

It is also a story of what often happens to outsiders. It is told with compassion and sensitivity and a focus on little details and character portraits. The film depicts the meanness, hypocrisy and pettiness in humans, but also has examples of the strength of the human spirit and how small acts of courage and love can go a long way and have a lasting positive impact on others even after we are gone. Ultimately, Florence Green's struggles represent the battle between the shadow and the light, small-mindedness and a crushing others mentality, and change, goodness and wisdom.

The film is tender and slow and it lingers to give us a chance to watch the grass swaying in the wind or to notice the space between words and glances, the serving of a piece of cake at tea time and the wrapping of a book. The camera caresses the shop shelves and directs our attention to titles that hint at ideas. There's reference to *Fahrenheit 451*, a dystopian novel by American writer Ray Bradbury, published in 1953. This novel presents a future society where books are outlawed and "firemen" burn any that are found (*Fahrenheit 451* is the temperature at which book paper catches fire, and burns). The lead character is a fireman, who becomes disillusioned with the role of censoring works and destroying knowledge and eventually quits his job and joins a resistance group to share the world's greatest literary and cultural works. All in all, I found it to be a moving drama with an edge that captures the ambience of the period and place beautifully.

Speaking of books, recently a book on one of my shelves, *Waking the Tiger: Healing Trauma* by Peter Levine, seemed to be 'calling to me' everytime I passed by the shelf. Eventually, I picked it up and understood why. I read this valuable book back in December of 2011. I remember this because it was the last book I read on the boat while travelling back and forth for a Master's programme I was doing at the time. Since then I had picked it up occasionally to copy quotes. So why did I have this nagging feeling to pick it up again now? Was my psyche trying to tell me something? Anyway, I started reading it again and half way through I realised I had never finished it. Events that had occurred back then that had abruptly disrupted a process had prevented me from finishing the book. And it now felt as if I were asked to

complete it to heal that wound a little deeper, perhaps pick up certain things again or simply reach some closure.

Below is an extract from the end of the book:

*Epilogue or epitaph?*

‘An Armenian villager laments, it will be a hundred years before I can talk to my neighbour again’. In America’s inner cities, pressures rise to the brink of destructive chaos and then crash into it. In Northern Ireland, people separated only by clotheslines and different religions watch their children waging war on each other rather than playing together.

Untraumatized humans prefer to live in harmony if they can. Yet traumatic residue creates a belief that we are unable to surmount hostility, and that misunderstandings will always keep us apart. That experience of bonding described earlier is only one example of the many concepts and practices that could be used to address this most serious dilemma (reference to work he has done in Norway in this area with Dr Eldbjorg Weeda). As time and money become available, we can develop other ways to bring pregnant women, older children, and fathers into the circle of peaceful co-existence.

These approaches are not panaceas, but they are a place to begin. They offer hope where political solutions alone have not worked. The holocaust, conflicts in Iraq and Yugoslavia, the riots in Detroit, Los Angeles, and other cities - all of these encounters have been traumatic for the world community. They portray, too graphically, the price we will pay as a society if we leave the cycle of trauma intact. We must be passionate in our search for effective avenues of resolution. The survival of our species may depend on it.

*Nature is no fool*

Trauma cannot be ignored. It is an inherent part of the primitive biology that brought us here. The only way we will be able to release ourselves, individually and collectively, from re-enacting our traumatic legacies is by transforming them through negotiation (pp. 231, 232)’.

