

Re-kindling the Flame

*(A sequel to Impossible
Love)*

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'Too Many Names' by Pablo Neruda (1904-1973)

*Mondays are meshed with Tuesdays
And the week with the whole year
Time cannot be cut
With your weary scissors
And all the names of the day
Are washed out by the waters of the nights*

*No one can claim the name of Pedro
Nobody is Rosa or Maria
All of us are dust or sand
All of us are rain under rain
They have spoken to me of Venezuelas
Of Chiles and of Paraguays
I have no idea what they are saying
I know only the skin of earth
And I know it is without name*

*When I lived amongst the roots
They pleased me more than flowers did
And when I spoke to a stone
It rang like a bell*

*It is so long, the spring
Which goes on all winter
Time lost its shoes
A Year is four centuries*

*When I sleep every night
What am I called or not called?
And when I wake up, who am I
If I was not while I slept?*

*This means to say that scarcely
Have we landed into life?
That we can as if new born
Let us not fill our mouths*

*With so many faltering names
With so many sad formalities
With so many pompous letters
And so much of yours and mine
With so much of signing of papers.*

*I have a mind to confuse things
Unite them, bring them to birth
Mix them up, undress them
Until the light of the world
Has an oneness with the ocean
A generous vast wholeness
A crepitant fragrance.*

With thanks to Jeaan de Bont for sending this powerful poem to me.

PROLOGUE

If someone had asked me a few weeks ago if I would be writing the sequel to 'Impossible Love' already I would have laughed out aloud. Having just written one story, I did not know that the inspiration for its sequel would be right on its heels. A Skype chat with Birgit Kaiser (the artist who designed the cover of the first book) gave me some ideas and later that evening, looking up at a beautiful full moon on the 2nd July 2015, the title suddenly came up in my mind and the words started to flow.

The publication of the first book was quite an experience and gave me a big lesson in having to be patient. But happy to report that all is going well now and getting some really lovely reviews from people who are reading it right now as I write this prologue.

In this book I have decided to share more experiences during my life and also talk a little bit more about the meaning of colour, which is also a huge inspiration and this has always been the same for me, almost from the moment I was born.

I hope that you enjoy the sequel, and also absolutely thrilled that Birgit will design the cover again. She asked me if she should use black paper this time, which fitted in beautifully with the title, but oh such a confronting colour for someone like me who is totally the opposite.

Jill Kramer ©
Summer 2015

Chapter 1

After the initial euphoria and the feeling of lightness and being so intensely busy, the shadow slowly came back. I could feel its heaviness. The first book was finished and published and I actually felt proud of my achievement. But despite that, each and every day, I had this strange feeling that I could not quite place.

A feeling of pain deep in my heart, just as if the chambers of my heart were closing. Each breath became more laborious. The pain was not intense, just there all the time, thudding like a headache in the centre of my life force. Worse than heartburn or indigestion, just a slow heavy beat between the normal rhythms of my heart.

Sleep was the release, the moment my mind shuts off to rational thought and I can float off and away into the oblivion of eternity. Those beautiful moments of astral travel in the night, where you meet old friends and family, encounter new ones and others from your soul group. The moments of total possibility where dreams are endless.

When I woke up each and every morning, the pain was back. And then a huge confrontation with myself am I still angry? No that has subsided. Do I feel rejection? A bit. Do I want to make a move forwards? Definitely but how?

Do I allow my pride to get in the way? This got me thinking about the actual word Pride and the feeling of being Proud. You can be positively proud of something you have achieved, just like I felt about my book. No ego, thinking I am so good I have written a book and its published, no just proud of the achievement nothing more than that. But Pride is something completely different. A well-known proverb is; 'Pride comes before a fall' which means that the emotion of pride can keep you from literally falling flat on your face, chasing yet another pavement.

But there is a shadow side to pride as well. Allowing your pride to stop you from following your heart. A huge big heavy emotion that keeps you from really following your intuition, taking a step forward to maybe repair something that has broken.

Was that what I was feeling in my heart? My limbs felt heavy too. I wondered does it feel like this when you lose a limb. The feeling that it is still there but you cannot physically touch it anymore.

It was those moments that my mind began to wander, what is he feeling, does he ever think about me anymore? Does he feel sad, does he miss me? Endless questions with no answers. On the one hand knowing for sure, he is encountering the same emotions as me, but which of us can be the one to break the ice. Who is prepared to re-ignite the flame that we both blew out with so much force? Or do we continue to wander around in the shadow, torturing ourselves because we are just not big enough to make the first move?

Our Guide was with me a lot, talking to me in my deep sleep. He asked me several times: 'what do you really want to do, and why don't you just do it?' I suppose I could have just got in the car and driven up there and said something, but that awful feeling of rejection overruled my rational thinking. I was just too afraid of that same feeling of not being good enough.

Actually it was several weeks later, and in the meantime I had been busy with the book and my patience well and truly tested once more. There were little problems with the publishers and I seemed to be either on the phone or writing emails waiting for answers.

I was taken back to the moment the first photo of the artwork for the cover came through and the actual physical act of uploading your text, the photos and writing the synopsis for the back cover. Taking a photo of yourself and telling people who you are and of course you don't like the photo you have chosen. This is the business card of your book and you hope and pray that people will look, feel inspired and your words can go out into the world, flying like the wind.

So why is it just so hard, or almost downright impossible to sit down and write an email to someone who is so important to you?

How big is the block of pride sitting on top of me?

Eventually I get to the point, after many days of soul searching that I can actually do just that, so I wrote an email, firstly saying that I am sorry for the words I had written and that I miss him so much. Really pour my heart out and press send and let the whole subject go.

Of course, I expected him to reply straight away, but he doesn't and I am thrown into even more shadow.

Then as it always happens, right out of the blue, at the moment you least expect it, a message arrives. He is abroad again, giving a workshop at a sacred retreat. He has had my email, but the signal is so bad he cannot reply and will do when he gets home. A ray of light enters the darkness and the feeling of heaviness, which is making me physically weary, gets a little bit less.

In actual fact it was quite a few days later, a new column, which appeared, an incredible emotional experience he has had there himself and I just know that I have to be the one to write the words. This is far too personal to allow someone else to do it and that is exactly what he writes back to me. He also tells me that he has to get over his huge obstacle of his pride, which after his initial anger about what has happened between us, he is not sure if he can actually swallow it and move forwards. Several people have offered to do the work (my work) in the meantime but he says that his heart and soul is calling me.

So we agree to talk on the phone, and I am totally hopeless, the minute I hear his voice, the tears flow freely, I cannot speak a word, but I hear the emotion is just a great for him too. We both say sorry for the pain inflicted, sorry for the anger and agree to meet up. He actually says thank you to me for giving him a huge wake up call, I can hardly believe what he is saying, but he explains that when you are so deeply connected you often have to be the one to inflict the pain, so that the other can grow. Give ourselves the physical space to repair and maybe make some plans for the future?

In the meantime, it's back to business as usual and once again I am busy working on the words again. Firstly the column which is done within a few hours and posted out on social media, then a lot of work for a new product

being launched later this year and then the Guide intervenes and gives two new images, firstly Pride (of course) and then Momentum (which is just another word for movement). The energy flows again and days like this are just great.

In the middle of all this I decide to take a short holiday after a really busy weekend working on another new product and at the last minute debate on should I take my laptop or not? If I leave it here I will need it, if I take it, I won't. On the journey to another county of Holland, my phone bleeps and the words for the second image come through. I am visiting an area, which I like very much for its deep earthy energy. The ancient stones, which can be found here. An area steeped in emotion, some of it very negative, about treason between people and families during the war. This is the area where many people made the journey to the camps in Germany where they met their end. I want to walk the path called the Milky Way but when I get there I cannot bear the sadness and energy there. This is exactly the place where many people were deported. The hairs literally stand up on the back of my neck and I have to leave. Later the same day, I come across some of the ancient stones and lie down on them allowing the pain and suffering to leave my system.

This is the county where as he said he arrived on this planet. And it seemed as if I am there on a mission and all this is taking place even before we have agreed to meet one another again.