

The Courage To Do Nothing.

From "Modet att ingenting göra – en bok om det svåra mötet"

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Life itself can not be rushed. It moves at the same pace no matter what we do. Years are added to years and there is nothing we can do to change that. We build these expectations that we should do so much in life. And it is up to us if it's going to happen or not. From inside ourselves the demand grows to realize life. But maybe it is possible to say: It is enough. You are enough. You may exist. Life expects nothing of you. It is given to you as a gift.

Waiting and laziness are oftentimes what gives room to the new and unexpected. If I always feel like I need to keep up and not miss anything, I prevent things from happening. I chase life instead of taking it in. I chase intensity instead of living. Today there are much talk about slowing things down. But doing things slower can still have demands. I need to do just as much as before but slower. Laziness is doing nothing. Simply not do it. It doesn't need to be completed. Most things in life are only started on and much of what I have planned is never done. But it can be that way. Without having to feel neither frustration nor guilt. I can start a project and finish it before it is completed, without worrying. Nature is filled with unfinished projects. This strange life is constantly going on with twists, turns and surprises, and I realize that life is both activity and rest. In the middle of this lifecurrent I exist. Lazy and intense at the same time.

I have often been asked how I can believe in God, and oftentimes I can't give an answer. In my loss for an answer I find one of the escape routes I choose when I don't really know. I also say it. I don't know, I believe and I don't believe at the same time. What I do know is that I can't force my faith on someone else. My faith becomes one of the most private aspects of my life and something that I can rarely understand myself but something that is still kept inside me as a source of life.

When language comes close to the borderlands of life, like birth and death, breathtaking happiness and great pain, paradoxes arise. It is as if though words can't handle reality at its most intense. When I speak of death it is possible to describe it as the definite end to a person's life and as a beginning of something new, and both assertions are possible. It is often impossible to say how it really is. Words are not enough, and if I try, it all becomes inconceivable. The words, that in my everyday life are my most important tools to live, becomes the greatest obstacles in the borderlands of life. They lock in and force back. I can sense God, but the words I use to describe God puts me right back in already given patterns made by others. I can sense an eternity, but when I attempt to describe it it becomes incomprehensible.

If someone asks me to speak about God I am quiet, and images of God appear. If someone asks me to tell them about death I say nothing, and longing and hope come. The words I use carry with them the risk to destroy each other and I am left by myself, without words but still open to both experiences and thoughts. Everything seems possible when seen in reverse. Someone who tries to force reality into language abandon it at the same moment. Someone who tries to describe God in the belief that it is the true description abandons God. I can still say that I believe in God and that life is more than I can experience and understand. That I believe there is someone who loves me and gives me comfort and peace. That I believe God exists as a stable matter outside of me, who was there before I was and will be there after I am gone. Someone I can relate to with both sighs and mourning and happiness and trust. But it is not my faith I should give to other people, but I should give a part of my life, and the love I can show. To me, faith doesn't bring success, health or comfort. To me, faith is the language which comes from love.

Room

Silence

Gives me room

Room for my tired thought

My restlessness and my worry

My deep sorrow

And my anger

All

Is in silence

No words

Set limits

And forbids

Silence

Gives room for God

Room for my great longing

My body and my mind

My weak faith

And my doubt

All

Fits in silence

No sounds

To obstruct

And shatter

Gift

I
Am the gift
Of life
To myself

Gently
The fragile is touched
That long
Has been hidden
Expectations and worry

Slowly
The vulnerable is rocked
That no one
Not even I
Want to know

I
Am the child's
Longing
To himself

My Joy

We meet
And the shadows
Disappear

I did
Nothing
Still you are here

I gave
Nothing
Still you linger

I wanted
Nothing
Still you stay

We meet
And the sounds of time
Vanish

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