

Concerns: Feltsculpture Form-in-Form - Bright Light - <http://www.mhooj.nl/pagina-creatief-vier.html>

Farewell to a dear friend colleague, Mayke de Klerk 1956-2021
GZ-Psychologist, Person-oriented Experiential Psychotherapist

By: Practise MHOOJ Annalies Otten Hagen September 2021

he Mayke,

No, I can't do it yet, remove you from my directory. I pretend my nose is bleeding and bury my head in the sand. You're not gone, indeed. How many emails crossed each other? I'll get to a thousand if there aren't more.

We were both too busy the day we were both working in your practice. No time for breaks or fun chatter free of any use. Our work rhythms differ. You were already busy when I came to poop. You went home when I still had one of the sessions ahead of me. But that lack of free space makes up for in a continuum of endless emails that can actually be substantive. Always with a warm undertone, mutual trust, that too.

That warm hearty smile on the card, with the death of you becomes irrevocably true, what a direct hit, yes that was you. Even without a life-smile in all those e-mails - written fluently with a lot of attention short of time -, I could dream of your smile. That is actually special.

In that smile hides who you really were, are and - encouraging us to: - stay. However much your look now makes me emotional, may this comfort us, me now. You who managed to resume life. Laughter roses were reinvented. How could you?

Your moment of death came like a bolt from the blue. Just before I read the app message, I said, "Mayke might not die at all. One that really surprises us and suddenly turns out to be perfectly healthy again, despite all expectations". But crazy, provided I'm in clear connection with the here-and-now, you are there, surprisingly clear. Already dissolved, Present in what is Pure and Whole. Free. This experience immediately gives me a glimpse into the ground under your smile, how you could keep it, rediscover it. Again and again.

Dear Mayke, lovely troelala, one more time I pretend my nose is bleeding when I press the send button like this. And then I'll deal with it. Promised. In the confidence to be able to concretely re-member your smile and warmth. Provided I make sure to be present. Goodbye sweetheart, human of connectedness. Special copy. Also on behalf of all of your clients, thank you.

PS I'm making a felt object again, but I adapted the colors to my sadness, the whole thing became a bit too cheerful for me. Now it has been transformed into a Fiery Warm Bright Light Object. Funny, right?

