

## **Norbert is sitting with Rainer**

Our dear friend, Norbert Busse, the gentle giant, has left our stage.

There is pain inside me because of Norbert lost and wishes to share memories about our first Psychodrama Teacher...

For the first time we met him in November 2005 in Vilnius, in monastery, where the selection to the psychodrama learning group took place and we were together until March 2008.

Norbert wasn't the one, who was looking for effective exercise for warming up, he was able to move the group with minimal means. He always was starting with walking around the space and exploring it. He always was the first who was taking his shoes off and with all his body abandoned into the action. The picture of that moment is sort frozen in my memory – The Teacher looked like the big and strong cat then. The softness of his body movements and his ability to abandon into the game fitted very well with his, as the Teacher, power. He was the authority for us and also let us move on in our individual tempo. On the beginning of the meeting, sitting in the circle, Norbert was breathing in deeply, was locking his hands opposite his chest. This movement became the „hello“ and „goodbye“ ritual for our group. To begin with breathing in and to breath out to interrupt the action. Coming back in memories to the beginning of our meeting, now it does not look like nether Lithuanian climate, nor were we warm and hospitable enough for him. We met late in November, when snowy rain and darkness were quit sad background for Norbert, staying in foreign country. But he was quit patient: with investigators fire he tasted our unusual food, went thru the speech barrier, was very brave in learning to get used to the specific features of our culture. One participant of our learning group shares his memories: „ He was the only one who noticed sadness in my eyes... While saying good bye felt pity, he didn't have enough time to find out, where is that sadness from...“ Norbert liked very much one Lithuanian song about the lonely pine. We sang it sad and happy, dramatizing and frolicking:

„... take everything from me... only my love leave to me“– we were yelling and whispering. On the campfire, the moment of silence, suddenly Norbert starting to sing... He sang very popular song in English and looked very happy. Everybody knows that song, we also sing it in Lithuanian. Under starry sky, hearing the breathing of the sea, on the edge of the world, faintly lightened by the campfire: „Oh Sera Sera...“

We could imagine the loved family and cosy home of our Master with all details and we felt, that it is very important value and the source of support and inspiration for him.

The time was passing by, Norbert was growing us up as a group. Thanks to him our love to psychodrama was also growing. We said goodbye in the international psychodrama camp, initiated by Norbert, in Alsėdžiai. The idea of this camp belonged to him. It wasn't hard to say goodbye, because we new it's not for long – we had some concrete plans to work with him in the future as the colleagues. Unfortunately... Norbert was encouraging us to say goodbye, telling us about our second level teacher Doris.

We are keeping in our hearts gifts of our First Teacher: love to psychodrama and endless faith in the affectivity of this method. He was teaching us not to talk but to do, not to stagnate but to feel and to open our selves, not to dream about psychodrama as unreachable vision but to do it. Now, preparing for our group sessions, we are translating training protocols and still learning from our First Teacher. We want to keep all his lessons growing in our minds in His memoriam.

For all, loving and remembering Norbert, we are sending warmest greetings from Lithuania: Daiva, Aušra, Evaldas, Rasa S., Vida L., Violeta, Rasa Z., Vida M – Lithuanian learning group of Norbert.

Vilnius, April 2010

I am so sad. I remember Norbert from many occasions. One which is strong in me: after the PifE Conference few years ago in Krakow he joined a half a day journey into Auschwitz which Hilde and me organized. He came out of the Death Wall area in the camp. He was like a lost child, destroyed inside, looking for help, someone to connect with. He approached me and speechless hugged me. We were standing there for few long moments crying together...

Yaacov

I am leaving Ghent with my heart full of good memories. At the airport I find Norbert, what a relief, I will not wait for my flight alone, he has to go but his airplane is late, again a good chance, to have a talk, to have a cigarette, like always he does not have any and he is asking me, like a little schoolboy, could I borrow one, we talk for an hour, far more intense and close that we have been talking during the last six days, my plane is leaving, me too, we will have a beer next time, definitely was his answer.

A few years before. Coming from a conference, tired, my friends all go to Bucharest, Michel Petrucciani will have a concert the next day, he is my favourite piano player, still, too tired, I will go next time, the concert is not only a triumph but also his last one, a few months later he will die.

Jutta wrote me that Norbert and Rainer are sitting now at the same table. Thank you Jutta for reminding me that there will be a next time, that Rainer will join us too, and as we know the three of us, it will be a good lager and a good laugh.

Horatiu

I know Norbert since 1993 – from the second PifE Conference in Sofia. I was very impressed of his sensitivity. He conducted the closing session – all participants standing with burning candles in the hands, in the dark room and singing without words a deep touching Bulgarian song about forest. I was standing next to Norbert. He whispered to me "I am so touched that I want to cry! I am sorry I can't because I have to conduct this session".

Why he went in another world?

Galabina

