

CHAPTER FOUR SHILLI NAMIBIA

There was to be a trial. Shilli would defend the human race.

When Shilli and Neil returned to Namibia from Prague, they knew how much the experience had changed them. Each animal, plant or flower they came in contact with looked different. For Matheus, freedom meant beginning to learn how to deal with his kidnaping.

Because they'd been through so much together, Shilli and Neil were more brothers than cousins. With Shilli now spending all of his time preparing for the trial, Neil and Matheus became inseparable. Matheus' captivity for eight years, added to the horror of Marcus' murder were the mainstay of every day's conversation.

One day, walking home from school Matheus said "The man who kidnaped me was evil." Neil was careful with his answer. "When afraid, I've really done some stupid things. But I'm not evil. I was just afraid. I don't know anything about the man who kidnaped you, but he must have been very afraid to have done such a horrible thing."

The animals asked Shilli to learn about frequencies. He started by finding out about the bloop, a powerful underwater low frequency sound. He knew about earthquakes, but not about ice quakes. Scientists had differing opinions about the many unexplained underwater sounds. Some believed they were connected to mammal migration, even though the sounds they'd recorded were far louder than those of blue whales. Could there be a larger mammal? Others believed the sounds were ice movement. Next, Shilli decided, he would research photons.

That evening, after dinner, Matheus and Neil playing outside, Shilli was sitting reading when Escher, the cat, came into the room. Walking over to the small chest of drawers, he reached his paw underneath, pulling out a photograph, a picture of a horse taken on the farm where Shilli's mother's best friend lived. Remembering Samuel's advice "I usually pay attention to my instincts," Shilli asked his mother if he could go along the next time she visited her friend Elcey.

The following weekend, Shilli, for the first time in his life, spent time with horses, marveling at their majesty galloping across the meadows. Shilli asked Elcey's husband, Henrico, why one horse had been left in the barn. "His name is Dankie. He put his foot down on rough ground last week, has a torn ligament. We're using sound waves to help him heal." For the rest of the day, Henrico told Shilli everything he knew about how sound can affect the body. When it was time to leave, Shilli went to the barn. Standing at the horse's right side, looking into his eye, "Thank you, Dankie." His head held high, his ears turned forward, Dankie nodded.

On the drive back from the farm, Shilli's mother took a different route. Thousands of purple blue jacaranda trees had grown together to form a tree tunnel. Pure beauty.

When in Prague, everyone had talked about what seemed like continuing coincidences. Julian had said, repeatedly, that he didn't believe in coincidences. That night, Shilli wrote Julian he agreed with him. Learning about sound waves from Henrico, meeting Dankie, was no coincidence.

The machine Henrico used to help Dankie produced very low frequency inaudible alpha sound waves that relaxed the horse's muscles, increased his circulation, relieved his pain. If sound waves could positively affect the physical body, help with injury, stress, illness or trauma, what did this mean for the future of medicine? Would what worked for a horse not work for a human?

Frequencies. Continuing what they'd begun while in Prague, Shilli, Matheus and Neil meditated the first thing every morning. Now, every Saturday, the whole family went to the farm. Matheus spent time with the horses, learning to ride, and experiencing the sound wave machine.

The documentary film that Emilie's stepfather had made on Neil and Progeria was to be released next month. Neil's doctor had amazing news. "You've lived longer than any other Progeria case in history. You are the oldest living person with Progeria." Neil immediately phoned Mr. Mortensen - "I'm going to change history!" Victor Mortensen asked to speak with Neil's parents. If he came to Namibia, would they agree to have him do a follow up interview with Neil, to add to the film before its release?

Knowing how she loved plants, Neil had sent Asha a book on plant essences. Knowing how excited Neil was to have made a pencil, Asha sent him the book *Graphotherapeutics*. Last year, one of Neil's favorite school teachers, Miss Iyambo, had told him about handwriting exercises' ability to affect the brain. This year he asked her if she'd help him learn about graphology, the study of handwriting, especially its relationship with human psychology.

Since frequencies seemed to be the constant subject of conversation around the house, Shilli's parents invited Margareth Iyambo for dinner. When the subject turned to handwriting, she explained how, in the past year, she had worked with several prisoners. She believed that many of them, having never before received loving attention, volunteered for the program just to get that attention; however, after a few months doing handwriting exercises, everyone told her the same thing - their handwriting had changed, they had a more positive outlook.

The following week, Shilli and Matheus, their mother and father, joined Neil and his parents in repetitive drills with pencil and paper: propellers (up strokes gliding forward), alternating propellers (alternating between relaxed and controlled movement) and positive texts to write, different for each person. "My life glows with change and powerful growth. So it is that each day brings some new awareness, opportunity, challenge, wonder, joy and understanding. I delight in the constant variety. I accept my power to meet and to accommodate all of these experiences."

The push-pulls were the most challenging for everyone. The upward movement, via nerves, reached and stimulated the subcortical area of the brain. Mental processes were quickened, including concentration and memory. A clinical psychologist had found that when a full page of push-pull exercises was done twice daily for three weeks, the subject's I.Q. had increased from ten to thirty points.

Matheus was changing. When he was upset or agitated about something he would immediately sit down and begin his handwriting exercises. Was he imagining this calmed him down? One day, thinking about his kidnaping, he was filled with anger. Escher, the cat, jumped onto his lap, using his paw to lift Matheus' hand, guiding it to the paper, communicating "Most handwriting is unnecessary movements." After a page of propellers, Matheus felt better.

“What we are is revealed by everything we do - our behavior, gestures, posture, body movements, attitudes, tone of voice, and even more tellingly, we are revealed by what appears in the trail of our pen as we guide it across the paper with our own specific quirks of movement. Handwriting, because it leaves a graphic trace that can be minutely examined, interpreted and catalogued, is our most expressive and revealing manifestation of character and, despite the fact that we all learn the same written forms, it is a curious fact that each script is as individual as a fingerprint - a holistic out-picturing of our mental, emotional, moral and physical makeup.

To understand why and how this occurs, we must first grasp all that is involved in the act of writing after it originates with an impulse in the cortex of the brain. The impulse, via nerves, activates certain muscles that move the hand with its pen in a series of pen strokes. It is evident that the brain, nerves, muscles and all supporting vital organs enter into this mental/physical movement that produces handwriting. Once we have learned how to write and it becomes a habit-function, the subconscious is, perforce, also involved since it is the repository of every habit we acquire.

While graphotherapy may appear new, the principle of using handwriting therapeutically was conceived in 1908 by a French psychologist and authority on mental disorders, Dr. Edgar Berillon. The theory emerged as a valid technique after a two year clinical test (1929-1931) at the Sorbonne by Dr. Pierre Janet. The late Paul de St. Colombe was the participating psycho-graphologist in that test. He introduced graphotherapy in the United States. Today, graphotherapy is in use in many countries.

It is this connection between handwriting and the subconscious (automatically linking handwriting trait and character trait) which provides the interacting force whereby graphotherapy, through repetitious written exercises, can reshape character. It overcomes emotional instability, depression, tension, lack of self-confidence, timidity, inhibition, and laziness.

A knowledge of psychology is useful to the graphotherapist, who must understand, encourage and very often support the client during times of discouragement. Certainly it is not easy to change one's handwriting, for the reason it is so much more than that. It is, in fact, the much more challenging process of changing oneself.”

Shilli, Matheus and Neil were all at the airport to meet Victor Mortensen, Emilie's step-father. When Emilie walked off the plane, they screamed with delight at the surprise. Arriving back at the house, everyone went for a walk, all talking at once, busy catching up. After several minutes, Matheus turned to leave. "Talk to you all later . . . time for handwriting exercises." Emilie - "What do you mean?" "Come on, I'll show you."

Walking into the house Matheus took Emilie's hand. "When my family found me, I totally shut down, didn't want to be with anyone. My doctor told me how important it was for me to be around other people." Sitting down at the desk with paper and pencil, Matheus explained to Emilie the little he knew about graphology, showing her the push-pull exercises. "Want to try?" Emilie was shocked at how hard it was for her to do them. "This is amazing. I want to know more." Pointing to the sheet of push-pulls, "Can I take this home to Denmark? I'd like to tell everyone, my friends, teachers at school, my doctor, the pilots at Vestas Wind Systems." Neil walked into the room. "Asha sent me the book, *Graphotherapeutics*. I'll let you borrow my copy, only if you promise to return it. As Samuel would say "Be as good as your word." Emilie - "I promise."

The dinner table conversation that night was rousing, every subject from Progeria to handwriting, religion to technology. Neil began. "Somebody told me today that I'm gullible. Is that good or bad?" Matheus, laughed, shaking his head. "When I was locked up, I thought a lot about religion. I know people from different cultures have different beliefs. Muslims worship on Friday, Jews on Saturday, Christians on Sunday, Hindus on Monday. But what does it all mean? How can so many people think that what they believe is the only truth?" Neil - "I have no idea about religion. I wish there was a class in school teaching us how to disconnect from technology. No one's probably going to agree with me, but, even with all the positives, I'm beginning to think I might have liked the pre-digital world better."

With the help of handwriting exercises, sound waves, horses, laughter and meditation, Matheus came back to life. By the end of the summer, everyone had changed. Lapis' song came to mind. "Changes free the hearts of you and me."

