

Definitive text

Good afternoon everyone

I hope you do not mind me reading this text partly from my screen.

I do not speak your language so fluently.

1. I consider it a special honor that Anna and Lizzy invited me to open this afternoon, which is dedicated to the memory of our friend John. It also feels somewhat of a burden to me. Because who am I to receive this honor? I am Jaap van der Wal, teacher of spiritual embryology and morphology in the school of John and Anna, only familiar with a certain facet of John's life and work and then only of the last 16 years. Fortunately, many others will take the floor today and help us come to an overall and complete picture of the person John was.

2. Anna asked me to make it clear that today it is not only about grieving and mourning for the loss that you may have suffered or still are suffering, but that today it is more about celebrating the biography of our beloved John. In all facets and aspects. Everyone in here has his/her own "John Chitty" so to say. This is 'my John'. My part of the story may be even not recognized by some of you. My life with John. He was the one who inspired me to come to America every year to teach my spiritual embryology to people who really want to know what spirit in being human can mean for the universe. John became a colleague, but also a student, at the same time he also was my teacher but above all he was my friend and comrade in battle or fellow pilgrim in the quest to awaken people to the reality of spirit, love and meaning in human existence. Polarity and triuneness were the notions that connected us.

3. John and I met and worked together in the belief that a human being is a being of spirit AND body and that we humans have a future, a mission to go. In John's own words: "We are a unit of consciousness that comes from an invisible spiritual world to Earth for the purpose of gaining wisdom through experience". Only here in Boulder the courses on spiritual embryology that I teach were given by John the title *Embryo - Biography in Biology*. That is exactly what the Embryo in Us represents. Our consciousness, our soul is not a product of the body, our body is also our biography. A human being is not a walking brain, nor a vehicle for a genome. John and I were both convinced that the unity of human life is not the body, nor the soul, nor the brain, nor the genome, but the biography. That what we have to bring out to appearance. And what a performance has the biography been that we celebrate today! What a performance! In life, in love and in ... dying.

4. John gave ME the confidence, the belief in the truth of polarity. That good is not the opposite of evil, but the Good is a path that each of us can find between extremes of too much or too few and so on. That we ourselves are the path to truth. As a Buddhist, he was not only convinced of the dignity and power of equilibrium and balance but also always looking for the bright spiritual side of life. Always trying to connect people and opinions and to find the in-between of the polarities. Always believing that the pendulum will swing back to the other pole. Always convinced that one rather must look for what connects us than what separates us. His Buddhist lifestyle encouraged everyone who met him.

5. That's what I got from him. FROM ME he got, so to speak, science, the method of phenomenology, the awareness that it is possible to approach the reality of mind and

spirit in a new form of science. A science of the heart that can complete and even heal the one-sided science of the head and brain. It strengthened him in his strong belief in polarity and threefoldness of this universe. On the other hand he was there for me if there were doubts because science cannot be without bias and doubt: "With every knowledge comes more doubt", the German Goethe said. John had the balm for me to heal my doubts. His appreciation of my embryology was the most worthwhile appreciation I ever got from someone. Because he knew what it meant to me personally. Conviction and doubt as the poles in between one has to find his/her own path of truth.

6. In the context of my embryology courses I often teach about how important the last word of a biography is. Perhaps even more important than the last word is the last sign. Does it end with an exclamation mark. With a question mark. A point, a colon (forgotten something to say)? I have great admiration and respect for the way John has dealt with his cancer in the recent years. And for how he died in his way. For his strict, loyal and positive belief in the healing powers of the body itself. He was not a so-called looser, he did not die BY cancer but ON cancer. That is how he lived, that is how he bore his illness and that is how he died. For John Polarity was not just a theory, he made it the practice of his life and his death, convinced as he was of the power of the soft forces. The faithful, disciplined manner with which he followed his therapies and took them serious, were exemplary.

7. The last word

Thank you, dear John, for the life you lived, for the life and confidence that you have been able to awaken in the hearts of so many people. Your biography can not have gone unnoticed and will not go unnoticed by this universe. You can now go to the domain of the spirit and share the wisdom that you experienced.

The last word is up to you. It always was when I lectured in your school. So characteristic when after every lecture, every seminar, you got off the chair where you were recording the lesson on video and then spoke one of those big words that are so typical to your American language. But from your mouth its was soft and modest: Perfect . Excellent. Brilliant

I give this last word back to you. I loved you. Go now. It was good. You were worth it all. The philosopher Rumi whom we both appreciated so much, will guide you home. In this poem I hear your faith in spirit and goodness expressed.

On the day I die,
when I am being carried toward the grave,
don't weep. Don't say, *He's gone. He's gone.*

Death has nothing to do with going away.
The sun sets and the moon sets,
but they're not gone.

Death is a coming together.
The tomb looks like a prison,
but it's really release into union.

The human seed goes down into the ground
like a bucket into the well where Joseph is.

It grows and comes up
full of some unimagined beauty.

Your mouth closes here
and immediately opens
with a shout of joy there.

Dear John you lived and died this life, your life, as a great human being, a great personality.

May you live on for a long time, in the hearts and deeds of others.

And I bet you will, John Chitty.

Long live John Chitty.

Hurrah for John Chitty.