

To C7

Veiligheid
Safety

Courage

C Word Inspiration Card

Feeling Safe is a Basic Need – *Tine van Wijk*



until we are safe rocks ourselves with a soft and vulnerable inside

As a child we should feel safe because our father is the rock
that protects us. In my reality it turned out that my safety
was more linked to my mother and grandmother
who were always there ready to feed and take care of us.
The safest place in the house though was beside
The burning stove in the office of my grandfather
Who was usually at his desk doing his work
It felt safe because it was warm and I knew
My grandfather was taking care of the money
To be able to continue our lives comfortably
Besides that my grandfather always had time for me
My father was a different matter
Since the war his nerves were wrecked
Which meant he could not be counted on
All the members of my family were busy
With how my father would feel today
Was he speaking, was he depressed, was he manic?
Instead of a rock he was the danger
He brought the feeling of unsafety in the house
It is a feeling that never left me in relation
To the men I love dearly
It is what made my marriage unsafe
I could not believe that men could be trustworthy
when it is about feelings
My father went to a psychiatric institute when I was 14
He never came back. Died there ten years later



Katya Kosheleva supporting her daughter Sofia under her bottom

In my book Gestalt Process Writing to C I published a Creative Writing Program, based on overcoming Basic Fears by fulfilling Basic Needs. On page 326:

‘Basic Needs: Support, Protection, Safety, Understanding

Needing support is related to being carried and held.

You can feel in your body, if you were literally carried and supported under your bottom.

Feeling uncertain and not grounded can be connected to a lack of support when you were small. Falling, back- and legs complaints can be a problem.

The kind of support we need will change with the age we have:

being carried, walking hand in hand, being brought and collected, homework support, back ground support, financial and moral support.

If everything went as it should you were as a child

so protected from the outside world that you could develop an inner shield that distinguished outside and inside.

This shield can keep inside what is vulnerable and soft and keep outside what is hard and dangerous. It is about experiencing safety.

If you did not learn to protect yourself,

you will harden to maintain yourself in the outside world.

Protection you get by clothing, by warmth, by being cuddled in when you go to sleep, by lullabies or simply by feeling the presence of your parents or caretakers.

True is that you can also feel unsafe when there is too much presence of the family.

Like when everybody shares the same space and knows everything of each other.’

In this issue of the To C Magazine you can read how the process of feeling safe in our bodies, in our homes, in our cities, in the World goes on and on and on.

Writing is a perfect way to experience and experiment and to let this safe-inside-feeling grow until we ourselves are safe rocks with a soft and vulnerable inside.

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1.Group Tension



Here-and-Now-writing can be used to connect in a neutral way with members of a group. By listening to the sounds we acknowledge being present and part of the bigger whole.

Every sound that is uttered, every move that is made is part of the group tension of the moment.

It takes a long time to realize we are not only witnesses, but participants at the same time, who have a share in creating the tension and the excitement in the group.

The moment contact will have to be made with the power, the anger, the aggression in me as the therapist and in the group members as clients we can easily decide to avoid it.

We are anything but angry, we think, but are we?

**I know when irritations rise,
we better give words to our feelings,
if possible in a creative way:**

‘Aggression Song

**Let’s abide what is inside whether it be nice or nasty
Sweet or sour, light or heavy, white or black, laughter or sorrow
It all belongs to the same me that is sitting here at the table
Writing this song that wants to be sung and shouted from the true soap story
Here I am in my street, with my trees and my people (and dogs)
I am so angry that I can spit on everybody who is IT, it, nit, wit,
shit that’s it. Everybody who is or who behaves like shit
(Sh)it is not in the being it is in the behaving**



Once upon a time there was a shit puffer
And a soul tuner. The shit puffer was black inside and did pfft, pfft
The soul tuner was made of bright light and sang Ah, ah, ah,
The pfft and the ah ah did meet each other daily
And sang, puffed and tuned and argued and thought
And felt and became so tired that they had to go
to sleep... Together
And when they woke up and faced a new day
They thought I can tune into Ah again today
or I can puff my shit or shall I just take a rest?
Yes, that's IT...'

Now anything can happen. We can sing, dance, make music,
shout, enjoy live the conflict, have fun and connect.
To round of the session all Group members can draw
a card with a C word that can inspire writing in a few lines
the essence of their experiences.

My word: Container
*My body contains the words I have written
I can sing them; dance them; shout them
All because I am a body that Works
As a Sound Box*

More in my book *Gestalt Process Writing to C*

2.A crime? – Joanna Feldman

Moet ik bezorgd zijn, schuldig voelen, of bang?

Eigenlijk voel ik dit allemaal, plus een ongelooflijk gevoel van blijheid!



Ja! Gisteren heb ik Boris ontmoet, na misschien 12 jaar contact verloren, zag ik hem weer in het echt! Ja , wij hadden nog telefonisch contact, maar de echte is anders.

Volgens mij was ik behoorlijk high met allerlei blijde en overmoedige hormonen tierend door mijn lijf! In euforische toestand heb ik handen geschud van drie mensen, zonder te beseffen dat er corona tijd is!!!! Twee uur later wel! Eindelijk arriveerde Boris! Ja, dat is dezelfde Boris van 12 jaar geleden, met een slank sportief lichaam, heleboel zwart haar op zijn hoofd, wel met zilveren strepen, zijn ogen zijn wat kleiner dan ik mij herinner, maar dat is toch mijn oude maat Boris!

Ik geef hem een enorme knuffel en deze krijg ik ook terug minuten lang! Alweer twee uur later beseff ik, dat het corona tijd is!

De oude charme begint opnieuw nog intensiever als wij in Russisch gaan praten over zijn studietijd, zijn voorliefde voor jazz en saxofoon, en vooral voor Poolse jazz beweging. Verhalen over mijn vader, mijn held mijn vader, de verhalen hoe wij begonnen met de handel, hoe wij samen lang hebben gewerkt, wij delen de muziek waarvan wij houden op onze iPhones, zingen in Russisch en Yiddish, vertellen Joodse anecdotes, en wij zijn gewoon thuis, heel gewoon thuis. Een Hejmish gevoel, niks anders... Intussen rent turbo Sergiu tussen ons en de andere mensen in het gebouw, wij praten Russisch, Engels, Hebreeuws en Nederlands door elkaar, zonder de draad te verliezen. Ik voel mij zo ongelooflijk goed in mijn element in mijn Babylonisch, met vertrouwde mensen, vertrouwd werk, een rechte lijn zien in de chaos van ontmoetingen en verhalen, ik voel mij gelukkig... Bij afscheid geef ik Boris weer een berenknuffel.

Hoor ik iemand zeggen dat het niet mag?

Oj wej, oj wej, ik heb vergeten dat het corona tijd is!!!

Big smile!

3.Sacred Contract



*Congratulations, Irize
There is a rainbow today
That reminds me
Our relation is about our Sacred Contract
You being happy with me – I being happy with you
Is not interesting
More important is
do we connect or not
With the sacred in ourselves
And in the other
Is also possible from a distance
Love from Tine*

*Gefeliciteerd, Irize
Er stond een regenboog vandaag
Die me er aan herinnert
Dat het gaat om ons Sacred Contract
Wel of niet blij zijn met elkaar
Speelt geen rol
Wat wel een rol speelt
Is of we de verbinding maken
Met de sacred in onszelf
En in de ander
Kan ook op afstand.
Liefs van Tine
4 februari 2020*

4.I am a dreamer – *Irize Loots*

“Irize is extremely bright, but she often seems to be dreaming in class and stares out the window.”



This morning during a meditation of silence I felt how I get lost in a state of dreaming very easily. Usually these meditations are guided, but today, we were asked to see how it is to meditate in silence. Specifically today within the silence I started dreaming. I have had this almost all my life really.

As a schoolgirl they wrote on my school report one: *“Irize is extremely bright, but she often seems to be dreaming in class and stares out the window.”*

I remember when I received that specific report. I did not know what the teacher’s intentions were when she sent that report, but for me it was a compliment. The truth is I was often bored at school, and my daydreaming came to the rescue as did the birds in the sky outside the window flying in the open freely.

I also am aware of how I was daydreaming in church. Till we had to sing again, I was often lost in my dreams that were richly layered with imagination and play and beauty. Dreams of being elsewhere was my safe harbor – no one could see where I was, and yet I was somewhere far away and though not present in what we now know as the “here and now” reality, it was my saving grace.

The ability to daydream, and take flight into my wonderful and magical imagination was a gift and a blessing in my life. No teacher’s wish for me to be present and attentive as a child of perhaps eight could chain me down.



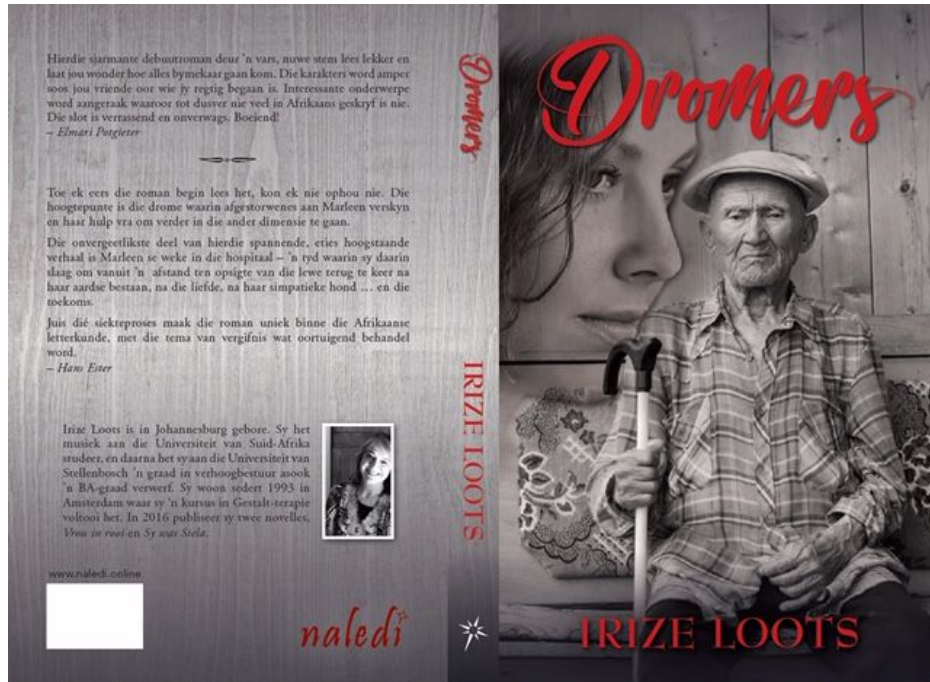
I am mostly a process painter

To this day it is what keeps me sane – this ability to float away with the clouds when I need it. It is my pause, and though it can be seen as a form of escape, don't we all need a break every now and then to be lost in thought? I felt and feel safe there in my daydreams, and without that safely I may not be able to fully live – especially because it is so much of the essence of who I am.

It is then no surprise that I felt wings to soar when I was making art – dream and reality found a connection while the brushstrokes and colors appeared; my daydream took form and shape and became. I am mostly a process painter, and do not often paint with a specific theme or scene in mind – though I sometimes do that too. Mostly I just float in a meditative state with background music and paint from that space not knowing what my painting is going to become.

This is also true when I write though often I first dream, and then I write as it is not always possible to do the two at the same time. Sometimes I can however write from my imagination immediately and I love those moments.

I have however also been trained during my Gestalt studies to write down my awareness in the moment (by using my senses), and that gave me another route to write. Ever since then (eighteen and more years ago) I can also write from that place.



Today I do both – some days I dream, write down my imaginative resource stories, and some days I write with awareness. There is luckily no right or wrong way in life when it comes to writing (or art) – it is freeing to know that.

A few years ago, I published my first full novel in my home language Afrikaans. It may be no surprise then that it is called *Dromers* (which translated means Dreamers).

My novel, *Dromers*, can be ordered from me (for those who can or dare to read Afrikaans). The Encyclopedia Britannica (<https://www.britannica.com/topic/Afrikaans-language>) summarizes my South-African language as follows:

“Afrikaans language, also called Cape Dutch, West Germanic language of South Africa, developed from 17th-century Dutch, sometimes called Netherlandic, by the descendants of European (Dutch, German, and French) colonists, indigenous Khoisan peoples, and African and Asian slaves in the Dutch colony at the Cape of Good Hope. Afrikaans and English are the only Indo-European languages among the many official languages of South Africa. Although Afrikaans is very similar to Dutch, it is clearly a separate language, differing from Standard Dutch in its sound system and its loss of case and gender distinctions.”

Dromers



- Wat gebeur eintlik wanneer reisigers mekaar raakloop, maar dalk miskyk? Kry hulle dan 'n tweede kans om weer te begin of het die noodlot altyd die oorhand?
- Die verhaal speel af in die wêreld van Marleen, 'n jong vrou wat snags deur "verdwaaldes" wakker gehou word. Gideon, die blinde man wat die toekoms in visioene sien, is sentraal in Marleen se lewe, maar net sy weet dit. Wat kan Gideon haar oor die "verdwaaldes" vertel en wat weet hy wat sy nie weet nie?
- Wat vir sommige mense vreemd is, is vir ander deel van die lewe. 'n Siener wat in geheimsinnige wêreldes leef en wat lig en insigte kan bring vir die wat soek na antwoorde, sal dalk verstaan wat ná die dood met die agtergeblewenes gebeur. Hy weet ook wat word van die wat die oorgang na die ewige lig moet maak. Marleen sal doodeenvoudig met hom moet gaan praat, maar sy vrees vir dit wat hy weet. Soms is dit moeilik om die werklikheid van drome te onderskei.

-
- What really happens when travellers meet, but don't really see each other? Do they get a second chance to start over, or does fate always have the last say?
 - This story happens in the world of Marleen, a young woman who is visited by the "lost" ones at night. Gideon, the blind man who sees visions of the future, is a central figure in Marleen's life, but only she knows this. What can Gideon tell her about the "lost" ones, and what does he know that she doesn't?
 - What is strange for some, is part of life for others. A seer who lives in mysterious worlds and who can bring light and insight to those who seek answers, might understand what happens to those who stay behind after losing someone. He also knows what becomes of those who have to make the transition to the eternal light. Marleen will simply have to go talk to him, but she is afraid of what he knows. Sometimes, it is hard to distinguish reality from our dreams.



Irize Loots is gebore in Johannesburg. Sy het musiek gestudeer aan die Universiteit van Suid-Afrika en daarna het sy aan die Universiteit Stellenbosch 'n graad in verhoogbestuur en 'n BA-graad verwerf. In 1993 het sy na Amsterdam in Nederland verhuis waar sy 'n kursus in Gestalt-terapie en kommunikasie voltooi het. In 2016 publiseer sy twee romans, *Vrou in rooi* en *Sy was Siela*, asook 'n artikel vir die *Maandblad Zuid-Afrika* in dieselfde jaar.

Irize Loots was born in Johannesburg. She studied music at UNISA, after which she completed her BA degree and a degree in stage management at the University of Stellenbosch. In 1993 she moved to Amsterdam in the Netherlands, where she did a course in Gestalt therapy and communication. In 2016 she published two novels, *Woman in red* and *She was Siela* (She was Siela) as well as an article in the *Maandblad Zuid-Afrika* in the same year.

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In the summary of the novel *Dromers*, they wrote (see insert photo):

- **What really happens when travelers meet, but don't really see each other? Do they get a second chance to start over, or does fate always have the last say?**
- **This story happens in the world of Marleen, a young woman who is visited by the "lost" ones at night. Gideon, the blind man who sees visions of the future, is a central figure in Marleen's life, but only she knows this. What can Gideon tell her about the "lost" ones, and what does he know that she doesn't?**
- **What is strange for some, is part of life for others. A seer who lives in mysterious worlds and who can bring light and insight to those who seek answers, might understand what happens to those who stay behind after losing someone. He also knows what becomes of those who have to make the transition to the eternal light. Marleen will simply have to go talk to him, but she is afraid of what he knows. Sometimes, it is hard to distinguish reality from our dreams.**

Here follows a small taste from *Dromers*:

"Gideon beweeg nie vandag nie.

Hy sit net daar met sy gryps kop agteroor teen die agterkant van die skommelstoel. Sy ooglede is blouerig. Sy gelaat is veral wit, met klein, rooi vlekies hier en daar. Sy hande is rustig op sy skoot inmeakaargevou. Sy wit hemp met die netjies gestrykte voue daarin hang versigtig om hom, amper asof dit nie sy vel aanraak nie. Sy kakiebroek se pype is langerig aan die onderkant en bedek sy sandale byna heeltemal.

Sy wil nie nadergaan nie, want van haar tweemeterafstand kan sy Gideon goed genoeg sien om hom goed dop te hou.

Sy kan selfs sien hoe hy suutjies aan die slaap geraak het terwyl hy saggies heen en weer op die stoel wieg. Sy asemhaling is nou soos die in-en-uit van iemand in 'n ligte droomtoestand. Sy bolip krul aan die een kant op en sy mond gaan telkens met 'n skrefie oop wanneer hy uitasem. Sy hoor die suisgeluidjies wat sy asem maak wanneer sy bolip opkrul, so naby is sy aan waar hy sit en ontspan.

As Hester haar nou moet sien, sal sy haar beslis uitlag omdat sy, Hester se vriendin Marleen, so openlik na haar oupa staan en staar en haar soos 'n trapsuutjies gedra wat nie kan of wil naderbeweeg nie. Marleen wil ook liever saamsmelt met haar omgewing en in 'n tydlose vermomming verdwyn – sodat Gideon haar nie sal opmerk nie."

With the above, I honor the ability to dream, to soar into and within my daydreams, and I am grateful for the ability to visit other realities than only the one that is in front of me.

I also love to be here in this moment and to type this message, and I hope you too search for and explore your dreams – you see I honestly believe that sometimes the truth comes to us in mysterious ways, and that our dreams can lead us down magical paths of their own.

irize_loots@hotmail.com

5. Ik Wil Bemind Worden door het Water – *Joanna Feldman*



Wat gebeurt er echt?

Ik word er opstandig van, dat iedereen zo geüniformeerd volgzaam en gehoorzaam is. Ik moet toch dwars lopen!

rebel, al van af dag een!!!!

Idioot.... mijn huid wordt vol Rode plekken, is kurk droog, en valt in een sneeuw storm op mijn donkere kleding.

crèmes helpen nergens voor

zwemmen, verdwijnen meters onder water, ik Wil *waves* van de oceaan op mijn huid voelen, over mijn hele lichaam door, bemind woorden door het water, als door een minnaar met duizend tedere armen, ik Wil de zoetheid van de aanraking van de ander.

Ik Wil getroost zijn in mijn pijn, ik Wil een zachte hand over mijn haar, strelend

Ik Wil dansen de hele nacht met mijn lievelingpartner, zoals hij alleen met mij

danst....nooit mij loslatend in de kleine pauzes tussen de ene naar de andere dans..... ik Wil met hem dansen tot *the end of love, the end* dat nooit komt, en ik Wil mijzelf voelen

met hem in een innige omhelzing, terwijl tranen stromen over mijn wangen, er vallen geen woorden, wat leeft tussen ons is sacred, is heilig, dat Wil ik allemaal

Aandacht voor de *above*.....

Ik voel mij meer dan gewoon gek

Het hoort helemaal niet bij mij! Ik ben een

Toch volg ik meeste regels, lafaard...

Liters body lotion en

Ik Wil in diep water

6.The Thinking Heart of Etty Hillesum



Dina is Palestinian Emma is a rabbi from Israel

Today, May 14, my head or is it my heart is busy with the documentary 'Het denkende hart van Etty Hillesum' that was broadcasted yesterday on the Dutch tv in the Boeddhistische Blik – The Buddhistic View.

Late, after midnight, apparently not worth or too dangerous to be seen by most people. Only for the people who are aware enough to recognize the value of this story of two women, connected by a third one.

Woman 1 is the Palestinian Dina who wanted to know about the Holocaust and came to a Zen Peaceretreat in ex-camp Westerbork: *'we don't learn at school about the Holocaust because that is where our drama starts...'*

Woman 2 is Emma from Israel who suffers because she can feel and see the pain of the Palestinians on the other side of the wall

Woman 3 is Etty Hillesum a young Jewish woman from Amsterdam



who was killed in Auschwitz in 1943, nevertheless she lives on because she wrote her diaries while imprisoned in her home before she had to go to the camps.



Zen peace retreat in ex-camp Westerbork

Her message: *love do not hate each other, no matter your background...*

Dina and Emma both recognized her words, that brought them together.

They both understood that people are people no matter on which side of the wall or the border they live.

Of course reality is that the one is protected by the same Army that threatens the other. If I understand right they have to be careful meeting each other for they could be seen by their own authorities as traitors.

What I do not understand is why we as women do not protest louder against those – most men – who believe they have to keep creating wars to gain peace. Main reason – they say – is to protect women and children.

Well I am a woman, who was a child during WW II and I am sick and tired of heroes thinking they must protect me with weapons.

No doubt about being grateful for our liberations by the Allies.

And then? War will not stop as long as the power is in the hands of those who have the weapons to kill us all, no matter our backgrounds.

Okay, the best we can do is unite as lovers of peace, knowing that keeping peace starts at home, starts inside ourselves.

If we are at peace inside we can reach out to our direct circle of people.

To our families, neighbors, friends, colleagues. NOT EASY!!

Do not underestimate. We need to support each other!

Therefore we should follow the example of Dina and Emma and form groups that come together to Connect by using words of wisdom and love.

It is the reason why the To C Magazine exists.

We are open: info@tinevanwijk.nl

Pictures: kro-ncrv.nl/Boeddhistischeblik

7. Troost voor mijn Ziel – Joanna Feldman



Welke dag van de Corona virus is vandaag?

Ik ben het vergeten.....

Het is zo stil om mij heen.

Het is zo stil op straat.

Liesbeth List is er niet meer.

Alleen haar prachtige

liedjes zijn nog over.....

gelukkig.

De tijd verandering maakt alles in de war.....

ik mis een uur.....

als

een mens dat bloeit in de nacht, mis ik de ene uur.....

's nachts is mijn angst weg, dan kan ik vrij adem halen..... ben ik mijzelf...dan rennen

mijn spoken niet meer achter mij aan..... dan kan ik mijzelf zijn...,

Zij zijn ook moe van de achtervolging?

Ik mis mijn late

ochtend uur vandaag, deze is mij ontnomen

Ik mis mijn

cafés.....

all mijn cafés zijn dicht.....

ik

word er gek van.....

mijn sanctuarium , waar ik thee drink, waar

ik zonder veel woorden thee kan bestellen, waar alle jonge mensen mij kennen.....

Milan krijg zijn water, en nestelt zich vlakbij op onze vaste plek op mijn
lievelingsbank.... mijn schrift, mijn lievelingspennen, het kan barstvol zijn, maar ik
kan mij wonderlijk goed concentreren op mijn schrijven, en ook al is het geen nacht,
voel ik mij vrij en blij en veilig.....

ik hoor de liedjes van Liesbeth

List, huil stille tranen van verdriet , heimelijk verscheurt mij, de woorden en muziek
brengen troost voor mijn ziel die verscheurt van heimwee , huilt in stilte.....



8. Safety is Besiana – by Besiana Valthi

Besiana Valthi is a poet, English tutor and cleaner with a fascination for all life's colours. She treats every day as an adventure and freedom is very important to her. She is an alumni of the University of Amsterdam and studied Literary and Cultural Analysis there. A life of feeling is the life she wants to lead.

As to how I feel, I think there is a level of honesty with myself that I felt in writing this piece. Not that I wanted to face everything, sometimes it feels better to just let myself say yes when I mean no, and it's very difficult to write something where you have to tell yourself exactly what you mean. But recently I felt like I'm shedding layers of skin, letting go of what no longer serves, but I find this to be not the happiest process ever...

Safety is, in longing for the other half, what is it for me is recognizing the complete individual within myself. See safety in love is safety like being inside on a cold winter day and then technology dictates that the heating won't cease, because where I come from it is not that safe. But sometimes safety is when you have the complete self only for you, to say a real 'yes,' and the lover understands it so, and the heating won't cease. And if the heating ceases Papa like a 'real man' can build the fire, and Grandmother weaves wool blankets. See, there is a way around, safety in the arms of the human beings that the virus told us to forget about our human nature. Safety in the arms of the ones I love and bridging that gap of uncertainty. See safety in love is safety hardly found if we see that every pore in our skin is perfect and imperfect, because my mother gave me too much attention, so I always say yes, and that safety in the lover is when I do say yes and it is not my mother's yes it is my yes, yes. It is bringing to view that I am a complete individual, and it is in safety because safety is the main tool of recognition. Years and years I have been trying to find this individual who will understand the no yes from the yes yes, but perhaps it is me who needs to understand it first, and then there is the danger that when the no slips it is a violent no, then I do not feel even a false safety anymore. I feel real to be safe when I look at myself in the mirror and I see my bumpy nose and I say ah, it is beautiful! Like every inch of me. And I walk down the street and I feel myself safe in my skin and in my actions and in my ability to defend myself as a woman. Can an ever perfect safety reign? Can this metaphysical perfect safety be ever found in me? Only God is like that, even if you don't believe in God, that is the idea. It is okay to not feel perfect, but it is not okay to never have enough of perfection. It is not safe. Safety is feeling that everything is okay, that you are the captain of yourself, and sometimes this is a lie, but sometimes lies become the truth – that's metaphysics. Who is this man who I will love till the end of time? Am I not safe enough in myself? Perhaps he never comes, perhaps I have met him and he went away.



Perhaps there are many who went away because in some form they gave me safety. Then I see maybe I am not safe, but I wake up in the morning – rather afternoon – and I find my money, and I do my exercises, and I watch my films, and I therapeutize and sanitize. It is okay to be fed up with mere existence, it is safe to not have what you want. It is safe to wander around sometimes with no answers, because nature is unsafe, and safety is a construction, sometimes. But when the world keeps turning, and the wars recede, and the people wake up and with deceased loved ones and find the strength to open up their businesses again, to mourn the dead and live on their lives and make their children and have their fights and their feasts, and to think that today, human beings have evolved and have been around for thousands and thousands of years and now we make robots that are just, maybe, as smart as (consider how unsafe if these children of ours were to rule over us) that safety is a preeminent human fact, safety in all corners and bundles and colours and splashes and contrasts. And the sun goeth up, and the sun goeth down, and there is nothing new under the sun, and even though in Ecclesiastes this quote is meant to bitter, I find it safe when the sun rises in the morning every day, and the world may be in shambles, my emotions too, yet they always build up again, then the utmost safety I find is in the cycle of existence and the truth of nurturing my tower.

9.Mijn Uitzicht – My View



Wat zijn ze aan het doen? What are they doing?
Dit is mijn uitzicht! This is my view!
Er is mij niets gevraagd. Nobody has asked me anything
Ze doen maar. They just do
Dag in dag uit. Day in day out...
Altijd weer iets nieuws. Always something new
Ik kan niet anders. I have no choice
I moet het accepteren. I have to accept
Dit is de wereld waar ik deel van ben
This is the world I am part of



10. Being Confronted with Me *Safe Place*



**Being confronted with me all day, all night long
Makes me aware of the process I am in and cannot stop
In normal times I and we can step out by going somewhere
that distracts us from our own process. It makes life exciting and adventurous
Time and time again there is the input from the outside World that nourishes us
Now there is also of course but...I am more aware of living alone
Up to now living alone felt as a luxury
Being able to use all the time at home for me seemed a privilege
I know this had to do with being misused mentally
It meant that after my divorce forty years ago
I felt so much relieve when I had my own apartment
my own door, my own key. It meant being able to go out and meet lots of people
Because I could always go back to my own safe place and the space I have for me.
But now I long for the time I was in groups communicating
Making contact and understanding life better by playing roles
For years I have been trying to form a Community but did not succeed.
It confronts me with not having a family of my own.
I do have familie in the form of a sister of nephews, nieces
and cousins but more than normally I miss having children.
And I realize I am not the only one. There are more older people like me
Maybe time is ripe to reach out to them and explore if they are ready
to connect with me and with each other. Why not? What is my resistance?
Am I afraid of the pain we share. The pain that will become evident when we meet?
But...meeting can also make life lighter. Okay, there is something we miss
But what is it that we gained? In my book 'Gestalt Process Writing to C' page 134:**

‘Unheimisch

Inside and outside are one. I know this, but to live it is a different matter...



Did I create the still lake with the rowing boat in my mind, or was the lake there already so I could find it

Tuesday.

In my notebook: Right time, right place. Nothing can go wrong, even if it goes wrong. Written in the group: ‘After the dance and the fantasy journey into the castle, into the cave, into the beautiful light, sunny, flowery room with mirrors and windows, that look onto juicy lawns and gardens full of flowers, I went to this mysterious door, that leads me into the heart of the earth, along slimy, muddy, watery ways. Then I slipped away and felt unheimisch, but knew somewhere in my mind, that I would step out of it and find a new world, I did not have to create, but was there all by itself. It is not easy to really, really let it happen and present itself. My nature is different, in my nature I am responsible, always, also for what I think, for what I create, for what I fantasize. But am I, isn’t it so that things are also presented to me from outside? Also? Inside and outside are one. I know this, but to live it is a different matter. Did I create the still lake with the rowing boat in my mind, or was the lake there already so I could find it? Is this important? Yes it is. Because if it is there anyway, I can release my responsibility and be open to whatever I will meet on my journey.’

(Written when I was with the Jewish Arts Institute in the USA in the summer of 2008)

11. De Andes en de Chilenen - The Andes and the Chileans



De Andes en het Volk -

Majesteitelijk -

Onbedwingbaar -`

Sterk -

De Andes en het Volk -

verschillen niet zoveel van elkaar-

De Andes is -

De Andes is leeg -

Althans in deze documentaire -

De Andes neemt 80% van de plek in –

De Chilenen zingen, blijven zingen -

Vreedzaam -

Het Volk -

Niet de Macht die nog steeds wil winnen –

Ik weet niet precies wat deze film met mij doet –

I don't know exactly what this movie does to me

Ik vind het geweld onder Pinochet –

Grenzen aan de Holocaust –

Waarom is er geen werkelijke omwenteling geweest?

Why has there been no real revolution?

Of is dat nergens zolang 'we' in winnen blijven geloven?

Or is that nowhere as long as long as 'we' continue to believe in winning?

Na het zien van de documentaire After watching the documentary

La Cordillera de los Suños

The Andes and the People

Majestic

Unstoppable

Strong

The Andes and the People

do not differ much from each other

The Andes is

The Andes is empty

at least in this documentary

The Andes occupy 80% of the place

The Chileans sing, keep singing

Peaceful

The People

Not the Power that still wants to win

I find the violence under Pinochet

I don't know exactly what this movie does to me

I find the violence under Pinochet

Bordering the Holocaust

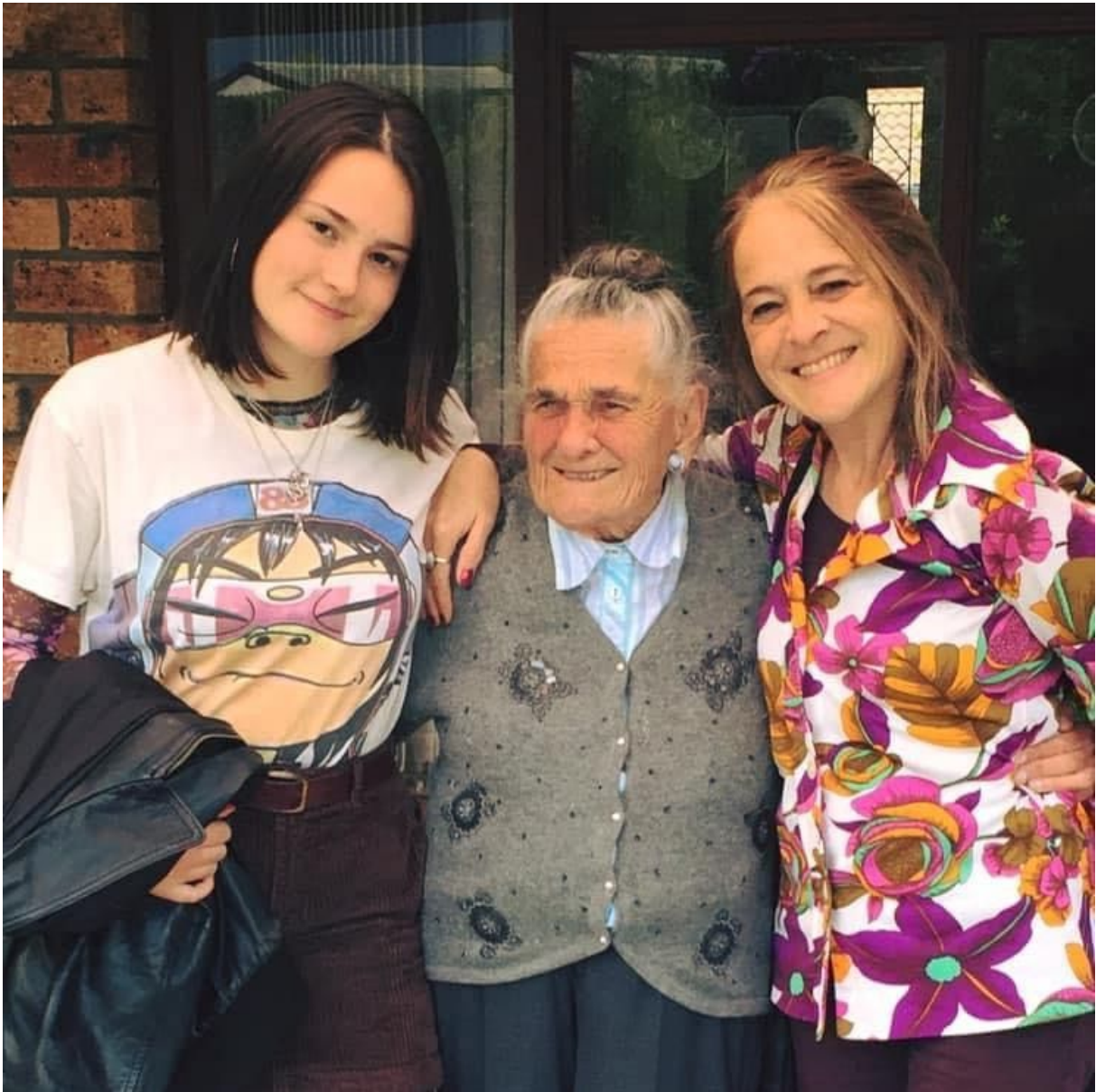
Why has there been no real revolution?

Why has there been no real revolution?

Or is that nowhere as long as long as 'we' continue to believe in winning?

Or is that nowhere as long as long as 'we' continue to believe in winning?

12.Mother's Day 2020 – *Irize Loots*



Now we're far apart living on opposite sides of the equator,
but you, Mamma, reside inside my heart.
That's the closest place I have to hold you,
and you are a part of whom I am.
How rich I feel with your abundant presence in our lives!
Thank you - I am blessed, and grateful for my Mamma.
And for her rich example in our lives, her love, generosity,
unconditional love and acceptance always!
I am also grateful for my daughter,
and this amplified joyous experience of being a mother,
and the chance to share my love with her, my Francis-Lynne.
For the 'practice runs' of motherhood with my special,
lovely stepchildren, Dylan & Maisha whom I love
with my whole heart, I am deeply grateful too!



**Thank you for kindly allowing me to be in your lives!
Yes, I can only say thank you, for the love
that these three children (all now adults) gave me on my journey!
Love is the gift of abundance in life, knows no boundaries,
enriches our lives, and sets us free from limitations,
if we truly give and receive its offerings!
I am also thinking of my closest friends today
whose mothers made them such incredible humans,
and wether they have their mothers in their lives still,
or perhaps sadly not anymore –
the fabric of their hearts tells me they have (had) incredible mothers!
I honor the MOTHER inside us all today,
with all of my heart! ~
Aho (Written by Irize in origami handwriting)**

13. Being Part of a Group in Yalta



I love Yalta where I can still feel the history...

All of a sudden I am back in May 2005, 2006 en 2007 when I was at the Korabov conference in Yalta, Crimea. It lasted a week. Most attendants were Russians. For them it was and is Holiday time Time to celebrate Labour Day on the first of May And the Liberation on May 9th. My colleague Kailash Tuli in India was the one Who came up with a memory on faebook Of the time he was there in 2008. He and I met in Hungary during a conference of Gestalt leaders. It gave me a chance to prepare him for this great conference where he was invited. All this brought me back to a World I love so much, although at first I could hardly deal with the circumstances of bad housing, food I could hardly eat...



At the breakfast table – Left Valeria Gershkovich

Also it rained, was cold, the heating was off
because I suppose that is what happens on the first of May.
But as Vitaly and Valeria, who organized the conference,
had showed me the beauty of Crimea itself
when driving from Simferopol to Yalta, I knew
being there was valuable.
It was also special because I was
the only one who did not speak Russian.
To be heard I needed a translator.
If it really worked I do not know
But something happened anyway.
In the workshops I gave I focused on Awareness
and on Group processes. My two specialties.
Not easy stuff. Awareness, yes, no problem.
They knew about awareness already and
Were happy to practice it inside and outside.
But Group processes is a different matter.
Although we met 5 afternoons in a row
I do not believe I got across what I wanted to teach.
To really experience what a Group is about
it has to be closed for a period of time to make it a safe place.
During this conference this was not a possibility.
People decided by the day where they went
And of course I was not the only one offering workshops.
Very well-known Russian therapist of different directions
were present. Not only Gestalt also psychoanalysts, psychodramatists
and so on. A chance for new experiences.
What I am longing for now is just being part of this huge Group
of about 200 people. So exciting when they started the daily



With Vitaly (left) en Leonid right in the corner

**evaluations: how did they like the workshop of....?
They always cheered, happy with what they got.
And they were right. We lifted each other to a higher level.
In the evenings there was the music, the dancing, the drinking
And of course the discussions I felt part of.
Even though I did not speak their language,
I knew what it was about: meeting each other and connecting.
Connecting was a matter of feeling, looking and seeing their eyes,
listening and hearing the tone of their voices.
And I was open enough to receive and to be seen and heard.
Strange but from a distance I realize even more
how precious it all was...**



Happy end...

14.Meeting Gestalt Colleagues by Zoom



Today, May 9, I am preparing meeting my AAGT Gestalt colleagues by Zoom. Most are American, English, Irish...

It makes me nervous. I do not always feel seen and heard by them
And I am afraid of their judgments. Afraid of not being good enough
as a Gestalt Therapist in their eyes. They do not say that to me directly
but I sense it in the Undercurrent, sense it in some remarks I get
when I refer to feelings. The discussion is on a mental or is it an intellectual level.
What is the difference? Intellectual as far as I can experience is linear,
it is about knowing for certain because there are answers with evidence.
Mental is a different matter, it is more layered.

Of course the intellectual layer is needed, even essential, but to understand better
we also need the emotional layer. Which means the layer of intuition
of dreams of faith and trust. The prove, the evidence is in us as human beings
who are able to experience it and what's more:
as writers, as poets we can give IT words!

My words in Gestalt Process Writing to C, page 114:

'The will to do Good

*Those words represent what connects me to the Gestalt field.
The knowing that we are here together because we are willing
To make the World a better place.
If we succeed is a different matter
But as long as the will to do good is there,
I have no reason to panic or withdraw
Even if a conference like this can be pretty painful,
It is the best I and we can do as Gestalt people.'*

Written during an AAGT Gestalt Conference in Manchester.

15.De Onderstroom Toen

Zeggen mocht niet, schrijven wel... (for English please scroll down)



Wat is het leven toch ingewikkeld

**Leg ik de hoorn neer na een harmonisch gesprek met jou
en merk ik dat ik uiterst gespannen ben.**

Ik mag en kan je weer bellen

zonder bang te zijn onmiddellijk afgewezen te worden,
maar ik mag niet hardop zeggen waar het eigenlijk over gaat:
mijn verlangen naar jou.

Jij wilt dat niet horen
Daarom mag ik het niet zeggen
Ik wil het niet, ik doe het niet, ik ben er bang voor.
Mijn verlangen naar welzijn en geluk projecteer ik op jou
Jij bent de bron, zonder jou geen welzijn en geen geluk?

Volgens de theorie zal dit veranderen
als mijn eigen seksuele energie mag stromen
zonder dat ik je toestemming en goedkeuring nodig heb.
Het tij zal draaien als ik hardop durf toe te geven
dat ik verlang naar iemand die ik mag voelen
iemand die me vasthoudt
iemand die van me houdt.
In dit geval gaat het dus over mijn verlangen
dat jij mij vasthoudt dat ik je zie en hoor en voel.
Maar omdat ik bang ben dat jij niet verlangt
wat ik verlang houd ik mijn mond.

De onderstroom en de bovenstroom.
De nacht en de dag.
De maan en de zon.
De onderstroom is er niet om gezegd te worden,
de onderstroom is er om te voelen en te beleven.
De bovenstroom heeft het recht om gezien en gehoord te worden.
De bovenstroom lijkt nummer één.
De onderstroom is ondergeschikt.
Jij bent tweeds zei je ooit toen ik naast je lag.
Ik vind het al heel wat om tweeds te zijn,
maar ik ben eigenlijk een nummer één type.

Ik wil gewoon de belangrijkste zijn,
ik kan het niet uitstaan dat jij voor mij nu nummer één bent
en ik dat voor jou niet ben.
Ik weet het nooit met je en vermoedelijk is dat *the big attraction*
Tot ik heb geleerd om los te laten
En je in je gezicht te zeggen waar ik naar verlang
ook al ga jij me dat niet geven.

Ik voel het in mijn buik
Op papier lijkt het allemaal zo simpel
Doen is echter andere koek
Of heb ik het nu gezegd en
Ben ik zo mijn eigen nummer één geworden?!

In mijn boek 'Aandacht – Waar gaat het over?' pagina 126

15. The Undercurrent Then

It was not allowed to be said, but write it... yes.



How complicated life is
I put down the phone after a harmonious conversation with you
and I notice that I am very tense.

**I can call you again without fear of being rejected immediately,
but I shouldn't say out loud what it's really about:
my longing for you.**

**You don't want to hear it
That's why I can't say it
I don't want it, I don't do it, I'm afraid of it.
I project my desire for well-being and happiness on you
You are the source, without you no well-being and no happiness?**

**According to the theory, this will change
if my own sexual energy is allowed to flow
without needing your permission and approval.
The tide will turn if I dare to admit out loud
that I long for someone I can feel
someone to hold me
someone who loves me.
In this case it is therefore about my desire
that you hold me that I see and hear and feel you.
But because I'm afraid you don't want to
I keep my mouth shut.**

**The undercurrent and the upstream.
The night and the day.
The moon and the sun.
The undercurrent is not there to be said,
the undercurrent is there to feel and experience.
The upstream has the right to be seen and heard.
The upstream seems number one.
The undercurrent is secondary.
You are second you once said when I was next to you.
I think it's quite something to be second,
but I'm actually a number one type.**

**I just want to be the most important,
I can't stand you remaining number one for me
and I am not that for you.
I never know it with you and that is probably the big attraction
Until I've learned to let go
And tell you in your face what I long for
even if you don't give me IT.**

**I feel it in my stomach.
It all seems so simple on paper.
However, doing is different
Or did I say it now and
Did I become my own number one?!**

In my Dutch book "*Attention - What Is It About?*" Page 126

16. Touching shoulders means touching lives – *Irize Loots*

A wise old saying said: 'Keep your friendliness cheap and your friendships rich.'



What is pro-social behavior? Isn't it always showing gratitude, appreciation, generosity, kindness, forgiveness and acceptance to others? I feel it is true also during the Corona-crisis.

Since the Corona-virus stay-at-home (now for the last 10 weeks), I have tried to not watch the news too often, and only when I have to, to relieve my own anxiety of this pandemic. I also decided to do very little on social media like Facebook. Endlessly scrolling there in search of some form of personal safety or a sense of connectivity, also does not alleviate fear, loneliness or bring safety. During this virus-time, I have noticed that it can even be a bedrock of fear to be on Facebook, because many people put their news finds, and other horrors down there and it is kind of in your face! Fits the title of that book, but it is not good for me personally.

I have decided, however, to focus intently on busying myself with what matters most to me. That which brings me joy calms me down within, and my inner equilibrium influences how I experience my day. I am realizing more and more that I have to take very good care of myself, and that is a big enough task for me to handle, especially during trying times. Next to that I care for my child, my husband, stepchildren, mother, and my family (far away).



What gives me a sense of joy? Writing, meditation, walks and moments in nature, pleasant or beautiful movies, inspiring reading (books or otherwise), and also to be there for my friends and family (when I feel the capacity to do so). All of it gives me a great sense of joy, and it keeps my heart in touch with itself.

The Corona-crisis clarified and emphasized for me what is really important in my life, and it is one of the gifts within this time in isolation.

I wrote the below connection-story quite a while ago (before the Corona crisis). It is titled '*Touching shoulders means touching lives.*'

I was and am contemplating the fact that I have been (re-)connected to and with (almost) my entire life because of Facebook: as far back as little friends from primary school to right now.

I seem to be connected on Facebook to: childhood friends, high school friends of way back, university days' friends, many from my first job, more deep connections from second studies at university... and more than that. All my pre-Amsterdam life's friends seem to be there. Then there are those from Amsterdam days, Gestalt groups, mates from Keith-bands and memories with bands from the old days.

Then friends from my thirties – all my Cape Town friends, more Amsterdam's friends, my own meditation & healing groups' friends, Elsevier friends, France holiday visits' soul mates, friends whom are friends of my child, neighbors-in-North, other by-the-wayside holiday friends, walking buddies on the Mindful track, piano student little friends and/or their parents, my daughter's friends' families friends...

Strangely most of all these people mentioned above have some life memories in common with my own – though what I have experienced through my eyes, and loved with my



heart are always only mine alone. But there are memories shared with travelers on my path! Memories I have because I looked into their eyes, and perhaps their hearts once

(or often) way back when – whomever they were as traveler next to me, matters not. What I see and realize is that we made memories together.

Almost all of past-me's connections seem to be accumulated in one place (Facebook) as if all the pasts I ever had are, and belong, (also) in the present!

What does it mean to have a social media life at all, and how do I relate all that back to my everyday life now?

In reality, and in my daily life, I have only a handful of now-and-today soul-heart friends – there are literally a handful that I feel are really close to me.

Yet, I consider all the people that crossed my path, or who travelled alongside my own, ahead or behind me as companions then, when we met, *my friends* in some way or other.

I would like to honor that today. I'm grateful!

Living from the heart, every brother and sister I have ever met on the path of life can be a friend, even if briefly, for a moment or for longer. A wise old saying said: 'Keep your friendliness cheap and your friendships rich.' That thought is always with me too somewhere at the back of my mind.

Does touching shoulders truly means touching lives? I hope it does. It certainly had meaning for me to have touched shoulders with all the people by the wayside - all whom I am connected to on and off Facebook.

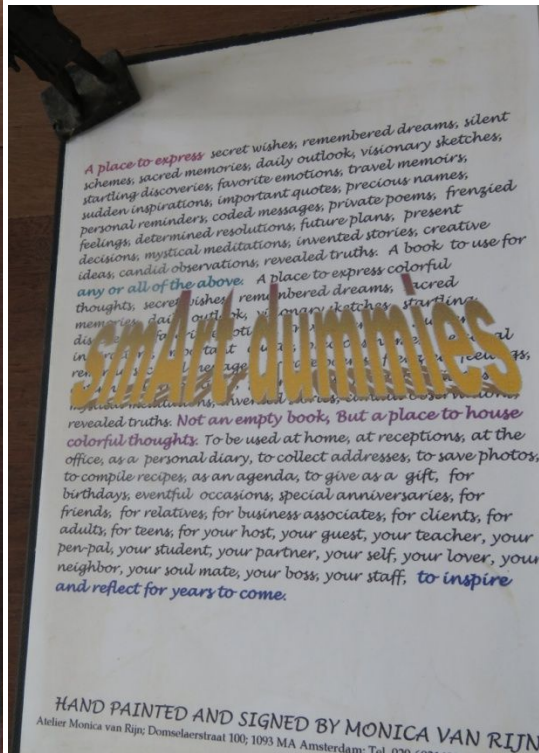
I am deeply grateful for all whom touched shoulders with me! Then, when, how and now!

The fact that our shoulders once touched, moves my heart deeply, especially now during this isolation time of the Corona-crisis. It is a humbling thought, to look back and know I travelled with others then, like I do now.

May we soon be able to touch shoulders in real life again... because via screens, via social media, on phones over distances – is all very special and can be supportive, but social distancing without real physical contact is not really the way I'd like to live, because if I am honest:

I always prefer to touch shoulders with others in real life.

17. New Notebook to finish unfinished business



Hand painted by Monica van Rijn

**“Take out another notebook, pick up another pen, and just write, just write, just write.
In the middle of the world, make one positive step. In the center of chaos, make one
definitive act. Just write. Say yes, stay alive, be awake.**

Just write. Just write. Just write.”

~ Natalie Goldberg ~

(for English please scroll down)

**In een map die ik uit mijn boekenkast haal, vind ik brieven die me nu nog dieper
dieper raken dan toen. Toen was en waren ze deel van de storm waar ik deel van
uitmaakte. De brieven zijn van 1988, het jaar dat ik een spirituele crisis beleefde of was
het een spiritueel hoogtepunt? Ik werkte nog bij Viva, maar stond op het punt om op
eigen verzoek ontslagen te worden om mijn Gestalt praktijk te kunnen beginnen.**



De eerste brief komt uit El Bloque in Spanje, waar ik het bijna paradijs had gevonden,

dat me bewust maakte van de werkelijke waarde die het leven heeft. In El Bloque scheen de zon. In El Bloque scheen ook het Licht van bewustwording. In El Bloque ontmoette ik mensen die bezig waren met het leven hier op aarde en het leven in een onzichtbare parallel wereld serieus te nemen. Ik was al op een pad toen ik na mijn scheiding besloot me nu op mij te gaan richten. Ik had zoveel gedoe met mannen achter de rug, dat ik nu vooral verlangde naar mezelf te leren kennen. Zodoende was ik terecht gekomen op de School voor Praktische Filosofie, waar ik over het Eeuwige Nu en de Atman leerde, die voor mij de horizon weer openden.

In de tien jaren huwelijk die achter me lagen was het donker geweest, weliswaar met zonnige perioden maar altijd met de dreiging van onheil. Door mediteren leerde ik boven het dagelijks gedoe uit te stijgen. Weten dat het mogelijk is uit de beslommingen te stappen en een wereld binnen te gaan van Licht en Liefde maakte me min of meer onkwetsbaar. Ik zweefde. Had behalve met mede studenten nauwelijks contact met dierbaren. Tenminste tot op zekere hoogte. Ik werkte op de redactie van het blad Viva waar een machtstrijd woedde waar ik onmiskenbaar deel van uit maakte. Het tijdperk waarin het feminisme hoogtij vierde was voorbij en wat nu was onbekend.



Te oud en te zwevend voor Viva en jong in een duizend jaar oude boom in Spanje

Mijn aandacht ging naar de Kracht van Leven in het Nu. Niet echt commercieel dus... Viva zat niet te wachten op zwevende vrouwen van middelbare leeftijd. Viva wilde bruisende jonge vrouwen die net van de school voor Journalistiek kwamen en volle kracht vooruit het leven in wilden door te genieten van de liefde en alles wat daarbij hoort. Het was waar dat ik die leeftijd voorbij was en dus wel beter wist en onze lezers daar bewust van wilde maken, zodat ze beter bewapend het leven tegemoet zouden kunnen treden. In de ogen van de autoriteiten niet zo'n goed idee dus...

Tja, ik moest accepteren dat Viva gewoon Viva is, bestemd voor vrouwen tussen 18 en 35 jaar. Zelf hoorde ik daar niet meer bij, net als meer redactrices die waren gekomen toen de feministen het hoogste woord hadden. De vraag was hoe ze van mij en van ons af moesten komen. Ziek worden kon of depressief of een andere baan binnen de VNU of ontslagen. Ik bleek goed voor mezelf te hebben gezorgd door op El Bloque niet alleen over het Eeuwige Nu te leren maar ook een opleiding tot Gestalt therapeut te zijn begonnen. Ik stapte een nieuw tijdperk, een nieuw opwindend leven binnen dat nu – veertig jaar later - not altijd gewoon doorgaat...

17.Unfinished Business



Still rolling my own cigarets and on my way to freedom

In a folder that I take out of my bookcase, I find letters that touch me even deeper than then. Then they belonged to the storm I was part of, now they take me back to one of the most important periods in my life. The letters are from 1988, the year I experienced a spiritual crisis or was it a spiritual highlight? I was still working as an editor at the women's magazine Viva, but was about to be fired at my own request to start my Gestalt practice. The first letter is from El Bloque in Spain, where I had found almost paradise, that made me aware of the real value of life. The sun was shining in El Bloque and also the Light of awakening. In El Bloque I met people who were busy living in the Here and Now and taking life in an invisible parallel world seriously. I was already on a path when after my divorce I decided to focus on me now. I had had enough of fusses with men and the desire to get to know myself better was the main result. I ended up at the School of Practical Philosophy, where I learned about the Eternal Now and the Atman, which opened the horizon for me again. It had been dark in the ten years of marriage behind me, albeit with sunny periods, but always with the threat of disaster. By learning to meditate I rose above the daily hassle. Knowing that it is possible to get out of the dark and enter a world of Light and Love made me more or less invulnerable. I floated. Except for fellow students, I had hardly any contact with loved ones. At least to some degree. I worked on the editorial board of Viva magazine where I unmistakably was part of a power struggle. The era when feminism was rampant was over and what next was unknown.





Too old and too floating for the magazine and being reborn in a center in Spain

My attention went to the Power of Living in the Now. Not really commercial. Viva was not waiting for floating middle-aged women. Viva wanted vibrant young women who had just left the School for Journalism and wanted to go full steam ahead by enjoying the love and everything that goes with it. It was true that I was over that age and knew better and wanted to make our readers aware of it so that they could face life better armed. Not such a good idea in the eyes of the authorities...

Well, I had to accept that Viva is just Viva, intended for women between 18 and 35 years old. I myself was no longer part of that, just like more editors who had come when the feminists had the highest word. The question was how to get rid of me and us. You could get sick or be depressed or find another job within the VNU or get fired. I turned out to have taken good care of myself by not only learning about the Eternal Now but also having started in El Bloque a training to become a Gestalt therapist . Today more than forty years later I am still picking the fruits of this decision. Being a Gestalt therapist made my life really valuable. Every day I enjoy my view on life from a Gestalt perspective. It is why I write, create art, make pictures to express myself. To share the beauty of life, the love and the light is my main mission on earth.

18. Finding Answers



*Neem
Jezelf
Serieus*

*Take
your self
seriously*

**Confusion forces me to go
deeper into myself to find out what's wrong.
Is it about desires that don't come true?
About being afraid not to know
Or about knowing the answers are in myself
I go back to my book 'Gestalt Process Writing to C'
And open it on page 338 that is about anger and the fear of being rejected.
When I start reading I am amazed what I already knew and wrote down.
But maybe I didn't really know yet.
And do understand now what I then put on paper
Yes, I have found a source from which I can drink
without feeling indebted to someone else.
It gives me peace of mind.
What I have to say is already there
I can give my head the rest it needs
I don't have to make things more difficult than they are
On the contrary, true art is about simplicity.**

18. Antwoorden Vinden



Het lijkt alsof ik weer terecht ben gekomen
in verwarring die me dwingt dieper in mijzelf
te zoeken wat er aan scheelt.
Gaat het over verlangens die niet waar worden?
Over bang zijn om niet te weten
Over weten dat de antwoorden
die er zijn in mezelf zitten?
Ik ga naar mijn boek '*Gestalt Process Writing to C*'
sla het open op pagina 338
die gaat over boosheid en de angst afgewezen te worden.
Als ik begin te lezen verbaas ik me over
wat ik toen al wist en opschreef.
Maar misschien wist ik het nog niet echt.
Misschien snap ik nu zoveel jaren later pas
wat ik toen op papier zette.
Als dat zo is heb ik een bron gevonden
waaruit ik kan drinken zonder me schatplichtig
aan de ander te voelen. Het geeft rust in mijn hoofd.
Wat ik te zeggen heb staat er al
Ik mag mijn hoofd de rust geven dat het nodig heeft
Ik hoef de dingen niet moeilijker te maken dan ze zijn
Integendeel de ware kunst gaat over een-voud!

Gestalt Process Writing to C page 338:

‘Manipulating authorities

Standing on our own Feet & Becoming Autonomous

The secret is that we must stop trying to become who we think we should be and start listening to our true selves.



The Paradoxical Theory of Change

Those demands bring us to The Paradoxical Theory of Change by Dr. Arnold Beisser. When we stop trying to do our best and are really prepared to acknowledge and accept our survival patterns, we will find change is at hand.

This is not easy, since we need to surrender and have faith, which is hard for any person to opt for. Way too risky. But if we are capable of letting go of our yes/no conflict, our abhorrence, self-critique and face ourselves instead of running off; if we dare to have faith that what is happening is right, then the energy now being sucked up by the yes/no struggle will subside and we will have room to breathe freely and choose where we go. This approach alone though, will not solve our problems.

The secret is that we must stop trying and start listening to ourselves. Creating solutions without listening to our inner voices will not do the trick. A wise Indian in *Native Wisdom for White Minds* by Anne Wilson Schaef says it this way: “Every problem the mind resolves, creates ten other problems. What we must do is listen to our heart and our soul.”

19. Breeze – Joanna Feldman

I woke up this morning, with so many memories:



Palm trees growing bigger in the streets of Tel Aviv

It's 7 am, and there is still shade around the house.
All blinds are tidily closed, to keep the night coolness intact inside.
Moving softly like a leopard, not wanting to wake up my friends,
I go to the kitchen to get a huge glass of ice water with lemon,
and on my way to the terrace, I slide the doors as quiet as possible,
moving in a panther way to the music that always plays in my head.
There is no wind, and the high palm trees are almost motionless.
They must be already forty years old,
I can't see the pool of sand behind them anymore.
My feet stepping softly on the grass, so cool and calming to my feet,
I feel and test the air, still just warm, but already beginning to be pregnant
with all the spices of the neighborhood, orange trees, eucalyptus, olives,
the air is pleasantly warm and I can taste all the different spices in it.
Within one hour the air will be so hot, and heavy,
that the taste of air is almost like trying a freshly baked bread,
so tempting, so lovely smelling, and burning your mouth,
when you eat the first bite.
I just stand there, nothing else just stand there and feel and experience
the moment, and wish it will never end ... I notice every detail of the plants,
some leaves going brown, some leaves are fallen on the ground,
birds happy with the sun and still bearable temperatures fly around playfully,
soon the air will be too hot for them to fly...
I'm looking around, imprinting all this beauty of that precious moment in me.
I just don't want it to end, ever...

20. Ronald M. Offerman – *Tine van Wijk*
Amsterdammer, dichter, grote mond, ruim hart



Vandaag is het 12 mei en Ronald M. is niet meer
Hij is verscheiden
Iedere dag was hij te volgen op facebook
Tot hij vertelde al een week doodziek te zijn
Van de een op andere dag
Was hij van altijd aanwezig veranderd in ziek...
Hoe ziek? Hij zei dat het niks met Corona te maken had
En toen werd het stil. Tenminste op facebook
Ook in de weken die volgden
Wat hij dagelijks schreef en wat hij deelde
Ging wel over hem en zijn observaties
Maar bleek niet over de onderstroom te gaan
Waar de ziekte al eerder geknaagd moet hebben
Dacht hij: weet je wat, we ontkennen
En doen net alsof het leven gewoon doorgaat
Wie weet lukt het
Nee, lieve Ronald, dit keer dus niet
De Onderstroom die ontkend wordt
Zal juist in kracht toenemen
Ik kan of wil niet geloven
Dat je er gewoon niet meer bent
Was er wel bang voor
Ontkende zelf ook, wilde het niet weten
De klap is hard: toch Corona dus
Amsterdam en ik en wij in Eijlders
Hebben mannen als jij zo hard nodig!!!!
Gelukkig hebben we je woorden nog,

21.Charlotte is Groot Geworden



Charlotte is opgestaan uit haar graf, waar ze levend in was begraven
Daar lag ze dan in de kou te verlangen naar hem
Die haar zou kunnen warmen; dat had hij gedaan
Hij kon dat en hij had zich teruggetrokken totdat zij zichzelf kon verwarmen
Zij moest dit zelf leren voor hij weer kon verschijnen
Charlotte lag in haar graf en Tine stond op en zei:
Lange neus doe-oeg, doe ik het zelf wel
Jou heb ik niet nodig en jou toevallig ook niet
Ik ben van zelf doen. O, heb jij mij nodig? Goed, zeg 't maar...
Gaat 't om aandacht, warmte? O, je wilt een moeder.
Ja, dat ben ik niet, nooit geweest ook.
Wat of wie ik ook ben niet jouw moeder.
Vergeet 't... Tuurlijk luister ik naar je
en dan zul je het zelf moeten DOEN
Net als ik heb gedaan.
Charlotte is groot geworden, autonoom geworden
Wijs geworden. Ze lag in de grond om te rijpen en steekt haar kopje voorzichtig
boven de aarde, het is Lente, Charlot, kom maar het is veilig buiten...

Gestalt Process Writing to C page 424:
I need silence now so I can hear what is more today...

21. Charlotte Grew Up



Charlotte rose from her grave,
where she was buried alive
There she lay in the cold longing for him
Who could warm her; he had done that
he could do that and he had retired
until she could warm herself
She had to learn this herself before he could reappear
Charlotte was in her grave and Tine got up and said:
Long nose, I'll do it myself, I don't need you nor you
I can do it myself. Oh do you need me? All right, say it...
Is it about attention, warmth? Oh, you want a mother.
Yes, well I am not, never have been.
Whoever I am, I am not your mother.
Forget it... Sure I listen to you
and then you will have to DO it yourself
Just like I did.
Charlotte grew up, became autonomous, became wise.
She lay in the ground to ripen
and gently sticks her head above the earth,
it's Spring, come on it is safe outside...

Gestalt Process Writing to C page 424:
I need silence now so I can hear what is more today...

22. Muizenangst – deel 1 *for English version please scroll down*
Knagend Geluid



Knagend geluid.

Klote Nacht.

Net was ik bezig met een prettig gevoel

***Dancing in the Light* van Shirley Maclaine uit te lezen**

toen het knagend geluid in de hoek van mijn slaapkamer terug was

Toeval was dat ik die hoek 's middags had gecontroleerd op muizenkeutels

Er lag niks. Ik zag ook geen gat bij de buizen

waar ze door zouden kunnen, dus besloot ik lang genoeg beschermd te zijn

door kerstlichtjes die 's nacht bleven branden en een lap met eucalyptusolie.

Het begon maanden geleden, waarop ik dacht ik wil een kat.

Maar het idee dat ik hem of haar op de 5^e etage moest opsluiten hield me tegen.

Ook de gedachte dat ik constant zou moeten opletten of h/zij

Door de openslaande deuren zou glippen en buiten op het randje lopen

Moedigde mij niet aan. Wil ik dat wel?

En – dankzij de lichtjes en de geur? –

had ik het geluid maandenlang niet gehoord.

Ik ging wel altijd slapen met de gedachte dat het zou kunnen komen.

Ja, vannacht dus...

Ben naar mijn veel te kleine bank verhuisd tot het licht werd.

Muizenangst 2

Ze zijn er echt



**Ja, ik heb ze nu ook gezien
Niet alleen gehoord
Ze zijn er dus echt
Ze zitten in de bank waar ik twee nachten op geslapen heb
Ik wist het niet en nu ik het wel weet is de angst naar binnen geslagen
Ik weet dat die angst tot op zekere hoogte weinig met de realiteit te maken heeft
Maar ze zijn in mijn huis en ik word daar eng van
Ik ben van slag. Durf nauwelijks kasten te openen of te gaan slapen
En dat terwijl ik me net zo blij van binnen voelde
Na twee maanden Corona quarantaine voelde ik me nog steeds goed
door te doen wat ik het liefste doe: schrijven, van de natuur genieten,
contact met mijn naasten houden, mooie foto's maken en gekke tekeningen
En nu is er de angst die toeslaat en mijn binnengevoel
van blij naar paniek verandert. Mijn hoofd weet dat het onzin is.
Mijn lijf denkt of voelt daar anders over, vooral als het avond en donker wordt .
Mijn huis is niet meer de veilige plek die het was
en die het pas weer zal worden als ik antwoorden heb gevonden.
Antwoord 1 gaat over een kat vinden die bij me past.
Niet makkelijk want niet iedere kat wil binnen op de 5^e etage blijven,
ook al is h/ij de koning(in) die alle aandacht van de wereld krijgt.
Toch vertrouw ik dat het gaat lukken.**



Er komt een kat die bij mij en bij mijn huis past.

Antwoord 2 gaat over de angst smoren.

Ik zou in therapie kunnen gaan en door een muis in de ogen te kijken mijn angst kunnen overwinnen. Voor mij is dat een stap te ver.

Helemaal als ik denk aan het doel de muizen over me heen te laten lopen.

Dus doe ik het op mijn manier en richt me op mijn belagers door te mediteren.

Ik zie dat ze zelf bang zijn en gewoon bij de wereld horen waar ik zelf deel van uit maak.

Er is geen scheiding, de muizen en ik hebben allebei recht om te zijn

Langzaam voel ik de verandering komen door *f.k you* te denken

In plaats van angstig weg te kruipen.

Vandaag voor het eerst dankzij deze gedachte weer rustig in mijn bed geslapen...

(het vervolg in de Engelse tekst die volgt)

22. Mouse anxiety



Tommy and Norris my protectors

This is not really a poem, but meant to tell you, what is the matter with me
I am somewhat upset myself. My fear of mice ran high
when I heard suspicious noises at night
Spent two nights on the much too small sofa
Until I decided to use the sofa cushions to make a bed on the floor
The next morning I saw that mouse droppings were under the cushions on the sofa
I picked up the vacuum cleaner and felt something warm in the sofa
In the evening I was sure when one dared to get out from under the sofa
So I went on a cat hunt. All cats in Amsterdam seemed to be occupied
No cat available to protect and keep me company
At last Tommy came to stay with me as long as necessary
Ginger and long-haired with velvety soft energy
I sleep again although I still hear every sound
And respond with the fear that ...until I see or feel Tommy
Because I still sleep with the light on
Now two weeks later Tommy has gone home
I miss him dearly
But...tomorrow Norris will come
He is also a male, not so young, around ten or twelve
He has a story, found in the streets of Eindhoven
Placed by the Foundation Stray Cats of Amsterdam
with a lady 100 years old who died when she was 102.
Then Norris went back to the foundation
And about half a year later he is chosen to share his life with mine
He and I have a chance to become more happy being together
I am excited, willing and realizing it probably won't be easy...

23. Sting in my Arm



Ascension Day, May 21

Is it happening inside me?
So yes what is it?
I felt a needle being pushed in my arm
Then my energy changed
It was and still is like there is a energy stream
in my head that I do not know
It makes me afraid
First thought: the virus?
But it feels different from the symptoms
Then the idea that something
is wrong in my head is gripping me
I have been busy experimenting connecting
With my Orher Half or should I say Animus or Shadow
Or is it about Fear that has been locked up in body
And is coming out in an eruption that overwhelms me?
I need guidance and draw Transformation Game cards:
Life Insight Card gives information about what is:
*You face what is in front of you squarely,
Openly and courageously and give thanks
for all you receive*

Life Set Back Card about resistance:
*You'd like to trust others but your old fear
Of being tricked and made a fool of
Overrides your sisterly intentions*

Life Insight Card that can support to overcome the resistance:
You take the initiative

Angel Card quality you need:
Openness

**I better take those words seriously
Time and attention and trust are needed
To go on living this process that is
A more than exciting adventure....**



24.Zet een stoel neer (please scroll down for English)



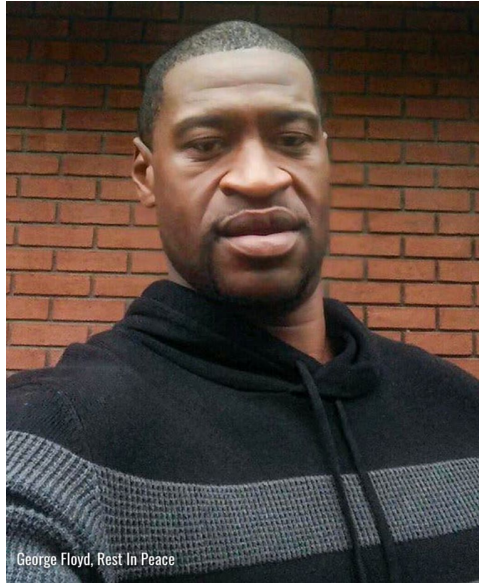
**Zet een stoel neer en wacht af wie er op verschijnt
Mijn keel klopt en ik voel de aanwezigheid van mijn broer
die ik al zo lang mis
We moeten wennen aan elkaar en aan de situatie
Ik wacht af, ben nieuwsgierig wat hij te zeggen heeft
Heb wel de neiging te vragen waarom dit waarom dat?
Ik doe het niet
Weet dat het geen zin heeft
Kijkt of hij lacht
Gelukkig niet er valt even niets te lachen
Ik voel tranen, hij en ik hebben zoveel gemist
Zoveel kansen...
Ook nu zegt hij niks
Maar ik voel en weet waar het over gaat
Er zijn nieuwe kansen, er zijn zijn zonen
Er is een neef die bezig is zich te openen
Laat hem niet stikken is zijn boodschap
Doe voorzichtig, zijn deur staat op een kier
Forceer *niets!*
Ontvang en geef aandacht
Het gaat om wederzijds
Eén richting verkeer loopt dood
Open zijn is gewenst en niet meteen dodelijk
*Ik heb het koud, moet naar buiten naar de zon!***

24. Put down a chair



Put down a chair and wait for someone to appear
My throat is popping and I feel my brother's presence
that I've been missing for so long
We have to get used to each other and the situation
I wait, curious what he has to say
Do tend to ask why this why that?
I will not do it
Know that it makes no sense
See if he smiles
Fortunately, there is nothing to laugh about
I feel tears, he and I have missed so much
So many opportunities...
Even now he says nothing
But I feel and know what it is about
There are new opportunities, there are his sons
There is a cousin who is opening up
Don't let him choke is his message
Be careful, his door is ajar
Do not force! Receive and give attention
It's about mutual
One direction of traffic will end
Being open is desirable and not immediately fatal
I am cold, must go outside to the sun!

25. Freedom Charter for a new World – *Irize Loots* ***“Be the change that you wish to see in the world.” ~ Mahatma Gandhi***



George Floyd – Rest in Peace

What’s happening in America right now is upsetting and unsettling! Crimes against humanity should not go unpunished! What’s happened to George Floyd, I have seen before in my own country, South Africa. It is simply outrageous! I cannot NOT take some form of action! Even if my post is only another post. Right now being or keeping silent is NOT an option!

I have always believed that black lives matter. When in my own country of origin people suffered from and under discrimination, I fought against it too. I stood firm in my beliefs then and took action: as silent protester, in marches against apartheid, against discrimination and racism, and through the supporting groups and places of work I found myself in during the mid-eighties.

Though I now live elsewhere that basic belief in our basic human rights has never ever changed. I am firmly against discrimination and racism in any form or format! I firmly believe in equality, and the fair and just treatment of all of humanity!

People deserve freedom (from all forms of discrimination), and I want racism in the world to stop!

The South African Freedom Charter had it in its core principles too. And I believe that all people, regardless of their appearance, sex, sexual orientation, race, religion (or anything else) deserve freedom to express themselves, to walk through life without discrimination, and to be treated with respect, and with human kindness.

A section of the South African Freedom Charter is copied here below (the full Freedom Charter can be found online):



“We, the People of *South Africa*, declare for all our country and the world to know: that *South Africa* belongs to all who live in it, black and white, and that no government can justly claim authority unless it is based on the will of all the people; that our people have been robbed of their birthright to land, liberty and peace by a form of government founded on injustice and inequality; that our country will never be prosperous or free until all our people live in brotherhood, enjoying equal rights and opportunities; that only a democratic state, based on the will of all the people, can secure to all their birthright without distinction of colour, race, sex or belief; and therefore, we, the people of *South Africa*, black and white together - equals, countrymen and brothers - adopt this Freedom Charter. And we pledge ourselves to strive together, sparing neither strength nor courage, until the democratic changes here set out have been won. ...”

Today, I would like to replace everywhere where it says *South Africa* in this Freedom Charter with *The World*...

That would be my dream, my motto, my statement, and it is not just for today.



“Be the change that you wish to see in the world.”

~ Mahatma Gandhi

Photo: <https://www.culturecollective.org/>

26. Towards the water – *Irize Loots*

Dedicated to Monique



Noordhollands Dagblad, Augustus 2015; Uit artikel "Je hoofd leegmaken op stille Ratteneiland". Artikel & Foto: AnnetteSnaas

I met my friend Monique eight years ago because I saw an advertisement for her Silent Mindfulness Friday walks, and we spent weeks, months and years walking together in a group every Friday (if and when we could). The highlight of my week was our hour together in nature. Nature has always been my place of healing, but discovering the Twiske recreational area with this group of likeminded women was an indescribable gift at the time.

Two days ago, I went to Landsmeer to get a prescription at the pharmacy. As I parked my bike near the square in Centre town, I immediately remembered that my dear friend Monique will have her birthday any day now, and I decided there and then to go and get her flowers. I explored if she was there by listening carefully at the door of the shared space, where she works. I could hear her voice and her familiar laugh. Confirmation enough. So, after I ran my errands, I went back to the practice with a miniature orchid plant and a little card with which I wanted to surprise her by just leaving it at her door. To my surprise her door was open and she invited me in. I haven't seen her since January, when that *C-virus* hit the planet. It certainly felt like a very long time since January, and we are now already half way through the year!

The minute I sat down opposite her and we looked each other in the eyes we both burst into tears. Overwhelmed joy! We've always had such a very strong heart-soul connection. I stayed for about an hour, and we chatted over a coffee to catch up. We then hugged (against the rules), but had to and the warm embrace lifted my spirits to a happy wholesome place. When I left I felt as if I visited an angel – I haven't had a soulful hug like that for months. Today, I dedicate this piece of writing to Monique.



I walk towards the water, feel the warmth of summer on my skin. I am aware of others walking ahead, or behind me, sometimes next to me briefly. I try not to be too aware of the others, because part of this weekly exercise is to come back to myself via silent Mindfulness walking.

I hold on to the knowledge of coming into the now, like we did during Gestalt retreats also - staying with my senses guides me into the here and now moment.

I feel the heat on my arms, back, in the sweat under my armpits cooling with a light breeze. I hear the footsteps making noise on gravel in that pace of regularity, like a drumbeat. I smell something wild, though I do not know what - a certain plant with a wild smell, like grassy meadows. I hear birds, far and near, commenting on the summer with a sense of joyousness. The sound lifts my heart - bird noises.

All the while my eyes are present - where I go, what I see around me. I can see the forever presence of incredible beauty around me.

(There is no moment like the present to experience beauty, yet now while writing I am looking back, reminiscing that moment in time, which is not this moment in time.)

I am still there, lingering - the open meadows to my left, the forest's trees to my right, the grassy path ahead, the friendly bodies of the other four people present, the clouded over skies in that specific whitish grey with the sun just behind it burning hot and warm. Then the path goes a little up and a little down and there on the horizon are the waters of the Twiske.

Reflections are only visible after the stillness comes towards me in waves of all that which I came here for: peacefulness, harmony, space, nature, water, oxygen, birds, grass, beauty...



We stand still on the wooden path crossing this very soulful place, where we can all walk on water. In reality there is a small wooden bridge crossing the water, but it feels as if I am walking on water. It is magical. It is reflection. It is mirroring all I have within back to me. It is showing all that is around me in heavenly light.

I stand still. Here I am. Here we are. There we were.

We turn 360 degrees slowly, each observing the surrounding scenery slowly, slowly. Every degree has me in it, while I see, feel, am. I am completely surrounded by water, and only there, towards the end of the 360 degrees I see the path we were on. I would like to stay here, or breathe it into me. The latter seems more appropriate. I breathe in and out deeply.

**Can I take it with me? Can I stay in this moment, this place?
(I did. I do. I will.)**

I close my eyes further down the path, as we have now crossed the waters and are going towards the forest. I see a swan's reflection in the water to my left; a pair of swans; many swans still on the water.

The forest air is thick with green, and shade, and leaves.
Yet, I am still at the water. I struggle to be here and now in the forest. I breathe. I feel, yet that magical Twiske lake lingers in my bones as if it will last forever.

Much later at home, I get back into my daily routines, but try to hold on to the awareness of self, body, mind, feelings in the moment. I observe a certain nostalgia that rests in my heart.

No, neither the swans, nor the friendly group of people, but that spot on the water where I felt complete oneness with it all.

I feel grateful for that moment, and decide to share it in words...

Behind my computer, I put my signature for the day in words. I hope someone else will be blessed with that moment of oneness I felt when I share it.

And perhaps that moment will bring blessings into my inner source of love, beauty, magic, silence, peace, space, and that sense of oneness with all. May it be so.
And so it shall be.



Introducing the *Dolphin Centre*

Next to her love to write and paint, Irize works (only) parttime in an office, and teaches piano to a small handful of children for fun.

Irize Loots is also a therapist and healer. She calls her practice the *Dolphin Centre*. Should you be interested, here below you can find details of her practice:

Website: <http://www.dolphincentre.net/>

Mobile: 0629363066

Email: irize_loots@hotmail.com

Additional Note:

During Covid19: *Energy healing (hands-on healing) and Aromatherapy (massage) is currently not allowed. Energy healing can be done as distance healing upon request. All other treatments and/or therapies, like a Gestalt-session, a Reading-consultation, a Sound-session, Meditation and Creative-type workshops can be done in person with social distancing (1,5 meters) and safety measures to endure safety first. Please go to my website for more information. Feel free to contact me if you feel the need.*

27. Het is – Joanna Feldman



Het is

Het is 4 juni

Het is 4 juni en ik denk

Het is 4 juni en ik denk aan jou

Het is 4 juni en ik denk aan jou met •

De glas is ontploft

De glas is ontploft met enorme knal

De glas is ontploft met enorme knal iedereen schrok

De glas is ontploft met enorme knal iedereen schrok, maar jij niet

Je zou lachen

Je zou lachen met jouw ingetogen lach

Je zou lachen met jouw ingetogen lach net als je ging stikken

Je zou

Je zou lachen

Je zou lachen met je ogen

Je zou lachen met je ogen en enorme pret

*Je zou lachen
Je zou lachen en huilen
Je zou lachen en huilen en vloeken
Je zou lachen en huilen en vloeken van pret*

*Als iemand
Als iemand van opzij
Als iemand van opzij zou kijken
Als iemand van opzij zou kijken zou hij denken, de vrouw stikt*

*Nee, nee,
Nee, nee, je stikt niet
Nee, nee, je stikt niet echt
Nee, nee, je stikt niet echt je hebt pret!!!!*

*Ik laat
Ik laat jou lachen
Ik laat jou huilen van pret
Ik laat jou lachen, huilen van pret en leven*

*Ik maak jou wakker
Ik maak jou wakker met energie
Ik maak jou wakker met energie van leven*

*Jouw boze
Jouw boze ogen
Jouw boze ogen staan koud
Jouw boze ogen staan koud en veroordelend*

Ik kan niks meer aan doen

Om even te vertellen:
mijn gedichten zijn droevig, pijnlijk, boos en vrolijk.
En diepe zeer emotionele herinnering.
En het gaat prima met mij!
Alle emoties en tranen stromen,
en alles kon ik delen en ontvangen woorden.
Het voelt zo goed dat emoties stromen.
Ook als het op moment zeer pijnlijk is.
Liefs van Joanna

28.Comprehension



**Do I comprehend? Am I comprehension?
What is it I need comprehension for?
Well, I want to understand the To C Magazine
Not with my head only but with my whole being.
3 Questions can guide me: What? How?Why?**

**Content: What are the facts?
One sentence is haunting me:
Crimes against humanity should not go unpunished!
I read longing for Justice
I see a longing for beauty
Words that go deeper than the surface
Drawings that are rather complex
Pictures taken in nature to catch the moment
I see chaos and imperfection**

**Process: How does it feel?
I feel my heart beating in my throat
I feel fear that punishing those who violate humanity
will bring more violence in the world that can escalate
Excitement in my breast
Heat in my stomach
Peace in my belly
Tension in my shoulders**



Meaning: Why is it as it is?

**Fear and power are still ruling the world which means there will be no peace
Only when our hearts take over and the power of Love is recognized
Humanity has a chance to become more harmonious and peaceful**

Guidance from my book Gestalt Process Writing to C page 117/118:

'Me and my Soul

Yesterday I bought a djembe, an instrument from Ghana to answer my need to feel the rhythm in my body, the rhythm, the music, the power and the radiance. I am still digesting the conference and wondering why I held myself back. Am I too afraid to show my real power, too afraid to be a strong woman and to show my strength? Except that evening when we all jammed and played music and sang and danced. That's why I was inspired to buy the djembe and play it. Sing and play at the same time and become who I am. Let go of the pain of not being seen. Just show myself, although with restriction but giving an idea of the woman I am. In the privacy of my house I can just play and sing, without the longing or the need to be seen and heard, because in the end it's about me and my soul.'

What I comprehend after writing and reading those words is that the To C Magazine is music. It has words, it has images that only need breath to let them dance together. The To C Magazine is a safe path of expressing myself and to be who I really am. At the same time the To C Magazine is inviting you to join us in expressing yourself by writing the words that come from your heart, without worrying about being right or wrong. Being right or wrong is not what To C is about, being who we truly are that is our goal!



29. Gestalt Process Writing To C Group by Zoom

To C = To Connect, Communicate, Contact, Confront and more
Tine van Wijk and Katya Kosheleva



Process Writing to C means giving your soul a voice by taking a few minutes to go inside and meditate on themes like *'Who am I?'* or *'Do I belong?'* *'Where do I come from?'* *'Am I afraid of love and attention?'* *'Do I feel safe?'* *'Am I angry?'* *'Am I sexual being?'*

Step 2 is writing the words that want to be written or/and drawing the images that are coming up in you. If you let your hand do the Work, the words and the images will come from your heart and soul instead of from your head.

Step 3 is getting acquainted with what you have written by reading it out loud first for yourself and if you want you can share it with the Group.

Step 4 is taking time to connect with each other by listening without judgment. Whatever we have written is interesting, right or wrong is of no importance

Step 5 is answering the question what is the meaning of what we have created. We can do this by drawing a C word inspiration card or open a wise book at random and receive the message your eyes fall on.

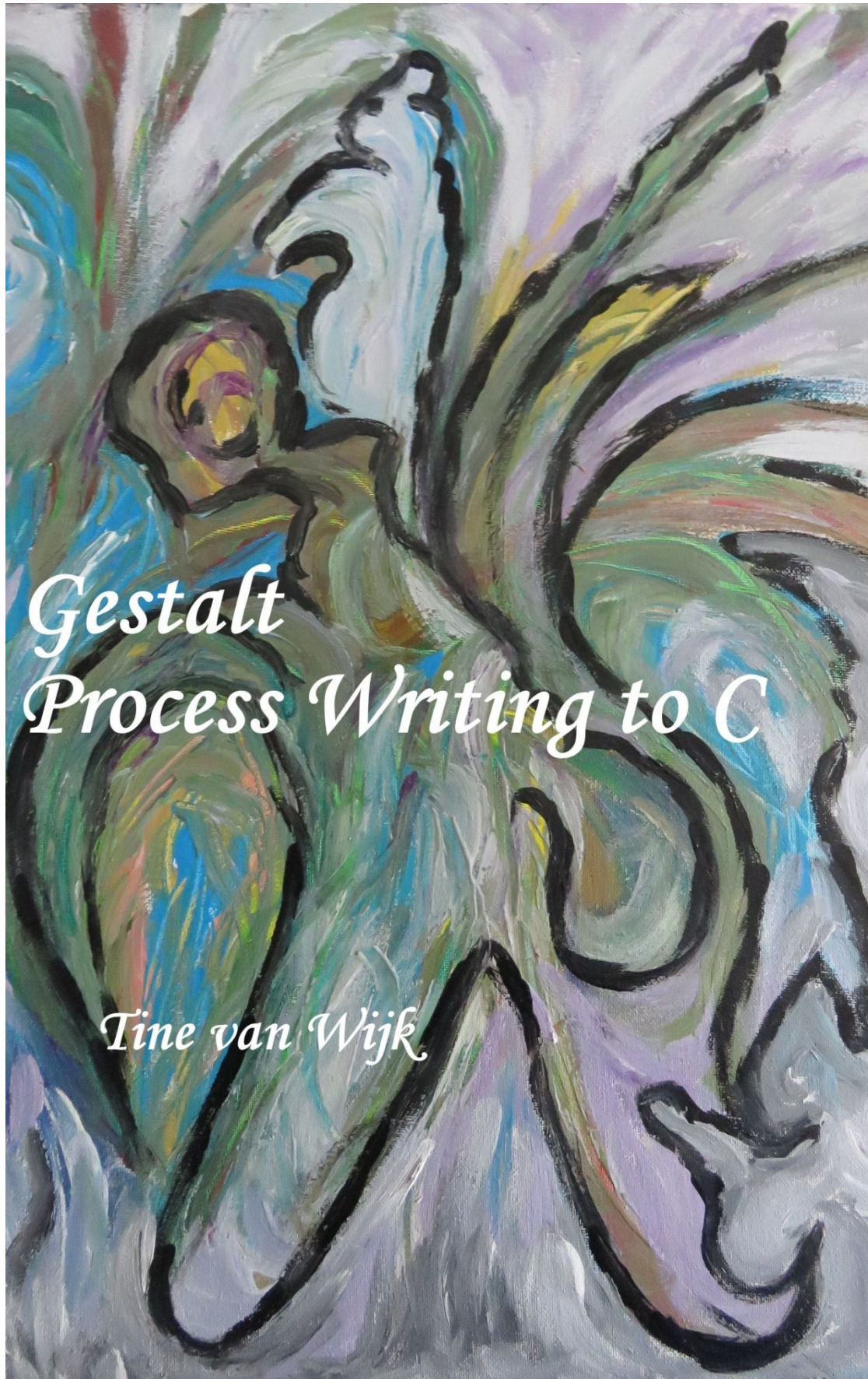
Step 6 we can create a card with words and an image that matters and can guide us when doing this work by ourselves.

Step 7 we can sing or dance or play with the words we have written and connect on a deeper level

Languages: Russian and English

This Group is a work in progress. If you are interested please let us know.

We will keep you informed about the details. info@tinevanwijk.nl



*Gestalt
Process Writing to C*

Tine van Wijk

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