

4-1-2020, 10:37 Nadine to Azar

Hi,

I am not in a hurry with it, but since we talked about the topic yesterday a bit and I have it already written down, I am sending the "christmas story" describing my meeting with my stepfather Ivan during christmas.

Perhaps you would like to read it at any point, I write about more general things a bit at first and then I describe the visit of Ivan itself, the consequences it had and in the end also what it triggered between my brother and me. This last part when I was writing I was already in a confused energy state...so it may be also confusing for you to read, I don't know.....

Nadine

2.1.2020

*I am back here after the Christmas holiday visit of my family. It is incredibly hard. Only attuning to writing this my body starts to breathe, so I guess this is a good sign, that it is actually me writing, and not some kind of a shit (which wrote previously and will try to write, still). It is so easy to get lost. It is as if some kind of shadow dawns upon me, and I don't see, feel anything of myself anymore, only that shadow. At home I tasted a bit what it is like to be myself again, to be in touch with myself and to act myself out in relation to others. I struggled a lot in the beginning, I experienced consciously how I am (or have been) losing myself in others, started to investigate more closely the mechanisms of it. And also how it takes away all my life force, all my energy, (my consciousness) when it happens (when I lose myself in the other, when I act upon/as other people – or whatever - rather than as myself). So going more consciously into interactions, but staying myself in it, has been a big project over the past 11 days.*

*I am not saying I am an expert in this by now, but surely at the end of my visit something had happened, some important change was there. I am starting to feel now again a bit strange, as if some energy was taking me too far away, as if I am losing touch with myself again now. Yawning followed by breathing, a good sign.*

*I am lucky I have these mechanisms already embedded in me, that my body is somehow responsive to reality and does its own thing, whenever it is necessary, whenever there is a space. Thank you, Azar.*

*Now saying 'thank you, Azar' I feel a bit double, I also feel like saying – what am I thanking for: see what you have done to me...I am in such a deep shit.*

*My body feels spacious and is vibrating now. Yawning.*

*At home, when I am in touch with you, quite some force is manifesting through me. I see the ego in people, and its killing power. Yet I have a "choice" to react to it or not. To fight back or not. Sometimes it is better, or ok to just leave it, even though it is difficult because it causes so much pain (experienced as heaviness on chest, inability to speak, suffocation, etc). But now that I "think" about it again...it is not exactly so. Often I feel heavy, suffocated, speechless from people ('s ego, attacks, etc...). But I can just "ignore" it as long as it doesn't touch me. When the touch is there - it must be that it touches my heart directly - I explode. There is nothing that would/could hold me back anymore. I feel such power, strength – rooted in truth (and only because it is rooted in truth, and that gives such a force...), that there is nothing in the world that would be an obstacle to my honest feedback*

*manifestation then. I explode directly from my heart, even if that means nasty words, swearing on those who I love, shouting, etc. Nothing is stopping me, because it is true. I never felt such amounts of energy, such sense of life, than in those moments. Also the whole world awakens somehow. Gets triggered. Somehow finally something true happens, everyone knows it, everyone responds to it, everyone senses somewhere in the background that it is true, that it is necessary and helpful - only, everybody got so comfortable in hiding safely distanced from whatever would/could potentially trigger some truth, life, to come to existence. The confrontation between ego and the heart. Nobody wants this. Ego is sneaky and slimy and will use all its possible and supposed power to spit back, in an attempt to frighten the heart – so that it “shuts up” and leaves it alone.*

*This touch happened only a few times when I was at home in Czech, but it was strong. Once when I was visiting my brother’s father, together with my brother and grandmother, I saw the ego in my stepfather Ivan, so strongly manifesting as I probably never saw in anyone before. He was an embodiment of ego. Nothing else left. No humanness left in him, his body, his face, everything was just ego. Every word ego. Nothing else. My brother, and my grandmother who both have quite some heart in them, but unfortunately no force to stand against him (against his fucking arrogant, nasty, disgusting, self-centered, selfish behaviour), only silently withstood, swallowed all his ego vomits even though they were both well aware of it. He was there in the whole house, taking up all space, totally self-centered, no space for anybody else – he was everywhere! I never saw anything like this before. How somebody could be so freely comfortable in ego, in a nasty ego, and himself totally unaware of how poisonous he is, how nasty and disgusting he is. He would regularly interrupt my grandmother whenever she attempted to say something, stop her in the middle of the sentence (if he kept it up that long, usually it would be already after 1-2 words, or even before she managed to say something at all – when she breathed in to say something, he would immediately take over) to “let her know” that all she would potentially have to say or add to the discussion is basically shit and she should better shut up, because nobody wants to listen to her, nobody is interested in her opinion. He treated her like a piece of shit, literally (and it is his mother, by the way), and did not allow her to express anything without nasty reaction with a clear attitude – “you are a piece of shit, nobody wants you here, we only suffer your presence here because it is Christmas, so sit in the corner here please and shut up. Let adults talk.” At one point he even sat in front of her on the sofa, turned his back against her so that he could speak to us alone (me and my brother who were sitting on the opposite side of the room) so that she is totally physically excluded from the whole meeting, so that she does not have any space at all in the group (he positioned himself on the sofa so that she could not see us and we could hardly see her). In the end in her despair my grandmother stood up and went to the kitchen, to get herself a chair to sit by the table so that she can have some contact with us. To my brother (his son) Ivan speaks as if he was a piece of shit, “jokingly” but poisonously – continuously belittling him, insulting him, trying to degrade him, in words or comments or gestures. But it seems my brother accepts this as a kind of standard type of conversation, or relationship, so he does not react, he even seems to like it. Being insulted and belittled in every word from his father, but nonetheless, I love you very much father so it is ok, you go on.*

*I was observing the whole show, shocked at the beginning, acclimatizing myself first – but in the end somehow I managed to catch up with what was happening. After being speechless for some minutes (probably for 30 minutes I could not speak, which was the greater part of our visit), then occasionally managing to say a word or sentence here and there (I was so shocked, paralyzed, by this strength of the ego that I really struggled to at all manifest as myself in any way). Eventually I lost the fear and looked straight at him,*

during one of his monologues, and I just observed him directly, without any judgment, I just observed. I could feel quite some strength in me already when I started doing this. Eventually our eyes met, and whenever there was a contact between our eyes I could feel such pain in my eyes. I never felt this before, pain as if what was coming from his eyes was hammering my eyes, totally conflicting them. So like this I continued observing, without any break and very concentrated, even though moments were there when I felt the need or impulse to sift my eyes away, to look away or to say something in return...but I did not say anything and I did not look away. To a point when it felt strange, when also he himself noticed something was “out of normal” (I sensed). It felt as if our two beings separated into four, that two of us went out of our normal “bodies”, our roles, and left the whole room, the whole show going on there (while it was still continuing in the background) and met in a different world. And I could feel beyond his words or in general beyond what was happening between us some deeper confrontation started to be going on, as if our two beings met in a more true state, more naked, something beyond the whole situation. The “meeting” lasted probably only a few seconds, and it was especially after the point when it began to feel “awkward” – more real. I let myself go and I didn’t care about any social standards, the role I was supposed to play in our warm Christmas family meeting. If it is awkward it is awkward, I don’t care. I felt like following the deeper inner state, instead of superficial, outer states. After this meeting, in which I felt the true confrontation of me and him happened (in silence), after I did not look away or shy away, I showed him that I am here and that I see him, and that he is not going to kill or destroy me, or scare me off, and that is all... everything changed. I got such a breath from it, a renewed power, I felt at ease. I started to talk to him freely and effortlessly, (after half an hour of being choked) I flowered – everybody noticed the change (the whole thing must have looked a bit schizophrenic to an outside observer...). I even felt some love for him, if it can be called that...anyway I smiled and talked to him and everyone and I didn’t have to pretend, or try... it went by itself. I think he was also happy from it and spontaneously he came to me and hugged me, it was some kind of celebration, an explosion of energy. We left in an ok state, nobody was against anybody, I was quite happy we were going away, but in general I did not feel I have any real problem. It was only after a few days (2 days I think) when I was sitting in my room, already at home, more rooted in myself, that I was re-playing what was happening at Ivan’s place. I remembered a sentence, which Ivan said to my brother, and the context of which I did not know (one of a few sentences which I somehow caught, much of what he was saying I somehow skipped – it did not come fully to my consciousness, because it was so full of rubbish...) but this one sentence somehow touched me. I felt like reacting to it already then – but it got overburdened by other things, so I did not. He said, in some context, “a few people still have a good opinion about you...”, meaning that most of other people already think him a shit, a useless nothing, ...his standard attitude towards my brother (towards all people in general) and his continuous efforts to not give him a chance to forget this important fact (let alone dare to feel good about himself). I got touched by this sentence because I just had enough of it, seeing the good heart of my brother, his humbleness, his honesty, his good will and righteous and selfless attitude towards all people. I feel so many people would have a lot to learn from my brother, could use him as an example, could be inspired by his good nature. He is a good human being at his core. But no, this is not enough (if at all visible) to forever bugging Ivan, all he is busy with is picking up on what is bad about my brother, to make him look and feel small. So I suddenly felt like giving this sentence that he said and that stayed with me back to him, not keeping it for myself.

*I sat on the bed and started typing a fb message to him. Initially I thought I would just mention the sentence to him and tell him that I did not like what he said, that he is not being fair to my brother. But as I started typing, the energy got me and I could not stop myself. I started rather plainly and in a self-controlled way but as I was more and more tuning in to the whole situation and him in general, the sentence that he said and what was beyond it, I ended up more and more furious, as if some dam in me had broken, and very sharply and truthfully honest about how nasty, disgusting, childish and idiotic he is. That he sees nothing of my brother’s good nature and is only self-obsessed. I left the sentence behind and went into a more general picture of how disgusting he is, how he behaves in a way which is totally beyond my mind, that he is self-obsessed as hell and all he has to do is putting people down, belittling and insulting them, that this is all he is busy with. That I don’t see this as a behaviour of an adult person, that he may have some inner unresolved problem but this is not an excuse to behave like such an idiot and be constantly hurting people. I told him it hurts to be in his presence. That it took my words as well as my breath to be around him. And also that I am not surprised that he ended up alone. I was just so fed up, so disgusted, so outraged by him – and how he functions, and has always been free to function – that I did not think about what I was writing, the words were flowing out of me like a stream and with such strength, and firmness, and also calmness behind it (in fact I was very calm). There was nothing more natural than to be writing this to him, and I had no barriers. He had to hear it, I had to say it. It was the most natural thing, it could not be otherwise. I was fed up seeing that he simply goes on behaving as he does, not only because he is an idiot (in itself ok), but how his idiotic behaviour is impacting onto others, onto my grandmother and my brother, who do nothing about it, never say anything to him, only silently take it in and that is it (because “what can they do”?)... he is just so free to give others pain, of which he himself is not at all aware ... how can he be such an idiot and feel ok? Feel no consequence – have no feedback? Not have anyone around (on whom he impacts, and who he hurts on a regular basis) who would honestly tell him – FUCK OFF! DON’T BUG ME, YOU STUPID IDIOTIC SHIT! GO AND DIG YOURSELF UP IN A HOLE IF THAT IS WHAT YOU WANT, TO ROT THERE FOREVER ALONE. No, nobody says a thing. He is just free to be an idiot, and feel great about himself. What a win situation. Fuck it really. Fuck him, he needs to hear what shit he spreads. If it means he will never talk to me again, he spits on me or whatever, I will be the devil, ok, I don’t care, in fact I will be relieved that at least I don’t have to play games with him anymore. But I cannot go on pretending that he is a nice father, stepfather or whatever, keep on exchanging presents every Christmas as if we were on the best terms, no, I saw something, and I had to tell him. It was not nice, but I could not otherwise. He is shit so he is shit, in fact I have nothing against him, against this shitness, only I am outraged that it goes about unaddressed. I would even like to see him again, in case he would be open for it. I know he is as he is because he lost family, my mother, my brother – his son, who left because he was an arrogant bastard and could not stop himself, and eventually also all his friends left, he is very hurt. He loved my mother and he loved my brother very much. But unfortunately he never got over his ego, to see how he destroys everything, including his own family. So he had to end up alone, and so he did. And now he is hurt and cannot get over this pain. He blames all others around him, for being this and being that, being wrong in everything, that is why he has to keep everyone away – because everyone around is such an idiot – but not look inside, there is nothing wrong with him. Others are wrong. I am really sorry for all this. But what to do. I sent the message. Felt relief. I felt inside it touched him. It reached him. So my words were not wasted. Only on the outside the reality was rather different – I received a message back, from the ego, telling me I am a mentally ill person, that his girlfriend is a psychologist*

*and he could arrange a session for me, that it is a pity that I am not here for a longer time, otherwise he would try to help me. That I am an evil person and I spread evil around. And that over his life he learnt that evil should be repaid with goodness. But he asks me kindly never to contact him again.*

...

*After I sent the message I felt I should also inform my brother, since it also involves him. So I re-sent the whole message for him to read. I felt it touched him. But he did not say anything. We both went to sleep silently not mentioning a thing. The following day I felt a tension between me and my brother (which is normally not there, we get along well). It touched him that I said something bad about his father, which he knows is true (somewhere) but refuses to see. And it was incredibly difficult for him to hear the truth about his father from me. Instead of acknowledging or at least trying to meditate on what I said, he turned against me. I was wrong about everything. We ended up shouting at each other in his room, I just asked him calmly at first what he thought about the message, he said “what should I think”... he did not want to go into the topic, but I kept picking, until he admitted that he was angry with me. I said why angry, isn’t it true what I wrote? He said “NO”. This I could not take. He can be angry at me that I tell things straight and sharp, that maybe “I have no right” for it, as he said, “I think I know everything”, he also said. But when he said that what I wrote is not true, that it is not true that his father behaves like an idiot towards him and especially our grandmother, I got so angry with my brother this time. I had to shout how idiotic his father is, only for my brother to hear it, I shouted his father is an idiot, a disgusting idiot, repeatedly and so loud that my mother came into the room from the kitchen. My brother ran away. My mother consoling me. A drama.*

*To finish the story, I am already so tired from it... afterwards I heard everybody whispering “but she is right”. My mother even went to my brother to tell him that it is not bad sometimes to put things in true words. Same drama (but a bit less dramatic) continued in the form of a discussion at my grandmother’s place, where my grandmother also pretended she does not know what I am talking about, but later on in the kitchen when she thought I didn’t hear it, I heard her whisper to my brother “but you know what, ... she is right”.*

**26-5-2020, 7:09** Nadine to Azar

Hello Azar,

I feel like responding to your email already now. No matter how hard I try, my heart is not opening up to you. Even more so, the more I try the more it is getting closed. In fact, I am exhausted from it. I feel like I’ve been around all this time just to stay close to you, but already knowing that I am going away. Well, I was already on my way away a long time ago. But I couldn’t leave you completely, that was unimaginable for me. That was why I was searching for the farms nearby, thinking I could still try, still try. But what am I trying for? You are already long time gone from me, or I from you. I feel already on my way away... but am resisting it very much. I feel I have to go as far as I can. But even that may not be enough. The pain of this is so uncatchable, so ungraspable. Right now I cannot feel any pain at all.

I just don’t feel pain. Maybe I will go home and just be there, with my family. I am just so tired of trying, of doing anything. Of course that is why I cannot even be at Jens’s, it would be the same as being with you, only not so direct. It is the same as going to you. One part of me wants it, and one part of me is blocking it. So of course Jens probably sensed it and so responded to it – by not

responding. It feels like going totally away from everything I was heading for my whole life, the past years especially. It is like I totally fucked everything up. Everything that could have been fucked up I did, very successfully. Even probably this email. So what to do other than disappear somewhere completely into the oblivion...

Ok, but that is whining. I don't feel like that at all, and yet I do it. I just need to give up. I have no power anymore. The trouble is, I know all I have to do is to give up, but I cannot do truly even that! I am so incapable of doing anything, even giving up. Is this not comical?

Really Azar, if I knew what to do I would do it, right now. But life is such a messy soup.

All the experiences of love and consciousness are not of much help now. It was, once what I thought I could live, but it feels so comically far away right now.

Well, the chamber is empty, you are not there any more. I feel hilarious. I could go on like that for ever and it would never stop. So I better stop now.

The trouble is, I am so not true with you, or with myself. It is so hard to be. The trouble is that I feel it already while writing this. But still I cannot do, or don't want to do much about it. I feel so twisted!

Maybe you are right, maybe I should go and face all that is waiting for me at home, maybe just to see better. And maybe this untwisting will take years indeed, or maybe I will find some new direction there. But I know that if I am ever to live as and who I am, I should probably first do some research into what is standing in the way. I feel so untrue with you right now, and this is crazy...

It is crazy to find my words for you, or to do anything with you, in a true way. It is crazy to not be able to live in a true way with you. And therefore as me. I cannot live as me – is this not totally totally comical and bad upside down and intolerable???

If I wasn't so incapable of getting pissed I would be pissed that I know so deeply who I am and at the same time having to live out this shit. But I cannot even be really angry. I feel like vomiting right now, feeling the blocks in me, and all the conflicts and mess and all. Not that I can feel it very much or too clearly, but at least I get a glimpse of it. In the light of you and my interaction with you – Azar this is not what it was supposed to be!! I was full of potential and now I am mess.

But that is not the problem, the “problem” is that you cannot help there any more, I am just fighting with myself in a way, I am not so much in contact with you if at all. And so all I say feels like saying it alone, that is why it is so easy for me, unlike before. Before you were there, now you left.

This is very different from how I imagined our interaction to be, and now I just find myself trapped in the web of life somehow, inescapable. Maybe I will never return from there. There is so much unknown there and so many traps, this is the world! How am I to find you there? You sent me there before I even properly met you. That feels a bit like a sentence for life, or at least very dangerous. It is true, I need you like I need my father, to protect me. At the same time it is not true, because I don't want to be a girl any more. That is why I am resisting that protection.

The world moves and runs around so fast... I am getting lost in there. This is what happens when I let go, everything is suddenly so fast. And chaotic.

I feel I am not ready to face all this. It has been thrown out at me way too fast and all at once. Without any real anchor in it. Suddenly I should be in the world... I am just having to end up with a closed heart in there. This is way too heavy for any real manifestation to happen. I don't feel there is

any point in facing the world in this way, when I am so closed anyway, nothing can really happen. That is why I was craving to meet you, so that I could face the world then. But it didn't really happen. So now I am in the world without you.

But now I see the meeting could not really happen, because if it did, this part of me would stay unaddressed, I guess. Or I would never have discovered it, or at least not the seriousness of it. I would always stay safely afloat. So you pressed me down like a bug with a shoe. I feel like you are my distant daddy and I am just complaining. It is a bit strange to be in such a position...

Everything is strange, in a way. But you taught me to go along with life as it comes, because there is no other way. So there we go..

Thank you for your email, by the way.

Hug,Nadine

**7:49**

I feel I've been taken up by the current and nothing grounds me...

I feel alone in all this

I don't feel safe to allow leaving because you are not with me in it

**26-5-2020, 13:29** Azar to Nadine

Nadine,

Thanks for letting some of the Dark out. This is (part of) honouring 'Me' - i say this even though it's not about me and i don't deserve all the praise for this. After all, you yourself had the impulse to meet me - even though, it's true, i quite meditated you after we split up two months ago, which cannot happen without having any effect on you when we meet afterwards at some point. It's you, as your responsible part, who wants to be freed (more and more) from the suffocating Dark, and wants to meet it therefore.

What you write is exactly what i mean. (Not that it is the only background, but yes:) if you didn't have a safe father-youth, you feel lonely, without support of Man, of me as (a potential) man in this case, as if you're suddenly thrown into life, while you're not at all ready for that. The three year-old girl is not Ready for that. How could she? How could we blame a 3-year-old girl for putting her cards on and directing her 'love' at the wrong person, on Ego, on Darkness, if the fellow seems to be the only man around? Of course, on a deeper level, you haven't felt safe with such a fucker. I'm sure that if you had felt as a little girl that Ivan was really with you, you hadn't felt left alone now, or at least not in the way and to the extent you do. The drama of life can only repeat itself until we are radically fed up with it.

That you cannot actually feel the pain of your situation at all - while you're right in the middle of it - is no exception to the state of the 3 year old girl being left by her father. Anyhow, a 3-year old

kid is usually not into the emotional realm as grown ups are - or should be. But this doesn't mean, of course, that big events, changes in life, don't touch the child, and are not noticed and even stored somewhere inside. Even if a child feels safe with the mother, as the continuing factor when the father leaves, this is not the same as the safety she feels with the father around - well, the safety she *could* in principle feel with the father around, since a father is no Father yet, and only the Father provides real safety on a deeper felt level. When the father figure - the real father or a substitute - is unconsciously living in himself and (partly) acting out (or even radiating without acting out) the Female Force, instead of the Male Force, there is mainly or only chaos for a child, incomprehension, lack of safety, no Space of Man.

Again, that you let me reveal your true state behind what you hoped you were heading for, is a good sign. The hell is really very heavy if you haven't met it consciously before. It cannot go without at least some projection that i sort of send you into the hell. What is especially so difficult is being in it while, in the deepest background, feeling safe with it, with all that shows up there. It's part of my two-sided role: The very few ones who have a serious impulse for (manifesting) love, are sent to (discover and plough and feel through) hell - but not without ‘my’ Heart, not without Man Surrounding you at the same time, even though at moments this will be hard or impossible to feel as such. Yet, i See that you See that, somewhere, I'm with you, still, always. That the Dark side shows up and is overwhelming everything at moments or periods, doesn't contradict this.

It's not bad to, as you say, "*go totally away from everything I was heading for my whole life, the past years especially*". But just like you cannot lose the connection with the Dark completely - no matter how you have done your best - you cannot get totally rid of the Light (side) either, no matter how you will try. 'At best', you can flip over to the other side of the Duality (for a while or for always). For entering and living a more holistic life, you need to integrate them - in practice this means for a considerable part: allowing the Dark in the presence of (a) Man who has enough Light in his Heart to trigger out that dark side, and who is not afraid of it. It's true, in my presence, this (potential) process has not been allowed much by you, something was blocking it - even when i don't take this too personal. The way to go about with the heavy burden of 'your' Darkness as (a) Woman is not simply to find a man who seems to Know and live the Other Side. The way is to address it. It's waiting - for You... And it will be triggered in Relation - to 'man'... Being in Relation to Man, will also reveal your Relation to Woman...

I'm sorry you 'have to' go through all this. All this was not expected when you arrived here on earth... What is more seducing than turning to a consciousness that says it is not necessary to go through such difficult states. As man i don't have a switch for this, but Woman is more equipped in this respect.

Touch, Azar

If at some point you'd go home, it could be an idea to find out why your mother and father had split up and why she came home with Ivan. You're 'free' to do whatever, yet i have the tendency to still say, before i stop writing: As long as you stay faithful to the little child(s limited consciousness) who assumed she 'loved - or still loves - Ivan (and in general such types), as long as the grown up Woman is not allowed in the scene - the Woman who *distinguishes*, instead of wanting to feel good - the chance of staying stuck won't get much smaller, i'm afraid.

**27-5-2020, 16:04** Nadine to Azar

Hello Azar,

I think it is a good idea to go home and spend some time with my family, especially with my mother. I already thought about it before you wrote me, after having a phone call with my mum, to try and get closer to her. We were always a bit of a two strangers living together. As a child I never felt too close with my mother, there was always a block between us. We would never talk about intimate things, never about emotions, feelings, etc. This was not a topic in our house, it did not exist in a way. It was and felt always very awkward to talk about anything that was threatening to touch the person, that would bring us closer together in a way. It was always a forbidden topic, a big stop, to be more personal. So I always thought and felt I had no emotions, it was not for me, such things were not to discuss, I didn't want them, I didn't have them. In a way I was forbidding myself to have any feelings in general. So with my mother we never discussed personal things, I hardly know anything about her. I have no idea why they split up with my father, how their relationship was, or even how she felt all these years...I would like to know all these things about her. So when we spoke last time for the first time I felt the impulse to try and offer to come closer to each other in some way.

With my father I am already in the process of coming a bit closer. Recently we have been exchanging messages more often and more personal, and not so long ago in one message exchange we opened up to each other quite a lot. So I feel he loves me and I also love him.

In the meantime I feel very ordinary. In a way it is a good feeling, I can relax a bit more. I don't have to try or strive for anything. I can also easier be with people here. We now got two new woofers and I am enjoying spending time with them a lot. They teach me a lot and I learn a lot about myself this way. Sometimes it also feels like I am having my own energy in interactions, that I can also be a person of my own. Which is nice. A lot has changed after I last emailed to you.

I am in a very interesting and rich process all together, all the time. Every day I feel a step further. I think this can never stop...of course I have very difficult times and I have very nice times. They all the time alternate.

But I have one fear, which is always staying with me. It is the fear that I will never be able to leave you, only saying this I already want to cry. I got in touch with this pain of having to leave you a few times over the past days, and especially after we met, and it was a very deep important pain, which I fail to manifest. Well of course, manifestation is not my strong side. But it keeps escaping, it shows itself and then it escapes. It cannot be manifested anymore, because other things come to take over the way. But that is also because I already know that by leaving you I can again come closer, because so much heart comes with it, when I feel and allow this possibility. But that is not why I want to leave, it is because it feels true to leave. And let life shape its way according to that, whatever that means. I feel I would only then be truly fed from inside. But I cannot order anything, being with you or leaving. For now I feel the pain was there to reach, but now I got busy with other things, and so it is there stuck. And it feels strange to know about it, and still carrying on as if it did not exist. Because I cannot do anything else. But I feel it stuck in me, I am already aware of it, and that is a bit crazy. I cannot really be with you and I cannot even really be without you. This is maddening but then there is also acceptance. It is the same with everything else, knowing the depth of life but then having to live it so shallow...

For now I feel like saying good bye. I am already excited these days about the possibility of going home to visit my family. It doesn't have a clear shape yet, when or for how long I would go. But I haven't seen them for such a long time, (I don't really count Christmas so much), and I feel there is so

much in there for me to learn and to see. I think I have always been avoiding it, it was always an extra burden, there were other things that I had to live, but now it feels very natural to come back a bit closer and to see more in the environment where I grew up and how I used to live. If I learn so much in the interactions now, with (much more) conscious people with whom I don't share the past, I imagine how full my plate will be when I come home to interact with those with whom I share the pain and am so entangled with. Plus I really miss my brother, my mother, and I would love to spend time more with them.

I feel sad for the things that didn't happen and may never again happen, but we will see what happens now.

Life is more unpredictable than ever.

Hug, Nadine

**Friday, 29-5-2020, 8:38** Azar to Nadine

Nadine,

It's indeed woman's worst nightmare to be sentenced to me. But in practice you don't need to worry. When women were with me, it seemed impossible or almost impossible to leave me - as quite a few of them have shared - in practice though they have always easily left and let go of me, easily managed to get rid of me out of their energy-consciousness system; even though somewhere an imprint is left, but this 'imprint' on their Heart had already been There in fact, as a non-manifested Matrix. Women use various methods for blocking or undoing the tendency of Manifestation of the Matrix of the Heart - if necessary at all, for usually simply switching the button in the head works well enough. If the button in the head is not enough to kill her love for me, then one option that some women use is to convince herself - and, to support the process of kicking off, convince her surrounding too - that i abused her. Their minds don't really manage to put it on sexual abuse – nor do their lower parts: they quite liked having sex with me. So then, since I am a strong (though non-manipulative) human being (and this is just part of why they wanted to be with me), the other, separating side of themselves, of Woman, whispers to put the supposed abuse on the fact that I had too big an influence on them and then the step to having power over them is easily made (which I never had and had despised if it were so, my (or any True Male) Heart cannot but let a woman completely free - I'm not into power in the very least, completely empty as it is to me). And then, the last step, from power to 'abuse', is easily made as well, certainly in the current absurd societal narrative on 'man and woman'.

Another helpful strategy for Woman to get rid of me, or my Heart, is hopping from one man to another, so you get the feeling that men are replaceable, in fact. It appears then that I'm no exception to this, if you indeed succeed in seeing me as a man, which is usually doable, all the more if it's again time for Woman's Duality to flip over to the side of Her that says that everything is (energetic and physical) Form in the end. A reset of values is another option to feel relieved of the burden of Love - after all, there seems to be more to life than love, or deep love. Or, as some women do, it is possible to re-label things, to give other names to things. Things that, during being with me, seemed to be good, are now wrong, and vice versa. One woman, for

instance, joined a group in which they learned not to feel - 'the opposite' of what you do', she smiled when i met her still once later. Woman is more flexible than you may think. Altogether, in practice, disentangling yourself from me turns out to be easier than a woman assumes when she feels still with me.

In your case, i don't expect problems in this respect. You can easily attune to another man who comes on your way. Absorbing his consciousness and being to whatever extent, this (new man) may lead to a bit of different type of chaos within, although fundamentally, it is still chaos. In the worst case, it even adds to the chaos that is already there. With me, chaos, confusion, may seem to increase, while in fact the opposite is happening: the chaos comes to the surface in one's consciousness. It's like the tears leaving one's body. The tears relieve you instead of causing the problem of grief.

For the other Nadine, i'm less optimistic, i must admit. You're in big company of people for whom it is difficult, almost impossible, to truly face the mirror, to actually enter the feeling level of life without having a back-door open. The tendency to escape - and to project - is strong. Often, the responsibility for people's karma is shoved off, delegated, to the next generation. In fact, there are hardly people who can deal with their karma in a mature way, that is: with their inclination to avoid (*consciously feeling*) the truth. It's usually 'dealing with', going about with it in a way that is or seems still somewhat liveable. The (hidden) ego just doesn't want it. It's like a stubborn child. People, if they are confronted with 'real human life', with what is the case behind what we learn in society and also behind (or below) what our heart tells us should be possible, are strongly inclined to think: 'it shouldn't be like this' (a statement of Rose, as I have mentioned once before). It's difficult to Fully Surrender to Man('s world) Who says: It *is* like this. On earth, everything seems to have been turned around: entering the world of Love, the hell appears. In other words: Man Shows Woman's real state she was living in so far – albeit for the greater part unconsciously. There is no true (manifestation of) Love without Consciousness settling in the Body though.

If you Love, the ego loses its freedom. I don't wish this seeming hell to anyone - unless you're ready for it, of course. In the latter case it appears that Freedom can be found beyond the ego.

My low level of optimism for the other Nadine is in principle not a fixed law written in the scriptures. It's not against being challenged. I'm Here. I cannot escape, like you and other people are still in the illusion you can ... Which is the real hell: the pain of Love, or the pain of (living in) illusion? Am I (in) the hell? And other people aren't? What is Hell? What is Love? What is karma? What is the mind, actually?

Azar

**29-5-2020, 13:16** Nadine to Azar

Azar,

All day I have been in rage. It is just so unfair that we have to communicate like this, with not so much clarity. But you don't know how much I suffer for you, with all the pain physical, often mental, and all the confusion, which is great, really great – as it was in the beginning here when I first came. I thought I would never recover from it, I thought I was indefinitely “broken”, I thought I went too far,

and that my constitution as a human being had broken, so that I am just a mess and I cannot live anymore a normal life. I had to accept that also. I had to accept that I lost everything concerning you, and I had no clear path anymore, in life or in general. I have a big pain in my body, which is totally changing now. Every day I have to stretch and twist probably two hundred times. Maybe with some short pauses in between. The whole right part of my body is full of pain and needs to be stretched. You say I have no consciousness in the body, but why is it then that since I left you the body is totally doing what it needs, it went out of my control and is stretching and giving me pain and cannot be left out from anything anymore. I lost the sense of my being, existence probably a million times. I know how it feels. I know how despair feels. And living in the world in a totally different way, in a much more loose way, which brings little if any reliance on anything here any more.

Maybe there is still so much further to go and so much to do, and maybe I still have no clue about anything. And maybe I am nowhere near anything yet, if at all. But given the amount of suffering that I did for you, and am still doing, and never wanting to go anywhere back from it, and only accepting it all, how can it be otherwise than that we have to be together. No matter what happens further or not. You have already changed so much in me, and in such short time. You are like a volcano that met me somehow and now it is doing such a mess inside. Totally everything is changed, everything got aloof. You are re-establishing the whole house that I had nicely built inside. The love that I feel for you is immense, is too big to be ignored in any way, and yes of course it cannot be all the time felt or manifested, but that doesn't matter. The love is stronger in me than anything else. And it is not a nice love, it is a strong love. Yes it pushes the concrete walls, of which I had no clue before and still there is a whole world of unknown about it in me. I have no clue about myself, really. But still I have to do it for you, because for whom else should I do it? You see too strong in me anyway for me to be anywhere too far if at all away from you.

It is not so long time and I am already starting to see patterns in me which got revealed during my stay with you. It is maybe not nice but interesting. I had such things already in me when I was young and was even aware of them to some extent. I started to ignore them more only when I left to England. A lot is getting revealed by you. I feel already a lot more earthly now. I really don't know much. But I know that I need you.

In my last email I didn't mean to say good bye as for leaving, but as for finishing the email. In my attempt to describe my fear that I won't be able to leave you in the future, I didn't really succeed in explaining it. I didn't mean that it was my wish to leave. But thank you for your reply in which you describe different forms of leaving of woman. They are all quite interesting.

For now I don't know what more to say. Only maybe just that I will do my best in the coming time.

I hope you are fine,

Nadine

## **16:24**

It is difficult for me, because deeply I really don't know what to do. When I was leaving you in March, I could never take responsibility for that leaving. The pain was too deep to allow. And so I never really felt it, except for some small periods of times when it felt like a torture. And now I live with this pain, half there, half not, and it is difficult to live above it. I got more in touch with it again when we met on Monday, I was very shaken after it. It felt very painful again, knowing that I cannot be with

you despite loving you. I was walking in town like a zombie, everything was dead for me. I cannot live with this conflict. It is crazy... I feel I have to resolve it, come in touch with it, and I am so desperate for it because what can I do otherwise... I cannot just ignore it. It is there!

I feel so confused again and maybe touching a difficult border. Entering chaos again when everything is easier when things are nice and clear.

Well I thought, would it be a good idea to maybe come and visit you, for some days, to maybe get a bit more clarity again... I feel a bit too lost.

Let me know, I am free any time.

Nadine

**31-5-2020, 20:39** Azar to Nadine

Hi Nadine,

It's one of the most terrible things for a human being if you're in pain and others - and certainly if a close one or your beloved - seem to deny or belittle this. I'm sorry if i created this impression. Perhaps i will come back to this subject later on.

For now, I'd like to let you know that i'm open for a meeting here for some days - 3 nights for example, or four perhaps, if things go relatively well. (I'm afraid this sounds a bit rigid, instead of letting the length of the stay be totally open, as before.) Only, i/we need to recover first a bit still. From your first e-mail of Friday my whole organism got a very big blow. Now, after two days and a bit this is still there, despite meditating on and partly through it. Since i refused to get weakened from the blow - i sometimes experiment regarding received transmissions - i got extremely stressed in my body, as i cannot remember i ever had. During preparing diner Friday evening it was the worst and so bad that it was almost hilarious. Usually, allowing being weakened takes away the over-stress, but sometimes, as i said, i resist this consciously, to see what happens and if i manage to maintain in the world of Energy too. I also got little red eyes, often related to the Fight between Consciousness and Unconsciousness. I had a constant kind of tingling in my jaws, especially on the rotation points, where the upper and lower jaws meet. In most cases this is related to hidden or repressed anger that comes to the surface. Also, the whole energetic body was in pain, rather than on specific places, even though there it also manifested sometimes. Satlova got extremely pain in her back – and the back is a well-known 'friend' for you by now.

Not to judge or blame that Friday-mail - it simply transmits (something of) your state at that moment - anyhow, in contrast, your mail of Tuesday 26th, giving way some darkness felt relieving, in fact. And, despite the in itself heavy content that you shared, sometimes a spontaneous smile visited me during reading the earlier one. And some time afterwards i felt 'even' an impulse to make love to you. The unravelling process goes its own way. But all right, first things first, let's first un-stuck myself more. Or else, you would meet too much of yourself through me. You're not waiting for the mirror in its dirty mode, I suppose...

although also in that case you can learn a lot, different things but anyway. Unfortunately or not, I’m not the best teacher when it comes to learning from a dirty mirror.

Love, Azar

**1-6-2020, 22:37** Nadine to Azar

Hello Azar,

thank you for your email, and that you welcomed me. But I have to go home. I feel that unless i can get in touch with my pain, I cannot be with you, or close to you. And this doesn’t seem to be possible for me at this moment. There is a lot I have to learn still and get to know (about myself, or in general). I have to try to live my life somehow. I will go home and give it the best try. I will see what happens. Right now I am feeling very happy about going home to be with my family. I feel this is an important step for me to take. Since I’ve moved out to England, this feels like a second most important step I am taking. It feels like going willingly back to what I was before escaping. I feel conscious enough now (I hope,), empowered by you, to try to face all that is there. In a new way. Let’s hope it goes relatively well. Thank you for everything, Azar, I appreciate all that happened in between us until now. It was the most painful, but also most beautiful - and un-understandable thing that happened in my life. I am very happy that you are here. And thank you to Satl, too.

Much love, Nadine

**23:00**

Azar... ignore the first email. I just have to leave you, I cannot be anywhere near to you. It is way too painful, too confusing, too unbearable for me to be near you. I cannot stand it, and I cannot live like this. The pain is extreme, and I cannot allow to be vulnerable with you. I don’t want to be vulnerable with you. Or in general, I don’t want to be vulnerable. I really don’t want it. I cannot show any sign of vulnerability, it makes me want to explode. I DON’T WANT IT! ok? I just don’t want it. I don’t want to feel it. I don’t want you. That is why i have to go away. I cannot be with you. By nature I cannot be. The confusion-resistance to you was so big in me, yesterday night, that I had two options - to kill myself tonight (and it was for the first time serious in me), or to decide to live still somehow - but without you. Not staying here half-hanging like a piece of flesh that has been cut off but is still hanging a bit on the body by a piece of skin. It cannot function anymore, but it still hangs there, and prolongs the pain. There is no sense in this. It is extreme, Azar, really extreme. I don’t know if you know how it feels - but I would never have expected anything like this to happen to me. I cannot, cannot, cannot be with you.

Well, i just had to say this.

n

**23:06**

of course it is not you, but me, the pain - confusion, but you trigger it (extremely strong). Of course I would love to be with you, and I love you, and you know it - and i understand it, but what is triggered

in me by my contact with you is really extreme. Really very unbearably bad. Life stops, cannot continue anymore. I had a sense that I could not live anymore, i didn't know how. My body-mind-whole system is not functioning. It was just painful confusion, stuckness, inescapable pain. I don't know how to describe this. It feels like nothing...no life possible.

**23:49**

you make me feel and go crazy, how can i ever disentangle myself from you? When i don't want it at the same time... i can roll in this crazy loop forever, and it will never end. I don't want to be in the heart. It is way too painful for me. But i would like to live a peaceful life, a nice life, the way which is good for my environment and for the people around me. I want to be a good person leading a good life. Have some peace.

**00:02**

i feel extremely stressed, i cannot live with you, and i cannot live without you, i cannot live with you, and cannot live without you. I feel i have to share, and i don't want to share all this with you, i need to write and i don't want it at the same time... i am so full of conflict, crazy conflict - i cannot do what i want.....

**00:05**

you take away all the freedom from me, i cannot do what i want anymore, so why would i want this? There is no freedom anymore with you...i cannot decide freely anymore anything which is not in relation to you, you tight me to yourself so tightly  
i am terrified of this

**00:27**

i thought i would get some job at home, find an apartment to live, and spend time with my family as much as i can... give some time to them, to get to know them, to learn from it... i spend time with my mother, my brother, but of course also grand parents. My grandmother is alone now since her husband died some time ago and the same with my grandfather, they always appreciate when i can spend some time with them or go for a walk, for a trip... i love to do that actually. And i would see how long it would take, as long as i would feel it is good for me to be there. Maybe i would find some meaning there and a meaningful job maybe, or something to do that would feel right, and so i would stay long. Or maybe I would find a job somewhere else, something interesting later on maybe, i don't know, i thought i would just let things unfold naturally. So for now i am going home and we will see, i am leaving on Wednesday evening.

**2-6-2020, 9:57** Azar to Nadine

Dear Nadine,

I quite appreciate your sharing - even when, as you indicated, the stress and urge to share was just too big to keep it in. This sharing is exactly the natural thing to do. Finding Man (in your heart), you can, in principle, finally share everything that has been bothering you secretly in the dark all your life. Again, i am honoured that, apparently, you find this opportunity in

(your contact with) me. Despite big resistance, something in you is at the same time opening up to life; or, as you cannot but experience it, opening up to the Duality that constitutes life, reality. For that, the cesspit opens. I don't do that. It's your love for - and your resistance to - Man that does the process. I can understand Woman's strong tendency to blame man for reality being as it is. Did He make up this wrenching maddening duality? In the end, it is not even blaming, Woman has to direct her pain somewhere, to 'something' that can receive it, understand it, absorb it, do something with it - and the way it comes out is secondary, it cannot always be gentle, of course; usually it is not, if Life Itself is involved. Anyhow, if you keep following the impulse to Life Itself - instead of, as the many do, to *a* life which is seemingly designed by yourself (but not really) - you will keep feeling the need to share the crazy duality - and, in general, to share - with Man, just until everything is Clear. For you haven't designed yourself as woman. In the end, it comes down to resisting Life or surrendering to It. Life is Duality, as i have said before. In the movement from one side to the other, life is miraculously 'wrung' out of nothing into existence, the flames have appeared, been kindled out of nothing. Deciding for and settling in one side seems to be (much more) peaceful, but in the dark it causes a stress, for always the other side keeps pulling and it needs to be resisted then. Life on earth is inherently stressful anyway, that's why, in my view, it is best to be in Touch with What is Beyond the earthly dual life. And this is precisely Man, as the One Beyond Woman's unavoidable Duality. When there is the unavoidable painfulness of Woman's Duality – indeed, it is so - then, in a balance, there should also be What is Beyond Pain. Crazy as it may sound to you in your current intense states, but that is 'Me'. If just for a moment it would be possible for you - or any woman - to meditate Me as I Am, beyond all positive and negative projections, pictures, hopes and despair, this meditation would give you a deep peace and a being embedded in your being that will be unknown to by far the most of us. Everything is paradoxical. I who bring up the greatest chaos and confusion and pain, am the deepest peace, clarity and painlessness beyond. The matrix of life seems strange in so far that to experience this you need to experience the - indeed - hell of Duality. I bring up the hell, exactly because I Am Beyond it. Intuitively, women have always known that i Am Beyond it. Only, in the course of the intense process, they easily tend to lose trust, to lose overview, to disrespect their deepest intuition. I would almost say, coming to earth we are 'burdened' with the inner knowledge of what is beyond all the pain - but then to manifest that inner knowing seems so hard and impossible that everybody gives up. And i totally understand. I've had my portion of unbearable pains, despair, loneliness etcetera - although, true, with 'my' inner intelligence i could go relatively quickly through various difficult stages. And, all the more, i've seen women struggling. The reason that i've become such a Mirror, is not only that i've reached the Conscious Place Beyond, but, most of all, that i've gone thoroughly into You, into Woman. And it is Love that Did this, for Entering Woman was a hell - indeed. And so now, Knowing Woman directly from within, 'i' - as a reflection of your Impulse to Love, or 'simply' to Life Itself - trigger the hell out of You. 'Out', indeed. Again, if you share the Dark Dual Force - with the Pain that has been stuck for 'too long' - something relieves, and it can also reach the sex centre - which is not separate from life itself, of course - as i noticed once more in the night. Sexuality is 'just' one of the stages that people, man and woman, will experience once they actually go through things together. Since machine noise woke me up early before 5, at 5.15, naturally meditating you after having read the first 3 mails before going to bed, my penis got extremely hard - a nice feeling in itself, this presence - responding to your opening of a next episode of the stuck dark. I wonder if you feel this yourself as well, that something releases after sharing difficulties with me, and if it sometimes reaches your sex centre as well - perhaps not consciously yet.

I hope, when you're back in Czech, your back continues to move and (try to) relieve itself, for the back is one your most severe symptoms, i can say. It's difficult to live life, to manifest, with such a stiff back. At the same time the back is also the location where a lot of pain gathers in us, it gets stuck in the spine usually. So when the spine gets gradually more flexible again, also pain can be expected to be released, possibly entering our consciousness.

I always feel like saying 'sorry' to woman, that it is such a struggle all this. Growing up to life is not a pleasure cruise. Our drive for love, gets us in the (conscious) mud. And yet, before i stop writing, i cannot help but stress the other side as well. It is all worth it in the end. Being present on an earthly level - even if right in the pain, as i have allowed - is so very much more satisfactory than not being manifested and hanging above everything, not really touching it, not really touching life. Becoming life is inherently satisfactory - contrary to becoming what our ego wants us to be.

In fact, in your raging out duality, like in these last series of mails, you manifest Woman greatly, much more and better and dedicatedly than by far most other women. I see that Woman always assumes that if she allows some serious shit to manifest it will always stay like that. This is a lack of trust in the dynamics and development of life, of nature through us – also a lack of trust in Man. I hope you will manage better than for instance my sister (and almost every other woman with her) to, in the end, or gradually, See that all this is not you but Woman. Living the Woman in you, you cannot skip the Drama. It is true that, if you want to Live the Woman in you, you need to live the (dual) Drama on a personal level - otherwise you cannot manifest - but this doesn't mean that sooner or later the Impersonal Level shouldn't be allowed to Overarch and Embed the whole Drama. If you can keep the Connection with Man (in your Heart) this is not impossible.

Have a good or whatever sensible, valuable time in Czech, and if it feels natural to you, feel free to share with me your experience(s). I still feel our deeper connection, despite your heavy states, despite that the Separating Force is strong. If need be, keep raging out to me - it relieves, everybody.

I love you,

Azar

**2-6-2020, 22:57** Nadine to Azar

Hello Azar,

yes I feel better after yesterday. It helped talking to you openly, even though it was extremely painful and i felt such a resistance to do this. I don't think I ever experienced this kind of resistance before. This was way stronger. Now I get misty in my head, today was very difficult. We have some new people here and in general the interactions were heavier and more chaotic than usual. So I am a bit in a cloud right now. It anyway amazes me how much you reflect me, when i talk to you, and how much it is affecting me... it is as if we were very close, because you reflect me immediately and 100% true as if there was no distance... it's just that i am often getting lost in that reflection, and then i

am rolling myself in my own confusion, or whatever,... this is a whole new world, my interaction with you, and very challenging. And very serious, as i learn... i feel very misty and far away from myself.

Whatever I do or say to you, I then have to live... all my states I have to live, it is as if there was no escaping from them with you. Yes this is very hard...

I am in such a terrible state, too confused to say anything to you, but needing to respond. Also again feeling the resistance to be open to you. It is again very conflicting, because part of me wants to write you, and part of me is blocking it. And i am more on a resistance side, but at the same time not willing to submit to it, so it feels like i am pushing some wall... this is such a tiring fight, to want opposite things, and it feels so heavy. Much heavier than before, because before it was more hanging in the air, whereas now i can feel it more in my body.

I did feel yesterday a relief, and in the morning I woke up early, and felt like making love to you. I imagined you walking into my room, and i felt sexual energy arising in me. So it is interesting that you felt it the same...

I am feeling extremely heavy, confused and tired, full of unclarities and conflicts in me, much too much to write anything meaningful or sensible, but I needed to write you anyway.

I love you too,  
Nadine

**3-6-2020, 10:37** Nadine to Azar

Hello Azar,

I was in such a terrible state this morning, I wrote you an email when I woke up but then I deleted it, i didn't see the sense in sending it. But now it keeps rolling in me...

I just felt like i have such urge to share with you all my pain and confusion and worries, since i am so full of it and suffocated with it and it takes away all my space, and i keep trying and trying and trying, going on and on, but the door to you is closed, i cannot reach you in any way. So it feels strange to keep sharing, when at the same time i feel such resistance to do this - or rather, allow your heart to be in it, as i experience it, i don't want to be (sharing) with you, or i don't feel like i am with you, so it is like sharing to a stranger - it doesn't help. I just feel my pain reflected at me and it doesn't go anywhere, it cannot find home, no matter how hard it tries. There is no heart allowed in it. I think i wrote that i am trying to find heart in you, but i cannot find one...

It is so painful to be in pain and trying to give it out but not really to the heart, because the heart is not there... I closed the door to it. And i have to keep doing this... because i cannot live with all this pain myself, i cannot just hold it in me, it feels too much and it has to go somewhere...even if it is just a man who i am not really with. But then it only goes to me, and it doesn't relieve me.

I know it now how it really feels, from my emails two nights ago, what is it really that stops me (wanting to) share with you. Or I came closer to it than before. Then after i sent all the emails, i felt more with you and beyond the drama again. But the source of it is still there now, it didn't go anywhere, I fell directly in it again. It probably will never really go away, since as you say, this is life ... and i think i am coming to understand this,

coming to live this (actually)...having to live this craziness, pain etc...it feels like there is no escape from this, living this is really hell... feeling deeply connected with you and then having this constant pain and resistance drama going on. It makes me very confused. Scared. And in hell.

I feel my whole relationship with you affects everything, how i am in the world and with other people... when i am unclear and in pain with you i am also like that with others. It manifests in me extremely strong. My heart is not open, and so i cannot really open it to others... it is sad to live like this. I wonder how i can combine my relationship with you - and my life in the world. If at all i want this...there we go, the conflict again. Oh god. It is nice to dissociate a bit from all the life dramas and write more from a consciousness point of view. But it seems more and more i have to actually live all this. This is new to me. Terrible.

This morning i felt so bad and no escape from this that i just had to laugh. I think we also have quite a lot in common.

Nadine

**11:06**

I have no clarity whatsoever... I feel totally confused, and sucked into unconsciousness... the world feels like a wheel that keeps rolling and i just stumble with it. It is difficult to find a clear, sound standing point. Everything is just a confusion. All the interactions are hellish then... it feels like i have no centre. A centre in which i could stand and live my life from. I am totally, totally confused. Messy. God this is terrible. I feel i just want to scream from inside, to get all the messy movements out. I am so full and sick with it. It must be also Karola and all the messiness that i took in yesterday and could not process, on top of everything else. Right now i feel helpless in it. It is sad and pity that i have so little space now that i am leaving and won't probably be able to say good bye to all the people here in a way I would like to. And coming home with such little space and confusion is also not a nice prospect...

**3-6-2020, 11:18** Azar to Nadine

Nadine,

That's why the true spiritual process of descending deep in oneself is just for a few who have a very long breath and are not too much bothered by the urge to be instantly or within a foreseeable term satisfied. The drops fall on the rock, and for a moment it's refreshing, but then the sun shines on it and soon it is dry again and the rock is still there, seemingly untouched. It's, then, not easy to humbly keep allowing the drops of consciousness - instead of going to dance imagining you're a free bird in the sky, and possible even spreading the word that we are what we imagine.

That you felt an impulse to make love is, in itself not the ultimate truth, but a sign that sharing 'your' darkness, attempting to let it find its natural flow to Man, leads to opening to Man. 'Man' is not just a form. He stands for opening up to Something Beyond yourself - which, if at all, is the

only way to Relieve oneself from oneself on a deeper level. A title of one my books is not for nothing: "The burden that you are" (as yourself, i could have added).

In the end, the true process can only be done in a Selfless way. It's too heavy for a self. If you have a Touch for Love, for the Beyond, for Truth, for What is Beyond this world of (dead) form, then there is a chance the self will bow, gradually or in leaps and bounds. It is Love, or even anything from Beyond this cramped world of form, that Empowers you to allow this Process through you. If you lose that connection, then you're really alone, but at the same time then you have forgotten about Love and seem not so much bothered by it any more.

Ah, your next e-mail comes in. I'm sorry for your current chaotic state, Nadine, and that you have to say bye in this state. Remember you live (and, in connection to 'me' as Man: meditate) the world, the people. You absorb like a sponge. It's not just you. I am here - amongst other things - to draw you over the illusion that this is all you. I am here to give you ground and direction - even when it seems the opposite.

That you could laugh about the whole thing, as you wrote, is hopeful. Let's keep that one. It may seem a detail, but i consider it a good sign.

Love

Azar