

Arifah's Peace Poem



Bapak travels East

As preparations for the Zone4 Gathering progressed and as the number of countries and participants expanded, the central themes of the meeting “enterprises” and “peace & forgiveness” started to gently seep into full consciousness.

It became obvious to me, as a German that I wanted to contribute to the spirit of peace & forgiveness. Nurtured by a feeling, which Ismanah had, in her own words, already accentuated on the Zone4 website: to humbly pacify the monstrosities of the past, to soothe the grief that walks hand in hand with guilt, to enlighten the shadows of the past that still reach out to the present.

And suddenly there appeared an inner image of an art work of particular making that would bring to life Bapak’s face.

This picture was, in its details, so overwhelmingly complex and laborious that I had to inwardly disallow the idea three times and turn away from it completely, in order not to sink into despair. But all along I could feel Bapak’s admonition gnawing in my inner, that we have to put our Latihan into practice in order to bestow meaning onto our receiving. I was observing myself, slowly starting to make preparations for the practical execution of the painting. When everything was gathered, 2 weeks remained for the realisation of the project, before congress would start.

Thereby, days of intense creation started, accompanied with Bapak’s talks in audio and video, that helped me avoid being swept away by this compelling workload.

Every morning anew I was looking forward to hearing Bapak’s voice.

Two days prior to the beginning of congress the picture was accomplished and I was astonished to find that Bapak’s countenance had crystallised. In the wake of Bapak, a small peace dove had taken shape, composed of all national flags of Zone4, reminding us that we are all one.

And that is how Bapak came to travel with us to the Zone meeting in Wolfsburg, accompanied with

a feeling that he would not return to the Lake Constance, but that his message of peace would travel further into the world. An inkling already resided in my feelings where he would go next, but this only surfaced with all its intensity on the very last day of congress: there, where war prevails and peace is badly needed. To Lebanon.

So now, this peace poem tarries in Beirut. May it safeguard, strengthen and support our brothers and sisters in Lebanon and may it summon peace and understanding within its boundaries, beyond its boundaries and within myself.

Arifah Gebhardt