

Healing Gender Identity Disorder.

A report by H. Stam

The case is a biological male born person who from the age of 7 suddenly experienced his self as being a girl. From this age till the age of 35 the person concerned suffered intense, not being able to live it's own identity. From the age of 35, help was given by a medical team from the *Vrije Universiteit medisch centrum* in Amsterdam in the Netherlands, to change the appearance of the physical body from male into female by hormone treatment and gender change plastic surgery, as previous years of intensive medical research had shown that all known psychotherapy was not able to score any effect on this mental disease.

In the years that followed the person concerned also searched for inner peace and self-confidence, and while working out a therapy found by chance the actual source of this disease.

After finding the actual source of the disease it took about 2½ years to get freed from the gender-identity, at the point in life where it did not matter anymore what shape the physical body had and whether the person was experienced by others as a male or a female, because the person concerned had freed itself from the obsession to be either of them.

This work explains *why and how* human consciousness is born and how an identity and its problems rises from this and the interpretation of the existential world. Therefore it can also shine a new light on other forms of identity-disorder.

The keys given in this work can help anyone having problems with their physical appearance to learn to accept the physical shape of the body as it is.

This work shows the other picture: it reveals the richness that is concealed in disease, which can be experienced in life in the process of healing. The wisdom that is unveiled in this process, and the inner peace and happiness everyone can experience from healing is underexposed in today's life, in which for a great deal we try to avoid to find the source of disease in ourselves by blaming it on our genes and the misconception that it is the doctor who has to cure us. This work shows how healing from identity disorder can change one's life completely, and has great influence on one's spiritual development and understanding life and its meaning, giving the opportunity to experience inner peace and happiness far superior to what one experiences being pleased.

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Chapter 1. An explanation of the title and chapters.

I used Gender Identity Disorder in the title because in my experience the more common expression 'transsexuality' gives the idea that it is all a matter of sexual preference, something 'fixed in our genes', which it certainly is not. It is this wrong interpretation of the disease that makes it impossible to set up a therapy that really helps. It is this wrong idea that shuts the door to one's development through learning from one's own stumbling blocks to deep wisdom and to find the real source of this identity problem in oneself. This wrong view on the matter disables one to really heal and find inner peace and happiness that is far superior to what one can experience when one gets what one pleases.

To stress that the case is a mental identity disorder that can be healed by a form of psychotherapy, and not a wrong physical shape that has to be corrected by plastic surgery and hormone treatment, I chose Gender Identity Disorder in the title.

An explanation of the chapters:

Sketches, first of all because I am a painter, not a writer. And to tell my entire life story in detail would give the work the size of the Mahabharata, for most people nowadays too big to digest. From my experience, sketches leave more to the imagination of the readers and encourage them more to dig into themselves. Of course I realize that sketches also leave a great deal out of all that has happened in my life, and that therefore some people who in my work come across themselves, can have a different view on some situations. My goal is to help people find a way out of their

misery, not writing my memoirs. To protect their privacy, I have changed the names of some of the people that appear in this work.

[Chapter 2](#) gives a rough sketch of the work of a gender-team, a team of medical specialists, and their attempt to relieve the patient from suffering, not knowing the real source of the disease.

[Chapter 3](#) gives a series of sketches from my own life showing the problems that occurred after help was given by the gender-team, and the key steps I have taken to heal from my disease, and stop my suffering by discovering the real source of the disease.

[Chapter 4](#) gives a series of sketches in which I try to show how I found my way out. These sketches are meant to contemplate on and to help find the source of the problem by discovering oneself.

[Chapter 5](#) gives a meditation practice that is needed to heal, and to experience and fully understand the explanation in the previous chapter. It will also give balance to the activity of contemplation.

[Chapter 6](#) explains what causes breathing, and its role in creation. This to help understand the importance of the meditation practice.

[Chapter 7](#) gives information how I used the metaphors that are found in Religious stories to get a picture of the creation of my identity.

[Chapter 8](#) gives the most important keys that I found in the books that I studied.

[Chapter 9](#) concludes this work with some strong advise to Medicine to make an effort to study this work, to discover its potentials and help develop a therapy for other patients.

Why this publishing?

Because my goal is to pass my knowledge on to help other people heal from this disease, and I found out that shining a new light on the matter is the key to do this. Medicine, until now, is unable to help healing because of a wrong view on the disease. Only a new and a Right View on the one's identity and how it is born enables one to solve one's identity disorder that at a very young age has crystallized out and got fixed and is experienced as an absolute and unchangeable being that brings much suffering and frustration in life.

Just reading this work is not sufficient to get the healing process running. One has to live one's own life and learn from one's own stumbling blocks. With this work I give a guide to help oneself in life and to find happiness that in my experience is a very peaceful and long-lasting happiness and far superior to the temporary happiness one finds in getting what one pleases.

Another reason for this publishing is that in my development I found the true meaning of Religion and Theology, which provided a solid base to set up a therapy to heal from my identity disorder. So I was able to connect Medicine to Religion and Theology in a time where medical science for a great deal lost its connection with it, churches run

empty, and where a wrong view on religion is the source of 'religious' fundamentalism that brings terrorism, war, and deep suffering amongst humankind.

Chapter 2. A rough sketch of the work of the gender-team.

A gender-team is a team of medical specialists that provides help to people suffering from Gender Identity Disorder, by changing the gender appearance of the physical body of the patient by hormone treatment and plastic surgery.

As there are more gender-teams, I cannot write about the probably various protocols they use, but give only a rough sketch from my experience with the gender-team of the VUmc (formerly AZVU) in Amsterdam, the Netherlands.

In 1989 I first had a few visits with dr. Verschoor, a psychologist who succeeded very well in having me reconsider whether I was going to do the right thing. He made me dig deep into myself to find whether changing my body was the solution to my identity problem. In the three years that passed I found out that for me, as far as I could see, changing my body was the only way out. In that period I had met dr. Henneberg, a psychiatrist who was incapable of making a right diagnosis and therefore incapable to help me at all.

In 1993, visiting dr. Kuiper, a psychiatrist from the gender-team, we discussed my problems and the solutions the gender-team was able to offer. I was told that many years of research had showed that psychotherapy had no result in curing my disease.

An appointment followed with professor dr. Gooren, the head of the gender-team, in which I explained my problems again and asked for his help. He had discussed my case with psychiatrist dr. Kuiper, and dr. Verschoor, the psychologist that I had met three years before. Professor dr. Gooren agreed to help me change the gender appearance of my physical body. Next I had an appointment with endocrinologist dr. Asscheman. Professor dr. Gooren had given him the information about my identity problem, and had asked him to co-operate in changing the appearance of my physical body. Dr. Asscheman made a medical examination, especially on the functioning of my liver. He explained the effects of the hormone treatment and gave me a prescription for Androcur® 50 and Estraderm TTS® 50. We agreed that I would come back in three months time for a new medical examination and if all went well I got a new prescription for Androcur® 50 and Estraderm TTS® 100. This medical examination was to be repeated every once a year. Also a DEXA scan of my bone structure was made.

Before or after an appointment with the endocrinologist I was now and then asked to co-operate in psychological tests.

During the first year I regularly visited a psychiatrist connected to the AZVU, who monitored my spiritual development.

In January 1995, at the age of 35, I underwent a gender change operation.

In the period from 1994 to 1996 my facial hair was depilated by a dermatologist.

Chapter 3. A short life history showing key steps.

As I walked with my girlfriend Marion across a small field to *Kardinaal de Jong* primary school I became suddenly aware that I was a girl. And with that certain conviction, fear came into my young life, and the knowledge that I could never tell my parents of my discovery, as I knew they would not be able to cope with this news. Isn't it striking that at an age of seven one knows for certain that one's parents are unable to live with a kind of situation? Still, the future turned out I was right at that time. As I am writing this, my family ties are broken, beaten by storm and the high seas of indignation that had risen from my coming out, and the blow that it had given to my parents' high expectations of me as oldest son and creator of kinship to be. The bitter disappointment in each other, our mutual intolerance, my fury, and the shame my parents couldn't bear shipwrecked our relationship.

The years I spent at primary school were not yet really problematic, as my gender-identity was still concealed in its shell of childhood. But to concentrate on my lessons was sometimes a difficult job, and the tension that rose from having to learn much at a high speed and not seeing why, brought me many times on the verge of crying. Why should I learn so many things by heart while one could easily find it back in books? I liked to play outside in the open fields behind our house. I can still remember the fragrance of the flowers and herbs in spring and summer and the smell of damp earth when I dug with my hands in it to form my child's fantasy world. Another fantasy world I created in the attic of our house, a miniature world of trains and houses and roads and fields and mountains and people living in there. And in my imagination this entire world was so alive and real that I could forget myself completely when playing. Often my younger sister came to watch my little fantasy world, especially in the evening when it got dark and the tiny electric lights in the houses illuminated the fairytale scene.

But this safe dream world was not going to last. As adolescence took a firm grip on my body, I had to become a man, a role that I had to play and felt not happy about. With the growing of years it became more and more difficult to suppress my real identity, and I could only get off some steam by dressing up as a girl. This I experienced with mixed feelings as I felt myself a failure to suppress this identity, knowing my parents' disgust even when they couldn't be aware of my behaviour, and still feeling imprisoned in the few hours on Sunday when they were out to visit my grandparents. Dressing up as a girl, and later as a woman, was not a solution. I had to live this identity in the world with all other people, and yet I couldn't, I dare not. And so I was caught in high tension, imprisoned by this identity. Often before I went to bed I prayed to be given a new body, a miracle, to get back into a safe womb where my body could change. And even often I wished this lunacy would just simply vanish. I counted the years, and every birthday I had to face that it was still there and I still had to play man. I felt insecure and highly tensed. I couldn't find inner peace whatever I did.

At secondary school I often had great difficulty concentrating on the lessons. My mind was frequently wandering of from the subject I had to study. Frequently bothered by the question why I had to study this or that, or why I had to study at all, I played truant and went on my moped to an old castle ruin in the middle of peaceful nature to think it

all over. Why on earth did I had to live this life? What was I to do with it? Seeing no future it was very difficult to become very enthusiastic about what I had to learn at school and about life in general. My schoolmates started to 'chase the birds', and I did my best to show I was part of the gang. But I felt I was doing something wrong, it was all a show and I felt very uncomfortable approaching the girls the way the boys did. I'd rather be just good friends with the girls. Making love and so with them was something I couldn't do. For me girls had also something sacred. For some reason I had great respect for them and I had to keep a respectful distance in a relationship with girls and women in general. My identity was seeking the security and love and support of a strong man. I was a woman and this Men's World where I got into showed empty and arrogant. But I couldn't break out of it, I had to live it whether I liked it or not. And as life was not offering me anything else I joined in and tried to make the best of it. I played man, copying the behaviour of popular boys and men. Actually, copying that behaviour got me quite popular. But at the same time it left me very unhappy. In spite of all the difficulties I managed to finish secondary school with a certificate.

Somewhere in the mid-eighties of the previous century, I found a book in the public library of my hometown: 'I, Monique, a Woman', a book in which a story was written about someone having changed its male body into a female one. This person was called to be transsexual. Here, I realized, was the solution to my problem as I felt so much in common with this person. I realized I had to take action to get out of my imprisonment, but it would take some years before I had the nerve to take a first step. Actually it was that I could no longer suppress my identity. It was in the late eighties that it cried out for life and I had to do something to stop my suffering. There was no way I could longer play this man farce, I was a woman and I had to live as one. At that time I was no longer living with my parents and I had the privilege to be myself in the safety of my own apartment. Of course in my work and when I was with friends I had to play man. But I was so fed up with acting, I felt so disgusted about it. And I was always so tensed en insecure. I had to be myself anywhere with everyone and stop this ridiculous play, trying to be a man to others while I was not a man. Truth had to live, and I found my first companions in this called transsexuality at a meeting at the *NVSH* in Haarlem. From one of them, who was already under treatment, I got the address of the gender-team at the *VU medisch centrum in Amsterdam*.

First I made an appointment with a psychologist, who asked me how on earth I got this idea that I was a woman. I couldn't explain, I didn't know, and neither could he. But his question rose doubt whether I was on the right path. Was I going to do the right thing? I had to dig deep into myself but couldn't find a clear answer as tensions grew and blurred my sight on what to do. I decided I would suppress this identity firmly, but found out I couldn't, it had grown so big and powerful. And there was this Truth; I had to live this Truth. And this Truth was concealed in my real identity; I have to be honest, I am a woman, I will have to live as one, and I will live as one! But at that time I was unable to bare the tensions in my life, I was unable to think strait, I needed help desperately. I got overstrained and started to smash all the idle luxury in my apartment, got drunk every day to avoid myself and the world that I started to hate. I hated its empty show, its arrogance, and its sheer stupidity. Friends of mine saw my downfall and my inability to cope with whatever problem I was fighting, and brought me into a mental hospital. The psychiatrist there overheard my story and diagnosed travesty. He advised me to buy myself a nice dress and find myself a nice girlfriend who didn't mind me dressing up as a woman, and that was it. As I was overstrained and very confused and not able to live on my own I could stay at the hospital. The psychiatrist gave me tranquillizers and sleeping pills but no therapy to help me cope with my high tensions. Every Friday he had one hour in which he heard eight to ten patients in one meeting. And all I can remember of these meetings was that it exhausted me completely having to listen to other peoples' problems, and I was not

able, not given the privacy the matter needed, to speak about mine. Every now and then I met this psychiatrist in the hallway exclaiming: 'Heavens, are you still here?' and then wandering off talking some Portuguese that he had learned on his favourite holidays.

I started a diary, to mirror myself, to get some clearance in my thinking. And I started drawing and painting. Reading was difficult: I couldn't concentrate for a long time and got very quickly mentally exhausted. How I managed, I don't know, but in half a year I got out of this hospital and back into my heavily ruined apartment. It took me another half a year to get back to work again, but I did not feel well at all. For years after I got out of hospital I've been looking through a pipeline, had great difficulty to concentrate and was quickly very high tensed. I still drank a lot, but I managed to survive in this world that I hated more and more. I felt very unhappy, and tried to escape my world treating my eardrums with heavy sounds; music of Pink Floyd: Us and Them, Comfortably Numb. No, my neighbours were not so happy either.

And then something strange happened, I fell in love, some kind of love. I met a young woman named Irene. She was going through a difficult time, recovering from an onslaught on her life. I felt it was good to be with her, and she felt that it was good to be with me. We talked about her problems, not mine. This helped me to a new escape from my own problem and it also gave me the opportunity to stop drinking. So far so good, and I really felt happy being with her. Although my true identity tapped me regularly on the shoulder, I was surprisingly well able to ignore that. Until one day I was to pick her up from her apartment and saw her speaking near the elevator door with someone hiding his face in the hood of his coat. It was late summer. I took respectful distance and waited till Irene and her mysterious friend were finished speaking. We kissed, and then she said: 'That person is a transsexual, but I don't mind, I sympathize with this kind of people. They have a very difficult life and I feel pity for them.'

Our relation was not one to last. I don't know what caused it but one day she got frightened. Somehow I had triggered something she hadn't got over, and she wanted me to go away. For more than a year I was able to ignore the tapping of the Truth on my shoulder, for more than a year I could resist my good old friend Alcohol. In that time I tried to figure out what love really meant. I found out that I had never been in love with Irene, but in love with the relation, in love with the fact that this relation pleased my parents, in love with the idea that I could please my parents' secret wish that I was to continue the growth of our family tree: in love with a situation. Truth fiercely slapped my face and my identity smiled at me as I looked into the mirror. I had to take steps to live this Truth, to be able to be myself. There was no way to avoid what lay ahead of me, I had to pass through, I had to live, not to survive. 'How' I exclaimed, 'meditation, meditation' I heard a voice saying. 'But what is meditation, what am I to do?' I asked myself. There came no answer. I tried to get some information about the subject in the public library of my hometown, but found nothing satisfying.

It was during a quiet holiday in Tarragona, Spain, before the tourist season, that I decided I would have my body changed and start living as a woman. A man's got to do what a man's got to do, and a woman too. When I got home I contacted the gender-team and made an appointment to discuss my situation. I explained my problem first to

a psychiatrist. I asked him whether there might be a possibility to treat this transsexuality with psychotherapy, suggesting that maybe it could be treated like schizophrenia. But no, they had tried, and had searched for many years to find out whether transsexuality could be treated by psychotherapy, without any result. He admitted that what the gender-team provided as help was in a strict sense no real cure for the disease, but the best they could offer to take away the suffering. Later I had a visit with a professor and head of the gender-team, in which we discussed my problem and the solutions offered by the gender-team once more. We agreed that a psychiatrist would monitor my development so when things got out of hand there would be someone who knew about my situation and professional help could be given. An endocrinologist gave me a prescription for medicines that would slowly take away the masculine hair growth and add some feminine fat on my body to give it a more female shape. My facial hair was to be depilated by a dermatologist. We agreed that the coming year I had to live as a woman before there would be made a decision for a gender change operation. In the meantime I had regular visits with a psychiatrist, to discuss my development and the problems I faced and how I tried to solve these.

In spite of my incessant mental exhaustion I tried to study myself with the guide of some books by von Dürckheim, Jung, and Lama Anagarika Govinda that I had bought by intuition. These books started to open my eyes wide for the fact that I had to find the solution for my problems in myself. At that time I could read for about ten minutes, then I had to rest to digest. When the psychiatrist who monitored me took some time off to deliver her first baby I got another psychiatrist, 'Niels' he introduced himself. Niels was somehow different. From the start he gave the impression that my story was something completely new to him, and he showed great interest when I showed him the books I was studying. At that time I read an article about Rachel Carson, a biologist who in the early sixties of the previous century had written a book that had shaken the world: 'Silent Spring'. The book had inflicted a war between chemical industries who had a great interest in producing DDT for the agricultural sector that tried to produce more crop by using DDT as an insecticide, and environmentalists who noticed that the use of DDT had a devastating effect on nature and in particular on wildlife. The article came with a photo of Rachel, which I used to make a small painting of her ear for Niels, as a token for my gratitude for his exceptional capacity to listen and sincere interest in my development.

After my first visits with the professor and the endocrinologist I had to tell my family, my friends, my employer and my colleagues about the change I was making in my life. My friends took it all well, they somehow expected something like this. No one had ever told me, but most of them thought I was gay. No, I was not gay, though a relation with a man of course had passed my mind sometimes, but only with me being a woman having a female body. At my work most colleagues in their first reaction admired my step, and my employer promised me he would support me every way he could. Having said this I gave him my full trust and my consent to inquire the gender-team about the treatment and its effects on my capability to work. So far all went well. Also my neighbours and many other acquaintances in my hometown took it surprisingly well.

My two younger sisters had great difficulty to cope with the situation as they lost their 'Big Bro'. Gaining a new sister couldn't take away the pain they felt at this loss. For my parents disaster struck. Their complete world of ideas, hopes and expectations fell into ruins. They could not cope with this big loss and told me they no longer wanted to see me.

At my work my new identity caused sometimes trouble. Not all clients in the shop where I worked could appreciate to be helped by a woman, some certainly not by a woman with still a rather masculine face. And though I repeatedly told my colleagues that when they had questions or remarks on my behaviour to speak out freely, some of them just couldn't. And so problems left unsolved, and with this, tensions between some colleagues and me grew, and grew, and grew until my presence in the shop became untenable. My employer gave me a job at the office, but there was no real job

to do for me there, moreover I had no experience at all in any office work. On top of it I found out that the department I 'worked' for was trying to sell goods to the USA while the rate of the US dollar was so low one could better import goods from there and sell it in Europe. They were certainly not making money. Business was not going as planned and my employer was very eager to find ways to cut losses. I felt very unhappy having to do either useless or uninteresting work and I was very eager to find my way out of the ever-growing mess I was getting into. At my work tensions kept growing and I got ill, overstrained, burned out, and was thrown out.

Fortunately there were also some more favourable developments. One of them was a friendly relationship with Iris, a dermatologist. Every once a week I visited here to have my facial hair depilated. There, in the peace of her apartment she patiently listened to me while she worked on my face and I told her about the dreams I had on previous nights, and my quest for the Truth and search for inner peace and self-confidence. She suggested I should meet her meditation-teacher, and ask him if it was possible to join in a new group. Whether it would be helpful in my quest of the Truth she didn't know, but from her own experience she said it would certainly give me some inner peace. And so, one day Iris took me to a large house named Amitabha, in a small peaceful village. It had a large meditation room and a shop selling books and Buddha statues. There I was to meet Iris' meditation teacher Peter. After he had given a lecture for a small audience about Buddhism, I asked Peter whether this meditation practice he taught would help me find self-confidence. He reflected on my question and then said: 'That might also be possible.' I signed in. It would take me quite a few years to understand what 'meditation' really meant. As I practised regularly and did my best to study myself I got insight, bit by bit. I felt that my regular visits at Amitabha did me well. José, the lady that ran the place, was very kind and very helpful to find me books to study that fitted my development. After a year Peter suggested me to join him on a holiday to Thailand where I could meet his teacher, a Buddhist monk. My intuition told me to go, go, go! My wallet showed me this was impossible. There were still seven months to go, but how were I to find that big amount of money that was needed for an aeroplane ticket and a three weeks stay in Thailand. And would I be fit enough for this challenge, as I was still too ill to get back to work.

When my employer had shown me the door he was legally not able to discharge me, Dutch law provided that because of my illness, and I got a full salary paid by his health insurance. Being ill and not able to work was something that bothered me. I found myself a failure not being able to join in for work and having to depend on all those people who worked for their living and had to provide for my income as well. Iris pointed out to me that being out of work gave me the opportunity to spend all my time on my spiritual development that was necessary to heal.

Of course I got angry when my employer told me to go. But as I tried to imagine myself in his place, I could understand his move and was able to forgive him. I realized how much inner peace that gave me.

The mortgage on the apartment that I lived in was becoming too expensive as the benefit I got from my employers' health insurance was stopped in April 1995 and was taken over by the national Occupational Disability Insurance. I made a drop of income from about thirty percent. I had to sell my apartment and rent a cheap one. The money I made from this sale enabled me to go to Thailand, where I was to experience very friendly people, warm weather and an atmosphere to relax and have fun. I met some wise monks who told me some small stories. At that time I was unable to understand these stories, but they showed to be valuable seeds that developed into insight as I kept asking myself what they had meant by what they had said. Many years later they showed to be the door to a development beyond my imagination.

In my new apartment I found it very difficult to find peace, which I needed badly to cure from my burnout and overstraining, and to concentrate on my study. It was an old building that was anything but soundproof, my neighbours virtually lived in my apartment. The lack of privacy was a mutual source of tension and irritation for all inhabitants. My Turkish neighbours were usually very quiet, and I could cope with the situation, but I did not get any better. Tensions grew as they moved out and were replaced by Dutch with stereo systems. I knew this was my payment in kind for the past years of frustration in my previous apartment, in which I had forced my company upon my neighbours with my music. I was to take strong measures to create me a place where I could rest and cure. Having to listen to music had become a torment. It annoyed me and exhausted me completely, whether it was music in shops, music in the street, or music from my neighbours. Even listening to my own music irritated me for I was well aware that, even at low volume, my neighbours had to listen to it too. In change for my old stereo system that had got out of use I bought a new CD player and a pair of headphones. That was to be my contribution to peace in this building and for my neighbours. Now being quiet myself I could convince my neighbours more easily to do the same, I thought. But some of them were not easy to persuade, failing to understand that I was ill and needed peace desperately to cure.

Getting a benefit from the Occupational Disability Insurance was another source of high tensions, as I was to be judged by medical doctors who were not educated in human psyche. Every visit was like a Russian roulette and every visit I found another doctor who was not well informed and not very interested in my problems either. Every time I was called for an inquiry they told me that they could not judge about my situation, as they were not educated for it. I asked Niels if he could make a psychiatric report to help these doctors make a proper judgement. At that time Niels was no longer working for the gender-team and had started his own practice where he and some colleagues practised relation-therapy. We agreed that I was to visit him once a month to discuss my development, and in about nine months he would be able to make a report. Writing my diary every day I confronted myself with my daily situations, the questions that puzzled me, and the answers that came unexpectedly. The insight that grew and the development I went through I discussed with Niels. Also my problems, my incessant exhaustion, my problems to concentrate and to sleep, my frustrations about the way I was judged for my Occupational Disability Insurance benefit, and feeling out of place in this world. And my grief over the reaction of my parents and being showed the door by my employer. And the grief over my past, the many years that I had been living in high tension and frustration, wandering and searching for a solution. There was a lot for me to digest but I was sure that I was able to do this and, like a true Alchemist changes Lead into Gold, change my burden of life into wisdom and happiness. Niels was also convinced that I, if given the time, could do the job. 'Actually you don't need a psychiatrist', he once said, 'You can do it yourself', judging my development and the initiatives I took in my quest for healing.

At that time we both thought it best that I had to be given more time to recover well from my burnout and overstraining. It was very difficult for us to judge in what period I would be able to return to work. After eight visits Niels considered it better to give it another half a year and then judge the situation again to see whether I was fit enough.

The medical doctor who was to judge me this time for my benefit however thought differently. He first put forward that he was not able to judge me, as my problems were psychical. Then he put aside the psychiatric report he had received from Niels and said he thought I was able to work for half days. This man got me so furious as I had never been in my entire life. How could he, given the fact he was not educated and therefore not able to judge, be so arrogant and plain stupid to put aside a psychiatric report based on eight visits of one hour each taken over a period of nine

months and 'judge' that I was able to get back to work by a mere thought. This man's doctors certificate had no more value than one of the two hundred and fifty blank sheets on a roll in my bathroom. In stead of half a year to work on my recovery I got half a year of high tensions to fight bureaucracy and get his judgement undone.

My health situation was getting worse and worse instead of getting better. For more than half a year I had to live on half a payment. It was when the institution that had so far judged me for my benefit was taken over, that in the screening of my case another medical doctor found out that something was seriously wrong. With many apologies for the trouble it had given me the payment was repaired, but never in my entire life have I been so ill and completely exhausted. My home had become a mess, as I was unable to do the household. I was frequently unable to walk or to ride my bike to do the shopping's. Failing to keep standing on my legs I often fell crying on the floor wishing death would take me from this 'human' world. I had lost my voice, was burned out completely and a nervous wreck suffering from attacks of intense fury. In my fantasy I killed medical doctors by the dozen, shooting them with loads of bullets and biting their throats like a wild animal. With this I realized how people like Adolph Hitler, Joseph Stalin and Pol Pot had come to their revolting crimes, and I felt myself a criminal alike. This fury I had to get out of my life definitely as even the smallest incidents fuelled it and made me react excessively angry. The incident had given a severe blow to the already low opinion I had of the institute and the doctors who judged patients for an Occupational Disability Insurance benefit. Trust in certified helping hands had completely gone, the only exception was Niels. He was pretty straightforward; he could not help me he once said. But still he does, we correspond. Twice a year I write him about my developments, once a year during his holiday he answers back and gives me something to contemplate, suggests a book I should read, apologises for having me misunderstood the previous letter, and compliments me on my development and the insights I gained. With this I am convinced I have found the best solution possible to get at least some psychiatric help, as in Niels I found someone who shows sincere interest in my development and whom I can fully trust.



It was not until 1998 that I started to get a grip on this fury. When I was studying the Majjhima-nikaya, a Buddhist bookwork that explains how and what human consciousness rises from, I found out how feelings came into existence by interpretation of the existential world. The right view was twofold. First one has to acknowledge and accept what was happening. Second one has to understand that one's feeling and reaction on the happening depends on one's own interpretation of this happening. An example came with a televised documentary about a passenger's ship that had got on fire at full see. As it was an old ship with a wooden deck, the fire spread rapidly. Most passengers panicked as the lifeboats could not be used because the davits they hung in were fixed by many layers of paint and were unable to manoeuvre them alongside the ship. One man however did not panic and was therefore able to guide and help many passengers to a safer place awaiting help from other ships. How was it possible that this man, being in a situation where most people panicked and feared for their lives, kept so cool? How was I to keep cool in situations that usually brought me in high tension and anger?

In the summer of 1997 Achaan Phra Chantaran Sri Pikul came to Holland. Achaan is Thai for teacher. During my visit to Thailand in 1995 Achaan had become also my personal teacher. Since then I am his Looksit, meaning pupil. Achaan is no ordinary teacher like a schoolteacher, he is a Buddhist monk and the Lord Abbott of a temple in Chiang Mai and a most kind and a humble man. He is a very friendly monk whose wisdom is far beyond my comprehension. During his visit in the Netherlands he made me realize that my healing was not only for my happiness and welfare, but my life's experiences and the wisdom that I gained was also to help others. Being a living example himself he gave me the best reason for living. And so one day, kneeling for a Buddha statue in the meditation room at Amitabha, and in the company of my teacher, I wished sincerely and with all my heart that the wisdom, compassion, and loving kindness of Buddha would pervade me, in all my thoughts, all my speech, and all my actions, to enable me to help all other living beings out of their suffering. And that this wish would be for the support and inspiration of my teacher. These honest and powerful wishes started a very strong development in my healing.

Achaan showed to be able to help me in my quest for the Truth and in my quest for healing. Only at that time I had no idea I was to find something more than just self-confidence and healing from my burnout and overstraining. During his visit in the Netherlands he gave some lectures and took interest in how the Dutch were living and had created their land out of the sea. Because of my illness I was not able to meet him as often as I would and join him and the group of looksit on his trips through the Netherlands. But in the few occasions we met he was able to make me see what direction I had to take in my life to heal myself and get out of my misery.

In the years following his visit I got very ill. I got a very painful liver and at night I was unable to sleep as I was coughing up thick mucus out of my lungs. All nights I had to sit on the couch in the living room, supporting my body with pillows to keep it strait up while I dozed. It was impossible to lie down, as the mucus would choke me. It took two and a half years before I had my first nights sleep horizontally in bed again. The pain in my liver got slowly worse and exhausted me even more. The annual medical examinations by the endocrinologist showed that nothing was wrong with my liver. The pain had everything to do with the digestion of my spiritual burden. In the meantime I did my best to study 'the Majjhima-nikaya', a bookwork containing the life philosophy of Gotama Buddha. I also studied Lama Anagarika Govinda's 'Foundations of Tibetan Mysticism'. Understanding the lectures was one thing. Finding it as a Truth in myself another. I found out that answers on my questions only came when I stopped thinking. Practising a meditation method called Anapanasati from 'the Majjhima-nikaya' proved to help me there. It also brought some inner peace. And when I was writing my problems in my diary trying to find my way out of a problem I often concluded writing: '... and so I have to practice Anapanasati. Anapanasati is a Pali word for mindfulness-when-breathing-in-and-out. With breathing we usually only think of the function of our lungs. But if one takes a closer look at the physiological system that makes the physical body, one can see it as a whole system of breathing in and out. And the breathing of the lungs influences all this breathing a great deal. Peter once had me experience the effect of my breathing in and out on my psyche. He told me to breath in and out about twice as quickly as normal. As I did



so, I felt more and more uncomfortable unto a point I nearly started crying. So the way I breathed had shown not only to influence my physical body but also directly my spiritual wellbeing.

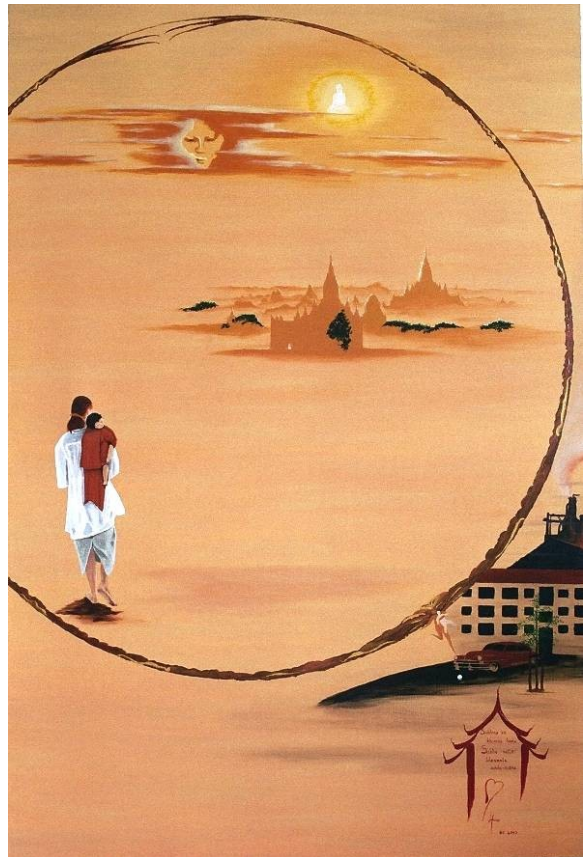
Studying the Majjhima-nikaya and practising meditation showed to be very helpful in gaining insight in how my identity had come alive, and it shone a bright light on the real source of my identity problem. The insights I got were immense and very detailed and came always at a time I least expected it. As they were much too detailed to write them down I transmuted them into metaphors and made paintings of them to keep the insights alive.

I started realising that the only way I could find security in life was by *not* depending on self. Rather than depending on self-confidence, depending on Truth I was to find inner peace. Self, as I found out, was a creation to find out all about life, and having found out all about life, becoming unnecessary and being left. With this I do not mean one can live without a self, but one is no longer attached to a fixed idea of self. It became clear to me that my self, my identity, was like a barricade behind which I tried to find security from fear that rooted deep in my sub-consciousness. My conscience was emerging from this abyss to confront me with life I somehow dreaded much. But I was unable to remember what wrong behaviour of mine had created this. From the first day it had emerged to my consciousness my fear and dread and my search for security were all neatly covered under a general accepted normal idea of 'boy and girl'. So no one was able to find the trapdoor through which my girl-identity at the age of seven had come alive.

So I had to change my view on life *entirely* to get freed from this self and the problems that it caused. The wrong view on the existential world, where my self was built on, had to be changed for a right view, a right interpretation of the existential world. Here Truth came into vision, Truth that so many years had lain hidden behind the many veils of my self, pervading it with its virgin light. Truth, whom I've been carrying in my spiritual womb all my life was finally born and showed its face.

In the Majjhima-nikaya I found the clearest explanation (sutta) of how an identity comes alive. The Madhupindikasutta in there explains step by step how the fortress of self is built, pulling up barricades of fixed ideas based on a wrong view of the existential world, and how it gives birth to obsessions. But before I was able to understand this explanation I had to study *myself* for quite a while guided by the previous suttas and other books. Wisdom was certainly not coming free of charge. I had great difficulty concentrating on my study and was quickly mentally exhausted. The continuing pain in my liver wasn't making life any easier either. It was all too clear to me that I was going through a kind of starvation, or you may say a kind of mourning. It was really very painful and not at all easy being mirrored the results of my own ignorance and my wrong grasp of the existential world and digest everything my conscience showed me in order to learn from it, get rid of it and heal myself. Often I felt all-alone with my feelings as it was so difficult to explain to others. I think that only Achaan, Niels and Iris understood the heavy struggle I went through and the deep suffering I experienced. My eagerness to work my way out of this painful misery caused also tension and frustration. I had to learn to accept that healing needed time and I could not do more than my best to acknowledge and digest whatever problems life served me to let wisdom mature and take away the source of my problems.

The year 2000 AD was the year in which all pieces of the big puzzle came together. I had finished studying the first part of the Majjhima-nikaya and I felt the need for a little change. In February I bought a copy of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* which I found surprisingly understandable as I saw from my study of the Majjhima-nikaya how Ovid's world had come into existence. The people who lived 2000 years ago and understood this story fully must have lived in another state of awareness than we do today. For instance today the idea of the sun being the centre of our solar system is an idea as fixed in our view on life as two thousand years ago the idea of the sun circling the earth. But the people of that time must have had a better understanding of the fact that the sun could be seen as a metaphor for a state of consciousness in a hierarchy of gods and nymphs and all other kind of beings that mirrored their sub-consciousness and made clear why certain happenings had occurred. The whole Roman pantheon is a model to give insight into the source of our being, either wellbeing or misery and disease. It is an ancient model for psychotherapy in which one could reflect oneself and if in trouble could find a way out of it. Whatever pain we feel it is always spiritual. It is not the physical body that feels pain. The physical body just passes signals; there's sensory impingement. But experiencing pain is depending on consciousness and the interpretation of the sensory impingement on the six sense organs.



That summer I bought myself a Dutch translation of the Nag Hammadi-scriptures, the Upanishads and the Tao Tê Tjing. They shone a new light on my problems and how they were born. I found that my previous study of the Majjhima-nikaya was very helpful to understand these treatises and works. Together they gave me the full view on how and why human being had come into existence and with that also the purpose of my development. As I had the full view on creation and with that the creation of my gender-identity and the problems that had arisen from this, I was able to let go of my gender-identity. There was no more need for it to stay alive, as I fully understood it had no base to protect me. I realized fully that in absolute sense there exists neither men nor women; there are human bodies. And human bodies were mirroring human being, mirroring happiness and sadness, mirroring joy and sorrow, mirroring old and young; mirroring human life to one another. And so I freed myself from life behind the magic mirror called 'own body' that I once ignorant had stepped into and identified myself with.

At that time also came a vision of a rare world of atoms in which all solid bodies dissolved in a play of tiny nervous moving glimmerings. Immense thought-forces brought tensions and worked upon them churning and giving them shape. I realized how futile my personal power was in this creation. It was clear to me that I would never ever be able to get any grip on this process, let alone in a way that it would bring me long-lasting peace and happiness the way human being tries to get it nowadays. I realized that trying to get what I want and to avert what I don't want only works the wrong way. All my blind obsessions create a perpetual mobile of craving and aversion, in which I would be caught for a lifetime and more if I had stayed ignorant and not knowing what caused it all.

Now I also clearly saw what Jesus Christ meant with 'The Holy Father', 'The Kingdom of my Father', 'His Son', and it became all clear to me how my heavenly conscience had pushed my identity into being as fear and dread and shame from wrong conduct in previous lives had made me search for shelter behind a barricade of self to avoid being faced with the payment in kind I was to receive. I acknowledged my ignorance and my arrogance, and tears came into my eyes as I felt deep remorse for all that was laying as a burden in my sub-consciousness' conscience. Understanding the Parable



of the Lost Son right and fully I told my Holy Father of my ignorance and my arrogance. Feeling deep remorse I asked Him to reach me His Right Hand, Jesus Christ and help me find my way back to His Kingdom, His unconditional love, His all embracing compassion and everlasting peace and happiness. In the full awareness that it all lay in my self, I had to find my way through the many veils of my self into my sub-consciousness. And here the explanations of Gotama Buddha and the practising of Anapanasati would help me. Jesus Christ and Gotama Buddha showed to be brothers, helping me each in his own way but both from the same Truth.

As my gender-identity had become without foundation it started to crumble down. The need to live as a woman had gone. Wearing female clothing made me even feel uncomfortable as it had become an empty show. I had never worn much make-up, but now I stopped using it at all. There was a great change coming over me. Going through my garments I found many of them not fitting my new identity which had become neither male nor female. And so I took them out of my wardrobe and put them into plastic bags and gave them to the Salvation Army.

I also realized that I had to stop taking hormones. But this proved to be more difficult than I had expected. 'What if I were to go to Thailand?' I asked myself, 'Then I would have to pass the customs, showing my passport which states: 'Female'. Now I had to play woman when I was not a woman. But I could not keep on taking hormones just because I had to pass the customs in Thailand or to live up to other people's ideas that there exists either men or women and I had to be one of them. I knew when I was going to stop taking hormones the body would slowly lose its female appearance and would certainly gain a more male one. How was I to live with this in a society that is based on fixed ideas of man and woman? To appear as a woman I had to take these hormones. To appear as a man was impossible because of the gender change operation I had undergone. On my birth certificate was added by juridical decree that my gender was changed from male to female. All my identity documents were now based on this.

My conscience told me I had to be honest and live the Truth and stop the hormone treatment. It took months of inner conflict, till finally my liver signalled that if I wanted to keep on living I had to stop taking these medicines. It was in December 2000 when I got ill and the pain in my liver got worse. And even then I could not stop. I clearly had to digest the death of my old identity. In February 2001 I was able to let go of it and stop the hormone treatment. After that it took me still another year of mourning and digesting to have my insight fully matured and being able to live according to this insight. It was in February 2002 that a young man from the secondary school opposite of my apartment asked me: 'Madam, are you a man or a woman?' that I

replied him with a big smile and without any hesitation that I was neither. Leaving him speechless and me experiencing profound happiness and inner peace. I knew I had cured myself from my gender identity disorder. Never before in my life had I experienced such a superior freedom and inner peace and happiness.

My feelings of fear are declining and I feel free, strong and stable now the barricades of self have been left and I have no other foundation than Truth.

Chapter 4, A cure found by chance.

As all of them have had an education based on a bio-chemical scientific approach of human being, for many M.D. the word meditation has the idea of something vague and not fitting in with modern Western Medicine. Because of a wrong idea and prejudice many of them are reluctant to listen to any explanation, let alone try and practice it. This is not only due to their educational background. Many people who practice meditation are not able to explain it properly either. Unfortunately the past two decades of the New Age movement have only contributed to this vagueness and prejudice.

The Majjhima-nikaya however is a Buddhist scripture that gives clear and very detailed information in various ways on a meditation practice called Anapanasati that one needs to experience in this healing process. What I mean with the word meditation is 'state of awareness'. To give an example: As you are reading this, your state of awareness is focused on the meaning of this writing and therefore this influences you. But looking at this screen with its writing you can also focus on the sentence, thinking 'there's a sentence' and whatever is written does not influence you anymore. A next step for instance is to focus on the fact that you see black (the letters) and yellow (the background). Thinking 'there is black and yellow' you are no longer influenced by the idea that there is a sentence. Next step is to focus on the fact that there is visual consciousness and you are no longer influenced by the idea that there is black and yellow. This is something one has to practice and experience to see that the whole idea of oneself, one's identity, is something that is liable to change, depending on an interpretation of the existential world. It is of outmost importance that one **experiences** how one creates one's own identity. Only then raises the awareness that one can truly take away the problems that rise from this identity by changing one's view on the existential world.

With existential world I mean whatever impinges our sense organs. For instance what we call light or sound or taste or smell, or what we can touch, and the mental objects we experience when we dream, remember or imagine something.

If you look at the body thinking: 'This body is mine', this idea influences you. If its appearance is something you like, you'll start feeling happy. If you do not like it you'll start feeling unhappy, and if you approach it neutral you'll be losing interest and

neglect it. Feeling happy about it you will have to do a lot to keep it that way, because bodies tend to change and with age lose their youthful attraction. Feeling unhappy about it you might try and do everything to change it into a form that pleases you. Plastic surgery can do a lot to help you there, but what is provided is not lasting very long either and always has an other side of the picture that is only showed after one has undergone the treatment. Many people having problems with their physical appearance are getting so depressed that they are given anti-depressives to suppress the mental pain. It should be clear that this is no healing and not helping these patients to find the source of their problem in themselves, and by taking away the source getting rid of the problem. Neglecting the body is not a healthy attitude either. All three points of view will not give inner peace and a long-lasting happiness.

How on earth did you get this idea that you are your own body? How on earth did you get this idea that you have your own body? Think this over! These ideas we have sucked in with our mother's milk and we have never ever reflected on how these ideas have come into existence. Even so the ideas of boy and girl, and man and woman. We've never ever questioned ourselves how these ideas came alive and got fixed in our minds as absolute beings. Without giving it much thought we are spoon feeding each other daily a wrong conception of human being from our mutual ignorance. This way we create a man's world and a woman's world, a boy's world and a girl's world and forget that we are all equal human beings in the first place. How do we create these worlds? Why do we create these worlds?

Take a closer look at what you are doing now. Yes, you are reading. But has this action only come alive from your curiosity? No, of course not. Someone else made this writing and is at this moment influencing your eyes to come alive, to focus on this writing. The reader and the writer **together** cause the life of the eyes at the moment **and** the life of the rest of the body that supports them. No one owns a personal body. All human bodies are brought alive constantly by an idea of Two: 'Me here' and 'someone or something else there'. Now I'll write it a little different: 'Me-here-and-someone-or-something-else-there' and I name this an idea of One. Just reflect on this. See how the idea of Two is made out of the idea of One and vice versa just by a different interpretation, by a different state of awareness.

As the idea of Low cannot exist without the idea of High, the idea of Wet cannot exist without the idea of Dry, the idea of Hot cannot exist without the idea of Cold and the idea of Young cannot exist without the idea of Old, it is that the idea of 'I here' cannot exist without the idea of 'The Other there' and the idea of Male cannot exist without the idea of Female. This way of ideas coming into consciousness is called Duality and its base is Oneness. You might also say that Duality is concealed in Oneness; [.

As Low is born out of High and at the same time High is born out of Low, and Wet is born out of Dry and at the same time Dry is born out of Wet, and Hot is born out of Cold and at the same time Cold is born out of Hot, and Young is born out of Old and at the same time Old is born out of Young, it is that 'I here' is born out of 'The Other there' and at the same time 'The Other there' is born out of 'I here', and the idea of Male is born out of the idea of Female and at the same time the idea of Female is born out of the idea of Male. Let it be clear that no single idea can exist on its own. Every idea that comes to our consciousness has a partner; a suitable companion.

It is written in the Bible book Genesis that woman was created from man's rib while man was asleep. It should be right understood that with **man** is meant a **state of human consciousness**. And man was not taking a nap, but this human being was not fully awoken. Man was ignorant and not able to **live and learn from life**. This Bible

story is not to be taken literally; it mirrors how human being comes to consciousness by division, by creating duality in oneness, by making Two from One: God-and-man, Adam-and-Eve, [, being the **necessary basic idea** on which human consciousness could develop further. And it tells us how consciousness crystallizes out more and more by giving names to 'thing-dom'. In the end of the book Genesis we are warned not to strive for more than granted is and to know more than we should. The mess you're in shows you missed that line. You'll have to set yourself a goal in life to get out of it. Only a right goal will give the right help.

As in creation our consciousness comes alive by division, by making Two out of One, religion does the opposite, making One from Two, bringing our consciousness back to experiencing oneness again. Religion (re + *ligare*; "to bind", from Latin) means nothing more than realising oneness, by seeing with wisdom that 'I here' and 'the rest of the entire world' are mirroring one another and are in fact one, a unity, each part born from each other and dying together. Sleep on this and wake up!

The idea of self is born from consciousness of oneness, but you experience this idea of self being separated, by a wrong interpretation of the existential world. It is judgement that gave birth to you! Sleep on this, wake up and stop judging!

Going downhill in division, getting fixed by a wrong view on the existential world, your identity will crystallize and get more solid. In an idea world of man-and-woman it craves for living either one of those (man or woman) you think being a save heaven. But in doing so you create more and more restlessness and trouble.

Going uphill in religion, your identity will become solvable. By a right view on the existential world your identity solves, detaches from fixed ideas, and gives inner peace and happiness.

A right view, a right interpretation of the existential world, is the base for right thought, right speech and right action. Right thought, right speech and right action are the vehicles you need to develop the right way. They on their turn are the foundation of a right way of living, free of al forms of greed, aversion and selfishness. And as the right view is a view of wisdom it will also inspire you to make effort and cultivate yourself in a broad and right way. It will help you to live mindful of your entire behaviour and direct you to experience life in a higher (no, not up there but more pure: cleaned from the stains of greed and aversion) consciousness and help you to concentrate on what is really necessary in life. In Buddhist scriptures this is explained as the Ariya Atthangika Magga; the Nobel Eightfold Path.

Instead of going down the road of division, you have to turn around and start going up the road of religion. At this point you make the real conversion in life. Nowadays, with conversion is generally meant a person's spiritual change or adoption to a certain religious belief. But **the real conversion is made when one's self related consciousness is left for a universal consciousness.** When duality is transcended and one experiences the reality of oneness. You'll have to make a 180° turn on the path of life you're walking by seeing with wisdom that division is the way towards creating your idea of being separated from the rest of the existential world. Religion is the way back towards experiencing oneness by seeing with wisdom that your identity forms one with the rest of the existential world in which it is mirrored.

To get detached from the wrong fixed idea of self, your identity which brings so much misery, you'll need to make this turn in life. Seeing with wisdom that the foundations of self are born from a wrong view, a wrong interpretation of the existential world, can take away these foundations and detaches the self from a fixed idea. So the identity becomes solvable, workable, by a right view on the existential world.

Depending on a fixed idea of self, you depend on a wrong view of the existential world, and that is why self-confidence is always under attack and cannot provide long-lasting peace and happiness. Here is the main switch in life that has to be taken: from trying to get self-confidence to **not** depending on self. This can only be done when you see with wisdom that the 'I' aimed self, which for instance causes selfishness and greed, is born from the ideas 'I here' and 'the other there' and by seeing with wisdom that both ideas cannot exist without each other, are born from each other and are in fact one. So you'll have to make a conversion in the way you look at the existential world. You can create I-related consciousness by the view that 'I here' is separated from 'the other there'. You can create a universal consciousness by the view that 'I here' is linked with and born from and forms oneness with 'the other there'. The first view is called a wrong view because it leads into misery. The second leads out of misery and is therefore called a right view.

With division there is another force working in creation and that is the Word. It is by giving a name to someone or something that it starts to come alive in a way we can remember it and discuss it. This is the birth of the faculty of reason in which you can advance a thesis, take a position, build yourself a mental fortress and have a discussion or a debate. Life shows clearly that being attacked is inherent to having taken a stand, a position, a stronghold, or having advanced a thesis. So no everlasting peace can be found in this. But you cannot avoid this part of creation. The fact that you read this at the moment shows you're in it. But there is a way to get attached to it and therefore also a way to become detached from it again.

Let's again have a look how it all comes into existence:

There are eyes and there is a material shape, and the two of them give birth to visual consciousness. There are ears and there is sound, and the two of them give birth to auditory consciousness. There are noses and there is smell, and the two of them give birth to olfactory consciousness. There are tongues and there is taste, and the two of them give birth to gustatory consciousness. There are bodies and touches, and the two of them give birth to bodily consciousness. And there are minds and there are mental objects, and the two of them give birth to mental consciousness.

The next you do is combine parts of these different spheres of consciousness. E.g. this material shape plus that sound plus that smell, and you give it a name: Dog. To give it a name enables you to take a position and discuss about it. The dog now has become an idea built up from a certain material shape plus a certain sound plus a certain smell, but this idea has not yet got fixed. This fixing is done by the magic word 'is'. The sentence: 'We name it Dog' gives a different impression than: 'This is a dog'.

One day I visited my sister, whose two young children were playing House. They were building 'their house' from some small furniture and piles of magazines in the living room, creating walls and rooms and windows and doors in their minds from it. As the youngest one, Michelle, walked between two piles of magazines her older sister Tarisha

told her angry: 'You mustn't walk through there! We agreed that there was the window, the door is over there!' pointing between a chair and another pile of magazines. This is a striking example how we create our world and what can happen if an agreement is broken. This mind game of these young children is not any different from the mind game we grown-ups experience as 'the real world'. Most adults have forgotten the 'so-called' play. They are convinced that things are what they are in absolute sense. Just tell your neighbour that his car is not really a car, but a no-thing that comes alive by giving it a name: 'Car'. Come to think of it: are you really a woman? Or are you really a man?

Do not make from male a man. And do not make from female a woman. Instead make from male and female One, by seeing with wisdom that both are mere ideas born from each other at the same time. Everyone has its own ideas about what is male and what is female. It doesn't even necessarily have to do with gender. It can be seen as action and reaction, or as talent and a provision to let this talent come alive. Male and female are empty ideas that we fill with our own life's experiences and interpretations. Be aware that these ideas are becoming only experienced as an absolute reality by your own thought creativity. By combining from the six different spheres of consciousness 'thing-dom' comes into existence. And then giving things a name they individually come alive. And waving your magic wand and saying 'This thing is...' it is fixed in your memory and starts a vicious circle of a wrong grasp of the existential world. To get out of this vicious circle you have to get a **right interpretation** of the existential world.

'Own body' is a wrong idea of the physical body; we do **not** own it. The way we experience 'own body' is in no way different from how we experience the rest of the existential world. Both are experienced by sensory impingement. The division between those two is born from a wrong idea: the idea that 'I here' lives separate from 'the other there' and the identification of 'I here' with what we call 'own body'. But the right view is that the idea 'I here' is born from the idea 'the other there' and 'the other there' from 'I here' both at the same time. The idea 'I here' cannot exist without the idea 'the other there' and are One. However 'own body' comes alive and moves, it reacts always as a result of what is spiritually built between the ideas 'I here' and 'the other there' or 'myself' and 'yourself' or 'me' and 'you'.

The ideas 'I', 'myself' and 'own body' are three different ideas. But from a wrong interpretation and ill-based identification they can give birth to the conviction that they are somehow one and the same. This is becoming a very difficult problem when the idea 'myself' by its character is given the name female, and by a wrong interpretation of this given the fixed conviction of being a woman. And at the same time from 'own body' it is said to be male, and by a wrong interpretation of this is said to be a man. This is the birth of a gender identity disorder!

The Majjhima-nikaya gives clear and step by step explanation how human being comes to full consciousness and how a wrong interpretation of the existential world leads to imprisonment in a vicious circle of experiencing unhappiness and disease in life. In the same way it explains how a right interpretation frees one from this vicious circle and enables one to experience long-lasting happiness and peace in life. Freeing yourself from disease can only be done by freeing yourself from the ignorance that caused it.

Let it be clear that whatever you have to go through when you want to change the physical shape you call 'own body', like hormone treatment and plastic surgery, you could avoid all this muddling with the body if you were just able to see with wisdom how you created this idea of your self and from that point of view could let go of this idea.

Imagine how peaceful life would be if all this tampering with the physical body were not necessary! Imagine if you were just able to accept the body as it is and wouldn't mind it's shape and it's gender function in society. Take efforts to find the real source of your gender identity **in yourself**, and with that, **the real source of your problems**.

Do not misinterpret the fact that the help that is given by the gender-teams in hospitals is nowadays easily obtained and therefore justifies your steps to have the physical body changed. Because as you do so and do not search for the real source of your identity problem in your self, you are not learning any life lessons that are pressed so hard upon you. And not learning, the future will serve you your payment in own kind even harder as no one is to escape one's own life lessons.

Not even the departing from earthly life will prevent you from being faced by the results of your thoughts, speech, and actions. The Tibetan Book of the Dead gives an impression of what can be experienced after death and the breaking up of the physical body. When studying this book one must bare in mind that the experiences that are written about stem from a life of contemplation and meditation in a Tibetan Buddhist way. To compare this and shine another light on this matter one can study the Revelation of Paul in the Nag Hammadi-scriptures (NHC V.2).

To understand life, to get a right view on life and how human consciousness rises and how life is being experienced from the interpretation of the existential world, is a major key to dissolve your identity problem. To fully understand what is written in these books you'll have to study yourself as well and find what is meant with these writings in yourself as an unshakeable Truth. Never ever just take whatever is said or written as truth unless you have found it as Truth in yourself!

The Physical body is a mirroring set of organs, mirroring human being creating it's own consciousness by adapting Division and Word to the existential world. This consciousness arises from human ignorance and the will to find inner peace and long-lasting happiness, trying to push away what one does not please and trying to obtain what one pleases in an effort to gain this peace. This way you create your own stumbling blocks that you have to learn from and find out that you are having a wrong view, a wrong interpretation of the existential world that gives birth to this whole mass of troubles where you've got into.

The interpretation of the existential world is done by human spirit and in doing so, human spirit develops human identity being the result of the interpretation. It is through this identity that life is being experienced, being happy, unhappy, or neutral. From this state of being you can learn how this state of being has come alive, learn to find the real source of your thoughts and feelings. Having found the real source, you will live without attachments, without obsessions. The physical body is to mirror human being on Earth.

The physical body has to be seen as a collection of organs and sensory impingement is the only thing these organs pass on to the brain. Researching the brain whatever is happening there, this is something one **can** interpret as a bio-chemical process which it 'is' than and only **by being given the name**: 'Bio-chemical Process'. The pain one feels bumping one's toes into something unwilling to move, one neither feels in the toes nor in the brain. Of course there is a bodily reaction as Mother Nature tries to heal whatever is broken. But what we experience as 'pain' is from our own interpretation of

the existential world, depending on our consciousness; on what we are able to focus our consciousness on.

Human being is mirrored in physical shape. What we call 'own body' is something human being has been creating from 'In the beginning' by the churning of thoughts. Thoughts carried by greed and aversion and born from ignorance. It is therefore that the shape of this 'own body' is the result of not only your parents' genes, and from their parents' genes and their parents' genes and so forth to 'In the beginning', but **from all human creativity** from 'In the beginning'.

Whether we call it 'own body' or Mother Earth, it is all one material world, one and the same substance: Matter (from Latin *materia* "physical substance", from *mater* "mother") in physical shape. Whether we look at this Matter from an ancient point of view, dividing Matter into the elements Earth, Water, Wind and Fire, or dividing it into chemical elements with each its own atomic number, Matter is liable to change and with all our efforts not under control of human being. The life of the physical body is not different from the life of the Earth it belongs to and the mutations it undergoes we have no control over. It is the true Alchemist who meditates on this mutation, understanding that Matter is to mirror this spiritual process.

Truth, with a capital T, is the core of Religion, the core of every kind of religion and is only found from a right interpretation from the existential world. Black and white cannot exist without each other; in fact they are born at the same time out of each other. Even when we see black and nothing white, the idea of black exists only from the idea of white that lives in our sub-consciousness. So it is with male and female. Both are ideas that are born at the same time and out of each other.

The Bible book Genesis tells that God created woman from man's rib while man was asleep. The author of this work is trying to tell us how human being comes to full consciousness.

First there was Chaos. No, not like chaos after a road accident or an earthquake, but Chaos meaning No-thing, in Buddhism called *Suññata*. The existential world is there and human being is aware of that. But to order this Chaos is something that has to be done to come to full consciousness. And so in this Chaos, this No-thing existential world, we first make a division between Heaven and Earth: two different states of awareness are born, at the same time and out of each other. Each one gets a name; one is called Heaven, the other is called Earth. From there more divisions are created and human consciousness crystallizes out to what we experience now. Not only the Bible book Genesis gives an idea of how human being is coming to existence and is experienced from the development of consciousness and how consciousness is born from ignorance. In the Nag Hammadi-scriptures you can find many more treatises that give a clue what creation started, how it unfolded itself and why it had to be. All these stories are written to mirror your self in. They are built on Truth being the core of religion. And do not mix Truth with the idea that whatever these stories tell truly happened in the way it is described.

Another Bible story that played to my imagination was the Parable of the Lost Son (Luke 15:11-32). The ignorant son (the father speaks of his son: '...he was dead...' which is a metaphor for ignorance) asked his father for his share of the property. The father, wise, gave his son what he asked for, as he knew that his son had to live his own life to come to full consciousness and become as wise as his father. The son's ignorance brought division, the wisdom he gained in his life learning from his stumbling-blocks brought him back to his father. The way back to his father is religion,

from Latin *re-ligare*, which in this case means re-connect what one once in ignorance had separated. These Biblical stories are not to be taken literal but metaphorical and, to be well understood, be found as a Truth in oneself.

Here you can see how human being first crystallizes out and experiences a solid being on Earth, bumping into payments of one's own kind, stumbling over one's own legs and experiencing pain that inevitably comes with birth, illness, old age and death. It may be clear now why this father in this story was called the Holy Father, as with his generous gift, he gave his son the possibility to come to full consciousness. His generous gift was to help his son to come to fully understand what life is all about, fully understand why life evolves as it does and **heal from his ignorance**.

Our life is to discover the answers on our deepest questions that rise in us all when we experience deep suffering, and in finding the answers, finding our way out of this suffering. Healing from ignorance is the base for healing from dis-ease.

The Parable of the Lost Son I also found in a Buddhist scripture and it is reflected from the many Buddha statues I've seen during my visits to Thailand. This is why the Buddha statue in my house is sacred to me.

The Parable of the Good Samaritan (Luke 10: 25-37); the metaphors explained.

As I have often heard the Parable of the Good Samaritan explained wrong by Roman Catholic pastors I would like to explain this Bible story from my point of view, according with religion, the way it helped me to let go of my identity and its disorder.

The way it was explained to me by pastors, from childhood up to the last time I read it in a church magazine, it always ends with the conclusion that the Samaritan was good and the Priest and the Levite were the bad guys.

Let it be absolutely clear that Jesus Christ preached concord, understanding, oneness, unconditional love and all embracing compassion and not discord, passing judgement, discrimination and detestation.

That is why the explanation that the Samaritan was good and the Priest and the Levite were bad is a very wrong interpretation of this parable and those who explain it this way lead their flog into division instead of into religion.

This wrong explanation can cause harsh and merciless judgement and punishment in stead of understanding, love and forgiveness.

Emphasizing that ideas of 'good' and 'bad' have an absolute definition, is the cause of materialistic as well as 'religious' fundamentalism that leads to war and terrorism, which nowadays so many people are suffering from.

If Jesus Christ was only meaning to explain good and bad behaviour, instead of the Priest and the Levite he could have put on stage just one ordinary person in this parable.

In this parable, the Priest is a metaphor for the insight in creation: the knowledge of how and why and what consciousness rises from, and how it forms the physical matter in which this consciousness is mirrored.

The Levite, who is an assistant of the Priest, can be seen as a metaphor for Mother Nature. He is the provider of the material substance to feed the fire in the temple. From that point of view he can also be seen as a metaphor for willpower. To compare: in my study of Alchemy I once found 'an assistant that is taking care of the fire in the oven, to keep it at the right temperature for the alchemical process, while the Alchemist is on travel'. From this I understand that 'the assistant' was taking care of the physical body by feeding the physiological system in order to sustain the spiritual process, while 'the Alchemist' was meditating and contemplating on transmutation, in order to spiritually mature and discover the Philosopher's Stone, meaning the Truth and insight in creation.

The Samaritan is a metaphor for love and passionate feelings.

The Samaritan, love, is to guide the Priest's knowledge by emotional feelings. The Priest's knowledge, in its turn, will keep the Samaritan from reacting by strong selfish emotions and blind passion. The two of them, if well balanced, form the base of virtue, and with the Levite, form the foundation for a virtuous life.

The Priest, the Levite, the Samaritan, all three of them participate in the spiritual maturing of your self. Together they form a unity: the One that helped the man who was robbed and beaten half dead, 'going down from the Holy City of Jerusalem to Jericho' which is a metaphor for life's path of division.

'Going up from Jericho to the Holy City of Jerusalem' is a metaphor for life's path of religion.

The Priest and the Levite cannot but pass by at the other side of the road, as they are the metaphors for knowledge about creation and Mother Nature or willpower that all three lack the possibility of experiencing love.

The characters that are put on stage in this parable are all mirroring a part of your self. They must be seen as aspects of life you can experience. This is important to understand, as it is the key to shine a different light on the people you meet in life. They now cannot only be seen as persons, but also as reflections of aspects of your self. This is the first step to come to understanding that whatever occurs in your life mirrors something of your self.

This is why you should love your neighbour (Old English *neahgebur*, from *neah* "near" + *gebur* "dweller"), and that can be any being dwelling into your consciousness, like you love your self.

Living good, according to the Law, is the foundation to live **relatively** happy and in **relative** peace. By transcending this Law and its ideas of good and bad, by stopping your judgement by the insight that 'good' and 'bad' are ideas that are born from each other, only live in relation to each other and have no absolute foundation, you can experience **absolute** inner peace and happiness.

The Law that is spoken of in this parable can be Moses' Law, but it can also be the constitutional law of your country, or that of a clan spirit of an aboriginal clan in Australia.

Transcending this Law does not mean you must ignore, deny or destroy whatever is created according to this Law, but see that it has no solid foundation. In its turn, this view, this understanding, is the foundation to become detached from the absolute definition of this Law. And so transcending this Law, experience unconditional love and supreme inner peace and happiness.

This state of being is what you have to love with all your heart, with all your soul, with all your strength and with all your mind.

This state of being is the Lord your God you have to be loyal to, to find refuge from all your obsessions. But as long as god shows its face, you are being mirrored with your own creation.

Now you can mirror your self in this parable. Experiencing being robbed and beaten on life's road of division to Jericho. Enriched by life's experiences, being able to understand how and why and what caused consciousness.

Experiencing the fruits of wisdom, with the right effort, fully aware of the value of Mother Nature, with a heart that is not lead by selfish emotions but by wisdom and so giving birth to compassion, you can make the right choices in life's destiny.

Now you can make a choice: either going down the road of division towards Jericho and stay trapped in the vicious circle of wrong view and its results, or going up to the road of religion towards the Holy city of Jerusalem, freed from the wrong view and its results, experiencing freedom of spirit.

Now you can even see that the man who was robbed and beaten half dead and the Priest and the Levite and the Samaritan form a unity you can mirror your self in.

More over, seeing with wisdom that 'I here' and 'the other there' are ideas that are born from each other, and can only live with each other, being the cause of each other, and are in fact One; you can see that your self and the man who was robbed and beaten and the Priest and the Levite and the Samaritan are One.

Being able to see that all creation has no solid foundation, you can sacrifice your self. After all, why try to hold on to your self when it cannot give you a solid and save heaven to guarantee you long lasting peace and happiness and on top of that, letting go of this self **does** guarantee you long lasting peace and happiness.

It is by the sacrificing of your self that you convert from living in division to a religious way of life.

It is by the sacrificing of your self that altruism is born. Altruism is the key to live the right way. Living the right way gives faith that, whatever happens, you do not have to worry; eventually all will be all right. **This is the message of this parable!**

Free your self from all obsessions. Understand they are rooted in your wrong interpretation of the existential world, stem from your barricades that grow from that root, and shown in the blossoming of your identity that grows from these barricades.

By taking away the root, you sacrifice your self: your identity and its disorder.

The inner peace that is found when your identity is completely and unconditionally sacrificed, is the *requiem sempiternam* (Latin), the eternal rest, that is sung about in Mozart's Requiem. You better not depart this earthly life before you understand how to attain this peace. Studying this work of Mozart can help you there. It is the Christian counterpart of the Tibetan Buddhist Book of the Dead (Bardo Thödol).

You simply cannot heal yourself from a gender identity disorder by focussing only on the gender part of the self, leaving all other wrong ideas and interpretations of the existential world that live in yourself as they are. Focussing on all the different parts of the self helps to gain the all-compassing view on your self. However, working on one individual part can certainly help healing other parts. Life showed me all the different parts I had to work on while I stumbled over them. And so I was not to be choosy but eat and digest whatever life served me.

Not being attached to the bodily shape and not being attached to the idea of self, gives to my experience much more peace and happiness than being given a body that pleases the self. Plastic surgery and hormone treatment may alter the outside appearance of the physical body in an attempt to give an idea to the outside world that you are of a certain gender. But strictly seen the results miss the functions they were originally created for: the penis to ejaculate sperm into a womb, or the vagina to receive a penis and let through a new body from the womb.

At first I experienced my gender change operation as a relief; finally I was freed from my prison-cell and could be myself. But at that time I still had a wrong view on the matter, and was not aware of an even greater experience of freedom that lay ahead of me. Moreover I was still searching for self-confidence and inner peace.

The freedom I experienced after being able to live according to my gender identity was like freedom one can experience coming out of a prison cell into the courtyard, where one can meet the other prisoners. But when I got rid of my gender identity I was **totally freed** from prison.

Now it doesn't matter anymore what the physical body looks like. It doesn't matter anymore whether people call me sir or madam, as I see with wisdom that neither man nor woman exist in an absolute way. **The need to be either of them has died.**

Often we intuitively feel from our sub-consciousness that we're going to face something we don't like and that makes us seek a safe heaven by creating an identity that we assume will be given shelter ('Female') or an identity that that fights to defend ('Male').

Actually what is knocking at the door that frightens us and what we feel ashamed of is nothing else but a part of our self that comes to show our conscience. Shame and dread cause us to create and find a way out of the mess we have in our sub-consciousness in an attempt to avoid or ignore whatever weighs on our conscience.

First we have to be brave and face the truth and accept our identity. From there on we can change this identity by seeing with wisdom how and why we created this. By taking

away the foundations that were built on a wrong view, have the identity collapse. The apocalypse that one experiences then is one of great relief and happiness.

Gender Identity Disorder in childhood and adolescence:

When you are young you cannot find out what the source of this gender identity problem is. One needs time to experience life and to educate oneself to come to a point and age where one is mentally able and spiritually matured to heal oneself. At that time the right help will be provided if one asks for it. From my own experience I can guarantee you: when you knock there will be opened, when you ask there will be answered. If you think it takes all too long before you get your help or answers you're just stumbling over your own blindness and impatience. 'I want it all, I want it now' is a disease built on wrong view.

In addition to help and get a picture what is forcing this identity into life in young children, psychiatrists can study the parents as they also bare the hidden source within them. If the parents study themselves and see how their identity comes alive they will be able to help and guide their child to develop the right way out of trouble.

Ask yourself: 'What am I hiding from behind the barricade of my gender identity'. 'Why am I standing so proudly on the barricade of my gender identity'. 'What is behind this façade, and how was it born'. 'What is the real source of this obsession'. **You are given the opportunity to work yourself out of the mess you created yourself.**

Chapter 5. Anapanasati, a meditation practice

Mindfulness-when-breathing-in-and-out. The Majjhima-nikaya gives a clear and full explanation of the entire meditation-practice in many different ways. I will stick to the first and basic step in this practice. If you are eager to find out more about the many other steps and states of consciousness you can experience in this practice you should study the Majjhima-nikaya.

First of all you need a quiet place, wear clothing that fits loose and a relaxed attitude: have no expectations. Take off your wristwatch and shoes and wear no make-up, jewellery and perfume. If you are unable to sit in a lotus position you can also sit on a high chair with no armrests e.g. a kitchen chair. The most important thing then is to have your back straight in a natural and relaxed way and **not** leaning against the backrest. Have your legs next to each other and your feet firmly on the floor.

Put your right hand into your left on your lap, the thumbs touching each other light. The thumbs are your indicators whether your concentration is too strong or whether you're at the point of falling asleep. If the thumbs are pressing each other this

indicates you should relax some more, if they lose touch you'd better wake up quickly before you tumble from your chair.

Before you start your practice you can say an affirmation or a wish that will be for your guidance out of trouble. I give you mine for an example: 'I wish that the wisdom, compassion and loving kindness of Buddha pervades me in all my thinking, speaking and acting, to enable me to help all other living beings out of suffering. May this wish be for the support and inspiration of my teacher'. Instead of Buddha you can also mention Christ. It forms a sort of beacon at which your consciousness aims during the meditation practice.

When you sit comfortable, the body in the right position, relax and close your eyes. Take a deep breath and fill your lungs completely. Feel it deep down into the belly, feel your belly, chest and shoulders rise. And then breathe everything out emptying the lungs as much as you can with a big sigh. Repeat this two more times and then start following the natural breathing in from about a few inches before the nose, through the nose, the throat, into the lungs, and breathing out from the lungs through the throat, the nose, and out at a few inches from the nose. Do not force the breathing. Simply follow the natural breathing in, and breathing out, and breathing in, and so forth.

After doing this for a while and feeling relaxed, while breathing in-and-out you think: 'experiencing the whole body'. The next breathing in-and-out think: 'tranquilizing the whole body', the next breathing in-and-out 'experiencing the whole body' and so forth. Do not change anything in these sentences. Thinking 'I am experiencing my whole body' is wrong because 'I am' and 'my' feed your consciousness with a wrong view, as I explained in chapter 4.

Various spontaneous thoughts and feelings will occur. Just watch them as you would watch the clouds in the sky, and let go of them. In the beginning it will probably be difficult to concentrate as more and more thoughts rise into your consciousness. Don't let it get you down, you just have to get through this like thousands of other people did this before you. When it gets too difficult for you, take a break. You can leave a notebook and a pencil next to you to write down the most worrying thoughts.

The best is to exercise daily at the same time. Start with practising for about ten or fifteen minutes and over a period of some months extend this to about half an hour, or longer if it feels good. It is better to practice a shorter period with the right concentration than trying to practice as long as possible.

Longer practising does not always mean better practising, and practising twice a day with a right concentration for twenty minutes may be easier to sustain than once for half an hour.

In time you will notice that the thoughts that occur become less vivid and move to the background giving more and more thoughtless periods and inner peace. If you find it difficult to keep up practising see if you can find people to join you.

The trick is to take the attitude you develop this way into your everyday life. Whatever situation you're in, whatever thoughts or feelings arise, see them as clouds in the sky. They come, they change, they go. Anapanasati is a practice to develop right meditation. Right meditation is not meant for practicing an hour a day and then go back to business as usual. Right meditation is a way of life.

In chapter 3 I've already written that breathing is not something that is done in the lungs only. The whole physiological system of the body is one of breathing-in-and-out. The way one breathes also directly influences the spiritual well-being. Breathing relaxed, becoming completely relaxed, one creates also a relaxed atmosphere other people can pick up and enjoy. Without pointing at a particular sense organ we can all experience a certain atmosphere in our house, in a pub or restaurant, or in a temple, at our work or at a football match. This exercise will help you create a relaxed atmosphere for others as well and keep you from being influenced by unhealthy atmospheres.

Another meditation practice that I learnt from Peter that I experienced to be very helpful is called Vipassana Kammattana. This practice however cannot be explained here, but has to be learnt from an initiated teacher. I can recommend this kind of practice because it helps to gain insight and brings peace in the realms of your sub-consciousness.

To find someone to guide you in this exercise you can check in Buddhist magazines. Vipassana Kammattana is an exercise from Theravada Buddhism.

There are, no doubt, many other forms of meditation or yoga that can help you in your development. It took me some years before I found the proper exercises and the right teacher that fitted mine. But whatever road you choose, self-analysis and meditation practice are the two legs you need to support your development.

If you have difficulty detaching yourself from the clock and the time schedules that rule your life, let this not influence your exercise and contemplate on the following:

'Instead of putting your self on an imaginary time-bar, between ideas of past and future by focussing your consciousness on ideas of past, present and future, you can detach your self from living in time, by focussing your consciousness in any situation on religion and division (right view and wrong view on the existential world) and experience there is only here and now.'

Chapter 6. The churning in the Milk Sea by greed and aversion.

From now on, in my explanations I will use 'dis-ease' instead of 'disease' (illness), where I want to emphasize that I mean 'the opposite or absence of ease' in its widest context, equivalent to the Pali word 'dukkha'. In Gotama Buddha's teachings 'dukkha' stands for an experience ranging from the smallest inconvenience or discomfort, to illness, severe disease and the deepest suffering, and stems from inner unrest: not-peace, which is born from ignorance.

In a book about East Asian art I found a picture of a bas-relief in Angkor Wat in Cambodia, representing 'The churning in the Milk Sea by devas (gods) and asuras (demons)'. The picture shows the sovereign snake Vasuki, being used as a churn-rope, alternately being pulled by its head by asuras and by its tail by devas. The story comes from the Mahabharata: The preparing of the amrta (Mah. I 17-18).

In the past in India, for churning, people used a rope wound around the churn-stick. By the alternate pulling of either ends of the rope, the churn-stick was rolled to and fro in the churn, agitating the milk and so creating butter. It is not so much the story of the making of amrta that took my interest, but it was the idea of 'churning in the Milk Sea' that I found so imaginative.

Ignorance causes greed and aversion. And like the need for the physical body, for sustaining its life, to get oxygen and to get rid of carbon dioxide, which causes breathing-in-and-out, greed and aversion creates similar tensions, which cause movement.

This spiritual movement in the Milk Sea causes the 'churning', **forming and dissolving** elements, atoms, bodies, the entire physiological system we call the Milky Way and all the other galaxies; all together the entire physical universe.

This 'churning' also gives a clue about the forming of physical organs and their connection with chakras which are from ethereal and more spiritual nature. It is in this connection that we can see the relation between a certain physical disease and a spiritual tendency of the self, in any form of greed or aversion. All physical disease is to mirror a wrong spiritual tendency of your self that is either being suppressed, ignored or has become a habit. To let go of this spiritual tendency is taking away the source of the building of the physical emanation in which it is mirrored.

At first sight, physical bodies may give the impression being solid and separate. But enlarging the picture to sub-atomic level we can see that in fact they are very thin and have a very spacious structure with a lot of movement and creativity, exchanging elements and breathing-in-and-out with what we consider not being part of these bodies.

Physical bodies are neither solid nor do they live separate from the rest of the universe.

This is clearly mirrored in the functioning of the physical human body, whose life is depending on the life of planet Earth, the sun and the rest of the universe in which it has its proper place. From the bio-chemical point of view, from the physiological model we nowadays have made, all so called organs function in a way that can be seen as breathing-in-and-out. In this breathing-in-and-out they are forming a relative small unit we call human body. But all the breathing-in-and-out in this body is connected with and influenced by all the breathing-in-and-out of the entire universe.

All kind of spiritual tendencies have an effect on this breathing-in-and-out.

All the movement and creativity we are mirrored in the physical body, is all caused by spiritual tendencies from different hierarchies in creation, from the beginning of creation. From a Christian point of view, this can be seen as a hierarchy from heaven. From a Buddhist point of view, this can be seen as the creation of karma formations. It is mirrored in Ovid's Metamorphoses and is the cause of the adventures of the many characters that are put on stage in his work.

Breathing-in-and-out can be seen as the motor of all creation that is fuelled by greed and aversion, which, in their turn, are born from ignorance.

All the efforts we humans take to try and rule these tendencies will not result in the extinguishing of these tendencies. In fact it will only result in more creativity. The only way to find inner peace is not to get attached to thoughts and feelings. The right view in the existential world, which shows that actually there is nothing we humans can hold on is the major key to this.

Mindfulness when breathing-in-and-out, the practising of Anapanasati, therefore is not only to experience and tranquilize the activity of the physical body. But together with a right understanding of the nature of creation, learning to become not attached to sense-pleasures, not attached to a view, not attached to rules and customs and not attached to an idea of self, it helps to develop a relaxed and healthy attitude towards life and the disease that inevitably comes with it.

Human conscience, its sub-consciousness or heavenly consciousness as the counterpart of earthly consciousness; their existence cannot be scientifically proved. Science is unable to create instruments to tune in to these realms of human consciousness.

Claiming that, 'because their existence cannot be scientifically proved they do not really exist and therefore are of no or lesser value than whatever can be scientifically proved', is closing the eyes for human experiences that all participate in the development of an identity and its problems.

After studying your self with this work, it should be clear that all of creation, including the faculty of science, has no solid foundation. Scientist should reflect on this formula:

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and place this as a warning sign at the beginning and at the end of their works, to give their scientific works a proper frame.

Many medical doctors built their practice on scientific proof. But Science has its foundation in earthly consciousness, not in the Truth that transcends this consciousness. Science is not rooted in wisdom but in cleverness, trying to outsmart the dis-ease in creation.

Science can give help in healing in the realm of the physical body. From there it has its short-term effect on the soul, experiencing relief from dis-ease. But it cannot stop the work of the spiritual source and its architects and destroy root and branch of dis-ease.

Science is not to be underestimated, as it facilitates much on which modern hospitals can provide help to patients that desperately need it. But neither should it be overestimated, and fully depended on by Medicine. The faculty of Science is limited. It can be of help to Medicine but it cannot help the patient escape from dis-ease.

To escape from dis-ease, one has to discover its source in one self. Religion can give a key to discover this source and give help to take away this source, making way for real healing.

Therefore Medicine must take with one hand the faculty of Science, to help take away the physical problems, and take with the other hand the faculty of Religion to help the patient come to understanding what caused the dis-ease.

Chapter 7. About creation, Theology and Religion.

From all the stories that I've read or heard about creation, not one is to be taken literal. They all stem from the same naked Truth, but are dressed by the culture they were born in. And although they all try to explain how human consciousness comes alive, it is best understood by the culture they originate from.

Most of them show a kind of hierarchy in which the self is reflected. I give you a Christian and a Buddhist story of creation in brief, to reflect on.

The Nag Hammadi-scriptures, which contain early Christian Gnostic treatises, picture a hierarchy of archons and angels as forces that influence your soul during its life through the different heavenly realms of consciousness. After your decease from life on earth, you are being mirrored your conscience before you fall back into earthly consciousness again, to start a new life on earth. The Gatekeeper you'll meet is nothing else but a mirage of your own conscience. And the Angel that drives you back to earth is nothing but a power you create yourself by shame and dread, being faced with the results of your own previous misconduct, trying to escape and find refuge behind new veils and barricades, and so creating a new identity.

If, however, after dying and the braking up of the physical body, you know your way through the lower heavenly realms that are governed by Jaldabaoth, the arrogant creator god and his hierarchy of archons and angels, having united the Love of Christ with the Wisdom of Sophia, your self being the temple of the Holy Matrimony, you'll find the everlasting peace and happiness in the Kingdom of my Father that transcends this unity.

The Kingdom of my Father is the most superior heavenly realm in which one experiences unconditional love, everlasting peace and happiness, and which is a metaphor for a state of being that is devoid of craving for becoming and non-becoming.

Wisdom, Sophia, used to be part of this realm. But one day she was so possessed by the glory of her Father, that she wanted to give him a son in His own likeness. So one day, by uttering a sound she gave birth to his son. But when she saw her child she became dreading by its appearance as it had a lion's head and the body of a snake. And as she had given birth to this child without the knowledge of her partner, she felled ashamed.

To avoid that her Father and her partner would become aware of this child, she put it on a throne in a corner of the universe and hid it behind veils of mist. There, her son saw the mirage of his mother in the waters of the universe and with her image, the hierarchy in the heavenly realm of the Father. One day he decided to create his own hierarchy and took lots of energy from his mother to clay an army of archons and angels. He, being the head of this hierarchy, exclaimed very arrogant that he was the only god and that there was no god above him.

And so there were created three heavenly realms. First The Kingdom of my Father. Second and beneath that, the realm of Sophia, who after having given birth to her son could not stay any longer in the Kingdom of my Father. And third, underneath the realm of Sophia, the realm of the creator god.

This third heavenly realm can be subdivided in for instance the twelve spheres of Astrology, or in the arcane of the Tarot. But it can also be replaced by the clan spirit from an aboriginal clan, or replaced by the Roman pantheon of gods from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.

Living in this lower heavenly realm and on earth can be relatively peaceful if one knows how to live the right way according to the law of good and bad of this creator. But one will be caught in a perpetual mobile in which one always will be faced with birth, dis-ease, old age, death, heavenly experience, birth, dis-ease, and so forth.

The Tibetan Book of the Dead pictures something similar, with Buddha-emanations in stead of archons and angels:

If, after departing earthly life and the braking up of the physical body, in the heavenly realms you fail, from dread and shame, to face the bright light of Buddha, and are drawn to the shimmering light in an attempt to find security from this bright light, you will fall back to earthly consciousness to start a new life on earth.

Whatever happens in these heavenly realms: you are being mirrored your self. From the reaction that is born from whatever you are faced with, and the wisdom and love you either lack or have to cope with this situation, you are either pushed back into life on earth, or, being able to transcend this experience, find the peace and happiness of nibbana.

(Nibbana is from Pali, a language spoken by Gotama Buddha, and it means in this case the extinguishing of the source of all dis-ease: ignorance.)

Whatever the story of creation, all the heavenly realms that are written or talked about can be seen as states of awareness to mirror your self. The trick is to transcend the lower realms of your consciousness, by seeing with wisdom that whatever occurs is part of your own creation. It is in this earthly life that you can skill yourself by self-analysis and practising meditation, to free yourself from the bonds that keep you from transcending these lower realms of creation.

Life is to come to understanding that all you become aware of has no solid foundation, so why try to hold on or escape from it. Whatever your obsession; when you see it is no more than a castle in the air, a misconception, you can let go of it.

Studying these heavenly hierarchies is called Theology, which gives a basic information about life. The next step is to use this information and mirror these hierarchies to your self. To adopt this mirroring in your way of life, understanding that your self is born from this mirroring and has no solid foundation and from that point become able to sacrifice your self, giving birth to altruism, is called Religion.

An academic study, collecting lots of information about life, may give you plenty of possibilities to advance a thesis and philosophize about life. But this has nothing to do with wisdom. Intelligence will not get you out of trouble. A wrong use of intelligence will even get you into trouble! Many people today may have the impression that they are wise because they know a lot of information and they know how to win a debate, but in fact this only shows they are clever. Being clever is something different than being wise.

Therefore this work has no value for those who only read it and take whatever is written for granted, spreading the word without understanding its meaning, not able to adopt its message in their own life.

Chapter 8. Major keys in the books that I studied on which my therapy developed.

In 1994, in an attempt to find self-confidence and inner peace, I started my therapy by studying a book about meditation by Professor Karlfried von Dürckheim, who, in my view, made absolutely clear that meditation had everything to do with everyday life. His work also made me realize that the common Western way of life I tried to lead was missing a real goal.

In my life I was regularly confronted with the fact that I could not see my reason for living, as in my world I saw nothing but people producing and consuming. And, however this way of life gave me little satisfaction in view of the efforts I took to experience at least some short-time happiness, I could not see another goal in life other than to join in.

Von Dürckheim, in his book, showed me the purpose of my life.

Another book I found valuable was 'Man and his Symbols' by Carl Gustav Jung.

I wanted to analyse my dreams, as I saw that my dream world was a reality I had to value as much as any other state of consciousness. In my local bookshop I found some books with interpretations of dreams and symbols, but I felt suspicious about the rather strict interpretation they gave. I was looking for a **key** how to interpret, not the interpretation itself. 'Man and his Symbols' gave me that key. And with this key also the view that **all** that happened in ordinary life could have a deeper meaning.

Studying these books I started to analyse my self and my behaviour. I kept a diary to mirror myself, and to write down my own analysis. Everything I stumbled over in my daily life became part of my study.

An important lesson that I got from Iris was: 'When you accuse, and point your finger towards someone else, take a good look at your hand; there are three fingers pointing at your self!'

In the beginning, discovering the source of my problem in my self was quite painful. I often noticed when I was faced with my self that, because of my harsh judgement, I tended to deny my own faults and tried to justify whatever I had done wrong. I just couldn't bare the fact I sometimes made mistakes. But at the same time I was very well aware of the fact that by denying my own faults, I closed the door to discover the source of my misery and walked away from my problems, leaving them unsolved. This way I was calling a halt to my development and my healing. So, in order to heal, I had to take a deep breath, be honest and acknowledge whatever I had done wrong.

Taking these steps I experienced I was doing the right thing and I felt very relieved when the first problems got solved this way.

Another way of mirroring my self was brought to my attention by Iris. She had two books about Native American culture that each came with a deck of cards.

During my visits at her place, to have my facial hair depilated, we usually took a brake to drink some coffee or have lunch together. 'Pick a card', she once said. And so I did. After I showed her the card I had picked from the deck, Iris read from the book how I could interpret this card and how I could adopt its lesson in my way of life.

I found this Native American view on the world very interesting, and the way that the wisdom of this culture was presented very playful. I felt had to buy these books too and so I did.

The book 'Medicine Cards', by Jamie Sams and David Carson, mirrors parts of the self by different animals and their teachings. It enables you to reflect on your self by the character of a certain animal, and use its quality to change your way of life for the better. Being showed parts of your self that you usually are not aware of, or being given a critical view on those that you have accepted as 'normal', you can leave the wrong way of life that is the foundation of your problems.

The book 'Sacred Path Cards', by Jamie Sams, mirrors your spiritual development by Native American cultural happenings. It gives you the chance to reflect on the purpose of life and gives keys to start certain developments to spiritually mature. This way you can detach your self from a lower and rather selfish life attitude that gives birth to much trouble in society and become a more noble person with an eye for the welfare of all living beings.

Both works I found very inspiring and very helpful. The playfulness and love with which the teachings are presented, pictures the richness of Native American culture and gives an idea of the way of life these people used to live before the Europeans invaded their country.

I can very well imagine that the spiritual poverty of the 'asphalt road and shopping mall society' they nowadays have to live in brings little satisfaction to these people. And I feel ashamed for the fact that their way of life is misunderstood and killed to provide room for the ignorant way of life of producing and consuming of modern Western society and the sheer arrogance with which this is being pushed upon them.

Every now and then I picked two cards, one of each deck, to mirror my development and myself and to find help to make the right decisions when I felt lost or stranded in life.

Lama Anagarika Govinda explains in 'Foundations of Tibetan Mysticism' that there is a power working underneath the superficial creativity of giving names to thing-dom as I have explained in chapter 4. His bookwork explains Tibetan Buddhist mysticism from the mantra 'Om Mani Padme Hum'. To me, this work was of great value to understand the creative power of sound.

The power of sound and of the reciting of mantras cannot be explained, but it can be experienced. Without being able to explain how and why, we all know that the different sounds of instruments evoke different feelings. The sound of a lyre or a harp is usually tranquilizing, that of a trumpet is frequently associated with the hunt or with war and victory.

The power that rises from the reciting of mantras is beyond any explanation and imagination. But to give you an example of the power of speech, you can for instance study some of the work of art from William Blake and explain his rhymes in your own common everyday language. If you compare your explanation with the original work of art from William Blake, you cannot but admit that his work of art is much more powerful and has more depth. And at the same time there is no explanation for this power and this depth. It is an experience beyond the faculty of reason.

The wholeheartedly uttering of a wish, an affirmation, or a prayer, has much power and great influence on life. For the same reason it is better to abstain from harsh words and cursing as it affects your own peace and happiness more than you can imagine. Uttering a wholehearted wish, to never ever become angry anymore, started a development in my life in which I was put to the test. I failed. But it also gave me the opportunity to study myself and take away the source of my anger: **my harsh judgement and narrow-mindedness.**

It is important to understand how sound and language creates life and become aware of the importance to master this art. Understanding how a prayer, reciting a mantra or uttering a wish works changes one's hope for a good outcome into trust and assurance of a good outcome: faith.

This knowledge was the foundation of making the reciting of Paritta suttas, before or after my meditation practice, part of my therapy. Paritta suttas are verses from Gotama Buddha that, when understood and recited wholeheartedly, give protection because they are rooted in Truth, virtue, and unconditional love.

From 1994, in addition to my self-analysis, I practised Vipassana Kammattana, a meditation practice I learnt from a Theravada Buddhist teacher. This practice helps to digest the burden of life, which we are all saddled with, into insight. Practising this meditation and self-analysis are the two legs on which my therapy runs.

In the period I was fighting bureaucracy with the institute that provided my occupational disability benefit, I read some stories from Miguel de Servantes Saavedra's '*Don Quichot de la Mancha*', to help me see the problems that occurred in a right perspective and help extinguish my rage.

I also had to solve conflicts with my family, and my employer. I had to dig deep into my self to come to understanding what caused their and my behaviour. From understanding the cause of conflicts I could forgive them as well as my self, and experience love and inner peace and happiness.

When my health permitted me, I sometimes attended lectures about spirituality and religion that were given by authors with their presentation of their new books.

In March 1998 I started analysing my self with an English translation of the Majjhima-nikaya, which was very difficult because of my incessant mental exhaustion. Later that year I started practising Anapanasati, a meditation practice that I frequently read

about in this work. I found out that this helped to quiet down the chattering in my mind, and helped me relax mentally, so I could focus better on my study.

Studying this work I discovered I could take away the source of my gender identity disorder by giving up my entire identity. It slowly became clear to me that my identity was rooted in a misconception of the existential world. (I.B. Horner, O.B.E., M.A., '*Majjhima-nikaya, the Collection of the Middle Length Sayings*', *The Pali Text Society* (<http://www.palitext.com>))

In this study it also became very clear to me that breathing is much more than taking in fresh air. Breathing is the motor of all creation that is fuelled by greed and aversion, which, in their turn, are born from ignorance.

From 1999 I made paintings to keep my insights alive, as they were too big and too detailed to write them down. Together with my domestic altar with a Buddha statue, they built my temple in which I daily worked on my development.

In June 2000 I bought myself an integral Dutch translation of the Nag Hammadi-scriptures, a Dutch translation of the Tao Tê Tjing, a Dutch translation of some Upanishads and a book with stories and legends from Hinduism and Buddhism. The last bookwork especially because it contained 'The story of the making of amrta.', a chapter from the Mahabharata that tells about the churning of greed and aversion in the Milk Sea. It helped me to understand how spiritual tendencies cause matter to crystallize and form bodies to mirror the spiritual creativity.

With the studying of these works, my self-analysis, and my meditation practises, my insight how and why my identity was born came to completion.

Another year of digesting, mourning, and learning to adopt this insight into life made me let go of my identity and its disorder. I was cured from my mental disease.

During my spiritual development I often had to lay down and rest as it had a strong impact on the physiological process in the liver, pancreas, adrenal glands and intestines. During these periods of two to three hours, when the physiological process worked at full power, my heartbeat and respiration frequency went up. I usually got a headache and a very painful liver. These periods occurred three to five times in twenty-four hours, in which I was completely exhausted.

The only strategy I had was, whenever my health permitted me, to take the opportunity to analyse my self and practice meditation and do whatever was needed to support my development. By learning from my own stumbling blocks, adopting the insights I gained into my life and so letting go of my identity and its disorder, change my life for the better.

Chapter 9. Epilogue

Most people interpret self and physical body in such a way that they identify with what they experience: 'self' and 'own body' are experienced as something personal. But it may be clear now that this identification is born from a wrong interpretation of the existential world. This wrong interpretation leads to the misconception and fixed idea of our selves and the absolute conviction we can possess a self, bodies and properties. This in its turn is the source of all the misery we experience in life when we are saddled with whatever we do not want and crave for whatever we do not get. The dis-ease we experience this way makes us search for a way out, and still imprisoned in the wrong conception, we create novelties in an attempt to ease and please our life again.

It should be clear now that it is our mutual ignorance and lack of understanding the right view on the existential world, that keeps human being in a perpetual mobile of creation and experiencing short lived happiness exchanged by unhappiness, restlessness, disease, worry and pain in an attempt to push and pull and manipulate life in a way it pleases us again.

This churning of greed and aversion, born from ignorance, is the motor of creation from the beginning, which only brings ease in connection with dis-ease. This ease is a very personal and relative ease and depending on what one likes or dislikes; it is the ease found in being pleased.

There is a significant difference between experiencing being pleased this way and experiencing inner peace. The first is born from getting what one wants and being able to be someone one feels comfortable with, the second from not needing to have or own something or be someone.

We all have to experience life to be able to experience the difference between these states of consciousness and at a certain point in life, make a switch over from wrong view to right view on the existential world; here is where the real spiritual conversion from division to religion takes place.

All the 'wrong' we do from our ignorance is necessary to build our conscience, from which we are pushed into life to learn and live the right way to get out of our self created mess. Our conscience is the treasurer of our wisdom, and a large part of our conscience lays hidden in our sub-consciousness that forms our identity.

The veils that cover this part of our selves are lifted when we experience dis-ease. But we have to see and not be blind for the fact we are faced with our own creation. The veils may be lifted but it still needs a right interpretation of what we are faced with to come to understanding what steps in life we have to take to heal and get better.

We all carry our self-created burden in life that makes us stumble and fall and bump into each other from time to time. By understanding that all human beings have to go through this in order to become wiser and detach from this way of life, to find inner peace and happiness, we can help each other back on our feet again and forgive whatever wrong has been done.

Religion is not something exclusive for in churches or in temples. Religion is for everyday life, for every moment we live. Religion (re + *ligare*; "to bind", from Latin) is the key to help you understand when you see 'this', there exists also 'that' ([).

'This' being: 'that' becomes; from the cessation of 'this': 'that' ceases.

It is a key to come to understanding that whatever comes alive in our consciousness has no other base than its relative opponent and has in fact no solid foundation to live as an absolute being.

In connection with Theology, Religion is the key to show whatever we experience as God as meant in the Bible book Genesis or in the Upanishads, or as different gods in the pantheon of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* or in the *Mahabharata*, they must be seen as a mirror image of our selves which we are united with.

It is in everyday life that we should be aware of religion and division as two ways of interpretation of the existential world; it is in everyday life that we are faced with problems we have to solve.

Studying different cultures showed to be very helpful in expanding my narrow-mindedness in which my previous identity was caught. It gave the opportunity to question myself and it helped me to change my view on life.

Especially my study on the life of the aborigines in Australia and America had a great influence on my coming to understanding the importance of learning my life lessons and being grateful for the opportunity to play a part in human development. They also helped me to understand the richness of Mother Nature, be thankful for what she provides and take from her no more than is really necessary for my development.

Not only religious works like the Bible or the *Majjhima-nikaya*, but also many folk stories conceal deep wisdom and can tell you about creation and at the same time broaden your view on life as they come from different cultures.

To come to understanding that there are cultures that do not live on an economic drive of producing and consuming, degrading human beings to economic figures, but live easily and with great respect on whatever Mother Nature provides, is necessary to understand that today's Western way of life is not to be mistaken for the right way of life!

Bio-chemical science has brought us many novelties that human being can benefit from. But with these novelties we have also created a threat to humanity with our knowledge to produce toxins for chemical warfare and an assault on human and environmental health by chemical waste and pollution. These are aspects of life we'd rather not think of, but are never the less all-responsible for.

Nowadays bio-chemical science has found a new thing in an attempt to avoid illness and disease called genetic manipulation. Let me give a fair warning: Whatever human being creates this way to avoid illness, nature will always take advantage of this creation by showing illness and disease in another way built on this creation. Whatever

we create to bring ease in our life from a wrong interpretation of the existential world, it will also bring us dis-ease.

When disease is not cured but symptoms are suppressed, disease will find new ways to show itself based on our creations born from a wrong interpretation of the existential world.

The task for Medicine therefore is to provide treatment for actual healing and not only give the patient whatever he or she pleases in an attempt to avoid the pain that inevitably comes with life. As long as medicine has not found a real cure for a disease, or as long as patients are incapable to cure, one may of course do its best to suppress this pain.

As I have cured myself from my gender identity disorder, it is now for Medicine to make effort to understand the view on life that initiated my healing and however difficult, do its best to provide a therapy to people who suffer from this disease and are mentally capable to undergo this healing process.

In many Western countries changing the appearance of the physical body in an attempt to relief the suffering from Gender Identity Disorder is nowadays more or less accepted. But let it be clear that this is no healing, no actual cure, but 'the best' modern Western medicine can offer given the fact that until recently the real source of the disease was unknown.

Medicine should obligate itself to come to understanding what Religion really means. This will help to learn find actual healing and let go from treatments that are born from ignorance. In this work the way to discover the source of an identity is clearly marked. If well studied and well understood, it can also be helpful for understanding the origin and development of other identity disorders.

Of course I realize it is all easier said than done. It took me quite a few years to come to understanding what really caused my problem studying myself and practising meditation. Before a psychiatrist can set up a therapy he will have to find the right view on the matter in himself, as a truth based on Religion.

A therapy based on hypothesis is bound to fail. A therapist who lacks the experience found in the practice of meditation cannot help simply because this therapist never experienced the different states of awareness. From a therapist who is buried up to his neck in the morass of wrong interpretations of man and disease, one simply cannot expect to help a patient who suffers from the same sort of self conceit.

Only an academic study of the matter is insufficient to be able to help cure a patient with an identity disorder.

Not knowing the real source of an identity disorder is one reason why in Western Psychiatry many patients cannot be cured but only be given some help to accept their disease.

Most Western psychiatrists work only on the part of the spiritual building of a patient that gives misery. They lack the vision that they have to help the patient realize that its inner architect has to let go of and break down the **entire** spiritual fortress. The **whole** identity must become solvable and workable in order to actually heal from an identity disorder. Western Medicine will have to take new steps to develop new insight. This cannot start soon enough, as the number of people in Western society suffering from psychical illness is growing fast and one can seriously doubt the state of health of

our Western economies with so many people getting ill and no longer able to join today's rat race that we mistake for a normal and a good way of living.

Today in Western society we teach our children many skills to make a living, but comparative we take little effort to pass over wisdom to help our children spiritually mature, enabling them to shoulder responsibility for their own thoughts, speech, and actions.

For a great deal we have forgotten the rites of passage to mark the stages in life in which they can focus on the importance of taking responsibility in life. We somehow have forgotten the use of metaphors to pass on deep knowledge about creation, and the reason why we are living on Earth as a base for taking this responsibility.

We should make more effort to give our children a key to help solve their problems they inevitably have to deal with in life.

Understanding life and understanding one another and taking own responsibility for one's thoughts, speech, and actions is the base for peaceful coexistence and a guide out of the problems that we all inevitably will be faced with in life.

We all have to experience life through our identities by stumbling and falling and learning from our own stumbling blocks. As long as we stay ignorant of the real source of our misery that lays within each of us we'll be imprisoned in a perpetual mobile, a vicious circle of wrong grasp of the existential world and the results from our wrong thoughts, speech and actions. As a result of this wrong interpretation we form the building and create the spiritual birth of new misery. It is in learning to understand how one's identity comes alive one can take away the source of one's own problems that rise from this identity. It is also in learning to understand how one's identity comes alive one can understand all other human being.

It is in this understanding one another that we can forgive one another, and compassion and unconditional love rises. Then, when we stumble over one another we can help each other stand up again and continue to live in peace and harmony.

I hereby wish to express my gratitude to all those who have helped me in my development, whether by letting me stumble and fall and giving me valuable life lessons, or by helping me back on my feet again and giving me the opportunity to analyse myself and change my life for the better.

May this work inspire those who are trapped in the vicious circle of craving for being pleased and being saddled with dis-ease, to discover their way out and experience happiness and inner peace.

May this work and all my work to come, be for the spiritual welfare and peace and happiness of all living beings.

June 2002, Beverwijk, the Netherlands

Author:

H. Stam

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Postscript, 1 December 2008:

‘**Suññataphalasadhi**’ is a project that has developed from my healing. There you will find information in depth about meditation and introspection. The explanations and exercises are in English, French and Dutch language.

Anyone can benefit from the meditation practices and explanations that this project provides. They can help you to put things in perspective and develop a more relaxed and joyful life.

On the website of the Suññataphalasadhi project you can find many useful keys to a free, compassionate and altruistic way of life.