshipping statues and holy places, as we are doing. Both are different ways to honour the Unnameable; the source from all creation who cannot be expressed in statues and symbols and at the same time is expressing itself in everything visible and invisible form.

In those olden days, ritual offerings were not unusual. On the contrary, for an Initiate it was an honour to be offered on the altar by the tumi, the ritual knife from the Inca priest, who was tugging the heart out of the body so the energy could be adsorbed in the realm of the Apu's; the universal galaxy. The Inca's knew all too well that life is eternal and from their point of view death does not exist. In our eyes, these rituals may seem primitive and barbaric, but we have to see them in the light of that time. In my opinion, it is not less barbaric to justify the death of so many dissidents in of the name of God. Moreover, we are continuing with these rituals nowadays! Even in this time, when we have the knowledge, we do not hesitate to subject whole groups of people violently into our concepts.

We, all of us, have to free ourselves individually from the collective burden of guilt and penance, before we can take our equal place besides all different religions, besides all different cultures. Decennia long we have suppressed and we are suppressed. We can only break this circle of violence at the moment we do no longer wish to be a part of it.

Divine

Revaluing and idealising the past, of everything that has been before, seems in these days almost a natural answer, but is not always realistic. The time seems to be ready that we can open up ourselves for knowledge, which is never outdated but always new, every single moment. By giving back the divine her rightful place in our life, by honouring our own divinity, we renew not only our inner balance; we restore also the harmony between heaven and earth. This will lead us to another way of observation; we start to see what we have carefully denied in our life and we begin to understand what we no longer need. We begin to observe ourselves and others out of respect instead of criticism. It was never been intended to go back to applications and rituals from the past. It is intended that we take full responsibility for our own unlimited creative powers. It is intended that we find new ways to express the love we are with manners that fit us well, now, in these remarkable times.

It is absolutely true that being touched and mirrored by teachers, by reading books, by listening to music, and investigating old cultures will bring alive inner reactions and

help us to renew our connection with our inner wisdom. Aspects of ourselves we apparently have forgotten are coming up with no other intention than to heal and to reawaken us, so we can finally start our inner journey.

We did not come to earth to deny life. We came to earth with the intention to investigate and to penetrate life in all her divine manifestations. And by doing so we will find our inner sun, our own 'Shambhala', or as the Indians called it; the land of 'Paititi'.

Symbolic

Once back from Peru, I was wearing for a while the chain of seeds with his square stone cross, specially made for me by our dear friend and shaman Alfredo. By now, the chain has hung for years as a decoration on the wall, on top of a picture from a female shaman, how symbolic! It is almost five years later when I get back to the notes I made in Peru. That same day this special chain falls from the wall. Now, when I bend myself at new over my diary, it is hanging on my neck again. Coincidence does not exist!

Summary

At the Internet, I come across a report of a man with the name Liefhebber. It is a testimony of his meeting with Carlos Milla. The report gives the next essence, the essence of the Source itself:

Modern science accepts the fact that the energy of the sun is a vital source for all life on earth. Unlike with the Inca's the scientists of today are not as advanced that they fully understand the influence caused by the emission of energy from planets and other solar systems. As the blood-circulation is serving all organs in the human body from life force, so the circulation of energy in the universe keeps all live in a constant motion. The Inca's had three commands: *search and speak the truth, work hard and respect all life in every form*. The Spanish took over the same principles, but in their negative aspects: *do not lie, do not by lazy, do not steal*. Even if it seems apparently the same, there is a substantial difference in the commands *search and speak the truth* and *do not lie*.

Looking for the truth is an inner attitude. It suggests that the secrets of life can be found inside of us. The philosophy of the Inca's knew two levels of knowledge: the exoteric, outer knowledge, only accessible for ordinary people, and the esoteric, inner knowledge, reserved for the initiated. The Inca-empire was reigned by initiated leaders. They were the guardians of the profound knowledge of nature and life, from the cosmic relations and the secrets from the universe.

Thanks to the existence of those *hermetic circles from initiations*, the culture of the Andes could flourish for a period of twenty-five thousand years. This knowledge inspired the citizens of the city Cusco. They became the founders of an extensive empire with a high level of civilisation, a kind of a Commonwealth of Indian Nations. In a time-span of hundred years, the Inca-empire reached herself out in *four directions*: from South-Columbia until deep in Chile and from Argentina until the west coast. The Inca's raised a hierarchic state, we would call it socialism, so they could serve everybody in their material needs.

Christianity has misunderstood the old wisdom from the Inca's. Because of this, they got the name of barbarians; worshippers of the sun. The Inca-priests and initiated did

not worship God in the image of the sun. They believed in one God, but not in a personal sense, like the Christians. According to the old Inca's, God was the connecting power of the universe, the magnetism, the energy that links all powers together. In essence, this power is *love*, manifesting herself in her visible form as energy symbolized by *fire*. You will find the energy, manifested itself as *fire*, in many different civilizations. Fire is a synonym of God. Those divine firepower's are concentrated in magnetic fields, the planets. Those planets are fountains of energy. They are not the Divine itself, but an expression of it.

For the normally earthling was Inti, the sun, an identification of God. However, the initiated ones knew that knowledge would only be valued when experienced in the heart. They discovered that in deepest essence there is *one* energy, *one* life, and *one* fire. In other words; the power of love manifests itself through the sun and will find her image in the hearts of the people. The Indians, who reached that degree of self-knowledge, used the words I Am. They were called *hearts of fire*.

To bring those eternal truths to the people, the Inca's made use of a church. That church was the symbolism of the inner, esoteric knowledge that could be wrongly understood and was given to the people in the form of outer rituals to be crystallised. An often-used symbol to reflect the relationship between *heart of fire* and the sun, as a source of love-energy, was gold. The Inca's believed that gold possessed the quality to store sun-energy. Accordingly, all holy objects were made of gold. Gold was important as art, and used in religion as well as in magic rituals, yet it had not any commercial worth.

Their desire for gold could not satisfy the Spanish. Hoping to find *El Dorado* or the golden land, they started to plunder Cusco, the golden city. The legend of *El Dorado* is based on falsehoods. After the invasion of the Spanish, the collapse of the Inca-empire began. According to the legend, a few initiates withdrew themselves into a holy place. Some Indians call this place 'Paititi'. There a group of masters keeps the old wisdom alive; they are the guardians from an ancient wisdom. The *El Dorado* from the Spanish and the 'Paititi' from the Indians are about the same legendary place, a place of gold for the one and a place of knowledge for the other. 'Paititi' exists and at the same time it is nowhere.

Carlos Milla shows me an old painting. At the edge there is a text in Spanish: 'Heart of all Hearts'. This is the map of the land of the Indian 'Paititi'. All kingdoms border on it, yet by itself it has no borders. Here you can find all colours of the song of the invisible bird. The average person will find ordinary food in the painting, but the real poet will find the door of pure love, which was sealed for a long period.

According to Liefhebber

Paititi

'Paititi' is a place referring to our origin, a place of inner knowledge we will call in the West 'Shambhala'. It is an esoteric place, hidden for the physical eye. You can only reach this place by travelling to the inner part of your soul, by getting in connection with your true being, your inner source. The gateway is your heart and love is the fire that keeps the engine running.

We leave

We fly to Peru and take our residence in the cosy hotel 'Los Niños' in Cusco. In the hotel, run by a Dutch couple Jolanda and Titus, rules a domestic atmosphere. They offer a home for twelve street-children, all boys. I admire their unlimited courage, the way they serve and are giving shape to their deepest dreams.

Cusco is the former centre of the Inca-empire, draft in the shape of a puma. For the Inca's the puma is the female symbol of power. The Inca's saw their most important deity Wiracocha, reflected in the sun: Inti. Although they destroyed Cusco almost completely, you will still find various remainders of old temples.

From now on, you will find us regularly in the market-square, 'Plaza del Armas'. It is an excellent way to meet the locals. There we discover a simple vegetarian restaurant with the name 'Govinda'. Not only is the food delicious, 'Govinda' is a real meeting-place where we can make new friends. Here we drink our first coca-tea. It seems to be a fantastic tool to acclimatise to this altitude.

Sacsayhuaman

Sacsayhuaman is the most perfect Inca-temple in the surroundings of Cusco. The architecture is ingenious. Here you will find the eye of the puma. A shaman invites us to sit on a special power point, in the centre of the circle. I fully accept the invitation and while I start to relax myself and close my eyes, I feel immediately energised. From now on we will meet Mario more often.

Q'enqo, the place who calls me with her magical sound has to wait; I am not ready for it yet.

The reawakening of the puma

The next day we take the local bus to Ollantaytambo. With her beautiful temple of the Sun and the Moon it is the best-conserved Inca-town. Here they supervised the road to Machu Picchu. We wander through the narrow streets, climb the temple and meditate in hidden corners. What a delightful ambiance, I feel myself completely at home. Back in Cusco we drink our coca-tea in a teashop with the name 'Chakra'. Here we meet Chaski, another shaman. He is the author of the book '*The awakening of the puma*'. Chaski explains to us that the Himalayas with their sharp peaks represent the male pole on earth and the round shapes of the Andes the female one. After centuries of predominance by men, the time seems to be ready for the Andes to reveal her story. The symbol of Cusco, the old symbol of the Inca's is the rainbow flag consisting of seven by seven, or forty-nine squares. This flag represents the bridge to heaven.

Mythological animals were playing an important role by the Inca's. The most well known are the snake, the puma and the condor. You will find these mythological figures everywhere processed in a magical manner. Like in another symbol, the equilaterals cross. In the North, you will find the condor, the male symbol of spirit and the representation of the upper-world. The jaguar reigns over the East. He is a symbol of the action of thought. The female snake in the South represents the under-world; the power of transformation and metamorphoses. The puma, symbol of the West, you will come across frequently. She represents the power of the middle-world and is a symbol of the divine human being on this earth.

Pisac

We visit the colourful Indian market in Pisac. Here the locals sell their own grown crops and hand made products. Later on, we walk through the ruins of the temple complex. Until to my surprise, I most definitely see on the opposite side imaginary walls with mummies inside of alcoves. Even if I know that they are not there in reality, I catch their images.

Here we see many young mothers with their babies. Their only source of protein is beans and they have to beg to feed their babies. Seventy-five percent of those babies will not reach their first birthday. The men in the villages beget those children and leave them behind without any care. Even if it is difficult, it is not up to me to judge about this.

Holy place

We go back to Sacsayhuaman. Inside of a fully abounded temple complex, in the magnetic eye of the puma, this time we do our own ceremony. While walking around I lose myself in feeling the energy and experiencing the past, in talking with and listening to the stones. When we both feel satisfied, we take a walk to Q'enqo: that magical place which started from the first moment to attract me. Now I feel ready for the confrontation. When we get there, I set myself against *the body of the puma* and connect myself in all stillness with the energy of Mother Earth. Later, when I wander around I suddenly see the cave I have seen all the time in my imagination. I feel excited like a child when I go downstairs to enter the cave. I knew immediately that I had been here before. Respectfully I take my place on a big flat stone, undoubtedly the altar, and close my eyes in meditation.

I experience the next vision, it is more than that, it is a direct knowing: I know that I am sitting on the altar where in the past the Inca's were sacrificed and I know where the ritual knife, the tumi was laying. During a deep meditation a beautiful old and lived-through face with a ribbon around his head and a diamond on the place of his third eye, appears in front of me. It is without doubt the face of an Inca priest. I know immediately that he was the person who in the far past has executed this process on me. I see and experience the whole ceremony again. It is very intense and I feel cold beyond words.

In my opinion, this is a solstice-place like the one we have seen before in Ireland: a place where once a year the sun falls straight in sight. Here, in the southern hemisphere, this takes place on the twenty-first of June, the winter solstice. Shivering with cold I return to the present reality. I go outside, looking for Giri and my warm sweater. Without thinking I walk straight to the man I had seen already this morning. It looks if he is deformed with the rocks. I look to him, silently and questioned, he gets up with some difficulty and starts to talk. When he starts to clamber up the rocks, just in front of us, I see that he is a little bit crippled. While he takes us upstairs, he shows us the images of the condor, the puma and the snake. We see the throne of the Inca priest and the oracle, where offerings of blood brought the answers to the questions put. Our guide takes us inside the cave and relates about the solstice. The sun power was caught and reflected in a golden plate, which meanwhile is stolen. He indicates the altar where the sacrificing of people took place and shows us the place where the mummies were entombed.

From the place where the Inca priest did his rituals, he could oversee the whole valley. Q'enqo is the trunk of the puma and models a connection with other holy places in this region, representing the head and the limbs. We see grooves in the wall; the places where in olden days the mummies were entombed. I am shivering down my whole back; I feel touched and grateful at the same time.

We take the bus back to Cusco and for the second time we stay eye to eye with Mario, our shaman. He looks beautiful with his rainbow string around his curly black hair. This time I take it for granted and we make an appointment for the time we will get back from the Machu Picchu.

Full moon

Today it is full moon. Initially today we should have liked to be on the Machu Picchu. We could not manage it; we had to prepare ourselves first. Now we are ready for it. I feel enlightened and blessed. Today we were at the place where my friend at home spoke about. The place where I should meet the Buddha. Buddha has many different appearances. Without any doubt, our cripple man was a Buddha.

This evening we will meet another special human: Alfredo, the sympathetic owner of the restaurant 'Kalli Wasa'. Together with his girlfriend Zafra and a few other friends, we have a cosy and intimate evening. Alfredo makes for Giri and me a special chain from protected seeds and a beautiful square cross. It represents the four bodies with their matching elements. The physical body is connected with the element earth, the emotional body with water, the mental body with air and here the spiritual body is connected with the holy element of fire. The round hole in the middle represents the volatile, ether substantial; the absolute emptiness who embraces the fullness of all the uncreated shapes already inside of it.

From this specific event, I wear the cross as a holy amulet. It has a healing affect on my energy body. When we say goodbye that evening, the moon shows herself in all her fullness.

Post hundred and four

The next day on the way to post hundred and four, we are sitting as the only white ones among the locals in a chock-full train compartment. We get excellent entertainment. They sell everything, from flashlights to pieces of sucking picks. After a few hours we reach 'post hundred and four', the starting point of the short Inca trail to the Machu Picchu. No longer are we alone and it is already bloody hot when we start the exciting climb. For as far we do not get disturbed in our experiences, we enjoy the beautiful views and the intense stillness. We stay overnight in a small place with the name 'WinaWayna'.

Machu Picchu

Machu Picchu, or old mountain, stayed hidden to the eyes of the Spanish. At the foot, at a height of twenty-four hundred meters, lays the holy city with her unspoken beauty. The city is built in the shape of a bird, flying upwards, searching for the Milky Way; the road from all beginnings. On his back, the bird carries the symbols of the people of the Andes. This old bird, the condor, is a messenger between the world of manifestation and the world of the infinite. It symbolises the living connection between heaven and earth. In 1911 the American Hiram Bingham discovered the holy

city. Supposedly, in the Inca time it was a place of pilgrimage. The city exists of two different units; the first section was the residence of the religious and governmental business, and the other section was the communal unit. Approximately twelve hundred people were living there in that time. In front of the city flaunts Huayna Picchu, the young mountain. This mountain is also considered a holy one and watches over the holy city.

The next morning, at four a clock, we are the first ones at the gate. Unfortunately, it is closed. Wonder of the world, a special somebody is coming forward to open the gate for us. Gratefully we start our trip. In front of us is tripping a, for me, unknown bird. He likes to say: trust me, I will show you the way. Slowly nature starts to wake up. A livingly orchestra of birds and crickets are escorting our pathway. It is an exiting climb to 'Intipunka', the gate of the sun. From that point, we catch our first glimpse of Machu Picchu. Now and then it reveals itself out of the mist, in order to subsequently immerse itself again. We carry on and the panoramic views are breathtaking. When we reach the temple square, we walk immediately to the highest part of it; the 'Intihuantana' or the sundial. This holy temple is perfectly chopped out of the top of the natural rock and was used for astronomic observations.

Giri is totally done in. I leave him behind in the sacristy and start my own discovery. When I have inspected the units of the priests and I still find Giri asleep, I start the climb to the top. I have seen this picture in my vision. Now I experience physically how it feels to stretch my arms outward to the sun, the visible symbol for Father Spirit, the God of the sun. It is an overpowering experience, not to express in words, when I feel this all-embracing energy flowing through all the cells of my body. The sun stands high up in the air. Her beams are falling on my crown and I experience my vision at new, this time alive and well.

Later on, at the burial ground with the name 'La Roca Funeria', I find a ceremonial offer stone, which touches me deeply from inside. This stone brings me in contact with my physical mortality. At the same time I touch the world of the shapeless, the world of the infinite; my original state of being.

Lost in thought, I walk back to Giri. He just wakes up. I take him to the 'Templo of Las Tres Ventanas': the temple with the three windows. Mythologically the temple represents the birth of the first Inca in the three caves. It is a place beyond time. The hotel is fully booked. Giri is totally worn-out, we have to find a place where he can take a rest. There is nothing else to do but take a bus to Aguas Caliente. Lucky us, here we find a fantastic room for a payable price in a small hostel with the name 'Ima Maku'.

A night on Machu Picchu

Machu Picchu is one of the most beautiful human creations. It rests entirely in the womb of two mountains and is surrounded by a deep gorge. People wonder if Machu Picchu is its original name. It seems more logical that the sanctuary should carry the name of the old bird, the condor, from where the city ultimately got its shape. The name 'Machu Pichiu' means old bird. In this name lays the original meaning of the holy city; the Apu or the spiritual bird, which still is called upon by the locals for guidance and healing.

Today we take the bus to the park. How differently, less sacred, it feels to enter the city in this way. I leave Giri behind under the protection of a shelter and start my quest again at the temple square. I set myself on the altar and start to chant a certain mantra. This releases deep emotions, and the tears run all over my cheeks. I feel myself so unbelievably

at home. I discover 'La Tumba Real', the tomb of the Queen. It is a beautiful 'Pacha Mama' cave, a so-called mother earth cave. In my opinion this cave has been used for fertility rituals and initiation ceremonies. Honouring the female creation and symbolising the womb, fertility and new life. I feel absorbed by her embracing. What a gorgeous place. Despite the fact that the park is closing at night to the public, we have already decided to stay overnight.

I see a small-frightened martin. I stay with him, give him energy while I talk with him, until he carefully spreads his wings and flies off.

Protection

Against closing time, Giri goes down to buy night tickets. I install myself on the temple-square. When it gets dark, he is still not back. There is nothing left than to walk back with a delayed guide. At the entrance they tell me that Giri already returned to the park. At first, they do not allow me to walk back, but they cannot keep me from going. I feel relieved that they stay with me until I see Giri's torch. The night ticket seems only valued until ten o'clock. Giri had to promise to return in time. Fortunately, I did not make this promise and I have not the intention to return. Smart of Giri, he put on as much warm clothes as possible, because he was not allowed to take his packsack with him. Unfortunately, we look towards a clear and a very cold night. I install myself on top of the altar on the temple-square and absorb the beautiful starry sky. After a few hours I really have to move, meanwhile I am frozen. In 'La Tumba Real' we find some shelter. The clear starry sky is even visible out of the cave. It is still too cold to sit and meditate. So we try, all moving, to enjoy the energy and the fact that we are here. In spite of the cold, time comes to a standstill and at the same moment time seems not to exist. All at once, it dawns. In a deep meditative state, we walk back to the entrance. Upstairs at the sundial we see in the distance two guards. Too bad, they have already seen us. There is nothing left than to walk back to the temple square. One of the guards is furious. I do not feel guilty at all and his pistol does not impress me. In my most excellent Spanish I try to explain that a night ticket in our country is valid for the whole night. At the end his face breaks open in a big smile. We get our packsack back and they even allow us to move on. On forehand, I had another picture from parting that may be clear for you!

There is a butterfly on our path. He cannot fly anymore. I take him between both hands and keep him warm until his wings are dry enough to be empowered to elevate.

Self-confidence

We have to walk downhill for more than seven kilometres. When we arrive in the small village near the river, we are deadly tired. Forgotten is the disappointment already and we look forward to a place where we can have our breakfast. A toddler of about two draws immediately my attention. Independently she is going her way on the steep village track. She is radiating confidence, until she tumbles. I lift her up and nourish her on my lap. As her tears are dried up, she continues her path, radiating as before. Why do we think always that poor children must be unhappy?

Our train to Cusco breaks down, just above a broken shift, right by the terminal. We stuff ourselves into one of the waiting tourist busses. Finally at home in 'Los Niños' we can take it easy. We feel starving, so first we go to our restaurant where we meet Lochita and Alfredo and we douse ourselves in a warm ambiance of welcome.

Cave of the moon

On the Plaza, the market square, I see a little Indian girl. With a deep longing she is looking to the monkey on my rucksack. When I hand the small toy over to her, the joy on her face is indescribable. Completely radiating she gives us a gift. It is a self-made brooch. Her gratefulness is touching and embarrassing at the same time!

We will spend the coming night with Mario, so we have to rent sleeping bags. Strict at seven o'clock, together with a few more people, Mario's arrival is imminent. With a small bus, we drive uphill and only the next morning we will discover that we are near to Q'enqo. We park the bus and follow a slippery track to the cave. Inside we make ourselves comfortable in our sleeping bags. Mario is preparing the altar with the feathers of the condor, a stone puma, a gigantic rock crystal and a magic drink with the name wapini, made of coca leaves. After praying and monotone ritual singing, we get a glass. I feel fully in tune and calm.

There is a small opening just above my head. In a miraculous way, the tender light of the moon falls inside and makes our shades visible. My energy is expanding constantly. Around midnight, when we drink a second glass of wapini, I feel myself infinite and start hearing celestial sounds. I splash into pieces and disappear in another dimension of being. All that is left is pure awareness and an absolute knowing. Knowingness that everything from now on will be different. The suffering of the past years is over. New life-experiences will unfold themselves. There is no need to look for it; they will show up on a natural base. I see different geometric forms and a gigantic rainbow. Is this the cave of the Buddha? Yes and no, it is a female cave, the cave of the moon.

Mario is going regularly outside, and by means of puking, he transforms all our negative energy. Around three o'clock in the morning the silence is broken. We have to share our experiences. I have trouble with it, my experience goes beyond words and the silence is precious for me. We install ourselves outside the cave, under the clear starry sky. When it dawns, Giri and I decide to walk home. Maria is sleeping like a rose. We leave an offering behind and find easily our pathway to Q'enqo. How lovely to dwell silently for a while in my favourite place. Via Sacsayhuaman we continue our way to Cusco. We feel very clear-headed and chock-full of energy and enjoy with childish wonderment the silence and the magical pureness from this early morning.

Back in our hotel we order a gigantic breakfast, we are absolutely starving. There is no need to sleep. I write down my experiences in my diary. We pack our belongings and enjoy the playfully presence of the children. It is delightful to be here. We play dice with the three youngsters; Oscar, Wilbur en Alan and promise that they will get the dies when we are going home.

Puno and the islands

We have booked a two-day boat tour to the islands and they catch us early in the morning in the hotel. At ten o'clock we arrive at Uros, a floating island built up from bamboo. The floating islands derive from the time before the Inca's. Later on, the people could hide there during the Spanish invasion. Uros is especially there for the tourists. Authentic, that is for sure, with kayaks of reed, handmade art and a small preschool. From here it is a three hours sail to the island Amantani. Amantani is very primitive. Living there are fourteen hundred families in eight villages, divided in two groups of four. One group is connected with the male principle Paccha Tata and they are living mainly from agriculture. The other four villages are part of the female principle Pacha Mama. They

support their community by handicraft; mostly spinning and processing of wool. On Amantani there are no waterworks and only a limited electrical aggregate. There are a few police officers and dogs. Hotels and shops you will not find. They speak the old Inca language, Quechua, and live more or less according the three holy principles of the Inca's:

- Work hard; labour is a must for adults and children.
 - Elders are exempt of physical labour; they support the youngsters mentally and spiritually.
- Search and speak the true.
- Respect life in every manifestation.

From the harbour in Amanti it is a steep climb to the hut of our hosts, Vincent and Inez. They are living with their daughter in law Else and their two grandchildren. We eat soup, rice and potatoes and drink muya-tea. Muya is an herb. They use it for almost all ailments and it is an excellent means of preservation. In the afternoon, we climb to the temple of Pacha Tata. It is a gigantic climb to a height of approximately four thousand and three-hundred metres. The boys from the different villages are accompanying us with their panpipes. Giri and I are staying behind at the temple. Too soon it gets dark and we get lost. Lucky us, we meet a lovely man. He sends his children with us and we arrive safely at home.

That evening there is a meeting in the town house, with musicians dressed in beautiful costumes. While the mature villagers are dancing together, the kids ask us to dance. It becomes a delightful and crazy evening. Giri and I are very popular and the result is that we cannot sit for a moment. Edwin, the youngest son of our family, brings us safely home. The clear sky is covered with stars. Considering the hard and dirty bed, we do not sleep too badly!

Teamwork

We leave for Taquile and install ourselves on a big stone in front of the harbour. We have a colourful view of the dockworkers. They chop and move gigantic blocs of stone and we observe a breathtaking example of teamwork. The elders share their awareness and experiences. They encourage the youngsters and hand out coca leaves. The costumes they wear are beautiful.

Copacabana

The next morning, around eight, we leave by bus to Copacabana. It takes a while before all formalities on the border are completed. Thank heaven we are not in a hurry and patience is one of our most desired virtuous qualities. Around one o'clock we arrive in Copacabana. We feel hungry and eat a snack on the lakeside. If I should have listened to my intuition, I should not have eaten it, the food is not feeding me at all. Thank goodness, the recommended hotel is a fantastic place. The owners Martin and Amanda have created a divine atmosphere in a cosy, beautiful home.

Isla del Sol – Titicacameer

I was vomiting the whole night and still feel miserable. Nevertheless, we take the boat to 'Isla del Sol', the island of the sun. According to the legend, it is a remarkable island, the birthplace of Inti, the sun, and the god Wiracocha.

Being in such a bad condition it is a hell of a job to reach the village Yumani. Miraculously I manage it and we move in to 'Templo del Sol'. Without doubt, the hostel has a beautiful view.

A starry sky

What a beautiful view last night! That is the advantage of a toilet outside. In the early morning, we start our walk in a magical atmosphere over the beautiful island. Regularly my stomach turns around and it is a gift that we have plenty of time. In Challa I stretch myself out on the beach, to give my stomach the opportunity to calm down. After the pepping up coca-tea, bravely we start the last climb. Actually, we enjoy the splendid scenes on the road. The kids, with their kites made of newspapers, give me a nostalgic feeling. Women are serving their spinning wheels. We see easels with their young and many small kids are working as shepherds. I feel like a zombie when we reach Challantampa.

Isla de la Luna

Although I still do not feel very well, we go early on route to Chincana. At any price, I would like to see this place. The ruin, an old initiation place, is built in the shape of a labyrinth. If I should have had enough energy, without any doubt I should have walked the old initiation path. What a shame!

At one a clock, the boat is leaving to the mainland. The lake is extremely turbulent. The captain fears that we cannot anchor at 'Isla de la Luna'. Believe me, our captain is marvellous, or is it our positive support? He manages to anchor, and we climb in a relaxed tempo to the seven dimensional ruin. The energy, related on the seven chakras, the seven levels of initiations, feels all-embracing. I install myself until the moment we are leaving. The water is still turbulent. In the early evening, we arrive safely in Copacabana. The steep climb to the hostel of Martin is an ordeal, but the hot shower and the clean clothes are a reward. After a tasteful cup of soup, which I can hardly devour, we go to bed.

La Grutta del Lourdes

We have our breakfast outside in the sun, but even the delightful fruit-salad cannot attract me. Later on we walk to the Basilica, where we set ourselves in front of the famous image of Mother Mary. We bathe ourselves in her divine energy when the priest comes in and starts mass. It is impossible to escape, the only thing I can do is literally to surrender myself.

We wander over the Plaza and take a taxi to 'La Grutta del Lourdes'. It is a salutary place. At home with Martin, I am grubbing the whole night. I am vomiting, have diarrhoea and there is no water at all.

Trinity

We wash our faces and our hands with the water from the hot-water bottle and go back to the Basilica. Just for a while we are sitting in silence on the feet of Mother Mary. Just for a while, because at seven, the mass will start and this time I do not like to stay. We climb to the 'Horno del Inca'. It is a steep climb and hard work. Bit by bit I make it and this on its own is a tremendous reward.

Downstairs, at the foot of the Basilica, we pass an old blind woman. I turn back, kneel

down in front of her, and put some money in her hand. Tears are running along her cheeks. She takes her hat off and starts to sing for us. Deeply touched we sit with her and take in fully the deep tones. With shared hands, we model a trinity. I feel absolutely healed.

Arriving home, we dive in the hammocks. This is it completely, and I surrender myself to the needs of my body.

Enjoying

Wow, suddenly we have a lazy day. We read, meditate, eat some soup and enjoy lying in the hammocks. I feel nourished by peace of mind and suddenly I realise that I lost myself a bit. It makes me unmistakably emotional. I surrender myself the whole day and we enjoy our rest. We go to bed very early.

La Paz

There is still no water, so we do not shower today. Actually, I eat some of my muesli. We pack on forehand our rucksacks and lay ourselves down in the hammocks to muse awhile. I feel grateful for being in this delightful place.

Later, sitting in front of the bus to La Paz, we have tremendous views over the Titicacalake and the Andes. After an hour, we arrive in Tiquina. Here the bus is crossing the water on a flat vessel. We, the passengers, are crossing by motorboat. What a funny view!

La Paz lies in a valley. We have a pretty view on the clean city with her one and a half million inhabitants. The upper part of the city lies on four thousand meters, the lower part on three thousand and three hundred metres. For this time, we take the first room we can get and arrange our tickets for Tiwanaku.

Tiwanaku

Very early in the morning the Indians start to build their veggies and fruit stalls on the pavement. It is an extremely colourful picture and it is delightful to have our breakfast on the street.

After quarrelling a lot, we leave with twelve people for Tiwanaku. The guide talks at a stretch. When we arrive in Tiwanaku, we leave the group behind and relieved we choose our own way, no longer listening, but in touch with heart and intuition. This civilization is from far beyond the Inca period. You will see here the same shaped skulls as in old Egypt. This seems to indicate a higher state of awareness and probably it carries back until the time of Lemuria. The whole complex reminds me of Turkey, the era of the Hittites. Often we are alone and we can even meditate in different places. Fortunately, we do not miss the stone of time. I touch her respectfully and connect myself with the dimension beyond time and space. Finally, fully satisfied, we return homewards with the group.

That same evening we visit the Bruha-market. You can buy there all different attributes to protect yourself against evil spirits. In addition, they will make you a special talisman to control your spouse. Only to mention something! The Indians do not appreciate being portrayed. Obviously we respect that, we just buy a few small things, and have our shoes polished.

Back in Cusco

Together with a Canadian couple, we take a taxi to the airport. The wife starts nagging over the unreliability of the Bolivians. It irritates me. I tell her that I trust these people like I trust myself. By no means I am afraid to be cheated. Funnily, we Westerners spend a lot of money on expensive travels, but we almost die when we have to spend a dollar more for a taxi or another insignificant small thing. Too bad, I cannot handle this at all! We are very much on time and land, safely and well, in Cusco. Our first taxi driver brings us to the hotel. Titus greets us enthusiastically and meanwhile I feel two small hands embracing my knees. Alan did not forget our promise, so he gets his dies. He cuddles me until dead! When our room and we ourselves are clean, we go to the village to arrange some things. We buy a few beautiful woollen ponchos and try to get in touch with our friend and shaman Chaski. He promised us more or less that we could participate in his full-moon ceremony. It appears not to succeed, so we let everything go and install ourselves on the Plaza.

We shall see what will unfold itself. From a beautiful Indian girl I buy two hand-woven belts. Immediately a horde of sales-girls starts to surround us. Unfortunately, I am no longer interested in buying something like that. A girl with mango's shows up. It is clear to see that they are far beyond the date. I buy two of them, one for her and one for me. She is crawling on to my lap and cosily we nibble our mangos until the next starveling appears. The mangos are finished. What is next? The shoeshine boys. We buy and share cookies and cake. Yes, they love that taste!. The police offer to liberate us. I assure them that nobody is bothering us. They give us an abundant smile. A kid notices that too many sweets are not favourable for their teeth. I agree and ask if he has a better idea. He suggests we take them all out for diner. That is a good idea, we start to look for a suitable place, and surprisingly we find one. With loud cheers, the kids' confiscate all plastic tables and chairs. If I put out my hands with the intention to make a circle, the kids understand that I am asking them to wash their hands. Twelve little beggars throw themselves on the barrel with costly water, which they also use for making tea. Awhile later twelve pairs of hands are going in the air to show me how clean they are. All right? Yes, very well, thank you!

Let us still make that circle to thank for the food. I feel extremely rich with such a beautiful family and use this event to taste the famous Inca-cola. Not bad at all! The children are enthusiastic and grateful. They like to show this also. When their bellies are filled, they return, playing, to the market square. They turn out to be true guides. We admire some images of the condor, the puma and the snake. Tomorrow is our last day in Peru, and we should like to repeat this party. Loud cheering. The girls are jumping so enthusiastically in trying to kiss me that they leave me with a bloody nose. The boys are fiddling with me all the time. One kid tries to bungle something on my finger. It is a ring. I will cherish it as if it was made of pure gold. Maybe that is the reason that I discover in Lima I have lost this small treasure. With a heart full of joy, we return that evening to our hotel 'Los Niños'.

The begging kids of Cusco

We take a taxi to Q'enqo. Lovely to be back in this initiation place, which is so holy for me. As the process is finished, we continue our track to Dan Blas. Here is the cave of the Moon, the place we have been with Mario. Unfortunate we cannot be there on our own; a local couple has installed themselves already. Pitiful, but it is just like that. A while later, we walk back to the Plaza, the market square in Cusco. Folklore dancers in

beautiful costumes treat us to an extensive scale of folklore dances. At the end of the afternoon, we say goodbye to our friends of the 'Govinda' restaurant and collect our kids on the Plaza. We even find a cosier place than yesterday. The girls did not turn up and a few boys take their places. A boy of fifteen is playing the role of the uncle. We still fulfil the role of the parents. We truly enjoy each other and we cuddle one another on the street. I feel pain in my heart, when I have to say goodbye. At the end we are tempted to change our opinion and so we are helping a few jobless kids on a job. I doubt if it is a wise solution, the start of their future carries with those candy boxes!

Through the gate

I feel a bit melancholically when we have to leave. We kiss Jolanda and Titus goodbye and they take us to their own home on the back of the hotel. Many pairs of small arms are winding themselves around my neck. I feel a tremendous openness and warmth, comparable but much cleaner than we experienced on the Plaza. Full of love and filled with energy I step through the gate, literally and symbolically. We close an important period and go on our way to the airport for our flight to Lima.

Because of the holidays, the airport is extinct. Anne Marie takes care of us and delivers us to a taxi with the destination Miraflores, directly near the sea. Our plan to take a rest until this evening is developing a little bit differently. We walk along the boulevard and end up in a chic restaurant 'La Costa Verde'. I decide to let go of my resistance and open myself to being surprised. For the first time in my life, I eat caviar. What a world of opposites! The waiters treat us as if we are royal guests. I go beyond my limits and just in time I can reach the toilet. Unarguably we spend a few delightful hours.

We have just time enough to take a shower before the same taxi-driver as this morning comes to bring us to the airport. After checking in our luggage, I start making a drawing. I feel quiet and relaxed. We have experienced many things these last four weeks. Things, which cannot be named, but they certainly will fall into place at the right moment.

A few weeks later, being back on the training, I get my next aura reading. My life-energy seems to flow without any restriction. This is extremely new for me, you even may call it a miracle. During the same reading, the attention from the reader is constantly drawn to my heart chakra. The image shows itself as a square cross with a round hole in the middle. Continuing the reading the reader 'sees' that my breastbone is cleaved with a special kind of knife, where after they turn my heart out of my breast. The knife shows itself in the shape of a tumi. Coincidence?

In the middle of the night, even before two o'clock we land at the island Aruba. Here our ways separates. What they did not allow to me at first, they allowed it later on to Syl, one of my former Reiki-students of Curacao. I have permission to get off the aeroplane and I am allowed to stay three more days in the Antilles in the company of my dear Reiki-students from the past.



Aruba

Unsuspecting I walk at two o'clock in the morning through customs. As far as I know, the husband of Emmy will meet me from the airport, so I can sleep a few hours in their house before I continue my flight to Curaçao. Surprised I hear my name resonating from different sides. Unbelievably, twelve of my former Reiki-students are waiting for me in the middle of the night. Could you image? Believe me, I do not feel tired anymore! I get a tremendous rush of adrenaline.

Exuberantly happy as children to see each other after more than four years, we embrace each other and we gather at the house of Rael. How sweet, they did not forget me at all, and even as in the past, they shower me with gifts and compliments. Curiously, they bombard me with questions and ask me if I have something special to say. No, not really, I did not think about it at all. Yet my heart is overwhelming of joy and spontaneously the right words are coming up. Around five o'clock in the morning, as I dive into my bed, I feel deeply touched and energised and overwhelmed with pure joy.

Curacao

Emmy has changed her appointments. Therefore, we can fly together to Curacao. As I take my seat in the small airplane, again I hear my name. This time it comes out of the cockpit. The pilot is nobody else than Michiel, one of my former young and handsome Reiki-students. It is not an everyday activity to cuddle with the pilot, but we both enjoy it! Once in Curacao a few of my angels catch me at the airport. Outside Syl is waiting for me, my first Reiki-teacher. Together we go for a drink to a big hotel. I must say it is not my favourite place, but we have a beautiful view over Willemstad. It is clearly visible that the city is in a much better condition than it was four years ago. Syl delivers me to my 'sister' Jettie house. Jettie and I go for a swim and take a snack somewhere along the sea. Coming home, two more angels are waiting for me. What a delightful occasion!

At home

The next morning I met Veronica again, Jettie's housekeeper. She is even more beautiful than she was the last time. At nine o'clock Lyn takes me for a trip to the north side of the island, a very energy-filled place. Sitting at the bottom of Boca Table, for the such-and-such time I feel fascinated by the rough force of the high-up spattering waves. Here, at this special place, I feel deeply connected with the female primeval power. This evening Syl organises a lecture. The group is not so big, but it becomes an unforgettable evening for all of us. For a long time I feel my natural flow again. I get warm and enthusiastic reactions and hug with friends, and with people, I never met before. Jettie and I go for a pina-colada to 'Avila Beach'. Deeply satisfied we dive, far beyond midnight, in our beds.

Enthusiasm

Syl phones in the early morning. She has got a few enthusiastic people on the phone and asks me if one of them may call me. He shares the next story:

In the beginning I tried to fight it, but your voice took me along in a kind of a trance-state. While you were talking about Peru, I saw you as a small child about the age of twelve. You were very beautiful, touchingly young and vulnerable. While you were talking about the period before, the period of your illness, you changed immediately in an old woman. Yet your spirit stayed all the time unchangeable the same. I saw how the energy effortlessly was moving through your whole body. You touched me deeply and I should like to ask you to come back...

Meanwhile I feel touched also. Later on, Syl and I go for a swim in the beautiful turquoise sea and lazily we stretch ourselves in the decadent beach chairs of the Princess Beatrix beach. This is completely Syl, how lovely!

My last evening Jetty and I go for dinner to a romantic spot on the Beach. The love between us seems even more perceptible than before. I feel completely energised and everlastingly grateful. I received so much love, so much support in those beautiful days. I feel completely uplifted! 'It is funny', shares Jettie, 'if you are here, we feel again that we are a unity'.

At half past eight, we arrive at the airport. Although I have nothing to check in, I have still to stay in line for more than one hour. It is bloody hot. A few of my friends are showing up to wave goodbye. All of us are radiating. Linda has organised a fantastic seat in the plane. It is next to two women who are fearful to fly. It does not influence me at all. Because of the drugs control, it takes another hour before we depart. No worries, we fly with tailwinds.

Schiphol

At one o'clock, we land at Schiphol in Amsterdam. With only hand luggage, I am fast through costumers. The taxi is late and nothing seems to go fluently today. It is almost five o'clock when I arrive at home. My body is deadly tired, but my spirit is radiating joy and sunshine, I am full of energy and packed with love. Literally and figuratively, I feel reborn....

DARE TO BE A REBEL

*Like the water needs its well
the soul needs her body to realise herself*

True nature

More and more I start to understand what my inner teacher meant when he incited me to be a rebel, years ago. It is not necessary to sit on the fence. It is not necessary to worry about government rules, which seem by definition unfriendly in popular speech. It is not even necessary to demonstrate for world peace anymore. I am only on this earth to uncover and to live my true nature.

A rebel

Be a rebel. Knock down all taboos *inside of you*. Do not play the game of the collective any longer. Be *in* the world, but not *of* the world. Do not let yourself be guided by fear. Fear, which is not *you*, but inserted in you the moment you were born. Fear of being not good enough if you do not play your part in the game. Fear of lack if you do not fit into the undefined laws, which by now are determining our group code. Fear of being an outcast if you do not walk with the crowd and have assured yourself of a good salary and an index-linked pension. Don't misunderstand me; there is nothing wrong with a good job. On the contrary, we are in the world to share our unique gift in the work we do. Labour is the way par excellence to express the essence of our being. Payment, in any way, is a logical result. Money however does not create our happiness. Happiness is what we experience in walking the path, in the essence of the work itself.

Chaos

Be a rebel. Free yourself from fears, which prevent you being love. Which prevent you living and experiencing your true nature. Dare to differentiate yourself from the masses by refusing to join the endless drivel about things that are not essential: the amount of National Health contribution, the -yes or no- anti contraceptive pill in the National Health-package. Go ahead, fill in the rest of the line...
The outer fight against the evil without dealing with the root cause more chaos in and around us. Chaos, which becomes more and more visible. Everything hidden and dark seems to come to the fore. Old structures are falling apart. Do not get discouraged or tricked, it is only part of the game. The game of illusions, the shade-working from mind in the substance. A game we once have chosen to play here on earth, and which finally will lead us to awakening.

Enlightening

We feel more or less attached to the substance and we like to preach the message of love and light. At the same time, we blame our brothers and sisters because they are not showing their anger. Or are we patiently waiting for heaven to come, for the next energy-input, which is going to manifest itself soon, so that it finally can happen? What happen? Well, we are getting closer to enlightenment, right?

Open mind

Nonsense! That enlightenment is already there. In the *here and now* - in this *one* moment – there is no second one. You do not even have to strive for it. On the contrary, it will only lead you further away from the truth. Masculine and feminine are of equal importance. Denial of one pool makes the other inaccessible. 'I am only light', a man reacts in full conviction. I reply: 'Congratulations, I am not that far'. In this manifestation, I am light and dark. Because I know by now that the dark is not my essence, I am no longer afraid of it. I step into my fears with an open mind and a lot of humour. I do not try to deny it any longer, not to project it on my neighbour or whoever. I try to look at it in myself. Not to judge but to see the quality that is at the base; pure spirit. In the kernel of anger lies the seed of the un-conditional love, which I Am.

Therapists

They allowed me to be at a therapy-session. Expertly and honourably, the therapist is discovering all in-completeness in the client. Matter to work with; it keeps us therapists off the street! Suddenly I realize that the therapist in me has quit existing. I do no longer feel the need to rescue or correct. I have taken more the role of the *present one*. When I look at people now, I do not see their shortcomings. I see their potential, their beauty. Okay, sometimes nicely covered with a variety of human or even un-human acquired behaviour, but anyway, when I dare to see the inner beauty of people and I appeal to their possibilities, they feel themselves being seen and loved and begin to remember who they are. Their essence will grow stronger. The illusionary outside starts to disappear and the shining inside remains. We radiate increasingly more of our true being. This happens when the person is ready for it. Not before, not afterwards. I am just the sower. The time to awaken is the choice of the soul and everything I do in it is part of the game. The *I Am* inside of me is only the *do-er*.

We, in the west, have time for endless therapy. It is one of the many addictions we cherish. It is not good or bad. It is all part of the game.

Being yourself

Dare to be a rebel. Dare to say that you do not like to talk about silly things, which spoil the energy. You feel more alienated, and the collective fear will amplify. Okay, it is scary that first time, but every time it gets easier and your energy will strengthen itself. Moreover, your choice will open that pathway for others. We shall not grow when we keep confirming each other of old behaviour. We are not in this world to be stuck cosily in relationships. We step into relationships to grow from each other and to bring out the highest in ourselves and each other. Stop trying to be nice. It is absolute un-natural, and it constrains. Just dare to be yourself. Dare to be honest and authentic with your sunny and your less sunny sides. There are so many groups, which see it as their vocation to send love into the world. At the very first conflict, they fall apart. Yes of course, we all stay human! As we aim for conflict-less situations, we are manifesting more conflicts in and around us. There is no good and no bad. Those are labels, which we like to stick on situations to control them. Believe me, everything we like to control becomes finally *uncontrollable*.

Fear

We have fed our collective consciousness with so many unreal fears, that we have imprisoned ourselves in a kind of a vicious circle. Depending on our sensitivity, our choices are more or less influenced by fear. However realistic it may feel when you experience it, fear is always imaginary and has on its own no right of existence. Fear is a projection of our thinking, based on memories from the *past* and fantasies of what could happen in the *future*. Fear is a result of our sense of separateness and is always connected with *time*. When we have to face death, when we find ourselves in a crisis, there is no time for fear and we act immediately without thinking: *here and now*.

At the base of every fear lays unaware the fear of death. However, death is an unknown phenomenon; in essence, we cannot be afraid of it. The true enemy is our imagination I, *our ego*, which we associate ourselves with. We are so fearful to let go of everything and everybody we are dependent on, that we literally are dying out of fear.

The only way to fly at our fears is no longer to evade them, but to look them straight in the eyes and to penetrate the repressed pain. At that moment, the armour, so carefully built around our heart, breaks into pieces. We step through the gate, get in contact with our immortal source of love and enter the infinite area beyond time and space. No longer, there is space for any fear. We embrace All That Is without fantasizing about what should be...

Surrender

How is it possible that people, living in much more primitive circumstances, still like to share from a feeling of abundance? I think I know the answer by now. As long as we feel separated from the source, we will persecute our needs and everything we collect will fall into a bottomless well.

Life has everything to do with belief and faith, and above all with surrender. We discover that you and I are one and that we are all part of the same source. From an inner conviction that our being has no limitations, we reunite with that source of unity and we can draw the water abundantly from the well itself. Life has everything to do with dignity.

I am worthy to receive that which I already am. I am worthy to radiate the love I truly am and I will manifest this love into every cell of my physical and other bodies. It is not necessary to do more than that. The effect to my environment will be endless.

Lord and master

Situations are coming and going. We cannot do much to change that. We can however deal with it in a different way.

A Surinamese boy, living in the Netherlands, has no arms. He does not want to be dependent. His feet took over the function of his hands. He cooks, cleans and has a full-time job as a computer expert. He is a shining example in his environment. Another one in the same circumstance is constantly worried as to why for heaven's sake this has to happen to him...

Two people are sitting in the same train. The train gets a breakdown and it seems to take hours before the disorder is arranged. The one person is constantly moaning about the bad services from the railway. The other uses his time to be in the moment and to strengthen his source of love. In both situations, the circumstances are not that

important. The point is how we use the circumstances. Do we feel like a victim and run away when there is a conflict, or are we lord and master, and use every conflict to become more love.

Our own sound

Love is 'All That Is'. There is nothing but love. You are love and I am love. Together we are the visible expression of the divine flow, which is constantly creating and expressing itself in different forms. Together we write books, we make sculptures, we compose the nicest music and sing the highest song.

Let us not use that form for our own purpose. Dare to be flexible. Dare to let go the form the moment it has done its duty. May our message of love by means of our books, our sculptures, our paintings, our helpfulness and our music flow into the world, so others can feed themselves as it has fed us. Let us do this without any attachment. After all, it really is neither your gift nor mine. It is the gift from the father *and* the mother, the gift from all of us.

Waking up. We do it at all the right time. The creation and the creator are one. I do not have to change that creation - I just have to sing my own sound in that creation so we can all together sing the highest hymn...

DIVINE PERFECTION

The universe, visible and invisible, is one living organism, one lively stream in a constant movement, without beginning and without end. As we start to penetrate this mystery, we begin to realise that we are all part of the same stream. We are in a continuous birth-process, in a continuous movement without a particular goal. When we stop striving to reach certain highlights, and surrender ourselves to the infinite flow of life, our self-expression - our society – will stay in an everlasting movement.

True mastery

True masters are coming in via the back door. This affirmation is bubbling up when I find the thick bundle of information about the Wesak festival in my letterbox. As I start to browse through it, I get the feeling that I am in the supermarket. You have to be crazy to miss all the free bonuses, in this affair in the form of divine blessings. The possibility to become enlightened would seem lost forever, if I do not attend that special event on Mount Shiasta. Unfortunately, I feel no longer impressed by genealogical registers of heavenly hierarchies. I wonder if they from upstairs are intimidated by these kinds of titles. In my opinion walking our pathway means that we do not care about labels anymore, yet do we dare to rebel, dare to break down certain belief-systems. Dare to stay like a rock for our own truth, even if we should be the only one. It is more the part Lucifer or Judas were playing. Even if nobody understood their actions, they are the ones who made our evolution possible.

Divine perfection

Meanwhile it is some years ago that I, unexpectedly, ended up in a service. I brought my hand already to my breast speaking the words: 'Through my guilt...', when I suddenly realised *what* I was saying. My hand was stinging halfway in the air and on the spot I decided to ban those words forever out my life. Next, I decided to release my sense of inferiority and to raise myself up to the image and the likeness of my creator.

I am worthy to receive Your Love. I am worthy to carry Your Light. I am the creator of my own life and accept the gift of servitude...

How deeply the sense of unworthiness is routed in our cell structures! How far I had to go, how often to look death in the eyes, before I really could say, with heart and soul; Yes, I *am* worthy, I *am* divine perfection. All belief systems had to be thrown aside. All external commitments became inferior. No longer could I hide myself behind familiar structures and actions. During those difficult moments of pain and suffering I did not understand *why*, yet at the same time I refused to be a victim. Pain and suffering are part of the process. It is of great importance to no longer take it personally.

A disciple

How lonely is the road of a disciple. How cruel the comments from people on the sideline. 'In this day and age there is no need to get ill' is one of the remarks I regularly

had to listen to in this period. No doubt many who are walking a spiritual pathway will have to undergo the same.

Regrettably many people at this time, calling themselves light-workers, are afraid to be touched and protect their feelings by making this kind of heartless comments. In my opinion they do not understand a thing about the process of alchemy, and about the journey of the soul.

Choice of the soul

As we progress on our path, we can hardly speak about freedom of choice. This is in contrast with a young soul on this earth who can find himself in the learning process of making the right choices. For us freedom is much more about the way we deal with our processes. Do we see ourselves as a martyr and do we like to earn as many brownie points as possible by suffering as much as we can? Do we see this all as a punishment of God, or can we see it, free from guilt and penance, as a challenge for the soul to perfect itself in order to get a suitable vehicle to carry the divine light.

From creature till creator

Nobody is able to judge the processes of somebody else. Every person has his or her own, unique blueprint.

I dare to say that I transformed myself into a multi dimensional light being. In this life I evolved from creature to creator, and in that sense I have already left death behind.

Judging as described before, I call loveless New Age chattering. It is based on fear and only used by people who are so arrogant to place themselves at the throne of God. It is a truth coming from the head, instead of lived through by the heart. There is no God who would even think about making these kinds of loveless judgments!

How many beautiful evolved souls came to the earth, covered in ramshackle bodies to be an example of light and love only to show us, who have forgotten the beauty of our soul, that there is something more than material richness.

Dark night of the soul

At the same time it is those people who react so scornful, who give us a great gift. They throw us completely in the deep. And if we really like to reconnect with the divine within, we have to go through the dark night of the soul. We have to go there all alone, without any help. Free from any attachment to people, animals, things or labels. Free from all convictions imposed on us by upbringing, school, church and society. We have to present ourselves naked to our creator with nothing left but ourselves.

This is a process, which has to do with trust and full surrender and there is no technique or initiation that will help us.

I fully understand that many people still feel the need to run from the one workshop to the other, and are taking one initiation after another hoping to find enlightenment outside without having to make inner space. Imagine in one weekend, you can grow from a beginner to master ship, how attractive! And cheaply also, so you can do a lot of workshops in a short time. What a disillusion to discover that master ship is not something to strive for. At most, all these events can give you is a piece of tool you can use on your path. However, you are the one to bring it into practise.

The path of a true master

The path of a true master is a path of simplicity and servitude. The path of a true master consists of bringing into full bloom all his achievements until he becomes the energy himself and radiates his divinity without any effort. The path of a true master is one of peace and simplicity. When you meet such a master you will undergo a real transformation, without speaking words. The path of a true master does not consist of liberating others; a true master knows that nothing and nobody needs to be liberated. He knows that the whole of creation develops by divine order and that there are no such things as shortcuts. The path of the true master is the willingness to look upon himself, in the knowingness that he, himself, represents the gateway to heaven and can only be a living example for others by his own achievements.

Network

Real master ship is the willingness to stay in your own truth. To have the courage to open yourself, so the divine hierarchy can pour out their gifts abundantly over you. From our willingness to receive, we undergo a divine transformation and everybody we meet will be influenced by it. By taking upon us our heavenly duty, we establish heaven on earth and start to anchor a network of love and light in our beloved earth mother, to support her with her transformation. If we embrace our multi dimensional divinity by dedicating ourselves to the highest we serve the divine hierarchy so they will gratefully continue with their own evolution process.

And it does not make any difference where we stay. There is no need to proclaim it from the housetops. Our light will be visible without persuasion. Be willing, as necessary, to stay in your own truth, even if it does not resonate with the truth of the whole group. When it resonates in your heart it is your unique truth, your own enjoyment and your unique gift to the universe. And God is looking forward to your coming home!

BIRTH OF A NEW ERA

The pitfall in our life is our identification with the situation. We think we are victims and we have forgotten that difficult situations in our life open the gates beyond time and space. It is the process of alchemy or dying before we really die. That which we really are can never be affected.

Collapsing of an old empire

A complete sun year, the turning around of our solar system, takes approximately twenty-six thousand year. Such a period contains, more or less, four different eras: the golden, the silver, the copper and the iron one.

In the times, following these periods, the visible creative energy becomes more sealed up and we, as human beings, have descended slowly but surely increasingly more into matter. Although there was initially an open connection with the divine, in each period we have delivered some of our true nature. This day and age, many of us cannot even see the connection between heaven and earth anymore. At present, we find ourselves at the end of the iron era, the period we call Kali Yuga.

It is a time of deep darkness, a time of decline and destruction: the collapsing of the old age. It is the energy from Kali and Shiva, the bottom of hell. It is the period of which is predicted that the world should perish.

A period wherein the new Christ, the Maitreya, will come to the earth. Briefly, every religion has painted his own picture for this time. Those images are strongly based on the period lying behind us. They are coloured by our group awareness. Coloured by the power appropriated by churches and gurus, by fooling the crowd that they never would reach liberation without intervention from others. This way of thinking, excess of the patriarchy, belongs to the old age. It is not out of criticism that I illuminate this; it is all part of the play.

This period is anything but a mistake of our Creator. It is the time preceding the coming turnover. We are on the road to unity-consciousness. Aware or unaware, we are preparing ourselves for it. The ego, the individual, is totally thrown back on itself and is going through layers of ignorance and fear, to become strong enough to radiate the light within, our divine spark. This time in a different way; more enthusiastic, more fiery. Our identity becomes visible. We tear ourselves away from groups, family ties and other structures. No longer we believe gratuitously what others like to put in our head.

Our youngsters seems be averse to respect. They observe even the elders and the teachers at school with suspicion; are they credible, do they deserve to be respected? No longer, respect is something we can command. Our youngsters do not tolerate this any longer. Respect has to be earned. Correctly!

Return of the Christ

We are fully being thrown back on ourselves. This process is combined with a lot of fear. It is time, literally and figuratively, to commit ourselves, and to show us in our purest nakedness. The ego is blowing up to unknown heights. The 'I' becomes of great importance. We feel abandoned by God and everyone. We go through deep feelings from darkness and loneliness. Insanity strikes, death spread like wildfire. In every occasion we are strengthening ourselves, shaking off the yoke of indolence and

paternalism. We make ourselves powerful and prepare for the comeback of the Christ: he who returns on the white horse, symbol of spirit....

We dare to distinguish ourselves. In spite of all pain and hurt feelings, we bravely open our heart. In brief, we prepare the stable, the inner cave, to welcome the birth of the unconditional love inside of us: the birth of the divine child, the son of the Father/Mother. The spark of spirit, which we seem to have forgotten, awakes. The kingdom of God, no longer outside of us, comes to full bloom.

Hidden treasures

We go to the deepest of the deep inside ourselves to open all hidden rooms, and start to explore our secret treasures in order to remember who we are. Our split personalities, within which we have fallen apart, all those different parts of ourselves, fuse together. It is time for the great unmasking. We do not hide ourselves any longer in the skirts of our mothers, but show our true faces. A new golden age is born. We humans rise up from the dust and become spiritual in a new way. Yes new, because God is constantly in movement. Our achievements from the past shape the womb, out of which the new can be born. It is the foundation to settle our new era in. Understand me well; we do not go back to the golden age from former days, because we are in every respect no longer the same. We evolved in awareness and our authenticity has become more visible. Exterior securities, such as churches, gurus, mediums, etcetera will lose their power. Others will immediately try to get hold of the open spaces, by founding new churches. It will work for those who think they need it.

Breaking old ties

This period of transition is of utmost importance. Many souls have chosen to incarnate, because they want to participate in the great transition, the jump to authenticity. Without a period of apparent decline, the profundity of our authenticity could never be born. We should not feel any impulse to distinguish ourselves from the masses. There should be no need to break old ties, and to free ourselves from old values and structures, in order to choose, in full awareness, what is good for us. It is not only 'old trees', which have to make space for all that is coming after them. Many 'young trees' are being struck down also. Disasters drag over the earth, asking an incredible amount of victims. Our immune system is lacking and many horrible diseases are appearing. If we look at it, only from the material level, it will frighten us greatly. We face it daily on the journey, but have thoroughly trained ourselves not to get involved in the emotions. We get confronted with that, which we face the least in our western society; our own mortality.

Loss

In our society, we do not learn how to handle loss, suffering and death. We have forgotten the rituals accompanying these processes, and the farewell of our loved ones takes place in impersonal rooms. Desperately we are searching for the new, at the same time there is nothing more frightening for us than renewal. In fits of nostalgia, we grab at that which once was. By holding on to the past, by holding on to the old, we prevent renewal, we prevent life. Death is a logical result. Of course, I mean another kind of death than the physical one!

By all means we try to escape from death. This is a comical situation, considering the fact that it is beyond any question that we have to face loss from the moment that we are born (our first great loss) until the moment we die.

However, we try to exile death far outside ourselves, and we like to think it is normal that those processes take place elsewhere, but not in our own life. We have forgotten that everything, which happens elsewhere, also is happening within us...

Young trees

In order to awaken us, many 'young trees' are knocked down. Even if it is not clear for the people around, they are ready with their own process. Beforehand, their souls have chosen this moment and this way to contribute their suffering for the transformation of their whole environment. It is not a question of self-sacrifice; it is a matter of choice, of servitude. The people involved get deeply touched by watching the suffering of their loved ones; they are opening up by the sacredness of their process. After an initial protest and grief, they see to their surprise an enormous acceleration in awareness, a process from awakening to the dying person. The moment the process of acceptance and surrender enters, the veils between the different layers of awareness seem to disappear. Via the dying person, we are permitted to see a glimpse of heaven, if we are ready for it. If not then this process will guide us for the rest of our life. Something will change in the awareness of the people around, whether they are aware of it or not. Their loved ones are the gates who spin and weave the threads of the network of love on this earth. By doing this, the veils of illusion will disappear, and the people behind will make the transition into the new golden age. Those 'young trees' are the teachers, showing us in all simplicity what death really is: a transition, a birth into another dimension.

Newborn babies

Other light workers make this transition, this new birth, while they are still living in the substance. They die several deaths and get reborn. They go literally through hells of pain and suffering. Mostly it is resistance and protest against the situation, not being able to accept it, which causes the suffering. Anyhow, this way of suffering can be so inhuman, that those, stricken by it, literally and figuratively get broken. Nothing remains than to go straight through the resistance. Nothing remains than in all humility to bow our head and to surrender fully to the divine will.

They get reborn with new insights. They are in the world but no longer of the world. They are as newborn babies, feeling alienated from their environment and are very vulnerable of the dense energies around them. They are strongly connected with their own source. Generally, they are not clairvoyant; they draw the water directly from the well, the source of all wisdom. This results in a direct knowing. This new way of clairvoyance, of contemplation, fits well in this time and cannot be coloured by wrong interpretations.

Their vibration is refined, it seems no longer from this earth. Their appearance is touching everybody in the positive or in the negative sense. Aware or unaware their environment starts to change. Everything light gets stronger, everything dark gets more visible. They are the pioneers who explore new pathways, so others may follow. In all simplicity, they take over the function of the priests and the gurus from former days. They are living examples and do not like people being dependent of their teachings.

According to them, there is no need for intervention from a third one to be in communication with the divine.

Perished glory

Please understand, in the period behind us, the time of the patriarchal thinking, this was certainly truth, but in the approaching time, it does not function anymore. The bastion of perished glory anxiously maintains those images, and it is high time that they unmask and dismantle themselves. Certainly, this will happen the moment we refuse any longer to deny our own responsibility. In this process, not the whole of humanity shall participate. Most of us are scared to death of chaos, of lacking security and leadership. We are entangled in webs of fear and prevent our own development, and together with this, we stop the development of the whole of humanity and the earth. For this reason, it is a necessity that the process of individualisation is preceding this process. If people are repressed long enough, finally we will get a revolution. This time the revolution will take place inside of us. When we are powerful enough, when we have really had enough from all of this, we will tolerate it no longer, and we will be ripe for the transition.

Black Madonna

The black side of the goddess gets her rightful place. She manifests herself in different ways: Kali and Lilith, Mary Magdalene, the black Madonna, and many others. The antipode of the nourishing Mother Goddess. She is not striving to maintain that what is, but handles the sword of justice, to bring into light all the dark principles in- and outside of us, so we can knock down all the moralities, which no longer serve us. She will cut all the choking mother ties from cherishing mothers, who are acting out of fear instead of love. Mercilessly she will overthrow the power of oppressing world leaders, who only strive for their own honour and glory. So everybody will be thrown back into their own identity.

Thanks to those dark aspects of the Goddess, we will all, sooner or later, stand up for our singularity, our forgotten dignity, our celebrity and our smallness, our divinity. Men will make place for women, so they can take up their rightful place in the plan of creation. Women also will make place for men who dare to be original, powerful *and* vulnerable.

Oneness in variety

We drop all figurative emotions such as pity, sense of duty and old guilt feelings. These emotions have caused us to be small and dependent for too long. We behave like anxious children, not daring to distinguish ourselves. It is time to let go of mummies skirts and to stand on our own two feet.

After an initial protest, our emotions will shape the compost for honesty and pure feelings of compassion. We realise that we form a unity in variety. At the end, we will start to recognise this unity in everything and everybody around us. Brother- and sisterhood will take up a renewed place in the coming time...

BIRTH OF THE LIGHT

*A tree makes a new ring every year
The old reed dies off, in order to let the new be born
Also we human beings
Every night we die
to be reborn in truth
each morning anew*

Before daybreak

On that first day of the New Year, I walk before daybreak to the forest. In spite of the enormous powder-fumes caused by the fireworks last night, the moon does not embarrass herself. She stands strong and proud in the sky, embraced by a beautiful aura. This morning the sky is coloured by an immense deep tint of red, as an omen for the coming snow. It is breathtaking!

As usual, I am the only one in the forest. I do not feel lonely at all, the forest is full of mystical creatures, maintaining the forest life; such as the devas, the elf's and the dwarfs. Even if I do not see them, I feel their presence in everything. The birds do not seem to care about the fact that it is winter. They are twittering lustily as if spring already has started. Robins, finches and blackbirds, they are all awake and celebrate the new light by singing their own high song for the Creator.

A lonely woodpecker chops fiercely into a tree. In the air, just above the pasture, circles a concentrating buzzard, majestic and free of time and space, he is observing an unsuspecting prey.

To get used to

I have to admit that I really needed some time to get used to the gigantic operation applied by the state forest administration. Almost half the trees, some of which are giants from thirty years and older, are beaten out of the field. Some parts of the forest are almost without vegetation. I allowed myself to get through the pain of this process, without getting involved in the emotions, as I used to do before. Funny enough, I started to see the other side of the medal.

After all, everything has two sides, and slowly but surely I start not only to see the opposite side, I even start to appreciate it. It is so inconceivably light in the dark forest. The light breaks through on all different layers and touches the ground effortlessly in all those places where the light could not reach the soil before. The result is a much greater view, and the sunbeams are filtering themselves as a gossamer-fine colour spectrum between the trees. No doubt, we will get another beautiful day!

Escape

Some trees have escaped. They are staying there, cheekily, with a wide ring around their bark and look at you if they like to say: do you see me, it was not yet my time! As well as nature, this process happens also to people. For an inexplicable reason, some of them have a narrow escape. They miss the airplane or on a miraculous way, their cancer seems to suddenly disappear. Likely, it was not yet their time. After all, nobody will leave this earth before his time.

Frequently I see the deer in those days. Mostly they are with three of them, that seems an unspoken rule. The roebuck is always on his own. He is peering down the path and seems to wonder where all the hiding places have gone to.

Inspiration

As always nature inspires me abundantly. It is the source to connect with the divine inside, par excellence. I relate this operation, this gigantic process, with us, people. In this time of deep darkness, the light, the manifestation of our immortal spirit, tries all possible ways to inspire us to open ourselves up consciously, and to receive her inflow.

Bulldozer

At the end of an era wherein we make the transition to a new age, the light tries to break through increasingly. People, who are sensitive to it, will experience this physically. Before we can allow the light to enter, literally we have to intervene in a gigantic way into our inner world. Literally, the bulldozer has to go through it to exterminate all deep-rooted ideas and outdated principles down to the roots. The result of this is more space. The light can easily penetrate all cells of our being. God lives not only in heaven, God lives in every cell of our body.

Some of us consider this earthly body as superfluously evil, a temporal illusion. Out of a strong longing to merge with the light, they prefer to leave this reality as soon as possible. Others deny their bodies in a different way. Out of inexplicable guilt feelings, they often require inhumane things of their vehicle. They are chastising it, more or less unaware, with noise pollution, alcohol, drugs, excessive sex, too much food, and above all, with stress. At last the only important reality is that spark of spirit, our true awareness. It stays unchangeable and it is constantly present. It will awaken if we are ready for it, no sooner and no later. We are ready for it if we make a conscious choice to stand up in truth and in love, and to take possession of our place in the divine creation. We have to allow the bulldozer to pull through all the stuff, to prune the old wood so it can bear fruit again. Other parts have to be removed to the roots. For some ideas, pulverizing seems enough. In essence, they will shape the compost to grow our new being.

The right time

Nowadays we play constantly with fire, and we appear to be bad guardians of mother earth. That may be clear by now. Nevertheless, I do not believe that the world will perish at one stroke. Neither do I believe that we will ascend to another dimension. In my opinion, many of us are opening our hearts and are making the transition while being on earth. By doing this, we are also lifting up our mother earth. It is a gradual process and many of us find ourselves already in the middle of it. In my way of thinking, it is the only way to evolve, continually and gradually.

Anyhow, it is the right time. It is the time par excellence to wake up and to harvest what we have sowed. Let us feed the flame of the Christ light, the son of the Father/Mother in each of us, so the fire can burn brightly. This is the privilege of these times. We can choose to open ourselves and to stand in the front line. We can raise ourselves in humility and gratefulness to bearers of light. Not by denying the darkness, no, we have looked the dark into the eyes, and have given it her rightful place. If we put our shadow side into the light, the dark is no longer dark and finally it will disappear without effort.

More so, on this earth and in this dimension the dark feminine side is as important as the light masculine side. Let us stop fighting the dark, let us orientate where we would like to be, what we would like to be. Let us, in full awareness, embrace our spark of spirit, which has chosen this soul and this body to be here on earth in this marvellous time. Let us stop longing to be somewhere else than we are. Let us be present, *in the here and the now*, and let us be enlightened examples. In this time that we like to focus so strongly on the dark, we need brave people, worriers of light, who dare to be authentic and have the courage to illuminate the other side of the medal, and to give shape to it.

The new union

At the end of this beautiful first day of a new year full of promises, the snow is falling in thick flakes out of the sky. Slowly but surely a white carpet of purity embraces the earth, and carries her back to the state of shameless innocence, in which she originally found herself. All pain and all injuries get washed away. Today it is her new birth. Today she is preparing herself to inhabit the new earth. After an immense time of individualising and the right of the strongest, the earth rings in the new union. The union of oneness, the union of brother- and sisterhood.

THERE IS ABUNDANCE FOR EVERYONE

Embrace the world in her totality. Include her in your compassion and your love. As long as we have not finished our inner fight, we are part of every fight. Let us open our hearts, our unlimited source of love, so our love can flow over the earth, without any conditions, and everything will happen that has to happen in the divine plan...

Divine love

The world seems on fire. Every day they are killing thousand of children and adults in war areas. One environmental disaster after another takes place, asking for an uncountable amount of victims. There seems not to be an end to the violent attacks of terrorism. Children in Africa and elsewhere are dying from hunger of aids. Desperately mothers are keeping their dying children in their arms...

Meanwhile we, privileged westerners, live in abundance. If this is not enough reason to be grateful, we are going forward, apparently undisturbed, to bury our head in the sand and we stuff our houses full of all kinds of vapidities, which we do not even know the origin of. A growing feeling of discomfort is hanging as a grey veil over our fear. Fear for even more terrorist attacks, since we could not stop the USA attacking Iraq. By holding on to the illusion that it will not go so far, as long we are spending lots of money and consuming as much as we can, we try to keep the fear under control. We gorge ourselves with more food than is good for us, from a quality that the name of food no longer deserves. In order to get our weight a bit under control, we start subsequently to slim for weeks.

We immerse ourselves in all kinds of entertainment while we complain that everything, after the introduction of the Euro has become so expensive. It does not stop us frequently going on holiday, at the least three times a year. It seems the only way to turn our back to our dissatisfying life situation and to distance ourselves from our jobs, which we consider as an unavoidable evil.

Sharing together

Surprised and with growing unbelief I observe this whole spectacle. Increasingly I get the feeling that I am born on the wrong planet. People, they told me from upstairs, have been called into being to mirror His/Her image and conformity here on earth. People seem to have the capability to experience an absolute inner peace and enjoyment, because they are the perfect manifestations of divine creativity and pure love. Tell me, why for god's sake, we strayed so far away from our origin. Why do we behave so needidly, and do we not even know from pure madness how to fill our emptiness? Why for god's sake is it possible that we hold ourselves in false hope from our media and the government? Why do we accept, without criticisms, their fables that we gain more happiness if we spend more money? At the same time three quarters of humanity has not even one full meal a day. Let us not speak about *their* rights of human labour and holidays. Why for god's sake does it seem that no amount of suffering in the world will lead us to repent? It even does not seem to stimulate us to share, all we have appropriated, with our lesser privileged brothers and sisters. It is high time to jolt ourselves awake from the sleep of oblivion and to confront ourselves, honestly but

lovingly. Please, let us do this without guilt or penance; we have belittled ourselves long enough with that.

Let us just start to share out of abundance, knowing that everything we share will return to us tenfold. Not that we do it for that reason, of course not! The joy of being able to share is enough reward, and in every aspect nourishing for our soul.

Peace

The majority of our world is longing for peace. In which world? Only in our world? Are the people in Iraq, Kashmir, Israel, Jordan and elsewhere not longing for peace? What does it mean for a mother to send her son, who she has given birth to, to the front for the honour of his native country? Is it not high time that women stand up in the frontline and refuse to let their sons be used as targets, in order to allow them to kill the sons of other mothers? Are we, mothers, giving birth to offer our children to violence, to let them assault, to let them commit suicide, or to let them degenerate into war wrecks?

One million children in the USA are running away from home because they do not feel seen and honoured in their singularity. They seem not able to fulfil the desires of their parents. One million! Thousands of them will never return home. They are assaulted, murdered, committing suicide, or are transported to somewhere else to be explored as a prostitute. How horrible! Mainly children who get to hear from their parents: 'I love you, if...' According to Elisabeth Kübler Ross, this 'if' has already claimed more victims than the whole war in Vietnam.

Unlimited

What about these numbers in The Netherlands? How many adults judge themselves and others according to their status and force their children into the same straitjacket? We posit our today's youth so easily of not being good for nothing. We are constantly looking for solutions for problems we have created together. Yet we are not willing to look at the cause of these problems: the generation who has educated this youth. The high demands we are claiming of ourselves.

The need to cherish our past, and to control and to insure our future, the need to cover ourselves with exteriors and illusions, is the underlying cause of so much dissatisfaction in the world. Advertisements on radio, television, in the newspapers and on the internet, give us the feeling that we need always more to fill our emptiness. Silence is a fearful thing. Everywhere you go, public or private, the radio or the television is on, and the echo of advertisement, hard rock and news bulletins, are filling the ether. This aggressive noise pollution has an enormous impact on our brains, our central nervous system, and obviously on our behaviour. In order to be allowed in school, hyperactive children are swallowing free preventative drugs, which kill their creative expression. A simple solution: less prestigious educators, suitable and healthy food, a safe and lovingly nest, space for creative expression and relaxing background music, should solve most of the problems.

'Yes but I cannot discriminate my child...' Being afraid to put up limits, we create a new generation of adults, who cannot set their limits, who never will accept a 'no', and who immediately have to fill their greed. We are raising a new generation, having only rights, and no duties. If they grow into maturity, they have already forgotten that

quality of life means pure joy, that everything and everybody in the universe inextricably is connected. It should be our assignment to be servitude, without any form of sacrifice.

Silently

We are so afraid to discriminate that we do so all the time. We are afraid to be honest to ourselves and to others. We are scared to death of everything out of the ordinary. The Christian is afraid of the Muslim, the Muslim is even afraid of the Christian. Essentially, we are all afraid of ourselves.

We like to project our shortcomings and hidden fears on others. When we feel truly proud of our descent, we dare to face our fears. No longer do we shout down our insecurity, but dare to feel it. Curiously, we start to explore the similarities in this apparent world of differentiations. Fascinating that there are so many different colours in the rainbow, isn't it? In all vulnerability, we reach out our hand and we practice to go beyond borders. By pulling down our carefully created walls, we help others to do the same, and together we are laying the fundament for a new worldview, where borders and nationalism belong in the past.

To change the world, you need to have the nerves to improve the world; you need the guts to be a rebel. You need to have the nerves to step outside of the crowd. You need the courage to feel, silently from deep inside, if you want to participate any longer. If not, dare to live your own truth. You will feel satisfied and blessed, without all this ballast, and you give others the courage to do the same.

Lots of people are sick and tired of this forced consumption pattern. They do not know how to break it. Obviously, we, the consumers, have to break these patterns. From the official side, our purchasing will only stimulate. The purchasing power must be maintained at all cost. This is good for our economy!

Grateful

Is it not great just to be yourself without all those exteriors? Is it not a magnificent present if we dare to say to our children: 'I love you – *full stop*. Whatever you do, I love you. This does not mean that I agree with everything you do, but we can honestly talk about that. The essence will stay the essence: I love you, *full stop*.'

Should it not be fantastic if all the love inside of us, the need to give and to share, could give shape to caring about each other?

Let us stop passing our responsibility for the quality of life onto others: the government, the aid, and the social services. Let each of us provide their contribution to a more liveable society, by taking responsibility for everything that happens. Let us be heartfelt surprised, and grateful for all care offered to us every day, without even having to think about it.

Let us start small. Maybe we can offer the postal worker a cup of coffee on a rainy day. Or we can be friendly and say hello to a stranger on the street. Gallantly we keep a door open for somebody or give up our seat on the train. Maybe we can be a grandma or a grandpa for a child without grandparents. Or we can give some practical support in a situation where there is grief: a sick or dying child, a chronic disease. Pure and simple, dare to be present with empty hands and an open heart.

Let us not only realise this today, but every day anew, the whole year round. Once again, not out of guilt or duty, please! Let us out of unlimited grandeur and in full awareness create from the field of unknown possibilities. Let us be grateful and full of compassion for all those who are less fortunate than we are.

Before we can realise this we have to be willing to release the past as well as the future and to live fully in the *here and now*. We have to be willing to offer our identification with pain and suffering into the fire of our wisdom. Finally, we have to be willing to remember who we are. Then the undermining power of our thinking becomes inferior to the transforming power of unconditional love: the awakening Christ energy in each of us.

Out of this awareness, no longer will we experience separateness, but we see oneness in everything. We receive more understanding of each other and the fear of dying will disappear. Simultaneously our fear of life will fade away and the love, we essentially are, start to flow outside. We lay down the foundation for inner peace – and this is the only remedy for world peace.

***In order to remain united
we have to pull down all inner walls***

BEAUTY

The moment we start to recognise the face of our creator, our Beloved One, in all His/Her creations and creatures, we begin to see the hidden beauty in everything and everyone, and we become aware of the overpowering and all embracing grace of the universe. Violence, caused by separateness, shall disappear. Only beauty remains...

Baby

I held a newborn baby in my arms. She is part of both worlds and still connected with the source itself. Her small fist grasps confidently at my finger. In the stillness of her eyes, I meet the wisdom of ages. It is beauty, pure and natural. Deeply touched I stay looking into her eyes and cast a glimpse of heaven.

At first sight, she is young and beautiful. When I look more closely, I see some 'imperfection'. She catches me immediately and says proudly. 'My body is spasmodic, but I am fantastic'. I burst into laughter. Delightful, how she goes along with her handicap. Stronger, I feel admiration. How many humiliations she has had to undergo to come as far, in a society like ours. I give her a big hug: 'You are beautiful. You are an example for all of us. Thank you for your being...'

A great tit sits bewildered and crumpled before her wooden shed. He flew himself almost into pieces against the small window. She takes him carefully between both hands and whispers soothing words while admiring his beautiful feathers. She put him carefully in a box. Before she turns her back, the bird has already flown away. Grateful he sings his song of praise from a high branch of the cherry tree.

She is twelve, at the most thirteen. Her figure is slender, as a young hind. Tenderly her first female forms are starting to become visible. Her mother instinct awakes immediately. She likes to protect her from the impudent staring of the external world. Her beauty is so pure and at the same time, she is so vulnerable...

Oneness

Jeanette has been operated on for breast cancer. She decides under no conditions to wear prostheses. She starts to design custom-made clothes for women with one breast. Jeanette meets Paula and they decide to work together. Their clothes are not only revealing inner beauty, they make visible the possibilities involved with this kind of disease. By not covering up the fact of the cancer, but by emphasizing it, there originates something really touching and beautiful. By following their heart desires, they not only give a new expression to their own selves, they encourage other women in the same circumstances to show proudly the oneness between body and mind, and to step forward beamingly and self-assured.

Today she is dressed colourfully and wears a small cap on her head. Clever, it is good protection in this gigantic activity. Her children, a girl of nine and a boy of seven, are from an unspoilt beauty, as if the outside world did not get the possibility to touch them. The boy is sitting in a wheelchair and bears his fate with a matter of course, almost looking adult. Both radiate a natural beauty. While squatting on my haunches I forget for a while everything around me. This is one of those blessed moments that I have the feeling I am

meeting the creator in person.

It is sunset. One by one, they are bursting open, the tens of thousands of yellow buttons of the wild flowers. They are flowering the whole night in full state and by doing this they bring their song of praise to the Creator. In the course of the following morning, they will already disappear. It does not prevent them from showing their beauty without any reserve. For months there will be every day thousands of new buds. The abundant beauty of our Creator is unlimited.

Toothless laughter

We are in Ladakh and sitting in a ramshackle bus. Somewhere on the road, a group of women get on. I offer my seat and set myself on top of the gearbox near the driver. In my field of vision, I catch many parchment heads. They are fully wrinkled by the merciless climate of the hot, short, summers and the bare, cold, long winters. I catch myself that I stare at them with wide-open mouth. Literally, I gaze in admiration at so much beauty. The bus resonates with their toothless laughter. This is Life with a capital letter. This is beauty in her most unspoilt, primitive form.

As we start to uncover the tip of the veil of the mystery of creation, her beauty becomes more and more visible in all her creations.

Beauty is the result of an inner way of living. It is a result of daring to stand in our own truth with dignity and being aware of our divinity. Beauty reveals itself shamelessly, and is a result of the way we dare to embrace life at the full with all her qualities and consequences.

Like innocent children shamelessly show themselves in their sparkling beauty, it is a challenge for the riper human, covered with wisdom and inner beauty, to step forward in full glory and in dignity to pay back all they have acquired and received in the past. As a result, they complete the circle.

ILLNESS AS A GATE TO WHOLENESS

There is no surrender without struggle, no health without disease, no light without dark. By staying firmly and active in my process, I have discovered that there is a higher plan. In the deepest part of my being, I feel connected with my origin. That is the only thing that is, that was, and that will ever be.

As we learn to die consciously, we will flow without effort into our original divine form. Our true nature shall never die. Pure awareness is All That Is.

- source: 'With an Open Heart' -

To restore the balance

In the rich west, where everything is inferior to the external illusion of beauty and power, illness and decline are one of the most horrible things that can happen to us. Illness reminds us of our mortality, of the finiteness of our earthly body; that part of us which we started to identify with. By now, we really think we are nothing more than that. Finiteness cannot exist in a world where we have lifted illusion to reality and seems to have forgotten who we really are.

We see illness as a punishment of God even if we do not believe in such a power anymore. Illness and loss are flooding us with a deep embedded sense of guilt. Besides the initial anger: why is this happening to me?, it provokes our deformed moral consciousness immediately with the question: what for gods' sake did I do wrong? If we have already freed ourselves of this, without any doubt our newly created new age religion is instead prompting us: why for gods' sake I have created this!

It is difficult to understand that we did not do anything wrong. That the illness of the symptom is only a wish to become whole, an attempt to awaken, a deep longing of the soul not to separate ourselves any longer from the source.

Illness shows us that we are out of harmony and that it is time to restore our balance. When we immediately start to attack our disease as if it is our greatest enemy, we medicate it with all possible means. Maybe they will declare us healthy, yet the inner healing has not taken place. We go on with living in a state of denial until the next symptoms show up. Let us hope this time we will understand the message better and we will use the situation to turn our attention inside. The moment we open our heart and embrace the disease or discomfort as a messenger on the road to wholeness, as a real friend, we start to work together.

Illness becomes a gift, a possibility on the road to wholeness, when we dare to embrace the disease instead of to medicate it immediately. The processes of illness and healing are giving us the opportunity to leave behind the world of separateness and to melt together with the source of all life, our real essence, our true nature.

Healing

The problem in our western society is that we try to veil everything. Straight away we start to fight all that brings about fear or is not whole, fast, young and perfect in our eyes. We experience illness as a demonstrable proof that we have failed, and we fight every disease right away as if it is our archenemy. We like to get rid of it as soon as possible. Therefore,

we repress all symptoms with might and main, forgetting that everything we repress destroys our immune system without solving the underlying problem. Let alone that we have given ourselves the opportunity to learn something of it by experience. We begrudge ourselves the opportunity to become one with the disease. We do not embrace the discomfort, the pain and the situation in order to discover which lesson it contains for us. We consider ourselves as failures and we see the disorder as a punishment of a higher power, God!

We send our patients to hospitals where doctors and nurses see it as their task to 'repair' the body as soon as possible. We call that curing, but it has little to do with healing. In spite of the signals that we only create more serious disorders, a proof that we are not in harmony with our origin, we go forward to bury our head in the sand and continue to hold on to false hopes. Everything which reminds us of weakness, old age and decline, we try to exorcize instead of to investigate the course and to explore the new unknown possibilities in it. Persistently we identify ourselves with our temporary residence. If it was not so sad, it would even be comical!

The only security we have, and on a certain level we are aware of that, is the certainty that our earthly body is being subject to decline and death. Nobody who is now reading this book will exist in this current attendance over a hundred years.

Disgraceful

Out of feelings of separateness, we have started to see ourselves as sinful beings. Our innate guilt complex is so deep rooted in our genes that we feel disgraceful, let alone God himself. How for God's sake can we behave like gods and goddesses if we have saddled ourselves with so much ballast? We almost have to become ill to free ourselves from all of this. To escape on a worldview that we cannot answer any longer, unaware that many of us take refuge in some kind of disease. It is understandable that many turn their back on religion and wholeheartedly try to make their lives meaningful without some kind of deity. Understandable, but as long as we do not free ourselves from the underlying feeling of desolation – from guilt or from fine – and create another reality with our creative power, the idea of a punishing deity will spoil our lives, literally and figuratively. Comfort yourself, the image of a separate punishing deity we may burn on the stake. We have to annihilate it fully to come to another divine image. A new, inner image, where no longer fear and discord will reign, but where love will wield the sceptre.

Image of God

Out of a dualistic world, we have created a picture of a dualistic deity, an image of a punishing or rewarding deity. Everything which feels unworthy for a deity we bring under the wings of the devil. What a joke! We still see it as our mission to convince others to be right. Many people are seriously convinced that if you do not walk their path of religion you will never enter the Kingdom of God. The Christians have been very good at this. For that reason, they shiver with fear of becoming overpowered by the Muslims. No doubt, this fear will be answered as long we believe in it and let ourselves be besieged by the media. We will reap what we have sowed, won't we? Alas, it is not only the Christians and the Muslims. Many religions could be blamed for that and many new-age religions are continuing with it. If we do not belong to the Reiki church, they put us under a ban. If the Course of Miracles is not our road, we have

missed the right turning. Fear tries to persuade and to confine. Love does not like to convince anything or anybody. Love is without form and at the same time, love inspires all different forms. By not being part of any concept or religion, we can participate in everything and we become the source of all religions; we are connected with *All That Is*.

In this time, it is our task to free ourselves from our self-created prison. We tend to only love and feel responsible for our limited circle we call family or friends. Now it is high time that we open our hearts, so the divided lines of our affection can widen themselves and we start to embrace everybody and everything as being one big family – one big body.

The gateway to joy

Our illness is the illness of the whole humanity. Our illness is the price we have to pay for our feeling of separateness. Our illness is a present we can start to unpack if we begin to realise that in each challenge lays a reward. Our illness is nobodies' punishment, let alone from God. Our illness is a self-chosen opportunity, a deep inner longing to wholeness. All right, we can get angry and say that we are not that crazy, but deep inside we know that it is right. Please do not get into new guilt feelings. That has kept us long enough in the grip of smallness. Dare to feel it, melt together with it and let it dissolve in the immense space of our true nature in order to get rid of it forever. Guilt feelings are deadly and unworthy of God. We have not created all this consciously, did we?

We are on earth to perfect ourselves, to become co-creators in the divine plan of creation, and to create heaven on earth. Even if we stay in essence always the same divine sparkle, none of us is whole when we come into being. Material life is full of ordeals. Challenges, pain and loss belong as much to this life as all other experiences. As long as we are not able to go directly through the gate, these experiences unbolt the gateway to eternal joy.

Like a pearl can only model itself by the constant friction of the water, so we will experience pain. That which we call *suffering* is only a result of our attachment to pain, the result of the identification with the situation. It is our control, our resistance, the continuing fight with our ego because we are so afraid of dying, so afraid to surrender our self to the flow. This protest, this not accepting, brings about the real *suffering*.

Life

Illness can be a possibility to get closer to the source of our true being. To reach that point we need the courage to step out of the role of victim. The courage no longer to agonize ourselves with the question: why me? Look around, why should this not happen to us? Self-pity is deadly, it is human to revolve ourselves a while in it, but do not linger in it. Let us imagine all the suffering of the world, let us really be touched by it, and let us open our heart for empathy. Let us embrace ourselves in compassion so we can feel the same compassion for the whole of creation and all her creatures.

Elisabeth Kübler-Ross and many others show us clearly that the moment people get to hear they are incurably ill, initially go through the process of denying and protesting. If they can finally surrender themselves, they start to experience life as never before. They live more in the *here and now*, the aspect of time and the fear of infiniteness seem to disappear and as a result, it looks as if they have all the time in the world. They have

reconnected themselves with true life and realise deep inside that everything they considered before as life, was no more or less than death itself. Because it is confirmed that we are born, we believe that we will at some point die. However that which we really *are* is never born and will never die.

An important question to ask ourselves is 'Who am I'? A question, which can only be answered with 'I do not know'. If we did not ask ourself this question before, certainly we will ask it when we are seriously ill or suffering on another way 'Who is the one who suffers'. 'Who is the one who is dying'?

Liberation

As I describe in my book 'With an Open Heart' after a period of being immensely ill and an unknown amount of pain I came to the conclusion that it was not me who suffered, but my temporary manifestation, my earthly body. That was enlightenment. The moment I could embrace myself with all pain, with all frustrations, with all struggles, the whole process became manageable. I started to realise that Christ is never born, so He can never die. I started to unravel the spell around the death on the cross and associated myself no longer with suffering but with resurrection. I kept Jesus from the cross and lost my fear for physical dying. This whole process, this whole situation, became an opportunity to liberate myself, and more and more I got in contact with my true being, my true nature.

Identification

One of the biggest problems in our life is our identification with the situation. We call ourselves sick, poor, rich, happy or unhappy etc. As long as we do not understand that the one cannot exist without the other, we stay nagging and we live life only half. By isolating a certain disease or situation out of the totality of our being, we dismember ourselves and separate that part of us from the oneness we in essence are. No longer are we *whole*. It is a challenge not to name our illness, at the least not by ourself. The moment the illness has a name, it is impossible not to identify ourself with it. Our illness is a situation it is our shadow. Let us welcome your shadow, let us embrace her instead of fighting her. Make it to our best friend instead of considering it as our enemy.

If we do not know what life is, death will be an obsession for us. We will do everything to escape on it. We will bury ourselves in attachments and material amusement. In spite of our apparent richness, we will feel more and more remote from the eternal source of life and inner joy. If we not dare to let go, not dare to live constantly with the awareness of death, we will never taste *true* life...

Acceptance

Illness, pain and mourning processes are all possibilities to turn inside. Opportunities to become aware of our true nature, to face and to accept the temporary nature of our stay in this earthly body.

Acceptance does not mean that we accept our situation graciously. On the contrary, acceptance will say that we take the time to feel and to embrace the pain and the fear of being abandoned in all depths. After we have fully lived through these processes we can step actively into the process of healing and we will do everything to the best of our

ability to get better than we ever have been before. We open up our heart and start already to connect ourselves with the eternal life here on earth. We become divine beings, the Buddha and Christ alike.

We are open to all possibilities offered to us, but at the end, we decide what is good for our own healing process. It means that we have to be assertive and not willing to give our authority to somebody else. At the same time, we are open to walk the right track and to receive the adequate support.

Our body is our temple where our awareness dwells. It is of great importance that we do not neglect our temple, and care for it with all our love, even whilst we are fully aware that our earthly bodies are temporary.

Beauty

It is important that we realise that we can be sick or old, yet that does not mean we have nothing to give. Our current society is based on ephemeral and exterior beauty. We have forgotten our respect for old age and wisdom, our respect for *the power of being*. Many old cultures knew all too well that sick people and elders, on a spiritual level, were the guardians of the tribe. We westerners have to give ourselves back this feeling of self-esteem.

At that moment we can stop 'tearing our hair out' and trying to recreate our outer selves. Real beauty starts to germinate when the light of the soul becomes visible. Old age has its own specific beauty as every manifestation of us. A body in decline does not mean that our spirit is in decline. When our soul starts to understand the *why* we begin to search to the potentials within the world of apparent impossibilities. In times of great challenges, we unfold talents we have never been aware of before. We have nothing to lose and the veils between life and death fade away.

The death of our physical body is by no means a punishment or a reward. It is simply said a way of evolution, a way of healing. Probably we have or have not learned our lessons. Our stay here on earth has come to an end and we prepare ourselves for the next route.

Life is just now and today, each day anew. Life does not stop when we are ill or when our earthly body dies. Life is not a linear highway with a speed from zero to eighty. Life is a circle, eternal and unlimited. We will find ourselves every time again at the right point at the circle. At the right place and at the right time.

People, who are going in full awareness through their process of illness, go beyond the fear of death. They open the unlimited space in their hearts and establish heaven on earth. The veils of illusion will disappear and the boundaries between an 'I' and a 'You' are fading away.

Christ in action

Years ago, I participated in a peace conference. Indian elders from all over the world came together to share their knowledge and their wisdom. Believe me; it did not happen without conflicts. How could it, we are all humans.

There was one person who surpassed this all. Apart from her angel face, her body was seriously deformed. She was lying on an electronic bed on wheels which she handily navigated with her stumps. According our criteria, she could not do much, yet at the

same time, she represented the whole universe. She was radiating a beauty and a purity I have never seen in healthy and perfect people, *if* they should exist! Her eyes, carrying the promises of the whole creation inside, were twinkling like stars. While we were dancing, she moved her bed in a swirling enjoyment in between us while touching each of us with her cheerful being.

Nobody who had been in contact with her was still the same after leaving the conference. She was Christ in action. She took on her shoulders the suffering of the whole world and transformed it into untainted power and pure beauty. She became the resurrection herself.

I do not know if she is still alive in her restricted body. Yet her being lives in the same limitlessness that she already became acquainted with during her lifetime by accepting the limitations of her earthly body. She was a true master and an example for all of us. When I think of her, I still feel touched by so much beauty and so much divinity. I thank the universe that I had the opportunity to meet a real enlightened master...

LIFE IS NOT PREDICTABLE

*There is no right choice.
Every choice depends on time, place and situation...*

She is furious. Why, that *control freak* even determines the moment of his dying process! That is really something you can only expect from a schoolteacher! I look at her and see an immense pain. 'Fiona, what does it mean for you that Rob, the most important man in your life has to die so unexpectedly and at such a young age?' Then she allows herself to show her pain. 'Darned, it is so much Yasmin'!

Yes, sometimes life can be that much. Too much for us ordinary people. We prefer rules to give us support and to assure ourselves that we can exclude all possible risks out our lives. We try our very best to be busy enough not to think about the precarious questions of life which we do not like to think about. For example, are we pro or contra euthanasia?

In situations like this, all rules are coming to a standstill, and something else takes over. I notice that it is no longer possible for me to be pro or contra anything; there is no preference and no aversion anymore. Every situation is exclusive and asks to be looked at as a unique one before we can judge it honestly. I remember as if it was today when I was on the deathbed of my soul brother Everhard. (*Way to the Light – Mastery beyond death*) It was his longing to arrange euthanasia and so we did, because it was *his* wish. The knowing that it was arranged gave him peace of mind. He could let go of the fear that he could not make his transition in a respectable way. In his situation, there was no need to make use of this regulation.

Years ago, when I was still working as a Reiki-teacher, one of my students suddenly stood in front of me. She was furious. Her mother was incurably ill and had let her know that she preferred active euthanasia. 'Darned, I do not want it!' she said while stamping on her feet. I looked her straight in the eyes: 'What for gods' sake gives you the right to refuse your mothers' wish to take leave in her own way?' Staggered she stared at me. 'Are you saying that it is okay to do it?' I answer; 'In my opinion, it is not good or bad. That is of non-importance. If it *really* is the wish of your mother, you have to respect it. That does not mean that you have to support it...'

Fiona stayed overnight with us. Lovingly I have given her my wooden shed, my unique place of creation. She haunts our garden the whole night. I have made a new sculpture and it appears to be a big confrontation for her. The sculpture contains all different elements and pulls up an inexplicable fear inside of her. It takes hours before she can touch it and dares to feel the energy. At that moment, something inside of her is healing. That evening she is going with us to a lecture in Antwerpen. The subject is '*Relationships in this time*'. People feel touched and Fiona is crying the whole evening. She is so vulnerable, so full of surrender. During the break, she gets a phone call from her sister, the partner of Rob. Rob has made his decision and he asks if she can come over as soon as possible. The next evening Rob makes his transition in the middle of a circle of his loved ones. Before he did this, Fiona told him lovingly that he could go, that he in all respect was a real master. And he made his heavenly journey, peaceful and enlightened.

As we make progress on our spiritual pathway, we will discover that it is impossible to keep control. Worthless standards are losing their power. Universal laws are taking over. In the eyes of the Nameless there is no right and wrong. That is what we humans have created to make life on earth checkable and handy.

It is my greatest wish that everybody staying on the eve of the great, unknown, journey to true life, may be carried in a circle of loved ones, so they can make their transition in real peace.

RELATIONSHIPS AND MARRIAGE

As a human being, humans can only love one person, but as the light of God their soul is not only be able to love the whole world, but thousands of worlds if they should exist. Because the heart of a human being is greater than the whole universe...

- Inayat Khan -

Inner wholeness

Inside every human, there is an inexplicable great longing to be seen and recognised. We walk this planet as needy beings '*Look at me – recognise me*' until the moment that we are seen and recognised in the deepest part of our true nature. This longing, much older than our existence in this lifetime, dates back to the moment we had to leave the oneness. The moment we get born – in essence, we do not really get born – so it is better to say; the moment a part of our totality accepts this body, we lose the remembrance of our true being and we feel the memory of our origin as a smarting deep inner longing.

Unaware, we are more or less constantly looking for our seemingly lacking counterpart. We are searching for this higher aspect of us in others until the moment that we open our hearts and become aware of our limitless totality. Although we are complete *within* we need the reflection from the world outside to be aware of this inner wholeness. When we fall in love, we lift up a piece of the veil. No longer do we feel incomplete and we experience a foretaste of the oneness. For a short moment, there is no ego. That has dissolved in the nothingness.

When we say to somebody 'I love you', mostly we mean 'I need you, I like you to love *me*, I will possess you, I am afraid to be lonely'. As long as we enter into relationships out of neediness and devotion, we will misuse and abuse each other, physically or with words. We cannot miss the other, but oh dear, he/she must not come *too* close! When we get *too* intimate, all our hidden fears come to the surface. That is deadly-creepily, literally deathly for the ego.

Traditional

In a traditional marriage, the man was responsible for the material matters. Men represented the exterior part of the relationship. Women stood for the cherishing element, the caring inside. Women were giving birth to the children and raised them mostly on their own. Out of a holy duty, marriage was based on mutual dependence and servitude.

Religion was a remedy to hold on to. By believing in something there was no need to think about likes and dislikes. Priests, ministers or imams dictated the law. Regulations of family and society were holy, not touching a hair of one's head to rebel against it. More or less, we were left to the mercy of each other and generally, we tried to make the best of it.

Equal rights

Meanwhile the whole emancipation movement thundered over us. Law registered equal rights for man and woman. However, laws are the work of men and it is their task to protect people, as long as they cannot respect their inner laws.

Anyhow, together we are responsible for potential children and we try proportionally to divide the different tasks. Everything seems well organised for a happy relationship. Unfortunately, it does not work like that! The safe code of the group is no longer a point of reference we can hold on to. None of ones provided security feels secure any longer.

We are longing to make a clean sweep with old deep-rooted convictions and guilt complexes. The 'I' becomes of great importance. We constantly pursue our own satisfaction and seldom are we willing to make any concession.

Fear of losing ourselves makes us want to control every relationship. In essence, sexuality is a powerful means by which to erase our ego. It is the creative power par excellence - it is the power of living fire. We can use it to create or to destroy. Even if it looks as if there are only *two* people making love, in reality it is *four* as long as our egos are interfering in all our actions. Initially all of us are starting like this.

One thing is beyond doubt. A good relationship is not obvious. You have to invest something. You need to have the courage to look in the mirror time and time again with merciless honesty. Before you can surrender to your beloved one, you have to die, you have to shut the door on your ego. It is the letting go of control, so you can no longer dominate the course. Not suppressing but following.

The leading mare

In '*the message of horses*' Klaus Hempfling gives a definition about the male and the female qualities without any judgment.

Klaus meets a solitary herd of horses. At first, only the stallion catches his eyes. He makes the show; he is the dancer and gives a beautiful performance. He is proud and lofty, moving and enthusiastic, important and graceful. He is curious and steps forward without fear. He is arrogant and extremely beautiful.

At the end, Klaus becomes deeply touched by the role of the leading mare.

The mare is inconspicuous and free of finery. She agitates less than any of the other horses. She is small and slight. She has another kind of beauty than the stallion, but her power is many times bigger. She is the true spirit in the community. She is the soul of it and when the herd moves off, she determines the direction. Even the stallion follows her without quarrel. She is a leader without being imperious, without demanding or forcing, without cruelty and without needing to demonstrate her power. She is reserved, self-sacrificed and totally respected. She is the true leader; she is in all simplicity that what she is.

Servitude

The mare is servitude without wanting to receive something in return. We do not like to be as crazy as she is, not yet. As long as we are not connected with our true Self, as long as our heart does not play an essential part in our relationship, we gladly confuse servitude with self-sacrifice and we are not averse to that.

Super beings

Because most parents are afraid of their own emotions, they will immediately interfere if their children are quarrelling. They are afraid that things will happen beyond their control. For that reason, most children are fairly inhibited in experiencing their emotions. Since childhood, we learn that healthy emotions like anger, fear and jealousy are not right. We banish them to our subconsciousness where they stay alive to re-emerge unexpectedly and sometimes even in a violent or terrifying way, many years later.

Still lots of boys have different privileges than girls. When these boys become men, they have no other option than to prove themselves by competition and oppression. By law men and women may have equal rights, but emotional and physically they are very different. Nevertheless, women try to be super beings. They are doing their very best to combine carrier and motherhood and they try to score at least even as high on the social ladder of success as men did before them. To have their way women have learned to manoeuvre and to manipulate. They bend everything right that is wrong. They play the role of the sweet Eve, the role of the peacekeeper. Both partners play their own role so they feel imprisoned in a vicious circle and one of them, mostly the woman, decides one day that the circle must turn full cycle. No longer can their original beings let themselves be kept under control, they demand their rightful place. At best, this means an initiation process and a joyful new start for both of them. Unfortunately, in a lot of cases, one of the partners will go off to try his/her happiness somewhere else only to finally discover that true happiness can never be found outside their Self's.

Nag-culture

The story of the mare who, free of ego, naturally fulfils her holy duty and as a primal mother directs her family, her herd, tells something about the denial of our true nature. By looking too much outside we miss our inner richness.

It is a myth that relationships in earlier days were superior. In earlier times there was no escape, generally you married for life and tried to make the best of it. If not successful, you did not talk about it. The relationship was not discussed in broad daylight.

Today everything is within reach. Because we have everything, there is nothing left to long for and we nag about the most foolish things: the bread that is not fresh, our brand of yoghurt that is not available even if there are many other sorts of yoghurt on the shelf. This is not a result of too less time, it is a result of too much time, too many options. Beyond all of this, it has to do with fear. Fear to meet each other. As long as we are stuck in vapidities, there is no need to dive into the deep and for the time being we are saved the painful confrontation with ourselves.

Unknown possibilities

The image illustrated by Klaus Hempfling feels far beyond our reach. We can only be servitude leaders if we are whole inside and not dependent on somebody else for our necessities. At that moment, our hearts burst open in full bloom. We lose the fear to get hurt and we dare to take risks. No longer do we feel any need to hurt others. We have cut our umbilical cord with our parents and educators. We have freed ourselves

from all kinds of limited convictions and structures inherited from generation after generation, but no longer of any use for us.

O dear, what a challenge relationships are, aren't they? Where is the matter of course? What is left of the illusion of security of former days? Nothing, totally nothing! We try to compensate for this insecurity with all kinds of external laws and structures, but this does not solve our internal struggle. However much we are trying to assure ourselves, the only security we have is that there is no form of outer security.

Shadow-side

Unaware, we project our shadow-side onto others. At the same time, the other reflects our hidden aspects, our true nature. Our love relationships carry unknown possibilities inside to heal ourselves in all aspects.

We *use* relationships to free our self from our attachments and from age-old conditions; to free our self from everything that does not serve us anymore. That is to say if we are aware of the real *function* of a relationship. Mostly our partner is functioning as a clear mirror to perfect our Self and to recognise our purpose here on earth. When our ego's are tired of fighting we can surrender ourselves to the flow. The masculine and the feminine aspects inside of us are uniting in an alchemical marriage. We merge with our true nature; we are the drop in the ocean and at the same time, we are the whole ocean.

Self-enquiry

We have been taught many things at school that are not of any use for us, but the essential important things we did not learn. Self-enquiry: who is the one I call 'I'? How do I stay in a relationship with myself and with others? What does it mean to be born as a man or as a woman? Where do I stand in relation to spirituality? How do I relate to life and death? Do I have the courage to face and to live through my own fears and insecurities so I dare to step every time again into a new relationship in all openness and vulnerability?

One thing is for sure, as long as we are afraid of death, we cannot enjoy life. Especially the last one, death, the gateway to true life, has lost her lawful place in our society.

Only a short time ago in almost every family a handicapped or a dead baby was born or parents received a child that lived only for a short time. Nowadays we seem to have those circumstances under control. We closed the door on the fragility of life and death and by doing this we have also put real life outdoors.

When fear of death no longer demands our life, we start to enjoy life at the full. We live according to the inner law of continuous change and we do not feel any need for rigid dogmas.

Inside of us enfolds a constant growing liveliness, an always-growing enthusiastic longing to life. We behave as bees looking for honey; in every drop, we test the essence of life.

Being afraid

Because we think there is nothing more than this lifetime, we are continuously chasing after our desires. We are entrusted with convictions and imaginations, old ones as well as new ones that hinder us to stay fresh and unprejudiced in our relationships. As long as we are afraid to lose our self, we will not find our Self. Committing our self is different from possessing somebody. We control our relationship as long as we like to possess somebody; we are simply deadly afraid to lose our lover. Commitment emanates from inner power, true freedom and pure love; it is the result of an inner knowing of whom we truly are.

A natural leader

In South Africa, we lived in the house of the black Catherine. Catherine you could rightly compare with the leading mare in the book of Klaus Hempfling. She was the head of a family of three women and four children. There was no external sign to identify the mutual connections. One thing was beyond dispute, Catharine was the leader. There was nothing authoritarian about it, she just stood where she stood, as a rock on the surface. Besides the care for the community, she was an open door for people who lost their way, mostly men. Catherine was not even afraid of the devil himself. Her heart embraced everyone with compassion. Always there was something to eat and to do for a poor devil. She did not feel any need for another husband, according to her she had finished that chapter. And she had finished that chapter – that was obvious!

Mirroring

If we are willing to offer ourselves instead of to triumph, every relationship is a continuous source of mirroring and healing. When we stay at the surface, we will not even taste *the process of dying* and we will exchange the one relationship for the other. I do not claim that this is not okay. Meanwhile the idea that every relationship has to be a lifelong one is out-of-date. If there are no challenges in our relationship and we have learned our lessons, it feels right to break up the connection. Make a big celebration of it. Construct considered appointments with and about eventual children. Give yourself and your partner in full freedom back to the limitless space of the universe. Do this with love and respect. The moment we have found our true Self, essentially there is no need for a relationship anymore. We feel free to part or perhaps we will even decide to stay together. We have finished the mutual fight. There is no winner and no loser. Now the time is ready to support each other in love and to bring about our life-purpose. Now we can share the love we essentially are with the whole universe. Do not forget: love we cannot *do*, love we can only *be*. From now on, every object we will point our love to will be embraced in our love...

Marriage

The sacrament of marriage is a holy event. It is the ratification from an agreement between two souls, a commitment of a love connection of which the fundament already is constructed in heaven.

True marriage is a sacred event and is elevated beyond time and space, beyond the limits of life and death. It is a heart-connection between two people and asks for a ceremonial act performed and confirmed by the couple themselves. In that sense, there is no need for a priest, a minister or an imam.

As we connect our self in true freedom, we decide to erase our self – our lower self – in the fire of purification. If both ‘selves’ recognise their self in each other the sacred marriage will finally take place: the melting together of the masculine and the feminine inside the individual.

At the end, true love will exceed all emotions, so only love will remain. True love does not want to possess anything or anybody, but dares to be together in full freedom.

In freedom

A couple I befriended asks me if I will remarry them. In a beautiful castle-garden, in the heart of three gigantic beech trees, we perform the ceremony. This time they connect their selves in full freedom. The ceremony takes place after we have done the essential work in advance: they honestly express their old frustrations and expectations, and are willing to let go of this old stuff. After this preparation, they could forgive each other for all old pain they caused, aware or unaware. It became a true celebration with good-looking garments and beautiful rings with a symbolic meaning. This ceremony resulted in a true connection; honestly, this you could say was a real marriage. Now they have finished the fight to be in the right they can support each other in love. This is possible because they have lived through the opposite side and both have had a bellyful of it.

A true lover

A true relationship is a reflection of the connection with our higher Self. We look at our beloved ones as the reflection of the Great Lover, our own divine nature. Jesus was the personification of the true lover. He embraced everything and everyone in his love. His love did not ask for personal fulfilment. It was servitude love offering itself without restrictions for the great whole. In that respect, Mary Magdalene and Jesus were each other’s lovers: the personifications of the God and the Goddess. By all appearances, this process would have taken place on the heart level. Both had already tasted the source itself.

No other hands

Man and woman are each other’s contraries. The woman is the earth-womb in which the masculine itself can manifest. As soon as both poles melt together, heaven and earth get a bit closer. God has no other hands than ours. It is time to free ourselves from our sense of superiority- or inferiority. To be different not in the least means to be better, the one pole cannot exist without the other.

Many religions have created a one-sided masculine gods image. An image based on competition and dominance. No wonder there are still men who feel superior to women. If they do not like to play their role anymore, they feel inconvenienced. No

longer, can they conform to the old and familiar and they are assiduously on the look out for new rules of the game.

It is no sinecure. We have to fulfil quite a job. First, we have to find our Self before we can see ourselves reflected in the other. Until that time, we are still practising.

Hopeful

Simultaneously the turnover is clearly visible. Many women no longer want to claim to be the only one who can raise the children. Many men do not feel ashamed to show their tenderness, to be loving fathers, to care for and to hug their children. By lovingly taking on the role of the caring parent, they give their wives the opportunity to manifest themselves in society. It is hopeful and joyful; it is our Creator in a constant searching movement.

That is what it is. We are looking for a ready-made concept of relationships. Feel comforted, such a concept does not exist. A relationship is a constant struggle with our self, until our ego gives it up so the higher Self can raise his head. Let us not make a drama of it but a comedy. Let us play our role with fervour and observe ourselves with a dose of humour.

Identity

In those turbulent times there is nothing left than to *discover* our true Self. We separate ourselves from family and friends and are assiduously searching for our own identity. Sometimes that goes hand in hand with blindly chasing after our desires. It is not good or bad, it is just as it is. To find our singularity it is an inescapable process that we go through feelings of loneliness and have to descend into hell, before we are able to connect ourselves with others in sincerity and vulnerability.

No dropping

There is no need to drop our ego; we just act as if it does not exist. We do not give our ego any chance to be superior. We learn to be small by taking back our projections and by confessing openly our sins. As a result, we elevate ourselves and we can bridge our inner separation. Only then and not before are we capable to embrace and to honour the deity within. Only then and not before are we capable to connect ourselves in all fullness and equality. As we are devoted to ourselves, we can be faithful to each other. No longer do we have to run away to be our self. We can be our self everywhere and in all circumstances. After this process we have the inner freedom to stay or to leave.

Reward

There is no light without dark. When we only strive to be light, we will constantly meet our shadow in the outside world. Only the brave ones dare to fight their own shadow-side. They do not fight their enemy outside, but inside themselves. The victory is total freedom. The reward is monumental, the whole world is lying at their feet.

True love flows out of the eternal source of abundance. She does not ask for anything and does not want anything in return. True love is completely whole in itself.

I FEEL NOT SEEN...

If I could be a mother Amma – they should not blame me for anything....

Longing

There is an age-old fear at the base of that always-present deep inner longing to be seen and to be acknowledged. Unaware it is the remembrance of the all-embracing love-source we had to leave the moment we started our journey into the material world. That feeling, that missing love, we will lack till the moment we discover and activate anew that little flame in our heart, that spark of spirit inside of us. From that moment, we will feel recognised and seen.

*Till that time we wander through the world with a deep unfilled longing:
'Acknowledge me – see me...'*

Dear Anna, I understand your disillusionment so well. You were so looking forward to the next meeting with her and what happened? That person does not even know who you are! That is slightly different than you imagined yourself. Okay, she recognised your face, and knew that she had seen you before. Yet where and when? Do not ask her, she really does not remember it anymore....

Acknowledgment

Believe me, she understands your feeling so well! Moreover, it reminds her of an experience some years ago. It happened during an important groups-intensive. In such a week, there are many profound meetings and some persons leave behind an indelible impression. The last day the groups' members went on a boat tour. One of the participants, the one who made such an impression on her, is looking to share something with her. Finally she asks, 'Excuse me, what was your name again?' Slightly hurt she answers: 'Yasmin' while she thinks: how can you ask this after such an intense gathering? The person involved immediately sees her disappointment and she says: 'Yasmin what is a name – I remember you of course....'. Slowly the truth starts to penetrate. She understands that she is really seen. It was the beginning of acknowledgment, the acknowledging of her Self. Thanks to this experience, she does not need the recognition of others any longer.

Colourful

Years later she met a multitude of people, sometimes during a week, sometimes even on one day. For all those people it is an important occasion. The meetings are warm and elevating. Open heartedly and lovingly she steps up to people. You could compare the process with the weaving of a colourful carpet. Every pattern is of even great importance, yet when the textile is finished, we do not even recognise the origin of the loose threads anymore.

At the end of a lecture, the workshop or a fair she let go of all the impressions of the intense face-to-face meetings. She carries the energy, the love-connection in her heart. The attachments she leaves behind, that is not really of any importance. Yet the love-

connection, the invisible melting together is a part of the love-network we weave all together by those sincere meetings.

Guilt-feelings

It took a while before she freed herself from old guilt feelings: *o dear this cannot be true – I have to remember all of this...* She realised just in time that she still was a human being! On the spot, she decided no longer to feel responsible for all those people who are still affected by the old pain of not being seen and recognised. Meanwhile she knows from experience that those old pains have to be perceived once again before a profound healing process can start. The moment the person involved recognizes her own pain and takes full responsibility for it, healing will take place to the soul-level. Just dare to feel it and go through it, no longer hide it away. Dare to recognise it, give it its rightful place and drop it. Take a deep breath: this is another step on the road to ultimate freedom!

Without expectancy

It is a challenge for me to no longer become entrenched in the affairs of others. No longer will I take charge of businesses that are not mine. I will create space to gather with you time after time in full freedom as if it is the first meeting. Without any obligation on either side. Do not confuse this with not being interested! Believe me dear Anna I did really see you. If you feel the need to steady our commitment you can visit me by way of my books or we can meet during a lecture or somewhere else. Meanwhile you are in my heart, and if you wish, I am in yours. That is the result of the weaving process, remember? After all, I am you and you are me; in essence, we are one.

If you feel relaxed again after this disappointment, take a while to turn inward. There in the centre of your heart, the centre of your true being we can meet time after time and every meeting is as fresh as the first time, totally new and free of any expectations...

INDIVIDUALISING, AN ESSENTIAL PROCESS.

It is my explicit opinion that truth is a land without pathways you will never approach by means of a special direction, a religion or any sect. Faith is something purely individual, and impossible to organise. If you still try to organise religion, you will deprive it of its soul. As soon as you follow someone's footsteps, no longer you are following the truth...

- J. Krishnamurti -

Another reality

There are different ways to see reality. You look at the world out of your own limited, separated reality. Everything you see gives you a fright and you reject the world, your own world. Or you look to the world out of a devoted solidarity and you see already the sun rise at the horizon; the tender start of a new awareness. Without burying your head in the sand, you focus your eyes on that picture. Although I share the concern for our earthly mother, I do not share in the line of prophets of doom who spread their message out of fear instead of love. Long enough fear has ruled this world. The result is visible for all of us. The challenge of this time is obvious. To replace our inclination for safety; a system of old values put into new jackets will not work anymore. We either remain in our smallness, in our dependency of the Father/Mother *outside* of us, or we start to remember whom we truly are. In that case, we become *assertive* researchers; we do not let ourselves be fooled by ready-made concepts. We start to search for our own truth. Knowing makes space for not knowing. Security makes space for insecurity and curiosity. Rigidity moves aside for movement: after all the truth is a continuous subject to change. The feeling of being separated fades away. We are uniting ourselves out of love instead of out of fear.

Destruction and annihilation are at the base of every creation. As long as we depend on securities and associate ourselves with our material reality, we are not able to observe the situation and to activate our angel inside. We will get the feeling we are doomed to die. The moment we raise ourselves we get overview.

Let us start to drop our picture of a dualistic world, a world of good and evil. There is not some kind of deity, which has created the world in that way. Together we have created this separated world by qualifying *the pairs of opposites* as being *good or bad*. That what we observe is a result of our self-chosen reality. When we realise ourselves that light and dark are both aspects from the *one* and the *same* Creator, we can start to recreate our reality.

Stages of our soul

a. Our birth into matter

Awareness can only get to know itself by means of separation. God is the eternal in- and out breath: the One makes Itself constantly visible in the Many – to merge in the end anew in the One. This separation, an essential process to learn to distinguish and to become aware of our natural wholeness, we experience unaware as a smarting loss. When we start our journey onto this earth, in our memory lives the vibration and the rhythm of the unity-awareness, even if we are not aware of it any longer. We do not

experience duality and take everything for granted, pain as well as joy. That experience changes by the time we become influenced by the impressions of our surroundings. Slowly but surely, we adapt our energy, and more and more we start to confirm ourselves.

b. Group awareness

Most people on earth live in this group awareness. The family, the family circle and the society are the centre of our life. Everything besides that is far-out of reach, our responsibility does not reach that far.

Solidarity, sense of duty and responsibility for the clan is at the base of this model. We adapt to a structure coloured by the code of the family, the tribe, the culture and the country. Every culture elevating their own merits to civilisation.

Guilt complexes, false senses of duty and shame are inherent at this stage.

c. Individual awareness

Because we are so blessed that we have the means for it, this process of individualisation mainly happens in the west. It is the phase where we learn to say no, the stage wherein our ego start to take shape. Without this evolution, we can never make the transition to universal awareness. The ego gives us a strong identity and we learn to distinguish. We start to fulfil our egoistic desires and free ourselves from the sticking ties of tribe, family, social standards and old belief systems.

We turn our back on old values and criteria. We burn at the stake our image of God, passed on to us generation after generation. We free ourselves of false shame, age-old guilt-feelings and sense of duty. Churches are closing their door. Relationships, families and family circles fall apart. We try to free ourselves from the strait jacket of age-old conditioning. It is nothing more than an open rebellion, we can compare it with a modern iconoclasm. Generally unaware of it, it is a first step towards the dissolution of separateness. All that is hidden breaks open, the pus comes outside. We feel very insecure, and we have misgivings about everything and everyone. Everybody seems to live on his own island.

The danger is recognising that we may stay in the process of kicking against old structures, without being creative enough to make an essential turning around. Anxiously we attempt to avoid the emptiness and immediately we immerse ourselves in the new initiated truths of others. Out of fear for the unknown, we start to build new shapes on old fundaments. Without doubt these new shapes will grow into new concepts and new dogmas as long as we do not let go our craving for safety.

d. Universal awareness

When we have fulfilled our ego needs, we are ripe for the next step. While shaking up our fundamentals, we wake up out of a deep sleep and start to raise ourselves to a higher consciousness. Our creative abilities awake; we make ready to fulfil our role as co-creators. Our heart is opening up, the divine child within awakes, and this time in full awareness. We create real space for others, not out of a false sense of duty or because we have too.

Out of an unknown clarity, we realise, objectively but without shame, how we have separated ourselves from the rest of the world. Feelings of loneliness are fading away.

We unlock the inner doors to universal consciousness. We begin to develop our own values and standards. We free ourselves from suffering so there is no need to isolate ourselves from the suffering of others. Love for all takes over the place of self-love. We see the connection with all and no longer have we to retire to our isolated island. As we connected with others out of ego need or dependency, we now connect ourselves sincerely, out of an inner power. Care is born. We care for ourselves and for others. We stop exploiting the earth and give back to her what we have taken from her out of ignorance.

e. Oneness-awareness

Not only do we feel our self *one*, we are *one* with everything. The separated 'I' has disappeared. The Buddha nature awakes; the Christ-awareness is born.

Image of God

Long enough we westerners have felt superior, now it is time to share the fruits we have collected. More or less, it was inevitable we did not realise that we discriminated against others by chasing exclusively after our own desires.

We start to see the result of masculine dominancy, the result of thousands of years of destruction and exploitation. We have disturbed the harmony by taking what we supposedly needed, without giving something in return. Through the media, we have knowledge of everything that happens in the world, but the core of this problem dates back to the time one-half of humanity started to elevate their selves above the other. I describe this process in the book: *'The Power of Being'*.

In my opinion, there is a horrible misconception at the base of this conviction. We made the mistake to create an image of an *enclosing* and an *excluding* God, a picture which openly seemed to encourage this process. We misused God to hide behind our inhumanity. You can call this outrageous; I prefer to call it ignorance.

Frightened that we have to lose everything we have hold of, we are drastically on the search for old values. There is a life-sized danger that we once again take over the ideas and concepts of others, without any critical research.

Insight asks for an inner revolution. The moment we respect ourselves we will embrace our self in totality, the light within as well as the dark, and no longer will we feel the need to raise or to abase ourselves in the eyes of others. Educators and society cannot enforce true values; they have to originate from within.

Going back to the past means more or less that we are going back to the state of unawareness of a newborn child. This is impossible. Out of our present awareness, we have the opportunity to elevate some old values and standards. At the same time, it is necessary to open ourselves to new ones that need to be born. This asks for surrendering to the flow of the unknown, without *apparent* safety.

The moment we open our heart it is impossible to exclude God any longer. We are ripe for the birth of a new *inner* image of God, a feminine image of love and compassion where we can safely rest in without fear to be punished. An image of God not *enclosing* or *excluding* anything or anybody.

Maybe we are advanced enough that we can drop all pictures and see God for what He/She really is; neither male or female, the totality of awareness, the All. The creative life force which is present in 'All That Is', inspiring everything. However, there is

nothing wrong with fashioning our own personal picture. Be sure it is *our* picture, and a *flexible* one, so each time and without shame we can happily change your image.

Old values

Are we still a little bit cautious in this? Our children do not like to conform to all of this anymore and drastically they throw over board old values based on power and suppression. It is how it has to be; these values are based on fear, shame, guilt and duty and are asking to be purified right through to the bottom. Sometimes this terrifies us! It looks if we are throwing out the baby with the bath water. Do not grieve! Below the drastic stream of apparent destruction, the renewed and purified child is already resurrecting; vulnerable and honest and above all freed of false convictions and principles. That is the beauty of this time. We get the opportunity to make a clean sweep of the past. We get the chance to purify ourselves from age-old transfers of impurities.

On an almost bestial way, we let go of steam in sex, drugs and other prohibited fruits. Our young generation does not care a hoot about old-fashioned regulations and sinfulness created by churches and other belief systems. They do not accept the authority of churches, politics and public institutions and they openly rebel against it. Once and for all they settle accounts with the dualistic image of God we have created. They do not draw a distinction between a Christian deity, an Islamic one, or whatever image it may be.

As long as we maintain separateness, glorify suffering and worship the cross, we do the master Jesus and all who walked the path before us, injustice. Seen out of that point of view, we will never experience liberation. True Saints often have been in the past real rascals. They created their own reality by separating themselves from common society. There was a moment they had to look into their own eyes and realised that they distorted themselves instead of somebody else. They had to face the fact that they nailed themselves on the cross by trying to crucify others. Already uncoupled of everything that seemed to be a reality for the general public they started to search for their own truth. Most awakening involves a shock reaction.

Bonus

It is time we stop giving bonuses for sweet and adapted behaviour. Concerned parents, educators and therapists will stimulate and support their children, pupils and clients to be averse to convictions and concepts initiated by others. They will stimulate them to take nothing for granted, but to examine everything to the bottom to discover their own singularity. As a result, they can develop themselves to true religious beings without having to follow any religion. Real educators constantly appeal to the creative abilities of their children and pupils and will keep them from cut-and-dried soul-destroying games.

Maybe we see it as a merit that we have never been in conflict with any law – mind you a human law - or we are proud that we have been working our whole life for the same boss. Actually, we have received a medal for the last one and the security of an index-linked pension, yet it is questionable if it is a constructive experience for our soul. The soul needs challenges and alterations to develop and to reach the point where none of

our so-called securities get us ahead: *the great emptiness, which carries inside the promises of the absolute fullness.*

Our young people rebel openly against enforced values and standards, based on fear. Until now our society could only cater to it by promulgating more rules, more restrictions and heavier penalties, because we are still rooted in collective thinking and not yet ready to voluntarily offer up a part of our economical growth for more quality of life. Chattering about values and standards is one thing, but it cuts no ice. Our children do not swallow it any longer. They are fed up with this twaddle and lay down their own plan. Apparently, they do not care about anything. To the great annoyance of their parents, educators and ecclesiastic authorities, they just do what they like to do, and they seem to share their bed with everyone. Most parents and educators prefer to forget that they have not always been an inspiring example and the ecclesiastic authorities are soundly conscious of the fact that they are losing their power over the mob.

We could really say that we are ready to free ourselves from the yoke. We are ready to create space for a new social structure. We are freeing ourselves of an image of God based on power and control. We break through our fear and do not like to be spoon-fed anymore. We prefer to see and to experience things in our own unique way. In brief, we need to discover our own truth. In this exciting time we cannot lock out God anymore, we have to experience His/Her presence inside of us. Time is ready to enter the holy space we call God.

Sexuality

The base of all troubles is in the fact that we have degraded the divine creative power to the level of sin. Shamed feelings are deeply rooted in our genes. Believe me, probably likewise by our young people. It is beyond a joke that any deity should create these kind of prohibitions. It was the church and their authorities misusing their power to keep the people under control. Interpretations from holy manuscripts, like the Bible and the Koran are interpretations created out of human separateness and do not originate from the divine unity.

Creative life force

Everything we repress will manifest as sickness. The way we are dealing with our sexual energy, our creative life force, we surely can call sick. There will be a time that we are satisfied from this way of expressing ourselves. There will be a time that we understand that everything that is too much will destroy us at the end. There will be a time when we have freed our souls so thoroughly from shame, guilt and penance that the light can break through. At that point, we are sufficiently cleansed, that shame does not get a shadow of a chance anymore. Then the time is ripe to look at ourselves, and to take the law in our own hands, without any judgement. Sexuality is a beautiful means whereby two bodies meet each other in mutual respect, without lust. We have to master this powerful instrument before we can take the next step on the staircase of our evolution.

Moreover, if we do not learn to handle this energy, we will linger at this stage of awareness or we will sink even deeper into materialism. As we dare to embrace ourselves, we will see ourselves reflected in the eyes of others. Our heart will be opening up and true love will have the opportunity to come into full bloom. Where love starts to

blossom, our sexuality is transforming. Sensuality takes over. We can constantly change from partners, we can also choose not to let our ego's rule any longer.

True nature

Love is blooming at the expense of the ego. Separateness has settled his hash and we start to get human. As our self-love is deeply rooted, there will be space for others. The heart is limitless. Love opens the door to compassion and no longer will we act out of pity. Aid is no holy duty, but becomes a joy. We are servitude without expecting something in return. We are friendly not because we have to be, but friendliness seems to be our true nature.

Joyfully we share our abundance with others. Nobody will be left out in the cold and we do not send refugees we have taken up in our midst years ago back to an uncertain destiny. We do not open our borders out of pity, but we create space for ourselves and for other cultures out of compassion, which is going far beyond all borders.

BEYOND SHAME

For centuries, we have kept ourselves small by shame, guilt complexes and senses of duty and the time seems to be ready to transform these feelings into proud inner attitudes of divine consciousness, inner love-power and faith to establish the foundation for a new awareness.

Shameless

I am fond of your books Yasmin and I would really like to invite you for a lecture but you are so shameless...

Breathlessly and open-heartedly, I listen with increasing amazement. Previously I should immediately have started to defend myself. I should have pondered for ages what for god's sake I mishandled this time. Honestly, this looks like real progress! I often catch my thoughts wandering back to this conversation. By now I know I can smile about it. Ultimately, I start to realise that I received an enormous gift. Without being aware of it, I seem to have freed myself of the innate and imposed robe of penance and sense of shame. Wow, I stay in the world free of shame! Magnificent, to no longer have my life commanded by shame, guilt, duty, sin and fines. Finally, after lives and lives I have taken possession of my rightful place in the holy circle we are calling humanity. No longer is it necessary to shout out or to disparage myself. I see my share in the creation and I have raised myself up as a dignified ally of my Creator. I take full* responsibility for my being on this earth and for my unlimited grandeur. I dare to shine as children do. I know that nobody will be empowered by keeping them small. By rising to my own feet and daring to be the one I really am, I become a gateway for others. More and more I am the fool of the Tarot-cards. Less dependent, more humorous and full of joy, I enjoy the gift of life.

Lecture or no lecture, the road is important and not the goal. I am that I Am. I did not come to the earth to please others. I came to the earth to be in all simplicity and servitude a link in the chain of the network we call love, without obligations or guilt feelings, without shame and free of sin.

OUR TRUE NATURE

If you do not know love for humanity, you cannot know how to love God. As you can see the painter in his painting, the poet in his poem, the musician in his music, so you will recognise God's divine face in humanity.

- Inayat Khan -

Once upon a time

Once upon a time, there lived a man who possessed everything his heart could desire. He was married to the most beautiful wife in the world and in every respect he was an enviable man. When his wife became pregnant, nothing seemed to stand in the way of their entire happiness. Yet he had one handicap; he had made it his goal to reach enlightenment and preferably as soon as possible. For that reason, he was meditating for hours and he regularly spent several days on retreat. According to him every time he did this, he came closer to the ultimate truth. Unnoticed he started to elevate himself above others and he did not even notice that his wife started to alienate herself from him.

The day before his next retreat, his wife begged him to stay home. For a while, he felt confused, but he decided to give precedence to his desire for enlightenment. During his absence, his wife gave birth to an apparently beautiful baby. Ten days later when he came home, full of admiration, he bent over his newborn son. He did not notice the immense sadness in the eyes of his wife.

Later on, when he was approachable, his wife tells him that their son was born with Downs Syndrome. He was perplexed, his whole enlightened self-image collapses immediately. He becomes extremely depressed and wonders: what for gods' sake, did I do wrong that this has happened to *me*? His first impulse is to leave everything behind and to run away. Before he takes a decision, he decides for a last time to participate in a retreat. During an enlightened moment at one point, he becomes aware of his loveless, egoistic attitude. Feeling deeply shamed he turns homeward. Timidly he throws himself at her feet. 'Sweetheart can you forgive me? I lost track. I was searching for enlightenment outside myself and I forgot that the light was constantly present inside of me. For that reason, I could not even see it in you. If you can forgive me, I would like to start anew, today. I will try to be a loving father and not always to think solely of myself. Today I realised that I almost lost everything that is dear to me by chasing after my egoistic desire for enlightenment'.

His heart opened up. He experienced her pain as if it was his own. He felt how immensely he loved her and how painful it could be to love. No longer did he have the desire to flee from his love. From that moment, he was enlightened and his practise consisted of enjoying the small things of life and being present in each situation in full alertness. He had a new teacher, his newborn son. For hours, he would just sit with his little darling on his lap. By looking into his eyes, he experienced the miracle of life. His first smile was the biggest reward he could ever wish for. This was his task for this moment. In all simplicity, he chose to be present at this stage, that was where he was needed, and not somewhere else. He was home; he came home inside himself.

Enlightenment

Enlightenment is a tricky point. It is a such-and-such illusion that we are chasing after which will bring us all the time further away from our self, if we are not careful. Striving for enlightenment is the urgency to feel our self better than we really are. Our body tenses up and we become alienated from our surroundings. Real enlightenment is to let go of all our striving for enlightenment.

Some enlightened souls will tell us that enlightenment is the ultimate reality; others assert that it represents nothing. What should enlightenment really be? I do not now. Good Lord, I realise that I hit the nail on the head: I really do not now....

The true road

Many masters, also in this time, promise us a highway to fulfilment and enlightenment. The only 'true road!' Oh dear! There is no such thing as a true road. The only road that exists is the road your soul has chosen to walk, your own unique road. Beyond dispute, you need reflections of the external world. A face to face meeting, a good conversation, the reading of a good book, attending a lecture or a workshop, or sitting at the feet of a living master, it does not matter. You are the one who decides what you need for your realization and nobody else.

There is no such thing as a true road, yet there is such a thing as an ultimate truth. This truth is in essence the same for all of us. The separateness we experience only exists in our thinking. In essence, there exists only unity. Out of this limitless grandeur, out of this total fullness, which contains the absolute emptiness, life, love, the power of creation is manifesting itself constantly in different forms. All together, we constitute that one overpowering oneness, that one body. God does not stay above us. God is everything we are, so altogether we are God. God is the power of creation itself, the soul of all manifestations, visible and invisible. As we start to realise this, we can burn our false image of God at the stake. That image does not exist and it never has existed. There is nobody outside of us who will reward or punish us.

O dear, how annoying, I have to do it all by myself. I have to decide what is good or bad for me! Regrettably, that is absolutely truth! Comfort yourself. There is no good or bad, at most there exists experience. And all we experience has his consequences. As people accept the consequences of their deeds, we can stop immediately with the promulgating of punishments. Till now nobody has been any the wiser for it!.

Collecting wood

Likely, we know the story of the man who is on the way to the top of the mountain because he heard that he could find enlightenment there. The moment he arrives at the foot of the mountain, an old man is coming down. The old man carries a heavy sack full of wood on his back. Convinced that the old man knows the answer, the man appeals to him. The old man puts the heavy load on the ground, wipes the sweat of his forehead and asks 'Tell me friend, what can I do for you?' 'Can you tell me about enlightenment', the young man asks him. 'O that' the old man answers. He bends himself, put the sack on his back again and continues his pathway....

There are many fables around enlightenment and at the same time, nobody knows precisely what it is. I certainly do not, so better you don't ask me. The only answer I can give you is 'I do not know'...

Anyhow, in my modest opinion enlightenment has not necessarily to go hand in hand with *horns and bells*. Maybe there are people who experience it like that, yet enlightenment is mostly a natural process unfolding itself effortlessly as we let go of our control and dare to surrender ourselves to the flow of life. The space in our heart gets bigger and bigger: as a rose, opening up in the summer sun. The difference between the enlightened human being and the unenlightened one is that the first one is still aware of the light within and the last one not yet. Every human is the personification of the pure creative life force, of the divine light itself. Most people do not associate themselves with their inner light. They associate themselves with their bodies, the projection of the Self and are convinced that this is their own reality.

Merciless

Walking the road to awareness, it is of utmost importance to be in every aspect honest to ourselves and to others. Mercilessly honest! We have to put all the things we have carefully buried into the light. We have to let pass in review all our sins and after that we have to be willing to let go of them forever. This will either relieve us or enlighten us. It is high time to free ourselves from innate sinfulness, old conditional* and false shame.

Authentic

To my modest opening, being enlightened means being authentic. It is our original state of being, our unblemished being, the innocence of a newborn baby. The newborn baby just *is*. If it is hungry, it will try to catch our attention, if it is sad it starts to cry, if it feels happy it begins to laugh. The moment we force it to drink, it starts to lose its natural instinct and will attract our attention every three hours to be nourished.

A child does not know any resistance; it is not holding on to anything and makes no difference between pain and no pain. The moment we teach our children to distinguish, the child will start to make a differentiation between pain and joy. A child is not pro- or contra against anything. If you like to discover the truth you have to be open-minded without being pro- or contra towards anything. Light and dark, they are both manifestations of the one and same reality. They originate equally from the same unlimited space of creation and at the end, they will disappear again in that same space. Nothing sticks as long we do not try to hold on to it.

It is impossible to love others unconditionally; we can only *be* unconditional love itself. A child is an example of that unconditional love. Children are non-dualistic, they are simply that what they are and embrace everything in their limitless love, as long as we permit it!.

Wizard of love

My thoughts are wandering away to Bongakonki: *he who brings joy*. I met this toddler in an AIDS-clinic in South Africa. I write about him in my book: *'Love is All That Is'*. Amongst all emotions around the dying of so many young people and children, he

played his love-role. He was indefatigably servitude, as a master incarnated in a child's body. He made the dying process bearable for the young people, and at the same time, he made the heavy load bearable for the nurses.

The small ones did not need him. They faded away simply the way they came: as a flash of light, they arose out of the emptiness and they disappeared without struggle into that same emptiness. Without resistance, the visible life was flowing out of them. If there was any fear, it was the fear of the bystanders. If there was any sadness, it was the sadness of the adults.

Bongakonki was a wizard of love. He shared his joy of being with everyone without any restrictions. It was up to the person if he/she could receive that love, yes or no. If he/she could open his/her heart to admit the small magician. That was the only restriction...

Natural

The light is always inside of us. We do not need anything from anybody else and at the same time, we need others to mirror the light, to reflect it to us. Nobody is an island. Enlightenment does not make any difference and at the same time, it makes all difference in the world. Simply our view on the world will change totally, that is all. From now on, the glass is half-full.

Enlightened beings behave themselves very naturally. They do not find them in a continuous state of bliss. On the contrary, they are quite normal. They do not pretend anything and washing the dishes is even as much a spiritual practice as their daily meditation. They just do what they have to do. They do not make a distinction between work and no work, between holidays and free time. They do not think about tomorrow, but are simply present in the *here* and *now*. Sometimes blissful, sometimes grumbling, sometimes brave, but always alert. They are servitude without being obtrusive. Generally, they do not have special friends, but also they do not have enemies anymore.

The ox-herder and the ox

In this Zen-story, the ox-herder is looking for his ox, not yet realising that he never lost it. He is not capable of seeing this truth because he has lost contact with his true essence. Slowly but surely he discovers the first spurs of the ox and hesitantly he starts to follow these spurs. When he turns inward and starts to listen intensively, he catches a glimpse of the original state of being, a glimpse of his own true nature.

At the end, he catches the ox. For quite a long time the ox was forced to follow his own footsteps, so he is not at all willing to let go of his old habits. First, the man has to tame him. He has to teach the ox to adapt to him instead of the other way around. The moment the ox understands who is the leader, willingly he follows his master. The fight is fought. There is no winner or loser. The man turns homeward at the back of the ox. No longer, there are two of them. The man becomes one with his true nature. No longer, is there any need to strive to be anything; he is simply that what he is.

He closes the door of his cave and descends from the mountain. He becomes the fool of the Tarot-cards, the unattached liberated one and carries all his possessions on his back. Only a few of us will recognise his light within. Without making use of any outside power, he brings parched trees into full bloom again.

Visible characteristics

If you have already seen before, enlightened behaviour looks quite natural. An enlightened being will not elevate or humiliate himself over others. He/she will not take any pain to be found friendly or to belong to something. Enlightened beings understand that their existence on this earth is a great joke and they have decided just to play their part in the game. They became observers from the game itself and are not at all attached to the result of it. It is natural for them to admit their faults and they show their vulnerability even as easily as their power. There is nothing to win, because they already lost everything. They have offered the interest of their ego to the flames of the eternal fire. They know already what it is to die, so there is no need to be afraid of that either.

Enlightened behaviour is adapting itself as a chameleon. It follows the course of the stream. It is the water in the river and at the same time, it is the waterfall itself. The water stays always the same, yet the course will change according to the circumstances. Still the effect produced by the water is unpredictably changeable. Sometimes it will quench our thirst, something it makes the land fertile. Sometimes it brings about a flood or it will cause erosion.

Enlightened beings do not put their self on a pedestal. They do not have visible characteristics. They are simply what they are. They do not find them continuously in a special kind of state. They react directly to the moment, and are compassionate without taken over the suffering of others. They are everything and nothing at the same time. They embrace life, pain as well as joy, without being addicted to one of them and without holding on to anything.

Divine

They claim their birthright and equate with all enlightened masters who once walked this earth. They take full responsibility for their own divinity. They are likewise the master Jesus, Krishna, Zoroaster, Mohammed and Buddha and love the divine in everything visible and invisible. They walk over the water: they went beyond their emotions without being attached to it. The past is dead and buried; the future is not yet filled in. They live in true awareness and are as pure and innocent as newborn children. They are awake in every moment and live in the *here* and *now*. Their heart is as big as the sun. In contrast to enlightened beings of former days they do not live in the seclusion of a mountain or a monastery. Without belonging to the world, they stay in the midst of it; they do not even feel any need to close their eyes to the immense suffering of humanity. In every encounter, they meet a part of their own divine nature. They are servitude to life itself.

Enlightenment does not know a beginning or an end. Enlightenment is life itself. It is the eternal love not being on the road to anywhere. There is no hurry because we have realised that time does not exist, so we have all the time in the world. The road to enlightenment is not a highway. The process is comparable with a circle having no beginning and no end. It makes not a bit of difference at which point of the circle we will find our self. Without doubt, it is the point we ought to be...

ENLIGHTENMENT

A real enlightened being is like a diamond. He/she radiates constantly without losing quality. This is in contrast to the one who is 'claiming' to be enlightened. He/she is like a firecracker; the light has already been blown out by the wind before it makes any impact.

World mother

Since the established order is running the risk of losing its grip on society, since the mockery of safety seems to be slipping away, it is being forced to reaffirm old collective values as new. The fear of losing its power is visible and clearly perceptible. New churches replace the old ones. New dogmas are initiated. Striving for non-dualism and a deep longing for enlightenment are gaining ground. Definitely, a laudable ambition, yet the danger of this way of thinking is the denying of our earthly reality, the denying of the female face of God, the Goddess. By consigning this reality to the realm of the fairy tales – read illusions – we deny her existence as being the World mother who is stepping forward as an independent intermediary to reveal the visible universe within time and space. Even if we are aware that our visible creation is in essence an illusion, we are voluntarily and not accidentally descending out of the Unity to express ourselves in the Many. This material process is of inestimable value to give form, to mould and to perfect ourselves until a vibration wherein the Creator will recognise and fashion Him/Herself to continue the eternal process of evolution.

We prepare our physical body, the fertile all embracing Mother Goddess, to give birth to our divine brainchild. We make the jump from separateness to non-dualism: we are fusing together confirming the sacred marriage between the masculine and the feminine.

Truth

At this stage, the ego is of great importance. To create a strong 'I' and to shape the womb wherein the new human can be born, we first have to walk the road of separateness. In my opinion, the striving for enlightenment and the exorcizing of the ego is not at all relevant. More so, it is questionable if this is desirable. The moment we start to live more in harmony with the light as well as the dark, we will start on a natural base to master our ego.

There does not exist something as an absolute truth leading us to bliss. To be in harmony we have to balance both poles. God is male *and* female. More and more we begin to see and to experience God as an inner power, as the ultimate connection with our Beloved One. We will dedicate all our human relations as the fertile soil for our merging together with the One/Many.

Our thinking will never contain the whole truth. It is our mission to confirm the sacred marriage inside of us: the fusing together between the masculine and the feminine, between our head and our heart. By doing this we establish in all simplicity our divine being here on earth. We get *human* under the humans. We stay in the midst of the world without belonging to it. Feelings of separateness and superiority are fading away.

Our heart is as big as the sun itself and embraces the whole universe. We feel compassion with all living beings.

Knowledge

At the threshold of a new time the male bastion of oppression and dominance slowly but surely starts to crumble. Competition and superiority are the last convulsions of power every right-minded person is questioning.

We see the same kind of processes in the spiritual world. No longer, are we happy with or appreciate high-flown knowledge. In former days, we accepted that the Kingdom of Heaven and all concerning knowledge was exclusively accessible to initiated ones. We do not swallow this any more. We demand access to all fields of spirituality.

In a time when brevity and exteriors – as an opposite of durability – have started to dominate, in a time we have fought long and profoundly for equal rights for men and women, slowly but surely we start to see that we have thrown away the child with the bathwater. By cutting away the spiritual foundation of our society, it seems likely we have forgotten that our true being is rooted in divinity.

Accessible

In our hearts we are longing for other means of living together. We long for accessible values we can apply to all levels of daily life. Simplicity is a first requirement. Let us use words without needing a translation so everybody can understand us. Briefly, we have to speak the language of the heart, which is going beyond all imaginary discriminations. Par excellence the time seems ready to embrace the Goddess inside of us, the female face of God, and to give her back her rightful place in our society.

Teachings of a deity outside of us are outdated. We grow aware of our true nature and get ready for a direct encounter with our inner source.

Our former spiritual leaders, mostly men, have to give way to wise and enlightened people, women as well as men; who are respected by being, in all simplicity, a living and inspiring example. They are seasoned by light as well as dark. They are coloured and polished through and through and have brought into the light their authentic being without feign. They are not misguided by fear of destruction or by concepts that once were useful but now have to be replaced by values which are suitable in this time: flexible ones which are constantly in the making.

The external guru has to make space for the internal teacher. In all respect, we become humans daring to be human in fullness and vulnerability.

True wisdom is a result of an attentive presence and does frame itself; it enfolds itself in silence. True wisdom is an inner attitude. It will never strive to put itself down in rigid concepts, regulations and the establishment of outer centres.

Enlightenment is without beginning and without end. It is free of any ambition, and tries to be in all simplicity. True love is limitless, divine and constantly in movement. External expedients like masters, books, music, a helping hand and loving encounters are very welcome with it. However, they are not the goal but only a tool on our road to heaven.

SENSIBILITY AND COMPASSION

*If you are not able to bear the dark
You will never walk in the light....*

Frequency

The greatest challenge for every human being who is starting to open up his spiritual petals one by one, is the vibration of their environment. It is not a secret that disciples in former days retired into the safe protection of a monastery or nature to guard themselves against frequencies bringing them back time after time into the transitory world.

Mostly our familiar circle is adapted to our energy so we can reload ourselves in our own safe environment. If people with another frequency enter such a sanctuary, they immediately disturb the vibration and it takes a while before the energy complies anew with our vibration. If our sensibility starts to increase it becomes of utmost importance to surround ourselves with nourishing and inspiring people, vibrating on the same frequency. Later as we feel more at home within ourselves, it is not that important anymore. However miserable the circumstances may appear, we can always hide in the boundless space of our heart, in our own Self.

Faith

I remember as if it was yesterday that I started to recover from a long-term illness. Since I call these kinds of experiences transformation-processes I refuse to stick labels on them. As long as our energy can float freely, change is always possible. The moment we start to associate ourselves with the processes and the symptoms, the stiffening will start immediately and suffering will become a real burden.

During that period I tried to master one of the most evolved qualities of God, the impalpable quality we call patience, there was nothing left than to surrender myself in full faith to the universe. I invited the invisible world to take care of everything I needed on my way of transformation and healing. My physical manifestation is not able to overlook all possibilities, yet the higher aspect, the angel inside of me, is capable of that. It worked with divine perfection. Every next step in my healing-process was guided. Once a female Shaman crossed my path. She looked at me and said 'If you are walking the initiation path of a Shaman you have to protect yourself better'. I reacted promptly: 'God is my protection'. She reflected immediately: 'Spiritual arrogance!' Both of us were right. Still God is my protection, but that moment I was too vulnerable to make my way to the battle scene in broad daylight. War is constant, not only in the visible world, but also in the invisible one. Spirits are feeding themselves literally on living beings. If we are not aware of this, we are constantly subject to alternating moods, we are overpowered with strange thoughts, having nothing to do with us, and as a result, we create all kinds of strange symptoms and illnesses. As our inner light gets stronger, our aura becomes more and more our natural protection. Still our sensitivity stays and increasingly more life in the visible world gets a real challenge.

We practise staying in the midst of the world without belonging to it. We start to realise that it is fruitless to carry all the suffering of the world. We learn to stand aside and to

observe the world with respect and a heart full of compassion.

Protection

God is my protection. This is not a mindless thought. I realise very well that it is a challenge for every soul on the road of realisation to stay in the midst of the battle-scene. Gladly all lower frequencies throw themselves in the fight and they will absorb our energy the moment that there is the smallest leak. Not any human is perfect. Even if we feel in a good skin, at the end of a spiritual market we have had it, at least I do.

Mostly my body feels worn-out. Especially on paranormal markets, were many invisible entities pollute the space and fight each other to make themselves heard. We have to be of a good family to be immune to that. Until that time, we have to protect ourselves. Wear a stone, put yourself in a circle of light, or close your chakras. At the end, in my book *'With an Open Heart'* you will find sufficient material for it. Be aware the tools you use to reach a certain point of protection are just tools. Do not make yourself dependent on it, but also do not be too arrogant.

Many visitors at these markets are obviously searching around while at the same time they like to claim not to need anything. In essence, they are absolutely right. In essence, we do not need anything exterior. Paradoxically, to reach a certain point we need the mirroring and the reflection of our environment. We need that one special person who likes to be our pilot for a while, that one book we don't have to think about, because the message is recognised immediately inside of our heart, or that special workshop to reconnect again. It is short-sighted to throw things away because we are that arrogant to think we do not need anything or anybody. It is even as short-sighted to stay adhered to those tools.

The moment we have the courage to bow our head, it is not necessary to bump into situations any longer and we can walk our path just by falling down and getting up time after time. Someone or something outside of us can lead us to the source, yet we have to decide to drink of it.

Education

The moment the Universe challenged us to publish our own books, I stepped into a new learning process: stay in the midst of all tumult without being affected by it. I learned the right way to beat the enemy. You can run away but it is better to take yourself immediately into the cave of the lion. If you survive this, you have given yourself an enormous head start.

By being what I am and doing what I did I put myself in a new learning-process, and had to bring it directly into daily practise. It is easy to talk about love; it is a challenge to be love in all circumstances. All the time I got stronger, and more and more I became an observer. No longer had I to put myself above things, I did not connect with them anymore. The result: I do not fight the environment. I have more or less become immune from disharmony. Apparently, it looks like disinterest yet it is not like that at all. It is the transmutation from pity into compassion; we go beyond love as well as hatred. We reach a neutral area, the eternal centre or the boundless inviolable space in our heart. We are powerful and vulnerable at the same time. My being is asking for surrender and

faith, to be fully present without worrying about the result. It is a process constantly in movement.

Do not be attached to any result. No longer will you see the direct consequence of your actions, as you did before. The processes around you will more and more take place on an invisible level. Know that the seeds you have sown will germinate, when the time is ripe for it.

Believe me, not always, can I surrender myself unconditionally. I am still human. Sometimes I am sick and tired from all of it; mostly I enjoy life with to the full. Sometimes I even groan at the universe: 'Alright I am willing to go to the depths, but a little bit support would be nice'. 'As you know I am only a human', I mutter. 'It is not always nice to be used when people find themselves in the dark and to be discarded when they see the light again. It is not nice only to invest without the possibility to manifest, at least on a visible level'.

One thing is for sure. In whatever way I can, I want to be servitude until I leave this planet. That is a certain knowing!

In a life, increasing in length it feels crazy that many of us retire around the age of mid-fifty and start to fill their emptiness by chasing after pointless means of amusement. How is it possible that so many vital people are running the risk of sinking away in a state of boredom, while our society is screaming for lived-through, loving and servitude hands and hearts?

The picture of the eighty-year-old father of our camel-driver in Rajasthan appears in front of my eyes. Imagine yourself in a hut in the desert. The dearest son is coming home from his three-day trip with tourists in the desert and has a serious infection in his foot. The old man looks at it and, without speaking a word, he draws his conclusion and skillfully but not in the least softly, he takes the foot to task...

I sit at the feet of Ellen Kuzwayo in Soweto, South Africa. I feel like a teenager, fully in love with her. This beautiful woman is eighty-four and stays in the midst of the world. She goes forward with doing and being for everyone who needs her, until she will start her next journey...

Prosperity kills servitude and freezes our source of creativity. Too much prosperity causes us to degenerate to the level of greediness and all kinds of wishes that can never be fulfilled.

Balance

Every time the Universe is willing to listen to my nagging, and the scales get balanced again. They will send that special angel on my path likely to share a special book that changed her life or to go along to a special meeting on the train with an old colleague. He shows in all vulnerability, that his sense of well-being is based on security and the future. Thanks to him, I realise that I have never lived so carelessly. I just live today and tomorrow will take care of itself. Since I increasingly let go of more control, since I am not willing to insure my insecurities, layers of attachments are disappearing like snow in the sun and I feel satisfied without limitations.

Making sacrifices

I hear many dissatisfied stories about economical measures. It sounds so bitter and worrisome. I shake my head in wonderment and chuckle. There is enough for everybody if we dare to let go of our worries. Moreover, there is abundance for all of us if we dare to surrender in full faith that the universe will take care of us.

My partner and I feel so privileged with all the luxury of a western society. We are willing to invest in our health and we feel grateful for all the support we can make use of if we need it. No longer is anything obvious for us. People love to gather in our cosy home. We share our joy, slake ourselves on love and enjoy everything the universe has on disposal for us free of charge. We enjoy each other's company. It is of greater delight to share our food than to eat it our self, *primitive* people taught us that time after time. If you want to see it, life is one great mystery!

What a luxury that we *can* economize. We have only to make a choice about what we would like to release. I met so many people, worldwide, who did not have that choice. More so, they did not even know if there would be something to eat for the next day. They did not complain either. Was it resignation? Maybe sometimes, but regularly I saw pure joy reflected in the eyes of many, joy and often a deep lived-through grief. Lived-through grief shapes the fundament for accessibility, so we can feel empathy and are able to vibrate with the sadness of others. Grief can be so immoderately much. To notice this there is no need to travel abroad. It presents itself constantly if you dare to see it. I bear in mind that beautiful woman on the first row during a particular lecture. She was the mother of two sons, who had both committed suicide. While listening to her story I held my breath, at the same time my heart filled with compassion. No, I did not feel pity, she was not asking for that. She was sitting there like a Buddha, in all her vulnerability, in all her power. She was not in the least pathetic. Her being was polished. The pebble became a diamond. Nothing can happen to her anymore. Everything we are afraid of already happened to her. She became an instrument, a living spark of light here on earth. She shares her gift with everyone who is open to receive it. Nobody really meeting her can linger in self-pity.

Forgiving

How for god's sake can I speak about forgiveness, Lucas from Indonesia asks me. He was ten at the end of the Second World War and together with his father and grandfather, he was put into a Japanese concentration camp. Still at the moment of the liberation, they carried away both men. The image of the beheaded bodies of his father and grandfather, floating in the river in a pool of blood, is still on his retina.

His rage and hatred are overwhelming. I do not feel any emotion by it, there is just *emptiness*. I estimate how old he must be. At the least seventy. Incredible! I ask him if he wants to die like this, so full of hatred, so full of poison. For a while, he seems perplexed, he is used to being treated with gloves and many excuses. I do not feel any disparaged pity. Compassion is a quality arising from the heart and lifts others up to the level of equality.

He is trying his very best to discuss it. I ask him to be silent, just to listen and to feel. To a stock-still public I tell the story of Golda who escaped the gas chamber in a miraculous way. (*The Power of Being*) Hatred kept her alive. The moment of liberation of the camp, she realised that if she continued with spreading the message of hatred, she would not be any better than Hitler.

Lucas does not give in so easily. He tries to provoke us by telling openly how many people he killed during the time he was the pilot of a fighter jet and how much he enjoyed this type of killing. He does not get what he wishes for, I do not have any judgment about it. Instead of that I express my wish that he can start to forgive himself. Probably the next step will be forgiving the past. If he is able to free himself from all this horrible stuff, surely his soul will experience eternal peace. Everybody is touched as I praise him for the courage to share his story.

Afterwards he buys a book. I sign it and give him a heartfelt hug. If you can hate so powerfully, you certainly have the opportunity to love without limits. What a pity that one person immediately brings up the trauma-team. What a pity this person cannot yet vibrate to the frequency of this evening. Otherwise she should know that Lucas does not need any trauma-team anymore. It will only set him back in that what his soul has chosen to go beyond, once and for all.

To be compassionate means daring to feel, daring to let ourselves be touched by the circumstances. If we act without acting, we come down off our pedestal of the all-knowing therapist. We stop offering solutions, where nobody is asking for them.

Beyond death

He is standing in front of me and points to the book: *'Mastery beyond Death'*. 'Do you believe that there is something after death?' I smile, I do not *believe*, I *know*. While carefully examining him I see a world of sadness in his eyes. He shares the story about his wife; a few weeks ago he found her dead body in their house. Wholeheartedly I support his sadness. While looking into his eyes I affirm that it must be horrible to find your wife in a way like this. Tears are starting to run down his cheeks. 'I thought I was braver' he said. 'In my opinion not crying is not evidence of bravery', I answer while still looking into his eyes. He keeps sharing and the only thing I do is listen.

'What will I do?' Hopeful, he buys the book. Still looking into the depth of his soul, I take his hands between mine. 'Maybe it is an idea to tune yourself in to her for a while every morning when you wake up and every evening before you go to sleep. Believe me, she is always with you, always'. Carefully he starts to smile: 'A little while after she died she stood at the same place where I found her body and I believe that she called my name. Was it really her?' Confidently he looks at me. 'Yes, it was, she wants you to know that she is doing very well'.

'Now you know this, it is important not to hold on to her anymore, so both of you can continue on your way, you here on earth and she in spirit. A real marriage is already confirmed in heaven. It is an agreement between two souls, without needing any priest. It is an agreement going far beyond this life-time here on earth'.

'So I am never allowed to remarry', he says. 'Of course you can. The heart is limitless and embraces the whole universe. If you meet another woman, you like to share your life with, go ahead. It does not influence the eternal connection with her'. He becomes silent. No longer are his tears sad ones.

Moved, I follow him with my eyes. A small bent figure who tries to stretch his back now and then. I feel grateful for being an instrument, no more and no less. It is not up to me what he will do with the seed I was allowed to sow in his heart.

Authentic

Good lord, how did she change! Her power, first only visible to the insider, started to radiate in all brightness outwardly. How passionately! While looking at her, I get an impression why people sometimes blame me; you are so arrogant! I know it has nothing to do with arrogance. She has freed herself from many layers of protection and old ideas, and more and more her authentic being starts to take over the game of life. She vibrates on a frequency almost deadly for those who still stay in the middle of their ego-game. Over the years she went through many hells of pain and suffering. She suffered losses in all fields; which most would have lost the courage to face. I was afraid she would even end up in a psychiatric clinic. She was driven crazy from all the different voices in her head. 'Darned Willeke, do you leave the front-door open day and night to allow everybody to come in, do you? For gods' sake be a bit more selective and decide what you really want'. It was a hard struggle for her. It was tempting. She could communicate with her loved ones on the other side. This was first-class; it was healing for her soul. Yet it went any further than that. To be in a position to communicate with earthly souls, many souls wanted to use her as a channel. It was heart-warming. It should discern her from the masses and bring her fame. She got an attractive offer to be trained as a medium.

In those times, her pilot navigated always with her, yet gave her free reign to make her own decisions. She has long grown out of the ability to read a hand or predict the future. She fought her fight to the bitter, excuse me, to the joyful end. Her tool was faith, a deep-rooted security that she was guided in every aspect. Out of this knowledge, she could surrender herself to the flow, and life could take over. She said *no* against all glamour and glitter. More and more she dropped her dependency of the approval of others. She said *no* to all temptations: 'I just like to be my Self without bells and horns. In all simplicity, I like to be Thy instrument. I do not need a pedestal...' And then it started, that radiating I mean. She did not change her mind about the external attractions, she chose the invisible power of within. Invisible? Only for those who are not capable to observe her frequency. For the true spiritual searcher she became more visible than ever before.

No roar at the front door any longer. Even her beloved one she does not see anymore. By being willing to let go of him, both of them can continue on their pathway and she is opening herself up to a more, subtle contact. That is love without conditions. That is inner *knowing*. A resurrection preceded by a crucifixion. From now on, her inner light is her protection.

The punch line of this story

There is nothing to do; the process of protection is enfolding itself petal by petal if we are willing to stay with our lessons. Our heart will open itself in a never-ending symphony, and our Self, the inner light inside of us, will constitute our true protection. Until you are at that level, you need to protect yourself. Choose the kind of protection that feels right for you and know that every external protection is nothing more and nothing less than a tool. Do not stop to consolidate your inner protection. Know that no visible protection of the world is of any use if you do not clarify to the universe, where you want to stay and whom you want to be.

*People who are able to bear
are as ships that can defy heavy storms*

SOURCES OF INSPIRATION

It is no privilege to be poor. Neither is it a merit to be rich. I do not believe that God has created us to be poor and, out of experience, I know that fear can hold us back from living in abundance. After all, richness brings about a gigantic responsibility.

Impulses

Every inspiration, every impulse originates out of a pure thought. Out of a deep inner longing to give something from our self to others. The moment we materialize the impulse we call powers into being and after some time there seems not much left of the pure impulse. Time after time, it is important to wonder ourselves if this is still the original impulse. Does this impulse contribute something to the wholeness of all of us. Do I still feel happy with this impulse and is it originated to serve others or am I busy pleasing myself? There is nothing wrong with that, if it is clear.

Simply formulated, do we strive after things to provoke ourselves or are we directly or indirectly engaged in delivering our contribution to the wellbeing of all. Sometimes an impulse starts out of an egoistic motive and develops into a contribution for the public interest. Generally, we can adduce that impulses are sources of inspirations already present in the atmosphere: *the field of unknown possibilities*. We get in touch with this field, if we are accessible to it. By modelling these impulses in the substance, the impulse starts to veil itself and after a while, there is not so much left of the pure impulse.

Richness

When I was in India for the first time I became deeply touched by the enormous misery I saw everywhere around. It touched me deeply in my soul and constantly I questioned myself how this problem could be solved. How differently I experienced this when I went back some years later. This time I was able to see the richness behind all the visible forms.

At the same time the solutions for the actual poverty has not to be that difficult...

If we were willing to let go of our fears and attachments and to share from our richness, which is freely given to us, the world would be a safe harbour, a rich and joyful place to live in and to experience life. Out of abundance, the rich man makes sure that the material circulates. Mind you, out of love and not out of guilt feelings. The last manner is terrible. If you do it from guilt, you may as well keep it for yourself. Everything you give has to originate out of a loving and abundant heart. In that way, the energy is flowing freely and effortlessly to all who need it.

If I feel the need to share, the first thing I need is something to share. Accordingly the Bulgarian master Omraam Mikhaël Aïvanhov: 'We have to be first a capitalist to become a communist'.

If we have not collected any capital, there is nothing we can share. However, there are different kinds of capital, not only money. Happiness has nothing to do with the size of our bank account and it is still impossible to buy health for money. Our real

possessions, that which gives us the highest profits, exist in another bank. This bank is called *awareness*. The interest we get is *love*. This bank always gives an index-linked and high interest. The more we spend from the bank of awareness, abundance and love, the more the veils in our awareness start to disappear. Our heart is opening up and accepts abundantly all that is waiting to be accepted free of charge.

Fortunately, there are people who possess money and goods. It is mostly this group in our society who generously donate their contribution in situations where material support is required.

However, what we are likely to forget is that every one of us has to share something. Every one of us can contribute something to the wellbeing of all. Mostly it is ignorance but often it is indolence which causes us to refrain from giving. Since we give lots of attention to those who are weak and needy in our society we like to play with our poorness. We hide ourselves behind it. We seem to have forgotten who we really are and we behave as if we have nothing to contribute.

Sharing together

As we let go of our fear, we notice that we need less securities to feel happy. On the contrary, money can be handy but it has nothing to do with the extent to which we are aware or satisfied. Awareness means that the one rich in material things is sharing his possessions. He receives the gratefulness of the poor one. The expression in the eyes of the poor fellow will open up something in the heart of the rich one, so he will never be the same as he was before. Maybe the poor one in material possesses a rich spiritual awareness and he can share this richness with the spiritual poor one, so this fellow will become conscious of his inner richness. All that we share like this becomes unique and boundless and nobody is indebted to anybody else.

Anyhow, there is nobody who has nothing to share. Love is free of charge and abundantly present. As I practise myself in sharing with an open heart, the profit is unlimited. A kindly word requires nothing and brings about miracles. A thank you at the counter spreads a spark of light into the heart of the cashier. Suddenly she gets the feeling that she is worthwhile. The customers coming after us are collecting the profit of it. Not that we are doing it for that reason. We do not give to get something in return. Life is not barter. As long as our motive is pure we can count on it that from all sides, positive profits will flow back to us.

What to think of the rose who shares her splendour unconditionally, the beautiful butterfly who lets me know that death does not exist, and the bird who is guiding my pathway through the jungle after hearing my cry of alarm.

NAMELESS

*'Until the moment they carry my body to its final resting place
I continue to live in the day and to be in the moment...'*

Edward L. Gr.

The cruellest punishment

The death penalty is only serving one goal: brutal revenge. Discussing the death penalty is a no nonsense issue, the fear and the restlessness brought about by serious crimes committed may never be denied. However, fear is a bad advisor. The death penalty is the worst conceivable answer to that fear. The death penalty is cruel, pointless and irrecoverable. The death penalty gives the wrong signal: to kill people who have killed. Maybe we will never totally exorcize the primitive man with the bludgeon inside. That is the reason we need justice. A constitutional state punishes, but will never take revenge.

'The state of Texas has four hundred prisoners on death row. There are not enough lawyers to represent them. Eight executions a month are no longer worth mentioning. The executions are continuing week after week. More and more in silence....'

Summary of Bart Stapert, lawyer and director of Amnesty International.

Schijndel, the 27th of april 2004

My dearest Edward,

This is my last letter to you my dear friend. Nameless, you were on that death row. If I forget to mention your ID-number on the envelope, without any apology they send your letter back to me.

A few weeks ago, I got back the last letter I sent to you with the note *unknown* on it. Immediately I feared the worst. Three days later, I had the courage to search for your status on the internet. If I had not found your ID-number on the list, I already knew. I went on searching through the executions and on that list I found your name and the last words you spoke:

'The only thing I like to mention is that I am not sad or bitter to anyone. I did not get inside to kill those people but I do not feel any better than the ones who did. Jesus is my saviour.'

I held my breath. This could not be true. People cannot be that cruel. Unfortunately, people are that cruel. How can anyone work as a prison guard on death row in Texas, where the conditions are even stricter than somewhere else? Surely, they need a trigger on power, a trigger to suppress themselves and others.

You had fewer privileges than others did in the same circumstances. We could not even phone each other. You were not allowed to receive small gifts, even stamps. As a Christmas present, I sent you some posters. After showing the posters to you, they send them back to me. Your prison cell was damp, cold in winter, and hot in summer. Only three times a week for half an hour were you aired. As you wrote there where also a few nice fellows, mostly they did not stay for long.

Dearest Edward, I felt angry and sad at the same time. Not because you are dead, that must be freeing for you, but because of the way I was informed. Why did you not inform me, did you not know the right timing or did they not allow you to send a farewell letter? I looked for your last letter. Rereading the last sentences, I realised that even if you had not mentioned the right time, you already knew that it would happen... It is almost three years ago that I heard about *League of Life* and felt: Yes that is what I want, I would like to correspond with someone on death row. I filled in my personal description, confident that the right person would cross my path; I did not fill in any preferences. Elvi, the head of the organisation, brought us together and I started the correspondence. From the moment I read your name, I allowed your energy in. I felt I could fully embrace you in my love, without any conditions.

At first, you did not show much of yourself. More than that, you tested me on all fronts and if I did something stupid you punished me for it. Deservedly, but when you stayed nagging over things I had already apologised for, I wrote to you shortly and concisely; 'I told you that I feel sorry for what I did wrong. I will do my very best not to cause that trouble anymore. So, do you want to correspond with me, yes or no...?' You answered that you were all too willing to be my pen friend. According to you, my letters were of another quality than those of your last pen friends.

What certainly distinguished me from others was the fact that I felt by no means pity & was not willing to patronise you. I treated you the same way I would like to be treated by others, as equals. And that is how I experienced you, equally.

It was months later when I started to search on the internet that I realised exactly what you had on your slate. I was curious if it would make any difference to me if I knew what your crimes were. The charge was not petty. I let it in bit by bit and stayed the same. Did you feel what I was doing? In your next letter, you wrote that you raped and killed a girl in a fit of madness. You felt very sorry for it. They accused you of more. To investigate the DNA would prove your innocence. They refused the enquiry. I believed you. This was the first and the last time we spoke about this. We were corresponding about life and not about death.

You frankly hated the – mostly white – wards. You had also definite feelings about the man Bush. You called him a power-mad person who would not rest until he had the world under his control. Your opinion was not different from that of another American friend who came on my path after reading '*Way to the light*'. The same Bush is a fanatic advocate of the death penalty.

Yes, you also enjoyed receiving my book '*Way to the Light*'. You enjoyed it and you started to share it with your fellow prisoners. Something seemed to change inside of you. You felt endlessly grateful that I just accepted you as you were. That I did not feel any need to preach or to point my finger at you. On the contrary, I did not feel any need for that. Who am I to judge?

You started to discover that at the end there was only one person you plainly hated, yourself. More and more you started to embrace yourself. Your letters got milder, milder against yourself, milder to your environment. Incomprehension was replaced by understanding. If I did not hear from you for a longer period, I knew that it had nothing to do with our friendship, but that you felt too depressed to write. I could accept this as being good. We started to share even deeper inner feelings, life business of vital importance. If you have to look death straight into the eyes, there is no space for playing games. I sent you meditations and exercises to live through your fear and the

translation of my book *'Love is All That Is'*. Very seldom, you complained. You enjoyed it if you could do something for your inmates and you helped them with the writing and the reading of their letters. Because you were totally dependent on the kindness of others I sent you money every now and then. You asked me to stop with that, you had another pen friend who took care of it. The exercises, the love and the attention were more than enough, you said.

Now and then I mentioned you in my lectures. Sometimes that caused anger – but it always contributed to more understanding. I used you as an example to show that every human carries light as well as dark inside, that every human is a creator and a destroyer in one. Hatred and the thought of liking to kill somebody are not any different from the deed itself. Both originate out of our feeling of separateness. People like you mostly carry a traumatic history. You were brought up in a loveless, aggressive environment. Besides that you had a black skin in a dominant white culture. This made you very insecure, almost shy.

If we dare to be honest to our self and start to get insight in the circle of life, every right-minded person stops immediately to judge. In every aspect, I admire one of my greatest examples in life, Elisabeth Kübler Ross. She imprisoned herself in jail in Scotland and South Africa together with prisoners and wards. After a week, there was not any difference between the one and the other. Regrettably, she did not get permission to do the same in her own country, the United States of America. There are only a few people who dare to follow in her footsteps.

At the end of last year, I asked you if you had ever thought about writing your life story. You answered that you felt encouraged by my words, that you read and re-read my letters all over again if you felt depressed. Yes, you had thought about writing your life story and undoubtedly, you would have done it, if others did not have to be involved. A few people, especially your mother, you wanted to protect. Besides that, what you remembered was not very nice to write. Undoubtedly, it would shock some people. However, you should consult your lawyer, you said. It was all pointing to the fact that you knew already your life would end very soon.

Simplicity

'I will go forward to heal myself and others', you wrote. 'I hope to be forgiven. Life is a gigantic learning school, which never stops teaching us valuable lessons. In many respects, my life is much better than it was before. I feel in peace and my restlessness is not dominant. Yes, my life underwent an enormous transformation. Maybe it is worthwhile to speak with my lawyer...'

'Here my life is simple. That is good. In the meantime, I understand what wasting is. The amount of wasting is hard to understand if you are as deprived of material things as we are. Material mess divides people and makes us blind for true values. Material possessions seem more important than the love between people. How much we possess, or the more we 'want' to possess seems to fill our emptiness. Our desires separate us from our inner pathway. The moment we are deprived of material prosperity, we realise that we lost our true Selves. Meanwhile we become so conditioned that we think that this 'stuff' determines our true worth.'

'Today I understand that my true being can never be replaced by material stuff. I start to lift up a tip of the veil and I understand my Self more and more. Rather, I choose to be focused than to live in material wealth.'

'You are the one who understands me. There are people who know me for years, but they

do not understand a thing about me. It means so very much to me to be known and not to be condemned.

'You are in my thoughts and in my prayers my dearest Yasmin. We embrace each other with love and light and endless joy.'

*'Until the moment they carry my body to its final resting place
I continue to live in the day and to be in the moment...'*

Edward L. Gr.

Free

These days I do what I usually do in crisis. I take a piece of stone and start to sculpture. This time it is a very soft piece of marl. I already worked in advance on it. I have an enormous amount of energy; it looks as if I am not working on my own. More or less the shape is already determined. There originates two personalities, two monk-like figures without face. I realise that for me you are not nameless anymore. You have a real face and I feel eternally connected to you. Everlastingly I will nourish you in my heart. During my meditation, I experience you as a limitless space of emptiness...

Today I went to a friend with your photograph. He told me the next story. First, you gave evidence of your love for me. You frankly thanked me again for the love between us and for my support. They ended your life by giving you an injection. This was a shock-experience for your soul. You felt blast off like a rocket. You felt very sorry about your wrongdoings and would try to resolve this for yourself and for the girl. It was a redeeming of karma, you said. Your life had been indescribably heavy. The last ten years you felt like a cactus in the desert. 'Now I feel free. I am already busy making a new shoot'. 'Life is going on all the time and I will come back'. You expressed your compassion with the country you were incarnated in, the United States of America. You said your country found itself in great distress and needed help. You felt compassion with all young soldiers who had to offer their lives for an illusion. Surprisingly you said that you were helping me to make a stone image of you. Honestly, I had already felt this and I guess that we will work together to make you a real one...

Dearest Edward, how do I express my gratefulness for you coming into my life? You are a great teacher and even if we will communicate on another level, I will certainly miss your letters.

Besides that I am happy. Happy that you are released of an immense amount of suffering. Previously I felt they should never put people for so many years in situations like that. But now, I realise that nothing happens for nothing. The horrible situation has given you the opportunity, and you took it, to transform yourself completely in one lifetime here on earth.

That which is ready is ready, no need to do it again. The only important thing is that you can forgive yourself. That you have to do for yourself, I cannot do it for you. Undoubtedly you have discovered what you already knew in essence, there is no such thing as a punishing deity. On the contrary, God is unconditional love without any judgments and embraces all of his creatures with the same unconditional and limitless love. Therefore, we all constantly get, whatever horrible things we did in the past, the opportunity to come home and to make a new start. Over and over again, until we return in all fullness to the core of unity we once had to leave to walk our pathway of evolution.

In worthless love,
Your sister in spirit, Yasmin

Epilogue

There is only one way to prevent ourselves making mistakes: doing nothing...

After being informed over Edwards' death and the writing of my last letter to him, I participated in an international women's conference. I shared my room with a woman from Israel. She heard already that I was an author. Immediately she bothered me with questions about my type of writing. I was not able to explain it to her, so I gave her the English translation of my farewell letter to Edward. She started to read it and was perplexed!

That night she felt able to share her story. Six years before she was in Findhorn, and shared her room with a woman, whose daughter was murdered. After a while, the woman started to correspond with the murderer and by then, she had taken on his defence. Afa could not comprehend this. Our meeting in the *here and now* gave her a new opportunity to accept this kind of situation on a deeper level. She started to understand that every human carries inside the seed of a murderer.



Compassion

The moment we are able to forgive our self, we experience compassion with all that lives.

Compassion is the expressing of the true love we are in essence.

Not everybody could appreciate my farewell letter to Edward. People like him do not deserve any better, do they? Do not feel ashamed, once I also thought like that. It was during the time that I lived in separateness and thought I was different – read better – than others. I do not know when I turned the button. Likely, it was a gradual process. As I increasingly started to embrace myself, the light as well as the dark inside, the veils of illusion started to disappear. I realised that there was not a bit of difference between you and me – between Edward and me. In essence, we are all *one* and the same. I do not feel any pity for Edward and all Edwards. Pity is a humiliation of the Self. Edward punished himself already beyond human pity. There is no need for me to do it again. On the contrary, I have my hands full of my own imperfections. I am mourning. I mourn about Edward and all Edwards. As long as there are people like Edward, we humans have a road to walk.

Every human has a mother. There is not a real mother who shall ever let down her child, even if he committed a murder. If the step toward compassion is too big for you, imagine that you are the mother of the person you hate. In this case, it makes no difference if the object of your disliking is Edward, Bush or Saddam Hussein. Not only our hatred, also our jokes about the imperfections of others brings about separateness. It makes us *bitter* and does not do any good to *better* the world. To send light in crises, however pure the intention may be, is still a game, as long we are not embracing ourselves in compassion. If we do this, there is no need to send light anymore. Then we become *human* and we embrace the *whole* world in our inner light; our Christ-awareness or our Buddha-nature.



Forgiveness

Forgiveness is the foundation
on which inner peace can enfold itself.
No longer do I feel the need to revenge.

I am willing to forgive.

I forgive myself for all mistakes

I made in the past.

These mistakes have polished me

To be an open and loving person
with space for everybody who is different
and for anybody who thinks different.

I forgive myself in the knowingness
that forgiveness will open up our hearts
to universal brotherhood.

So be it.

VIOLENCE IS IN ALL OF US

People, who say that good exists without evil, or that there is a good government without the associated maladministration, do not understand the most important principles of the universe, neither the nature of creation. In the same way, we could not speak about the existence of heaven without earth, or of the negative without the positive. This is evidently impossible. Nevertheless, people talk about it ceaselessly. Those people must not be wise or they pull someone's leg...

- Chuang Tzu -

Violence

After being alarmed again by a political murder, the emotions are howling all over our country. The feeling of unsafety increases hand over fist and translates itself in fear and hatred. Not being willing to let it touch us, we scream immediately for action. We want to combat the situation. We have always been too tolerant - fire the foreigners! If we would resolve the situation by doing so, I would even be inclined to work on that. Unfortunately, nothing is less true.

For ages, the male way of thinking has governed this planet. Thousands of years of violence have ruled this earth. Thinking brings forward competition and separation, and separation is nothing else than violence. War and destroying are daily news. We are dulled by all the distress, and we put our head in the sand as long the violence happens beyond our border. Now it is close again...

Violence is violence. It does not make a difference if it happens outside or inside our borders. As long we still think in borders, as long we are not willing to look to the cause of the violence, violence will disrupt our earth and we will begin to slaughter each other, if it not in deeds, we will surely do it in words. (the one way is no less dramatic than the other).

The base of violence

What lies at the base of violence? Our convictions. The beliefs we took over from our upbringing. Convictions passed on from generation to generation that our family – our nationality – our religion – is better than anything else is. Gratuitously we take over all those beliefs, add our own convictions to it and derive our identity from it, without investigation if it is our own truth, yes or no?. We separate ourselves not only by convictions – we make us superior and it even goes that far that we in the name of *our* God – in the name of *our* nationality – seriously belief that we have the right to kill others. Either on the football field or because somebody adheres another religion, has another skin, or another opinion, which is coincidentally not ours.

Do we find the solution of violence in provoking? Is the solution of violence being located in the not tolerating of dissenters - in the not accepting of minorities within our borders? Maybe it is necessary that we have to dig a little bit deeper!

To my modest opinion, there is only one solution to exorcise the external violence: the acceptance that the root of all violence is located inside of all of us. *The violence is inside of me, inside of you, inside of all of us.* The moment we stop to debate, stop with boundless chatter about standards and values and are willing to look inside, willing to

face our own fears and to look at our self with merciless honesty, we can take responsibility for our own deeds. That moment at least we will try to accept actual contrast, in our self as well as in the other. No longer will we project our repressed hatred onto others. Not onto Muslims, not onto Jews, not onto Christians, not onto Arabs, not onto Americans, and even not onto strangers in our street. We have arrived at the core of the violence and now it is possible to tear it up by the roots. Only if we get *insight* can we choose if we will use our gigantic source of power to create or to destroy. In this way, and no other, we lay down a platform for a loving and respectful society. This is an assignment for every individual. In this affair, we can never appeal to or hide behind the code of the group.

It is a lie that violence is inherent in human beings. Every newborn baby is innocence itself. Until the moment that the environment, the parents, the educators and the society begin to defile this source of purity with their ideas, their belief systems, their national feelings, their specific habits, preferences and their *specific* God who seems to *enclose* and to *exclude!* Is it surprising that our children continue on the road of prejudices and annihilating when they become adults? As long as we boast to others because we occupy a better position, inhabit a bigger house, drive a more expensive car, are white or black, are Dutch or Turks, Christian or Muslim. As long as we are not willing to pull down the imaginary borders inside of us, we take part in all violence.

Everything we observe in the outside world is a reflection of our inner world.

My heart is full of compassion for the victim as well as for the culprit. My compassion goes also to the surviving relatives. I dare to distinguish but no longer do I think in terms of good or bad. That way of thinking is the cause of all separation, of all violence, and emanates from and is being fed by our way of thinking. I do not like to support that any longer.

Non-violence

In the striving for non-violence there is even a sting of violence that every outburst of violence carries inside, a deep hidden longing to unity. Both originate out of the same separateness. The seat of this is located in our thinking, our newly created and honoured deity. Feeding and honouring one polarity automatically will bring into being the other pole.

It is too easy to point our finger to the murderer. He is only a product of our society, of our upbringing – of our forced need for safety, guessing that it is right to judge and to condemn. By doing so, we are separating our self. As long as we murder others out in the name of our self, our religion, or our nationality, there is some inside work to do and we humans still have a road to walk.

Nobody realising his true essence will ever raise one finger to somebody else. He/she knows that each murder, each rape, in word or in deed, is the raping of Self – the raping of the whole of humanity.

*Non-violence has nothing to do with not killing
it has everything to do with purity of mind...*

- *Not to confuse with the original creative thinking, called intelligence by Krishnamurti...*

BEING UNATTACHED

Being unattached is something else than making a vow of poverty and chastity the former spiritual traveller had to do to reach a certain point. Whatever that point might be. At this time, being unattached means that we do not cling on to old convictions and belief systems we have created to hold on to. Apparently, they will give us a frame of security and the illusion of safety, yet they are deadly for the development of our soul-awareness. You will find certain convictions and belief systems in each family, in each social structure, in every religion. Generally, they are based on fear.

Ebb and flood

'Hi Yasmin, how are you?' Curiously, she looks at me. I feel immediately that she is not at all interested in my story. She wants to tell hers. I answer: 'I feel fine. I am like the waves of the sea, sometimes it is low tide, sometimes it is high tide, but both are fine'. That way I deprive her of the chance to complain!

Out of attachment to the negative, we like to maintain and to launch our past-experiences time after time. We have created a culture where we, by means of our media, *take inside* and *bring outside* the misery of life. Meanwhile we persistently believe in the image that we have created and we do our very best to maintain this image. You could compare this process with a record in which we have left behind a deep groove. The music most of us make sounds false because the needle is always lingering in the same groove. It is deadly boring for us and for others. Mostly it is not in the joyful situations where the needle lingers. We repeat those horrible things time after time because we do not like to renounce them. We feel naked if we unburden ourselves from all those troubles.

Choice

She must be in her mid fifties. She starts her elegy by telling me all the horrors that have happened to her. I listen and react: 'O dear how unpleasant for you that you still remember all of this. How do you feel *now*'? 'Because I missed so much love my life is a great mess', she answers. I stare at her in pure amazement. 'Am I right in understanding that you still blame your parents for your situation? Are you not a bit too old for that?' I do not seem to be making myself clear, so I rephrase it: 'Listen, the only difference between you and me is that you like to nourish the past and by doing so, you are degenerating yourself into the role of victim. If you feel happy with that, all right, but do not bother me with it. There are enough therapists who will confirm you in your role'. With a shock, she steps back. 'What do you mean?' 'I mean that you can choose to nourish this attitude, yes or no'.

She takes it in bit-by-bit, then becomes more open, more herself. She allows me a glimpse into her soul and I can still see her hidden beauty. She buys a book and I really hope that she finally has the courage to put into the light all her hidden treasures.

Brownie points

Our prosperity means that we may linger lifelong in pathetic behaviour. It not only gives us an identity; this behaviour is more or less supported by our social care society. You do not get brownie points when you are strong and independent. On the contrary, that

attitude actually causes resistance. In our society, you get brownie points and support if you are weak and dependent. People who apparently have a trouble-free life seem to linger more easily in pathetic behaviour. They seem to lack the tools to drag themselves out of the mire.

I meet so very many who have taken a tremendous beating out of life, yet have found their true selves in amidst all the mess and pain. Does it really mean that they are that positive? Not really. Undoubtedly, they have seen the black hole. They died or at the least, they begged heaven to let them die. In all depths, they have lived through their pain. Then the moment comes that they have had enough of it. They could choose to linger in the same groove again or to wake up and to continue life. They are no longer the same. They are stepping forward with all their achievements; all they have experienced and lived through. They are polished, more aware and more radiant than before.

To release

Unexpectedly her husband died. From the one day to the other, he heard his death sentence. He suffered his fate as a hero and died as a master. He was the love of her life; it was difficult for her to let him go. Furthermore, she did not let him go at all. In a dream, they had a gigantic quarrel. For the first time she knew how it felt to have a relationship crisis. Furiously he took his belongings, threw them all in a suitcase, slammed the door and set off, seemingly forever.

She was upset. On his deathbed, he had promised her that his love would be forever, that it went far beyond borders. Bit by bit the penny started to drop. Everything inside of her house was just the same as the moment he died. None of his belongings had been cleared away. 'All right, that is clear for you, it is time to release the external things. It seems you do not need them anymore'. 'Oh no', she replies, frightened, 'I cannot do that!'

What a shame. By behaving like that, she keeps alive what has already *died*, and that which is still *alive* does not inspire her. Anyway, her willingness to release the visible form is not my business, but exclusively hers.

Clearing up

She phones me in despair. She has a toothache: inflammation of a root and more of this horrible stuff. 'Darn, what did I do wrong', she complains. 'Darn, why should you have done anything wrong?', I reply. 'Is it not possible that you are clearing up things, because you are that sensitive and willingly to make a clean sweep?'

The concept of sin is deeply rooted in our cells. In former days, we used churches and ministers for this. Nowadays we punish ourselves by bringing certain concepts of people like Louise Hay too strictly into practise. All too often, we punish ourselves mercilessly, providing us with a deadly sense of guilt and causing us to function as morality preachers to others. If things or situations not as we like them to be we think we did something wrong. We are not positive enough, do not have the right attitude, have eaten the wrong food etc etc and so it goes on. It is all right to just look at things straight and see where maybe we missed a window of opportunity. To disparage our self is stupid and shortsighted. We do not serve anybody by doing that, let alone ourselves.

Faith

It is a pitfall to always have to *be* and to *think* positive. In essence you would like to create something else than life is offering you. Many positive thinkers place themselves above reality. They are not rooted, are scared to be *present* and they cling to an idea. To be positive has nothing to do with denial. By being willing to live life to the fullest, to embrace the exiting parts of it as well as the disappointments and not to cling on to any of them, means that nothing will stick to you and nothing will leave behind any ripples in the waters of the ocean.

It is a real art to start time after time all over again with a clean sheet, and to embrace life in full faith. It is a real art to step into life with all its challenges without the need to change them, yet out of a deep faith that life will unfold itself in perfect order. The moment we surrender ourselves to the flow of life in full faith we feel that we are guided in everything we are, in everything we do. In my opinion, faith is the basis of a truly positive attitude.

A positive attitude is preferable to a negative one. It helps if you can see that the glass is half-full instead of half-empty. Do not make a straitjacket out of it. I mean do not force yourself to be positive. That is a pitfall. In the end, it is a question of being flexible, so you can act freely according to the situation.

Embracing

We think we can control life, if we are positive and affirm positive. That is good as long you are at the stage of a *fellow*. You are still in the learning process and yet you like to believe that you can determine everything. The Universe will give you plenty of options. Slowly but surely, we will grow into spiritual maturity. The time is right to see that everything we once considered as being truth is nothing else than a self-created illusion. Our soul has chosen this life, this circumstances and this vehicle, our earthly body, to experience all we need to reawaken, at the least to fulfil our soul-mission. None of us will experience life as a blank page the moment we step into the material world. Every soul has to go through some tough assignments, the positive as well as the negative thinkers.

It differs enormously as we start to understand that being positive means that we embrace life instead of trying to manipulate it. There is no need to cling to suffering, but we cannot avoid pain. Moreover, pain is the breaking of the scale that encloses our insight, or in other words, pain is the fading away of the veils of illusion, so we can radiate our inner light more visibly. Joy is also a fantastic instrument, yet generally, pain and joy alternate. By preferring the one above the other, by surpassing ourselves beyond things or by the desire to be always positive, we forget to live through life and we will not taste real bliss. Ultimately, bliss is the only goal in our life.

Playing games

It can be of great help to 'play' with the ideas we think of as truth and put them under a magnifying glass. In this way, it becomes a challenge to dismantle and to change them. Let us take time to change the rules of the game if they do not serve us anymore. Let us take time to play games.

Now and then my partner Giri and I like to play a game. I found myself to be encoded in a system of having to be honest and having to win. In a moment I decide to change the rules. Giri was shocked. I felt guilty. I began to exercise in playing false. After some time we both started to enjoy it. On the spot, we invented new rules and changed the old ones we did not feel associated with anymore. In the end, the intention of each game is having fun and the result should be of minor importance. This simple action, however naïve it may look in our eyes, was a grand aid to change the rules in more extreme situations.

Winners

As long as we swear fidelity to our nationality and our religion, competition and the right of the strongest will rule our world. Although all of us inside abhor it, we participate in it out of fear of not belonging to a group anymore. Who said there can only be one winner? Exactly, we did! Are we not all losers and winners? Do we not have to learn to be a good loser before we can be a sporting winner? Maybe we can start to practise this by listening respectfully to each other's opinion, without interrupting and without having to be absolutely right. The latter is useless and brings about pain and suffering.

Unattached

Crises are occasions we can utilize to become unattached, so we become rooted in our own truth. Constantly light and dark are searching for harmony in this manifested world of forms and opposites. This process will influence us until we have found the balance between both poles.

I have trying to earn brownie points with the 'right' behaviour. People either like or dislike me. I have learned that I cannot change that fact however hard I strive. Before, I tried my utmost to be nice. I stopped that. The result? There are still people who like me and still those who avoid me as if I am suffering from an infectious illness!

Maintaining

As long as we are afraid to lose ourselves we will never find our Self.

Love is not always loving, yet it can be really confronting. I am giving a lecture on a famous spiritual festival. People show openly their enthusiasm. There is only one woman who seems to be well and truly confirmed in her life-tragedy. I do not play her game, and put her lovingly but directly back into her own energy. Afterwards she is furious and tells me that I have offended her extremely. I harvest the gift of the false game playing and do not feel any guilt at all. Without a shadow of a doubt, I have touched something inside of her. She can do something with it or not, that is up to her. Playing the role of a victim bears fruit in a society like ours and even in our spiritual world. Finally, she gets comforted in a circle of nourishing mother figures.

Undoubtedly, they will call their action loving. Meanwhile I call it ignorance. It is fearful to step outside fixed patterns, it is fearful to change our role. What this woman really needed was a person who challenged and supported her to step out of her role of victim. Her anger was a beautiful start to it. By covering up this anger, by covering up her creative nature again, by a so called loving attitude, the moment of breaking

through is unfortunately over for her right now. How shameful! As long as we nourish our role as victim, inner healing will never take place.

Attachments

Daring to look at our patterns and attachments is a real challenge. Why are we so dependent on the approval of others? To what extent do we deny ourselves by being nice in the eyes of others? How much of our individuality do we give up to belong to the flock? However safe it may feel, it is precisely this spirit of the flock, which is standing in the way to find our true Self.

No other hands

God has no other hands than ours. Finally, we will learn not to associate ourselves with all that is transitory. No longer will we confuse life with our life situation; that which is constantly subject to change. Real life, the essence in all of us, is unchangeable just the same. There is nothing to achieve. Everything we think we have achieved is handed to us at the right moment. We do not ever have to do anything. It is true life-art to be present in full awareness and to embrace all that is presented to us.

Out of the awareness that we do not have to become something we already are, we can root in our Self and faithfully let life flow through us without any need to intervene constantly, out of fear and control. We know who we are and we do what we have to do, free of attachments to the one or the other.

SIMPLICITY

Simplicity cannot have a name...

Father Bede Griffiths is one of our greatest modern mystics. He was a simple monk with a strong charisma. He became the great conciliatory of our world religions. He was a man absolutely touched from the inside by love and beauty, a man whose irrevocable wisdom is radiating the world.

- Lord Yehudi Menuhin -

Coming home

For years, there is a poster hanging above my bed from the Holy Cauvery River in India. In the right hand corner at the bottom, you will find the picture of Father Bede Griffiths. Sometimes I asked myself why I never felt any need to remove this poster and the picture. The place as well as the man seems to be very dear to me.

Meanwhile it is some years ago that I went for the first time to my so-called motherland, India. All by myself, I was wandering for seven months with only a small backpack through India and Nepal. At that time, I was guided by an indescribable unfulfilled deep longing and searching to fill that emptiness inside of me with something extraneous. Everyone seemed to have a Guru, so I was longing to find mine. I began my quest in the ashram of Guramay in Ganeshpuri. Surely, it was an impressive place. After an inspiring few weeks I had enough of it, it was not my home, too much luxury and too many rules.

During my quest, I have met several masters, well-known ones and unknown ones. Yet there was not one place where I became so deeply touched as in the 'Shantivanan' Ashram of Father Bede Griffiths, there on the holy Cauvery River. When I look back now, I see that it was much more than that; it was the fulfilling of a deep inner longing. Finally, it was coming home, a coming home inside of myself.

Shantivanan

'Shantivanan' was in every aspect a place of simplicity, a place without outer finery. My accommodation was basic: a simple clay hut, which I shared with a nice Italian girl. Besides the beautiful little church, there was only one room for the whole group. We shared this room together to pray and to eat the sober food. We were just sitting on the clay floor. Father Bede, beyond his eighties, was sitting among us. Just like us, on the same solid floor, not on a special place at all. In that time, there were not so many people around him. True grandeur is not visible on the outside, it is not easy to recognize it, neither can it be worshipped or glorified. He should never have allowed this. He radiated a salutary calmness: simplicity without needing a word. Besides that he was in every aspect alert and present in the here and now.

Essential

On a special day in 1955 in the capacity of an English Benedictine monk, he came to that place in India. Definitely, it was his duty to convert souls. Evidently, he discovered the power and the essence of Hinduism. He understood that all religions originate from the same source. He mixed them together, the religion and the people. In all his simplicity, he

was a divine instrument and embraced everybody in his boundless love. This was perceptible and visible in the ashram, in the simple church, in the people and along the whole area of the Holy Cauvery River.

I intensely enjoyed the quietness and the mystery, the sunrises and the sunsets on that holy river. In a meditative way, whilst chitchatting with each other, we all prepared the vegetables together for the sober, yet healthy meals. Much later, back in the Netherlands, I started to realise how important this place and this man had been for me. While doing a guided-meditation, with the intention to bring me back to my original roots, again I found myself under the trees of the Holy Cauvery River...

Remembrance

A few years later, on the 13th of May in 1993, during the period my partner Giri and I were wandering over the globe while spreading the gift of Reiki, we visited India together, my Motherland. It felt right to take Giri to the ashram of Sai Baba, but I did not have the courage to visit Father Bede's place. Probably because I felt that he was no longer in his earthly body and I wanted to preserve and to nourish the remembrance of this divine place inside of my heart.

At the end of the same year, there was an instance where we had a long period of time waiting for our flight at the airport in Sydney. Here I got an answer to my question. We used this waiting time hanging around in a bookstore. The first object which I literally walked into was a video of Father Bede. This was the answer to the mystery: Father Bede had passed away. The video was recorded in 1993 – just before his death.

To become love

After another period of travelling around, there was an abrupt end to our wanderings, an end to everything that was past, to everything, that I dare to be. My body told me that it was time to digest all I had experienced, time to turn inside.

Finally, we found a small rented house in Holland. The poster from the Cauvery River together with the photograph of Father Bede got a special place above my bed. You can call this extraordinary, considering the austerity of our small home and the absence of these kind of pictures.

Many years later, recovered and freed from many old belief systems, I put myself into a new challenge and I started to seclude myself now and then in our small wooden 'backhouse'. This I did last Christmas. I took some books from the library and hid myself for a few weeks. Anew, I became confronted with Father Bede. How surprising! I started to read the book: 'The direct Path' of Andrew Harvey. Andrew is born in India. He came across many great beings on his spiritual journey. Years later, to his surprise, close to his birthplace, he got in contact with Father Bede. Never before, as Andrew explains in his book, had he felt so touched. Touched by the love radiated by this simple man. Andrew describes Father Bede as the person whom he spiritually loved the most, as being the man he admired the most of all. Andrew is not only the one who made the video; he was also present at the deathbed of Father Bede, holding hands with the man who in all simplicity became the love himself. 'What can I do for you', Andrew asks him. With eyes sparkling like stars, Father Bede answered 'Let us become even more love...'

Joy

What a privilege to be at the deathbed of the man who represents in every aspect the purity of the Christ awareness. What a moving coincidence for me in that silent Christmastime. Coincidence? Not at all. Coincidence does not exist. It is a hint. My heart is jumping for joy. Finally, the mystery is solved. The picture above my bed is encouraging me to walk my path firmly and in all simplicity. I feel myself respected and blessed by the man who in all aspects is a part of my Self. Self-assured and not being dependent on any outside doctrine I walk my inner path. It is a joy to have such a beautiful love symbol to aim at. In all simplicity, Father Bede is an example I would like to be: Love without conditions, human under the humans, without any external ostentation.

Thank you

Thank you dear Father Bede, for the seed you have sown in my heart. I promise you to water it and I will lovingly care for it. In all simplicity, I shall keep alive the remembrance of unity. The remembrance of a place I like to call 'home', I who never had a real homeport in my life. The remembrance of a man who I like to call my father, I who lost my father when I was still a child. The remembrance of a spiritual friend, a teacher and a Guru, whose example I would like to follow, unconditionally, without being dependent in any aspect.

I have met many, many teachers on my path, there in that far away India. The longing for a Guru, I had to let go of, it was not the right path for me. At this moment, it is essentially of non-importance. In all sincerity I received in every aspect what I was unaware I was looking for: the direct path of simplicity, the love-energy in her most purest form, the pearl under the pearls.....

That his soul may rest in peace!

'Shantivanan' became a centre of prayer and meditation for hundreds of people searching for God in their life. By honouring the truth and the wisdom from the Eastern as well as the Western traditions, Father Bede gave a useful handle to all those people who no are longer able to find God in their traditional churches. By initiating a renewed and contemplative vision on meditation and prayer for men as well as for women, he fulfilled his deepest desire to breathe new life into the traditional church.

KNOW THYSELF AND THY KNOW GOD

The curse of this time is the artificial way of life. We teach our children what we think is wrong and take from books what is right. The most important assignment for every spiritual traveller on the path of truth is to discover personally in all circumstances what is right and wrong.

- Inayat Khan -

Seekers of truth

We human beings desire that life be a ready-made concept, so we can immerse ourselves in the illusion of safety and security. A ready-made concept seems to give us support and is a guideline we can pass on to our children and others. The visible, exterior life is artificial and spurious. As a child, every doubt we feel about life is immediately suppressed. Instead of being stimulated by our parents and educators to be searchers of truth and to question everything they are told to believe, we are not allowed to have our own opinion. The reactions vary from 'Don't take it so hard, life is too short, enjoy it as long as you can' to 'It is as I say it is and that's it, no discussion'. Slowly but surely we are manipulated to a state of robots who swear fidelity to a system; communism, socialism, materialism, Catholicism, Islamism, or any other ism. We give our faith *in good faith* to a system, a society, which delude us in every aspect with false hopes of safety and security.

Finally, the real searcher of truth does not let him/herself be fooled by ready-made concepts. He/she will feel a continuous dissatisfaction and in the long run, this will bring him/her on to the path of self-inquiry. Everything, which seems to be true for others, is questioned. They go on the search for the eternal truth, that part of the core that it is essential and unchangeable. Although the eternal truth always remains the eternal truth, it is not improbable that even this truth is constantly in movement.

Concepts

Because we cannot live with insecurities, we have created and initiated reliable concepts to give ourselves the feeling of security. Every religion has created its own concept of the divine, which all of them anxiously try to claim as the absolute truth. As long as theologians and other seekers of truth do not know their own true Selves, they will stick in outer studies of the divine. They will create an image of God based on intellect and the knowledge of the holy manuscripts. The moment they start to fathom the divine origin inside themselves, the need for external studies will fade away. There is no ground left to build new churches on. After all, there is not any concept, which can contain the Unnameable. More clearly, God is not a concept. God is not tangible. God is not static. God is beyond all concepts and at the same time, God is every concept. Nothing exists outside of God, so living without God is absolute impossible.

However, it is possible to create a tangible image of God. We did that for ages. If it were not so sad, we would laugh about the fact that we have created an absolute truth that is as dualistic as we are and seems to *include* and to *exclude*. Yes, we created a picture of God who seems to divide the world in good and bad. How for gods' sake is that possible as God is everything and nothing can exist outside of Him?

The moment the seeker of truth dares to say *'I do not know'*, there is space for curiosity and wonderment, space for inquiry and questions and we become able to enfold our inner divinity, our true Self.

I do not know

It is eternally liberating to dare to say: 'I don't know. It may be true for you, but it does not resonate with my heart'. All great teachers have started that way. They questioned their spoon-fed truth and started to dig. Systematically they started to dig in the desert of their own ignorance. Argus-eyed they listened to their parents, their educators and ministers. No longer did they gratefully accept everything, they became critical researchers. They started to experience themselves as being separated, as being individuals. They freed themselves from their visible roots; from family ties and groups – or the group turned their back to them. They felt lonely and excluded. That feeling of loneliness can result in a constant fighting against existing systems, without self-inquiry. That same loneliness is the seed in which the mystery of life can enfold itself. Without that feeling of loneliness, we would never feel the need to dig a little deeper, to go beyond the visible and demonstrable truth. Beyond that which we always took for granted, yet which is transitory, everything that once took on a form will return one day into the boundless world of the formless. Forms will appear and disappear. That which always *is*, which always *was*, will always *be*. That part is the eternal and original truth and goes far beyond the world of visible forms.

Imagine we start to understand that there is no such thing as a ready-made truth served to us in ready-to-eat pieces. Imagine we start to understand that we did not come to earth to insure our insecurities and to cover ourselves in the illusion of safety. Imagine we start to understand that we did not come to earth to identify substance, let alone worship it and treat it like some kind of deity. Imagine we let our path be directed by doubt, so a deeper, unknown power inside of us will start to take it over. The person in this story goes on a search, an inner search. The only question she is occupied with day and night, yes literally she is agonized with it is *'who am I – am I the daughter of my mother?'* At first the answer will be *yes*, yet after a deep self-inquiry the answer will be *no*. I am not the daughter of my mother. That which I call *'I'* existed already before my mother was born and still existed after she left this earth.

Nature is a great teacher to support all these questions. As the Bulgarian teacher Omraam Mikhaël Aïvanhov so beautifully expresses, if we cannot read the book of nature, we will never understand any Bible or Koran, because the Bible and the Koran are only weak reflections of the book of nature.

Where does life stay after the visible form dies and the plant retracts itself in the soil to appear again in full glory in spring? Where is the life force that just a moment before animated the body of the perishing rabbit, the suddenly dead man? Life is no longer present in the body, where has it gone. Somewhere, but where?

Thirsty

Out of a nervous restlessness, we start to dig a hole in the desert of our ignorance. We feel thirsty and a deep passionate inner longing is carrying us forward, searching for water. As our well gets deeper, we have to face all kind of substances, which seems to hinder us reaching the water. Stones, mud, turbid water and more of that stuff. We do not let those things discourage us, we do not even lose heart and we do not lose touch with our goal. Meantime we have drunk sufficiently of wells, which quenched our thirst for only a short

while, and we have learned from this that we will never find the truth outside ourselves. As we have once tasted the flavour of our source, we would like to drink constantly from it without being dependent on others. We are searching for the well itself. Searching for pure water without any additions.

We do not let ourselves be discouraged by setbacks. We stay alert and go along with digging, whatever challenges we will meet on our path. Some people we would normally call our enemies think we are crazy; finally, these people turn out to be our real friends. They are the ones challenging us to realise our deepest dreams.

Now and again, we seem to relapse into a state of unconsciousness. Something inside is trying with might and main to prevent us finding our inner source. That something - let us call it ego - is deadly scared to lose its grip on us. Because he knows, he has to die, that ego, as long as we not distract ourselves by temptations all around. Yes die he must, so our true power, our true personality can come into sight and we can start to radiate our divinity in full glory.

Throwing back

So many temptations in the shape of dazzling advertisements or *enlightened* souls who like to offer us a ready-made concept are appearing on our pathway. All attractive promises and new inventions, which like to guarantee us satisfaction and delude us with false hope about some kind of highroad to heaven. It is tempting and safe to revolve in that. After all, it is a delightful pastime and above all, it is very interesting to run from the one workshop to another without taking the time to digest. Imagine you stop running! You are thrown back on yourself, and you have to bring into practise all that you have learned, how scaring!

This is the pitfall of our western society. We have so many possibilities, so many roads, which can lead us to the one truth that we are too close to the wood to see the green of the leaves anymore. It is a new industry: please come to *me*, the time is ripe just *now*; I am the one to direct you to the light.

What a joke, all in all we are the light ourselves. Only we do not seem to know it yet, because our inner light is covered with dark layers of fear that hide our inner diamond. Paradoxically we need extraneous mirrors to get to know our inner light. Confronting mirrors, which clearly yet lovingly show us our blind spots, so we can peel away layer after layer, until nothing else remains but our true Self. We need loving people who have walked their own talk, so they can encourage and inspire others on their path. They mirror to us the divine light, so we can turn inward to discover deep inside the first spark of the always-burning eternal flame; our inner light, our original Self. That part of us which is essential, which already was before we were born, our *true* being.

As we start to realise that everything we are searching for can only be found inside our Selves, we fall apart in three pieces: that which knows and observes, that which is being observed and the action of observing itself; the trinity, which in itself is *one*. In the unravelling of this idea lies the secret of life; the knower, that which is known and the capability to know is *one*. As you start to experience this oneness truly, it is impossible to name it. For that reason, there is something such as an *absolute* truth and the *wisdom* of sharing that truth with others. If only we can live through that truth, we can be a gateway for others. Then our presence only will be enough to stimulate others to turn inside and to drink of their own source.

Love, harmony and beauty

We do not cling to outward truths. It does not make any difference to us if the world will perish and when this will happen. It does not make any difference what others do or what they think of us. We walk our own path and at the same time, we are connected with All That Is. As long as we reject others, we reject our own origin, the essence in ourselves which inextricably connects with all. In the eyes of every human, we will see the divine reflected. Without exception, each human is in essence a sparkling manifestation of love, harmony and beauty. We are all stars of pure light who had to separate ourselves from the source of wholeness with the soul purpose of finding the same wholeness inside of us, first of all each personally and finally all together we will return home to the eternal source of truth, the absolute unity.

In the eyes of a Sufi, every relationship is an expression of the relation with the eternal Beloved One. The Sufi summons us to become lovers. A lover like the master Jesus and all true living prophets are lovers. Out of lack of understanding, we confuse this unconditional love with physical love. The true Sufi speaks about entire love; the loving of the origin, the authentic and the essential in ourselves and in every human being.

The seeker

The confusion about the master Jesus lies in the fact that we have filled libraries with stories about the historical Christ. On the search for an answer, we turn over, write and rewrite the history time after time to adapt the image of Jesus to a picture fitting in this time. Jesus and all great prophets living before and after him are beyond all praise above the material artificial. The only importance is their message, the realisation of the Self.

As I wrote earlier in *'Love is All That Is'* the only truth proclaimed and lived by the master Jesus and all other prophets is unchangeably the same: *Know thyself and thy know God*. Do not build external churches, you will not find Me there.

Let us not pull down already existing churches to put down on their foundations new shapes, and new mosques. Let us not destroy these beautiful buildings, let us give them a universal function, so every religion can celebrate its own service inside.

In this time where we no longer can take anything for granted, it will not satisfy us to look for God in existing churches or concepts. On the contrary, we become more alienated from our truth, because we gladly let ourselves be stunned by the truth of others, the commercials, the minister or the imam. The moment we build a church or bring a spiritual centre into shape, we encase the universal message and the stiffening already begins. This rigidity will never be found back in the original teachings.

When we come home to our Self, we start to look behind the outer appearances. From that moment we can visit every imaginary church, everywhere we will find our own truth. Finally this whole joke, that we like to confuse with real life, is leading us at the right time - but never too late - to self-inquiry. If we discover that there is no such thing as an outer truth, this insight will lead us back onto the inner track. We are what we are *searching* for, we are the *seeker*, and we are the *searching* itself.

Sufism

Jesus and all self-realised masters will never appeal to their descent, the fact that they are Jewish, Christian or Muslim is of non-importance. All of this is only an exterior, transitory coat and has nothing to do with their essence. They represent the universal truth and

recognise their origin in every living being. They have freed themselves from their culture, from their family ties. They needed a place to incarnate, and parents who were willing to receive them, yet in essence their parents, their family and their birthplace are of non-importance.

The gate the Sufi is using to merge into the universal truth is the spiritual heart; the instrument they bring into play is love. The spiritual heart has wings and moves constantly up and down between the material manifestation and the invisible reality. True prophets express their message in all simplicity. They do not enlist any attention to their personality, only to the message. Their words are balm for the spiritual soul. They carry the rhythm of music inside, the rhythm of the spiritual heartbeat. In the original writings, poems, images and other forms of expression from the true artist, the words and the shape are of minor importance. Real art has to do with vibration and rhythm; this is the tool, the gate, which leads directly to the heart.

A truly Sufi is a creator, an artist and does not necessarily has to be a member of the Sufi-movement. They are in every respect themselves; their *being* carries the eternal process of *becoming* inside. In everything they do you will find the rhythm of their music, that special tonic which distinguishes itself from others because of its uniqueness. At the same time, their tune is connected with all tunes.

Truth

We cannot run away from the painful experience of leaving the safety of the group, because we have to walk the path of individuality before we can find our Self. Later, if we have achieved our inner freedom we are free of attachments and we can be a part of the group again.

We can wail and call that we have to turn back to former times. It is an illusion. It indicates that we are not intending to become adult. We are afraid of changes, afraid of taking responsibility. We like to hide ourselves as small, frightened children in the womb of the past or we concentrate on events happening somewhere in the future, yet ultimately, none of this will serve us. There is no such thing as a joined route to liberation. There is only that one path every soul has to walk at the right time and alone, but never lonely. This is not the path, which is already walked before, or the path that we will discover and walk tomorrow. It is the path enfolding right *now*, at this specific moment.

In our sleep state, we are closer to the truth than ever. All we think we are is fading away and that what remains is our true nature. During our sleep, we are generally not aware of our true nature, our original Self. During our meditation, the encountering with an enlightened soul, the listening to a piece of music, the looking at a beautiful image or painting, or the observing of nature, we can reach the same state of *being* while we are conscious. To reach is not a good expression. During our meditation, during the state of being fully present we can become suddenly aware of the timeless presence, which is *empty* and *full* at the same time; our authentic being.

That moment all searching will stop. The moment we have arrived at the source and we can constantly quench our thirst at the source itself, the searching ceases to exist. The seeker, the searching and that which we were searching for no longer exist.

BEACON OF LIGHT

The moment we start to discover the hidden wisdom and the perfection of nature, we will constantly see the face of our Creator reflected in all His creations. How materialistic we seem to be, from now on we can no longer deny the existence of a power we will call God.

As children

Did you ever observe a child in his attempt of learning to walk? He falls hundreds of times and every time he gets up again. Did you ever hear a child say 'It is enough'? Never, he will get up time after time and has the nerves to try each time again and he will never give up before he has reached his goal. A child is not hindered by frustrations from of the past. A child is natural, knows no judgements, and is fully present in the *here and now*.

If we stay in life like children, we will start every new day with a clean, fresh sheet. It is no longer a matter of failing, shortage or not being good enough; there is only the experience and the wonderment of that *one* moment.

Pillars

At daybreak, I walk through my sacred forest and I enjoy the intense silence. A rare white buzzard stops his flight and takes a rest high up in the branches of a tree. Cautiously the sun starts to break through the clouds. Her rays are embracing me in an endless tenderness.

There is some old grief bubbling up inside. There is no need to repress it, and no need to nourish it either. I just allow it to be. It is grief, nothing more and nothing less, but I *am* not that grief. Everything comes and goes like the waves of the sea. I have learned to embrace every experience without questioning *why*?

For weeks now, the forest rangers are busy cutting down lots of trees. Hundreds of giants get the worst of it. These giants are making space for their descendants, so that they can also receive the light and are able to unfurl themselves to full growth. If I see that my oak tree got off with a whole skin, I feel relieved. Thanks God hundreds of grandfathers and grandmothers are being saved. They are the pillars of the forest. Their energy embraces all who are coming after them. Their branches are reaching almost into heaven. Birds are building their nests in it. In the heat of the summer, they give us shade. These trees are not being struck down by the storms, which are regularly raging through the forest. Nothing seems to affect them any longer. They have become timeless.

Beacons of light

Is that not a beautiful human picture? Elders may take a step aside to give space to young people. By doing so they will give the young ones the opportunity to give shape to their life-giving, sparkling ideas and to accomplish renewal. The one cannot exist without the other. It is important that the ones who have reach full growth stay at the backstage and dare to be present in servitude. These pearls have passed the need to

prove themselves and they became the pillars of our society. They have learned from their experiences and do not nourish the past any longer. They are blessed with understanding and compassion. Receiving and giving are brought into harmony. They have developed themselves into *beacons of light* where young people can be directed to, simply because they are wise enough not to pretend to be a judge. Out of experience they know that holding on brings about stiffening. They learned by experience and because of their joyful attitude they become as flexible as the tides. Easily they flow in every situation, without denying themselves. They offer shade and sun for everyone who is open to receive it. It feels safe to rest against their trunk.

We are divine channels through which love can manifest itself.

ORIGINAL

I see the origin from all that lives as an ocean of consciousness. All that lives is part of that source. Our souls are the drops in the ocean. As we incarnate on this planet, we take on the shape of a human being. As we leave our earthly body, we will turn back to and merge together with our true origin.

Our body, which is built up by the elements of the earth will return and merge into the womb of the Mother. It was only our vehicle, which carried our spirit. Our spiritual part, the drop, will turn back into the ocean. Maybe after a while the drop will take on a new shape. Not necessarily on this earth, it can happen in every dimension and in every possible place in the universe.

As deities

Only a few individuals amongst us are so blessed that they honestly can say that they have always been faithful to themselves. They seem to be born under a fortunate star and in every way they act only from their very highest good.

Believe me this is extremely extraordinary. We are born as deities but are limited by the code of our group: the family and society. However, while we were in our soul-state we have chosen in full awareness to experience this incarnation. After some time our environment, our parents and our educators, deprive us of our divinity and our dreams and we are imprisoned, up to our eyes, in the three-dimensional world of limitations. Even more, we seem to have fully forgotten that we are in essence divine beings who came to the earth with our ideals and dreams to do it differently, if possible better than we did before. We start to behave according to the image of our environment. After some time we become so much a part of that image that we fully identify with it. We are trying, in the extreme, to be something we generally not are.

From the very beginning, she had the feeling that she was born in the wrong nest. That resulted in a chronic sense of guilt. She tried, against all oppression, to be an adapted and loving child. She made her own wishes secondary to the wishes of her mother. Even though she studied effortlessly, she gave up her longing to reach a certain goal. When her father was killed in a motor accident, she even felt guilty about his death. Although only a child, she repressed her grief. She took on her shoulders the mother role of the family and did her utmost best to support her mother in everything. The moment people found her mother dead on the bed it made a huge crack in her false identity. During an intense grieving process, she had to face the fact that she clearly mirrored everything she had always omitted onto her mother. She started to forgive herself and began to open the gateway to her Self, the gate to ultimate freedom.

Our own sound

Almost our whole life we are occupied with becoming who we really are. In the first half of our life we are constantly appropriating things to become something that we have to get rid of in the second part of our life to turn into that which we really are.

In *'The Power of Being'* I speak about the integration of the opposite poles, the light and the dark: Eve and Lilith or the masculine and the feminine. How do we become the human we are in essence? How do we learn to listen and dare to comply with our inner

voice? How do we learn to recognise our own sound in the composition of life between all these tones, which sound so penetrating and seem so much better than our own?

There will be a moment when we are brassed off with living only a small part of us while the rest of our being is carefully locked in a golden cage. There will be a moment when we are determined to settle our false identity and willing to fight that part of us we have always carefully repressed, our shadow-side. The best thing bystanders can do is to get out of our way! It will seem as if we are sitting in a boat, a small, not even seaworthy boat and we try our very best to row against the rocks. Everywhere we meet opposition. Everywhere, our shadows are popping up as dark monsters who want to devour us. Monsters in the shape of little devils which like to drag us into the underworld. They try their very best to prevent us from drawing out of our horn, to prevent us from finding our true Self and they will do everything to push us back in our hole. Unfortunately, we do not seem to fit in that hole anymore. There is no way back, even if we should wish for it.

Freeing ourselves

Our shadow manifests itself so emphatically that only the very brave amongst us have the nerves not to flee back into the world of illusions. Only the very brave will have the nerves not to use their illness to cover up their processes. Of course, on the material level our illness is a reality. At the same time, it is an opportunity to liberate ourselves. As long as we carry the coat of our illness and stick ourselves with the matching label, we are lost, mostly forever. It will take us at the least several lifetimes to free us from these labels. Easily we identify with the label and before we know it, we have become the content of the label for the whole environment and ourselves, whatever the label may be; the burnout, the ADHD or the high blood pressure, the abandoned or the deceived one, the unemployed, the social security mother, the silly employees' daughter, the intelligent son of the mayor, the saint or the hooker. All right, it has given us the illusion of safety we thought we needed so badly. It was a legal, acceptable reason not to have to participate in the crazy outside world. As this is, if our soul has chosen it, it's all right.

An experienced fighter

Let us not kid ourselves. Is it really true or are we lacking the nerves to fight against our self-created prison. Are we lacking the nerves to see the gift that is hidden in this process, so we can gather among the brave, among the spiritual warriors. Among those who refuse to play the role of victim and do not let themselves be discouraged by the angry outside world. Against all oppression, they bring into being the field of unknown possibilities inside. Because of their courage, they renew not only their selves; they re-create the image of the whole outside world, which seems suddenly less threatening. Once we have met and defeated all ghosts in our inner world, we can laugh about the ghosts in the outside world!

If we have gained the first victory, if we have jumped for the first time off the high diving board and we are still alive, then increasingly we dare to go for it. At the end, we will become experienced warriors. We will learn even more to surpass all influences, and we will start to experience the difference between *to be* and *not to be*. In the end, we will dare to jump with eyes closed, because we know that there are many parts of us impatiently waiting to catch and to guide us. Yes if necessary, they even will carry us.

Her son dies after a short but difficult sickness. He goes out like a hero, without a trace of self-pity. Devastated, those around him are left behind. Why has this happened?, the father complains. It should have been us, the mother replies.

Undoubtedly, the loss of a child is the most horrible thing, which can happen to us. Since there is nothing that can be more horrible, our fears are disappearing like snow in the sun. This happens after the initial mourning process, because that is part of the story. Even if we know that the other is alive and constantly with us, we will certainly miss the physical touching, we are, after all, human.

After the death of a child, many parents end their relationship. They are confronted with the differences in their relationship and frustrated, they do not see another solution other than to divorce. The one feels abandoned and keeps blaming and accusing God that he has made an irreparable mistake. The other experiences herself as a part of unity and is willing to face the possibilities, which are hidden inside of the pain and the suffering. He/she will use these possibilities to accomplish an inner resurrection, to purify and to liberate the whole environment – also involving the dead person.

A lonely road

We will experience pain. The people who say they love us will turn their back on us. Even our intimate beloved family. Who for god's sake do we think we are to change the code of the group? We have lived according to this code for ages. Out of consideration, we have to be willing to sacrifice ourselves. Finally, that is why we are a family! One day our longing gets the best of the fear and we choose to walk our own path. To our surprise, it seems as if others have been waiting for someone to take the first step. By overcoming the security guard at the gate, by not letting ourselves be discouraged by the dark powers inside, we open the gateway for others.

To come to this stage we have to go through layers of fear and loneliness. We will have the feeling that the whole world is against us. Everything is purified. People who like to call themselves our friends enjoy our company as long as we treat them with safe and acquired behaviour. Now we are attacking their carefully created world of illusions, they turn their back to us. They now seem not to have time for us; suddenly they have many excuses to keep out of our way. Our attitude is too divergent from the image they have created of reality.

The road inwards is a lonely one. Even if there are many others who are walking the same path, it feels if we are the only one. This feeling will continue until the moment that we have peeled off so many layers of the veils of illusion that we no longer experience ourselves as separate beings. We start to experience unity and nothing can keep us from walking our path. We are on the track, on the road back to the Father house and already we can hear the welcome. We feel encircled with light beings, which have been looking forward to our return. We realise that we do not have to walk the path alone. The moment we do not hold on to the idea that we have to do it all on our own, our path gets paved, step-by-step.

More and more we become ourselves. All dark sides of us, so carefully hidden, seem the compost under which our new qualities come into sight. We start to experience that there are no good or bad qualities. Everything we really like to change disappears like snow in the sun as soon as we embrace it in our love. What we saw before as limitations, we now see as a whole range of unknown possibilities.

Let us not step in the pitfall of the obvious and often-played game 'you have to take me as I am, I have always been like that'. That is not true, that was the deception. That which we always are is eternal and inviolable. That we do not have to change. Our behaviour, that part of us which we acquired ourselves, we can choose to change. Do we want to continue on the same footings or do we want a new direction to our life. Every day is a new day, an opportunity to start anew.

At the age of thirty-six, she got an aggressive type of breast cancer. Initially her world collapsed. Especially the world around her. However, during the whole process, the road she had to walk, the operations and the chemotherapy she had to undergo, she felt more, and more carried. She realised that she was being initiated. That she had the choice to go forward on the same footings or to change her life drastically. She realised that clinging on to the idea that we will reach at the least the age of eighty makes us push forward. For her, that image was no longer relevant. The only thing that was left to her was the one moment. Full of faith she fought for her life and she survived. She realised that she had a purpose in life and that she not could wait to realise that purpose until she was eighty. Definitely, she stepped out of the roll of victim. She became a master and a living example for many.

Unknown possibilities

Life gets more fascinating. A field of unknown possibilities are lying in front of us and waiting to be explored. We have put our first steps on the track to our true nature, to our authentic being. We are like children and full of wonderment we explore the world. Never before, have we observed the world through these eyes. Always there seemed to be a haze over it, a kind of eclipse. We start to experience life as a succession of miracles, the way it was originally meant to be. Full of emotion we start to see life expressing itself - the One in the Many – constantly love takes on a new form.

Simultaneously that other reality still exists. We do not deny it; here on earth it is still a reality. We remember the time that we ourselves walked in the land of the lost ones and thought that this was real life. Compassionately our heart starts to open itself, and we begin to feel compassion for all living beings. There is no need to take away others' people pain. Why we should deprive others of the possibility to realise themselves? Self-evidently we share our love with others. As a result of it people's pain seems to ease. We embrace the world without excluding anything or anybody. We embrace the light as well as the dark, the saint as well as the murderer. We like salt and sweet, we are fond of everything and everyone.

If we can contribute something to give shape to our new world, we surely will do it. In the awareness that everything is a manifestation of the divine, we will treat ourselves and others with respect. We do this cheerfully, without a trace of rigidity or fanaticism. There is no need to save the world. There is no need to improve others or to adapt them to our image. Quite the contrary, we will stimulate others to rebel. We will encourage others to dismantle useless systems.

In spite of the fact, we are not trying to get something and we are just that what we are, effortlessly many things start changing in our environment. It just happens; we do not have to do anything for it.

New connections

We will be surrounded by a new family. Old family ties will disappear or they renew themselves. Old friends make space for new ones or they undergo a similar kind of process that we went through. A few colleagues will give up their initial resistance. Some feel encouraged themselves and cautiously, they try to find out what our life secret is. Others stay firmly in their denial. It does not make any difference. We dare to be ourselves without needing recognition. After all, we are known and acknowledge that.

Maybe we begin to feel that we do not have the right job. Let us recognise our soul desire and grab the opportunity to put the next step on our path of evolution. New unexploited possibilities are waiting to be expressed. We are never too old to learn something new, so let us not be made to believe this by others.

Wings

In this time where new possibilities are opening up, everything is gaining momentum. It looks as if time got wings. More or less this is true. Everything intensifies. The light gets stronger, so the dark gets more visible. Everything one carefully hides, no longer stays hidden, inside or outside. It is time to explore unknown possibilities. It is time to release false senses of duty, shame, guilt and penance. It is time to release old karma, old convictions, and ancient-old pains. Only when we allow our dark side to come to the surface the light is able to penetrate it. That which the light penetrates will no longer persecute us.

To live life consciously asks us to be alert and present in each moment. It asks us to dare to observe without judging. No longer, can we think in terms of positive or negative, we learn to see the possibilities, which are hidden in the germ.

It lies within our possibilities to go on a journey inside our Self. To uncover our Self from all the layers we have started to call 'I', but which is only a part of the jacket we put on to protect our vulnerability. Let us peel off our false identity layer after layer till only the naked truth remains, the core, our original being, the radiant diamond: that part inside of us which is eternal and immortal, that part of us which is connected with All That Is.

ALL SEED GETS BORN IN THE DARK

Old values make space for new ones. Under the mess of the visible decline dawns already the daybreak. The autumn, when life retracts itself in a process of transformation, carries already the coming winter inside so in spring the germ of the new can be born. The phoenix arises out of the ashes.

Introspection

Traditionally the winter is a time for introspection. In the medicine-cards, this period is characterised by the boar. In wintertime, he retracts out of the world and keeps his winter sleep to digest everything that is born in the light so he will appear in spring as being renewed. Renewed, reborn, purified and extremely alert.

My period of silence is almost over. No exterior contacts, no phone calls, no email for weeks. If we are moving forward in a continuous flow, we need time for silence and introspection, so our well of inspiration will never dry up. My body did not feel like sculpturing. I enjoyed the breathtaking starry skies, exercised at dawn on the cool grass, walked for hours through my sacred forest and practised the skill of playing the female drum, the Tar.

Gratefully I stay present in my wooden shed in the back of our garden. The shed is radiating more and more the atmosphere of a small temple. Without making plans, I felt a great need to order things. New titles of lectures are being born, worked out and neatly ordered. I was surprised there was so much in the old box that was still relevant right now. No, I did not get bored. As always, the maximum part of our work takes place literally after the screens...

Acting without acting

On that subject, we are just like nature. What is happening underneath the ground before the crocus has the courage to push her head above the soil? Imagine she thinks 'Oh dear it is starting to freeze again, I had better stay under the ground'. I hear a thud on the roof, a terrified cheep. The life of the bird is over by now. Does it mean that she has lived for nothing?

This is the same with us. The seeds are born in the dark to grow up in the light to something, visible or invisible. Because that last part is a longing, we have to release. We may learn to act without acting, to do without doing, to be without being. Even if it looks as if our acting has no result on the outside world, who knows what our deeds carry inside; the seeds from which new creations will originate. It is not up to us to judge about this. At this moment, many beautiful initiatives kick the bucket. For the founders this is painful. Yet we have to learn that rigid structures have to make space for flexible ones. I hear already your protests and apparently they seem true: people who are possessing greater structures and more money will last longer. This seems an advantage yet it takes longer to make the crossing over to the new. It is our masculine way of living which likes to preserve and insure everything. A way that has brought the human race to the brim of the abyss and is doomed to die. This time is over right now. Let us be pioneers and release the past. Then the death-struggle is less heavy. As it happens constantly in nature, new forms will come and go. As long as we associate ourselves with the form and not with our consciousness, this will feel as a painful loss.

When the old structures disappear, beautiful new flowers can be born. Subsequently they will also die to make space for others shapes. Nothing will remain in the visible world of the forms. Everything that once took on a form will dissolve in the emptiness. The only importance is the essence, the love that is lying at the base of every new visible or invisible creation. The moment a new creation comes into being, mostly it has already done its work. Do not expect any result. Dare to live with insecurities. There is no goal to reach. What a relief! We can never fail. God is not counting the books we sell; he is only interested in our intention. If necessary, we can always make a bonfire of the books. Yet the road we walk leaves its tracks, visible or invisible, inside and outside ourselves.

Ebb and flood

Life is like the tides. Things appear and disappear constantly in our awareness. Our attachment likes to hold on to illusionary appearances we consider as being reality. It is the same attachment, which is saying I, that is blocking our evolution, the eternal flow of life. When we remember our true nature and surrender ourselves to the eternal flow of life, we become like the tides, like the ebb and flow. We forget to associate with the transitory wave and we become the water itself.

Each death carries already the seed of new life inside....

To my surprise, the report of Peru comes to the surface. Apparently, it is relevant so I get down to it. I call this polishing. The story becomes more fluent and I become more beautiful. Astonishingly, the same day, the special necklace Alfredo made for me during my stay in Peru which has been hanging for years as a decoration on the wall, promptly falls down. The necklace is hanging around my neck again...

HAWAII AND MADAM PELE

Your totem is the holy mountain of Hawaii. Why do you have such a powerful totem? Because it is your inheritance. Your other totem is the holy waters of New Zealand. You are living far away from the places where your heart desires to be....

- Waituroa Morgan -

Never before on all my journeys did I meet people from Hawaii. During my trip to Peru, I came across at least three Hawaiians. The first I met on Macchu Pichu itself when I asked somebody to take a picture of me. This is something I normally never do. Later when Giri and I decided to take the more expensive tourist train back to Cusco we met a friendly couple at the counter. Before we realised it, we were caught up in an animating talk. To my surprise, the couple is from Hawaii. As I share my vision with Wayne, he enthusiastically begins to share his knowledge about Hawaii. No, this cannot be accidental!

Hawaii is a volcanic group of islands where we have to go if we want to release some old patterns and addictions. It is a very powerful place. It is imagined that the dark side in us will come to the surface to be healed. Madam Pele, the goddess of fire, lives on Big Island also called paradise. If we are open to her energy, we will experience her actively – here and now. While she is preparing us for the new, she will destroy all that we no longer need. Every day she gives birth to her firepower, a stream of living lava. The island has a powerful female energy and is without doubt one of the greatest spiritual power points of this planet.

The legend recoups from the drowned land of Lemuria and the existence of a life philosophy called Huna. Huna means hidden knowledge. Knowledge, which is invisible to the naked eye, invisible for the uninitiated ones.

Who knows if you will be lucky enough to meet a real Kahuna. They are Shamans who are walking the pathway of the Aloha. I warn you not to mock their powers. They heal everything that has to do with relationships. Maybe you will even have the opportunity to swim with dolphins in the bay. Probably you will see a sea turtle laying her eggs on the beach. They are impressive, colossal animals.

It is already visible that this chapter will be continued. The piece of the puzzle from Hawaii needs some time to fall into place. A year later, I will have a look at Australia. Giri and I came across a new project and we wonder if it is possible to settle down there. I decide to combine this trip with a visit to Hawaii.

Hawaii

I am sitting in front of a dear friend. He invited me to share my story about Hawaii. I tell him enthusiastically about the strong connection I felt with Madam Pele, the goddess of fire, while I was walking totally on my own through the deep crater, the Kilauea crater on Big Island. The wonder I felt of being fully assimilated in the All. The rainbows reveal themselves to me, one after the other. I tried to put into words the intense feelings, which tear me up when I stood above the sunken land of Lemuria. I felt overtaken by homesickness and I had to go back time after time again...

I park my car near the coast and walk over the congealed moon-landscape to the sea. To my surprise, it seems more or less sandy in the vicinity of the water. A couple of sea turtles are just climbing out of the water onto the beach. It is breathtaking!

In the very early mornings, I wander on my own through the gigantic park. I feel the warmth underneath my feet while all around the damp of sulphur is fizzling out of the earth. Time and again I descend into the depth of the crater. I dance barefoot on mother earth, sing my song for her out of the deepest part of my soul and enjoy her firepower, the stream of lava, which is flowing out of her. It is so extremely intense.

With a friend, I am on the sea sitting on a small wooden fisherman's boat with a boatman not even speaking one bit of the English language. We are surrounded by hundreds of spinner-dolphins, which are hunting after gigantic shoals of tunas. The dolphins jump meters high and move with an enormous speed. I let myself down into the fresh water. Unfortunately the beautiful spectacle is over much too fast. In the distance, I see the dolphins disappear into the full sea. I see hundreds of dolphins on the horizon. It is real magic...

With a close friend, I camp for a few weeks in a very small tent on the non touristy coastline of Maui. It is like living in paradise. Did you know that just a while ago because of body problems I could not even lie in my bed? Now I do not even have a mattress and I was lying on the hard ground. It is so beautiful up there, so intense and pure. Every morning at dawn, I am just sitting by the coast watching the sunrise while behind me the Moon and Venus are still in the sky. The sky is colouring herself in pastel tints, violet and turquoise. I have never seen these colours anywhere else in the world so brightly. During the night, the sky is covered with stars and is fascinatingly clear. There is no water available. Bathing we do in one of the seven pools and drinking water we carry with us.

Of course, we are sitting regularly under the healing power of a Noni-tree. We visit the Haleakala Crater with her impressing moon landscape. It is cold at that height, unbelievably!

We wander for hours along the whimsical lava coasts, drink tea with the locals, swim in the delightful sea and walk the secret track of the Kahuna's. There are very few tourists in this area. A carpet of mango's and guavas are calling to us: eat me, eat me. I enjoy the lightness of the mango, my favourite fruit, while the juice is dripping down my chin. This is life. This is paradise! Everything not in harmony is directly touched and if necessary transformed by Madame Pele herself, the goddess of the third chakra, the chakra of power and manifestation. I have an unprecedented energy and enjoy with full draft my new vitality.

The moment my friend is flying home I decide to comply with a deep inner longing and I fly for the second time to Big Island to set out to descend again in the womb of the Mother. Then the process is finished, the process with Madame Pele, and I am ready to continue on my trip to New Zealand.

Valley of the Gods

Again, on my own I stay a few days in New Zealand to close the process I have started two years ago in the valley of our friends. At that time I stayed there for three weeks, mostly alone, far out of the inhabited world in a violent energy. According to insiders, a top performance, according to me, an initiation. Since that time, the valley is for sale

but every time the deal is blown off. Logically this is a place for gods. Ordinary people cannot live here.

Now I have come this far to close the process I have started here. This time I camp a few nights near the river in the same tent I used in Hawaii. I am very close to that special hidden place; we like to call the holy triangle. Nature is already taking over the valley and my small tent hardly stays up under the fast squalls. Is it coincidence that I carry a small piece of coral from Hawaii in my pack-bag? Of course not, I have to use it to complete the holy triangle. It is a Polynesian triangle, which is shaped by the energy of New Zealand, Eastern Island and Hawaii. A rock crystal from New Zealand and a beautiful peace of deep-black stone are waiting already in the triangle to be completed. I put the piece of coral at the empty spot. I did not think about it before, it just happened.

Important stage

I leave New Zealand to continue the following and third stage of my trip. I go on the road to visit a valley in Australia to have a look if it is the right place for my partner Giri and I to settle down. When the project presented itself, it felt as though it was an answer to an unspoken wish. As time goes on, the feeling gets stronger that the place will be absolutely beautiful but that I do not belong there. To be sure, I decide to visit the project myself.

Australia

In Brisbane, a couple of Aussie-friends welcome me warmly. Last time Giri and I, in a miraculous way, came across an Irish pub. It was love at first sight with the owners, so we lingered there for a while. Regrettably, they have sold their pub but in their house with the name *Shambhala* I feel immediately at home. I let myself be spoiled for four days by their love and then I am ready to continue my trip. I cannot push it aside any longer.

My vision did not deceive me; it is really a beautiful valley. I am heartedly welcomed and even I have the luxury of my own room. It is just spring and it can be cold and wet in the mornings so I had better forget about sleeping in my tent. Not to mention all the vermin! The same day we come across a python. Astonishing calm, I admire the beauty of this giant. I, who did not like to immigrate to Australia a few years ago because of all the poisoned snakes. Honestly, the leeches are more difficult to deal with.

In spite of snakes and leeches, I get up before dawn, and wander on my own through the valley, learning to know the field as nobody else. Together with a few inhabitants, we chop a path through the rainforest. How exciting!

Outside in nature I feel fully in harmony with my inner being. I start to like the different views, and enjoy the kangaroos, the birds, the frogs and the crickets. The sound of flowing water can lead me to high regions.

Inside the house, in the company of the rest of the group I do not feel at home at all. Often I feel an unspoken critic. I do not flow and hold back my spontaneity and my energy. Is this really the place and the project I want to live in? I am doubtful about how much I am longing to live in a more spacious environment...

Restless

While being back in the Netherlands I am sitting restlessly in front of my friend. After I have told my story, he looks at me while saying 'Forget it that is not the right place for you. Your energy cannot freely flow there. You have to give shape to your things in your own way. Let go of this valley. There will be another place for you when the time is ready for it'.

And tell me dear one why do you let yourself be hurt still by the criticisms of others? Why not see it as compliments. Do you not understand that people are jealous because you seems to possess something they really would like to have it...?'

Astonished I look at him. In an instant, I see how I denied my energy by making myself subordinate to a project labelled in thick and fat letters with the terms *spiritual* and *universal* but which does not resonate in my heart. Simply because it all has to be discussed about, as if it is something like an infectious disease or a merit. I am longing for spontaneous pure and simple contacts, like that unexpected meeting in the valley with a man called Jaap. That moment my energy started to flow immediately and directly from the heart without any restrictions. In full acceptance and openness. That is what I *am* and that is what I like to *be*.

Compliments, what an insight! In fact, people who criticize us are giving us compliments!

I decide on the spot to surround myself exclusively with loving people with an open heart. When they are joyful, I know that it is okay. For my feeling, joyfulness is the best-graduated scale to identify real *spiritual* beings.

The storm is calming down and my inner peace returns. Without much difficulty, I let go of the project. When it is intended and the time is ready for it the right place will certainly show up. I decide not to let myself be discouraged by eventual new challenges. If necessary, we will go for it with the two of us. In between, I know out of experience that every imaginary obstacle will be removed without effort. For the time being, it looks as if we have something else to do, simply on the spot, in our small country.

Funny, all signals seems to point out that for the time being we have to put our plans on hold. New things are presenting themselves. Suddenly there is a good deal of work to do. So let us not nag but let us cheerfully put our shoulders to the wheel and let us sow some love seeds there where it is needed and where it can be received...

EPILOGUE

The purpose of life is to bear fruit...

Suddenly the weaving is ready. No longer do I stay in the middle of my creation; I stand aside and with surprise I look at how all the different pieces so beautifully have been merged together. Life is one great miracle! The moment I decided to give shape to this book, the book already was waiting to be born. Most of the material was already there. It had to be collected but apart from that, the book was weaved together in a natural way as the weaver is weaving his carpet. Now the textile is ready I do not know the origin of the different threads anymore, they simply have become one. The weaver has done her job and gives the result back to the source, the source of all creations, so the creation can come into full bloom in the hearts of many.

All together, we human beings also constitute a beautiful textile. As long as we connect ourselves with the different threads, we will only experience separateness. The moment we look at the whole textile, we start to see the fascinating beauty of the complete human body, without recognising the separated limbs anymore. Separateness exists exclusively in our thinking. The moment we start our journey in the world of forms, every soul puts on his own jacket and we forget that the jacket is only covering up our true nature. The wise ones consider their body as a jacket. In the knowingness that at the end of this visible life they will take off and leave behind their jacket as we normally do with clothing which is worn-out, they are not concerned if their jacket contains any holes or not.

Give to God

Give to the emperor what the emperor deserves and give to God what God deserves. The body is the temple where our original nature in dwells. Let us lovingly care for our body but let us realise that our true nature by no means can be touched or destroyed.

We have created a world of contrasts. We use these contrasts to sow discord and to fight each other. It is fashionable to hunt for contrast the way we split hairs and to play them off against each another. We see it everywhere in the media; we see it everywhere where people gather. We seem to have forgotten the art of listening. The tendency is that we have to be in the right: there must be a winner and a loser. And the media is doing its very best to maintain and to strengthen this pattern in the knowingness that as long as people are dependent they will never stand on their own feet let alone start to rebel against the established order.

When we are conscious that we constantly create our own reality, then we have to face that the reflection of the outside world is our own creation. If we do not like the scene, it is high time to recreate our world. That means we cannot gratuitously immerse ourselves into the code of the group. Honestly and sincerely, we have to distance ourselves from all creations which do not support our world-vision.

By adapting ourselves into the field of unknown possibilities and by *dreaming* the world we want to see, we put all different parts of us into being and we will experience that we are much more powerful than we ever could imagine. We are God in action, every day again. Even more, there exists nothing outside of us, so everything has to be inside.

It is not required to bring together like-minded souls. That network is constantly connected and directed out of the invisible reality. All of us do our own piece of weaving. When we have the right tuning and we dare to let go of our control, without seeing we will meet the right people to connect our textile.

If we speak from the heart, we act out of compassion and we support others if necessary. No longer do we involve ourselves in emotional reactions from the environment or the group. The wise ones will take the appropriate distance and observe every situation in its totality before they take action. They know that, beside themselves, there is nothing to rescue. Out of the wholeness of the water, they move forward and do what they have to do, without associating themselves with the *separated* waves. They oversee every action and act without acting. They understand the art to see wholeness within all discord. The water can be turbulent, the waves can perform high play but nothing will leave behind any ripples in the water itself.

'Origin'

In this book, you will not find the same kind of exercises like in *'With an Open Heart'* and *'The Power of Being'*. The practise consists much more of daring to be *present* in everything that *is* and everything we *do*. That is *acting* without *acting*, *being* without *being*. Gladly we want to make a difference with our actions and praise to the skies our good deeds while we judge our bad ones. Apparently, we are not aware that goodness, for her beauty, depends on wickedness. Not any form can exist without her shadow. It is a great challenge to live in the material world and to conquer everything, which displeases us. It is our assignment to embrace everything without rejection. We use contrasts not to sow discord, we are not pro or contra anything.

This does not mean we agree with everything. It means that we are in harmony with our origin and we become spectators in a world, which is constantly creating and re-creating itself, while we stay peacefully rooted in our original state of Being...

CONSULTED SOURCES

- The Gatha's, Inayat Khan
- Totally Freedom, J. Krishnamurti
- Conscious living and conscious dying, Stephen Levine,
- The wheel of life, Elisabeth Kübler Ross
- Enlightenment – the twelve gates of the soul, Dan Millman
- Dancing with horses, Klaus Hempfling
- Texts of the day, Omraam Mikhaël Aïvanhov, Prosveta
- I tell you, Osho, Osho Publicaties
- The direct path, Andrew Harvey, Altamira Becht
- The God of tomorrow, Neale Walsch, Kosmos
- Living in joy, Sanaya Roman, Ankh Hermes

- Way to the Light, author
- With an Open Heart, author
- Love is All That Is, author
- Mastery beyond Death, author
- The Power of Being, author

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

*'The METHOD without method...'
DOING without doing...'*

Yasmin about herself

I do not like to hide myself behind labels anymore. Life itself is my greatest teacher. It leads me through light and dark to what I always was, what I always am and what I always will be: unconditional Love. By surrendering myself to the source, the miracles of Life can unfold itself in all fullness. Since I am not longer attached to it, I enjoy life as a gift.

I am leaving behind the years of 'doing' and grow more and more to a state of 'being', from where my doing gets another dimension.

It is my deepest desire to bring to full bloom the Love I am in essence in all situations in daily life and I want to share my abundance with everyone who is open to receive it.

'My life is my message...'

- Gandhi -

In general

In the past she was a social worker. After a process of awakening she started to give workshops in bodywork and massage. Later on she worked for years worldwide as a Reiki-teacher. After another inner transformation she dropped all outside labels and walked more and more the path of simplicity. By letting go of the outer form of Reiki she started to live the essence of it; the Love itself. This process you can read in her third book: 'Love is All That Is'.

Some years ago she started sculpturing. In her eyes it is par excellence a process of creating, of letting go of control and of surrendering to the source. In that sense the process is comparable with her direct and accessible way of writing, which contains many levels inside of it.

Objectives

You will experience the power of Yasmin directly in an encounter: personally or by reading her books. Her simplicity, openness and straightforwardness take you along on her material and immaterial journeys. Every meeting with her is enriching, encouraging, opens you up and gives you confidence in yourself and in others.

Yasmin sees it as her task to establish a platform of Love and universal values, wherein is no place for separateness and new churches. In her opinion good and bad are a result of dualistic thinking. Without excluding death, she embraces all facets of life.

By freeing herself of ages-old convictions and standards - without replacing them for new ones – she is in all simplicity a gateway for others. Her religion is called Love – expressing and dissolving Itself in a constant flow from the field of unknown possibilities.

Expression

In her books people recognise themselves. In her workshops they feel seen and touched in their true essence; they go renewed and reborn homeward.

She expresses her service in walking her talk, and spreads her message of Love and Wisdom in everything she is and she does. In all simplicity she likes to be a link between the intellectual world and the world of Spirit.

'I am that I Am...'

How to invite her

Undoubtedly Yasmin is a pioneer. With her limitless sense of humour she will bring alive the most rigid situation. Even the greatest sceptic feels touched by her. You can invite her for lectures and workshops in spiritual settings and in business life.

The method she is using she will call The METHOD without method – DOING without doing...

More precise, she is not claiming to do anything, the universe is creating herself effortlessly through her...

Her books

'Back to the Origin' - 'Power of Being' - 'Mastery beyond Death' - Love is 'All That Is' - 'With an Open Heart' and 'Way to the Light' are creations born from the core of her being. She uses her deepest experiences and her daily life situations as tools for all who like to get to know themselves by reflection.

OM SHANTI - SHANTI – SHANTI

YASMIN VERSCHURE HAS ALSO WRITTEN THE FOLLOWING BOOKS:

1. Way to the Light

Pilgrimage of a Reiki master.
An honest report explaining the universal life-force.

'Way to the Light' is in all humility a unique and inspiring testimony of a person surrendering herself in full confidence to the flow of Life. Yasmin describes in a sensitive, yet realistic way, all the radical changes in her consciousness that came along her path; the setbacks and the highlights accompanying her journey. The book has an intimate character, in which there is hardly any space for intellectual considerations. At the same time, she describes the path of inner transformation in a very subtle way; the awakening soul on his journey back to the light.

The book is in all simplicity a unique and inspiring testimony from a human being who experiences Reiki, or Love, in the deepest of her soul.

The book exists of four parts:

1. *Her own process of awakening.*
2. *The inner road of Reiki.*
3. *The life and death of Everhard.*
4. *Journey around the world.*

2. With an open heart

Surrender and struggle as ways to insight, joy and love.

'With an Open Heart' is Yasmin's second book and just as sensitive and intimate as the rest of her work. Breathlessly she takes you to unknown depths. On her pilgrimage through India and Nepal, in her stories and during her illness, she describes, in all openness and clarity, the process of unshakeable faith and trust. By constantly projecting herself in the here and the now, she uses all circumstances, good as well as bad, to grow into light and love.

'In all simplicity, love contains the essence of life. In a society, mainly based on personal benefit and status, where there is no appreciation for our true essence, we are constantly trying to avoid pain and deny our feelings. Again and again it takes courage to step into the depths of hell, to face our pain and to peel away the next layer. In doing so we start to embrace the silence within, our true nature.'

Through awareness and insight it is possible to transform pain and suffering into inner wholeness. It is a process of full surrender. Separation makes place for connection to 'All That Is'.

Only in her deepest pain, could Yasmin surrender completely. She shows that suffering can be a process of purification, a way to wholeness.

Meditations and exercises give 'With an Open Heart' an extra dimension.

The book consists of three parts:

1. A seven-month spiritual pilgrimage through India and Nepal.
2. Spiritual stories with profound senses.
3. Transformation and completion.

3. Love is 'All That Is'

The third book of Yasmin is about the power of unconditional love. Unconditional love remains after we have been through the fire of purification. We open our heart to the vibration of love, the Christ within. We throw away the robe of separation and wake up in our true reality. From that moment we experience ourselves and others as divine beings; there is no longer a separated I or a You.

We are constantly searching for fulfilment of this love outside, and forget that we are the source where everything originates from. When we wake up in this love, our soul's desire starts to be fulfilled. Material desires disappear into the background. Our compassion and our presence become the instruments through which miracles can unfold.

Our 'being' in South Africa with all its contrasts; its beauty and unprecedented possibilities, its suffering and its joy, has inspired me to write this universal story in which all of us can recognise themselves.

4. Mastery beyond death

Life and death of Everhard...

We like to believe that health is only a manifestation of the physical body. Yet, the body is of minor position. A true healthy person is vital, enthusiastic, creative, careless and joyful and never worried about tomorrow. A healthy person can be handicapped or even affected by AIDS, but the brightness of its soul will radiate his true being, and his environment will experience him as a divine personality.

For decades we have excluded death from our society. Although it is the only security we have, in a life based on matter, there seems to be no place to face and to embrace our mortality. Yet once the day will come our physical vehicle has fulfilled its duty and will turn into ashes. The butterfly leaves the cocoon and flies the way back to the light.

We all have to die in the physical sense, yet our soul is eternal. It is very important to realize that the quality of death is determining the quality of the hereafter. Let us, like Everhard, become a Master in dying, Master beyond death.

*'And he spread his newly acquired wings
and flew along the way back to the light....'*

5. The Power of Being

'The saint and the hooker'

The transforming power, the feminine face of God, is the world-mother who is at the base of the visible creation. To become completely whole and to restore the balance on earth, we have to descend into our underworld and initiate this lacking part anew.

Our amputated counterpart, the power of the receiving and creating Mother in all of us, is yearning to be acknowledged. No longer can we ignore her cry for help. Integration is the only possibility to make the transition into the new world in which both, men and women, lovingly and respectfully will work together. God is male and female; light can only exist by grace of the darkness.

No doubt, Mary Magdalene was the only woman during Jesus' time representing the perfect balance between the saint and the hooker; the harmony between the upper-world and the under-world, between heaven and hell, the conscious and the subconscious. She descended into hell; she went through the seven gates of initiation. In doing so, she brought her dark powers in balance with her sacredness. She became the ultimate female, a primal woman; the primal mother who could be the cradle of spiritualism. Only when we restore the balance between light and dark, only when we integrate and embrace both poles inside of us, we humans will become full Human.

Yasmin's vision-quest in the safe closeness of lovely Sweden is the fertile soil to reinforce this inner process at the fullest.

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