

*ROSE PETALS AND TEA LEAVES*

*Childhood memories and other stories*



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Barbara Bahtiar

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## *PREFACE*

In this book I will travel far. I will travel to my childhood in Holland, to my memories of a life in France and to my reminiscences of a life in Spain.

I cherish all these lives, whether real or fantasy. In my imagination I always travelled, visiting far away countries, like Indonesia or India, or even more the imagery island of Avalon.

May my memories inspire you to create your own, for I strongly believe we all have hidden memories, kept secret inside of us, that wish to see the light shining upon them.

I dedicate this book to my two beautiful daughters, Sophie with her French name and descendants and Anisa with her Indonesian name and Spanish roots.

Enjoy the book, for using your imagination is a gift we all could use once and a while.

A special poem in this book, *The Rose Garden*, is dedicated to my mother, Dora Keizers, who envelops my life with laughter and silent support. As she once told me and my sister, “we will always help you, even when we are in heaven”.

Forever in love, February 1, 2018, Barbara Bahtiar.

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## *Tribute to Avalon*

In my fantasy I used to travel to the isle of Avalon. An imaginary isle that used to exist at the times of King Arthur in old England. Avalon still exists in the hearts of people who remember Avalon in their souls.

Nowadays more and more people connect or reconnect to Avalon again. Avalon is close by for everyone who wishes to land on its shores and wishes to reconnect to the Goddesses inside of us.

Avalon is there for all of us who look for comfort, love and joy.

The Avalonian shores open up to everyone who wishes to be part of a lovely paradise, to everyone who longs for peace inside and to everyone who seeks a comforting environment.

As a tribute to Avalon, the imaginary isle, I will share an entrance meditation to Avalon with you, born out of my fantasy. In my next book on Avalon I will certainly share more meditations on Avalon with you.

I wish you a lovely journey and hope you enjoy reading this book. May it inspire your imagination to start reading, meditating and writing about the things in life you cherish the most.

## *Entrance Meditation to Avalon*

Imagine the isle of Avalon in your fantasy.

See how you reach the isle, by boat, by foot or otherwise.

Feel the waters, see how the mists part.

See your surroundings. Imagine them clearly and vividly.

Once upon the isle, imagine the creatures, the animals, the women, the goddesses.

One of these creatures gives you something you might need right now.

What is it giving you?

What does it look like?

Take it and keep it in your heart.

Remember the Avalonian experience.

Take your memories with you in your heart.

For everyone who has ever been in Avalon before.

Remember the Goddess.

Feel her presence. See her appearance.

Feel the joy to be in her presence.

Fill your heart with her love.

May this tribute to Avalon inspire you to read more on Avalon, to use your imagination and to feel protected by the Goddess of Mother Earth itself.

Barbara Bahtiar, December 21, 2017 at Winter Solstice.

*PART ONE      ROSE PETALS*

*1.1      PINK ROSES*

*CHILDHOOD MEMORIES*

First of all, I want to share my childhood memories with you. For I believe the child inside of us is always longing for some particular attention, we might be the only ones to know what it needs. Cherishing the child inside of us is cherishing the girl or the boy we once used to be.

He or she is still there, hoping we will notice him or her, wishing to help us integrate our past.

My childhood memories are images colored by rose leaves and soft colors. Soft colors I needed, because I lost my little sister Florentine when I was still very young. To me, her name is always with pink and white roses. Pink because of who she was, a very soft, strong and delicate girl in my imagination. White because of the fact that she left us very soon, just before her first birthday. So pink and white roses remind me of her.

I wish you to follow me on this journey into childhood, youth and adolescence, for every stage in our life is worthwhile, our adult life as well. Our lives might be colored by our experiences, our families, the lives into which we were born.

I wish you to create your own memories as well if you wish.

With the hope that we all become more stable, more caring and more integrating in life. Please feel welcome on this journey.

## ROSE LEAVES

First, I want to focus on the rose petals inside my heart.

When I close my eyes, I notice several different kind of roses in my heart.

First there is the very soft pink rose, the color of my childhood, the roses I collected when I was about six years old. Her leaves are very bright, tender and shine like the rays of the sun.

Then there appeared a red rose in my heart. The red rose is a very strong rose, soft and delicate as well, as the pink rose, but much more independent and very beautiful.

The red rose is the rose of my youth, my adolescence and my adult life. She is born out of the different kinds of experiences I encountered in my life such as finding a love in Indonesia and becoming a mom in The Netherlands.

Most special to me and sometimes most difficult to understand is a white rose. She is a very rare occurrence in my life. I only met her once, the moment I lost a child, a boy, while still being pregnant. To him, my beloved son, I will dedicate a poem in this book. A poem right from my heart which still touches me very much. The title of this book could also be *My beloved son*, because I still remember his presence in my life.

Recently I found a new rose inside my heart. It is a white rose with soft pink colors all around her, she is very strong as well, wishing to survive, to live her life the way she desires.

Probably she was also with me when I was ten years old, because at that age, I knew very well what I did want and what I did not want. So, this white and pink rose came back into my life last year, showing me her strengths and weaknesses and making me feel me again.