

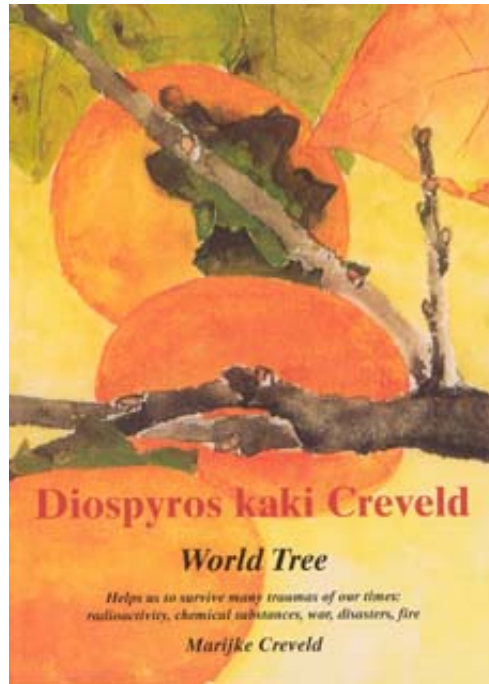
# Marijke Creveld

## Diospyros kaki Creveld - World Tree

Leseprobe

[Diospyros kaki Creveld - World Tree](#)

von [Marijke Creveld](#)



<http://www.narayana-verlag.de/b2017>

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## **The Dreams in Full**

**In some cases some mental or physical symptoms of the dreamer are listed, or additional observations about the dreamer's experience are made.**

### **1. Male, aged 55**

1 T. is entering the room from somewhere inside (my) home and brings my bike along, telling me something (I don't remember what it was) about that bike. Because of that I get very angry. In my anger I start smashing up all sorts of things in my home, I beat them and smash them to pieces. I shouted and I scolded. Finally (really finally, because after that I woke up) I kicked T. out the front door. I literally kicked, because I gave her a good kick in the bottom!

2 I can't remember the images. It was about an argument at work.

3 I'm arriving at the Volkswagen service station to have my car serviced before I'm trading it in with them.  
"But did you buy a new car from us, then?" "Yes, I did." "From us?" "Yes." "Which one is it?" "I don't remember. Well, It's a Volkswagen beetle, but what type exactly I don't remember."  
'But if you want to have your car serviced, something must be wrong with it, right? So you should have told us when you traded it in!' Well, it's true that it isn't in the best of shapes and I had not mentioned that. 'But you didn't ask. You didn't ask if it was running well, nothing about the brakes and so on. So in that case I don't have to tell you, do I?' Salesman angry, me angry.

### **2. Male, aged 45**

October 10, 2000

1 I dreamed of the house, built from bales of straw. The house consisted of two storeys and had many corridors. I didn't dare enter because a large, dangerous spider was living there.

2 I took the train downtown. I had dressed up smartly for it. From the station, I rode into town on my bike. It was an old town, full of old buildings. Between the buildings there were many fallen leaves. At the end of the street I noticed an old little church. Gregorian music was sung there. I stood there with some other men and listened. The church doors opened and the people came streaming out. In the middle of the crowd, men were carrying a white coffin on their shoulders. They carried it through the crowd, using a staccato pace. When they had left a woman in a white coat embraced me for some consolation. She knew my name. When everyone had gone and the church square was empty, I could not find my small suitcase. But among the leaves, there were other suitcases.

October 11, 2000

I dreamed of a bus full of people who, like myself, were heading for their holiday destination. The bus was following a badly laid road full of bumps and potholes. Finally we arrived at the sea. We were unloaded there. We watched the sea. There was a storm blowing while the sun was shining. The waves crashed into the rocky coast.

October 12, 2000

This dream I can remember only in part as well. I was sailing on a ship following a canal. I stood on the bridge of the ship and was able to see everything well. Some spots on the banks of the canal had holes in them where the water was flowing out. In other places, the water flowed upstream, back into the canal. The canal we were sailing on, did not get empty. I did notice, however, that precautions against draining off were being taken. The holes were patched up with mats made of willow twigs and sand. This looked rather silly to me.

October 13, 2000

This time I dreamed of my former profession. I was a consultant, going to examine some pupils at a cheese factory in Friesland. When I arrived there everyone seemed happy that I had come. On one hand I rather liked being so popular, but on the other hand I thought it strange, because it did not really fit in with my role of examiner.

*Observation*

In general I find that the remedy used for this session strongly provokes dreams. I have not noticed a real physical influence, except for my being somewhat restless.

### **3. Female, aged 45**

October 10, 2000

1. We are on holiday, or visiting people, in a large house in town. From there we take trips to a river where boats are sailing off with a lot of noise and speed. Sometimes it gives us a fright.

We are in a sort of cable-lift. B. sits in front of me. We pass large piles of beautifully coloured pebbles, we grab a handful each. On the way, B. throws them away again, which I think is a pity.

Then we get back to the house again. We have made the acquaintance of some people, fellow lodgers in that house too. In the hall I discover lots of straw in my hair. I pick them out and throw them on the floor. Through the glass doors to the next corridor I see a woman, busy vacuum cleaning. She will clean up the straws later on. I hope she doesn't think I've been making love in the haystack with B. We are in the room where the people who own the house live, they keep two nice kittens. The woman tells us that once she was as stupid as taking the kitten along with her to church. There was a crow flying near the ceiling. It was hooting, which frightened the kitten terribly. The kittens are on a leash. I play with them for a minute.

2 We are walking through a floral shop that is quite full. We have to be careful not to tread on the little plants.

3 A chat about the holiday with the family we are visiting. The mother makes her daughter tell about their holidays. From her story I gather they always remain in the Netherlands, visiting towns and so on. I am rather embarrassed to tell them about our holiday to Corsica: so far away and so expensive.

On the way to the house where we are lodging we can go straight on, or go left, down the stairs, then walk quite a bit, then up again. I want to take the first road, B. wants to take the other one. I think that's a detour. I ask my children for support by explaining that the first way is shorter.

4 I am in our basement; I see a very strange little creature. It jumps into our mouse-friendly mousetrap. It is very busy and runs up and down with a great deal of noise. It's grey and white and has a red beak, wide open. It's the size of a baby mouse and has four legs. It escapes through the holes in the trap. Noisily, it runs along the basement stairs. I am impressed and want to tell my family about it.

I took down two other sentences:

5 I'm having a chat with the man who owns the house, and his son (I don't know about what).

6 I see two men walking, wearing ... trousers. (I'm hardly able to read it, but I think it says 'Jewish'.)

October 11, 2000

1 The only thing I remember is that I'm looking for nuts all the time.

2 I see a magazine. The woman on the cover is telling about her mother, just as if she were on TV, a live picture. I think: 'My mother is dead.'

#### *Observation*

In the morning, when I stood on top of a stool near the kitchen cupboard in order to get something from it, I had the feeling that the ceiling was falling down (I heard something fall upstairs, but I was home alone). The feeling was so strong that I winced.

After that I heard glasses tinkling in the room. I thought our cat was climbing on top of something, but it was still asleep, in the same place.

#### **4. Female, aged 36**

October 11, 2000

This was a new dream. The dream had gone before I could make a note. I vaguely remember that it had something to do with 'layer after layer'. So it's just like in massage, the longer

you go on, the deeper the relaxation of the muscles, allowing you to 'go deeper.' It was a dream concerning relaxation.

*Observation physical*

When I awoke I felt a very intense relaxation around my pelvis. It seemed like the sound had gone off in that area. The dream didn't refer to the day before. I woke up early and felt really rested (although I had gone to bed later than usual: at 11.30 pm, while my eyes were already tired at 8.30 pm). No own interpretation. Just feeling physically fine, an inner serenity.

October 12, 2000

Dreamed of repetitions.

In my dream, F. (the woman next door) told me of her (Parkinson's) disease and her shaking hands. I wrote down everything she said, without emotion. We were strolling through an old farmhouse. An old farm with a lot of beams and a gloomy atmosphere. F. pointed several spots out to me where the farm was 'ill'. She mentioned all kinds of diseases and they were blamed on the painters (the paint had spread the diseases). Outside, H. (her husband) was squirting toilet freshener (literally, in Dutch: WC-duck) into a large barrel of boiled water (where I live we use only biodegradable products...). Another woman neighbour, J., said: 'Are you going to shampoo your hair with this. [What he was actually going to use it for I don't remember.]

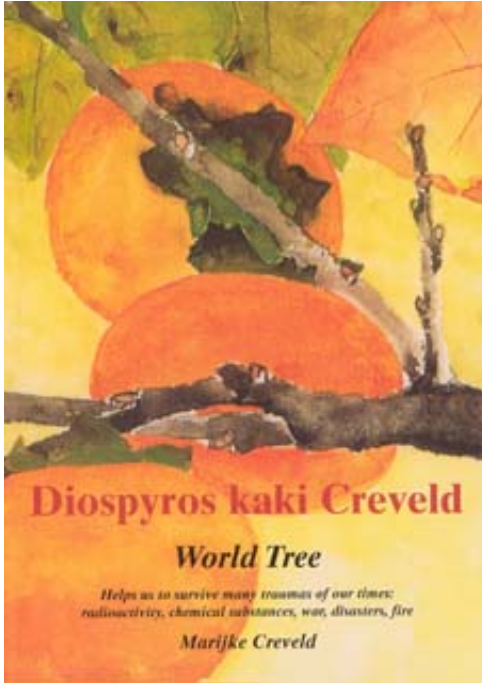
F. wanted to show me the area outside but I stayed inside. I thought I'd pack it in, I had cast a quick glance outside. I think it is cold outside. Outside I saw F.'s garden, or rather, the backyard with the garden next the farm.

This farm where everything happened was unknown to me, but still it was familiar. In real life I don't know it.

F. put her hands up in the air. After that, the strength seemed to be gone from her hands. She tried to push against one of the beams. Her hands were like flabby sausages.

'In the middle of the farm there's a disease', F. said, and mentioned it. At the end of the farm there was also a disease but she did not name it and I did not care to know.

I thought that calling a farm ill is overdoing things. While she was telling me about it, I thought: "Then it would be you who made the farm ill.' On the side of the farm where I lived there was nothing.



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166 Seiten, kart.



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