

The encounter of Caycedian Sophrology.

I have chosen to publish in a simple and brief way, part of my experiences and work because I know that most of you have faced difficulties, similar to mine and perhaps are still suffering through them. At one time or another most of us seem to get caught up in this vicious circle, where we can't find our way out. And very often we concentrate our energy on trying to fight our way through or giving up, feeling worthless and depressed. Did you know that we use up much more energy when we feel depressed than when we choose to feel happy?

I would like every person who reads this to know, that you are never alone. Keep in mind, that there are so many of us who work day and night for many years (some dedicate their entire lives) so that we can be there for you, when you decide to reach out and accept our help. What on earth makes us do this, if it's not the endless feeling of love and compassion for our fellow human beings? So, please do not make the mistake of thinking that there isn't a soul in this world who is thinking of you or taking you into consideration. The reality is that we are all part of one gigantic family. We are related to each other in visible and invisible ways. And if you find yourselves stating that you have lost faith, trust, feel hurt or angry with your fellow human beings, it's only because these feelings are starting to develop within you, about yourself! Or, if you can't seem to get over a situation that brings you grief, you need help, in understanding why and in moving on. Most of the time, we get into uncomfortable situations simply, because we are not looking in the right direction. As for the people who do come across as downright inconsiderate and cruel, please don't be judgemental towards them. Because, they are actually going through their own turmoil, unaware of how their' reactions affect their surroundings.

What I have mentioned above are just a couple of examples, as it is impossible for me to make a list of your individual cases or to know your specific needs. But, if you do want to make a fresh start and a life long investment, try taking up Sophrology!

Because, it's not only by reading books, no words will bring you what you really need, to lead a fulfilled existence. This sort of thing can only happen, through experience, the one that we gain through our training sessions.

For example, it's like when we prepare an exquisite meal, it's not how we choose to name the dishes, that matters, (or how we describe the ingredients used) but it's what we savour with each bite that becomes a heavenly sensation to our taste buds. The essential is not what the eye meets, but what is seen with **the heart**.

Who is Pr Alfonso Caycedo?

Founder of Caycedian Sophrology

This outstanding Neurologist, Psychiatrists and Phenomenologist was born in 1932 in Colombia, but of Spanish origin.

For many years he did his best to practice his profession in a very conscientious way. But was not, satisfied with the use of drugs and electroshocks, which were the common means, for many years, to seemingly appease the mentally ill.

Through his **intuition**, he continually believed that there existed better and more beneficial ways to come in aid to mankind.

He felt the deep notion, that the human consciousness was far greater, gifted with endless capacities and inexplicable powers. Therefore by following his instinct he persisted in his search. Continually seeking ways in which he could relieve his patients, never stopped studying the human conscious and every possibility of improving it, without drugs.

He had a specific aim, designed especially at taking each patient in account, with more consideration. Respecting their' distinct personalities and particularities.

By using therapeutic hypnosis, Jacobson's progressive relaxation, Schultz's (1883-1970) autogenic training and the psychiatric **Phenomenology** he created new possibilities.

And in 1960 he created, what he calls "**The daughter of medicine**," in the city of Madrid (were he was working at the time.)

In addition to this, he was greatly interested in certain, **Yoga** descriptions of the human conscious and with Pr. **Binswanger's**, (the great Suisse Phenomenologist) encouragement; he travelled to the Orient to explore and pursue his discoveries. Caycedo stayed a few years in the East, where he initiated in various disciplines, such as **Yoga** (worked with Sri Aurobino) in India, **Tummo** a sort of Buddhist meditation in Tibet and **Zen** in Japan.

He added and adapted these disciplines more appropriately to the Western way of thinking and created his own method, which is tailor made, to suit every individual's need. Moreover, he has since, incessantly perfected his work, making it the fastest, most enriching and precise way to help mankind.

MEMOIRE

Goodbye the Chrysalis

In this piece of writing, I will tempt to share with you, in the best way I can, **who I am** and what **changes** my works/course, in the « Superior school of sophrology » have brought **to my existence**.

I can say that since I came into existence and until the year 2003, I had experienced more pain than joy, I had more often come across danger, threat and fear than peace stability or

harmony. I can now say that it hardly surprises me since I was never shown otherwise in my beginnings. **I identified** life on the whole, as being **tough and unfair, even merciless** therefore I assumed that my only chance of survival was to **fight back**.

Introduction

I set forth in this way and continued until I reached a peak in 2003! At this point I felt the situation to have **grown out of hand**, even for the well trained fighter that I regarded myself to be. I felt such a deep sense of **helplessness and enormous injustice**. All my struggles and hard work seemed to have gone with the wind, seeming fruitless and meaningless. Everything seemed senseless; my relationships and various situations **should have never come to this!** I often wondered what I did to deserve such punishment. I, who always believed in God, **prayed everyday** and did my best to come to the aid of my fellow human beings whenever needed. **I never believed in random acts**, yet so many trials came my way that I wondered what use I could make of all this. I felt drained to have always given my utmost and disgusted to see what I was receiving in return.

By now I was leading a heavy existence, without any moments of real joy. More than once I thought I would be **better off leaving this world**, which I had seen enough of and ending my suffering.

Although I was not completely conscious of it at the time, my conditions were noticed and did greatly **affect my close surroundings**. One day one of my twin sons Cris, who is now 24, approached me and said gently: « Mum, if you feel that your pain is **too much for you to handle**, please tell me, because I know someone who can help you, I have a phone number that you can call if you need to. » I heard his words and was touched by his caring intention, but laughed silently, while thinking that he was still young and naive.

How could anyone help me?

There was no magic telephone number that would ease my pain. He later explained that on his way to Paris he happened to be sitting next to Marie-Anne (on the plane) and while speaking of many things they also covered the subject of **depression**. Hereby she very eloquently convinced him that there existed many **other courses of action to take** instead. Since that day I have always thought of Marianne and Cris with much tenderness. I consider them both to be precious **messengers** who showed me the way to **endless enlightenment**.

Though, I did not have an immediate reaction, his words came back ringing in my ears, until I finally convinced myself that even if **I called this number**, which he had now given me, I had nothing to lose. Therefore I ended up doing so in September 2003 and I

spoke to Anne, who sent me a leaflet and informed me of the date when a new group was due to begin.

If Anne had had a different approach I probably would have no longer pursued this path and I did not forget to thank her much later because I wanted her to know how important her role was to me. Just **by listening to her voice**, which I found to be **gentle and reassuring**, I felt that I could **trust** her. I seized this new opportunity and **accepted the idea of being helped by someone else**.

I believe that all along our existence, we are all offered a multitude of **opportunities**, which we are not always aware of. Furthermore, I have the impression that even if we do notice them, we more often **choose to ignore** them because of our **fear of the unknown**, one of man's greatest enemies.

The first time

Thence, my first session with Martine as my **guide** took place on the 23.10.03. I accepted to follow these sessions without any idea of what they would be like and without having spoken to anyone who had been through such an experience before me. All I knew was that they were supposed to **help me feel better** and that was enough.

For the first time in my adult life, I went for something:

--Without having thoroughly thought it through, before hand.

-- Without weighing the pros and cons.

-- Without calculating what it would bring me, on a short or long term basis.

When I look back, I can see that I was not **acting as usual**, because of my condition, yet I took the trouble to go to these sessions. This is something that has since, continually **high lightened my endless flow of life**, which has always been there, even then, **pushing me ahead**, despite my pain.

I cannot explain exactly why I felt this way, but by the end of my first session, **I knew** I was doing the right thing. I felt that I had come to the **correct place** and I have not changed my mind since.

My first discoveries

Very quickly I felt this **profound sense of existing**, which brought me a lot of comfort. I knew this feeling to be familiar and it was great to be able to grasp it again. I often felt this way when I was a very **young child**, before the age of four or five, when I lived in a little world of my own. I used to spend a lot of my time alone then, in hiding places, but I remember feeling this **great presence** of myself, **to myself**. However the great difference between my past and my present was that now it had become something that I was

sharing with others. I no longer had to keep it to myself as if I was stealing. On the contrary, I was shown how **beneficial** it was to share my emotions with others who chose to do so too. We were all guided and encouraged, to make way, bring forth and give value to our « **Vivance** » ie. (the life within us, without which, we could not call ourselves human.)

I never failed to be **touched** by each and every member of my group. I always listened to each one attentively, observing and learning from them all. We were all so different in so many ways, yet so similar at the same time. The one thing that we definitely had in common was that we needed and accepted guidance towards **further enlightenment**. I felt comfortable among them and gladly shared my thoughts and feelings because I believed (and was later proven to be right) it to be the best and most useful way for general **improvement**. I was exploring new grounds, which brought me immense pleasure. Very early on and through my **intuition**, I could detect the outcome of all this work; an escort to a **higher level of consciousness**, a profound and **lasting rapture**.

My first steps

The fear of changing had more than once made me take a **step back**, but each time I did so I noticed that every little back up was always followed by a **great leap ahead**.

I knew that I wanted to feel better, but I did not want to change. I did not want to **let go** of my **anger**, as I thought it to be my **only defence**. Consequently, I had always defended myself fiercely, thinking it was the only way to gain or maintain any form of **respect and consideration** from my surroundings. I could not allow myself to be any other way for fear that people would take advantage of me.

To me, taken for granted, was always synonymous to **losing my dignity**, consequently becoming something which remains inconceivable. Without doubt this was yet another belief, well installed from my early perceptions in life.

As it was, each session **constantly** led to **additional discoveries** and brought me **closer to myself**. While my constant progress never failed to prove **enriching** and to **nurture** me in every way, I also felt that simultaneously, I was carefully **holding on** to what I then knew to be myself.

However, at every period of my existence, I always notice, my interest to gain **deeper understanding** and my constant intention to **improve**. Therefore, this period was no exception, because alongside, I continued to work, alone. I **practiced** everything that was shown to me, I often went through my notes and **read a lot** of « life changing » books, from which I drew some very **useful information**.

One of the things that I found very difficult to cope with, a truly shattering experience was my **Father's, unacceptable behaviour** towards me. However, I only managed to completely **forgive** him during the eighth degree. By so doing, I felt as if I was **lifting a**

massive weight from my whole being. This had brought me **appeasement** and a huge sense of **freedom**, which was very **constructive** to me. Consequently, becoming a gigantic **message of peace**, and opening a door to **new hope**. I realised that I felt so well, so much lighter because, at the same time, I was also **forgiving myself** for all my imperfections. I recognized this to be among the most important things that I had **achieved** so far.

It was by leaning on this experience that I found the courage to envisage my next step.

I knew that my task was still incomplete because there remained yet, another person to forgive. This was **my daughter Sara**, who I had no initial **intention** to ever forgive. To forgive her was one of the hardest things that I have ever done. Facing, this dilemmas I suffered much **internal friction**, to say the least.

I know, it may sound harsh to speak this way of my own and only daughter, but I could **not accept** what she was putting me through nor what she was showing in return, after **everything that I did for her**. Among numerous trials, she also brought me, what seemed endless **years of great doubt** and anguish.

A feeling, I found great difficulty to handle and which was highly **destructive** to my soul. At times I even felt that the most sensible thing to do was to **disown her**. I had the impression that, if it were possible to erase her totally from my existence, I would have. It took me **such a long time** to understand that, what I was trying to erase was the agony that I felt through her behaviour, which was **not the same thing**. It took time and substantial effort, before I was able to **draw the line** and separate, what belonged to **her personal difficulties** and mine. Now, I say « **Thank God** » for everybody's sake, I finally **forgave her too**.

Tensions started to appear ten years ago when she was 16 and have amplified, since. I felt, that she was **regularly torturing me**, by constantly expressing dissatisfaction. I made her happiness one of my eminent priorities and felt **failure** through my inability to reach my aim. Furthermore, I couldn't accept her **ingratitude** because, I grew up in surroundings, where no-one had ever **given value to my humanness**, and I kept comparing this to what I gave to her. Therefore **denying her the right** to complain only **aggravated** her behaviour. I saw a **great change in her**, when I started to accept her coldest and most cruel comments. One of the worst being about a year ago, when she screamed vehemently, that she **hated me**. In the past I would have found this **unbearable** to hear, but now I remained unfeigned, **calm**. I told her that it was a shame that she felt this way, but **free** to do so if she wished. I pointed out that free also meant **taking responsibility** for her choices. However I added that she was missing out one very **important factor**, which was; she was probably hating someone who she thought I **was** and **not who I really am**. I waited a while before I found myself telling her how I would have reacted differently to all this, had it been in the past. And then went on to describe, how she did not leave me **indifferent**, but I no longer depended on **her judgements**.

Because, I have never known myself more than I do now and quite **like, who I am**. Only then, I was able to observe a totally **different attitude** from her behalf, as she tightly embraced me while continuing, to cry. Even her tears seemed to have **transformed from bitter to soothing**. This was yet another living **proof** of what I could see, when putting the words aside and **observing the manifestation of life through movement**.

I have since made regular use of interacting in this way and perceive a **definite improvement** in all my relationships but, most particularly in the one between Sara and myself. I find that **we all have the choice** of taking alternative paths, ones which **make way to more warmth and love**. Strangely enough it always seems to be these **same sentiments**, which keep returning, all along our existence and are often **at the heart** of all our **human problems**.

My First Flights

After this, I experienced an even greater level of **peace and harmony**, I felt in complete **balance**. I reached this state partly, because I understood and **accepted; to feel doubt** and to take a **new look** at myself. I will even say that a certain amount of doubt is **necessary** otherwise things would come to an end. An absence of **flexibility**, settled, remote, never question anew, doesn't resemble me.

At present my aim is to **give free way** to all my emotions:

- to recognise them
- to accept them
- to feel them completely
- to understand them
- and understand why I am feeling them

And after doing so, **I choose** how to deal with them.

I am especially **careful**, in not letting them grow **out of proportion**, so that I do not go into **extremes**. I always aim at **coming back to a balance**, which I believe to be **the key** to every problem.

Each time I went to my training sessions, I felt something different, something new but, every one brought me **immense joy, benefit and freedom**. Some feelings would always return, such as the satisfaction of being able **to get in (close) touch with myself** with so much ease. Every time I close my eyes and remain **present to myself**, it takes me straight to **my centre**. There is no other thing nor person that have ever brought me more comfort, peace, freedom and profound joy than the feeling I have when I concentrate on my "Phronic Force." **My life force**, which is **always there** and has never failed to bring me **light and warmth**. It awakens such a **strong energy** that I can only compare with the sun beams burning brightly within. As if **the sun is inside me and I shine**, throughout my whole body. I have also very often felt much **lighter and taller**, tall enough, to be

looking down on everything that surrounds me. Until now I never thought there could be something **stronger** than the **love** that someone else could bring me!

I remember it was as early as my third session, when I had a **brief vision** of a little girl running into my arms. I hugged her tightly and **reassured her**, with all my **maternal affection**.

At the same time realising that this **lost and lonely child** was no other than **ME**. This was indeed a most moving experience which brought a seemingly endless **flow of tears, to the surface**. These tears were **speaking to me like a guiding light**, telling me so many things and **uprooting very old pains**. Despite my troubles I also felt **relieved**, to finally be able to **release** them and to **set myself free**. Within hours, I **gathered the fruit** of this occurrence, as **I heard the main message** behind it. Realising, that **if I possess such an immense flow of love**, which I spend most of my time and energy giving out to others (who don't always want it) then **why was I not giving a little to myself?**

I am convinced that I **always move forth** and improve, because of the way things are proposed. I **never felt pressurised**, never expected to produce any set results or given limited time to do so. For this I am very **grateful** to Martine, who **patiently and skilfully** guided me through my two year training course. These **healing, words** will always come back and **echo** in my ears: "Within the **freedom of my choice, in my time**, in a way that feels comfortable to me and above all; **without judgment**," so opposed to all that I was used to. With this I felt such a great sense of freedom and I know it to be amongst the most important factors, which **ignited my will** to continually move ahead. By so doing, I felt that there was something, very strong, **coming to life** and enabling me to **hold on to my dignity**, the very thing that I was so **afraid to lose**. At this point and for the first time, I felt **my internal, interminable battle start to cease**.

Every experience always brought me great **revelations**, sometimes they were immediate, but most of them **took time** and this is something that **I had to learn**, to leave the time and freedom for every manifestation. It was most interesting to notice the various ways in which these revelations would show. But, most of all it was surprising to see that many messages seemed to make their way, to the surface **at times when I least expected**. **At the most peaceful moments**, (often after meditating) I would find myself understanding something that I couldn't **make any sense of**, by concentrating and calculating. I felt many **changes taking place within**, I became **more patient, more confident and more peaceful**.

Even, a few days ago, when my husband commented, with surprise about something that I did, I made a joke of it, as my sense of humour is another thing that I have **further developed**. I found myself saying: "Ah! You are still **unaware of all my capacities**." Then added: "**And so am I**." Just after **hearing myself**, I realised that this was not something that I would have said before.

To me, each degree represents a **step** that I slowly, but surely **climbed**. And at the end of each cycle I felt as if I **reached a higher landing**, the next floor. Each landing symbolises a **solid construction** on which I stood and **became aware of new foundations** that I can always **lean on**. I recognise this to be something that I made **great efforts to gain** and that **no-one can take away** from me now. More than once, I found myself thinking that **I was not entitled** to such feelings, as much as everybody else was. As if, **I didn't deserve** and was **not as capable** as my colleagues were. Once more these were **only the results of my mother's words**, which were still **well rooted** after all these years and often peeping through as a reminder. **Now I understand** how my poor Mother, never managed **to draw that line**, the one which, **healthily separates, us from our children**. Making us **take responsibility for our own acts** and dealing with our personal conflicts and insecurities **without confusing** them to the ones which belong to the others.

I know that it's through each feeling, **perception and apperception** that my **transformation** took place. I reached this level thanks to every **effort** that I made and thanks to every **interaction** with all the people who I worked with, I know **I couldn't have got here all alone**. **Human always needs human**, in order to improve. **Being the subject of conditioning and being free to change**, do not contradict each other. They are both true, **co-exist**, and grow together leading us ahead, as **the growth of one furthers the growth of the other**. I am aware of great changes in my way of being, which are **also noticed by my surroundings**. Although, I suffered much pain, in exchange of these changes, I know that **the most worthy things are always achieved through difficulty**. It's never easy **to let go of our old ways of functioning**, even if they are **destructive**, simply because **familiarity brings comfort**. But, at school, I never felt **emptiness**, never **abandoned** in my **struggle**, which was so **contrary** to what I was used to in the past. **This time** I was shown, numerous **alternative choices**, which I was thankfully able to take advantage of. Moreover these new choices have proven to be **extremely rewarding** to me in every way.

Now that I have discovered such **profound and endless joy**, I never intend **to let go** of it, never **lose sight** of my insight. In my very last "phenodescription" I wrote: **"I am now certain to possess an endless flow of happiness which constantly inhabits my being."** If I was ever offered the opportunity, to have **a wish come true**, I would wish that **every human being** on this planet would **discover their own inner happiness and love themselves** for who they are. Everyone should be given **a second chance**, to put things in order, and **make sense of their existence**. This idea **deeply fulfils me**. I have always said that it's such a pity to see **so few** people interested in this kind of work when in reality, **most people are in need**.

Michel's lessons

Another thing that I would have never done **on my own** was to attend Michel's lessons, which I didn't believe, myself **to be capable** of. I have to say, that it's **thanks to my**

wonderful husband, Carmine, who has always believed in me more than I did myself. I feel so grateful to have him, by my side. He has been a powerful guiding light, all along my path. Every time I describe our relationship, I always say that we have grown together and I mean it in every sense. At the time I also spoke to some friends who were following the evening classes and they encouraged me too. Not ever having taken any French lessons, made me hesitate a great deal. Thus, I not only felt privileged to have been given my chance, but it also became a challenge.

To me, Michel will always represent; an ocean of knowledge and an endless flow of Grace. He continued to bring me further enlightenment while, reinforcing everything that I had learned hitherto. I felt the need to return to my primary capacities, become vital. Getting closer and becoming more aware of my biology, the important functioning of my cells, the acuity of my senses and the incredible power of my consciousness, made way for my transition to take place. I was deeply moved by the very thought that I too possessed potentials which I could transform into capacities. With this, my feeling of inadequateness began to slowly move away, allowing me to finally feel free to be me; the endless, timeless, wholesome, unique and irreplaceable human being that I really am.

This was far more than I ever imagined possible, beyond any expectation. I was becoming conscious of all these things, as if it was the first time. I continue to rejoice, in noticing countless potentials appearing constantly in my everyday existence:

Some, potentials have already been developed, such as: The capacity of being able to observe every person, thing and situation from a different perspective and the ability to make the most out of every situation, despite the apparent difficulties. To become conscious of certain endowing dualities, like our co-existent, "Joy and pain," has been a significant revelation to me. The ability to contribute, become part and observe many changes, happened also thanks to the acknowledgement of the richness and value of human interaction. However, this confirmed my foremost convictions, showing me once more, to which extent "human needs human," in every way and became an incessant revival to my original values.

Even my perception of death has changed enormously. Before every time I would lose someone dear to me, I felt devastated. I still feel very sad, due to the fact of not being able to interact physically with the deceased. Sorry to no longer hear their voice, see them smile, feel their touch or just simply, observe any of their expressions. Only, now I don't live this loss in the same way, I feel a constant presence, (the presence in the absence) despite their absence. This brings me, enormous comfort. Moreover, I recognise this to be due to my awareness of our human presence, the certainty, that we are not merely bodily material. I have also achieved this state, because some time last year I had accepted my own death. It was for me the first time I envisaged such happening without, feeling sorrow or pain. Only a few days ago we suffered a great loss, when my tender, loving mother-in law, SARA left us. Despite my immense

sadness, I was able to be of some use to my surroundings. I had the impression that **I managed** to use the **adequate words** and **gestures** at the most **suitable moments**, to **appease** them. Realising that I was **capable** to **bring them something** and leave them **the possibility to comfort me** at the same time, made me feel **very close to them**. This was indeed another **very rich experience**, despite the **great difficulty**, with which it is accompanied.

Other potentials are in the process of development; I take this as a demonstration of **auto affection** and **transformation** for oneself by oneself. It is **the body of our works**, our individual actions, but **always by walking alongside with the others**.

This comes to be through a **pure and reciprocal way of sharing our existence**, by using a sophronic conscious, (disentangled, from every **representations, expectations and judgements**.)

Other potentials will **surely come to life** through the **confidence** and the **belief** that I have in them and in myself. All I need to remember is to always make way to my **“Vivance”** in a passive way (vivance, being: the life being lived within me).

The Alliance

I was even **lucky** enough to experience the **beatitude** of having some of my radical questions **unmistakably, answered**. I did feel just like Martine had said; “When these answers manifest, you will **never need to ask yourself that same question again**.”

While attending Michel’s lessons, I also started **to work with Patricia**, who I mention last, but is certainly not the least important. She certainly holds a very **special part in my heart**. In fact she is an altogether **outstanding** person, with the most **refined abilities**. Releasing **unfettered sparks**, which **served to ignite** and make better use, of my **own senses**. Actually, I am **unable to clearly define** well enough, what she brought me, but it **opened up to new horizons**. Her workshops always **fascinated** me, I often felt surprised at being surprised, **like a child**. One of the things that I became much more aware of in this group was **the influence that I had** on others. Since, I kept this in mind because, **before I was much more acquainted to the way the others made me feel**. Again my **attainments multiplied**, as I observed, heard and reached out in a different way towards my fellow workers. I learned **to reconsider their personal needs and limits** (their’ historicités) how this, came to contribute to **who they are**, with their specific needs, limits and **possibilities**.

Here I also need to mention something that has unveiled itself to me today. Something that was always there, but I purposely didn’t wish to see. I am speaking of the endless and unconditional love that I feel for my daughter. At one time, when I was so furious with her, feeling only the turmoil that she was causing me, I deduced that if she was putting me through this, she couldn’t be human, therefore felt so much resentment

towards her. The kind that grew stronger on a daily basis. I went to Patricia for help and she listened carefully to my complaints, but when I finished she said **“The reason that your relationship has come to this is because there is so much love involved in it.”**

I didn't hastily throw away her statement, even if I felt it to slap me in the face. It made me feel uneasy, for two or three days, thinking that she didn't really know what she was talking about. But, the moment I let that statement in and begun to consider, that she just might be right, it all made sense to me. Everything started to fall into place, the complexity of the jigsaw puzzle becoming so simple and obvious. But what was it that made it so difficult for me to look at the whole situation from this angle? The bitterness of my judgements the fear of how I would appear to the eyes of my child, but above all, the fear of how I would appear to my own self (perhaps weak/unworthy/stupid) was the most painful one of all. My personal insecurities, which made me, rely on other people's judgements (especially the ones I love the most.) This is why I say, it's of capital importance to learn to look in the right direction. Every time we make the effort **to break things down** and seek the essential, by facing the truth we can always find a solution. And let me assure you that this is certainly an act of strength, wisdom and humility, not one of weakness.

I will never forget Patricia, her words, which have ignited an endless procedure in constantly pointing out the truth. Now, I can look back and detect that in fact, it was my unlimited maternal affection that made me make that phone call and want to know if there was a way for both (and all) of us to be in harmony. This is a perfect example of how we use phenomenology i.e. what shows beyond, our actions.

Meanwhile I was learning to further trust myself and to take the risk of being me.

I was **never shy with my emotion**, but had not ever thought that they could be of so much benefit to the others. With all the things that each member of my group **chose to generously share** with me, I realised that my role among them was **quite different** to what I had imagined it to be. Here we were working together, training to hear each other otherwise, not counting on **the words** spoken, but on all **other manifestations**. We wouldn't say things just to please the other (as we often do in our every day existence) but we were **sincere**, and did so **guided by professionals** and in the aim to help people **understand who they really are**. I lived my interaction among them as an **endless gain**. It always brought me **a blissful feeling, an indescribable fullness**. Immersing in accomplishment, each time I discerned any manifestation, which could **illuminate, inform, instruct** or bring them something that mattered to them, **regardless** of my active participation toward it.

I participated attentively, with great enthusiasm and felt constantly happy to be part of them. It didn't take long before growing to **truly love them all**, each one with their' own specificity and to even tell them so. I know and accept that we are **all different and**

unique therefore, never disregarded anyone at any time. Nevertheless, I am convinced that despite our differences, there is no sound human being who **remains totally untouched** and unaffected by the others.

The Letter

I **leaned** on this conviction when I decided **to write to my mother**, something I wouldn't have **tempted** had I not taken this path. Considering the fact that my mother **is already eighty four**, I am so glad I did so, because I needed to share certain things with her, **while she is still here**.

By now I had experienced **countless demonstrations of successful interactions and spiritual growth**. All sorts of moving discoveries, rejoices, enlightenment and revivals, enough to engender my confidence. Being able **to finally consider my mother, simply as another human being**, created the possibility to **approach her** and bring her something new. When sharing **my intentions** with other members of my family, I found all their comments to be greatly **discouraging**. They all believed that she was **untouchable** and I would be wasting my time. Being the **last** out of eight children and a **girl** always made me and my opinions the **least significant**, howbeit, this time I didn't impede. I could now feel **something stronger**, that moved me forward, which I like to believe, was **the faith in me**. Hence I wrote a long letter to my mother and by doing so I discovered that there was so **much more to this seemingly simple act**. Among all other reaction, I was surprised at the extent in which, **my own letter auto affected me**.

I am so happy to say that this time my efforts were **not in vain**, because my mother was touched and did **respond differently**. For the first time in my life I heard those three, simple, but powerful words. **She told me that she loved me**, my greatest, childhood yearning. Although **I suspected** it all along and didn't need to hear it as much, now, it still brought me **great elation**. Just to think that this declaration must have been **freeing for her**, made it all the more **important** to me.

By using **phenomenology**, I would say that this letter was **simply destined to help her**. But, as my **pen touched the paper** I not only felt that I was writing something, but at the same time I seemed to be **opening a massive book** and **discovering** so many things as I went along. I wanted to finally let her know, to which point she was **mistaken**, about so many issues, which had made **her life and ours a misery**. However, I didn't have the heart to tell her directly, **for fear of hurting her feelings**. So I chose **to describe her behaviour by saying that it was mine**. Stating how wrong and how sorry I was for my children, secure in the feeling that **it was bound to ring back home to her**. **She did identify with the description**, but I was most **unpleasantly surprised** to discover that **I did, reproduce**, but at a much weaker level some of her **behavioural patterns** in spite of all the **precautions** that I took, against it. With a lot of **regret, but greater acceptance** and understanding, I immediately did my best to explain and **apologise** to my children.

Simultaneously, I gladly faced this painful **evidence**, because I know it, to be **the reality**, therefore of **capital importance** to me.

I can now safely say that I **consciously** always choose to remain **the closest possible to reality**, as I know that my **mental health** depends on it. I also noticed that my letter sounded like a phenodescription, thereon, I didn't think twice before **including it as part of my "Memoire."** All this renews, yet again a deep rooted value of mine; Every time I have reached out to simply help someone it has always **bounced back** in a most **rewarding** and interesting way.

Patricia, helped me **put into further practice** and with more **ease** all my **interacting skills**, which I begun by putting into application with my **close surroundings and slowly widened the circle**.

This work is beyond doubt a life changing experience, for me. I can now step back and observe all the changes that have taken place, especially within my family, **opening up to endless possibilities** of improvement between us. And this is the result of **only one family member's toil!** Also, it just so happened, (without being planned) that **it was Sara who read my letter to my mother**, as she was paying her a visit at the time. It looks like, even destiny wanted to put us on the same path; **well in alliance**.

13.03.06

My dearest and one and only Mother,

I am writing this letter to you, because I realise that at this **advanced stage of my life**, I **still** didn't find a suitable way of **getting in touch with you**. I feel that there are too many things left unspoken. I would have so much liked to be **closer to you**. To be able to discuss anything with you, **freely** and not to constantly have to side step issues with the fear that I will be **misunderstood**. Therefore, I am **opening my heart to you**, in the attempt to reach you and **to unfold my existence**, of which I have the impression that you have **only known some outlines**.

As you know, since I exist I have, like every other human being had my share of **difficulties**, which brought me **great pain**. And each time I speak of pain, I am not referring to **physical** or **mental** pain, as it **can never be divided** as such. It is a state of being that we feel as a whole. Something, which affects us physically will also do mentally and visa versa. I went through a multitude of experiences, which took a long time to get over or accept. However, I wish to quote only a couple, as **my aim is not to call for pity**.

I am sure that you understand how my father's behaviour brought me much more than endless tears, **doubt** and great **confusion**. Subsequently, choosing to no longer, see nor **speak** to him **ever again**, was a very **painful measure** for me to take. But, having to live with it, **after his death**, became an even greater one. My decision to attend his funeral was my way of forgiving him. It was my **deep intention**, therefore became a belief. In fact I was unable **to tell the difference**, until some time last year, which was **nine years**

after. Although, I had successfully made a step in that direction, I hadn't managed to completely get rid of all **my judgements**, until now.

I now realise, that how ever a parent is, they **always remain our parent.** Consciously or unconsciously, every parent leaves so **many traces** behind them. I also think that I can say, no parent is fully aware of the way their actions and reaction **affect their' children** and many times become **detrimental.** If only we **could foresee,** I believe we simply **wouldn't choose to do so.** I no longer judge him because, **who other,** but himself could know, of his motivations? This often makes me wonder of the way in which **his childhood** must have **affected him** and how he coped with **his mother's death,** when he was only five. Everyone has their own difficulties and their way of handling them. I can only say that all my experiences, even the strangest ones always helped me improve.

As for you! I always assumed that I openly **demonstrated my affection** to you and that you never had any cause to doubt it. But, I would love **to hear you say so,** or to say otherwise if it's the case. I know that among **your many children,** I too must have brought you against difficulties, but let me tell you that it was **never my intention.** The most important thing that I would like you to know is; despite, my feeling that you have **constantly overlooked the significance of your role to us, as a mother,** I have always loved you in a very special way. **The mother is so very important,** to every child, representing a multitude of **vital needs and values.** She **transmits,** so many **behavioural patterns,** which the child, appropriates them selves with and **carry through out their whole existence.** Did you know that if a woman gives birth to a baby, for whom she feels **no love,** most of the time **that baby dies,** regardless of how much she may feed or keep it, clean.

Another thing that I would like to highlight, here is the fact that at a **very early age,** I had **sensed** your great difficulty in expressing your **emotions.** I don't know what this is due to, but what I do know is that I found it **extremely difficult** to understand and to deal with. It provoked in me, great **frustration** followed by a **constant and abundant demonstration of affection,** for you. I was **secretly hoping,** longing that one day you would follow **my example** and perhaps through doing so, you would find some **happiness** or simply a little **comfort,** but **that day never came.** In the same way, I remember **trying so hard** to teach you, how to speak English. I now detect that all I did was look for ways to make you **feel better,** more independent, I think that in spite of my very early age (four, five) I absolutely wanted you to **feel free.** Although all my attempts remained without response, **it doesn't really matter now,** because today I feel that I understand you far better than I ever have done before.

The reality is that **love cannot** be measured nor demonstrated in ways that we would like it to be neither in ways that we **understand** or even **approve** of. But, we all have the ability to feel it, to need it and to learn from it, in our own individual ways.

That's why **I love you just the way you are.** It's so important to me, that you really understand this! The love I feel for you is not through feeling **sorry for you**, because you claim to be in **constant pain**. I would have loved you just the same, if you could **skip around like a child**. All your children **love you**, each of us, in our own ways and according to **our means**. It may not be in the way that you would like us to love you, but it's the only way we know, because we are all unique. I am sure that you are **able to understand this**.

Coming back to me, I would like to say that in the past, each time that I faced hardship, I tackled it, **the best I could** and gradually found ways to move on. Until one of my greatest and most recent **tortures** which was brought to me through **Sara's behaviour**. This was so **devastating** for me, that I felt my existence to be **purposeless**. Too tired and **empty**, I no longer had the **strength** to carry on, **until I started going to this school, where I relearned to live my life**. Mum, let me tell you, that to work in this way demands a great deal of **courage, effort and humility**, but it's **the best** thing I have ever done so far.

I finally understand and accept myself for who **I really am**, with my specific needs limits and values. But, first I had to **face all my mistakes** and learn from them, in order to become **someone better**. I had to become someone who could approve of; myself and of what I choose to do with every exterior situation that I come across. I realise that **I have come a long way**, but it's only **after having dealt with** so much, that I understood my **old mode of functioning** and that it didn't **have** to be that way. Every time I was putting my difficulties, down to my past heartbreaking experiences. But, by doing so, I was not **claiming responsibility** for my actions. It's always easier to blame something or someone else! I couldn't see that all my moves were **coming from within** and how much my reactions only **depend on me**. I had to grow up and learn to take responsibility for all my choices. In actual fact, whether I choose to live my life in a **constructive or destructive** way only depends on me. The reality is that by **holding on to my past** I only continued to feed my **anger and pain**, so much so that I ended up **putting aside** every moment of happiness which represents; the flow of life. It was **so difficult** for me to acknowledge, that I was actually **contributing to my sufferings**. I have to sadly admit that because of my brewing anger I was not **communicating** well with my surroundings. I faithfully carried my anger and pain around, for so many years.

Unaware of what I was doing, I was, existing through them and projecting them on the outside. And most of the time **I couldn't see**, how it was affecting the ones dearest to me.

Although, **I strove** at giving the best of me to all my children, I also made the **mistake** of wanting to share my past difficulties with them. I thought that this would show them that some children are not as lucky as them. Also, hoping to make them understand how I had to go through many **ordeals before any achievements**. I thought that I was setting a

good example for them, convinced that they felt my intentions and deep **devotion**, which could only arouse **compassion** and gratitude. We all seemed to be **so very close** to each other in every way yet, there was Sara's reaction, which remained **a great mystery** to me. She had become someone impossible to please. Yet! Lately I have felt **changes take place in her too** and I don't believe that it's due to **coincidence**.

Today I **see** so many things much **clearer**. I can see from **a different angle**. I understand that what ever feelings I may have they **belong only to me** and are not necessarily shared by people around me. I also know that people's feelings and reactions can never **truly and precisely be calculated** and known in advance. This will never be so, as we have all **repeatedly experienced surprise** in our own reactions. The more we seek to control our emotions, the more we suffer. Human science is not an objective, but a **subjective** one. If only we could **trust ourselves** to be who we really are, without being judgemental, we would discover that we are, in fact, **much better people**. **Constraint** has **never** been **constructive** to anyone. And the true sense of freedom also consists in accepting the things that don't go as we would like them to. I have found it very useful to always remember that **balance and harmony is not achieved through rage**.

Now I can also see how I was **constantly setting goals** for myself that were **too high** for me to reach. I was feeling responsible for **other people's joys and pains**, thinking that I could foresee and **avoid** painful experiences, especially **for my children**. All these things **show** me that in reality I hadn't yet found my purpose or **my true identity**. The first time I ever **felt secure** was just after giving birth to Sara and I gave myself an identity through that. I felt to be someone because I was a mother, therefore truly **useful** to someone else. I felt such **comfort** because another human being needed and **depended on me**. I gave her everything that I would have liked to have, thinking that she would feel completely fulfilled. I always did my best in every possible way, **my family** became, my **strength**, my **stability** and **security**. Everything evolved around them and I thought that I had accomplished my aim. But, things don't work that way; **nothing is ever finished**. Although I had the deepest intention of becoming **the best mother**, the one that every child would wish for, in reality **I cannot say**, what kind of a mother I have made, because I have never been mother to myself. In fact, the only ones who are **entitled** to comment on this are **my three children**. I know this to be something that I could have never said a few months ago and can now understand that, what **counts the most** (the heart of our movement) are **our intentions**. We cannot and should not expect to control, how they are perceived.

Later, it was again through Sara that I felt my whole world fall apart, I was completely **destabilised**. This only happened because **my strength was not coming from within**, something that I had to come to terms with and **re-build** solid bases for. **Bases that I could always lean on**, through which I could exist wholly and find my rightful place on earth. Today I am so happy to simply be me and know that I can perpetually **rely on myself**. I **no longer depend** on other peoples' approval nor expect anyone to share

neither to fully understand my pains. **Only I can** experience and understand my emotions, they **belong exclusively** to me and **cannot be shared** nor truly understood by anyone else. I also am **fully aware** that the only person capable of making a **difference that matters** to me, is myself. I am responsible of all my reactions.

Another thing that I have noticed to be infallible was the difficulty I would **inflict** on people by constantly approaching them with all my problems. **Unable** to resolve them for me, they **slowly retreated**. At times, even people with whom I feel extremely close to have felt **confused** in their attempt to help and have ended up stepping aside. That's why it's a great mistake and **impossible** to do. Alas! Our joys and pains **cannot be measured**, neither passed on to anyone else to deal with. All feelings are **not visible** or material things. Not something that we may cut into a few pieces and **distribute** to others, so that we can possess less of. We are the only ones who can deal with what belongs, totally to us. I have even heard people speaking and reciting their' **painful stories**, each one claiming that their own is **the worst** of all, as if they are **competing!** What for? It's not as if the one who has endured the most is going to win a prize! Why should we highlight or value anything that makes us feel sad, **when we have the choice to do things the other way around**. Now that I am conscious, I certainly don't wish to **be referred to, nor remembered** as a **martyr mother figure**. Furthermore, the thought of passing on such behavioural patterns to any one else makes me feel extremely sad.

I have finally understood that the most worthy and only thing, that we can truly share is the **simple, yet powerful "Flow of Life,"** that we all possess. The only thing that every human being has in common, **regardless of our colour, religion, nationality etc....**

Our simple way of **being present**, our touch, the **joyful gleam** in our eye, our **warm embrace**, our **smiles** with which **in an instant** and with **minute effort** create such vast communication and **magically speak all the languages in the world**. Such are **the only things that really matter** and demonstrate affection, the very thing that **no man can live without**. I have learned to look at all life that surrounds me **in a different way, with a new look**. I take great pleasure in **contemplating**; my **dear fellow human being, the sun, the moon, the stars, the sea, all the animals, including the birds flying and singing freely in the sky**. Our sublime earth, **mothering so much life, in constant growth and regeneration, leaves me gazing in awe**. They all demonstrate **life in all its glory**, every form of life that **I overlooked for too long, while I was focused on all my representations** and distancing myself, from **the reality**. I have now made way for them **to fill my heart with joy**, each and every day. **These simple yet precious joys are free and denied to none**. I live with them and am **deeply touched by their presence**. I observe, **respect** and **learn** from them yet **let them all be, in peace**, without expecting anything in particular, I do my utmost **to understand them**. In doing so, **I have freed myself** at the same time. I have **never before, except in my very early childhood, experienced such profound peace**. **I didn't think this could be possible**. **I feel no more anger, no more grudge** towards anyone, what a relief! I have learned to coexist, with my **joys and pains in balance** and I can see them **for what they really are**.

I no longer **seek perfection**, because I know that to be perfect would mean not to be human and now I know that **I am only human**. But, well and truly present to myself and hopefully present in a different and better way to the world around me. That's why, **from now on**, if I ever find myself complaining about someone's behaviour, especially if this person is important to me, instead of **expecting them to change** in ways **to suite me**, I take **a deeper look at myself** first. I try to understand what I am conveying to them, which encourages such reactions. Then I attempt **another approach**, which could be clearer or more adapted to them, in the **aim to improve** our relationship. We all have our part of responsibility in this, because the outcome of every single interaction **never totally depends on only one person**.

Knowing that **I cannot erase my past** and accepting that it largely contributed to who I am today, I can only look back at it, with a new look and **learn from it**. I also know that my initiation to sophrology was **thanks to all my ordeals**. It seems that our experiences either make us or break us, if we let them. Therefore, I deeply believe that, what counts the most are not my experiences, but **what I make of them**. I can now be present in a much **more positive** way and choose to act in ways which will make **my own future and that of others much brighter**.

I have made so many discoveries and changes these last few years, which are priceless, yet I know that, **they represent only a fraction to what lies ahead**. I am **conscious of how I actively contributed to giving sense and value to my existence** and understand that my sole purpose is not to have a family and bring my children up properly.

Now, I would like to end by saying that no matter how hard I try, I simply cannot find words to express **my deep thanks and gratitude; First to God, next to you, Mum, to my beautiful husband**, who has always been kind and patient and to **all the people who participated actively or passively in helping me get HERE**.

Conclusion

My greatest transformation is undoubtedly the one which brought me back to **my primary functions**, as when I was a child. To acknowledge to which extent **words and thoughts can be misleading**, was of the utmost importance, to me. To let myself be **guided through my sensorial perceptions** has become a priceless tool.

And to give free way to my life force, allowing my emotions to **manifest naturally**, through my bodily expressions, has made my whole existence, much more **pleasurable**.

Now my every choice, points towards **the simplicity** that I knew, as a child:

- **Before** hastily growing into this busy and crazy world.
- **Before** starting to develop judgement and trying to reach perfection.

All the fore mentioned only favour in our, **drifting further away from the reality of life**. Consequently, stimulating our **fantastic representations**, which inevitably lead onto **mental health problems**, before we know it. Another discovery, which brought me immense felicity, is to have fully **salvaged** my spontaneous and sincere way of **loving my fellow human beings**.

Although, I know this sentiment to have often been at the origin of great heartache, due to **confusion and misinterpretation**, I also know it to be an ability I have always possessed. Something that will always amaze me though is, the way in which I insisted on **grasping tightly** to it, without ever **abandoning** it.

Thus, all along my path, **it was over LOVE that I would trip and fall**, always picking myself up and allowing myself **to thrive on it over and over again**. Mysteriously and with constancy I never ceased at trying to **find ways around it**, that would **create new possibilities**, as such is the case today.

I am now convinced that I can furthermore give way to these **powerful capacities of love and generosity**, by **letting them shine naturally and freely**. This **thrashing up of love**, which I deploy around me, has **at all times come back to me** by one hundred folds. Now I feel that I walk through my existence, **taking the right direction**, in harmony with my flow of life. I envisage leading my existence, by **remaining particularly perceptive and in touch with the life within me**. By so doing, **I will make the most of who I am, every day and in every way**.

I know that **words are my only means** of sharing my real life experiences, but they still remain **insufficient** in describing **my soul's rapture**. **I feel that I have reached a state of peace, that most humans seek, but very few find**.

Once again, I feel the need to thank wholeheartedly: My whole family including my son Matt, who's name I haven't mentioned anywhere yet, all my friends, Marianne, Martine, Patricia, Michel; for their loving support. Also all the people, who have taken part in this movement but, I haven't had the pleasure to meet.

However, I choose to mention with great pride the name of Pr. Caycedo for his priceless contribution, in bringing a world of hopefulness to mankind.

I know that if I took more time in describing my misfortunes in detail, many more people, would have taken to it. It seems that in our modern society this is the thing that we seek. But, it's only because we have slowly and mistakenly been led to believe that this is what matters most and can best be shared.

Ask yourselves, though what would it **really** bring to you? But, sadness or even tears, if I would say, for example that I gave birth to very premature twins and was told that they had no chance of survival, while I was in labour (24 years ago.) Or that my husband had a serious tumour, when he was only twenty six and my three children were five and three, at the time. Or even that one of my children suffered from autism for many years, the list is long.

But! As I say, this kind of information may, stir your emotions you might even identify with my experiences. I can perhaps make most of you feel great sympathy by feeling very sorry for me, but this is not my aim. Sophrology is not about calculating ways to attract most people, or making money, by telling people the things that they are used to hearing and have grown to like.

This is not what it's all about, not to highlight sorrow. It's more about taking the risk, of having maybe fewer people paying special attention and seeking to read between the lines. Wanting to understand the intention behind it and gaining something deeper from what they read.

My wish is to lead you onto another path, one which I may awaken the slightest feeling of **hopefulness**, of **peace** or even a sense of **freedom**, as I know that all these feelings are inside each and every one of us, awaiting to be aroused.

Sophrology teaches us to remain on **the reality of life** and to share the things which can really be shared, which are never the ones that we need use our imagination for. I'm speaking of **the one thing** that we all have in common, regardless of our beliefs, social status, intelligence etc..... **The power of our life force, within**, which is genetically given and can be awoken at anytime we choose.

So instead of just complaining that everything, constantly gets out of hand and that you are spending your existence always running after something that you will never reach or even understand. Just take a moment and ask yourselves; how kind are you on yourselves everyday?

And how often, if ever have you stopped short, emptied your restless brain and really given your poor old soul a break? Have you ever kept still and quiet, long enough to hear, your inner voice? The messages that you as a whole, (body and soul) wish to communicate to yourself, which inform you about who you really are? **Because if you don't make way to let your natural love warmth and strength merge, you will never know it's there.**

At this very moment as I am writing this I am understanding why I am doing so and can honestly say, that it's simply because **I truly love you, all** and wish to help you in some way.

I would like it to be known, that there is for each and every one of us a definite way to deal with what seems to be an endlessly, tormented existence.

Through my transformation I have felt to have been **born** again, to have given myself a second chance, to make a brand new start, with new foundations. Only this time around, I feel that I am actively participating in how I would like it to be, to best suit my personal needs. In harmony with who I am. And I am aware, that not many people are able to say this.

I would like you to have an idea of what Caycedian Sophrology can bring into your lives too. In fact the most important message that I intend to pass over is that there is nothing about me that makes me, in any way superior to you, so; **“If I have managed to get here, then so can you.”**

Glossary

Caycedien Sophrology:

Called Caycedien after Pr. Caycedo making this a way to protect his distinct method against, all other forms of so called Sophrology.

Sophrology:

The meaning of this word, is made up of three different parts and of Greek roots. Sos- which means balance

Phren- meaning Harmony/Wisdom

And Logy – meaning knowledge.

Making it: The knowledge in balance and harmony.

Vivance:

Is simply the life that is being lived within us, here and now/ our force of life.

Phenodescription:

Coming from Phenomenology, which is one of the pillars of Sophrology.

In the end of each degree we are asked to write a phenodescription so that we can express, verbally all the changes that have taken place within us and through our work.

Phronic :

This is the middle of ourselves, the very core (or nucleus) of each human being.

Our Sophronic Conscious:

Is a higher level of consciousness that we develop through our work. Where we are constantly present to ourselves and at the same time present to the world that surrounds us in a different way; without representations, judgement, calculations, expectations etc...

open and acceptant, to perceive something new, without being misled.

It is with this state of consciousness that we have access to using the phenomenology; helping us see beyond appearances.

Memoire:

Is the written work that we produce, explaining our personal path and which is part of our Master's degree.

Historialité

Is the person that we have become, over time, through our specific (real life) experiences, taking in account how they have affected us. The way in which our whole being, especially the body, through our cells have been impressed, (or recorded/stored) by everything that we have lived through. Every thing that contributes to who we are.

