

## **Communication**

When I talk, I now realise, it is not, however much I might try, the simple act of relaying some preconceived message. It is very much a work in progress. I realised this most powerfully yesterday afternoon as I sat on the wooden terrace and talked with Tarja. Maja was calling to us that the sauna was free, It was the first anniversary of my first day in Finland, I thought of the sauna. Tarja was listening carefully. I continued my journey.

I think that I know what I have to say when I start, but in reality my thought is a complex mix of feeling and concept. I start by trying to describe this concept while keeping the feeling still locked in my sights.

It is actually the feeling that guides me even while my mind is leading the way. Often I forget this. My mind becomes dazzled by its own cleverness. It becomes arrogant and forgets its place and soon it loses touch with the truth it is seeking to approach. It becomes disorientated and if the listener is not listening hard and carefully, it becomes totally lost. Sometimes my mind doesn't even realise it is marching directionless until it is far too late.

Yet the process of putting this concept into words engages me in a different way to that which created it, a different part of my brain joins hands with feeling and dream. Then I hear my own words. For the first time I begin see the form of my thought. This is not achieved simply with my ears but by my engagement with and through the perception of my listener. And with Tarja, when she really listens, she holds another crystal gaze up before me and I can look through it too.

The whole process feels like an orchestra beginning to play, finally and together reaching the final beautiful chords of communion. I am not sure at all that it is I that write the music, and as I write these words it feels as if I am realising clearly that I don't, even if it is I that try to conduct and strive to orchestrate.

RGMG Sunday 4 August 2002