

# Guided by nature – My story, a story

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So I participated in #Guidedbynature #Erasmusplus program, and we were asked, kindly of course, but firmly, to write a testimonial. Because of the awesome storytelling during the course, I was inspired to write a story. I wrote the story in the first person but it might have been about anybody else or nobody. Of course, any resemblance to real people is by chance.

My travel might have started in Paris and I might have been amazed when I said “One way to Paris”, when buying the bus ticket from airport to the city (of lights☺). I remember a peaceful day in Paris, with gentle sun, selfies with the big tower, discovering a hidden park and a passage with the kind help of a local friend. The passage reminded me of Alice in Wonderland and I took a few seconds just to stay and look at it (Behind me there were two old men, they were giggling☺).

If I were in Paris, I left it through the gate of the train station. After a while I changed trains in the middle of the night, like in a complicated dream. On what might have been my way to Copenhagen I took a short walk in Hamburg, between two trains, enough time to remember the time I spent there a few years ago, the child and her mom. There were words around me and two of them draw my attention in a special way: “other stories” and I had a funny feeling, a strange squeeze in my heart reading that.

Copenhagen had nice surprises for me: hundreds of bicycles, nice weather, David (the statue) and a colorful street on my way to the Little Mermaid.

I literally hopped on a train and went to Malmo and then Lund, where I found a magical garden with flowers (many of them reminded me of my grandmother), trees, benches and dogs.

Goteborg, if that was it, was a surprise to me, people were careless with pedestrian crossings and other stuff, like in Paris. Also, like in Paris, (“Tu cherches aussi?”) somebody asked me for directions and I had to tell that I wasn’t local.

The venue welcomed us with a dark path between tall trees and deep lights in the water of the lake. After the meal (oh, how I enjoyed the cooked meals all through the program- somebody else than me was cooking ☺) – the first meeting started: “Traveler, your way is the only way” was the first message, one that I took with me for times of doubt.

I met the colleagues and the trainers.

There was a fragile-looking human with powerful stories, exercises and mandatory invitations to wander.

She introduced us to the holistic model – with north, south, east and west – it's a model elaborated by an American, it sustains and encourages balance in ones' life, authenticity, connection to nature, it makes a wonderful use of Jung's archetypes. I left for home with a new self and a "to do" list. The workshops were structured around the Map of Wholeness model. We had activities and exercises for each part: North - the nurturing, generative adult, South - wild, indigenous one, East - the innocent, sage and, of course, West - the muse beloved. Daily invitations for wanderings were related to the theme of each workshop and, finally, we were invited to create a Map of Wholeness for ourselves. The treats along the way were music, stories with vivid storytelling, movement, relaxation.

And there was somebody I saw like an ice queen whose ice was melting because her inner sun shine out – participating in guided meditations in person was different in a good way for me – somebody fell asleep once and I laughed about it and felt guilty at the same time I enjoyed every meditation, I loved dancing, drawing, even making a fool of myself.

I am really grateful for the hands that supported me, to the ears that listened to me and the mouths that spoke kind words to me - in one exercise, the hands were there to support my body, literally.

Of course – because this is a story- I met that special someone for whose tricks I fell more than once – he helped me find within myself old and new feelings, words, responses. I really hope I see you again one day, mate.

I saw a sun of different shades in each participant and I hope they find it too. Actually, if I am aloud, this is my homework to them, some kind of wishful thinking.

I made a fool of myself, in more than one way, and it felt sooo liberating.

I danced – my thanks go to the people who danced with me – you were awesome!

I have to make a special mention to my roommate – before the course I was really afraid of sharing a room with somebody but I ended up wanting to hug you a hundred times and maybe once more.

And of course there are villains in the story, or, as we say now, Nvc (non – violent communication) wise, People who didn't fulfil my need for clarity and predictability, even though I asked nicely for it. So I was reminded a valuable lesson, some people just don't have a place in my life. And maybe the fact that I found a windmill in a park it wasn't just a coincidence.