

# OVER THE BRIDGE OF FLOWERS

A warm summer hung over the country this year. My dear, beautiful soul. You had called me. We had not seen each other for such a long time . On the phone you begged me to come soon, you needed my help and had something you wanted to discuss with me. When I swiftly drove to you and took you in my arms, I didn't let my consternation show. What I saw when I found you, my sister goddess, was only a shadow of the beauty you had once been. Your delicate face was puffy and swollen from the many cortisone treatments. Your hair had fallen out as a result of the chemo treatments. Your tender body had been reduced to its essence. For eight months you had been taking part in a so-called study after having been diagnosed with cancer, which would also include more radiation therapy, you told me in a weak voice.

You and I had two days and two nights, precious time for us. Your older daughter, who devotedly looked after you, then had the opportunity to have a good night's sleep at a friend's house. The diagnosis you received was breast cancer on the left side. That was eight months ago. Why hadn't you called me earlier? A great sadness spread within me. I found out from you that you had worked in an unloved profession. You had been under enormous pressure to perform. The expensive boarding school fees for your children had to be paid for by you in addition to your high standard of living. Of course you wanted to make your contribution.

According to the findings of Dr. Hamer, in his New Germanic Medicine, the conflict behind the breast cancer on the left side was a mother-child and nest conflict. Only a traumatic blow that caught you completely unprepared and off-guard could have triggered this cancer constellation. In your tenderness you had been completely overwhelmed by your job and by the performance stress to which you were exposed. So the conflict, which struck an already weakened body, had had an easy time of it. You had nothing with which to resist the attack. The torture of conventional medicine had done its part to devastate your beauty. I knew that tracking down the conflict at this point



in time would not have been able to turn the tide. So I refrained from a clarification that would no longer serve you. Our conversations did you good. You felt much better in my presence, while I was very tired in the evening.

Deep inside I felt with paralysing sadness that you had already made the decision for your future within yourself. Your gaze was always in the other world. My hand, which held yours, could no longer hold you back in this life. Our days spent together were accompanied by light, fragrant spring rain. The greening and bourgeoning outside in nature could not be stopped, but you would want to go. Nevertheless, I discussed further nutritional programmes with you with cautious hope. I painted visions of recovery in delicate pastel shades. In vain I tried to cautiously offer you the prospect of a new future. "There would be a second chance after all. You don't have to remain in an unloved situation. At 46, you are still young enough for a new beginning," I read in the lines of your so delicate hand. Your gaze was absently directed into space. I felt that my words no longer reached you. I saw that you would no longer choose this path. The dark shadows of death around your pale beauty made me infinitely sad. The conflict that had reached you unexpectedly and in isolation, was already far from being resolved when I came. I let you know that I would value and accept your every decision. I heard you take a deep breath. A sigh of relief escaped your lips. At last you had someone close to you who was not desperate to stop you from making your choice. Your decision hung unspoken in the air. In me you had found a person who did not want to simply 'take' this disease away from you. You had made the choice to experience yourself once again in this illness. The dying forces had long since numbed you. Your life forces were broken. Together we shared the silence.

"If you want to take the other path," I began carefully, "I would like you to know that you need never be afraid. I know what I am talking about, I have been there. Trust me. When you leave this body, you will soon see a light, then orient yourself to this light. This light has a feeling. This feeling is a love that is so comprehensive that I cannot describe it in words. If you want, I



will be there at your side. Then I will find you there on the other side. I promise you that. Do you agree with that? I will use my holy work for you and with you."

The twilight had already plunged the room into a blue darkness. I barely noticed your gentle nod of the head. I lit some candles. We were silent, there was nothing more to say. With both hands I enclosed your delicate little fingers. My feelings were in violent conflict with one another. On the one hand there was the deep respect for your choice and on the other hand the sadness about the early loss of so much unfinished beauty. It was with a heavy heart that I parted from you after these precious days.

When I returned home a little later and spoke to your husband by phone, he confirmed to me that it had really only been a flickering of your life candle in my presence. He told me that you had been withdrawing into yourself earlier and earlier and that you were no longer speaking. For us on this plane in this world, as I had clearly felt, it had been a goodbye never to be seen again.

A few months later you left this world that was so unloved by you. We laid you to rest under a sea of white roses. When I returned home after your funeral, the time had come to keep the promise I had made to you. I had promised you that I would pick you up on the 'other' side and accompany you wherever your consciousness was calling you.

This wonderful end-of-life accompaniment, which begins with death, beyond death, is called the 'Dreamwalk' by the 'Ascended Master Tobias'. Tobias was transmitted at that time by the great medium Geoffrey Hoppe. Since I myself had experienced the Otherworld in the same way as it was presented in the 'Dreamwalk Process', I had welcomed this special accompaniment into the Otherworlds with joy and let it flow into the processes of HolyClearing. A few days after your farewell celebration I began this Holy Process at my home.



I went to my Holy Temple and with the wonderful music of Robert Coxon brought myself into a light state of trance that would open my inner perception. In my hand I held the anchor that would bring me back to this world. I met you in the near earth plane, the infrared frequency. The infrared plane is the realm we reach when our consciousness and soul have left the earthly body. On this new plane we then get the body that is adapted to this plane, in this case an infrared body. It is very similar to our body, only more subtle, because it vibrates faster and more finely.

Then I perceived you. You were so tender, so confused, so lost. I immediately took you in my arms. How beautiful you were and how gracefully clothed in this delicate white batiste dress. Surprised and full of joy, I also perceived my two female dogs, who had also changed levels years ago. Then I released you from my embrace and took the first step. Soon I felt your right hand in my left. Slowly, step by step, to the sounds of music, we made our way up the well-trodden meadow path to a green alpine pasture. The valleys to the right and left lay in dark shadows. We soon reached a portal to a large city. Under the protection of our spiritual friends and some ascended masters who accompanied us, we followed the road that led us through the chaos of the city. The animals stayed close together and close to us. Silently, in the timelessness, we reached the next portal and thus the crystalline plane.

This had been the plane from which I myself had returned with countless questions during my excursion into the Otherworld. Overwhelming beauty of sounds and plays of colour alternated like in a kaleidoscope. I felt the grip of your small hand tighten in my left hand. On the second plane I had repeatedly feared that you would lack the strength to go on. Your ethereal form had become more and more transparent. But now, when I looked around for you in the crystalline plane, I was amazed and astonished to see the most beautiful angel I could imagine at my side. You were so radiant, so full of beauty, so sovereign and graceful. My breath was taken away. Here you let me know: "Thank you for being with me and for explaining the way so openly. Thank you for reminding me. But above all, thank you for telling me not to be afraid. It



helped me a lot, because as a human being I was not completely free of fear. Thank you for coming. Please take me all the way home now. Even here in this crystalline beauty I do not want to linger."

Deeply moved, I saw you with my inner eye and heard You with my inner ear. I was impressed by your majestic luminous beauty. Weightlessly we passed through the fourth portal. Our feet touched the most delicate petals. The impressive 'Bridge of Flowers' unfolded before our inner eyes. The 'Bridge of Flowers' is the last instance before the true transition. On the other side of the bridge, at a safe distance, we perceived the overwhelming radiant presence of our angelic family. Their high frequency tension would immediately dissolve my earth frequency if I got too close to them. Now was the time for the true goodbye. Once more we embraced. Once again you gave me a last message: "Tell the beings who were my parents in this life that I loved them. I came to them as an angel, but they did not recognise me. Now I am at home. All is well. I thank you for accompanying me."

With these words you left me. Your luminous figure was soon merged with the high-frequency light of your angelic family. You were home. My task was fulfilled, my promise kept. But it was impossible for me to detach myself from this radiant presence.

I also recognised my own angelic family there. The seductive question was put to me: "And you, beloved, do you also want to come home to us? You know you can choose, you don't have to go back." What a question! Hot tears of longing and homesickness streamed down my cheeks. But I did not hesitate for a moment. "No. I choose again to live on Terra, I choose to live with my precious daughter and with the people I love. My service, for which I came, is not yet finished. It begins again when I begin." My heart swayed longingly. However, my mind made up, together with the group that had accompanied me, I turned and began the descent.

After a reasonable time, and with a deep breath, I reconnected with my physical body. I was back in my physical body. I felt the silver anchor, the



silver heart warm in my hand. I breathed a sigh of relief. The venture had succeeded. I was back, safely landed in my physical body.

"Allow me one more comment, my tender friend, wherever you find yourself now, if my words now reach you in a similar situation. You bewitchingly beautiful angel, I know you can hear me. In addition to your tiredness of life, my dear, another consequence of your attitude had led to your death. It is important that you know and store it in your consciousness and in your soul for a possible new incarnation. The human body only provides the adrenaline release and thus the energy necessary to resolve a conflict for a certain period of time. If this time, which interestingly is about nine months, is not used to resolve the conflict, the conflict remains active. This prevents the special cancer programme from entering the healing phase. The continuous release of adrenaline depletes the body. This depletion can then lead to death. We always have a choice, my dear. For you too, there was a traumatic conflict in your life that caught you off guard, which you were unable to talk about. In your particular case, you did talk, to me, but unfortunately too late. And know: You will always be loved. May the wonderful music of Robert Coxon guide you or even the voice of Anders Holte in 'Lemurian Home Coming'."



*Renata Maria Witz*