

Reading for the Dead- Resources

Workshop with Marianne Dietzel

Sacred Gateway April 17-19 2020

Laughing in a Waterfall A Mother's Memoir

Marianne Dietzel, Laughing Bridge Publishing, 2010.

Available directly from the author, or for Kindle or used on Amazon.com

The Up-Rising in Dying Words and Verses for those close to the experience surrounding The Threshold of Death

Edited by Christy Barnes & Janet Hutchinson, Adonis Press, 1990, 1994.

Available through Amazon.co

Where Are You? The Death of My Child

Karin von Schilling, Anthroposophic Press, 1988.

Available through Amazon.com

Citizens of the Cosmos Life's Unfolding From Conception Through Death to Rebirth

Beredene Jocelyn, The Continuum Publishing Company, 1981.

Available through Rudolf Steiner Press

I have made ready a room
Here in my heart
With walls of warmth
And windows of color
Towards every side of the cosmos.

Oceans, mountains and clouds
Are without;
Within – loving and light;
And here I invite you to come,
Dear being I love.

Lead me in what you have learned
Now you have left your earthly
Body with so long suffering
And become a heavenly star:
The up-rising in dying.

Albert Steffen

Excerpt from *Laughing in a Waterfall*:

The second summer after Nina died was an empty and desolate time. While inwardly experiencing transformation of our loss, we were in desperate need of something to speak to us from the outer world, of finding it a safe place to live in again. Kevin, now 17, was away on some adventures of his own. With nothing calling us to travel afar for our vacation, Dennis, Soren and I went on several camping trips in Minnesota. In August, we drove over 3 hours to a state park on the north shore of Lake Superior.

Our first morning there, we packed snacks and lunch, put on swimsuits under our clothes, attached fishing poles to our backpacks, and started hiking. We were prepared for adventure.

We followed a trail to the river, and then lazily made our way upstream hopping from boulder to boulder. After about two hours of this relaxed sort of hiking (which six-year-old Soren loved), the boulders started disappearing, so we followed the path along the side of the river. Then we heard the roar of a waterfall. We came upon it from above. It was not just one waterfall; there were several cascades plunging down the enormous boulders, here in a widespread fan, there in a narrow channel.

We actually climbed *down* the boulders to the bottom of the falls. And there we discovered a person-sized waterfall, reachable from the edge, with smooth boulders lining the bottom. We were warm enough that the water looked inviting. All we needed to do was take off our clothes. Something pulled me out of my normally cautious self, and when Dennis looked at me, I said, "I'm going to do it!"

When the three of us got under that pounding falls and looked up at the water

heedlessly and endlessly falling down upon us, all we could do was laugh. All we could feel was joy. My husband, my son, and I laughed and laughed in that waterfall. And when we had enough, we returned to the edge and sat on the rocks in our bathing suits, quietly absorbing the warmth of the sun, letting the joy sink deep into our hearts.

We all knew that it was not just the three of us there. Another presence was wafting through the air, the light, the roar, the mist, permeating every cell of our being. Dennis finally gave words to it: Nina was smiling down on us from the top of the waterfall.