



Footprints In This World



Such a cruel way!

Step by step, not knowing what will come the next day, next hour, next minute. One step after the other - hope seems to be far away, not reachable in the darkness of the horizon. I've lost my way home. Fences around countries, fences in people's hearts.

Confusion about the unknown. Shadows behind me, shadows next to me, shadows before me. Overwhelming shadows everywhere. The big dark hole shows its immanent attraction. Creeping around the hole. Just walking and looking into the abyss.

All of a sudden, a voice turns up. Is it a compassionate voice of the divine?

If **love** could speak,
what would love answer me?



“
My loved one, you are alive.

You are welcome to the place where you are just now, you are welcome to the place where you will hereafter be, no matter what other people may tell you.

Your destiny is to live this life, to get to know yourself and to give yourself, with all your unique qualities, as a marvelous gift to the world. I will help you to find your own way through the jungle of life and focus on the opportunities.

You are wonderful and you are loved - just have some patience, please. Listen to your heart, and take care of yourself.

Never give up! ”



A deep breath, a smile on my lips, relief for my exhausted body.

One step after the other, as it has been yesterday and the hard days before, but not the same: my own steps, lightened by the guidance of love. Shadows are slowly disappearing. Long forgotten confidence arises. Sunshine in my heart.

My steps towards you, towards people who love, towards people whose hearts are closed ... just towards the world as it is.

Which kind of footprints do I make into the world?
Are they caring and healing?
What will be my answer?

