

# Help for the soul in daily living

## October 2012

Dear Readers,

In this issue of 'Help for the soul' my wife Sophie and I show you ways to get well and to stay well. Even though it looks as though I am writing this issue on my own, many of the basic insights come from Sophie. I have learned from her.

Last year I wrote a whole book about this subject: *Healing: Getting Well, Staying Well*. In some things I now go beyond what was said there, for together with life health also moves on, when we let ourselves be taken along by those creative powers who watch over our health, and when we follow them.

Yours,

Bert Hellinger

Dear Readers,

I join Bert, in what he says and what he does. In the following contemplations our voices are unified. I wish you good reading and good health.

Yours,

Sophie Hellinger

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# **Getting well, remaining well**

**“The highest source of medicine is love”**

**(Paracelsus)**

**Opening talk of the 7<sup>th</sup> Symposium of the Paracelsus Academy Villach on the topic of healing powers, 2004**

I am glad to be here. I responded immediately to the kind invitation of Dr. Neugebauer, as the topic he offered me touches me deeply. It is called: The highest source of medicine is love.

## **Illness and love**

In my work I had the insight that many illnesses are connected to events in the family: a person in the family becomes ill out of love for someone in the family or closely connected. Yet this love is blind. If it is blind, it leads to illness and sometimes even to death. But if this love begins to see and understand, then this love helps the person to recover and regain health again.

In family constellations we place certain family members in spatial relationship to each other, and then we see that they begin to move in another field, they feel and behave like the people they represent without knowing them. Rupert Sheldrake, with whom I am in close contact, discovered that we live in different fields with which we are in resonance. Each family moves in a special field, and the family members can only perceive and act in accord with this field. Professional associations or political parties, and also scientific or other such groups, move within such fields. Within these fields things repeat themselves. Stepping out of these fields is difficult. Why? Because each human being has the deepest need to belong to a specific group, above all, to the family. So individuals perceive instinctively what they must do or not do in order to be assured of belonging. Members of a family perceive what they are allowed to know and what not. Complying with what their perception tells them means they feel innocent. Going against these rules they feel guilty.

What does guilt mean here? Guilt means nothing other than being worried that we might have risked our belonging. This feeling of guilt is so uncomfortable that we change our behavior to what is needed so that we can safely belong again.

A few days ago I saw an example of this on TV. A Turkish man came to Germany with his family; he distanced himself from Turkey because he wanted to be integrated into German culture. But he didn't succeed, for one day his brother was murdered, and in order to retain his belonging to his family he had to take blood revenge. He did it under the pressure of his conscience, because he needed to belong to his family.

When we look at conflicts, such as in the Near East, we can see that both sides do what they do with a good conscience, regardless of how vicious it might be, because for them it is something that strengthens their belonging to their group and family.

### **Illness and family**

People also become ill because through their illness they may belong to their family. So in this case, they become ill with a good conscience, and they feel innocent. The same people might feel guilty once they get well. This sense of guilt hinders them from getting well. I will give you a few examples.

If the mother or the father in a family died early, above all of course if the mother died in childbirth, then this child feels a deep longing to follow the mother into death. Often the child becomes ill or depressed. When this child becomes ill, she feels relieved.

Some time ago, Gunthard Weber participated in a scientific study. The study sought to find out if one could predict if a woman who is going to be tested for cancer has it before the test results are clear. They found out that most of the women who were afraid of death had no cancer. If they had no fear of dying, they had cancer. This is peculiar. So, behind an illness is often a longing to die.

In family constellations we can find out about these connections and what kind of dynamics are at work behind this. One of these dynamics is that someone says to a family member: "I follow you into death." This happens out of love, without any fear. Such a person feels innocent and good in this. The question is: How can one influence

such individuals in a way that instead of feeling innocent when they are sick, they feel guilty, and in turn, feel innocent when they are healthy?

We can see that in such illnesses the child, or the child inside us – for even as adults we often behave and feel like children – well, the child looks only at himself, at his own love, and not at the person whom he wants to follow into death, at the mother, for instance. The way we proceed here is quite simple. We let the child look at the mother, or the father, and we let the child say this loudly and clearly: “I want to follow you into death, out of love.” It is important in this that the child looks into the eyes of the person he wants to follow. Suddenly the child realizes that this other person does not want the child to die; quite to the contrary, this is quite painful for the other person. Then the child can say: “In memory of you, out of love for you, I will honor and uphold the life you gave me, in gratitude.” This is also love. But now it is knowing love. This love supports the needed medical treatment in its success.

Another dynamic that brings on illness out of love comes into play when a child senses that a family member wants to die, for instance when the child feels that the mother wants to leave or to die. Then in her heart the child says: I will do it for you in your place. We see this also between partners. When one partner perceives that the other wants to commit suicide, this partner will do it in place of the other one.

These are peculiar dynamics. Here it is brought home to us that we are not isolated individuals. We are deeply interwoven into our family system. What happens in the family has an immediate effect on us.

We are not aware of these dynamics, they operate subconsciously. Sometimes they are brought to light in a family constellation, but also when I am merely stating this here, they are brought to our awareness and some healing is set in motion in the soul. I will give you an example.

A woman wrote me a letter. I did not know her, she had only read a book of mine. Suddenly it became clear to her that she had to do something because there were a few things in her family that brought disorder. She was her husband’s second wife, and she was at loggerheads with her husband’s father. Also, their daughter had not been in contact with either of her parents for some years. Then one evening the woman lit a candle, and in her imagination she looked at her husband’s first wife, bowed to her and said: “I honor you.” The next day she did the same for her husband’s father. She

bowed to him and said: " I honor you." A few days later their daughter rang and said: "Mummy, I am coming."

In the field of this family something had been changed. When something is changed in this way, with love, this has also an effect on those who are not present. In family constellations we can see this in remarkable clarity. The representatives of the family members perceive immediately what is going on in the family without knowing anything about the client's family. Sometimes we simply place representatives and only give them a number, so that nobody knows whom they represent. The representatives are in a field in which they suddenly perceive whom they represent and what goes on in that person.

Recently in Mexico, at a big congress, I worked with a woman from Columbia, who had a certain affinity for the guerrilla fighters there. We had placed five men as representatives for the guerrillas, some others for their victims, and one female representative for Columbia. One of the guerrillas could not move at all. Suddenly it was clear that he was their leader. After a while he could not bear it any longer, and he had to get out. He felt he did not have a place here any more. In the end the perpetrators laid down next to the victims, and they agreed: "We are like you." I am just recounting this so that we understand how systems work, and that many illnesses may have something to do with system.

### **Disorder and order in systems**

Another word about systems. Systems are brought into disorder as soon as someone is expelled, not acknowledged or forgotten. Now one can also observe that certain illnesses we want to get rid of represent excluded persons. The illness is in dissonance with us, but in resonance with an unwanted or expelled person. Here we see the love in the illness. When we turn to this person with the love of this illness that is in resonance with this person, we feel immediate relief.

We can become familiar with this in our own body. You can close your eyes if you like, and feel in your body where something isn't quite right. Which organ hurts, which muscle hurts, where do you feel pain? We can go into our body, and to this organ, we can really communicate with this organ, be on a level with it, and we feel: Where is the organ looking, at which person, at which excluded person perhaps? Then,

together with this organ, we look at this person with love, and we sense what happens in our body through this love. This is a suggestion, you too can take this further by yourselves later on.

A difficulty in families is that on account of our conscience we exclude some from our family as designated bad ones, so that we deny them the right to belong. Exactly those we exclude and whom we are perhaps angry with are those who hinder our health and happiness. But apart from the distinction of good and bad, I have made a simple observation. There is only one basic problem in psychotherapy -- with certain exceptions, of course -- most problems develop because an important person is shut out, namely the mother.

I sometimes have fun when I watch TV with my wife. We look at the performances, and she asks me if this one or that one is in harmony with his or her mother. You can see this immediately. Those in harmony with their mother are radiant, and they are loved. Loved people are in accord with their mother. Who is not loved is not in accord with their mother.

How can we help people to find their way to their mother? What would be a healing process here? We take the other person's mother into our own heart, with respect.

When clients come to me and complain about their mother they get nowhere with me, for I take their mother instantly into my heart. They cannot accuse their mother and expect me to go along with them. This puts me into a strong position. The only thing that matters in the end is that clients find their way back to their mother.

## **Philosophy**

How can this be done? Something else comes into play here. I am happy for having been invited by the Paracelsus Academy, for Paracelsus was not only a doctor but also a philosopher. Most probably he was such a good physician because he was a philosopher.

I will do a little philosophical contemplation with you. When we look at our mother and father, concerning the passing on of life, they are perfect. In this regard there are no better or worse parents. None of them could add anything to life, nobody

could take anything away from it. Concerning the passing on of life, all parents are perfect. It does not matter how they are in other regards.

What I said about the parents is obvious. But in that moment I have no feelings for or against them. I follow a philosophical perception and an insight. From that perspective I can behave quite differently towards a client, than if I ask him or her: How are you feeling? How are you doing with your mother, or something like that, for then the client must think, instead of just feeling. Therefore helping in regard to illnesses also requires philosophy.

What does philosophy mean here? Not just any one, of course. I am glad that Dr. Wolfgang Giegerich is also here with us. He is a great philosopher. I have learned a lot from him and I respect him deeply. In my work I have received inspiration from philosophy in many regards. For me, there is one essential path of insight in philosophy. What kind of insight is that? We must acknowledge that through mere observation alone we cannot understand essential matters. The essential is hidden behind what we can observe. The essential is grasped through insight. As we were listening to the *Duino Elegies* before, it was clear: Rilke has grasped something essential in them and he put it into words. The essential works instantly. Whether something is essential or not, we can tell by checking if it leads to action. Insight that does not lead to action is empty. Only what also leads to action is really known and understood.

What is the philosophical path of insight for me? I call it the phenomenological path of insight, even though I understand little about the details of phenomenology. But I understand something about this path.

The first thing in this is that we expose ourselves to the fullness of the phenomena, as they are, without judgment, exactly as they are. And also without intention and without referring to prior knowledge. But above everything else - this is the most important thing about it - without any fear of what might show up. When we expose ourselves to the phenomena in this way, suddenly something comes to us from the outside, not from the inside, like a flash of lightning, the essential insight. Heraklit spoke of the fire in this connection, and what he meant was the fire of lightning, the sudden insight.

## **Conscience**

Take me as an example, I exposed myself to the phenomenon of conscience. After six years the insight about what conscience is suddenly came to me, that it is something totally different than what is described in philosophy or in theology or anywhere else.

Conscience is a drive. It is an inner sense comparable to our sense of balance. With the help of this sense we perceive immediately whether we are in balance or not. Accordingly, we feel at ease or we feel ill at ease. Something similar happens with conscience. It is an immediate, instinctive perception of what we need to do so that we may belong.

Every group is different, and every person is different. With each person we therefore have a different conscience. For instance, we have one kind of conscience with our father and another with our mother. We have one kind of conscience in our family and another at our workplace, another again at church and another in the sports arena. It is different each time. Our conscience changes constantly. Therefore our conscience does not make a statement about what is really good or bad; it always refers to a specific field.

## **The overriding field**

Now there is a movement of the soul beyond conscience. This is completely different. Our conscience obstructs this movement. When I succeed in stepping back from the distinction of good and bad, which means on a practical level acknowledging every human being as equal to me, as he or she is, with the same rights, neither better nor worse - then I move into a wider field, a field of a superior order.

Now we have to resort to philosophy again. When we look around in the world, we see that everything is in motion. Where does this movement come from? From something that moves everything, everything without exception. This is a daring step in our thinking. When we can really follow this thought, then suddenly there are no perpetrators any more, and no victims either. Then there are no better fates and no worse ones. Then there is no complaint any more, and no accusation. Who regrets or opposes anything is opposing this ultimate power. Opposing this power, what strength do we have then? Very little.

Now this is the next level. On this level another love is in charge. This is a love that heals. Then there is no one left who is excluded from our soul. Then we come into harmony with everyone in our family and also in wider circles. Then we feel complete. Only in this moment, in accord with this other movement, do we also feel free.

## **Religion**

What I just said has far-reaching consequences, because our decisive energies and concepts and ideas move within our conscience. Take religion for instance, this overriding level has serious implications for our religious ideas. Who is God in this idea that our conscience creates? Someone who has the same conscience as us. Therefore this god is for some and against others. Applying philosophical thinking, can we uphold such an idea? How can the power that moves everything be in favor of some people and against others?

These images of God come from our soul. They are elevated experiences in our family. But exposing ourselves to the whole, as it is, agreeing to it, as it is, enjoying it as it is, this is a good step forward, beyond the usual religious concepts and their practices. These movements and this attitude that include the whole would be religious as far as I am concerned.

From this level we can look at our fate without regretting anything. We can look at our parents as they are, we can enjoy them as they are, and we gain strength that way.

Sometimes I have to deal with people who have a serious illness, polio or something else. They can barely move. Then I let them come into accord with their fate and I say to them: "Compare your fate as it is, with what could have been, had you not been ill. Where is the greater weight, the greater strength? What is more precious? What made you grow more?" They respond: "The fate as it is." What dignity arises in that moment, what strength! Then the illness can feel at home with this person, and the person can let go of it. When people with such an illness come into accord with their fate, a composure and an ease come over them that mellows the illness, and it might even allow them more movement, to a certain degree.

So, the highest source of medicine is love. But a special kind of love, not just any, not something like empathy or pity. Pity goes with a grudge in the sense of: This

should not have happened. Through such pity I weaken the other. I draw this person away from his fate and greatness.

## **Our health**

When we speak of our health, we mostly mean our body's health. This health concerns us the most.

The question is: Who lives in our body? Is it only us? Does it belong to us alone, as if we were the only ones in charge of it? Are we perhaps just tenants who share it with others? Are we perhaps in the service of these other tenants, and with us, our body also? Do they make our body well or ill? Do we therefore have to take care that they also become whole and well in our body?

The question is: What in them wants to become whole and well, even though they have no body of their own any more, and some of them never had one at all? When for instance they only want to live in our body for a while as beings of spirit?

So what do we have to be mindful of, if we want to remain healthy or to become well again, when we have fallen ill or injured ourselves?

There are people who belong to us, and we must give them room in our body and in our soul, the room we have denied them until now. This is one side.

Then there are others who live in our body without being entitled to it. They really wanted to go elsewhere and they went astray, and ended up in our body. They roam around in it, as if they were still alive. So we must help them to leave it. These people are mostly those who belonged to our family and who died suddenly, so they could not take their leave.

Sometimes they are people who died a violent death at a certain place, through an accident, for instance. Now it is as if they cannot leave that place. They possess the body of people who are just passersby, and who have no idea what happened there. These dead draw these passersby into death with them -- for instance, through also having an accident at this place.

Our body is a place where many beings romp around who want to have a share of it.

## **The soul**

Our body is en-souled. And here again the question: By which soul? Is it only one soul? Is it only our own personal soul? Which soul has the upper hand in us? Are they well-meaning souls, who support our soul? Are they perhaps even messengers from a creative power who took them into service for us and for others? Does this creative power take our body into its service, perhaps even with an illness?

Conversely, there are obviously powers that appear to be opposing us, other souls who set something devastating in motion via our body and our soul, bringing harm to many. They make us both well and ill, depending on what meets their plans so that on the one hand they appear as though chosen, even though in the end they drag many into death with them.

The question is: How do we relate to these souls in our body?

## **The spirit**

There is also a spiritual sanity. It comes from the creative power that guides our body in a way that it coordinates everything inside it according to how it is meant to serve our life and our destiny.

From this power comes our life, and it holds us in existence, anew at any moment.

Our life is designed by this fate, exactly as it is played out, healthy as well as sick.

Does this perspective of our life not contradict everything I said earlier about illness and health?

Superficially yes, for as long as we look at what is close up, and at our limited life now.

Our world expands at the speed of light, and everything comes from something unimaginably minute to creatively expand in an immense explosion into all its multitude, with its infinite expanse into breadth and depth, leaving much behind it in this fashion. Apparently it is the same with our fate and our time. Our fate recedes before something that it opposed.

Now I return to our fate and to that which appears to stand in its way. Our health serves the whole only with its opposite. And so it is with our life. No matter how we experience it in the timespan given to us, it serves many lives -- for the better and for what appears to us as opposing the better, acting and bearing it, with others and against them and their lives.

### **The prospects**

How do we deal with our health and our ill-health in accord with this creative spirit?

We handle it in being awake and humble. Awake means here, we look beyond the near and hand ourselves over to this creative power, wherever it might want to take us. Be it easy, be it hard, in illness and also in healing, always in a forward movement that reaches and leads beyond either of them as something of a preliminary nature in every regard.

We also fit into its movement, knowingly, far beyond the near that ties us to something of short duration. And far beyond our narrow perspective and beyond our narrow assessment of helpful or harmful, healthy or sick. We remain devoted to this creative power in everything, with our ultimate trust. Devoted to its beck and call at our appointed time, and at the same time completely healthy in our utmost love.

### **The healthy society**

I will take these thoughts to a further level yet, for the same holds true for the larger groups we belong to.

We can look at them as our extended complete body, and their health and illness is ours. They are in close connection with our physical, emotional and spiritual health and illness.

The society closest to us is our family -- not just the immediate but the extended family that comprises many generations.

Our family is in contact with many other families, and together with them it is integrated into large-scale groups, such as our nation, our country, our race, our religion and culture, and ultimately with all of humanity and its fate, and with our mother earth.

Here I will restrict myself to the people and the country we belong to, and to its health, and to the essential events in its history that have an influence on its health, either furthering or hindering it.

Amongst our people and in our country there are groups that belong to the whole, and yet they were excluded from complete belonging, from being full members of the dominating group. Often this happens to the original inhabitants who were subjugated by the dominating group, often even enslaved and largely wiped out. Often this community goes even further, including also those who were subjugated and even wiped out by those who are now the original inhabitants.

On this level, health would mean peace with them. It would mean restored health that would give all inhabitants their rightful place. Instead of excluding or fighting groups that deviate from the general norm, we look at those represented by them, without these groups being aware of this fact.

It would mean that the conquering groups get down from their high horse -- and also from their gain they made at the cost of those who have little power and status. It would mean that the powerful would stand side by side with them, returning their standing in society to them, returning their possessions where this is still possible and appropriate.

Above all it would mean that the powerful would return to the powerless their place in the soul of the country, and in their own, with all the good consequences for their personal health and that of their families, for no child of theirs would need to continue representing the powerless. In this sense the peace in society also has beneficial effects in the body and in the soul of the individuals and their immediate family.

Our health is therefore the health of many at once, just as our illnesses also were the illnesses of many. They regain health together with us, and we with them.

### **Addenda**

If this paragraph appeared strange to you, look at those countries that have counter-societies, like, for instance, drug cartels that can become a menace to a whole country; or ghettos for the poor and organized gangs who are feared by the mainstream society.

They represent excluded groups from the history of this society, though they are not aware of that.

## Stories

### Expectations

*The following story appears funny on the one hand. But is it? Or does it help? Well then, listen.*

\*

#### Presumption

In the land of Aram -- that is where Syria is today -- there lived a long time ago, a field-marshal who was dear and precious to the king and famous because of his strength and courage. However, a time came when he was struck by a very serious illness. He was not allowed to have any contact with anyone, not even with his wife. He was afflicted by leprosy.

In this predicament he heard from one of his slaves that in her village there was a man who was able to cure his illness. And so he gathered about him a large entourage, took ten silver talents, six thousand gold pieces, ten ceremonial robes and also obtained a recommendation from his King. Then he went on his way.

After a long journey, involving many wrong turns, he reached the house of the healer and called out to be let in.

There he stood, with all his people around him, all his treasures ready and the King's recommendation in his hand, and waited. But no one took any notice of him. He was becoming somewhat impatient and irritated when a door opened and a servant appeared. The servant approached him and said, "My master informs you: 'Wash yourself in the river Jordan, then you will be well again.' "

The field-marshal felt humiliated and believed that he was being made to look a fool. He vehemently objected: "What?" he called out. "This is supposed to be a healer? He should at least have come himself, called on his God, conducted a lengthy ritual and touched every sore on my body with his bare hands. That might have possibly

done some good! And now I'm supposed to simply go and bathe in the Jordan?" In high umbrage he turned everyone around and set off back home again.

This is really the end of the story. However, as this is only a fairy tale everything will turn out well in the end.

The field-marshal had already traveled for a whole day on his homeward journey. That evening his servants approached him and prevailed upon him to listen. "Dear father," they said, "if this healer had asked you to do something extraordinary, to board a ship for instance, to travel to distant lands, to worship strange gods, and for years only listen to your own thoughts and lose all your wealth in the process, you would have done it no doubt. But all he asked of you was something quite ordinary." In this way the field-marshal allowed himself to be talked around.

Begrudgingly and in bad humor he made his way to the Jordan and washed himself resentfully in the water. And behold a miracle occurred.

As he arrived home his wife was anxious to learn how things had turned out for him.

"Oh," he said, "I am restored to health again. Apart from that there's nothing worth mentioning."

## **The end**

### **Introduction**

Some stories touch us, and for a moment it may appear as if death and separation were suspended. When we hear such stories, they bring us relief, like a glass of wine in the evening. Afterwards we sleep better. But the next morning we get up again and get to work.

Others, though, after drinking some wine, fall asleep at the table, and now it takes someone who knows how to wake them up again. And so he tells the stories a bit differently, and turns the sweet poison into an antidote, and then sometimes they wake up again, and perhaps they escaped the enthrallment.

## The story

Harold, a young man of twenty years, often acted as if he were on quite familiar terms with death. He told a friend about his great love, about Maud who was already eighty, how he wanted to celebrate her birthday and their engagement, and how in the middle of the gaiety Maud suddenly confessed that she had taken poison and at midnight her life would be over. The friend brooded over this, and then he told him a story.

“Once upon a time, on a tiny little planet there lived a little human being, and because he was the only one there, he called himself prince. This means: the first one, and the best. But there was one other living being, a rose. The rose used to smell so amazingly wonderful, but now it seemed to be withering all the time, and the little prince for he was just a child after all had his hands full keeping the rose alive. During the day he had to water it, and at night he had to protect it from the cold. But when he needed something from the rose as it used to be possible sometimes earlier on, she only showed him her thorns. No wonder he had enough of this after some years. And so he decided to leave.

First of all he visited some planets in the neighborhood. They were tiny like his, and their princes were nearly as weird as he was. There was nothing to keep him there.

But then he arrived on the beautiful earth and found the way into the rose garden. There must have been thousands of them there, one more beautiful than the other and the air was sweet and heavy with the scent. He wouldn't even have dreamt that there could be so many roses -- for up to now he only knew one, and he was completely taken by their sweetness and splendor.

But underneath the bed of roses a sly fox discovered him. He pretended to be shy, and when he saw that he could palm something off on him, he said: “You perhaps think these roses here are very beautiful. But they are nothing special. They grow by themselves and hardly need any care. But your distant rose up there is unique for she expects a lot and stands alone. Go back home to her!”

Now the little prince felt quite confused and sad and he took the path into the desert. There he met a pilot who had to make an emergency landing. He was hoping to

be allowed to stay with him, but he was full of hot air and only wanted to have a chat. And so the little prince said to the man that he was going home to his rose.

As soon as night fell, he sneaked away and came upon a snake. He pretended he wanted to kick the snake, so the snake bit him. The little prince jerked a bit, and then he was lifeless. This is how he died.

The next morning the pilot found his dead body. Smarty pants, he thought, and then he just dug the body into the sand.

Harold – people said later – did not attend Maude’s funeral. Instead – for the first time in years – people saw him putting roses on his father’s grave.

## **Reflections**

### **Life and death**

When two Zulus meet, one says: “I have seen you. Are you still alive?” “Yes,” replies the other, “I am still here. And you?” “I am still alive, too.”

When a stranger asks a Zulu who appears to be doing nothing: “Are you not bored?” he replies: “But I’m alive!” He does not lack anything for there is nothing that would give his life additional content or meaning.

The same attitude we find in one of the loyal followers of Konradin, the last of the Stauffers. He was in a castle being kept a prisoner. He was playing a game of chess with his friend when a messenger brought the news: “In one hour you will be executed!” The prisoner said: “Let’s continue our game!”

## **At home**

At home, that is us with our parents, with our mother and our father. Only when we are at home with them, with both of them together, are we also at home in ourselves, as we are, especially in our body.

When we feel homeless, where do we have to go, so we can feel at home again?

We go into our body, to our father and to our mother, both inseparably one in our body. They breathe with us, and we with them. They give and take in us and with us. In them and with them we are collected. With them everything has come home and is whole again. In every regard one again with them, whole and complete with both of

them, we remain on the ground. Together with them, on the ground, we are at home, and from here our inner movement also goes into the expanse, into the infinite space. In this space we are at home with our parents and at the same time with all those through whom life reached us, together with many others.

Suddenly we feel at home everywhere, with the most minute and with the greatest expanse, at peace with everything as it is and as it comes.