

Sorry

Preliminary note:

I would almost say sorry that I write about what at first glance seems to be a trivial subject: feeling sorry. However, I'm not against evoking, triggering, manifesting, contributing to, enhancing certain human values, letting people resonate with them. Even apart from the content and the possibly transmitted consciousness, associating and resonating with the subject alone can do some good, in principle.

Will the ones who currently pull at the strings in the world and roll out one inhuman measure over us after the other at an extreme speed by now, not even stopping at creating wars, ever say sorry for all the avoidable suffering they cause? Will they ever have a moment of reflection that allows them to actually feel what they are doing to their fellow humans and at least on a feeling level feel sorry in the case that they are too proud to admit by means of spoken words the harm they have done and are doing and will do if not stopped by miracle?

I don't think so. But there may be, and very probably are, a few exceptions here and there. The majority of the criminals will only, officially, 'feel sorry' when the power structure changes and they lose their advantageous position.

We cannot force them feeling sorry anyway. What we can do is to expand the realm of sorry, as we could call it. To expand the radiation of the consciousness and energy of *sorry* that we sincerely feel. In the best case something of it will even reach the ones at the 'top of society' who don't seem to have developed this in principle normal human quality.

This starts, of course, with our own life. And in a way it ends there as well – although, all the more if you're Ready with your 'self' – not only in feeling sorry, I mean, but in general with the illusory 'self' – you can also feel sorry in another one's place, when he or she forgets. I have had that quite often, that I spontaneously say sorry when I see what someone is doing to other people or animals.

So let's set a good example, and start with my own life. Although you may and very probably have experienced different kinds of 'sorry situations' I hope nonetheless that it inspires you to expand your sorry radiance, and thus contribute a bit to a more human world.

I'm, again, almost sorry that my sorries are not so spectacular. Sorry, not only because I know that people savour confessions – the greater the sin the more appetizing they are – but also because greater confessions may add more to the inspiration of people to go into their own sorries, some of which may be of a more serious character. I'm talking about the moral crimes from my side that I committed in the past, mostly as a kid, and that are not so big that they cause considerable shame in me, although in the past, as a kid, a couple of them did. Later on, in retrospect, it is of course easier to put them in perspective and not feel ashamed.

Still, going back to the events of one's past, in principle one can feel again the same feelings as at the time, even when they may have been more repressed then or not considered enough. Most of my 'sins' – sorry for this word, dirtied as it is by the institution of the church – are related to teasing, while not considering enough or at all the consequences for or feelings of the teased one.

It's interesting that I still remember them, as many people do regarding their own wrong doings – and leaving aside here the possible events that I forget. Apparently, there is something around or above and in us that registers 'sins', and they will not be wiped out from the list before we turn back to them, and confess, at least to ourselves, but in fact to the Greater Force, to the Heart, to 'God', to Truth, or to our own conscience for people more locked up in themselves. It's of course easier to remember them if you, as a kid or later on, have been confronted with them by someone, if the dark act has not been carried out entirely in the dark after all, but this is not necessary for our memory. It depends also on the state of development of 'our' individual conscience or 'our' Conscience that is in Direct Connection with and part of the Divine – our sense of Oneness in that sense – which confronts us just as well.

Let's, however, before mentioning my own little sins that I feel sorry about, first assess and outline here that there are different kinds of sorry.

There is the sorry – as I am addressing here – for a deed that may give you some pleasure, fun, a sense of safety or other positive vibe for the moment (or even for a longer period), but that you somewhere know is against the feeling or interest of someone else. On a larger scale this deed can be against the interest of 'the Whole', of the group, of society, of nature, of the earth. But I won't go so much into this category – even though currently an important theme, if only we think of the fact that the ones in power manipulate people very strongly with an appeal to their care for the whole, the climate, the earth, to be able to control them, to roll out a dictatorial form of governance without too much opposition.

In this type of sorry you feel personally embarrassed once you realize what you did – and, again, especially if you are confronted.

There is also a sorry to be felt to someone (or more people) in the sense of feeling sorry that things went this way, knowing that this person is hurt by something and that you (may) have played a role in it, but at the same time you know that things couldn't have gone otherwise, or, if they could have, at least it is understandable that they went as they went and you don't feel personally coming short. Still you can feel sorry, and you can speak this out to this person. This is an easier form of saying sorry, all the more if you're gifted with a normal human sense of compassion. The sorry is not demanding much from you in the sense of having to get over yourself. The situation may be uncomfortable especially if the other person is holding you accountable or blames you for feeling lousy or having his or her interests being harmed in whatever other way. Still, you don't feel *personally* sorry. You only feel a sincere sorry for the fact that, apparently, things had to go as they did.

A mixture of the first and second kind is a sorry for the fact that, when you for instance expressed your anger to someone, the extent, length or violent character of it, seems

to be out of proportion in regard to the trigger that made you, possibly justly so, angry. The irritation or anger may have bottled up for too long and when the next trigger hits you it erupts and seems exaggerated for what happened in that one moment.

I have had some of these to Satlova especially. Also, the content of what I shout once the lid is off the bottle may be exaggerated or too hard anyway. I'm not against being hard when the situation asks for it, but I'm also not against saying sorry when, at least from the normal perspective, things seem to be out of proportion.

'From the normal perspective' indeed. This is an interesting addition. For what I feel I give back in a serious shouting fit – and I can shout loud and intensely when I give it all, whole-heartedly and whole-bodily – is not some personal cramp about something but something that I took in and return now at the outburst, something that I feel the person I shout at has been 'sinning' about against 'the Whole', usually not specifically against me. If you look at the scene from outside – which seems a drama for most people – it will look like an exaggerated outburst indeed, but this is almost always due to or helped by the fact most people never went into the emotional realm of life, including anger, what this really means. Not many have gone so far in introspection, inner research, open feeling without taboos, regarding this phenomenon to in the end be totally at ease with the phenomenon of expressing and receiving anger – not denying by this that there is always an aspect of discomfort in it anyway – to not make a drama of the drama, in short, which is inevitable to manifest on earth again and again: the emotional realm of life is an important factor in keeping *life* active in us, in preventing us from becoming deafened, dull, insensitive, more inhuman, deluded by rationalism, or flying up in the higher, easier, pleasurable realms of life.

Despite saying sorry now and then to Satlova when I shouted a few too unreasonable things in the expression of anger – although it is interesting to, if not on the spot then afterwards, note what kind of 'uncensored consciousness' comes out sometimes – on a deeper level I don't feel personally sorry. And I'm blessed that usually she doesn't take these outbursts to her in a personal way, all the less because she knows that it will free her (from whatever or whomever she associated with lately or in general) when she humbly accepts them, knowing that I don't mean them in a personal way against her in the end. The outbursts have a function. In the case that the Male Force (as the Mirror of life, in men and women) reflects purely what it associated with here on earth in Meeting the Female Force (through women and men), the outburst as a shower of energy can be Freeing and softening indeed instead of adding more misery to the world. (Many men have met the principle that, if you justly burst out to (an intimate) Woman, She softens, instead of hardens – although certainly not necessarily so.) In principle, this Freeing mechanism works (only) when Consciousness has been added to the energy in whatever forms one associated with. Otherwise it is rather like a ping pong game, with the ball being un-transcended cramped energy usually coming from undetected or not-fully-dealt-with attachment to something.

The Dark Force we all associate with here on earth wants to be expressed anyhow. If not, the trouble it causes will be much bigger than when it is expressed consciously. Conscious expression inherently includes having control over the situation, over yourself.

Then there is a type of sorry to (what you could call) the Divine, more specifically and certainly in my case, to Love, in the sense that I didn't respond adequately to situations in which, if I had responded adequately, for instance something beautiful between me and a woman could have come into existence. I can really feel such a failure as a Sin against Love, even in cases when I was not or hardly to blame.

I know that there are two needed for this – and even though usually I was not the one who could, from a logical or rational point of view, be held most accountable for the failure or missed chance – still, and certainly on a deeper level, I feel responsible for 'screwing up' a serious chance of Love.

I have always been extremely sensitive to 'The Wall' in (a) Woman. This made it so often nearly impossible to approach her, even if I felt that on a deeper level she would like me to. On earth we have to deal with all the levels, not only with the deepest, which is in my case the easiest, being wholly Aware of Oneness. Yet, despite being aware of (the degree of) 'The Wall' I'm not against not always respecting it for a hundred per cent – if only because what I just mentioned: not every woman is happy when she experiences or is somewhere aware of this Wall in herself. Some sensitive (often attractive) women 'had to' build up the Wall due to defending themselves against energy and consciousness of men that they definitely didn't want to allow in their system, and you can't blame them for this, of course – which is anyway not a wise thing to do.

A sorry to the Divine can be made in other spheres too, naturally. For instance if you had the possibility of contributing to a good cause but out of fear, ease or whatever you let the chance go by.

But let's also share here my *personal* sorries. This is, in fact, what inspired me to write this hearticle when, during meditation, I looked in my memory for the situations in my past that I actually feel sorry about regarding my role in it, even if not spectacular, as I said. It may not be so interesting to read for some, and it goes without saying that you're free to skip them. Whether you read them or not, i think it is a good thing for everyone to, sooner or later, go through their own memory and thus come to a list – an actual list or otherwise – of sincere sorries, preferably with some feeling included, of course, otherwise it is more like a mind exercise without any radiance and impact on an earthly level, not on your own heart, not on other people's heart either. Even if you feel you have been done more harm than doing harm, still you'll serve humanity, if not the world, by feeling humbled by the situations requiring a sorry.

Admittedly, it feels a bit strange, to suggest such a self inquiry just now, in this bad situation in the world, in which citizens are heavily attacked from all sides by 'the Cult' at the top of the by them created hierarchical pyramid. Sincere sorries soften the atmosphere, however, and, as I said, we can't expect much of the Cult members in this respect, if anything at all.

1. Sorry to my sister, for teasing her sometimes when we were kids. As far as I remember this only happened in togetherness with my older brother. Here, and also regarding the next personal sorries, the thing was not to hurt the other person, but rather to have fun, together with my brother in this case. In fact, as far as I remember, teasing never happened when I was alone with her, and this is a phenomenon that applies not only to the situation with my sister but in general to the other three persons subjected to it. It is a certain group energy that possibly goes a bit wild that creates the situation in which (a bit of or more) teasing comes into existence. If, in a certain energy in a certain situation, the pull to this fun is stronger than the possible compassion and connection to my conscience, then the teasing manifests.

Regarding the event I remember the fun took the form of an experiment, and, in a way, my sister happened to be around and was therefore the one experimented on, not because we had something against her – although, admittedly, the fact that she was younger made it easier, of course. Her younger age made it more probable that the resistance to it could not so easily overwhelm the drive to continue the play.

I can't remember that it happened often, the teasing, not structural and certainly not daily but probably just a few times that it went too far, but from her perspective this may be different, and at least it may have felt differently. It could start accidentally, in fact, not with a plan, not with some teasing mood, which I actually never felt. In the event my brother dropped a very small feather from the inside of a chair somewhere near her. She was apparently in a bad mood when she made it clear that she didn't like this. For us this was not a sign to feel sorry that the feather happened to fall near her, but an impulse to pick the feather up and let it drop another time near her, to see if it caused again such a 'strange' reaction. It did provoke a similar negative reaction indeed. Now the fun started. We did it again and again and had fun that it caused such a negative reaction, such a simple feather of two centimetre falling near her. Of course, it wasn't nice to continue when we saw it upset her. But somehow the drive to continue to find out more about what seemed absurd to us, was stronger than stopping.

All the less at that young age I wasn't aware of the fact that this was called 'teasing'. It seemed something rather innocent, part of discovering life regarding emotions of people, my sister in this case. Discovering that some little thing like dropping a tiny feather could have such consequences – although there were probably other factors involved that, like insecurity about herself. As a young boy I didn't have this insecurity that many children seemed to have and I was a bad object to tease, I'm sorry – another type of sorry, by the way. If anyone ever tried to tease me, to see how far they could go with it, I not only showed no reaction – which took away the fun for the attempter(s) from the beginning – but I actually *had no* reaction. I found the one who tried strange, and I didn't know anything to say to the attempt to tease me. It didn't fall in fertile ground in the least. And the potential teaser walked away a bit embarrassed somehow.

Despite the, in my eyes, smallness of the 'sin', I can feel a sincere sorry to my sister regarding this event and the other two I remember. The second one had also to do with discovering. We found out that when we sang a song, she also started to sing that song at a

certain point, quite soon already. Then we experimented with this, and we sang one different song after the other, with some breaks in between. And indeed, every time again my sister, not aware being part of the experiment, started singing the same song as one of us had sung earlier. I'm not sure why I remember this event as teasing, but it must be because we had big fun with it at the seeming expense of someone else. Well, it is true, we, beginning behaviourists, didn't know yet at the time that this is a natural behaviour, we thought it was some strange phenomenon and specific to my sister who repeated unconsciously what we put in her before.

Again, it was not meant to hurt her, but it was certainly putting your own fun above someone's possibly feeling hurt by being laughed at. In fact, I am not sure if she ever found out about the experiment. At least she did about the laughing, and that's why I seem to feel this sorry in me.

The third sorry to her, shortly, is related to making fun of her before our friends living in the same street as we. She had shared something seemingly funny that was in fact sad, and I used it to be able to tell a funny story before our street friends. This was not typical for me, I was not good at all at telling stories, funny or otherwise. I was immediately cured from this first 'experiment' to tell a funny event and make my friends laugh, because my mother found out what I had done and was extremely angry at me, so badly that I was sent to my room upstairs and had to be there for hours – which is a long time for an active child – and she didn't come to relieve me eventually. I guess it was food time that finally released me from my room.

2. Sorry to 'Ann'. One of the neighbour girls, I think she was five or six years younger than me. The teasing here happened a few times and only in a certain, short period, it was not structural. What made it nasty was that a whole group of children was involved that were all older than her. Also here, she was insecure, and we made misuse of that. Again, it seems a small thing that we made a simple rime at her name, indicating that she was cheap, that you could buy her for one coin – not sexually related, by the way, sexuality didn't exist yet. Ann couldn't stand this stupid remark, so it 'had to' be repeated several times, and at various days.

Group processes as these, in which the group becomes more important than the individual, in this case making fun becomes more important and overshadows compassion, are dangerous. On individual level they can be nasty for the person who it is directed to, on a larger scale, like nation scale, such group processes in which it is nice to belong to the group that (for the moment) is in charge, can have much greater consequences, for many people.

3. Sorry to the only fish in my life I fished out of the water (at the age of about 9), and that with a cruel hook. It is all the more stupid since I didn't like fishing at all, despite that our friends occupied themselves with this regularly at the lake at the end of our street. I never joined, except this one time when day after day the friends were fishing – as you know, (groups of) kids have their temporary favourite 'play' for a while before changing to a next one – and, asked in an enthusiastic and somewhat manipulative way to finally join, I submitted, for social reasons indeed. I hoped that was all, just sitting there a bit at the

waterside waiting for nothing, but I was shocked that I actually got a fish on ‘my’ line (on the fishing stick of a friend that I held in my hands). Seeing the small fish moving around in pain at the end of the line, I got in a panic. And I didn’t know what to do to stop the torture. An experienced friend helped me out, or in fact helped the fish out from the hook, and, at my command, released the fish into the water instead of putting him or her in the bucket with water.

At least the involuntary sacrifice of blood of the fish served a good side effect. I was shocked enough to afterwards decide firmly to never do this again, not this, nor anything similar. Probably the fish survived, but you never know how the wound in his cheek or lower lip healed or not.

I was the same cheater as nowadays the power elite that seduces the people with all kinds of manipulations, by lying that their next tyrannical measurements are to our own good. Just so the fish thought the bread on but hiding the hook was nice for him to eat. And then, if you bite, you’re a wounded prisoner.

4. Sorry to my woman teacher German at high-school when I was 14. In fact I hated it, thoroughly, when pupils were teasing a teacher, and I could feel really angry about this. But at the end of the third grade, making fun also got a hold on me and tended now and then to take over the well-behaved pupil that I was up to that point. This was triggered by my sort of friend sitting next to me who was quite into messing around in whatever way and certainly including making fun. In my autobiography I describe the event more extensively. Here I only say that while the teacher was reading aloud to us students a story in German the two of us were laughing like mad every time she came to the ‘word’ bellebem – a bell sounding – which she pronounced so funnily and with a high pitched voice that we couldn’t help laughing. We were anticipating the next fit of laughter when we were turning the pages looking for the next ‘bellebem’. This happened a few lessons this way. I felt all the more sorry afterwards because I seemed to be her favourite student, very good at German at the time and also very ‘civilized’, I mean not only socially and intelligently developed, but also towards her very kind, soft-hearted; we had a good relationship which is something that you can usually feel straight away at the first meeting without anything obviously happening between you yet. And nevertheless, I betrayed her, our bond, going along with the fun drive of my friend and my own developing fun drive that wanted to break through and that was part of discovering the ‘other side of life’, the one that was free from being a decent student and thinking about later and so on. Apparently, I had to learn that there is a lot of fun anyway without having to have it right on the spot when an opportunity arrives but that may go at the expense of the feelings of someone else.

5. Sorry to ‘Lex’. He was one of my two best friends from the second half of high-school. Sometimes the other friend ‘Hessel’ and I were teasing him a bit, again not because of wanting to hurt him, but because a funny remark came through and, apparently, the spontaneous impulse to express it took the floor. For instance his body size was a subject to sometimes make funny remarks about, I’m afraid. Both Hessel and I were very lean. But

instead of making funny remarks about that in return and generally ‘fighting back’, Lex swallowed the remarks. Only much later, when on my initiative we still met once after 6 years of no contact, Lex confided me that he hadn’t liked that part of our friendship. I totally understand and I’m sincerely sorry towards him. I’m glad he found the courage to tell me after all those years.

Yet, I couldn’t help either to feel some irritation when he told me his grievances. It was only blaming and being a victim, not any self-reflection about the fact that, if it really hurt him seriously, he could have fought back, as I just said, if only because he was my age, a bit older, not younger like previous girls I teased. Or otherwise, if it had been really so bad for him and he felt helpless in regard to giving a few punches back, end the friendship, of course – not to mention the possibility of sharing with us that it hurt him and if we would be willing to stop our funny remarks.

Sorry anyway. Especially for the one time during a school trip (age 16, Lex 17) that I played a role in trying to make him a bit drunk one evening at a bar – and that while I myself hated alcohol with all my body; it’s difficult to find a person here on earth who hates alcohol more whole-bodily than I do. It’s true that I also did my best to, in utter disgust, sip from a beerenburger that evening – they promised me a jolly mood – but I simply stopped after one or two attempts. I’m just not susceptible to group pressure – I was never, and for the part that was not hundred per cent convinced of that, I learned my small and definite lesson with the poor fish. Lex could, in principle, also have learned something regarding group pressure, but instead of turning within and seeing what it was there what triggered us to sometimes pick him for a little tease he simply projected ‘the enemy’ disguised as friend – to exaggerate a bit – on us. It’s true, he was only 17. Such simple intelligence around this comes usually at a later age, if at all.

6. Sorry to ‘Genevieve’, as I called her in my autobiography. It’s a little thing. But I nonetheless shouldn’t have made some strange remark to her when at the age of 32, despite that earlier it used to work well with her, I once didn’t manage to enter her body when we were in bed and wanted to make love. Instead of staying vulnerable, I got irritated somehow, and it popped out. Instead of keeping things with myself, I gave her the impression that she played a role in my clumsiness. Even if she had been more closed to me at that moment, still I didn’t find it fair of myself, and I felt really ashamed afterwards.

That I easily took – and take – over energies of people is no excuse but a background of my little sin. In the beginning of my thirties, finally in my life, after a long waiting room of 18 years getting choked from Love that I so much wanted to share with a girl, I ‘went into Woman’. And, discovering that women actually liked me, I didn’t know yet how to deal with the Female Force that now sort of overwhelmed me at that time. Closely associating, interacting with girls now, also physically, I often had thoughts and tendencies that I couldn’t recognize as mine. It’s difficult to Be Yourself if you don’t Understand the Interaction between Man and Woman (yet).

7. Sorry to the three very young cats that we allowed to be chipped, which was obligatory for transporting them when we moved to another country. Even though I was not the main actor in this sin, I didn't protest enough either. We could also have left them behind. The main asker for sorry in this case should perhaps be the person(s) from the institution(s) who invented and decided for the rules regarding chipping animals. There is no excuse, however, in the first place before the eyes of the small innocent cats, but also because chipping animals is the stepping stone to chipping humans – a step that is not as big as some may presume. The 'power elite' regards us as cattle. If we leave the power to them, everyone will be chipped.

This is it, my sorries. I'm sorry for those possible people who hoped they were on the list for a sincere sorry too, but I cannot feel that, apparently.

There were situations (in my youth) that seemed to demand a sorry but I couldn't feel it actually. Like:

. One time I cheated at primary school when I was nine I think, as described in my autobiography as well. Luckily the teacher caught me. I felt really terribly ashamed, was completely nailed to the ground and wanted to disappear. But 'sorry' is something else. It seems this was beyond sorry. Sorry would not be enough, or not fitting. At least, as with the fish, I was shocked enough to never do such a thing again.

It also seems more difficult to feel sorry when, in retrospect, it appears that you learned a great lesson because of what you did wrong (and were caught, which is a relevant addition). If you hadn't made the mistake, the one time cheating at school in my case, I wouldn't have learned something important for my development (or at least not at that moment yet, but, considering the constellation as which I exist, the chance is fairly big that I would have learned it later on anyway). So, sorry? Well, there are different kinds of 'sorry', as I have outlined. I didn't hurt my teacher with it – and perhaps he also learned something of it, for instance how far perfectionism in a kid can go sometimes (see my autobiography for the details) – so I cannot feel sorry in that sense. I am lucky that my learning process went along a path that didn't require very big sins. Being so sensitive is certainly an advantage here. The wrongs I did made a big impression on me.

. Beating up Abe. Once in my life I beat up someone, being about 10 years old, I estimate. And it had been worse if the other children around wouldn't have pulled me off the boy. Borrowing the stop watch of my father, with about ten children, mostly boys of our street we held individual cycling competitions. I was going fast as a rocket in my experience but just before the finish Abe thought to make a joke and jumped right in front of my bike on the street. I was shocked into a moment of fear of death, threw my steer instantly to one side, could barely avoid him, made a few strange movements with my bike in an attempt not to fall, fell off my bike anyway and rushed towards him to beat and kick him in a rage without holding anything back. The boy went home screaming, with quite some blue spots no doubt. I don't feel sorry.

. The little brother of Abe, Arie. My brother made a mocking song about him that we sang altogether. But strangely or not, to him I cannot feel a sorry, only theoretically – because, at that time at least, I found him a little annoying bastard, coming from a family that was not to my liking either. A family from which the daughter of about 12 years old didn't hesitate to, with a stick, beat a small bird to death that had fallen from his nest in the tree. It was a bloody affair, various parts of the fresh corpse lying here and there on the grass. I could hardly believe what happened. This was the first big shock in my life regarding (the lack of) morality. In a way I'm still processing this, despite having consciously entered the Dark later in my life as integral part of my life's mission. We all keep processing the Dark Force, still. (Or for some people this started seriously 3 years ago when the attack of the governments against 'their own' people became much more obvious than ever.)

Most people like to assume children are born innocent and pure and, often, are spoiled by parents especially. Some extra study of children – or having children yourself – wouldn't be bad to become more realistic, and to leave ideas, theories and dreams.

Then there are situations that seem to be not flattering for you if you look back on (or even already during) them – like intensely shouting at someone which seems quite out of proportion considering what this person actually manifested in the visible world (when the iceberg below the surface is not considered); or making (a bit of) fun of someone behind his or her back or, generally, talking about someone in a way that is usually considered 'negative', even though it is never intended to do harm.

Zooming into talking 'negatively' behind someone's back, I am certainly 'guilty' (if you will) of this, that is: at a later age when I associated much more (or, finally, in fact) and deliberately with the Dark Side of Life so that I could Understand it, and thus be able to 'Do' something about it. Yet, generally, unless I feel I went too far in it, I cannot feel a personal sorry to them. I cannot say it was a nice thing to do – or allow – either. Some things need to be said. If only to bring (more) Clarity.

One most relevant factor in this respect is that, considering my constitution, how I am made, I need to expose the Dark. I feel indeed a huge drive, Man's most Natural Drive, to bring Light into the Dark – whether or not (possibly ego-offensive) humour is involved here. This cannot be done without other people not liking this, especially of course if they are not ready to see (or admit) the dark item(s), tendencies, forms, in themselves. The humour – or supposedly talking 'negative' about someone – is in principle directed at the ego of the person who happens to be a subject of my/our *free meditation*, meditation with no rules and that is mainly about allowing Consciousness, and that in a sometimes more dynamic situation. I don't see such processes – in which the dark force in people is taken seriously finally, in which there is finally something like accountability, exposing – as personal. Whatever one's role in it, whatever one's constitution, in the end, when we look beyond people's ego, everyone will profit from it when the Dark is seriously being Meditated by Consciousness in the Heart.

But yes, although most people use to join a certain social sphere that manifests in the moment in a certain context, there may have been one or a few persons who felt uncomfortable at the occasional events when this making fun (of people not present) happened and also from the fact that I seemed to or actually did play a role in this – I, who should be above such things, people assume in their urge for projection.

I can say that, generally, this discomfort doesn't originate from compassion (although not impossible, of course), but from fear, not only the fear that the person experiencing discomfort fears to be the next one being made fun of if he or she is not present. Without knowing people often defend *Ego itself*, strange as it may sound, even when it is about other people's ego. But also this stems from the same fear in the end, the fear that once Truth will come at your ego's door too, and you'll be next to be slammed.

To go somewhat further into this subject, another thing is – and I can say this, since i have found out about this in reality – that some of these 'uncomfortable' people all too greedily use it to be able to slam me, to 'expose' me, the one who has the immoral guts to talk 'negative' about people. They, not without (hidden) interest, prefer the dark to stay safe in place, untouched, under the carpet, unmanifested, or that it by miracle suddenly disappears by an heavenly intervention, by dedication to praying or whatever 'safe' method is in their belief system. Exposing the Dark in humanity, in humans, is talking 'negative' about people. I am not against negative. Reality is positive and negative. It is not only unrealistic, it is suicide to be only positive.

As for me, I don't want to live in a sterile environment – a spiri-atmosphere, as I sometimes call it not bereft of some intentional, purposeful mocking – where everything is perfect as in paradise (or what people suppose is paradise). No harm. This is a waiting room wherein nothing ever happens. Shit happens, as they say, the dark side of the coin is a fact, and we must all be(come) responsible sooner or later to look inside what things do to us. We grow from that.

A great misunderstanding is that 'talking negative' about someone, when this is in fact about the person's ego, is doing harm to that person, and you shouldn't do that. No, the ego should be exposed, sooner or later, by whoever, if the person him or herself is not capable or fundamentally unwilling to become responsible in this respect. If people fuck up the world, their environment, on individual or on a larger scale, mock our human values by their deeds, attitude and manipulation, should we out of respect stay silent about this for ever, and secretly suffer in the dark? People should finally seriously distinguish between someone's Being and someone's ego, not put these on the same pile in a smelly blend.

People who, despite all the above, still prefer to stubbornly hold on to defending the ego's right for 'no harm', they can rest assured that I get my share too. I rest assured that people have talked and are still talking a lot about me behind my back, and far from only positive, the majority of the talk or gossip isn't that, probably. Please feel free to do so. I may not like it – probably – but it's up to me to deal with this fact. People are never (totally) the same, so there will always, inherently, be things that people don't agree with me, and it is certain that now and then this will result in ridiculing, being angry at me, or whatever form it

takes. I cannot change that, and this is not necessary either. I can let things go through me when the criticisms or ridiculing of me, indirectly, reach me after all. I let it touch me. I'm not at the 'standpoint', as I see quite a few people are, that you just let all the criticism or ridicule slide off from you as water, that it doesn't really touch you, and you must be 'strong'. I am rather into staying vulnerable, letting yourself be touched by it, see the (degree of) truth in it or, often, usually, in my view, not or not really if I look deeper into it (beyond superficial norms), and also into freely allowing myself to be angry when the criticism arises straight from someone's ego and is only meant as ego-defence in the form of an attack (which happens a lot, I mean everywhere, not only towards me). It's easier to put yourself above criticism, but I find it more valuable to enter the drama on earth and to feel all around it. This Whole-Hearted and Whole-Bodily involvement also makes 'me' a better mirror on an earthly level in the end, which, in turn, will again raise the chance of people criticizing or ridiculing if they cannot or anyway don't avoid 'me' completely. If someone understands that it is not about 'me' – in the form of my 'me', your 'me' or anyone's 'me' – then we are getting somewhere.

Generally, I see that Consciousness, as the Wise Phenomenon, I mean as the wisest of the Two in the Duality of Heavenly Consciousness and Earthly Unconsciousness (or, if you will, limited, distorted, personal, Consciousness), has the Responsibility to Descend into (relative) Unconsciousness instead of floating above it in its supposed (but deluded and deluding) purity.

Having transcended in 'my' system the Duality of Light and Dark – or rather having Allowed this, for what can I do, for god's sake – and thus, with an Open Heart, easily resonating with and temporarily taking over the dark spots of someone, this borrowed load may come out through me in the form of saying things about that person that would be considered dark as well. Possibly, indeed. Yet, if we have a crush on allowing Intelligence beyond ourselves anyway, it's good to see this in the context of the necessary living through the dark in a way that does no harm to someone, but in the best case, being (more) free in this (*conscious*) expression of the dark that is repressed in the person in question, it can contribute to a freeing experience and/or insight in that person if and when the liberation – thanks to Non-Separate Consciousness Seeing and the Heart Feeling the dark – reaches that person through the ether or otherwise, through an email or whatever form of contact.

Expressing some dark forms in a *Conscious* Process of Dark and Light Meeting cannot be correctly interpreted by a normal dead moralistic standard. Inevitable part of the Inherently Dynamic Process of Transcending the Dark into Light is Letting forms out – form in general. And, radically put, every *form* is dark, contrary to their 'opposite' or Source, the *Formless*. They need to be lived through on an earthly level, first be associated with, and (only) then, in and after some form of a struggle, released, seeing through their temporarily and ultimately self-less character not bereft of suffering. A strictly purist attitude will easily prohibit this, and will therefore block the whole Process.

It cannot be True that, being here on earth in this dark realm, we will get stiffer and stiffer by unavoidably associating with the Unconscious dark, and not spitting it out but choking in it. That we only eat, and do not shit. In this respect it's a damned pity that people

do not feel the freedom and sense of regularly having a good shouting fit, hitting the bed with your fists, a cushion, a stick or whatever, fully consciously, instead of waiting till you're triggered from outside to shout in anger, or in a way worse, suppress it all your life. If people would *consciously* allow this, I, for one, would certainly feel better, the whole atmosphere would clear up, perhaps dramatically, if enough people are involved. Not saying by this that my feeling is so important, but in principle everyone could feel more or less consciously such a tremendous release of the burden humanity carries (and that makes us susceptible to wars, to mention one consequence of bottled up anger or hate, of (continuous) transmissions in the dark that most people have no bloody idea about).

So no, I don't feel really a *personal* sorry when I play a role in, to some extent, making fun of people('s darkness they did not deal with so far and possibly never intend to do so) behind their back – which happens, if at all, usually in the form of subtle funny remarks that refer to their ego that is still courageously (or desperately) defending the dark inside them. 'Making fun' is simply one of the phases one goes through when holistically addressing/meditating, feeling through the dark forms one associates with, other phases being feeling crushed, exhausted or depressed, being in all kinds of pains (sometimes the entire Body feels one collection of pain), getting angry, feeling sexuality rising to the surface, blaming tendency, stillness meditating the dark, tendency to give up, feeling inspired, feeling love for (or oneness with) the person involved, etcetera.

Rather I feel sorry for the way people must apparently live with the package, the burden, that Miss Ego hiding in them still has a grip on. The norm in society says that you may not speak about someone behind his or her back. Apart from the fact that this is a totally unrealistic ideal, it is also not True to (try to) do this. The Dark should be Seen, eventually, not choked. (Again, doing harm to someone this way, making things worse instead of playing a part in releasing, piercing through the dark, out of unseen ego in yourself, is something different.)

It is true that this Seeing of the dark (forms active through people) can also happen on a meditation cushion, but it also has a function to allow this in a more dynamic setting of a social company of two or more persons: we don't need to choose between the cushion or the company, they are complementary. Not only the cushion provides truth. In the case of dealing with the dark in company, too, the most important point is the fact that what is being said about someone is *true* or not – apart from, admittedly, the possibility that it is something in between, or most of it is true but not all, or not totally, or the context is a bit distorted or (possibly purposefully) forgotten, and all this shit possibly making it more complicated. The principle, however, is that anything can be said behind someone's back if it is True (and not because of Ego having an, usually undetected, interest).

From my experience and heart I can say that I am not against saying whatever I could say about people's unseen darkness, to them directly. But I noticed that, 'of course', most people are usually not much if at all open for what I or in general Consciousness Sees or Feels regarding the dark within. By definition, by default, the ego defends its inherently dark interests, its existence – resistance to being Seen is part of our dual nature just as the drive to

be Seen, finally. Not to scare you off, but the force of resistance to being Seen should not be underestimated. In extreme cases this resistance can actually kill you. It is not for nothing that some people play a(n unconscious) role in creating deaths around them – which is not quite the same as saying that they are, *therefore*, guilty of this, necessarily. It is not for nothing that most people abstain from seriously touching the ego in (other) people. It has an explosive force. I can still, after many years of challenging ego in a few people, feel the repercussions in my system, like pains in my heart or back pain – since, while the addressing of the ego was there, the touch, there was no subsequent surrender, and instead, usually an attack in return to my supposed attack against the ego. It is true, if you try to cut a firm piece of wood in two with one strike of your hand and it survives the force of the hit recoils on you and you are left with the pain.

And so, expressing the dark forms I take into ‘my’ Heart, will have its own way.

I anyway don’t respect any single norm, whatever norm in society that we are supposed to submit to, not any norm but the Divine One. That’s Me – not me.

By the way, and if only for the record, I use to work things, dark transmissions, out not in groups of people, but within myself and together with the woman who is With me, Satlova in this case, who, relatively exceptionally, is basically not afraid of processes involving the dark side. Man and Woman Working Together can do a lot of good when both fully acknowledge both sides of the coin of life.

Well, this was a long way to say that I’m not sorry for the instances that I have ‘talked negative’ about someone, or in better words, when I address people’s ego. Generally, when looking back at events, attitudes, deeds, statements, jokes, whatever, it is good to distinguish between sincerely feeling sorry that comes from a deeper place, beyond yourself, and sorry that you seem to be supposed to have but you don’t actually feel, to no longer let this be a smelly blend, but gain clarity here. It is funnily paradoxical here that if you take things, norms, over from other people, from the social community, it becomes part of and is creating your ‘self’, whereas if you look within and stay true to what *seems* to be ‘yourself’ then there appears to be no ‘self’ really, and you appear to have been faithful to the Depth of the Selfless.

Lastly, don’t worry that the fact that I am listing the sorries (and a couple no-sorries) of my life would mean I am planning to leave this earth soon – it doesn’t. Or, of course, feel free to worry that I do not seem to plan to leave soon yet... Duality will always manifest. Seeing this gives Freedom. Sacrificing into Truth the idea of individual freedom gives Freedom.