

WhatSustainsMe.com

Ifat Eckstein

**Feeling
At Home**

Foreword from the Editor

The following is a chapter from an upcoming book, *What Sustains Me*. It is a collaborative book. Each chapter is written by a different author, stands on its own, and is released independently. When all chapters are ready, the book will be published as a regular book as well as an e-book.

The central question in this project is: *What sustains you?*

More specifically: *What gives you a sense of peace, meaning and purpose in everyday life? What keeps you going when times are tough? What gives you the strength to face moments of crisis or despair?*

The book's topic could be described as an 'existential quest' or a 'spiritual quest'. We are consciously avoiding these phrases because they can be misleading. For instance, 'spiritual quest' often conveys the sense of a search for outside resources, beyond the realm of the physical world. Such a definition would exclude experiences that involve inner resources.

Our focus is on describing what we experience, as opposed to the philosophical or religious terms under which these experiences are usually framed. We are not describing a specific path, a 'right way' to do things, or a 'correct' narrative of how it all works out. To the

contrary, we are coming at it from different approaches and belief systems, including agnostic and atheist perspectives.

A key characteristic of this project is that each author is writing in a personal and experiential manner. The key word here is 'experience'. We hope that, by talking in terms of experiences rather than beliefs, we can find a bridge whereby people who come from different traditions or beliefs can be nourished by each other's experiences.

You can follow the progress of this project at <http://WhatSustainsMe.com>

Serge Prengel

Feeling At Home

Ifat Eckstein

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I still hold the sensation of a time when the connection between all things was a clear and pure knowing.

Several years ago, I was invited to give a workshop on Focusing Oriented Psychotherapy and Spirituality at a professional conference for therapists. On the morning of the event, I went to see the room where I would be working. Entering a lovely space bathed in shades of green, reflections of the trees outside created an expansive atmosphere. I looked around me trying to absorb the energy held there and then I saw it, on the wall in front of me: a big wooden mask of an Indian chief. He was adorned with a feather head dress, a solemn but kind face. I felt something move deep inside me.

Consciously noticing that something was awakening in me, I left the room and went to join the plenary, about to begin at any moment. Drawn into the events of the day I forgot about the room and my earlier meeting with the mask, a trigger to something which I was not yet aware of.

Walking down the path towards the workshop room later that day, I realized that my body was unquiet. Soon I began to sense my heart pulsing in stressful excitement. It became stronger with every step I took towards the room.

With only ten minutes before the participants would arrive, I felt overwhelmed and surprised at what was unfolding. I held a sense of anticipation and concern simultaneously but did not yet understand what was happening. Starting to feel helpless, I knew I must find a way to reconnect to my center otherwise I would not be able to lead the workshop.

I asked one of my colleagues, a dear friend who was also attending the conference, simply to be with me outside the room, to help me listen mindfully to what was happening. I allowed myself to be present and to connect to what was implicitly there.

Taking some moments of silence, my body relaxed a little. Slowly, I could sense something vague, like a halo next to me. I opened up to it with curiosity, and with the waiting knew that the halo encompassed others. I felt myself beginning to engage with something beyond, something broader and bigger. It gradually emerged into a more familiar feeling and I realized that I was spiritually reconnecting with a group of friends known to me from another life time. I recognized them and knew without a doubt that we had shared a life together. I could sense their happiness at our meeting, awakening and opening many things in me in one moment, sensing the essence that encompassed all our relationship, our experiences and the time we had together. Something from the vibe that had existed then was vivid in the here and now, as if time had not passed. I had missed them very much.

The connection was there, we were all present in one space. It was so alive, the energy holding our shared history and relationship, our mutual knowing. Soon I began to hear them, many things passing between us in a matter of seconds, both messages and feelings. There was much excitement in the air. It was a reconnection and a reunion.

This moment held everything: memories of this group of people which I was part of, who together explored life, touched dimensions and did spiritual work for our community; memories of the atmosphere, the sounds, songs, the flavor of it. I recall a sense of togetherness, sustaining us all on a deep level.

The memory of the trauma was also there, and a sense of the loss. In one moment everything had been taken. A massacre had occurred in the village while I was far away on a mission. When I had returned, I saw the death, the destruction. I had lost everything I had: my home, my family and friends, my security. All this created a deep breach of faith, rupturing everything that I held dear. Everything I had believed and found meaning in before then, fell into the darkness of the trauma.

This was the first time I felt them directly and not only as something that I had sensed a deep longing for, something that I had missed very much. They were so vividly present, giving me a feeling of connectedness. I was deeply moved, able to sense once again the union between all things, the togetherness. I was not alone.

With this meeting, I realized that nothing had ended. What became crystal clear is that, although I had remained stuck in the trauma, they were well beyond it. They had moved on, they were alive here and now with me on diverse levels. I felt a deep clarity regarding the continuum of being: the cycle of life and continuation. It was as if I was seeing the essence, a deep and broad

knowing in one short moment. It was like holding the secret of life.

During all this, part of me was aware of the external reality: the participants entering the workshop room, which was now full. I realized I needed to go in. Afraid of being pulled into the trauma space that existed in that moment, I literally sent a request to distance myself and only be connected to the togetherness and the energy it brings. It was a direct asking to the beyond and it was granted. Relieved and more relaxed, I knew that 'they' would be with me in the workshop and I was grateful. I felt the sacredness of that morning.

Back in the room, I saw the Indian mask once again and it took on a different meaning: as a symbol from that period, triggering all those memories in an implicit way. I could not lead the workshop with it standing in front of me, arousing excitement again and distracting me from being fully present. So, I chose to sit in a way that the mask was behind me, silently asking it to be my tail wind, to support me gently that day.

Unable to ignore the special energy surrounding us, I felt I had to share a part of what was happening inside me with the participants. It became part of our gathering that day, part of the workshop I was planning to lead, in a way that I could not grasp at the time. Taking courage, I shared with the group that 'friends of mine' from another period of life were here with us today to support our workshop. It was as if the universe had brought me a precise opportunity to dive into the expanded spiritual realm and to lead the workshop with

a special awareness of this state. There was an experiencing of past, present and future in the here and now, sensed as existing together naturally. I invited the group to open themselves to the many dimensions, to the large space, a place where we can sense partnership on our journey. I asked them to be open to what will come.

As I started to lead the workshop, I became aware of the posture of my body, a pose known to me but not a pose that I usually sit in. With my feet planted firmly on the ground, a straight but not rigid spine, this was a still and calm position where I was aligned with heaven and earth. When I sat in this position, I could sense the energy flowing through me, a greater connection to something beyond. Surrounded by windows exposing us to the trees and nature outside, the atmosphere was sacred.

During the workshop, one of the participants volunteered to do a demo process with me in front of the group. At a certain point, she began to hum. In the beginning it was like a low sound coming from deep within, which slowly evolved into something that sounded like a lamentation song. It was very moving and resonated with something familiar in me. The group and I were with her in a gentle way, while the pain she expressed moved and was released.

When the workshop ended, I met her again outside on the path. She shared with me that she had many memories from Native American life, meeting them each time in a new and different manner. Something

that morning reconnected her with them once again. At that moment, I realized that the workshop, with everything that had occurred during it, was a reconnecting journey, not only for me, but for her and, I believe, in some way for others too.

Later, while going home, many questions emerged regarding what had happened. I was tired but at the same time, full of energy. I needed a few days to process all the many levels of information and experience that had occurred, and to make meaning of them.

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There are many precious moments when I directly sense a connectedness to the beyond. These are experiences of expansion, beyond boundaries, where past, present and future are One, holding infinite lives and wisdom. Over the years, through my spiritual and psychological journey, the capacity to connect to this realm has grown, opening me to the richness of being.

My awareness of the multi-dimensionality of life has expanded as memories of other lives began to reveal themselves to me. These memories have brought a sense that we are all part of a huge dynamic web, where not only does each thread hold unique individual qualities, but also embodies a continuum passing through infinite times and lives.

Within these alignments, I began to see how some processes that seemed to have stopped in one period of time, can move forward and continue when the right conditions exist or arise in another. From this observation, it became apparent to me that processes which were blocked, usually following a traumatic experience, want to reveal themselves and find new ways of continuation towards manifestation. It is as if the blocked part waits for the moment when it will have the right space and circumstances to move, generating itself forward to the next step.

In this chapter I will share some of my personal journey, but I feel it is not only mine, it represents the universal journey of us all. It is a process of reconnection to my deep essence and sense of belonging, to feeling at home in this universe. Through sharing, I will attempt to explore and make more explicit the many levels, layers and continuums of individual threads, how they meet and cross others in an organic web.

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It took a year for me to realize that I was avoiding proposals to facilitate workshops connected to spirituality in therapy. Unable to ignore this avoidance any more, I began to wonder what was behind it. There were two contradictory forces, a deep wanting to expand my work within the spiritual dimension and an

immense resistance and fear of taking another step in this direction. The inner conflict and struggle became very tiring. I decided to explore what was happening inside me, and turned to a close colleague to accompany me in this process.

It was a bright sunny day and we met on the beach. We sat on the shore and something in the huge expanse of the sea, the sunlight sparkling on the water and the sound of the waves, created a supportive environment. In the beginning, I felt heaviness and fatigue, a desire to leave. There was a kind of resistance which I could sense but not really understand at that point. I felt my body contract as if a heavy weight was taking me down. Gradually, it unfolded that this place holds fear. I tried to stay with the sensation and to give it room.

After a while something started to shift. Beyond the heaviness another part of me slowly began pulling upwards, higher and higher giving me a bird's eye view, broader and wider. A new perspective was opening up. I was able to see the whole sea beneath me and beyond. Everything looked so clear and beautiful, with many interchanging shades of green and blue. I remember my body absorbing it all, bringing a feeling of physical expansion and a deep breath.

From this state of consciousness something started to emerge, becoming more and more visible and present. I began to see the image of a young woman with dark hair. She was sitting in the corner of a room, her attention focused inwards. I was curiously drawn to her. Deep inside, I knew it was me from another time.

Flooded with emotion, subtle pain and sadness began to unfold in me. I felt so close to her and at the same time so distant. Both of us were in a shared space, where past and present are one.

I tried to make eye contact with her but did not succeed. Her eyes were petrified, darting in panic to all sides, not seeing me as I was standing in front of her. I started to feel her horror and traumatic memories began to awaken and relive themselves inside me. Staying with the muffled sense in my body, with gentle attention 'the story' began to unfold.

It became clear that a window was opening for me to see what had happened then. Later, I would understand how it connects to the now.

The woman that I saw in front of me had worked within the spiritual realm and had a deep understanding of the universe, of how working with the energy of nature and herbs can heal people. At that time, this practice was considered as threatening the order of things, especially when carried out by a young woman. Even though she lived in fear of the possible repercussions, particularly of being banished and sent away, she could not deny the knowledge she held and her destiny any more than she could deny herself.

This fear led her to isolate herself and to spend hours in nature where she felt safer and more at home. Most people found her behavior strange and would not allow themselves to be helped by her. They did not

understand her practice and perceived her as an outsider.

What slowly evolved was that at a certain point everything changed. From a setting in nature, I now saw her in an enclosed space, imprisoned in cold walls, the limited light illuminating her gaunt face. She had been locked away in a mental institution and put in a straitjacket. Shocked, she felt helpless, alone and betrayed. Losing all she had, her world falling apart around her, she was lost in a sense of fear and despair. Confined physically, emotionally and spiritually, she was so traumatized that she lost her ability to see the big picture as she had previously. Her awareness contracted into the darkness of the trauma and the fear. Being distanced from nature and losing the freedom to be fully herself was like death for her.

Surprised by all this, and yet in some way not surprised at all, an insight emerged. The implicit memory of that time was now manifesting itself in my life as avoidance to taking another step in my spiritual practice and work. I held an implicit fear that I would be excluded by my colleagues and friends, considered strange and unprofessional. I was ultimately afraid that people would think that I am crazy.

I tried once again to connect with the young woman, but it was not possible. She was too deep inside her fear and terror, feeling very lonely and unsafe. It seemed like she was unaware even of my presence.

Zooming out, I could sense an inner movement between the experience of the terrified young woman to the spaciousness of my bird's eye view. Letting go, I met an expanded awareness where all is interconnected and undividable, holding the infinite space between then and now, a continuum where past and present exist in one moment, here and now. I could sense that something wanted to continue the development that had stopped long ago, to release the pain and fear. It was like a thread that had been cut, awaiting the right circumstances to continue its manifestation. I surrendered myself into the process and allowed it all to gently unfold.

It took some time until I felt the moment had come to stop, sensing the resting point in me like a wave gently arriving at the shore. I still felt a dull pain but also felt more at peace. I went back to the physical sensation of being at the beach, the warm sand, the sea, the sun stroking my body. I felt the need to ground myself. New insights were emerging into my awareness and I needed time to let them sink in.

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Many thoughts and contemplations arose as a result of this process. I found myself pondering about the way we carry within us so many experiences, people and knowing, and how they are manifested each time in such different yet similar ways. The idea that individual

threads hold a continuing process within the woven fabric of the universe grasped me and offered new meaning.

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As time passed, this experience became more and more vague until it left my consciousness. I found myself teaching and giving workshops regarding spirit and psychotherapy in Israel and abroad. All seemed well but something in me, on a subconscious level, was pushing me to the next step, to more direct and expanded ways of working with energy and spirit.

The field of Frequency Medicine reached me from a number of sources, till the moment I felt inside, for no logical reason, that I needed to learn it. I sensed that I had to be there. I did not yet know why.

Three to four hours into the first lesson, I began to feel back pain. I immediately sensed that it was connected to the studies, to working with energy in such a direct way. As the pain turned into spasms, it began to physically limit me. Struggling to ease the muscle contractions, I knew I had to meet what the pain was holding, and what my body was indicating to me. Although part of me wanted to leave, another part sensed the urgency and potential of healing present there.

On the second day I felt a resistance to going, but with a desire for resolution, I went. During that meeting, I had a deep session. In it, I felt a struggle within me, a big battle pulling in two directions, one, to leave the course, the other, to stay. My body trembled and the pain in my back got worse. I stayed in a state of presence with these two contradictions, feeling that this was the best I could do, observing what was happening.

A deep message began to emerge from my body, clear and sharp: *If I deepen and expand my work within the spiritual realm, giving it more space in my life, people will think that I am crazy.* As this became explicit, I once again met the woman in the straitjacket. Within an instant, I could sense her and the complexity of what had happened to her. I wondered how it had become implicit in my being, how it was embodied in my being now. I was aware once again of her fear and it raised an internal warning: *Do not enter the spiritual healing realm so deeply. Don't do it! You have a thriving clinic, you teach many students and therapists, you do not need it. You will lose everything you have! Just leave!*

I felt that I needed to choose where to go. Should I listen to this message, or stay and deal with the new step that the deep me wanted to reveal? I took a long breath and went with the need to meet my fears and heal myself from so many memories and experiences, to fully fulfill myself.

After a while, I managed to create a connection with her, something I had not succeeded in doing in our last meeting. Although so much time had gone by, she was

still restrained in a straitjacket. It seemed like she was locked in frozen time although in linear time we were in another era. So many things had changed since then, but she was still there, trapped.

Our gaze met and a deep connection formed between us. My heart went out to her, sensing the vulnerability of us both, she and me, me and myself. Glancing at her with full concentration, I could see her dark eyes looking for something, somehow pleading for release. A question arose in me and I asked her gently: *What do you need to break free?* She answered immediately: *I need acknowledgment that I am not and never was crazy.* I was silent and somewhat surprised by her need. I felt the holiness of her request and the necessity to hold it within me with upmost respect. Another question arose in me and I asked her who she needed acknowledgment from, and she said: *From you. You are the only one who can give it.* I fell silent again, checking inside me whether I could. It took time, many things happened inside me and the question came: *Can I really say it to her?* I saw her fear but her eyes looked directly into me, reaching for my approval.

Diving deep into myself through layers of doubt and fears, I experienced the sense of encountering a deep truth. This woman was not crazy. She had been connected to the spiritual realm when people had not been open to this reality. Pausing, I allowed my body to absorb this new insight and sensed how all my cells relaxed and expanded. That was when I felt that I could tell her this and recognize her huge knowing about life,

energy, nature and healing. At that moment, I was not only acknowledging her, I was acknowledging myself.

Listening carefully to my words, she relaxed and I could see her physical exhaustion. I began to see how the straitjacket slowly loosened from her body. As she was no longer restrained, I asked her if she wanted my help to accompany her to a place of light far from the darkness of that period. She thanked me and I watched lovingly as she walked towards the light.

Not only had she shed her straitjacket in this process, I also felt that I had released something very significant too, expanding my sense of freedom and permission to be myself. We had both needed to meet each other to heal and release our limitations, and this enabled us to move forward. I felt inside me the interdependency that had existed within both of us.

Looking back, I understand that what came to light in this process is an implicit part of my belief system, apparently hidden but manifesting all the time in my daily language. I would often find myself jokingly saying things like: *I want to tell you something but you'll think I'm crazy!* This would happen when I was talking about things connected to the beyond. I now understand the root of these sayings and how they are connected to another experience in another lifetime, something that I was not previously aware of, and it makes me smile.

I realize how much struggle has been held implicitly inside me, and this brings me deep peace and

acceptance. I can acknowledge that, in a way, I have always been a little different and accept it with love.

From this softer and more open state, I am responding to the inner calling to expand my exploration and work with the many realms that exist, and to bring this to modern daily life through discovery and experiencing. I can sense how themes and beliefs connected to various life times are implicitly embedded in me, affecting my choices in this life time, and expressed through thinking, language and ways of living. It is as if there was a thread creating a continuum of my Self holding within it all that I have ever experienced from the beginning of all times and how it has affected me.

The fear of being different, misunderstood and excluded is continuing to manifest itself in new forms in this life. Like an implicit thread, it is revealed at moments when I challenge these embedded beliefs. At other times, it remains held in an inaccessible place.

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I was the first-born daughter of young parents, emotionally unprepared for my arrival. A tiny baby met her parents, who to a great extent were helpless, unable to contain difficulties. I recall the moment when I decided to comply, to be a good baby, sleep a lot, be quiet. I became a parental child, able to recognize

others' needs and expectations, adapting myself in the best possible way at home, at school and with my friends. I was a lovable child, held dear by all. Through the ability to sense my surroundings and be empathic, I developed skills which would later come to light as a therapist.

However, something deeply basic was missing. On an emotional level, I lived in a beautiful suit perfectly adapted to my environment. I liked this suit and who I was able to be in it, whilst at the same time often feeling disconnected from myself, unable to sense a wide range of emotions, longing to feel, touch, be connected, but not knowing how. I wanted to express myself but could not find the words. Looking back, I can see how this suit and everything it represented allowed me to develop but also restrained me, just as the straitjacket had done in another life.

On a spiritual level, I felt like I had chosen parents who would protect me from being different. Through them I learned to play the game by the rules and be socially acceptable. I had an active social life and doors were open to me in most areas, but inside I felt alone, not connected and different. I was unable to share the many things that I saw and understood with the people around me, feeling that I do not have a safe place to just be me. I was caged.

Endeavoring to make sense of all this, what came to me was that all these experiences have created belief systems and patterns of behavior, some held in awareness and some beyond. I can see this like a kind

of inner structure, embedded in the body. Although invisible, these constructions have shaped me, the way I live, make decisions, experience things. Like building constructions, they bring stability, order and a sense of safety, but at the same time limitations.

This understanding brought curiosity and a wanting to go deeper in an experiential way. I invited a good friend to accompany me in a process of deep inquiry. During this meeting, I allowed myself to slowly sense these constructions in my body. For the first time, I could meet them from a wider perspective not connected to a specific story, but in and of themselves. Zooming out in curious observation and acceptance, I could be with them in a friendly way and this brought a little relaxation.

After a while, something began to move. I felt that structures created over the years, throughout different life times, constructions of protection and beliefs, began to change and my soul was granted a freer space to be. It was as if my body had been bound and tied in invisible rope which gradually began to loosen.

I felt a lightness and through it I could sense the heavy weight that I had unknowingly carried. I was glad for this relief and the new level of freedom that came to me. I allowed it to fill me with gentle happiness and found myself more at ease.

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A couple of weeks later, I realized that waves of anger were emerging. An inner anger for all those years of encagement: angry at myself for choosing to be so adaptable at the cost of self-expression, up to the point where I no longer knew how to express myself and was silent; anger at my parents for their weakness and inability to contain my power, my complexity, my unique colors.

When I looked deep inside me, it gradually became apparent that underneath the anger there was sadness and a sense of loss. It was hard to meet these things but at the same time it brought some relief and inner peace. I managed to contain these feelings and with that holding, questions arose: *Can I forgive? Can I forgive myself for all the years of limitation within these constructions? Can I forgive my parents for not being strong enough for me?* I stayed with these questions and waited.

It took time, but something started to move. Pain arose. Pain mixed with anger and sadness and acknowledgment of the past. I could sense it in each and every one of my cells, cells that were entrapped and wanted to live. I agreed to be with this.

After a while, I sensed that the option of forgiveness was becoming a possibility. First, forgiveness to myself, a small child with big fears, who found a way to survive and feel safe. I could feel deep empathy towards this child and it brought a kind of gentle quality inside me.

A new insight came and I could see how my engagement and self-development had co-existed in undivided dependence as one complete process. Without all that, this could not be. My whole life spread before me and I acknowledged it.

A little later, not immediately, I felt that I could forgive my parents: forgive them for being so young and insecure; forgive them that to this day they are still afraid of life. I realized that their intentions were good, that they did the best they could. Something shifted in me, I felt relief accompanied by tiredness. This inner process had come to a resting point. I took some time to digest what had happened.

Suddenly and unexpectedly, I sensed a huge opening. It was as if my vision had become holographic and at the same time I was part of this hologram. I held an awareness of the interconnection of generations, periods of time, the many threads that cross each other, individual and communal. I could sense the huge dynamic quality of the infinite elements that are the universe. I sensed the Oneness.

I saw my parents and myself, and countless people from different places and periods of time, all of us participating together in a journey of life. I could see the endless life times and experiences that each of my parents brought, and understand that all this is an integral part of a journey that has no start, middle or end. I could sense an understanding that I chose them exactly as they had chosen me, to take another step in the big life process.

In a flash of clarity, I saw a multi-dimensional picture of life. Like a kaleidoscope in constant movement, reflecting infinite holograms of reincarnation and times, meetings and contracts, floating within themselves. Frequencies and colors, universes and cultures embedded in one moment. The sense of Oneness was real in my body, I could physically feel it, I was One with all this.

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The deep knowing of all this gave me a glimpse of our shared journey. Each relationship and each crossing holds endless movement, thought, experience and expression influencing the whole. All is inter-affected and interdependent in a precise way.

When this deep understanding reveals itself, I can rest. My heart fills with happiness, and slowly my heartbeat becomes more than physical. I can sense the pulse of the universe, the pulse of life. I can hold the infinite periods, experiences and processes, the known and the unknown. I feel a part of the big Universe, I feel I have a home. I feel at home.

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Six months later

Since finishing this chapter, two very dramatic events have occurred in my life, pushing me to go further. In both events I directly and experientially met the fragility of life and how it can end at any moment.

In the first case, I found myself losing inner connection with my essence and could not sense interconnection to the wider universe. I lost my faith and sense of security in the wider mesh, losing my sense of support and meaning. There was a sensation of stiffness and contraction. I found myself diving into a cold nothingness, unable to sense any order. Big questions regarding existence and life emerged. During this time, any attempt to leave this place was like sliding on a wall with no anchors to hold. It took almost two months of deep inner inquiry to find the way back to reconnection with myself and then to something broader and more meaningful, beginning to breathe within it.

During the next traumatic event, I found myself moving between two sensations: expansion and contraction. At the moment of trauma, I felt held and collected within my center, feeling protected and guarded by something beyond, connected to a broader existence that sustained me. A few seconds later when my mind realized what had happened, I felt panic approaching, contracting me. I found myself falling into a field of fear and trauma, feeling helpless and not in control.

The sense of not being alone at the core of this event was immensely meaningful, and a significant part of the healing process, helping me to deal with the symptoms, the fear and the pain. Through this process, my connection to the beyond was deepening and expanding, and I realized that this event was pushing me to take further steps on my spiritual path.

What is it in traumatic moments that enables connectedness to something broader, when the survival nature of the body is to contract? What is it that happens on other occasions, when during the traumatic event the sensation of connectedness to a wider universe collapses, remaining only as a vague memory in the darkness of the loneliness? Can it be that many experiences of connectedness to the wider universe result in building up an accessible resource for the body in times of crisis?

Observing these experiences of expansion and contraction as natural movements, as a whole and undivided process, brings to me a sense of peacefulness. It is like an acceptance of the rhythm of life.

I am now putting an end to the process of writing this chapter, feeling that this ending is a meaningful station on my journey. From a wider perspective, I can see it as one of many points along the way. Like a frame in an infinite movie, it is a specific frame in a chain of infinite frames that were and will be. Each moment that I pause to write is like a pause in a rhythmic multidimensional continuum. It is this picture that can

now become clear to me. It is a resting point for observation and processing. It is part of my next step.

About the author



With more than 20 years experience of working as a couple & family therapist, for the last 10 years I enjoy bringing the world of Focusing Oriented Therapy to the therapeutic space, giving workshops, teaching various courses and coordinating workshops.

My desire is to bring an awareness of our interconnectedness through the felt sense, to bring back our sense of Oneness, our shared journey in this life. This process

involves writing as a channel of expression. Through it I explore and try to find ways to bring this expanded perspective to daily life, to bring us back to our natural roots.

To all these endeavors I bring experience and insight from couple and family therapy, group leading and teaching, my meetings with patients and colleagues. Inspired by the worlds of Judaism, Buddhism, the philosophy behind Focusing, Indigenous traditions and more, my personal journey and professional work is nourished and enriched.

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