

The Philosophy of Overweight 2

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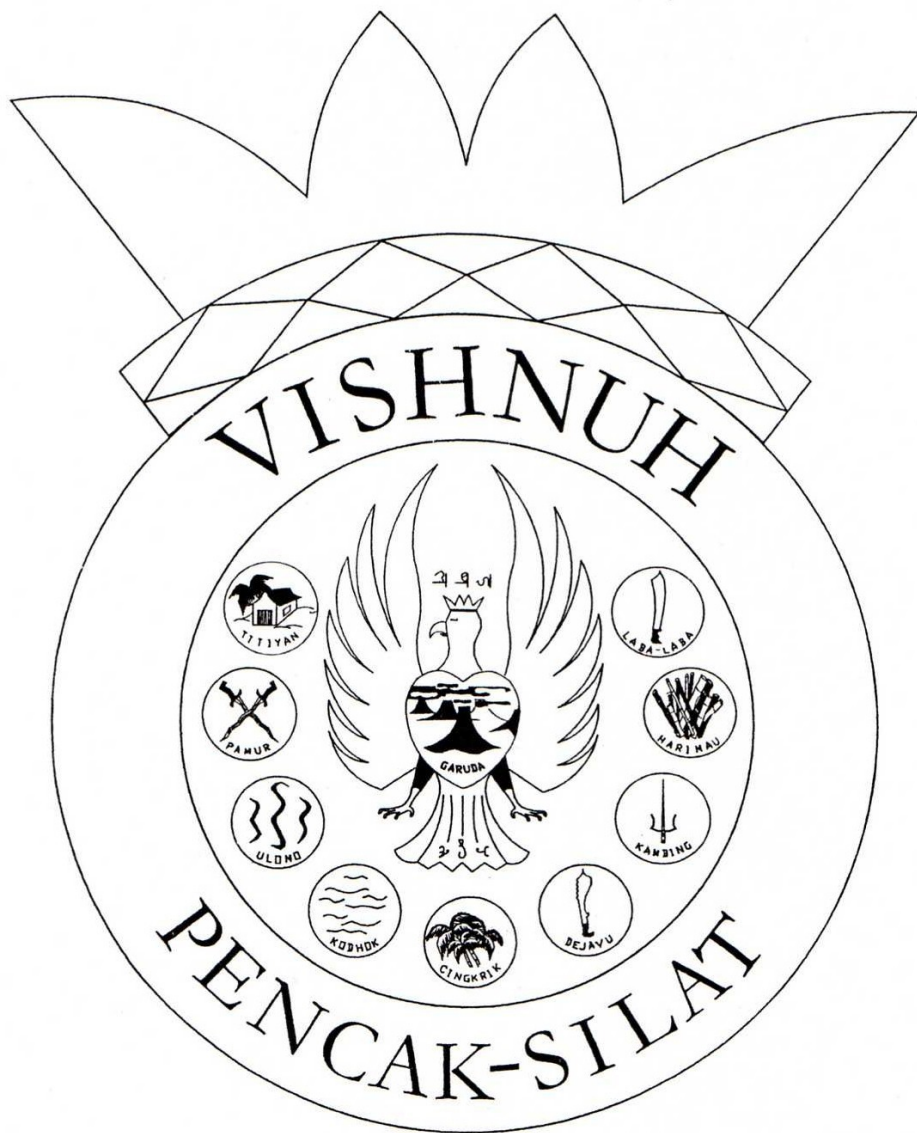
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Prologue

The Philosophy of Overweight – Part 2

Sometimes a body carries more than just weight.

It carries memories, judgments, desires, layers of protection, and silence.

In *The Philosophy of Overweight – Part 1*, I invited you to look at what that weight truly is – not as an enemy, but as a messenger. What is it trying to tell us?

What is it trying to protect, conceal, or reveal?

In this second part, we continue that inner journey – not in pursuit of fewer kilos, but of deeper self-awareness.

What does overweight mean as a way of being?

What if it is a physical expression of an emotional need – for space, recognition, or safety?

As a healer, I've had countless conversations with people who struggle – not only with their bodies, but above all with the story they've come to believe about them.

The body's language never lies.

It speaks in signals, discomfort, softness, and sometimes stubbornness.

And it asks for something no diet can offer: attention, understanding, and loving presence.

In this continuation, I delve deeper into the philosophical and energetic layers of what many simply call "overweight."

I don't offer ready-made answers but open a door to a broader perspective –

where body, mind, and soul may meet again in compassion.

May this book not be read the eyes of judgment, but with the heart of curiosity.

Because only when we dare to embrace the weight in our lives, can we truly become lighter — inside and out.

Welcome back.

Attie Dotinga

Upside down, a wise lesson.

An event in my life triggered feelings that weren't caused by the people around me.

These feelings lived inside me. They weren't set off by words or actions, but by something that had long been dormant within.

And as I always do when something touches me deeply, I wanted to understand where it came from.

But before I could reach that place, I first had to pass through a barrier of pain, sorrow, and disbelief.

There was a deep, all-consuming ache.

I felt my entire body freeze – turned to stone.

Not just mentally, but physically. As if my cells were retreating, shutting themselves off from the world.

The event had pulled the ground out from under me.

Everything my hopes for the future had been built upon was suddenly swept away.

Without explanation. Without warning. Without compassion.

As if it meant nothing. As if *we* meant nothing.

Perhaps there had been signs.

A quiet whisper in my gut.

An inner knowing that this was too fragile to build upon.

But I hadn't wanted to listen.

Because it was vital – not just for my daughter, but for me.

It was more than a wish. It was an anchor.

A distant point of light we had been working toward for so long.

My body tensed. My mind went numb.

There was no more room for thought – only panic.

A total, devouring panic that overtook me, robbed me of my words, my breath, my grip on reality.

In that state, I reached out to others. To those I love and trust.
I wanted to share it, to speak it aloud, to release the pain into the world.

But what I said came out flat.

What I wrote felt empty.

Numb words. Just letters.

An echo of what I truly felt – untouchable, unreachable.

I heard myself say I needed time to let it sink in.

But how could anything sink into a body clenched with tension?

How can something settle in a soul temporarily knocked out of its foundation?

It was in that stillness, in that inner emptiness, that I found a painful yet valuable truth:

This pain wasn't just about *now*.

It was old. Deeply rooted.

It touched earlier moments when I had hoped, trusted, built – only to have everything collapse beneath me.

This event had awakened a memory in my body that had never found words.

An old wound revealing itself through the present.

And that is exactly where the relevance lies.

Overweight, which this book ultimately addresses, is often not just a matter of food or movement.

It's the carrier of unresolved experiences.

The body remembers what the mind suppresses.

It stores, protects, holds on – for love, for survival, out of unconscious loyalty to who we once were.

My body was calling out.

Not for punishment or correction, but for recognition.

For attention.

For a safe space where it could *finally* feel.

What if we stopped seeing our bodies as limitations and started

seeing them as intelligent beings trying to tell us something?

What if weight isn't the problem, but a symptom?

What if stillness, tension, and panic are not breakdowns but signposts — leading us inward?

There, in that silent, strained body, I began to listen again.

Not with my head. But with my heart. With my breath.

Not to solve it quickly, but to finally let it *in*.

I wanted to talk about it.

I *needed* to talk about it.

Not because it would instantly ease the pain, but because I could no longer carry the confusion alone.

I searched for a way out.

A sliver of light in the wall that had closed around me.

In my desperation, I wrote several times to the woman from the agency.

Maybe too often. Maybe too raw.

But I had to voice my fears. I had to lay down my worries.

She was close to the source. She might see what I could no longer see.

She *could* — if she chose — empathize.

To my relief, she heard me.

She didn't just read my words with her eyes, but with her heart.

She saw an opening.

A possibility.

An alternative I could no longer imagine.

Maybe... not all was lost.

And there, in that tiny *maybe*, a new hope was born.

Not loud and convincing — but whispering.

Gentle.

Vulnerable.

Like a candle flame in a draft.

But even that is something when you're reaching through the

dark.

Hope, even when shaky, is stronger than panic.

It gives just enough air to breathe again.

Just enough steadiness to stay standing, even as your knees tremble.

Sometimes hope doesn't come in grand promises or clear solutions.

Sometimes she arrives in an email.

A person who truly listens.

An answer that doesn't solve everything — but restores connection.

And that alone can be the difference between drowning and staying afloat.

True to my neurodivergent nature, I dove straight into research.

My mind, always seeking logic in chaos, couldn't resist.

I had to know what this new possibility entailed, had to check it, analyze it, weigh every angle.

And to be fair: maybe that sudden rejection had actually created space for something better.

A better option.

An opening I hadn't seen before.

So began the wait — two weeks suspended between hope and fear.

Two weeks of balancing between letting go and holding on.

The next day, something struck me.

Despite the words of comfort I had received, despite people trying to be there for me, I didn't feel truly supported.

That realization came unexpectedly — but with piercing clarity.

The freeze was over — I could feel again.

And what I felt was a deep sadness.

Not about the situation itself, but about the sense of being alone in my pain.

Suddenly the focus shifted — from the event to *them*.
The people I had hoped for, counted on, longed for.
An old wound stirred: the pain of not being seen, not being felt.
Still, I knew at once: this wasn't quite fair.
Not that the feeling wasn't valid, but the *story* behind it wasn't true.
It had nothing to do with those I had reached out to.
Because what happens inside is always an *internal* matter.
The feelings are mine.
No one planted them in me.
I am the one reacting.
From memory. From pain. From old, embedded trauma.
And so, I blamed no one.
I knew: this was *my* inner world stirring.
My gut instinct flared, warned me, screamed —
as if danger were near.
As if I were under attack.
But that feeling wasn't born in the here and now.
It was an echo from the past.
A protective mechanism that was once essential —
but maybe not anymore.
That realization brought me to the heart of what this book is about:
How our bodies, our nervous systems, our responses to events
are often shaped by traces much older than the moment itself.
How, through overweight, through tension, through panic or
avoidance, we come into contact with our inner truth — and with
our healing.
We long for the world to see us, support us, understand us.
But the first one who must do that... is ourselves.
The insight came suddenly.
The feeling that had been triggered in me didn't belong to this

moment.

It belonged to a younger version of myself.

A part of me that had existed long before.

There were countless moments in my childhood where I had felt exactly like this:

Frozen. Tense.

Pain that tore raw and deep through my body.

And always: alone.

No one had truly been there for me.

No one had seen the intensity of my sorrow, let alone *felt* it.

My pain had remained invisible to the world around me.

And to be honest... even if I had tried to speak it back then, it would not have landed.

Because all I had were words.

Words without feeling.

Words like empty shells, spoken from a body frozen in place.

No vibration. No connection.

If I have no access to my feelings, I cannot convey them.

And if I cannot feel them myself, how can I expect anyone else to sense them?

That may be the most painful paradox of all:

That in the very moments we most long for support, we are least able to make our need felt.

And yet...

This very realization opens something.

It pulls me out of the loop.

It reminds me that now, I *am* an adult.

That now, I *do* have words—*and* awareness.

That I'm allowed to grieve the past, without having to relive it in

the present.

That I can finally see the girl inside me.

Take her feelings seriously.

And give her what she never received:

Attention. Recognition. Loving presence.

The book *The Philosophy of Overweight, Part 1* hadn't even been published yet.

My words were on paper, my experiences and insights captured – but still unseen by the world.

Yet I remembered the lessons from that first part vividly.

They lived in me.

As if they spoke to me again in the midst of this new experience.

As if my body, my system, was saying:

"Do you remember what you already knew?"

Because that, perhaps, is the essence of it all:

That in times of crisis, we don't necessarily need to *learn* something new,

but to *remember* what we've always known deep within.

That our bodies carry stories older than today.

And that overweight – however often judged – is a vessel for those stories.

A line of defense, a buffer, a physical expression of all that could not be felt.

So there I sat – tense, panicked, with tears that refused to fall – and I suddenly knew:

I know this.

Not as something happening *to* me,

but as something I am allowed to feel – and this time, differently.

I placed my hands on my heart.

My hands began to glow.

As if they were pumping energy into the connection between body and mind.

As if they were saying:

"I'm here. You're here. We're doing this together."

I connected with the core of me.

Because I wanted to know what was truly happening.

I was grateful to my body.

Grateful that it had protected me.

The tension, the freezing – these weren't weaknesses.

They were learned behaviors.

Ancient defenses of the baby and the child I once was.

I felt it.

The intense feeling that there was no one there for me –
it surfaced.

The sense of life-threatening danger.

As if I would die if I fully felt what I felt.

And that old feeling,

I felt again yesterday.

Not because the event itself was *that* extreme –

but because it reactivated the memory of that paralyzing
experience.

What shattered me yesterday had many layers.

And it became painfully clear why I hadn't felt supported:

No one really knew how deep this paralysis ran.

How profound the panic was inside me.

It felt as though I might die again – on the inside.

I couldn't explain what I was feeling.

My words were empty.

My mind frozen.

My emotions locked away, chained tight.

My whole body was tense.

Breath shallow and high.

I could barely move.

Even typing was too much.
 I was still *here* — but not really.
 And even when I did find words,
 they were just those **words without weight**.
 Emptiness, without emotional substance.
 So how could anyone utterly understand what I needed?
 The person across from me could only respond to what *they*
 would feel in a similar situation.
 Maybe they saw it as a setback.
 But to me, it felt **life-threatening**.
 Because I couldn't feel myself,
 I couldn't feel anyone else, either.
The connection was gone.
 And this experience —
 this *is* the essence of *The Philosophy of Overweight*.
 Because what cannot be felt is stored.
 In the body. In the fat. In the tension.
 Overweight is not a lack of willpower.
 It is a *story* the body is trying to tell.
 About what could not be spoken.
 Not felt.
 Not shared.
 And so, not only does the body grow —
 but also the distance from the core of who we truly are.
 But now...
 Now there is movement.
 Now there is remembrance.
 Now there is recognition.
 And with that: **healing**.
 But the next morning, when I felt abandoned because no one
 seemed to truly grasp how deeply it had affected me, the
 realization hit:

It wasn't the other who had abandoned me.

It was *me* who had abandoned *myself*.

I hadn't seen how deeply this event had impacted me.

I hadn't understood why it paralyzed me so completely, why I reacted with such panic.

And yet I expected others to understand.

To sense what I had not yet been able to articulate.

To comfort me for something I myself hadn't even grasped the depth of.

But no one else can truly know what's happening inside me.

No one can peer into the darkness of my experience like I can.

The only one who can fully feel what I feel – is me.

And that's exactly why I felt abandoned.

Not by them – but by myself.

I hadn't acknowledged myself.

Hadn't listened to my own pain –

but I had *expected* someone else to.

The grief circling inside me

was the grief of a child

longing to be heard –

by *me*.

Longing to be seen –

by *me*.

And in the moment I failed to do so yet again,

the old wound reopened.

I placed responsibility outside of myself –

while true recognition

can only come

from within.

When I thanked my body for how it responded,

it brought me in touch with the little child, the baby I once was.

In that moment, I suddenly felt a deeper connection –

an understanding of who I was then,
 and who I am now.
 Through that understanding,
 I felt — perhaps for the first time in a long time —
 a rising sense of self-love.
 I finally understood what had happened,
 what I had experienced,
 and most importantly —
 what I could now do with that knowledge.
 It was a moment of deep healing.
 A moment of coming home to myself.

The old impulse to numb myself with food or sweets was, of course, still there when everything happened and I froze.
 When panic struck and I felt myself shutting down, the familiar reaction emerged.
 I didn't know what else to do, so I ate a big slice of cake.
 I accepted it in that moment, because I understood it was what I needed right then.
 It was the only thing I knew how to do to ease the tension, to step out — if only briefly — of the stream of emotions and thoughts.
 But now, now that I understand myself better,
 I realized I was seeking something else.
 I no longer looked for comfort outside myself, like in food.
 I was searching for *my own* comfort,
 my own understanding,
 my own calm.
 The urge to numb slowly began to fade,
 because I knew it was time to turn inward.
 As I concluded in *The Philosophy of Overweight*,
 I reconnected with my deepest Core

in the very moment when I no longer understood what was happening within and around me.

It was in that moment of connection – when I finally looked inward instead of outward –

that I understood what true healing means.

The Core, where all the answers I had been seeking actually reside,

and with them the knowledge I truly needed,
had always been within me.

Within this Core lies stillness, calm, peace.

It's the place where I sense that everything I need is already stored.

It is the connection to profound self-love.

When I connect with it, I feel that all the things I've been searching for out in the world

are already present – *right there, in the Core*.

But more than that:

it is who I am.

The Core is like a matryoshka doll:

a deeper essence wrapped in layers of imposed beliefs and ideas,
each with its own meaning,

yet all ultimately gathered around the heart of who I truly am.



In my visualization, the Core lies in the center of my torso, just above my navel – right where my warning signal resides – the area that contracts when I sense someone is not being truthful, or when danger is in the air.

Perhaps this Core represents the part of my awareness that connects me to my entire body.

Just as one part of our consciousness directs the brain to allow us to move and experience the world, the Core may well be the anchor point of consciousness within the body.

It is the center where my true Self resides.

When I connect with this Core, I can truly feel my body.

It's as if the awareness that usually guides my brain reconnects with the physical body.

This connection allows me to experience not just thoughts, but also emotions and physical sensations in a deeper and more grounded way.

I see consciousness as a vast cloud floating outside of me, only partially present within my body because it is so immense.

The part of consciousness that descends into my body directs parts of my brain, while the other, unseen part carries the Core.

That part is the center of my being, the power source that energizes my body.

When I connect to this greater awareness, I feel a deep resonance in my body.

It's as if I come into contact with the essence of who I am, and the energy flowing through me returns to balance.

That connection enables me to feel my body more fully – not just physically, but also emotionally and energetically.

Moreover, the body is at its best when it is “filled” with energy. It feels more natural and more kind, as though it stands in its full power.

When I attune myself to this energy, I experience not only physical wellbeing, but also a deeper peace — one that does not depend on external circumstances, but on the inner connection I make with my Core.

It is difficult to fully capture the feelings I sometimes experience in words.

At times it feels as though there simply are no words that can carry the essence of certain emotions.

There are moments when I try to express to my partner how deeply I love him, but the words I use feel like empty shells, unable to contain the depth of what I truly feel.

It’s as if the love I carry is intangible, too vast to fit within the narrow space of language.

The sense of connection I feel, the immense gratitude I hold, and the love I cherish — these things never quite seem to be expressed fully through the words I know.

This struggle to find the right words is something I often reflect on.

It’s not just a matter of finding the perfect phrase, but of recognizing that the experience itself is elusive.

It’s like the energy that flows from one person to another — something you can *feel*, but cannot grasp or describe.

We might call it “energy” being shared — but what does that energy really look like?

What does it feel like in all its subtlety?

These questions remain unanswered, because it’s something that can only be *felt* in the moment — not captured in the words we assign to it.