***A short story from the land of surplus reality: Narrative of the “wedding and the funeral”, by an old old wise plant (Writer: İD)***

*We are the plants. Yes, the plants with language! We once upon a time had had started to speak. Who were close had a consensus on what voice represents what, what word represents what. Who were apart were apart and we had and have trouble with understanding them. We even in the same language still have trouble: there are plants who speak in command mode or who speak in heart mode, etc. We also have a side that wants them to be like me mode.*

*As we passed the gate towards the culture mode, we needed a pot. Some of us calls it as ego, some calls it as identity. This pot is really fascinating when it is beautiful. When we moved apart from the pure nature we made homes. We were afraid, we are afraid. We were afraid to be the food of bird and wolf and of human. We want to survive. We want our children to survive we, sometimes, even want them to be immortal. Whe we loose we deeply suffer. We even feel ashamed. We sometimes work through our grief and accept the reality but sometimes, especially when it is unfair, we freeze it and sometimes with awareness sometimes unconsciously we pass it as an heritage to our descendents over generations. With the fear of dissapearing, we set the rite that is called the funeral. We store the residues of of our lost ones.*

*When we unite it seems that we fear less. Gathering together with the ones who have the same values, same ideals we build dorms, lands. Beacuse of fear, some of us want to make a perfect uniform sample. And some of us want to be unique and different. We also want borders. When united, we are so joyful that we created rites that are called the wedding. We conserve the rites that we like and we call them the tradition. We become proud. Repetetions calms down our fears.*

*We want warranty. We want property. We also pass them to our children for their safety. We learn with experience. We don’t forget and tell it through our mother tongue or through our body. We call it memory. We write stories, we sing, we dance. We conserve the knowledge and meanwhile we update. We have dreams. When our dreams are detroyed by attacks of other dreamers we suffer. That we either forget by denial or we never forget by repetetion. Shall we survive? Recently we have a global memory explosion. We fear.*

*Come on, let’s be brave. Encourage ourselves. Let this three day wedding a a rite for hope.*

**Group Work**

**In this workshop we will work for the needs of the participants. Psychodrama, symbol-drama, transgeneratiional psyhotherapy, dance therapy, solution focused therapy techniques will be used. Starting with the suffer and trouble, and using the talents, we will be expecting the participant’s degree of freedom for conscious choice for his/her own pathway to increase. Also expected for the degrees of creativity, awareness and healing. As we have already measured psychodrama effect in group and in it’s outer circles we expect more reflections in the larger society.**

**Our work will theoreticaly be connected with induction method to the topic of the congress, cultural memory. Also, the participants will increase their professional knowledge and skill through this work.**