

Sarajevo

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It was the Power of 8 meeting on Wednesday night, now already a couple weeks ago. Raluca talked about her trip to the Bosnian Pyramids and I remembered I have been there too.

Bosnian Pyramids

It was in 2019 in September. It was the ninth of September when we started the day in Sarajevo, went to the museum remembering the assassination of Crown Prince Franz Ferdinand and his pregnant wife Sofia. We were amazed at the mosques, churches and synagogue, all in this one multicultural city. Our German speaking tour guide was bubbling over with historical facts and interesting information. But let me share my diary from that time with you here.

Flashback

This was all I wrote then lilly.fam-gundacker.eu/friedensreise-peace-trip-through-former-yugoslavia/

Reflection

So I am remembering the pyramids and the experience, discovering them, learning about them, doubting the hype. Did I ever get back to continuing that story? Here's a little more.

Maybe I could take a lesson from my smart phone and only do one thing at a time? I have waited all day for my files to upload so that I can finally start posting my blog and add a photo from my album. It tells me now uploading one. I dare not check to see what is still coming as it may stop the process. So looking forward to sharing and posting.

Perfectionism

I have long overcome the ever-pervading drive for getting it all right, getting it all done and making it perfect. I know I just have to connect and part of that is telling my story.

Wien - Zagreb - Orasje - Belgrad - Srebrenica - Visoko-Sarajevo - Travnik - Jajce - Bihac - Plitvice - Wien

We travelled from Friday 6 September to Tuesday 10 when we returned to Vienna. So how do I share all

my content? I have 44 video clips from one day, the [ninth of September](#). Seems I never posted them. Perhaps the content was too sensitive? Does time make it better?

Continuation

So getting on with the story, I live with my perfectionism drive, my imposter syndrome, I admit I am not perfect. I didn't finish this post on the day I started it, nor even the same week. I am alive and continue to nurture that inner conviction of mine, that I am not alone, I am not the only one. I can tell my story and it will inspire somebody else.

Revelation

It was already a week ago that I had the revelation that I could help people who want to write their biographies, by filming them and making the summary and transcript available for them to process. Now I don't know about you, but I once heard that you have to act on an inspiration within a certain time frame, an hour, a day, three hours, three days. Well, no, I didn't do any more about the inspiration, than to consider it and here I am writing it in my blog.

Resilience

I am not a roly-poly toy, but I am ambitious and inspired. So despite the passing of time, I am still persistent enough to get this published and out to the world. And, true, I often think I don't care what people think of me, I am confident enough to know we are all so individual, unique and precious. So even though I am very sensitive, and can't help but be affected by what people say, I believe we can all make a contribution to a better world by finding ways of communicating effectively.

Disclaimer

So just in case there were reservations among the participants of this trip, about sharing the content, please just tell me which part of which video you do not approve of. I have now spent more than a week processing this material which I did not have time to do when it all happened. I am still harbouring the conviction that this material is relevant and important. It shares a part of my life.

FaceBook

Did you see the post I made last week sharing my consternation at Srebrenica? It was from seven years ago. Yet the sentiment today is exactly the same. There are no winners in war.

