

famili^{ar}mente

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FAMILIES AND CULTURES TRAVELLING IN HOPE

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editorial

Understanding what is happening
by Antonio Restori

03

familiarmedicinapratice

Dialogue with Cecilia Edelstein
By Alida Cappelletti

04-06

families&well being

We are so different, yet we understand each other
by Valentina Nucera

07

families and well being

When ties create well being
by Alessia Ravasini

08

families and culture

My parents are immigrants
by Marcella Gussoni

09-10

Families and families

A glimmer of light in the darkness
by Michelle Visconti

11

Families and families

Mercy's smile
by Silvia Vescovi

12-13

Families and families

Faith, trust, courage
by Francesca Martino

14-15

familiarmedicine events

IDIPSI

Institute of Integrated systemic psychotherapy

16



familiarmedicine

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Proprietario:
Associazione Coinetica

Direttore responsabile:
Elisa Chittò
Direttore editoriale:
Alida Cappelletti

Comitato Scientifico:
Antonio Restori, Alessia Ravasini,
Valentina Nucera, Mirco Moroni

Staff redazionale:
Alida Cappelletti,
Antonella Cortese,
Francesca Curti,
Francesca Martino,
Alessia Ravasini,
Silvia Vescovi

Redattori :
Alida Cappelletti, Antonio Restori
Marcella Gussoni, Francesca
Martino, Valentina Nucera, Alessia
Ravasini, Silvia Vescovi, Michelle
Visconti

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Lillith, Porto Venere 2017

UNDERSTANDING WHAT IS GOING ON

BY ANTONIO RESTORI

With this number Familiarmente has completed its second journey around the huge sea of potentialities that our families can navigate. When our family appears stranded in dangerous waters, it would be useful to take time to comprehend what is going on; turn off the engines, drop the sails, rather than trying to react, to retreat, or get excited too.

Getting stuck is part of our history of families sailing in dangerous water, especially nowadays. If we caused a gash in the hull and we immediately try to break away from that, we risk sinking fast. But if we take into consideration what is happening with caution learning about the nature of the seabed, we could better understand where we are. But when we rigidly persist in our convictions and even come to think that the bottom should not be there, we get naively angry. Developing awareness means for us to know how to turn a loud noise in a silent sound; it means turning the noise that shakes us and paralyzes us, into a new opportunity of understanding of what is happening to our lives, our family, trying to orient our sails again, sin-

ce we cannot direct the wind. The stories that we continue to tell, deal with notes, log books of sailors who have tried, in difficult times, to think back of the maps, the seabed, substandard loans, as opportunities to change routes and build new maps to share with our readers who have been sailing nicely for a few years now with us.

Enjoy the sailing

DIALOGUE WITH CECILIA EDELSTEIN

Psychologist, family therapist, counselor, family mediator, trained in Israel and Italy, she is the President of the Shinui Association - Relational Consulting Center (www.shinui.it), scientific director of the courses promoted by the same association, coordinator of the clinical team and the research area. Edelstein is part of the didactic team on the Migration Master course at the Ca' Foscari University.

BY ALIDA CAPPELLETTI

Speaking of multi-culture and knowing a little 'your story it seems that in your life there is an intertwining of cultural roots. We would like to know some essential feature of your family history that we find so much interesting and we believe it can help to understand the wealth you take with your whole self in working with others.

Our professional choices are often, if not always, linked to our life experience and our personal biography. In fact, I often say that I started working around intercultural issues 30 years ago, but I have lived in multicultural contexts since I was born. I was born and grown up in Buenos Aires, but I am the daughter of immigrants arrived in Argentina before World War II. My parents were considered a mixed couple because they belonged not only to different nationalities, but also to very different cultures. My father was born in Poland and grown up in a Jewish family, typical of those described by Moni Ovadia, and my mother, of Jewish origin (his grandparents were from Odessa) was born in Paris, into a family of intellectuals, if not secular even atheists. I then grew up in a multicultural and multilingual environment. During my childhood, I felt my life split in two: I attended a French school, and children of parents who were in Buenos Aires for temporary jobs with contracts of 2, 4 or 6 years, with a French program and French teachers. It was a Catholic middle-class environment. I



was living the diversity around small and big things. Immediately in the morning, the the time of the register in the classroom lost fluidity at the calling of my last name, which was not French: teachers stopped, they sticked, sometimes they went over it by simply pointing me with a gesture. And so, my day was still under the sign and the weight of diversity, objective or subjective that it is. Over the weekend, however, I attended with my family a club of sports and social activities organized into communities outside the city on the Delta of Paraná. We were members of the club of the Jews "Ashkenazi" (Jews coming mainly from Northern and Eastern Europe). I had to adapt myself and constantly remember where I was: we live in language, which is much more than a language, and consists of a non-verbal (facial expressions, body position), a para-verbal (like the tone of voice) and interactions that contain rules often

obvious and automatic. Therefore, since the moment of greeting I had to be careful either to give a kiss on the left cheek, as in Argentina, or two, as in France, beginning with that right! In short, when one lives these experiences inevitably becomes more sensitive to diversity, with its different shades and meanings. What definitely did mark me the most, was my migration to Israel, in adolescence, not by choice, a country that I did not know, whose language I did not speak, and did not know how to read or write. Thrown in a hot climate and in an unknown reality, I left a world that I loved. My first migration was dramatic, if not traumatic. I lived for another 16 years in that land, which over time I learned to love. Turning that experience into something positive marked me for life and, since then, the work with the migrant population, with refugees, with multi-culture people, has become a passion of mine.

We are all very different not only by culture but also by gender, personality, tastes; it is hard to understand what actually turns the value of the difference in the problem, whatever it is. Perhaps the dominant theme that once again emerges is that of fear. Fear of the other? The fear that the other person can obscure? What do you think about it?

I arrived in Italy in the early '90s when the migration flow started, an irreversible flow that has not stopped since then. What strikes me most was that, walking along the streets of Milan - the city where I lived in the early years - I saw these people dressed in co-

lourful robes or with a different skin color, and felt the Italians who, bewildered and astonished, took distances. This struck me because in my imagination the Italians were migrant people, therefore, having experienced migration in the first person, they had to interact with foreigners fluently and naturally.

A person suddenly forgets who he/she was; how does this kind of mechanism work?

It would seem that for humans the unknown creates distrust and fear. We move better in known lands. The human being is reassured when he finds confirmation of what he has learned over time and when he can mirror himself into the other.

One of the most common definitions of culture not only contains a set of symbolic forms, habits, rituals and values, but these have to be mutually intelligible, deeply felt and historically rooted. When the reciprocity is lacking, it is as if an alarm was set, thus removing safety; mutual recognition is not automatic and you draw a distance, also if more or less marked. The distance, in turn, opens the imaginary space of the “unknown” and this brings out “ghosts” accompanied by an emotion of fear, which in turn widens the distance: we enter a recursive loop that drives people away. I call this mechanism “the dynamics of dismeeting”.

The other side of the coin is that only through the unknown we can enrich ourselves, to go beyond, to go beyond the borders of another discovery and broaden horizons. Also, paradoxically, the best way to be recognized is through the meeting, and the knowledge of “the Other”, with an attitude of openness and curiosity towards the unknown: it is what often reflects - for difference and contrast - what we do not always see in ourselves; by knowing the “other” the reflection of who we are and how we are comes out. Living in our own culture we take for granted

many aspects of our life and it is as if we became blind. So the meeting with the “Other” not only involves knowing more, but also allows you to recognize yourself and thus be able to draw a self-definition.

When is our own cultural identity, or family, the cause of suffering?

Diversity is not automatically a resource. Carrying on a diversity towards another group, majority and also dominant, it is very difficult and can create suffering. Referring again to what I have said before, as a child I made efforts to adapt to an environment that reflected me and postponed diversity; this creates loneliness and makes you go into what we call a minority group, or a group of people subject to discrimination that receive unequal treatment or irregular (the unequal is not always irregular: the no voting rights for immigrants, for example, it is completely regular).

The main sensation of who belongs to a minority group is to be excluded and not to share a “We.” If, moreover, you feel judged negatively and placed in categories that do not belong to us, related to unfounded prejudices,

this creates a strong sense of injustice and even anguish.

We also live in a society based on laws which focuses on ideal models (family, study, etc.). Automatically anything that deviates becomes deficient and easily deviant. The goal is to embrace a pluralistic perspective, where the various systems are not compared to an ideal model: they have their own features and their function (or dysfunction, but not tied to a reference model).

Last but not least, the “double identity” can create suffering because you feel fragmented, because you make comparison (and when you compare the values are given, there is the best and therefore the worst), because at some point instead of belonging to “both” cultures, you feel foreign everywhere, neither here nor there. I prefer to talk of mixed identity: as you said before, we all belong to various cultures (You mentioned that gender, for example) and culture is not the same as nationality! The loyalties of knowledge unites us, brings us closer and allows us to get out of the native-foreigner dichotomy. Entering in a perspective in which everybody belongs to various systems and different groups enhance a dynamic where meetings are facilitated.



Monet: la passerella giapponese 1899

That 's what you mean by cultural mediation?

Largely yes. We can today differentiate between several types of cultural mediations. The linguistic and cultural mediator is a person, usually an immigrant, who knows the Italian and the language of origin of a person or a migrant family. The procedure put in place by the linguistic and cultural mediator is not just translation, accompanying and support during the meeting between immigrants and institutions (such as a hospital or school), but consists in the construction of bridges, taking into account contextual and relational aspects.

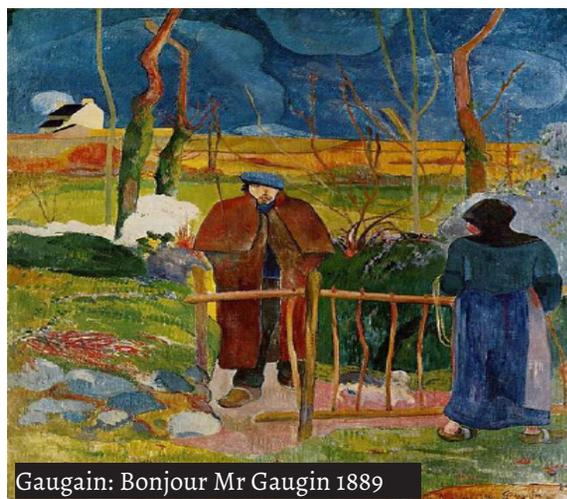
Yet, there are some risks when it comes to language and cultural mediation. The mediator, who deals with building bridges and dissolving potentially conflicting situations or actual conflicts, is likely to stand against the institution in a position of "defense attorney" for the migrant, rather than having an impartial position. In other cases, it is likely to make the migrants passive, by speaking on their behalf. In addition, we must pay particular attention to the risk to confuse culture with nationality. It happens to hear "that child is Moroccan," but inside Morocco there is such a quantity of cultures and ethnicities, that this statement still implies almost nothing. For this, the intercultural mediator is often an important figure. This mediator, rather than learning about a specific culture or having the same origin of the migrant, must have specific mediation skills to be able to work not only with the migrant population, but also with the local one. This professional has the ability to put cultures face to face, creating exchanges and activating all in the first person: the immigrant tells his culture and experiences, but the native does the same as the local culture is not obvious and it is clarified, including personal experiences. Distinguishing between multi-

culture, which implies the mere juxtaposition of many cultures, and intercultural, which provides a meeting and a mixture of cultures, I like to talk about intercultural mediation as a professional intervention that can be implemented by a specialist, regardless from its origin.

How would you carry out an intercultural mediation at school? What would it be better to avoid?

The fundamental aspect of an intervention of intercultural mediation is to create real encounters between cultures and between people. Thanks to the mixed identity concepts and award membership, which affect us all, interventions to school can be actions of peace education to build the culture of diversity. This must be achieved as enhancing both the various groups and the individual: each person is unique in the world, has experienced specific personal life, and each person gives different meanings to events and things. In addition to cultural and to the individual level, the mediation interventions in schools can not forget the universal aspect: as human beings we all belong to the human species; socialization is important for all, loneliness is suffering for all, it reacts similarly to stimuli, we are all bearers of emotions, all oscillate between pleasure and pain, and this regardless of skin color and the shape of the eyes. The intercultural mediator is

therefore a specialized professional who intervenes not only to dissolve conflicts or misunderstandings, but also to prevent these situations and build a culture of inclusion to be spread on the territory, starting from children and young people. I would avoid interventions only aimed at immigrant children in schools. On the one hand they want to offer support, but, on the other, they create a subgroup that, in abandoning the class group it is excluded and carries the label of diversity, a label that is too heavy on the shoulders of a child or a teenager. A group that meets with the common denominator of diversity, it is a group that lives in a regulatory context and could easily slip to deviance. With adults there is plenty to do, even at school. At the center Shinui we have experience of mothers groups, native and foreign, with an intervention model developed over the years, through narrative laboratories (which implies not only telling their life story). Experience has shown us that the exchange, the meeting and knowledge help to overcome prejudices, creating bonds that we never imagined and mutual aid relationships - regardless of its source; everything enables migrant families to participate actively in school life.



Gauguin: Bonjour Mr Gauguin 1889

WE ARE SO DIFFERENT YET WE UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER. WHAT'S THE KEY?

VALENTINA NUCERA

I and Alexander are considered as a “mixed couple”. It would be interesting to know how a couple could not be a mixed one. I mean that each human being has his or her own features which belong to his or her story, culture, experience and to the way he/she feels free to express the feelings, thoughts and emotions. When we met we had no idea of what we both liked, about what made us laugh, happy or sad; we felt we had to live our life together.

We have been accustomed to different tastes, games that we loved as children were very different, but above all the way we have lived our childhood. Therefore, being in relationship with our parents and family it was different. I always thought that if a family is united it allows you to be stronger, to want more, but I realized, in the meeting with Alejandro and his family, that my injury was linked to the physical presence rather than moral and affective union. Alejandro constantly manifested a love and an acknowledgment towards his loved ones, free from the idea that it is necessary see each other every day or the other's presence is needed in order to share an

important goal of his life. What I perceive as very different it is the way in which everyone can feel designed, relevant, present and united without the need to confirm it to us each time.

It was not easy to understand, and accept, that this attitude would also characterized our relationship, which for him make me feel important in his life passed through unusual confidence and spontaneity events than could belong to my expectations. I often say to me: “you are a mixed couple,” maybe this happens in many mixed couples, then in all couples. Then I stop and I think the effort we have made to learn to understand each other, to improve from mistakes, to share our projects, to choose where to go and live, rather than the name of our son; it will have a sound hat works both in Italy and in Argentina”, our future grandparents told us.

Ours is not a related fatigue of language diversity, the differences in the country where we were born, most of the foods you love, or of the features of our face. I believe our hard work has been the engine that has helped and

motivated to never take anything for granted, to perceive that this greater importance possessed from the past and the future and that, therefore, deserves our attention and commitment.

We hope that our children can grow and learn from our differences, as well as by our similarities. We would like to convey to them the desire to know, to explore, to develop a way to communicate and stay together characterized by respect and interest in the family, and outside, regardless the point of the globe where the other is coming from.



Francesco Hayez, Il bacio, 1859

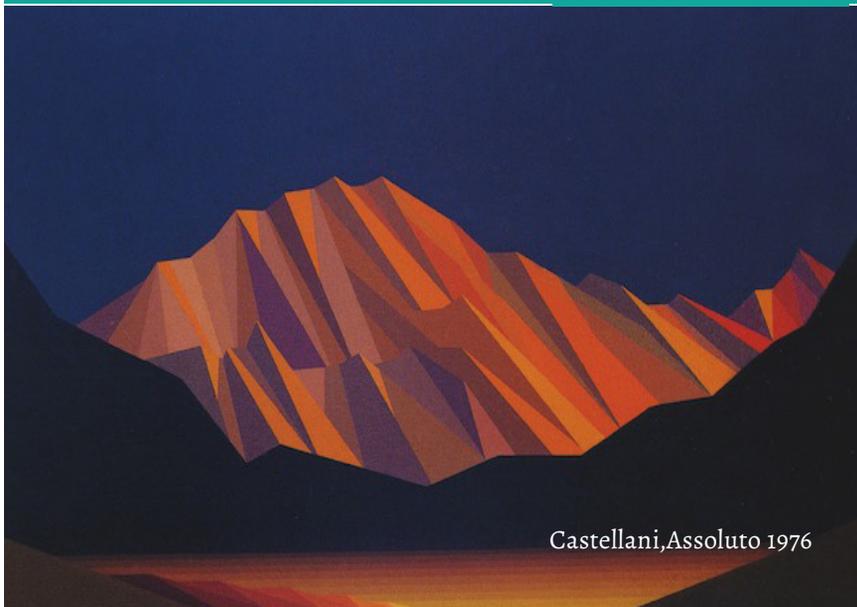


WHEN TIES CREATE WELL BEING

DIALOGUE WITH
ATTILIO PIAZZA BY ALESSIA RAVASINI

ATTILIO PIAZZA has conducted seminars and training in Family Constellations for fourteen years. He was trained by Bert Hellinger and carried on the development of the systemic approach by opening it to the perspective of Mindfulness.

Attracted first by Buddhist disciplines, then by meeting with two of the most significant illuminated of the twentieth century, Jiddu Krishnamurti and Osho Rajneesh, he taught the methods for awakening consciousness and the development of a non-mental intelligence able to interact with wisdom.



Castellani, Assoluto 1976

Do you think there are some conditions that make a free tie?

Sure. Especially when there is respect between people and when there is awareness of oneself. So, when there is one center, one's own awareness of being, independent, serene, loving in itself. And then, when you meet a partner of the same level, you can have a bond where you feel free to be, free to let the other being and free to love.

When ties co-exist to live a non-free present, what can be of help?

Well it depends here on the subject ... A binding that forces it is a symptom of a lack of clarity or lack of responsibility over its own needs. As long as one remains in a binding force, it is because the clarity necessary to connect with one's own need has not yet been developed. Once you have connected with your own need and recognized it, then it is important to assume responsibility. At that point, honestly and honestly, the partner communicates his need. And then, if the partner is able to take it into account - I'm

not saying to satisfy it, but to keep it in mind - well. Otherwise, then, one will make the choices he will make. But, in this way, you exit the impression of being bound by the other. You can feel tied up when someone makes promises, and one of the most solemn is that of church-celebrated marriage, we are very deeply attached to the other, because this type of ritual has a profound effect on our psyche. That's fine, as long as it's okay. When, then, things change, and change substantially, it is crucial to review the agreements made and review the promises made, and eventually dissolve them. I first mentioned the promise of marriage, but there are so many small promises that are made over time. And, they make sense when they are made. Then, things change, because people change. And at this point, it remains bound, in a dysfunctional way, to a promise made that no longer corresponds to the present situation. So, make an update, do it yourself, first and then make an update with your partner, if you can, is crucial, because in this way you dissolve promises that were meaningful then and they are no more now. And, if

any, you make other promises. Or you feel free to have no promise. Depends on subjects, situations.

How can trust help you to live a bond?

Trust is fundamental. First of all, confidence in oneself and, secondly, very important, trust in the other. Because only when one trusts in the other, it is possible a mature relationship, a healthy relationship, and a free relationship in some way. Where you feel great freedom in having a promise - for example, of fidelity, or of stability. When one makes it with consciousness, with joy, with love, of course, this bond of stability, this bond of fidelity, one lives with great freedom. And even when one other man, or another woman, somehow pleasant or interesting, is interested in us, and when we remember within ourselves the importance of our bond of fidelity, We feel free to reject the situation, free to say, "no, thank you," and be free to try some beautiful things and stay where you are. In the sense that, at times, you feel bound and have the opportunity to look at the showcase without having to go inside to buy anything



Our country is changing and in the new originating country other Italians, young people born and brought up in Italy, share their reality and their experience with our children. This is often a difficult attempt, to finally take root and, at the same time, not to lose their identity.

MY PARENTS ARE IMMIGRANTS I AM ITALIAN

My name is P. K. I'm Italian and I have black skin". This is the beginning of my student's subject, in his first-class of middle school. Teachers which engages with a descriptive text, at the beginning of school year, the teacher usually uses to get to know the kids, often with surprising results. Writing, words, they become the protagonists boys, eager to tell their stories. "I became an Italian citizen last year and I'm very happy. It 's been a difficult path a bit' difficult: I have been in various offices, they gave me many documents ... and in the end, I did it! It happens, though, again, some people surprised about my being Italian ... I remember one day a lady from an office called two other people to check my documents were true. She kept asking me if I understood the Italian ... I'm impulsive when these things happen; they really bother me ! -while my parents

are now used to.

I am therefore a "black Italian" as Philip, my classmate calls me. I do not know if it is a compliment, but ... yeah ... I feel a bit 'so. But let's start from the beginning. There are five of us in my family: my father, my mother, me and my two brothers. My father came here from Senegal twenty years ago. Mother said she would come every summer at home but she still was not there. He 'came here to work and I know that at first made many trades as a bricklayer and laborer. Now he works in transport but for a year he is at home, "the crisis," he says. My mother, even now, would like to return in Senegal; she does not work and has a lot of nostalgia for her true home, as it is called, because her grandparents live there; I, though I saw Senegal twice, in summer., I however, know little; I only saw the country where they were born and my parents are

MARCELLA GUSSONI

known: it is a very small country, there is not much to do, I have some friends there but my real friends are here in Italy. As a child I have moved house many times, I lived in beautiful homes and in other less spectacular, with more sympathetic tenants and, sometimes, more closed and suspicious towards us. Some greeted us with a smile, others, however, looked at us wrong and when we met, they ran away. But in Italy I have many friends, especially my team: my favorite sport is, in fact, football and playing as a midfielder.

Football is my life and when I grow up I want to be a rich and famous player like Messi, to be able to buy anything I want, what I can not do now.

With my parents I have a peaceful relationship but, in my opinion, unlike those of my friends, they give me too many rules. So

metimes I get tired of being yelled at. My father is in fact very severe; He says that each of us has a task: my parents have to work and I and my brothers have to go to school. This is our job and we do it well! At school I apply myself well, in my opinion; yes, I like to joke and when the teachers have told my dad, he was very angry and no longer made me go to training.

I wish my parents were different, I would like them to help me more, especially in the tasks, and make me more gifts; I would go better in Italian and mathematics because I still do not know the way of studying ; I would go more often on vacation and see my friends. In fact, I'd like to be like them.

Sometimes I do not feel a real Italian because my parents are of African origin, and it is clear: in

the house we speak their language (my mother is still struggling to speak Italian), listen to their music, practicing the Muslim religion and they only have African friends. So I often wonder: even though I was born here, I did kindergarten and school here, even though I speak and think in Italian, I am all Italian and even a little 'Senegalese? It would be nice to be P. K. and that's it...! ... “

So, in addition to responding to this question, first of all, I try to consider his text as an outlook on the world. Children learn with their eyes, internalize the idea that people are not all the same and that the differences are not the salt of the earth but a stigma to be ashamed of.

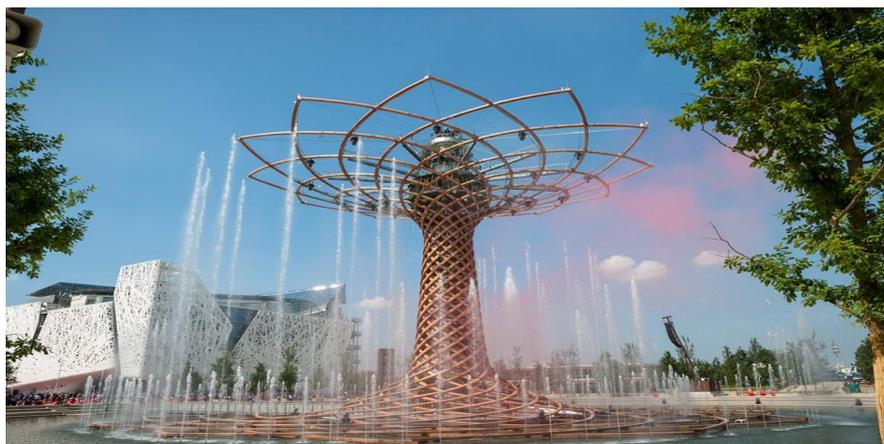
Then I reflect on the ways of my speech and on the fact to understand how identity and diversity

are part of our being persons. I would suggest P. K. and his family to keep their memories, their experiences, their own language, in short, to maintain continuity with themselves.

The fact that we are human beings is infinitely more important than all the peculiarities that distinguish human beings from one another.

Simone de Beauvoir

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The heart of the **Tree of life** symbol of Expo 2016 is made of steel - Milano Expo 2016

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A GLIMMER OF LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS

BY MICHELLE VISCONTI

She woke up in her bed like every morning, and there was Luke at her side. He was there, alongside her, but he was a stranger, or rather, like an ornament, someone who had been next to her for seven years, but he did not feel anything anymore; He was there, he shared the house with her, the spaces, nothing else. She got up and went to the bathroom to get ready, but it seemed to her that the feet did not respond to her, as if she had weights in place of the slippers and every step was tiring. She was tired, very tired. How would she be able to work all day? Her work was good, but she lacked the energies, the enthusiasm she once had. At one time she got up at 6 in the morning to run and then went to work and when she came home she went out with her friends and often went dancing. Now, when he came home, he dropped into bed and slept, slept, until dinner time. How did this fatigue come upon her? When? And why?

Sara looked in the mirror and saw a 45-year-old woman with a good job, a companion who treated her well and a decent life. Perhaps she would have children, but she had no courage to become a mother. She wanted to study, do the university, become important. But she had always had to work to maintain herself, to become independent and independent of his family.

The most important step was to leave that home and leave her father there, in the family home, with his work and his faithful bottle of wine. Even mom eventually went away. The only one who had stayed in that house was his brother, but perhaps he was slowly becoming aware that the only way to save himself was to get out. Sara has not spoken to her father for so long and in fact even with her brother. She did not speak with any of his problems, she kept everything inside. Sometimes she confided with her mother or let her escape a few words with Luke,



Guttuso, Serata a velate 1980

but she did not want to weigh on them and she never told her about her mood. She would do it alone, as always.

At 19, she left home with her first job and had never gone back. He had always been a brave and strong girl, she had done everything alone. But now how would he do it? Now that she was no longer so strong that the energies were leaving her now that everything seemed dark ... how would she fight alone? That day in March the sun shone on the walls of elementary school and Sara in the interval decided to take out her students. She sat at the stone table, under the vine. As she watched the boys run and play in the garden, a drop dropped her hand, then another on her face, and another one ... where were they coming from? The sky was cloudy, there was not even a single cloud. Next to her she Anna sat , teacher of 2nd A, friend and friend, and said, "Have you seen? The screw cries." "What does the screw mean?" Sarah asked. "In March, on the eve of spring, vineyards begin to awaken. They are numb with winter sleep but they do not sleep anymore and begin to suck the water out of the ground. Water re-starts its natural flow, from roots to branches, and it generates this fascinating

tear-through phenomenon through the dried ends. After weeping, winter pruning is no longer appropriate as the vital cycle is broken down to feed the buds and develop the tailings and then the flowers for the emergence of new grape bunches. When the screw is not painful, it's a life motif, it's the beginning of spring that marks the beginning of the plant's life cycle."

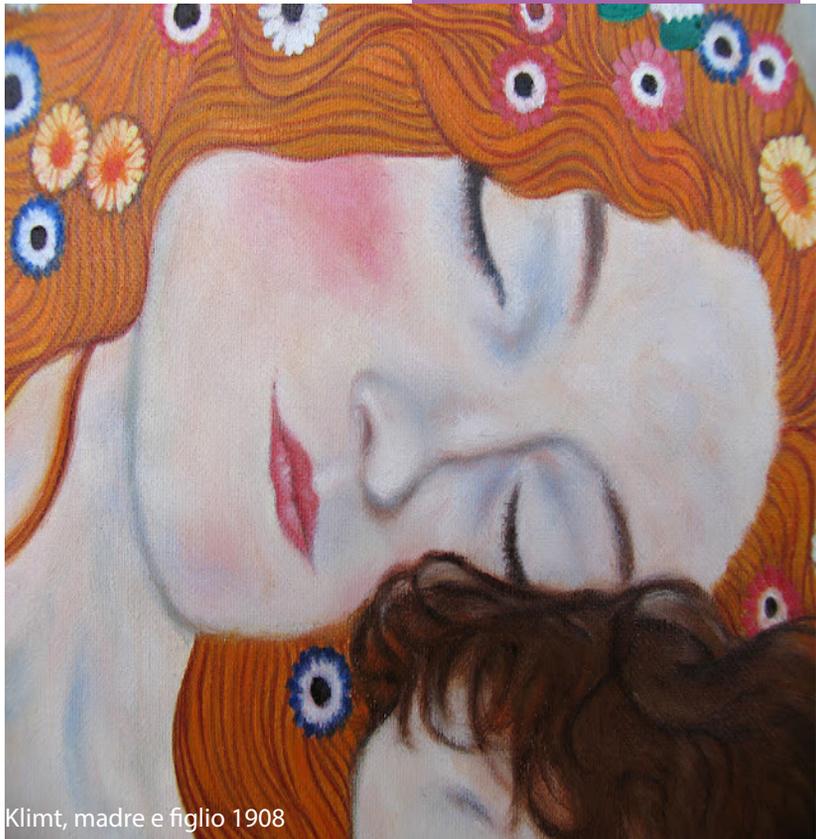
The tears began to fall on her face and Sara wept, wept for all the ends she had been kidding, for everything she had lost, for the woman who she had not become, for whatever she had to give up. She lay down for her loneliness, wept for her choices and wept for not having been able to ask for help, for not leaning on those who stood by her. She lay for days, alone, at home with Luke who embraced her, from her mother who comforted her. And then one day she woke up and numbness had almost gone away, she felt the energies slowly flushing her in the body and like the vine in spring, she was also awakening and new nourishment came to the branches to create new gems, new flowers and new fruits. It was the beginning of spring ... the beginning of the life cycle of the plant.

MERCY'S SMILE

DISCOVER AND SHARE OUR DEEP RESOURCES
WITH THE OTHERS

BY SILVIA VESCOVI

I DO NOT NEED MONEY
I NEED FEELINGS
WORDS, WORDS CHOSEN
WISELY, FLOWERS CALLED
THOUGHTS, ROSES CALLED
PRESENCES
DREAMS INHABITING THE
TREES, SONGS
THAT MALE STATUES
DANCE
STARS THAT MURMURE
TO THE EAR OF LOVERS.
I NEED POETRY
THIS SPELL WHICH
BURNS
THE WEIGHT OF WORDS
THAT AROSES
EMOTIONS AND GIVES NEW
COLOURS
ALDA MERINI



Klimt, madre e figlio 1908

When they ask me what I can not forget about that day, I always say "three things": the first is the thought I had when I opened my eyes and saw my child healthy and safe, "We are alive"; The second is the journey of hope to the neighboring country where I prayed to find my friends; The third is Mercy's smile. I remember the left boom, the noise of home objects, furniture, falling cadres, white dust, smoke out in the street, and that feeling of being lost and dizzy given by the ground tremor beneath your feet and it does not seem to want to stop never. Now Lorenzo is ten years old and we moved to my parents' town two hours drive from the small town in the province where I was renting after separating from my husband. The amazing thing is that every year since the Christmas Eve I come to find Mercy and her family, two hundred miles from my home. It's a fixed appointment and neither the snow

nor my work has ever stopped us. Mercy lives with her husband Adam and the three children, a little bigger than Lorenzo. When people ask how curious I am to them, to a family that is so different from mine, I tell the story of Anna, the female manager with a four-year-old baby, just separated from her husband, looking for a new life. At that time I felt completely different from what I am now, full of uncertainties and regrets. I was completely alone in a small village of few houses, looking for a new stability, away from my family and from the home where I had lived for years and years. I've always been introverted and unkind, I did not like to make friends, nor talk about the street with the passers-by, like the women in the place. To an uncertain life, where the future seemed smoky and the fear for the son I grew up alone increased every day, the earthquake had given a last, powerful, indelible sha-

ke. A moment later I had Lorenzo in my arms and ran for the house. Mercy and Adam, who lived in the apartment next door, called their children loudly. A part of the staircase was almost unattainable and a piece of wall fell before the door. In my eyes there was panic and terror, the same as I saw in the eyes of the two parents I had faced. After gathering all three of their children, Mercy and Adam hugged and cried and then asked if we were fine. I will never forget what happened. Adam helped everyone get out of the door and, risking hurting, returned for a moment in the house full of cracks, mortars and plaster stuck to take food and blankets. Of what happened before the relief came, I have fragments of confused memories: Mercy takes hold of Lorenzo who weeps and cribs sitting on the ground next to a tree with the three close children around her; Adam who gives me his blanket and an ap-

ple. The taste of dust and the smell of the earth. After about an hour my thoughts went to friends living in the nearby town and Mercy suggested walking to see if they were fine; They also had a pair of compatriots who lived two miles away. That journey should have lasted maybe half an hour, but it seemed to me an eternity. Lorenzo had begun to cry, and the other three children were also in discomfort. So Adam started to play a funny song and the kids to make him echo, laughing. Lorenzo, who had stopped crying, smiled and chanted imitating others. Mercy throughout my trip had covered my shoulders with his arm, smiling: "The important thing is that we are here, that we are alive!" When we



Renoir , donna con bambino 1879

are at table all together, once a year, let's remember how in a ritual those hard moments of fear. Mercy always told me he was looking at me with admiration and that I had experienced with joy the courage to grow a child so well. And in those moments of terror in my eyes she saw his own. We were not different and it was as if I gave you some of my courage. But in her, as in her husband, I have admired the strength and the smile even in the most difficult moments and the naturalness with which they give their help to others. Even now, after seven years, when they ask me what I can not forget about that day I answer "three things" and one of these is Mercy's smile.

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Per info e appuntamenti
info@mediazioneparma.it
tel 349.5861834

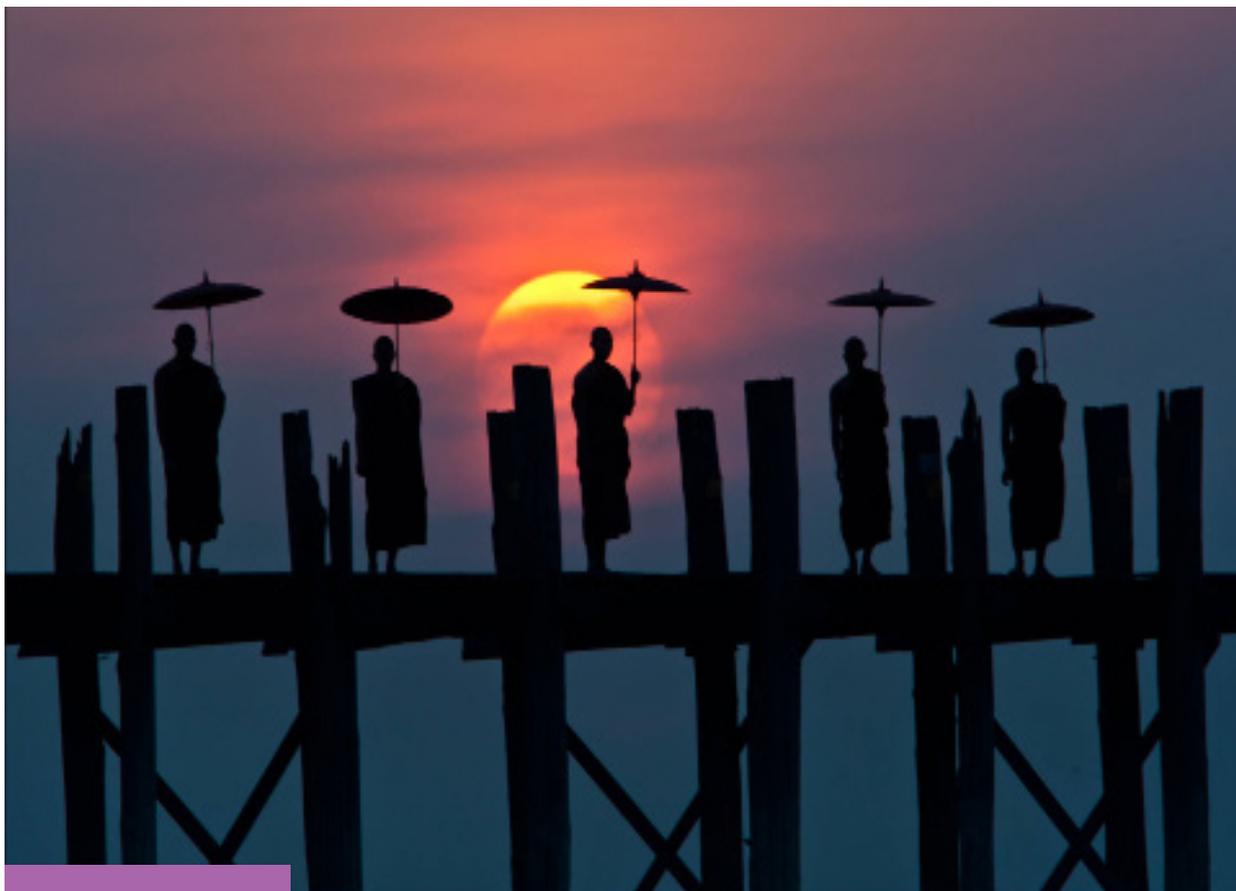


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FAITH, TRUST, COURAGE

GOING BEYOND THE LIMITS IMPOSED BY THE MIND



by Francesca Martino

A few days ago, in a humid autumn afternoon in Milan where even the sky seemed to take part in the events that took place on earth, a friend of my son died of complications related to a cancer diagnosis.

They met by attending both the Cancer Institute's Oncology Pediatric Department, along with the long traversal that should lead to signs of bodily harm from a shocking diagnosis to a "normal" life, if we can talk about normal life after such an experience after you've discovered - just teenage - that your life is fragile as a thin crystal, that going to school or going out with friends is a great privilege that could amputate a leg or

arm for you Try to save your life. His death was an earthquake in the already injured heart of the very young patients, their parents, doctors, and all the staff of the department who with such love took care of these guys, a shot spurted with optimism and courage gained with much effort, Struggling every day without ever relaxing. Serious gains, certain, security that can be overwhelmed by the daily experience that drags you into the pain of this girl, within the resignation that you read in your father's eyes and the despair of the mother who embraced me strong as if I wanted to infuse them a bit ' of the residual force that has remained.

This force so necessary to deal with illness, physical or spiritual, needs to be nourished by something, needs that there is trust or faith in your heart, because your mind may even become your worst enemy. You need to be able to go beyond what your intelligence suggests, thoughts that disagree with each other as soon as you take control of a moment and convince you that you are fragile and exposed, bring to your memory the statistics, the unfortunate results, the Physician's words, information you've searched on the Internet, your deep fears, rooted beliefs, and even the memory of your personal experiences. Not all of this helps you.

THE TRIUMPH OF LIFE

SWIFT AS A SPIRIT HASTENING
TO HIS TASK
OF GLORY & OF GOOD,
THE SUN SPRANG FORTH
REJOICING IN HIS SPLENDOUR,
& THE MASK
OF DARKNESS FELL
FROM THE AWAKENED EARTH.
THE SMOKELESS ALTARS
OF THE MOUNTAIN SNOWS
FLAMED ABOVE CRIMSON CLOUDS,
& AT THE BIRTH
OF LIGHT, THE OCEAN'S ORIZON
AROSE
TO WHICH THE BIRDS TEMPERED
THEIR MATIN LAY,
ALL FLOWERS IN FIELD
OR FOREST WHICH UNCLOSE
THEIR TREMBLING EYELIDS TO THE KISS OF DAY,
SWINGING THEIR CENSERS IN THE ELEMENT,
WITH ORIENT INCENSE LIT BY THE NEW RAY
BURNED SLOW & INCONSUMABLY,
& SENT
THEIR ODOROUS SIGHS UP TO THE SMILING AIR,

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

Going beyond these thoughts is the most difficult thing to do, believing in anything other than what I see or I used to believe is my big day challenge. I can only deal with faith, my only weapon, my ship to cross the sea of suffering. Practice the Buddhism of the Nichiren School for many years and every time I'm afraid I meditate and recite the mantra Nam Myoho Renge Kyo until fear passes, at least for a few hours replaced by a trust that makes me breath, that Lets me rest. When negative thoughts attack me and my anxiety prevents me from breathing, I chant the mantra until my heart is filled with optimism.



When my rationality drives me to pessimism and I can not concentrate on anything other than the worst predictions, I begin to pray to transform this emotional state into something different, which makes me confident in the enormous power of life. When I can not see a sense in what surrounds me, when I do not understand the cause of so much suffering, when looking at small children bearing pains that an adult would not sustain, causes me too much pain, my faith helps me to accept, to glimpse the lines of a larger design that when you look too close are blurry and incomprehensible. Praying helps me to see "beyond" my present situation, to recognize the immense gifts that life continues to offer me, to maintain the lucidity necessary to move in the right direction, to feel gratitude and happiness for the privilege I have to be alongside of my son in this experience. Sometimes, however, when all around me seems to burn in a great fire of consuming air to survive, I even need to find the courage to continue to have faith despite everything. Well, when I can find this courage that leads me to trust, to feel that what I have always believed is still valid despite the storms that are trying to wreck me, at that moment I feel lucky. I feel lucky because I have a means to deal with this great test, I feel lucky because I can sometimes feel that in this chaos of pain and emotions there is an order, a plan, maybe even a goal: makes me more aware of the value of life and the meaning I want to attribute to it



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19 September h.18.00

OPEN DAY

INTRODUCTION TO IDIPSI EPISTEMOLOGICAL MODEL

06 October h.10-18

TRAINING FOR PSYCHOLOGIST STATE EXAM

21 October h.9.00

NATIONAL DAY OF FAMILY MEDIATION

28-29 October h.9.30

WORKSHOP "WORKING WITHIN AND ACROSS CULTURES"

WITH DANIEL GWYN - TAVISTOCK INSTITUTE, LONDON

15 november h.18.30

OPEN DAY

MASTER IN FAMILY MEDIATION

17 November h.9.30

WORKSHOP "GESTALT THERAPY" WITH RICCARDO ZERBETTO

5 December h.18

OPEN DAY

INTRODUCTION TO IDIPSI EPISTEMOLOGICAL MODEL



INFO : SEGRETERIA@IDIPSI.IT
PHONE - +39 0521.673144
WWW.IDIPSI.IT

