

Space for resonance

Beloved person,

There is something that defies expression. As soon as you name it, it retreats. Many of us have cherished experiences with this. It touched something deep within us. In my experience, this religious feeling is not something you can find, but rather something you can create space for. It emerges independently of the thoughts and certainties we like to rely on. It cannot be forced and disappears as soon as we look at it too closely or seek an explanation.

Perhaps it begins where knowing ends. We call it God, Unnameable, Eternal, Source, Origin, Life Force. Or...? It is a constant attempt to find an opening in a word. An opening to a space and a different kind of knowledge that is greater than ourselves and that simultaneously breathes within us and can reveal itself through us. You cannot observe or consider it from a distance. You can only fall into it and – if it is given to you – merge with it. You become aware of it where language remains softer, cautious, and searching. Where we no longer assert, but listen. Listening to a language other than that of definitions, explanations, or “that is just the way it is”.

It is the wondrous experience of seeing and *being* simultaneously. A moment in which you are not confronted with life, but feel absorbed in it. This can happen to you in silence. In mindfulness. In not being able to bear to witness the suffering of another. In a gesture that explains nothing and yet says everything.

Experiencing and delving into it for yourself is, as it were, discovering and learning to “speak” with heart and soul an ever-evolving language. A language that searches, that touches, imagines, expands. A language that helps us when we do not know what to say, what to do, what to think. Images, rituals, music, and poetry can be helpful in this, precisely because they don't provide precise explanations. They invite us to be receptive, without preconceptions, and to let go of our thoughts for a moment. They require an attitude in which we consciously put our capacity for wonder at the forefront. We are lifted up, not away from the world, but deeper into it.

Perhaps religious feeling, for example, is this: that you feel a resonance within yourself. That you are touched, precisely in those cracks where your armour has remained thin or porous. That you know you are connected: with another, with life, with what transcends you and what simultaneously lives within you. You can feel blessed if you can live with this feeling and want to seek it out and renew it again and again.

(...)
but unimaginably nameless, you who
were clothed and covered with so many names
that no one knows or wants to know anymore,

sometimes let me feel that you are there,
not in a brilliant insight, a flash of lightning,
but as a lightness breathing within me.¹

With a warm-hearted greeting, gladly your sister

Nanda Ziere



We remember and thank those who have preceded us

¹ From the poem 'Steeds', Hans Andreus, *Laatste gedichten* (Latest poems), Uitgeverij (Publisher) Holland, 1977.