

Medi & Ator

Passionate mediators



Episode II/2

The Candle of Meaning

A pair of mediators reports on their experiences and impressions in their handling of mediation. Supposedly, all are real cases and true events. Is that true? We watch the professionals at work.

Arthur Trossen

Medi & Ator Season II Episode 2

This year, the two passionate mediators are facing a very special challenge. Among other things, Medi has to overcome its own identity crisis. This happens with mediators.

Readers may decide whether and where mediation or reality is reflected in the fantastic story. As always, similarities to living people are purely coincidental.

The footnote references help in the search for true mediation. They are intended to help professional readers if they want to get to the bottom of questions about mediation.

Of course, Medi & Ator are also mastering the challenge this year in their own, miraculous way. We are in the Christmas season of 2025.

The Candle of Meaning

It was the third Advent in the House of Unexpected Agreement, as Medi & Ator now called their "practice for mediation". In search of a narrative with which they wanted to make mediation more understandable, the new name sounded as promising as the world's unsatisfied need for harmony.

Outside, the snow was falling softly. Inside it smelled of cinnamon and insight. Medi & Ator had refurnished the premises of their mediation office. Now they sat at the round table made of reflectanium, a rare wood that turned thoughts into vibrations, and discussed the situation. Next to the table was a 5-armed, life-size candlestick. This was a new accessory for the mediations. Medi & Ator had begun to celebrate the solutions found - as if peace were an achievement.¹

Currently, however, there was nothing to celebrate. So the extinguished candles underlined the oppressive mood.²

The hopeful despair

Medi spoke quietly like to herself: "Mediation will not survive."³

She did not say this because she feared for her own livelihood. Nor was she worried about her professional standing. What troubled her was something else entirely. For Medi, mediation had always been a promise of peace. If mediation failed, hope itself seemed to falter.

Ator understood her despair. At the same time, he wondered whether Medi was truly afraid for mediation—or whether she was confronting a more personal doubt. "What do you mean?" he asked gently.

"I want to do something meaningful," Medi replied.

"You are a mediator," Ator said.

¹ See <https://wiki-to-yes.org/Abschluss> on the conclusion of mediation

² On the problem: <https://wiki-to-yes.org/article1310-Die-Stille-der-Vernunft>

³ Zur Problematik: <https://wiki-to-yes.org/article1312-Mussen-wir-uns-Sorgen-machen>

“Is that not meaningful enough?”

“That’s exactly the problem,” Medi answered.

“Precisely because I am a mediator, I know that mediation offers a way out of conflicts—even out of wars.⁴ And that makes it all the more painful when this path is ignored. It makes no sense.”

“Perhaps it is not a question of willingness,” Ator replied in his characteristically analytical tone. “You are familiar with the death spiral of army ants, aren’t you?”⁵ Without waiting for an answer, he continued. “Army ants can become so fixated on attacking other ants that they begin to pursue themselves. Driven by instinct, they form a circle and run until they collapse from exhaustion. They do not notice that their blind focus prevents any escape from the spiral.”

Medi sighed.

Ator’s analogy did little to comfort her.

“So you believe there is no way out either,” she said, resigned.

“That the death spiral displaces mediation.”⁶

“Not if we behave like the army ants,” Ator corrected calmly.

He wanted to leave at least the possibility of hope— even if it still seemed out of reach.

“Those who see themselves on a path of war,” he continued, “tend to be more interested in weapons than in mediation. As in real life, there is a way out. But the ants would have to look beyond their immediate pursuit to recognize it.”

He paused.

“As long as they remain focused on the chase, they cannot see the alternative. They would lose sight of their goal.”

“But that is exactly the point,” Medi objected.

“Yes,” Ator replied evenly. “War is a solution.”

Medi looked at him in shock. Before she could react, Ator added:

“The question is what it is a solution for—and in which context.”⁷

Slowly, Medi began to understand.

“If we think in terms of mediation,”⁸ Ator continued, “solutions are addressed only in the fourth phase.⁹ At the moment, we have not even reached phase one.¹⁰ So the question cannot yet be answered.”

⁴ See <https://wiki-to-yes.org/Exitstrategie>

⁵ See <https://wiki-to-yes.org/Ziel> mit Video vom Todeslauf der Ameisen

⁶ See <https://wiki-to-yes.org/article1296-Die-Mediation-detoniert-nicht>

⁷ See <https://wiki-to-yes.org/Kontext>

⁸ See <https://wiki-to-yes.org/mediativesDenken>

⁹ See <https://wiki-to-yes.org/4.Phase>

¹⁰ See <https://wiki-to-yes.org/1.Phase>

Wrong moment. Wrong sequence. Wrong question.¹¹

Ator gave Medi a knowing look.

No one could say precisely what he meant— but Medi sensed it.

In mediation, war can appear as a solution— if it were reasonable and meaningful. But because war is never reasonable, it can never emerge as a true solution within mediation. If mediation could be transferred to political decision-making, wars would cease to exist.¹²

Unfortunately, Medi was convinced that politics followed a different logic. Polarization displaced balance. And that, in turn, fueled the spiral.

These apocalyptic thoughts intensified her inner unrest. The atmosphere in the House of Unexpected Agreement grew heavy.

Suddenly—without warning—Medi was struck by a realization.

“There are no more dreams,” she cried into the room.

She was visibly agitated. “We must help people dream again.” She sensed that dreams might lead thought out of the vicious circle.

Ator remained cautious. Skeptical.

“Keep dreaming,” he said curtly.

“And what does that have to do with mediation?”

Medi did not know.

At that moment, both noticed something unusual. For the first time since the candle holder had been placed in the room, one of the candles lit itself— as if the light wished to underscore the thought, taking the idea of illumination literally.

Ator, however, attributed no meaning to the phenomenon. He stepped closer and extinguished the flame. There was no reason to celebrate.

Reality had already caught up with Medi’s brief dream.

The dream factory

Ator was not convinced.

Almost as if he wanted to prove a point, he said: “Dreams do exist. Ask the ruler of the War Empire. He openly dreams of becoming the most powerful empire in the world.”

“That may be true,” Medi replied.

“But those are not the kinds of dreams I meant.

And even if there is something like a dream hidden behind this delusion of grandeur, it does not allow for a vision. It exhausts itself in a solution sustained solely by a narrative.”

¹¹ See <https://wiki-to-yes.org/Phasenlogik>

¹² See <https://wiki-to-yes.org/Politik>

Medi was familiar with dimensioning.¹³ She knew how to separate information with precision. She recognized this as a solution because the supposed dream lacked a guiding vision.

A vision would have justified a deeper longing.

“You can tell that a guiding vision is missing,” she continued, “when the vision collapses into its own solution. A claim to power is not a vision. It is merely a means to an end—and ultimately reveals nothing but existential emptiness.”

The thought needed time to settle.

After a short, reflective pause, Medi added:

“Incidentally, the ruler of the War Empire is not alone in this emptiness. There are many rulers who claim power and lose themselves in that very claim. And that is where the real problem begins.”

Her voice was calmer now, yet more insistent.

“A so-called dream like this is not divisible. It needs enemies in order to exist.”

She let her gaze wander.

“Why else would the War Empire attack the Dwarves? Why can the Ego Empire not tolerate this incursion? Why does the conflict serve the Ego Empire— as long as it weakens the Neo Empire? And why do the Elves feel cornered?”

Medi allowed the questions to linger in the room.

“What kind of dreams are these,” she finally asked quietly, “that require war in order to be dreamed?”

The reflections did not leave her optimistic.

“I understand what you mean,” Ator said. “And I believe you are right.”

The specialist in paraphrasing¹⁴ added: “These are not dreams. They are dystopian fantasies.” Then he asked carefully: “Is it possible that your ‘why’ questions¹⁵ are not really searching for causes— but for meaning?”

Medi paused.

Then she nodded slowly.

“Yes,” she said, surprised.

“I had not seen it that way before.”

Now many things became clear.

“It makes no sense,” she began, “to sacrifice the world to a war of our own making—one that ultimately renders it uninhabitable. It makes no sense to sacrifice young people when the world urgently needs future generations. It makes no sense to withhold vital

¹³ See <https://wiki-to-yes.org/Dimensionieren>

¹⁴ See <https://wiki-to-yes.org/Loopen>

¹⁵ See <https://wiki-to-yes.org/Fragen>

resources while people are starving. It makes no sense to conceal knowledge that could help overcome crises. It makes no sense to declare victory when it is founded on destruction.” She faltered. “It makes no sense...”

Medi took a deep breath.

Her list was far from complete.

Ator caught her.

“The list of senselessness is long,” he said—not mockingly, but with compassion.

“Many people probably feel the same way when they can no longer understand the meaning behind the absurdities of politics.”

The Nightmare

The philosophical reflections of Medi and Ator were abruptly interrupted. A thunderous crash shook the windows of the House of Unexpected Agreement. The door burst open. Two enormous shadows stormed into the room. Apparently, they saw no need to use the mediative five-tone gong that Medi and Ator had once installed with care.

Speak of the devil, they both thought at the same time.

The shadows belonged to Lord Blutahn and Sir Thumm. Lord Blutahn ruled the War Empire that had just been mentioned. He was small in stature, yet his presence felt dense and unyielding, almost metallic. His gaze was cold and unmoving.

Sir Thumm, the controversial ruler of the Ego Empire, formed a stark contrast. He was tall, loud, impeccably groomed—and utterly convinced that every truth required a stage.

Medi concealed her surprise.

She rose and inclined her head slightly.

“Welcome to the House of Unexpected Agreement,” she said calmly.

“Please, take a seat.”

“I prefer to stand,” Blutahn growled.

“I prefer to talk,” said Thumm.

Medi felt her own crisis of meaning recede into the background. Even her frustration dissolved. Now she was fully present. She owed that to her professionalism¹⁶—and perhaps also to the faint hope that her idea might be right. If that were so, a vision might indeed help resolve the conflict.

Then a doubt arose.

Something is wrong, she thought.

The parties are not authentic.

What do they want from mediation?

She answered the question herself.

¹⁶ See <https://wiki-to-yes.org/Haltung>

Nothing good.

The Interpretation of Dreams

“What can I do for you?”

Medi asked, wearing a smile that felt slightly forced even to herself.

“Put out the candle immediately!” Lord Blutahn barked.

Medi was puzzled.

No candle was burning.

To avoid escalation, she acted as if she were complying. She stood up, walked toward the candle holder, and remarked with a hint of irony: “So you don’t like a cozy atmosphere?”

The light must mean something, Ator thought.

“Light dispels shadows,” he whispered to Medi—quietly enough that the parties could not hear him.

Medi was more daring.

She wanted to understand.

Turning back to the shadows, she asked calmly: “How can it be that such powerful shadows are afraid of such a small light?”

“We are not afraid!” Lord Blutahn and Sir Thumm protested— in unison.

“And yet,” Blutahn added after a brief hesitation, “light is precisely why we are here. It must disappear.

It must give us what we demand.”

He took a deep breath.

“These lights undermine my authority,” he finally admitted.

“They interfere with our plan.”

“They make everything complicated,” Sir Thumm added.

“They fail to recognize my brilliance.

They always want to know too much.

Fake news used to be enough.”

On this point, the shadows were in agreement.

“I see,” Ator said slowly.

He deliberately framed his response in a positive way:¹⁷

“You are concerned that stray lights might blur your outlines.”

“Exactly,” Sir Thumm confirmed.

“And above all—there is nothing to gain from it.”

“We start to wobble,” Blutahn added.

“And when outlines blur, authority is lost.”

¹⁷ See <https://wiki-to-yes.org/Umformulieren>

Power, Medi thought. Not authority.
And wobbling probably means trembling.

She felt anger rising within her¹⁸—not at the words themselves,
but at the worldview they revealed.

Ator remained in his critically empathetic stance.
“But you are shadows,” he said,
posing one of his characteristic childlike questions.¹⁹

“How can a shadow exist without light?”

At that moment, one of the candles beside the table lit itself.
Completely on its own.

“We have our own light,” Lord Blutahn said.

Even as he spoke, the flame went out again— without anyone intervening.

“You mean,” Ator followed up, “that you are not dependent on external sources of light.
And that unfamiliar light threatens your outlines—because it relativizes them.”

He continued thinking aloud:

“In other perspectives, you do not see reinforcement, but disobedient weakening.”

“We protect our light,” Blutahn replied.

That makes no sense, Ator thought.

How does a shadow protect the very light that creates it?

Out loud—again choosing a positive framing—he said: “So you ensure that your projec-
tions are constantly sustained by a controlled light source. That your outlines remain
clear and are perceived as unquestionably true.”

“That’s exactly right,” Blutahn confirmed.

“And you fear,” Ator added, “that it would be seen as failure if you lost control over the
light.”

“Now you understand,” Sir Thumm said with satisfaction.

“You’re almost as clever as I am.”

The Conveying of Understanding

Medi and Ator could do little with the praise.
On the contrary, Medi felt uneasy.

The supposed light the shadows spoke of was nothing more to her than a narrative—a
construct that granted the shadows a semblance of legitimacy.

For a brief moment,

¹⁸ See Befangenheit unter <https://wiki-to-yes.org/Prinzip-Neutralität>

¹⁹ See <https://wiki-to-yes.org/Kindfragen>

Medi felt the impulse to simply turn the light off.

Then there would be no shadows.

That simple.

But she knew that this could not be her task.²⁰

Supporting tyrannical shadows was no more the purpose of mediation than fighting them. Mediation is not a service that submits itself to any purpose. And it is certainly not an instrument of power. It stands for itself.

Medi felt her own conflict surface.

Were they encountering the dark side of mediation?

Were mediators allowed to value aggressors in order to understand them? Did they have to adopt a position of peace—or even abort the mediation?²¹

She longed to openly express what she thought about war, oppression, abuse of power, corruption, and manipulation. But she knew: it would change nothing. And turning off the light was a strategy that suited Blutahn and Thumm— not her, and certainly not mediation.

In mediation, reason prevails.²²

Peace is a consequence.

It is the benefit,

not the solution.

Medi knew that mediation offered at least the chance that something might shift. That it could point a way out of the death spiral. She also knew that good mediators find a way— even when it is not visible.

Ator gave her a knowing look.

That was enough.

The Reflecting Team

Ator turned to Medi and deliberately shifted the level.

He employed the technique of the reflecting team.²³ In doing so, mediators speak aloud what the parties might be thinking— without attributing it to them.

“Light does not need shadow,” Ator said thoughtfully.

“Do you agree?”

“Yes,” Medi replied.

Then she added: “But shadow needs light.” Almost imperceptibly, she slipped into the role of the parties.

“That sounds almost philosophical,” Lord Blutahn remarked mockingly.

²⁰ See dazu <https://wiki-to-yes.org/Wesen> (Die Prägung der Mediation ergibt die Aufgaben)

²¹ See <https://wiki-to-yes.org/Positionierte-Mediation>

²² See <https://wiki-to-yes.org/article1310-Die-Stille-der-Vernunft>

²³ See <https://wiki-to-yes.org/ReflectingTeam>

“But it’s true,” he admitted after a brief pause.

Suddenly, it became clear to everyone:

Shadows are projections. They have no substance of their own. They emerge only when something interrupts the light. The person who casts the shadow stands between the light source and the projection— and is identical with neither.

The Allegory of the Cave

Medi and Ator were reminded of the allegory of the cave.²⁴

What stood visibly before them— as in that allegory— was nothing more than a shadow on the wall. Caused by people they themselves could not see. Illuminated by an artificial fire behind them.

What became visible was neither reality nor idea.

It was a sensory impression. An opinion. And ultimately, a deception.

With this insight, Medi and Ator regained their orientation. For them, mediation was a process of clarification grounded in insight. What matters is understanding meanings— from which a sense of purpose can be derived.

The wrong parties

In terms of mediation, everything seemed coherent.

And yet a decisive question emerged.

What did it help to clarify questions of meaning with the shadows?²⁵

The deception would not disappear. Those who were deceived would not even become aware of it. The deception would persist—as long as shadows existed. And it was hardly to be expected that shadows would extinguish themselves, even if they were able to do so.

Medi remained mentally within the image of the cave allegory.

“What happened,” she asked quietly, “to the person who left the cave?”

Ator answered without hesitation.

“He was blinded by the light and could not immediately recognize the truth. The light hurt him. It injured his eyes, confused his perception, and shattered his certainties.”

He paused briefly.

“What he had previously believed to be reality revealed itself as shadow. And what he now saw was so unfamiliar that he initially rejected it.”

Medi nodded slowly.

“That is the crucial point,” she said softly.

“Whoever sees the light does not see the idea.

²⁴ See <https://wiki-to-yes.org/Philosophie>

²⁵ See <https://wiki-to-yes.org/Parteien> (Parteien, Parteifähigkeit usw.)

They only realize that the shadow was a deception.”

“Insight does not begin with truth,”²⁶ Ator added, “but with the loss of certainty. And that loss can be painful— Especially when trust in meaning is missing.”²⁷

Those Left Unheard

The shadows grew restless.

“Don’t worry,” Ator said calmly, addressing the parties. “We have not yet clarified who, in our case, is the unfortunate one who leaves the cave.”

He allowed himself a faint smile— as if to suggest that it might even be a relief to be nothing more than a shadow. “You are not that person,” he continued, turning toward the shadows. “It is the many people and nations who are not given a voice. And yet— or perhaps precisely because of this— we must ensure that their confrontation with the light remains within our field of vision.”

The shared vision

With that, the task for Medi and Ator became clear.

It was now truly about finding a vision that everyone—even those not present—could commit to.

The decisive question remained:

Where do we begin?

Ator put it succinctly.

“Not with the shadow,” he said. “It is merely a non-existent projection. Nor with the person trapped in existential emptiness. That person is the disturber. We are best advised to begin at the source of meaning.”

Medi looked at him questioningly.

“Change does not arise from power,” Ator explained.

“Not from control. Not from victory or defeat, but from the will toward meaning. Meaning is not found. It is shaped from values.”

The parties could no longer follow him.

They knew nothing of values.

They looked at Ator, lost.

“You are trying to secure your power,” Ator explained his thoughts to the shadows.

“You perceive other lights as dangerous and suppress them.”

Ator waited for confirmation. Then he questioned the usefulness of this approach.

“Are you certain that you can afford this suppression in the long run and enforce it without gaps? Is it possible that in doing so you are merely treating symptoms—rather than

²⁶ See <https://wiki-to-yes.org/article1318-Ist-die-Wahrheit-ein-Schatz-der-Mediation>

²⁷ See <https://wiki-to-yes.org/Erkenntnis>

the cause, which was created by the hostility itself?”

“Phase three,” Medi said quietly.²⁸

Ator nodded.

When asked about the meaning of the light, Lord Blutahn and Sir Thumm predictably repeated their narrative. It was about strength. About control. About superiority. That was what mattered to them.

Medi and Ator listened.

They questioned the underlying needs.

Then it became clear to them why outward appearance mattered so much to the shadows.

It was easier to control the prisoners in the cave—even when they inwardly rejected the shadows—than to share a vision with them.

“That is exactly why,” Medi suddenly realized,

“there are no more dreams.”

Ator smiled.

He knew what she meant.

Affection cannot be calculated. It cannot be bought.

And meaning even less so.

Both elude control—

and that is precisely what makes them a threat to the shadows.

Rumpelstiltskin

Medi and Ator set out to search for Rumpelstiltskin.²⁹

Rumpelstiltskin holds the key to resolving the conflict. The experienced mediators suspected that behind the rulers’ delusions of grandeur lay an unrecognized, existential need: the desire for meaning and significance. And the compensation for a compulsive search for love—something narcissists never truly encounter.

These were hypotheses.³⁰

As in any mediation, the parties themselves had to recognize their true needs.³¹ Ator therefore asked the shadows to turn around.

“What do you see?” he asked.

The shadows hesitated.

“Ourselves,” they finally replied.

“More precisely,” Ator corrected gently, “you see the people who cast your shadows.”

²⁸ See <https://wiki-to-yes.org/3.Phase>

²⁹ See <https://wiki-to-yes.org/Rumpelstilzcheneffekt>

³⁰ See <https://wiki-to-yes.org/Hypothesen>

³¹ See <https://wiki-to-yes.org/Bedürfnis>

He paused. “What you are seeing is a solar eclipse.”

The shadows were confused.

“Why?” they asked.

To them, what they saw seemed proof of their greatness. But the opposite was true. “You do not see the sun,” Ator explained, “because the person you see stands between you and the light source. That person blocks meaning.”

The sentence gave rise to a thoughtful silence.

The search for meaning

Medi was the first to grasp what Ator’s image revealed.

She saw the lightless emptiness of power and its hunger for compensation. Feelings of worthlessness were replaced by exaggeration. Demonstrative patriotism became an alibi for a missing sense of community.

The will to meaning had been redirected into a will to power.

In place of values came the need to be superior. Meaning was displaced by dominance. Belonging by exclusion.

And that, precisely, led to existential frustration.

If Medi’s assumption was correct, Rumpelstiltskin had been found. The true name of the conflict was hidden within the search for meaning. And here, the conflict broke open. For meaning is found neither in shadow nor in eclipse.

But where, then?

Medi lowered her voice. Her tone became almost conspiratorial—as if she were sharing a secret meant only for the parties.

“What if,” she asked, after a deliberate pause, “you had so much security, recognition, and authority that victory no longer mattered?”³²

“That doesn’t exist,” Lord Blutahn and Sir Thumm replied in unison.

“That’s true,” Medi said calmly.

“Not as long as you need war to create significance. Not as long as you need narratives to conceal emptiness. Reason does not require propaganda. And true power does not need to fight.”

The Source of Meaning

Ator took over.

“Now we are where mediation is meant to lead us,” he said. “We are no longer asking how victory can be achieved. We are not asking how power can be secured or how war can be ended. At this level, no solution can be found. We are asking about the why—and

³² See der Weg durch die <https://wiki-to-yes.org/Gedankenwelten>

about what we need to give meaning to any solution.”³³

He paused briefly.

“The building blocks for this are found in the dream of a healed world— with content people and nations.”³⁴

He looked at the shadows. “You must face the light. The idea of a healed world is the source of meaning. From it, a shareable vision emerges.”

He hesitated for a moment, then added: “Notice that the word content also contains peace. Peace emerges when people are content.”

“What is your vision?” Medi asked.

“What is your meaning?”

The Candle of Meaning

With that question, something began to change.

“If we face the light,” the shadows objected, “we cease to exist. Why should we do that?”

At least now, they were thinking.

“If your existence can be lost so easily,” Ator replied calmly, “then perhaps it has not yet found its meaning. But who says that you are meaningless? And who says that you lack purpose?”

At that very moment, one of the candles lit itself again.

As Medi tried to extinguish it, she accidentally nudged the candle holder. The burning candle fell from its socket. Its flame touched the neighboring candle. The flame jumped. Now two candles were burning.

Medi paused.

She recognized the symbolism.

And she understood:

Insight can also arise from coincidence.

“A small light,” she said softly, “can multiply without diminishing itself.” Meaning spreads without loss—from candle to candle. Carefully, Medi extinguished both candles and returned them to their holders.

“Too much light at once,” she said with a hint of a smile.

“Too much light changes outlines so radically that it destroys instead of clarifying.”

“The mediation can help,” Ator began, reclaiming the moment.

The secret formula

“Mediation seeks the satisfaction of all,” Ator said. “That is why it enables a face-saving

³³ See <https://wiki-to-yes.org/Ebenentauchen>

³⁴ See <https://wiki-to-yes.org/Gedankenwelten>

change of strategy. It does not approach solutions head-on, but from behind. It develops thought from utopia, not from dystopia.”

“That sounds rather clever,” Lord Blutahn muttered.

“I have no idea how that is supposed to work. From behind, through the chest?”

“The idea that can bring everything together,” Ator explained calmly, “requires a change of perspective. It must take a higher level—one where everything converges. This level lies beyond division. It excludes enmity.”

“Which level is that supposed to be?” the shadows asked, equally skeptical and curious.

“The level that brings everything together,” Ator said thoughtfully, “may, for example, be that of a world builder.”

Ator paused briefly.

His loud thinking took hold.³⁵

The idea of a world builder began to settle in the minds of those present—not as a conqueror, but as a mediator. As someone admired for overcoming hostility, enabling neighborhood, and bringing a peace oriented toward needs rather than toward the capacity for destruction.

The idea was persuasive also because this approach was rooted in a vision that was shareable. As a result, not only did the chances of success grow—so did the potential benefit.

Medi smiled.

“That sounds very reasonable,” she said appreciatively.

Once again, a candle lit itself. This time, no one objected to letting it burn.

The implementation

All very well.

But what did it help if the shadows had gained this insight? They could change nothing. But perhaps they did not have to.

“The search for meaning,” Medi said softly, “is the true source of light. And this source spreads on its own.”

She looked thoughtfully at the candles.

“We don’t have to do anything— except question meaning.”

No sooner had she spoken than Medi realized that her own crisis of meaning had

³⁵ See <https://wiki-to-yes.org/Lautes-Denken>

dissolved as well. She had been searching for a meaningful task. Now she had her answer. “I want to help people,” Medi said quietly. “Them— and myself— in the search for meaning.”

Ator placed his hand on her shoulder.

“What could prepare us better,” he asked, “than mediation?”

They embraced.

“Merry Christmas,” they whispered to each other.

Outside, snow was falling softly. That night, so the story goes, the stars above the Valley of Possibilities shone brighter than usual—as if, for a brief moment, the candle of mediation itself had been lit in the sky.

Arthur Trossen

Epilogue

Mediation can do more than it is often given credit for. The stories of Medi and Ator seek to illustrate this. Even if the two of them do not always get everything right, they offer insight into the mindset of mediation. Sharing these thoughts is a gain. Perhaps that is their meaning. Further background on mediation is available in the Wiki to Yes. At present, the website is available only in German. An English version is currently in preparation. Meet Medi and Ator in the forum “Medi & Ator Tell the Truth.”

Arthur Trossen, Win-Management Ltd. December 23, 2025.