



UNSPEAKABLE

**a woman's voice transforming
the feminine story of victimhood**

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Chaos is the most powerful condition
and fertile soil to let the new emerge.
It requires complete trust
and surrender
to what comes up in each moment.

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Introduction

Giving birth to the unknown

UNSPEAKABLE serves as a catalyst for feminine expression.

It is written as a ritual to transform the shame and unworthiness connected to the feminine part within us, and to liberate and reclaim the feminine voice.

As an energetic template it serves women who embark on the journey of selfrealization to navigate the inner emotional landscape.

UNSPEAKABLE is a contribution to the awakening of the divine Feminine within, which happens all over our beautiful planet, in women and men.

The feminine story of victimhood is the story of judging the body and the emotions of human beings.

It is a story of denial , oppression, suppression and repression of fundamental aspectss of humanity, which are objectified (the body) or regarded as irrational and less than (the emotional energy residing in the body).

Speaking about victimhood I refer to the current attitude of us as human beings to make people , situations, circumstances or the past, responsible for our own inner emotional state and to live under the assumption that something outside of us has to change, so that we feel well.

In this way, we completely deny our own power of creation, and we suffer, trying desperately to change something or someone outside of us.

The book serves especially women who would like to be liberated from the disempowering consciousness of victimhood, which is still the dominant paradigm on the planet.

It is time that every women who longs to be free has access to an empowering perspective to grow beyond the sense of victimhood still present in the collective feminine consciousness.

Feminine victimhood refers to the belief in our culture that women are inferior and less than. It points to the denial of feminine qualities as equally powerful as the masculine, which all of us have inhaled unconsciously since the beginning of our life. It relates to a distorted sense of power within men and women – and the need to reconnect with the essential self within to reclaim an authentic sense of power rooted in self love.

The only way to end the suffering is to go within and meet our self with compassion, with unconditional love for all the places in us, which are unresolved and emotionally stuck in past experiences.

This is an emotional journey, and therefor an energetical one.

UNSPEAKABLE expresses this inner conscious emotional journey of myself as a woman in this time.

It is deeply personal as well as universal, since my story is part of the collective story of all women, of the feminine.

Only the mind is interested in hearing about the external events in my lifestory in order to evaluate and judge, so that it can create concepts and feel safe , staying stuck in a limited perspective on life and possibilities.

The need to create a dualistic perspective of good and bad or wright and wrong is an important mechanism which helped us to survive but which prevents us now from growing and evolving into all what we are here to be.

Finally we always judge and condemn our self and project it unto others so that we can stay safe- and small- in our limited world.

But there is this longing, this knowing that there is more.....

Every journey is unique and the way I choose to tell my own story is based on a felt sense of the energy line in the transformational process, not based on any rational sense of order.

I talk about my path based on the inner emotional and mental interpretations I made as a child, when something happened or didn't happen. Most of the time these were not logical and what happened in the external world is therefor more or less irrelevant.

Making unquestioned assumptions and interpretations about what happens is an inherent inner human mechanism which helps to manage the world so that we are able to navigate life- until something breaks down and we are invited to explore a new way of relating to life.

The internal interpretations created my own perspective on life, and guided me to make the choices I made in my adult life.

They also guided me to ask deeper questions and search for internal resolution as the suffering just grew and grew.

The purpose in sharing my story is to inspire the reader to go deeper within to meet the parts that have been waiting a long time to be embraced.

It is a journey from self-hate into self-love as the foundation of living.

In reading, you will also be able to recognize parts of yourself that you feel that exist but you haven't been able to identify or name them for yourself.

You are invited to (re)connect to the energy of unconditional love as the animating power for all transformation and hopefully inspired and encouraged to embark -or to continue- your own powerful journey into becoming all that you are here to be.

UNSPEAKABLE expresses and symbolizes the energy of transformation through surrendering to the emotional unresolved content residing in the body.

Emotions are energy in motion and often repressed or suppressed in times of trauma and overwhelm, so that the unresolved energy keeps us stuck in outdated beliefs, patterns and habits.

In this process of allowing and feeling into completion, authentic beingness emerges and the soul – as the deepest part-is fully embodied in human form.

The heart opens, emotional intelligence arises, and the body becomes a powerful messenger to navigate an empowered human life.

UNSPEAKABLE refers to this inner journey and inner experiences which have no expression in words and can only be put into form afterwards.

There were times in my life, when I couldn't speak about what happened inside of me. The question „How are you?“ would not be possible to be answered in words. I have had many of these times in my life when the amount of feelings and energy were so overwhelming that I was invited to just surrender and be open to what wants to be felt inside.

I have learned that as an empath I feel everything in everyone around me and that this gift is only of service when I know (in a felt sense) who I am at my core.

There were periods when I felt very lonely and without the capacity to relate to anyone, because I would be misunderstood or put into a frame which simply didn't reflect the truth of what happened inside of me.

At those times I didn't have the tools to contain the amount of emotional energy flowing through.

I had to express in my unique way and, as a result, I created countless misunderstandings, without knowing how to communicate appropriately.

Apparently I made choices and decisions which didn't serve me well.

The amount of trauma I experienced in my life is unspeakable, but having felt the emotional content through allows me now to be in a space of compassion and love for human life in all its expressions. The fight within myself has ended.

Our society needs women and men who reclaim their voice and their authentic power, coming from the heart and standing in fierce self-love to support the awakening of the divine Feminine within, expressing what needs to be expressed .

UNSPEAKABLE is my contribution to this awakening within, and I hope that it supports women on the path of reclaiming their voice and their power, the authentic feminine expression that is many times uncomfortable for the world we live in right now.

My story

I was born as the second child of German parents who were children in the Second World War . When the war ended in 1945, my mother was four, my father eight years old.

Their emotional wartrauma would influence my life powerfully until I was ready to dive deeply into the unconscious, bringing the unresolved issues into the light of my awareness; the unconscious being the emotional energy stored in the body, creating beliefs , habits, and actions, which do not reflect the authentic being.

After the war, the adults in Germany cared about building up a new country, but didn't take the time and the effort to care about the souls of the countless children who had witnessed the horror of war, blood, hunger, abuse and death.

I am the child of parents who shut down, who were afraid to feel any emotion, to never ever reopen the remembrance of the war within and be able to evolve beyond the trauma to reclaim their life force and authentic expression.

My childhood was about holding back and suppressing feelings and emotions- that what makes us deeply human and allows us to create connection and intimacy with our self and others.

I grew up in an atmosphere of cold, where my mother was not able to be mother but stayed inside herself the little girl in the war- she literally froze within at the age of three.

Coming into life, I felt abandoned and neglected from the beginning on and would be under the control of a father, who claimed his word as law.

I know that this is not unique and that many children in Germany and in all parts of the world had and still have similar childhood experiences, living in a dysfunctional family and in an abusive environment where the natural expression of life is controlled and manipulated.

On the level of the collective energy representing the collective consciousness of a culture, Germany has a special position.

Beginning the Second World War as an expression of Hitler's wish for power over, the collective energy contains the energy of the perpetrator AND the victim (the population).

It has always been a challenge for Germans to allow the pain and sadness connected to being victims in the war, to come up, since the collective carries the guilt and shame as a result of beginning the war and killing millions of innocent people. This is the specific German dilemma.

As it relates to the journey of healing the feminine within it becomes obvious that we all are carrying the energy of the victim and the perpetrator within us, as both energies are still main aspects of the global human experience.

To grow beyond this dynamic we have to embrace both sides of the coin from a non judgemental space in order to reclaim peace in our heart.

It is necessary to embrace both aspects which are forming one whole: the victim and the perpetrator within.

Life often guides us into experiences of victimization as well as into those where we seemingly have power over in order to come consciously home to an inner space beyond the dualistic perspective.

Writing this book I claim my truth, my perspective, and my voice as a woman.

As a very sensitive human being, I sensed that something was off very early in my life, but I had no words for it at that time, just anger, which lead to a deep feeling of being separated from all others around me.

And there was no help, no hope for change.

Unconsciously choosing anorexia nervosa as a fourteen year old, I disappeared within; I imploded to not feel anymore, to not express the way I felt and perceived because of the fear of loosing my family, which I still so deeply needed- even with its hidden dysfunction.

It was a way to silence my body and to deny the needs and feelings residing in it; it was a way to escape the pain and the suffering in a surrounding where the inner experience was excluded from daily life and communication.

It would have threatened my parents to death to have to deal with my feelings and needs because they were judging and rejecting their own inner experience and emotions since childhood.

The unconscious choice of an eating disorder was a way to protect myself and them from the possibility of confrontation and breakdown of the family if I would have expressed myself and my perception.

The common assumption was that it was my illness and my breakdown alone, to not admit that it was an expression of a dysfunctional dynamic within the family.

With choosing anorexia nervosa I embarked on a cycle of selfdestruction, that would have quite a lot of different expressions later on in my life.

The addiction to control began to make itself known to me.

Fear of loss held me back as many times in my life in relationships in which I would not express my feelings, needs, and boundaries, to not confront, to not be left.

I was sent to hospital but in that time , 1982, there was no therapy developed for anorexia nervosa in north Germany.

Two things opened up for me in these six weeks:

- (1) I discovered creative expression as a way to deal with what was inside of me and
- (2) I made the decision to live, to become alive.

The invitation to express through creativity would not just once save my inner life, and the connection to myself.

Due to the lack of a psychological department for children in the hospital I lived with children who suffered leukemia, bloodcancer.

I realized that these beautiful children didn't have the choice if they survived or not and that each and every day was a miracle, a hope.

I was deeply impressed by their joy of being alive day after day.

I realized that I had the choice- that I could choose life- and I vowed to myself to explore a way to become fully alive and to be happy in my feminine body.

I didn't know how this would be fulfilling itself at that time, but the profound commitment was made in a very simple way.

Since that time I had many times, when I felt unable to express what was inside of me.

I danced and painted as a way of dealing with the unspeakable, but deep inside it would not transform my suffering.

I wanted to throw my expression out into the world, to not feel the underlying emotional content waiting for me.

After school, I studied German linguistics and science of education at university and finished with Extraordinary .

When I got offered to begin with a Ph.D., I let go since. I realized that I didn't have access to my body and that my home was art.

Today I call it it transformational art as an expression of my soul energy.

I started attending an art school , continued later with studying theatre on the base of movement and meditation, and came home into my body.

Additionally, I went to therapists, to help me fix and heal what was seemingly not okay with me.

So I became a master in analyzing my inner state and the connection to traumatic experiences in the past, holding on to blame and resentment, staying centered in the sense of victimhood.

I could not grow and evolve beyond the past.

I would dance, dance and dance- and dance- and learn energy work to fulfill my dream to live an empowered life as a woman.

Later I met my husband and gave birth to two children who supported me in developing the aspect of motherlove, which I was missing so much in my life.

Fortunately, I have always met elder women who brought back to me aspects of myself that had never been modelled to me.

I had done many, many things to develop my feminine expression in dance, painting, acting, speaking, facilitating women's circles for healing, but until my breakdown three years ago I hadn't realized that the unfelt and unspeakable still resided in me unexpressed; that all my actions were coming from a place of compensating for what had happened to me in the past, to not feel the original wounds; that my expression was not authentic because it was not sourced from love but from pain and suffering, desperately wanting change.

My journey within started in 2013 after moving to Stavanger in Norway, sitting with my daughter alone in the basement of a house where I started crying- crying as if it would never end.

Reaching out for support, I was told that I would feel everything that I had avoided all my life, to come fully back into the alignment of body, mind and soul and therefore I would be able to live an authentic life based on my true values and inner voice.

I had been out of touch with body and emotions for a long time and the energy of my soul was almost not anchored in my human body.

I had too long lived up to other people's expectations, starting with my parents, denying my own inner voice and guidance.

I had become a people pleaser, out of the fear of not being loved, and had gone through some abusive relationships and tough times, to avoid being alone again.

I knew I had to surrender to whatever came up and to trust that I would come out of this in a more empowered way than I had ever been.

And that I would have no professional support at my side, since nobody knew what was inside of me and I didn't know anyone in the new country.

It was a birthprocess and the process of dying in the same moment.

I observed myself in unbelievable pain and emotional overwhelm and practiced living from moment to moment when sometimes I would not know if I survived, I would not know who I was.

Support came in virtual form, through an old friend who supports people in feeling emotionally unresolved issues within, to fully come home to the remembrance of wholeness and completion within themselves; to finally realize that we are divine beings in human form and that we are born to embody love and light and to be happy; to fulfill our purpose as souls incarnated in human form.

I was ready and prepared.

About the book

UNSPEAKABLE is a testimonial of wholeness and completion and serves as a tool for women to connect with their inner landscape to turn the wounds into treasures and a source of empowerment;

You realize that you are not alone- that the unspeakable is part of our feminine journey home and that every form of expression- your expression- is valuable.

You are invited to go beyond the mind and open your heart to yourself and what is expressed in the book, which is also an enegetic expression of transformation, of something beyond words.

It carries a certain energy that supports you in connecting with your inner world and authentic beingness.

You are invited to discover your own connection to Source and the medium of languaging you inner world, so that other women are inspired to embark on their own journey into the treasure of the heart and authentic life.

This book carries its name to honor and express the feminine journey from victimhood into self- empowerment including its unspeakable parts as well as the vibrational aspect of the journey.

Many times I write in some kind of poetry to come near to the immediate expression of the inner world. The paintings included speak of that which does not have words.

The call

The call can come in form of an emotional breakdown that seemingly does not have any reason in the outside world, or in form of something happening to you that lets you question the way you live your life.

It can be a divorce, the loss of a job or a loved one, or an accident, as well as the news that you are severely ill.

As a result you realize that you cannot continue your life as it was before and you are invited to redefine yourself and your life.

Sometimes it is also a sudden inner decision to finally dive deep within to reach the inner state of freedom. A moment triggered through something visible or invisible as a powerful starting point to finally break free.

Such a strong inner moment is possible because we live in an extraordinary time today. We as humanity are supported in growing beyond the current status quo of self limitation.

In the moment you feel that you are ready to surrender and heal, it is essential to build a structure that allows you to be safe and protected so that you can feel it all.

Life throws you into a break down to invite you to doing that- remember that. Your soul chooses always the right moment, even if it doesn't feel so at that particular point in time.

Crisis is always animated by divine Love to support our growth and evolution, bringing us closer to inner harmony than ever before.

I am forever grateful that my beloved Andrej provided me the safe space for healing till the end of the process.

He could let me be, and believed in me, and was there for the children when I could not, when I laid on the ground, surrendering to the twists and turns of my body, living in a country where I didn't know anybody. I had the time and space to dive deep and heal without a lot of requirements from the outside world.

I know it costed him a lot of energy and power to provide everything our family needed to live.

I honor his strong and unconditional love for me, which he showed me in this way, and acknowledge his sense of truth which let him stay no matter how difficult it was.

THAT he stayed when I lashed out and projected unresolved parts of myself unto him.

I am forever grateful, that my children, Nathan and Kiara, accepted me and the waves of transformation where I was many times not fully available as a mother.

Thank you so much for loving me so unconditionally!

Birth

The most powerful moment in a woman's life is the moment of giving birth.

Our body knows how to do it – whereas we as women often have forgotten to trust this inner embodied knowledge; we have separated ourselves from it out of fear and pain rooted in the past.

The chaotic time we are in now requires from us to reconnect with our embodied wisdom, to be able to birth new ways of being and new solutions for our society which is in the midst of a huge transformational process.

For this to happen, we are invited to embrace everything that waits in our body to be felt and released.

We are supported when we come together with other women- when we listen to each other and support each other with unconditional love, with an attitude beyond judgement.

It is fundamental at this time, to step into the understanding, that we have never been victims, that we are the co-creators with life through our own energy, and that every woman is unique and the expert of her own life.

When we carry wounds within us which stay unresolved on the emotional level, we radiate this energy into the world and attract people, situations and circumstances to

complete the cycle, to feel into completion.

So we repeat dysfunctional relationships, patterns and behaviors that don't serve us, but invite us to become more conscious about our own inner unconscious dynamic and source for choosing that which doesn't serve us.

By addressing the traumas, the wounds, and unresolved issues living in the body, and embracing them with love, we grow into a sense of self-love and self-worth and are able to source our life and expression from this empowered place.

It is not easy, but can be simple when one understands that this is the only choice to be free.

For freedom means loving all parts of self and therefore rise beyond fear.

In meeting the darkest shadow, the unconscious within, fear diminishes and love grows.

Love is freedom- freedom is love.

When we don't do this inner work, we stay in the place of blaming and shaming, making others responsible for our life, judging them- or life- while not being aware that we, in reality, just judge ourselves and stay in the concept of separation.

There is no space for realizing that we are whole and complete, connected, holy and empowered to believe in our self, our worth and our gifts for the world.

We stay in the darkness, hidden behind shame and fear, using our unresolved anger to blame others instead of creating projects and new inventions that serve ourselves, future generations, and the next evolutionary step of humanity.

It takes willingness and commitment to embark on this journey of healing and self-enquiry. It takes the full body longing of wanting to be love and feel loved, no matter what happened or happens in the outside.

It requires the courage to look at all inner places and embrace every single part- the beautiful and the ugly; to finally connect with the love that is the source of all appearances and has always been alive within.

This process of giving birth is a process of surrendering- you can plan the birth, but in the moment it starts you have no control- you are asked to surrender to your own inner nature and the way the new life creates it way through you.

This is the power of the divine Feminine, living in our feminine body.

Please remember its strength, its ability to birth life, to affirm life, to sustain life, to birth new creative solutions for humanity and our planet.

We live in a time when this remembrance is needed, where you are needed with your own unique perspective on life.

Please remember that you have a voice, and that you are a creative and integral force of nature.

Please remember that you are not alone and that the world waits for your expression!

Please remember why you have chosen to be here!



Chaos is the most powerful condition
and fertile soil to let the new emerge.
It requires complete trust
and surrender
to what comes up in each moment.

A woman's evolutionary journey to LOVE

What does it mean to be born and have a life?

To return you to Love.

What does it mean to live in a feminine human body?

To return you to Love.

Why all this pain?

To return you to Love.

Why this neglect, this abandonment?

Why the abuse and the denial?

To return you to Love.

Why do I not get what I need?

To return you to Love.

For what have I come?

To BE Love.

What do I want to find here?

Love.

Why does it hurt so much?

To return you to Love.

Is there a way out?

No.

Just the way through.

How long does it take?

As long as it needs.

Can I do something to do it faster?

Embrace everything that comes no matter how it feels.

The less resistance you have,
the easier it gets.

What do I need?

Breathe.

What else do I need?

Breathe in and out.

What else do I need?

Rest in the awareness of your breath.

What do I need to know?

All what you need and what you are is within you.

What else do I need to know?

Listen to your heart and trust its truth.

Follow the impulse of your heart no matter what you think.

Can I fail?

No.

Can I make mistakes?

No.

Can I loose my way?

No.

Trust. Trust that you are safe no matter what happens.

Whatever happens, trust that you are loved.

When you arrive at home, you will know that you are Love.

There is only one direction.

Preface

In summer of 2013 the initiation into soul consciousness started as a breakdown. I had no clue what happened to me, when out of nowhere I started to cry for days and days and days.

We had just moved country and I felt I was not ready to begin a new. I was not ready to start a new life and to learn a new language and to begin a new life in a foreign country. I had lived 7 years in Slovakia, my husband's homecountry, and had to embrace again a new culture. I wanted to go home, home to Germany.

I went to Germany with my daughter and into a mess. I started a love affair and ended up in an abusive relationship without that I wanted. I didn't know anymore who I was, just that I was emeshed in other people's life chaos, trying to help and resolve their stories. Loosing myself completely, loosing my inner space, loosing my voice completely.

Finally I allowed myself to escape out of fear of who I was being in these circumstances; out of fear that I would create more of what didn't feel true, even if I didn't knew what that was. I went back to Norway where I didn't know anybody but my little family,

One message would be my anchor for the next years. I was told that I would feel everything that I had ever avoided feeling, so that I would come into mind body soul alignment again.

I left behind that which I had ever known and broke down and laid on the ground for around three months. The only thing I knew was that I would stand up again. Something would stand up- and I had no control. I surrendered fully to something I didn't know; every day reconnecting to trusting that all was okay.

And something stood up within me.

A journey of consciously feeling my story, energetically held in the body, began. Consciously means that I was not fully identified with what I felt. There was this part in me, which could and can stay present while feeling even the most uncomfortable emotions. With every emotional wave I went through I was more anchored in this witness consciousness and able to just observe what happened, less and less judging my inner experience.

The more I felt, the more love I felt, the more I became peace,
and the more I identified with myself as a soul living in a human body.

More and more I discovered patterns and beliefs holding me back from living a life
full of love and authenticity, and surrendered them.

I have learnt that true love never dies, and
that we can only lose that which doesn't belong authentically to us.

The journey was terrible and beautiful in the same moment and it will go on forever,
since we as human beings have always emotional experiences.
But I am not anymore identified with the emotions or sensations in my body, and also
less and less with the thoughts in my head.

The impulse of the heart has overtaken the head and the mind serves the heart.
The more I train witnessing the inner experience, allowing the emotional content to
flow through me, the more I am consciously centered in present moment awareness
and love of self.

I have grown into deep, deep compassion for myself and all of life.
I am able to see myself as a part of the collective history of the feminine with all the
abuse and suppression it experienced for thousands of years.
I am honored to be part of this time when the Feminine rises into its true expression
and its capacity for healing and transforming, so that our children can grow into a
culture that respects the planet and all of life, honoring mother Earth.
I am deeply grateful to live in this time and to be a part of the human journey into
embodying love right now.

I am witnessing that humanity grows and evolves in consciousness, so that we take
the place that we have come for:
To be custodians of this beautiful planet, mother Earth, Gaia, so that all of life
flourishes and thrives.
That peace governs the world.

I am part of this change.
I am a voice for this change, for the healing of the feminine within,
so that the balance between the feminine and the masculine is restored,
once and forever.

May the sacred dance of life continue to be remembered in all of us.
May we realize that we are of divine nature, honoring our embodiment and all of life
as an expression of the divine.
May we all recognize the beauty within us and each other.
May we remember who we really are and what being human really means.

In honor of the journey of transition, in honor of the feminine way, I dedicate this book to you, all women, wanting to know and remember who you really are.

May we realize that we have never been a victim,
and may we remember that we are the cocreator of life.
That we embody the power of the circle of life and death.

May we remember the deep feminine wisdom encoded in our body.
And may we reclaim our power, selfrespect and capacity to love, first and foremost
for our self.

The ultimate call

Pluto

I am that, which most people are afraid of.

I come when least expected,
and I come in white.
I follow my own rules .

I am listening, deeply listening.

I am full of grace and merciless.
I am radical.

I take everything that is not true and that doesn't belong to you.

All that you have,
that you feel,
that you believe,
that you experience.

Situations,
circumstances,
relationships,
loved ones and
the sense of belonging.

All limitations.

So that you
finally
are
reborn
into
your
true
self.

Limitless.

The more you resist,
the more you suffer.
There is nothing you can hide from me,
even if you want so hardly.
Everything will be revealed to me.

You are naked in my eyes.

Some of you sense me coming but don't believe,
don't want to look into my eyes.

Some wait for me desperately,
so that they can be finally free.

Some fight against me with all their will,
just to understand
that nothing is more powerful
than I am.

Those who give up
voluntarily,
who surrender everything
that they have ever known,
will flow into freedom
and be rebirthed

into the fullness of being.

I am Grace. I am Change. I am Life. I am Love.

I must be crazy

I must be crazy.
What I feel is not what I see.

I feel the cruelty between mum and dad,
I feel the lack of respect and love,
I feel the neglect,
I feel the dishonor,
I feel the cold,
I feel the suppressed anger,
I feel that something is off.

And everyone does as if all is okay.
As if we are a nice normal family
and love each other.
No body knows that we don't speak with each other.
That as soon the guests leave, there is this silence.
This cold silence.
This disconnection.
This gap.

I must be crazy .
Do I just feel it?
Is this normal?
I must be crazy that I feel something different
than I see on the surface.
I see it, I smell it, I feel it.
I have to say it, to speak it out.

No,
it is too dangerous.
I will be beaten.
I will be punished.
I will be left.
All alone,
without anyone.

I need to express that in my belly.
I will destroy the facade.
I will speak this coldness, the violence, the abuse, the abandonment.
I will express that feeling.

No,
I will loose everything I need to grow up.

And they must love me.

The way out
is to shut down.

I will not eat anymore.
I will control my feelings.
I will not become a woman.
I will not be my father's woman.
I will not take anything in of them anymore.
I will freeze my belly, so that I don't feel the pain anymore.
I will have everything under control,
so that I don't explode.
So that I don't express that which destroys everything
I ever wanted to believe in.

It is a safe place.

Nobody can reach me and I can't reach anybody.
And I have power
over myself- and over them!
I am in control.
I dictate the rules
and they are forced to react, how I want.

Finally all alone
and no one can enter my space.
My body is mine!

Icecold

There is the small death,
and there is the big death.

The small death is deadful silence.
Standing still.
Nothing moves.
No one can enter into this queendom of ice;
not human,
not alive.
Endless mask.

The end of feeling and
the end of victimhood,
withdrawing from the outside world.

Endless peace of no communication.
Endless peace of not allowing to be touched.
Endless peace of not being able to be hurt through love anymore.
Endless peace of being endlessly alone.
Endless peace of not being available for anyone.
Endless peace of nobody entering my space.
Endless peace of not feeling anything.
Endless ice.

Finally safe.
I am in control of my life.
No body can decide about me anymore.
No body can force me anymore.
I am ice.
I am stone.
It is good.

Whose life do I want to live?
Do I want to live?
What is life?
What is being alive?
I don't know.

Is there a longing?
I don't know.

But I feel
that there is something not able to die,

to be silenced, to be extinguished.
I don't know how to call it.
I don't know if I like it.
It doesn't let me in peace
in the cold desert.

A movement.
NONdefinable.

I have never wanted to die.
I have always wanted to live.
I am hungry for life.
But not hungry for this pain.
How can I get out of here?

The only one who can decide is me.
I want to live.
I want to be alive.
What does this mean?

I want to feel at home in my human body,
I want to feel life, sense life, touch life , smell life,
move life, eat life, touch life, hear life, express life!
I want to be life!

But I will be hurt if I open for Life.
I will be abused if I open for Life.
I will be controled if I open for Life.
I will be manipulated if I open for Life.
I will be killed if I open for Life.
I will be abused if I show myself.
I will be shut down if I say something.
I will be silenced, if I express my truth.
I will be punished for being myself.
I will be made wrong for who I am.
I will be made wrong for what I feel.
I will be made wrong for what I say.
I will loose everything and everyone.
I will be judged for being vulnerable.

I will
never ever love again,
never ever be vulnerable again,
never ever trust again,
never ever open again.

Peace.

Ice.

I don't know how to live
and
I don't know how to die.

Who am I?
I don't know.
No body.

.
A movement
in me.
towards Life.
A shift.
A small opening, a glimpse.

I will relate to this glimpse
all my life.
It is my guiding light,
my North star.
Something unnamable and
almost undetectable.

Something unspeakable.

I want to find that.
I want to meet that.
I want to touch that.

This small movement
is the shift and
the decision
to live.

The decision
to not leave this earth,
without
having been fully alive.

How can I be fully alive?

It took me a long time to recover from the choice I made with fourteen.
It took me a long time to feel comfortable in my human feminine body.
It took me a long time to see through the patterns of self destruction and codependency.

It took me a long time to allow myself to feel the pain of the emotional abuse, the disgust, the hatred, the anger , the fear and the endless amount of tears,
till I would be able to embrace and love myself fully.

To finally believe in my unique perception and the gift of sensitivity with which I came to the world.

To understand that my parents were victims of the war and living out inherited unconscious patterns of love.

They loved me how they could.

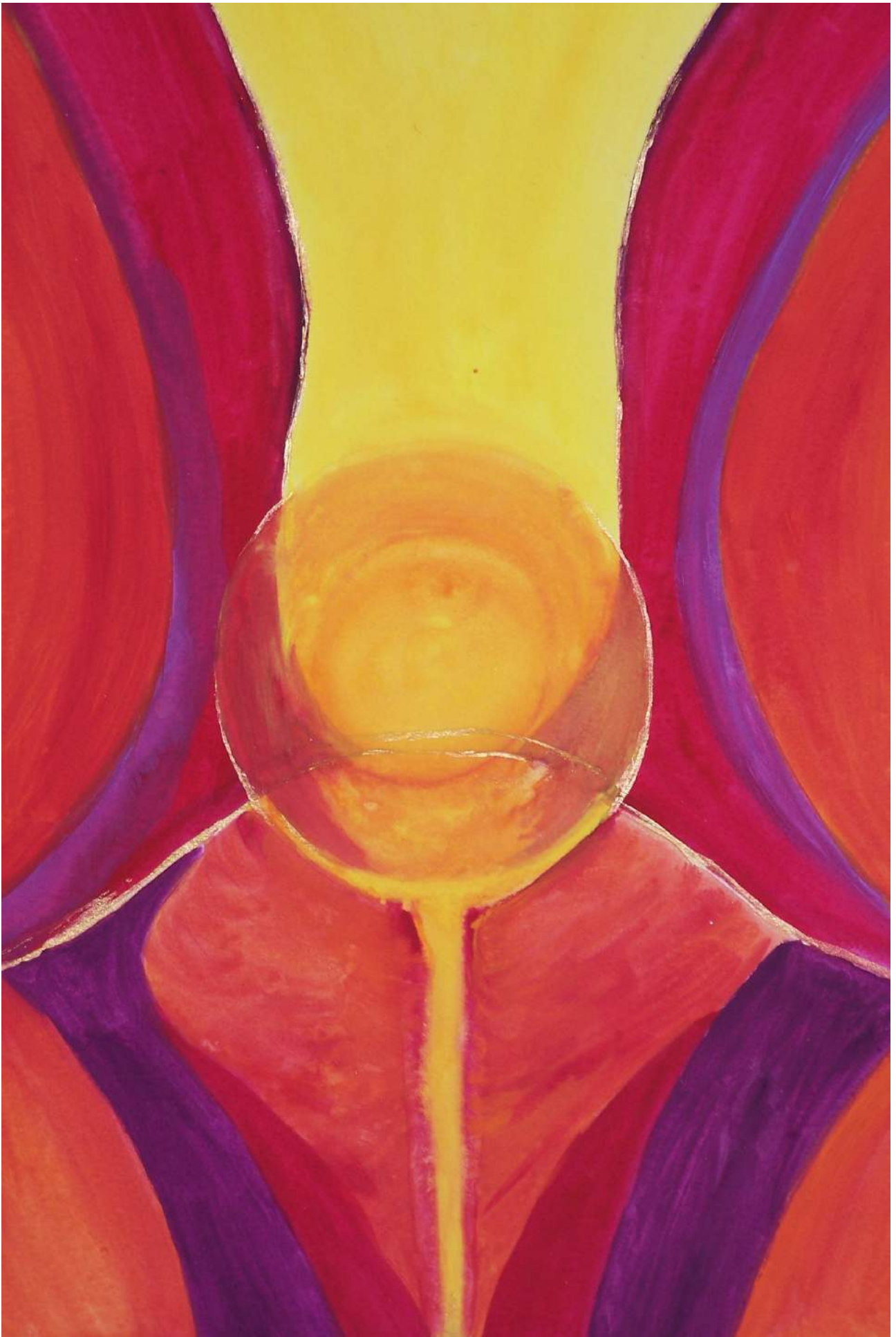
I honor the decision that I made because it was the only way I could deal with what happened. It helped me to survive till I was ready to face what needed to be seen.

I am deeply thankful for my life's journey and the quest of life that began when I was so young, and I honor the commitment to be fully alive and to not die.

The commitment to go all the way to embodying my self, my soul, love.

To have the courage to look at all and feel it all, and to realize how beautiful I am, how precious each and everyone of us is.

I honor the love for truth that is the truth of love in all of us!



My needs are calling me into existence

To have needs is too painful.
My needs will never be fulfilled.
I am alone.
Nobody sees me, feels me or hears me.

I better give up to have needs.
I better give up to cry.
I better give up.

If I don't have needs anymore,
if I don't show my needs anymore,
I will not get disappointed again.
I will not get hurt again.

A powerful decision
almost costing all of life.
A small being making a big decision
out of the need to survive.

Out of the need to deal with insurmountable pain.
The conclusion that love is pain.
That love is the fear not to get needs met.
That love is hopelessness,
and emptiness and being alone.
Love does not exist.

But Life doesn't lie.

Life is a gift and a force
and it shows everything that
wants to be seen, felt and embraced,
even if I don't want.

It takes me to places where I feel my needs.
It takes me to painful experiences,
so that I can see myself better.
So that I can receive the denial,
so that I can receive the pain.
So that I can receive the hopelessness,
and so that I have to confront my decision
to not have needs,
which has costed me almost my life.

To be able to navigate life
I have to know my needs,
so that life supports me.
So that life takes me out of denial and selfhate,
so that I learn how to love.

So that I am able to speak for my self,
for my boundaries,
for my needs.
So that other people can hear me and see me with my needs
and respond.

There is love out there
but I will never make the experience to be loved,
if I don't show myself
and my needs.

It is risky,
it is critical,
it awakes the fear, that
I don't want to feel.
It is a necessary decision
for life or death.

I am called to be willing.
I am called to open,
I am called to express my needs,
so that other people can respond.

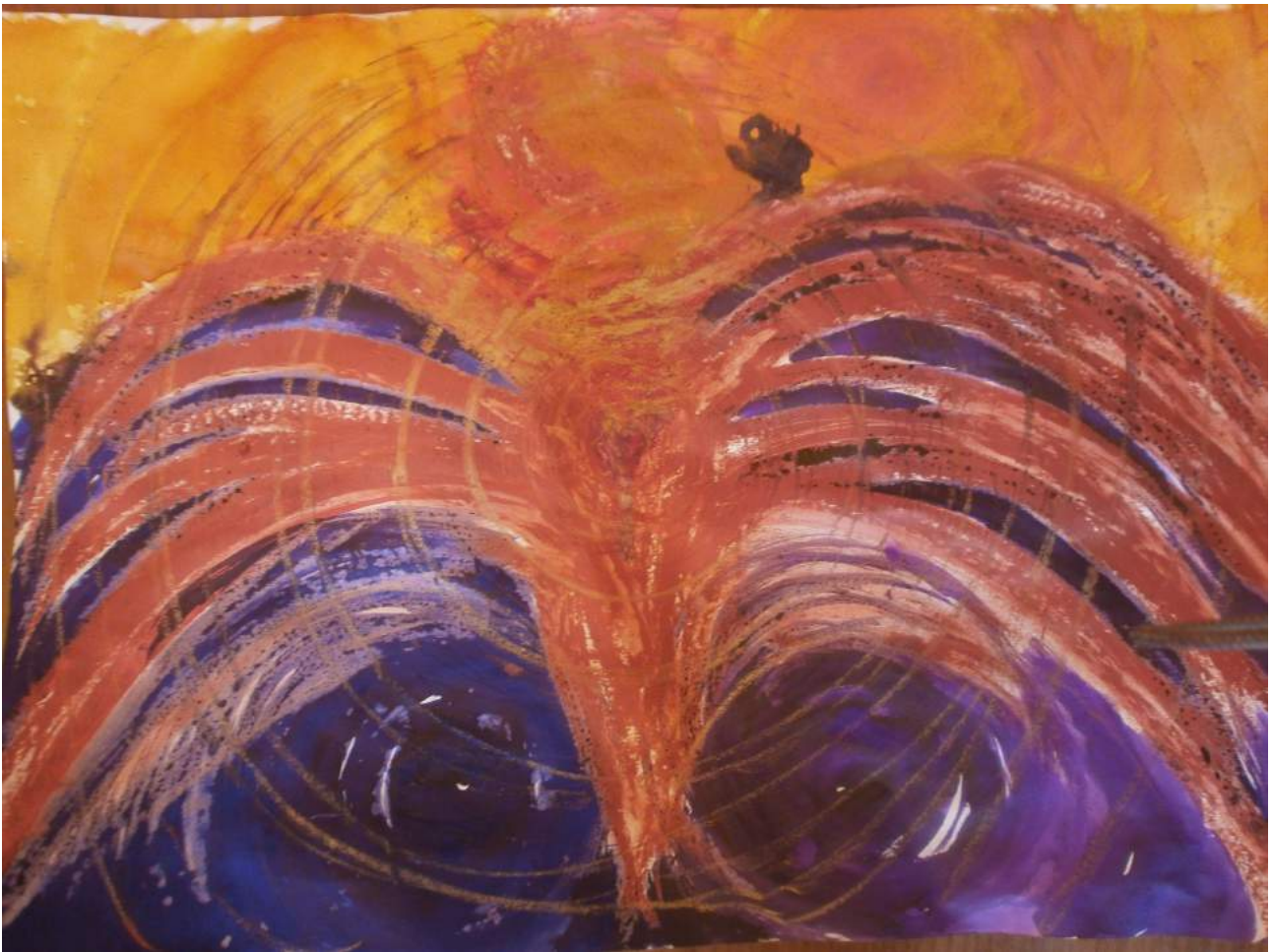
Maybe other people love to fulfill my needs.
Maybe I am welcome
as a human being.

I dare the first step.
I dare to express.
I dare to have needs.
I dare to wish.
I dare to be heard and seen.
I dare to be loved.

It awakes all the pain;
it awakes all the despair;
all the shame
again.
But I know that I am not my past experiences.

I know that I want to live.
I know that I want to be human.
I know that I can learn to trust.
I know that I can learn to believe I am loved.
I know that I can.

My needs are a gift to the world.



I am your hatred.
I follow you all your life.
I make you feel righteous,
I make you feel strong.
I make you feel powerful.
I look like you not having fear.
I look like you not being vulnerable.
I make you feel not needing anyone.
I make you feel independent.

You don't need to heal.
You don't need to search.
You don't need others.
You don't need company.
You don't need get hurt again.
You don't need love.
You are enough for yourself.

I am disguised as self- love.

Hatred

Hatred is a natural human reaction
to people treating you without respect,
hurting you,
beating you with or without words.
Hatred is a natural human reaction
to people treating you
as if you are not a human being.

Hatred is a self defence mechanism
of a child
who wants to survive
and doesn't want to give up
her sense of self- worth, of worthiness.

Hatred is a tool
to keep her alive,
to fight for her rights,
to stand up against violence,
to scream for justice.

Hatred is natural human reaction
but which keeps her distant from
feeling love.

It is the wall around the heart
that she has to face
and to embrace
to come home.

Hatred is like a monster
and the fear makes it almost
non human, almost insurmountable.

Only when
the longing
is bigger
than the comfortzone
of staying hidden
in her own fog,
the hardest part of the journey beings.

For hatred
has turned into selfhatred,

has turned into rightousness,
has turned into entitlement,
has turned into keeping everything
and everyone she ever desires
at distance.

Behind the fear
lies the hatred,
behind the hatred
lies the horror,
behind the horror
waits the beautiful girl
to be seen and loved
forever again.

When the longing is big enough
she is ready to be disarmed
till the bones.
The longing must come out of herself,
for herself,
not for another human being.

It is not easy
but unavoidable now.

And all that is left
is love.

Love for herself
and love for all of creation.

Hatred is beautiful.
Hatred is a doorway to love.

Boredom

I am bored.
I want something else.
I want more,
I want this and that.
I want to experience more .
I want to live more.
I want to consume more.
I want to feel myself.
I want to be happy.
I want to feel alive.
I want something new.
I want more excitement.

I need more,
I need extremes,
I need the kick,
I need the adrenalin.
I need to go further.
I need to fight more.
I need to eat more, drink more.
I need more adventure.

I just feel my self in extremes.
I just feel myself when something happens.
I just feel myself in drama.
I just feel myself in stress.

I do everything to not be bored.
I do everything to not feel myself.
I do everything to not feel the sadness and the emptiness
waiting in patience inside of me.
I do everything to not sit still and rest.
I am bored and no one can help me
even if I so deeply want.
I am bored by life.
I am bored by my self.
And the time doesn't pass.
I am bored and nothing happens.

I don't believe that boredom is an invitation.
An invitation to breathe and to go deeper
to reconnect with myself.
I don't believe that underneath boredom lives

the source of creativity.

I am afraid to meet the sadness and frustration within me.

I am afraid to meet the pain and the powerlessness.

I am afraid to meet the depression and the resentment.

I am afraid to meet the grief and the rage.

I am afraid to meet the hatred and the fear. To meet my self.

Boredom is the doorway to creativity

from the inside out.

Life will give me more and more to be bored

till I am ready to do the first step within,

to finally realize that I need more of me.

That I have been only waiting for myself.



Breaking through

At the core of our being
lives an impulse,
an impulse to live
and an impulse to love.

Eternity encoded in a human body,
a place of limitless possibility,
a never dying piece of divinity.

In the heart lives
the spark of the soul,
divine Love and divine Light.

I have a voice now

I have tried everything
to not feel.

I studied, traveled, danced, painted, learned seven languages, acted on stage, studied astrology, gave workshops, married, birthed children.

I did everything to forget my past and to prove to myself that I am alive.
Till I could not outrun it anymore.

I broke down,
and began to feel,
first with resistance.

I learned to surrender more and more- everything.
I began to trust.
To trust in something greater than me.

I knew something, someone, would stand up again
when it was time.
A new me.

It is time.
It is time for me
to stand up.

To stand in my expression.
To be a woman-
and unique.

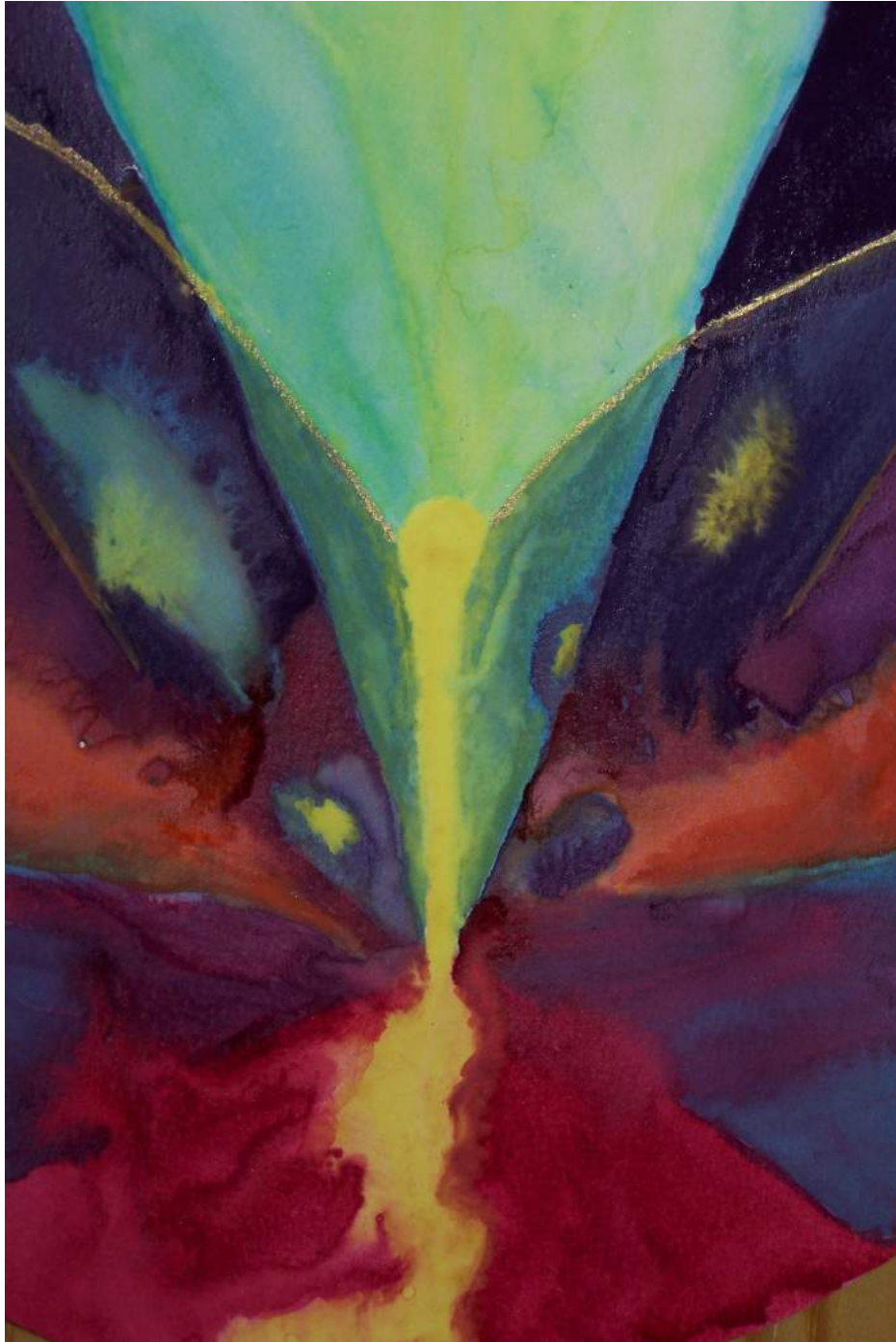
I have a voice now.

I have learnt to be a woman in a human body.
I have learnt to honor my body.
I have learnt to feel all emotions, the beautiful and the ugly.
I have learnt to feel the touch on my skin.
I have learnt to speak without fear.
I have learnt to express myself in art.
I have learnt that I am more than enough.
I have learnt to trust other human beings, to the degree, which I can.
I have learnt to dance as I have never danced before.
I have learnt to ask, when I need something.
I have learnt that life loves me, even if my parents were not able to respect me.
I have learnt to respect myself.
I have learnt to accept my flaws.
I have learnt to accept my uniqueness.
I have learnt to say no, when I mean it.
I have learnt that the world is friendly.
I have learnt that my body is precious and my friend.
I have learnt that I am strong and powerful.
I have learnt that I have a voice.
I have learnt that I have something to share.
I have learnt that I am a gift.
I have learnt that life is abundant.
I have learnt that I exist and that it is okay to have boundaries.
I have learnt to forgive.

I have learnt that I am a gift for the world and that my needs call me into existence.
I am learning that life is a miracle and that I have something to contribute to this world.

I am learning that the world needs what I am here to give.
I am learning that I am needed.
I am learning that I can trust myself.
I embrace that I am here to love and to share my wisdom.

I am here.
I am love.
I am life.
I am.



Frozen

As a child in the war
something freezes.

Something essential.
Life.
Inner life stops.

Shock after shock after shock in
a soulless war.

Too much.
Too much danger.
Too much violence.
Too much death,
too much loss,
too much blood,
too much fear.
Too much crying,
too much abandonment,
too much aloneness,
too much abuse.
Too much killing,
too much destruction,
too much cruelty,
too much overwhelm.
Too much mistrust,
too much control,
too much fight,
too much hate.
Too much desperation.
Too much exhaustion.

Too many victims and
too less love.

The war doesn't have a feminine face.

The decision, to not feel anymore
creates the necessary sense of safety
and costs life.

The Life of the child in the war
is the life of the adult,
is the life of the parent,
is the life of her child,
is the life of the grandchildren,
is the life of future generations.

The trauma of the war
stays alive
for generations,
generations,
and generations
till somebody has the courage to feel.
To feel it all.

I am the one.
Life begins a new.

Every tear creates the fertile soil for new life to grow.

Mother Love

Mother, I still remember you standing
and looking after me
while I had to leave you there,
in psychiatry.
I left by car
after being with you for some hours,
just some hours of one day in one week.

Your eyes were sad and lonely
like a three year old girl,
not knowing how to be in the world.

I remember you repeating
that you are not crazy,
while you felt that no body listened
or took you seriously.

That the voices in your head were real,
even you didn't know where they came from.
That the sensations in your body were real,
while no doctor found any source.

I respect your choice to not look inside;
your choice to not feel beyond the surface.
I respect your choice to search for the right medication,
while the little girl in you screamed through your body.
See me, listen to me, love me!

I respect your decision to fight with illness for more than two decades,
and to try everything, just not to feel the feelings waiting in your body.

I respect your final choice to not breathe anymore,
because the years of endless pain were enough.
I accept your decision to leave with your body your pain behind,
and to set an end to the suffering.

Witnessing the choice you made
led me to the conscious choice to feel.
To go within and connect with my little girl, and feel it all.

I am so grateful , mother, that you gave me life,
that you gave me all that you had,
to prepare me for this journey of life,

where the only way out was to feel that,
what nobody dared to feel before me.

I am glad that I had support in this.
People who believed in me,
who witnessed my suffering and
my questioning,
my incessant longing to heal.

I am glad to live in a strong body
which has resurrected not just once.
I am happy to have the courage and the commitment,
to go all the way
till the end,
even I didn't know what waited for me.

I am glad that I live at this time
where we can openly speak about feelings and emotions
and where many ways of healing are opened.
Where the existence of the inner experience is a part of the discourse.

I am sorry that you didn't have so many choices
as a woman in your time,
and as a child in the war,
and that you didn't have the courage to trust your inner voice.

I am sorry that I didn't have the opportunity to know you,
apart from your way of being still and in the shadow.
I am sad that I didn't hear your voice comforting me
when I needed it,
and I am sad that you could not show me how to be a woman in power.

I had to find and create my way on my own,
and I grow into my power now
that is unique
and has been undestroyable from the beginning on.

I know now that I have myself and that I will never leave me.
This is all I need to create a life of love and joy.
My life!

Thank you, mother , for giving me life and life only.
This is the biggest gift of all.
I am alive.
Thank you, mother!

Mother

newmoon

Today my mother died in me.
She was never more than three years old.

Today I have compassion for her.
I have forgiven her.
I have felt the pain.
All the pain.
I have felt the mother wound; the anger, the hate, the sadness, the guilt and the shame.

I can let go now.

I can let her go now.

I accept and honor the gift she gave to me:
my life.

I don't cry anymore that I missed the warmth of mother love.
I know she could not give it.
You can't give that which you have never received.

I am not angry anymore
that she left me alone from the beginning on.
That she didn't know how to care for me,
how to show her love, how to embrace me.

She didn't know how to care for herself, how to love herself.

I have forgiven her.
As she was abandoned, she abandoned herself.
And me and my brother.

I wanted my mother.
I wanted her so desperately,
I needed her so desperately
that I became her mother, emotionally.

I was offering me, so that she would be my mother.
I played the role as mother, so that I would have a home to come to.
It was cold with her, empty.
I did my best to comfort her, to show her my love and to bring her warmth.

I could not save her.
It was never my role.

I was so angry.
I was so sad.
I was so afraid to be alone.
I was alone even when she was around.
It was so dark, so cold.

She chose illness and never recovered.

She never looked inside.
She died becoming stone.
Nothing flew in her anymore.
And in the end she just chose not to breathe.

I was not sad, since she had died long time before in her inner.
I didn't feel anything.

Today I allow myself to feel the sadness,
that I have never had a mother who was present with me.
I feel the pain of missing a mother.
I feel all the sadness and the anger of the girl
who has still been hoping that one day she would come.

She will never come.
She will never be there for me.
I feel it .
I feel it all.

And let go.
Finally.

I am my own mother
and I am here for myself.

Unconditionally loving.
Now.



Allmighty Father

My father
was God.
He was the word.
His word was law.
His word was right.

I loved him; I felt safe.
I hated him; he owned me.

His rhythm was our rhythm.
His wish my mother's wish.
His decision my mother's decision.
His order our direction.
His lifestyle our life.

My mother obeyed him.
My mother defended him.
My mother followed him.
My mother fulfilled his wishes which could turn into orders.

My mother gave up her voice.
My mother gave up her friends.
My mother gave up her family.
My mother gave up her job.
My mother gave up her truth.
My mother gave up her children.

My father's love was practical.
My father's love was requesting.
My father's love was possessive.
My father's love didn't accept exceptions.
My father's love didn't accept chaos.
My father's love didn't include other opinions.

My father's love felt safe and like stone.
My mother's love felt empty.

Both were children in the war.
Life was dangerous .
Life needed to be controlled.
Life was dead.

When I entered the front door to our house, I entered the door to death.
It was cold.
And it was as safe as a cage can be.

Eyes

Father,
when you looked at me
I felt wrong.
I felt guilty.
I felt not enough.

I felt I needed to do more
to deserve your love.
I felt I needed to be perfect
to earn your respect.
I felt I needed to catch your attention
through what I accomplished.
I felt I needed to prove
to be worthy of love.

I felt all of this and more
just by you, looking at me
without saying anything.

I never had the courage
to look into your eyes.
I looked down.
I was shame.
I would never lift my face
to meet your eyes.

Your eyes stayed in me
and became the way
I looked at myself.
How I saw myself through your eyes,
never enough,
unworthy,
unlovable.

Just a girl,
just a woman.

Your eyes looking at me
were a constant source of
judgement and condemnation.

I allowed them
to haunt me,

to silence me,
to shame me,
to blame me,
to take away
my life,
the right to be me and
to express myself freely.

When I finally met
your eyes in me
as a part of me,
I could see the pain.
Your pain,
my pain.

I began to see
through the defence
the little boy in the war,
fighting for his life
fighting for his existence.

The feelings not felt,
the feelings never allowed,
humanity not expressed.
Never touched again.

Life always
creates its ways
even through the coldest desert
into the heart.

The accident
gave you a second chance.

Years later I see an old man
weak in his body
but his eyes softer.
More loving,
more feeling,
more living,
more seeing the other.
More allowing,
more overlooking mistakes.
More receiving
than ever before.



Codependency

Separation
is the death of a relationship, of my relationship with him.
Who was I in this relationship?
I didn't exist.
I was somebody who took care of the other
to the cost of myself.

I served the other.
I read his wishes before he spoke them out.
I fulfilled everything,
reacting on unspoken needs.
He loved me for that.

He stole the words out of my mouth,
turned them around
and used them against me.
I believed him and turned the inside out
for him to see me and to love me.

My mother was my model.
I disappeared in the other.

A relationship is
the safest place to not feel
myself and my needs.
To not meet my pain , my past, my feelings.

The safest place to not express what I really want;
it wouldn't anyway get fulfilled.

The safest place to forget is to not feel.

Waiting for him to give me finally the love
that I have never got.

Who was I in this relationship?
Somebody who selfsacrificed.
I have learnt this word.

This is the story of a woman,
of many women in our collective story.

Separation
is a gift to wake up.
To wake up to my life,
to the fact that I exist.
The pain wakes me up.

I cannot hide anymore in the other.
I don't have an excuse for not feeling.
I don't have an excuse for not having time for myself.
I don't have an excuse for not listening to myself.
I don't have an excuse for not taking care on myself.
I don't have any excuse for not being alive.
I don't have any excuse for not having needs.

I exist.
Whoever I am, I exist.
I can see myself in the mirror.

My body exists.
My body has needs.

I can have thoughts ,
I can ask questions.
My mind exists.
My mind has needs.

I can feel and sense,
I have emotions.
My heart exists.
My heart has desires.

My needs are calling me into existence.

I come out of denial.
Yes, it happened,
Yes, I was abused.
Yes. I was a victim.
Yes, I chose it.

I don't know how but I chose it.
I will find out.
I can make better choices.
I can learn how to make better choices.
I have time now.
I have time to listen to myself.
I have time to listen deeply to myself.

I need support.
I learn to ask for support.
I learn how to ask for support.

I wake up to my existence.
In my pace.
I deserve a life
where I exist,
where I express myself freely.

I will learn all of it.
This is my new day.

The snake

The snake is the part of myself
that gets activated
when I am in a life threatening situation,
where I have no escape.

It awoke for the first time
living in a relationship
that was about to destroy my psyche.

I chose this relationship to not feel myself and
it was based on addiction.
Addiction is another word for distraction.

Codependency is a scientific word,
when you care more about the other than you do for yourself.
You are completely invested in supporting and healing the other,
while giving up your sense of self, your needs and wishes.
You are fully absorbed by living for another being,
and you think that you are important.

I chose to avoid feeling
and to invest myself completely in supporting this man
who had attempted suicide and was sexaddicted.
I chose to not listen to my heart and to abandon myself,
and he liked it.

He was the sun and I circling around him
He felt important and powerful, and I dependent.
He felt adored, and I needed.
He felt loved, and I abandoned..

Suddenly I noticed that I was two.

I was the one who said yes to him,
and I was the one
who found excuses to not meet him all the time.
I was the one who embraced him,
and the one who planned the escape.
I was the one who slept with him,
and the one who was disgusted.
I was the one who shared all about herself,
and the one who hid all the important actions.

I was the snake who planed the way out,
who developes strategies,
and the one who smiled nicely at him,
and ate romantic dinners.
I was the one who calculated every step,
and the one who whispered words of love.
I was the one who took care about my daughter, that she stays safe,
and I was the one who planned the next romantic holidays.

And I was the One who observed it all.
I am the One who observes it all.

Who observed the split.
Who is aware and awake;
who sees the danger;
who supports the truth,
who I can trust.

One day
I acted
and left the old behind.
Without any word
I packed everything
to go
to a place
where
no body knew me.

Where I could start
a new life
and live a life
in integrity from the first moment on.

I love this girl now
who confused abuse with love,
as she had experienced
as a child.

She is so beautiful and pure.



I know
it takes time
to heal.

I owe myself this time.
I give myself this time.
I have this time.

I am an integral part of all of life and life loves me.

Disgust

When I first kissed you,
I felt disgust in my stomach.
But I ignored it
because disgust was something I knew.
I had experienced it in my childhood,
and always at home I sat with a pillow
in front of my stomach
to protect myself .

I was not able to read the sign
that abuse would repeat,
since disgust was in the atmosphere
when I grew up.
My stomach spoke to me
that I should listen
to the small voice within me.

But all I wanted was your love,
to hold on what I knew,
to not be alone and lost- at all cost.
All I wanted was your touch on my skin,
even if it made me vomit.

I allowed you to cross over my borders,
that I didn't know existed.
I thought that I had to buy your love
with sex and that I would feel safe
by becoming exclusive.

I left my friends to be full of you;
all the time.
Till the way of how you disrespected me
was part of my every day life.
Till my inner alarm was off
and the inner voice disappeared.

For some time.
I noticed that I just can betray myself
for some time.

The moment came, when I awoke
to something within me and I knew
I was in danger to forever be lost,

in danger to repeat that, which my mother lived.

I am so grateful for this something
that didn't let me in peace.
It spoke to me, when you were not around,
and let me ask questions
and made me look closer.
It made me stay awake
and sensing into my body,
when I met you again and again and again.

One day
I had the courage to act.
I took my little girl with me.
I took her hand, and walked away
from you, from that,
what had no name,
to a safe place
where I could feel and heal,

I am sorry that I didn't have the courage
to speak out the truth in front of you.
I am sorry that I had no voice to
set boundaries and say no.
I am sorry that I confused you with my mother.
I am sorry that I wanted you to be someone
else than you are.
I am sorry that I wanted me to be different
than I am, so that you would love me.

I am sorry that I didn't have the courage and
the consciousness to love me enough
to let you go earlier.
To avoid the abuse and the fight.

I am grateful that I have learnt
this lesson.

Forever.

Addiction

Codependency is an addicition to another human being feeling good.
So that I do and say everything to stay in a relationship and be loved.
So that I don't need to feel what I don't want to feel.
So that I avoid feeling and meeting the darker parts of myself.

The impulse is fear.
Love can be a fear based attachment.
Love can be drama, so that I feel alive.

Addiction is attractive for more;
more drama, more emotion, more aliveness.

We speak here about pseudo.
Pseude love, pseudo aliveness.
A distorted sense of aliveness through energetical kicks
that I don't want to miss
because I don't want to feel the void.

The void- my void- your void.
Emptiness.

And I know it so well,
since there are these moments of truth
when I realize within myself
that there is something empty, something hidden ,
something so deeply deeply sad.

And I need distraction , I need the kick,
because nobody showed me how to deal with that void.

There is no one around me who is free from addiction.
Everything can turn into a drug.

Addictions are distractions
from feeling the emotions hidden in our own unconsciousness,
but which are triggered all the time to be felt and integrated.

There are many triggers,
there are constant triggers
and most of the time we deny them
Resistance is a very comfortable state.

The others are wrong, they are to blame,
so that we can stay in our comfortzone
and don't need to look into the mirror.

Until they are wrong and we right,
we can stay where we are.
Safe and unconscious.

When your world breaks down,
something happens and
you have two choices.

You give up and drown
and die with your anger inside,
or you awake and kneel down,
awake to that you can't do it by yourself.

This is the moment when GRACE enters in.
You are begining to allow
to be guided.

You are opening
to receiving:
support, people, circumstances which speak to you,
that you remember who you are and
why you are here.

Finally the journey has begun.

Love can enter into your life.

Control

The need to control
has its roots in pain and fear.
The fear of pain.

Once being hurt
I have tried everything to not be hurt again,
so that my outside world
would never ever bring me back
to that pain again.

I need to control
everyone,
everything
to not come into a situation
out of control,
where I would be forced to face,
forced to see,
forced to feel that
which I have been avoiding successfully
till this moment.

The need to control
has many forms.

Violence, passive aggressiveness,
victimhood, manipulation:
I will do everything to you,
so that I get what I want,
so that you are how I want you to be.

It happens individually
and collectively.
In me,
in relationships,
in families,
in communities,
in cities,
in countries,
on continents,
on this planet.

Change starts with me,
when I begin to see
that I can't control life.

I can't control myself
forever.
Control is the opposite
of being alive.
Control is the opposite of living.
Control is the opposite
of loving.

Life throws me
-throws us-
into moments of letting go of
control.
Which become hours and days
and weeks and months and years.

I don't know what the next day
will bring
and I am forced to trust
in life itself,
in its essence.

That it is good,
that it is loving me.
Supporting me
in becoming
who I am here to be.
However that looks like.

Life beyond control
requires trust
and surrender into the knowing
that life lives in my heart,
in every heart
at every place.

The mind doesn't understand
what the heart knows.

Confusion

I wish that my mother and father changed, so that I could feel loved.
There must be something wrong with me.
I wish that I would be different, so that I would be loved.

I wish my partner to change, so that I could finally get the love which my mother
never gave me.
I wish my life to change, so that finally I would feel worth.
I wish the world around me changed so that I am seen, heard and loved.

I want to change the world!
The world must be changed, so that it doesn't hurt.
So that I don't feel the pain.

There must be something wrong with me.
It is all their fault, it is all my fault!
That nothing works.

Help me, I don't know what to do anymore!
I cannot do it all alone!
I am not able to hold it all alone.

GIVING UP.

Letting go of my personal will.
Surrendering.

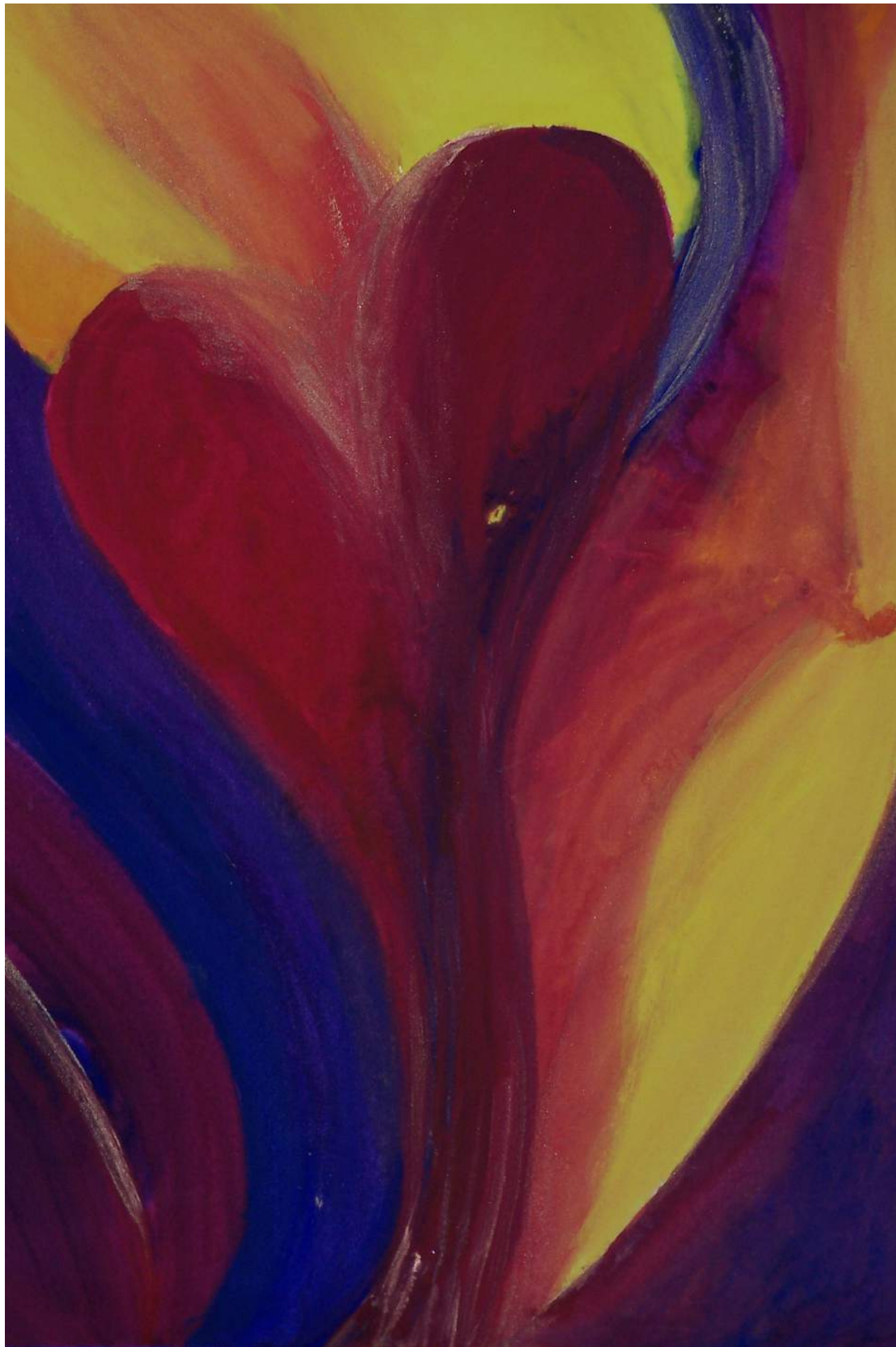
„Thy will be done!“

This prayer-
allowing.
The first ray of light
entering the darkness.

A moment.
A book, a human being, a picture, a color, a sound.

Something touching me ,
that makes me question my perspective.
That allows something new to enter into me.

Allowing.
Receiving.
The first step into the new world.



Shame

Shame doesn't like to be called by it's name.
It likes to stay secret and hidden
to control life.
It likes the dark corner in my being
where fear is its guardian.

Shame has many names.
It is the feeling hiding my weakness.
It is the remembrance that I was not strong enough to avoid the hurt.
It is the feeling hiding the wounds so that they will never see the light of day again.
So that I will never be free.
It is the feeling hiding the flaws, the human imperfections which I judge unloveable.
It is the feeling hiding the life experiences which I don't want to remember.
It is the feeling hiding my deepest longings which have brought me into trouble not
only one time.
It is the feeling hiding the moment when I expressed and people laughed about me.

It is the feeling which lets me run away in moments when somebody could see that
what I want to hide.
It is the feeling which lets me turn away in moments when love enters my experience.
It is the feeling which lets me leave another before he could see me fully.
It is the feeling which arises in moments of possible intimacy.
It is the feeling which appears when somebody loves me unconditionally.
It is the feeling which feels unsurmountable and leaves me without speech.

It is the voice which is never spoken.
It is the song never sung.
It is the dance never expressed
and the picture never painted.
It is the love never allowed to enter
and it is the prison of the past.

The moment will come
where the longing is bigger than the fear
and I allow somebody or something to touch me deeper than ever before.

It can be even a heartbreak.
This crack is the beginning of the end-
light begins to find its way through.

I am invited to open my heart . I start to feel. I have the courage.
Life begins.

Guilt

Guilt feels like glue.
It sticks and never leaves.
I wear it like a second skin.
I have got used to it.

Guilt is so comfortable
that I believe I can't change anything.
Every effort is useless.
No escape.
No way!

Guilt is the gamechanger.
It turns powerlessness into a feeling of power.
Guilt is the excuse to not question anything.

Guilt is the voice of my religious consciousness
I am a sinner
till eternity.
Guilt is the weapon of power.
I have a human body- guilty!
I am a sexual being- guilty!
I have desires- guilty!
I care about myself- selfish!

Guilt is spoken over me
as long as I believe it.

Till something in me becomes bigger than this energy.
Till I begin to question this truth.
Till the fire of the anger bursts the cage into pieces.
Till I am ready to feel the guilt and let it go.

I break out of the cycle of pain.
I break the wall down with my anger.
I allow the river of tears to take me home
into the ocean of life.

I start to breathe deeper and deeper
There is nobody who can tell me how to live,
there is nobody who can live my life.

I am free to choose the new.



Fear

Fear is something that I don't like to feel.
It is like the energy of fog that appears in moments of perceived danger.
It is uncomfortable in the body, lets it sweat or become icecold.
I want to run away or leave my body in moments of fear.
I stop breathing and do as if I don't exist.

I know the feeling in the throat when I want to speak but can't.
I know the shallow breath and the need to hide.
I know the fullbody sensation when I begin to shake.
I know the being present in my head but not in my body.
I know the feeling of horror when I cannot escape but I want.

I don't like to feel fear.
I don't want to go to this place that makes me feel powerless.
I don't want to look, to listen, to see the fear.
It is dangerous.

Not controllable.
Not calculatable.
Not speakable.
Not reasonable.
Not rational.
Like a child.

The only way out is the way through.
The only way out is the way through.
The only way out is the way through.

Carefully, very carefully,
I am ready
to make a commitment.

I stay awake when it comes.
I feel it arising in my body
like a wave in a flood.

This time I stay.
This time I am open.
This time I breathe.
This time I go towards it and open my arms.
This time I stand still and curious.
This time I am willing to feel.

And it comes.
It takes me.
It waves through me,
it moves me,
it makes me scream,
it makes me cry,
it makes me fall,
it makes me almost drown,
it takes my breath away.

Silence.
Finally.

I see her and I feel her in me.
She is so beautiful and innocent.
She has been waiting so long for me.
She is here and I am here.
She and I come from the same source.
One.

Fear of the unknown

I don't know myself like this.
I don't know myself not feeling pain,
not feeling hurt,
not feeling as a victim.

I don't know myself
without dramatic emotions,
without the feelings
that I almost can't contain.

I don't know myself
as this patient and peaceful.
I don't know myself
in this nothingness
that almost feels boring.

I don't know myself
without this fear
always present in the background.
I don't know myself
in this natural presence.

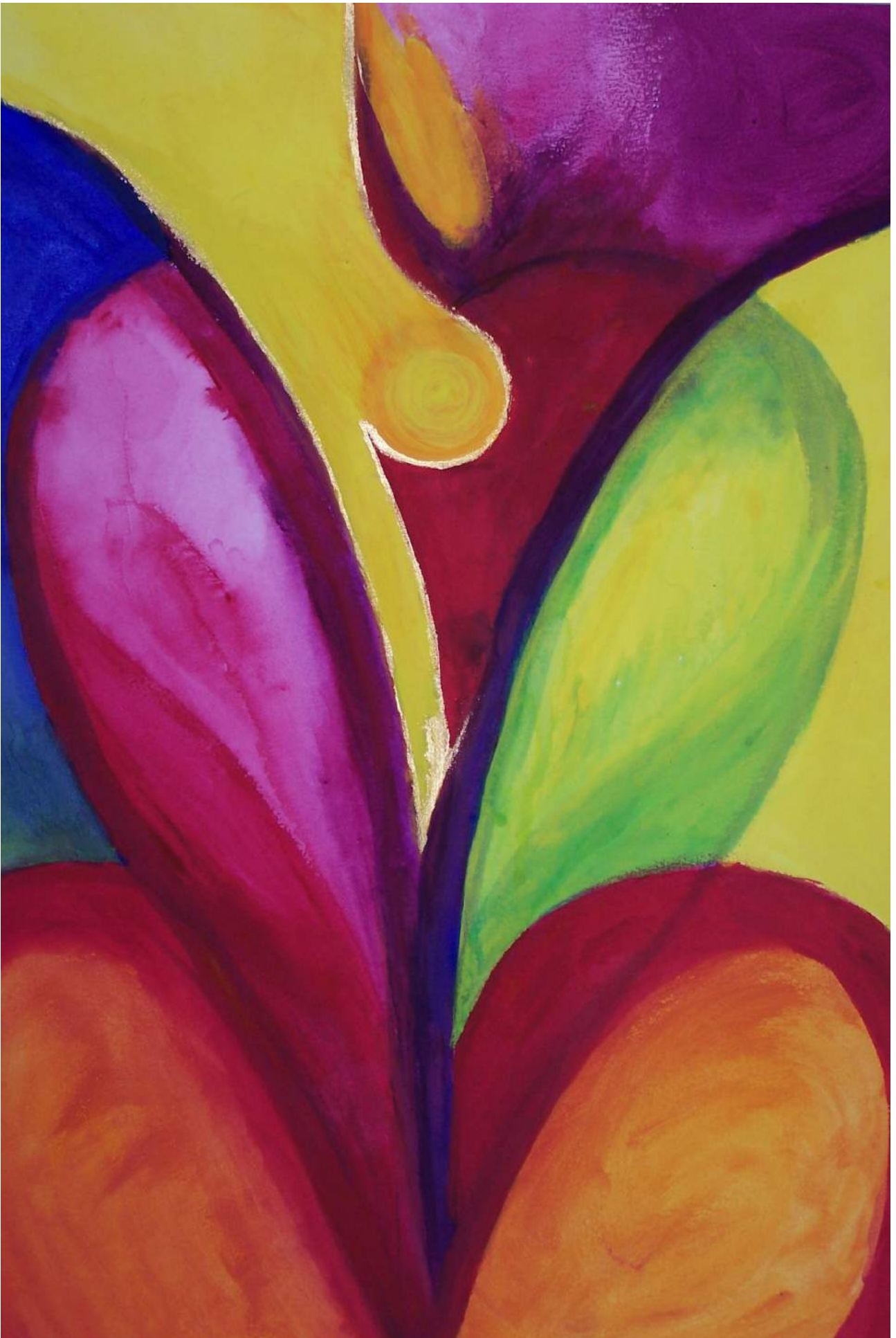
The fear of the unknown
can change
and has changed
into the excitement
of exploration.

I have always known
that this space within me
exists.

I have always known
that there is a life beyond
that what I now call my story.

I have always known
that somewhere is freedom
and love within me.

Always is now.



It took a long way and I would be guided to people and places and scenarios which revealed step by step that I am loved how I am.

In very tiny steps with long time inbetween so that I could allow the light to enter without destroying me.

I would fight against it since love was dangerous.

But deep in my heart I always felt the truth.

I had the discernment to distinguish the truth from illusion.

I had the courage not to believe the beautiful pictures in front of me when something was off.

I had the courage to let go what hurt me, even if it hurt.

I didn't believe people anymore who promised me love but who used me.

I met an old friend in whose presence I had the courage to feel it all.

I felt the pain, the guilt, the shame, the anger, the sadness, the fear, the distortion, the fog, the madness, the jealousy, the envy, the helplessness, the powerlessness. And the hate.

All.

The more I felt, the less I identified with these emotions and the beliefs underneath.

The more I felt, the more I had compassion and love for myself.

The more I felt, the more connected I felt with others.

The more I felt, the more the way into my heart opened up.

I have always been loved by my soul.

I have always been protected by my soul.

I have never been alone, since love lives within me in every moment.

I am in love with myself now.

The world doesn't need to change anymore.

I embrace the pain

and am the change, which I wanted to see in the world.

I have a new perspective now.

I am the world.

I am one with everything.

I am Love.

All inclusive.

I am free.

Now.

I honor each and every woman who is willing to go all the way and embrace herself and her emotions fully.

To follow the longing of being embodied love and therefor realize her purpose.

We are so deeply needed in this world, which yearns for love more than anything else.

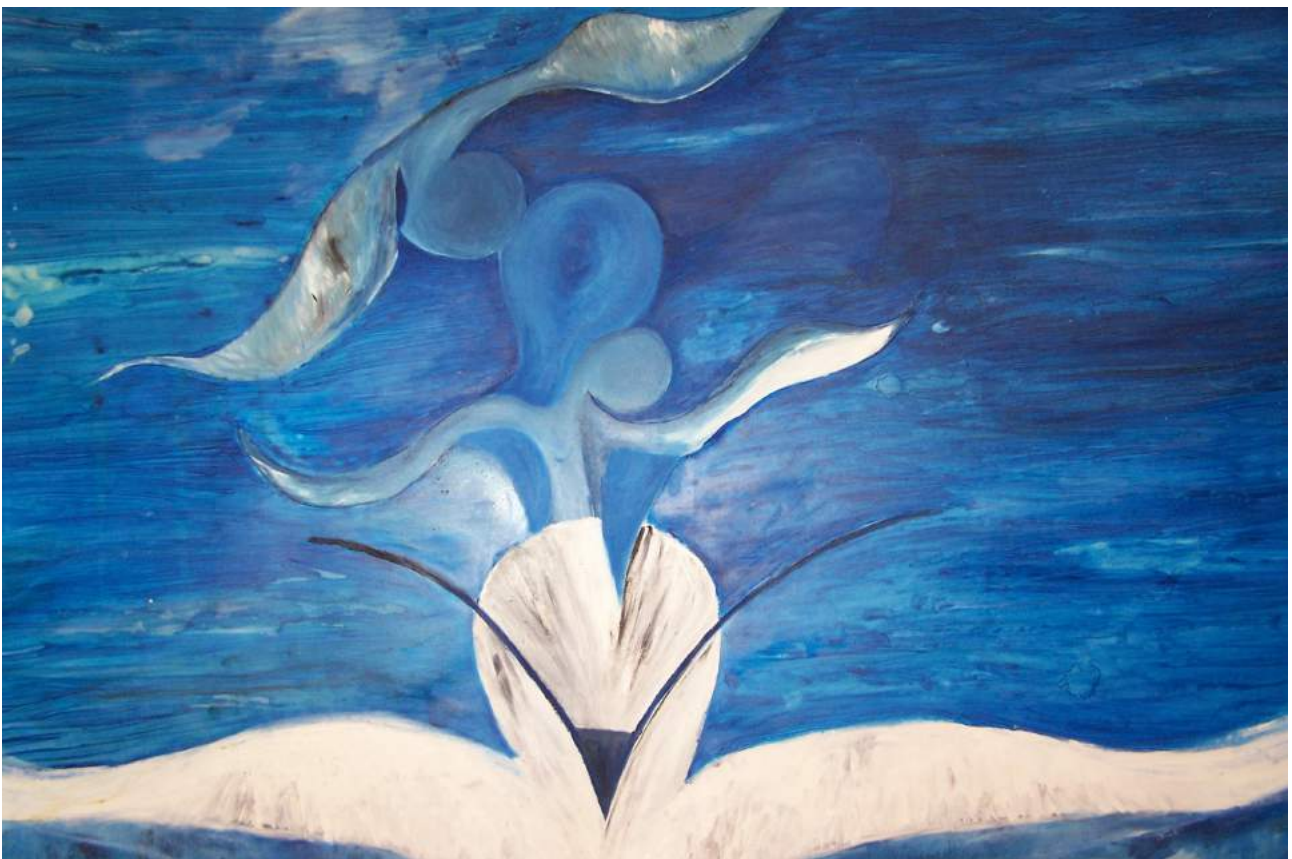
I honor each and every woman who has the courage to fully meet herself with love and compassion and becomes a catalyst for change.

I honor the capacity to love and nurture in every woman, so that the children of the world are held and fed.

I honor the feminine in each and every human being
and dedicate this book to support women on their way into LOVE.

May you feel seen and heard in these words,
and may you be supported in fully believing in yourself and your unique way of perceiving life.

You are so precious!



Feminine expression

Sometimes the splintering of glass is the only way to express the unspeakable.

Sometimes taking paint and messing around is the only way to express the feelings which have no words.

Sometimes dancing till the break down is the only way to get access to the frozen feelings under the surface.

Sometimes living in places where nobody knows you is the only way to break through into listening your own voice.

Sometimes leaving everything behind and beginning a new somewhere else is the only way to be authentic and to start with one step which feels deeply true.

Sometimes not knowing is the only way to go on in life.

Sometimes not listening to anyone else is the only way to stay true to oneself.

Sometimes escaping a situation which gets out of control and doesn't feel right is the only way to avoid something worse.

Sometimes shutting down is the only way to avoid continuous perpetration through others.

Sometimes screaming no is the only way to protect yourself.

Sometimes crying till there is nothing left is the only way to begin a new.

Sometimes crying and laughing come in the same moment so that you know that you are on the right path.

There is a time

There is a time in life, when everything breaks down, so that your authentic being can break through.

There is a time in life when your heart gets broken, so that it can break open.

There is a time for everything in life.

Now is the time when the Feminine awakes and rises up into her full expression.

It is not an easy journey- but it is held and supported by all of life.

Trust your journey whatever it looks like.

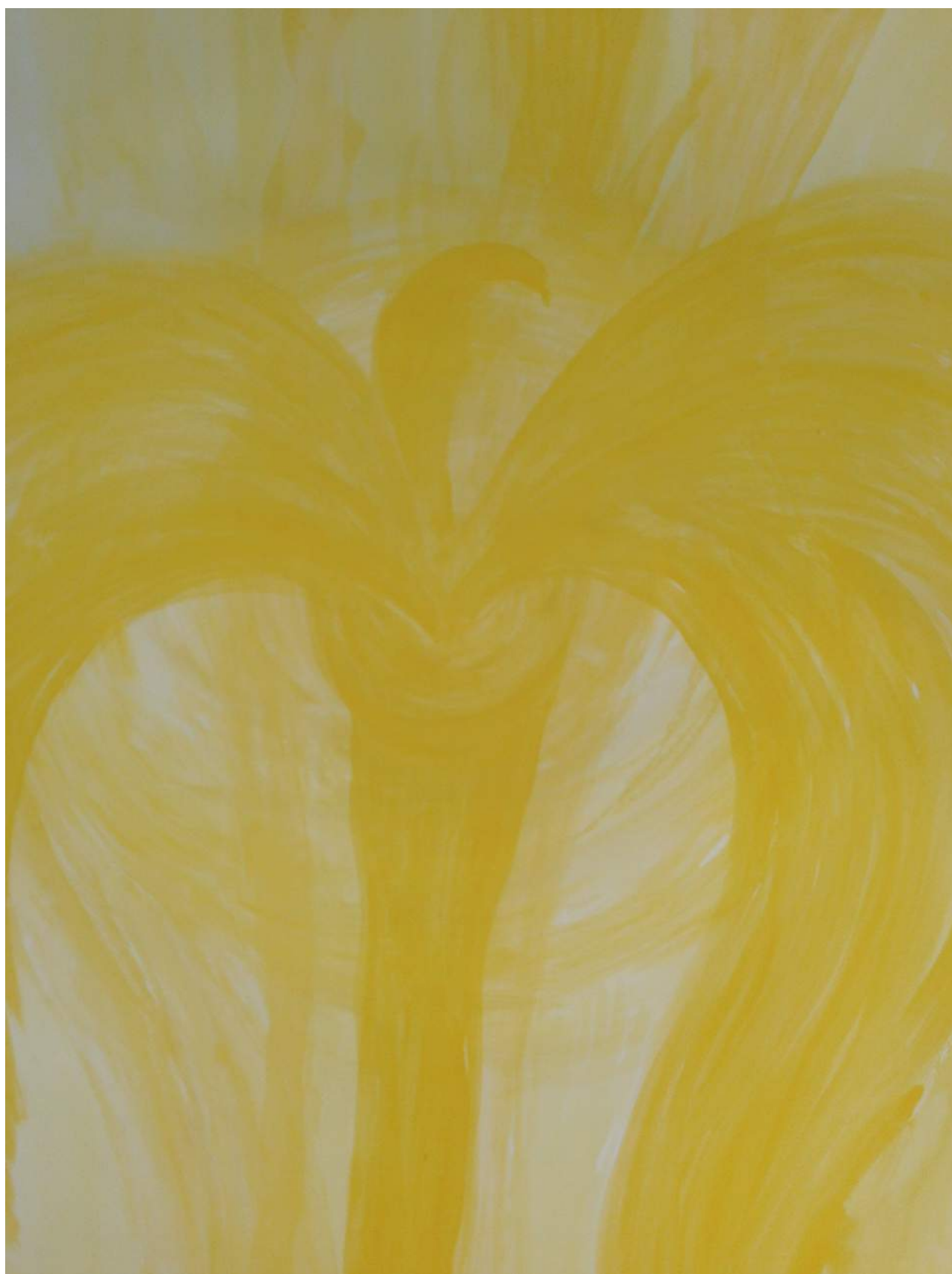
It is unique- you are unique in your expression !

Please know that you are not alone!

And please know that you are loved, felt and held.

That you are guided into your next level of self expression.

May this be your time!



Selfdirected compassion

I have always been very compassionate
towards others.

So much so, that I didn't give to myself what I offered to others.
That I was a source for others in their life,
but not for myself.

I drank the poison of self judgement.
I ate the poison of comparing myself.
I compared the state of how I felt inside
with the outside appearance of others.

I lost energy.
I gave up my inherent feeling of
selfworth and truth to be liked by others,
wishing to receive that, which no one outside of me
could give to me.

Of cause that didn't work.

I tried to adapt to some standard
of how I should live,
to be accepted, to be liked,
to be integrated, to belong.

Of cause that didn't work.

I exploded, I accused,
I shamed and blamed,
I imploded and withdrew.
I punished invisibly,
I held myself back.

Of cause that didn't work.

When I was ready to dive within
layer by layer by layer,
I got softer and softer and softer.
I gave to myself, what I gave to others before.

With compassion
for myself
I discovered the beauty
in my wounds,

which make me vulnerable and human.

With compassion I embraced myself
as a woman who longed for love,
but didn't know where to find it.

I embraced the girl who longed to be loved,
so much, that she would deny herself
to get what she felt she never had.

I embraced the parts of myself,
which I judged as unloveable, unworthy and ugly.

And discovered the beauty in me.
That which is not destroyable,
not deniable,
that which is true to myself.

Selfdirected compassion is the key
to soften the walls around the heart and
to open the warmth in the heart,
to melt the ice of selfjudgement and
to go beyond any comparison.

To reveal the original beauty
of the unique
expression of self
as a body,
as a woman,
as a voice.

As a human being
being loved
by all of creation.

Abundance

The more I feel,
The more I am,
the more I have,
the less I want.

The more I am,
the more I want to give
that, which resides within me
wanting to be expressed.

The more I am,
the more I see
abundance within myself
and all around me.

The more I let go
of how I want life to be
the more I receive
that, which I couldn't imagine before.

The more I am open to feel,
the more I am connected
to that, which wants to flow
through me into the world.

The more I give
without wanting to get back,
the more I grow
into infinite abundance.

The perception of lack
experienced within myself
and outside of me,
had its roots
in the past.

In the lack of selflove,
the lack of worthiness.
the lack of connection
to love within me.

Joy

Joy is in me.
Joy is in my connection to source.
I am in joy, when I feel the impulse of life within me
and through me.
When I feel connected to the field of life and enjoy that I am alive.

I don't need anything for joy.
Knowing that I breathe and feel is enough.
I don't need more things, more adventures , more stimulation,
more consume or more confirmation from others.

Joy is being alive
and savouring each moment.
Joy is breathing
and perceiving the beauty of all of existence.

Joy is knowing that I am perfect in my imperfection,
and that I don't need to change.
Nothing and nobody needs to change.

Joy resides within me .

I can feel joy while crying
I can feel joy while being angry
I can feel joy being dissapointed
I can feel joy in being confused.

Joy is now inseperable from myself .
Joy is the esssence
of being human.

Of the privilege to live in a body and feel .

Joy is in me
looking through my eyes.

My body

My body is my friend.
It shows me everything that I need to embrace
within myself.
My body knows.
It shows me what needs attention within me,
so that I connect and allow myself to feel.

That I breathe fully into the pain
and let the energy move
into its natural harmony.

I listen to my body.
It might need that I cry or scream,
that I run or shout,
that I sing or sit still.
It might need that I ask others for support
or give myself time out,
or allow myself to do everything
to feel well.

It might need things which I don't know yet,
but I am willing to listen
to my body speaking to me.

I don't need others to translate for me.
I don't need others to tell me what is wrong with me.
I don't need others to say that something is not how it should be.
I don't need to give my power away to others
who think they know me better
than I know myself
and my body.

I trust my body .
I trust its ability to come into harmony again.
I trust so that I give time and space
for healing.

I nurture my body
as good as I can.
Everyday I learn from my body.
I listen to its needs and breathe gratitude.

My body is my friend and always of service to me.



I don't care

I don't care
anymore
what people say about me.
I don't care anymore if I am liked.
I don't care anymore what people think about me.
I don't care anymore how people
look at me.
I don't care anymore that I look good
and am lovable when I care about others;
to be loved and recognized as valuable.

When I cared about others,
when I cared about what people said about me,
if they love me or not,
I did everything
to be loved, to be seen, to be heard, to be liked.

When I cared about others,
so that they loved me
how my mother had never loved me,
I gave my power away.
To be how they wanted me to be,
to say what they wanted to hear.
To show that I was acceptable.
To fit in.

I stopped that
when I started to love me,
to care about me,
to feel me,
to listen to me,
to see me,
and to embrace me.

I lost interest in that
what made me feel that I needed others to love me.
and embraced my pain.
That which waited so long
to be loved by myself.

I care about myself now,
about who I am being
while I am doing.

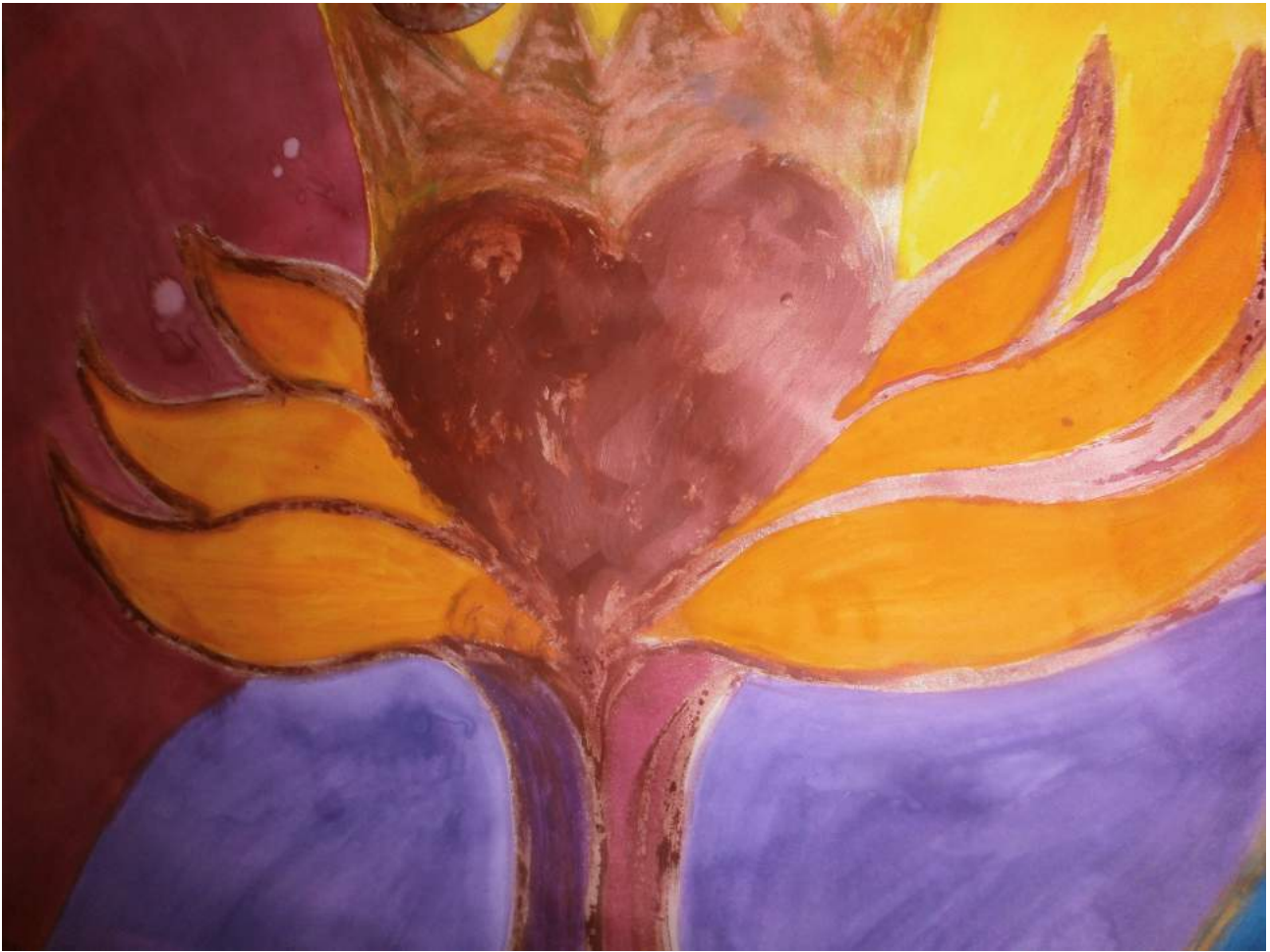
I care about others now
in my own way.
I care about the planet now
in my own way.
And I love myself now
in my own way.

There is space;
space in me
to love everyone
without needing anyone.

There is space;
space for everyone
to be loved in me
without needing to change.

There is space in me
for love.

Freedom.



Safety

doesn't come from outside of me.
It is alive inside,
a deep feeling of discernment of what is true for me
and what is an illusion.

It is the allowance to give myself time
to decide something.
To not be pushed by anyone or anything.
But to feel and feel and feel
till I know what is right for me.

It is the feeling of selfworth;
to ask for what I need,
to say no when I mean it,
to say the words I need in the moment I feel.

Safety is not needing approval from anyone
and giving up the need to be liked.
It is expressing what I feel when I feel it.

Safety is honesty with myself.
Safety is looking inside me and meeting all parts of me
which long to be seen and heard and loved.
The deepest wounds
transform into the most precious treasures.

Safety is knowing that I am unique
and wanted by all of Life.
Safety is the feeling that there is nothing to hide
in front of me or anyone else.
Safety is to be able to express all parts of myself
and live a life in integrity.
Safety is to speak and act for my values
and to love myself with every cell in my body.

Safety is living in my body and honoring my body
as my temple in this life.
Safety is knowing that everything can be taken from me
but that the truth will remain.

Safety is the authentic expression from a place of self love.
Safety is that I am loved
and that I am love.
Being safe in the world means being free.

Transparency

Trans- parent- cy

I like the word transparency.

You can look through something what is transparent.
There is nothing hidden and
everything to see.

When I am transparent
I am open like a book
and don't hide anything from the world.
I allow people to see me for who I am.
In my unique beauty,
in my perfect imperfection.

For I am the same as everybody.

Shame loves secrets and hidden stories.
It loves separation
so that it can hide the precious treasures
called our wounds.

When you and I are not the same
we have a lot to discuss about,
to be righteous about.
A lot to claim our differences
and a lot of reasons not to love each other.

The need to judge transparency,
comes out of the need to create differences and separation,
so that we will never meet,
you and me.
Fear is the driving force.

We will never open up to see
that in our hearts we are the same.

That we are human and divine,
unified by the beat of the heart.



Breaking down to break through Self support- map

Whenever a breakdown enters life, you can be prepared in the way that you know, what is important to remember and to practice.

What I offer at this place is the support that I would have liked to receive, when I first entered the space of inner break down, of crisis.

All the elements which you find here are collected through my own experience and proved to be valuable as a source of self support.

Many of them I still implement today, since breakdowns and break throughs are and will be always part of life- the possibilities of growth and evolution are limitless.

Please feel free to experiment with the elements as you wish- in which order you wish- and feel invited to expand the list with that which works especially for you.

1. Breathe.

Cultivate an intimate relationship with the breath.

In moments of overwhelm, losing sight, breaking down or crisis

remember to relax; rest in the awareness of the breath as the anchor.

Remember to practice resting in the awareness of breath daily to make it a new and stable habit.

2. Laying on the ground, outside or inside, connecting with the ground through the breath, supports the feeling of being held by mother earth when there is no human being available.

Practice trust in the process through affirming yourself in self loving selftalk.

It is okay to feel what you feel.

3. Everything is part of a bigger plan no matter how it feels.

Remember that at all time! When you think you lose your mind, anchor this trust through slow breathing into your feet and into the earth.

4. We live in extraordinary times when everything comes up. When you lose control over your life, practice surrender to not knowing. Your body knows this practice as well as it knows how to give birth. There is something bigger and greater than you that knows what is waiting for you.

5. The book „women who run with the wolves“ by Clarissa Pinkola Estés saved my inner life. It serves as a reconnection to instinctive parts of the feminine psyche through story telling and is a clarifying tool when you are called to dive deep and explore your inner dynamics which question your very existence.

6. Remember that you are a part of the collective story of women. Your life is

deeply connected- so cultivate the keen awareness that your life is not personal and that you are not alone in this story.

Your being is unique and your life your unique story of healing of the feminine. This awareness can support you in growing beyond judgement and cultivating a sense of curiosity and self enquiry.

7. Find a channel to express your emotions, like dance, sport, painting, singing or journaling. Sometimes this can be essential to let go toxic energies and to reconnect with your authentic voice through all the chaos.
8. Reach out to people you trust and cultivate responsibility for what you need. Sometimes a genuine expression that you need a hug is everything you need to feel loved and supported.
9. Reach out somebody who sees you and has gone the journey before- it must not be a professional therapist- to support you in your journey of breaking down the old.
It can be very useful to please somebody to hold the space and the vision for you while you surrender.
10. If nobody is available, as in my case, practice the connection to yourself.
Trust that the divine lives in your heart, you are an embodied soul, and trust that there is love and your inner voice in your heart which guides you at all times even if you don't feel it yet.
11. Allow yourself to surrender into the not knowing so that the guidance can be revealed. The less resistance the stronger the feeling of flow and the faster you get to the other side.
The process has its own pace and time- practice self respect and patience.
Be gentle with yourself.
Practice deep listening to yourself. A stillness practice is absolutely necessary to empower the connection to self.
12. It can be helpful to not talk so much about your own process with others.
There are more intensive and less intense cycles in the process and in an intense phase it is important to respect the closeness of your own cocoon.
Talking can mean that you give energy out that you need for yourself.
In talking you also open for energies from others so that your own field gets mixed with other energies what can create confusion.
Honor the process and be your most important friend. Listen to yourself. You are creating a completely new relationship with yourself that takes time and exclusivity.
13. The moment the old doesn't exist anymore and the new isn't there yet- which can be one of the most challenging moments- just breathe and when there is no

impulse of doing don't do anything.

14. Life takes care on itself. Allow yourself to be the space where life grows invisibly like a baby in the womb.

The more you trust, the more flow happens and brings to you what you need .
One day you will find yourself ready and open to act from a new, more authentic sense of selflove than every before.

15. Honor yourself for each and every step on the way, for your courage and your longing to step into your authentic being. This constant honoring and celebrating of yourself , of small baby steps, supports the cultivation of authentic self worth.

This practice becomes essential as no one outside of you sees and perceives yourself so fully as you do.

DEATH is a woman
and she comes in white.

She comes, when is it her time and she leaves only, when she is finished.
She comes with a big bang or very silently into your live.
She is a merciless invitation
and full of grace.

She stands and waits patiently without pardon.
She doesn't accept any excuses.

She takes everything from you that doesn't belong to you.
She takes everything from you that is not YOU,
until there is nothing left
but YOU,
naked.

She sees everything that you want to hide in front of yourself
She looks into the darkest and most forgotten corners of yourself,
until there is nothing left
but light.

She takes everything from you,
there is no escape.
In the moment of resistance,

when you think there is still time to escape,
it is too late.
You will not find any place of the world to hide from her,
when your time has come.

The invitation is to be radically honest with your self
and admit that which you have never wanted to see.

Admit that it was your biggest wish,
that she comes - finally-
that you can strip away the false, the self image, the masks, even the most beautiful
and most appreciated by the world.

That you finally can be
YOURSELF in front of the mirror
and in the world.

What seems to be DEATH,
is being birthed into the dimension of unconditional love.

The most horrible and the most beautiful I have ever experienced.

DEATH is the most loving energy I know.
PURE LOVE. GRACE.

DEATH is a woman
and she comes in white.

Reclaiming the truth

We, women and men, have never been victims.

As souls we have agreed to incarnate into a human body to explore the realm of humanity through our lived experiences - the beautiful ones and the challenging ones- to finally consciously come back to who we really are:

Love and Light within a human body,
a spirit incarnated into a human body.

As souls we have said yes to all the experiences, even the most painful and almost unbearable ones we have had, so that we can grow and evolve beyond any sense of separation.

This sounds like a nice theory as long as we identify with our body, emotions or thoughts, the experiences of the past or the fear of the future.

Growing beyond this identifications requires to embrace the emotional body and the past till its completion and therefor go beyond the identification with our emotions in order to be firmly rooted in selflove.

It is not an easy journey but the only way to be free, to remember who we really are.

In this way forgiveness is not necessary, since we have agreed before on everything we have experienced and experience.

But the concept of forgiveness is a very helpful tool on the level of identification with our personality self because it bridges the way to love consciousness.

That means leaving the concept of guilt and blame behind, till we fully embrace that there was nothing that we needed to forgive for.

Forgiving our self is at this point the realization that we created every inner experience in order to grow and evolve, and so we free our self from the interpretations which keep us stuck in lack, shame and guilt, in victimhood.

When we speak about patriarchy we speak about a form of consciousness where we collectively -unconsciously- agreed on seeing the world through the perspective of duality:

good and bad, black and white, right and wrong.

We speak about the dominance of certain aspects which we call masculine and the suppression of certain aspects which we call feminine.

The journey into wholeness and completion asks us to leave the sense of victimization behind, and to remember that we are vibrational beings and that we send energy out into the world, which comes back to us as resonance.

In this way we reclaim 100 percent response-ability for your life, our perspective, our choices and behaviours- and our energy.

We are lovingly invited to ask ourselves the question:

How did I choose this?

How did I create this?

What wants to be seen, felt and embraced by me?

Is this really true?

in times when we end up in circumstances that we don't identify as healthy or supportive or even our own.

In the moment we allow ourselves to ask this question as a sign of readiness to overtake radical self-response-ability for our life, the universe responds.

The greater field of life supports us unconditionally and brings us everything we need to step consciously into this empowered place.

It doesn't feel always nice and comfortable, but when we cultivate a high sense of curiosity in our self inquiry, it can become an exciting journey.

Remember we only ever meet ourselves in different forms!

The initiation through the shadow of the masculine

On my journey of self realization I have dived and I am diving deeply into the unconsciousness which lives in the body.

I realized that blaming and shaming men who didn't treat me well and with respect, didn't lead me into the freedom which I so deeply longed for.

It perpetuated the sense of being a victim and powerless, which seemed to be very comfortable, because my anger did have a channel and I didn't have to be confronted with myself and unresolved parts within me.

It didn't lead me to more love and completion, but to not listen to the girl within me and her pain, her suffering.

It didn't lead me but to judge the masculine and complain about men and I found many women who joined me.

I realized that this was not the exit into the freedom and love I so deeply desired to feel within myself.

During my journey I have found out that almost every woman I appreciate and who had or has a powerful contribution to make on this planet, has met at one point in life the masculine shadow in form of somebody who dominated her, a partner, a teacher, a father or even a feminine figure acting out the masculine shadow of abuse, domination, power over, or control.

To reclaim our true expression and contribution as women, we have to embrace the masculine shadow within.

The masculine and the feminine reside equally within us and in embracing the shadow part of these aspects we can step into the embodiment of both aspects in a healthy and empowered way.

The quest throws us into the deep exploration of who we really are, it opens the doorway to the willingness to find the truth within.

The shadow represents the unconscious parts within us which perpetuate the distortion of power and control and its root is fear:

The part of us that sabotages us and keeps us stuck in unworthiness.

The part of us that is angry and wants to control the world to not be hurt again.

This part that wants to have power over and is ready to kill for our right.

The part of us that wants to control and manipulate everything and everyone around us to not feel the pain and the emotions residing underneath.

The part of us that is full of hate and revenge for what was done to us.

The part of us that we are at war with to not feel our wounds.

The part of us that thinks she has the right to mistrust anyone, and to fight against men.

The part of us that laughs about the masculine limitations out of a false sense of superiority.

The wound in us that lets us have a distorted view on men- on everyone- and claims others unlovable out of fear and judgement.

The part in us that feels entitled to claim victimhood and to judge or punish others for what happened.

I guess you will find your own examples, when you observe your self and the world around you.

What we perceive outside of us, has its origin inside of us. Our perspective, filtered through past experiences, creates that which we see and what and how we judge.

Life happens through us and for us, not to us, and we are lovingly invited to see through the appearances to recognize the love in all beings and in all things.

When I had finally the courage to ask the question of how did I unconsciously create a dysfunctional relationship, I was guided to the answer .

I first had to acknowledge that I had been the victim of abuse, which was a very challenging moment since I had never wanted to be the victim. I always have believed that we are the source of our own life.

I had even actively fought against this part of me, the little girl, which resided in myself as the sense of victimization.

I had to give up the denial and accept for myself that the abuse happened- in my childhood as well as in the relationship and that my choice had its source in something deeply unconscious.

It was neither about blaming the other nor condemning myself for making an unhealthy choice, but to simply acknowledge that it did happen and to be open to the deep exploration within me.

I met a woman who helped me to see that the energetical condition around the navel area in the body, created in childhood through emotional abuse, attracted a perpetrator, so that I would be able to feel all the pain through into its completion and feel whole again in my feminine body.

She supported me in seeing that I had overtaken the energy of the war being present

in my mother, and that this trauma energy attracted an outside repetition, so that it could be lovingly resolved within myself.

I felt the truth in it, even my head resisted.

Acknowledging this truth was the only way to come into my power, surrendering and allowing myself to feel it all , layer by layer, to melt the frozen parts and to allow them to flow through me.

I had to meet myself with ultimate compassion for my story and the suffering I had gone through.

During the time of healing I felt the energy of war and trauma and all following incidents consciously through- let go of or integrated it - and in this way more and more the identification with myself as a victim diminished.

It seems to be a very human reactive and almost automatic response to blame something or someone outside of us, when something happens and we don't feel well.

Or we blame ourself for not being smart or intelligent or good enough, when something occurs that we don't want or couldn't see before.

It took me a huge amount of courage to choose the way of radical selfresponsibility , the only way which would lead me towards the freedom I so deeply desired.

Only when I was ready to embrace and hold the deeply wounded feminine part within me with love and patience and unconditionally – and in the same time the inner beautiful and innocent girl- I would realize the authentic feminine power within me, residig in my heart as love and in my womb as the true feminine power and as the capacity of discernment of what is true and love and what illusion.

There was no space for blaming and shaming anymore and I recognized that every man, who I had met and who didn't respect me and my boundaries, was a messenger to invite me to come home to myself .

The immense pain had its purpose in pulling my attention away from anyone outside of me towards my inner universe, to dive deeper within to finally come out on the other side.

The process felt like a pregnancy and I had to trust that, when the baby was ready to be birthed, I would know the time.

I surrendered again and again and again and was forced to trust again and again and again.

I would be lovingly guided to the next level of self- expression.

That means to express myself in a way I had always known was possible, unapologetically and without shame.

Anger

It is important to acknowledge the feminine anger as a source of survival.

It allows us, even if suppressed, to live further and not to give up. It is a driving force but too long stuck in the body, anger becomes toxic and intoxicates us and the world around us.

In the moment we are ready to go within and to feel the way through into completion, anger becomes our ally .

When we let go of projecting it onto our surroundings and people, we have access to the creative fire of life to stand for love and truth, to stand for our own unique contribution.

Anger shows the way to passion, the fire of life, and action, when we learn to hold and contain it and to feel it inside of us without the need to lash out onto others.

It is a call to act or to speak up, to go beyond the comfortzone. It is a healthy rage that stems from the integral knowing of truth.

I have learnt to love my anger as a messenger that shows me what is off;
and I have let go of blaming and complaining, embracing life with compassion.
Guilt is an illusion.

When I get angry I am guided to express myself to bring something into consciousness and to close the gap in my perspective or in the perspective of others.

This expression is an act of selflove and not of destruction,
and I am invited to express from a place of acceptance and respect for myself and the other.

One of the core motivations to write this book is to call us out as the collective of conscious women, yearning for empowerment,
to go beyond the current sense of judging and complaining.

To go beyond our own emotional unavailability and complaint about men not being emotional available, when we are not available for ourselves.

To go beyond the waiting for others to fix something, that we are not willing to look at and to embrace.

To cry the tears until there is nothing left but emptiness, the birthing place of true love and compassion for all of life.

We are the midwives of the conscious evolution of humanity, and in coming home within ourselves and expressing our deeply inherent life affirming and life sustaining nature, we are the ones leading humanity into a new expression.

This is the call to awake and to reclaim our unconditional loving feminine nature- first within and for our self.

We come to a place where the past doesn't define anymore who we are here to be and what we are capable of doing.

We are able to embrace every human being with compassion and let others own their unresolved parts as a result of the conditions we live in.

We can meet men and honor the unique masculine expression and human perfect imperfection, inviting them to share their stories, longings, experiences and explorations , embracing everyone with an open heart , not needing to heal, fix or change anybody.

So each of us can be a unique part of the reconciliation between the feminine and the masculine within and in the world.

Together we express and create a new world, a new paradigm, which invites everybody to contribute from a place of respect, authenticity and love.

The possibilities are limitless and so is our potential for growth and expression in this world.



The conscious practice of gratitude

I can't find that in me:
Gratitude.

For what?
For all the pain? For all the suffering and the hurt?
For the neglect and the abandonment?
For the disrespect, for the abuse and
for the violence?
For all the years of struggling and fighting for survival?
For the losses and the guilt that was spoken over me?

Why shall I be grateful?
Who are you to tell me
it is time
to cultivate gratitude?

Gratitude is an attitude and a choice.

Even if you don't feel it now,
you can try to open to a perspective,
that is empowering.
And by the way , it is the only empowering perspective.

You are invited to choose
that you are a spirit in human form.
That you have chosen to live on this planet
and to have the experiences that you have
to take you ever closer
home into your heart.

With your extreme suffering
you connected very early
to your power,
to the longing,
to the yearning
to find love,
to experience love,
to reclaim love,
and to be love.

Only in embracing the darkness
that is the unconscious,
you are able to grow

beyond it.

You as a spirit in human form
were given the possibility
and the privilege
to feel consciously
and bring the light
of your divine consciousness
into the human realm,
into matter.

Only you could have your experiences
to dive deep into the unconsciousness.
Through the willingness
and finally readiness
to feel it all,
to embrace it all,
to become free of the suffering
and the limitation,
you would make
the conscious choice
to love.

To see love in all things and
to reconnect with the love in all that you meet.
To bring the impulse of love
into the darkest darkness.

It takes the cultivation of faith
to believe and trust
in Love and Light,
even if you don't see the way.

You didn't get lost.
You were always, always given the next impulse,
the next step
to go further,
to go deeper,
to let go of that
which no longer served you.

The letting go hurts,
but it is the only way to
evolve into who you truly are.
You have made this choice

and you knew
what waited for you.
It was you who made this choice
to go through all;
to finally arrive at the other side,
to lift the veil
and grow beyond the illusion.

It was you
who chose this way
because you have the power
to transform it all.

By witnessing what happens,
who appears in front of you,
what you go through,
and embracing it with love
as your creation;
piercing through all appearances
and reconnecting with your core
and with the core of all beings.

This is the true journey,
the journey of the soul,
that cannot be replaced by things,
by accomplishments in this world,
by worldly success,
by money and consume.

This is the journey you chose
as your contribution of love
to this planet
and all living beings.

When you let go of the story of victimhood,
you reclaim your true power,
the power of the soul.

It is then, when you
let go of your name,
of the need to be important,
of the need to be seen, loved, heard by others.
And you come fully back to yourself
and the truth of your choice
in gratitude,

that you will be able
to receive all, what you
ever desired.

You will receive
the gift of knowing,
of embodied knowing
who you are and why you are here.

Only then
your true path will unfold,
and you will be of loving service
and have all that you need
to fulfill your purpose.

You will finally be that
which you have always wanted to be.

You are the one that you have been
longing for all of your life.
And no one will take that
ever away from you anymore.

You are
who you are,
who you have always been.

The purpose of your life
has fulfilled
and you are free.

This and only this
is the true gift
of choosing gratitude.

In opening for
gratitude
you open
the way
home.

One.
Free.
Love.



Forgiveness

I remember
the anger and the hate
in my heart
that felt good,
right and empowering.

I remember the thought of revenge.
They would pay
for what they have done to me.
They would pay
and never have peace with me.

I remember how right that felt and
how this perspective
helped me
not to feel
the endless sadness
I carried in my heart.

I felt powerful,
I felt that I could stand
and defend myself.
I could accomplish many many things
with the anger and hate as my fuel.

I was untouchable
and would never ever
let come somebody near to me.
It felt great and powerful.
I didn't need anybody.

I thought I had reclaimed my power
to control my Life.

But I was not happy.

I was alone.
I was alone.
I was alone.

Life is a gift.
It gifted me
with not only one break down.
It sent me loss,
it sent me abuse,

it sent me scenarios
where I lost control.

It sent me worst cases
and I fell down.
I stood up.
I feel down.
I stood up.
I fell down
I stood up.

Every time a little different.

The last time
I fell down
I stayed on the ground.

Mother Earth held me
when I was not able
to hold myself anymore.

Mother Earth was there for me
and taught me how to be.
Still.
Be with what is.
Be with that which I avoided to feel.
Be with myself.
Be willing.
Be open.
Be receiving that,
what I had never wanted to look at.

Life broke me down
till the core of my being.
Till there was nothing left to feel
after I had let go of everything
that I ever thought was true.

I started to be for giving.
Giving to myself
what I expected others to give to me.
Giving to myself
the love and attention I never had.
Giving to myself the time and space
to listen to myself,

to hear myself,
to embrace myself,
to love myself.

Life didn't show me another way,
no body appeared to save me,
to hear me , to heal me.

I was alone
I was alone
I was alone
till I was all One.

I am for giving now.
I am giving love to myself.
I am giving love to others.
I am my own source of love now.
I am giving that what I have given to myself first.

I have forgiven.
And nothing needs to change.



Love

Love happens.

Love is.

Love is a verb.

When you fall in love
you feel loved and love.
Your love.

Nobody can ever take your love away
because it resides within you.
Love awakes within you when you
feel love while meeting somebody or something.

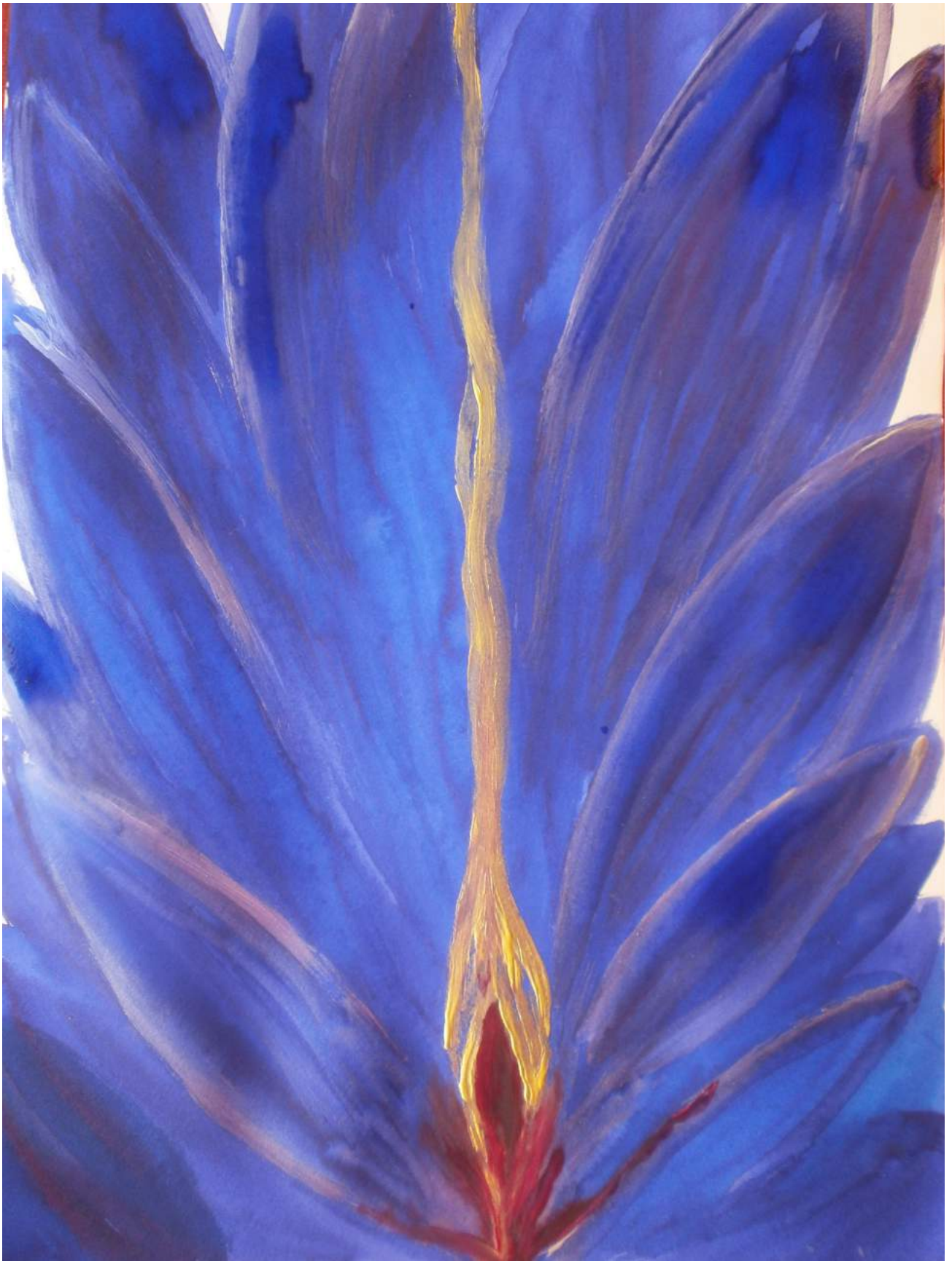
Loving yourself means
you embrace yourself as your beloved
and not as your worst enemy.
Love happens within you
when you let go of any judgement of you.

You don't have love
you don't own love
you ARE love
at your deepest core.

Layer for layer you are invited
to embrace within you
the beautiful
and the ugly
only to find
that everything within you
is loveable
and deserves to be loved.

You become a space
for love,
for unconditional love
for everything and everyone.

And the fear of not being loved,
that somebody can take love away
from you,
is over.
Forever.



Natural feminine dignity
must be reclaimed from within
and from the roots up.

It is a soft and subtle feeling
of complete integrity and selfworth,
not needing to fight
for or against anything,
and it can take a fierce stand if needed.
It just IS.

No surface appearance,
no people pleasing,
no beautiful clothes or make up,
no perfectly styled body
will give us this treasure back.

No one outside of us
is able to give to us that,
what we are not willing to give to ourselves.

It is up to us to stand upright
in who we really are,
coming from a place of embracing ALL
that we are
without exception.

Space

I sense space,
when I can be who I am.
When I am in a field of allowance,
where everyone feels invited
to be.
BE.

When my expression is welcome
however it is.
When the hearts of the people are wide open
to allow life to express itself
beyond.
Beyond imagination,
beyond expectation,
beyond how it is supposed to be.

Space is the quality
of consciousness
of an open heart.

Space happens
and life unfolds
like a beautiful flower.

Space begins within me.

Respect

Respect happens, when I honor your choice
and your experience.

I respect you, when I don't do anything
to heal, save, change or fix you.

I respect, that I don't need to change anything
that is not mine even if it hurts.

I respect, when I feel the pain in others
and honor the choices they make, even if
these are destructive.

When I felt responsible
to save my mother from her pain
I thought, I knew, what was good for her.
I didn't respect her choice to suffer
and to not look at the source.
I didn't respect her way
because I depended on her choice.
She should be there for me because
I was so vulnerable.

I respect you now,
because I respect myself and my choices,
even if they are not always good for me.
I allow myself the experiences I need to have
to grow and evolve into more love than
I have ever known.

I respect your choice to blame and shame
and I feel how it hurts not just you.
I respect your way of expression,
even if it means that I have to
be silently witnessing with love
that you hurt yourself.
I respect the way you live,
even if I feel that it is out
of integrity.

I respect you so much,
that I know
that just you know
what is good for you.
That I let you have your unique experiences until
you learn to listen to your inner voice.

Or not, even if that costs your life.
I honor your choice
and I am present with my heart
in love for all that is.
I always hold the space for you.
If you come one day
and ask for support,
I am there for you,
and if I can,
I fulfill your needs.

I honor the way you choose to live your life.
And I will always say to you:
I believe in you !
I love you!

Maybe this is the only thing that really matters.

Integrity

Integrity is alignment.
When the body,
the emotions in the body
and the thoughts I think,
are in alignment
with the love in my heart,
I am in integrity.

My heart invites me always to embrace
that which is out of alignment
with love.
The emotion that show me,
what needs to be loved next.
The thoughts that judge or
sabotage me.
The body in pain or discomfort.

When I speak or act in integrity
I feel peace, I feel joy, I feel love.
And free no matter,
if I reach what I want or
if that what I want, doesn't happen.

When I speak or act out of lack of integrity
I create trouble, I create chaos, I create
that which is dysfunctional.
It takes radical honesty with myself
to become aware that I am missing,
that I am invited to come back into
loving my creation unconditionally,
however it looks,
leaving judgement behind.
It can mean that I am invited
to apologize and to express my love
in a more loving way.

The doorway to love is
to embrace what is
in each and every moment
no matter how it feels.
In this decision
lies the key to integrity.
To myself.

Vulnerability

I cannot force anyone, especially my partner, to give me the love my mother never gave me.

To admire me, to adore me, to fulfill my wishes, which I am afraid to express.

I cannot be angry at anyone for not seeing me, hearing me, waiting for me, when I don't show myself and my needs.

I am invited to be open and vulnerable, so that others feel invited to support and contribute to me.

That they can see me and feel me and realize that we as human beings have a similar story.

That the human story is a story of wounding, of trauma, of judgement and misunderstanding- and of love.

That we are more alike than we are different.

That we have a heart and long to be loved and to be Love.

UNSPEAKABLE tells the story of self empowerment.

I share my inner journey which is the journey of humanity.

Growing beyond shame, I speak about things, which normally stay hidden and never see the light of awareness.

I invite you to realize that the wounded parts wait to be seen, acknowledged and loved, so that the energy can once again be integrated and support us powerfully to create a life, that reflects our authentic values.

Shining the light of awareness on that, which is hidden, takes the power away from the aspects within us which otherwise govern our choices and behaviours in life.

Shame and unworthiness loose the grip on us and we are free to express whatever needs to be expressed, deeply knowing that we are loved and safe to be who we are. So that we are able to receive love from others in a way which hasn't been possible before.

Coming to a point where nothing needs to be hidden anymore, I can take the risk to express my love even if I can get rejected.

I risk to ask for my needs being fulfilled even if they aren't.

I risk to express myself even if I am a challenge, and others don't like it.

I risk to share my inner experience with the world as I do here at this place.

I deeply know that that, which I share, is of value and the world would miss it if it stayed unexpressed, as the world misses your voice if you do not express.

As an existential detective you will find your own inner pictures, your own perception and your own truth as an inspiration for others.

The world needs every voice and every expression of humanity to be whole and complete, whatever form it takes.

The time has come to not wait anymore, to share your voice, your story with others so that the world becomes a richer place.

When we are finally coming to a place of love in our self and feel loved- so much so that we open to extend our love to everyone around us, deeply understanding that we are united in our human story - we can create a new one.

A new humanity based on love and respect for each and every creation , honoring the differences while being aware that we are One united in the Heart.

It is time for the divine Feminine to overtake the lead within and without .

It is time that love, connection and peace become more valuable than power over and profit.

We have to let go the judgement of a dysfunctional culture not honoring the feminine because we are part of it and its creation.

In stepping into the response- ability for this unconscious fear based creation we reclaim the feminine expression, the voice of truth, as the contribution for creating a world that works for all.

The new world can only be created by all of us, where each and everyone is regarded as precious, unique and loveable.

Together we are the change if we are ready and willing to embrace each and every part within us with love and respect, and so recognize that everyone we meet is an aspect of ourselves.

That every trigger is an invitation to embrace and to feel parts of our self which still wait to be acknowledged and lovingly integrated.

Finally we realize the peace wich has been waiting within us to be reclaimed.

So be it!



Home

It is often a strange feeling
to live in a country
which is not your home country.

But even if you live in your home country
it can happen
that you grow into a new way of being
and you don't support the collective
cultural story of victim consciousness
anymore.

You have to start a new
and everyone puts you in a box
of their own perspective,
created through experiences in the past.
They see you how they can see you.

When you own a vision and you see something
else,
you see not the past but the future which wants to come alive,
you have to speak for it,
to paint it .
You have to make it accessible for the people
who don't see what you see.

When you see that, which wants the future to become,
you have a special gift
and also a unique response ability
to speak this new life, this future, into being.

You have to find and to create the ways
in which your perspective gets palpable,
touchable,
you have to create the connection
for people to see what you see,
to feel what you feel,
to grow into what you have grown into.

This is your unique gift
and response ability for which you have come here.
Into a culture crisis where doubts reside,
and struggles in fear
for what will happen in the future.

You have to give the gift
of what you see possible, of trust.
Of the potential you know ,
of the possibilities that are available
to create a future
together,
where everyone is involved,
creating a way of being,
a way of life
which works for all.
Where judgement and separation end
and hearts unite.

Where all beings are integrated,
respected, accepted and
where life can flourish and thrive.
You have to be a model for a new way of living.

You have to speak life into being,
you have to speak love into being,
you have to speak the future into being.

Where humanity fulfills its purpose.

Expression of gratitude

This book is dedicated to all women- and men- who long to be authentic and empowered.

There are many beings without who my journey would not have been fulfilled till this point.

Thank you, mother and father, for giving me the gift of life!

Thank you, Mother Earth, for holding and nurturing me when I so deperately needed it.

Thank you, Panache Desai, my old friend, for the powerful gift of vibrational transformation which you give so freely to the world. You came into my life just in the moment when I didn't know how to go on.

Thank you, Mia , for believing in me and for your honest and sensitive confrontation, and thank you, Connie, for providing me with the last piece of the puzzle.

Finally I thank Andrej, Kiara and Nathan, for respecting my way even in extreme times, and for loving me through the most difficult part of my life's journey.

Thank you all who supported me in finding my own form and bringing this book out into the world.

Thank you to every beautiful soul who has extended love towards me without expectation.

Thank you, life, for always providing me the best opportunities to grow even if it takes some time till I get it.

Live never gives up flowing through me and inviting me into more.

Thank you!

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About Elena

Elena Urbanovský comes from Germany and works as a transformational coach and ritual artist in Stavanger/ Norway. She is a catalyst for feminine expression and considers herself as a midwife for soul consciousness for individuals and groups in the local field and on international level.

Her speciality is feeling into the energy field of a person or a collective and addressing the emotional aspects under the surface which are waiting to be resolved.

Her capacity of naming and speaking to that what wants to be seen and lovingly be embraced brings the energy into movement and resolution.

Transformation happens and a deeper inner space opens which allows new ways of being and relating to appear.

Elena gives lectures, individual sessions, ritual performances and workshops and can be contacted under

elfrau.u@gmail.com for requests and proposals.

Resources of support, healing and empowerment in times of transition into a new paradigm of being human

Books

Women who run with the wolves
by Clarissa pinkola Estés

Discover your Soul Signature
by Panache Desai

Webpages

[www. womboflight.com](http://www.womboflight.com)
by Bethany Webster (healing the mother wound)

[www. panachedesai.com](http://www.panachedesai.com)
calls, programs, blogs etc.

Inside the bookcover

The book UNSPEAKABLE reveals Claudia Urbanovsky's deep personal and intimate feminine journey into authentic expression, dealing with profound and often hidden emotional aspects.

Simultaneously representing the collective story of the feminine, she speaks about unconscious aspects of self brought into the light of awareness and lovingly embraced and integrated.

Claudia points to the intergenerational aspects of wounding in the second world war as well as to the inner girl which she leads home in her own unique way by embracing everything within from a place of unconditional love and acceptance.

The language she uses allows for a deep remembrance of unresolved feminine aspects within and creates inner space for healing.

Profound transformation happens in the moment of recognition that we are not alone on our human journey and that finally there is no need to hide anything anymore.

The book is an invitation mainly for women to step into love and acceptance for self and honor their unique human journey, dismantling the layer of shame and unworthiness holding us back from expressing authentically in life.

Backcover of the book

Chaos is this what happens when the new paradigm meets the old.
We are, individually and collectively, in a time of transition from the identification with the egoic personality into the identification with the soul living in the heart.

The journey from the head into the heart means that we are invited to feel and embrace everything within us from a place of compassion and love until we embody love completely.

This book is a unique contribution to this journey experienced by a woman.
It is written to reclaim the feminine expression in its depth and intimacy to open a space of transparency and vulnerability in women.

May it serve as an encouragement and support for all who long to come fully home into the feminine embodiment.