

ANOTHER STEP
OF
UNDERSTANDING
LIFE

Danel Fernandez

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In the past five years I lived in two different type of communities and also visit many others. I find a very beautiful concept that people unite and share their work and time in order to feed and full fill a bigger task.

In a community where people come together there always arise social questions like how things should be done, or spoken, organised etc. I am consciously trying to prepare my self so one day in the future i could be part of all that planning and thinking.

In a community like set up, I find many times very difficult, without saying that my neighbor is wrong, to be able to find the right decision, or a fare one, where every body can relate. Said in other words," to walk together holding hands".

In order to try to find and answer this questions to my self I decided that through active observation in nature, may be the nature it's self could feed me or inspire some answers, observing the process of LIFE. I wanted to use , so to say, a poetical language in order to maintain flexible and constructive in my mind and find inspiration in the surroundings and in the beauty of LIFE. I felt the need of connecting my soul to what I see hoping that I could find answers inside. By writing this little story I freed up my self from judgment and dove my self into the world of Goetheanistic observations looking for light and direction.

The little story coming ahead ,called, " Another Step in Understanding Life" is based in a rye crop and it's process before the sowing until the harvest: will quickly run you through certain happenings.

It had been a very dry summer, without a single rain, after the last harvest in the field where the rye was going to be sowed called "Himmel Acker". The harvest that took place before sowing the rye in some places had been cut a little too high, therefore there was a fair amount of straw in the surface. To get rid of them and to try to put them under the soil they had done some disk harrowing and then sowed a green manure, water the soil and a little deeper

cultivation again with the disks. After that they also worked the soil shallower to get a nice seed bed, two times with a spring tine harrow. The soil at that point was quite worked and in some places dusty. It got sown one month later than the usual end of November. Half of the seed, more or less, they germinated with the humidity that the soil had, and the rest with the rain that came one and half week later, having an uneven germination.

The weed situation was never a problem, even though there was a fair amount the rye was ahead in growth so at some point the rye made shade to the weeds. The rye, in some places, increased the amount of stems in a 20% from the winter to the spring due to the space and enough minerals and substances that were in the soil. In other places of the field it happened the other way around, decreased.

The rye reached a reasonable height, in average 2 meters more or less, despite the dry period, having a very positive straw production, but also with a good yield of cereal. In some places before the harvest the rye was to be seen laid down on the ground, but it was not dramatic compared to other years.

Based on all these happenings and other details I wrote the little story that will follow, looked at from a complete different perspective and with a little fantasy to it, just to make it more interesting. But also with the intention for drawing with words the acts of life at work. trying to empathize with the Rye and its inner life, also to let myself be inspired by its growth and qualities carried by the water, dryness, time, colors, insects, birds....

I hope that the reader can enjoy...

In a land between chaos and peace, noise and silence, heat and cold, after a long period of time the Rogenian folk were starting to prepare their move.

With a young new king called Menes they parted on the search for a place to establish, aiming to find a humid area for the under constructions of the city and cultivation of the soil for the crops they would be growing, for the survival of the folk. With this in mind they walked and explored many different valleys and flat lands without being able to make a decision. It was getting late in the season, and even though it was still dry, they knew that now on any moment they could start the winter rains without leaving breaks in between, and they had to settle before that.

One of those days, they climbed a little hill side that took them to a fairly flat platform, a little elevated from the landscape. Surprisingly the soil that they found there, it was still humid. The amazement of the folk was not describable by words. They couldn't believe, how after so long without a rain, they could still see the earth worms working the soil, how beautiful a structure they had helped to create and the smell of organic matter ones that they dug in the soil. With great joy and gratitude they named their new home as The Land of Heaven.

Menes, the king, amazed by it all, and satisfied with their new home, could not stop thinking on which problems would come next, or how one should structure the new city and a whole civilization. He didn't have much experience yet, and even though he was accepted by the populace still hadn't gain their hearts.

Menes was struggling to have a sharp and clear thinking, bombarded by his own fears and insecurities, asking to himself if he could make it or if he would be good enough. That's when one night that he could not find rest in his mind tormented by questions and his own future the oracle came and spoke to him, saying this:

"What one wants to see,
has to be understood.

And what needs to be understood,
doesn't need to be seen"

With that Menes started thinking what could that mean, how could he understand something he doesn't see? Is that even possible? How could he know and get it proofed with the stamp of truth?

Aiming to answer these questions, Menes, started to go for long walks away from all the revelry of the city, trying to understand and feel himself and his surroundings. I was looking for stability in himself, walking away from the movement, trying to root.

He found in Nature a very good friend, something that the more he understood from, the calmer he felt in himself and more confident. He observed the growth of plants, the architecture of flowers and branches, the symphony of birds directing the orchestra of all that life. He felt amused, and hungry for more knowledge, he felt the need to learn and understand the encrypted wisdom that Mother Nature had hidden.

He realized that, the doubts and uncertainties, are just tools that we should use in order to find the answers we are looking for, understanding the need. That is how he understood his task, liberating himself from all fear, having found the reason why he came to this earth; another human with a purpose and work to do!

In one of those walks he wrote a little poem as offering for such a great power as Nature:

I feel your roots moving
I don't see them, but I know they are there.
I hear the water when you drink

I don't see it, but I know it happens.

I observe when you smile

I don't see it, but I see you turn green.

I observe the blanket sheltering you,

I don't see it, but it let's me see.

I observe your will of growth,

I don't see it but it helps me breathe

I observe your impulse of bringing the future

I don't see it, but we sit together.

Ones he wrote this poem, he realized that in order to create something healthy and stable had to involve or be aware of the interaction of different elements. Of how in life one thing affects another, and that opens the door to the next room with a never ending impulse of evolving.

He realized that in order to establish a society , every man woman and children ,had to be with one an other connected, striving for togetherness . The impulse of life had to be carried by all the population, him, Menes, being the water having to make all those seeds germinate.

The breeze puts me a ease

The light and the warmth are just my wish.

Water, bring me you wisdom and peace

Connect me with all that you see.

Take me down your streams

So I can see where life begins or to where it ends.

Through your lenses I could see what you meant

Without you there would never be bread.

Mean time the construction of the city was going forward, the rain period had already started, but they were well on time as they already had constructed all the foundation of houses and all drainage's. The peasants also they were full filling their task, busy with working the soil, planting and sowing.

The rapport and work ethic of the Rogenians was something to witness. They had understood very well their place and their individual role, how they all depended on each other to feed and bring forward their own people, or themselves. They respected their place, but also their skills. Through this value of humidity and interconnection that Menes tried to transmit their folk, they had all become very aware of their neighbor. Aware of the beauty of help and understanding, sacrifice and reward. They had deeply understood that they lived for each other, they lived for the future.

Your hand holds my hand

Don't let me go or I will fall

Don't let me go or you'll be alone

My hand holds your hand

If you wish we walk in sand

that sand might became land

and that land we'll call it home

Menes , the same way he walked through the fields observing different greens in the plants, different tones in the leaves trying to come closer to understand their needs, he did the same with his folk. Menes was a king that took much care of his people, and very often he used to put some old clothes on him and get lost on the quiet in the streets of heaven land trying to gather the facial expressions of the people. He knew, there where big truths that a face could never hide, such as happiness or sadness, and knew that through that he could keep the overview in the mood of the city.

One evening Menes sat in the terrace of his tower at sunset, wanting to enjoy the beauty of the city, and the piece of art that they all were constructing together. The beautiful and solid rampart surrounding the city, the always very lively market area with it's wooden baskets, clay pots, grape trees climbing up the stands, and also the roses and different flowers that people planted and took care of to decorate the daily confronted places. The fountain in the middle of the plaza, with Jupiter's statue , protector of the city. In that area they used to gather in the evening around the fire, after a long day of work , and they shared some of their precious wines , different juices, eat something that the hunters had brought or what the peasants had harvested. Children men and women, they always wished for the old tales from the Sages, or the new thoughts or philosophical questions that they were working on. Menes observing all that , he felt very happy and satisfied , and remember what the oracle had told him... he didn't have to see any more, he could feel it!

Land of heaven was a civilization that fed it's self, but not only with food or water, but also with knowledge, art, brotherhood... with life. Menes had given many tasks away to the people of Heaven Land so they could organize themselves. He was not a king that wanted to have every thing under control, for him was important to make people understand that was the responsibility from each and every one to build and shape together, and that their own individual impulse and will, could make that long lasting.

The task of Menes was more to be present as support for the different problems that would come up in a daily bases between different workers or just different departments. For example the agricultural one, in how much should they increase their yields, or in the approval of different techniques for developing their tools etc. With the architects understanding what were their needs of materials and men power... With the economists to understand and distribute properly the wealth between the different departments, or also with the pedagogues to keep on developing their education further.

He was not in this asambleas to make decisions, but yes to remind and remind the people how important it was to make the right decision, not for the king or the party committees , but for the folk, for those who in those meetings had nothing to say, keeping the righteousness intact, escaping away self-interest and greed.

As the time came and the years went,the population of the city grew, the land they had it was very rich and the harmony of the city was very attractive for the walkers and nomads that always walked by.Menes thought that the bigger the city would grow, the more people would work, the more responsibilities different people would have, it would be more and more complicated to guide the folk. The big riches of Land of heaven they could potentially attract near kingdoms looking for more land and riches , leaving the folk exposed to war.

The more responsable people would be , more difficult would become to make decisions together and carry living under the values of working for each other , opening the door to jealousy and distrust. Menes had in high esteem the moral values that as a city they had been working on and developing together. That was for him the real riches, something he had to protect with his life, and he would do all he could to protect it.

He realized that growth had two aspects, one is the external growth, the physical, and the other is the inner growth. The inner growth always takes more

will power and more time, and when the external growth would happen too fast, without giving enough time to the inner life to develop, at some point the organism would be out of balance. At that point Menes had to make a decision for the folk and the future of Land of Heaven.

One of those evening, when the folk was sitting around the fire after a long day of work, Menes came down to talk to the people, he didn't want to talk to them from a higher stand or his tower, he wanted to look at them in their eyes from the same surface. He spoke to them:

"We have walked a long way, we have shaped this beautiful city, with sweat, tears and joy from our fathers mothers and children, we have given life to certain social values with our will and faith. We strive in education because we understand that our sons and daughters will bring the new impulse of life. We believe in respect, because we know that we all carry a seed. We work with love because that creates the warmth in the atmosphere. And we listen to each other, because that is the water that will make our seeds germinate.

The words that they could be spoken, they would hardly grasp the tremendous beauty and work. The sacrifices made and the fallen tears are resemblance of the conviction in our actions. Our success speaks for itself, we had big impulses of growth an expansion, big aims for structure, and we have managed all. We live in a stable city where every body can find their place and feel comfortable with.

I am scared to loose that, I am scared that the outer size, the population, will grow faster than the inner growth in the new citizens, having an unbalanced development. To live in this particular city for any stranger, there are many things they have to understand first, in order to coup and be part of us, not from the skill side, but yes in how we treat each other and under which morals we go on.

I am aware that it is not for me to decide who can or can't live in this, our home, but for the balance of growth and development I have to make a decision. I decided that every year, we could expand more based on how many people we could educate with our manners and values, just in order to keep the balance between outer growth and the inner. With this I am not giving an exact number, but now it is in all of us to make whoever it comes into our neighborhood, bearing in mind the importance of a balanced growth. We will have to follow closely this matter, and if it would get too much we would have to close the door until the new ones that have come, could also educate and transmit the same principles.

I hope you all understand the seriousness of this matter, and that my intention is nothing but wanting to maintain alive the life and the being we made out of Land of Heaven. This is our child and should keep growing healthy towards the future. That is my biggest concern."

The silence hugged the people sitting around the plaza, looking at the restless fire, hearing how it was biting the wood... all of them trying to digest the words that King Menes had spoken to them. The people could empathize with his worry, and even though they could probably not see it as clear as their king, they really felt that that was a sensible way how to face the upcoming future.

Land of Heaven kept on being a beautiful peaceful and productive place, and kept growing in size in a healthy and natural way, every one had a little understanding on what was coming next, and even though problems always came up, they were very good dealt with causing the smallest damage.

King Menes was getting older and older, and despite being still young in his mind, the physical body was starting to show its limits. The question of how he would find a successor was inevitable, and even though he wasn't aware, this was about to be the biggest challenge of his life. Menes had been working all his life in the search of knowledge, to support the evolution of a civilization, of culture, education, moral values, togetherness, or sense of group. After such a

deep work, he had mineralized certain manners very hard in himself, and sometimes it was not an easy task to bring him out of his thoughts, with a slight stubborn attitude due also to his age. For him was not easy at all to imagine that he would not be part of all different assemblies, or basically that he wouldn't have to process so much information in his mind, as if he would be put to the side, in the pile of old clothes.

Thinking and thinking he remembered his first years when he became a king, how his predecessor had just trusted him even though he had no experience, just truthful ideas and good intentions. He realized then, that when a crop is harvested, the yield or the amount of the harvest is not the only benefit, but also the life that the growth of that plant has created in the structure of the soil. He feared that all the work done in Land of Heaven could be thrown out the window, and that somebody else would come and do every thing different.

He then thought for himself that probably it had to be that way, the way he directed the folk, came deep and truly from his inner impulse, and not because of that, all the kings after him had to do the same. Realizing as well that all the work done, will always stay in the under structure and in the souls of the people from the kingdom, as the life and structure that a root creates until the plant gets harvested. In the surface that plant won't be seen again, but in the soil the stamp of that life will live eternal. He also thought that the best would be to cut it as close as possible from the surface, that way the seeds could have enough space, giving them freedom.

With that he understood that once he found the predecessor, from that moment on, he would have to free him up from all judgment, and deposit full trust in the new growth, accepting and supporting evolution of men, with trust and faith.

A little game came up to his mind. He would send sun flower seeds to all young people between 18 - 24 year old people of the city and the one that after

six months would bring him the nicest flower, he would be in charge of taking over his task, to be the king. The sun flower seeds they all got sent, now he only had to wait until the day the youth would bring the plants.

That day arrived in the end... Menes was quite excited to see the flowers that they would bring... He gathered all the young people in the court yard. They had all brought very very beautiful and radiant sun flowers. He started slowly and calmly walking through the possible future king or queens. At some point, a smile posed in his face. He came closer to a girl with an empty plant pot, only turf, no flower. When she saw she was being looked by from the king, her face turned completely red, she felt ashamed for not being able to have grown a plant.

In that precise moment the king announced "we have a new queen". The girls surprised asked, "but your highness, why? I am the only person that haven't been able to bring you that flower that you asked for... to what the king answered: "All the seeds that I made to be sent to the people had been boiled before hand, it would actually be imposible to grow a plant from the seeds that I sent. So the beautiful flower that you brought, is in your self, watered with honesty and loyalty, grown in a soil of truth and selflessness. Those where the only things I was looking for in my successor, the rest will be what you wish, or what you will have to bring.

And that is how Land of Heaven got it's new Queen, and Menes now, had to trust a new impulse of life , accepting his place and his task, in order to support evolution of men, of his folk and of his own.