

My Journey with Water

Betty

My inner search started in early childhood and took me around the world to meet different spiritual teachers and encounter various challenges. It reached its peak in the year 2006.

By then, I had become a psychic healer and my training in clairvoyance was complete, I had built up a spiritual school and, of course, I was taking care of family concerns. I was, as one might say, successful.

But still there was this incredible longing in me, an inner wrestling. My wrestling was meant to dissolve the feeling of separation between me and the divine. I had the inner knowing that this was possible but I had just no idea how.

I kept wrestling, no matter what I was doing, whether I was cooking for my family, going for walks, taking care of business. I never let go of my wish that there should not be any veil between the divine and myself. I wanted to have a very clear and direct connection. This longing was my steady companion for many years.

Then one afternoon, while sitting over paperwork on my computer it happened!

Water

I started getting a colossal thirst. I did not think too much about it and drank more water than usual. But my thirst did not stop. There was a pressure inside me which requested me to drink more and more and more water. I started to get anxious and nervous and to walk up and down, always drinking water. And not just sips of water, but by the litre. At the same time I could not eat anything anymore. Every food I tried to eat dried up in my mouth immediately. (Water melon was o.k.) I was not able to eat any more, only liquid was possible. My body was on strike against any food! It only wanted to drink, preferably water. Drinking 8-10 litres of water was nothing! I drank an unbelievable amount. It felt like water was pouring out of all my pores.

It became difficult to leave the house due to this urge for water (as well to empty my bladder). Therefore I stayed at home, drank, kept writing my manuscripts, drank and, as time went by, I fell more and more into a trance-like state.

Since my husband was on a business trip and our two daughters on vacation with friends, I had all the freedom I needed to give myself over to this process. Although one part in me was worried, there was another part totally quiet, peaceful and to some degree also full of joy. So I surrendered to the inner urge without knowing where it would lead me.

‘Somebody or something’ had chosen a very good time, because, as I said before, I was without any daily duties. Also, I had planned to explore the country on a hiking tour with my husband in a most beautiful area of the south of Germany, where, later on, we intended to lead groups on ‘walking meditations’. So at a time when the longing for water was still with

me, I took the train south to meet my husband and go with him on our planned discovery hiking tour.

The first stop – how could it have been otherwise – was at a lake.

This lake is known as a kind of mystic lake. In the middle of the lake are two small islands. On one of the island you find a monastery, on the other island a famous beautiful castle.

I arrived at my small hotel in the evening. The lake was submerged in mystic light, the air was warm and I was looking forward with great joy to greet the next day. In the morning I was woken up by heavy rain. The temperature had dropped drastically, it was shivery cold and unpleasant. Nevertheless my husband and a couple of friends took a small ferry to the island to visit the castle. This island is a very popular place for excursions and many people from different nations go there to visit. Also on this day, in spite of the unfriendly weather, tourist caravans had come to see the castle. We wanted to circumvent the rush and decided to go to the other side of the island, which is normally not visited by people.

Remember, I still needed to drink constantly. It started to become even more wired, having friends around me, who could not believe that I was drinking like a camel. Anyway, we came to the other side of the island, and by the grace of God there were no people around (it was rainy, windy and cold!) ...and here I could not stop but needed to go INTO the water. There was nothing whatsoever that could have stopped me. I pulled off my clothes, nearly ripping them and jumped into the water. There was no other way for me. I needed to be in touch, in communion with the water. What a joy sprang up from inside my heart! I was submerged in pure bliss. I thought my heart would burst through such incredible joy! Here I wanted to be for the rest of my life! Here I wanted to stay for the rest of my life. Nothing else mattered! Everything was totally good, complete in me. If I had died at that moment, I would have achieved whatever I had been looking for. There was nothing more to do! I was home. I had accomplished my goal for living. Experiencing this bliss was incredible! Only with great effort did I leave the water and come 'back to earth'.

The following days

The following days were busy with hiking. Because it was still raining, cascades of water were coming down the mountains. It was an Eldorado for my being. Each and every pond, lake, waterfall, every puddle, became my home. I did not miss a single opportunity to be in contact with water. As often as I could, I walked bare foot, so I could almost 'taste' the water by stepping into it.

I still kept on drinking water in enormous amounts. It must have been around 10 litres a day, and of course my body needed to release water all the time. I needed to taste each and every water on my way, whether it was water from a stream, a river, a lake, a waterfall or a puddle. My senses became more and more sensitive. My food still was only water. I did not eat anything else. And to make sure to find waterfalls and springs off side, people were mysteriously led to us to help finding the hidden treasures. And all these waters were 'swallowed up' by me. I myself turned into water, I felt like water, I was water.

Guidance from above

One afternoon we met a woman who seemed to be bewildered. In order to help her finding her way back, we needed to leave our original hiking route. While discussing and looking at our map to decide which way we should go, a man appeared out of nowhere wearing a rather strange outfit. We did not really feel like talking to him, but he insisted on having some kind of conversation with us. Finally we gave in and, about the same moment, he mentioned a waterfall which, as he explained, was not easy to find but was supposed to be most beautiful with three cascades and lovely pools for swimming. There was no path leading to it, but he gave us all the necessary instructions to find it. Strangely enough, we had not asked for this! Since we needed to rush to our night's lodging, we thanked and left him, wondering what this was all about.

My waterfall

I should have known better, because this information was only another example of the meaningful guidance I had received all the time on our hiking tour.

The next morning when I woke up, again I felt an urge, the unmistakable calling to go to the waterfall that the man had mentioned the day before. I had no idea how far I would need to walk ... but it did not matter at all. I put on my walking shoes, took my walking sticks and off I went. After nearly an hour I came to the place which the man had described. I climbed over a crash barrier and started searching for the hidden gem. Suddenly I heard the rush of water and after a few metres crawling on hands and knees I saw it! There was the first pool. My heart started beating nervously. Why was I brought to this place? What should I do here? Again another waterfall – what for? That could not be the reason!

Initiation

I sat down at the edge of the first pool and listened to the music of the water. Suddenly again I heard the inevitable demand inside me! Immerse yourself in the water! And again I took off all my clothes, following this inner urge. I was able to reach the water in the pool only with difficulty, climbing and sliding down the rocks. Slowly, slowly, sliding down the slippery rocks, I immersed myself in the icy water. I needed to catch my breath because the temperature of the water made my body instantly freeze. But I wanted to obey that inner voice and three times I immersed myself completely in the pool of water. This turned into my baptism.

Freezing and dripping, I sat down at the edge of the pool. My whole body was shaking – because of the excitement, because of an incredible inner joy and because of the cold. I was very much aware that the cascade pool had turned into a basin of baptism. I had experienced an initiation.

I kept sitting at the pool, too stiff to move. Through this physical immobility I experienced an absolute peace and stillness in mind and body. There was no thought in me. I was like a still lake, endless freedom, pure bliss and the brilliance of a lila-golden light streaming through me unceasingly. I do not know for how long I sat there. Time had lost all meaning. Then, suddenly, I heard a soft voice:

“This, what you have experienced was a transformation, something that was called in former times the Praise of God. You have been changed into a God-Being, with the possibility to always have this streaming light floating through you, to master it and to work with it. This streaming is something which will give itself in the water. That means for you, when you give yourself to the people, and in the people, then it will be such that these people will take from you their own message. They can take from that divine flow, they can take something and they can release something.

The cleansing in the pool was for you a direct re-conditioning into your self. It is a re-conditioning into divine thankfulness. It is the crown chakra, which in most cases is detached from the high vibration of spirit, which now has opened. These rituals were the last step to resolve the separation. From now on you are the messenger of the water. You will take the message of the water out into the whole world. It is the message of God to the people, His thank for you. Because through water, people feel the thankfulness of God for our courage and willingness to be on this earth.

Guide the people to the waters, because there they will find healing. When the people regain their ability to thank creation, then it is possible that their own ‘body juices’, their own organs, their own processes, their own healing powers can be put back in their hands. Thankfulness is the acceptance of life. And by this acceptance, the people will teach themselves to embrace their self-healing powers. Through water, man will rediscover his gratefulness to life”.

Back home

That was the culmination point of my process – at least, that’s what I thought. Our hiking days were over and my husband and I drove back home.

Meanwhile my body and spirit had reached a point where I felt that one tiny step more and I could go on living by light and water alone. On the other hand by now my gustatory nerves were so sensitive that I really enjoyed tasting food which I did not like before. The process of the past weeks had sapped a lot of strength from my body and I found myself greatly in need of rest. I am sorry to say that I did not listen to the wise advice of my body but tried to do my daily routine as usual. But again and again, I had to realise that my consciousness was not back to normal. I felt as if I was packed inside cotton balls. A cocoon of energy was all around me. I did the things that needed to be done, but in a trance-like state. On meeting people I reacted outwardly as always, but at the same time I was my own observer who noticed my own actions and behaviour as something strange and automatic without any inner connection. I myself seemed not to be involved in the outer doing or with people around me.

I am not sure whether the people I met found me strange. For myself, every time I met someone it was a tremendous effort. So I preferred and needed to draw back from people and also from my family. Sometimes I sat for hours at a spot without thinking about anything in particular or having a focus on something special. Inside me was absolute peace. Thoughts did not exist. I only felt the continuous flow of that golden-lila light as soon as I closed my eyes. I can imagine how difficult it must have been for my family to experience me in this strange state of being. But to my great delight and thankfulness, my husband and two daughters had total trust in me and offered me their unconditional love.

My hospital experience

Then something, at first sight, frightening happened.

For some days I had experienced intense pain in my shoulder and my strength was dropping to zero. Strenuously I dragged myself through our apartment. The pain in my shoulder increased steadily and soon I was not able to move my head. Since I had been in nature quite a lot and there was a warning out to take care of infections from ticks, I did not want to take a risk and called our family doctor for a check. But she was on vacation and since it was a weekend, the only other possibility was to go in the ambulance to the University clinic. I called my husband who was at a business meeting and asked him to drive me to the ambulance.

I explained to the young doctor my discomfort and pain. He then did a cardiogram. When he saw the results he looked rather perplexed at the papers in his hands, then looked at me, again at the papers and decided (without talking to me) to do a second check. I was concerned about his behaviour, since he seemed to be a bit shocked. After the second check, he called a colleague, showed him the results of my cardiogram. They decided on a third check. Obviously the result must have been the same because now both doctors jumped up, instructing me in a strict voice to lie down on the sick bed and not move. Panic crawled up in me! What was happening? Now only within seconds, a nurse arrived with my husband, pushing a wheelchair!

I was not able to connect the wheelchair to me! What did all this mean? And then I overheard words spoken to my husband: you have to leave your wife with us, we think she has had a heart attack. A sledgehammer hit me. Panic filled my heart. I had had a heart attack? I did not and could not believe it. My husband Peter kept himself steady to give me security and strength. I did not know what to think and what to feel. Within seconds I was brought to the emergency room and connected to a drip. Every ten minutes or so, someone came to check something, I do not remember all the different steps, but I was being watched carefully. Finally night came – my husband had returned home – and I had time to think. What had happened? Were all the experiences I had felt with water only a dream, some imaginary stupidity and had I carelessly treated my body and challenged it too much? Self-accusations crept into my mind.

My choice

I was moved into a room with an old lady. She seemed to have some experience with being ill. She was familiar with all the different possible treatments, which, according to her, did not really bring any improvement, since she spent many months in hospital. To me she seemed to be a bit fatalistic but because I am so used to always questioning any situation in order to find out the bigger picture behind, I listened to her with all the patience I could master.

My urge for water had decreased only a tiny bit, or rather I forced myself to drink as little as possible, which was in the eyes of the nurse evidently still much too much. Due to asking for water, for large amounts of water, the checking of the readings and taking care of my bladder needs we did not become good friends that night.

And I had all the time for thinking. It was just a moment ago when I had experienced absolute bliss, when I had been tumbling out with sheer joy, when my heart was exalting in the intimacy of feeling one with the Divine Force and now here I was lying in bed next to an old lady, who was experienced at being ill, in a hospital emergency room, hanging on a drip, looking into the alarmed faces of doctors and nurses. I simply could not grasp it! Between checking my readings and my 'water problem', I slipped into a trance-like sleep. I was overwhelmed by a flood of pictures. Pictures from my childhood, of people I had met during my life which all seemed to be connected to a certain 'calling', and, again and again, pictures where I was somehow involved with the element of water.

One dream stood out.

I saw myself living close to a lake. I had a special relationship with that lake, I felt like I was the lake. There was a special intimacy: I knew the soul of this water. And I was prepared for something important to do: the knowledge about the Soul of the Waters should be spread all over the globe. Explicitly, India was mentioned. Everything was prepared and I was prepared over many lifetimes. I had a most wonderful bottle with a golden design. Water was contained in this bottle which carried the consciousness of 'oneness with the Divine'. I was prepared and ready to carry this bottle across the oceans, to wherever the consciousness of the Divine intended it to go.

Everything was prepared! But something happened!

Humans, people did not want to receive this consciousness! The bottle was too beautiful! They refused to receive it. The divine was not wanted!

Full of shock, grief and deep, deep frustration, I poured the water back into the lake. I spent many, many weeks on the lake trying to overcome my shock. But I was not able to overcome it totally. Till date a sting is stuck in my heart.

My heart was beating like crazy while I was remembering this inner knowledge. A deep sadness came up. Tears of a long hidden pain were running down my cheeks like torrents.

The tears reminded me of the hundreds and hundreds of nights when I had woken up crying without really knowing the reason, but experiencing a deep sadness and feeling of loss. The vision shown to me now, hanging on a drip supposedly suffering from a heart attack, explained to me that this pain was the experience of a feeling of separation from the oneness of Divine Love and the unwillingness to reunite with it. This realisation was so deep that all of a sudden I understood why I was in the hospital hanging on a drip which was supposed to be saving my life.

All of my sadness, all my longing to be somehow in a different world 'out there', in the past actually focused on the one and only issue: do I want to stay on this earth or do I want to leave?! I had to make a choice!

Crystal clear I saw that here and now I had to make a decision.. Do I want to stay in my body or do I want to leave...in other words die. I KNEW, in that very moment on the sick bed I could make a conscious choice. Both possibilities were in my hands. The longing to go back and to return into the energy of oneness, into the energy of the Almighty, overwhelmed me. Sleeping moments mingled with clear consciousness. I knew I had to make that choice: to live my life fully here on earth or to let it go.

I wondered what it would mean to my two daughters and husband. Was my love for them strong enough not to leave them behind? My heart turned soft and wide. If only for my family...it would be enough of a reason to stay.

And there was still the water! This indescribable feeling of oneness and bliss which I had experienced in and by and through the water! Here on earth! I did not need to leave to another world to experience that unconditional love. That was what the water had wanted to show me. In the water I had found my answer.

When the nurse came to check out my reading I told her that I wanted to go home the next morning. She looked at me and said, "If your readings are like what I see here there is no way that you can leave."

But I knew better because I knew that I had chosen to be alive! And to the astonishment of the doctors and nurses within the next hours, the readings on my 'navigation machine' changed. When the morning came, all my readings were o.k.

When the doctor came for the general visit, I asked him if I could go home. He looked at me with a somewhat surprised expression and told me that I should have some more investigations just to be sure. After talking to my husband, I agreed and had more check-ups which were all negative.

Around noon, all the check-ups were completed and I asked the doctor for his diagnosis. He explained to me that the check-ups had given him no explanation for my life-threatening state the day before. He suggested that it might be a virus and I should double-check with my family doctor. For sure I had had no heart attack. With these words I left the hospital. My family doctor too was satisfied with the condition of my body. The pain in my shoulder stayed for some time and then vanished.

Renewal

In my seminars I consistently talk about 'conscious choice' and the significance of a fundamental choice as a cornerstone for any genuine change. During the night in hospital, I was able to experience in great clarity in a new dimension the immense power of such choice, which, here, was the choice of life or death. Possibly it may not have been a physical death, perhaps it was just meant to bring me to the point of 'choosing life fully', and to let go of emotional death or even death on the level of the soul. Although I experienced it as a choice for or against physical life, it is not altogether so significant. More important and essential was my inner examination and experience in my consciousness that it is possible to say YES to life, fully, totally and completely, with all your heart. This is what led me to a renewal and gave me a complete new quality of life.

Impact

Slowly I returned to my normal life, consulting and giving healing sessions. But I have discovered something very new. When people come to me regularly for consulting sessions, I come to the point during the session when I am asked to let go of all words and 'smart answers' and to turn to the working of a specific energy, which I call 'The lila golden light Energy'. If I hear that voice, which offers itself in an intensive force and embraces me like a warm coat, I feel a vibration in all of my cells which is exactly the same as what I experienced at the waterfall.

Being in that beautiful enchanting energy, I am able to work in the energy body of the person, in the invisible body shell which surrounds people. What I mainly do is straighten out the energy lines, which might be crooked due to difficult life-situations or stress impacts which have affected the balance. One might say I am working as an 'energy osteopath'. The treatment has the effect of reconnecting the person with himself and he returns to the divine joy which is a part of his being. Out of all this, the person leaves balanced and clear. He feels well again and his daily duties are easier to fulfil. The energy which is flowing through me seems to skim off the emotional pain as well as the hurts on a soul level.

But it also happens that people come to me with no special request for consulting. At first these people greatly disturbed me as I thought that they were disorientated. But soon I learned something astonishing. An elderly lady came and after I had asked her what I could do for her, she said that she only wanted to sit next to me:

"I do not have a special request, I only want to be allowed to sit with you. That always feels so good and after a while I am full of trust in myself and very happy."

Of course, the element water is often part of an energy session. Sometimes I am asked to put a bowl of water under the massage table as a basin to release all the 'old stuff'. Sometimes I am asked to put one of my hands into a bowl of water while the other one works on the light body. Other times I am asked to put some water on the crown chakra or some other energy centres of the body or I am asked to produce some lila-golden-light-water bottles to use as homoeopathic 'medicine'. All these different procedures are leading to amazing results in my clients. Meanwhile I have a collection of waters from all different regions of the world. I energise them according to the needs of my clients. I also offer water tastings to sharpen their consciousness about water. I also offer 'water hiking tours'.

The most significant aspect of my work, no matter which form I am using, is to remove emotional pain as well as to cleanse the light body. The effects are manifold. I can say without any hesitation that these clients have a new direction in life. They feel well and centred and experience a connection to life or the Divine Presence. It is energy work where water is used to bring something into flow and the 'juices of the body' especially are cleansed so that emotional 'dirt' can leave the body. Sometimes the water is used as a tool and I am used as a messenger of the water.

Messages of the water

I am very happy about the fact that the knowledge of water's capability is increasingly spreading over the world. If someone is thirsty and asks for water to still his thirst, I am very happy if he defines water as a delicacy.

It is painful to me if water is wasted and used without care or becomes polluted. One reason is due to ecology and our need for water, but the other reason for me lies in the experience I had: finding the love of God in the water. This experience will always be with me and wherever and whenever I can, I will use the mystical knowledge I received in my initiation to support people to remember their own divinity and to return into the arms of the Divine.

Some information:

Water as a primary bearer carries light. Light nourishes man with warmth, strength and energy.

The divine principle created through water a picture of itself.

The significance of water is the capacity to carry information.

Water carries God in itself.

Release of pain and letting go is done by water and tears.

Water has the quality of devotion.

Informed and programmed water is helpful during emotional processes.

In water we find the thankfulness that God has for us.