

I am looking for you Aline...

Comment received from a new friend, after browsing my site...

An invitation to tell about myself because "I do what I do" "how I do it" only because "I am who I am"
...

I like to write, to give substance, to choose each word and the spaces between them. It's a large project, however, to tell the story of oneself... to capture the essence of the experiences and encounters that have built me, without spilling the beans. It's easier to do for others.

The soil

"We all come from the land of our childhood" as Jacques Salomé said.

The land of my childhood is singular and non-conformist, right down to the nail. Singularity sometimes encouraged and welcomed, sometimes repressed. A country coloured by dreams, visions, possibilities but also by feelings of inadequacy and violence to face them.

The land of my childhood is above all, the caring land in which I grew up, populated by venerable animals with parents who believe in us, beyond the imaginable. Parents who find solutions and constructive narratives to everything. A land of dreams and security.

I often feel peripheral, observant. What seems logical to everyone else is not always logical to me, but I retain well and I learn. I learn codes, roles and scripts. I am learning to scan, to see, to anticipate, to respond to what is expected...

The dream of the horse

I was 13 years old when my dream of a horse took the form of a white horse, Miston V. This horse was easier to dream about..., contemplating the posters that lined the walls of my room. The ground is hard when I fall and he gets back to the stable faster than me. I learn responsibility, perseverance, the importance of context and the people around me. Dreams and love are not enough. The horse needs a posture, a framework and consistency.

My schooling and my beginnings in the professional world were chaotic and tinged with impertinence, but thanks to horses I am out every day, in all weathers. This is what allows me to stay connected to something essential.

The spark of accounting...

In the last year of my apprenticeship, since the accountant was absent for several months, the head of finance had no choice but to rely on me. Yes, me, a rather mediocre, impertinent and rebellious 17-year-old apprentice.

I feel considered, I have a place, a use and suddenly I understand what I am doing, as if struck by lightning. I finally understand the principles and foundations of accounting. Until then, it was totally

obscure and I had no idea what it could be used for... I become really good at it and I am even enjoying it.

My first job was in Lucerne (*Swiss German Part of Switzerland*) all in German, in accounting. I have no choice but to learn how to rephrase, to make sure I understand because it is of course to improve my Swiss German that I am going there...

It is thanks to finance and accounting that I am making my way in professional life. I am going back to school. Given my "atypical" school career, it was a big effort to bring myself up to standard, but I believe in it. I give myself the means and I finish brilliantly. I look for, I scratch, I want to understand everything and link practice, theory, taxation, everything. Budgets, analyses, everything interests me. I am recognized. A sparkle lights up in my eyes. I am enthusiastic, proactive and motivated, I don't count my time. Everything is feasible.

I meet several "Andrés" on my financial path who accompany me, answer my questions without ever getting tired of them, take me under their wings and believe in me. Eternal gratitude.

I improve, I structure, I save, I grow wings. I develop an area of expertise and feel comfortable with it. I know there is always a solution, a reason and a way to find it. I spend nights, develop a network, tools, create my own trust company and teach, among other things. I become a numbers gynaecologist. Numbers reveal people's lives.

Accounting is what allowed me to find legitimacy and recognition. If with time I am initiated to other types of energies, more creative and human, finances often remain my gateway. This brings back to the facts, gives keys to read and allows to make decisions.

At this time, it's a lot of working alone, pulling the cart, but I have a heart for it. Sometimes I pull until I am exhausted.

The magic of human dynamics

Always eager to understand, to draw links and to act in a global coherence, my field of activities progressively extends well beyond finance and I put into practice all the knowledge in management acquired in my training as a business economist. After having pulled the cart alone, I discover collaborative work and team management.

I am sometimes confronted with difficult human problems and it is Jürg, my third parent, psychologist and group facilitation specialist, who invites me to learn about leadership and to acquire tools. Eternal gratitude to Jürg who brings nuance and hindsight into my life. A new world opens up. I discover the meta-space. I feel like I belong there, but so much... To connect, to give meaning, to put words, to include without losing sight of the operational issues... Between the stimulus and the response, there is a space (Covey). I learn to inhabit this space and love its intensity and its magic. I learn to facilitate. I explore this magic in different ways, both professionally and privately.

And then the body and the density

After having relentlessly developed my ability to step back and connect with others, today my quest is to return to more presence and awareness in my body. To inhabit the space, to stand back but open myself to listen and welcome what my body is telling me. Being able to physically feel my emotions and stay with them a little.

And of course, the light of the unconditional love for and from my 3 children, which brings me back to the land where I come from. Seeing and connecting to the light of each one, finally it sums up the essence of what drives me. The intimate.