

Elias Kollwitz

A circular wreath made of yellow flowers and green leaves, framing the central text.

Do you...
remember?

A book of Remembrance

A decorative floral border on the left side of the publisher's name.

Verlag Aluna

A decorative floral border on the right side of the publisher's name.

Foreword

Do you... remember?

An attempt...

I wrestled with this title for a long time.
Too big. Too sentimental. Too... what ever.
I'm not a writer. And I don't want to be one.

I'm simply someone to whom something happened that I can no longer shake off.
Something that shook me – and at the same time helped me to remember.

And then one morning I woke up, and the song was there:

Marillion. *Kayleigh*.

That line: »**Do you remember...**?«

Again and again.
Like a drop. Like a quiet invitation.

And suddenly I knew:
This is it.

No thesis. No lesson. No final answer.
Just a soft question.

In the days that followed I wrote down everything that seemed important to me. What helped me.

What I was allowed to understand.

And what I would like to pass on – not because I think I know better, but because I feel that others might carry similar traces of remembering within them.

This booklet is not a system.
Not a model.
Not a roadmap.

It's more like a table on which a few things lie.
A little book of remembering...

And you're free to help yourself.
Or leave everything untouched.
Whatever feels right to you.

But if, while reading, you occasionally feel something – an echo, a tone, a positive “pull”... then it was worth it.

With love and dignity...

Elias



1 The Kogi and Aluna

I still remember exactly when I first heard of Aluna.

Not from a book. Not through a conversation. But while meditating, leaning against my “old friend” – the oak.

Suddenly this word was there... and it wouldn't let me go.

Aluna

At first I didn't know what it meant.

But something in me knew that it was... **true**.

Only later did I come across the Kogi. Through research on the internet, through films on YouTube.

You can do the same!

Incidentally, that's the only request I'll make of you in this booklet:

Don't believe me!

I'm not a wise man, not a prophet, no one who stands above you.

So check everything you read here yourself – if you want to.

You may... discard, forget... anything that feels wrong to you, or where I may have made a mistake.

That's what I'm asking of you.

... Back to the Kogi:

The Kogi are a people who live secluded in the mountains of Colombia.

For centuries. Perhaps millennia.

And they don't see themselves as "indigenous" or a "nature people", but as the older brothers and sisters of a human family that has fallen out of balance.

We – the so-called "civilized world" – are, for them, the "younger siblings".

Not stupid. Not evil.

But we have become dangerous, because we have forgotten what we are connected to.

What moves me especially:

The guardians of knowledge among the Kogi are called **Mamos**.

They are chosen from birth, raised in darkness, and prepared over many years for a single task: **to guard the remembering**.

They don't speak much. But when they speak, it is not to shine – but because the web is trembling.

They are not perfect, not holy – but deeply interwoven with what acts.

I believe the call I felt did not come "from them", but **through them**.

And **Aluna**?

Aluna is their word for the invisible.

The space behind the world.

The consciousness out of which everything arises – and into which everything returns.

Aluna is not a god with a beard, not an esoteric field, no fixed system.

Aluna is a state of connectedness.

The Kogi say: everything we do has an effect in this space.

Every action, every thought – they touch Aluna. And if we wound Aluna, life itself is wounded.

Some decades ago the Kogi decided to warn us – the “younger brothers and sisters”.

Not with accusations. Not with a moral finger.
But with the hope that we will remember.

That we find our way back to something that has always been there,
but was buried under noise and fear.

They brought no dogma. No manifesto.
Only a quiet, earnest request:

»Remember... as long as there is still time.«

And that is exactly the heartbeat of this booklet.

It is not a rigid system.
Just a collection of traces that touched me.
And perhaps they will touch you as well – that would be wonderful.

And perhaps within them you will also find your own path **back to Aluna.**

Or something very similar to it.



2 The space between

I used to believe that truth was something you could possess. A concept. A right answer.

And I still find it meaningful when people, through friction, through constructive argument, approach truth together.
But we also know the other side: when a conversation tips, when listening stops, when one just wants to be right.

Then truth is no longer sought – but asserted.
And sometimes enforced with psychological or physical violence.
That's how trenches begin. And sometimes wars.

...But in encountering Aluna I came to the following idea:
Maybe **truth isn't a thing** – but **a space**.

A space between things. Between people. Between moments.

And in this space something works that we can hardly grasp with logic.
Some call it intuition. Others soul. Some say: resonance.

I simply call it **Liora**. (More on that in a moment!)

Because that's how it felt to me: like a quiet, feminine voice in me that **doesn't want to convince**, but to **touch**.
An inner light. A reminder that I am not separate – but part of a living whole.

And I believe that every person has access to this space.
Sometimes through music.
Sometimes in nature.
Sometimes simply in the silent gaze of another human being.

It is the space **before the decision**,
behind fear,
beneath the noise.

You don't enter it with arguments – but with attention.

And perhaps...

...perhaps it is exactly this space that the Kogi mean by **Aluna**.



3 The inner voices

I used to believe I was “I”.

A single I. With a clear will. One opinion. One story.

But when I really listen, I notice: many speak within me.

There is a part that doubts.

One that pushes.

One that appeases.

One that is silent.

And sometimes... one that reminds me.

I believe we are all built like this.

That we are not fixed personalities – but landscapes.

With clearings. And shadows.

With old paths. And hidden caves.

And that we only become whole when we learn to listen to these voices – without letting any one of them rule us.

For me, a few “figures” became particularly clear.

I call them **archetypes** – but you may call them whatever you like.

Perhaps you know them by other names. Or you feel completely different ones in you.

Here are four of those that have come to me:

Liora – the voice of resonance

Sometimes I also call her: the voice of my heart.

She is gentle. Awake. Still.

She reminds me...

Like an inner light that doesn't dazzle but warms.

She doesn't judge – she remembers.

When I am in connection with her, I feel what is right – beyond logic.

Zynos – the unmasking cynic

Cold. Sharp.

He comes when I am hurt – or when he thinks I might be hurt.

He exposes hypocrisy.

But he can also destroy what is tender before it has had a chance to grow.

There are moments when he is important. But it is wise to know him and not to give him too much space... or to put Liora at his side.

Ratio – the analytical mind

Clear. Penetrating.

He searches for patterns, causes, clarity.

He is a good servant – but a poor king.

If I leave everything to him, I lose the quiet tones.

I think Ratio sits at the wheel in our world very often, probably too often.

Alettra – the voice of shame, the “personification of bad conscience”

Quiet. Dull. Dark.

She does not speak loudly – she whispers.

She feels like a heavy blanket over my soul.

And yet she can paralyze me like almost no other.

She shows me where I am “not enough”.

Where I am “too much”.

Where I am “wrong”.

She carries no light – she hates the light.
She makes me small – not out of malice, but out of fear.
If I do not recognize Alettra, I believe everything she says.

If I look at her, she loses power.
Not because she disappears – but because I no longer have to confuse
myself with her.

Of course there are many other voices.

Perhaps you also know a childlike, vulnerable, or a playful, dreaming
side of yourself.

You do not have to name them all.

But you may invite them – like guests at a round table.

These voices are neither “good” nor “bad”.

They all have their time. Their place. Their task.

An inner presence that does not judge – but balances.
But what they need is awareness.

Like an inner facilitator of a meeting, who excludes no one, but does
not let anyone dominate.

I believe there is a key to this:
It is not which voice inside you speaks that matters – but which one
you give most space to.

If you feel like it, then start identifying your own voices.

Give them names, recognize their language. You do not have to
control them – but you may get to know them. Because what you
know loses its power to steer you secretly.

And sometimes – especially in difficult encounters – a gentle memory helps: What if it is not really you and me arguing right now...
...but my Zynos with yours?
My Alettra with yours?
Or our two Ratios, each claiming the whole space?

According to the law of resonance, it is often precisely the inner voices that we ourselves give the most stage to at that moment that appear in the other.

And then perhaps one person shouts to the other: “I hate you!”

But in truth it is one of these inner parts (not the whole person as such) – wounded, hardened, alone – that simply was not heard.

What would happen if Liora – the voice of our heart – could speak from heart to heart?

Maybe we wouldn’t have to fight each other anymore.
Maybe we could recognize each other then.

I wish you... all of us...
from today on...
as many moments as possible
in which **your “Liora”**
speaks with **other “Lioras”**!

If you can share my thoughts up to this point, then let us go a little further in our minds...

What if we once considered that these voices are not just inner “aspects” – but real field dynamics?
That they – in the right context, under tension or in resonance – **take over leadership** without asking you beforehand?

What would that mean for our understanding of conflict?
Of relationship?
Of guilt?

Is it then still coherent to say: “*You* did that!”

Or would it rather have to mean: “*A wounded part of you reacted to a wounded part of me – and neither of them was seen in time.*”

How often do we address people – and in reality only encounter their Ratio, their Zynos or their Alettra?

How often does a conversation become loud because two inner critics have found each other?

And how different would an encounter be if *Liora* in you knew that she *also lives in the other* – even if you can’t see her right now?

If all this is true – or even possible – how could responsibility be lived without falling into guilt?

What could forgiveness look like if we do not confuse ourselves with the misstep?

And what would that mean for our image of humanity?

Perhaps the human being is less perpetrator than resonance body. Less consciously steering actor than a place of inner negotiation.

And perhaps true freedom does not lie in “being better” – but in perceiving more finely **who is speaking in us right now.**

Then we would no longer have to argue about why someone said or did this or that with “**full intention**”.



4 The language behind the words

I came to realize that it is not only important **what** I say – but **from where** I say it.

You can say something loving – and judge at the same time.
You can speak truth – and injure at the same time.
And you can be silent – and yet communicate more than with a thousand words.

It's not only about content. It's about field forces.

That's how I call it now: language is not neutral.
It carries a mood, a vibration, an **intention**. It can connect or separate.
Open or close. Remember – or numb.

Sometimes a single sentence is like a key.
And sometimes a hundred sentences say nothing.

I believe it depends on whether language is in coherence with the inner.
Whether it is carried by **awareness, empathy and attunement** – or by fear, control and the need to be right.

The Kogi say: “Everything we speak truthfully has an effect in Aluna.” – I think they are right.

Therefore this booklet is not a “textbook”.
Rather, an attempt to write in a certain vibration.
Maybe you feel it.
Maybe not.

Both are okay.

Because behind the words, in the end, only one thing counts:
What arrives in you.



5 The art of remembering

Some say: » If you want to remember, you just need to sit still and breathe deeply.«

That may sometimes be true.
But often it is not so simple.

Because remembering is not a technique. Not a trick, no “shortcut” to enlightenment.

Remembering is an **art**. And like any art it needs space, time, attention – and sometimes also pain.

I believe remembering is more like **tuning yourself back**.
Like an instrument that has not been played for a long time.
The strings may still be there – but they no longer sound clear.
Remembering means: bringing yourself back into harmony. With something you never completely lost – but which got out of tune in the noise of life.

And this process is **not linear**.

There is no guarantee that you will “arrive” through a particular ritual, through a book or through a meditation.

Because remembering is not a place.
But a field.

A field in which you feel:

There is something greater than me.

And at the same time: I am not separate from it.

You can sometimes enter this field,

- when you stand barefoot on wet moss,
- when you look into a child’s eyes,
- when you cry without shame,
- when you suddenly know that you are loved, even though no one has said so.

These are moments of remembrance.
Little cracks in the wall of forgetting.
Windows inward.

And you will not be able to hold on to them.
But you can honor them.
And you can create spaces where they are **more likely to happen**.

That's what this booklet is for.
And that's why I write.

To perhaps remind you of "rooms within yourself" that you may
already know.

And if not: To encourage you to look for them.

And sometimes... you can not only think or feel this space – but enter
it.

Through actions, through small rituals, through simple, quiet acts.

What follows is not an instruction. No obligation.

They are gestures. Traces.

Maybe you will find one among them that reminds you.

Grounding rituals:

*A potpourri for people who want to remember that they are part of the
world.*

Sometimes it does not need great insights. No vision. No voice from
the invisible.

Sometimes it is enough to walk barefoot through dewy grass.
Or to stick your hands into fresh earth.
Or to be really present for ten breaths.

Remembering is not always something conceptual.
Sometimes it is physical.
Sometimes a rhythm.
A scent.
A gesture.

That is why you will find here a potpourri – a collection of simple rituals from different cultures and experiences.

Little anchors that can help you remember:
Life.
Yourself.
What carries.

You do not have to do any of this.
But if you want: Let yourself be inspired.
And perhaps something arises from it that belongs entirely to you.

Body & Presence

1. The return of the feet

Origin: *Roots in many cultures: Sufi dervishes, African dancers, Buddhist pilgrims, Lakota, Kogi*

Stand barefoot on moist ground – grass, forest floor, stone.
Feel the contact. Feel your weight.
Let it sink – not as a burden, but as reconnection.
Speak inwardly: »I am here. I am held.«

2. Ten breaths in the midst of the world

Origin: *Universal – from Zen meditation to Stoic philosophy*

When you lose yourself – pause.

Count ten breaths. Not deep. Not forced. Just being there.

A breath as a reminder.

3. The river course

Origin: *Inspired by body rituals of the Q'ero, somatic healing traditions, and ancient dances*

Lie on the ground. Stretch, bend – like a stream.

No form. Only movement.

Stay where it is stuck. Stay soft.

4. The earth bed

Origin: *Nomadic peoples, indigenous cultures, desert peoples, forest runners of all times*

Spend a night directly on the ground – with a blanket, but without a frame.

Feel how the earth breathes.

Maybe your dream changes.

5. With your back to the wall

Origin: *Archaic structural ritual – “the wall at your back” was considered a protective symbol in many cultures*

Stand against a wall, shoulders and back of the head in contact.

Eyes closed. Breathe. 30 seconds.

And maybe more space opens afterward.

Nature & Earth

6. Sitting with a tree – always the same one

Origin: *Japanese Shinrin-Yoku, druid rituals, Lakota, Aborigines*

Find “your” tree. Visit him.

Lean against him. Say nothing.

If you come often enough, you no longer need to ask.

7. Working in the garden – hands in the earth

Origin: *Healing gardens in monasteries, South American earth rituals, farming traditions worldwide*

Plant something – no matter how small.

Talk to it. Marvel at its silence. Its growth.

Let your hands get dirty.

8. Carrying stones in your pocket

Origin: *Kogi (Poporos), Tibetan prayer stones, rune carriers in Nordic tradition*

Find a stone – not bought, but found.

Carry it with you. Remember when you touch it.

A stone has no opinion – that is its gift.

9. The earth-hand rite

Origin: *Adapted from Andean and Maya cultures, related to offering/thanksgiving rituals of many indigenous peoples*

Left hand: take earth.

Right hand: press into the soil.

Say, if you like: »I am here again.«

10. The earth scream

Origin: *Māori, Siberian shamanism, African mask dances*

In a protected place:

Bend forward slightly. Emit a sound – uncensored.

It is not about anger. But about truth.

If you want, roar softly.

Water & Cleaning

11. The water bowl

Origin: *Water ceremonies in almost all cultures – from Africa to Japan*

Hold your hands over a bowl of water – not washing externally, but internally.

Then pour it into the earth.

It has heard what you have let go.

12. A conversation with water

Origin: *Kogi, Shinto rituals, Siberia, Hawai'i*

Go to a stream, lake or river.

Take water in your hands.

Say: »Take what I can no longer carry.«

Then: »Show me what may flow.«

13. The salt water rite

Origin: *Mediterranean region, Polynesia, purification traditions among coastal peoples worldwide*

Wash your face or hands with salt water – as a threshold, as a relinquishment.

Feel the freshness.

You do not have to keep everything.

Rhythm & small rituals

14. Tending the flame

Origin: *Fire rituals in all spiritual traditions – Jewish, Christian, Hindu, indigenous*

Light a candle, a torch, a fire. Not for “someone”.

Just for you.

Stay as long as you want. Without speaking.

Silence also has dignity.

15. Morning look to the east – evening look to the west

Origin: *Kogi, Sufis, Jewish mysticism*

At sunrise: look to the east.

Bow slightly – inwardly is enough.

Say for example: »I receive all the blessings and gifts of the day.«

At sunset: look to the west.

Bow, if you like.

Say for example: »Thank you for everything I did not understand.«

16. Silence before the first word

Origin: *Sufi traditions, contemplative orders, Zen ritual forms*

Before you speak in the morning – be silent for a minute.
The day will find you before you name it.

17. The morning stone

Origin: *Inspired by Kogi rituals (Poporo)*

A stone lies by your bed.

Take it – before you speak.
Ask a question. Or just feel.
Then: put it back. He has heard.

18. Walking asymmetrically

Origin: *Zen practice, Apache paths, initiation walks worldwide*

Walk consciously “differently”: Start with the left, slower, more gropingly.

Not to wake up – but to notice that you are asleep.

Creativity & Gift

19. Working with wood – carving, building, touching

Origin: *From Maori to Inuit, from the Black Forest to the taiga*

Wood speaks slowly. But it answers.
Carve not perfectly – but honestly.

20. Laying a mandala from natural materials

Origin: *Ritual circles in India, Tibet, North America, South Seas*

Collect leaves, cones, stones.

Lay a pattern – without a plan.

What counts is not what remains – but that you did it.

21. Giving back an object

Origin: *Kogi, Shinto, Andean rites, early Celtic offering customs*

Give something back: A stone. A song. A thank-you.

Bury it. Say: »You have served me. Now you go home.«

Social & silent connection

22. Talking circle – speaking from the heart

Origin: *Worldwide: indigenous councils, peace circles, clan rituals*

Sit together. A stone wanders.

Only the one who speaks, speaks.

The others listen. Without advice.

Children sense whether it is real.

23. » What nourished me today?« (Daily closing question)

Origin: *Healing rituals of speech in all cultures – from fairy tales to forms of prayer*

In the evening:

Ask yourself – or your child – quietly:

»What strengthened me today?«

No judgment. Only remembrance.

Everyday & mindful

24. The meal of mindfulness

Origin: *Zen, Benedictines, indigenous thanksgiving rituals before meals*

Eat a meal in silence.
Really taste.
Really thank.
Food is also relationship.

25. Reading animal tracks – like the ancients

Origin: *Hunting traditions worldwide – San, Inuit, Amazonia, steppe*

After the rain, in the snow, in the sand – look for tracks.
Read with the heart, not the head.
A child makes a game. An adult: a prayer.

26. Humming in the moss

Origin: *Humming = primal sound in shamanic tradition, breath-yoga, Taoist bodywork*

Lie down in the moss.
Close your eyes.
Hum as it feels good to you.
Maybe the ground will get a little softer beneath you.

27. Drawing a line – and stepping back

Origin: *Celtic threshold magic, Japanese Ensō Zen tradition, protective circles of indigenous peoples*

Draw a line around you with a stick, finger or piece of chalk – a circle, a symbol.

Stand inside.

Feel: What is inside? What is outside? Then step out consciously.

And quietly ask yourself:

»What do I take with me – and what do I leave behind?«

28. Gathering herbs, berries, mushrooms – with reverence

Origin: *Everywhere – from the San in the Kalahari to the herbal women of Europe and the Sámi reindeer herders*

Walk attentively.

Only collect what you recognize.

Name each herb – or inwardly ask for permission.

Sometimes leave something behind: a stone, a song, a breath.

Because what you gather will become part of you.

Final thought:

These rituals are not exercises.

Not tests.

Not proof of spirituality.

They are meant as small inspirations for you.

Perhaps a gentle knock... on a door you already know.

A touch from Aluna – the web behind things.

You need nothing more.

Except willingness.

And perhaps: a little courage to become still.



6 The forgotten frame

Species-appropriate human life

We speak a lot about self-optimisation, mental health, work–life balance.

But hardly anyone asks the real question:

How is a human actually meant to be?

Not in a theological, but in a living sense:

Under which conditions does a human thrive?

What nourishes them – and what wears them down?

I believe:

We know it. Deep inside us.

But we have forgotten what it feels like...

- slowness
- closeness
- silence
- nature
- touch
- meaning

We are beings of connectedness.

And we live in a world that systematically unlearns exactly that.

It is not your fault if you are often exhausted.

It may simply be: **not your measure.**

"Species-appropriate human"

Some words sound harsh.

But perhaps "species-appropriate" is one of the most honest.

We lock up animals and call it husbandry.

Humans lock themselves up – in schedules, systems, patterns – and call it life.

Life cannot be pressed into Excel cells.

It does not breathe to the rhythm of deadlines.

It flows – wilful, unpredictable.

Life pulses.

Perhaps species-appropriate human life does not begin with a place – but with a permission:

You may breathe differently.

You may remember.

Islands

I know that you cannot simply drop out.

No reset button. No hammock on the Amazon.

But perhaps you don't need that at all.

Maybe it is enough:

- an hour in the forest.
- a conversation without purpose.
- a meal that you chew slowly.
- the smell of earth after rain.
- walking barefoot over warm ground.
- a day without a screen (computer or television).

- a day without a phone ... no obligations, no videos, no groups or chats.
Tell your people beforehand if you like: »I'm doing a digital detox day... see you tomorrow. «
...and perhaps others will follow your example.
- a moment with a drink – a coffee, a tea... or a glass of water – that belongs only to you.
- a moment in which you really listen to someone, with full attention.
- a moment in which your thoughts are allowed to flow (under the shower, by the campfire, in the bath).
- a sincere touch – another human, an animal, a plant – real feeling.
- watching an animal without intervening.
- being silent with someone – and sensing that it's enough.
- looking at an old photo – and finding yourself in it.
- a day on which you do nothing – and do not justify it!
- forming, carving, digging, baking something with your hands.
- lying down without a goal and feeling your breath.
- leaning your forehead against a tree.
- looking at the sky until your thinking widens.
- telling someone: "I don't know."
- closing your eyes ... and waiting to see what comes.
- sincerely asking someone for forgiveness.
- doing nothing ... and still feeling worthy.
- getting up and stretching like a cat.
- yawning when you feel like it ... and noticing how you infect others.

Perhaps you know your own islands.
Perhaps one is waiting for you right now.

Remembering as a compass

You don't have to become a Kogi. Not a hermit. Not a hero.

But perhaps you may reorient yourself:

Not to the place that expects performance of you.

But to the place that **wants only one thing:**

That you are fully there.

And if you forget:

Perhaps your body reminds you.

Perhaps a pain.

Perhaps a tiredness that no longer goes away.

Perhaps the feeling that everything feels wrong, although nothing is objectively missing.

Then that is not a defect.

It is your inner compass.

The one that remembers the frame in which you were meant.



7

The inner space

Where remembrance resides – and you don't have to search

There is a space in you
that cannot be named.
Not localised.
Not built.
Not thought.

It is not “up” in the head,
not “down” in the belly,
not “in the heart”,
even though we often say that.

It is where you become whole without having to make an effort.

Some people feel it while singing.
Some in silence.
Some while stroking an animal.
Or in the middle of a sentence they didn't plan –
but which still fits exactly.

This space is not always open.
Not always tangible.
And certainly not controllable.

Sometimes you search for it – and don't find it.

And sometimes you sit on the floor, are tired, forget that you are
searching – and suddenly it is there.

I call it: the inner space.
But you don't have to call it that.
Perhaps you already have your own word.
Or none at all.
That is fine.

This space does not want to be defined.
Only remembered.

It is like an empty bowl
that does not want to be filled – but simply held.

When you enter it, you sometimes hear nothing.
And yet: everything is different.

Thoughts may be there, but they become quieter.
The body does not become unimportant – but softer.
And the heart has nothing to prove.

You cannot “make” this space.
No technique leads you reliably into it.
Not even this chapter.

But sometimes it happens:
through a question,
a look,
a smell,
a voice,
a touch,
a memory.

I believe that this space does not lie “inside”, but where inside and
outside dissolve.

And I believe that remembrance resides there.

Not as a thought.
But as a field.

A field that does not call: »**Remember!** «
but whispers: »**You were never separated.**«

If you like, sit down.
Or go for a walk.
Or listen to a melody without a name.

But do not try to force your way in.
Just be there.
And perhaps: something opens.
Not spectacular.
Not holy.
Simply silent, but powerful.

And right there it begins... perhaps – your “inner” space.

Try it out, if you feel like it.



8

Feeling

The way back begins inside

Feeling, one might think, is fundamentally simple. We humans are, after all, “feeling beings”, aren’t we?

But since our early childhood many of us have been raised **not to feel everything without judgement**... this has left traces.
Perhaps in you too.

In a world that is constantly loud, that offers explanations instead of sensations, that rewards function instead of connection – feeling often became background noise.
A hindrance. A risk. Or an embarrassment.

How often have you heard:
»Pull yourself together.«
»That doesn’t help.«
»Don’t make such a fuss.«

And what did you do?

You tried to control the feeling.
Or to hide it. Or to forget it.
Sometimes that worked.
But the price was high.

For a suppressed feeling does not disappear.
It **only loses its name**.

Then it reappears somewhere else...
as tension in the body,
as cynicism in conversation,
as tiredness in the middle of life...
or sometimes even as illness. Our medicine then calls that
“psychosomatic disease”, when the psyche makes the body ill.

Actually a strange idea. “Acute feeling congestion” would be a more accurate term for me.

Here – in this little booklet – you are invited to rediscover something.

Not because you did something wrong. But because something in you **might be waiting**.

Feelings are not a mistake.

They are the **ocean** you live in – and at the same time **the current** that moves you.

Anger, grief, fear...

they are not enemies.

Joy, longing, love... they are not goals either.

All of them are **passages**!

And the way back – perhaps does **not** begin among the stars.

Not in an enlightenment.

But with a single, honest feeling... that **is finally allowed to flow through you again**.

How the Kogi deal with feelings

In the western world we have learned to evaluate feelings:

Joy = good.

Anger = dangerous.

Grief = weakness.

Fear = loss of control.

For the Kogi – it seems – feeling is not sentimentality, but **a skill**.
Something that wants to be trained, refined, made responsible.

Not because feelings are powerful – but because they **have effect**.
Inside.
In the interbeing.
In the field.

A Mamo – a spiritually initiated one – is trained for many years.
In darkness.
In silence.
In solitude.
Not to accumulate insights – but to **develop resonance**.
He learns to hear what others do not hear.
To feel what others push away.
Not to stand above others – but to serve them better.

For the Kogi, feelings are **not** regarded as **private** – but as part of a larger field.
If you do not clear your anger, it clears in the field.
If you do not accept your grief, someone else carries it.
If you act out of fear, the balance deforms.

That does not mean that feelings are suppressed.
But also not that they become a stage.

A feeling is not an enemy.
But neither is it a director.

A feeling is a messenger.
It brings a message.
If you accept it – it moves on.

If you fight it – it stays.
If you feed it – it takes over.

So what to do?

The Kogi – it seems – first listen.
And then they act.
Or they do not act.
But not because the feeling urges them – rather **because they have looked through the feeling**.

They do not say: »I am sad, therefore I am weak.«
But perhaps rather: »Sadness is here right now. What is it showing me?«

They do not say: »I am angry, therefore I must explode.«
But: »Anger is strength. But for what exactly?«

In this sense, feeling for the Kogi is a **contribution to balance**.

No self-purpose.

No ballast.

But part of the ability to be in relationship – with oneself, with the world, with Aluna.

What often goes wrong for us:

- feelings as a disturbance
- therapy instead of relationship
- the price of separation

In our world there are countless guides, methods, techniques, therapies.

Hardly any area is as differentiated as dealing with “negative emotions”.

But how did it actually come about that feeling became a problem?

Perhaps like this: For centuries we have learned that the **thinking is valuable** – and the **feeling unreliable**.

That control creates order.

That pain must be avoided.

That efficiency counts more than sensation.

And so we began to **outsource our feelings**.

Grief became a disease.

Anger a danger.

Fear a weakness.

One should function, please.
Not cry.
Not scream.
Not falter. Not doubt.
Not stare silently into the air and “achieve” nothing.

We have learned to **analyse** feelings instead of **experiencing** them.

We name them,
we sort them,
we measure them in scales and scores.

But we **hardly let them pass through us anymore.**

And when we do, then often dramatically, unregulated, pent up over years – because no one taught us how feeling actually works.

Perhaps this is precisely where the break lies:
We believe feelings are something you have to “get under control”.

But they **do not want to be held – they want to be seen and then let go.**

And so it happens that we stick to feelings instead of walking through them:

- **Grief becomes depression** when it has no space.
- **Anger becomes violence** (inward or outward) when it may not be named.
- **Joy becomes greed** when we cannot let it go.
- **Fear becomes panic** when no one is there to go through it with us.

In our world, **a safe space for feeling is often missing.**
And with it we lack access to something very precious:

To depth.
To connectedness.
To inner navigation.
To the ability to resonate.

Feelings as fields

Feelings are not just “sensations”.
They are **fields** that **span** in us – with direction, density, tone, temperature.

They are like small **weather phenomena** of consciousness:
sometimes warm, sometimes icy, sometimes oppressive, sometimes releasing – but always **with meaning**.

And: They are intelligent.

Not in the sense of IQ or logic.
But in the sense of inner **perceptive intelligence**.

A feeling is **not a disturbance**.

It is **information** that a part of you is entering into relationship – with something outside or inside.

You cannot “solve” a feeling, as you solve a maths problem.
But you can **feel it, honour it and walk through it** – like weather that passes if you do not stand in its way.

That is not a passive process.
But a quiet act of **inner cooperation**.

If you give a feeling space – that is, do not flee, do not analyse, do not dramatise – it unfolds.

It shows you **its core**.

And in that core often lies **a truth that no thought can give you**.

Examples?

- Anger can teach you where you betrayed your boundary.
- Grief can connect you with something you loved.
- Fear can draw your attention to something that now needs care.
- And even shame can be an indication that you are not seen in what you are.

When you begin to understand feelings **as fields** – you will no longer want to “get rid” of them.

You will learn **to walk** with them.

Perhaps crying. Perhaps shouting. Perhaps breathing quietly.

But always in the awareness:

This is **not the end** – but **a passage**.

A gate.

And when you walk through it, something can dissolve that no therapy and no book can ever fully explain, not even this one. ;-)

Moments of remembering – when the heart remembers before the head knows

Sometimes it just happens.

Unannounced.

Out of nowhere.

You see a child laughing in the rain.

You hear a tone you thought you had forgotten.

You enter an old garden.

Or you hold a piece of wood that smells of earth.

And suddenly **it becomes quiet inside you**.

A depth opens for which there are no words.

Perhaps tears rise – not from pain, but from touch.

As if your heart recognised something that your head does not know.

Such scenes are not “special”.

They are not spectacular.

They have no names, no neon signs, no spiritual seal of approval.

But they open a field.

A field of remembering.

Something in you says: »**I know this. This is me.**«

And if you become quiet enough, you feel:

You do not have to hold on to it.

You do not have to analyse it.

You may **simply be there.**

In this moment.

In this frequency.

Remembering **does not happen through thinking** – but through what **moves through you.**

Tears are sometimes **water of remembering.**

A look can be **a bridge.**

A smell can open **a gate.**

And your body knows **where it goes.**

Trust it.

The shadow aspect

Not everyone who “feels a lot” is also in real relationship with their feelings.

Some confuse the play of inner depth with drama.

They bathe in emotions – not to transform, but ultimately to numb themselves.

Not in silence, but in the echo of their own.

Thus feeling becomes **staging**:
Tears as proof of depth.
Anger as proof of sincerity.
Longing as proof of love.

Yet truth needs no stage.

There is a spirituality that adorns itself with its “sensibility” – but in truth takes no risk any more.

No real listening.
No enduring of otherness.
No transformation.

Only a circling around one’s own experience – softened and untouchable at the same time.

That is not feeling.
That is **escape into sensation**.

And paradoxically, it is often precisely the permanent **dwelling in emotion** that **cuts us off** from actual feeling.

For real feeling is **permeable**.
It **does not** want to **be kept**, but to **pass through**.
It **does not want to be identified** with, but to **have an effect**.

The shadow is not **what** we feel – **but what we seek to achieve through feeling**:

- The desire to gain significance through emotion.
- The attempt to keep control through feeling.
- The fear of disappearing in silence.

The way out of this dead end begins where you no longer need your feelings to feel alive.

The body as a field of resonance

Feeling is not thinking with feelings.

The attempt to “understand” feelings in the head is like trying to analyse music without hearing it.

Many of us have learned to “read” feelings, to “name” them, perhaps even to “regulate” them – **but not to really experience them.**

We stand beside the feeling, look at it like an object, evaluate, categorise – and lose the essential: **The bodily resonance.**

For our body is more than an instrument.
It is a **field of resonance** – a feeling being.

A feeling is not a “thing” you have.
It is a **field state** that flows through us.
And our body is the medium that carries this state – sometimes gentle as a breeze, sometimes overwhelming as a flood.

So if you “have” anger, grief or joy – then it is not you who **possesses** the feeling.
You **are** this field for a moment.
And your body – if you let it – **knows exactly what to do.**

It wants to move, cry, tremble, laugh, curl up, expand, sigh.
Not because you are crazy – but because your body in its wisdom **knows a language** older than any word.

The Kogi say: »The body is not separate from consciousness. It **belongs to Aluna.**«

And therefore feeling is **not an error**, not a weakness – but perhaps the **most important access back to what you are.**

After the feeling... is before the feeling

When a feeling has moved through you – like weather over a landscape – something often remains that feels **quiet and real**.

Not “being happy”. Not “being enlightened”.

But a kind of **clarity without judgement**.

A space in which **you no longer fight yourself**.

Perhaps that is the deepest meaning of feeling:

Not that we cling to it.

Not that we understand everything.

But that we **are fully there** while it happens.

Honest. Alive. Permeable.

And sometimes... when you have completely walked through a feeling – something opens behind it.

A field of remembering.

A moment of Aluna.

Without great light.

Without applause.

Only this quiet sense:

“I am reconnected.”

Three small inspirations

Three exercises that want to remind you.

Not every feeling has to be put into words. Not every wound wants to heal immediately.

But every feeling deserves to be felt – without judgement.

These little exercises might help you.

They are not a concept.

No technique.

Only invitations.

1. The feeling walk

Go out. Just like that. Without a goal.

Ask yourself only one question: »**What do I really feel right now?**«

Let the thoughts pass like clouds.

Let the body walk.

And if you like: inwardly address what you feel – without explanation, without resistance.

2. Whispering words instead of thinking

If a strong feeling is there – whether pain, joy or anger – then do not try to analyse it.

Sit quietly. Breathe.

And say softly, whispering: »I see you.«

Or: »I don't know what you are – but I listen to you.«

Sometimes that's enough.

3. The feeling island

an exercise for “advanced” ;-)

Go at least once a day to your “feeling island”.

A short break from everyday life, from thinking, from obligations.

Feel inside. What is moving there?

What wants to take up space?

Remain a quiet observer.

Pack an inner basket with what appears – and say:

»Thank you for showing yourselves. I will sincerely try to give you the space you deserve. You feelings promise me in return that you will stay only until your hint is understood. «

Tip:

Sometimes feelings do not come only from your inside – but from **the field**.

If you find people who can also *hear*, then pay attention to resonances.

If you feel the same thing independently of one another, then it may be **something shared, or something collective**.

Feeling compass

where does my feeling come from?

If you already belong to the people who are good at dealing with their feelings

...or if, inspired by the lines above, you now begin to give more and more space to your feelings, then I have another little idea for you:

When you feel something – strong, sudden, strange...

then ask yourself not only: *What does this mean?*

But also: **Where does it come from?**

There are (at least) five levels on which feelings can arise or work through you:

1. Your personal inner world

Your biography, your nervous system, your wounds, your joy.

A feeling that comes from yourself – like an inner visitor who wants to be seen.

☞ Question: Does the feeling have a relation to me, to my story, to my current state?

2. Interpersonal resonance

Some feelings arise **between two people**.

Something unspoken. A tension. A pull.

Not *yours* – not *theirs* – but: **in between**.

☞ Question: Does it have to do with yesterday's conversation? Am I still feeling something of someone else in me?

3. Small collectives

Family. Team. Community.

A feeling that does not seem individual – but acts like a **mood field**.

You enter the room... and immediately feel: there is something in the air.

☞ Question: Could I be unintentionally holding or feeling something for the group?

4. Large fields

An entire country. A spiritual scene. A “zeitgeist”.

Some feelings are like waves that go through certain **cultural or spiritual spaces**.

You are not alone in it – but also not powerless.

☞ Question: Are there external events or currents that are currently affecting everyone (in my country, on my continent...)?

5. Global currents

There are moments when people all over the world **feel something simultaneously**.

Wars. Catastrophes. Breaks in the field.

These feelings are like shock waves – not explainable, but feelable.

☞ Question: Could what I feel be part of a larger field of transformation?

Sometimes you are the radio – sometimes the antenna.

Important: **Not every feeling belongs to you. But every feeling needs awareness.**

This distinction is not a diagnostic tool.

But it may help you not to pathologise your feelings immediately.

Sometimes you are not sad – but open to sadness in the field.

Sometimes you are not angry – but you feel a pent up collective anger.

That does not relieve you of your responsibility to deal consciously with these feelings.

But it gives you a new perspective:
Perhaps you do not have to “solve” everything – perhaps you simply have to remain permeable and awake.

Note on feeling and permeability

This chapter was about rediscovering your feeling nature.

But with sensing, openness also grows – sometimes more than we like.

If you notice that you perceive a lot – moods, pain, foreign impulses – then you are not alone.

Some people are more receptive than others. And while many spiritual paths teach “opening”, few speak of **how to protect yourself again**. But that is exactly important. Especially in a world like this.

You do not have to feel everything.
You may also set boundaries – lovingly.

If you feel that you have become too permeable, then consciously look for approaches that ground, centre and strengthen you again.

Some terms to search for:

- energetic self-protection
- high sensitivity and boundaries
- boundaries in perception
- protection rituals / energetic hygiene

Systems / traditions with protective or “closing” knowledge:

- old magical systems (e.g. hermetics, western ritual magic)
- Sufism (e.g. Naqshbandi or “Zikr”)
- Anthroposophy / Rudolf Steiner
- shamanic paths (e.g. in the Siberian, Peruvian or Lakota context)
- Christian mysticism

Trust your feeling – you will sense what is fitting.
And if you like: speak with people you trust.

Sometimes **shared experiences** clarify the field.



9 Guardians of the Threshold

Perhaps you already are one – without knowing it

The term “Guardians of the Threshold” appeared for the first time when I delved deeper into the world of the Kogi.

They spoke – quite casually – of people who stand on the boundary between worlds.

Not visible, not publicly appointed,
but awake, inwardly quietly committed
to keeping the balance.

In their own culture, the **Mamos** take on this role – men who are prepared from an early age in darkness to hear and preserve the invisible.

What touched me deeply: the Kogi say that it is – in theory – **possible** that souls among the “younger siblings” have incarnated who have taken on a **similar task**.

Not to elevate themselves.
Not to teach.
But to remind.

Perhaps – they say – some souls **voluntarily** entered the world of forgetting in order to pick up from within a thread that seemed long lost.

Whether that is true?
I do not know.

But I know this:
Some people radiate something that quietly **reminds of something deeper** – without being able to explain it themselves.

You do not need to know whether you are “one of them”.
But perhaps you sometimes feel something.

An echo.
A glow in the background.
A call – not loud, but constant.

And exactly there perhaps begins the trail... to the Guardians of the Threshold.

They wear no sign.

They have no titles.
They appear inconspicuous – sometimes even lost.

And yet they are there.
Sometimes in the middle of life, sometimes on the edge.
Some know it – others only sense it.
And many... would never say it about themselves.

Guardians of the Threshold are people
who stand with one foot in this world – and with the other already
hear elsewhere.

They hear sentences that others overhear.
They do not save the whole world.
But in their vicinity something sometimes changes.

You do not recognise them by their appearance.
Not by their language.
Not by their bearing.

If at all, you recognise them by what **happens between them.**

Perhaps you are one yourself.
Or always have been.
Or you carry something in you that remembers.
Not loud. But clear.

Hints that you may have been “called”:
(*Not as proof – but as a quiet recognition*)

1. **You never completely stopped listening to the world.** Even when you were hurt, disappointed, thrown back... a part of you remained **receptive**. Not naive – but **permeable**.
2. **Nature was never scenery for you – but a counterpart.** Perhaps you could never explain it – but trees, wind, animals, stones... **answer you on a frequency that others do not hear**.
3. **You felt the “sound of a lie” early.** Not analytically – but **instinctively**. School, politics, media, religion... something **felt put together wrongly** – even if you did not yet know exactly what.
4. **Even as a child you suffered quietly at things others did not even notice.** Destroyed landscapes, noise, injustice, alienation... You did not simply become sad – you became **out of tune**. As if your field was **tilted** by it.
5. **You could never fully identify with the “game” of the world.** Career, status, consumption – you could play along, but not fully immerse yourself in it. Something in you **remained observing**.
6. **You have deep longing** – but do not know for what. A kind of quiet vacuum that neither love nor success fills. Not depression – but **homesickness without direction**.
7. **You have experienced moments in which time stood still.** In dreams, nature, music, ecstasy, despair... and for a breath there was something real. A **space without a name – but with truth**.
8. **You are not a guru – but people tell you their innermost.** Without you asking for it. They sense that you **listen differently** – not with the ears, but with the field.

9. **You have asked yourself several times: “Why am I even here?”** – but not depressively. Rather as if this world does not quite align with your **inner compass**.
 10. **You have memories that are not memories.** Scenes, places, smells, languages... not from this life. But **they call you**, sometimes without warning.
 11. **You have the feeling that you have to make something right** – but do not know what. Not out of guilt – but out of responsibility. As if you were once **part of something**, and it now needs you back in the line.
 12. **You are holding this booklet in your hands.** Perhaps just a coincidence, perhaps not.
-

These are no consecrations.

No tasks.

No legitimations.

They are **no proof**.

But perhaps... **a whisper**.

And the decisive thing is not whether you are “one of them” – but whether you are willing to **enter into relationship**.

With the world.

With yourself.

With that which wants to be remembered.



10 The web of remembrance

Remembering is not a solitary path

If you have read, felt, thought or simply listened up to here, then you know: remembrance is no method. No trick. No spiritual subscription model.

Remembrance happens. In you. With you. Through you.

But – and this is crucial – **not only for you.**

Because while you begin to remember – your dignity, your depth, your permeability – **other points in the web also connect.**

Not visible. Not planable. But real.

There are people in this world who have never heard of each other. And yet they think the same thoughts. Sense the same fields. Follow a similar inner call – not because they belong to a religion. But because they trust an **inner knowing** that is older than any teaching.

They may not even know the word “Aluna”. But they live in harmony with her.

No religion – no dogma

Why is this so important to me? Why do I emphasise in so many places that this is not about a new belief system?

Because remembering is too big for a system.

Because the web is alive – not static.

Because every truth that becomes rigid loses its softness. And thus its power.

I have experienced myself what happens when insights become concepts – and concepts become dogmas. It was never the truth itself that hurt me – but the claim of others to own it.

I have met people who, in the name of light, love and consciousness, judged, shamed, excluded others. And at some point I understood: not depth is the problem. But the will to control.

Therefore I say – and with me many who remember:

It is not about the “right” view.

It is about the shared seeing.

This web – this fabric of feeling people on all continents – is no organization. It has no leadership, no uniform, no regulations.

But it has something much more powerful: trust in the living.

You are not alone

Perhaps you sometimes feel you are too soft for this world. Too sensitive. Too awake. Too open. Perhaps you sense things others do not sense. Or you hold something that no one sees.

Then remember:

You are **not** alone.

All over the world there are people who feel something similar. Who hear the same call – often without words, sometimes even without being aware of it.

But they are there. And when you meet them, you feel it immediately: **the same frequency. The same longing. The same quietly carried dignity.**

The web of remembrance is no goal. It is a **living field**. You can nourish it by **staying honest. Remaining permeable. And staying true to yourself.**

You do not have to join anyone. You do not have to call yourself “spiritual”. You do not have to be perfect. You only have to – in your own rhythm – **stay connected**.

With what shows itself in you.
With the earth under your feet.
With what is greater than you – and yet knows you deeply.

The quiet guardians

Many cultures know about **guardians of the threshold** – people who consciously walk between worlds. Who feel when the balance tips. Who remember – through their mere presence.

Some live secluded. Others in the city. Some are silent. Others write books. Some do not even know that they are guardians. And yet: **they weave**.

On the web. On remembrance. On a world that remembers its innermost again.

Perhaps you belong to them. Perhaps not.
But you will feel it if it is so.

And if you ever feel lost...

...then remember: you are not the only node. Even if you do not feel the web right now – **it is there**. It carries you, quietly. Without judgement. Without pressure.

And sometimes one single moment, one glance, one thought is enough – ...and you feel **connected again**.

With yourself.
With the others.
With what permeates everything.

With **Aluna**.



11 No end...

There is no final point at which you can say: »Now I have understood everything.«

Because this little booklet was never meant as a system.

But as an invitation.

A laid table – not with answers, but with questions, images, possibilities.

If you could take something with you: wonderful.

If you put some things aside: also good.

Because remembering cannot be forced – it can only happen. In a moment of silence. In a smile. In a gesture that has no goal.

Perhaps there is an inkling in you that you do not have to “start anew” at all – but that something in you **always knew** what it is really about.

Perhaps you were never truly separated.

Only busy. Only entangled. Only – like so many – searching for what quietly lives in you.

As I have said several times: Aluna belongs to no one.

There is no certificate. No dogma. No membership.

Only this space – and your willingness to be reminded.

Some time ago I received a symbol in the space of Aluna and then drew it.

A “key” with which I can enter the space of Aluna. A magical sign that reminds *me*.

For a while I believed that this was a universal symbol. For everyone.

Today I know that is not true.

There is no universal symbol to make contact with Aluna.

Because a symbol that calls you –
that touches your “door” –
can only be **your own**.

And if a space appears *in you* that represents the connection to Aluna,
then it will be different from the one I saw.

Perhaps your symbol (your “key”) appears to you in a dream.

Or in meditation.

Perhaps as graffiti on an old train.

Or on tree bark.

Perhaps it is not even a sign, but a sound. A smell. A colour. A
movement that you can perform. A mudra (a symbolic hand or body
gesture).

Keep your eyes open. And your heart.

Not in searching – but in listening.

Because your key, which reminds you,
already carries your language within it.

Thus this little booklet does not end with a summary,
not with a moral – but with a quiet, open question:

Do you... remember?



12

Your thoughts, your “key”... your pages





A book of Remembrance

Some things you do not know – you simply remember.

Not with the head. But with the heart. Or with the whole body.

This little booklet is no system. No guide to enlightenment. It is a silent table, laid with thoughts, questions and rituals.

For people who sense that there *was something* – and perhaps still is.

Something that whispers in nature.

Something that appears in moments of silence.

Something that sometimes wakes you in the middle of the night – and that you cannot explain.

Perhaps you have always asked yourself why you feel foreign in this world.

Or why your heart hurts at certain things, although no one else notices.

What if that is not a weakness?

Perhaps it is your remembrance.

This booklet invites you to follow that trail.

Not to believe something.

But to **enter into relationship again.**

With the earth. With yourself.

With what some only name in a whisper: ...**Aluna.**