

Where are the coins?

On any given night, a person, of whom we do not know if he is a man or a woman, had a dream. It's a dream we all have sometime. This person dreamed that in his hands he received some coins from his parents. We do not know if they were many or few, if they were thousands, hundreds, a dozen or even less. We also do not know what metal they were made of, whether they were made of gold, silver, bronze, iron or perhaps clay.

While he dreamed that his parents gave him these coins, he felt spontaneously a warm feeling in his chest. It was invaded by a serene and cheerful joy. He was happy, filled with tenderness and slept peacefully the rest of the night.

When he woke up the next morning, the feeling of placidity and satisfaction persisted. Then, he decided to walk to his parents' house. And, when he arrived, looking into their eyes, he said: "You came to me in my dreams last night and you placed some coins in my hands. I do not remember if they were many or few. I do not know what metal they were made of, whether they were precious metal coins or not. But it does not matter, because I feel full and happy, and I come to say thank you, they are enough, they are the coins that I need and the ones I deserve. So I take them with pleasure because they come from you. With them I will be able to move forward on my own.

Upon hearing this, the parents, who, like all parents, were uplifted by the recognition of their child, felt even greater and more generous. Inside they felt that they could still give more to their son, because the ability to receive amplifies the greatness of the desire to give. So, they said: "Since you are such a good son you can keep all the coins, since they belong to you. You can spend them as you want and it is not necessary that you give them back to us. They are your legacy, unique and personal. They're for you". Then this son also felt great and full. He felt complete and rich and could leave his parents' house alone. As he walked away, his feet rested firmly on the ground and he walked with strength. His body was also well grounded and before his eyes a clear path and a hopeful horizon opened up.

While traveling the path of life, he found different people with whom he walked side by side. They accompanied him for a distance, sometimes longer or shorter, other times they were with him throughout life. They were your partners, friends, partners, neighbors, colleagues, collaborators and even adversaries. In general, the road was serene, joyful, in tune with his spirit and his personal nature yet was not exempt from the natural sorrows that life imposes. It was his path of life.

From time to time this person looked back at his parents and remembered with gratitude the coins received. As he observed the course of his life so far, as he looked at his children and remembered his achievements in his personal, family, professional, social or spiritual endeavors, the image of his parents appeared as he realized that all that had been possible thanks to what he received from them and that with his success and achievements he was able to honor them.

He said to himself: "There is no better fertilizer than one's origins," and then his chest filled again with the same expansive feeling that had seized him the night he dreamed he received the coins.

However, on another night, another person had the same dream, because sooner or later we all have this dream. Her parents came and in her hands they gave her some coins. In this case we also do not know if there were many or few, if there were thousands, a few hundred, a dozen or even less. We do not know what metal they were made of, whether of gold, silver, bronze, iron or perhaps of clay.

When she dreamed that she received the coins from her parents in her hands, she felt spontaneously a pinch of discomfort. She was invaded by a bitter restlessness, by a sensation of torment in her chest and a lacerating discomfort. The rest of the night she slept full of agitation as she shuffled restlessly in her sheets.

When she awoke, still agitated, she felt a grievance that seemed angry and annoyed, and had a touch of complaint and resentment. Perhaps what rested most in her was confusion and her face was a face of suffering and disconformity. Filled with fury and with a slight tinge of embarrassment, she decided to walk towards her parents' house.

When she got there, looking at them sideways, she told them: "Tonight you came to me in a dream and you have given me some coins. I do not know if they were many or few. I do not know what material they were made of, whether they were of a precious metal or not. It does not matter, because I feel empty, hurt and wounded. I come to tell you that your coins are not good and are not enough. They are not the coins that I need, nor are they the ones I deserve, nor the ones that correspond to me. So I do not want them and I do not take them, even if they come from you. With them my way would be too heavy or too sad to travel and I would not go far. I will move on without your coins. Parents who, like all parents, dwarf, diminish and suffer when they do not have the recognition of their children, they proceeded to grow even smaller. They retired to the interior of their house diminished and sad. With dismay and sorrow they understood that they could only give less, because of her difficulty to take and receive, it made the greatness of the desire to give languish and become small. They kept silent, trusting that, with the passage of time and the wisdom that life experience brings, perhaps the twisted path of their daughter could be straightened.

It is strange what happened next. After pronouncing these words before her parents in response to her dream, she felt impetuously strong, stronger than ever. It was an extraordinary force. It had embodied in her the fierce, stubborn and Herculean strength, the kind that arises when one is in opposition of facts or of people. It was not a genuine and authentic force like the one that results from the honest acquiescence of facts and that is in keeping with the ebb and flow of life, yet the strength was intense. Without any internal serenity, she left the house of the parents saying to herself "Never again". Impetuously strong, yet empty, orphaned and needy, she continuously desired and longed for, yet could never achieve peace.

As the person moved away from her parent's home, she felt that her feet were raised a few inches above the ground and her body, somewhat floating, could not ground firmly not even by its own weight. But the most revealing occurrence was in her eyes: she opened them in such a particular way that it seemed that she was always staring at the same thing, a fixed, static horizon. She developed a particular sensitivity. When she met someone along her path, especially if it was the opposite sex, this sensitivity made her contemplate the other with enormous hope, which, without realizing led her to ask herself: "Will this person be the one who has the coins that I

deserve, need and correspond to me, the coins that I did not take from my parents because they did not know how to give them to me in a fair and convenient way? Is this the person who has what I deserve”? If the answer given to herself was affirmative, it was fantastic. This to some is called infatuation. In those moments everything is wonderful. However, when the “falling in love” moment ended and the relationship lasted long enough, the person usually discovered that the other did not have what was missing, they did not have the coins that she had not taken from her parents. – What a pity! and then complained bitterly of her bad luck and blamed her fate. This is called disillusionment and this person felt subjected to an emotional torment that took the form of despair, distress, crisis, turbulence, anger, frustration. Now blessed, or not, at this moment she could be pregnant with child and the uneasiness becomes sweeter and more hopeful and tempered. For then the question returned to her subconscious: “Is this child that I wait for dearly and who is so well loved, the one who has the coins that I deserve, that I need and that correspond to me and that I did not take from my parents because they did not know how to give them to me in a fair and convenient way? Will this be the one who has what I deserve?”

When she answered herself again with a yes, it felt wonderful, formidable and she began to feel a special bond with that child, an amazing bond, very narrow, full of expectations and longings. In time most children want to have a life of their own and they know that they have their own life purpose that is independent of their parents. So, although they love their parents and want to do what is best for them, the drive to have a life of their own is a demanding and imperious force that is as overwhelming as sexuality.

This is how, again, she understands that her child does not have the coins she looked for, deserved and felt corresponded to her. Feeling even more empty, orphaned and disoriented, she enters into crisis and despair. Sick. Now she is between 40 and 50 years old, the mid phase of life. Now no argument supports her, no reasoning calms her. It is a breakdown and she shouts: – HELP! There is so much urgency in her tone of voice! Her face looks so broken! Nothing calms her, nothing sustains her. And ... what does she do? She goes to the therapist. The therapist receives her quickly, looks in her eyes deeply and slowly says: – “I do not have the coins”.

There are two kinds of therapists: those who think they have coins and those who know they do not have them. The therapist sees in her eyes that she keeps looking for the coins in all the wrong places and that she would love to make more mistakes. The therapist knows that people do want to change, but they have a hard time letting go and seeing clearly mainly due to stubbornness and out of sheer habit.

The therapist thinks: “I love and respect my patients and it is better when I can work with their parent issues and with their reality just as it is. I help them more when I am a friend of the coins that they received no matter what and how many they were. The therapist adds: “I do not have the coins but I know where they are and we can work together to help them discover where they are, how to go to them and take them”. The therapist works with the person and teaches her that for many years she has had a vision problem, an optical problem, a perspective problem. She has had difficulties to see clearly. That's it, it's just about that. The therapist helps refocus and modulate that gaze, to perceive reality differently, from a clearer perspective, more focused and more open to life purpose. A way less dependent on the personal desires of the little “I” who tries to govern us.

One day, while waiting for his patient, the therapist thinks it is time and that he must tell her, finally and clearly, where the coins are. Yet on this very day, like magic, the patient arrives and the color of her skin has changed, the features of her face have softened and she shares her discovery: "I know where the coins are! They remain with my parents". First she sobs softly, then she cries openly. Then there is relief, peace and the sensation of warmth in her chest.

During the therapeutic work, she has gone through the purulence of her wounds, has matured in her emotional process, and has refocused her vision. So now she goes back again, as she did so many years ago, to her parents' house. She looks them in the eyes and says: - "I come to tell you that these last ten, twenty or thirty years of my life I had a problem with vision, an optical issue. I did not see clearly and I'm sorry. Now I can see and I come to tell you that those coins that I received from you in my dream are the best possible coins for me. They are enough and are the coins that correspond to me. These are the coins that I deserve and they are adequate for me to move forward. I come to thank you. I take them with pleasure because they come from you and with them I can continue walking my own way". Now the parents, who like all the parents are uplifted through the recognition of their children, come back to flourish and love and allow generosity to flow again with ease. Their daughter is now fully in the place of a daughter, because she can take and receive. The parents look at her smiling, with tenderness and answer: - Since you are such a good child you can keep all the coins, since they belong to you. You can spend them as you want and it is not necessary that you give them back to us. They are your legacy, unique, personal and just for you. You can have a full life.

Now, this child feels uplifted and full. She perceives herself as complete and rich and can finally leave the parents home with peace. As she walks away she feels her feet walking with strength and firmly planted on the ground, her body is also grounded and her eyes look towards a clear path and a horizon full of hope.

It is interesting: She has lost that impetuous force that was nourished by resentment, victimhood or excess of conformity. Now she is moved by a simple and calm force, a natural force.

While traveling the path of life, she found different people with whom she walked side by side. They accompanied her for a distance, sometimes longer or shorter, and others were with her throughout her life. They were partners, friends, neighbors, colleagues, collaborators and even adversaries. In general it was a serene, joyful path, in tune with her spirit and her personal nature. She was not exempt from the natural sorrows that life imposes. It was her path in life.

One day she approached the person she fell in love with who she thought had her coins and said to him: "For a long time I had a vision problem and now that I see clearly I say to you, I'm sorry. I presumed too much of you. There were too many expectations and I know that this was too big a burden for you and now I'm owning it. I realize this and I free you from all my expectations. Now the love that we had can continue to flow. Thank you for now I have my own coins.

On another day she approaches her children and says: - "You can take all my coins, because I am a rich and complete person. I finally have taken my coins from my parents". Then the children calmed down and became small, humble, with respect towards her and were then free to follow their own path by taking their own coins.

At the end of this long journey she sits and looks back even further. She reviews the life she lived, all she loved and suffered, all that was built and all that was shattered. She manages to give everything and everyone a good place in her heart. She embraces them sweetly and thinks: Everything has its moment in life: a time to arrive, a time to stay and a time to depart. One half of life is to climb the mountain and reach the top and shout to the four wind: "I exist", and the second half is for the descent towards the luminous nothing, where we detach from it all, rejoice and celebrate.

Life has its matters and its rhythms without ever ceasing to be the dream we dream.

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