

I've started to land after our days in Denmark.
But something is still fermenting in me – slowly, alive.
As if something is in the process of becoming.

What did we do – what was it really?

Think lactic fermentation:

We combined what we had, gave it time, safety – and suddenly it began to bubble.
The conversations were allowed to rest, mature, take on flavor.
Ideas stretched, and the sense of community deepened.

And think theater:

We stepped into something together, on a stage we built ourselves.
We lost lines, found new ones.
The space became both workshop and performance.
A craft in the human realm.
This was craft psychology in action.
We used our hands, our hearts, our curiosity.
We rehearsed, felt our way, created something with care.
Not perfect – but meaningful.

I believe human dignity is not something that simply exists.
It is shaped, every time we meet.
Not by trying to change each other – but by making space.
And that's what we did.
We laughed.
We stumbled.
We paused, we rethought.
And became something greater than the sum of our parts.

And then came the words ...

Like bubbles rising from well-proofed dough:
New start. Hope. Structure. Community. Inclusion. Belonging. Flow.
Calm in the storm. Will. Opportunity. Gifts. Knowledge to share.
There were many more words – but these are the ones that made it into this text.
The others – we carry them too, somewhere within us.

But we also know: this isn't easy.
It takes time to work with the soft stuff.
That which cannot be proven, pitched or measured.
The courage to stand in what is not yet visible.
We lovingly reconcile with what has been.
Not to forget – but so it doesn't hold us back.
We take responsibility for what we create.
And we look with tenderness at what happens when we fail.
Again and again.

We carry a quiet courage:

To remain in the embryo of development.
To believe in what has not yet taken root – but may bear fruit in time.

Perhaps that's where the future begins.
In the unfinished.
In the willingness to try again.

The shared platform:
Inclusion isn't just about good intentions.
It's about responsibility.
To give people with functional variations a place – not as spectators, but as co-creators.
To seek knowledge. To share it. To create a shared human platform – open, flexible, and alive.

And for me, that platform is bubbly and warm.
Like a cold-fermented Neapolitan pizza.
As close to perfection as one can get – for a creative, nourishing life.

And at the heart of it all – anthroposophy.
It can provoke. It can stir resistance.
It can feel heavy – but also deep, whole and alive.

The Nordic mission – a question, not an answer.
In the conversations, the laughter and the silences, something surfaced:
What is it that we in the Nordic region have to offer?
With our light nights, long winters, and our stubborn search for balance ...
Perhaps our gift is that we can hold opposites.
That we can stand in the budding, the not-yet-named.
That we create spaces where the living can breathe.
Perhaps we are not meant to shout the loudest.
Perhaps our role is to listen deeply.
To carry the future as process, not product.
To be hosts for what wants to begin to grow.

And I sometimes think – if Steiner was standing there with his apron on, hands a little floury – he might have laughed out loud and, on an exhale, said:
"Go on. But don't forget – the most important thing is only visible when you stop looking for evidence."

But still – you have to keep looking.
Because research and science are not opposites of living.
They are part of the cornerstones of our endeavor to understand life, to create knowledge that lasts.
Not to close the world in theories – but to open it, together.

So we carry on.
With our brave, tentative, luminous attempts to give shape to what is not yet visible.
To create meaning, space and hope.
With intuition as compass.
With human dignity as our goal.
And – yes – with a cold-fermented pizza in our hearts.

Thank you for being part of it.
For creating, listening, reaching out.
For making humanity just a little more possible.

See you where the bubbles rise – where something wants to come into being, again.

With warmth, craft-joy – and a touch of stage smoke,

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