

# *Life is Beyond Limits*

Recently, on the forum section of an American website for rare diseases<sup>1</sup>, I talked about limitations in life. Are they true or only a perception?

## Limits: options or separation?

Life is both limited and limitless. On a first glance, our options seem to depend largely on circumstances beyond our control. This starts immediately from our birth, when we find ourselves in some body, some gender, some family, some location, some nationality, in peace or war, in poverty or riches, in freedom or suppression, and on top of that we are taught convictions, beliefs and develop habits that are all in a way limiting our options as well. Or do they?

The most limiting of these mechanisms is the belief that we are separate from all that is, that we are an individual and need to develop and cherish this. That we have to strive to re-connect with our natural environment in some way, while all the time we are completely already one with this.

## Unlimiting ourselves

Going beyond this mechanism is what enables us to find the unlimited dimension of life, where we can thrive and find the sheer joy of being alive. Of course there still are so called practical circumstances, but they don't limit us, on the contrary, they point us to the oneness we already always and effortlessly are. We need black to see the white and vice versa. Yin and Yang.

**Johann Wolfgang Goethe** (1749-1832), the great German scientist, poet and philosopher and *homo universalis* said: "In der Beschränkung zeigt sich erst der Meister", translated "In limitations he first shows himself the master". Popularly said: When the going gets tough, the tough get going.

I think this is true, but it is only when we stop perceiving life as being tough, no matter circumstances, that we really get going in the flow of aliveness as it is intended.

## Advocating Life

When we feel ourselves limited by circumstances, for instance by a chronic disease, should we advocate for this disease, increase awareness of the disease and the limitations of those who are a patient, and support them in their perceived fight against it? In other words, how should we relate to it?

This is a personal choice for everyone to make themselves. While it seems to be “true” that my body has *cystic fibrosis* (CF; that is what my doctors tell me, and the symptoms support it as

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<sup>1</sup> Cystic Fibrosis News Today, see [here](#).

well), I don't advocate for this. This is mainly because I don't perceive it as a disease. And I feel there is nothing to promote or support about my specific bodily functions. They are just what presents itself, what happens.

However, what I do advocate, is Life, and CF is a feature of that. It turned out that having CF is not so much a hindrance, but much more a means for me of truly learning to go beyond the body, the mind and all of their so called limitations. CF is a door to this experience of Oneness, and all other circumstances in life are as well. They are not limitations, but possibilities. I don't have to conquer these by fighting, but I can flow with these like in a dance. I talked about this in many Tales on our website<sup>2</sup>.



The great Persian Sufi philosopher and poet **Jalal ad-Din Rumi** (1207-1273) formulated it thus: When such a door presents itself, we may knock on it. If we do this wholeheartedly and earnestly, the door will open - and it turns out that we are already always on the inside.

I also heard of another way of saying this: If we knock on Life's door, it will ask: "Who is there?" When we say: "It is I", it will respond with: "Go away". But when we say: "It is You", it will invite us in. This is where we belong.

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Jalal al-Din Rumi, Founder of the Order of the Whirling Dervishes, "Showing His Love for His Young Disciple Hussam al-Din Chelebi" c. 1594. Extract from "Tardjomev-i-Thevakib", by the Mawlewiyya Dervich Aflaki Baghdad. The Pierpoint Morgan Library, New York

<sup>2</sup> For instance in *Fifty-eight years with CF*, Tale no. 42 on this website, and in Tale no. 23 (*Intentions, a Tale about three love poems*).