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NEWSLETTER

NOVEMBER 2023



Hello, my Dear Ones,

Two days ago was my eldest, dearest friend's Mum's first anniversary of leaving our physical level of existence. A few days ago I visited my parent's grave with my sister and my husband In Austria, saw my by now elderly but no less incredible auntie and uncle, as well as dear friends, who allowed us to be part with her family to celebrate her round birthday - and my niece and nephew who we stayed with, walked around Vienna's Christmas markets, and found myself deeply reflecting on how beautiful, precious and ephemeral life it, and how quickly it rushes us by unless we consciously savour it, and understand the privilege of being 'alive' and aware and embodied.

Another dear friend in Sweden lost her Father eight days ago, a beautiful French friend lost her cousin and one of her dearest friends during these last weeks, and then again, today is another dear friend and soul-sister's 80th birthday!

What a mixed bag of grief and celebration our lives are, not even talking about the horrors of what is going on in the world around us!

Knowing that we are beautiful souls who have a physical experience whilst on this Earth, I decide daily anew, to make the most of my journey, encourage others to reconnect with their beautiful essences on a daily basis, also and collectively take a stand, without fearing what is changing.

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To quote Ursula Le Guin – her post makes one think clearly of our choices.

“Change is freedom, change is life. It’s always easier not to think for oneself. Find a nice safe hierarchy and settle in. Don’t make changes, don’t risk disapproval,

and don’t upset your syndics. It’s always easiest to let yourself be governed.

There’s a point, around age twenty, when you have to choose whether to be like everybody else the rest of your life, or to make a virtue of your peculiarities.

Those who build walls are their own prisoners. I’m going to go fulfill my proper function in the social organism. I’m going to go un-build walls.” ~(Ursula Le Guin)

Yes we have a choice so let’s choose gratitude, life affirming thoughts as **“where our attention goes, our energy flows!”**

I read an important essay of discovery by the French pharmacist-chemist duo *Joseph Bienaimé Caventou and Pierre Joseph Pelletier* which I would love to share with you.

“Autumn is the season of ambivalence and reconciliation, soft-carpeted training ground for the dissolution that awaits us all, low-lit chamber for hearing more intimately the syncopation of grief and gladness that scores our improbable and finite lives — each yellow burst in the canopy a reminder that everything beautiful is perishable, each falling leaf at once a requiem for our own mortality and a rhapsody for the unbidden gift of having lived at all.

But autumn is also the season of revelation, for the seeming loss unveils a larger reality: Chlorophyll is a life-force but it is also a cloak, and when trees shed it from their leaves, nature’s true colors are revealed.

Photosynthesis is nature’s way of making life from light. Chlorophyll allows a tree to capture photons, extracting a portion of their energy to make the sugars that make it a tree — the raw material for leaves and bark and roots and branches — then releasing the photons at lower wavelengths back into the atmosphere. A tree is a light-catcher that grows life from air.

*Although the human mind has puzzled over why leaves fall and change color at least as far back as Aristotle, chlorophyll — which shares chemical kinship with the hemoglobin in our blood — was only discovered and named in 1817, by the French pharmacist-chemist duo *Joseph Bienaimé Caventou and Pierre Joseph Pelletier*. But chlorophyll, which is yet to be fully understood, is not the only pigment in trees. Throughout a leaf’s life, four primary pigments course through its cells: the green of chlorophyll, but also the yellow of xanthophylls, the orange of carotenoids, and the reds and purples of anthocyanins.*

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In spring and summer, when the days grow long and bright, chlorophyll saturates leaves as the tree busies itself converting photons into the sweetness of new growth.

As daylight begins fading in autumn and the air cools, deciduous trees prepare for wintering and stop making food — an energy expenditure too metabolically

expensive in the dearth of sunlight. Enzymes begin breaking down the decommissioned chlorophyll, allowing the other pigments that had been there invisibly all along to come aflame.

And because we humans so readily see in trees metaphors for our emotional lives, how can this not be a living reminder that every loss reveals what we are made of — an affirmation of the value of a breakdown?”

This immense depth of love, of grieving someone, of hoping for a reunion one day when we leave our bodies behind, our capacity to create, feel inspired, care and connect with others as well as our own deepest essence, shows more than ever the immense quality of the fabric of our soul, the spiritual fabric that we are made off!

It's a time of recognizing this and our search for meaning to.

This time now, racing towards Christmas deserves introspection and a way to find deep within our connection a sense of enchantment for life and the space to honour our vulnerability and our sense of being overwhelmed at the same time.

We all know how overwhelming life can be at times, when we feel too sensitive for this world.

But I implore you to honour your own sensitivity, your own longing for being heard and for love. We don't need to appear strong, but instead stay close to ourselves, quietly – one breath at a time, listen to oneself. Practice kindness, infuse the feeling of overwhelm with gentle care and attention, and bathe it in love.

Your strength lies in your vulnerability, being present with it, with an open heart. So let us together, be present in the present moment, fill our hearts with Gratitude for anything that is offered with kindness, let us keep reaching out and caring for oneself as well as for others and see the beauty in each person, circumstance and interpret everything as an opportunity of growth.

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On that note let me repeat a sentence my sister shared with me...
'Realise that the mere feeling of life, this pure awareness of being alive - is joy enough; feeding us with love, any and every time we need it.'

With my love to each of you,
Birgitta xx

