

Apparently the line repeats the shape of the opposing pairs adopted in the previous verse. In fact, it was through the dual syntactic form of sentences that all duality is transcended: there is no distinction of identity between subject and object, the giver is identical to the recipient, who forgives is identical to those who are forgiven. Giving and taking is a single process, as well as forgiving and being forgiven are but two aspects of a single event. The last sentence is the final step in this process that guides the conscience from a personal identity, because of identifications at more and more high and inclusive levels, towards a gradual increasing, up to the time when, dying at each partial identification, consciousness identifies with the One Consciousness. There is no longer the initial duality between I and Thou, who is praying is Consciousness itself to which the prayer is addressed. Dying to identification with a form, with any form, we become aware that we are One with Life itself. I conclude by quoting once again the Assagioli's "Reflections on Peace":

"Perhaps never before humanity has been without peace. ... In such a world, cultivating peace is not a spiritual luxury, but a daily necessity for all those who want to maintain their internal integrity and not be overwhelmed by the collective currents of agitation, panic or violence. And cultivating peace is also, and not least, a duty to others. Those who could now being a living center of peace, who could radiate it powerfully and relentlessly around themselves, gives to poor humanity the welfare of which perhaps lacks and needs most. "

The Simple Prayer is a way to cultivate peace, every day, inside and outside of us.

To my grandfather, who did not believe in religion, and to my grandmother, who believed in God

August 2012

## THE WORLD INTO THE HEART AND THE HEART INTO THE WORLD

**"Our duty is to love the world"** Teilhard De Chardin

The title of my intervention is to be a witness of a long inner journey that I began to take in my early twenties, when I met the Psychosynthesis of Roberto Assagioli. A journey into the world of my thoughts, my feelings, my passions, my fears; I made many trips to various parts of the world, meeting people, mentalities, habits, different from mine; and this allowed me to compare my personal experiences with the experiences coming from the external world.

Many years ago, I was in the country, together with my parents. We rented a small portion of a farmhouse, at Tocchi, in Maremma: three houses, a church, a tavern and nothing else. The tavern was also the bar, it was the social meeting point of the village. The waitress, at the same time owner of the small business, one day told us: "My son finally found a job, a steady job; I'm so happy!" What kind of work did he find?" my father asked, and she, with satisfaction, replied: "Well, does the mender of roads!" My parents toasted with her for the good news, I toasted too, but frankly I could not understand what there was to celebrate for a job as a "Road mender"! I often think back to this episode. It's been more than thirty years ago. When I see the "Road menders" always think of that mother, so happy and proud. In her own little world, the son had found a secure job that would keep him close to family, and to his social environment. Recently I was in China, and in a road at 2500 m. above sea level, in the midst of cold and inhospitable mountain gorges, exposed to the wind and a light snowfall, I saw a road mender. He was diligently cleaning the street, with broom, dust-bin and plastic bag; proud in his State uniform, all included to make the most of his work. Who would have ever checked him? It was so necessary to clean the

road at that altitude, in such a remote place, where in the coming hour will be more ants (high mountain ants, of course, that is) than cars? But the road mender was there, undaunted, to perform his work with zeal.

Travelling around the world, we can see many of crafts, some even strange, and for this reason, they remain impressed. What I saw in Jarolov, a Russian village on the banks of the Volga, struck me in a special way. I was on a cruise from St. Petersburg to Moscow; one of the stages was Jarolov. In 1612, it was made the capital of Russia, being Moscow, at the time, occupied by Poles, and this pretty town, replaced it for a while. Come ashore, shortly after the marina, me and the group of the tour was walking towards gardens, well cared, beautiful, full of that decadent charm typical of the imperial splendour of the past. We were met by an old woman holding a small pot with iron cover all pitted. She moved it slowly in a circular motion, in a spiral. Some smoke was coming out from the perforated cover. It was not clear what it was, but the solemnity and composure of gestures, struck the interest of the whole group. Our guide quickly explained to us that the lady was a “seller of smoke”: by reading the smoke, she foresaw the future. We were all very impressed, in our culture the “smoke seller” has a very different meaning, while, in that place, was one of the oldest and respected professions.

In my travels, I discovered and understood a lot about the complexity of human nature. Often we are influenced by our cultural stereotypes, by our prejudices. If we reflect more carefully on the sense itself of travelling, we discover that besides the pleasure of admiring exotic places, people different from us for ethnicity, culture, religion, the art of “travelling” helps to understand ourselves more than anything else. The more we compare with the outside world the more expand consciousness of ourselves. Often in Psychosynthesis we talk about expansion of our consciousness. Travelling around the world put us more and more in contact-through the outside world, with our inner worlds (that of thoughts, feelings, emotions, passions, just to name a few). Watching the world is like watching ourselves, our reactions, our fears. Often the others are strangers, or seem like, just

as are unknown some of our sub personalities. Being citizens of the world, as recalled by Roberto Assagioli, means to feel as part of the Whole, while remaining within our individuality. Travelling is a kind of ongoing de-identification from what we believe to be, and some images of us. Travelling tests us, teaches us to use different methods and strategies of life; train us to flexibility, tolerance; to rely on our real resources, physical and intellectual. When we leave our city, our nation, essentially we abandon our security, our habits, our comfort; we open ourselves to the new, to life; we proceed from the known to the unknown, as we are reminded by Roberto Assagioli, about inner exploration.

The more we feel like strangers in other countries, the more because after all we are still strangers to us. When we bring the outside world inside us, in our hearts, it means that we are at home everywhere, and everywhere we bring our interior home. If it dwells in us the fear of the unknown, the different, it is likely that our Ego has invaded our consciousness, feeding on our mistrusts, insecurities, “our inner ghosts”. But when the Ego/Self, takes the place of the Ego, our consciousness expands, becomes free from the bonds of personality, feeling the Centre of ourselves, aligned to our true Essence.

I discovered, recreating the routes of travel I’ve made in my life, how much, in parallel, I also travelled within myself, through the maps of Psychosynthesis. The ovoid teaches us that the psychic representation of each individual, and its functioning, using the graph of the star of the functions, are valid in all latitudes. Ethnic groups, cultures, religions, the so-called “usages and customs” can change but tears are always tears and smile too.

When I was in China, I had an interesting meeting with a girl who was selling soft drinks. I had asked for a tea to be taken away in a paper cup; at the beginning it was hard to be understood, my gestures perhaps alarmed her (English, in China, is not widespread, even in tourist sites), and are yet few tourists from the western world. In the end, however, we understood each other, to the relief of both: smile and kindness and a pinch of irony, often help more than the language. When we interact with someone, beyond language, nationality, we face a new world; to get in contact is needed a lot of respect, patience, and genuine desire to meet him. When you travel, it happens to make “use and throw away” acquaintances, we act with a little ‘superficiality. Sometimes we do not even see humanity living, true, around monuments or landscapes we visit: All human being should be considered as unique and valuable, such as masterpieces of art or nature. Often our egoism is really very cumbersome. Once, in India, in a village in the deep south, I literally “fell in love” with a little girl. She had a pink dress, topped with a red sweater, a flower in her hairs. She was joyful and accompanied us, together with other children, intrigued by our appearance, but also a bit intimidated.

In South of India, the complexion is very dark and they consider “the white persons” as a kind of deity. Some parents have even asked us to take photos with us and the children. This little girl, very beautiful, a little intimidated by our presence, followed us with her eyes wide and the mouth half open, as in a kind of stupor. We took a photo with her, in memory of the meeting.

When I printed it, I did not find the joyful beauty that struck me at the time; the shot had caught a hint of sadness, of loss. When I was there, with her and watching her, I thought about her life, what kind of future would have had, I tried to imagine what she might think of “us.” I felt a pang in my heart when we left the village: among all the children, she remained, in the background, small and tender. I came to pray for her, her family, her people: Still carry it in my heart.

India is overwhelming and turns us upside down into a whirlwind of emotions that touch the darkest part of our psyche: sense of guilt, selfishness, repulsion, generosity, distrust and wonder. It is a good litmus paper on our sense of humanity, gives us a comparison between the ideal and the real, between what we want to be, and what we really are.

Psychosynthesis gave me powerful tools to measure distance between myself and myself, and between me and other people. The more I went over to myself, to my true Self, the more I went over to others. The compass of the Self was the ideal guide to which way around; my heart, the point of collection of all my experiences.

During my first trips I felt myself “foreign”, insecure. Saw persons with a sense of mistrust. The distance from my city, my country, my language, alarmed myself a lot, though curiosity to know new places was very strong. When I got to know more myself, discovering my inner regions, shadows but also beautiful pieces of me, peaceful, pacified, then the world, in general, did not frighten anymore, no place was so far away from me.

Travelling, it has been said, is like reading the book of Life. Not only it extends the horizons of the mind, but also amplifies the feeling of the HEART, not only emotionally, but a heart full of understanding, listening acquainted, a warm heart able to melt the chill of fear. Not by chance the great poet Dante Alighieri represents -

with ice and not with flames - the deepest circle of Hell. The coldness of the heart is the anaesthesia of emotions. Often the heart, especially if wounded but not quite killed, to stay alive slows down the beats, as in hypothermia: a question of survival. Some indeed survive but do not live and seem to be heartless, cold, cruel.

In my opinion, the heart represents the crossroads between the outside world and our internal representation. Joseph Campbell, in his book “The Power of Myth” (Guanda Publishing. Parma, 2004, page 230) to the question about the meaning of the heart, says. “... is the organ that allows the others to open. It is the human quality as opposed to animal qualities that have the egoistic interest at the center”.

The heartbeat is the thermometer of our way of loving, of loving ourselves and the others; it is easier loving the world if we are able to accept and understand ourselves. Compassion is the great key that opens us to humanity, to embrace diversity, weaknesses, contradictions, to the variegated world of passions.

Often those who are at war with themselves are at war with the whole world; they hate life, their own and that of others. The massacres that often we hear, confirm that the persons who makes them, see the world around them as a stage animated by their own inner ghosts, cruel “killers” to whom, surely, someone in their past, broke their hearth.

Let’s now come to a “statement” which for me is the synthesis of my entire personal journey, that demonstrates what it means “bringing the world in the heart and the heart in the world”.

“The most intimate and essential part of the man is consciousness. The transformation of consciousness corresponds to the transformation of the whole personality. “ With these few words, Roberto Assagioli indicates a path that, once begun, is difficult to put down. There are many circumstances that bring us into the “world of psychosynthesis”: a therapeutic treatment, a book, a lecture, a poster, a ride in Internet...a friendship. From the initial spark of interest, curiosity, slowly develops the fire of desire to know ourselves more and more, deeper and deeper, but also in the heights of our Being. The instinct of knowledge is inherent in all human beings; therefore the exploration of ourselves is the most fascinating journey of our life, the one which moulds, models, gives meaning and sense to our Life.

I met psychosynthesis in my early twenties. I could call it “love at first sight”. I began a course of self-training, became fond, then other groups came, courses, up to the choice of becoming a professional psychosynthetic psychotherapist. In order to refine myself as a “tool” of understanding, I “travelled” a lot inside of me; I explored regions of my personality: loneliness, pain, fears, anger. I wandered, in the sense of being lost in myself; the discomfort often was able to win on the hope of inner

harmony and give form and substance to what I sensed inside myself. Then one day the discovery: recognizing in my open and sincere eyes my right to be there, beyond the roles and masks, to find myself in my true essence. It 's true, you have to get lost to find yourself, and it is necessary to be able to recognize the right opportunities, the ones that make us grow and mature.

I was a lonely, restless and sometimes shady girl. I wrote poems and spent entire afternoons in the meadows in the spring, watching the rows of ants who ventured among the blades of grass. Or in winter I took refuge in Florentine museums, contemplating famous paintings, with absolute apathy, in search of time to waste so as to justify the return to home, having "played truant".

14 I was in the world but far from the world, as far away from myself. Living in the periphery of ourselves is like being in exile, exiled from us, from our Center, our heart.

Even as a child I used to keep diaries. Growing up then, I destroyed them because contained sentences full of anger and pain, I hated everyone and everything, as we say "I was angry with the whole world!" However, I kept some writings, when I was fourteen until eighteen; over time, reading them again, they seemed interesting and even predictive. At that time, in my intentions, there was a desire to leave a trace of me. I felt that the world was indifferent to me, but probably - on the contrary - I was indifferent to the world. In my writings, I turned to an imaginary audience (of course, the desire to be seen, recognized) to which I explained some of my ideas on spiritual or metaphysical themes; very ambitious and naïve demands.

Years later I found these notes and - not coincidentally - just in a desk drawer in my professional studio. I was quite astonished when I read in the naivety and frenzy of those pieces some insights which then would have been confirmed in subsequent studies of philosophy, psychology and psychosynthesis.

Reading again those writings made me so tender to be touched. There was a lot of loneliness, sadness and anger but also an authentic search for self-knowledge

and understanding, in order to appease "my existential restlessness".

Now I wish to pay tribute to my restless, but tenacious, young soul, that only after many years of interior pilgrimage finally found "an abode of peace", at the Centre of myself.

I want to report the list of some themes I approached, dedicating a few but very intense and lively pages. Among them: The "Principle of Presence" of which I will mention at the end of this paper, then the theme of "The divine presence, as manifested in me", and yet "The existence of Lucifer, the black angel and his anguish", and "The pardon of immaterial and material God"

"Words, signs, writings on walls, their meaning", "Images already experienced, projected into the future", "Finding myself in a mirror image". Themes - I repeat - ambitious, demanding, presumptuous, but indicative of an absolute hunger for knowledge that only the meeting with the Psychosynthesis was able to partially satisfy. Because, we know, search never ends.

The "Principle of Presence", is perhaps the most original or trivial part of the initial idea that every person leaves a physical trace in the places where has been; physically impregnating them of his "presence", a presence which then becomes "Essence". We know that some places have their own energetic imprinting (Native Americans speak of power places) where we can feel energies of strong impact, and maintaining biopsychic memory. Similarly each of us, when travelling, goes around the world, and beyond the miles, concretely leaves parts of ourselves, real biological traces (hair, skin, nails, organic fluids, etc...) forever impregnating the environment. Investigators are well aware that even after years, finding traces of DNA, find the subjects investigated.

As we keep memories, photos, feelings of the places visited, also parts of us remain in those places; a part of us, biological and not only psychological, will always remain. Not our "waste", but our Presence/Essence, what we are. So the whole world is part of us, and we belong to it, at least in those places that we visited. It 's like a kind of immortality, presence of life on many levels. At this time of my life, I am also in the many places I visited: in the desert sands of Libya, on Gebel Musa, on Mount Sinai, near Lake Van in Eastern Turkey, the placid fjord of Bergen, Norway, or in front of the Perito Moreno, Argentina... and also at Tocchi, the village of Maremma, together with the Essence of my parents, now in Heaven.

So I wrote when I was fourteen: "In every place we leave a bit of ourselves: if I go to the beach, if I go in a meadow, always will remain sweat of my skin on the sand and always crushed grass by my foot, it will dry, rot, but in that new substance there will always be a part of myself. I call this idea "Principle of Presence" and join it with the Presence of God, because God too is always

with us and in us. (...) Now as I am writing in this beautiful meadow, I also am in the many places where I was in my childhood. (...) Eating an ice cream and throwing away the container, will always be a trace of me. (...) Even a man went in war, has left traces of his shed blood, this will marry the earth, and over the years, will remain its presence in that far land..."

Further reflections follow on what we are and what we leave behind, and also on the responsibility of what we carry with us. Thoughts are naive, but emphasize the desire to be there and understand life.

In another block of notes I write, few years later:

"In three days I will be 18, I want to write my thoughts, to study things that interest me and I want one day be a someone, not in a social but in a moral sense; someone who has value, a positive value, to be imitated, an intelligent person (...) I am aware of look a bit self-centred, but I hate the hypocrisy that grows in our society".

There was a constant dialogue between me and myself, in search of someone who really listens to me. Loneliness is an intimate suffering, often hidden, disguised by a false sense of security and self-confidence.

The discomfort was strong; then - some time later - I visited the cottage in Via San Domenico 16, the Institute of Psychosynthesis, the ideal "station" from which the "Train of my life" started, the means that brought me to travel inside and outside me. Today, after many years, I witness with this paper my bringing the world in my heart, and my heart in the world. Ultimately: the choice to be there and how to be.

I close with a poem that the Chinese Empress Wu Zetian (685-704 AD) ordered to a little girl seven years old to improvise in front of the court. At those times, children were torn from their families to serve in the imperial palace. The title is "Farewell to the brothers":

Sudden fly way the leaves, to the pavilion of the separation.

All of a sudden raise the clouds, on the road farewell.

Ah! Why men are not like the wild geese  
that make the road together.

I wish to each of us "a long way together": despite conflicts, misunderstandings, the serious crisis affecting our planet, let's ALL of us to do our part, giving the BEST of ourselves.

Rome, Rocca di Papa, June 2012.

## TRIAL PENALTY FORGIVENESS

### THE PROCESS

Process is a moving story -as the name implies- that especially unfolds over time but also in space. Process has a purpose, because if he had not should become Kafka's "The Trial", that is an incomprehensible story, for no reason. Purpose of process, according to most commentators, is to restore a social equilibrium shattered by the behaviour of one or more human beings. However, if process is based on judgment, then the definition and reflection must be broader. On this subject we will return later. Now we can begin to enter into the specific theme of this paper.

### THE TRIAL

A judgment is complex and delicate task, nevertheless very often it is delivered with considerable superficiality. My reflection would deepen the problematic nature of the judgement, keeping on my experiential plane, since for almost forty years -and still- I practiced the profession of a judge at the Court of Cassation, Italian Supreme Court.

Two are the characteristics required to be a reliable judge, common sense and impartiality. Translating these qualities of character in psychosyntetic terms, we can say that a good judge should be able to disassociate himself from the process that is called upon to decide, and, at the same time, should know / want to correctly use his will because the act of judging, after all, is a complex but substantial act of will.

The judge should not let to get involved in the events on which it is called to determine rights and reasons, or faults or responsibilities. A judge exists because modern societies established, by convention, that nobody can -alone- take the law into himself. Said Romans, to