



When something is taken away, we get a chance to see how precious it is

# LOVE WITH BOTH HANDS

Nothing can stop us from joining hands







### **This is for all the human beings**

who are on the front line serving during this time.  
Thank you for what you do.

This is for all the human beings who have lost their lives to COVID-19.

May we all rest and live in Peace.

I wish I could hug you, anyone, right now. But I can't. I can't wait for the day when I can physically hug someone, but until then I hope my words can comfort each other like a warm hug between old friends. I hope these words can softly touch your heart and spark widespread connection and the sharing of fresh ideas to live in a gentler, more sustainable and happier way.



## Love With Both Hands

By Prem Bodhi

“When something is taken away, we get a chance to see how precious it is”



♥Biddy♥ Howick



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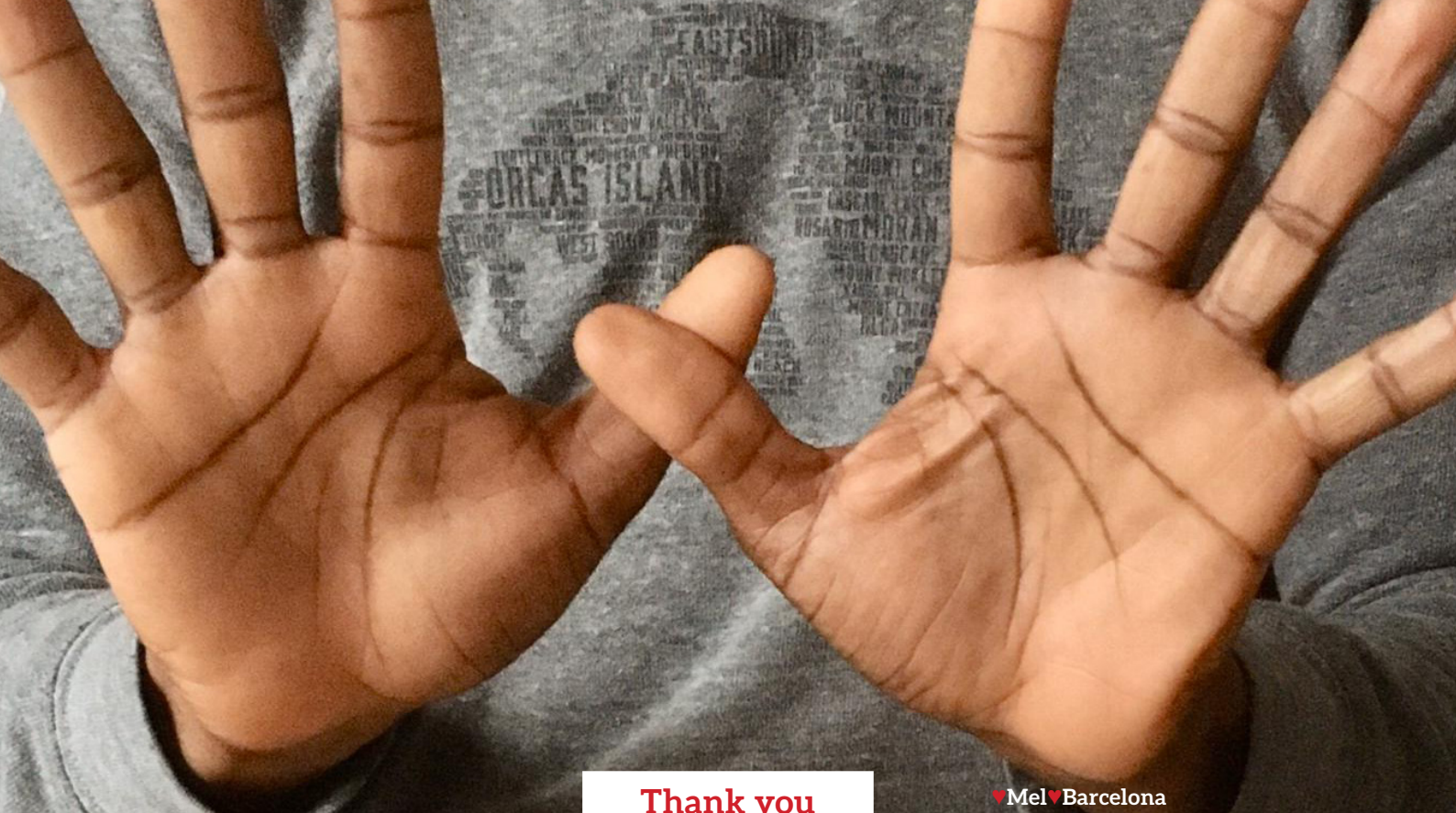
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♥Imagine we all joined hands and wrapped them around the world #LoveWithBothHands♥



## Foreword

Fathers are expected “to teach” their children but in my case, it’s my child who has been doing the teaching and I have learned much from him.

I have great experience with how things were, but I am ill-equipped to deal with the world today. We live in life-changing times, both in the magnitude and the speed of this change, which is unprecedented.

As I write this, I am sitting in Australia, unable to fly back to South Africa as planned. Who would have thought, only two weeks ago, that all international flights would be cancelled, and who knows what will have happened by the time you read this!

The spread of the coronavirus is indeed frightening, not least because of the global implications medically, economically and socially, which not even world wars in the past have had to contend with. Quite simply, we are in uncharted waters on all fronts.

While I do believe the medical danger will pass, I am not sure many people have yet comprehended the full economic and social implications.

On the economic front, governments are looking at “bailing out” their countries and providing stimulus measures, saying the storm will pass, but I do not believe this. They do not have sufficient resources; a return to the way things were will not be possible.

On the social front, we need to take stock and re-evaluate how we live. We have all become selfish and greedy, chasing more and more money to fuel this bottomless pit. (This has not resulted in us being happier. On the contrary!)

Let us take a timeout to re-evaluate what is important and to get off the treadmill of “greed”. We don’t need more and more money to sustain a lifestyle that seems to make us more and more unhappy. With less we could actually be happier.

Let’s help each other and let’s help communities to thrive worldwide. Yes, we need social distancing now but let this lead to our getting closer over time.

There is a way forward in which every one of us can play a part. Governments and politicians cannot be relied on. It’s up to us to take the initiative, individually and collectively.

Bodhi leads the way.

We all have a role to play, by making the adjustments wherever we can to the way we live, no matter how small. Like a snowball, it is hard to get it moving but once it’s rolling, it is impossible to stop.

Bodhi’s dad  
Australia, March 2020



# LOVE WITH BOTH HANDS

COVID-19 is all about breath.

The source of the problem

The source of the solution

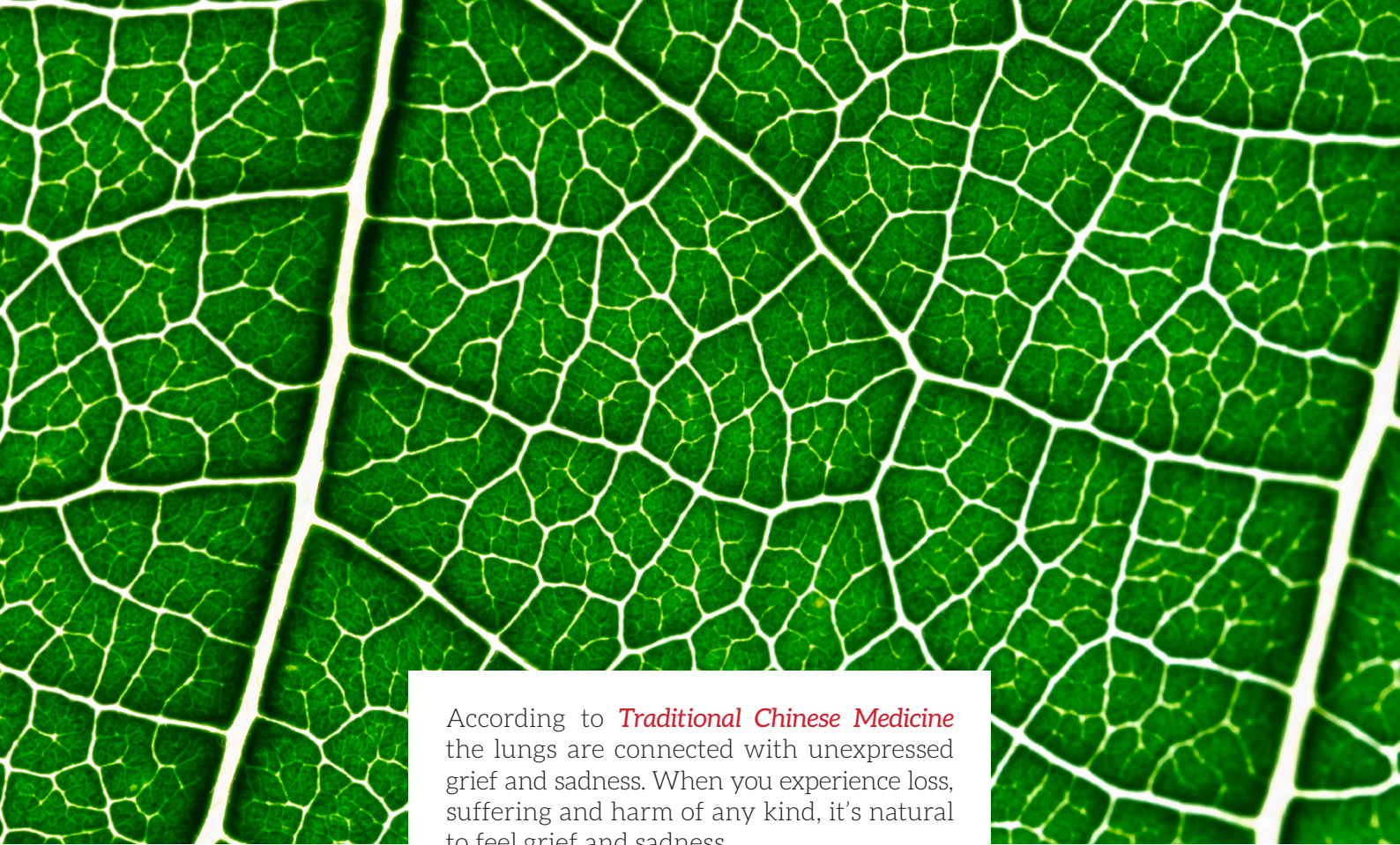
The source of life.

The lungs of the earth are hurting

Our lungs are hurting

We all breathe the same air.





According to *Traditional Chinese Medicine* the lungs are connected with unexpressed grief and sadness. When you experience loss, suffering and harm of any kind, it's natural to feel grief and sadness.

The earth and our bodies are speaking.  
This is a message from the divine.

How can we possibly breathe deep, easy and free with all the harm we are causing and exposed to?

I want to tell my grandkids I was part of the greatest shift in mankind, one that profoundly altered the course of history.

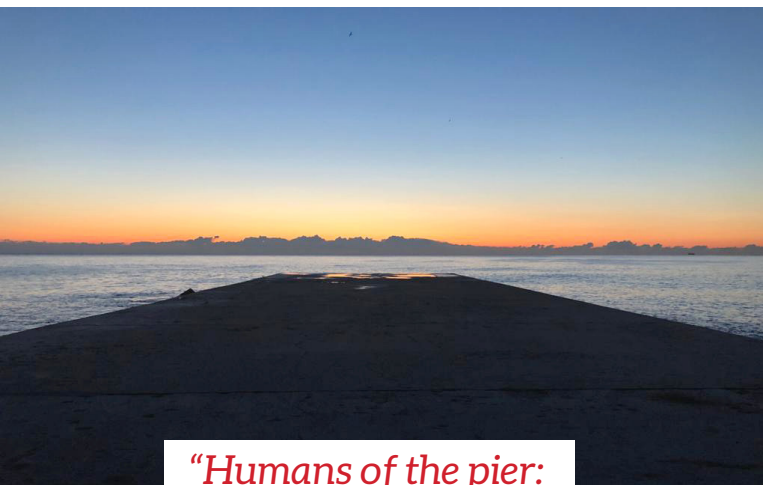
I want to be happy, free and at peace.

*What do you wish for?*



This was my (edited) WhatsApp message to the yoga family who practise with me every day as the sun rises over the pier at Barceloneta beach. It had become clear we needed to make some changes. Or perhaps more accurately, rapid change was coming either way. Experiencing the sunrise every day teaches us that change is constant. It's never the same. We should move with the change rather than try and fight against it.

**Friday 13 March (The lockdown started in Spain on Sunday 15 March)**



**"Humans of the pier:**

*after some quiet, deep reflection, it seems clear to me that we should all take rest. The flow of the universe is taking us there. Let's go with it. Why fight it? The time for fighting for love is over. Let's just love.*

*Allow our shoulders to relax.  
And enjoy this rare moment in time.*

**Stop.**

**STOP completely.**

*If you can. Huge love and respect for all those people who are working in the front line on behalf of us all. Loving with both hands. We salute you and your Herculean efforts at our time of need.*

*When I was young my dad used to say to me. "You are either a virgin or not, Boongs, there is no in-between."  
Let's rest fully. Give our nervous system*

*a break. Give the earth's nervous system and the lungs a break. Surround ourselves in love. Switch your phone off. Stay where you are. Touch people in new ways. Touch those close to you with your eyes. Allow your eyes to meet. Connect inwards. There is real intelligence there. Breathe. Relax. Do nothing. Read a little, maybe. Sleep. Read some more. Make love slowly. Write a handwritten letter. Eat well and gently. Focus on being. Ground your feet. Stay inside. Go inside. Explore your heart. Be quiet. Listen deeply.*

*I consider that if I were carrying the virus, I may be strong enough for it to affect me very little (who knows?), but I might pass it on to someone who isn't so strong and may be very vulnerable. I would hate to know that this could have been avoided. I would feel very bad. I would carry this feeling around with me and nothing would remove it. I don't want to do unnecessary harm or, in fact, any harm. Even if the chances are very small.*

**Does anyone else feel this way?**

*Can you relate this to what we eat?*

*How we spend our days?*

*How we can live and be happy with so much less.*

*Perhaps because we have so much less?*

*In this moment It seems really clear to me. I don't want to do unnecessary harm to anyone or any thing. Especially those weaker than me or with less autonomy. I feel lighter just thinking about it!*

*The harm in the case of what we eat, or who we eat, is very apparent. The burden we carry as a result is less obvious, because it has become normalised. But it's there and I believe it keeps us all captive, unable to be truly content with ourselves, with nothing and eternally wired to find ways to make amends or find some kind of peace within ourselves. Such efforts can only be temporary moments of forgetting. Ever lasting peace and freedom will always be elusive and fuel this never-ending pursuit of something you will never find this way.*

## **How can we be happy when we are doing harm to ourselves, others and to the earth that is not necessary and can be avoided?**

The constant pursuit of material items, wealth and fame is often our way of dealing with this burden, even if we may not realise it. Trying to satisfy a guilty conscience. A void. Feel a moments respite from carrying the burden. That's all it will be - momentary - for the burden will still be there. The only way to truly satisfy it, is to try to remove what is causing the guilt.

Now this is where we can insert our guilty pleasures. – perhaps this is the true definition of this expression. Something that will help us (temporarily) to forget our guilt. None of these helps with actually doing something about the guilt. None of them goes to the source. In fact one could argue the more of these we experience, the more harm we can do, as we get so lost in them that we are not able to see or feel the effects of the harm we are causing.

### **Things I tried a lot:**

- Winning at sport
- Having a lot of sex
- Alcohol (very often these first three are linked and come in a package!)
- Porn
- Ultra-marathon running / excessive exercise
- Trying to change the world/philanthropy
- Fame
- Ice cream and the chocolate sauce that goes hard
- Chocolate chip biscuits and tea

### **Other common attempts for peace, bliss, happiness:**

- Drugs! Thank God I skipped this!
- Making a ton of money!  
Pity I skipped this one!!!
- Work work work work work work work.  
I definitely fell into this one.

The thing is, a panacea probably doesn't exist.

We live and breathe on this earth and as a result even the lightest of us will leave some kind of trail. But that doesn't mean we should just go to the other extreme just because there is no "silver bullet".

## **Why don't we try to stop harming in everything we do?**

Let's try to live lighter and with less.

Let's give it a real crack anyway. What's the harm in trying? Even knowing that we have given our best loosens the residue - that invisible layer wrapped around our hearts that gets thicker and thicker every time we advertently or inadvertently cause (avoidable) harm - and helps us not to add to it!

## **We will stop looking for ways to feel better.**

We won't need ways to make ourselves feel better if we feel good in the first place.

There's nothing to compensate for, nothing to stop ourselves from feeling.

## **So we can just chill, breathe really deep, relax our shoulders and enjoy life, with no need to do anything from a place of lack, imbalance or guilt.**

We may discover how few material possessions we really need and we may start to explore and be grateful for the entire city under our skin, which we can now take time to intimately discover.

I love the analogy of navigating a big ship. We are ALL on one big ship together called planet earth. And our own body can also be seen as a vessel. If we all adjust our bearings even the smallest amount, over time we will be in a completely different place compared to now. And sometimes all we can do is take care of our vessel as best we can and trust that we can make it through any storm that comes. That's really encouraging! That's really achievable!

Imagine we all did this.



What are you waiting for? If you can be kind, be kind! If you can take care of your vessel, take care! Remove the residue that encages your happiness. Let the happiness out! Share it with the world. You can be happy in this moment, no matter what is happening around you. You can be happy for the good, the bad and the ugly.

*Es así! It is what it is*

### **Your life is happening now.**

Did you ever watch the movie Cool Runnings? It's a film about the Jamaican bobsled team that, beyond all expectations, qualified to participate in the Olympics. There's a poignant moment when the coach says to the lead character:

*"A gold medal is a wonderful thing.  
But if you're not enough without it, you'll  
never be enough with it."*

I know I cannot be happy if I know I may cause harm to others that could be avoided. This is a heavy thing to carry. How can we ever fully be in ease? This is what dis-ease is to me.

### **This is a day in your life that will never come back. Be healthy and kind in thought, word and deed!**

Right now, if you have nowhere to go and nothing to do – isn't this a taste of what freedom really feels like? It may feel strange to think of freedom from the confines of your home with police lining the streets, but maybe it's because we have become so accustomed to life without it.

### **This feels like a beautiful gift. This is the opportunity of our lifetime.**

This could be an urgent and final call for help from the universe, who is literally running out of breath. That means we are all running out of breath.

Or I like to think of it as Mother Earth showing us how to be happy, that no lasting happiness can happen from causing (unnecessary) harm to others or the earth.

### **We just have to take this moment with both hands.**

*For now let's stay at home if we can and use this time wisely. It's as if time has been suspended.*

*Let's take it together, with both hands!*

*With love.*

*For you, for me and the earth.*

### **This period of history will forever be remembered**

*as a turning point:*

*What role did you play?*

*What do you want to be able to tell  
your grandkids?*

*May love and light be with you all.  
Bodhi"*



### **"It always seems impossible until it's done"**

*Nelson Mandela*

That ended up being one hell of a WhatsApp message telling people that class was cancelled!!

Unprecedented times call for unprecedented measures I guess?! Doing what "we have always done" got us to where we were and it was clear we had to do our bit to change our ways.

And in any case, class never got cancelled. Every day we continue to meet. Same time. The only difference is even people who don't live close by can join and be together, and the group is growing faster than usual. The

participants now are living all over the globe. Already the counter movement had begun!

Something that I thought I would never do. Sharing yoga, breathwork, meditation, dance, prayer with a group of people together online. Just happened. In an instant.

I wonder what else would be possible in this time that I previously would have never considered or considered impossible.

What else could change overnight?

**When something is taken away,  
we get a chance to see  
how precious it is...**

## Use time wisely

That's exactly what I "have done". Or should I say what "happened" to me. I "used" the time wisely. Or time "used" me well. I suddenly became available for the work of the divine.

That's how it felt anyway! Like I became a conduit of the divine. I did not do anything. The words are merely passing through me to you. My thumbs just had to keep up with the flow of words in the Notes section on my old, tripping yet trusty iPhone.

*"Dear God*

*Please channel your light and wisdom through  
my heart and hands onto these pages.  
May I deliver it well and may it be openly  
received. I realise how important this is.*

*Dear God! Please."*

So I started writing. A letter to me. A letter to you. A prayer for you and for me. A prayer for all the fish and the fishermen. For the Barceloneta pier fisherman Angel. For Alfred Nobel. There is no difference between us all. A prayer for healing. I love you and I'm sorry for all the times I have caused harm.

We are the same. Ubuntu.  
I am because you are. We are.  
Umuntu Ngumuntu Ngabantu.

George Bernard Shaw famously wrote:

*"I'm sorry this letter is so long, I didn't have  
time to write a shorter one."*

I have been gifted time.

We have all been trapped in the way things are. I am so grateful to finally see this! And with this awareness, we can break free of this heavy residue we are cocooned within. That's why it's hard to breathe. Breathing is life to us all. No exceptions. And that's what, I believe, the coronavirus is here to show us.

This is indeed, as Chinese writer Sun Tzu said, "an opportunity blowing on a dangerous wind".

**This is our chance  
to have extraordinary lives.**

This is our chance, perhaps our only one, the last one for humanity to rebel!

*"If not, humanity can be reduced  
to a robot-like existence.  
So rebel while the time is still there!"  
Osho*





## Going Inside

Why is it so hard to stop? Stop is a really clear word. There are no grey areas. Like virginity, or pregnancy. You can't be a little bit pregnant or almost a virgin.

Like when someone says no. Continuing a little is not an appropriate response. Or finishing off what was started. No means no, and stop means stop. Sometimes it's not up to you to decide how much you will stop or not. The universe has stepped in and said

### **STOP.**

I couldn't stop for years. I was "unstoppable". Another way to explain it that is really clear now: I didn't want to be alone. With my thoughts. My feelings. It was too much. I was doing harm to myself. I was doing harm to others. Getting busy helped me to avoid thinking about this and also made me a slave to it. Even when I was alone I was often too tired to stay awake, sleep called me so that I could "escape" again. I realise now there is no such escape. Even when we sleep our nervous system is not relaxed; the residue is gaining weight and solidity. We are sinking. We are drowning. We are suffocating. This may not be as figurative as you think. I was *comfortably numb*. For five years.

There is none so blind as they who shall not see. I did not want to see. I did not want to feel. I didn't know how to. This was all I knew and I was good at it.

### **I know more now than I knew before, and I want to share what I know.**

I allowed the universe to bring me to my knees. And finally I could see that I wasn't the victim. (Why me? Why now? If only I didn't have this! I can't stop. I gotta keep going.) It was clear that my soft willy was carrying a divine message that had been landing on deaf ears for so long.

A divine invitation. This was the universe's way to reach me, to actually get me to stop.

### **We have all been sent this divine invitation now and we can no longer pretend that no one is home.**

Beyond all conspiracies and political power plays, or manipulations, or machinations that are unfortunately very credible in the case of COVID-19, can't we see it is the universe that is conspiring to help us to wake up and see? This is not the time for blame. **We simply can't just carry on like this.** The earth is begging us, for her sake and our sake. Our fates are intertwined. It is an important message from the heavens. All previous messages were unheard and unanswered.

### **Please let's hear this one.**

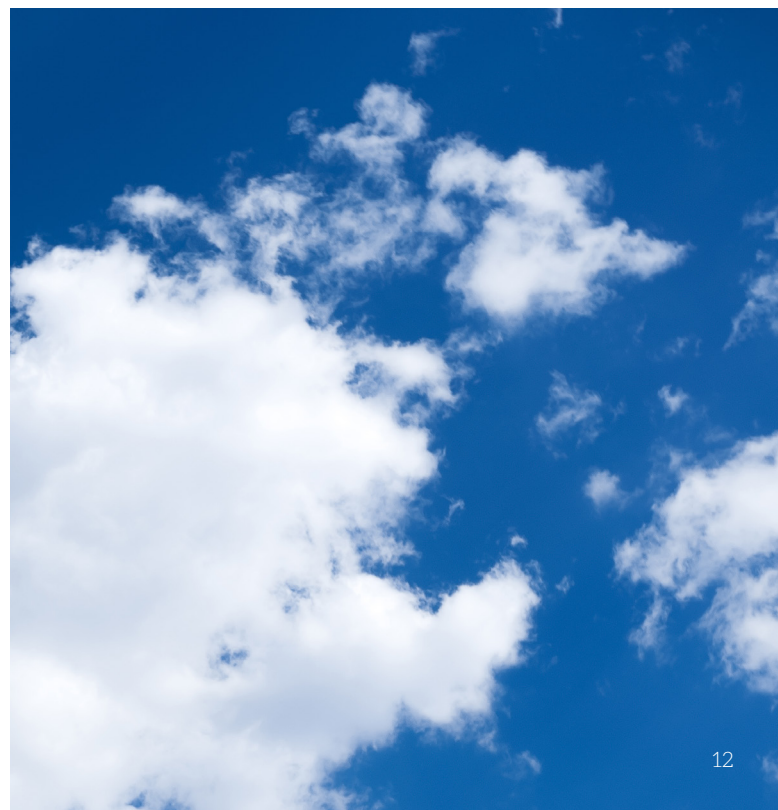
I am looking outside my window in the Barceloneta. People are trying desperately to avoid having to stop.

To listen.

To change.

To release ourselves and the earth of this heavy residue, this heavy burden we are carrying around with us and putting on the earth. That's getting in the way of our true purpose here on earth, and that's to love.

Won't it be a beautiful day when the word "fisherman" will be used to describe someone who swims with fishes and does not kill them?





The story we have been told about fishing is a peaceful one. It's meditative. At one with nature. The oceans. The seas. The rivers. The fish. It's something you teach and share with your son or daughter when they are growing up. But hey, wait. How did this become normal and peaceful?

Once I believed this too.

Lao Tsu said that if you give a hungry man a fish, you feed him for a day, but if you teach him how to fish, you feed him for a lifetime.

I say you give the man a lifetime of pain, of grief, of sadness – the same pain, grief and sadness that is in your heart and mine.

## THE FISH AND THE FISHERMAN

What does the Geneva Convention – the global peace-keeping promise – say about gaffing people's mouths with a sharp, barbed metal hook (it's not supposed to be able to slip off gently), breaking their bodies, and yanking them into mid-air with their full weight held on the hook?

The thing is this: both the fish and the fisherman are trapped. We all are. The collective residue is building and solidifying, getting heavier, and more and more people are trapped and unable to feel.

*"There's always some reason  
To feel not good enough  
And it's hard at the end of the day  
I need some distraction."*

*Lyrics from Angel by Sarah McLachlan*

Deep down we have become accustomed to doing harm as part of our everyday life. And it doesn't really feel good. Our body knows. Our heart knows. Even if the brain and society for now say it's okay, that's just the way it is. The heart and the body know the real truth and take on the pain. This pain is growing inside us. And when feeling doesn't feel good, we do anything not to feel it or to feel something different.





## POST-TRAUMATIC STRESS DISORDER

*We all have PTSD.  
We are ALL carrying this residue.  
This trauma. This burden.*

**You.**  
**Me.**  
**The animals.**  
**The earth.**

So how do I define PTSD?  
Exposure to (unnecessary, unnatural)  
harm and suffering.

From the person who slaughters the cows  
or catches the fish to the person who  
eats the burger (and all the karmas it has  
collected along the way) and everyone in  
between, we are all exposed to this and  
taking it in in some way, shape or form.

How is the world currently responding to  
its PTSD? This is how. Dirty or harm one  
area with one hand and clean another  
area with the other.

Or numb, or hide, the pain to make  
it go away.

The "dirt don't go away" (said with New  
York Mafia accent) The harm doesn't  
disappear. It's like good old-fashioned  
money laundering. Mafia movies  
taught me well. Clean up the mob  
money by buying an art gallery.  
The greatest cover-up of our times.

## PHILANTHROPY: GIVING WITH ONE HAND

This is what philanthropy is to me.  
The one hand creates the problems, the other  
hand fixes them and gets awards for it.  
(And allows the other hand to keep doing  
what it does.)

They keep each other in business.  
Neither should be happening or needed. It's  
like a surgeon by day, mob enforcer-bone  
breaker by night. Ensuring a constant  
supply of patients! Thankfully this is just  
an analogy (I hope) but what about the  
veterinarian or veterinary doctor who  
fixes, repairs, takes care of animals in the  
day and aids and abets and takes  
part in the mass murdering of animals at  
night and occasionally at lunch time and  
before coming to work?

If we really want to help bring about change  
and not just to gather awards or alleviate  
guilt, we have to use both hands. **For love.**

## NOBEL: MAKING PEACE WITH ONE HAND

Did you know the origins of the Nobel Peace  
prize? Swedish-born Alfred Nobel is often  
referred to as a chemist, businessman,  
engineer, inventor, industrialist and  
philanthropist and is most renowned as the



founder and benefactor of perhaps the most prestigious and revered award in the world, the Nobel Peace Prize.

What tends to be overlooked is what Alfred Nobel most famously invented and what funded his philanthropy. He made his fortune and gained notoriety for inventing dynamite and other armaments used for war. He bequeathed his fortune to create the peace prize and ensure that his name (and legacy) is associated with peace and the arts into perpetuity and not violence, death and destruction, which would be perhaps more accurate.

In 1888, Alfred's brother, Ludvig, died while visiting Cannes, and a French newspaper mistakenly published Alfred's obituary. It condemned him for his invention of military explosives. The obituary stated, "Le marchand de la mort est mort" ("The merchant of death is dead"), adding, "Dr Alfred Nobel, who became rich by finding ways to kill more people faster than ever before, died yesterday."

Nobel was distraught that this was the way people would remember him. He sought to change not the actual harm that he or his inventions were causing, but how he would be remembered.

***A peace prize in one hand cannot ever make up for the harm that has been caused directly or indirectly, consciously or unconsciously with the other***

Nobel was as much of a victim as anyone else. He was trapped in this system of oppression and exploitation that has become the norm in our society. Awards like the Nobel Peace Prize ensure this devastating norm prevails and is acceptable.

There should be no need for peace prizes. Peace is the norm.

I'm surprised that not more people have refused the Nobel Peace Prize: it is the epitome of a system that has held a noose around all our necks, throttling us and the earth. Speaking of which, do you know the origins of a necktie, worn like a noose?

## Cutting the ties

It is widely agreed that the necktie originated in the 17th century, during the Thirty-Year War in France? King Louis XIII hired Croatian mercenaries, who wore a piece of cloth around their neck as part of their uniform. King Louis liked how they looked and made these ties a mandatory accessory for Royal gatherings. To honour the Croatian soldiers he gave the clothing piece the name "La Cravate" – the name for necktie in French to this day.

Why do I mention this?

The origin of a necktie is war. Harm. It symbolically ties us to this oppressive system – like a noose around our necks, making it seem like we have no option but to stay in it. And perhaps even more pertinent for today, the necktie physically restricts breathing and breath.

***7 minutes without food.***

***7 minutes without water.***

***7 minutes without sight.***

***7 minutes without hearing.***

***We could survive all that.***

## But 7 minutes without breath?

Why would we ever voluntarily restrict or compromise our breath? The universe is doing this – restricting our breath and reminding us how precious it is.

# STOP. Cut ties.

Harm has become an unthinking behaviour in us. It's hard-wired into our DNA. We have SO many layers to take off. So much old cultural residue to remove. But the moment we become aware of this. Is the moment we can start to undress! How fun?!



## NELSON MANDELA

What does this have to do with racism and the fight for equality that this giant of a man stood for?

EVERYTHING.

*“Never, never and never again shall it be that this beautiful land will again experience the oppression of one by another,”*

Breathing is what we share in common with all living beings. Never before has something ground down the entire world to a standstill and reminded us of our inter-dependence and co-existence. What happens on one side of the world is felt on the other, and vice versa.

If you require breath to be alive, you are as worthy as anyone else to be alive. Whether your skin is black or white, furry or slimy, you have wings or arms, you are considered masculine or feminine or somewhere in between, make love to men or women or neither or both, vote this way or vote that way – I believe that we all have the same desire to be alive and to breathe.

Humans CAN thrive and be compassionate and kind to all beings, across colours, cultures, races, species. Not just “our own”. And because we can, we must.

I believe if Mr Mandela were alive today, he would support this call for compassion and kindness that knows no boundaries.

Mr Mandela famously said that he left his resentment at the prison gates on the day he was released after 27 years of incarceration. “Resentment is like drinking poison and then hoping it will kill your enemies.”

Mr Mandela chose to use both hands for love by extending his hands and opening his heart to his captors. Otherwise, when would it end? How would he be any different to his oppressors if he returned the favour? The black majority had been oppressed for so long that it would be “understandable” to want some kind of revenge. Do you want to be right or be free?

**People like Nelson Mandela  
have paved the way for us  
to love with both hands.**

## We Have Two Hands

If you want to show that you come in peace and love, you use both your hands, together, to express this. Not your feet, not any other part of your body. Your hands. They are an extension of your heart.

Langa, a settlement, still colloquially known as a township in the Western Cape, South Africa, taught me this with the “Langa handshake”. As you shake with the right hand, your left hand is placed gently across



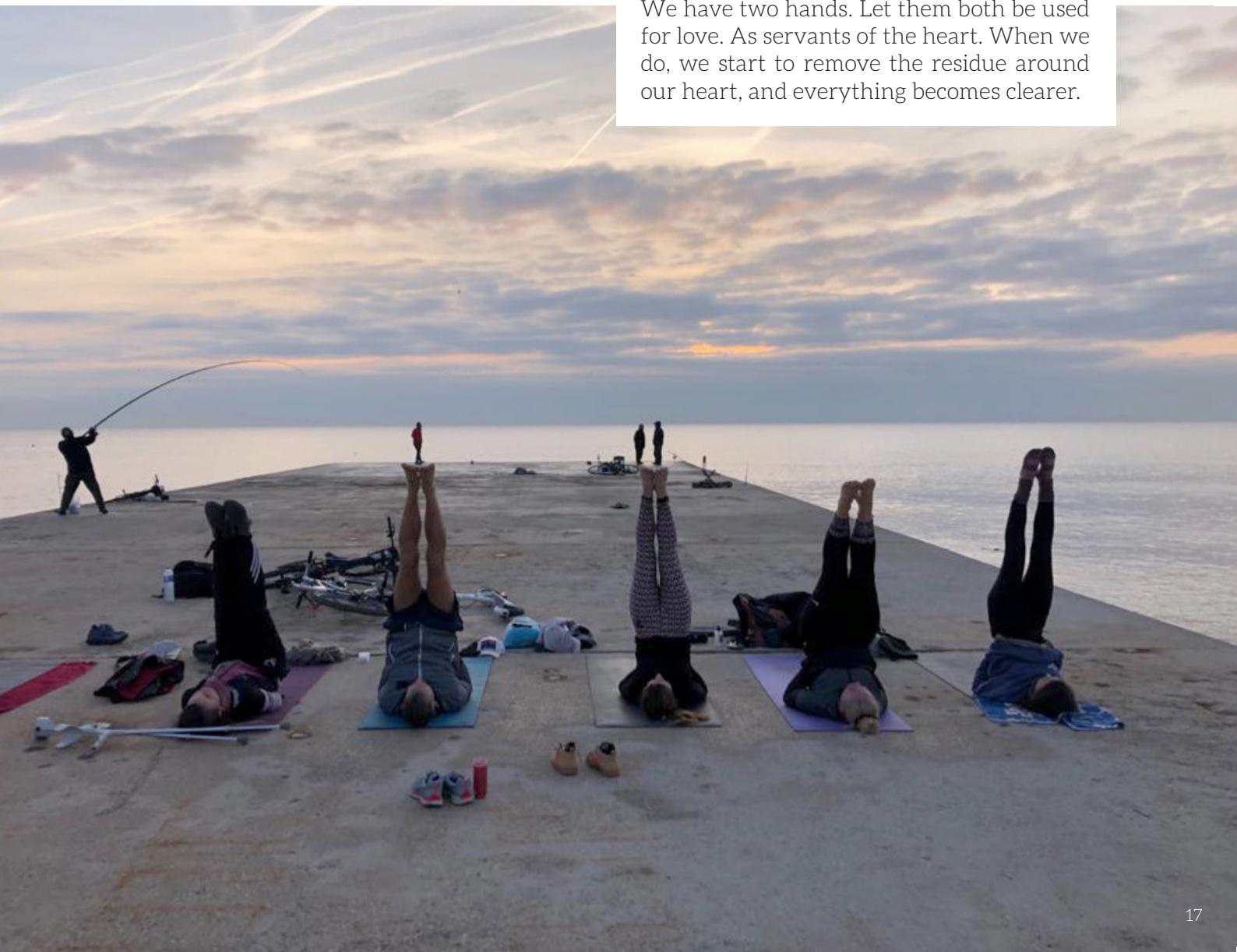
the forearm of the right arm. This is a gesture of peace, so the person receiving the greeting feels safe, knowing that there are no weapons being carried in the other hand and no danger posed. Only love. Only peace. With both hands. Or thanks to the East. Namaste.

*"Hands reach out to embrace the world. Human hands are powerful images. Hands painted the roof on the Sistine Chapel and the heavenly women on the wall of the Sigeria; wrote the Paradiso; sculpted David; in Auschwitz hands rose to bless tormentors. Hands reach out to touch and caress the lover. Hands build walls, sow gardens and direct symphonies. Hands wield knives, pull triggers and press switches that bring terminal darkness. Hands write stories that deface people, strip lives bare. The whole history of our presence on earth could be gleaned from the witness and action of hands."*  
– John O'Donohue

## What will you choose to use your hands for ?

You know when you see someone you love fast asleep? It's a beautiful thing. You really don't want to disturb that person. But if they have to get somewhere important, because you care you wake them up. You wake them up gently. With both hands. With love. I hope this is a gentle, loving wake up from an old friend.

Angel, a beautiful man and my fisherman friend from the Barceloneta pier, took Simona for coffee one morning after yoga. He bought her a coffee and bought himself two whiskeys. One for each hand, he said, inspired by the yoga! Alcohol and coffee are ways to deal with the burden. We all have our different ways. None is better or worse, or makes us better or worse than someone else. We are in this together. We all have pain. The important thing is how we get out. We have two hands. Let them both be used for love. As servants of the heart. When we do, we start to remove the residue around our heart, and everything becomes clearer.







## Fer pinya

The Catalan phrase literally means  
“to make (or to do) a pine cone”

What it symbolizes is to “gather strengths together to achieve a common goal”

The pine cone is the base of a human castle known as a “castell” which is a construction built upon physical human inter-connectedness, mass cooperation and the idea that what is trying to be achieved is only possible with many individuals’ dedication to their (small) part. When people pull together in this instance and surrender the “me” for the “we”, we can literally see humanity rise up into the sky.

The base is all about safety and collective strength. Should anything go wrong and someone fall, the base serves to avoid anyone getting badly hurt. It’s hard to live with oneself if anything goes wrong that could have been mitigated.

That’s it isn’t it?

We can live peacefully with ourselves by trying to avoid any harm.

That’s what this all about.

Let’s all be able to truly live with ourselves.

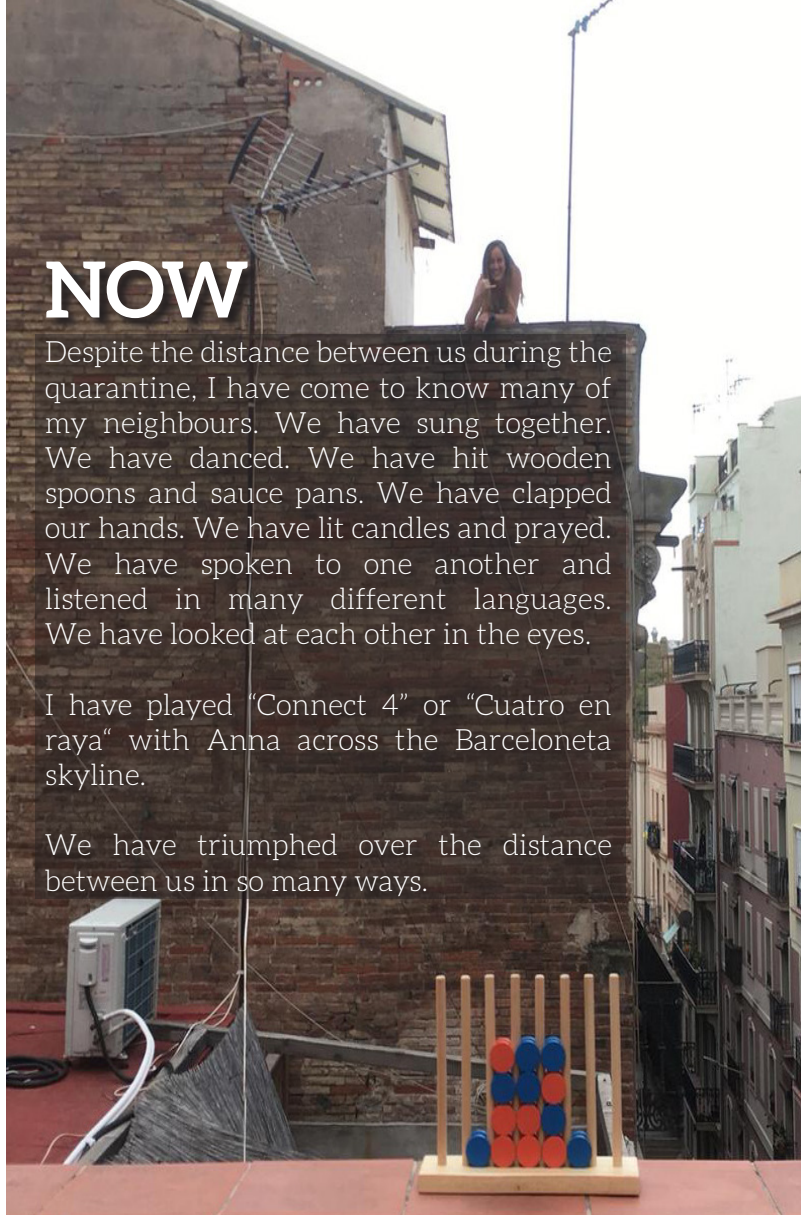


## NOW

Despite the distance between us during the quarantine, I have come to know many of my neighbours. We have sung together. We have danced. We have hit wooden spoons and sauce pans. We have clapped our hands. We have lit candles and prayed. We have spoken to one another and listened in many different languages. We have looked at each other in the eyes.

I have played “Connect 4” or “Cuatro en raya” with Anna across the Barceloneta skyline.

We have triumphed over the distance between us in so many ways.

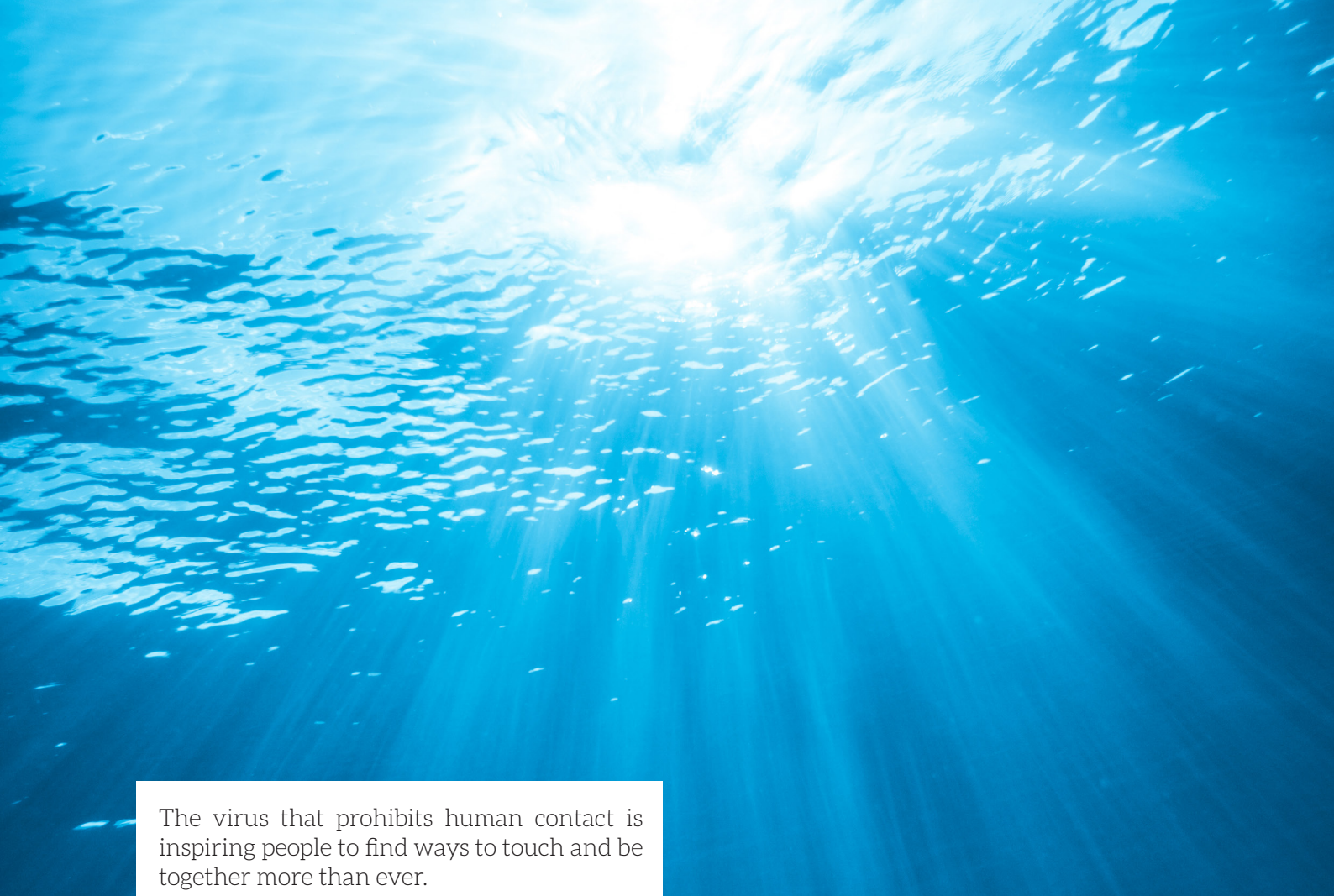


Bridges have formed  
where there were none.

**When something is taken away,  
we get a chance to see how  
precious it is.**

I saw this so clearly when the thing that was taken away was water - a resource I had taken for granted my whole life, until I moved to Langa. I never imagined bathing with a communal bucket with close family members – could possibly be more spiritual, ceremonial, intimate, an expression of sheer gratitude, connection and love? I wished I had grown up this way! If we can live using less, why don’t we? It brings us closer. There is great magic to this. The less we use, the less residue we carry, the lighter we are, the happier we are with nothing. Then suddenly Cape Town was days away from having no water. And my Langa family just continued to use as little water as possible.





The virus that prohibits human contact is inspiring people to find ways to touch and be together more than ever.

The virus that restricts human breathing is inspiring people to breathe and celebrate their breath more than ever.

The virus that is spreading like wildfire and moving exponentially is inspiring people to stop ... and then to go slow.

The virus that confines people has led to creative ways to build community and connect with neighbours and family.

And discover there's a whole new way to live in "heart" times, and be.

The universe has given us an insight. It's a trial run for how life can be.

**A new dawn**  
**A new day**  
**A new life**  
**A new world**

Where love is the most infectious and contagious virus on the planet and we worry not who catches it from us.

How do you see it? What do you feel?

All I want to do is feel. I did not feel for so long. Now I don't want to lose one single chance to feel.

I want to touch the earth with my bare feet and hands as much as I can.  
Take your shoes off too.

"Forget not that the earth too yearns for the touch of your naked skin." - Kahlil Gibran

***When we feel; we will stop harming***

***When we stop harming; we will be able to love ourselves***

***When we love ourselves; we can love all***

***This is peace***

***This is love with both hands.***





# We are because you are

## This is your invitation

The only way we can truly make a real difference is together. The culmination of many small changes can be huge.

We would like to share our intention to publish a second book written by us all. Pointing the way forward. We would like to translate from your language to other languages and share everyone else's words in your words. The most inclusive, beautiful mission that has ever touched this planet. We want as many people to read in their mother language as possible. This message is too important not to be!

In order to ignite some feelings and spark conversations around the world we have shared the lyrics of a few songs we would love for you to read and listen to.

Please share with us what and how they made you feel.

After reading this book and listening to the songs below please respond to these questions:

- **What small changes are you going to make in your life that if we all adopted them can make a big difference over time?**
- **How does a new world look to you?**

## This is how you can help

With your help we want to see how quickly love, hope and unity can spread around the world.

- Invite a group of friends and family on WhatsApp, share the book and open the conversation.
- Share your ideas, stories, poems, songs, videos via email and on social media and encourage others to do the same.

[together@lovewithbothhands.com](mailto:together@lovewithbothhands.com)

- Join hands with humans all over the world by sharing your hands and the book on social media

#LoveWithBothHands

- Translate the words into your maternal language. If you feel a great calling inside your heart and you have the expertise to translate these words into your mother language please get in touch with us. We really believe that these words can touch more people's hearts because of you!

[translate@lovewithbothhands.com](mailto:translate@lovewithbothhands.com)



*We are because you are!*





## Comfortably Numb

by Pink Floyd released 1980

Hello? Hello? Hello?  
Is there anybody in there?  
Just nod if you can hear me  
Is there anyone at home?  
Come on now  
I hear you're feeling down  
Well I can ease your pain  
Get you on your feet again

Relax  
I'll need some information first  
Just the basic facts  
Can you show me where it hurts?  
There is no pain you are receding  
A distant ship smoke on the horizon  
You are only coming through in waves  
Your lips move but I can't hear what you're saying  
When I was a child I had a fever  
My hands felt just like two balloons  
Now I've got that feeling once again  
I can't explain you would not understand  
This is not how I am  
I have become comfortably numb

Okay  
Just a little pinprick  
There'll be no more, ah  
But you may feel a little sick  
Can you stand up?  
I do believe it's working, good  
That'll keep you going through the show  
Come on it's time to go  
There is no pain you are receding  
A distant ship, smoke on the horizon  
You are only coming through in waves  
Your lips move but I can't hear what you're saying  
When I was a child  
I caught a fleeting glimpse  
Out of the corner of my eye  
I turned to look but it was gone  
I cannot put my finger on it now  
The child is grown  
The dream is gone  
I have become comfortably numb

## Breathe (in the air)

by Pink Floyd released 1973

Breathe, breathe in the air  
Don't be afraid to care  
Leave but don't leave me  
Look around, choose your own ground  
For long you live and high you fly  
And smiles you'll give and tears you'll cry  
And all your touch and all you see  
Is all your life will ever be  
Run, rabbit run  
Dig that hole, forget the sun  
And when at last the work is done  
Don't sit down, it's time to dig another one  
For long you live and high you fly  
But only if you ride the tide  
And balanced on the biggest wave  
You race towards an early grave

## Thank you

by Carrie Grossman released 2016

I'm sorry, please forgive me. Thank you, I love you.  
Sri Ram Jai Ram Jai Jai Bhagavan

Listening to Carrie's song is an invitation and opportunity to ask for forgiveness in words, in writing, in prayer, however it can come out. From anyone or any living being. Unburden your heart!

## I am here

by Fredrik Swahn released 2017

I am here. I am now. Everywhere I go I bow. I am free. I am me. I have everything I need... I am here. I am now. Everywhere I go I bow. I am free. And I'm at ease. As I'm walking in my peace. I'm walking in peace.





# LOVE WITH BOTH HANDS

