



MY DEATH IN AMERICA

The Misery of Reincarnation
under the light of
A Course in Miracles®

A Riddle of Fate
based on a true story

Reinhard Lier

Hermann Hesse
Der
Steppenwolf

Jrteil

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LEBEN

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Impressum

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Introduction

When one turns 52 years old, some biographical events are slowly fading. Former painful obstacles have been overcome and have lost their meaning for the further course of life. Still, authentic experiences may be helpful for other people, too, if they have led to healing solution processes. Thus, I'm looking back on the incidences of the first 26 years of my life. The angle has been extended by 26 years and is today mainly based on the spiritual training "A Course in Miracles" and the Family Systems Therapy, the so called, Family Constellation.



Is there reincarnation? The answer is: Yes and No. Like any other illusion, it is just a dream within a dream and thus insignificant under the light of the highest truth, the pure MIND. At the same time, reincarnation, as a construct, can serve the process of awakening from all painful and joyful dreams, to return into the PEACE OF GOD. Yet



it is helpful to understand the history of human suffering, in order to find the exit from the theatre of illusion of this world. All of this shall be illuminated in the second part of the book. But first, my almost forgotten story. I've been through all of that and endured all of that. After these first 26 years of my life I had been thinking that if I added all my happy moments I would not even come up with a whole week of happiness – one week within 26 years. And I have a feeling that a lot of people, maybe even most people, relate to that. We all suffer, be it in silence or loudly wailing, and search for the healing light. Today I 'm experiencing this light within my mind and it makes me happy when other people start seeing it within their minds. This light brings

calmness and peace into the face of a world acting insane and murderous. There is no more necessity to take up the sword and fight in a world which is the effigy of my mind only.

If there is a battle, then it is a mental one and the human soul is the actual battlefield. This is where the decision for war or peace is made. This is where our remaining power is: In the mind. Bodies are born and die. Nothing remains. May this book serve the awareness of the infinity of life, even though “my life” or “my many lives” have still taken place on the level of illusion. May this book support the inner healing process of the reader and lead to more compassion for oneself and for Others. Since the Other one is me, as well. We are the one Son of God who suffers from a billion fold splintering. The One thing that matters is: That we forgive ourselves and others all deeds, which we have actually never done. They were just dreams: Our silly, painful little dreams. May we start seeing the LIGHT of ETERNITY in our minds.

Reinhard Lier

Wolfhalden, Schweiz, January 19th 2013



Part 1
A Riddle of Fate
Based on a true story



I have caused suffering for other people
and I have suffered myself.
I have lived through life and death.
I have affirmed and negated many a thing.
I have fought and I have been attacked
and have lived to see war and peace.
Out of this a desire arose, a desire for something
which can hardly be described.
Some call it peace –
Or even more: love.

Jolting

Repeatedly I have asked myself if what I'm trying to describe in the following pages equates to the actual truth or at least to the way how I have subjectively experienced it. Recognizing truth or a single true awkward event hits the soul on its deepest level.

Interesting in this connection is the phenomenon of the so called allergic reaction. A person has an allergic reaction (mentally-emotionally overwhelming or physically defending) only to things which are still an unsolved conflict to his subconscious mind. An allergic reaction triggers a painful sore spot in the soul, a problem of the past urges into the layers of the conscious mind.

Becoming consciously aware of your personal truth of fate is a process of suffering, which upsets the soul badly and throws it out of balance. I've been experiencing this since my early childhood to such an extent that this painful memory has caused me to look into my past in detail. When looking back on my way through all turmoil of fate, experiencing ones own death does play an important role, still I'm recognizing it as just another incident within the infinitely greater web of fate. This dying was preceded by a lot, and I've experienced its consequences, if I may call it that way, in my later respectively current life.

The wiser higher guidance which I sense as divine love, has allowed me, by grace, to get an insight into the meaningfulness of the paths of destiny, about which I'll be telling here. I thank the SPIRITUAL WORLD for all its aids.



The birth of Reinhard Lier

We are writing in the year 1960. My father, the pharmacist Dr. Werner Lier, had settled in a little town in Niedersachsen (Lower Saxony), Germany, in the year 1957. His wife Gisela was expecting her second child in the spring of 1960. This is the start of my incarnation as Reinhard, son of the ambitious pharmacist Dr. Werner Lier.



The house of my childhood: my father's pharmacy

After finally making my way into a material body on a crispy morning in May, my start was clouded by a scoliosis . Thus I had to spend some time in a plaster bed which caused agony to myself and my mother, who set me free of the corset in a bold, daring



With my parents, August 1961

action. Regular physical exercises followed and my spine got better soon. Looking back now, it reveals quite clearly how early signs for a disturbed relationship towards my mother, or rather, towards the issue *mother* showed. In those early years of childhood, I often woke up sweaty, hunted from a nightmare. In that dream, I entered our apartment and had to slowly walk down the aisle towards the kitchen turning to the right. I could see a bright red glow of fire as a reflection coming from the kitchen. Every time I felt attacked by the mischief of foreboding fear, I gazed into the kitchen: A terrifying witch with a long sharp knife in her hand approached me angrily. The kitchen stove was open, ready to devour its victim. That witch

woman yelled out loud, which meant the end of my life. I always woke up at this point terrified with fear to go back to sleep and to have to meet the witch again.

My childhood and teenage time was clouded by a strange heaviness. I grew up in a good middle-class family, and wasn't missing anything externally. I often felt inferior and somehow out of place. Every New Years Eve, a life neglecting, pessimistic thundercloud came upon me, which unloaded in dark foreboding and sniveling weeping. Back then I felt that there was a tough road ahead of me with a lot of

physical illnesses and mental pain. When I was about three years old, I became the victim of a stay in the hospital for several days. Even today I can still recall my



Happy moments with my father, 1962

weeping and crying when my parents left me in that crib all by myself. The door of the room shut and the parental protection was taken away from me. A world of basic trust collapsed. It was incomprehensible for me to be left alone. I experienced an overwhelming feeling of powerlessness, a complete surrender to strangers.

Since I was six years old I've suffered from hay fever during the summertime. I spent most of the time in a lightly darkened, cool room or at the Baltic sea, which helped a lot to release the symptoms. At that time, I first mentioned to my parents that I'd go to America some day. They didn't take my words seriously.



My father: Dr. Werner Lier painting by R. Lier, 1980

My father used to train young people in his pharmacy. When I was six years old a young man called Anton Eichenfeld, applied as a student apprentice. Sometimes I talked to him during the lunch break and we'd take his car to the gas station. Anton was still living with his grandmother, in the same town as me and my family. His father was killed during the last days of war and his mother had immigrated to the USA in the late 1940's.

In the meantime, Anton Eichenfeld, passed the Pharmacist Licensure Examination and was writing on his doctoral thesis. Shortly before Christmas in 1973, he came to visit on a Sunday morning. I still recall that memorably scene precisely: Anton was very pessimistic and life-denying, which



Anton in the pharmacy, 1966

proved true in the conversation with my mother. He must have been deeply desperate. Today I understand how this encounter was a final cry for help from Anton. We learned later that he had already been addicted to drugs for a long time. I also talked to him on that day and he told me about his mother in America who owned a farm there, with horses and a lot of other animals. I was very touched by his descriptions and I was wondering why on earth he wasn't in America staying with his mother. I remember very well how I wanted to be in his place when I listened to the descriptions and how I wanted to have a mother with a farm and animals in America. I was very impressed and envied Anton a little.



My father and Anton at a party, 1966

In the spring of 1974 something terrible happened: Anton Eichenfeld committed suicide. I remember three gentlemen from the University coming to my father's store at noon, delivering the sad message. Then his grandmother got informed and my parents tried to phone Anton's mother in America. The long-distance connection was bad. I can still hear my mother shouting the sentence "Anton is dead" into the phone. It hit us all badly: The young pharmacist successfully working on his thesis had brought his life to an end because of an unhappy love relationship. His girlfriend told us later how Anton had threatened her with committing suicide, if she would leave him.

The encounter

Events now were rushing at me. Anton's mother, Margarete Miller, came with her second husband, John from America to Germany to bury her son. From the moment I saw her I had just one thought and wish: *Oh, if only she were my mother!*

There was a magical attraction on both sides. For Margarete I became a kind of substitute son. She and her husband John had become my chosen family. Together with them I had a wonderful time, which



Magical encounter on my parents' balcony

touched me in a weird, dreamlike way. Margarete suddenly wanted to pass her farm on to me and I was supposed to come and visit as soon as possible. Since I was only 14 years old, my parents wanted to wait at least until my 16th birthday before they would let me travel to America

In the year 1975 Margarete returned to Germany to visit her mother in-law and we spent a lot of time together. She talked about America, the farm and the animals. We



both loved horses and life in the country very much. I had started horse-back riding at the age of ten. Now I asked at the American embassy in Frankfurt to get the immigration papers in order to prepare for my most important goal: A life in America. Since 1974, shortly after Anton's death, I visited Margarete's former mother in-law almost weekly. There was a strict ritual for me and I was always longing for that. First, I was listening to Martha Eichenfeld's old stories, which she

repeated regularly. Then, I asked her to get the box with the pictures from America and tell me details about the farm and the life there, which she herself only knew from letters and descriptions. The pictures fascinated me. Another world, to which I was strongly pulled to and glared at me.

Anton's nightly visits

After Anton's death, I started having a weird series of nightmares, which from then on strained me badly for several years. I called the phenomena *spiral dream*, since I moved upwards spirally to a point where the spiral burst off and I fell all the way into the deep. I woke up overwhelmed by the feeling that I had forfeited my life and that I was to commit suicide. Even when awake I could not get rid of the feeling that I was actually supposed to kill myself with a knife. After this horrible dream, I could actually feel the command to eventually end my life for about twenty to thirty minutes. In despair, I used to crawl into my father's bed where I always regained strength quickly. Today, I am aware of what



The second awakening

had happened: Anton's soul had paid me a visit, since I was sensitive and open for it. He transferred the agonizing feeling of his suicide to me in order to somehow get ease his pain. However, back then I could not see the connection. Only many years later did I realized that a lot of souls in the afterworld are not aware of the fact that they have died since they do not believe in life after death. Especially suicide victims do pass on the feeling of committing suicide to others, even to people still living in the mortal world. Over many years Anton paid me a visit regularly, usually every two or three weeks. It was always horrible since I felt this obsessive thought so dreadfully real. It was a form of external control, which I could not understand back then because I did not have the necessary background knowledge.

The four journeys to America

In the year 1976 I was so excited and looking forward to my first visit to America. I was obsessed with learning the English language and it came strikingly easy to me. However before I left I felt the urge to perform a kind of ritual. I fell a birch tree, which I had once planted myself, in my birth

month in mid May. I then cut the whole tree into pieces and took a piece of the trunk with me to America, in order to burn it there and to meld the ash with the soil. I was compelled to do this, without knowing why.



The farm in Kansas, around 1981



Margarete and John on a horse-parade

So I went to Frankfurt, Germany with my birch trunk in my luggage and from there flew to Chicago. Later at night I arrived in Kansas City. Margarete and John gave me a warm welcome. Margarete informed me in German right away that John had changed a lot in a peculiar way. He talked a lot, was extremely jolly, which later on changed to an episode of depression. It must have been a manic depression since in the manic episode he wanted to buy me everything and give his house and farm to me.

We drove several hours in a big limousine that night until we finally arrived in a little town in the Mid-West of the USA at one in the morning. We went on the farm the following morning and I recall how I could see everything in a magical-dreamlike clarity. Streets, houses, trees, telegraph poles, fields and animals, everything seemed somehow familiar. I felt that this was the end of my searching, this was where I wanted to stay. However then something happened which irritated me a lot:



Margarete with the horses, Reinhard on her right

Whenever I talked about issues like death and the afterworld, faith and religion in the conversation with Margarete, I felt her rejection. Yes, she considered all of that as children's fairy tales, since it would be all over for her after death. At the most, parents would live on through their children, which in her case due to Anton's death was not possible. She brushed my believe in God and a life after death off as something wacko and unrealistic. This hurt me a lot and I avoided that topic as much as possible. I realized her allergic reaction to that perception and how bitter she was.

As far as my feelings were concerned I increasingly felt something new towards her: I felt love and hate at the same time, attraction and rejection meshed. Obviously, she felt the same, since she would glorify me with praise at one moment and in the next devastate me with ongoing scathing criticism. I was in a constant state of changing emotions. Still, I absolutely wanted to come back to see her the following year after this first visit, and she wanted that very much, too. Nevertheless, I did suffer from the enormous tension in our relationship and I started buying oil-colors in fall 1976 and started painting. With my pictures I tried to face my emotional ongoing with all its abyss. Here are some of the strongest emotional expressions of my painting shown to clarify the inner processes.



1979 at school in Itzehoe



I was looking forward excitedly to my second visit and packed my most important photographs, films and keepsakes. I stored these things for a long period of time in my bank's safety deposit box in my American homeland since I wanted to ensure my rightful place in America. Furthermore, I was scared to go on the trip, the

airplane could crash, I might be rescued together with other passengers but my luggage with my valuables might lay on the sea bottom. For that reason I tried to pack everything waterproof, since the things might be recovered later on. Back then, I felt that losing these keepsakes would threaten my identity.



South of France near Perpignan 1980

The second visit at Margaret's in 1977 went even worse. I spent almost three months there, since I had gotten an extension for my vacation due to the move of my parents to Schleswig-Holstein. It was



paradoxical: When I was there with her I swore myself to never come back to America. When I was in Germany I put all my effort into going back to America. I wanted to study there, get a profession and finally immigrate. Voluntarily I studied the English language at night and I took extra lessons with a British teacher.

During one of my visits to America, I felt again, after having a nightmare, the strong command to kill myself. I could not and did not want to tell Margarete about this torture



and so I took her dog to calm down and get my strength back. Anton has followed me even to America, where he had always wanted to live in my place.

My conversations with Margarete and John often circled the topic *emigration*. I remember an evening at the farm when we were talking about immigration requirements and how Margarete described the difficulties of getting into the USA. It had been the same for her son Anton. He wanted to move to the USA, but he would have had to repeat his studies. I learned later on that Anton had made two attempts to commit suicide with pills *because of an*

unhappy love relationship after his studies, but was found in time by his grandmother. Anton suffered deeply because of the missing father and the separation from his mother, who he visited in America almost every year. Saying goodbye always became a painful ordeal, since his desire to stay in America was extremely strong. It was the same for me: I was desperate about the fact of how difficult it was to get to America. On that night I went to one of the vast meadows and cried bitterly. My lifeblood was hurt, I felt attacked within my deepest part of my soul, since here also I recognized Margarete's rejection towards a part of me. This ambivalent feeling was grueling so that I fell into a melancholic shallowness of which I could hardly escape.



Summer Academy Salzburg 1980

When I was back in 1979 at the age of 19, I went to a school in West Virginia, where I wanted to study. There I had a mental breakdown since I heard an inner voice advising me to leave this place as soon as possible. Somehow I was relieved, but I did not give up my plan to study in America yet.

I want to add a weird experience which I had in two different situations, when I got into a state of shock. It was Germany in 1979 when my car was hit by a stolen car driven by teenagers joyriding. Both cars stopped

and the teenagers jumped out of their car and ran away. I was so surprised that I started yelling at the running guys in English. For one or two minutes I could actually speak English only. In a different moment of shock this had happened, too. Somehow deeper layers of my mind merged and the every-day Reinhard was pushed aside. However back then I did not understand the deeper meaning of these incidents.



Since 1977 I had suffered from a heavy skin disease with severe itching. I scratched my skin till it bled, I could only come through the night with sleeping pills and I ran barefoot over the snowy fields on one winter's day out of despair. This disease called Neurodermitis made me fall into despair and demanded all my mental strengths. It always got a lot better when I was in America where I was closer to my issue of fate.



In spite of that, I managed to graduate in 1980 and applied at the Fine Arts College the *Rode Island School of Design* in the United States of America. For a year I worked intensively on the application material until I finally went to America to study in the summer of 1981. I got actually accepted by the Fine Arts Academy in Rhode Island, a dream came true which turned into a nightmare soon. In the USA I experienced seven months and seven days of enormous mental agony. The inner battle reached its peak.

Suicidal thoughts intruded. More and more I started to question the meaning of my study since I realized that this was not my actual mission. In October 1981 I heard the inner voice once more telling me that I should resign from the Academy immediately. Significantly for that I also got an outer sign since a student handed a book marker to me with the English words on it: *Then I heard the voice of the Lord saying, "Whom shall I send? And who will go for us?" And I said, "Here am I. Send me!"* (Jesaja 6,8)





Desperate in Providence, R.I., 1981

One thing was clear for me: I was supposed to and had to go back to Germany. Then I informed my parents over the phone and also called Margarete, who begged me to come and visit for a couple of weeks and stay over Christmas. This was exactly what I had intended not to do, not to give in but she weakened my resolutions and I went to see her in Kansas in November. The worst time with her was to come. Tensions were increasing and I did not see the cause for it. She now lived full time on the farm together with her husband but worked also in town. During the day I spent time with the animals but mostly I lay in bed completely weak since I was losing strength constantly. When Margarete returned from work in the afternoon I fled to the wide meadows so that I didn't have to meet her right away. I

conspired my escape to just get away from this place of torture. Unfortunately my plane was scheduled on a specific date and I didn't have the money to go somewhere else in the meantime. So I was somehow *caught* on this farm-island in the boonies, in the middle of nowhere.

There I had to go through inner battles, accusations and humiliations. Margarete expressed her bitterness and her many disappointments in life through her back-breaking negativity. For me this meant enormous agony, which seemed without end. Since when I returned back to Germany in January 1982, Margarete appeared in my dreams and continued to



At the farm in Kansas, Christmas 1981

chase me. Even when I was awake I heard a voice in a telepathic way telling me that I should now finally commit suicide.

In the spring of 1982 I started my education as an alternative practitioner in Hamburg, Germany. I was asking myself over and over again why Margarete kept chasing me so intensely. I was missing one essential part in this still chaotic mosaic. There were signs from time to time but I could not quite figure them out. Like for example, I fell in love with an elder woman and imagined with strong emotional fantasy being a child within her body resting there safe and secure. Such signs appeared clearly but I was unable to reveal the answer to the riddle. It was not before fall 1982 that after severe emotional struggling I could surprisingly hear a clear voice inside of me telling me the answer: *You are related in a karmic way with Margarete.*

This sentence moved me deeply and I spent a sleepless night thinking about who I could have been in Margarete's life. The thought about the concept of reincarnation was very familiar and so my first guess was I could have been her first husband, Dr. Jürgen Eichenfeld. He was sent to war shortly before the end of the war as a doctor for the military and died in a battle against the Americans in the spring of 1945.



At the same time Margarete Eichenfeld realized that she was pregnant and gave birth to her son Anton in the beginning of the year 1946. Who then lived most of the time with Margarete's parents in-law Martha and Karl-Friedrich Eichenfeld in the little town in Niedersachsen (Lower Saxony), Germany where my father had settled as a pharmacist in 1957.

My mother told me more details about Margarete's life. In the hard tough post-war years, she got the opportunity to go to America together with a girl-friend for a limited time. Her friend came back soon, but Margarete stayed in America from the end of the 1940's to build a new better existence for herself and her son. Being a trained nurse it didn't take her long to find a job in a little town in Kansas. She wanted to have her son following as soon as possible, but for some reasons this never happened. She went to see her son occasionally for Christmas or in the summertime at his grandparents.



As a student for alternative practitioner
in Hamburg, 1982

Anton came several times to see his mother in the USA. He got along well with her second husband and would have liked to have stayed only for his grandparents' sake who had lost their only son in the war, he kept going back, which led him into increasingly deep emotional conflicts. In these years, he asked a life counselor of a newspaper for advice about how to deal with a specific situation; he didn't want to hurt his grandparents nor his mother.

I was turning it over and over in my mind trying to find out what this was supposed to have to do with me. Then I visited the birthplace of Dr. Jürgen Eichfeld, Margarete's first husband, in February 1983. I arrived in a little village near Göttingen, Germany where I talked to elder residents. Pictures of the time were shown to me but I didn't feel touched, all of that did not mean anything to me. I even went to Anton's grave. Disappointed, I left again.

It was then that I remembered that my mother had told me about an abortion which Margarete had had in the 1950s in one of the many personal conversations. Margarete had spoken about this pregnancy to my mother. In the early 1950's she got married in America to the civil engineer and farmer John Miller and got pregnant a few years later. She had stayed in contact with her son who lived in Germany through letters and on the phone. When she found out that she was pregnant she called her son and asked how he would feel if he had

a new little brother or sister. He reacted headless threatening that he would then kill himself. Out of panic to become completely pushed away, he didn't want to tolerate any brothers or sisters. Her son's reaction threw Margarete into deep desperation and she had her pregnancy terminated.





My suspicion was clear: I might have been the child who was supposed to be given birth by Margarete in America. Now I started to put together the many pieces of the puzzle. One incident during that period of time made me think. In my educational training I got the opportunity to observe embryos in all different states of growth which were kept in big jars. The sight of these prenatal creatures shocked me deeply. I wanted to humbly kneel down to express my sympathy and compassion. I found it disgraceful that one could ogle these defenseless beings. I could hear a silent scream inside myself.

The experience of the abortion

In March 1983 it finally happened: The veil of oblivion was lifted. I did receive clarity and a few days later I wrote into my diary:

I woke up at night feeling something awkward, something threatening. When closing my eyes I saw a point of light which grew bigger and bigger and turned into an embryo. I recognized this embryonic molding which scared me and made me panic when it grew bigger. Then suddenly I became a formation of light and everything was transferred to me. My feet and legs became sweaty, I was shivering and terrified for my life. Suddenly I felt a force tearing at me, tearing me out of something safe and familiar. I started breathing harder and harder, I was completely conscious and went through a death struggle. When the tearing and stabbing became unbearable it made me jump out of bed. I felt like I was going insane and complained in English: How can you do that? I had been expelled, pulled out, eliminated and removed.



That must be similar to the drama a soul experiences when being aborted. This must have been the abortion I had been through, since my supposed mother would not get off my mind since we had met again 9 years ago. I was wondering: This might explain all my desperate attempts to get to America? And the unconscious effort to reunite with the still existing mother, to reconcile, to set both of us free from the hellfire this incident has taken us? Why this love-hate relationship to Margarete which has been bothering me for so many years? I kept thinking about this, I still had my doubts and asked a higher spiritual guidance for a clear sign from above.

A few days later I told my mother, Gisela Lier, who had been introducing me to spiritual-esoteric topics since my early childhood, about my researches and moments of suspicion and also about the experience of the abortion. During the conversation, my mother mentioned a familiar gynecologist.



When she started hinting to the fact that he was doing abortions constantly I burst into tears which turned into a severe scream. I screamed as loud as I could, I wanted to scream bloody murder, I was desperate and furious. The scream was extremely loud and came from the bottom of my soul. A hole in the unconscious of my soul was torn open and this led to a strong allergic reaction. The knowledge about the doctor who was supposed to sustain lives but routinely carried out abortions almost drove me insane. I must have screamed for about 30 seconds, I threw a pillow across the room and fell down onto the carpet, hammering my fists to the ground crying out: *How can he do that?* I was literally losing myself. An incredibly painful memory had come up and stood in front of me crystal-clear so that it was almost unbearable.

It was now that I recognized and felt this layer of nature, layer of my soul from my past, which I was. The pain of dying had become comprehensible and experience able to me. This realization took a lot of burden of me and I felt relieved from a heavy doom. A new start was possible. It almost felt like a rebirth and I could feel the desire growing to finally reconcile with Margarete. I considered her life, all the strokes of fate and the desperation after the talk with Anton who had made her get the abortion.

When taking long walks, I observed the emotions on the bottom of my soul, inward and outward happenings became one and so in May 1983 I wrote into my diary:

The forest is soaking wet, rain fell and watered the ground. I came to a field and saw ripe crops bending in the wind of rain like a stormy sea. Walked a path, surrounded by trees in lush green. This path was life, my life. This was where the past stopped being past and the future seemed familiar like something one has carried inside without knowing. Everything merged in these raindrops and for one moment I was beyond existence and right in the middle of it at the same time. The paradox fulfilled me, time seemed to be an illusion, a joke or trick fooling the conscious mind. I felt the forgotten familiar which lives within all being. Then there was silence without a move.

Only now a lot of past experiences made sense. The mystery of the nightmare which I have had when I was a kid was solved: The figure of the witch personalized the woman who is killing her own child. The open stove I see as a symbol for the uterus. Something is supposed to be brooded but the hatchery has been opened before it's time and turned into a place of death. The knife, as a symbol for separation, became a killing instrument for death. The kitchen stands for the operating room, the glow of fire reflects the infernal agony.

Then I recognized the meaning of the cut birch-tree and its wood which I had taken to America with me: With the image of the tree, I tried to transplant myself to America. Due to the abortion this was only possible by killing the tree or rather by cutting myself into pieces. The killing of the tree in Germany was done to mirror the former killing in America. Later on I burnt a piece of the trunk of the tree on the farm and mixed the ash with the soil of my actual home as in a funeral ritual. This symbolized my return and I felt some peace.

For a moment I had been close to the truth early in the conversations with Margarete. One time we had come across the topic of *abortion* when I was in America and I told Margarete quite clearly that I would consider it murder. This must have gotten to her. Back then I did not know about her abortion.

I also related the fact that I spoke only English for a few minutes when being in a state of shock to the abortion. My death had been caused by English-speaking doctors. Also it seems that the prenatal phase of life during the first weeks of pregnancy in America must have had a strong impact on my feel for the language, in a way that I subconsciously carried this information with me into my new life. I learned English very easily.

I doted down one dream in my diary which I had in January 1981. It illustrates the issue *pregnancy* and the awe for the nascent child pretty well: There is dim light. I am in a big room. A pregnant woman approaches me and remains standing in front of me. She is wearing something like a nightgown. I open it up and put my head on her breasts. Then I move my head along her belly and kneel down while doing so.

Contacts with the deceased

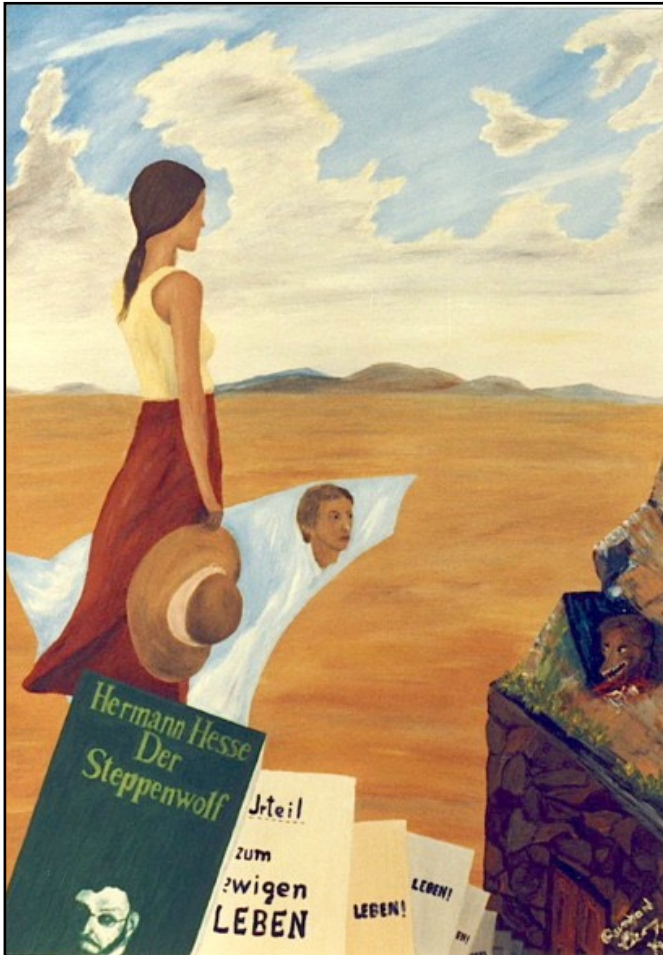
I often lay awake at night thinking about everything when I realized an enormous restlessness in the dark room, bright, fast moving clouds were cavorting. I was wondering what this supposed to mean and I soon got an answer: I was besieged by numerous deceased, aborted souls who were obviously participating in my learning process. They were confused and felt out casted and had feelings of hatred and revenge. I started communicating with them. I talked to them in a soft voice and I received their answers in my mind. It became my task to take care of these poor disorientated souls, to explain to them their condition and to encourage their understanding for the mothers, fathers and doctors who had participated in their abortion. In the sense of the prayer of intercession, I tried to show them the path to liberating and forgiving love. A lot of poor souls could set themselves free from the sphere of this world.

My last meeting with my mother in America – The Farewell

In October 1985 I felt the inner call to travel to America for one last time. On the one hand I had to take care of several things concerning my short time as a student on the East Coast and on the other hand I wanted to visit Margarete and John one more time. I flew there in November and took care of the things in Philadelphia. From there I hitch-hiked over 1242 miles to the farm of my American mother. It was very far to get there but I had consciously decided to take the long way. With every mile getting closer to her and the place of my painful past I could include her in my prayers even more deeply.

When I arrived at the little town, where Margarete had once lived, magical-dreamlike feelings were *coming over* me. Now she lived on a farm. It was a mood of *timelessness*, after about 30 years the circle was finally completed. This was the place where I was supposed to live but it turned out to be the place of my death instead. The humid wind coming from the south reminded me of destruction and the unredeemed present past within me. I stayed connected with them, with Margarete, John, the doctor and Anton. Only now I was blessed and I was able to deliberately see through the tragedy and to ask for mercy for those who had caused me pain. This was my spiritual mission in this place.

Margarete had no idea about any of that. She still didn't know who I was and I was aware of the fact that I was not supposed to tell her. The truth might have been too hard on her and possibly given her a heart attack or she might have called me insane and repress the whole story. So I had to hold my tongue.



The last mile to the farm I walked through the high, dry grass. I felt weird. I rang the doorbell. She opened the door. She was very surprised and hugged me. Margarete had become cardiac and I realized quickly that I had to be very careful with expressing my opinions and giving my comments. The old issues were still taboo. Since severe probate disputes and conflicts concerning the house of her parents in-law in Germany had emerged within her family, she didn't want to hear anything about love and forgiveness. For her life was a battle for survival in which one had to succeed.

For me these nine days of being together turned into a final big spiritual challenge. I prayed a lot for

Margarete and Anton and begged that all surrounding hateful energies and beings may transform.

Her purposes of life had nothing to do with mine anymore. It hurt me a lot since she could not understand me at all. She didn't see my path, and she actually didn't want to know who and how I really was. Her world was her husband John, the lonely life on the country and TV. I tried to find some common grounds and similarities to connect but there were hardly any.

I believe Margarete had no other way of facing me. This was her way of defending herself and struggling to survive emotionally in my presence. After all she was facing her aborted child, which she was of course not aware of with her conscious everyday thinking but at the bottom of her soul she realized it.

One thing I was sure of: We would meet again in the afterlife and then I might be able to help a lot better. I had the strong wish to be able to be at her side and be at her service once she crosses over to the other side. Now I had to keep quiet about all my spiritual experiences which I had luckily been given. My desire was to be allowed to share all the inner treasures with her at least in eternity.



The last visit at the farm, fall 1985

My visit was about to end. We had another last severe dispute about Anton's death. I tried desperately to explain to her that Anton continued to live and that also she would continue to live after her death but she fought my thoughts vigorously. It was impossible for me to convey the idea of the spiritual laws, which are the expression of the highest love, to her. In her eyes I appeared to be an unrealistic idealist.

I returned to my prayers, to the silence with and within Jesus Christ, which gave me strength and helped me regain. Margarete was ill and weak, physically as well as mentally. I had to and was supposed to leave her like that. I had done as much as I could. Most importantly I apologized for Margarete in front of God and prayed for her absolution, for whatever she might have done.

Through love I felt inseparable with her no matter what she might think of me or how she felt about me. This was how our encounter ended at the airport of Kansas City. On the outside we had a broken relationship but inside I was hoping for the transforming love of God which united me with her deeply and which alone had the power to clear all the lovelessness of the past and open up for a new encounter in the other world.

Margarete appeared in my dreams and there the development of our relationship was shown quite clearly. At first I experienced severe accusations and humiliations. Later on we were separated by a fence and we would look at each other in silence. Over and over again I was running around on the farm trying to talk to her. In later dreams I was sitting in her kitchen and she was preparing a dish for me. The former nightmare of my childhood, the murdering witch in the kitchen had been transformed: I had faced her. I had travelled back to her again and again to solve the riddle of fate.

Now finally we talked and hugged each other. The shadows of the past were clearing up. In one of my dreams we were driving together in a car and I told her about the nature of love and the self-sacrificing spirit which lasted longer than life for the sake of the beloved one: The path which had been walked by Jesus. I told Margarete that she herself had sacrificed for Anton since she had supported him financially through his life although this hadn't always been easy for her. She was listening to me in a calm and open way.



At the grave of Martha Eichenfeld

Shortly after my travel to America in November 1986, Margaret's mother-in-law, Martha Eichenfeld, died. In the following summer I visited the graveyard where Martha Eichenfeld, her husband, her son Jürgen and her grandson Anton were buried. Martha had well survived all of her three relatives.

It was a weird feeling to stand at the family grave, at the grave of my half-brother Anton who had partly induced my abortion and my death. I stood at the threshold to the other side since intuitively I knew that their souls were all still living and that I could talk to them. I prayed for them, especially for Anton who had committed suicide eleven years ago. How mortal appeared the material, physical being, now! What remains of the meaning of time which exists only limited in the other world? I begged for all involved persons whether in this world or already on the other side that their committed lovelessness may be forgiven and also that they may be able to forgive their culprits and set them free before God, the love. Everything that had happened, all the suffering appeared almost like a dream, like a good piece of theatre, which suddenly came to an end and still life would go on. My soul had touched a piece of eternity and in my mind I could see all of them in front of me. Alive and transformed, a step closer to eternal love.

Life before the abortion, Russia in the 19th century

Another burning question arose in April 1983. Why did I have to undergo the experience of the abortion? What had been the cause, to what extent had I become guilty? For one thing I sensed pretty fast: I must have been a victim *and* perpetrator. I was also aware of the fact that I was on dangerous territory since knowing the past can drive people going insane. This is why under no circumstances I intended to enforce access to this knowledge for example through hypnosis but stayed in steady contact

with my spiritual guide or rather my guardian angel in my prayer. I sensed precisely when my spiritual guide was present and wanted to show me something. At all times I took shelter under Jesus Christ and asked that HE may reveal the past only if it was essentially meaningful for me and even then only in little bits and



pieces so that I would not become insane. I had very bad nights and I prayed a lot for keeping inner balance. I went all the way down to the depths of my soul, had contact with a lot of deceased, who like me were searching for the light of salvation. This is what I wrote into my diary in November 1984:

The anguish, the heartache of the soul, this is probably the most intense boundary point with the original cause for the fallen creation. Physical pain fades next to the light of the emotional ordeal, the insanity, the lunacy. Then you wish for being not existent. The soul gets captured by the desire of the naught, the urge for self-destruction. I do understand the occupants of the mental institutions: Tormented, full of pain, looking for makeshifts, benumbing in compulsive acts. In this condition the connection to the other world, the realm of the deceased, the ghosts and demons are probably perceived in the clearest possible way. Having to bear the unbearable becomes the greatest torture, since there is no way to escape. Salvation can only come through HIM, Jesus Christ.

Andrea Petrasch

In April 1983 my friends introduced Andrea Petrasch to me. The first feeling which came up concerning her was tragic dismay. When sensing her a feeling of deep sadness came over me, so that I had to leave to another room and cry for a few minutes. Something heavy, something straining was between us. I could not figure out what it was. Once when I drove home after meeting her I was overwhelmed by feelings of grieve and anger. It was like an enormous explosion caused by extreme tension within myself. I had to stop driving, get out of the car and cried severely. Our relationship was under the star of the past which caused a painful attraction and destruction at the same time.

In June 1983 I wrote into my diary after wrestling with myself: *I feel the different times which I have lived blurring. Everything has shifted, it can be called upon randomly and painful shadows of the past want to be relieved. The old somehow captures me I am a lot of people. I have lived a lot of lives. Like music that repeats, a beautiful, melancholic music, soft and gentle still demanding and taking in the whole person. The circle closes, it all seems like a carousel and I can't stop it.*



It was not later than fall 1983 that I got clear about our past. One evening I lay awake restless when I could see the following scene: It was Andrea in a former life. She was lying on a table in a white tiled room and I experienced the extremely painful and disgusting act of an abortion from her perspective. A man with a

white coat full of blood stood in front of her spread legs and killed the child in a hasty manner. She tossed and turned, cried out loud and I experienced her tremendous pain.

My then role as a doctor who aborted was presented to me quite clearly. Now and then the upper class ladies of the Society of St. Petersburg would come to me for an abortion, which used to be considered as something quite common even back then and one didn't lose any sleep about it. Now I had learned how a woman might feel when having such an intervention. This tragic emotion relation between Andrea and me rooted in the killing of several children. I had to reencounter her in order to understand and to ask for mercy for our deeds. Then I received clear signs from my spiritual guides to part from Andrea in peace.

At the same time, my love to old Russia was born. This showed in my youth. From my 12th to my 16th year I loved the plain, close to nature, country life and the contact with horses and spent my time with an old man who came from the East and used to be an engineer. He



had the looks of Rasputin and taught me how to ride a horse, how to drive a coach, how to plow and make hay, gardening and how to build pens and barns. I was probably at least partly raised on the country side in the waste of Russia since the old man's little hut attracted me in a magical way. This had been the best part of my youth.

Maria Benzloff and Alexander Stein

In 1983 I met two people who seemed to be connected with my past in old Russia. Maria Benzloff and Alexander Stein. Mysteriously I was sent to an old woman who was in bad health. She had been living by herself in a small apartment in Hamburg, Germany for a long time. When I met Maria Benzloff for the first time we both felt a strong connection immediately. She was a member of the Russian-orthodox church and we soon went to the traditional service together: An event which had a strong impact on me and which made me rediscover my love for icons, incenses and spiritual songs. We would meet occasionally. We would talk about religious issues and psychology for hours. She supposedly played an important role in my prior life in Russia, but the real meaning has never been revealed to me.

Worth mentioning seems a dream which I've had in October 1983.

I was on a big river talking to a lot of people about the matter of *peace*. The waves of the water *touched my* feet when a Russian-orthodox procession with golden icons was approaching us *on a field path*. All the priests in their beautiful gowns with their long beards and the religious pictures walked by. I bowed with my hands together towards my forehead like the Indians do.

More straining was the encounter with Alexander Stein who lived in a poor backyard apartment in Hamburg, Germany making his ends meet with financial aid from the government. He was a talented poet and musician. One day we started talking about reincarnation and he told me that according to a friend with special psychic skills, he had been a great land owner in old Russia. Alexander objected to such statements. I spent long conversations with him trying to share my insight about spiritual principals but he would only blame the surroundings and especially rich people. He felt that he was an ingenious artist who was suppressed by the others. I realized pretty soon that he was just talking about himself, subconsciously condemning his own past. In the former Russia, there was a part of society of powerful land owners who exploited their serfs and farmers mostly in a cruel way. Now he was sitting in this poor surrounding in this peasant's apartment experiencing the condition that the suppressed farmers were experiencing back then.

Particularly painful for Alexander was the fact that he was very talented but could not sell his pieces of art. Nobody wanted to deal with him nor with his art. I tried to help

him a few times but his inner attitude was blocking all of my efforts: He thought of himself as something special. The "common people" were actually not good enough for his art. This arrogance and aggressive attitude towards people felt staggering. He was asking for much and wanted to have it all but was not ready to give the most important thing: Love.

Soon I realized that these endless conversations did not go anywhere. It was draining since he would repeat his persistent opinions over and over again without questioning himself for a single moment. It may have been a mistake but the only thing I could think of was to write him an honest letter. I actually felt pity for him. He was turning in a circle, experiencing agony since he was not ready to look at his dark side.

After these encounters and experiences I stopped researching my past. I didn't want to go back any further and I was grateful to be able to let go of the past. Some years later I got an insight to my role as a friar and priest in several clerical incarnations. The issue of sexuality and the man-woman relationship needed to be examined deeply. The roots went far back into the deepest middle age when a lot of priests inwardly cut off their female parts and blocked out their manliness excessively. Consequences were that the clergyman projected their own dark sides onto women and had them burnt as witches.



Subsequent encounter with women

Again and again I came across women in my life who would fight and condemn me. Hidden beyond these relationships there was the karmic aspect and the correlation to two aspects of incarnation. The one as a clergyman and my life as a physician in Russia. In one event I was made to feel guilty in such a tricky way that I bought myself freedom with a five digital amount.

I believe that a lot of strange sorrowful relationships are based on such old stories. The thought that the clergyman who once tortured women is now the husband who is tyrannized by his wife who

was killed by him as a witch in a former life appears. This woman holds him through sexual attraction and she manages to have a child with him, though he never wanted to. He, on the other hand, rejects to marry her and keeps her at a certain distance. This is how most reincarnation encounters turn into a painful act of revenge following the saying in the bible: "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth".

The end of this issue was the encounter with reincarnated children who had been aborted during my life in Russia. Having to face them caused feelings of emotional numbing and fear. Guilt lames us and leads to self-destructive impulses. I will go into the aspects of the mechanism of guilt more clearly in the second part of the book.

Final considerations

Margarete died on the 6th of December 2004, her husband John on July 23rd 2007. The actual contact ended in the 1980's. I did not go back to the place in Kansas ever. This part of my life may all be over.

I got married in 1984 and have two children and in the meantime five grandchildren from this marriage. I got divorced in 1992. In 2006 I first came across the spiritual teaching of *a course in miracles*. Since then I have been experiencing a deep dimension in the process of my inner healing.

I wrote about my experiences in 1986 and published my first book in 1987. Significantly was the title "When you are looking for *forgiveness*." It causes three people to have an abortion: The mother, the father and the doctor. The child is an additional partner of fate. I will illuminate the background of these incidents of fate from the perspective of the spiritual mind training "A Course in Miracles" in the second part of the book. We need a spiritual view on events in order to achieve healing and peace. The chance for a healing view is standing in front of us. May we all make new choices, since it's called upon all of us.





Part 2

The Misery of Reincarnation under the light of *A Course in Miracles*

In the ultimate sense, reincarnation is impossible.

There is no past or future,
and the idea of birth into a body has no meaning,
either once or many times.

Reincarnation cannot then be true in any real sense.

Our only question should be, "Is the concept helpful?"

And that depends, of course, on what it is used for.

If it is used to strengthen the recognition of the eternal nature of life,
it is helpful indeed.

(Quote: ACIM, Teacher's Manual, 24th question: 1:1-6)

Note:

Words are symbols of symbols. They are trying to explain something that can actually only be experienced. Words are meant to lead to conscious experience and to a clear perception of things. So please don't mind words like God. You can call it Love or Light if you prefer, whatever is suitable for you. When talking about the divine BEING, about GOD, about HIS LOVE, about the SPIRITUAL WORLD, or the GUIDANCE, I mostly use capital letters to clearly stress the highest "level" as the HIGHEST. This also refers to the true SELF, which is SPIRIT from the SPIRIT of GOD- other than the false self, the ego, which does not have anything to do with the BEING GOD.

GOD is referred to as masculine "HE", but no gender, no person, no form is intended. In the linguistic field, we cannot prevent using metaphors and symbols, which generally root in our polar patterns of imagination.

What is a human?

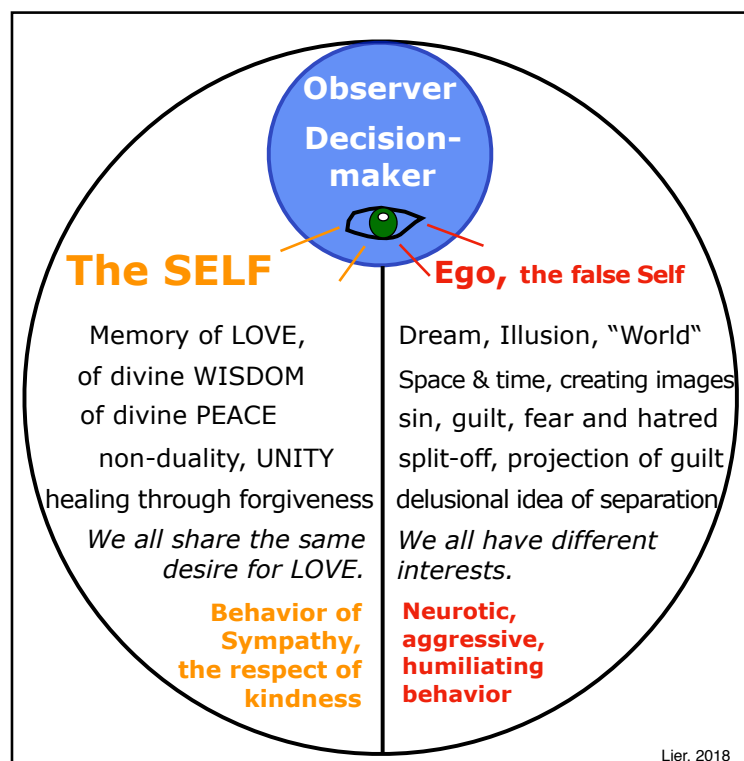
With everything that we experience in a fateful way, the one question keeps coming up: What is a human? Which idea of man is appropriate and hits the truth in us? Are we just bodies coming out of nowhere and going to nowhere? What is the meaning of expressions such as soul and spirit?

In my explanations, I am referring to the mind training of a Course in Miracles. It was in the middle of the 1960s when the American Professor of psychology, Dr. Helene Schucman heard a voice inside herself while she was awake. The voice started dictating to her the extensive texts of a Course in Miracles. Her colleague, Dr. William Thetford encouraged her to trust that voice since the content proved to be highly spiritual differentiated. This dictation work took almost seven years until the three parts consisting of textbook, workbook for students and teacher's manual were finished and slowly made public by a foundation which was named later on, "Foundation for Inner Peace".

A Course in Miracles (short ACIM) offers a very clear idea of man, which has to be seen in the context of our spiritual matrix within our experience as a human being, the dream, on the one side but on the other side also takes the REALITY behind that into consideration.

In the light of the divine truth we are the SELF: perfect spirit, MIND out of GOD'S MIND, the one SON of GOD, HIS perfect creation in UNITY with HIM. God is non-dual, ONE within. Only one part of this Spirit of the SON of GOD fell into a dream.

For GOD the circumstance of dreaming is absolutely unreal and thus not existing, since HE, being the sole REALITY, is the only one not dreaming. It is the very part which identified itself with the principle of separation and herewith created the Ego. The Ego on the other hand is the reason for the world since it is inevitably connected with the process of projection (which will be explained in more detail in the following).

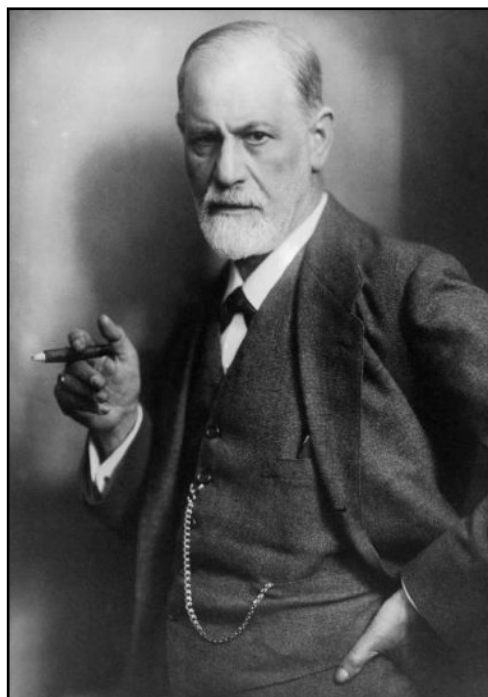


The third instance besides the ego and the SELF there is the part which is silently observing and constantly making decisions. This part will be called the **Observer and Decider**. It can act subconsciously and like a reflex or if its ability to observe is trained consciously, it can become a very helpful instance within us. The conscious decision is based on the clear, down to earth observation, which recognizes what it is that serves love and what does not. All three parts together are called the "split mind". He is the one dreaming the world. It consists of the well-minded spirit (the SELF), the wrong-minded spirit (the ego) and the observer so called decider.

The earthly world which we are experiencing has been created from our dreaming spirit to defend the REALITY of GOD. We have projected it due to our belief in the thought of separation. In truth, there is neither an ego nor a world. It just appears real because we want to believe in it. The world is based on a decision of our mind only. This is why the authority of the decider plays a very important role: The decider operates like a symbol in our nightmare to free us from the miserable identification of perpetrator and victim. We are taking full responsibility for the world which has been made up (dreamt!) by ourselves, for our fate, with all its incidents, and we start deciding to heal. The decision for LOVE, for GOD , erases the separation within us. This decision is an act of willpower and shows our actual spiritual accomplishment and our power on the path of liberation. Yet, the carrying out of healing is thus a gift and mercy – the actual miracle. However, let's first have a closer look at the core-conflict which is experienced by all people.

In the 20th century, Sigmund Freud was the first one to describe the insanity of the ego in a brilliant way. His insights into the matter of projection are more valuable than his sexual theories by far and give us a foundation for the result of suppressed guilt: Fear and hatred. Since the feeling of guilt, our belief in the existence of sin, the separation from God is so terrible and unbearable. This guilt is segregated into the unconscious and buried there.

Since the inner pressure is extremely high, the segregated guilt is projected onto other people and turns into hatred. Then it is always the other's fault. They are the reason for my misery and deserve prosecution, penalty and in the worst case even death. One seeks the reason for one's own misery in other people, an unfair fate or in God.

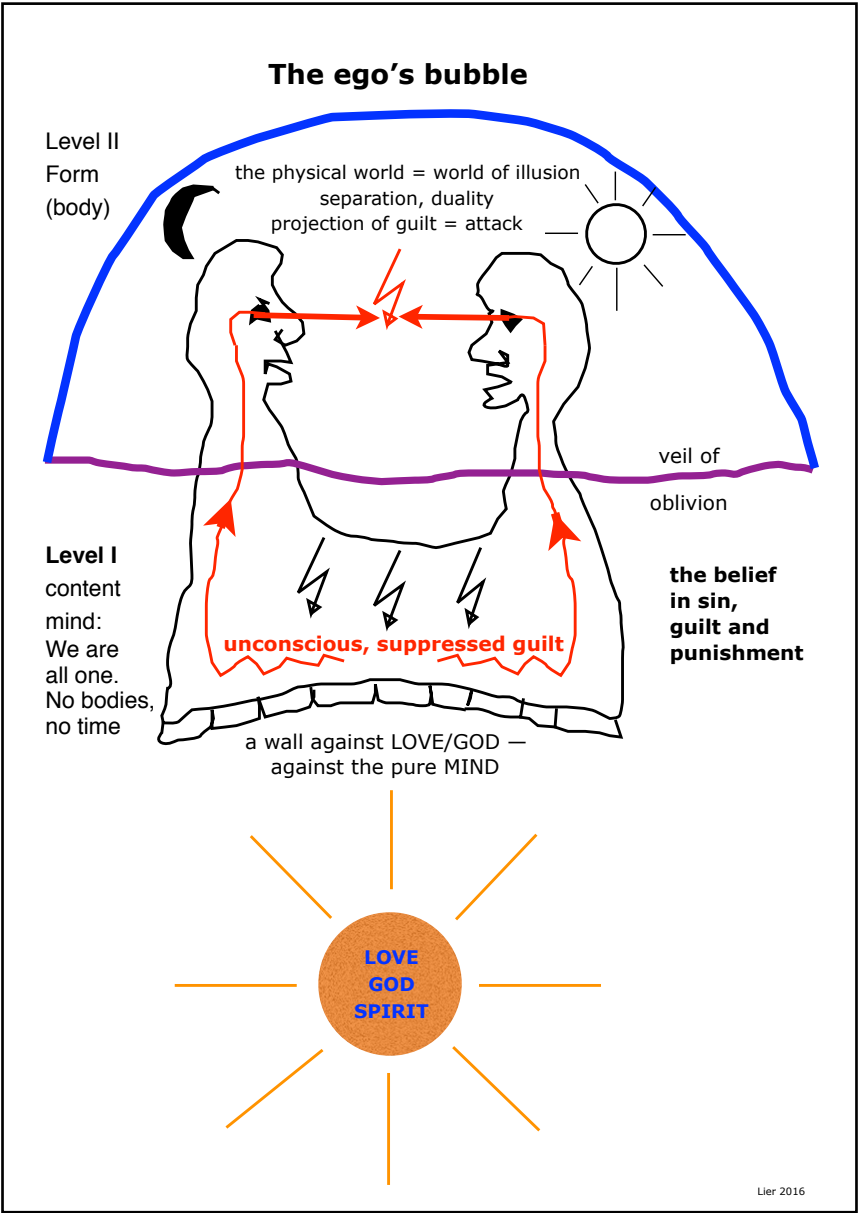


The acting out of hatred at the same time produces feelings of guilt and the fear to experience these feelings of guilt and the possible revenge of the opponent. In the worst case, we are projecting the image of the revengeful opponent onto God and thus mistake his real BEING: Unconditional LOVE. Hatred and sequencing attacks are easier to handle than fear and guilt. What I fear, I attack. What I attack is what I am afraid of. Fear thus leads either to mental paralysis or to an outward explosion, to an attack.

The suppressed fear – or rather the guilt! – turns into depression. Thus guilt, fear and hatred are entangled and can actually be seen as one and the same phenomena. The vicious circle is closed and it seems that there is no escape. The expressed hatred continues to lead to the fear of the opponent’s revenge.

Our world which we bring up with our split mind is based on this destructive process. It goes all the way into the material world, which is only a projection of the ego’s mind and not created by God in six days, as the Christian church

teaches us. Sin, guilt, fear and hatred lead to the aggression which is the base for the rise of the world. In ACIM, it is said that the whole material world is an attack on LOVE and GOD. It is based on pure hatred and is the consequence of our escaping from the pure LOVE.





World-war II, Russia: Execution of partisans (Photo Nr. 2)

In the world that we project, there will always be winners and losers since this world being an illusion has nothing in common with the REALITY of GOD, the pure LOVE.

As a base for understanding reincarnation, we should realize: We are dealing with an ill segregated mind within us which is caught in a

vicious circle of guilt, fear and hatred. Only the inwardly look (the resignation from projecting of guilt) and the path of the MIND will bring healing and salvation.

One could now ask how this fatal situation was created. In ACIM the answer is pointed at with one single image – and unfortunately this is as much as we can comprehend in the condition of the separated mind.

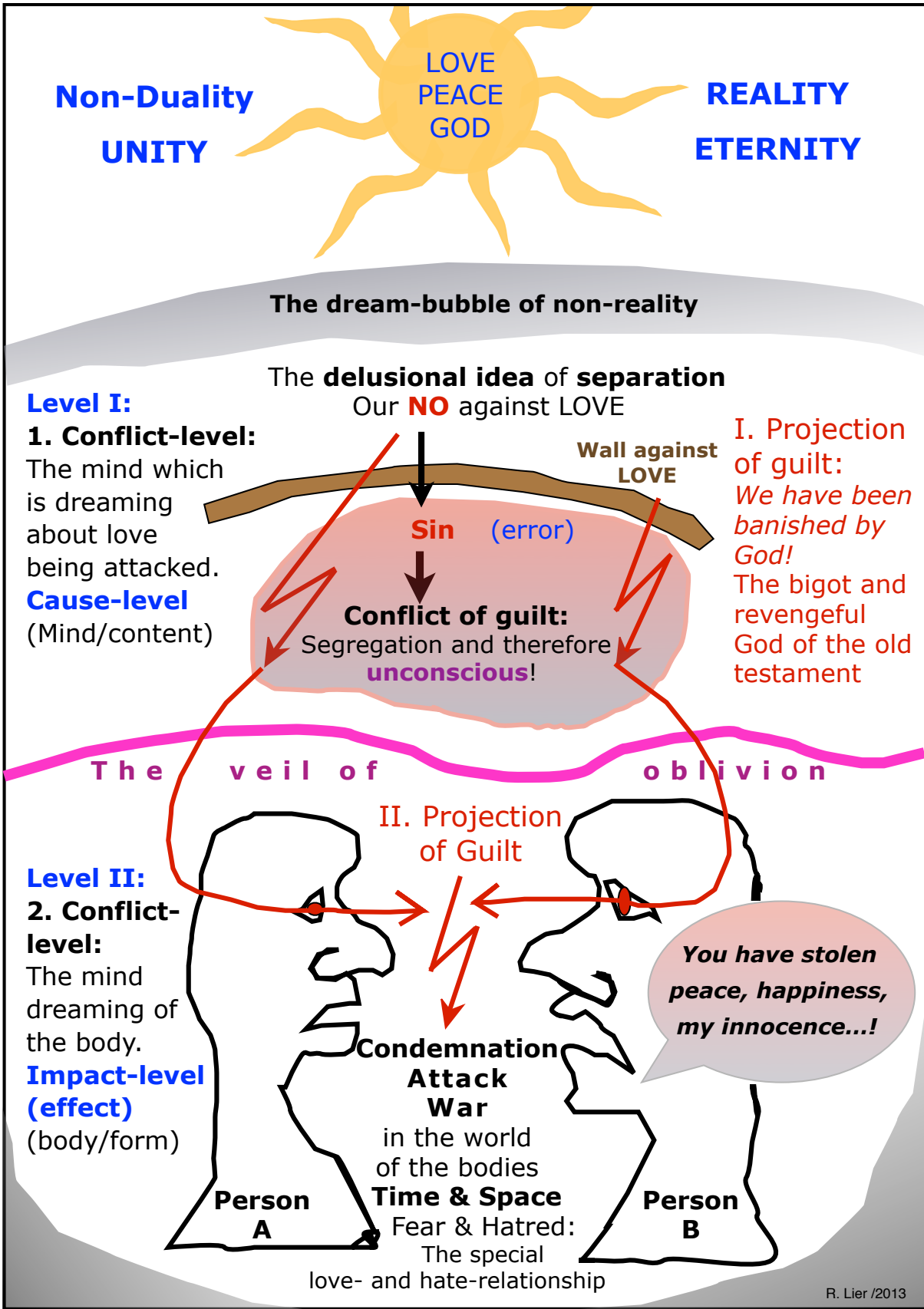
[A sense of separation from God is the only lack you really need to correct.](#)

(ACIM: T-1.VI.2:1)

In Heaven, everything was one and still is one. There duality does not exist. Any kind of duality, even if we experience duality as a harmless phenomenon, is the aftereffect of the idea of separation which was once brought up in heaven as a “teeny tiny delusional idea”. In the REALITY and TRUTH of HEAVEN this idea of separation presents a lunacy which can only be called a lie.

Unfortunately the son of God, who we all are, forgot to laugh about this crazy idea. This is how HE got infected with this idea. One part of his mind fell asleep and has been dreaming about the world that we know ever since. It always consists of separation and duality in all phenomena: inhale-exhale, birth and death, construction-destruction, joy and pain, day and night. We can hardly imagine a world without separation and in the best case we might have a faint memory of the heavenly state.

In his dream the SON of GOD fell apart (separated) into billions of single parts and thus through the process of dreaming billions of separated egos arose out of the one ego which today lives in bodies and represent people and fight each other on all levels. The sleeping Son of God had gotten into his lunacy so deeply that he felt he had attacked and destroyed LOVE (GOD).



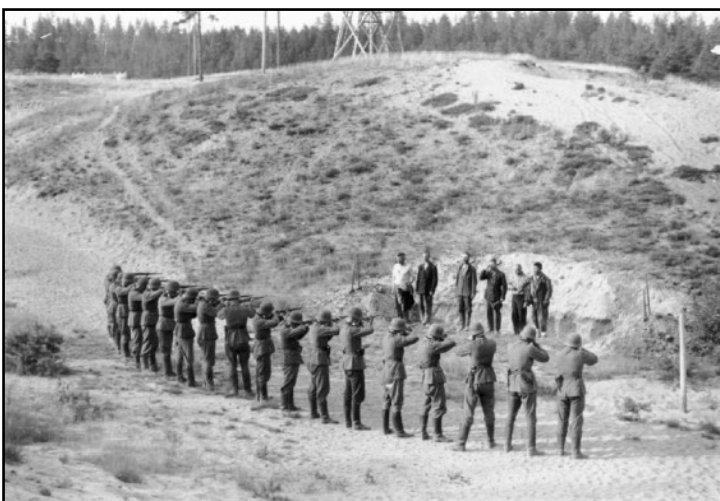
This is why separation is the actual sin, or rather the mistake in our mind which needs to be corrected. The belief in sin is the base for the birth of the ego. The ego exists out of the belief in sin and the sequencing feeling of guilt. The son of God feels guilty for attacking GOD and fled deeper and deeper into a materialistic (dream-) counter-world.

We have chosen the darkness, the absence of love in this world. Still ACIM ensures us that it, the world, actually does not exist – only subjectively in the illusions of our mind. There is no life outside of HEAVEN, is clearly stated in a passage in ACIM. We are projecting our decision of wanting to experience a world beyond the LOVE of GOD onto the appearing world due to this decision (!) and onto all its participants – and all involved parties believe in this worldly game. Since we believe in separation and have decided for it we are experiencing it. Our perception mirrors our sick state of mind yet does not say anything about REALITY since with our 5 senses we can only perceive lunatic projections of the spirit.

Everything created by the split mind (the ego or the false self) is pure illusion and can't be called real or true. Since how can anything which comes and goes in the very next moment be called real? It stays hastily like a dream. The mind of the ego has projected the entire universe and it is just as real as a programmed computer animation, a virtual world like for example the game "Second Life": Just an absolute illusion. It only takes one key-press and everything is erased. The programmer of both worlds, the material and the virtual one, is the "dreaming" mind, thus we are in the position of the observer and decider. It tells our brain to setup the word of time and space as an experimental reality. The brain receives the orders of the mind, it cannot act by itself. The mind only is the reason for perception. Any kind of perception is projection of the mind based on convictions:

Ultimately, space is as meaningless as time. Both are merely beliefs.

(ACIM: T-1.VI.3:5-6).



World-war II, 1941, Russia: Execution of 6 men (Nr. 3)

The dreaming mind projects itself into a body and wants to experience itself as a physical being even though the body is just an illusion of the mind. Bodies are made to enhance the separation and to make it seem real. Furthermore the body enables the projection of guilt onto "another body", onto groups of people that I seem to be not a part of. However this is

not true in its last consequence: There is no such thing as a separation. I only attack myself when attacking other people (bodies). Soldiers executing their enemies actually shoot themselves, when shooting people who are seemingly separated from them. What I give to others is always what I give to myself. This is the mental (dream) reality.

The work of family constellation shows: The children and grandchildren of these soldiers will stand in for the victims of their fathers and grandfathers, they will represent these people and will experience their misery within themselves. All this points to the fact that our souls are all existing within each other – in reality we are all one: One mind. We are all still resting in the MIND of GOD (where else should we be when there is nothing besides or outside of GOD?), still dreaming about being banished due to our compulsive belief in sin, meaning the separation from LOVE.

Let's have a look at the life of a human. Birth and death mark beginning and end and in between there are a lot of dramatic joyful and painful experiences. Pain will probably be dominant and thus the search for happiness will be encouraged. Relationships between people are the focal point of all experiences. The history of mankind is a concatenation of relationships. Life (the way we know it) is relationship, that's how the philosopher Martin Buber expresses it. In all our relationships we are mirroring ourselves as the one son of God. This is why spiritually speaking it applies: I am you. What I give you, is also what I give myself. What I take from you is also what I take from myself.



Undernourished prisoners, almost starved to death because food was not available, standing in the Concentration-Camp Ebensee, Austria. (Foto Nr. 4)

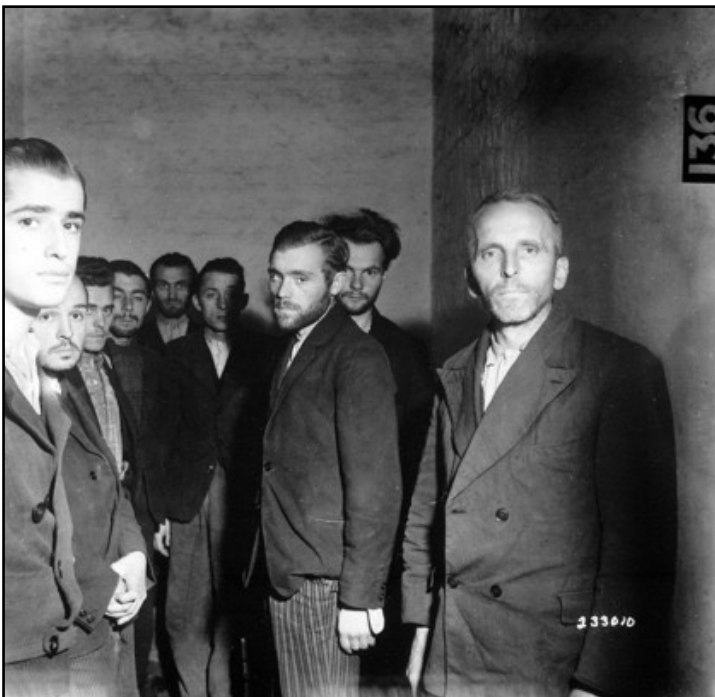
So how do I look at the other one? Always in a way like I (secretly) see myself. This is the meaning of the law of mirroring which likes to be discussed in esoteric circles. We only need the mirror of our partner to recognize ourselves. Primarily this insight is always an insight of our egomaniac, fearful, greedy being. ACIM talks about this special love-hate-relationship. Then I believe: I need a You to complement myself in order to get

back what I have seemingly lost. I look for the happiness of HEAVEN in a world of separation through making objects (people, ideas, arts, things...) my own, through

absorbing them mentally in order to feel more complete and to catch a moment of peace. Still the level of the form and herewith our whole world always stays a symbol of separation and deficiency. No solution can be found there.

Fulfillment and peace are qualities of the mind and not of the world, which is nothing but an ill projection of the dreaming mind. The power of decision lies within the mind: To choose illusion or REALITY. To go the path of the world or the path of the mind. But primarily I am captured within a dream and do not realize the power of the mind since I see myself as a physical being only and are likely to flee into the role of the victim and consequently into the projection of guilt.

The person born into this world does not know that he does not know anything. He has strapped himself with blindness of the mind and goes into a body due to a spiritual tension which is woebegone and fearful. A peaceful mind doesn't have to reincarnate or rather doesn't have to dream about a life in a physical body.



Members of the German Gestapo agents in the citadel of Liege (Belgium) imprisoned. (Foto Nr. 5)

That is me also. The perpetrator out of conviction who became guilty. A human.
What does he choose, what do I choose?
How do I look at him?
Just the way as I see myself!

The already mentioned guilt is the emotional motor of the world, the making of the world and of dreaming. Guilt pushes us into creating images and through makeshifts (incarnations) to build a classroom which can be used for entirely dreaming or for awakening. The decision for awakening matures when suffering is strongest and the desire for peace enormous. The pressure of guilt, which had tossed us into the wheel of rebirth in the first place, has to be stopped. When there is no willpower there is no way, only suffering from stupidity and ignorance. But when willpower has been set on fire, which wants to understand, light will be seen in the darkest nightmares.

It's not my intention to convince anybody about the idea of reincarnation. Everybody is entitled to honestly discover oneself and stand in for what he finds there. I understand today: It is not about reincarnation since this illusionary construct is not the actual issue. The point of focus is the mind itself. It is the mind which experiences both sides of the coin: Perpetrator and victim. The main topic of this learning process is to practice love with one another, to engrave the being of pure unconditional love in our soul through the process of forgiving in order to return to the universal love – to God.

Thus I am doing well accepting my own fate and the fate of all the others who I am connected with and who are my mirror and use it for my own awakening. What I recognized in Margarete and went through with her was me, my own past caused by myself and my own responsibility. All this, mirrors just this one primary conflict: My (our) no to LOVE. The Mind training in ACIM describes the forgotten (separated) primary conflict referring to the first part of the dream:

How willing are you to escape effects of all the dreams the world has ever had? Is it your wish to let no dream appear to be the cause of what it is you do? Then let us merely look upon the dream's beginning, for the part you see is but the second part, whose cause lies in the first. **No one asleep and dreaming in this world remembers his attack upon himself.** No one believes that there really was a time when he knew nothing of a body and could never have conceived of this world as real. He would have seen all at once that these ideas are an illusion, too ridiculous for anything but to be laughed away. How serious they now appear to be! And no one can remember when they would have met with laughter, with disbelief. We can remember this, if we look but directly at their cause. And we will see the grounds for laughter, not a cause for fear.

(A Course in Miracles; Manual for Teachers: 24.6:1-13 /bold by the author)

The text above asks for the cause which led to dreaming. However we cannot remember this cause since no one remembers attacking oneself. We encounter the veil of forgetfulness, amnesia. This is the biggest trick of the ego (the idea of separation) to keep us caught in the dream. Our seemingly attack on God has actually only been an attack on ourselves. On us as the one SON of GOD. And we forgot about this incident, we cannot remember it, but we still feel the waves of shock caused by this traumatic incident.

The most important insight of ACIM is: Taking the idea of separation seriously made us fall into a traumatic state and made us think that we attacked God. We could not realize anymore that it was impossible to hurt GOD and that we cannot be separated

from HIM. Thus we have only attacked ourselves by believing in the separation from GOD. Then the conflict of guilt was blustering in the mind of the one son of God. To disarm the pressure of guilt the ego created the possibility for dissociation, the segregation into an unconscious part of the dreaming mind. However this segregation did not solve the problem in the long run. The repressed guilt created pressure which had to be diverted.

Due to the unresolved pressure of guilt, the illusion of the body arose in order to confirm the separation and most of all to be able to project guilt onto “others”. The fall from the world of the mind to the physical world had taken place. The illusion of space (bodies) and time was



installed in our mind. All of us think and feel in “bodies”, we are even imagining the afterworld, heaven or the WORLD of the MIND as a sphere with bodies. Thus we can believe in reincarnation the same way that we believe in bodies. Without a body the concept of reincarnation does not make sense. Since in reality there is no space nor time and thus no body in the pure MIND, it is nothing but a dream in which nothing REAL happens.

Let’s think about the dreams that haunt us sometimes during the night: Everything seems absolutely real: We see threatening animals and people who want to kill us, we run for our lives. We experience pain and lust, sexual lust which can even manifest in the body and wake us up all of a sudden. Yet, actually nothing really happened, since we’ve been in bed for the whole time and haven’t done anything.

We have not been killed nor have we killed anybody and we have not cheated on our spouse. This shows it quite clearly: We are measuring reality due to its physical effect. We consider ourselves to be physical and insist on this interpretation and we don’t even realize how much meaning we give this body. Due to the sensation of our sensory organs we are assuming that this is the way it is and we do not realize how the illusion of a body proves itself through illusionary sensory organs. It all seems logical and coherent; still it is off the wall. The system of thought can be logical and at the same

time untrue. We are aware of the limits of our body. Its beginnings and its ends and we don't want to look behind the curtain of this delusion. In this case we have to call it ignorance: Most people don't even want to know which piece of theater is actually playing. Shakespeare often called it by the name: *Much ado about nothing – Comedy of errors – As you like it – What you will.*

ACIM talks about a teeny-tiny delusional idea. The idea of separation, which seemed to arise but was erased immediately since it appears to be an impossibility in the face of the TOTALITY of GOD. In the state of this delusional idea, which was taken seriously by the SON of GOD that all dreams have been dreamt, all lives have been lived- but in the face of ETERNITY nothing ever happened. All these dreams, the whole world, our cosmos, all this never existed. This insight, when spreading in our mind, may create discomfort and we may be torn between fear and peace. For one part



within us wants this world and has accepted the offering of the ego (the idea of separation). We have participated and had to pay the high price of guilt, fear and hatred.

Another part in ourselves has a faint remembrance of the PEACE which is not from this crazy world. It is our call to transcend this world with all its fright and to wake up from all the dreams. Only the question is: Do we want that – do I want that?

A lived through incarnation without essential impulses of forgiveness and healing, leads to tension and fear after the physical death. Most of the near-death experiences which have been told by people from around the world only give a first impression of the beauty of the spiritual light which is waiting for us. However, it makes a big difference if I see this light from a distance and return to my physical body through



Hieronymus Bosch:
Ascent of the Blessed

Let's take a look at a perpetrator who deprives his conviction by committing suicide: Heinrich Himmler, Reich-leader-SS and chief of the German police during the Nazi era. He was one of the main people in charge of the Holocaust, the genocide of the Roma and many other crimes. It shall not be denied that within the framework of experiencing our world, different terrible crimes have

reanimation or if I completely detach from my body and go into the light and let it affect me. The completed death presents a shattering turning point. Hence we are called to let go of the past incarnation and face the healing-process of eternity.

This is the point when the normally unresolved conflict of guilt is activated in our mind. Fear arises since the light of the Holy Spirit is simply too big and too beautiful and our own illusionary imaginations and dreams are still powerfully ruling our mind. This is why this person flees into other dreams, into another incarnation in order to escape the pain of error. One incarnation follows after the other, one dream chases the next and in general the person is not aware that he is the director of the dream. He thinks the dream is happening to him, since he believes to be the marionette acting on stage. The dreaming person does not realize the power of decision in one's mind: He is the puppeteer pulling the strings or creating the images on the screen. His wishes and fears create the play, project the film onto the empty screen. Without his Willingness no dream can happen.



Himmler visiting the Concentration-Camp
Dachau, May 8 1936 /Foto Nr. 6



Himmler's corpse on the day of his suicide on May 23rd 1945 in the interrogation room at the head-quarter of the British Army in Lüneburg
Foto Nr. 7

been made throughout history. The history of mankind is a history of bloodshed, of the cruelest suffering. We all rely on our organs of perception and are not able to do other than believe on a subjective level in a world out there. Events come and go, people are born, live and die, they become perpetrators and victims. And in the end, nothing stays, all the bodies decompose. But where does the soul – the mind – go to?

If we want to explore the mind all questions must be allowed: How real is the so called reality (our world)? Where do we come from? Where do we go to? Where is Heinrich Himmler, or rather the spiritual

being that projected this person. What is it that in the spiritual collective matter we all have in common with Himmler or with his spirit? Aren't the egomaniac destructive impulses of Heinrich Himmler acting in all of us?

If we have had his environmental conditioning and his position of power, wouldn't we have acted just like him? Does not also this "part of the great spirit" come back into the one SON of GOD who is in the FATHER? I can only come up with questions related to my own experiences and with these questions give an impulse for inner processes which will hopefully serve to heal all people.

One thing can be observed: Whatever it is that we are emotionally after in other people is, in the end, always our own. The psychology of Carl Gustav Jung talks about the shadow the unloved and fearsome parts of our soul within us which we have separated from us and projected onto other people and in the worst case pursuit bloodily. This is exactly the strategy of the ego: Guilt is not seen within our own mind, instead it is increased through projecting onto other people. If we would look at it, we would not find anything because there has never been an attack on GOD. However, this behavior would change the level: Retreat from mirroring the core conflict on the level of interpersonal relationships – back to the level of a relationship with GOD.

Should one be concerned about reincarnation?

To deal with the concept of prior lives only makes sense when the questions arise from current relationships. This is what I did experience: I felt haunted by the difficulties with Margarete and I could not find peace with her. This led to an increased questioning which exceeded my present life. The conflict burst the usual and made it difficult to understand the meaning. A solution could only be found through the concept of reincarnation. The quintessence of truth beyond this limited dream concept of prior lives cannot be denied and states the following:

1. We know each other. You always meet “twice”
2. We are all connected. We are part of the big Spirit (Hellinger), Part of the one SON of GOD, part of GOD’S MIND.
3. An individual being separated from other human beings does actually not exist. We all exist within each other, which is not understandable for us in the condition of polar consciousness and under physical hypnosis.
4. Within the act of dreaming, we are all perpetrators and victims. This is the essence of the special love- and hate-relationship as described in ACIM: Alternate the state of perpetrator and victim in order to be able to mirror and manifest the guilt-conflict with the revengeful and striving God who is projected by all of us.. The Ego’s game, the human drama.
5. The history of humankind is a senseless nightmare of bloodshed with rarely sensible inspirations and mirroring of REALITY – nothing more.
6. The world of illusion ought to be used as a classroom for learning in order to experience liberation and healing through forgiving.
7. We are soul, we are spirit. There is a SPIRITUAL WORLD which wants to communicate so that we can receive help. Real help cannot come out of the dream-matrix but only from the TRUTH of the MIND. Anyone can experience this when faith and will are aligned toward that HELP.

How real is reincarnation?

Everything happens in the dreaming mind – within us. Outside of this nothing happens. ETERNITY stays unaffected by dreams. Illusion cannot harm her. We are in this ETERNITY but we do not realize it since we are dreaming of illusionary worlds.

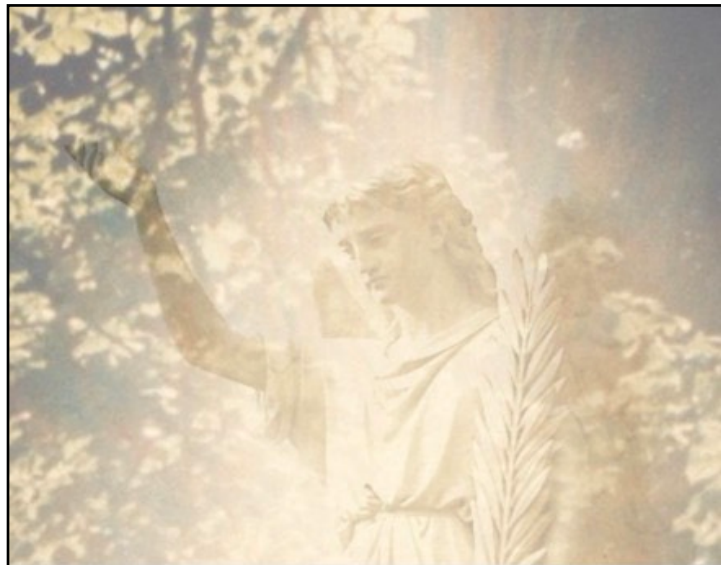
Researching the past

I would not recommend using hypnoses or any other techniques to search for past lives. What I have experienced back then all came to me easily and clearly while I was awake in a way good to digest. Most people’s consciousness is more penetrable for the perception of other dimensions and for feeling prior lives and karmic relationships. The presence is mirroring the past, we meet again in order to finally solve the old

issues of envy and revenge through forgiving. Still on the highest spiritual level these are all just reflections in the one SON of GOD who we collectively are. In this respect it is always myself that I'm looking at and I do well to forgive myself – seemingly the other person. The presence is the door for healing and peace – not the past and not the future. In the end of all our paths, we may and must forget and let go of our past since it was nothing but dreams. These dreams gave us identity and distinctiveness however at a high price: Greedy competition and permanent fear became the mainspring of human life. The impulse was deep-seated in the mind.

The matter of reincarnation can sometimes appear on a very immature level when the "game" Who has been who back then? is played self-congratulatory. The parts are casted pretty fast in "spiritual circles" and one can find all kinds of historical celebrities – of course the good and righteous ones only: From Moses to Mary and Joseph, from Johann Sebastian Bach to George Washington, they all gather in one location in noble society. Only the peasant farmer who has been hung on an oak tree during the Thirty Year war and the master's maid who has been raped constantly – are not present.

The Mind Training of ACIM recommends cooperation with the spiritual world. I have experienced this guidance since my early childhood: The angel communicated with me. On the higher level of meaning, an angel does not mean a being which exists separately from me but it presents the core of myself: My true SELF. The angel that is me, also. This is not arrogance nor presumption



but just the confession to my source: To GOD. I am within Him and HE is within me. Then the belief or concept of being a single person, a body or a single history evaporates in my mind. That is all not me. I was all this just in my dreams.

The spiritual GUIDANCE has set up the syllabus for my awakening in a wise way. I confide in this process of healing. What good is it when I get too much information too fast that I am not capable to integrate them in a healthy way and bear them? This would just cause another running into the trap of projection and accusing and with that attacking other people. This is exactly what we want to prevent when letting the

GUIDANCE lead us up to the SPIRITUAL WORLD. We shall wake up as gentle as possible and commit to a mind training and practice it. It is essential to align towards healing or rather a symbol for HEALING: The ANGEL, JESUS CHRIST, the SPIRITUAL WORLD.



The destruction of Sodom
Foto Nr. 7

As a first step the showing painful guilt of the past is looked at (the phase of realization) and as a second step, I realize its illusionary character (phase of understanding). In a third step I accept forgiveness (phase of letting go). Somebody who keeps scrambling about the past and actually is just looking for a sick identity establishes this as reality in his mind and misses the HEALING. He becomes a pillar of salt like Lot's wife who could not let go of her old life in Sodom.

The well worth seeing documentary film "Pizza in Auschwitz" made by the Israeli filmmaker Moshe Zimmerman shows how the 74 year old survivor of the Holocaust, Danny Chanoch, returns to the places of the past together with his son Sagi and his daughter Miri: to the house of his birth, a neighbor who is still alive, and the place where the evacuation to the camps happened. He cannot let go of the past. He is drawn to go back to the places of death in Auschwitz-Birkenau, where his parents were killed. He wishes to spend a night in his old barrack on a wooden bed together with his children. And this is how the story goes: They are in the barrack and the tension becomes unbearable: His children want to live and state that at some point there has to be an end to Auschwitz. However Danny Chanoch holds on tight to his identity as a victim and can't do anything but complain. His daughter gets him a Pizza in the town of Auschwitz and gives it to her father who is lying on the wooden bed. He starts eating it – the atmosphere is full of strong pain and black humor: Pizza in Auschwitz.

A Course in Miracles appears as a mystery school to me. With the help of 365 lessons, the dreaming mind is gently guided towards awakening through the principle of forgiving. We forgive ourselves and the others all the things that never happened. The miracle in the mind leads to forgiving: To deletion, an erasure of the mistake. In the language of the course this is referred to as the so called ATONEMENT. Then we will accept erasing the illusion of the past and future because we have arrived in the

eternal present. HEAVEN is always now. To wrap it up let's have a look at the manual for teachers:

The emphasis of this course always remains the same: it is at this moment that complete salvation is offered to you, and it is at this moment that you can accept it. This is still your one responsibility. Atonement might be equated with total escape from the past and total lack of interest in the future. **Heaven is here. There is nowhere else. Heaven is now. There is no other time.** No teaching that does not lead to this is of concern to GOD'S teachers. All beliefs will point to this if properly interpreted. In this sense, it can be said that their truth lies in their usefulness. All beliefs that lead to progress should be honored. This is the sole criterion this course requires. No more than that is necessary.

(ACIM, Manual for teachers 24.6:1-13)

Reincarnation – a concept

In the ending of our considerations, it is a matter of saying goodbye to all our dreams in order to arrive in the REALITY of the MIND. The concept of reincarnation also helped to make our dreams appear real. All the stories with its actors were only images of our (collective) dreaming mind. May it be over? Is it still important? Do I still want to give meaning to these dreams? Do I want to put my hunger and desire into something that will never feed me, that will not give me peace ever? These are our final questions before we start our journey into REALITY.

To aim towards this journey is helpful and makes saying goodbye to illusions easier. Even with simple common sense we know: The body has a beginning and an end, we will die. In this world nothing can be gained and saved for eternity. Everything changes, everything decays in the end: Even all art treasures of the world, the planet earth itself, even the cosmos remains a history of decay.

Only one play is shown in the world of illusion: the drama of separation, the opera of sin, guilt, fear and hate. We are singing the song of despair and we can take the decision to be quiet and focus our minds towards the untouchable ETERNITY. This is the aim of all serious mind trainings, which are available for us. A Course in Miracles is one of them – amongst many others. It was never about rescuing the world, since illusions can't be rescued and the problem does not lie within the world but within our dreaming mind. Most people are still defending this view and dream about Utopia which have to be brought onto a political path by any means. The world is a classroom for awakening and in this sense I stay (seemingly) a little longer and contribute to the big (spiritual) picture. When everybody is striving to achieve spiritual healing the “

time of misery” will definitely be shortened. I persist. There is nothing more to do, but also nothing less.



Finally let me sum up in my own words the view of the Mental Training in 53 points:

1. GOD is.
2. GOD is SPIRIT-LOVE – and only that.
3. GOD, LOVE, can only “expand” LOVE.
4. GOD is the ONE CAUSE, the ONE SOURCE – besides that nothing else exists. There is no life outside of GOD, outside of HEAVEN.
5. Words are symbols of symbols: FATHER, SON and HOLY SPIRIT are metaphors for the one incomprehensible BEING.
6. Even though I might not know yet what I am, I am yet certain that I am . I cannot say” I am not”.
7. I am spirit made out of GOD’S MIND. I am HIS SON in ETERNITY.
8. GOD’S WILL for HIS SON is only: PEACE and BLESSEDNESS.
9. Ideas do not leave its source. There is no separation of the BEING into inside and outside. There is no out -there out there.
10. Like GOD, I am equipped with creational power.
11. This creational power shows in thinking which can create LOVE or guilt, fear and hate.
12. Thinking is always based on a decision: Either for LOVE or for the illusion, the dream of the world.
13. In the ability to take a decision lies my actual power.

14. Since I obviously believe in the reality of the world, I believe in the idea of parting and separation and so I suffer.
15. This is why I created a body in order to make the idea of separation appear to be true and to believe that I experience other bodies, so called people, separated from me.
16. The physical materialistic world is an illusion, a dream which once seemingly arose in the mind, exists for a while and disappears again, actually already disappeared.
17. I have created my world, based on my decision of faith that it is real. I want to experience it as real although I could know that it is not.
18. All causes that we experience in our world of illusion are within the mind of the dreaming SON of GOD. The world with all its bodies is only the effect.
19. Only when recognizing the cause for my experiences within my mind, can I undertake changes – ask for healing my mind – and so experience a different redeemed world until that one also vanishes in the end and I return to HEAVEN, to the PURE SPIRIT.
20. REAL can only be what does not come nor go – that what is eternal and unchangeable.
21. The world of illusion is based on the idea of separation and expresses in time and space. All this has nothing to do with the REALITY of GOD.
22. Freedom of decision is given in one matter only: Do I choose LOVE, the NATURE of GOD or guilt, fear and hatred the nature of the ego, the illusion.
23. The ego being part of the separated mind (ego, SELF and decider) involves only the belief in separation.
24. Bodies are made for making separation appear real and to conceal guilt which comes along with separation: To be able to project it onto other bodies.
25. The HOLY SPIRIT is omnipresent since I am spirit of GOD'S MIND. HE can only expand LOVE and in this way light up the dream of the world with all its mistakes.
26. Illusion stays illusion no matter if seemingly small or big or morally very condemnable or less condemnable. There is no hierarchy of illusions.
27. Illusions are falsities and are nullified through forgivingness. Forgivingness means healing of my mind and is the key for awakening.
28. When I deny that I am actually pure MIND, I believe in the illusion of the ego and the body. In reality, I am an idea of GOD. The denial of TRUTH is not sin but falsity.
29. The gifts of the ego are individuality and specialness based on the idea of separation. In order to be able to be different from other people I have to be separated from them.

30. Individuality and specialness always lead to some sort of competition and hereby to war.
31. Whatever it is that I experience in this seemingly existing world is based on a decision of faith which I have made beforehand.
32. It is not about changing the world, since illusions can't be changed: Illusions are nothing. Insofar as we cannot fix nor save the world but rather recognize it as illusions so called deceptions. Then they dissolve within the mind and lose their meaning.
33. When wanting to achieve changes within the world of illusion I practice magic. Almost anything we do equates that.
34. I am not supposed to seek magic but seek the support of the HOLY SPIRIT which is capable of healing my split mind.
35. My answer to magic can only be forgiveness: I forgive myself for my belief that I'd want to create change with the help of illusionary means in the illusionary world.
36. Believing in sin, meaning the idea of separation, as an expression of attacking the UNITY of LOVE, leads to the experience of guilt by any means. This is the one mental problem of all dreamers, meaning all people.
37. If I do believe in my guilt, I have to act magically and create illusionary worlds as a defense for the unbearable guilt: I always seek a substitute for the love of God and engage in special love- and hate-relationships.
38. The entire world of illusion is based on believing in the reality of guilt.
39. When choosing the ego, we believe in guilt since we then feel that the attack on the UNITY of GOD through the thought of separation is real and we fear GOD'S revenge (a revenging God who has been projected by us!).
40. Guilt is an unbearable mental state and has to be projected onto other people through anger and hatred. This is the root of all wars on earth.
41. Since I condemn myself (I believe in the reality of my guilt) I am forced to condemn others. This act implies the projection of my guilt.
42. Only when I stop condemning myself, is when I don't have to condemn others anymore. In the light of TRUTH we are all guiltless.
43. The HOLY SPIRIT can interpret everything of the illusionary world newly and use it for HIS purpose- LOVE. This presumes my decision that HE may act in my mind.
44. Whenever the Ego or the HOLY SPIRIT has taken over leadership within the illusionary world of space and time, it is 100%. Thus I only move back and forth within these two voices: HOLY SPIRIT and ego.
45. There is no substitution for love. There is nothing besides LOVE.

46. The ego believes that there is substitution for love: body, food, sex, sports, relationships, cars, houses, trips, art, philosophy, politics... – special love- and hate-relationships.
47. It is about returning into the eternal MIND or rather to realize that I have actually never left HIM.
48. This is the miracle of salvation: The awareness of the fact that I am the SON of GOD and that I rest within HIM eternally. I am without guilt and so is everybody else. We all are the ONE SON of GOD, CHRIST.
49. Salvation is not a theoretical act but a practical one. Starting with a lot of steps of forgiving while I still remain thinking that I am in my body and (still) hold on to that.
50. I don't have to attack anything since everything that I attack and want to get rid of is sustained in my mind and thus becomes real for me.
51. Whatever I give to other people I actually give to myself.
52. Death is a symbol of our fear of GOD, of LOVE. It is a nonentity. I am immortal since I am spirit of GODS MIND.
53. There is only LIFE, there is only LOVE. This is the TRUTH of GOD.

We say "God is,"
and then we cease to speak,
for in that knowledge words are meaningless.

(ACIM: L-169.5:4)



STEPPEWOLF

I dreamt
about a wolf in me
anxiously and avariciously abetting me
always on the prowl
for the luck of many worlds
which he has invented himself.
I bought all of his worlds
for a high price:
So that my soul would belong to him
and he could exist through me
and I could not escape
the circle of birth and death ever.
Then I realized
the decision I had made
which enmeshed me in lust and pain
for thousands of years.
I had participated
and now I felt
the senselessness of that coveting hunt.
That was the beginning of awakening
of all dreams.

About the author

Reinhard Lier, born 1960, Traditional Healer, Teacher for Spiritual Mind Training and Family Constellations, Author. Two marriages (both divorced); father of two children, grandfather of five. Comes from a family of pharmacists (Lower Saxony, Germany), lives in Switzerland and in Italy (Tuscany). Family Constellation Work combined with the spiritual mind training “*A Course in Miracles*” forms the core of his work.

Websites of Reinhard Lier

www.geistesschulung.eu

www.lierbuch.eu (free books of R. Lier in English and other languages)

www.spiritual-mind-training.org (English website)

Recommended Reading

A Course in Miracles, published by Foundation of Inner Peace

All books by Kenneth Wapnik

Gary Renard: The Disappearance of the Universe

Sources

Part I:

All photos of paintings and the paintings themselves are the work of Reinhard Lier. All personal photographs by Reinhard Lier and the American photographs are the property of Reinhard Lier.

Page 26 & 27: Russian impressions, work of art by Reinhard Lier

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Part II:

Page 33, 35, 37: Graphics by Reinhard Lier

Foto Nr. 1, page 34: Sigmund Freud, founder of psychoanalysis, smoking a cigar.

Date: 1922; Source: This image comes from the Google-hosted LIFE Photo Archive where it is available under the filename e45a47b1b422cca3; Author: Max Halberstadt

Foto Nr. 2, page 36: World-war II, Russia: Execution of partisans; PK 666;

Photographer: Koch; Institution: Bundesarchiv Deutschland; Inventarnummer: Bild 101|-031-2436-05A

Foto Nr. 3, page 38: Russia-North. - Execution of partisans; PK 694; September 1941;

Photographer: Thiede; Bundesarchiv; foto 1011-212-0221-06; File Date/Time: 11:09, 9 December 2008

Foto Nr. 4, page 39: Undernourished prisoners, almost starved to death because food was not available, standing in the Concentration-Camp Ebensee, Austria. The Camp was said to be used for "scientific" experiments. The camp was liberated by the 80th Infantry Division. Date: May 7, 1945; Source: This media is available in the holdings of the National Archives and Records Administration, cataloged under the ARC Identifier (National Archives Identifier) 531271. Author: Samuelson, Lt.A.E.; permission: National Archives; Version : 01:18, 30. Dec. 2006

Foto Nr. 5, page 40: German Gestapo agents arrested after the liberation of Liège, Belgium, are herded together in a cell in the citadel of Liège.; Datum: circa October 1944; Source: NARA National Archives and Records Administration; Originator: Signal Corps Photographs of American Military Activity; permission: No restrictions; Version: 23:09, 25. Apr. 2007

Page 42: Foto of an Oilpainting, taken by R. Lier, Louvre, Paris

Page 43: Oilpainting by Johann Heinrich Füssli; Titel: Nachtmahr; Datum: 1802; Medium: Öl auf Leinwand; Current location: Freies Deutsches Hochstift, Goethemuseum, Frankfurt am Main; Source /Photographer: The Yorck Project: 10.000 Meisterwerke der Malerei. DVD- ROM, 2002. ISBN 3936122202. Distributed by DIRECTMEDIA Publishing GmbH. Current: 17:14, 27 February 2007; User: Rainer Zenz

Foto Page 44: Hieronymus Bosch (circa 1450-1516); Title: Ascent of the Blessed; Date: between circa 1490 and circa 1516; Medium: Oil on panel; Dimensions: Height: 86,5 cm; Width: 39,5 cm; Source Photographer: art database; Other versions: File: Ascent of the Blessed.jpg /Version from www.wga.hu

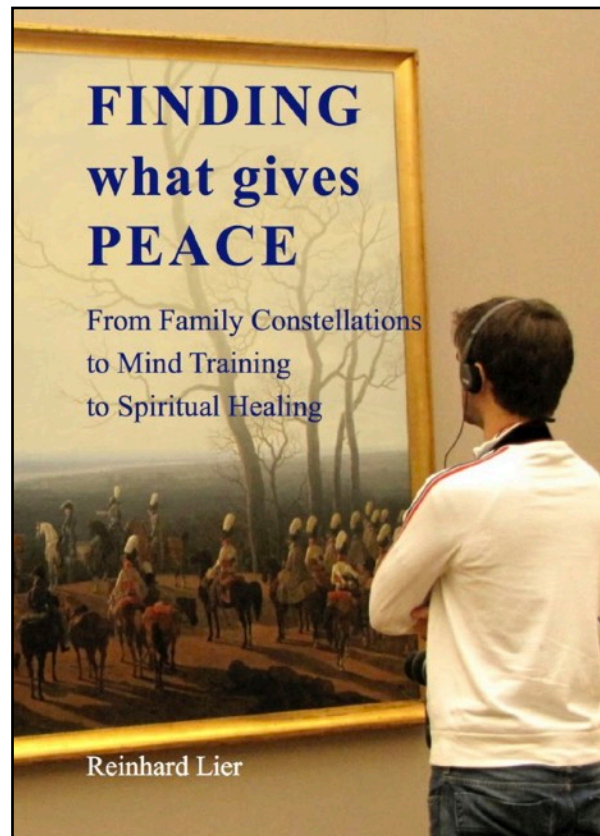
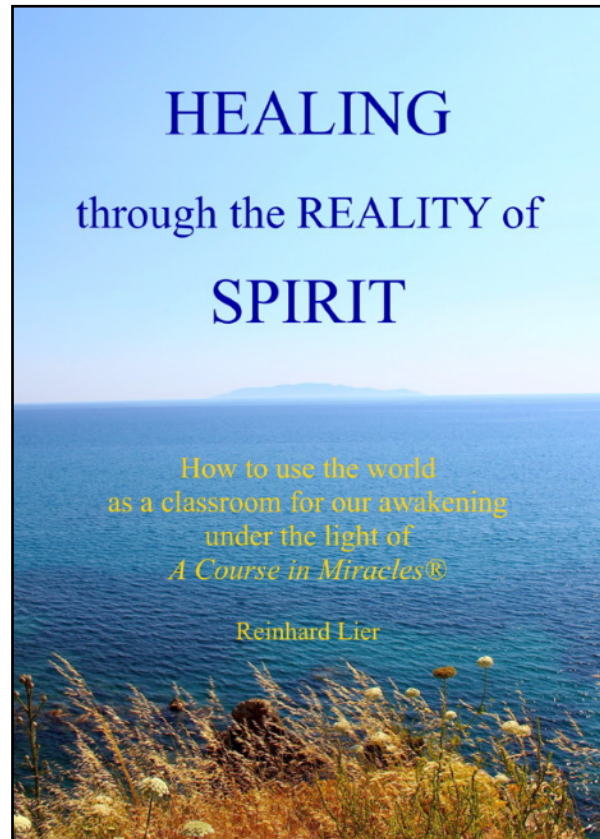
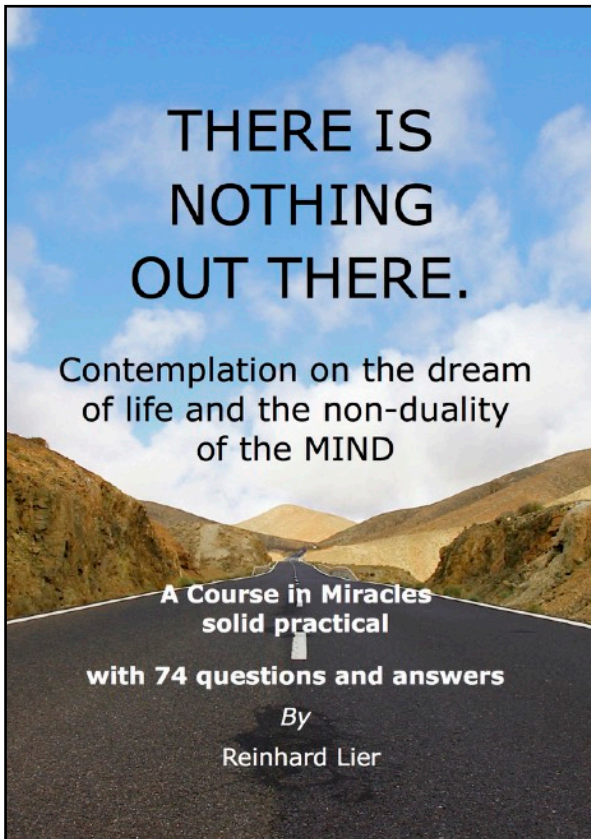
Foto Nr. 6: Heinrich Himmler visits the Concentration-Camp of Dachau at the 8th of May 1936; Photographer: Friedrich Franz Bauer; Institution: Collection Berlin Document Center (picture 152-11-12/CC-BY-SA)

Foto Nr. 7: Heinrich Himmler (1900 - 1945): The body of Heinrich Himmler lying on the floor of British 2nd Army HQ after his suicide on 23 May 1945. Author: Sutton L (Sgt): No. 5 Army Film & Photographic Unit; Post-Work: [User: W.wolny](#) Source: This is photograph BU6738 from the collections of Imperial War Museums.

Page 47: Work of Art by Reinhard Lier: The Angel

Page 48: The destruction of Sodom (Mosaik); Italiano: Lot transformata in statua di sale di fronte a Sodoma in flames. Mosaico nella cattedrale di Monreale a Palermo (secolo XII).; Date: 12th century, 1 Febr. 2005 (original upload date) Source: Transferred from de.wikipedia, transferred to Commons by User: Jutta234 using CommonsHelper. Author: Original uploader was Lysis at de.wikipedia; This image is in the public domain due to its age.

Page 50: Foto by R. Lier, Angel in Munich



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