

Being carried

Beloved person,

Do you know the image of Atlas? In Greek mythology, Atlas was the figure condemned to carry the heavens on his shoulders until the end of time after losing a battle against the god Zeus. It was an immensely heavy burden—a superhuman task. When I picture that image, I sometimes think: that is how I feel, too. As if a great weight rests on my shoulders - something I find hard to bear. The work that needs doing. Caring for others. The expectations placed upon me. The responsibility for the choices I have to make. Perhaps you recognise this feeling from situations in your own life.

It seems to have become an almost self-evident notion that we are all always, strong, independent, and self-reliant. That we shape our own lives, solve our problems, and find our way. But this way of thinking revolves strongly around the ego, leaving little room for a sense of everything that sustains me. While reading the beautiful book *Doorlevende aardebewoners* (**Empathic Earthlings**¹(freely translated)), the word *humility* struck me. It is the English word for humbleness, which is sometimes understood as having to make oneself small. The word is related to humus, earth. Then, humility means staying close to the earth: close to where you come from, to your primal ground. From this grows within me the realisation of how deeply connected and dependent I am, and how much has been given to me.

The more closely I look, the less isolated the things I see become. A stone carries millions of years of history within it. A human being is connected to countless other people and life forms. And our life turns out to be carried by much more than I myself can comprehend, let alone grasp and name.

Precisely when the ground beneath our feet begins to shift, we might discover how essential trust is. Trust in something that 'resists the influence of time'. For example, in a time when you do not immediately see how to proceed, it becomes apparent just how much we long for stability. We do not know how long we have to wait, we do not know the route, and we do not know where we will end up. That is inherent to transformation: the change has already begun, but the destination is not yet visible. At the same time, the realisation may grow that our familiar direction is no longer automatically the right path. But which way do we then go? How do you live when you do not know where you will end up?

Such times call for enduring the uncertainty, for staying with the questions and not immediately seeking answers. After all, we do not yet know where the road leads, let alone where it will end. It is an art, then, to remain attentively in the moment and in the place where we are.

Could life perhaps ask us to develop trust precisely then? There can be unimaginable strength in that trust. That is why people have spoken of trust in God for centuries. It is the trust in which our soul is given the chance to return to us.

Just this week, someone said to me, with full conviction and moved by tears: *"I have to commit to it myself"*. So, it also requires a choice from me: can I entrust myself to that stream? Do I dare to give space to that which still wants to unfold?

Fortunately, we do not have to live like Atlas with the entire heaven on our shoulders. We can take responsibility for our part and at the same time trust that we ourselves are being carried. Through the possibility of lifting each other up and staying close to our primal ground. Perhaps the carrying will then become lighter and give you deep joy in life.

What a special feeling and what a new opportunity: we may share the load and carry it forward, trusting that we ourselves are also being carried.

With a warm-hearted greeting, gladly your sister,
Nanda Ziere



Attention for those who have gone before us

¹ Stephan Huijboom, Hein van Dongen, George Gelauff, Doorvoelende aardbewoners (*Empathetic Earthlings*, (freely translated) Damon 2026