

## Home

Beloved person,

I'm sure you also have a certain rhythm with which you start the day on a Sunday morning. A familiar cadence that marks the transition from day to night, from the day that was to the day to come. My Sunday rhythm differs from all other days. Normally the alarm clock rings a little later than on a weekday, I can roll over in comfort for a moment, I pull on different clothes to the usual and I – almost unconsciously – take more time over breakfast. After brushing my teeth and another cup of coffee, I get in the car and drive to the Sunday service. Since Easter '22 there is a new action added to this ritual. Before I leave, I open my navigation system and I type in: *Apostolic Society*, followed by the *place name* of where I will be that morning.

Recently I have experienced more intensely the beauty of this simple action. Perhaps it is an example of an experience that, from one second to the next, becomes a realisation<sup>1</sup>: I *know* where I have to go to search for answers to questions about my life and my purpose. This place is sacred for me, precisely because it provides space for what lives deep within me. Here, in this space, I feel a foundation from which what is of true value for me, can emerge. A new space then opens within me. A place where thoughts can come to peace, where I can meet with myself once more, where questions have no urgency but where purpose and meaning can slowly unfold.

I can't really explain why this touches me so much nowadays. Perhaps it had become too much of a habit, something I did without thinking about it. But in this complex and demanding time, in which so much confronts us and in which we have to deal with so much, I realise once more how valuable it is to know such a place. I don't have to also search for a place for contemplation and reflection: I know where I can go. That gives a feeling of peace. Surrounded by others who, just like me, are searching for, and sometimes find answers, I experience the power of these trusted surroundings. Surroundings where there is also space for my personal circumstances and where I can search for what is possible.

It is right there, in that trusted space, that I find peace *and* the courage to enter the house of my life<sup>2</sup>. I wander through the rooms, some filled with warmth and light, with dreams that came true. I want to stay there, to celebrate and be grateful. But here, in this atmosphere, I also dare to open doors that would otherwise remain closed. Behind some doors I encounter rooms that seem strange to me, where memories have faded or where I barely recognise anything. Other rooms I prefer to avoid: they are dusty, quiet or loaded with emotions that I don't yet want to look into. Yet anything may be there, even things which I cannot yet, or dare not, understand. Here, surrounded by people who are also searching, I feel myself supported. Step by step I dare to discover which doors I can leave ajar and which rooms, with time and attention, I may eventually feel differently about.

These places that help, support and challenge me have not come about by themselves. People who preceded us have searched for, built and nurtured them. With their dreams and their efforts, they have created places in which we can now search and find, in order to keep our faith and belief alive and feel supported. I am grateful that even today there are still people who keep these places alive, who are committed to ensure that workplaces of hope, connection and inspiration continue to exist.

I don't only want to nurture this place but to also feed it and allow it to grow. Sacred ground can only remain sacred through care and dedication. That is why I want to contribute to what was completed earlier by others. So that others, now and in the future, just as for us, can have a place where they can seek *and* find, carry *and* let go, believe *and* hope.

With a warm-hearted greeting,  
brother Marten van der Wal



Attention for those who preceded us

<sup>1</sup> Ziere, N. 'Seinsgrund', *Weekly Letter 4*, 2025.

<sup>2</sup> Hans Reinold, 'The house of my life', Choir song 39.