

Balance

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traces

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Christiane Lesch:

With great intensity, she pursues an artistic-painterly path that leads her into areas where colors and shapes express themselves. not become a sensual experience. Every image is a searching movement, a Dare. The artist wants to respond in her pictures to that, what is "behind the things."

Anke Zimmermann:

studied art education at the Academy of Fine Arts in Nuremberg. Your painting school is under the motto: "Everyone can make art" if he would like to, and his attention, sensitivity, and perceptiveness to life over increase.

Johannes-Heinz Nowak:

(1934-2024) has been drawing and painting since childhood. The Psychiatrist and psychotherapist leaves behind a far-reaching artistic life's work. Sources of inspiration for his extensive watercolor painting were, among other things, music (e.g., cycles to Oliver Messiaen) and literature, especially the poetry of R. M. Rilke. His brief explanation of his watercolors was: "The watercolors are created on internal paths that I cannot understand. If I knew these, there would be no pictures. There are necessary images as "sublimating companions." More information at: kunst@johannes-heinz-nowak.de

Editorial

by Carin Schreiber-Müller

Dear readers,

As announced, this is the last *Balance* in paper form. The idea that they will appear online in the future shall, has given us as an editorial team the farewell of facilitated this task. Since 2012, we have been very happy to work with many authors and artists to design this magazine, to come up with topics and to immerse ourselves in them. It was a very rewarding collaboration in a wonderful team. Now we are happy to be able to transfer the further development into other hands and wish our successors much joy and enthusiasm with this new form of magazine. The topic of "traces" is no accident. What traces have we laid down and left behind, which do we carry within us? The happiness of creating a joint work begins with the first considerations on the topic: who should we address, who could contribute something to it, which poems fit? Doubts, considerations are coming up like this: Have we not chosen a too demanding, extensive area? And then come the great articles and address a wide variety of aspects, each time a big Joy and surprise. Finally, we meet for two days and put everything together, determine the color and order, and are always new. Astonished (and mostly enthusiastic, I admit it) by what has emerged. Not only famous artists whose traces we find in their works: music, literature, painting, we all leave traces throughout our lives by meeting people, doing a job, simply through our being. How often do we remember what a certain person said, did, or did not do because something in us touched us, gave us impulses, sometimes without that person ever knowing about it. And yet he continues to live in us, has left behind important things, perhaps encouraged us to take a step that we would not have dared to take otherwise or before something

preserved that would have been to our detriment. When we have children, they are very lively traces. of our further life and world experience, we recognize us - not always just happily - in them again. But I am also convinced that projects, words, even thoughts, also leave our mark on the world. Leave behind injuries - physical or mental Traces, visible and invisible. With the dance let's paint tracks on the floor. Once danced we did the sun dance in the tall grass and could clearly recognize the danced rays. Otherwise, they are rather fleeting traces that have nevertheless written themselves into our cells. Finally, let our authors have their say: Shakeh Major Tchilingirian choreographed the dance Trichk (flight) as an expression of living fully in transience with all his strength. God's traces in all things tells us Lorraine Pratt. Klaus Harms draws an arc over human-historical and personal traces that all leaves life. Similarly, Sabine Grumann sees the earth as a floating ball, covered with tracks of all kinds, as a colorful track carpet, in which every single track matters. In Ulla Röber's life traces, we encounter her impressive desert journey and special women. As always, there are news from the training institute and professional association and artistic design. A sentence by the pianist Alfred Brendel on this topic comes to mind, even though the word traces does not appear in it at all. After his withdrawal from the stage, he was asked in a Spiegel interview whether he was a happy person and gave this answer: *That's maybe too much to say. But I didn't have to quarrel with my fate. I have neither doubted nor idolized myself. And I find many things strange. That helps. There is no other way to make the world endure. "* We thank you for your/your loyal readership and hope that you will also remain faithful to the online balance.



Colorful trace carpet earth - a soul image that moves

by Sabine Grumann

Some time ago, I was struck by the following at night Dream haunted:

I could look at the Earth from above. She showed herself to me as a round, luminous ball floating in space, covered with traces of all kinds, arranged in the most diverse patterns and radiant in the most varied colors. From somewhere, I was informed that this is the footprint of the earth. Let the traces of life, of the living on earth, be recorded in him. The traces of all people are also woven into the vast carpet lying on the earth. I look at the round, floating globe and the wide track carpet, which is bright and colorful surrounds, traces, infinite in their number. Then go the image away, fades, disappears. I wake up my dream.

The present article tells of the perceived image of the soul, the traces of earth, life, people, and the world. He tells of his own traces from my life, traces that bear a connection to the Balance magazine. He talks about the traces that they left in my life, and the traces I left in her. The article invites you to go on a search for traces with yourself. The number of possibilities for this may be almost infinite.

A soul image is imprinted

The image that remained in me from the dream has deeply impressed itself on me. It has become like a meditation picture for me that moves me. It calls within me the nocturnal gaze in the stars.

scattered sky awake, reminds me of a colorful flower carpet in the midst of nature. It awakens in me the association of countless grains of sand that together to a soft, wide sandy beach form, in which the waves of the sea repeatedly Flush new shapes and patterns into it.

What is special about the soul image of the colorful track carpet of the earth? What is it about? What binds itself to him?

Maybe some of us will come first a visionary image in the mind: A carpet full of traces of longing, colorful, with a variety of woven patterns, which lies over the wide earth. They are my, your, our tracks. They point hopeful and frightening toward the future.

Perhaps others in the picture perceive more the traces of all life that have already been imprinted into the earth since there has been life on it. This also includes the traces of yours and mine. Life on earth and in this world. For exact Looking at and dealing with them can be some recognize (again). Every trace carries something unique and unmistakable within it. Hard to believe with the infinite number!

About the symbolism of the image of the soul

In the emerging image of the soul, the three distinctive symbolic images of earth, traces, and carpet combine to form a new symbolic image.

Earth and the globe increasingly seem to be a such an unprecedented, holistic symbolic image for

to step forward for us humans. In them, the past, present, and future, being and appearance, meaning, and meaninglessness of our existence are reflected. All life occurs in its eternal rhythm of becoming and passing away. In it, the earth shows itself. constant. Earth and the globe have become solid. Matter. Our body, our body has been formed from their substance. Much more could be said about the earth motif. Keeping it open enables one's own, deepened meditation.

The globe is littered with many colored tracks, the ones arranged in colorful patterns result in a uniform pattern. The trail motif is often associated with the tracks, the fact of being on the way, searching and Finding how children like to play, alive and in Movement Being, the dance of life. carry traces a great potential in itself, help to gain knowledge, can create connection.

Traces point into the past and shape the future, creating something new every moment. They carry within them courage, energy, and will power. Some traces are very dark, can be associated with fateful compulsion and being led to abuse. Tracks mark the passage through time that you and I cannot stop, the life that we cannot stop. They show us the beginning and end. From the earth we come forth, shape the earth and the world, and again enter into it as a part of it. What remains are your and my traces, which we have woven into the spread-out earth carpet. have. We can influence a little on their number, their colors, their radiance, but limited.

A human-made carpet lying on the floor can be something warming,

To carry protective things within oneself. Also the oriental Carpet with its precious ornaments, decorative Ungen, standing patterns in a colorful arrangement, may appear as an association in some people. It is often used more for decoration, sometimes carrying a high material value. The symbolism of the carpet can be associated with the unity and wholeness symbolism, as it were, a mandala. Find past and future traces in the present, their connection.

Into the overall pattern of the carpet, which extends over the whole earth in the seen soul image spread, your and mine, our very own traces of vocation are also woven in. Around To be able to recognize them, it may take the openness to let us call.

The inner engagement with the image of the soul

In the following, I would like to focus more on to put on the carpet, which is knotted from all the traces that already exist on earth and in the world, which are there, into the earth and the world have been engraved, marked.

With regard to the external situation in the world and on Earth, I am currently experiencing a kind of overload. Highly complex and difficult appears all-encompassing. the situation. Questions and tasks that seem big look for answers and meaningful direction. Sensations such as amazement and powerlessness, hope and fear appear alternately. I'm thinking about how You, dear reader, dear reader, are doing well in everything likes.

As part of this article, I would like to humble myself by taking a look at my own life and my soul landscape and the dreamed

To associate the image of the soul with them. I am already looking at the earth and the world. marked traces of life. It may be because I am getting older that the review made me stronger. moved more than before, it moved me at intervals to a Type of inventory is pressing. She helps me find new to be able to sort, arrange and align to the front. That they enter into external reality set traces of the traces of longing not are really separable, they sometimes fit together closely appear intertwined, interwoven, is even more clearly aware to me in the writing of the article became.

Since it seems to me as if my own Tracks already into infinity, I limit myself to a very small number of them, namely those that have emerged since I write for the journal Balance. With the present article, which you as a reader are currently holding in your hands in the form of the last Balance edition in paper form, over the past ten years together with the current editorial team six Articles were written. You can find them in the past balance expenses. As it wishes to be, everything I do with this time, the people, the commitment connect, as unforgettable traces of life in me stay. At the same time, there may also have been traces that I left in the context of the magazine on Leave earth and remain in the world.

Creative Engagement for balance

I notice that all articles are a religious, carry spiritual and (deep-) psychological focus within themselves. Apparently, these things connect with my being. The first article in issue 1/2016 is called "Light-hearted Get Up." The title of the second article, which was published for the edition

1/2020, bears the title "Vom Reiseweg in die dunkle Tiefe". Shortly afterwards, the article "On the precious value of touch" was published for issue 2/2020. For issue 2/2022, I wrote the article "All roads are open" and for issue 1/2024, the article "Dancing for a world in tomorrow."

The articles in their synopsis tell of the yes and the love for life and of the necessity to descend into the dark depths of ourselves, when an increase in knowledge and meaning seems essential to us with regard to ourselves, life on earth and in the world. The articles are about the art of letting life and its source touch us, to be mindful of everything that comes our way and carries us, not to close ourselves off, but rather to relate to everything, to keep ourselves as open as possible, even to the mystery of the divine. Life concerns me, concerns you, concerns us - here and now.

The articles tell of being involved in the Dance of life, its constant rhythm of beginning and end, becoming and passing away, day and night, light and dark. You describe that. Need of some people to round things want. The articles are about decisions that life repeatedly challenges us to make, especially in times of crisis, even though the future is often more open than ever before. And they speak of taking responsibility for our being and acting. The articles aim to motivate people to get involved for and into the world. They assume that a very special calling and, connected with it, an unmistakable mission has been placed in every person. These make us unique and unique in terms of the history of the earth and the world. The articles speak of the hope that you and

I, we have always been related to infinity and that we feel supported by a primordial reason. can.

When I look at the articles here and now, I am surprised at how benevolently I can approach them, as my inclination is familiar to me, many things that I have created and done in life I don't have to consider it good enough. Until then, it could be that I am different Commitment and achievements from previous years would have gladly been undone, had their tracks erased. The critic in me could say things as aloof, shallow, awkward, evaluate too little objectively, etc., all in all as not perfect and perfect. At the same time, alarm bells were ringing in me about what others might think of me.

With a view to the group filtered out here Look, I confess that things are familiar to me. before. That is me, is something from the fullness of myself. It may be that I might formulate one or the other a bit differently today, but The past ten years have not allowed me to become a different person in my innermost being. What I once wanted to put into words tried to leave a mark on my life, belongs to me, even today. Something seems to have been put into me that wants to develop and unfold further over the course of my life and that I can always fall back on. I am amazed that I am much lighter than before. Can stand by me for ten years and take me with my traces, just as I am, no matter what others may think of me. At that time, such a feeling belonged even more to my traces of longing.

Today I no longer need to be in the fast lane. to go, not to continue striving for the goal of perfection. Much more, I would like to further discover and deepen all that makes me complete, preferably down to the deepest primal ground. in. I would like to be able to deal with my own shadow world as compatibly as possible, in order to still to become more permeable, more related and more peaceful for all life around me, the earth and the World. I feel more and more a kind of certainty in uncertainty, a clarity in ambiguity. Calmer, more relaxed, simpler, less seem to me increasingly more. Maybe there is something in the things I am trying to put into words right now further (again) found, at the same time newly emerged traces of myself, which I leave behind in this article and with it on the track carpet of Earth. A Trail to Peace!

At the moment I feel reminded of the story of creation (Gen 1). The seventh day is a day of rest. He enables the conscious contemplation of all of what arose in the six previous Days of Creation. In the Book of Genesis, the Old Testament of the Bible, what has been created is regarded as good every day.

Impulse-giving questions

I would like to invite you, dear reader, dear reader, to take your own life's traces To track it down a bit. Maybe you like to deal with the traces of your previous dance path in a more profound way or the inspirational traces that the journal Balance has given you over the years, perhaps also with entirely on their traces of yourself. Your possibilities probably seem infinite in number.

If you want, you can do the offered To move the image of the soul within you, just as naturally a very own, mindful listening to what it wants to tell you for your life and with regard to the situation in the world and on earth. Maybe you want to make it look like a meditation painting and deepen into it at your discretion. We are happy to offer I have a few questions for you about the offered soul image, which may support you if necessary.

Can you recognize individual traces in the overall picture? What has been your contribution so far on of the earth and in the world? What is your mission? You Are you at peace with what shows itself to you?

What is the message of the overall picture for you? Gives It is a message that has always existed, a Message that lasts forever and all life on the

Earth is equally concerned? Is there a message that especially addresses the human being? And is there a very current message relevant for the here and now that speaks to you from the image of the soul? Is it a happy, joyful message or much more a cautionary, threatening, punitive?

What kind of carpet do you and I tie together with our tracks that we weave in every day, with? Are we not ourselves the Path to peace for us, the earth and the world?

I think every single track counts - every moment, always.

Sabine Grumann, roommate of Earth and member of the world community



traces by Dr. Klaus Harms

All human activity leaves its mark. Everything we do, from the criminal investigation department's fingerprints, fibers from the clothing of the Perpetrator, no matter how small the quantities of the poison or of the DNA, which undoubtedly identify our journey through life through genetic, cultural, and social inheritance. Experiences not only true for doing. Even our thoughts create forms that, through repetition, condense into archetypes, primordial forms, traces of first imprints of our mental movements. Buddha's teaching: thoughts create actions; the actions create habits; the habits create the character. Character determines our fate.

From thoughts to fate, from birth an idea up to the last life balance can be nothing less to see than our lives. Not a stretched cord - rather a notched and outstretched by detours, errors, and failings. Following the law, it is a matter of cause and effect. Every thought that we or Others thought, as a prerequisite. Every action we feel led to is the result of other actions that have occurred before. We live because others lived before us and left their mark on us. We think because others encouraged us to do so. We act because we were do so in a community. These are the tracks of our lives. To find our own, the distinctive To find a life that blurred the boundaries between both, as well as those between politics and economics, ethics and economics. Economics, science and technology became synergistic instruments of mastery,

First of all, the mastery of nature. It became the object of human action, which left its traces in the earth, the water, and the air. With the consequences of resource scarcity, the acceleration of climate change, and much more, we are now reaching the limits of capitalist growth. In a finite world, there can be no endless growth. give. This track leads nowhere and belongs to the errors of human tracing. A mighty disillusionment! The postmodern insight that the world as a whole can no longer be explained by consistent philosophies, religions, and ideologies leaves man increasingly without a spiritual or intellectual home with himself alone. Likewise, a powerful Disillusionment!

In this world devoid of God, meaning and community, which he himself created, man now consistently addresses the void of the Creator. The language betrays him: he "reinvents himself (constantly)," a phrase as paradoxical as it is silly. In Aware of his smallness and his fundamental failure, he stages narcissistic scenarios, who give him the compensatory illusion of control over life. Adolescent girls who match their technically optimized profile photos in an operative way search. Self-optimizer that works with smartwatch and business coach to think about her career. And above all, the elites who have long since benefited from life To have detached normal mortals and to think that they have their own, independent existence, the Oligar- little of the instruments of power. An American president, who plays Monopoly with the world. It is strange: Man seeks his identity outside himself. He wants, like the Danish religious philosopher Sören

Kierkegaard wrote, "despaired not to be himself." Instead of admitting deficiencies and powerlessness and offering help to seek in the community, he gives to the powerful. To seek the unity of all people within themselves and find a home in them, he sets himself the goal of the utmost. Alienation. What could the entanglement human spirit with artificial intelligence be different? The self-reliant and related person on the brink of the consequences of his selfish, narcissistic lifestyle is nothing but the indicator of an ending epoch, even if it suggests power. To devote energy to this epoch would be foolish and futile. To start a new time of searching for traces would be worthwhile, however. The trace of nature with which we are one. The traces of the people with whom we preserve the planet share. The traces of Mother Earth in our thinking and feeling life, the traces of Father Heaven in our hopes. And last but not least, our own track, which we can shape ourselves, which unmistakably represents ourselves.

People want to leave their mark - since the beginning of their existence, they have done so. They painted Cave walls and they spray on house walls to to leave traces and to create a world of inner images that gives them stability in the threatening outside world. The monogram in the bark of a tree, the padlock on the grid of a bridge, the self-painted watercolor: we always want to consolidate our self-efficacy, create something indelible in all our transgressions, a trace that remains. Unfortunately, children learn that hardly anymore today. Eager parents heap on them with toys, thus creating a child's world conceived by adults, which suggests that short-lived wishes can be fulfilled with one click. Then they are surprised and sad when the order is just made

Already lying there unnoticed tomorrow and being sold the day after tomorrow at the children's flea market. Children learn to consume and experience the debasement and joylessness that abundance brings with it. They "trace" in the context of exploitation, become commercially viable and TikTok-like. But creativity and the ability to make one's own mark are more likely to come from lack. If we don't have everything, we become creative. If we limit ourselves, our Traces clearly, in the most common case can become art, which is indeed the restriction of expression-

has medium as a prerequisite.

All human activity leaves its mark. Everything. No thought, however fleeting, is without consequence. Each our life traces sow seeds for the future. And because all our actions become the basis for new traces, becoming indelibly inscribed in the context of cause and effect, we bear responsibility, responsibility for all our thinking, talking, acting. Because nothing happens without leaving a trace.

Life Writings

*In many twists and turns
draws to listen to life's patterns
of mysterious characters just
as deep in the rock of my soul.*

*Something of everything that has been lived
remains hanging on. Experiences accumulate,
cut themselves in, and become a mosaic part of
my self. makes me bigger, more colorful, richer.*

*Painfully often stored layers
of suffering on dark days
then again cloudless light joy
in colored ring traces of deep happiness
everything consistently shapes me to me*

*and the all-merciful water
the eternal stream of life
smooths with persistent River
Trauerschärfekanten to the soft round
preciously reconciled being.*

Maria Sassin



Traces: the consciousness of God in all things by Lorraine Pratt

Saint Ignatius of Loyola speaks of "finding God in all things." I tend to speak of consciousness of God in all things because it comes from a different center of my being. Finding feels like guiding the head, while awareness all senses includes.

When I stand in a circle, I always have a Feeling of anticipation bordering on fear! Why will the first note of the music invite me? I will I recognize him? And if so, what reaction Will she awaken in me? And I haven't even started moving yet! dancer often talk about muscle memory, but there are so much more. At the dances that I am in have impressed most, I can reach the To remember the room in which they were introduced to me, where I was standing and what they triggered in me. I know also that they were dances that I only shared with others after a long time.

A question that was asked to me recently surprised me very much. I led a workshop in Spain and during our stay, a group used the dining room. It was after dinner on their last evening (dinner started at 9:00 PM) when they asked why we were there and what we were doing. The members of the group began to explain, and I heard myself say: "Just show them." We went back to our dance room and danced three dances. Then came the question I was asked. "How do you pray without dancing?" "I do! But the question does not leave my mind. There are dances that I pray, and I am deeply aware of them.

consciously, and now I'm wondering: "Why? How? What "Are they awakening in me?"

In some Zoom workshops on the topic of discrimination, I talked about the Awareness of God in all things and used some video clips to illustrate my point. One of them is the choice of dancers Rose Ayling-Ellis and Giovanni Pernice in the TV show "Strictly Come Dancing (2021)". Stops during the dance the music and the movement continues. For the viewer who Seeing for the first time, this is very impressive, and it is impossible to tell which of the both is the professional dancer. In reality Rose is an actress and deaf. One For a moment, we share their experience with the Dancing. Her deep awareness of everything, from the resonance of the music on the floor to each movement of her partners to the need to count and thus be fully present. In my othertwo clips are coming deaf Musicians for use who have a deep relationship with resonance and its effect on their bodies. Music is powerful, and in dance it is our relationship with it that brings us to another level. invites.

The preoccupation with the whole body stands as next for me. The dances I pray use the whole body. You could say that every dance does, but if every part of the body moves and not just the legs and feet are in the foreground, then I am in a different place. Dance is a language, and just as each of us uses words for different effects,

so I use movement. Something inside me "beings" are addressed, so that there is a silence, that prolongs and influences every movement. And, Oddly enough, I am aware of the language. I am aware that these dances are such a can have a profound effect on me that I sometimes decide to mentally withdraw from them.

Does dance have an impact on my daily life? I once worked on a European Attended a meeting in which the discussions were so strong that I had to go to my room during the coffee break and dance the Kyrie. I was late for the next session, but I was better able to pay attention! My retreats, my days of reflection almost always culminate in something I have to dance, like this Writing a summary of all that is

I have experienced. The dance surprises me in live lich. He dances with me and not the other way around.

I have a third strand when it comes to how we distinguish. The word is passion. There is a 2016 animated film titled Ballerina (in the United States it's called LEAP), in which Felice pursues her dream of becoming a ballerina. There is a scene where she competes with another girl who is just as good, but what sets Felice apart is her passion. What shapes and changes our lives is the passion with which we engage in the dances, and how they shape our future.

The dances? Telling this would be my thing, but be aware that in some cases we meet, and for this moment you are in my Prayer kept!

Trail in the sand

*traces
of the feet
in the sand*

*path
taken
by Windhands*

*Limited
hiking new
Because
opposite*

Gisela Dreher-Richels

traces of life by Ulla Röber

... it is late afternoon, I am sitting in a special place and looking into a wonderful expanse. The last few weeks are moving like a movie again. past me. So much has happened. It is the penultimate day of a very special and pressing- It's a journey. A journey that I will surely remember for a long time. She has left deep marks in me, me changed, made more thoughtful, my Confidence strengthened in a power and energy that is greater and wiser than I. Now I am pressing my Hand in the sand to also leave a grateful trace in To leave the outside. I still remember today, after so many years, right at this moment.

Four weeks in the desert, 380 km walk through sand, over scree, through a steppe landscape to a mountain, the highest in the Sahara, the Emi Koussi (3,445 m high) in the Tibesti Mountains in Chad / Africa. The locals say it is a sacred mountain and you are only allowed to visit it once in your life. enter. But you should definitely do that. I was Now there and have him as a very special Place of power experienced.

On this journey, I reached my limits, I crossed them again and again and discovered new land. I have suffered, cried, laughed, marveled, feared, experienced great joy, To know my weaknesses and strengths, a journey that was many, many years ago, of this different mindfulness of nature experienced But traces have changed my life a lot, in

and respect for being different. It was on me shot, death was very close to me and yet I could forgive. The fear was sometimes overpowered, but she gradually became a faithful, loving companion. She trained my attention and mindfulness, and always brought me back to the present. There was no danger, but existence that is lived. wanted.

MeinenHandabdruckimSandhatderWindschonlange carried away, is no longer visible, or has he read my track and taken it along with my thoughts into other spheres? Who knows...

I was aware that the many steps I had taken on the outside also went inward. At some point on the journey, conscious, pure movement steps came towards me. They are mine stayed and I don't want to miss these traces of life. They are lived traces that I can still understand today because they were so formative. They have entered my life library. enrolled, into which I repeatedly return

can walk in the footsteps of my life. When I agreed to write an article on the topic of "traces," it immediately came to me.



the meaning. It was in November 1996. I followed the trail and every step inward brought me closer to the traces of the journey. I was amazed that I could remember the smallest details. Every pain, every laugh was present again and I could feel it as if it were just happening. I had a pounding heart, the space inside me opened up and my heart became wide. A feeling of gratitude and love, which I felt at the end of this journey, came back into my consciousness and it was like a gift that I was allowed to experience it again.

A thought comes to my mind, which I read somewhere sometime ago: *To follow the trail is to open oneself to the breath of life. This is how I experienced my inner journey, which has remained so alive within me.*

Remembering is remembering. It's amazing, what is stored in our interior and just waiting to be looked at again and perhaps changed, because we can look at what has happened with a different gaze, a more distant view. Everything we recorded - seen and experienced, leaves its mark on our system and influences our feelings, our thinking, and our behavior throughout our lives.

With every day we live on this planet we leave traces. Let's pay attention to how we leave them. " These true words were said by Dr. Jane Goodall, who died on October 1, 2025. A wonderful woman who has left many traces. She worked tirelessly throughout her life to raise awareness of the threat to wildlife.

to sharpen, promote and protect nature a more harmonious, sustainable relationship between humans, animals, and the natural world stimulate.

Now I would like to draw attention to two more examples where people quite deliberately set tracks around the world with their actions every day to do a little better and connect with hold something higher upright.

Some time ago, I saw a documentary about China. In a small excerpt from this film, it was about a woman who rode her bike into a park every morning to paint these wonderful Chinese characters on stone slabs with a large brush, which she dipped into a bucket of water. They were always very special statements from Lao-tse. Your it was important to keep the connection to Heaven open. After a while, the water traces were gone. The woman was happy. She said: *It is wonderful, my signs were read by the sun.* This little sequence in the film really touched me.

In India, there is a tradition or rather a ritual that I greatly admire. Women scatter so-called kolams in front of the front door in the early morning. Alfred Bast, who has been in India a lot, wrote the following about it: *In India, one of the oldest cultural countries of the world that, despite numerous foreign masters - to renew his identity again and again understood, the divine is as natural as the sun, the water, the earth, the wind. Not to be separated. The sun is a seeing eye that*

Flowing blood of water, the earth a fruitful body and the wind is the breath of life World body. The divine pulsates in all forms, resounds in music and renews itself in everyday ritual acts such as the "kolams". Kolams are figures that were created by women. are drawn before sunrise with rice flour in front of the entrance to their house. Mandala-like Ornaments whose task it is to be good spirits welcome and the bad the to deny entry and, incidentally, show the artistry of women. After a few hours Hardly any of the sometimes highly complex drawings can be seen. Bicycles cycle over it, children play on it. As a wave of the ocean ebbs on the mainland, so these drawings dissolve. on the beach of everyday life and merge with daily life. Fine dust, subtle Particle, charged with gas force and self-powered understandable faith. The next day, a new drawing is created, a new wave in the ocean of Hin-Gabe. It is not about fixing a form, but about ritual renewal. The ancient patterns of the "Kolams" are permanently inherited into the hands of women. You will not be lost.



This is how we leave our mark, consciously and unconsciously. in us and especially in others. Not only the famous and great people, but all of us,

every one of us.

Be Human These two words were said by a courageous woman, in addition to all the many admonishing and memorable words she has spoken and lived. She passed away this year. Margot Friedländer. She left a big mark. With the two words: *Be Human* she has expressed the core of her message and they almost literally resemble the words of Confucius, who said two thousand five hundred years ago: *If one only strives to be fully human, there is no room for evil.*

It is so strong to get involved in this image that I, with my own humanity, have really can take the space.

I would like to be mindful of my steps, which I place in my life and on this earth. May my traces, in doing and being Let the expression von Liebe be recognized. Maybe I'll succeed Not always, but perhaps more often. Let us be mindful, attentive, courageous, and loving with the traces that we leave within ourselves and also in the outside world. leave.

Finally, thoughts from unknown:

Leave traces wherever we go, a Part of us remains there, the traces of our steps, They won't leave. A smile remains, a heart that beats joyfully, the warmth of our voice, that carries through the cold. Touch of our hand, the can still be felt, and that through us a person Forget about crying for a moment. A kind word echoes through Pain and darkness, and our trail drives us away the terrible loneliness. Wherever we go, leaves a trace behind, and leaves a radiance of our own happiness.

Written in sand

That the beautiful and enchanting

Only a breath and chills be,

That the delicious, delightful,

If there is no duration:

Cloud, flower, soap bubble,

Fireworks and children's laughter,

women's gaze in the mirror glass

And many other wonderful things,

That she, hardly discovered, pass

away, Only for an instant duration,

Only a scent and wind waves,

Oh, we know it with sorrow,

And the permanent, rigid

Is not so dearly expensive for us:

Gemstone with cool

fire, Shiny gold bar;

Even the stars, not to count, Stay

distant and foreign, they resemble

Do not reach us, the transient Not

the innermost of souls.

No, it It seems to be the most

intimate beauty, Lovable to ruin

Inclined, always close to dying,

And the most delicious: the sounds

Of the music that is in the making

Already passing, already passing,

Are only contractions, streams, hunts

And surrounded by quiet sorrow,

Because not even in the long run

Leave they hold, ban;

Tone by tone, barely struck, Fades

already and runs away from there.

So is our heart to the fugitive,

Is to the flowing, to life

Loyal and brotherly,

Not to the firm, permanent competent.

Soon fatigued us the lasting,

Rock and star world and jewels,

Driving us into eternal change

wind and bubble souls,

Time-married, permanent,

To the dew on the rose leaf,

To those of one Vogel's courtship,

One Cloud game Dying,

Snow Flicker, Rainbow,

Butterfly, already flown away,

To those of a laugh, ring the bell,

That we pass by in passing

Barely striped, a celebration mean

Or can hurt. We love,

What matters to us, and understand

What the wind wrote in sand.

Feeling - traces - dance - transcendence by Regine Votteler

Thoughts on my experiences from the Russian dance

A few weeks ago, I received completely unexpectedly an email from Christina, in which she asked me if I wanted to write an article for the magazine Balance. I was happy to agree and am now writing this as an "outsider," who has only been with you for two years now and then, but with much joy.

My most formative time was 13 years in a Russian dance ensemble with an ingenious director and a good friend, with whom I have many deep was allowed to have conversations about the dance (Helena Pauli, 1953-2022). Our leader was a wonderful Choreographer, a gifted one Pedagogue and a very spiritual person, but the latter rather implicitly, she has never dealt in detail with spiritual or religious theories. Nevertheless, when dancing with her, I repeatedly had very deep experiences that opened my heart and went far beyond pure sensory perception. Now that she is no longer alive, I am looking for people who feel the same way, and so I also came to the meditation of dance.

I would like to address two aspects below, which, from my point of view, can lead to transcendence in dance and which I both experience regularly or have experienced:

The word "feel" is related to the word "trace." It originally means "to follow a track." When I feel so deeply within myself in the movement that I perceive the whole body at once.

can, then at some point I will come to terms with myself get out. For me, that is the clue to God. The I blurred, I then feel part of a greater whole and feel grateful for it, that I may be here on Earth right now and in this place. I often have this experience when I do a very simple exercise, simple physical exercises to music, which train my posture and remind me of straightening up and alignment. In the past, in Russian dance, this purpose was fulfilled for me by warm-up training, which often touched me very deeply. In the meditation of dance, this corresponds to the Méditation en Croix, where the latter is much more clearly spiritually oriented. By Maybe I can better grasp with my mind what is happening; maybe the feeling will be deeper, I can't do that at this point say because I am not yet intense enough have dealt with it. Spiritual knowledge can however, only to be a bridge towards an experience of deep happiness that can no longer be described further, from Gratitude, connection, strength, emptiness, abundance, it can't put that into words.

As a young woman, I had a phase in which I did not wanted to dance more according to rules, but free Preferred interpretive dance. But that phase was over at some point, and it's now more amazing- don't deny the absolute freedom of improvisation, that opens my heart, but the solid frame, Within which my body assumes the given forms as well as possible, accompanied by beautiful music. The poem by Goethe, which I will quote to you after this essay, fits in wonderfully with this.

I have often experienced a second possibility of transcendence in Russian dance, but in the meditation of dance it usually does not happen so much because the course ends before. I find that regrettable. That's what you need the group for. If, in fact, the entire group moves in a single track, as it were, that is, if there is a true measure of equality, then it can also Experiences of transcendence come. The Leader Our Russian group was very strict when it came to uniformity. She corrected every little thing. Although I have to make it clear that they are brilliant Was able to distinguish which corrections for a single dancer was feasible and not, because she could no longer dance "from the inside." We were mostly not professional. trained dancers, and some movements They then look set-up if they are given too much. I have also confirmed this in Wosien's book. found. (Wosien, B.: Der Weg des Tänzers; Linz 1988, pp. 88)

I remember the sample of a Russian Reigen. The dance was simple in terms of steps, but it was difficult to get the shapes really even. By giving a performance had us, but had to have distances, spatial forms and the timing are brought to the point. For this sample, we hardly needed any instructions. our leader, because we already knew what it was about and could feel each other well. In We had marked the stage for our rehearsal room, The entrance was in the back, the exit to the kitchen. In dance, there was already a great unity, only trifles had gone wrong. Unlike usual, there were no long discussions. After leaving through the kitchen, everyone went back again without being asked and stood up for the "next round", with brief comments on what needs to be improved. And that was even

No perfectionism! We were like children at the slide, who can't get enough. Many times we danced through with concentration. On At the end of the rehearsal, more than half Dancers either goose bumps or tears in their eyes, for me a clear sign that we as a group had created something, something that can no longer be said.

Of course, this flow does not arise during rehearsal. always, but he is one of the reasons why I dance and why I find Reigen so beautiful. You only get the feeling described above, when the dance really flows, when everyone can take the steps, when the movements are finished and when the balance is very high. The difference between "about the same" and "exactly the same" may be outwardly small, but the effect is potentiated. whether you're watching or dancing yourself. The Perception of the I also blurs again here and merges into the whole. It is something great, wonderful, but beyond description. For this, many repetitions are required and the individual dancer must be open to corrections. And it needs a line that can make these corrections sensitively, so that the Keep your hearts open.

For all this to happen, it is very helpful if you have a goal. With us, that was a performance. It's not really about the performance at the dance, but about the work there. The performance gives the group a reason to really dance in depth and repeat individual dances very, very often. Without the goal of the performance, would You don't do that. The repetition and that However, equality is the way to transcendence.

That's why I'm wondering: Why are you fighting back?

so much against the idea of also showing the beautiful dances of Friedel and Saskia? Man could go much deeper when practicing. And the viewers would later be able to participate in this depth. Beyond the work that you always have anyway, that is, framework conditions (here too: what kind of event would suit at all?), selection of music and the Dances, etc., one would have to consider how they Spectators can be placed sensibly, because the dances are aligned to the middle and therefore unsuitable for a stage. A very useful- One example would be the Universal Hall in Findhorn, which offers an arena-like dance floor with seats all around. Clothing also plays a role. I refer to the beautiful videos that Friedel produced. Similar, tasteful Clothing helps to produce a balance. The not only applies to the audience, but also feels also very good at dancing.

But you don't take this step outward. "just so." Today learned, tomorrow (without rehearsal) in the Church service shown, that is not an option for me. The dancers are then (rightly!) nervous, feel insecure, and the audience feels exactly that. In the process, the entire meaning of the matter is lost. For the development of a quasi stage ready Performance takes a lot of time, the willingness to to have it corrected, a reliable participation and a very competent leadership.

Some dancers may not want that, for them the meditation of dance is more like a prayer or a way to go inward, an opportunity to pause and come to oneself, all this has its own justification. But dance is also a performing art, and the artistic aspect more to emphasize, in my opinion, must also

a permission. Personally, I would be happy about such a group. And maybe my contribution leaves traces in one or the other of you.

Finally, I would like to tell you the above quote the promised poem by Goethe, which has been with me for decades:

Nature and art

*Nature and art, they seem to flee, And
have found each other, before you think it.
The reluctance has also disappeared for me,
And both seem to attract me the same.*

*It seems that only an honest effort is needed!
And if we only in measured hours
Bound to art with spirit and diligence,
may nature freely glow again in the heart.*

*So it is with all education, too: In vain,
unbridled spirits become
Strive for the perfection of pure height.*

If you want to do great things, you have to pull yourself together;

*Only in limitation does the master reveal
himself, and only the law can give us freedom.*

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Trichk: Dancing flight, memory and becoming of Shakeh Major Tchilingirian

There was dance before there were words. To say in Armenian We wanted to go to "bar" - the movement came before the language. This truth is in my bones. and deepens with each piece I create. dance It has always been my way of speaking to me. to remember and become.

Trichk, which in Armenian means "flight," did not come at a moment of clarity. He lingered in silence, asking questions I was not ready to answer, bubbling in my body, stirring in my mind, and waiting patiently. Then, one summer, far away from the noise of daily life, I was alone in silence, with the breath, with the music that has lived in me for months. I had not planned to choreograph. But I was moving and Trichk was moving through me.

This dance is a journey: an ascent through struggle, an ascent of the spirit, a song of Resilience, divided into movement. He speaks of it, what it means to stay in the air when the wind gets rough - not only flying for yourself, but with and for others. Dancing in the community means remembering that you are never truly alone. Trichk became a celebration of this memory - that We are being lifted and lifting.

My choreography always begins with the roots. The Armenian folk dance is in my Body engraved. He is not a decoration, he is Storytelling, ritual, devotion in movement. He is the place to which I return, in order to ground myself, to remember me, to tell truth. find.

Reading the work of ethnographer Naira Kilichyan on the development of staged Armenian folk dance reminded me that that this art form has never stood still. What began in the villages - rituals of harvest, mourning, of joy - changed on stage, permeated by new forms, new transitions. But it always remained at its essence. The vocabulary remained sacred, even as grammar evolved. This is the marriage I cherish: to renew without severing the line of memory.

Even the word trichk has a complex Meaning. It means both "hopping" and "flight" - a modest Gesture that makes the end contains light. The late dance ethnographer Gagik Ginosyan wrote that in ancient Armenia, birds were sacred messengers, souls in motion, who crossed the space between heaven and earth. In contrast to the lions who ruled the ground, the birds were free, transcendent. Their wings bore prayers. Your flight carried the Memory.

So it is not surprising that our Dance language reminds us of them: tev (arm, wings), tevel (to sway), barel (to dance), kakavel (to fly). So, dancing is rising up. To rise from the ordinary into the sacred. In the Shoror dances with their rooted steps and fluctuating bodies, I feel these Lineage. They are meditations in motion, gestures of reverence, sacrifices for the elderly and the invisible. They are not performances. They are embodied prayers. Srбуhi Lisitsyans



Kinetografia reminds us that every movement has a meaning. This is how we remember. In this way, we hold out.

Many of my recent works arise from the Silence, from which what cannot be said or what goes beyond the words. In these Moments the body speaks. The dance becomes a revelation and a refuge at the same time.

Trichk came with questions, not answers: How do we keep moving when the weight of life is pulling us down? How do we lift each other through the invisible currents of joy and sorrow? How do we stay in the air together?

The premiere of Trichk in Little Wenlock, Shire, in October 2024 felt like a homecoming on. He was with warmth and open arms received. Since then, he has taken to the skies - across stages and into hearts. If Trichk were the last dance I ever created, I would feel at peace. He feels so perfect. on.

the wing-like gestures, which come from something beyond the Speaking the body. At that moment, transformed the dance again. I saw a new end: the Wings lift, the soul rises, carried by Love and light. Trichk is not about death. It's about being in the face of transience. live, fully and completely, with all our strength.

Pema Chödrön writes: "Life is a series of farewells." But instead of resisting it, she invites us to see every farewell as an opening. To move through transitions, not with fear, but with grace.

Trichk is this invitation.

To dance.

To live.

To trust the flight.

To jump without knowing the landing. With courage to fly.

To love and let go.

It is a call to remember that we are birds of a flock, destined to to rise and be raised.

Months after the premiere, I showed my older one that there is no true kindness without self-kindness. Mother a recording of Trichk. I have nothing compassion. Begins there the dance: inside. said, only mentions the beauty of music. From this tenderness, we stretch out. watched in silence. Then she turned to me We move for each other, together, as one. and said, This is the dance I wish for, That's why I'm asking how Chödrön does it: when I leave this world. " I had Are you not ready to really live, as long as you are here expected that she would say that. But it made are? perfect sense. For them, Trichk was the soul that rises into the air - the Letting go, rising up,



Homecoming

Maria von Erdmann

Once you decide, to
go home.

You have been on the road for a long time in
a thousand ways, have laughed and cried,
won and lost,
lived in abundance and suffered from hunger.

You have died many deaths
and have celebrated rebirths,
have lost you countless times
and found as many times.

You have loved and hated,
had success and failed,
were both rich and poor.

Out of darkness light grew for you,
Out of the light, you fell into deep nights.
Nothing remained unknown to you,
no sorrow, no suffering, no despair,
no joy and no enjoyment,
not pleasure and not pain,
who lies hidden in it.

And now you're going home.

It's been so long,
that you are not sure about the
way. On the way, obstacles
arise; you are held by a thousand
arms. You want to go home?
Here with us is your home!
How can you leave us!

They lock you up.

in prisons out of goodwill,
out of supposed humanity.
They do violence to you.

To win your freedom,
Do you give away what you have:
your love, your reputation, your
possessions. You only have your clothes left,
and they too will pass soon.

But every time you think,
It can no longer go on,
Someone reaches out their hand to
you, snatches you from the abyss
and puts you back on the
path, the way home.

Finally, you see a light in the distance.
You know, I have to go there,
but doubts come to you.
Do people remember you?
You've been gone for so long.
Are they happy that you're coming?
Or are they locking the door for you?
You have nothing to show for but yourself,
and you ask yourself: Should I go on?

But the light has already touched you,
and this soft touch pulls you forward,
step by step.
You still believe to be in the dark,
but it's getting brighter and brighter in the distance.

The house is filled with light when you
arrive. The banquet hall is ready.
Everyone is waiting for you.

You have made yourself beautiful.
and her best clothes put on
for you.

They have known for a long time that you
are coming, have been looking for you.
day and night.

From the middle of the house, someone is hurrying
to meet you. He is light and dark at the same time,
Woman and man,
Mother, father and child.
He comes from an unspeakable distance.
and is infinitely close to you.
He seems unspeakably strange to you.
and as familiar as someone,

who was always with you.

He rushes to meet you.
and puts the cloak of peace
around your shoulders.
He doesn't ask questions,
does not require explanations,
does not pass judgment.

He cries with joy that you are
there, and can't believe his
luck, to find you again,
unharmred,
in his heart.

traces

*Being on the road,
stay on track with life,
search for traces,
find them, read and learn to interpret.
to give you confidence, sometimes
also On track follow a bit.
Walking in tracks, some as too big,
other than experienced as too tight.
Finally, develop an ever-finer sense
of intuition, trust in your own tracks,
may also be off the track for once,
but never the certainty lose
not to disappear without a trace one day,
but to leave traces of life,
distinctive
in the hearts and minds of others.*

Angelika Wolff





From October 3 to 5, 2025, a repertoire training took place in Vallendar. for lecturers with Friedel Kloke-Eibl and Saskia Kloke. Here are a few impressive voices from participants that we would like to share with you:



Barbara Perry

*Despite the impending arrival of storm Amy, swirling towards Ireland, I felt blessed to make a safe journey to Vallendar for the Repertoire Weekend. Seit meiner Rückkehr erlebe ich weiterhin das Nachleuchten warmer Erinnerungen an das Ereignis. From the magic of the opening dance, Milagre, on the Friday evening to the glorious, light-filled attunement on Sunday morning, I found this a very special weekend with friendships renewed and new encounters welcomed. Above all, I cherish an enduring sense of the shared beauty and joy of dancing together so many truly inspiring choreographies. The weekend was, for me, an experience of what Diarmuid O'Murchu calls "The Companionship of Empowerment in the Kingdom of God." Ich bleibe zutiefst dankbar für the influence of meditation of dance in my own life. May this unique gift continue um sich zu verbreiten, indem er wahre Freude und wahren Frieden für immer mehr Menschen in unserer unruhigen, aber dennoch wunderbaren Welt bringt. My thanks to one and all, especially Friedel, Saskia and Mariëlle. Best wishes, **Barbara***

Oda Damen

*The repertoire weekend in October was published. De vreugde van de herkenning van dansen als Milagre, Call and the Answer, Captivate me en de Darony mengde zich wonderwel met het enthousiasme voor de 'nieuwere' dansen zoals Gratitude en Guidance. The weekend is meant to be closed when you return from your place of residence, and you are obliged to do so by B. V. in de jaren 90 At the end of the day, please, have a good time. We are happy to meet Elkaar in the morning. In preparation for the evening, I will say all things. In dankbaarheid, **Oda***

Birgit Krauss

*I found the repertoire weekend very intense and exhilarating: How beautiful it is when dances from earlier times, which have not been danced for a long time, are brought together through shared memory and energy as well as the body's memory is blossoming again. The high level of concentration required to achieve music, movement and To bring the idea of dance together, one can guess what the share in connection with the dances could be meditation and what makes the dances a deeper experience. And how nice it is when choreographies can be danced together without having to be taught for a long time beforehand. **Birgit***



Female participants training 2023-2025 in Kleve

with the lecturer Mariëlle van Beek

Ine Bakker	NL-6541 BC Nijmegen	Agnes Luiten	NL-1602	RV
Inge Decrock	B-8790 Waregem	Linda Numan	Enkhuizen NL-9564	PP
Greet van Delden	NL-9893 Gamwerd		Annerveenschekanaal	
Hetty Driessen	NL-6566 CB Millingen a/d Rijn	Maria Pedro	NL-5944 BC Arcen	
Ute Gnewuch	D-24116 Kiel Antoinet Ransijn	NL-8226 Lelystad		
Jannie Goedkoop-	NL-6731 BK	Rosa van der Tang	NL-7382 Karenbeek	
Otterlo Veerman		Léonie Verplak	NL-2546 RL Den Haag	
Paula Kuijs	NL-1965 EP Heemskerk Riet van Wijk	NL-3701 AZ		
Hedwig Laoût	NL-3524 TE Utrecht	Marion Westhoff	D-50827 Cologne	
Teeja Lont	NL-6669 CM Dodewaard			

Final theses:

Greet van Delden Mijn thema: het getal 12

Linda Numan De reis in mijzelf, de danser die ik ben
How Naar Buiten Kijkt Droomt, How Naar Within
Kijkt Ontwaakt Carl Gustav Jung

Hedwig Laoût Meditation of Dance - Sacred Dance
Thuiskomen of een uitdaging?

Rosa van der Tang He is a Pink Hat
'Door het donker naar het licht'

Training 2026 / 2027

MEDITATION OF DANCE - SACRED DANCE

Direction: Friedel Kloke-Eibl and Saskia Kloke

Staff member: Mariëlle van Beek and guest lecturers

Info and registration:

Training Institute Meditation of Dance - Sacred Dance - Friedel Kloke-Eibl

Kirchberg 5 - D 87647 Oberthingau - Phone: 0049 (0) 8377-8160

Email: Friedel.Kloke-Eibl@t-online.de - www.sacreddance.de





The dance circle as life energy - Balkan dances with Dr. Gergana Panova

In May this year, the members of the trade association and also non-members had the opportunity with Gergana. To get to know Panova ritual and women's dances as well as international folklore.

Dr. habil. Gergana Panova In 2009, the subject "International Dance Forms" was introduced at the Folkwang University in Essen and has also been responsible for the field of ethnotechnology at the Bulgarian Academy of Sciences for 30 years. Born in Sofia, she completed dance pedagogy, choreography and directing in her homeland and danced as a professional solo dancer at the National Ensemble for Folk Songs and Dances of "Philip Koutev" in Sofia. She has written numerous articles and two books on various aspects of traditional dance in the global world. How culture, history and politics of a country influence the nature of its dances, we were able to experience in the workshop "Bulgarian Dance" with Gergana Panova. Bulgarian dance is her life, and with appropriate joy and enthusiasm she conveys it.

For example, we experienced the lightness of the northern Bulgarian lowlands, where the Danube forms the border with Romania. There the women show their beauty, in the slight accentuation of the hip or in the rhythm of a and high - and high - rocking movement. In Macedonia in the southwest, too, gentle feminine beauty is emphasized through soft movements and loose W-posture of the hands. The dances from the Rhodopi mountains to bagpipe melodies or those from the Pirin region are quite different: they can be stomped sometimes. The eventful history of Bulgaria caused many divisions and new divisions, so that dances from Bulgaria are characterized by Greek, Romanian, even Armenian influences - what Gergana made it no longer possible to speak of "Bulgarian dances." Because that would suggest that there is an original Bulgarian dance, which is not the case. It is thanks to these many influences that, from the 6/8 rhythm of the Pravo-Horo to the Macedonian-influenced 7/8 rhythms, we should also bring together 37/16 rhythms and dances, which could bring some people to their limits - were it not for Gergana with her incredible dance education skills and her support, where mistakes could develop. It is thanks to your wonderful nature that they do not sneak in at all. Through careful didactic structure leads to each of their Explanations immediately in a correct leg movement - unique! Your privilege, your earliest childhood, your special interest in dance, your explanation of the unity of the socialist totalitarian regime with the love of Bulgarians for folklore. It promoted the cultivation of folk music and folk dance with large state subsidies. Unfortunately, this did not continue after 1989, but dance folklore as an element of survival and a source of joy (quoted from an article by Gergana, see link below) has deep roots in Bulgaria.

In this way, Gergana also demonstrated to us the quality of standing together closely, for example when dancing in rows. And not only for the purpose of common good swinging, but also in a figurative sense. This joint swinging was not only noticeable during the dancing on this special weekend. We danced the final dance to guitar music, to a song in which a young man tells the story of his place of longing. For this, we should imagine our own place of longing...



Dear dancers, dear dancers,

We are already cordially inviting you to the next annual general meeting. Next year, we would also like to hold the JHV by zoom. It has been shown that we can welcome so many more people from different countries. So also have our members from Brazil, Belgium, Finland, Great Britain, Italy, Ireland, Iceland, Latvia, the Netherlands, Norway, Austria, Switzerland, Spain and Germany, the opportunity to participate. There is a lot to discuss. You will receive the corresponding invitation with agenda by mail and email in good time at the beginning of next year. **Annual general meeting for the fiscal year 2025 on Thursday, March 12, 2026, 7 p.m.** Registration with Ulla Röber at: ullaroeber-Fachverband-MdT@email.de The current board team is looking forward to meeting you. Johanna Schilling, Mariëlle van Beek, Ulla Röber, Regina Keßler, Jeaneth de Witte-Smith, Daniela Siegrist

Seminar Announcement 2026

We would like to get you in the mood today for two seminars next year. At the suggestion of Friedel Kloke-Eibl, we have a symposium for next year on the topic: **"The Fine Arts"** organized: **October 22-25, 2026 in Bamberg at the Bistumshaus St. Otto**
Management: Friedel Kloke-Eibl and Saskia Kloke

We were able to win Dr. Gergana Panova, Marianne Baumann and Alfred Bast as guest lecturers. Gergana (Art of Dance) will guide us in dances, Marianne (Art of Music) will introduce us to the songs of Joseph Rössli and others, and Alfred (Art of Painting) will draw a philosophical arc and talk about the fine arts and the power of form.

In addition to the symposium, there will be an open workshop with Friedel Kloke-Eibl and Krisana Kirchner.
17 - 19 April 2026 in Bad Herrenalb

Back to the roots - Theseus in the labyrinth - Dance ritual by B. Wosien

You are welcome to register for both dates at: Johanna Schilling, Email: Js.neuhof@codab.de. Here you will also find further information about the seminars.

Now a sad announcement. Unfortunately, Marleen Ritzema van Ikema-Tjon Sien Foek passed away. Even though it has been a while, we remember them in our obituary: *On May 3, 2025, Marleen Ritzema van Ikema-Tjon Sien Foek at age 85 died. She was a special, colorful woman and a beautiful dancer who went her way in MT with dedication. She was Member of the professional association and she danced for many years in the Netherlands, where she also trained MdT has completed. In many courses of Friedel and Saskia, she danced with joy.*

We will keep them in good memory.
Mariëlle van Beek, on behalf of the board

author directory

Maria von Erdmann

I am a theologian and have worked for 15 years as a pastor in Swiss parishes. Since 2006, I have been running a rural estate in France. I grow fruit and vegetables and share my existence with animals. I strive for a life in harmony with the rhythms of the earth.

Sabine Grumann

Dipl.Päd. , Dipl.Theol. , analytical child and adolescent psychotherapist (according to C.G. Jung), established in her own practice, lecturer and supervisor at the C.G.Jung Institute Stuttgart, over many years of work as a pastoral assistant with a focus on grief, crisis and health care. Doctoral student in the humanities in the field of spirituality research and border sciences. Dipl. Teacher of Meditation of Dance.

Dr. Klaus Harms

Born in 1950, grew up in Wuppertal. Study of the ev. Theology, pedagogy and psychology, work as a pastor, including ten years at a gynecological clinic, where he worked with a clinical psychologist to develop psychosocial work for parents who had lost their babies. Many years of participation in midwifery training with a focus on trauma care, grief and end-of-life care. He created a district-related social institution that offered protection and home to key children and old people in a high-rise housing estate across generations, and also contributed to the revitalization of the district with a course and cultural program. This was followed by activities in psychosocial occupational fields. It was important to him to combine his work with art and culture. In addition to numerous scientific Publications he wrote three children's books and two novels. He is currently working in a private practice as a psychological consultant.

Lorraine Pratt rscj

is a religious of the Society of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, a religious community founded in 1800 according to the French Revolution in Paris was founded to educate girls. She has worked for many years as an educator in schools and universities. Your area of expertise is religious studies. As a school chaplain, she has returned to dance and discovered the meditation of dance, which has given her spirituality a new dimension.

Ulla Röber

My interest is in art, creativity, communication and creating spaces for it. Currently, there is an art room in which events take place every third Sunday of the month. In 2005 I came into contact with dance and since then I have been touched more and more deeply. 3-year training, since 2016 on the board of the Association Meditation of Dance and since 2017 in the editorial team of Balance.

Shakeh Major Tchilingjrian

is a dance artist, choreographer and practicing orthoptist, lives in London. Their dance interpretation emphasizes the power and spirituality of Armenian dances. Her dance seminars, which she conducts in many European cities, are by her special artistic approach. www.shakeh.info

Regine Votteler

Study of pedagogy and speech science, activities as a university teacher for speech education, as a language therapist and as a dyscalculia therapist. Spiritual training in Findhorn and later in Japan. Dances since childhood, a preference for Eastern European folklore with intensive training in Russian dance with Helena Pauli and Georgia dance with Ekaterine Robakidze.

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*When I pass away
the sun will continue to burn*

*The world bodies will move
according to their laws
around a center
who no one knows*

*Sweet smell will always be
the lilac
white flashes radiate from the snow*

*If I go away
from our forgetful Earth
will you be my word
for a while
speak for me?*

Rose Foreigner