

### **ALL IS QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT**

What? What? I can't hear you; oh I am sorry you said nothing.  
Was that nothing the key to all we need to know?

Silence, silence and the beating of our own heart: does its silence  
scare you? Do you miss what is being said without words when  
you fill the silence to keep the "boogieman" away from your  
own head?

Therapists talk; some more and some less but they all talk.  
How much good work could a mute do in his silence?

Silence heals; every word pushes the real stuff farther away.

What? What? I can't hear you; oh I am sorry you said nothing.

Sweet, sweet healing silence that is always with us and seldom  
loved.

Silence—listening, silence—listening, silence embraces all in its  
warm transparent cloak.

Silence.

—Donald W. Strauss