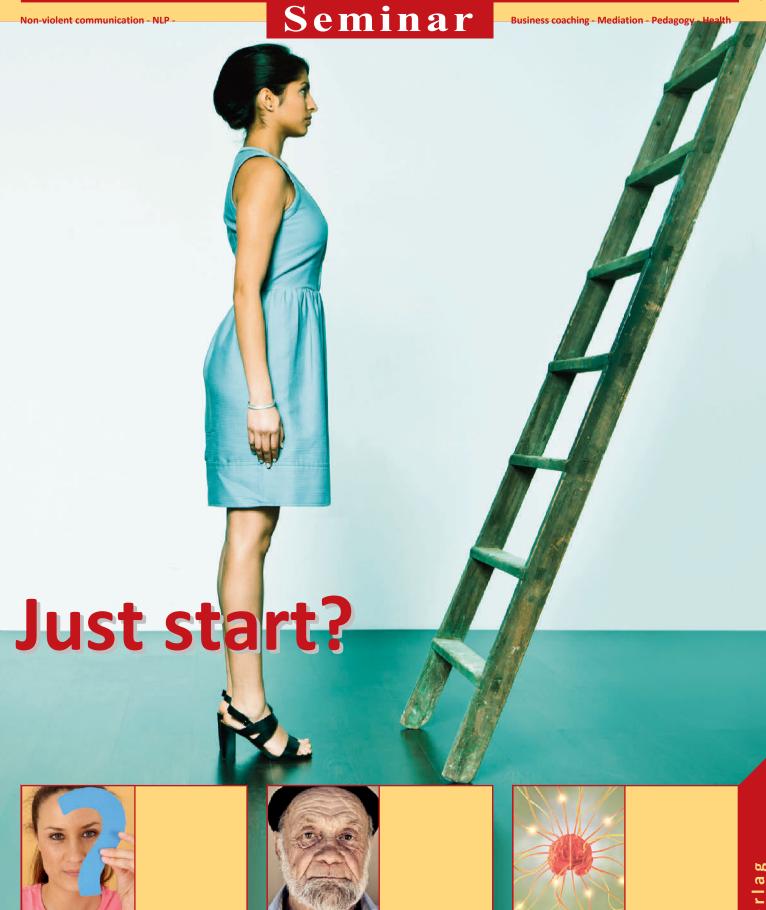
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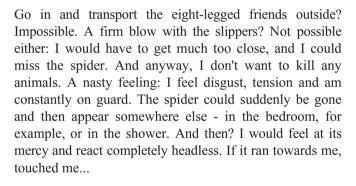


## Out of the web of fear

Break at the Junfermann Congress: With wingwave against arachnophobia.

I am alone at home. That is to say: not entirely alone, because in our hallway there are two handsome specimens of the genus *Tegenaria atrica*, also known as the house angle spider, sitting on the wall. My husband left for work a few minutes ago, our neighbours aren't home either and I've taken refuge in the ground floor.

barricaded by a bullet.



Yes, it's about a spider. Yes, it doesn't do anything. It's not even poisonous. It's probably more afraid of me than I am of it. I know all that. But - unfortunately - that doesn't help me at all now. The phobia can't be calmed down with reason.

I decide to call my mother, she lives not far away and can rid me of the unloved house guests. And I decide to finally do something about it, because this spider phobia is really getting on my nerves. Everyday things are affected by it: Between now and then, I only tidy the garden shed under tension, go to the cellar and the garage with a constant spider-scanning gaze.

At the Junfermann Congress in mid-February I approach Cora Besser-Siegmund. We have known each other for a long time and I know that she has freed many people from their fears with wingwave - from performance anxiety, flying



fear, for example. Maybe this can also help with spinnenphobia ... "Shall we wave it away?" asks Cora Besser-Siegmund, and I'm amazed: that's possible right here at the congress? Cool, I think, I have nothing to lose.

Cora first checks my muscle tension with the O-ring test. I press my thumb and index finger firmly together. Then she confronts me with certain statements. If they leave me "cold", the ring closes tightly, she pulls hard on my fingers but can't open the ring. If they trigger stress in me, I can't do anything to prevent my muscle tension from easing: The ring opens. I am ready for my first wingwave session.

"Big, fat, black spider ..." Cora tries a trig- ger. The ring closes tightly. "Aha, so it's not the spider at all," says Cora. She asks me to describe the feeling that flows through me at the sight of a spider. It is disgust, wraps itself around my chest like a ring, pulls at my stomach ... By asking specific questions and testing the muscle tension, we get to a basic feeling that always comes over me when I am in a room with something or someone unpleasant and cannot or must not leave. Where does this feeling come from?

We go back further in my biography, looking for the trigger.

"It's an event from childhood." - Little muscle tension, ring opens: hit. "In your personal life?" - No. "In

at school?" - Yes. And then I remember an experience that I successfully suppressed for thirty years: I am nine years old and we spend the night in the youth hostel. It is quite unusual and frightening for me to sleep in a room with so many children. A few girls tell dirty jokes and talk about sex. That scares me, I don't know anything like that ... I want to go home - and I can't. I can't just go back home to my parents in the middle of the night. So I hold out and lie very still in my bed.

This is the point where Cora starts her waving set - I follow her hand with my eyes while she sums up my uncomfortable feeling one more time. Afterwards I feel strangely light and very warm. There is chaos inside me: I feel touched, I feel sorry for my nine-year-old self and yet I am somehow euphoric. I wonder if that was it. When I imagine going down to the cellar and meeting a spider, my stomach still tingles. A residue of scepticism remains ...

On Saturday, I meet with Cora Besser-Siegmund again. She checks whether the current emotional status is still stable. It looks good, but I am still given a resource to take with me on my way. I am supposed to remember a situation in which I was strong, which I mastered particularly calmly and confidently. I can do that - and Cora anchors the resource "calmness". Whenever I make a certain hand movement, my excitement should subside and the feeling of calm should return. Cora does not promise miracles. I wouldn't become Germany's biggest spider fan tomorrow. I don't want that either. What I want to achieve is to come to terms with the situation "spider and I alone at home", to help myself and to stop falling into senseless panic.

Sunday evening - I am tired from the congress weekend and full of new impressions. In my mind, I put a few more plates in the kitchen cupboard. And to the left, on the wall ...!!! The spider is close to me, about 15 centimetres, and it moves deliberately. I stand still, thinking about what to do now. I want to make it, I want to catch this spider! First wait until the animal is on the floor, then put a glass over it. No, glass gets me too close, better a kitchen colander with a handle. I watch the spider. Finally it has reached the floor. I can put the sieve over the animal and watch it through the mesh. I am tense, have to take a breath, call up my resource.... But I am NOT panicking. I did not run to my husband in a panic, and I did not lock all the doors between me and the spider.

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I push a thin piece of cardboard under the sieve, the spider moves away - it's unpleasant, but I can stand it and throw the sieve, cardboard and eight-legged creature out the patio door.

Afterwards, the tears flow. Relief that a phobia of over 30 years has been overcome. It seems like a small miracle. I realise that my smouldering fear of confrontation therapy as the commonly used approach to phobias was greater than the suffering. I feel pride. I have made it. This is what a breakthrough feels like! My family rejoices with me.

Of course, even with wingwave, disturbing things from the depths of the soul can come to light that require therapeutic processing. My trigger was comparatively harmless. The weeks that followed also show: The new condition persists, it even improves with each new spider I catch. The feeling of shyness has neutralised, calmness sets in, I no longer look tensely into all corners of the room. Yes, I almost look forward when another pretty specimen appears on the wall and I can prove my new competence as a spider catcher ...

Simone Scheinert